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"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time and I would not be without it in the house. As I am a children's nurse, I have to be on my feet a great deal and your medicine has helped me wonderfully. I was hardly able to do my housework when I began taking it, and now I am a strong and well woman, able to do all that and go out nursing besides. I have also used the Sanative Wash and found it beneficial."—Mrs. Gertrude L. Stewart, 103 Davis St., Greenfield, Mass.

Valuable for Weakness

"I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a valuable medicine for weakness."—Mrs. J. A. Pietsch, Box 397, Lancaster, Pa.

Hundreds of letters like these are received by the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Grateful women from Pennsylvania to Washington, from Texas to Illinois and from Rhode Island to Nebraska say that their health has improved since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Quite a Difference

A doctor's little daughter, who, though ailing, continued cheerful, said to a visitor: "I'm a hundred today." "But last week you told me you were only four." "Oh, yes," she replied, "but that was birfdays—this is tem pachoors."—Boston Transcript.

He Knew the Signs

When a small boy, about eight years old, who recently had become interested in proposals, heard his big sister's boy friend talking to her in a low tone of voice, he immediately called out, "Oh, mother, Bob is supposing to sister!"

Giant of Family

With the exception of the pansy, the California violet is possibly the largest of the violet family.

$100 IN PRIZES OFFERED

Howard W. Anderson, President of Fairlee Farm Bureau says, "A member of the Fairlee Farm Bureau has offered $100 to be given in ten prizes for the best alfalfa grown by any member of the Fairlee Farm Bureau. Prizes to be given next spring 1928. Hope all members will make an effort to win a prize."



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Pennsylvania Railroad

THE HAPPY ENDING

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS four o'clock and the sale was in full swing. Women rushed in to take advantage of the last hour before closing time. The marked-down blouses were going like hot cakes, Mara Burke admitted to herself. They would be pretty well cleared up by five. She didn't blame women for wanting them, but as for herself, she would not be able to even wear a blouse again for a long, long time.

The little smile that had come readily to her face in the morning was frozen fast there now. Such a pale, ghostly little smile as it was! And the eyes, which did not contribute to it, were wide and dilated. Mara had never been so tired before in all her life.

"I'm very sorry—size 36 is all gone—no, madam! That is a 42—yes! Everything on this table is $2.98." Over and over she repeated the same things, never losing patience. Her job, her life, even, depended on pleasing her customers.

Underneath the surface of this monotonous current ran the fatal undertow of a calamity befallen with the suddenness of a lightning stroke. At noon they had telephoned from the hospital: "Your mother passed successfully through the operation. Of course everything depends on the way she reacts. We can tell more tomorrow morning when she recovers consciousness."

Mother in the hospital, just off the operating table, and a sale in progress! She must get up to the hospital tomorrow morning some way. And after mother got back to their furnished room she must find some way of stretching her bit of salary, for the operation had taken every cent they both had in the bank.

What mother really needed after this was to get out of the city to some place where it was quiet and secluded. If only there was some way of getting back to Woodford! But there was no one there now that would take her in without her paying board. Aunt Ally had died and the Bursons had gone West; there had been an item about the Bursons in the Woodford paper just before their subscription ran out. They had not felt able to renew this last link with the old home town.

"Sorry! There are no more of that size—we have plenty of 44's—you could shorten the sleeves a bit, I should think—some people lay two or three tiny tucks at the bend of the elbow—why, yes! I think that shade would be becoming."

There was a meeting of the store club that evening, with dancing, ice cream and cake afterward. Perry Goldsmith had asked her to go with him, Perry Goldsmith of the men's wear department. He wore Everglow on his hair and had Valentino sideburns. Flo Aldrich was crazy about him, but somehow Mara did not even care for him. Not that she could dance and eat ice cream anyway with poor dear little mother lying up there still in the black valley of unconsciousness. The ache in her heart almost made her forget the ache in her feet. One's shoes got so abominably tight by four of a crowded afternoon. She felt a bit swimmy. Now what had done that? Oh, going without lunch possibly. She had tried that way of economizing just to see if she could stand it. Some girls saved quite a bit for clothes and kept their figures down that way. If they could go hungry for reasons of that kind she ought to be able to go hungry for the sake of saving a bit more for mother. She must have some flowers for mother tomorrow.

Wouldn't it be ridiculous if she should topple over? Jane Wilson had toppled over the other day because she had danced too much the night before. If she toppled over it was because she had not been able to sleep for thinking of mother up there at the hospital, and—Peter, Peter, who had let her go out of his life without trying to detain her. Wasn't it funny that Peter did not care for her when she cared so much for him?

She wondered if the time would ever come when she would be willing to marry somebody like Perry Goldsmith. Girls did it every day. There was Julia Brayton. Well, she wasn't like Julia, unhappily. She felt as if she must go on caring about Peter until she drew her last breath and perhaps even after that.

Five o'clock at last! Whistles blowing everywhere, blouses gone, all but a few odd sizes. And now she could go home.

Perry Goldsmith was waiting for her outside.

"You really won't go tonight?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I'm dead tired." She couldn't tell him about her mother. Perry was the kind who would not understand.

She walked home. It wasn't far, only eleven blocks, with two flights to climb afterward.

