Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE

Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for $300,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business; furthermore, that no alcohol, or other injurious, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever, and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said Journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription," from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol [illegible] of the alleged harmful drugs!

These facts were also proven in the trial of the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, however brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. Thus his traducers came to grief and their base slanders were refuted.



INDIAN TAR BALSAM

the one remedy that really cures a cold.

A superior preparation, compounded with rare skill, under the supervision of experienced chemists.

Coughs, Colds, Grip, and similar troubles quickly disappear after a few doses.

Small and palatable doses, quick and sure results.

Unconditionally guaranteed. Your dealer will refund your money if it fails.

TRY IT.

25 CENTS EVERYWHERE.

Indian Tar Balsam Co.

BALTIMORE.

—THE—

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

OF KENT COUNTY,

during the past nine years has returned to the holders of its policies, where the policies have been cancelled, $39,000 00.

The accounts of its policy holders show that for the same period the actual cost of insurance has not been more than 66 per cent. of the premium paid, and that policies only nine year old have now standing to their credit 33 per cent. of the amonts paid it.

If you wish to diminish the estimate cost of your insurance, insure your property in the

Mutual Fire Insurance

OF KENT COUNTY.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT, Treas. and Sec

THOS W. ELIASON, President

NEW MEAT MARKET.

We have opened a meat and feed store on High street, opposite the Voshell House, where we will be pleased to see the general public. Orders left with us will receive prompt and careful attention.

We have on the farms owned by Mr. James T. Ireland about 40 head of fine beef cattle which will be butchered on the farms and placed on the market as desired.

We want 5,000 lbs of fine pork and all kinds of poultry, for which the highest market price will be paid.

Mr. Alfred Crew is our butcher.

JAMES T. IRELAND & SON,

d8-'06-1y. Chestertown, Md.

NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

A Scientist's Criticism of a Comic Book For Children.

Charles Monselet, a Frenchman of letters, published a comic "scientific dictionary" for the benefit of children, who found no little amusement in his odd accounts of things in the animal world which were perfectly familiar to them, but which were described in a rather fantastic way in M. Monselet's book.

The editor of a certain scientific journal, however, was much surprised and shocked at M. Monselet's ignorance when he took up the book, and he wrote an article about it in his paper, which ran as follows:

"A certain M. Monselet has published a dictionary for the use of children, which contains definitions showing the most extraordinary ignorance, such as the following:

"'Sardine—A little fish without any head which lives in oil.'

"As if a fish could live without a head and in oil!

"Another definition:

"'Parrot—A bird somewhat resembling the pigeon, generally green when it is not red or yellow or blue. Cockatoos sometimes live to be a hundred years old, except when they are stuffed, and then there is no limit to the length of their life.'

"Now, it happens that the parrot is not a pigeon at all and never has the colors that M. Monselet gives to him, and, in short, this M. Monselet knows no more of natural history than he has grains of common sense."

THE MALE OPERA HAT.

Why It Rises Superior to Any Passing Fashion Dictates.

Men generally protest against the changes of style in hats, and one of the sex has written to the New York Mail this complaint:

Why attack as a "collapsible, many named pretender" the opera hat, or chapeau de claque?

I have such a hat and also a silk hat, in which respect I think I differ from most Gothamites. Whenever I have an option I wear the opera rather than the other. It's more convenient.

At the theater or opera you can carry it better on your between the acts promenades. If there is no rack for your hat under the seat you can tuck it in your overcoat and put it on the floor under you without destroying it, as you would do with a silk hat.

If you put your hat in the rack under your seat and then rise and stand close to it to permit a late comer to pass an opera hat suffers no damage. A silk hat would be either ruffled or crushed.

The opera hat looks as well at all times as the silk hat and requires much less care. Indeed, I think it looks better. The glossy surface of a silk hat, like the glossy bosom of a stiff white shirt, is an uncomfortable survival of the time when men wore polished helmets and breastplates.

There is so much reason in the opera hat that men of discrimination will continue to wear it, the style of the moment regardless.

A Dog Habit.

Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you are reminded you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of today keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and of course the animal has no notion why he does it.

A Bond of Sympathy.

While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing.

"Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said the busy woman.

"My," said Jane admiringly, "you must have brains!"

"Brains!" sighed the woman despondently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

For a moment Jane regarded her with sincere commiseration.

"Oh, well," she said presently, "don't mind what I say. I ain't very smart myself."—New York Press.

Similarity of Writing.

