NNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

PHIA, BALTIMORE & WASH
NGTON RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect Nov. 26, 1905.

Trains leave Chestertown 7.00 a. m. and 2.32 p. m., week-days, for Townsend and intermediate stations connecting for Wilmington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Pass. Agt.
W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen. Mgr.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

TOLCHESTER CO.

WINTER SCHEDULE.
(Weather and ice permitting.)

Beginning Thursday, December 28th, the steamer will leave Baltimore every Thursday at 7.00 a. m. for Betterton and Sassafras River Landings. Returning leave Fredericktown at 12.00 noon same day, stopping at Galesand Tolchester on the return trip, arriving in the city about 5.30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER SCHEDULE—SATURDAYS. Beginning January 6th, 1906, steamer will leave Tolchester at 9.00 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. Leave Baltimore at 7 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER COMPANY.
Pier 16 Light St., Balto

FIDELITY & DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MD.

N. W. Cor. Charles and Lexington Sts., BALTIMORE, MD,

EDWIN WARFIELD, President.

HARRY NICODEMUS, Sec. & Treas

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver, Assignee or replevin, Attachment Cases, &c.

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As a Contractor, As a U. S. Official, As a State, County or Municipal Official.

IF YOU WANT A BOND—As an Officer of a Fraternal Society, As an Employee of a Bank, Corporation or Mercantile Establishment.

THE FIDELITY AND DEPOSIT CO OF MARYLAND will furnish it.
Don't give or accept personal security

H. H. BARROLL, Attorney,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
KENT BUILDING & LOAN COMPANY
at the close of business December 30, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Investments	$51,130 00
Supplies	95 00
Cash	6,070 64
	$57,295.64

LIABILITIES.

Installment stock	$49,918 73
Net profits	7,376 91
	$57,295 64

I, J. Waters Russell, Secretary and Treasurer of the above named Company, solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. WATERS RUSSELL,
Secretary Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Justice of the Peace, this 4th day of January, 1906.

T. WATERS RUSSELL, J. P.

Correct—Attest:
CHARLES S. SMITH, Auditor.

FALL AND WINTER

GIVE US A CALL.
LOOK AT MY : :
SAMPLES.
I HAVE A FINE
LOT. YOU WILL
DO WELL TO STOP
IN AND LOOK.

H. KAPLAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
HIGH STREET, - - CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CROSS STREET
COAL YARD.
MRS. A. P. MATTHEWS, Pro.

WE have Anthracite and Bituminous Coal under cover, so that our patrons can get good, clean fuel; also Wood, sawed and split. Prompt delivery.

We also have a complete line of FEED, HAY AND GROCERIES at our store on Cross street.

Orders left at George Z. Roland's Meat Market, or at my office, will receive prompt attention.

MRS. A. P. MATTHEWS,
al2 tf. Chestertown

LADIES
DR. LA FRANCO'S COMPOUND
PRICE 25¢ AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices. Are guaranteed. Successfully used by over 100,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents, druggists or by mail. Testimonials & booklet free. Dr. LaFranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

No Questions Asked

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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It was not often that Kipley read the personal column in the newspapers, but the Sunday edition, with a pertinacity all its own, invariably gave this column first place on the front page, and it caught his eyes before he had even opened the paper. It was the description of the ring which attracted him. Also the engraved initials were given as a means of identification—K. G. to A. S.

Kipley read the personal over again after he had given the waiter his order for breakfast:

Lost.—A ring; seven diamonds surrounding ruby heart; initials K. G. to A. S. Return to 97 Gramercy square. Liberal reward and no questions asked.

There could be no mistake. The address was Audrey's, the initials he had had engraved himself, and the ring had been their engagement ring.

A ruby heart surrounded by seven diamonds. It had been a fancy of his own. The ruby was her birthstone. The diamonds were the sacred number of the ancients, seven.

He remembered the last day, the day when she had broken their engagement. They had been in the music room overlooking the little park on the square. The lilac hedge was green with bursting buds, and, though the ground was brown and wind swept, crocus cups rose in dainty rows in all the bare flower beds and there was a fluttering of nesting birds in every bush and tree.

The breakfast lay before him untasted. As he gazed out at Broadway from the lace draped window, the paper still in his hand, he seemed to see her again standing tall and slim and girlish in the deep bay windows that day.

She was sorry—it was wrong—it was entirely her fault—but he must have known she did not love him—not that way. They had been thrown at each other's head by kindly intentioned relatives. He had been her brother's college chum, and even before she left school he had been the one man she had seen and known intimately. It had been only natural that she should

"A LIBERAL REWARD," LAUGHED KIPLEY.

like him best, and she did—best of all. She turned to him suddenly from the window with pleading, regretful eyes. There was no one else. Life was so long. Only real love could make it seem all too short. And she did not love any one.

