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ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1904,

The following schedule will be in effect:

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Leaves Chestertown, 8.00, a. m. Monday Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolphs, Bookers, Quaker Neck, Cliffs, Bogles, Queenstown and Kent Island.
Leave Baltimore 2.00 P. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Kent Island, Queenstown, Bogles, Cliffs, Quaker Neck, Bookers, Rolphs and Chestertown.

Steamer Gratitude.

Leave Centreville 8.00 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at the landings on Corscia River, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall.
Leave Baltimore 2.00 P. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Rock Hall, Jackson Creek and the Landings on Corscia River.

SPECIAL SATURDAY TRIP TO AND FROM ROCK HALL.

Leave Baltimore ..... 3.00 P. M.
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The accounts of its policy holders show that for the same period the actual cost of insurance has not been more than 66 per cent. of the premium paid, and that policies only nine years old have now standing to their credit 33 per cent. of the amounts paid it.

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OF KENT COUNTY.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT, Treas. and Sec.
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Chesapeake City Visited by Fire.

Elkton, Md., Feburary 3.—Fire at Chesapeake City, six miles south of here, this afternoon destroyed four houses. The flames started in a frame house on George street, owned by Geo. N. Bennett. The alarm was sounded, and a large number of the citizens responded. A bucket brigade was formed.

Four houses were destroyed—a double house belonging to George N. Bennett and single houses owned by the Conrey estate, Harry Krastell and John Banks. Razor Hall, a two story frame building, was torn down to keep the flames from spreading.

The large stables in the rear of Harriott's Hotel caught on fire, but the flames were extinguished before any serious damage was done.

The Elkton Fire Department was notified of the fire, and was asked to send assistance. A hook-and-ladder cart with a lot of hose was sent to the town, and preparations were being made to take a steamer when word was sent that the flames were under control.

Had a Sure Engagement.

Mrs. Cummings was busy at her desk when Ned, an "old time" darky who had been a servant in her family since "befoh de wah" days, approached her, and with many apologies for the interruption, asked: "Miss Sally, can I get off two weeks from today? I has to go to town, ma'am."

"Two weeks from today. Why I think so, Ned. What are you going to do in town?" inquired Mrs. Cummings kindly.

"I wants to go to a fun'al, Miss Sally; a frien' of mine's gwine to be buried den," said Ned.

"You do not mean two weeks, then, Ned," returned Mrs. Cummings.

"Yas,'m, Miss Sally, it's two weeks from today; ain't dat de twenty-fust?"

"Yes, two weeks from today will be the 21st, but you must be mistaken, they could not keep the body so long except in a vault."

Mrs. Cummings was now thoroughly puzzled by the old darky's request, and wondered what it could all mean, relates a writer in Lippincott's. She knew none of Ned's "set" could afford to pay for a vault, and how could they be making arrangements for a funeral two weeks hence, with the prospective corpse still alive? The thought made her shudder.

"Well, 'm, dat de day," said Ned.

"But how can you be sure? Suppose your friend is not dead by that time?"

"Oh, yase, 'm, he sholy will be dead by de twenty-fust; dat's de day he's gwine to be buried 'nless he git out befo'."

"Ned, what do you mean? When did he die?" asked Mrs. Cummings.

"Oh, he ain't daid yet, Miss Sally, but he sholy will die, 'case he's gwine to hung dat day, and dey'll be a fun'al all right.

February "Smart Set."

Readers of the Smart Set have learned to look upon the complete novel that appears in each issue of that magazine as the biggest event of the month in fiction; but even the most enthusiastic reader will be happily surprised by the story in the February number, "The Eavesdroppers," by Arthur Stringer, will prove one of the sensations of the year. The story deals with the careers of two daring criminals—a man and a woman—whose astonishing adventures the reader follows with breathless interest. From the opening sentence the tale becomes one of rapid and exciting incident, and, is written with that literary distinction which always characterizes Mr. Stringer's work. Different as "The Eavesdroppers" is from such fiction as "In the Bishop's Carriage" and "Raffles," it combines all the interests of those stories with a movement and intensity its own. It is a notable achievement for the author, and will prove a notable novelette in The Smart Set's long list of successful stories.

INHUMAN CRIME IN MILFORD.

Mother and Babe Discovered in Empty Dwelling.

A horrible and inhuman crime came to light in Milford, Del., recently. The body of a 13-year-old colored girl was discovered in an empty dwelling with the remains of her new-born infant beside her. The dwelling is situate in the negro section of Milford, known as Jim Town. The family, that of Zack Riggs, colored, who is the father of the girl, moved out of the house the previous day and left the girl alone to die. It is alleged that the father of the young girl is responsible for her condition. The case is one of the most brutal that has ever come to the attention of the Milford authorities. Instead of summoning a physician to attend the stricken child, her relatives left her, and with no one to care for her she died, evidently in great agony. There is great indignation over the affair, but the prompt manner in which the authorities have taken hold of the case will hold all public feeling in check.