Home without mother, frail, pale yet always welcoming! And without a smell of hot food!

Mara took off her things and dropped into a chair. In a moment she would light the gas and make some tea. She had got beyond eating now.

Then suddenly everything overwhelmed her. She crumpled up and began to cry as she had not dared let herself cry before. At least there was nobody there to see.

The door opened softly and Mara started up to see Miss Preston looking in with gentle inquiry gleaming through her glasses. Miss Preston had the room across the hall.

"My dear!" Miss Preston said, coming to Mara and patting her shoulder. "Don't take on so! Your mother is coming out all right. Of course she is—there! there! You're all tired out and this has been too much for you."

"I don't mind hanging on to the cliff, but when they rap your knuckles—" Mara sobbed.

"I know. I know. There! There! my dear."

Somebody tapped at the door and Miss Preston went to see who was there. It was Mrs. Hopp, the landlady. They spoke in low tones and then Miss Preston came back to Mara and put something in Mara's hand, a slip of folded paper, the back of an old envelope, to be exact. On it were written these words:

"I've got to see you. It's important—Peter Burson."

Mara stared unbelievingly at the paper.

"He's downstairs, dear," Miss Preston said. "And—and I wouldn't keep him waiting if I were you."

Keep Peter waiting! Peter, who she believed had gone West with his people! Peter whom she had loved all her life and never expected to see again!

It was Miss Preston who powdered away the tear stains, tucked up a lock of the soft brown hair and provided a clean handkerchief. Within two minutes Mara was flying downstairs.

He seemed to fill the shabby little sitting room with his big, vigorous presence. He took her hands, and then put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her understandingly.

"I've found I can't get along without you in my life, Mara," he said.

Fifteen minutes later Mara dashed into Miss Preston's room.

"Come, get your things on," she breathed. "Peter's going to take us out to dinner."

"My dear! I—" But Miss Preston looked herself almost as eager as the girl herself.

"And, oh, Miss Preston! Just think! I'm going to marry Peter right away—I've always wanted to, you know—and we're going to Woodford just as soon as mother is able! We're going to live in the old Burson house, Miss Preston! And you'll come to see us—I'll get my coat and hat."

"Wait!" said Miss Preston, and tears shone through her glasses. "Let me kiss you And you deserve it after such a day as you've had. But isn't that always the way? We could all bear our days better if we could foresee their happy ending."

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Old Bridal Customs

Throwing the bridal bouquet had its rise in the old custom of scrambling for the bride's garter. In the early Fourteenth century in France it was the style for the bride to leave one garter dangling. At the close of the ceremony every guest made a mad rush for the garter and, although it was usually within easy reach, the bride was often hurt in the scuffle. The garter gave way to the stocking in the next century and "stocking throwing" was the favorite sport at weddings. It was found, however, not to be an easy task to remove a bride's stocking and cast it to a friend for luck and some clever bride conceived the idea of throwing her bouquet with the tradition that the maiden who caught it would be the first to get married.

Glass Jug Lamp Base

A gallon glass cider jug makes a very good lamp base and with its handle is very easy to move about. The jug can be decorated on the inside to make it look unusual by pouring in, for example, a black paint and stirring it around vigorously. When this has dried, pour in a green paint and stir it around. The effect will be most attractive.

Flowers Need Rich Soil

Wild flowers will not thrive in a clay soil. If you have a wild garden, mix the soil with plenty of leaf mold or humus and lighten it with a little sand, says Nature Magazine. Most wild flowers do not do as well in a mossy, sour earth as in rich, light forest soil.

World's Most Tragic Man

Chance plays a smaller part in life than some people think. The least beginning may lead to the greatest end. Every day, hour and minute men are building or neglecting to build. Events that they attribute to luck are nearly always due to some act, thought or purpose long since forgotten. Frequently worthy beginnings of the least promising kind have led to consequences beyond the wildest hopes or dreams. There is only one really tragic figure in life, and that is the man who never makes a start. —American Magazine.

Punishment by Ostracism

Ostracism was a method employed by the ancient Athenians of banishing citizens whose influence was considering prejudicial to the state. A day for voting was fixed, when the people wrote on small earthen tablets or shells the names of those whom they wished banished. Six thousand votes were necessary to drive a man into exile. To ostracize today means to ignore, to exclude from a certain social circle.

Humane Menageries

Karl Hagenbeck was the first showman to train large carnivorous animals of different species to perform together. He also introduced a new way of confining animals in outdoor menageries. In his zoological garden at Stellingen, a suburb of Hamburg, there were no gratings or wires about the space occupied by groups of large mammals, broad moats of water being employed to confine them.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Fake Wiring Contractors Kennedyville, Fairlee, Rock Hall

It is understood the Chestertown Electric Light and Power Company has solicitors in and about the territory of the above named towns securing wiring contracts. We want to inform our prospective customers in and along the highways leading to these towns, also in the towns, we do not have any one authorized to use our name in securing wiring business. We are doing no wiring work.

Keep at least one half of your wiring contract price, until you are sure you have met the requirements of the Underwriter's Association of the Middle Department, also those of the Chestertown Electric Light and Power Co. Call our office in Chestertown 333 for further information. Have your wiring contractor see us and receive written permission before he starts work on your premises.

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