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March 30, 1899. CHESTERTOWN, MD

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Assets $11,000,000.

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JAS. G. BECK, Agent.

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My store is now stocked with a fu'l line of Fine Family Groceries. Fine Teas and Coffees, a specialty. Travillas Griddle Cake Flour, Quaker Oats, Breakfast Food, Flaked Oat Groats, and a variety of easily prepared foods for fall and winter use. The finest buckwheat and hominy, Canned Goods, Sardines, Nelson and Baker's Cocoa, Gelatine, Yeast Powders, always on hand, and at prices to suit the times. Soaps and all of the staple family groceries constantly in stock and of the best brands. My idea is to meet the demands of the up-to-date house keeper, both in variety and freshness of goods, as well as in prices.

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Fine Family Flours a Specialty.

GRAHAM FLOUR, constantly on hand.

Market produce—Country Lard, Eggs, Butter, Vegetables and Fruits at the highest market prices for cash or taken in exchange for goods.

My brands of cigars and tobacco are O. K. and are popular with those who have tried them.

For the fall season I have placed in stock fresh and of the finest quality, salt petre, salt by the bushel or sack, pepper, and in short all of the ingredients needed at the annual fall hog killing.

Watch this space for further information.

A call solicited from my friends and the public generally.

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H.B.Massey AND Co.,

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We eep in stock the following brands: Fish and Potash, Pea, Tomato and Corn, Dis. Bone and Potash, Acorn and Kainit.

GRAIN

The highest cash prices will be paid for Grain, delivered at Masseys and adjacent stations, and at points on the Sassafras, Elk and Bohemia rivers.

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Wrightsville and Schuylkill Lime.

We have the agency for the celebrated Wrightsville White Lime, by rail to any point desired; also Schuylkill Lime by water.

INSURANCE!

Now for a word relative to the important matter of Life Insurance. The Royal of Liverpool offers protection to property from fire; New York Life offers advantages unsurpassed in the liberality of its policies.

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Also, BICYCLES REPAIRED.

FRANK M. MILLER,

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WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES

If a woman's dress is suddenly eveloped in flames, instead of running to her or out of the house speak distinctly and commandingly. "Lie down and roll over!" Meanwhile catch up a rug or drag off a bed blanket, throw it over the person and then proceed to wrap her up closely in it; this is a more certain and speedy extinguisher than water, is more accessible and entirely safe to the person giving aid.

If a person faints away loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity and soils the clothing unnecessarily. The philosophy of a fainting fit is the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain. If the person is erect that blood has to be thrown uphill, but if lying down it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power.

If a person swallows a poison deliberately or by chance, dispatch some one for a doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it an instan, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer in a larger number of cases than any other. If by this time the physician has not arrived make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee, because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles as antidotes for any poisons remaining in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut and the blood comes out by spurts or jerks be in a hurry or the man will be dead in five minutes. There is time to talk or send for a physician. Say nothing, out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter and tighter until the blood ceases to flow. But stop! It does no good. Why? Because only a severed artary throws out blood in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart. Hence to stop the flow the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed the blood would have flowed in a regular stream and slowly, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of such great hurry.—*National Educator.*

How the First Woman Was Created.

According to a Hindo legend this is the proper origin of woman. Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindoo mythology, created the world. But on his commencing to create woman he discovered that with man he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one solid element had been left. This, of course, greatly perplexed Twashtri, and caused him to fall in a profound meditation. When he arose from it he proceeded as follows: He took

The roundness of the moon,
The underlating curves of the serpent,
The graceful twist of the creeping plant,
The light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness of the willow,
The velvety softness of the flowers,
The lightness of the feather,
The gentle gaze of the doe,
The frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam,
The tears of the cloud.
The inconstancy of the wind,
The timidness of the hare,
The vanity of the peacock,
The hardness of the diamond,
The sweetness of honey,
The cruelty of the tiger,
The heat of the fire,
The chill of the snow,
The cackling of the parrot,
The cooing of the turtle dove.

