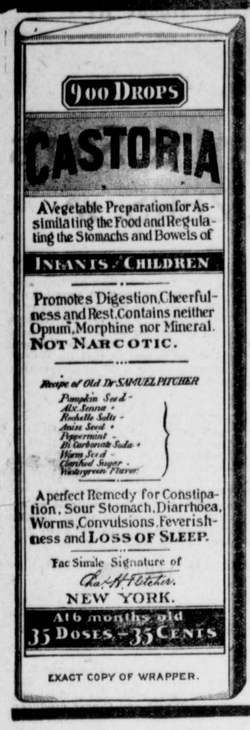

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—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Our Full Regular-Made Black Hoses, sizes 8½ to 9½, fadeless, two pair for 25c. Every lady should try, and when you do, you will ask why you have been paying 25c. a pair.

We haven't any *Gold Syrup* neither *Silver Syrup*, but we do know that if you try our 20c. Syrup you will stick to it. There may be some one that don't know it, but most everybody does know that we sell the

Best Grade Vinegar for Pickling,

and our Teas are the finest. 7 Bars Best Philadelphia Oline Soap 25c.

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Summer Corsets.

Summer Corsets.

Some at 38c.

The Best at 48c.

C. B. Corsets, regular price, $1.00, now	75c
Dr. Warner's Coraline Health Corsets, extra long waist, best Corset made—always sold at $1.00, now	85c
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A few styles Sea Island Percales, regular 12½c. goods, full 36 inches wide—can buy them for	9½c
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in fact, everything in our line at closest prices in reason.

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OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS and Castings.
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Send for prices before purchasing, and save money by buying of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

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Carload lots at reduced rates delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad. Also at retail prices as reasonable as any dealer in the county.

2240 Lbs. Guaranteed to the Ton.

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Lamp, Bell, Cyclometer and 1897 Christy Saddle, in Fine Condition.

Apply to AGENT,
129-tf. Pier 6 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

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HAVING located at Tolchester, I am prepared to do Shaving and Hair Cutting in latest styles. Trimming of Ladies' and Children's Bangs and Shampooing a specialty.

Music furnished for parties, etc.
Give me a call.

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Plain and Barb Fence Wire!

In Car Lots to clubs at Factory Prices.
In Ton Lots at Small Margins.
Less quantity at Reasonable Prices.
Leave your orders early for spring use with

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give satisfaction because we keep only the reliable kinds and the largest stock on the Eastern Shore. The watch factories have recently put up the price on Watches nearly twenty-five per cent. Anticipating the advance, I bought heavily just before the rise, and while the present stock lasts I can quote lower prices than can be found elsewhere.

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by buying now. Come in and let us show you our stock and quote prices. Buy at home, where the guarantee will be looked after and made good.

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Good Red Blood!

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You can't have good health without it.

We know the secret! Come to our drug store and we will tell you about it.

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KELLY THE KING.

RECKLESSNESS OF THE BIG HEARTED BASEBALL PLAYER.

His Little System That Won a Nice Sum at Guttenberg—A Case of "Come Easy, Go Easy"—What He Did With the Last $5 of That Particular Pot.

The late Mike Kelly probably made and spent more money during his career as a ball player than anybody else in his profession. Kelly was an inveterate gambler, and, like John L. Sullivan, he had a heart which constantly led him to do acts of charity. Kelly was in his element when at the race track. He got hold of more "good things" that went wrong than the average bettor, but he was always cheerful whether a winner or a loser. One day Mike went over to Guttenberg, when the hilltop track was flourishing, and after two races had been run he had just $20 and enough change with which to get back to the city. As Kel walked into the betting ring preparatory to the third race he saw on Bookmaker Ike Thompson's slate:

Play or Pay	60 to 1
Meadows	30 to 1
Blitzen	6 to 5
Hoey	4 to 5

"I've got a system, me boy," said the "king" to a friend, "and it's a peach. I'm going to put a fiver on each o' them plugs, and then I can't lose, see? I got to get some dough back, no matter how they run."

"That's no system, Mike," said Kel's friend.

"It's as good as the average, sport," was the quick retort, and Mike pushed his way up to Thompson's book.

"Say, there, Ike, old boy!" yelled Mike. "Here's four green fivers. Put one on each of them ponies, keep the change, and gimme the tickets quick."