"From my pile of autographs I take one of a statesman well known and lay it side by side with the autographs of a great author and a great ecclesiastic," writes a British publicist. "All three are very small, exquisitely neat, very little slanted, absolutely legible. Well as I knew the three writers, I doubt if I could tell which wrote which. They were Cardinal Manning, Mr. Froude and Lord Rosebery. Will the experts tell me if in this case similarity of writing bodied forth similarity of gifts or qualities?"

Matrimonial.

Three Germans were sitting at luncheon recently and were overheard discussing the second marriage of a mutual friend when one of them remarked:

"I'll tell you vhat. A man vhat marries de second time don't deserve to have lost his first vhife."—Life.

The Kind They Fool.

He—Some girls are awfully conceited. She—Why? He—They'll brag about making a fool of a man that was never anything else.—Detroit Free Press.

ANGER IS DANGEROUS

Death Liable to Follow a Sudden Outburst of Temper.

FRENZY MAY SPELL SUICIDE

A Chemical Poison Is Created in the System When One Indulges in a Fit of Rage—Famous Men Who Have Died In a Moment of Passion.

Death frequently follows a sudden fit of anger. Persons who are otherwise sensible and even philosophical indulge at times in this suicidal and profitless pastime. The Emperor Nerva died at the age of sixty-six from fever resulting from a fit of anger. Paul III., who occupied the papal throne from 1534 to 1549 and who was considered one of the most intelligent and liberal as well as just of popes, died from a sudden fit of anger while upbraiding Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who had proved false to his friends and benefactor.

The emperor of Valentinian while addressing a deputation of backsliding Germans allowed his angry emotions to get the upper hand of his common sense and fell dead ere he had finished speaking. The celebrated English surgeon John Hunter indulged in angry dispute with one of his colleagues at St. George's hospital and dropped dead at the feet of him who had been the cause of the resentful and bitter remarks. The Russian surgeon Baddawoski, being angered at the awkwardness of an assistant during a surgical operation, gave free vent to a fit of anger and expired without a moment's warning.

The milk as well as the flesh of animals that have died while in a rage has been found upon analysis to contain elements of poison, and many an innocent babe has been made dangerously ill by nursing at the mother's breast immediately after that mother had indulged in a fit of frenzy or anger. Neither the chemist nor bacteriologist has yet been able to demonstrate the particular poison or germ that renders the milk toxic under the conditions, but that a poison and a very active and energetic one exists is unquestionable.

Death during a fit of anger may be produced by a toxic product developed by the undue excitement as much as to the play of the emotions upon the nerve centers of the heart. Little children should be taught in earliest infancy to control their angry passions. A parent smiling approvingly at what he is pleased to term the "spunkiness" of his offspring without making any effort to reprove or to correct the outburst of ill temper is guilty of wanton neglect and is storing up much unpleasantness for both himself and the child in future.

"Anger is a stone cast into a wasp's nest," reads the Malabar proverb, and how often the angry word stirs up strife and discord and contentions that keep up a continual unpleasant buzzing until, like wasps disturbed in their nests, they alight upon the disturber, bringing a sting that wounds his own personality.

"Be slow to wrath" might be a cherished guide at any and every period of life. But as years run their course, particularly if accompanied by a feeble condition of body, a conscious tendency to fits of anger should induce habits of strenuous self control. This control, however, is not acquired in a day. The imprisoned fire of anger but waits for the kindling breath of provocation, and each time it is confronted by the latter a calm exterior, even though the spirit be at white heat, will win a victory without either party to the strife being a loser.

A bright three-year-old child who was given to passionate outbursts of resentful anger each time her wishes were thwarted was one morning suddenly lifted to the mirror with the mother's admonition, "Look at yourself!" Immediately the child's resentful face changed, and, nestling to her mother, who wisely refrained from saying another word regarding the ebullition of temper, she, with an apologetic hug, softly sobbed away the resentment.

Some weeks afterward, during which time there was a marked change for the better in the temperament of the child, the mother had occasion to reprove the little one for an act of disobedience, using perhaps unnecessary warmth of temper at the time. Without hesitation the little one seized her by the hand and took her to the mirror.

"'Ook at 'orself!" she exclaimed, her childish voice as severe as her strength permitted, at the same time struggling desperately to keep the angry lines from her own tiny face by puckering her lips into a form from which issued a succession of soft, nonchalant oos.

