TO THE PUBLIC!

Please take notice that I have sold all my interest in e schooner S. W. Darby, Jr., to Jesse H. Usilton, and will now conduct the steamer Bertie E. Tull, which will do general freighting from Worton Creek and elsewhere. Persons having grain to freight or sell will please call at my store and see me at once.

We also will have for sale during the seasons,

Hard & Soft Coal at Low Prices.

All kinds of Farm Implements,

Lime, Cement, Salt, Locust and Cedar Posts,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Myself and son are agents for the Baltimore Pulverizing Company for

Cheap & High Grade Fertilizers.

I remain Yours for Business,

M. M. RASIN,

Nov. 15, 1902. Melitota, Md.

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DEPARTMENT STORE.

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we sell more CORSETS? Because they are Tailor Fitting, made to order, guaranteed or money refunded, hence the reason we sell them all over this county and Queen Anne, and more than that, to people in the city of St. Louis.

WHY IS IT

we sell to the farmers so many SPRING-TOOTH DISC HARROWS? Answer, ask your neighbor and you will know the reason why—quality and prices.

WHY IS IT

our DRILLS surpass all others, the Improved Buck Eye? Examination of it will convince you that it is the Drill to buy Prices lower and terms easier.

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that we sell more COFFEE than any other store? Answer, try 1 lb. or 2 lbs., and you will know.

WHY IS IT

we sell SHOES as we do and so many are satisfied? Answer try 1 pair in any of our lines.

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Mail orders promptly attended to. Write for prices

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Aun' Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang black Cæsar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Chrimus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play a projick on Unc' Ike an' Aun' Sukie.

"Long time fo' Carismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' f'om Aun' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases bit 'bout de house she 'low: "Bettuh min' wa't yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es nodice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em'

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Aun' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Aun' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out'n dey seben senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song wa't a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's wa't do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's wa't do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's wa't do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno wa't all.

"Unc' Ike, he Aun' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumbling' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fer nohow, 'case he ain't fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' and hunt hennesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er laurrupin' wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we do e made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Aun' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er coming':

"Big Ike, little Ike, ye' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!

"Lo'd massey! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git f'om dar.

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' to' Crismus marse he make er long highferlutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'haved ou'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' ter frolic erround' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom-dem was de w'ite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er project fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws an' we watch so's we don' git cotch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't nudder, 'casa yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin. Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min' 'I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof an' let de ole Santa Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git everything all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'rous an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off f'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'l des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimbly. Any yudder time Aun' Sukie done be'n settin by de fiah er nappin an' er smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shuchs, platin' an ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes fo' brekfus.

"Aun' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's getting late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know wa't yo' studyin' 'bout yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.'

"Den I sorter hum low:

"Paterroler, paterroller, let Ike pars,
Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas';
Sorry fo' lame niggar gits dar las';
Do, Mistah Paterroller, let Ike pars.

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hern me, 'case he stop right still an, cock he yeah sideways an' listen an' den mumull out sump'n 'bout 'Ne' mind, I git yo sassy rasc'ls yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse.'

"Aun' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mutterin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come to bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de biggus' gump I evuh seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' bout' anyfing fo' ter worry Aun' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' gin ter sno', an den Aun' Sukie rise up an' look all erround' des as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep.

Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'h kep' a winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'ath, but we don' be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we getin'ti'ed, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up the co'ner an' outer de aidge of de ruff, an' f'om dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimbly. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter get ready fo' de cirkis. De chimbly was about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimbly an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Bluskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Aun' Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!"

"Des den de clof tetched de little blaze er fiah, an'hit blazed way up, an' hit stiffed me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip and ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Aun' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' wi'les I scuffin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle and was des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don't hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'!' But de ole scamp, gettin madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kept er peltin' me an' er sayin': Yes yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' be'en singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!'

"Bout dat time ole marse he come to'ds de quatahs, an' he kotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus a gettin' ovah de fence.

"'W'at de mattah, Sukie?'

"'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

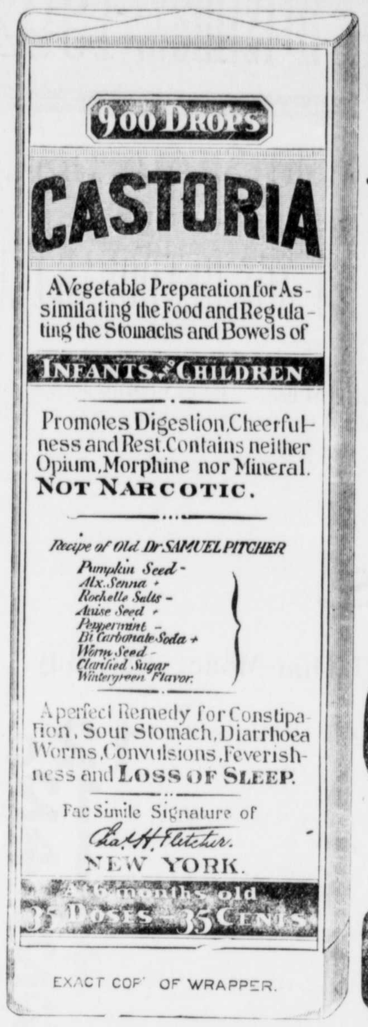
"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me.

"Dem ole critters den 'gin to tell all so'ts er tales an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' to buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme fi' hundred.

"Ole marse lis'n, an' ater erwiles gun to snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nufflu' 'bout buckin' down f'om dat day twel dis. But Aun' Sukie—u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' for sump'n' ter fling at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah going ter fo'git 'bout Aun' Sukie's Sandy Claws."—New York Evening Post.

How to Prevent Croup.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by M. A. Toulson.



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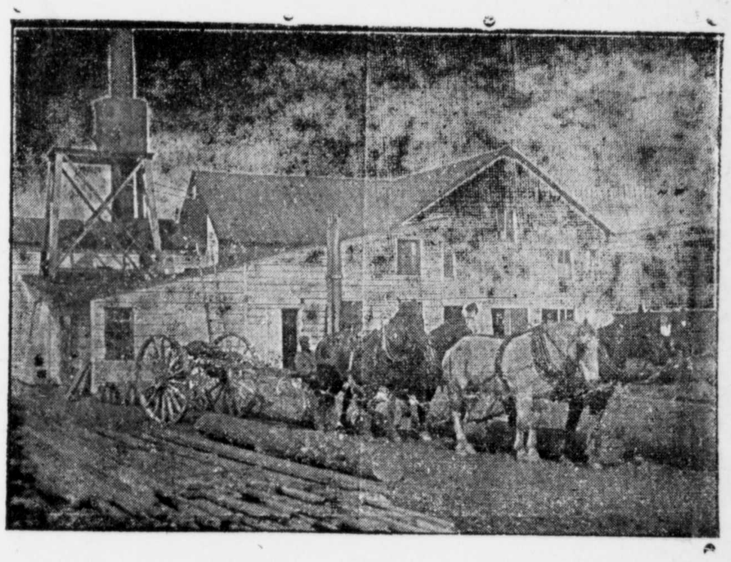

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