Two Resolutions and Teddy

By MARY WOOD

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AN iconoclast is a breaker of images and other things. If the term "other things" can be said to include resolutions Teddy was undoubtedly an iconoclast.

He did not look to be a formidable person on that lovely New Year's morning. His coat was a trifle soiled, but that was because the walks were slippery and Teddy had sat down with suddenness on several occasions. His head of yellow curls was uncovered, but that was because he had run away when Nora's back was turned. The boulevard offered infinite attractions, and in what better way could one begin the year than by exploring?

Nor was Teddy guilty of malice of forethought. He could not know that the pretty young lady with the long gray fox boa was saying to herself as she gave her head a proud little toss: "I will keep my resolution. I will never, never accept another invitation

TEDDY LIFTED UP HIS VOICE.

from Jack Ormond." She did not look at the young man in the high cart who was driving slowly toward them. Instead she turned and smiled at Teddy, and Teddy smiled back affably.

The young man in the cart looked fixedly ahead of him. "I will never again ask Elizabeth Torrington to go anywhere with me. There is one New Year's resolution which will be kept," he said fiercely to himself.

But he had not reckoned on Teddy. The child's wandering eyes caught the gleam of ice across the drive. With a shrill cry of delight he started across. The young man in his ill humor had just given his horse an unwarranted flick of the whip. The horse was startled; so was the driver. Almost before he realized it they were upon the little figure, but not before the girl had dashed out, seized it and flung herself out of reach of the flying hoofs.

It was all over in a moment, and a white faced young man was bending over two muddy figures. "Elizabeth," he said reproachfully, "how could you be so rash? You might have been killed! Have you really escaped unhurt?"

But the girl ignored his helping hand and, jumping lightly to her feet, began to shake out her bedraggled skirts. Her face flushed rebelliously, but her voice was scornful as she retorted: "I suppose I should have stood quietly and seen you run over the child. You may consider it another sign of feminine weakness, but I could not do it." She had been badly shaken by her fall and turned away her head to hide a rush of angry tears.

Jack Ormond looked at her irresolutely. But just then Teddy made another master move. Never before had he received so little consideration. The strange young lady had seized upon him and thrown him violently in the mud. His white coat was hopelessly soiled. He knew that Nora would have something to say on that score when he returned home. And now the two authors of all this mischief were quite occupied with each other to the exclusion of himself. It was not to be borne. Teddy lifted up his voice and wept.

The sound brought the pretty lady to a sense of her duties. She caught him up in her arms as she said pityingly, "Oh, you are hurt, after all!" And she carefully wiped the dirt from his cheeks and smoothed his tumbled hair.

But Teddy only cried the harder. Between the sobs his anxious hearers made out one word—"home."

"He wants to go home," Jack cried cheerfully. "Now the next thing to do is to find out where that is."

The child had slipped out of Elizabeth's arms. She knelt before him entreatingly. "Tell me where you live, darling," she begged, "and we—I—will take you there."

Quite a little crowd had gathered, attracted by the romantic group. Jack looked around savagely and added his persuasions to those of Elizabeth.

At length, by dint of patient questioning, they made out that Teddy's other name was Caxton and that he lived on Avenue F.

Avenue F is a long avenue. Jack smothered something between his teeth as he thought of searching the length of it for a lost child, or rather, a house whose child was lost. But suddenly his face cleared. "I have it," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "There is a Dr. Caxton living on Avenue F near the Circle."

On further interrogation Teddy confirmed the hope. Yes, his papa was a "doctor man," and the pretty lady should take him home.

Elizabeth Torrington surveyed herself with a look of dismay. The flounce on her skirt was torn, and she was mud spattered from head to foot. The Circle was a long way off, and there were no direct cars leading there.

But Jack Ormond hastened to offer his services. He would take the little fellow home. Miss Torrington had had sufficient anxiety through his carelessness. "You will come with me, Teddy, won't you?" he said impatiently. "I will give you a ride behind the nice horse and buy you some candy."