The bookmaker laughed as he handed Kel four tickets, each calling for Play or Pay 300 to 5, Meadows 150 to 5, Blitzen 6 to 5, Hoey 4 to 5 respectively.

"That's quite a chance you're taking, Mike," said Thompson, with a laugh.

"It is, if one o' them long guys comes walkin in with the yellow boys in his stockin," replied the ball player.

Then the bell rang telling the crowd that the horses were at the post.

"They're off!" yelled Kelly, as Starter Caldwell dropped his flag. "What's that guy away out in front, running as if he saw a square meal somewhere?"

"It's Play or Pay!" screamed hundreds. And so it proved to be. The horse had been the recipient of one of those celebrated Guttenberg injections, and he won in a romp.

Kelly never ran bases faster than he ran up to Ike Thompson's book, brandishing his ticket calling for $305.

"Give us the green goods, Ike!" he roared, while the crowd gathered around breathlessly.

"There's your money," said Thompson pleasantly, as he took a big roll of bills from the cashier. Kelly didn't stop to count it, but made a rush for the barroom, crying out:

"If there's dust in any guy's throat around here, let him come in with me and wash it out. Everybody have a drink!" The bar looked like a bargain counter as the sports lined up. They called for everything from wine to cigarettes, and when all had had enough Kel said to the drink mixer:

"How much, sport?"

"Fifteen dollars, Kel!"

"There's twenty. Have a bot yourself!"

"Say, Mr. Kelly," whispered a tout, "could you stake me to a few bucks? I've got a cinch."

"There's ten of them, me boy. Go and break up the betting ring," was Kelly's response as he forked out a $10 bill. Other impecunious persons successfully "touched" him for various amounts until Mike decided to plunge again. Going up to a bookmaker who had 100 to 1 against the horse Duke John, Mike cried out, "I'll put a hundred on that one!" and quickly produced a century, for which he received a ticket calling for $10,000 to $100.

"If Duke John wins," said Mike, "I'll buy the track." Duke John was last in a field of 12, but Kelly only laughed. And so he continued to speculate until the races were over. Then he had a $10 bill and some change. He paid the car and ferry fares of at least 50 unfortunates, loaned 50 cents here and a quarter there, and by the time he left the boat at the foot of Forty-second street he had a few pennies over $5. As Kelly crossed Tenth avenue he caught sight of a little girl about 3 years old who was crying as if her heart would break. He picked her up in his arms and said gently:

"What's the matter, little one?"

"Mamma's sick in bed and I'm hungry," sobbed the little girl. Kel gulped down a lump in his throat, put the child on the sidewalk, pressed $5 into her hand and said soothingly:

"There, give that to your mother, little one, and may God bless you.

"Come on, sport," Kel said to his friend then. "We're broke, but let's hunt up some more green goods." He soon borrowed $50 from his namesake, Honest John Kelly. That was at 7 o'clock in the evening. At 11 o'clock that same night he had won $1,000 at faro. The next day he caught the noon boat for Guttenberg, and he had but $50. When Mike died, he didn't leave a dollar.—New York Sun.

DIDN'T CARE ABOUT STYLE.

But Nevertheless He Wouldn't Go Down Town Without a Necktie.

"Georgiana," said Mr. Dalrymple, "it seems to me that you spend altogether too much time worrying about what other folks are likely to think about you. Why don't you follow my example and have a little independence? As long as I know that I am doing my duty as a man what do I care how others like my style?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, "what you mean. In what way have I been worrying about what other folks think of me?"

"Oh, in a hundred ways," her husband answered. "You wouldn't wear the waist you have on if it were not for the fact that all the other women wear them and would think you couldn't afford it if you didn't have one. You wouldn't care whether you had lace curtains at the windows if other folks didn't have them. You wouldn't spend money for a hundred and one other things that you could get along without just as well as not if you were not always trying to pose before other people."

"Well," Mrs. Dalrymple assented, for she was not disposed to quarrel over the matter, "it is perhaps as you say. I am sorry that it is so, but I can't help it. Aren't you afraid you'll be late at the office this morning? And you haven't put on your necktie this morning. How did you come to forget it?"

"By George!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "it's nearly 8 o'clock now. I don't know how I happened to forget my necktie. Where is it? I must hurry."

