CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
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In Use For Over 30 Years.
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DOLLY MADISON
TAILOR MADE

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Style No. 902
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We have just received a full line of up-to-date MEN'S, YOUTH'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and Hats, Caps and Gents Furnishings.

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LADIES' SHOES a Specialty.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

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MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

TO THE PUBLIC

Only Exclusive Shoe Store in Town

Seventeen Years In The Business

We take pleasure in announcing to you that our stock this season will considerably excel our most ambitious efforts in the past. In point of variety, we shall display more styles in each line than ever hereto, while in the matter of quality we shall maintain the high plane of excellence which has ever been our standard. Our prices will, as heretofore, be based on the smallest possible profit-margin consistent with legitimate business methods.

The only store in town where you can buy the celebrated W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men and Boys, and the Stout Snag-Proof Rubber Boots, the only genuine Snag Boot on the market. Best selected line of Children's School Shoes in the county. I know where to secure them. One price—all goods marked in plain figures.

Thanking you for the past favors and trusting we shall shortly have the pleasure of serving you again, we are, very respectfully, yours,

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UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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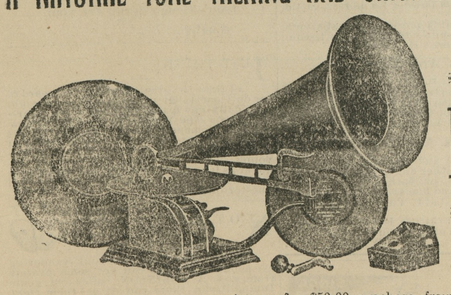

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ABSOLUTELY. Upon the completion of a $50.00 purchase from our vast stock, whether it is Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Mattresses, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Window Shades, Wall Papers, Paints, Leads, Linseed Oil, Window Glass of which we carry in stock about sixty sizes, Oil Cloth or Linoleum. We issue coupons, so that you don't have to purchase $50.00 worth in a day unless you want to. We have many customers who will be entitled to a machine in one day.

JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Md.

Whistler and Color.

Although Whistler did not care for music, he made use of his technical knowledge for themes. "Symphony In Gray and Green," "Variations In Blue and Green," "Nocturne: Opal and Silver," "Arrangement In Black and Brown," are examples of this particular trait. His most ambitious desire was to paint a grand concerto-like picture with the title "Full Palette," "just as in music," he explained, "when they employ all the instruments they make it 'Full Band.' If I can find the right kind of thing, I will produce a harmony in color corresponding to Beethoven's harmonies in sound."—Otto H. Bacher in Century.

A Big Saving.

"Listen!" said the man of middle age. He was bending over the palmist, whispering excitedly in her ear.

"Listen!" he said again. "My wife is coming to you this afternoon to have her fortune told, and if you want to make some money on the side"—

He laid a bank note on the stuffed owl's head.

—"tell her on no account to buy a motor car, because you read in her palm that she is doomed to be killed in an automobile accident."—New York Press.

How He Remembered.

Professor Huxley had a funny way of remembering certain anatomical details of the human heart. On the left side of the heart there is a valve with two flaps resembling a bishop's miter and known as the mitral valve. The corresponding valve on the right side has three flaps. The only means by which he could remember their respective positions, said Huxley, with his skeptic's humor, was by the reflection that a bishop could never be in the right.

From Frying Pan to Fire.

"Life is full of contrariness and non-payment of alimony," complained the woman as she took her seat reluctantly at her desk on the morning after the dance. "When I was married and had more leisure than anything else the days were long and deadly, but now that I am free and life might be one endless dream of gayety I have to work."—New York Press.

Safe.

"Now, dear," said the hero of the elopement as they boarded the train, "we are safe from pursuit." "And also," said the young girl radiantly, "safe from starvation. Here's a check pa made out to your order."—Exchange.

Life is such a poor business that the strictest economy must be exercised in its good things.—Schopenhauer.

Venison Once Cheaper Than Pork.

Time was, along in the early forties and the early fifties of the last century, that from the wilds of Morgan and Brown counties hunters would bring venison to market and sell it much lower than pork was sold in that day, pork being preferred by the Hoosier then to the red deer of the woods. It was in that time that an entire wild turkey, full grown, would sell at a price far below the present appraisement of a scrawny spring chicken, and a dozen quail could be bought for less money than it now takes to buy a dozen links of sausage—neither was the quail required to masquerade as "short billed snipe."—Indianapolis News.

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Is simply running over with desirable stuffs at popular prices. Variety, quality and general excellence are found at this counter in abundance. There is a complete range of shades and patterns, and we feel sure of pleasing you if you will look over our stock.

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For Ladies, Misses and Children. Our sales in this department have exceeded our fondest expectations and every model is smart, new and attractive. The styles are the latest; the tailoring is excellent; the trimmings effective, and last, but not least, the prices are very moderate. You annot afford to buy without seeing our line.