Teddy, however, was not to be seduced. He clung frantically to Elizabeth and declared between sobs that he would not go with the man. He was a nasty man, and he should go only with the pretty lady.

The crowd had increased. A policeman was approaching. Newspaper publicity would soon be unavoidable. Jack turned to Elizabeth with a courage born of desperation. "There's only one way out of the scrape," he said softly. "You will just have to go along, and let me drive you both home."

Elizabeth dared not resent the command in his tone. As she glanced at the curious spectators she felt like a hunted animal driven to bay. But she determined to surrender gracefully since capitulation must be. "Teddy and I will be very glad to have you drive us home," she said sweetly.

Once in the trap and the hateful crowd left far behind the young couple forgot their own differences in trying to soothe Teddy. By the time his tears were turned to smiles the man's hand had sought the girl's fingers and held them tightly clasped under the lap robe. And after they had dropped Teddy at his own door amid mingled explanations and blessings in Nora's rich brogue Jack dared to say, "And what about the broken resolutions, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth refused to meet his laughing eyes. Her color deepened as she said demurely: "We did not break them. It was all the fault of Teddy."

But it could not have been a grievous fault, for the next day Teddy received a huge box of candy, enough to keep him on the sick list for many days. And it came with joint compliments.

A FRENCH NEW YEAR'S FETE

Interesting Observances Among the Early Inhabitants of Canada.

Several entries occur in the private journal of the Jesuits, recently published, which throw an interesting light upon the custom of New Year's observance in the early days of the French regime in Canada and the cordiality which reigned among the inhabitants of New France.

Doubtless at the gloomy close of the old regime, when the infamous Bigot and his licentious followers held high carnival at Quebec, the traditional religious observances of New Year's day were on the wane. Gambling, boodling and profligacy in high places overshadowed the land.

In the early January of 1758 Montcalm wrote to Chevalier de St. Levis apropos the fete of the new year, "Grand souper au palais, j'ai eu comme de raison la feve, et Mme. Peau fut ma reine."

A supper, and a grand one, took place that night at the intendant's palace. Montcalm drew the magic bean. He was the king, and the fascinating Mme. Peau was selected as his queen.

When Montcalm speaks of drawing the magic bean he refers to a festive ceremony which was observed in Canada on New Year's day or Epiphany. In town or country it was customary for old and young to assemble in the evening and partake in the operation of cutting the cake (tirer le gateau). The party gathered about a large table and watched the cutting with great interest, the young people especially being eager to see who would be the fortunate recipient of the slice in which the pea or bean was imbedded. The lucky ones promptly announce their discovery. Every sort of jest and compliment was exchanged. The possessor of the bean was crowned king and of the pea queen, and they were treated for the remainder of the evening with the homage due to such royal personages.—Boston Herald.

A New Year's Mascot.

On the eve of the new year the Chinese merchant tears down the weather stained posters which he stuck above his door the year before and pastes up new flaming red ones in their places. On each poster is printed a verse, maxim or motto of some sort, but the general prayer is, "May the rich guest alight at this door."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Song of New Year's Vows.

Make your New Year's resolutions.
Any little contributions
To the sum of human virtue
Will please others and won't hurt you.
Start the new year as you ought to;
Don't say, "These will come to naught too."
With your spiritual ablutions
Make your New Year's resolutions.

Swear off drinking, swearing, smoking;
Never heed the threadbare joking.
Now's the time, if you're intending,
As you should, to be amending.
Shake off habit's galling fetter
And resolve you will do better,
You won't find the execution's
Easy—but make resolutions.

Make your New Year's resolutions.
Things that wreck your constitutions
And create your ills internal
Leave alone. Yes, keep a journal,
If you like, and still endeavor
From all habits bad to sever.
Virtue's bounds, do not o'erleap 'em;
Make your New Year's vows—and keep 'em.

—Chicago News.

Special Notice!

THE CANNING & MERCANTILE CO.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Canning & Mercantile company on Saturday last it was decided to enlarge the stock of goods in the Chestertown store, and to introduce many new and up-to-date phases in the business. The store will be run on a much larger scale than heretofore. In order therefore to make room for our increased supply of goods by January 1, 1904, we will sell the articles as enumerated below for the next 30 days. These goods must go in order to make room for our enlarged supply. Call and get bargains.

