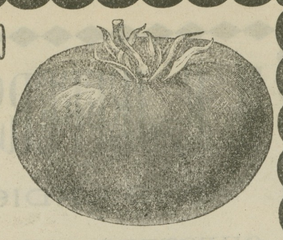
Landreth's Red Rock Tomato



On many fields yielded 20 tons to the acre on Bloomdale Farms, summer of 1910. Bright red, little or no core; no cracks, round as an apple, seldom a split on blossom end, average 9 ounces to each fruit, grows in clusters of 4 to 5, stands up best under processing.

Plant and insist on your merchant, canner or broker, supplying you with LANDRETH'S RED ROCK TOMATO, sold only in sealed packages of ¼'s, ½'s and 1 pound.

Write for *Catalogue and Landreth's Red Rock Tomato testimonials.*

D. LANDRETH SEED CO., Bristol, Pa.

The Tools of the Housekeeping Trade

"START RIGHT." That's our advice to young couples just beginning housekeeping. Don't put a dollar into anything that isn't of the highest quality that you can afford to buy.

Better a little and good than much and inferior.

To young men and women we send a SPECIAL invitation to examine our various lines.

We promise to show them how to shop to their own advantage.

We have had some experience in fitting out those just starting with the tools of the housekeeping trade, and what we've learned might be worth something to you.

JOHN BARTLEY
CHESTERTOWN, - - - MARYLAND

Arlington L. Sparks

DO YOUR

New Year Shopping

HERE

Choose Wisely by Choosing Here
Useful and Appropriate Gifts

Dainty Neckwear,
Handkerchiefs, Hosiery,
Leather Bags, Purses,
Ladies' Sweaters,
Vests and Coats,
Beautiful Fur Muffs
And Neck Pieces,
Fine Table Linen,
Towels, Blankets, Quilts, Silks,
Fine Dress Goods.

Come look them over

Arlington L. Sparks, - Chestertown, Md

COAL COAL COAL

Of course everybody knows where to buy GOOD CLEAN COAL.

Also, Wood, Lime, Hay and Terra Cotta Piping.

The place to buy is from the coal and wood man

J. D. BACCHUS Chestertown, Md.

AS AN ADVERTISER THE "NEWS" WINS

THE GRIT OF GREYSON

Story of How a Bill Was Collected and a Bride Won.

By MRS. A. F. RANSOM.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Greyson," said the junior partner, "I'd like to have you do some collecting today. This bill of Stephens' is a hard one. He's awful slow. If you collect there's a percentage in it for you besides your salary."

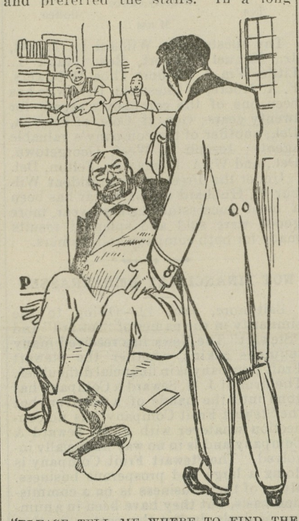
At the Stephens factory Greyson stated his errand to a man in charge of the office below stairs.

"It's against orders to pay out money from this desk," came the reply. "Mr. Stephens settles all accounts. You'll have to see him."

"Where is he?" asked Greyson. So far this tallied with the reports of previous collectors.

"On the fifth floor. He'll probably see you if you go up. There are the stairs, or you can take the elevator Run it for yourself."

Greyson remembered the elevator and preferred the stairs. In a long



"PLEASE TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE FAUCET."

room at the top of the fourth flight a man in a suit of brown duck was busy among packing cases, account book in hand. He was big and brawny, with a neck like a bull and an iron gray head set square on a pair of fighting shoulders. At Greyson's step he shot a sidewise glance at him and deliberately continued his marking. Not a word was said until Greyson stood at his side, a packing case between them.

"Mr. Stephens?" he asked cheerily.

"That's my name."

"I represent the Forbes company and"—

Stephens straightened and pointed. "There's the stairs, young man. They lead down to the street, and your time is too valuable to be wasted here. I'll pay that bill when I get ready."

Greyson indicated a conspicuous sign hanging on the front wall. "There's some pretty good advice right there, Mr. Stephens," he remarked pleasantly. "Suppose you follow it—'Do It Now.'"

Stephens' heavy eyebrows drew together at the bridge of his big nose. "I told you to get out!" he roared. "There's the elevator. Try that if you're tired climbing the stairs. Get out!"

"Perfectly willing to, Mr. Stephens. In fact, I'm in something of a hurry. Got several other bills to collect this morning and can't waste time on any one of them. Just follow that bit of advice and settle now."

The great fist came down with a whack on the top of the packing case. "You insolent little whippersnapper"—his voice sounded like the roll of a trombone—"I'm busy! Get out of this or I'll put you out!"

"Just waiting for my check," Greyson acquiesced imperturbably, "and I'll be happy to oblige you. Come on and 'Do It Now.'"

