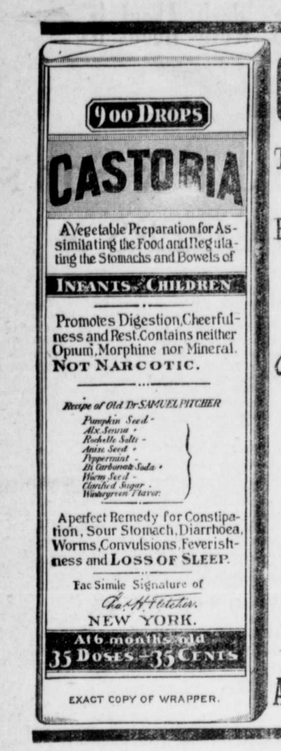

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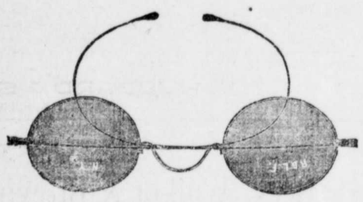

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MAKING TOOTHPICKS.

THE INQUISITIVE MAN LEARNS SOMETHING IN LEWISTON.

He Is Shown Over the Toothpick Factory by a Bright Boy Who Was There For That Purpose—A Big Machine Too Intricate For Description.

The inquisitive man alighted from the cars in the city of Lewiston, Me., and stood on the station platform in an attitude of indecision, for he was at a loss to say in which direction it would be most desirable to turn.

"I can earn a dollar a day packing toothpicks, and that is better than working in the cotton factories," he heard a little girl say to a companion, and instantly the inquisitive man had found an occupation.

"Packing toothpicks! Of all things, I prefer to see a toothpick factory, and it is fortunate I blundered on board that train," he said to himself.

Then, with the air of one bent on most urgent business, the inquisitive man set out in search of the toothpick factory.

It was not so imposing a structure as he had expected to see, but there was so much bustle and semblance of industry everywhere around the establishment that his disappointment as to the general appearance of the building was soon forgotten.

Inclosing the structure, as if to prevent its escape, were long rows of small logs and short rows of big logs, each one exactly four feet in length, from all of which the bark had been neatly and entirely removed.

"It's birch and maple, of course. We don't use any other kind," a small boy said in answer to the inquisitive man's question. "I reckon you're a stranger 'round these parts?"

"I do not remember ever having been here before."

"Then I guess you never have, because you wouldn't be likely to forget a toothpick factory if you'd ever seen one. We make 6,000,000 picks a day, and that's quite a pile. Anyhow, you'd think so if you had to count 'em before getting a bite to eat. Want to see the machine?"

"Can you show it to me?"

"That's what I'm here for."

"I should think that it would be more profitable to work in the factory than to idle your time away answering the questions of ignorant people like myself."

"That's where you make a big mistake, mister. It's a mighty mean man who won't pay me for showing him 'round, and I pick up fair wages when there's a good crop of visitors. Come along, and I'll show you the toothpick business. Here in this yard the stock is sawed into pieces 6¼ inches long." And the small boy pointed to the inclosure in which a dozen or more circular saws were buzzing and humming as they quickly divided the logs into the required lengths.

All pieces not clear and straight grained were thrown aside, and the remainder was being packed into barrels so made that wide crevices appeared between the staves.

"Yes, that's all right," the small boy said, answering the inquisitive man's look of inquiry. "The stock is being packed for the steaming room. When the barrels are full, they'll be taken there and left about three hours, when the blocks will be almost as soft as leather. Charging the wood with steam drives out all the sap, and it is then ready for splitting. Come this way and you can see how that part of the work is done."

The small boy led the visitor to a room in the main building, where was what is known as a "veneer machine," a piece of mechanism not unlike a lathe, which was rapidly converting the wood into pliable bands, hardly thicker than ordinary cardboard. The keen knives cut the 6¼ inch blocks so readily and smoothly that the general appearance of the work was much as if a roll of cream colored ribbon was being unwound and thrown carelessly on the floor. Two boys were gathering up the damp material and winding it on huge spools.