Carriages

Were $90.00 ..... now $80.00
Were 75.00 ..... now 65.00
Were 65.00 ..... now 57.00
Were 55.00 ..... now 50.00

Runabouts

Were 50.00 ..... now 42.00
Were 45.00 ..... now 37.00
Were 40.00 ..... now 35.00
Were 35.00 ..... now 30.00
Were 130.00 ..... now 100.00

Farm Wagons

Were $45.00 ..... now $40.00
Were 35.00 ..... now 32.50

Dearborns

Were $42.50 ..... now $35.00

Corn Shellers
Were $6.50 ..... now $5.75

Grain Fans
Were $14.00 ... now $12.00

LONG HANDLE Shovels
Were 60c ..... now 45c

SHORT HANDLE Shovels
Were 60c ..... now 45c

Churns, were $2 05 ..... now $1.50
5 gal. Galvanized Oil Cans ..... 40 and 50c each
Galvanized Buckets ..... 15c, 18c and 20c
3-Hoop Cedar Buckets 25c
2Ho op 15c

Saussage Stuffers and Lard Presses

8-qt were $5.75 ..... now $5.00
6-qt were 4.70 ..... now 4.00
4-qt were 4.15 ..... now 3.50

Meat Cutters at cost. Gunning Coats, Leggings and Guns at or below cost. Ice Cream Freezers were $2.00 now $1.60.

Stoves Stoves

Were $20.00 ..... now $19.00
Were 18.50 ..... now 17.00
Were 14.50 ..... now 13.00
Were 12.00 ..... now 11.00

RANGES

Were $20,00 ..... now $18.50
Were 16.00 ..... now 15.00
Were 15.00 ..... now 14.00
Air Tights from ..... $2.50 up

Saddles, were $5 ..... now $4.00 Were $7.50 now $6.00
Speed Cart, was $32.00 ..... now $26.00

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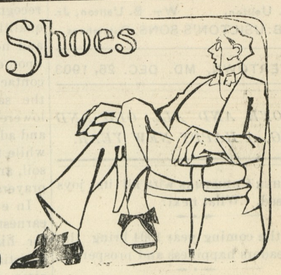

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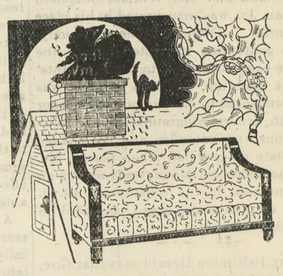
E. Stonts Patent-Snag Proof Rubber Boot, the only Genuine Snag Boot on the market—once bought, always worn.

Men's Shoes from $1.00 to $5.00; Ladies' Shoes from $1.00 to $4.00; Misses', Boys' and Children's Shoes from 25c to $3.50.

T. G. WROTH,
"The Shoe Man." Under Stam's Hall.

Think It Over



by all means, before you decide where to to buy your Holiday Presents. Before looking elsewhere we beg you to look at our stock of Furniture

We will give you handsome bargains as well as handsome Furniture. We are making some special pieces of the sort that are dear to the heart of every house-keeper. Of course you expect the prices will be low. Well, they are, and what is more they are lower than we ever expected to see them go. For instance we are selling Cobbler Rockers, in oak and mahogany finish the $2.50 kind $2.00, the $3.50 kind $2.75. We have a handsome line, our line of Parlor Tables are fine and the price low, golden oak Chiffoniers $4.95, anything you want in the Furniture line. Please remember our Wall Paper Stock is large and we have a first class paper hanger to go anywhere.

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BELOW OLD BANK. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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STANDARD LIME & STONE CO.'S LIME—Delivered by boat at any wharf or landing on the Chesapeake or tributaries.

GROUND LIME—Delivered by rail or boat on reasonable notice. The lime you drill in your land the same as fertilizer and is getting to be very popular because of the way in which it can be used and the good results.

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