WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 526 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Traders licenses were due May 1st. This is to notify all merchants and traders that this important matter must be attended to at once.

The inspector will be here soon and we must be ready for him.

jy23 R. R. AYRES, Clerk.

How She Did Hate Cats

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

"I HATE cats," Lucilla sniffed acridly.

"What sort—two-legged or four," Joe Dudas asked languidly.

"Both" from Lucilla, her voice even more edged. Joe wrinkled his brow deeply, then said judicially: "Give an example."

"You may do that for yourself—you can, without half trying," from Lucilla.

With a reflective chuckle he flung back: "Only cat I can really truly hate is that woozy Persian, the Baxters are so crazy about. Not because it catches young birds and breaks up nests, but for its fool way of climbin' too high—and refusin' to come down until I get a ladder and go after it."

"O, indeed. Who makes you?" Lucilla's mouth was grim though she tried to seem casual.

"Just my fool self," said Joey. "At least I reckon so. Got in the way of mindin' Miss Mandy when I went to school to her. Only body I ever was really scared of."

"Is that why you 'most always come here by the back road?" Lucilla asked. Joe giggled. "Did you never hear discretion was the better part of valor?" he bantered.

"I always knew it took a girl to be real reckless," Joe said sighing hugely. "That's how come I'm so shy of courtin'—some girl might say yes," he added, picking Lucilla up in his arms and kissing her swiftly—not once but many times.

She writhed free of his hold, white, breathless, a figure of frozen fury, eyes snapping sparks. "So you rate me along with the Baxter girls, and the other cats," she said grimly: "I ought to kill you for it—only it wouldn't help."

"Not the least bit—in life nor death," Joe said cheerfully. "Kissing, common or garden variety, never was a mortal sin—now it's a mere friendly civility. Still I draw the line—at the Baxter Persian at least."

"Go. And never come back! I hate the sight, the thought of you," Lucilla cried, pointing to the door.

"Not yet," from Joe, his face granite. "Not till you tell me what put you in such a temper?"

"As if you didn't know," Lucilla began. Joe broke in steadily: "All I know is—you ought not to mind that clutch of kisses—they're the accumulation of your years. You stopped kissing me when I went to college—why you never would say. You're bound to know we've been growing up to marry each other—I somehow feel that the Baxters are at the bottom of things. Tell me how they got there. By no help of mine."

"Nor mine. But I neither tattle nor cry"—Lucilla began, checking as loud excited voices sounded outside the front door. It was flung unceremoniously open revealing Miss Mandy, grim, withered lips narrowed to a line. Prue, reckoned the family beauty, and Patty a scrap of humanity, mainly nose and chin. Between them they herded black Aunt Sue, and Mrs. Toots, wife of the tenant farmer, Miss Mandy clutched Joe Dundas, crying aloud: "Git the sheriff, quickly."

"What's up? Let go, please," Joe said, wrenching loose clutching hands from the captives who shook like leaves in a storm. Followed a triple Baxter telling of the wildest, most impossible story—stolen jewelry—Mammy Sue the thief, Mrs. Toots the fence through whom there would come profit.

Jewels! What sort? Where did you get them?" Joe demanded sternly. Prue looked at him, staggered, pretended to be near fainting, then whispered: "Why all those you gave me—to keep till we got married."

It was Joe's turn to stagger—he steadied, caught Prue's hands in a cruel grip, and half shouted: "Give you jewels. Where would I get them?"

"From your mother of course—her corals, her string o' pearls, her cameo bracelet, her gold watch and chain. You as good as told me you were afraid to keep them—afraid Lucilla'd come and take them and never give them back—And now—they're gone! Stolen! Unless I can find them you'll say I did it—"

"Sorry to accuse a lady," Joe said with his grandest manner. "But unless you did steal them however did you get them? As for giving my mother's poor little bits to you, I'd rather have sunk them in the sea. Say," turning in suddenly upon Lucilla, "have you heard anything of this fairy tale until now?"

"All of it—and then some," Lucilla said coolly.

"And never told me?" from Joe reproachfully. "Was it for love of our mutual friends?"

Lucilla shook her head. "Because I'm not a cat. I don't scratch, tattle, nor backbite. I knew what game they were playing—if you were not man enough to see through, and checkmate—then you'd be a good riddance."

"Carried unanimously," Joe said in his most courtly tone—then to the Baxter trinity, "Go, and never dare again set foot in this house, nor in mine. Return the things you stole, right away—unless you do you'll be sued for libel—Mammy Sue and Mrs. Toots can take half you've got in damages to say nothing of the scandal. Do as I tell you—and nobody will ever hear a word."

And so ended a strange plot to get a man away from the girl he loved.

Valuable Grains

A wise old tiller of the soil, speaking of the relative value of grains, says grains of common sense are the most valuable.—Lamar (Ala.) Democrat.

New York's Rapid Growth

The census of New York city in 1850 was something over 600,000 while in 1860 the population had increased to more than a million.

She Looked Like a Million

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Copyright.)

EVELYN ACTON glanced quickly around to see whether any of the waiters were watching, then deftly removed two rolls from her gay little red-leather handbag and put them on the table beside her cup of steaming coffee. It gave her a feeling of prosperity to breakfast with the successful business men and women of the town.