Stephens came on. His 230 pounds of bone and muscle, backed up by his six feet three of height, bore down on Greyson like a freight engine on a handcar. But before he reached him, with fists doubled up like a pair of battering rams, Greyson sprang nimbly upon the case. Another leap landed him square on the shoulders of Stephens, legs hugging the sides, his hands clasping the wrists of his adversary and holding them fast. Stephens jumped, kicked, jerked, doubled and tossed, but Greyson sat as secure on his perch as a cat on the back of a dog.

After a struggle that landed them on the floor and bumped Stephens' nose till it bled Greyson rose, held out a handkerchief toward Stephens and said: "Please tell me where to find the faucet, and I'll get the water ready for you to wash up. You can't write checks with those hands, and my time is limited."

"Can't, hey?" retorted Stephens, fishing in his pockets. Then while one hand held his nose he produced check book and pen from somewhere beneath the duck jacket. In a moment he tore the slip free and passed it to Greyson.

"Take that and clear out," he ordered. "Tell your firm to duplicate the last order and hurry it up."

Greyson glanced at the check before folding it. It was double the amount of the bill. So Stephens had taken to paying cash for his orders. He chuckled.

"We'll have the goods over tomorrow," he said. "Many thanks for your kindness, Mr. Stephens, and good morning."

On the stairs he took off his coat and shook it; then he tried to mold his derby into something resembling a hat. The junior partner looked up in surprise as a scratched, dirty hand held a dirty check before him.

"What in thunder you been doing?" he exclaimed. "Where you been?"

"Collecting," returned Greyson. "There's Stephens' check. He wants the last order duplicated. Where's Jim? I want him to brush me."

"You need it all right," grinned the other. "What happened? Get pitched down the elevator shaft?"

"Nope. Had a cushioned seat in the front row. Mr. Stephens is a gentleman." And Greyson started in the direction of the whisk broom.

That evening found him in the company of a gray eyed girl. Usually they met in the subway station on the way home from work or they wandered into the parks with which the city had surrounded itself. But this evening had been set apart as the one in which her father was to be consulted regarding the all important question, and it was with more trepidation than he felt when he faced the warlike Stephens that he tinkled the electric bell of the front door. She answered it in person, and Greyson noted with satisfaction that she, too, was in need of a nerve strengthener.

"Oh, George!" she cried softly. "Father came home with his face all bruised and blood on his clothes. He must have been in some terrible accident, but when I mentioned it to him he just glared. Perhaps you better not see him until next week."

Greyson held her at arm's length and studied her face. Her name was Stephens. What if— Then the absurdity of it struck him with full force. John Stephens was reported a millionaire. His rating could be found in Bradstreet's. It wasn't likely that his daughter should be working for a living as typewriter in a lawyer's office and be the affianced of a twenty dollar clerk. Nevertheless he asked:

"What's your father's name and business, Alice?"

She shook her head. "His name is John, but I don't know his business. He's in an office somewhere in the city, but he never talks business with me and has forbidden me mentioning him to any one. Almost every one thinks I'm an orphan. A little while after mamma died he told me that he wanted me to know what money was worth and I must earn my clothes. He said I must save a quarter of all I earned, and I've done it, but he's awfully queer about some things."

Greyson nodded. Her description fitted his John Stephens to a nicety. "Is he good to you?"

She laughed. "Roaring lions aren't to be compared with him, but it's all roar. I just pull the lion's paws around me and snuggle up close."

Before Greyson rose the picture of a man in a duck suit sitting on a floor writing a check. He made a resolution born of sudden inspiration. "Where is he?" he asked. "Let me see him now and have it over."

"In the room just above this. And George, he wears just such an emblem as that on your coat. It's a fraternal society, isn't it?"

Greyson nodded. "Glad you told me; it'll all help. Don't worry, little girl. I'll win out."

In the hall she pointed upward. "Right above us," she whispered. "He spends every evening there, and sometimes I'm with him, but tonight I'm afraid."

The "Come" which Greyson received in response to his knock was as amiable as the growl of a grizzly.

"I thought I got rid of you this morning!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "What do you want now?"

Greyson's spinal column stiffened, and there was need. He also took care that the firelight shone strong upon the fraternal pin he wore. "It may be of some help," he thought as he answered:

"I did not know I was to meet you, sir. I came to see Alice Stephens' father."

"What for?" The words were hurled at him.

"To ask his consent to our marriage. She has promised to be my wife."

"She has, hey?" shot out to the accompaniment of two heel whacks on the floor. "How dared she make a promise like that? Who let you in here?"

"She admitted me to the house. You invited me in this room, I believe. May she marry me?"

"Marry you"— Then he stopped. "Alice, Alice!" he roared in his deepest trombone tones.

She came running in with a quickness which told of listening outside the door. Her father looked into her face; at Greyson, standing straight and stiff before him. Then he broke silence with:

"Alice, this scoundrel came into my office this morning, refused to leave when I ordered, assaulted me, punched my nose until it bled, sat upon me, compelled me to do something I swore I never would do and now has the unspeakable gall to ask me to let you marry him. What do you think of it?"