The lesson had been taught, learned and retaught, and who shall say how far reaching its influence? If one can only be brought to understand the toxic effect of anger upon the whole sensorial system of the individual, resulting, as it frequently does, in sickness and even death, each would be more at peace with his neighbor, with the community and with the world at large.—Marion Ainsworth White in Chicago Tribune.

Not Her Sort.

Gabriel was blowing the last trump.

"Hurry up!" shouted Mr. De Style.

"I won't!" retorted Mrs. De Style. "Think I'm going in with the crush?"—Washington Herald.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.

DELIBERATE SUICIDE.

Why It Should Excite More Horror Than Any Other Murder.

As to its moral aspects, suicide is manifestly forbidden by the divine law. One of the commandments of the Decalogue declares, "Thou shalt not kill." To make the law as comprehensive as possible it is not said, "Thou shalt not kill thy neighbor," which qualifying phrase is employed in some of the other commandments—as, for instance, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against they neighbor;" "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house." The prohibition to kill is therefore absolute. It forbids the taking of human life, whether by suicide or homicide.

There is another commandment which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Now, the love which we owe to our neighbor forbids us to slay him, and therefore the love which we owe to ourselves forbids us to compass our own death. If the law allowed us to kill ourselves, while forbidding us to kill our neighbor, our love for our neighbor would not be equal, but superior, to our love for ourselves.

Nay, I hold that suicide is a more revolting sin than the killing of another. The closer the ties of relationship between the murderer and his victim the more atrocious is the crime. In the estimation of mankind, a parricide, or matricide, or fratricide, or uxoricide, is a more shocking criminal than an ordinary homicide. And as a man has more intimate relations to himself than to a parent or brother or wife, his deliberate self destruction should excite more horror than the murder of a parent, brother or wife.—Cardinal Gibbons in Century.

BEECHER'S ONLY POEM.

The Verses Were Always Kept Sacred by Mrs. Beecher.

It was related by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher that during their courtship Mr. Beecher once "dropped into poetry" and wrote a few lines of verse teeming with affection for his sweetheart. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, and nothing could win them from her. One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, the publisher.

"Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" said Mr. Bonner.

"He did once," said Mrs. Beecher.

"Recite it for me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?"

But the eyes of the great preacher were riveted on his wife, and she knew that he meant silence.

"Come," said Mr. Bonner, "I'll give you $5,000 if you will recite that poem to me," addressing Mrs. Beecher.

"Why, it ran"— quickly said Mrs. Beecher.

"Eunice!" simply said Mr. Beecher.

And, although Robert Bonner afterward offered to double the sum first offered, he never got the poem from Mrs. Beecher. It had been hidden away by Mrs. Beecher and cherished as one of the dearest treasures her husband left her.

Persian Rugs.

"Antique Persian rugs," said the rug salesman, "are dyed with vegetable dyes; the new ones are dyed with aniline dyes. There's a great difference. Vegetable dyes are fifty or sixty times more expensive than anilines, and they give a color that is literally imperishable, a color that keeps growing richer and richer till the rug falls to pieces. Anilines, made out of coal tar, look well enough at first, but they fade. When a vegetable red or blue would be at its best an aniline red or blue would be nearly white. We civilized people harmed the Chinese by introducing our cheap opium among them, and now we have equally harmed the Persian rug by introducing our cheap anilines among the rug weavers."

The Hydrophobia Menace.

Since hydrophobia is transmitted by inoculation and its virus resides in the saliva of its victim, the only absolute safeguard is to keep dogs muzzled when at large. A muzzle is a nuisance no doubt and in the immense majority of cases needless, for almost invariably the mischief maker is the stray cur, belonging to no one in particular and coming from nobody knows where. But it seems impracticable to frame an effective regulation for the protection of the public from such irresponsible and dangerous creatures without making it applicable to all dogs.—New York Tribune.

Limit of Economy.

"I don't mind a young man economizing when he is out with me," sighed the girl, "but it seems to me that when he takes you in a penny in the slot machine parlor, drops a penny in a slot and hands you one of the ear things while he takes the other the limit has just about been reached. Of course you can hear the opera almost as well with one ear, but how does it look?"—New York Press.

Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."

The Fun of It.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the teacher.

"Oh, just for fun," replied Tommy.

"But didn't you know it was against the rules?"

"Sure! Dat's where de fun comes in."—Philadelphia Press.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Wouldn't any woman be happy,
After years of backache suffering,
Days of misery, nights of unrest,
The distress of urinary troubles,
To find relief and cure?
No reason why any reader
Should suffer in the face of evidence like this:



Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I was doctoring for kidney and liver trouble, but without benefit. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular, and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed 100 pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price, 50 cents per box.

