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FOR JUST ONE-HALF VALUE

DURING the months of July and August THOMAS S. BORDLEY will sell $2,000 worth af Men's and Boys' Clothing for ONE-HALF ITS FORMER PRICE. The backward season has left us with a large stock of Clothing which we must move, and the knife must do its work.

$15.00 Suits will be sold for.....$7.50
12.00 Suits will be sold for..... 6.00
10.00 Suits will be sold for..... 5.00

☞An immediate need of money is also a factor in this sale, and we intend to turn the stock into money at any sacrifice.

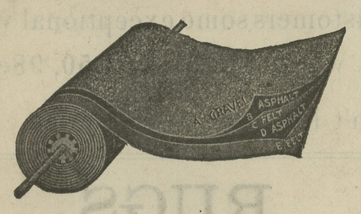
☞We have determined to discontinue the sale of Women's Shoes, and will offer all our $2.50 and $3.00 Ladies' Oxfords at JUST ONE-HALF PRICE.

☞We have also about One Hundred Men's and Boys Suits left from last year, and a few from the year previous, worth from $7.50 to $12.00, which we will sell for **$4.50**.

If you want the pick come quick

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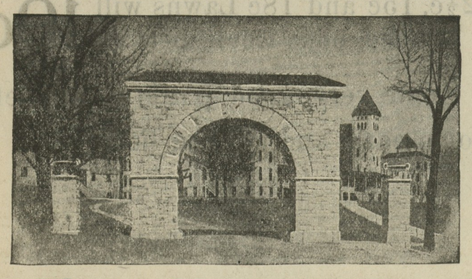
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Chestertown, Md.

FLIGHT OF PUP SHEA

The Surprise He Experienced In the Upper Air.

By ALFRED C. PICKELLS.

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"Pup" Shea woke up.

As far as vigilance over his wireless apparatus was concerned, it mattered little whether he had dozed twenty minutes or all day. The day was that kind which puts wireless stations on land temporarily out of commission. A half hour before and at like intervals during the morning he had been unable to hear anything but the sputtering of atmospheric electricity.

"S—O—S!" It may or may not have been meant for the distress signal—the letters were so long drawn out. Pup waited. Presently his own call, "Qn," broken and mingled with a confusion of sounds, came struggling through the receiver, and finally a long rumble of nature's electricity that destroyed any semblance of code signals.

Pup thought of the high power station at Cape Hatteras and without waiting longer switched in the sending apparatus. He repeated "Ha" many times, slowly and distinctly, and again changed over and listened. Except for the same sputtering and jumble of letters there was no response, and once more, after adjusting for all the power his station was capable of, he sent Hatteras' call rushing through space.

The unusually loud crackling of the sending outfit brought Shultz from the engine room.

"What's the matter, Pup?" asked the chief, wiping the black engine grease from his hands with a ball of waste. Pup repeated what he had heard.

Shultz's face became serious. "It's worth looking to, anyhow," he said. "I'll go over to the signal station and see if I can get Hatteras on the wire."

He returned in a short time and said: "It's all right, Pup. There ain't no Binnses offshore. Hatteras says he's been trying to talk to Diamond shoals lightship all morning, but he can get



A VESSEL LAY FAR OUT AT SEA.

nothing through. And if they can't work in that short distance we might as well take a vacation. But never mind, Pupsie," he added teasingly, slapping his assistant on the shoulder; "you'll get your opportunity yet. Somebody's always doing something startling."

Cape Henry was to be the scene of a balloon ascension and a parachute leap that afternoon, an event which had awakened more than the ordinary interest in Pup. In his varied career he had handled balloons, once assisting his elder brother, who did not only high air, but, according to Pup, high grade, acts in a valve balloon with which, when the upper currents permitted, he ascended and descended several times for the amusement of his spectators before he made the final leap in his parachute. Then, too, Pup had served an enlistment in the signal corps balloon squad of the army, and, though the total experience was confined to manual labor on terra firma, the presence of a kindred subject magnified his knowledge, and he surveyed the preparations with the critical eye of an authority and discoursed upon aeronautics among his associates.

At the conclusion of his watch at the station Pup strolled over to the casino. A glance at the balloon attendants told Pup that something had gone amiss, and, diving under the ropes, he asked, "Where's Flyup?"

"Too much heat," came the immediate reply. "They got him over there."

In the casino office Pup found that the professor had been returned to consciousness, but that he had been made too weak to attempt an ascent.

"I guess it's up to you to make a speech," he said when later he and the casino manager emerged from the office and walked across the lower pavilion to the balloon inclosure.

"We're in a devil of a fix, Pup, that's sure," replied the manager, glancing at the crowd. He seemed undecided for the moment.

While he pondered over the matter Pup surveyed the balloon tugging at its ropes, then suddenly turned to the manager. "Mr. O'Keane," he said, "let me pull the show off for you."