It had been simple, cruelly simple, and unanswerable, yet he had loved her all the more for it. Another girl would not have missed love in the longest life as Mrs. Kipley Gerard, with the prospect of a million or so at her disposal.

She had worn yellow, he had remembered, a crape silk morning gown, and in her hands were the yellow crocuses he had brought her. He had not argued with her, but had merely asked her to keep his ring.

"It would only signify pain to me," he had told her, "because I have lost you, but to you there will be no pain, only remembrance of one whom you liked."

And she had kept it. He had caught the gleam of its diamonds on her hand when he left her standing in the golden spring sunlight, her face bent over the crocuses.

The waiter moved the cooled dishes toward him invitingly, and he made an effort to eat. When he left the restaurant the personal reposed safely in his note case, a torn slip of paper that bridged the empty months between two springtimes.

The following week Kipley Gerard, millionaire, prince of good fellows in the upper town, took up the role of private detective in the lower town, the town as it lies on the sunrise side of the Bowery. His methods were not sleuthlike. They savored of the upper town and consisted briefly of a systematic canvass of all pawnshops and a request in each for a ring with a ruby heart surrounded by seven diamonds.

The regularity with which the personal appeared in the weekly papers encouraged him. Particularly he liked to dwell on its last line, "Liberal reward and no questions asked."

It was the beginning of the second week when he reached the end of his quest. Squeezed in between a quick lunch room and a Yiddish butcher shop on Hester street, one day, Kipley discovered a pawnshop he had overlooked. It was a one counter affair, with a woman in attendance. As he asked his usual question she eyed him curiously and denied having seen the ring.

"It was a ring of betrothal," said Kipley, with an easy courtesy that women loved in him. "I am to marry the lady. It is no question of money."

The woman hesitated, glancing over her shoulder at the back of the shop. Kipley drew out a fifty dollar gold certificate. She gave him a swift glance and went to the safe. Two minutes later Kipley swung on a Second avenue car with the ring in his vest pocket. He never hesitated an instant, but made his way uptown until he stood again in the little familiar square with its four rows of aristocratic old residences.

As he waited on the steps of 97 he noticed with a queer throb of remembrance the rows of yellow crocuses brightening the bareness of the park. It had been just a year ago.

Miss Searles was at home. The servant was a stranger and Kipley merely told him to say a person wished to see her with reference to a personal in the papers. He waited in the reception room, and as she entered his back was toward her. She came across the room eagerly.

"You have brought my ring?"

He turned and held the ring up that she might see it.

"I have brought it back."

"Kipley!" she cried. "Kipley, how could you have it? I lost it myself. It slipped off in my glove."

"You were wearing it, then?"

She flushed and hesitated under his steady gaze.

"How did you find it?" she asked.

Kipley referred to the personal in his hand.

"There were to be no questions asked," he said, "and there is also mention of a liberal reward. The ring must be precious to its owner."

She caught her breath with a half sobbing cry and held out her hands to him.

"Give it back to me, Kipley. I would not have lost it for all the world."

"A liberal reward," Kipley repeated. "If you will give me my reward."

"Well?" She met his gaze with eyes full of entreaty and hurt dignity. "Of course if you wish to retain"—

"Is the ring so much more precious than the one who gave it, Audrey? Can it be more to you than all the world, when you merely liked the giver?" He crossed to her side and laid one arm on the mantel back of her. "If you can say to me now 'I love you' and will let me place the ring back on your finger as it was at first I will give it back, but if you cannot, even now, Audrey"—

She lifted her face to his lips slowly, open confession shining in her dark eyes.

"I love you now," she whispered. "Please give me back my ring."

"A liberal reward and no questions asked," laughed Kipley as he slipped the diamonds and ruby heart back in their proper place.

Swollen Heads.

A young man, inheriting a vast fortune, got the mistaken notion that a great inheritance makes a great man. In three years he ran his course and is now serving as a point to many a moral tale. Those who were fawning and flattering a few months ago are now tittering and pointing as he passes by. And, if the young man has any brains left, he is probably in the most pitiable state of humiliation.

It is an everyday occurrence. The office boy who does not know how to take a raise of 50 cents a week is just as good an illustration as this very conspicuous young man. And the moral of his disgrace will be missed entirely if every man, however obscure, does not take it home to himself.

Not always does "swollen head" result in disaster. Most of the very worst penalties in this world are penalties of missing great benefits one might easily have received had he conducted himself with honesty, simplicity and modesty.—Saturday Evening Post.