"They're getting it ready for the big machine," the guide said as he chewed a fragment of the wooden ribbon. "Every one of the spools holds about 100 feet of the veneer, and the rest of the work is done so quickly that you won't have much of a chance to see the operation."

The "big machine" was so intricate that the inquisitive man realized that he could not describe it intelligently, even though he should spend many hours studying its construction. He saw at one end of a long, narrow structure, filled with wheels and knives, arms on which the spools of veneer were hung and observed that men pushed the ends of the wooden ribbon through narrow slots, where it was seized by little steel fingers.

He knew that somewhere inside the machine the material was being cut, trimmed and smoothed into flat picks with chiselike ends, for directly opposite to where the veneer was being fed to the iron workman a long spout shot out toothpicks in bewildering numbers. It was a perfect cloud of tiny bits of wood, which would soon have buried the machine itself but for the fact that boys were gathering the harvest into wooden boxes with wire bottoms capable of holding a peck or more.

"That's all there is to the making," the guide said as the inquisitive man raised his eyes. "Of course they're soft now, as the veneer was, but these boys will take them into the drying room, and after they've had hot air forced through them by the steam blower for 20 minutes or half an hour they'll be stiff and brittle, so that you can break a dozen or so a day and in that way help to make trade good."—James Otis in Philadelphia Times.

Gaffing an Irish Salmon.

Mickle, gaff in hand, was hopping around behind me, more like a wild Indian with a tomahawk than an experienced Irish water bailiff about to impale a salmon. Sport, too, joined in the infections excitement and jumped at my feet and barked at every splash that the big fish made. Down along the river bank the cute old bailiff glided and crept out behind a projecting rock. Once I almost coaxed him within striking distance of the one eyed gaffer, but Mickle prided himself on his skill and feared to run the risk of missing his stroke. Off again dashed the fish across the pool, as if warned by instinct of the unseen danger, and it was fully ten minutes ere I had him played back to the proper point.

Then, like a lightning flash, the cold steel impaled him, and the great, quivering body was triumphantly lifted on the gaff by the exultant bailiff, showing a fish as beautiful as was ever landed. The sheen of his scales and the small sea lice still clinging to him showed that he had only just come up from the salt water. It had taken me exactly 46 minutes from the moment he was hooked till he lay on the bank, and he weighed 28 pounds by my pocket scales.

The "thunder and lightning" fly was carefully extracted from his gullet, for it had gone down deep, and the bailiff smiled in appreciation of the remarks on his good judgment of water, weather and flies which I felt in duty bound to make. I had time for only a short rest in the shade after my exciting experience, when splash! splash! in front invited me to the sport again.—Sportsman's Magazine.

Chinese Sweets.

The Chinese are said to possess secrets in the preparation of sweets that astonish our most accomplished confectioners. They know how to remove the pulp from oranges and substitute various jellies. The closest examination fails to reveal any opening or incision in the skin of the fruit. They perform the same feat with eggs. The shells are apparently as intact as when the eggs were newly laid, but upon breaking and opening them the contents consist of nuts and sweetmeats.—New York Sun.

CORONATION SERVICES.

Tenure of Land on Condition of Personal Duty to the Sovereign.

Florence Hayward describes Queen Victoria's coronation roll in The Century. The writer says:

After telling how the privy council was formed into a commission "to hear the petitions of the lords, great men, nobles, knights and other with regard to services, duties, attendances, offices, fees and rights connected with the ceremony of coronation," the roll states what these petitions were, or at least such of them as were granted.

One was that the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed "the right to find for the queen on her day of coronation a glove for her majesty's right hand and to support the queen's right arm on the same day as long as her majesty shall hold in her hand the royal scepter, the petitioner holding the manor of Worksop by the aforesaid services." In other words, if the Duke of Norfolk had failed to provide the glove or to support her majesty's arm at that particular time his ownership of Worksop manor would have been invalidated and the property have reverted to the crown.