"Oh, never mind the tie this morning," his wife said. "You've got a clean shirt and collar on. Go without the tie."

"What!" shouted William Dalrymple. "Go down town without a necktie! You must think I'm crazy. Why, the boys in the office would guy the life out of me, and people would think I didn't have money enough to buy one. Here it is. Goodby."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple sat down and thought, and two little wrinkles with merry curves appeared at the corners of her mouth.—Cleveland Leader.

The story of "Enoch Arden," as it stands in the poem, is in every detail a true one. It was related to Lord Tennyson by the late Mr. Woolner, the well known sculptor, whose widow has the manuscript of the story.

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.—Johnson.

DREAMS OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

Dreams, come home to my heart again
With the memory of the past,
Come with your pleasure and your pain
And your hopes too bright to last.
Come from your hidden graves that lie
In the beautiful realms of the days gone by;
Come from your glorious graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

I will welcome ye all again,
As once in the halls of Eld,
Welcome the pleasure and the pain
For the beauty your brief lives held.
Dreams, come out of your secret graves
In the woodland wilds and the dim sea caves;
Dreams, come out of your myriad graves
In the wilds and the dim sea caves!

Ye throng the halls of my heart once more
With faces sad with pain.
Oh, faded ghosts of the dreams of yore,
The joy comes not again.
Go back to your mournful graves that lie
In the shadowy realms of the days gone by;
Go back to your voiceless graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

—Emma A. Browne in New York Ledger.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

What Is the Use of Living if You Can't Be In It?

Yes, Erastus, we have noticed that article in a scientific journal advising people to sleep more in order to live long, and to tell you the truth we take but little stock in it. We notice that Tesla, the great electrician, claims that a man might live to be 200 years old if he would only sleep most of the time. And suppose he should. What would a man amount to sleeping like a fat dog in the summer? For all practical purposes a man might as well be dead as to be asleep, with this advantage in the way of being dead—he isn't in anybody's road.

Suppose a man lived for 200 years and slept 160 of it. He can only figure out when the thing is through that he has really lived 40 years, and in that 40 he neither cuts as much ice nor has half the fun the man has who passes in his checks at 60 and out of the 60 has only slept 20 years. Is there any particular object, my boy, in simply lying round asleep for 150 years, wearing out bedclothes and saving a trifle on funeral expenses? We think not. All there is in life worth living for you get while you are awake. All the time you ought to spend asleep is just enough to enable you to keep awake the rest of the time.

Sleep is a necessary evil, just so much good time that you have to give up in order to keep your stomach, liver and other organs in fair shape. Of course we have read a good deal about beautiful dreams, when angels hover overhead and all that, but our experience is that this talk is almost altogether rot. When you are in good physical condition, you don't dream. When you dream, the angels aren't in that vicinity. It is when you have filled your interior with fatted swine and boiled cabbage that you retire to sleep, perchance to dream. To dream—aye, there is the rub!—when you feel a four headed dog sitting upon your vitals and know that the horned and cloven tailed whangdoodle from the barren mountains of Bepsidam is crawling upon you, breathing smoke and fire, and you are paralyzed, or you seem all at once to find yourself in the midst of some gay and cultured assembly with no clothing on your person except perhaps a paper collar and a pair of hose supporters and utterly unable to explain to the ladies and gentlemen present why you are there in this decollete costume or to take your departure.

There is nothing angelic or heavenly about the average dream. On the contrary, it is hades and repeat. The young man who has to be routed out of bed at 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning may live a good while, but the chances are that he won't amount to as much in life as a three legged dog in a jack rabbit chase. The proper thing, young fellow, is to sleep less and get a hump on yourself, even if you should pass out before you are 50. One year of life spent in knocking rich, ripe, luscious persimmons is worth five sleeping in the shade with the worms crawling over your person and the timber bugs trying to roll you out of their way.—Tom McNeal in Topeka Mail.

A Dr. Johnson Story.

In glancing through the recently published work on that worthy bore, Dr. Johnson, I failed to discover the following anecdote. It is carefully preserved by a family whose Scotch ancestors took a rise out of the great lexicographer:

Hostess—Dr. Johnson, what do you think of our Scotch broth?

Dr. Johnson—Madam, in my opinion it's only fit for pigs.

Hostess—Then have some more.—London Figaro.

She Won Her Bet.

