msa_sc2901_scm8626-0033 ©Maryland State Archives

The Most Ancient Ruins.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock cut temples at Ipsambool, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of these ancient temples contains fourteen apartments hewn out of solid stone. The largest single stone used in this work is one which forms a veranda-like projection along one side of the main temple. It is fifty-seven feet long, fifty-two broad and seventeen (one account says nineteen) feet thick. This colossal stone is supported by two rows of massive square pillars, four in each row and each thirty feet high. To each of these pillars is attached a colossal figure of a human being, reaching from floor to roof. In front of the main temple are seated still other colossi, four in number, the two largest being each sixty-five feet high.

The only hint we have as to the actual age of these architectural relics is from Smith, the British Egyptologist, who says, "The colossi attached to the columns which support the large stone mentioned are each painted in gaudy colors in a kind of stucco, apparently as brilliant now after a lapse of over 4,000 years as when first laid on."

Very Particular.

In the course of an assault case heard at a provincial court the other day the defendant was asked his trade.

"I drive a bus," was the reply.

"You mean," suggested the precise solicitor on the other side, "that you drive the horses attached thereto?"

"Yes, if you would rather have it put in that way," replied the defendant.

Shortly afterward, in the course of his cross examination, the solicitor asked the defendant:

"Did you or did you not strike the prosecutor in the face?"

The defendant, after a thoughtful pause, convulsed the court with the following:

"Well, now, I come to think, there's a doubt about it. I was under the impression that I did strike the prosecutor on the face, but perhaps it would be as well to say that I struck him on the nasal organ attached thereto."—London Mail.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

JUST TRY
Granular Effervescent
PEPSIMINT
THE GREAT
Dyspepsia and Indigestion
REMEDY
Guaranteed a Safe and Harmless Remedy for Headaches, Mental Exhaustion, Stomachic Disorders, Excessive Dissipation.
10 AND 25 CENTS
For Sale by Druggists Everywhere.
Sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price.
—PREPARED BY—
Pepsimint Chemical Co.
Chestertown, Md.
Take CASCARA VEGETABLE LIVER TABLETS—10 CENTS.

Do You Want Tender Beef?

You can't expect to get it unless you deal with a butcher who handles nice cattle.

THE UP-TOWN BUTCHER,

CHARLES W. COPPER,

kills only the best cattle bought of Mr. J. W. Skirven, and hence is able to serve you with

Choice Steaks, Roasts

Etc. Just give us a trial, or ask some of our customers. We will try to treat you so you will want to deal with us always.

Have you tried our Sausage? We also handle Salt Meats.

CHARLES W. COPPER,
The Up-Town Butcher,
7-tf. Opposite N. C. Crow.

READ.

WHEN you buy Real Estate at an auction, you pay more than any one else—Then buy at Private sale. You can purchase any of these properties with ⅓ or ½ cash.

FOR SALE.

160 ACRE FARM in Sussex Co. Del., 75 acres in valuable timber, Fruit, Light Soil. Good 8 room DWELLING and all outbuildings, conveniently situated. Price $1800. This is a bargain.

HOTEL ERICSSON, Betterton. Built in 1900, 30 rooms. A bargain. Price $7000.

50 ACRE FARM in Delaware, near Denton, Md. Rich soil. Building in good condition. Price $7.50. Do you want anything more reasonable than this?

32 ACRE FARM in Cecil County. Good buildings. Price $1,600.

J. WATERS RUSSELL, Real Estate,
d21-6m. Chestertown, Md.

THE GUARDIAN OF OUR BODY.

The foremost biologist of our day, M. Metschnikoff, has shown the world of science that there are leucocytes in our blood that act as scavengers or policemen. These policemen which are called *phagocytes* look out for the noxious or poisonous elements in our blood. Various offending elements are picked out of the blood and tissues by these policemen and destroyed. Therefore our lives are protected by these blood-cell-policemen, the *phagocytes*, and we enjoy immunity from disease so long as our blood contains plenty of phagocytes and red blood corpuscles.