Viking Courage.

Whether on the high field or below the roaring foss or in the wild fishing life which is common to the Norwegians along 2,000 miles of rock bound coast you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coolness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril, his marvelous indifference to exposure, toil and physical pain. He is the strong man. Born of a hardy race, bred in air so keen and pure, he is physically powerful both by inheritance and habit. What the chance visitor might mistake for stolidity experience shows is unruffled patience and an unquenchable perseverance. A liberal education in the heroic legends of his forefathers from before the memory of man has endowed him with a soul to endeavor, and deep down in this soul, quite ineradicable, you will find a whole love for his country and a whole faith in her future.—London Express.

The Wine of Shiraz.

The Persian wine of Shiraz is powerful and somewhat astringent and is not so agreeable to European taste as the lighter wines produced in Hamadan. Besides hemp, lime and other ingredients are added to Persian wine to increase its pungency and strength, for the wine that soonest intoxicates is counted the best, and the lighter and more delicate kinds are held in little esteem among Mohammedans. The principal vineyards are in the environs of Shiraz and are situated at the foot of the mountains to the northwest of the town, where the soil is rocky and the exposure extremely favorable.—Washington Post.

M. W. Royer a farmer living near Cordova, this week presented William E. Shannahan with a fine watermelon weighing about 15 pounds, which was grown by him last summer. Mr. Royer has quite a number of them. He says that the way he keeps them is to sew them up in old bags, making them air-tight, and then he hangs them up in a dark room in his barn, so they will be shut out from all light and the air.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

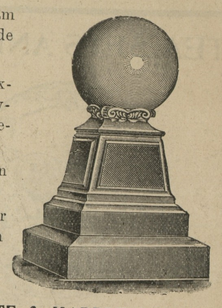
To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.
If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

WILLIAM C. SUTTON
SANITARY PLUMING
HUBBARD BUILDING,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

DAVIDSON'S
Marbel and Granite Works!



We wish to inform you that I am in a position to furnish High-Grade Monumental Work.

Have had twenty-two years experience in cutting, polishing, laying out, inscriptions, designing, resetting and cleaning.

Can show you of fine jobs set in the cemeteries.

My method is not to be paid for the tombs until they are erected in the cemetery.

A Saleslady in Attendance.

THE CHESTERTOWN GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS,
ALFRED L. DAVIDSON, Mgr. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

In Hot Water

Is a good place to put cold feet, but when a man wants warm feet without this trouble the best place to put them is inside a pair of our comfortable winter Shoes.

Our prices are right and our values are all a reasonable man can ask.

There'll be harmony and good will all around, if you do your Shoe buying here.

Our Winter Styles are now ready and the best makes of Shoes, we know anything about, are here. All prices. Come, see about it.

W. AMBROSE CARROLL
Next Door to Postoffice, Chestertown, Md.

THE CURE IS PERMANENT.
CURES ALL CORNS AND BUNIONS 10¢
CORNICIDE
THE RELIEF IS INSTANT.
OVER 5000 TESTIMONIALS ON FILE EMBRACING EVERY STATE IN THE UNION

I have found Cornicide the most efficient remedy for corns I have ever used.
A. E. HOEN, Richmond, Va.

I used your Cornicide with excellent results. MRS. O. KUNBY, Lewes, Del.

I have used many corn cures, Cornicide is the best I ever tried.
GEO. E. WALKER, Wilmington, Del.

Cornicide is better than anything I ever used. H. A. WUNDERLICH, Baltimore, Md.

I think Cornicide is the best thing I ever tried, can't wear shoes without it.
MISS LIZZIE HIDLE, Rome, Ga.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
THE STAFFORD DRUG CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY M. A. TOULON.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.
Enclosed with every bottle is a Ten Cent package of Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD
Do not take chances on it wearing away or experiment with some unknown preparation which may leave the bronchial tubes and lungs weakened and susceptible to attack from the germs of Pneumonia or Consumption.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
not only stops the cough but heals and strengthens the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Contains no opiates.

It Saved His Life After the Doctor Said He Had Consumption.
W. R. Davis, Vissalia, California, writes: "There is no doubt but what *Foley's Honey and Tar* saved my life. I had an awful cough on my lungs and the doctor told me I had consumption. I commenced taking *Foley's Honey and Tar* and found relief from the first and three bottles cured me completely."

A Policeman's Testimony.
J. N. Patterson, night policeman, of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half-dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended *Foley's Honey and Tar* and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world."

Three sizes—25c, 50c and $1.00. The 50-cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the $1.00 bottle almost six times as much. Refuse Substitutes.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

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