This morning, however, she was rather depressed; for three solid days she had been hunting a position without success and her funds were now reduced to small change. She looked wistfully at a juicy piece of fried ham that a patron had hastily left on his plate at the next table and crinkled her little nose as its fragrance came invitingly to her. It seemed to tease her and make the dry rolls drier in her mouth. Then after she had finished she did a strange thing. As she rose from the table she opened her purse, took out a pencil and piece of paper, then sat down at the ham table. As she scribbled aimless words she noticed that there was a clean spoon beside the plate and the knife had only been used for cutting so she was not afraid of it—only a matter of seconds now and she would be nonchalantly placing bits of the tender meat in her mouth, but—sensing that someone was at her elbow she looked up into the implacable face of a waiter.

"Pardon, madam, permit me to remove this and you will have more room to write."

The ham was whisked away and the clean spoon and the knife that had only been used for cutting, but quick on the heels of disappointment came a sense of escape; if that waiter had not come at that moment he would have seen her eating the other patron's breakfast.

Evelyn rose, adjusted her little black hat, gave a pat to her dress and walked out.

"Making your way in a big city isn't so bad," she reflected, "until you lose your position, and then—" poignant homesickness rushed over her as she thought of the little home town she had left and of Jack Dalton who had wanted to marry her and whom she had so flatly refused.

"All right," he had said with a shrug. "When you get through with your career you can come to me."

That was four years ago. With a toss of impatience she pulled herself together and walked swiftly along.

"If you want to impress people," she soliloquized, "you have to hold your head up when you wear a five-dollar dress marked down from $12.98 (on the tag) and want it to look like a $75 French room creation." So she walked jauntily down the street, her disappointed stomach already beginning to scream for the ham it didn't get. That was one deceiving thing about a coffee and rolls breakfast; it had a way of playing hide and seek, it was there and then suddenly it was gone.

"Now, let's see, where's that address?" she went on. "Yes, 746 Empire building. The Wearever Tire company. They said to call at ten o'clock. It's three blocks down and two across. I'll just about get there on time. Wonder how many others they wrote to call, too. But my letter was a good one if I do say it—maybe they'll take me."

And the big building swallowed her up. She left the elevator at the seventh floor and turned the knob of the big door leading to suite 746.

"You wanted a stenographer?" she said to the man at the high desk, showing him her letter.

"Yes, please step this way, Miss Acton."

He showed her to the office door marked Private and returned to his desk. As she entered the man inside turned to face her, then he rose and took both her hands in his.

"Evelyn!" he said gently as the girl stared at him, her face suddenly blanched, then she recovered herself and greeted him flippantly enough.

"Same old Jack Dalton," she laughed a little forced laugh.

"You look like a million dollars," he said surveying her. "Let's get out of here where we can talk."

Like an automaton, she followed him out of the office and they went to a little restaurant nearby.

"I was so excited waiting I couldn't eat breakfast," he explained. "What'll you have?—When I read that letter signed Evelyn Acton in the handwriting I knew so well—"

"It was the biggest shock I ever got," she laughed. "You were prepared because you knew I was coming, but I wasn't."

"You've changed," he said after a pause. "I don't know what it is; there's something—a little wistful about you. What is it? It's entrancing."

"Wistful! Downright hungry!" thought Evelyn, but she said:

"You've changed, too—you're—I don't know—even nicer than before."

"Nicer than a career?" he asked. "Don't fool me, Evelyn. I'm serious."

"Uh huh!" she replied, slipping a piece of broiled ham into her mouth.

"Come on," he begged. "Let's get out of here before I express myself in public," but Evelyn only crinkled her nose at him, gave his knee a little pat under the table and said:

"You're going to eat a good breakfast before you leave this restaurant."

And he did. They did, I mean.

Sleepyheads

An English statistician declares the average man who lives to be seventy sleeps 23 years. Many of them are asleep a much longer period, but don't know it.

Chinese Classes in English

All the classes in China's engineering schools are carried on in English due to the difficulty of correctly translating engineering terms into Chinese.

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jy2-3t

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Special attention is called to Ordinance No. 9, passed by Commissioners of Chestertown June 14, 1906, which requires premises to be kept free from the growth of weeds or other obnoxious vegetation. Violation of this Ordinance is punishable by fine of $10.00 or imprisonment. You will govern yourself accordingly as we mean to enforce this Ordinance.

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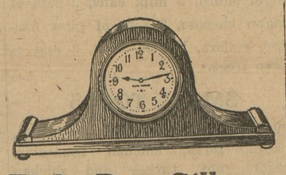

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of J. Oscar Jarrell, et al vs. Frederick W. Jarrell.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County In Equity, No. 2424.

Ordered, this 20th day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, by the Circuit Court of Kent County, in Equity, and by the authority of said Court, that the Creditors of Emma Jarrell, deceased, be and they are hereby directed and required to file their said claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Maryland, on or before the 26th day of September 1927, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 26th day of August, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

S. SCOTT BECK, Auditor.

jy23-4t

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