The efficiency of the employees of the Jacksonville postoffice was put to a severe test recently, when the distributing clerk came across a photograph with a postage stamp attached and the only direction on it as follows, says the Florida Times-Union:

"Deliver to ——, Jacksonville, Fla."

Several of the employees were shown the picture, which was taken with a small camera, and which did not show the face of the person photographed very distinctly. One of the carriers named Walter G. Coleman, the general traveling agent of the F. C. and P. railway, was the person. Several of the clerks and carriers did not think that it was intended for Mr. Coleman, while others sided with the Bay street carrier. Finally a wager of $1 was made, and the carrier started out to deliver it.

When he reached Mr. Coleman's office, that gentleman at once claimed the photograph as one of himself. A week ago or more, while walking along Bay street, he met a young lady with a kodak, who took a snap shot at him in front of the Gardner building. She said that if the picture was a good one she would send it to him. It also appears that the young lady won a wager made with her father on the delivery of the photograph to Mr. Coleman with only the directions above.

Yellow Alaska Cedar.

The durability of this timber is forcibly illustrated by fallen trunks that are perfectly sound after lying in the damp woods for centuries. Soon after these trees fall they are overgrown with moss, in which seeds lodge and germinate and grow up into vigorous saplings, which stand in a row on the backs of their dead ancestors. Of this company of young trees perhaps three or four will grow to full stature, sending down straddling roots on each side and establishing themselves in the soil, and after they have reached an age of 200 or 300 years the downtrodden trunk on which they are standing, when cut into, is found as fresh in the heart as when it fell.—John Muir in Century.

He Was a Bird.

Aid (charging furiously up)—General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do?

The Commander—Fly with the other.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is so much sympathy in this country that very often the under dog becomes a dangerous, impudent cur.—Atchison Globe.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired aching feet. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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

Life is a battle field. Every day brings its fierce, unceasing conflict; every night leaves its multitudes of dead and dying. The horrors of war are no greater than the horrors of disease. If all the nations of the earth were at war against each other there would be no such carnage wrought within the year as that which is accomplished annually by one dread disease—consumption.

And yet this most fatal of all diseases is not without its remedy. It is no longer the irresistible destroyer that it was considered thirty years ago. An entirely new aspect is put upon the possibilities of this dreadful malady by the astounding remedial action of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures consumption by nourishing the lungs with an abundant supply of pure, highly-vitalized blood.

This stops the formation of tuberculous matter, and builds up fresh tissue, muscular flesh and vital energy. It gives digestive power to the stomach which is too weak to assimilate oily emulsions.

Miss Lucy Kloeffler, of Armada, Mich., writes: "When I was about eight years of age I had inflammation of the lungs, and from that time up I was sick nearly all the time and had a doctor nearly all the time. I would take cold so easily it would go right to my lungs. At the age of nineteen I was very bad: there was pain in my lungs, tickling in my throat and my throat was studded with ulcers; there was hoarseness and partial suppression of voice, and difficulty of breathing. I doctored with one of our best physicians and he said he could not help me and just prescribed cod liver oil and told my mother I could not live longer than three months. I kept getting weaker every day, when at last a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I thought there was no use, no more help for me as consumption was in our family. My father and also my sister died with it; but after taking the first bottle I seemed to feel better. My appetite was better and I kept right on taking it, with a bottle of the 'Pellets' once in a while, until I felt real well. Before taking it, I weighed one hundred and ten pounds, after taking it, one hundred and thirty. I have not had a cough this winter."

DR. THEEL 604 N. Sixth St.

Side Entrance on Green St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"CURE GUARANTEED."

Young, old, single or married & those contemplating 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; P.'ts, 6-9; Sun., 9-12. Send 10 cts. in stamps for Book with sworn testimonials Exposing Quacks and Fake Institutes.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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

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RICH. ZECKWER, Director.

Private and class lessons in all branches of Music.

Send for illustrated catalogue giving full information. 1,134 pupils in attendance last season.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

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MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES Rootbeer

is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing stomach and female ills, and is noted for making cures when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

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

HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Chichester's English Diamond Brand. Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Place, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

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DOORS SASH BLINDS AND ALL BUILDERS SUPPLIES GOOD CHEAP

Millington Roller Mills

HAVING PUT IN

New Turbine Water Wheel,

and with my Rolls Reground and Recorrugated, can now make

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.