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We carry a line direct from the manufacturer, bought early by reason of which we feel sure we can save you at least 25 per cent. of present prices.

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For our young friends we have added a line of dolls, the finest ever shown in Chestertown, ranging in price from 5 cents to $5.00. Bring your little girl, she will enjoy looking at them.

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FLUE CURING IMPROVES TOBACCO LIKE ROASTING IMPROVES GREEN COFFEE

Flue Curing Develops the Stimulating Aroma and Taste Found In Schnapps that Satisfies Tobacco Hunger

There are three ways used by farmers for curing and preparing their tobacco for the market; namely, sun cured, air cured and flue cured. The old and cheap way is called air cured; the later discovery and improved way is called flue cured. In flue-curing the tobacco is taken from the field and suspended over intensely hot flues in houses especially built to retain the heat, and there kept in the proper temperature until this curing process developes in the tobacco the stimulating taste and fragrant aroma found in Schnapps tobacco, just as green coffee is made fragrant and stimulating by the roasting process. Only choice selections of this ripe, juicy flue cured leaf, grown in the famous Piedmont country, where the best tobacco grows, are used in Schnapps and other Reynolds' brands of high grade, flue cured tobaccos.

Hundreds of imitation brands are on sale that *look* like Schnapps; the outside of the imitation plugs of tobacco is flue cured, but the inside is filled with cheap, flimsy, heavily sweetened air cured tobacco; one chew of Schnapps will satisfy tobacco hunger longer than two chews of such tobacco.

Expert tests prove that this flue cured tobacco, grown in the famous Piedmont region, requires and takes less sweetening than any other kind, and has a wholesome, stimulating, satisfying effect on chewers. If the kind of tobacco *you* are chewing don't satisfy, more than the mere habit of expectorating, stop fooling yourself and chew Schnapps tobacco.

Schnapps is like the tobacco chewers formerly bought costing from 75c. to $1.00 per pound; Schnapps is sold at 50c. per pound in 5c. cuts, strictly 10 and 15 cent plugs.

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To Cure a Cold in One Day
Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

Caught Napping

By C. H. Sutcliffe

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

Possibly a canoe is not the safest couch in the world, but Gwen Masters was given to the unexpected, and she lay stretched at full length on a blanket stretched over the floor.

The low sides of the tiny craft shut out a view of the shores of the lake and the bright camps that spangled the dark green of the undergrowth here and there. Above rose the mountains in their majesty, and above all was the blue sky, flecked with tiny white clouds drifting as idly on the surface of the blue as did the canoe on the placid waters of the lake.

It was a complete escape from civilization, and she dreamed her day dreams comfortably until the sand man sprinkled her eyes and she dozed off.

It was her first day in camp after a hard year in the city, and the air was at once like wine and opium. So soundly did she sleep that she never heard the chug chug of a motor boat until the instant before its sharp nose struck the side of her canoe, overturning it completely and throwing her into the water.

The shock of the cold water roused her, and, diving, she came up against the side of the little motor boat, now lying silent beside the canoe, while a young man with a very white face eagerly searched the water.

In an instant he had grasped her shoulder, and the next moment she lay gasping in the boat, while he busied himself with righting the canoe and making it fast to the stern of the boat. Then he turned to her with concern.

"I don't know what you think of me," he began awkwardly, "and, indeed, I'd hate to know, but really I had no intention of upsetting you."

"I don't suppose you did it deliberately," she admitted, "but it would seem to me that with a lake as large as this you should have had no trouble in avoiding the canoe."

"That was just it," he said appealingly. "I wasn't trying to avoid it. I thought the boat was adrift and I was going to win the thanks of the owner by returning it. Then just as I came

SHE WAS THROWN INTO THE WATER.

alongside I caught a glimpse of you in the bottom, and it startled me so that my hand shook on the wheel and I ran plump into the side instead of coming along as I had intended."

"I suppose that it was rather startling," she conceded, "but there are so few camps on the lake that I had no idea I ought to put up a sign to the effect that I was aboard."

"In yachting they fly the owner's flag," he suggested. "You might have a pennant made, say a white one, with a poppy on it."

"I think I had better do my sleeping on shore after this," she laughed; "then I won't risk being wakened by a cold bath."

She shivered a little as she spoke, for there was a fresh wind blowing, and her water soaked garments were unpleasantly cold. The man sprang to the wheel and came back bearing a blanket, which he wrapped about her.

"That is our camp over there," he said, indicating a tiny white dot a half mile up the lake. "The folks are all mountain climbing today, but I can get you some of my sister's things, and then I will take you to your camp."

"I think it would be better to take me right home," she objected. "It is not very far."

"It's a good three miles, and with this breeze you would be chilled through before you got there."