The Wedding Ring Finger.

The wedding ring was placed on the left hand, as nearest the heart and on the fourth finger because that finger was supposed to have its own "private wire" (in the shape of a delicate nerve) to the heart. That finger, too, was called the medicine finger, and the belief was that by virtue of the little nerve it could detect a dangerous liquid. From that belief the idea that wedding rings—the rings worn on that finger—had special curative qualities, had its rise. To this day wedding rings are rubbed over an obstinate sty on an eyelid—London Chronicle.

A PRAIRIE DINNER.

Cooking Utensils May Be Dispensed With In Preparing It.

Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of "grub," but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind—not a dutch oven, not a frying pan, not a tin plate, even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.

Build a big fire and when it gets low shove a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, impale it on a stout switch and when your spuds are done break them open and allow the good old bacon grease to drop on them as it broils on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen, bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and your coffee is ready. But how about the bread? No pan to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like ash cakes? All right. Just mix your baking powder carefully in the top of the sack, form the flour into a funnel shape, pour in very little water at a time—don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up—mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cane from any old thing, wrap this snake shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown, and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.

If the average Arizona prospector can't take care of himself when he has plenty of raw grub it is strange.—Mescal in Tombstone Epitaph.

A KIND HUSBAND.

Should He Never, Ladies, Oppose the Wishes of His Wife?

Is the kind husband a failure?

That depends. A husband can scarcely show his wife too much kindness. But sometimes real kindness may be shown in opposing her wishes. If the husband has any mind of his own he must use it. He need not be mean in his opposition nor arrogant nor tyrannical. He should be reasonable at all times and disposed to highly regard the expressed wishes of his wife even though these wishes may seem to him to be whimsical or capricious. But—

Kindness does not require subserviency or entire and instant surrender of opinion. Indeed, it is easy to see how such surrender might lead a wife to despise her husband. He who fetches and carries like a poodle is likely to be considered a poodle.

Women admire strength in a man.

This strength need not necessarily be physical, though that is desirable. Women love strength of character in a man. And—

Is it not so, ladies? When a woman coaxes a strong man to her point of view by strenuous endeavor, does she not regard it as merit to have influenced this big, strong being? If she gains her own way at once and at all times she has achieved nothing, and there is no rejoicing in her heart.

Certainly a man should be kind to his wife—always kind. But he need not be an automaton or an echo or a plaything.

Is it not so, ladies?—Albany Times-Union.

Admitted the Lie.

Concerning King William IV. of England the following story was told, the Countess of Strafford being responsible for it: "The king was at dinner. Next to him was a titled woman whom he was entertaining with some extraordinary anecdotes, which the lady found it impossible to believe were true. She therefore answered, 'Oh, sir, I beg your pardon, but I really do not think that can be true.' To her surprise he instantly replied, 'You are quite right, marm, there is not a word of truth in it. It is a lie, marm, a lie. In fact, marm, we all lie; we can't help it. We had it from our mother!' This," concludes the Countess of Strafford, "was the biggest lie of all, for Queen Charlotte was a very truthful person, never given to lying."

Stories of the Gravediggers.

Grimly humorous is the tale of the gravedigger who complained that he did not get constant work.

"But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in the duties of the office you would soon bury the whole parish."

"That micht be, sir, but hoo am I to keep a wife and family unless I get regular work? 'Deed, sir, I havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks."

Harder still was the case of another gravedigger who was asked to reduce his fee for digging a grave because, "mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent."—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Turn to Laugh.

Stranger—You are the only gentleman in the room. Guest—In what way, sir? Stranger—When I tripped in the dance and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh. Guest—The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

Knew When to Stop.

Farmer Corntassel—Ye don't mean to tell me ye've stopped smokin'! Farmer Longjaw—Yep; threw away m' pipe this mornin'. Been smokin' nigh on to fifty-seven years an' was afraid if I didn't quit pretty soon I'd git the habit.—Puck.

Appropriate.

Foreigner—What is the significance of the eagle that is stamped on American money? United States Citizen—It is the emblem of its swift flight.—Detroit Free Press.

A TEST OF NERVE.

One of the Ways In Which Indians Duel to the Death.

Among the Indian tribes the method of fighting duels differs. There are some tribes where a challenge to a duel means inevitably that both men must die. When an Indian feels aggrieved he demands a combat. The day for the same is fixed far in advance and is made the occasion of a little celebration. The entire tribe assembles. The braves sit in a circle, behind them their squaws and the young bucks.