"I know you sailors have the nerve to do all sorts of stunts, but you're up against it hard when you tackle a balloon."

"That's all right," replied Pup, unrolling his clippings, "but I ain't green on balloons. Glance over them."

O'Keane glanced, and when he read Pup's army papers he said: "That's a big temptation, Pup. You'd save the day for us."

It was agreed that Pup should make the ascent, then descend to within a few hundred feet of the earth with the open valve before making the parachute leap.

Pup hurried across to the station. When he returned he was clad in a brilliant red bathing suit, and he took his place on the double bars of the trapeze, eager and confident.

O'Keane grasped his hand. "I appreciate this, Pup," he said warmly. "Keep your nerve and be careful. All ready?"

Pup nodded. The ropes were released, and he sailed rapidly skyward.

Below, the pilotboat, which had agreed to come after him in case he went offshore, was heading in his direction. It seemed down there as if the world had flattened out, making a great level map. Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Virginia Beach and Cape Charles were all in view, and he unslung his marine glasses. As he adjusted them and turned them first on the cape the red and black double squares of the United States hurricane signal flashed back at him through the lenses. It had been hoisted since his ascent, and he glanced skyward anxiously. Overhead there were long mare's tails and in the northeast a rapidly gathering thickness. He had been stationed on that coast long enough to know its signs, and this one had proved its truth.

The westerly breeze had died out. Seeing the pilotboat almost beneath him, Pup grasped the valve rope to begin his descent when a few isolated bits of scud came from out of the northeast, a puff of air fanned his cheeks, and the balloon swung slowly around, facing him eastward. At the sight which met his astonished gaze his eyes widened, and he exclaimed, "Holy Mike!"

Again he unslung his glasses. A vessel lay far out at sea, miles beyond the sea level limit of vision from the coast and even barely visible to his naked eye. But with the magnified view through the glasses he saw that great clouds of smoke were rolling not only from her funnels, but from fore and aft, and an occasional bit of flame leaped through them. At her bows there was no white foam, indicating that the steamer was at a standstill. The few tiny dots to the east and north proved to be small boats filled to their capacity with humanity.

The parachute was the quickest means of descent, and Pup chose it without hesitation. But in his haste to shake it out he let go the rope which held it upright to the trapeze. It ran out swiftly, the canvas toppled over downward, and before he was aware of it it had jerked itself loose from his hands and, turning completely over, shot downward through space with the swiftness of an arrow.

His brain whirled for a moment; then, excited and eager to descend, he grasped the valve rope and gave it a violent pull. In an instant, gasping and choking, with the air roaring past his ears and the blood rushing to his head, he dropped toward the blue sea.

"There he comes!"

The cry came from scores of lips as the spectators saw the parachute start in its descent. But the cheer that broke forth died away to a tense silence. They watched with bated breath while the bit of canvas continued to fall at the same high rate. Then something like a groan filled the air.

"My God, what's the matter!" exclaimed Shultz, turning to the professor. "It doesn't spread out. He'll be killed!"

The professor was already training a pair of glasses on the parachute. "He is not in there," he said. "He must have dropped it."

As he spoke the big sphere dropped suddenly and swiftly, watched in frightened silence, until within about 200 feet of the earth it slackened its pace and came to a stop. By this time it had drifted farther westward with the shifting wind and was shaping a course for the Chesapeake bay. But they could easily see the red clad figure of Pup on the trapeze.

"A few more pulls on the valve will bring him down," said the professor. "Can you signal?"

Shultz stripped his big navy neckerchief from the collar of his blouse and tied it to a cane.

"He's signaling now," he said, waving an acknowledgment. Then he repeated with a pause between each word: "Passenger—liner—about—hundred—miles—offshore—bearing—east—by—south—on—fire—disabled. Passengers—in—small—boats. Send—help."

Shultz darted across the sand hills to the signal station. In a few moments the news was telegraphed to Norfolk and flying from the signal masts in brilliant colors. The pilotboat barely waited to answer it, then steamed swiftly seaward.

It was nearly an hour before Pup worked the balloon slowly downward. Just as he plunged into the water to escape the collapsing canvas the cruiser Prairie raced out the capes, heading eastward.

"See that, Pup!" shouted Shultz as they steadied the surfboat in the seaway until Pup grasped the gunwale. "Bully for you! What did I tell you this morning?"

Pup scrambled over the side. "Cut it," he said, floundering weakly into the bottom of the boat. "I guess I've lost my nerve. No more balloons for me."