"But I want to go straight home," she persisted, conscious the moment after of the childishness of the words.

"I got you into this trouble," he said firmly, "and I'm going to get you properly out of it."

There was a delightful mastery in his speech, and Gwen sank back against the cushions, finding it rather pleasant to be ordered about in this fashion. She had queened it over her set all season, and it was nice to have this clear eyed young fellow taking the whip hand.

At close range the camp appeared to be a rather pretentious affair and the Clearwater was merely the annex to the lodge that was being used by the young people.

As the launch grated against the gravel shore the man jumped out and without a word caught her up in his arms and strode off toward the lodge. He set her down in one of the piazza chairs with an injunction to sit still. Then he disappeared into the house. Presently he returned, a smile on his face.

"The girls have a lot of duds," he said; "just step in and help yourself." He indicated the room and went off toward the boat.

Twenty minutes later she emerged to find that in the meantime he had prepared a tasty lunch with the coffee pot bubbling over the camp oven. "Coffee's better than whisky to take the cold out," he laughed. "Will Miss Masters do me the honor to lunch with me?"

"How did you know my name?" she asked curiously.

He pointed to the book drying by the fire.

"It took no Sherlock Holmes," he said. "To even things up, my name is Ted Crawford. I believe there was something said about Theodore when I was named, but I never could live up to the dignity of the full title and in mercy they call me Ted."

Gwen blushed redly. Lottie Nellis had been singing Crawford's praises to her for the last year. Lottie was an inveterate matchmaker, and Gwen had taken a malicious pleasure in avoiding all of the meetings Lottie had planned. She wondered if Crawford knew anything of Mrs. Nellis' tactics, but his grave face reassured her, and she acknowledged the introduction with the stiffest of bows.

But it was impossible for any one to maintain reserve with Ted around. When he wished to he could make himself most fascinating, and almost before she knew it Gwen had forgotten Lottie Nellis and her schemes and was chatting as freely as if she had known him for years.

After lunch there came the ride down the lake in the launch, and she was sorry when the home landing came in sight.

"Shall I see you soon?" he asked as he handed her out and busied himself with fastening the canoe. "I think you need an escort in your rambles. May I call and take you out tomorrow?"

"Perhaps," she smiled.

"The moonlight will be awfully pretty tonight," he suggested. "Suppose I run over about 7, and we'll go out on the lake and see it rise over the top of Old Bald. May I?"

Gwen nodded and ran toward the house. She was ashamed of herself for yielding so easily, yet she was glad when in the evening the puffing of the launch broke the summer stillness and Ted guided the boat alongside the dock.

That evening was the commencement of Ted's campaign, and long before the summer had begun to grow old he had won her promise to wed him when they returned to town.

"I fancy that Lottie Nellis will be pleased to hear the news," he laughed mischievously.

"Did you know all along?" she asked.

"That it was the dearest wish of her heart? Yes," he answered. "Being her cousin, she naturally orders me about a little more than even the rest of the poor fellows she is trying to push into matrimony."

"Well," said Gwen defiantly, "you never would have met me if you had not caught me napping."

"In a double sense," he admitted. "Heaven bless that nap."

The Right Age.

Among the litigants before the English courts some years ago was a Mrs. Weldon, who, indeed, was so constantly at law that Baron Pollock once remarked: "This lady has now such a very large business at the bar that we must give her every indulgence." Mrs. Weldon was not abashed by the judges and said many clever things in court. The reminiscences of the late John George Witt, K. C., include an anecdote of one of her appearances in the court of appeal. She was endeavoring to upset a judgment of Vice Chancellor Bacon, and one ground of complaint was that the judge was too old to understand the case. Thereupon Lord Esher said: "The last time you were here you complained that your case had been tried by my brother Bowen, and you said he was only a bit of a boy and could not do you justice. Now you come here and say that my brother Bacon was too old. What age do you want the judge to be?" "Your age," promptly replied Mrs. Weldon, fixing her bright eyes on the handsome countenance of the master of the rolls.

She Got a Seat.

A woman entered a well filled Broadway surface car. She was reasonably young, fairly well dressed and good looking, but she walked with a deep, painful limp. As she clutched for a strap half a dozen men arose hastily and offered her seats. She took the nearest one and sank into it with a look of relief. The other men resumed their seats, and the car sped merrily on. Half a mile farther uptown the woman signaled the conductor to stop, and as the car slowed down she arose, walked jauntily out and stepped off the car with the nimbleness of a schoolgirl.

The man whose seat she had been occupying looked first amazed, then sheepish, as the other passengers began to grin at him, then joined in, as becomes an American when placed in trying circumstances.

"She's an actress at one of the Broadway theaters," chuckled a man sitting near him. "I know her by sight, and when she came in I thought she must have been hurt in an accident."—New York Sun.

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