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When you want a shoe for any occasion you want one that is "Just Right" not "nearly so" nothing but "just right" suits and nothing but giving satisfaction suits us, that's why we take pleasure in offering you our new spring styles, made on custom shaped lasts with the "Just Right" details that make them a winner. We have all kinds and grades in great variety in Pat Colt, White Canvass and Russett in Oxfords and high cuts. The only place in town where you can buy the celebrated W. L. Douglass Shoes for men and boys. White Canvass, Tan Shoes and Oxfords are the "right thing" this season. My stock in these is all new, every pair of them.

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Under Stam's Hall.

where you can always find a large line to select from. Fifteen years experience in the business. One price to all. Prices the lowest. If you wish to be strictly in it this summer you will have to have a pair of white and tan shoes—8 styles in white and 20 styles in tan.

Thomas G. Wroth,

The Shoe Man, Under Stam's Hall.

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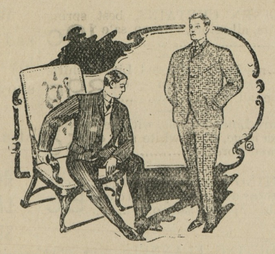

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An Ounce of Prevention

By SUSIE BOUCHELLE WIGHT

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"Now, Tom, dear," said little Mrs. Ellis, handing him a cup of coffee, "I have something serious to say to you."

"Yes?" Mr. Ellis' tone was notably absentminded. He was looking at the alluring curve of her soft white arm. She had the cunningest way of giving her big sleeves a twitch to keep them out of the way as she passed anything at table, and this morning the sleeve was a great silken one embroidered with Japanese iris. However, for her own good her husband had not told her all her attractions for him. Not knowing his train of thought, she observed only the preoccupation in his tone. This confirmed her in the wisdom of her determination, but it also gave her a queer little disposition to let down the corners of her mouth.

"Well, it is only this, Tom," she proceeded, her eyes studiously avoiding his. Preoccupation in his tone was bad enough; to recognize it in his eyes would be intolerable. "You see, we have been staying so closely together since the wedding, now three whole months. Aren't you just a little afraid we are overdoing the devoted? When I see so many married couples who are just as happy away from each other, or more so, I dread the time"— Her lip quivered, but this time Mr. Ellis was giving his attention to the smooth whiteness of her neck. He did not answer, and in a moment she went on in a steadier voice, "You remember the 'ounce of prevention,' dear?"

"Worth a pound of patent medicine, isn't it?" he replied frivolously, and when she proceeded gravely her voice had shaded down to actual wistfulness.

"For fear, Tom, that our happiness should lose some of its tone in such constant association as ours I have been thinking that maybe it would be better not to see each other quite so often. I couldn't bear to see that you were growing tired of me"—

"Her infinite variety," he began to quote, but she interrupted him with a lift of the kimono clad arm that set his thoughts adrift again. "We must consider the subject seriously, dear," she said softly and plaintively. "Suppose we plan deliberately to keep new to each other by taking some of our pleasures away from each other."

"Goodness, Betty!" he exclaimed. "I thought we were married in order to enjoy ourselves together."

"We did, but see how people get after a few years! The Thomases, now, for instance—how different they are! And yet I am old enough to remember that they were perfectly selfish together at first. There are the Ripleys too. They are congenial and apparently the best of friends, but Mrs. Ripley doesn't seem to mind at all that her husband spends the greater part of his time away from her. It is only that I dread such a phase in our life."

He looked at her in surprise. Who would have thought her capable of such serious consideration of a life problem—this pretty creature of sunshine and smiles? Just then a thought popped into his mind. Suppose she were already getting tired—just a little bored with him! It would be like her to contrive some tactful way of telling him. And then Betty had been a belle; there had been a score of fellows dancing attendance upon her, even up to the very day of the wedding. Perhaps she was feeling dull and no wonder, with such a poor stick as he as her only companion, even if she did love him as she professed. He pondered a few moments, making a great sacrifice, while trivially engaged in sipping his fragrant breakfast coffee. When he spoke his tone was cheerful.

"Well, Betty darling," he remarked, "that had not occurred to me until you spoke, but you are right. There is danger of overdoing the devoted, and we mustn't get tired of each other—we just must not! I have not been to the club—not since the wedding. I will go there to dinner this evening, and you must accept one of your numerous invitations. You have Dolly to go with you, and I will send a carriage to be at your disposal for the evening."