FLOUR AND FEED FOR SALE,

both at the mill and at store in Galena.

Respectfully,

E. W. SPEAR.

FURS SIGMUND —OF— BALTIMORE

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Established 1846.

Write for Estimates

ON REMODEL AND REPAIR WORK.

ALBERT SIGMUND & SON,

103 East Baltimore Street.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 104 N. Pryor St.

KNOWN BY HIS SCARS.

That Is the Way Uncle Sam Keeps Track of His Enlisted Men.

While a good many people know in a general way of the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, comparatively few know of the simple method which Uncle Sam has been using for a number of years past to keep track of the men who eat his rations and wear his uniform in the regular army. The system employed by the war department might be termed the "natural method" and is at once simple and ingenious. It does away with all apparatus except a vertical measuring rod and a pair of scales. It is known as "the scar system" and has been found wonderfully effective.

There is an unwritten theory in the army that every man who enlists will at some time or other desert. This is not entirely true, but the desertions are numerous enough to make it worth while to keep track of the offenders. In war the penalty for desertion is death, but in peace it is a long term of imprisonment, and the subject is liable to punishment no matter how long a term has elapsed since his offense was committed. Strange as it may seem, the men who desert most readily are the ones who straightway go back and enlist again, though usually in some remote section of the country.

The "recruiting card," as it is called, is big enough to contain two 6 inch outlines of a man's form, front and rear view, with a good sized border for marginal notes. When the recruit is stripped for his physical examination, he is gone over from head to foot, and every appreciable scar or permanent skin blemish is recorded. Its location is accurately noted by a dot on the card, and its description is written on the margin. The hands and face usually have the greatest number of scars, but those on the body are apt to be the more pronounced and characteristic, as it is usually a more severe wound that penetrates the clothing and leaves its record on the flesh beneath. Moles are also noted, their color and dimensions, and other birthmarks or blemishes that would not ordinarily disappear with time.

The question may arise as to what if a man have no scars, moles or birthmarks. That would be enough to identify him, for in all the thousands of men who have been catalogued by the department there has never been one who bore less than three clearly defined scars, while seven or eight is the more usual number, and there are some cases where the number runs up to 30 or 35. Further, so infinite are the chances of combination that there have never been two individuals whose height, weight and the number and location of their scars came anywhere near coinciding.—Washington Star.

Slum Work In London.

To accomplish any substantial result in slum work in London, a woman must not only give time and strength but life itself. Miss Meredith Brown, the English philanthropist, who has been the champion of the factory girls for some years, says that women who know only the slums of New York and Chicago have no conception of the horrors and misery of the slums close to the aristocratic parts of London. The girls which Miss Brown's special mission reaches are so rough and lawless that the Salvation Army would not take them in, and the directors of a mission which had invited the girls to tea refused to allow them into the building again. The girls came to the feast with pillow slips under their aprons and snatched everything to eat off the table before their hostesses could stop them.

Finally the courageous women interested in the welfare of these young semisavages decided that to reach the girls they would have to live among them. Ten dauntless women took up their residence in a rickety old house in the very heart of all the misery and squalor which makes the wild girls what they are, and their efforts at last were met with more than an encouraging response. "But it is very hard on the health," says Miss Brown. "Two years will break down any one, so we have lost some of our best workers."—New York Commercial.

Made a Difference.

"I can't take that half dollar, madam. It's a counterfeit."

"Why, I got it here yesterday morning."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. I bought a pair of shoes for $3.50. I handed you a $5 bill. You gave me a dollar bill and this half dollar in change. There can't be any mistake about it. I haven't had any other 50 cent piece in my possession since."

"Let me look at it again. H'm—the coin's all right. It looks a little suspicious, but on closer examination I find it's only battered. I'll take it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Now that I think about it I didn't get it here at all. A fruit peddler gave it to me in change this morning. I had forgotten it. However, if it's all right you'll take it, so it doesn't make any"—

"H'm—on looking at it still closer, ma'am, I find my first impression was correct. It's a counterfeit and a bad one. I shall have to refuse it, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. de Fashion—So Clara Pretty has married Mr. Noble. Why, he's poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. de Style—No prospects either.

Mrs. Highup—No, and no family.

Mrs. Wayup—What on earth could she have married him for?

