At Marion T. Miller's,

(On Election Day)

Rock Hall, Md.

You can find as fine assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods

as you wish to look at.

We have collected all our last season's Suits of Clothing together and will give you a special 25 per cent. discount on Election Day.

COME AND GET A SUIT CHEAP.

Think of it, a $10.00 Suit for only 7.50 and a $5.00 Suit for only $3.75. Then again, we have nearly everything you want in Clothing just opened up, from a wedding Suit to a Heavy Kersey.

BOOTS, SHOES,

Underwear,

OIL CLOTHING, RUBBER BOOTS,

or anything you need can be found here. Our stock was never more complete and we give you a cordial invitation to visit us on this Special Day.

Don't Forget the 25 Per Cent. Discount

on this special Line of Clothing' and take advantage of it.

Remaining Yours to Serve,

MARION T. MILLER

T. G. WROTH, the SHOE MAN,

See Our Fine Display of

Fall Styles in Shoes.

Styles change along with other things.

YOU can't quite explain why the lines of some Shoes impress you as GRACEFUL, SNAPPY, STYLISH, and yet you know it's so.

OUR New Styles will impress you in just this way. They are carefully selected from the best lines, and we know the wear is there, because we know the makers.

EVERY GOOD THING IN

Shoes for Man, Woman & Child

IS HERE AT BOTTOM PRICES. Call and see.

Men's, Ladies' and Misses' Shoes in all the new kinds of leather, from 75c. to $5.00. The largest stock of CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES in the county to select from. All the leading styles in RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES. Also E. Stout's Snag-Proof Rubber Boot. The only genuine snag-proof boot on the market to-day.

My large stock of fall goods has been bought for the spot cash, and will be sold on a small profit.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

T. G. WROTH,
The Shoe Man, Under Stam's Hall.

ROSE HILL NURSERY.

40,000 Peach Trees for Sale.

TREES all grown from strictly wild peach seed from Tennessee, and on virgin soil. The buds were taken from healthy-bearing trees. The varieties are guaranteed true to name. Reference—Capt. R. S. Emory, president State Horticultural Society, Chestertown, Md.; Senator James H. Baker, Pomona, Md.; James Brice, Chestertown, Md; Chapman & Lambert, Chestertown, Md.; James T. Dixon, Chestertown, Md.; Stevens Bros., Baltimore; Md.; Samuel F. and Harry E. Cooper, Worton, Md. All of these gentlemen have orchards from Rose Hill Nursury.

For catalogue and price apply to,

JOHN BELL
Chestertown, Md.

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Coals and Wood Under Cover.

With improved facilities and increased stock, we are now ready to serve the public Our stock of

HARD and SOFT COALS

of the finest veins in the country, is large, and every ton

IS UNDER COVER,

insuring a clean, pure article. Our stock of Oak and Pine kindling woods (sawed to any length) is large and protected from the weather. Baled Hay, Lime in any quantity, Hair and Cement constantly in stock. Prices are right.

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Successors to Dr. J. T. Twilley,
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Corrugated Steel Roofing!

Ludlow & Felt Roofing!

in stock for prompt delivery at small margin above cost. Also plenty of

American Woven Fnce,

Smooth and Barb Galvanized Wire, Staples, Wire Pickets or Stay, Wire Fence Locks—in fact, everything in Fence Line

☞ Beginning with August 14th, for two weeks, no business will be done. If you wish any goods in my line call to see me before August 14.

JOSEPH GUEST,
Chestertown, Md.

IT IS COMMON.

So are the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring;
So are the songs which the wild-birds sing—
Blessed be God, it is common.

Common the grass in its glowing green;
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth;
So are the holiest gifts on earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June;
So is the generous harvest moon,
So are the towering mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

So unto all are the promises given,
So unto all is the hope of Heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife;
So is the life which is after life—
Blessed be God, it is common.

Anon.

CHARMING ST. ANDREW'S BAY.

A Dreamer's Beautiful Dream in Dear Old Dixie.

It is not an easy matter to decide, my dear TRANSCRIPT, as the seasons come and go in this dear sunny southland, which season is the most beautiful. March, bringing the magnolias and summer flowers, seems lovely beyond comparison, but when October comes one thinks surely this must be the banner month. Flowers everywhere,—over head, under foot, all around one. Walking and dreaming through the pines a short time since, the writer counted in the short space of a mile twenty-five species of wild flowers, all shades and colors. Looking off under the tall stately, yellow pine trees, as far as the eye could reach, lay this beautiful carpet of flowers, looking as though the fairies had thrown it down for their midnight revels and scampered away forgetting to take it away with them. If you would know an October day in my home, think of the most beautiful autumn day you have ever seen; add to it a sky as blue as the proverblal ink; the bay stretching out east, south and west; the water reflecting the blue of the sky; trees covered with vines, magnificent old oaks draped with grey Spanish moss nodding and waving in the breeze laden with the scent of flowers upon every side, and you have a St. Andrew's day in very truth. 'Tis almost impossible to realize that winter is so close at hand. With mocking birds singing, every thing so fresh and green, fruit and vegetables from the garden, no need of fire to keep warm, one almost forgets Mr. J. Frost and his attendant train. This is the busy season on our bay, the fishing industry keeping the men, and boys who are large enough, employed, and as most of the sein fishing is done outside in the Gulf, there is at present a dearth of the "genus homo," and the country nearby is almost an Adamless Eden. Now let me tell you something, my dear TRANSCRIPT, we are feeling very much up-to-date indeed; our nearest town is lighted by electricity; is not that a great stride forward? With this to illuminate the way perhaps some company may be able to see to build a railroad, and if that comes we are going to petition for limited express trains so that we may catch up with the times.

Perhaps you think we must be very dull "away down here in Dixie," fifty-two miles from the cars and a hundred from any other place. Not in the least. Sailing parties, picnics and delightful salt-water bathing, which can be indulged in seven months out of the twelve, all give us plenty of amusement. While the bathing in the bay is very enjoyable there is no surf, but the gulf beach and surf are incomparable. Sometimes we go camping on one of the out-lying islands which is very pleasant. Let me tell you about one. We started in the afternoon, reaching the island in about three hours. By that time every one was thinking of supper and we lost no time in disembarking, all working in unloading the boat, picking our camping place, and building a fire. Soon supper was under way; things boiling and frying as though anxious to be eaten and have the ordeal over. When it was ready we gathered around a cloth spread on the beach and dispatched it greedily, for sailing makes one ravenous. After that was over pine knots were piled high on the fire and by their light we sang every thing we knew and a great many things we did not know. Told hair-raising pirate stories and talked of "ghostes" until the blood congealed in our veins. By and by the soothing effect of the quiet begins to steal over us and soon all are ready to say goodnight. Blankets are spread on the sand, and lulled to rest by the music of the waves kissing the sand on the beach we are soon in the "Land O' Nod" with nothing above us but the stars set in heaven's canopy of blue. No sentinels are needed to watch over us, for who could harm us or what thief break through and steal when we were guarded by the ever-restless, never sleeping gulf. "All up to see the sun rise" is the next sound that breaks upon our ears, and before you realize that you have been sleeping at all, so pleasantly has the night passed, and so sweet the slumber, we find ourselves saying good morning, and watching the sun rise in all his glory, coming up out of the gulf as it were, its rays streaming over the water making it a veritable sea-of-gold. Some one suggests that we take an early morning plunge, suggesting that perhaps like Rider Haggart's "She," we might come from such a bath beautiful to look upon. But alas, no! and methinks with some of us it was more than a case of "Oh, ye of little faith."

However, it was most delightful, and while it may not have improved the "*outer*" man, the effect upon the "*inner*" was very apparent. All day long we wandered over the sands, chasing land-crabs and picking up shells from the beach, forgetting everything in the pleasure of the moment outside our little camp. Something in the air seemed to bring entire oblivion of the past no thought of the future, nothing but the delightful present. As the minutes flew by time's hour-glass seemed to be reversed, the sands running backward, and when night came again we were [let me whisper this in your ear, old friend] playing ring-round-a-rosy 'do you want to buy a hen, etc. Time to return home comes all too quickly and we leave our island camp to take up the more prosaic things of life with reluctance, looking back as far as we can see it, planning to come again in the near future. By the time it has become a speck on the horizon we are waking from our dream, the spell is broken, and we begin to gather up the threads that have fallen from our fingers. Soon home looms up before us and how glad we are to see it, forgetting everything in the pleasure of seeing those we left behind. Before long 'tis only a memory, as with many other pleasant things in life. But just here let me assure you, no one need be lonely in lovely "FLORIDA."

DEFENSE OF THE ONION.

One of the Vegetables Which Lend Enchantment to a Meal.

The onion is one of those strenuous vegetables about which one cannot be indifferent. One either yearns for it with a passionate longing or else utterly repudiates it and everybody who has had any trafficking with it. If one never had to take one's onions at second hand it would not be so bad. If the law would only set apart one day a week for the consumption of onions and forbid it under penalty of fine and imprisonment—preferably imprisonment—at all other times, it would be a boon to the world. The onion-hater would at least know when to the woods, and how long to stay there, commends the Providence Journal.