"Yes," acquiesced Betty in a small voice, keeping her eyes upon her plate. She had not expected her ideas to be adopted with so little protest, and it was not cheering to find herself so correct in her forethought.

He looked at her sharply for a moment, then came over to her side of the table and kissed her goodby most affectionately. She longed to tell him that it would seem like a month for him to be gone until late that evening before she should see him again, but no—if he was already feeling the pull of the silken chain that bound them together she must not let him know that she was aware of it. She sprang merrily up, went with him to the door, chattering about this and that, as though her every thought was not of the evening that was going to be so lonely without him. When he turned back at the corner for a last look the wave of her small hand was positively hilarious.

The day crept by. At first her impulse was to remain quietly at home for the evening, but he was going to the club, and she must not be behind him in carrying out the plan.

She accepted Mrs. Ripley's invitation to hear Nordica with her. In the afternoon she dressed and went to a tea, wasted some hours over a visit to her dressmaker and when evening finally came she arrayed herself for the sacrifice. It was no fun at all to fluff out her golden hair when there was no one there but Dolly to remark upon the effect, and then Dolly was painfully matter of fact. She would wear the violet silk with the yellow lace cascades, even if there was nobody there to tell her it was the prettiest dress that ever a pretty woman wore. It was a sort of solemn satisfaction to be making herself lovely without the encouragement of an admirer sitting over in that big chair, his knee over the arm and a cigar in his mouth, but at the mental picture she smothered an irrelevant sob. Dolly looked at her acutely.

"I—believe I am about to take cold," faltered the little mistress mendaciously. "My—my throat feels so queer."

When she entered the box and threw her great white cloak in a luxurious heap in the chair behind her, Mrs. Ripley glanced over her with a look of decided approval.

"You were never prettier, Betty," she whispered, "and then it is so sensible of you not to be foolish about having Tom Ellis dangling after you everywhere you go."

"That is what we agreed only this morning," said Betty in a burst of confidence, and then she grew suddenly silent.

Her eyes, sweeping the crowded house, had fallen upon Tom Ellis in a group of men down near the footlights. As the moments went on she began to feel aggrieved that he did not even glance toward the Ripley box, although he surely had known of the invitation. She was glad when the music began, because her throat still had that queer feeling, and her lips wanted to tremble. Nordica's superb presence and her singing failed for the first time to absorb Betty's attention. She would not look again at that group down near the stage, but she could not keep from seeing them in her mind's eye. She was glad there were others in the box who felt like talking. She did not want Mrs. Ripley to regard her too closely after the drop of the curtain. The hum of conversation began in a moment, and she half turned toward those near her, seeming to listen, although she heard not a word. Still she would not look below her.

"Boo!" came a frivolous exclamation at her shoulder, and she started violently. The rich blood surged into her face. She did not need to see whose hand was resting on her arm.

"Why, Betty Ellis," cried one gay voice, "you don't mean to tell me you are actually blushing over Tom, you ancient married woman, you! The blushes are for the buds."

"Then they are for Betty," said Tom gallantly. "What rosebud ever looked sweeter than she does this minute?"

"Tom!" she remonstrated, and he laughed and sat down beside her.

When the others were absorbed in themselves again he whispered to her: "Forgive me, Betty, if I bored you by coming. I just couldn't help it. I had forgotten all about the Ripley invitation until I saw you in the box. I came along just to be doing something."

"Don't," she begged, and the eyes that were lifted to his were full of tears. He covered her hand a moment with his and waited; then, when she had slyly wiped the moisture from her lids and had swallowed that troublesome lump, she whispered: "I was just mistaken after all. I don't believe in preventive measures like this. We are not tired yet. Let's just wait until we are."

"Done, Betty!" he agreed rapturously. "You are so sensible!"

"Sensible!" interrupted Mrs. Ripley, turning quickly at the word, which had drifted to her ears. "Isn't she so, Tom? I was just telling her a little while ago that she was most remarkably so."

The two accepted the unmerited praise unblushingly and looked at each other with a happy laugh.

Stories From Java.

In Java the European "resident" of a government station is a very important personage, to whom great homage is rendered by the natives. A story is told of one resident who was thrown out of his dogcart while descending a hill. He had barely recovered from the stunning fall when he caught sight of his secretary—who had been following in his own carriage—coming bounding down the steep road like a big india rubber ball, rolling over and over in the dust. "Hello, have you been upset too?" asked the resident. "No, resident," sputtered the fat little secretary, scrambling to his feet again, "but I thought if the resident leaps I leap too."