"A new broom sweeps clean"—and in order to put our own house in order we must get rid of all the poisons in the blood with a new broom such as an alterative extract made from roots and herbs—without the use of alcohol, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a specific for making rich red blood—for eradicating the poisons from the blood. In some way the policemen in the blood are increased in number and strength—so that we are put in the best possible shape to resist disease—to cure neuralgia, colds, catarrh, and incipient consumption.

"The more study and time is given to the subject the more we find that the blood is the center of life"—says Dr. R. V. Pierce, the noted specialist of Buffalo, "the health and comfort of the average person depends entirely on this blood supply—for the heart must have pure blood or it will not pump and keep the body supplied regularly like the beautiful automatic engine it is. The nerves must be fed on pure blood—or we suffer the pain of neuralgia, which is the cry of the starved nerves for food. Headaches, cold in the head, catarrh—and many other things are due to stagnation of the blood."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a mild laxative. No other medicine equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

LUMBER,

Shingles Pickets,

CYPRESS FENCING.

WHITE PINE BARN BOARDS.

DRESSED WHITE PINE BOARDS.

GEORGIA PINE FRAME STUFF

VIRGINIA PINE FRAME STUFF

Va. & Georgia Pine Flooring

JUNIPER PICKETS

FOR WIRE FENCES.

Locust and Cedar Posts

FOR FARM FENCES

For Sale by

Oneida—0012 THOS. W. ELIASON

MUSKRAT TRAPPERS
THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY
JUMPTRAP
Can Be Relied Upon Name on the Treadle.
THEY ARE WARRANTED
Any broken by the water will be replaced FREE by your dealer.
Made by ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Oneida, N.Y.

STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
125 W. Saratoga St., Baltimore,
GETS A SITUATION FOR EVERY GRADUATE.

Day and night sessions all the year. New students received at any time. Send for Catalogue. Both phones. We also teach Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, etc., by Mail and loan typewriters to persons in all parts of the United States in connection with our Mail Courses. Terms Moderate. We have recently purchased more than 100 New Remington, Smith Premier and Oliver Typewriters. Mention this paper when you write.

COUGHS AND COLDS
RELIEVED BY
Toulson's Cough Syrup.
For Chapped Hands or Chapped Face Use
DermaCream
Which makes your Skin as Smooth as Velvet.
M. A. TOULSON,
Apothecary,

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children: safe, sure. No opiates

THEIR SUMMER ENGAGEMENT

By HERBERT McB. JOHNSTON

Copyright, 1904, by Herbert McB. Johnston

"Phyllis," said I solemnly, "do you know what day this is?"

"Friday, Sept. 21," repeated Phyllis glibly.

"Yes," said I, shaking my head tragically—"yes, this is the fated day, the accursed hour. The time has come."

Phyllis laughed. When Phyllis laughs the prettiest dimples come in her cheeks. I have accused her of laughing just to bring them there, but she only laughs the more.

"Phyllis," I warned her, "those dimples."

I think they grew even deeper.

"And I'm such a weak one," I murmured thoughtfully.

"We're getting away from the question," replied Phyllis, with swift inconsequence. "What about the date?"

I assumed my most melancholy air. My eye caught the corner of my pocket handkerchief, and I pulled it out.

"The day of our parting," I replied briefly, smothering a pseudo sob.

Phyllis' brows met in a perplexed frown, a most adorable frown.

"I don't get it," she said.

"It's your own doing," I asserted, throwing the blame on her. "It was entirely your own suggestion, and you have no one to blame but yourself."

Still Phyllis frowned. I know a way I could have smoothed out the wrinkles.

"Why, our engagement, you know," I insinuated. "It was expressly understood, I thought, that it was strictly a summer affair."

At last Phyllis comprehended. For a moment I thought she was going to smile and enjoy the joke, but instead her eyes grew wide with amazement, and then she buried her face in her handkerchief. There was no mistaking it. The sobs were too violent to be anything but genuine.

"Phyllis?" I interrogated in amazement. "Phyllis, what is it, dear?"

I don't believe either of us noticed the last word.

Then she dried her eyes and straightened up her head.

"I never thought, Jack," said Phyllis, with considerable indignation, "that you would have reminded me of it.