COFFIN WOOD MINES.

The Chinaman Digs For Wood Prized For Burial Caskets.

There exists no object which the average Chinaman exhibits more regard for than the narrow box which is destined to contain all that is mortal of him. He is never happy until it is in his possession. It occupies a conspicuous position in his house, and the richer he is the more he expends on its acquisition and adornment.

The coffins most esteemed by the Celestials are manufactured from a peculiar resinous wood, possessing quite extraordinary preservative properties and found only in one small district in Tonquin, buried in the earth, no living specimens of the tree now being in existence.

The natives search for it quite as eagerly as elsewhere gold and precious stones are run after, and, indeed, the deposits, for such they are, are to all intents and purposes mines of wood, the origin of which has never been satisfactorily explained.

Local legends have it that in a far distant past vast numbers of these trees existed in the dense forests with which the whole region was covered and that as a result of some tremendous cataclysm they were uprooted and precipitated into the ravines. Whether this account is true or not, the buried trees are today a source of quite considerable wealth to the lucky person who finds them. For a coffin made of this special wood a Chinaman does not consider £50 or £60 at all too high a price to pay.—Grand Magazine.

TRADES THAT CURE ILLS.

If You Want to Drive Away Disease, Turn Shepherd.

"Oil workers are never bald," said a druggist. "Visit our oil regions or those of Russia. Examine the workmen's hair. It is soft and thick and glossy, for petroleum cures incipient baldness, and if your hair is thinning rub some in. Never mind the smell. It will do you good.

"Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odd odor of a sheep seems to drive away disease. Sheep are especially good for whooping cough. In the sheep country when a child takes the whooping cough it is the custom for the mother to put it to play among the sheep, and the next day it is well.

"The men and women who work among lavender, gathering it or distilling it, never have neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Run down persons often work for nothing in lavender plants in order to build themselves up.

"Salt miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among salt workers. Breweries and tanneries and printing ink factories bar out consumption. Turpentine works and ropewalks bar out rheumatism. Copper mines bar out typhoid."—New York Press.

When Chloroform Was New.

Here is a curious little story about Sir James Simpson, the man who introduced the use of chloroform into surgery, and a peril which he escaped, as recorded by Lyon Playfair. Simpson when busy with his researches into the subject of anaesthetics called one day on Playfair and asked if he had anything new likely to produce anaesthesia. Playfair had just prepared a liquid which seemed worthy of trial. Simpson, who knew no fear, prepared instantly to test it on himself. This Playfair refused to allow until it had first been tried on rabbits. Two were procured and placed under the effects of the anaesthetic. Next day Simpson proposed to try it on himself. "We might as well see how the rabbits have fared," said Playfair. They found both the animals dead.

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Shinges, Laths, Lime, Bricks,

Builders' Hardware and Builders' Materials

of All Kinds.

We buy Sash, Doors, Blinds, etc. by car lots. Picket for wire fence asparagus crates and Peach Baskets a sprcialtp Our Peach Baskets are second to none.

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

1 and 2-Ply Ruberoid Roofing

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GENUINE OLIVER PLOWS AND CASTINGS: the best plow on the market; a full line of 50, 60 and 72-tooth Harrows, Disc Harrows, Spring-Tooth Harros, Field Rollers, Ohio Sulky Cultivators, Disc Plows, Corn Planters, Transplanters, McCormick Binders, Mowers and Twine. Agents for Kent county for HALLOCK WEEDER, the best on the market.

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Visit our New Carriage Emporium, where we have placed a fine selection of No-Top and Top Buggies, Surreys, Poles, Tops, Farm Wagons and Dearborns.

OUR CARRIAGE HARNESS can't be beat

Our OWN MAKE of Farm Wagons and Dearborns.

Carload of American WOVEN WIRE FENCING, also, Barbed and Smooth Wire and Poultry Wire.

BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING.

All Kinds of Repairing attended to promptly.

SHAFER, REDMILE & CO.

KENNEDYVILLE, MARYLAND.

SPRING HAS COME!

—AND—

Everyone is anxious to have a first-class team. One of the best guarantees of an even gaited horse is in the

SHOEING

and one of the most necessary things about a good Carriage is the

WHEELWRIGHTING.

SAMUEL HICKS is the man who can DO BOTH JOBS to the satisfaction of a large patronage.

Bring your Horses here.

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