Another petition was that of Barbara, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, who, as the head of her family, claimed the right to carry the great spurs before her majesty on the day of her coronation and asked that George, Lord Byron, be appointed her deputy for the performance of that duty.

Yet another was that of Francis, twelfth earl of Huntingdon. The earldom of Huntingdon had remained suspended for many years owing to the tenth earl dying without issue. When, however, this twelfth in the line of succession succeeded in establishing, as a descendant of the second earl, his right to the peerage, he also claimed the right to carry one of the four swords of state in the coronation procession, this, as well as other duties and services connected with the ceremony, being the condition of his tenure of lands. Small wonder, then, that in announcing the omission of the procession it was important to set forth also that the nonperformance of duties connected with it should entail no forfeitures.

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.

Employed to Get Down Balls That Had Lodged In the Roof Gutter.

"Good natured?" said the old circus man. "Why, the best in the world. When the old man's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the eaves of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old 18 footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy.

"One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter he went as usual after the giraffe. When the giraffe looked along the gutter that day, there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:

"'Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?'

"And the boy said 'Sure,' and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported, with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.

"They wondered about this, for it was the first time the giraffe had ever failed to get the ball, and they knew it must be there, but it was soon explained. A day or two later there came a big rainstorm. Instead of running a big noisy stream as usual the tin water pipe from the roof ran just a little bit of a stream, and the water that should have run off in that way overflowed the gutters and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe."—New York Sun.

Not to Be Bunkoed.

The president of one of the leading eastern colleges was recently journeying toward New York and found himself in the same seat with an old man whose general appearance betokened the farmer. They soon fell into conversation, and after saying that he was on his first visit to the metropolis the farmer mentioned the name of the little village up among the hills of New Hampshire from which he came and remarked that he supposed his friend had never heard of it. "Oh, yes," said the man. "I was born there." Imagine his astonishment when the country man, after staring at him several seconds, exclaimed, "See here, I've heard all about you bunko fellers, and you can't get a chance to bunko me." So saying, he grabbed his carpetbag and, marching down the aisle, took a seat on the other side of the car.—New York Times.

A Hard Swallow.

An eminent barrister, noted as much for a habit he had of sucking lozenges as for his eloquence, was once defending a murder case. He was standing with a bullet in one hand and the usual lozenge in the other, when suddenly, in the midst of a fine burst of eloquence, his face fell, and in a tone of agony he cried:

"Gentlemen, I've swallowed the bullet."—London Tit-Bits.

Safe While It Lasts.

"I haven't got any case," said the client, "but I have money."

"How much?" asked the lawyer.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Phew! You have the best case I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the lawyer cheerfully.—Boston Traveler.

Wonderful Forethought.

The habit of companies which insure against accidents to compel their patrons to resort to the courts to recover in case of injury was the occasion of this singular thoughtfulness, told by the president of a large accident company:

"Some time ago," he said, "a large policy holder in my company was run over by a Brooklyn trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just 15 minutes of 12. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."—Youth's Companion.

Escaping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are not fond of street music. Itinerant organ men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders.—London Punch.

A paper published in Greenland can boast of the longest name in existence. It is Arrangagliotio Natinginnavnik Sysaraminas Sinik.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Many a man who would be startled at the bare thought of sitting down and deliberately drinking a dose of poison, allows himself to be regularly and systematically poisoned day after day by accumulations of bile in the blood.

When the liver fails to do its regular work of filtering this bilious poison out of the circulation, it goes on poisoning the entire constitution just as surely as if a man was drinking prussic acid.

Every part of the body is polluted. The digestive juices are suppressed and weakened. The kidneys and skin are clogged with impurities and the lungs and bronchial tubes overloaded with morbid secretion which eat away the delicate tissue, and bring about bronchitis and consumption.

All the diseases caused by this subtle process of bilious poisoning are cured by the marvelous alterative action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It directly increases the liver's natural excretive and purifying powers; gives the digestive and blood-making organs power to manufacture an abundance of red, rich, healthy blood.

