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2240 POUNDS TO THE TON.

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We will buy your Straw in bulk or by the load.

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at the walls of the homes you enter You will see the characters of the inmates mirrorred thereon. On some walls you will find an ordinary, inoffensive sort of paper, that means thoughtfulness. On others you will see atrocious outrages in hideous colors and wonderful designs, that means carelessness. On others beautiful color combinations, harmony, delicate, graceful designs, the work of artists, speak of a love of beauty and one of our customers.

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Big stock on hand. Over sixty-five hundred rolls at

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up. And our Sample Books represent many thousands more. We have a competent Paper Hanger steadily employed, whom we send in our team without cost to you, thus saving you one or two dollars, according to distance, for team hire, or it saves you sending your own team 4 trips for Paper Hangers

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Bring in size of your rooms and be agreeably surprised at our low prices.

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Dry Goods,
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BOOTS, SHOES,
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TOBACCO OF ALL KINDS.

Decorated Chamber Sets..... ..... **$2.00**

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

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CHESTERTOWN, MD.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SYMPATHY

Refused Old Friend Loan of $5, but Started Him Anew In Life.

"A man whom I knew well, one who had once been a prosperous business man in St. Louis, but who had met reverses, walked into the office of one of our western millionaires and asked the loan of $5," said a Missouri ex-congressman.

"The man seeking the favor had been a close friend of the millionaire before he had become immensely rich. The unfortunate one went to the other in fear and trembling, dreading to be turned down, for he knew that the news of his taking to drink had reached the ears of his old time friend.

"He was greeted with cordiality, however, and plucked up heart to ask for the money. Immediately the millionaire's demeanor changed. 'No,' said he, 'I can't let you have $5.'

"'I hardly expected you would,' replied the supplicant, 'but thought that maybe for our former friendship you might do me that little favor. However, it does not matter. When a man's luck deserts him he can get no assistance from any quarter,' and with an air of absolute dejection he turned to leave the office.

"'No, I won't give you what you want, but wait here a few minutes,' and the millionaire went into his private room and held a brief conversation with one of his employees. In a quarter of an hour the clerk returned and held out a big, fat envelope to the miserable being. The latter, hardly realizing that any one should send him a communication, broke the cover and inside found five brand new $100 bills and a railway ticket to St. Louis, with berth or parlor car. On seeing these and realizing that the man whom he supposed would not let him have $5 had been his benefactor, the recipient of this unexpected generosity broke down and cried like a child.

"There is not much more to the story except that with the money the man went to his old home and started up a small business, out of which he derives a comfortable living. The moral, if there is one, is that millionaires are often as sympathetic as ordinary mortals. This particular one I know to be the possessor of a big heart, and yet he has the best reasons for never talking about his acts of charity."—Washington Post.

WAYS OF FAILURE.

The selfish mortal who never considers any one but himself.

The young man who always spends his money before he gets it.

The lazy person who dishonestly appropriates praise or commendation belonging to another.

The lazy young man who gets to the office late, leaves early, grumbles continually at the firm that employs him.

The lazy woman who shirks her tasks, whether as wife, mother or wage earner, and slips through life as easily as possible.

The lazy man who allows his faculties to rust, doing as little as possible, allowing ambition, energy and self respect to go up, literally and figuratively, in smoke.

The lazy young woman who arranges her hair, manicures her finger nails, gossips continually and takes but a languid and haughty interest in the wants of the customers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Knew the Formula.

For Quanah, an intelligent and popular Comanche chief, the cattlemen around Fort Worth, Tex., built a house and furnished it. They were rather puzzled when he told them that the first article of furniture he wanted was a roller desk. "What can you do with a roller desk, Quanah?" they said. "You can't write."

"Oh, I want 'em," said Quanah. "You see, I open desk, an' I sit down in my chair, an' I put my feet up on desk, an' I light my seegar, an' I hol' newspaper up front o' me, like this—sabe? Then white man come in, an' he knock at door, an' he say, 'Quanah, I wan' talk t' you a minute.' And I turn roun' in my chair an' puff lot o' smoke 'n his face, an' I say: 'Go 'way! I ve'y busy t'day!'"

A Prime Minister's Mistake.

Lord John Russell, when British prime minister many years ago, made the acquaintance of the late Earl of Stair, then Lord Dalrymple, at a country house and was immensely taken with his amiable manners. "I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance," he said, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You must come into the house of commons and support me there." "I have been doing that for the last ten years," was the quiet rejoinder.

The Lady Dentist.

I do not think I could reconcile myself to the ministrations of a lady dentist. The extraction of a tooth is, I should say, the job of all others that requires a masculine touch. There may be "he females," as Artemus Ward called them, who possess this qualification, but it will not be acquired by training. The lady dentist must be born, not made.—London Truth.

His Purpose.

"Bluffly told me he was going out every day this week to see if he couldn't find work."

"Yes, and he was successful."

"That so?"

"Yes. He couldn't find it."—Philadelphia Press.

Only Bad.

"What am I ever going to do with such a bad, bad boy?" sighed the fond mother.