I DARED TO PUT MY ARM AROUND HER.

And on the very day summer is over too! It seems to me you were in rather a hurry to have it ended."

"But, Phyllis"— I blundered.

"Yes, 'but, Phyllis,'" she mocked me. "I suppose you were afraid that if it ran a day over it would mean a renewal of the contract, or perhaps you thought I wouldn't let you out of it. You needn't have worried, I assure you."

Phyllis was holding her head very high. A sunbeam playing across her brown hair set it afire. Her eyes needed no sunbeam. I never saw Phyllis look more handsome.

And then, while I grew redder and more shamefaced, I saw the little vixen was laughing at me.

"Jack," she said, "there's something I like about you. I don't know what it is. I think it must be your family."

That set me on my high horse.

"Ah!" I murmured indifferently. "Good of you, I'm sure. Perhaps you have even picked out which one—Fred or Charlie?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Phyllis roguishly. The dimples were there again.

"Phyllis," I said, "I'm never going to ask you to marry me again."

"I don't want to marry you again," answered Phyllis.

"You haven't yet," I retorted. "What I mean is that I am never again going to ask you."

"Never?" asked Phyllis in mock terror.

"Never!" said I firmly. "This is the very last time. Will you marry me?"

"That's once over, right there," she laughed.

"Remember," I warned her, "it was the last time."

"Will you make me a promise?" questioned Phyllis.

"To"—

"Not ask any other girl either," finished Phyllis.

"I don't see what difference it would make," I commented.

"Because if you will," said Phyllis, "I'll wait until I'm ready or on the shelf and then come around and ask you; only I'd like to be sure you were disengaged."

I guess I must have looked a bit blank, because Phyllis burst out laughing.

"How long will it be?" I asked.

"I really can't say," laughed Phyllis. "If I decide to wait until I'm ready for the shelf I flatter myself it will be some time yet."

"So do I," I said sadly.

"Well," asked Phyllis, with some asperity, "you don't hope for anything else, do you?"

But the thought of it seemed a long way ahead.

"If I were sure"— I began.

"If I give you my word," said Phyllis.

"Phyllis," I said soberly, "if you said the word I'd wait till the day of doom for you, dear. But, you know, little girl, I don't want to. I want you now."

Phyllis' eyes had lost that hard glow. There was only the dull, soft fire of burnished copper now. I ought to have taken her in my arms and kissed her right there, but I didn't know enough. I always was noted for doing such stupid things. Phyllis has told me so since.

"Do you really, Jack?" said she softly.

"I really do, Phyllis. Without you I'm like that soul which the poet tells about, 'that went into the storm and blackness and lost itself between the earth and heaven.'"

Phyllis sat a little closer to me. It's a good dodge, is that poetry business. I've always felt that I owed a good deal to some of those poet Johnnies.

"That was awfully dear of you, Jack," she whispered.

I felt a goodish bit like a cad then. It seemed so like taking an unfair advantage. Yet it wasn't that I didn't mean it, for I did, every word of it.

"Phyllis," I half whispered, "shall I break my word?"

Phyllis never said a word, but just crept a little closer. I dared to put my arm around her.

Now, it's always been my contention that when a girl says stop in a whisper that she means the exact opposite.

"Stop!" whispered Phyllis.

That was when I did it. Her head was on my shoulder, but her face somehow got twisted up, and I kissed her full on the lips. Phyllis' lips are warm and soft.

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered.

Then I kissed her again. But I only kissed her twice. An event is but momentary; let it last longer, and it sinks to the level of a mere incident.

"And it's my family you like, is it, Phyllis?" I asked her.

Phyllis nodded her head. She was too close for me to see her do it, but I could feel it on my shoulder.

"Fred or Charlie?" I asked again.

"I guess—I think—er—their brother."

After that I forgot all that rot about an event being but momentary. Anyhow, what's the odds if it is? People don't go through life looking for events all the time. Commonplace things are much nicer.

"And you're going to be engaged to me now for all the time?" I questioned when I got my breath.

"No," said Phyllis, shaking her head.