It drives out all impurities, and vitalizes the circulation with the life-giving elements which restore perfect nutrition, solid muscular power, and healthy nerve-force.

"In August 1895, I was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pains in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dizziness in my head," writes Ira D. Herring, Esq., of Needmore, Levy Co., Fla. "My home physician was called and he said my symptoms were more like consumption than anything else. I lingered in this way seven months trying different kinds of medicine. Nothing that I ate would digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I was persuaded to try some of Dr. Pierce's remedies or to see what he thought of my case. I wrote him and received an answer stating that my suffering was from indigestion and torpid liver, and advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first bottle gave pleasing results. I have taken four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three small vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am able to do my work and eat what I could not before I took these medicines."

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Young, old, single or married, at home or templating marriage, if you are a victim of BLOOD POISON Early Abuse, Excesses, or Private Diseases those destroyers of the human race which destroy mind and body, and unfit you for the duties of life, call or write and be saved. Hours: Daily, 9-3; Evgs. 6-9; Sun., 9-12. Send 10 cts. in stamps for Book with sworn testimonials Exposing Quacks and Fake Institutes.

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The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer

is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila.

A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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shates Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing stomach and female ills, and is noted for making sure when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 cent and $1.00 at Druggists.

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New Turbine Water Wheel,

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A Superior Article of Flour,

inferior to none on this Peninsula. My brands are Chester and Beauty. 35 lbs. of Chester in exchange for 60 lbs. of good, clean wheat.

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DEFENDED HIMSELF.

COST BANDMANN "A HUNDRED AND FIFTY, BUT WAS WORTH IT."

How Clay Clement Became an Expert Swordsman—After the Initial Encounter the Tragedian Forgot All About the Expensive Training.

Clay Clement is one of the most expert swordsmen on the American stage. His proficiency with the broadsword is due to a long course of training which he took many years ago under rather peculiar circumstances.

Young Clement carried a letter of introduction to Daniel Bandmann, the tragedian, and asked for an engagement. The old man was charmed with Clement's reading of Shakespeare and after a long elocutionary trial remarked in a rich brogue: "My poy, I think you vill do. You are engatched. But, tell me, are you able to defent yourself?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," doubtfully replied the young aspirant. "I don't know. I never had a fight in my life, but I think I could take care of myself in a pinch."

"Vell," continued Bandmann, "you'll haf to. I vant a man who can fight. Ven I play Richard, eet makes me sick—pah—if I must be kilt by a Richmond who could not kill a checken in real life. Ven I am Macbeth, vy shoult I be kilt by a fellow who could not carve a cheese? I am tired of et all. You must defent yourself. Do you know the broatsword?"

"Well, no—I don't," admitted Clement. "But couldn't I learn?" he added eagerly.

"Ha, yes—inspee-ration!" cried Bandmann. "You shall learn. Do you know my frient Colonel Monstery of Chicago? No? Neffer mind; I gif you a letter to him."

Turning to a writing desk, Bandmann wrote a letter of introduction and filled out a check for $25.

"Gif dose to my frient Monstery," he said, "and he vill show you how you shall defent yourself. That check vill pay for 25 lessons. If you feel you need more lesson, my letter say you shall take as many more as you like and the bill I vill pay. But, remember! You must fight; if not, I think I vill keel you—yes."

Clement came to Chicago to begin instruction. In this city he met several actors who formerly had been members of Bandmann's company. They all told the same story. The tragedian, they said, was a most dangerous antagonist in a stage duel, and very often forgot his surroundings and put up a real fight. If his opponent showed the white feather, the old man would fly into a paroxysm of rage and fight like a demon. On more than one occasion he had completely driven Richmond and Macduff off the stage.

These stories scared Clement half to death. He began to regard his training as a life and death matter, undertaken strictly in self defense. At the end of the 25 lessons he felt that he was only a beginner in swordsmanship, and instruction was continued week after week throughout the entire summer.