CASTORIA

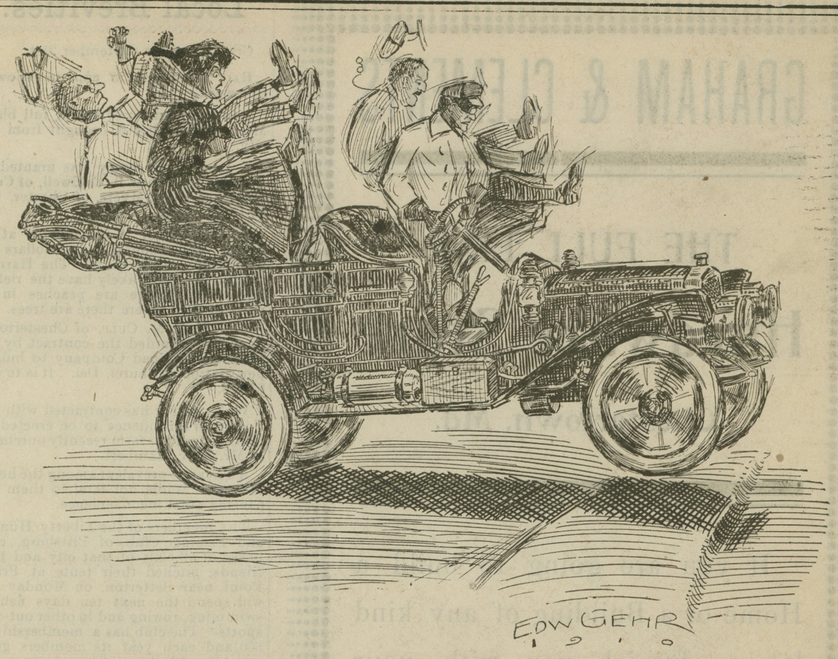
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(With apologies to Westminster Advocate.)



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OF KENT COUNTY.

During the past 13 years it has paid to its policy holders for fire losses $80,000.

During the same period it has returned to them in settlement of policies $65,000.

Has now to their credit over $70,000.

The books of the company show that at the present the savings from insurance when policy was taken out in the years mentioned below to be as follows:

1896.....Savings from 50 to 55%
1899.....Savings from 50 to 60%
1900.....Savings from 45 to 50%
1905.....Savings from 60 to 65%

Last year the cost of insurance was only about one-half of payments made.

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4—ALL BIG DAYS—4

Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2.

GET READY! Everybody will be there! Go all Four Days! Something new each day! Two Bands of Music. A Great Free Show in front of the Grand Stand. Take the children and meet your friends. Watch the papers for sailing hours of boats, or drive over and have your horse fed inside of grounds. The Grange, the Farmer, the Manufacturer, the Housewife, the School, all will have big exhibits. Send for entry blanks and fair book. Be with the crowd and have something at the Fair. Premiums open to all.

The Following is the Speed Programme:

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30th.

CLASS.		PURSE.
No. 1.	2.30—Pace	$300 00
No. 2.	3 Years and under—Trot or Pace	200 00
No. 3.	Special Match Race	

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31st.

No. 4.	Cart Race, no record—Trot or Pace	$200 00
No. 5.	3.15—Trot	300 00
No. 6.	2.22—Pace	300 00

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

CLASS.		PURSE.
No. 7.	2.28—Pace	$300 00
No. 8.	Free For All—Trot or Pace	300 00
No. 9.	2.28—Trot	300 00
No. 10.	2.17—Pace	300 00

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

No. 11.	Trot	$300 00
No. 12.	Trot	300 00
No. 13.	To close with a great mule race under saddle	

Races and Conditions:

Trotting and pacing races under the rules of the National Trotting Association, of which we are members, unless otherwise stated. All races, mile heats, best three in five, to harness. Entrance fee five per cent. and five per cent. additional from money winners' Money divided 50, 25, 15, 10 per cent. A horse distancing the field to receive one money only. No money paid for walk-overs. The association reserves the right to declare off all classes not filling satisfactory. No class will be allowed to go with less than four starters. Right reserved to change order of programme at any time. *No additional entries will be received*, and if they are sent they will be treated by us as straight entries. Distance rules will be enforced. The usual weather clause will prevail.

Rights reserved to transpose races, to alternate heats and to declare off any race on account of bad weather and track.

Any race not started by 5 p. m. Friday may be declared off and entrance money refunded.

Always give pedigree and repeat telegraphic entries by mail.

All entries close August 23d, at 11 p. m., and records made that day and day previous, no bar. Hobbles no bar.

The stables have been put in first-class condition and the track will be better this year than ever before, having employed a first class man to look after it during the Fair.

☞We have added as a side issue a noted WILD WEST SHOW, with all its hair-breadth escapes from real live Indians.

☞DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

G. E. NOLAND, Secretary,
aug13-tf. Tolchester Beach, Md.

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Takes but one man and one horse to operate and cuts 8 to 8½ acres per day.

OUR GUARANTEE:

Taking all into consideration, viz: Ease of operation, light draft, depositing corn in a straight pile, not knocking off the ears, strength and durability, cost of operating, being able to go anywhere in the field without having to cut first row or turn row, gathering up down corn, and the promptness and excellency of its work, we guarantee this machine to be the best on the market. A trial will convince.

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