As for banishing the onion from the kitchen, that would be a crime. There have been poets who have sung its praises, but perhaps some of the prose rhapsodies are just as eloquent. For instance if you want to crush your neighbor who regards your dish of onions with a supercilious eye, just ask him if he knows that the onion is called "the rose among roots." Ask him if he knows that "without it there would be no gastronomic art;" that "its presence lends color and enchantment to the most modest dish, its absence reduces the rarest dainty to hopeless insipidity and the dinner to despair." It is quite possible that your haughty neighbor may decline to follow this hint and may show signs of being plunged into despair pending the addition of onions to his own menu. The anti-onionist is a stiff-necked party.

LOVELY WOMEN OF EUROPE.

Every Nation Has Its Peculiar Type of Beauty.

Every nation has its pecularly type of feminine beauty. The American woman whom Americans think is the lovliest of them all, would play an inconspicuous part in a beauty show at Constantinople, in Algiers or in Vienna., where the facial features, dress, manners, customs and styles are vastly at variance with the Gibson girl or her cousins.

The Egyptian woman still clings to a blousy dress, patterned something on the order of the Chinese pantaloon. The march of civilization has had no effect upon the women of Egypt. But it costs more to dress one of its beauties for a year than it requires to keep an American woman clothed for twice that period.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue dastroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your nead."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sage doth this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Rev. Philip Burrows Strong.

LITTLE NINA went to church with her grandmother, and for the first time put two pennies in the contribution plate. Leaning over, she whispered very audibly: "That's all right, grandma, I paid for two!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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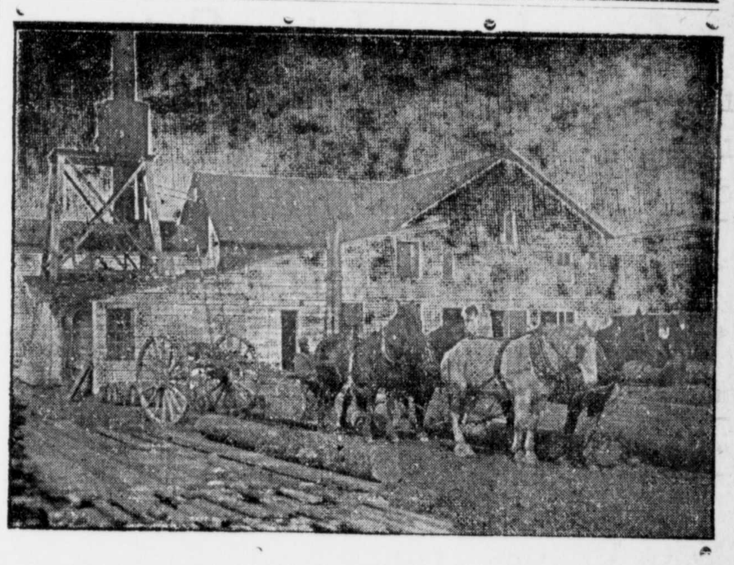

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White Oak in stock and cut to order. We have an up-to-date Saw and Planing Mill. If you want anything in our line, drop us a card.

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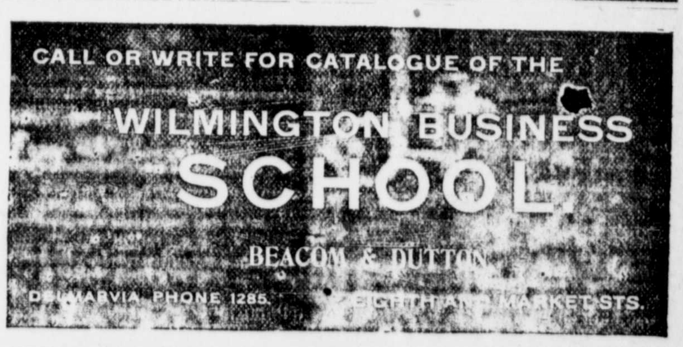
Private Landing, Grey's Inn reek.



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Grain, Phosphate, Coal, Lumber, Store Goods, Machinery etc, carefully handled at reasonable rates.

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BE sure you get the BEST WORKMEN and the BEST MATERIAL. Don't waste good money on bad material. Masury's Paints are the best on the market. We are the sole agents for this district, and are always ready to show you sample cards and quote prices.

We Will Paper Your Room for $3 and upwards,

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W. L. FOWLER.

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