"Please, dearest," I said. "I want you so—so much. Please say you will."

But Phyllis shook her head.

"No," said she, with a happy little laugh; "it'll have to stop when you marry me."

He Took It Back.

In a certain town of western Massachusetts two of the most prominent citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother. These are neighbors, and, for the most part, dwell on good terms, except when they try to effect an exchange of horses or to talk religion.

On one occasion the two had traded horses, and, although the outcome rankled in the breast of the Methodist, they had met and started a discussion on the subject of predestination. As usual an altercation ensued, when the Methodist lost control of himself. With mixed emotions concerning horse trades and John Calvin in his mind, he suddenly exclaimed:

"You're a robber, a liar and a Presbyterian!"

This proved too much for the Presbyterian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the best of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bumping his head against the ground, he said:

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll bump your foolish head off!"

"I'll take it back," gasped the vanquished Methodist, "on the first two counts. You're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian if I die for it!"—Harper's Weekly.

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

Queen Quality

A Satisfactory Shoe

Queen Quality is designed and finished for the extremely particular. Everything about it denote a high orders of manufacture. Its accurate fit and correct fashioning stamps an impression of worth upon its wearers, hence ITS SPLENDID REPUTATION.

BOOTS $3.00 The Pair

A FEW $3.50 Specials

A Dozen Reasons.

There are a dozen reasons for buying QUEEN QUALITY SHOES. But your own comfort is excuse enough, it eases the foot because it fits it. QUEEN QUALITY SHOES are designed for every need. We invite your critical examiation.

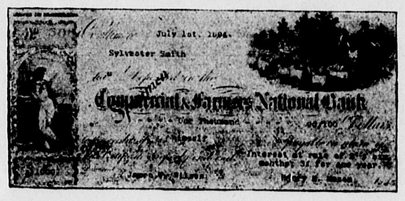
CLIFTON L. JARRELL,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
In Building Formerly Occupied By WESTCOTT & DODD

3%

SAFE AS A GOVERNMENT BOND
PAYABLE ALWAYS ON DEMAND
ISSUED IN ANY AMOUNT

Our time Certificate of Deposit. $10. to $10.000.

INTEREST DAY and NIGHT WHILE YOU SLEEP.



WE believe the exigencies of the times is such that the Banker can no longer sit back on his Dignity and take all the profits. Banks always pay interest on deposits to a favored few—why not treat all alike?

We were fortunate in being undisturbed by the great Baltimore fire. Local demand for money outside the fire district will be unusually good for two years at least. We do not, however, depend entirely on the local demand, as our wide acquaintance with banks throughout the country affords us a continuous market for surplus money through the Spring trade, the coming season, the Western harvest and the cotton crop—these accommodations are in the form of short-time rediscounts for National Banks in these various sections—are the safest loans that can be made, and always at a good rate of interest.

IF it is not convenient for you to call at the Bank, simply mail us your check on your local Bank and receive our INTEREST BEARING CERTIFICATE by return mail as hundreds have done before

The Commercial and Farmers National Bank,
BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR BANK has been 94 YEARS in CONTINUOUS OPERATION.

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.

LA GRIPPE—PNEUMONIA

So many people who have apparently recovered from an attack of *La Grippe* are stricken with *Pneumonia.* This is due to the fact that the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs are left weakened and unable to resist disease.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

not only cures *La Grippe Coughs,* and prevents *Pneumonia,* but strengthens the Lungs so they will not be susceptible to the development of serious lung troubles. Do not take chances with some unknown preparation that may contain some harmful drug when FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR costs you no more and is safe and sure. Contains no opiates.

I had a bad case of La Grippe about ten years ago which left my Lungs so weak that I have been troubled more or less every winter since until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, which cured me completely and my Lungs no longer trouble me.—J. H. BROWNING, D.D.S., Orrick, Mo.

G. VACHER, 157 Osgood St., Chicago, says: "My wife had a very severe case of La Grippe, and it left her with a very bad cough. She tried a bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR and it gave immediate relief."

The 50c bottles contain two and one-half times as much as the small size and the $1.00 bottles almost six times as much.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS