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We want to save you money by offering you some of the GREATEST BARGAINS ever shown here. Great reduction in Ladies' Hats, Shirt Waists. etc.

Having a large line of above-mentioned articles, we have decided to cut prices in half in order to clear them up, as we don't want to carry any over. We have Beautiful Duck Skirts, were $1.00, now 50c.; Shirt Waists, were 75c., now 48c., and other things in proportion. Come early and get the benefit of our cut-prices. We must have room for fall goods.

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Dry Goods, Notions

GROCERIES,

and a Full line of Ladies' and Gents' FURNISHINGS; also a full and up-to-date line of

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes.

Now a word for our new and well-selected line of Men's and Boys' HATS. The latest style in color and kind. Come and examine our line before buying elsewhere.

Come and bring your trade. We pay highest cash prices for trade at the old stand of J. J. Morris, Jr.

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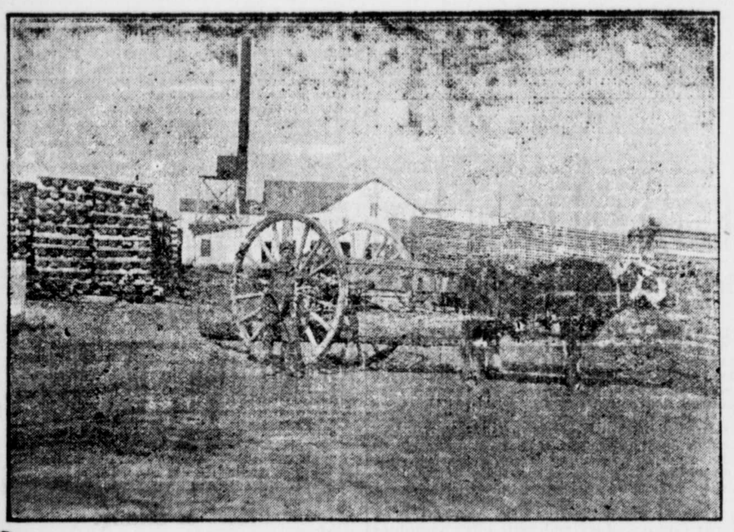

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We buy Sash, Doors, Blinds, etc., by car lots. Pickets for wire fence. Asparagus Crates and Peach Baskets a specialty. Our Peach Baskets are second to none.

Extension Ladders from 16 to 32 feet. White Oak in stock and cut to order. We have an up-to-date Saw and Planing Mill. If you want anything in our line, drop us a card.

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SEMI-ANNUAL

REDUCTION SALE

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HATS.

Respectfully,

Moody & Lusby,

Directly opposite Court House. Square Dealing Clothiers.

OBJECT OF ANARCHY.

The Followers of the Doctrine Don't Know What It Is.

PROUDHON, PIONEER OF THE CULT, WAS AN IDEALIST—VIOLENT SCHOOL WAS FOUNDED BY KROPOTKIN, A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

Within a few minutes after the shooting of President McKinly at Buffalo, and before anything was known of the identity of the assailant, news of the affair was in every American town and village to which the telegraph reaches. Probably in every town those to whom this first report came exclaimed: "An anarchist!" and many thousands added bitter denunciation of all anarchists.

According to Zenker, himself an anarchistic theorist, "anarchism means, in its ideal sense, the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and, consequently, the absence of any kind of external government."

That such a state is possible not one of the anarchistic philosophers has contended, and each has been eager to hold up his neighbor's plan, if not also his own, of Utopia. Its realizatian, said proudhon, pioneer of the cult, would be an entirely new world, a new Eden, a land of the perfect idealization of freedom and of equality. Yet Proudhon wrote many books and made many addresses in behalf of his doctrine. Like every other anarchist, he found his theory ending in a contradiction—as soon as there was anarchy a new state would be built up.

Not until the movement started by Proudhon had reached Russia did the "propaganda of action" come into it. In Russia, the government, controlling the military, was able to check instantly any movement which might appear in any of the few big cities. In the country no movement could have effect.

"Terrorism arose," says Stepniak, "because of the necessity of taking the great governmental organization in the flank before it could discover that an attack was planned. Nurtured in hatred, it grew up in an electric atmosphere filled by the enthusiasm that is awakened by a noble deed." The "great subterranean stream" of nihilism thus had its rise. From nihilism and its necessary sudden outbreaks anarchism borrowed terrorism, the propaganda of action.

Prince Peter Kropotkin of Russia was the founder of the violent school of anarchists. Banished from Russia, he set about organizing in various countries bands of propagandists. Instead of the individualism of Proudhon he proclaimed anarchist communism, which is now the doctrine of force and is the branch of the cult most followed in Italy, France, Spain and among the Poles.

Johann Most followed Kropotkin, and in pamphlets and papers urged death to rulers and leaders of the people. He published explicit directions for making bombs, placing them in public places; a dictionary of poisons and the means of getting them into the food of ministers and other government officials. "Extirpate the miserable brood," he said, "extirpate the wretches."

All these leaders and many other theorists, German philosophers, Englishmen, and Americans as well, have published books showing why they believe anarchy to be the ideal condition of the human race. None of them believe it possible. It is only the less brilliant followers who attempt to carry out their teachings and thus bring bloodshed. How this is done the psychologists, the students of criminology explain.

"Anarchism is a pathological phenomenon," says Caesar Lombroso, the Italian criminologist. "Unhealthy and criminal persons adopt anarchism. In every city, in nearly every factory, there are men with active minds but little education. These men stand, day after day, before a machine handling a tool, doing some mechanical action. Their minds must work They have little to work upon. They are starved for proper food and air and for the mental food which is necessary to a proper understanding of society and of the duties of men. Into the hands of these fall the writings of the anarchists with subtly worded arguments.

"The workman may not be moved in the least by the first perusal. He may even be amused. But later, little by little, as he stands at his work, they come back to him, and he broods over them again until they become part of his mind and his belief, and sooner or later he becomes a violent anarchist. For such men Johann Most and his followers form little groups which can hold secret meetings, and through them deeds of violence are plotted and accomplished."

Wanted the Real Thing.

"I have written a poem on 'The Rain,'" he explained to the editor of the red-headline paper.

"What rain? Any particular rain?"

"No, sir, just 'The Rain.'"

"Well, if you want us to use your stuff, go out and write a poem in the rain and get down to particulars. The weather bureau gives us all the glittering generalities we can use as to the weather. But if you bring us one entitled 'On the rain, in the Rain,' we'll publish it with a wash drawing of yourself and give you Barkham's job."

KILLING A MAN.

A Soldier Tells of one of the Things He did in the Line of Duty

Here is a brigade of us in battle line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail fence, gathered logs and brush and sod, and erected a breastwork It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away and comes marching down upon us.

They are going to charge us. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut, must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow, wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the order comes to fire I cannot miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash—and 4000 bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another, and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He grasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. *I feel that I have murdered him, war or no war, and his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.—Detroit Free Press.*

A WATERMELON STORY.

"The negro is hard to fool about the watermelon," said a gentleman yesterday, "but recently I saw one badly fooled in the Poydras market. Incidentally, the observation showed how many clever tricks are turned to get stray nickles. I was on my way home, and was passing through the Poydras market. I saw a black, sleek-looking fellow standing in the market, and he was looking dreamily at a big red slice of melon which the Italian had put on the corner of his stand. He seemed to be in a state of indecision, apparently hesitating between a cold-blooded grab with the Parish Prison staring him in the face, and the matter of parting with the last cent he had in his pocket. The temptation was too strong. He concluded that he would part with his money. 'Cap', he said to the vender, 'w'a 's dese melons wuth?' 'Fiva cent', said the vender. 'Gimme rade meat'. said the darky, and the deal was closed. I could see that the Italian had palmed off white meat melon on the negro. I asked the negro what difference there was between red and white meat melons, and he said in so many words that the white meat melon was not in it. I told him he was eating a white meat melon. 'Boss, you can't fool me, for I's done eat too many melons,' he said contentedly I asked him to turn his back for a second and I would prove that the meat was white. He did so. The melon changed and took on a pale cast. 'Fo de Lawd, Cap', w'at kind of melon is I eatin'? It's bofe rade an' white.' I took the melon out of his hand again, and it assumed the red color. The negro was worried, and declined to eat any more of the melon. I had to explain to him how it all happened. The Italian, knowing the negro's fondness for red meat melons had arranged a lantern with a deep red globe so that the reflection would make the slices look red. The negro learning that there was no 'spirit' business about the matter concluded to finish the piece he had bought, and I left him devouring it."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.—How is this? inquired the commissary officer. "You have listed boots with the breadstuffs here."

"That's all right," said the helper, "Those supplies are for a polar expedition."

THE MAN WHO DID.

All doctors in my town failed to relieve me of rheumatism. I have used about half a bottle of Nelaton and feel so much improved, that while I may not need it, I enclose P. O. order for $1 for one more bottle of the remedy that has been such a God-send to me. I cheerfully recommend Nelaton to anyone suffering with rheumatism.

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We wish to notify the ladies of Chestertown and vicinity that we have just received a large and complete assortment of **Butterick Patterns and Publications,** and each month the latest creations in dress will be received. Call and get a Free Fashion Sheet. We have handled a cheap pattern, but the demands of the trade have compelled us to secure the Only Reliable Pattern on the market.

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Percales from 6c. upwards. Chambrays, Covert Cloths, 10c. and upward. Men's Shirts, Overalls and Trousers---the largest stock in town to choose from.

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