

Chestertown Transcript Supplement.

August
17, '99.

THE GREAT KENT AND QUEEN ANNE COUNTY FAIR

WILL BE HELD AT TOLCHESTER BEACH, MD., AUGUST 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th, 1899.

MEDDERS & CO.

Our business affords big values and bargains because it is active and large. Active because of its values, values because of its activity.

- TOWELING**—A good Cotton Crash Toweling in Bleached and Unbleached, only **23c**
- LAWNS**—Fine Dress Lawns reduced from 10 and 12c, choice..... **6 1/4**
- PIQUES**—A beautiful line, all reduced to only **9**
- GINGHAMS**—A fine line of 10 and 12c. Dress Gingham reduced to **7 1/2**
- STOCKINGS**—Lot Children's 12 1/2 and 15c Hose, all reduced to only **8**
- CALICOES**—All the best Blue Prints, Dress Colico and Black and White Prints, and Calicoes reduced to only 4 1/4c..... **4 3/4**
- DRESS SUITINGS**—Beautiful line of "all wool" Dress Suitings, fine quality and just right for early fall dresses **25**
- APRON GINGHAMS**—We sell the best Lancaster and Amoskeag Apron Gingham, best made..... **5 3/4**
- MUSLIN**—We are offering an extra bargain in 4-4 Unbleached Muslin, worth nearly twice 4 1/4c. **4 1/2**
- SHEETING MUSLIN**—Good 25c 10-4 Bleached Sheeting **19**
- PILLOW CASING**—Good quality 5-4 Bleached **10**
- SUMMER BLANKETS**—For late summer use, in white and grey, 10-4 size **50**

FLOUR—We lead in offering our patrons the very best Flour at the very lowest cost.



- Try our new Flour—Golden-Rod—it is wholesome, white and pure, only..... **\$3.85**
- "Gambrill's" Orange Grove Flour..... **3.95**
- "Gambrill's" Superlative Flour..... **4.45**

WM. MEDDERS & CO.,

CASH DEALERS, STILL POND.

National Airs Sung at the Unveiling of the Old Kent Square Fountain on Tuesday, August 15th, 1899.

The Star Spangled Banner.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morn- in's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star spangled banner: oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

My Maryland.

The Despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel!
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my father's died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.