Mrs. Tiptop—It's the greatest mystery.

Mrs. Topnotch—Yes, everybody in society is puzzled over it, but it seems impossible to solve the problem.

* * * * * *

Mr. Noble (in parlor car of fast express train)—My darling, why did you marry me?

The Bride—Because I love you.—New York Weekly.

Her Poor Boy.

The Louisville Courier-Journal tells a story of a good old mother who received a dreadful shock the other day through a telegram from her boy, who is in New York enjoying himself. As enjoying one's self sometimes costs money, it is not strange that the young man sent the following somewhat slangy dispatch for more funds to his father:

"Had my leg pulled. Broke. Send me $50 by wire."

When the mother read this appeal, she was plunged in grief.

"My poor boy!" she moaned. "He must have been in one of those cable car things. Send him $100, father, and tell him to get the best doctor in the city."

The Other Way.

Moss—It drives me frantic to see women standing in a street car.

Fern—I've noticed that it turns your head.—Philadelphia North American.

Rice is the most important of all Japanese crops. The cultivation takes up more than half of the country's total surface of arable land.

Baby Weighed 6 Pounds.

When the food given the baby is not digested, it ferments and causes acidity of the stomach. Babies suffering so should be given Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will correct this trouble and, by its alterative effect, promote a wholesome digestion and aid the baby to develop and gain strength. "Mrs. T. Lafay, 235 10th Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia., had a puny baby which only weighed 6 lbs. when three weeks old. She gave him Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup, and in a few weeks the baby weighed 12 lbs. She is very enthusiastic over this remedy. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is for sale everywhere for 25 cents. Accept nothing else instead, but see that you get the genuine Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup.

SUMMER GOODS! SUMMER PRICES!

OUR STOCK of Beautiful Summer Goods is as varied as it is complete and charming.

Dainty Creations of the Milliner's Art,

Poems in Plumes, Flowers and Ribbons of rich colorings, supplemented by one of the most complete and beautiful lines of LADIES' WAISTS ever offered in Chestertown. Gloves, exquisite little articles for "my lady's toilet," Kerchiefs and practical, everyday article at practical, everyday prices, in stock. A call solicited.

Misses Cora and Hattie Reed,

Chestertown, Md.

ANDY'S

LADIES' AND GENT'S

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT,

620 East Baltimore Street.

☞ Our Meals are the best in quality and lowest in price.

☞ Largest Meals in the city, 10 & 15 cts.

☞ Turkey and Chicken Dinner, daily, 15c. Oysters and Clams in every style.

No 620 East Baltimore Street.

☞ First-Class Lodging Rooms only 15c. per night.

Turnip Seed!

This Year's Seed.

All the Varieties.

M. A. Toulson's Drug Store,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

His Mother's Pride

How About Your Boy?

HAS HE

that bright, open face which shows his intelligence and pride in himself? He is the pride of your parental heart. If he is not as bright and forward in his studies as you would wish, you can benefit him greatly by seeing he is well dressed. Expensive clothes are not necessary.

Our $1.50 Boys' Suits

are just the thing. Even the $1.25 one is very respectable. Then $2.00 and $2.50 are superb values. Examine them and get the boy ready for school. He will start off with more vim if clothed neatly.

Respectfully,

MOODY & LUSBY,

Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

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

BALTIMORE, MD.

EUROPEAN.	AMERICAN.
$1.50 to $2.00 per day. $5.00 to $12.00 per week.	50 Cents to $1.50 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. Travelling 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, 1895—1. 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.

FALL Schedule, 1897.

TOLCHESTER LINE.

Popular Steamer Emma Giles.

Every Saturday.

Leaving Tolchester Beach at 9.00 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

Leaving Baltimore at 7.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

The shortest, cheapest and most desirable route to Baltimore.

Russell's Stage connects with each Boat from Chestertown.

For further information, apply to

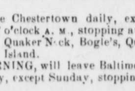
G. E. NOLAND, Supt., Tolchester Beach,

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, 10.45 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, x8.45, x10.18 A. M., x12.38, x2.24, x3.32, x5.38, x6.42, x7.47, x9.52, x10.18 P. M. Sundays, x6.00, x8.45, x10.18 A. M., x2.24, x3.32, x6.42, x9.52, x10.18 P. M.

Camden Station,