On the opening night of Bandmann's next season a letter was handed to the tragedian. It contained a bill "for professional instruction in sword practice—extra lessons for Mr. Clement on account of Mr. Bandmann—$150."

The old man gasped. "Vot!" he cried. "Are you drunk or am I crazy? A hundred fifty tollar! How ees eet? How can it be?"

"Well, you sent me to Colonel Monstery yourself and gave him carte blanche to teach me as long as I needed instruction," explained Clement.

"Oh, my poy, my poy!" exclaimed Bandmann. "I sent you to Monstery—yes—but I deed not tell you to leeve with heem."

Suddenly the old man stopped. "Vell," he said, "how ezzeet? Can you defent yourself?"

"I'll try," was the calm reply.

"So vill I," sententiously remarked Bandmann.

That night when Richard faced Richmond on Bosworth field there was a baleful gleam in the crooked backed monarch's eyes which none of the company ever had observed before. He sprang at his antagonist like a catamount; two swords clashed and a shower of sparks gave evidence of the force which sent them together. Then followed what was probably the prettiest and most scientific sword fight ever seen on the American stage. The old man fought wickedly, dangerously, desperately. The aggressor, at first, he pressed his young antagonist hard. The air was filled with sparks from the circling swords and the clash of steel was almost continuous. Then Clement began work in earnest. Step by step the bloody monarch was forced backward, and his blows were parried and beaten down, until at last, from sheer exhaustion, his grip was loosened and a deft blow sent his sword flying into the wings. A moment later Richmond's victorious troops were cheering over the death of Gloster and the play was ended.

A couple of solicitous actors helped Bandmann to his feet. Panting and almost breathless, he flung his arms about Clement, kissed him on both cheeks and exclaimed, "It cost me a hundret and fifty, but it was wort' it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Friendship In Kentucky.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was the most overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and, placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, "Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel." Forrest put his weapon up and said, "Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man." They were inseparable friends forever afterward.—Owensboro Inquirer.

The Spear.

In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they bore their spears point forward, it was taken as a declaration of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.

It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow creatures beyond bread and water and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill. —Hawthorne.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fear lest when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Saadi.

Ostentation has been described as the way other people "show off."—Town and Country Journal.

Most Mothers Know It.

Babies are always suffering from flatulency, wind-colic and griping, which, by distending their little bowels, make them draw up their tiny legs and cry for pain. To relieve the infant of this discomfort, expel the wind, soothe his little bowels and induce refreshing slumber, give Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup, a most efficacious, yet harmless medicine for all baby disorders. "I have used Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for eight years. It has given perfect satisfaction every time. I would not be without it in the house. It is the best remedy in the market for babies. Mrs. Barney Truckey, Bay City, Mich." Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup costs 25 cents at all dealers. Remember, ask for Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup.

MUNYON'S Cough Cure is a certain and speedy specific for ALL KINDS OF COUGHS. Nothing injurious about it. Munyon's Remedies, a separate cure for each disease, for sale at all druggists. Mostly 25c. Munyon's Guide to Health FREE. If in doubt, write direct to PROF. MUNYON 1505 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for free medical advice.

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Important to Farmers!

I HAVE OPENED MY NEW

Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shop

ON CROSS STREET,

opposite the Armstrong Hotel, and am now prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. After a practical experience of 18 years in

Horseshoeing and all Branches of Blacksmith Work,

I am confident of being able to give entire satisfaction. I have made the structure of the horse's foot a study of years. No hot shoes applied to horses' feet. All work done with neatness and despatch, and at the most moderate rates.

ELWOOD WHALEY,

Nov. 21, 1895. Chestertown, Md.

NATHAN BROOKS'

Shaving Saloon,

STILL POND.

I desire to inform the people of this and surrounding neighborhoods, that I am permanently located in Still Pond. Shaving neatly and cleanly done. Hair cutting in the latest style. Ladies' and Children's Bangs Trimmed. Shampooing a specialty. Give me a call.

