May Xmas Joys Abound.

A CHRISTMAS CURE.

Santa Claus sat by the fire in his own home looking very much troubled.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer got loose?

But no—it was none of these things. Couldn't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! Santa Claus had toys enough. That was not the trouble!

One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not been able to decide upon one thing for that little boy's stocking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that, when filling stockings is his regular profession, but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. Whatever was given to him he would either break to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brain to find something with which the little boy could not hurt the people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, he had found nothing!

"Chirp! Chirp!" sounded a sharp little voice. You may as well give it up. He doesn't deserve anything, the little scamp!"

"Oh! is that you, Cricket?" said old Santa. "Come up here," and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

"You may as well give it up!" creak-the cricket. "You can't think of anything, I know."

"I know, I know, Santa. No! I can not give him the donkey, nor any other of those fine little animals that we have this year. I had thought of a nice little hammer and a box of nails, and some blocks of wood to hammer the nails in. What you think of that?" said Santa.

"I think, Santa, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his little sister's fingers with the scissors; and how he threw his harmonicon at the nurse."

"Dear, dear, dear!" groaned Santa, "so he did, so he did!"

"And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly," said the cricket, "how will he learn better?"

"I know," said Santa, "you are a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year."

"Yes," said the cricket solemnly, "sawdust it must be."

Christmas morning came. The little boy whose name Santa did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdu-t!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I could never tell you how sad that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and now he was smiling and chuckling to himself. His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

"Sawdust is a grand thing," chirped the cricket, leaping with delight.

"Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year," replied Santa. "Let me see the list again. Don't you suppose we could cram in two or more things? Have you put down—"

This is the end of the story; or, at least all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking and that would never do in the world.

rniture! Furniture!

Direct from Manufacturer

AN CITY PRICES,

at P. T. McFEELY'S,

Chestertown.

May Sunshine Enter
Every Heart To-day.

Old Kriss' Mail!

Old Kris received letters last week from the following little folks: Wilmer B. Coleman, Stewart Kennard, Alvin E. Coleman, Mildred E. Hyland, Sammie Armstrong, Sallie Clark, Edith Fallowfield, Paul and Raymond Wilkins, from Chestertown; Raymond, Hessie and Norris Miller, Wm. Howard Creighton, and sister, Essie Smith, Nellie Rowena Elbourn, of Rock Hall; Bessie, Mabel and Nellie Webb, May and Ada Hurlock, Kennedyville; Jefferson Reed, Rose Travers, Beamer Lambert, Annie Travers, Eddie Carroll, Ada Nowland, Hanesville; Wm. J., and John A. Frazier, Morgnec; Golie Warren, Ruth E. Robinson, Edgar and Daisy Clark, Earnest Robinson, Mary Wilson Capps, Herman M. Robinson, Still Pond; Chas. Jacquette, Lankford, Bertha Dill, Chesterville; Bulah Reed, Jos. Powell, Berdie Reed, Evlyn Rolph, Millington.

Wye Island.

Dear Old Kris:—I am a little boy 3 years old I want a hatchet, train of cars and wagon and plenty bannas and all you can bring.
ALBERT SYDNY GROVES.

Wye Island.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please do bring me a piano and a doll that will open and shut its eyes and carriage and lots of candy, nuts and oranges and I will mind my mamma and papa, please don't forget my dear little brother Thomas Harris, bring him a little wagon and rubber doll. Your loving little girl. MARGARET WYATT GROVES.

December 15th, 1896.

Dear Old Kriss—I am a little boy ten years old. I want a 25c. whip and shooting crackers, sky rockets, oranges, apples, candies, nuts and a pretty book. Yours truly.
LLOYD GALE.

I have a brother 8 years old, he wants a pair of skates, an orange, apple, candies, shooting crackers and torpedoes. Your friend,
LEO GALE.

I have another brother, he wants a pretty picture book, a watch and chain, a pop gun, oranges, shooting crackers, candies, sky rockets and a ball. I am your little boy
FRANKIE GALE.

Old Kriss—I am a little boy, 4 years old, I want a large tin horn, a horse and wagon, nuts, candies, oranges and caps. Your little boy.
HURLOCK GALE.

Chesterville, Dec. 16, '96.

Dear Old Santa Claus:—Please bring me a express wagon, a pair of mittens, a donkey, and a little wooley sheep, and if you can spare it a nice bicycle to ride to Grandpa's on, and some candy, nuts and oranges. I hope you will not think I am asking too much. I know times are hard, but please don't forget me. From your little boy.
WILLIE E. GARRETT.

Chestertown, Dec. 16, '96.

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a wagon and horn and cars run on railroad and a tin dog, a drum, I want nuts, oranges and fire works.
HERMAN BLACKWAY.

Chestertown, Dec. 18th.

Dear Santa Claus:—I thought I would write to you and tell you what I want for it is almost Christmas. I would like for you to bring me a tablet and I want you to bring me a pistol and some paper caps and about two packs of shooting crackers, and some candy and nuts and an apple an orange and I would like for you to bring me a little money for I want to give my best girl a Christmas present I will close my letter now for this is all I want. From your friend.
ERNEST BARNES.

Lankford, Dec 10, 1896.

Dear Old Kriss—Please bring me a nice large doll dressed with pretty clothes, and lots of nuts and candy. I will be a good girl. From a little girl.
BLANCHE KILBOURNE.

Please bring me a little table if you can spare it.

Dear Old Santa Claus—Please listen to me. I want a watch with chain, a monkey, and a cap and mittens and a plenty of things.
JOHN HENRY KILBOURNE.

Dear Old Criss—Please bring me a cat rifle and some fireworks, a cap and mittens and plenty of good things, and oblige
VICKERS KILBOURNE.