During a cholera scare another resident invited a widow to remove to a high hill as a precaution against the disease. She, however, said that she thought her time to die had come, and as her husband had been a person of importance in his lifetime she asked only for the inestimable privilege of having her grave dug next to the resident's own.—Chicago News.

The Cunning Girl.

Once upon a time there was a cunning little girl who had three strings to her bow or three beaux to her—but you may state it as you please—and she treated them so shrewdly that each one thought he was the own and only. She was a very cunning little girl, was she not? Yes, but after a time each one of the three began to nurture a dark suspicion that he was being played with, and so they went away and began to go with Susan Boggs and Mary Jones and other girls, and now the cunning little girl is an old, old maid, who feels very sorry that she was so cunning, and this is all there is to the story except the—

Moral.—Cunning little girls who play with the fire too long may find in the end that they have less flames than they had when the fire was brightest.—San Francisco Call.

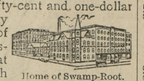
The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root,** the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

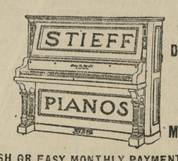
Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

1842. 1905.

GOOD FOR A LIFE TIME.



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Order Nisi.

Edward Peacock versus Charles Peacock and Others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity. No. 1533.

ORDERED, this 29th day of December, 1905, by the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, that the sale of the real estate and property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Lewin W. Wickes, Trustee, appointed by a decree of this court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of March next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of four successive weeks before the 30th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $3400.00.

JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: JAMES T. DIXON Clerk.

Dec. 30, 1905—4t.

HERBERT E. PERKINS, Attorney.

Order Nisi.

Lydia C. Shaw, versus Ruth A. Lewis and John L. Lewis.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of December, 1905, by the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged real estate of Ruth A. Lewis and John L. Lewis, made and reported by Lydia C. Shaw, mortgagee, under power in a mortgage from Ruth A. Lewis and John L. Lewis, dated June 3rd, 1904, and recorded in Liber J. T. D., No 5, Folio 62, &c., a land record, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of February next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of four successive weeks before the 19th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $627.50.

JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

Dec. 16, 1905—4t.

FOR TENDER FEET

The comfort of a woman's shoe depends largely on the flexibility of its sole. While all

Dolly Madison Shoes

are unusually flexible, yet one style is especally designed for tender feet. It is called the Dolly Madison Hand-turn Shoe, with Feather Edge.

To those seeking absolute ease and comfort in their shoes we especially recommend this style.

$3.00 and $3.50

For Sale by Representative Dealers

GRATITUDE

is the sweetest flower that blooms in the human heart, that may be true and it may not, however, I am very gratified to the farmers and public generally for their liberal patronage during the spring trade. I am now ready to serve your wants for the fall work.

JUST RECEIVED A CAR LOAD OF THE

Superior Grain Drills

And DISC HARROWS, on wheels. Also the EVANS DISC HARROWS, none better SPRING TOOTH and SPIKE TOOTH HARROWS. I can furnish you with a Hoe Drill, single or double disc, in any size. I am also agent for the Light Draft Ontario Drill. Come and see it.

Corn Harvesters

If you need a Corn Harvester, don't forget that the McCormick is the best in more ways than one, it is the strongest, lightest will pick up down corn better and carry more corn than any other Harvester made. It is not necessary to bind the corn to carry it 40 hills before dumping. A large line of repairs on hand, though few needed.

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Piedmont Mt. Airy Guano Co.'s goods are sold by me at very close prices. Some of the best farmers are using these goods with very satisfactory results. I ask a trial.

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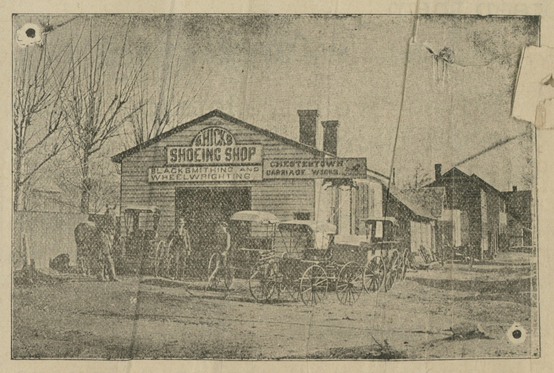

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