"Oh, you leave me alone," replied the young hopeful. "I am not half as bad as I can be."—Brooklyn Life.

A REMARKABLE ECHO

WONDERFUL SOUND EFFECTS IN A NEW YORK MONUMENT.

The Famous Baptistery at Pisa Outdone by the Soldiers' Shaft on Riverside Drive, Where Sound Rolls About Like a Ball.

A big French motor car occupied by two men and two very pretty women whirred up Riverside drive late Sunday evening and at Ninetieth street drew up and stopped at the approach to the Soldiers and Sailors' monument. It was long past the hour when the crowd of fashionable promenaders leaves the drive as the party of four stepped out of the big, vibrating machine and climbed the steps to the monument.

One of the men was a millionaire well known in the financial district. The other was a great tenor. With them were the millionaire's wife and a woman known in half a dozen European capitals as one of the greatest operatic coaches living—a woman who is a constant attendant upon operatic stars and a sharer in no small degree in their musical triumphs.

If it had been made during a Sunday or a weekday afternoon, a crowd of fashionable folk would undoubtedly have had their curiosity piqued by the peculiar visit of four such well known people. The whole affair was so bizarre and the sounds which soon issued from the narrow entrance to the glistening white monument were so strange that at any but a late night hour a crowd must have quickly filled the plaza around the marble shaft. A desire to escape any such annoying incidents probably led the visitors to choose the nighttime for their visit.

"The average American is a consummate ass," said the New Yorker as he guided the small party up the moonlit steps to the monument. "He travels to the utmost parts of the world, spends barrels of money and generally writes a book or two describing the marvelous things he sees, when by remaining right at home he could have seen sights of a similar kind which would have knocked the spots off the things on which he has wasted his patrimony and paragraphs of superlatives."

"But echoes, signor," replied the tenor as he grasped the Wall street man's arm. "Echoes such as we have in the baptistery! Never—except in the old cathedrals of Italy!"

"That's just what Americans say," retorted the New York man. "They go into ecstatic raptures over European mediocrity without knowing that they live among the greatest collection of marvels in the world. Listen to this."

The party had reached the door leading to the interior of the monument. A solid cylindrical wall of marble and granite surrounded a slender room empty save for a half dozen dried wreaths lying on one corner of the stone floor. When the whole party had wormed its way into the monument, the Wall street man bade them be very still and with upturned face intoned a low note. An echo was heard which rivaled those marvelous reverberations which have drawn travelers to distant parts of the world and have been the subjects of brilliant descriptions in the daily press and between covers. The note seemed instantly transformed into a moving ball of sound. Its journey to the distant stone ceiling could be distinctly traced. It seemed to be wafted upward like a ring of smoke or a cottony dandelion seed. The sound decreased until the note seemed to strike the small, high ceiling, where it lingered a moment before commencing its downward trip. Gradually increasing in loudness, it came back to the floor of the monument, apparently as loud and as intact as when it was uttered. The whole wonderful incident occupied only a few seconds, but every stage of the sound's trip to the top of the monument and back was as pronounced and as easily traced as though it had been a butterfly or a toy balloon.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the tenor in tones of rapture and surprise. "I never dreamed such a marvelous echo existed outside the baptistery at Pisa."

His voice made a perfect riot of sound within the narrow shaft. Countless tones going and coming in rapid succession produced an effect almost painful upon the ears of the listeners.

At the request of one of the women the tenor sang very slowly and softly a few phrases of "La Donna e Mobile." The effect was peculiarly beautiful. Two men seemed to be singing, one a half beat behind the other. As in the Wall street man's experiment, each note could be heard distinctly soaring aloft to the ceiling and back. At the return of each note in its original vigor and fullness the effect of a second singer was produced. The union of the bell-like tones of the beautiful voice, the wonderful echo and the peculiar strangeness of the whole situation brought cries of delight from the two women.

"I believe it is as fine as the one in Pisa," said the woman who coaches prima donnas, "and to think that we never even heard of it before!"

"Peculiar fact," said the New Yorker, striking a match and illuminating the dark, cold interior. "New Yorkers never know anything about New York. You can't sit down in a hotel lobby or in a club and speak of echoes but a dozen men will commence to dilate on some reverberations they have heard in some backwoods German or Italian town. But none of them knows of anything remarkable in his own town, the greatest city on earth."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Touched.

Poeticus—He told me a very touching story. Hardhead—And how much did you let him have?—Cincinnati Times Star.

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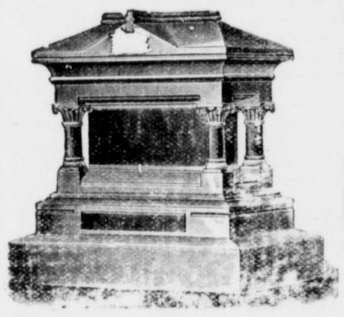

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WM. H. KRUSEN.
Still Pond, Md.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Change of Business.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT WE HAVE SOLD OUR STOCK OF MERCHANDISE TO N. LIBERMAN who will take charge of same on Sept. 1st, 1903.

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We remain yours for business,
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