Dear Old Kriss—I am a little girl, 3 years old. Please send me a little rocking chair, a doll carriage and some nice things to eat
RUTH MASLIN.

Masseys, Dec. 12, 1896.

Dear Kriss—I thought I would write to you. I want Christmas to come. I do not want you to bring me any thing but a handkerchief and some nuts and candy. I hope you will see my letter in the KENT NEWS. I must close. Wishing you a Merry Christmas, I remain your fond little friend:
FANNIE JOHNSON.

The "Nose Fad" Game.—Place a sheet of canvas from the ceiling to the floor, and cut small holes in the sheet. Then collect as many pretty girls as you can on one side of the canvas and as many good-looking young men on the other. Then let the girls place their noses in the holes in the canvas. A young man must choose a nose that appeals to his sense of beauty, and the young lady attached to that nose becomes his partner for the evening.

Now, every one is aware that a young man uses extravagant language. He tells a pretty girl that her features are graven on his heart; that he instinctively feels her presence; that he would recognize her in the dark, and all that sort of thing. The "nose fad" social is a fine test of such a young man's sincerity. Of course, there is always one particular at the social whom this young man ardently desires for his partner. He walks along the stretch of canvas, and with palpitating heart, he surveys the noses that are presented to his anxious gaze. Say his particular girl has a tip-tilted nose. He has often told her that, blindfolded, he would know her. If there was but one retrousse nose projecting through the canvas, how easy would it be to convince his sweetheart that he has spoken true. But there are half a dozen such noses. Each turns up in the same gentle curve; each has the same delicate nostrils; behind each, he thinks, stands his sweetheart vexed and pouting because he does not instantly recognize her nose. It's a fine test of a young man's sincerity. There is great fun in the game.

School Notice!

TABLETS, SLATES, PENCILS, RULERS
INK, PENS, SPONGES, CRAYONS,
BOOK BAGS, STRAPS
and every thing in this line used in a School room.

M. A. TOULSON, DRUGGIST.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
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Peppermint
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Wintergreen Flavor.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

REVOLUTION!

YES, WE HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED THE CLOTHING BUSINESS of Chestertown, changed the old methods of get all you can with few sales, to small, uniform margins on voluminous business. We must sell the quantity. Can't afford to do a limited business on our cut-rate plan. Then also, we have made another great hit, and that is, we are showing a line of Clothing that will compare in assortment with the large city establishments at fully 20 per cent less in price. This is not only our say so, but a fact which bears the sanction of daily purchasers who have been visiting the city heretofore.

JUST NOW

we are showing some unapproachable specials in broken lots in MEN'S SUITS, also BOYS' and CHILDREN'S, one, two, three and four of a kind, left from our unprecedented large sales, all new and fresh, but no regular assortment in sizes. These are jobs and will not last long, so be early and reap the benefit. Sell goods is the word, this is what we are here for.

OVERCOATS!

We are getting duplicates every boat day. We bought way back in the summer our first invoice, but we don't know how long the manufacturers will continue to ship us duplicates at the close quotations on our first lots. We say, come early, we have them up to this writing, Men's, Boys' and Children's.

HATS AND CAPS!

Ask the agent at Chester River Wharf how often his steamer lands without a case or two of Hats and Caps for Moody & Lusby. You know though, by this time, that we lead the procession, others follow. Just opened a case five minutes ago. Stiff Hats, sent us without ordering as our standing order to the largest jobber is, send us new things as soon as styles are out; $1.50 this hat is; general price $2.00. All the new things in Stiff and Soft Hats and Caps for Men and Boys, and Tam O'Shantas for little fellows.

NECKWEAR and UNDERWEAR!

just look at the collection. All the latest styles in Neckwear, and some special values in Underwear.

Separate Trowsers for Men, Boys and Children. Big Values. COME AND SEE US.

Respectfully,

MOODY & LUSBY,

Directly opposite Court House. Square-Dealing Clothiers.

LOOK! LOO

—IN THE—

New Windows at Cahall's Corner

—FOR—

anything you may need to eat or to wear at Prices to suit the times. Ready-made Goods the cheapest, and you can find a complete outfit for LADIES, GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN at

MRS. S. A. HURLOCK'S.

Walk in and examine our Black Skirts from $2.00 to $3.00, and Patent Skirt Fasteners, also our assortment of Flannelettes and Calico Wrappers ranging in price from 65c. to $1.75. Waists from 2 c. to $2.50, and if not convinced we can show you a desirable line of Wrapper and Dress Goods at fabulous prices, also a full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies, Gents and Children's Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear, Boots and Shoes and Rubbers at cost. Whips, Umbrellas, Queensware and Tinware, Linen Scarfs and Centre Pieces, Goff's Valuable Medicines, Liniments and Condition Powders, Groceries and

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Granulated Sugar.....5c.
White Beans.....7c. per quart.
Best Buckwheat.....2½c. per lb.
Best Grade Coal Oil.....10c. per gallon.

Highest Market Price paid for Eggs in cash or trade. Look in our 10c. Box and 5c. Basket.

Don't forget the place.

MRS. S. A. HURLOCK'S,
No. 131 High St., Chestertown, Md.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

The Best Place in Kent County to buy these goods is in Chestertown, and the Safest and Cheapest Shop is

BARTLEY'S

—FOR—

Furniture, Carpets, Oilcloth

RUGS, WALL PAPER,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, BRUSHES,
PUTTY MACHINERY OILS, TAR,
OAKUM, PITCH and COTTON

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Next door to Old Bank, down town.

SEE THIS!

If You Want a Good
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SAMUEL HICK

at his Shops, on Court Str

We handle the Best Riding Gear on the market on our

DEARBORN

You compare them with you will be convinced

BOTTOM PRIC
Repairing
all kinds
SHOE

June 6, 1896.

FIRE, LIFE

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