All these he mixed together and formed woman.

Then he presented her to the man.

Bossy's Explosive Cud.

A peculiar circumstance happened on the lake front a day or two ago, where Joe Horton was spending a few days with his family. The fences were down so that the cattle could roam at will along the shore, and in doing so one cow came across a small package which she began to devour with relish.

Suddenly there was noticied by the occupants of the cottage a flash and then a loud report. Fire flashed out of the mouth of the cow, who made a desperate attempt to get rid of something unusual for her as a diet. The onlookers were astonished as well as the cow, and the latter, with a great gulp, swallowed what had created the rumpus in her mouth and all was again quiet. The solution of the matter was that the animal had gathered in her mouth while browsing a small package of firecrackers and parlor matches, mixed, which had been thrown down by visitors, and in chewing the stuff had set one of the matches ablaze. This in turn fired a cracker, and hence the explosion which astonished the people and the cow.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE GODLY MOTHER.

There is no finer piece of writing in Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," which has seen scores of editions, than that chapter which is called "His Mother's Sermon." The young minister had just been commissioned to preach. He was to preach his first sermon in the old kirk where he had been baptized. He had been set apart by his mother during his infancy to the work of the ministry. In preparing his sermon he used all the gems of thought he had gathered during his seminary course. It was brilliant. It was an amazement to himself. He had to pray to be kept humble. He had to pray that he might not be called at once to the foremost pulpit in the land. It was a review of modern thought. In it were trenchant criticisms on old-fasbioned thought. It had historical parallels in it. It was learned. It was way above the audience of plain people to which he was about to preach. It was a masterpiece. On the very night before the Sabbath a change came over the spirit of his dreams, and he took the sermon and threw it into the red fire, and watched it shrivel up and disappear. Then he fell upon his knees and asked God for a plain message for a plain people. God heard his prayer and gave him a message. It was just such a message as the good people needed. It was a message about the Nazarene. It was the voice of Jssus Himself saying, "Come unto Me and I will give thee rest." It held the people in a holy spell. It caught them up into the third heaven. The women were weeping; the men were subdued and softened. They were all praying. What was it that changed the young man's mind? What was it that told him to throw the learned sermon into the fire?

It was the prompting influence of the young man's motner. Before she went to heaven on her last night on earth she called her son to her bedside and gave this charge, "If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll not refuse, and the first day ye preach in yir kirk speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an' I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied." When the night before the Sabbath came her face was before him and her words sounded anew in his ears. It was this that substituted the Christ sermon for the sermon of self-glorification. The sermon he preached was his mother's sermon, and this was the reason it told. —Dr. David Gregg.

Moody's Vote of Thanks.

From the Youth's Companion.

Possibly the most novel response ever made to a request to return a vote of thanks to a chairman was that made by Mr. Moody during his first visit to England.

He had attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him, and the announcement made.

"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble Earl who has presided on this occasion."

The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. English fomalities might or might not have come gracefully from his lips had he attempted them, but he did not. With an utter disregard of conventionalities he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin; by the grace of God, I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for His children.

"And now about this vote of thanks to the 'noble Earl of being our chairman this evening.' I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all around."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audience with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

A Soft Answer.

On one occasion Mr. Spurgeon was warned against a certain virago, and told that she intended to give him a tongue lashing. "All right," he replied, "but that's a game at which two can play."

Not long after, as he passed her gate one morning, she assailed him with a flood of billingsgate. He smiled and said, "Yes, thank you, I am quite well; I hope you are the same."

Then came another burst of vituperation, pitched in a still higher key, to which he replied still smiling, "Yes, it does look rather as if its going to rain; I think I had better be going on!"

"Bless the man!" she exclaimed, "he's as deaf as a post; what's the use of storming at him?"

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For Infants and Children.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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