Respectfully, etc.,

NATHAN BROOKS,

Jan. 24, 1895—y. Still Pond

OIL! OIL! OIL!

The Best Lubricating Oils for the money in the county for Binders, Mowers and other machines, 12, 20, 25 and 30 cts per gallon. Cylinder Oil for Engines 60c. per gallon. For sale by

JOSEPH GUEST.

Chestertown, Md.

Farmers, Look to Your Interests!

WE ARE STILL ON THE LINE OF REDUCTION.

Special Attention to Horseshoeing.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD.,

is now better prepared than ever to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Wheel wrighting. REPAIRING a specialty.

WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE

OLIVER CHILLED Plows

AND CASTINGS

And All Kinds of Agricultural Implements.

THE CELEBRATED TIGER CORN PLANTER.

McCormick Harvesting Machines,

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, NO-TOP BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS.

DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES.

CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.

Power Feed Cutters, Cucumber Pumps, Barbed Fence Wire and Belting of all kinds. Class of work and quality of material used considered, we can compete with any maker in the county in prices.

Also Fire Insurance Agent.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

500 North Calvert St., Cor. Franklin St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

EUROPEAN. $1 50 to $2.00 per day. $5.00 to $12.00 per week.

AMERICAN. 50 Cents to $1.00 per Day.

Special Party, Family and Weekly Rates. Special Rates for Table Boarders.

JOHN WOOD, MANAGER.

KENT COUNTY'S

LEADING LIVERY,

GEO. B. McWHORTER, Chestertown, Md.

MY TEAMS

are First-Class in every particular, and satisfaction always given to my customers. Traveling salesmen conveyed to all parts of the Peninsula at moderate prices. Teams for private parties furnished at short notice.

Give me a call. Resp'y, etc.,

GEORGE B. McWHORTER,

Feb. 21, 1896—y. Chestertown, M

We are Prepared to Quote Specially Low Prices.

Good 6x20 Shingles

Saps, $5.00 Hearts, $6.00

Fair Yellow Pine Flooring, $15.00

Common Yellow Pine Flooring, $12.50

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

Lumber Dealers,

414 LIGHT STREET WHARF,

BALTIMORE, MD.

INCH YELLOW PINE BOARDS, EDGE, $10.00 and $12.50.

The Above Goods are Excellent Value.

We have higher Grades at higher prices

Write Us For Prices.

Lumber, Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Etc.

Summer Schedule, 1897.

Popular STEAMER LOUISE.

DAILY.

Leaving Tolchester Beach at 10.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M.

Leaving Baltimore at 8.30 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

One-day tickets, Round Trip, 25c.

The shortest, cheapest and most desirable route to Baltimore.

Russell's Stage connects with each Boat from Chestertown.

For further information, apply to

G. E. NOLAND, Supt., Tolchester Beach,

Or, TOLCHESTER COMPANY, Pier 16, Light St., Baltimore, Md.

CHESTER RIVER

Steamboat Company.

On and after Monday May 30,

EMMA A. FORD.

will leave Chestertown daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island.

RETURNING, will leave Baltimore at 3.00 P. M. daily, except Sunday, stopping at above landings.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS $1.00

from all points to and from Baltimore, good until October 15, 1897.

Commencing with Monday, April 12, 1897,

THE STEAMER GRATITUDE

will leave Centreville at 7 o'clock daily, except Sunday, for Baltimore at 7 A. M. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 2.30 P. M.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pass'r.

SASSAFRAS RIVER STEAMBOAT CO.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ROUND TRIPS.

On and after MONDAY, MAY 3rd, 1897, the STEAMER SASSAFRAS will leave Georgetown week days at 6.30 A. M. (except Saturday), Shallcross' 6.45 A.M.; Cassidy's wharf 7.00 A. M.; Turner's Creek, 7.15 A. M.; BETTERTON 8.00 A. M.; Buck Neck, 9.15 A. M.; Gale's wharf, at 9.30 A. M.