The girl's eyes danced with merriment as she stepped behind him and her arms formed a circle round his neck.

"Are you quite sure, father," she asked demurely, "that he was not following the advice you are always quoting, 'Find out what the other fellow wants to do to you and then do it first to him?'"

Stephens' voice bellowed through the room in an elephantine laugh. His hand went out in fraternal greeting toward the man who had followed his advice. "Shake," he said, "and then sit down. We'll talk things over."

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

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Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

Tolchester Company

WINTER SCHEDULE

In effect December 24th, 1910.

SASSAFRAS RIVER & TOLCHESTER LINES

(Weather and Ice Permitting)

Every Thursday Steamer will leave Fredericktown at 12 noon, Betterton at 1 00 p. m., Tolchester 2.30 p. m., arriving in Baltimore about 5 00 p. m.

Will leave Baltimore Thursdays at 7.00 a. m., for Betterton and Sassafras River Landings; stopping at Tolchester on the return trip.

Tolchester Schedule- Saturdays, leaves Baltimore at 7 00 a. m and 2 30 p. m., leaves Tolchester at 9 00 a. m. and 4 30 p. m.

TOLCHESTER COMPANY,
Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore
08-tc

Maryland, Delaware & Virginia R. R. Co.

CHESTER RIVER LINE.

1910 Winter Schedule 1911

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 26th, 1910.

Steamer will leave Baltimore Pier 7, Light St. wharf Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m., weather and tide permitting, for the following points:

Rock Hall, Queenstown, Bogles, *Spaniard's Point, Cliffs, *Indiantown, *Ashland, Quaker Neck, Booker's, *Riverside, Ralph's, *Piney Grove, arrive Chestertown 5.30 a. m.

*Stops on signal.

Returning, steamer will leave Chestertown for Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.00 a. m. weather and tide permitting, stopping at the above landings arriving in Baltimore about 2.00 p. m.

Steamer will leave Baltimore, Pier 7 Light St., weather and tide permitting, Monday, at 6 p. m., stopping at: *Spaniard's Point, Cliff's, *Indiantown, *Ashland, Quaker Neck, Bookers, *Riverside, Rolphs, *Piney Grove, Chestertown, Buckingham, Deep Landing, Sprys, Crumpton. *Stop on signal.

Returning steamer will leave Crumpton (weather and tide permitting,) for Baltimore, Tuesday, at 12 noon, Chestertown 4.00 p. m. stopping at the above landings.

This time Table Shows the times at which steamers may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several wharves, but their arrivals or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom.

WILLARD THOMPSON,
General Manager

T. MURDOCH,
General Passenger Agent.

NOTICE!

TO

TAX-PAYERS

OF

KENT COUNTY

Dates of Sitting of the Board of Control and Review.

THE County Commissioners sitting as a Board of Control and Review under and by virtue of Chapter 300 Acts of 1910, hereby give notice to all Tax Payers of Kent county, Maryland, that it will sit as a Board of Control and Review, beginning on

Monday, October 31st,

at 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 p. m., at the office of the County Commissioners in the Court House, in Chestertown, and continue to sit each Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of every week thereafter until the business of the Board is completed or until otherwise notified.

The 7th District will first be taken up and disposed of, and then the 5th, 6th, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th in order named.

By order of the Board,
SAMUEL HICKS, Clerk.
08-tf

FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

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AT

M. KRAMER'S

ROCK HALL, - MARYLAND

Beginning Monday, January 9th, and will continue the entire month of January.

THERE is a standing rule in this establishment that no goods are to be carried over from one season to another. This means that at the end of each season all unsold seasonable stock must be sacrificed to make room for New Spring Goods.

You will find substantial reductions in all of our Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing. In fact, the reduction will extend throughout every department, in Dry Goods, Shoes, Comforts, Blankets, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments—everything in our line.

Call to see us at your earliest opportunity, as it will pay you to investigate.

Small buyers and large ones are on an equal footing here, as each of them will derive the same benefit.

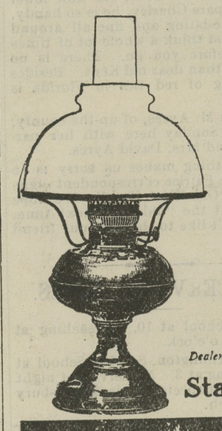
Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same for the future, we remain

Yours for Business,

M. KRAMER, - ROCK HALL, MD

The Famous Rayo

Gives the Best Light at Any Price



When you pay more than the Rayo price for a lamp, you are paying for extra decorations that cannot add to the quality of the light. You can't pay for a better light, because there is none. An oil light has the least effect on the human eye, and the Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made, though low in price. You can pay $5, $10, or $20 for some other lamp, and although you get a more costly lamp, you can't get a better light than the white, mellow, diffused, unflickering light of the low-priced Rayo.

Has a strong, durable shade-holder. This season's burner adds to the strength and appearance. Made of solid brass, nickeled, and easily polished.

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