The offended man is armed with a rifle or a shotgun. The challenged principal is unarmed. At a word both men arise and face each other, the unarmed man baring his breast to the bullet of his adversary. With eyes riveted on the little round hole at the end of the barrel pointed at him, the doomed man must face the protracted ordeal of expecting death at any instant without the least sign of weakening. The executioner may hold his gun as long as he pleases in order to try to break down his enemy. He may raise it and lower it or hold it steadily on the man under the frightful strain, but not even with an eyelid must the unfortunate betray his anxiety. At last the gun cracks, and the bullet speeds its way and the victim lies dying. The slayer hands the weapon to relative or a friend of the deceased and is put through the same ordeal.

BUILDINGS IN MINIATURE.

Architects Often Make Clay Models of Important Structures.

Although the architect is still the most important person in the planning of any big public or private building, he often depends on the model maker and not the draftsman to show his patron just how the structure will look when completed. The model maker, in other words, takes the architect's drawings and makes an exact counterpart of the building on a small scale in clay.

When a theater is to be constructed, for example, such a model is made with the greatest minuteness, and every detail is looked at from the point of view of the stage, thus avoiding the possibility that when it is too late some of the seats will be found quite out of range of the performance. In other buildings architectural details that appear excellent on paper are thus sometimes discovered to be inharmonious with the character of the structure as a whole and can be changed before the actual process of their construction has started. By the use of models, in fact, nothing is left to chance and everybody can express his objections before the work is too far advanced to make the necessary changes seriously expensive.

RISKY SURGERY.

Danger For the Doctor Who Inoculated Empress Catherine.

Inoculation against smallpox preceded the modern method of vaccination and was attended with a good deal of danger. Thomas Dimsdale was the foremost advocate of inoculation. He inoculated Empress Catherine of Russia. This was in 1768. There was considerable danger to life in undergoing this artificially induced disease. The czarina, therefore, arranged that during the whole course of the illness of her son and herself there should be relays of swift horses kept constantly ready attached to carriages all along the post road the nearest way out of Russia.

Catherine told Dimsdale that if bad symptoms displayed themselves he was not to remain to look after them, but to fly for his life without delay or compunction. She well knew that he would not be safe if she or the heir of Russia died in his hands.

She gave him an order of the most urgent kind from herself to the successive postmasters not to delay him for a minute on any pretext. Dimsdale received a fee of about $50,000 from the empress and other gifts besides.

Wearers of Cockades.

Cockades were formerly worn only by soldiers, which gave rise to the phrase, common both in England and France, "to mount the cockade," meaning to become a soldier. The black cockade worn on the hats of officers' servants was introduced into Britain by George I. from his German dominions. The real right to use it belongs not only to naval and military officers, but also to the holders of certain offices under the crown, such as privy councilors, cabinet ministers and judges, though many people who cannot claim to be classed under any of these categories display it on their servants' hats.—London Times.

The Sick Man and the Lawyer.

The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property"—

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there!" said he. "Leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow; "you'll get it anyway."—Judge.

Why Johnny Ate Them.

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up. Johnny Billus—Well, that's what I used 'em for, mamma.

To Eat, of Course.

Grocer—Do you want apples to cook or to eat? Small Boy—Both. That's what we cook 'em for.—Baltimore American.

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.—Carlyle.

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.



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SOLON OF ATHENS.

His Definition of the Most Perfect Form of Government.

"What is the most perfect form of government?" was once propounded at the court of Periander, king of Corinth, one of the seven wise men of Greece. His six fellows were present, and of them Bias answered first, giving as his opinion, "Where the laws have no superior." Thales of Miletus, the great astronomer, declared, "Where the people are neither too rich nor too poor."

In his turn said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "Where virtue is honored and vice detested." Said Pittacus of Mitylene, "Where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." Said Cleobulus, "Where the citizens fear blame more than punishment." Said Chilo, the Spartan, "Where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

The last to reply was the youngest but wisest of them all, Solon of Athens, who said, "Where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult to the whole community."—London Telegraph.

His Glasses.

He was wearing his first pair of glasses, and at first they afforded great relief, but at the end of a month there was a retrogression. Somehow, polish the lens as he would, the vision appeared to be weaker. So he went back to his oculist and said he thought the glasses "weren't strong enough."

The oculist stepped aside for a minute, then handed his customer what apparently was another pair. Trying them drew forth the exclamation:

"Why, these are much better! I can see now as well as when I first wore my glasses."

Then he was initiated into one of the little secrets of the trade. The oculist had merely cleansed each lens with a little soap and water.—New York Post.

Developed Genius.

Lady—Do you think that your inventive genius was hereditary or developed? Inventor—I owe it all to my dear wife. When we were first married I used to stay late at the club, and my wife cross questioned me severely whenever I came home late. The necessity of inventing fresh excuses taxed me to the utmost, and this faculty became so abnormally developed that as soon as I turned it to business account I made a fortune with ease.

How Men Die.

More men die from worry than from overwork; more stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains.—G. H. Lorimer.

He Subsided.

Husband—Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person? Wife—Well, you needn't talk so loud. I'm not deaf.

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