Returning, leave Baltimore week days at 3.00 o'clock, (except Friday); Saturday at 2 O'CLOCK, stopping at Buck Neck, Gale's wharf, Betterton and all landings on the Sassafras River, except Turner's Creek, trip up. Stopping at Turner's Creek if possible.

WM. CUNDIFF, Sup't.

W. H. KELLEY & SON

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

Blacksmithing & Wheelwrighting

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Repairing a Specialty.

FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS & DAYTONS, of our own make constantly on hand.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of All Kinds

Carriages, Buggies, Roadcarts and Harness.

Also Carriage Painting Done neatly and at prices to suit the times.

Horseshoeing 75 Cents Cash.

Respectfully, W. H. KELLEY & SON, Locust Grove, Md.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect May 31, 1897.

For Chicago and Northwest, Mt. Royal Station, 8 45, 10.18 A. M., 6.42 p. m. daily.

Camden Station, 9.00, 10.4' a. m., 7.00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Mt. Royal Station, 10 18 a. m., 2.24 p. m., 9.52 p. m. daily. Camden Station, 10.45 a. m., 2.40 p. m., 10.10 p. m.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45 a. m., daily, 7.47 p. m. Except Sunday. Camden Station, 9.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. daily.

For Columbus, Toledo and Detroit, Mt. Royal Station, 9.52 p. m. Camden Station 10.10 p. m.

For New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol and Roanoke, Mt. Royal Station, 9.52 daily. Camden Station, 10.10 p. m. daily. Sleeping Car, Baltimore to New Orleans, and Washington to Memphis.

For Luray, Mt. Royal Station, 2.24 p. m. daily. Camden Station 2.40 p. m. daily.

FOR WASHINGTON.

Mt. Royal Station, week days, x6.00, x7.45, x.8.45, x10.18 a. m., x12.38, x2.24, x3.32, x5.38, x6.42, x7.47, x9.32, x10.18 p. m. Sundays, x6.00, x8.45, x10.18 a. m., x2.24, x3.32, x6.42, x9.32, x10.18 p. m.

Camden Station, week days 5.00, x6.15, x6.25, 6.35, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x10.45 a. m., 12.15, x12.50, x2.40, 2.50, (x3.45 45 minutes) x4.10, 5.05, x5.50, 6.18, x7.05, x7.20, x7.58, 9.15, x10.10, x10.30 11.30 p.m. Sunday, x6.25, 6.35, 8.35, x9.00 x10.30, x10.45 a. m., 1.05, x2.40, (3.45, 45 minutes) 5.05, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, 9.15, x10.10, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Annapolis, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45 a. m. daily, 12.38 p.m., except Sunday. Camden Station 7.20, 9.00 a. m. 12.50 and 4.10 p. m. On Sunday, 9.00 a. m. and 5.05 p. m.

ROYAL BLUE LINE FOR NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

All trains illuminated with Pintsch light.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

Leave Mt. Royal Station seven minutes later.

For New York, Boston and the East, week days, (7.55 Dining Car) 8.50, (10.50 Dining Car) a. m. 12.50 (1.45 3.48, (6.00 Dining Car) p. m. (1.15 night, Sleeping Car from Mt. Royal Station open for passengers 10.00 P. M.) Sundays, (7.55 9.50 Dining Car) a m. (1.45 Dining Car) 3.48 (6.00 Dining Car) P. M. (1.15 night, Sleeping Car from Mt. Royal Station, open for passengers 10.00 P.M.)

For Atlantic City, 10.50 A. M., 12.50, 1.45 p. m. Sundays, 1 45 P. M.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, week days, (7.55, Dining Car, 8.50, (10.50 stopping at Wilmington only, Dining Car) a. m., 12.50, (1.45 Dining Car, stopping at Wilmington only.) 3.48 (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 P. M., (1.15 night, Sundays, (7.55 and 9.50 Dining Car) a. m., (1.45 Dining Car) 3.48 (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 P. M., (1.15 night).

For local stations on Phila. Div., week days, 8.00 A