What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive *free* booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authors and many others endorsing, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They may be used in conjunction with "Golden Medical Discovery" if bowels are much constipated. They're tiny and sugar-coated.



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

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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,

'06-1y. Chestertown, Md.

A DAM BUILT ON END.

How a Clever Engineer Conquered a Mechanical Difficulty.

Almost every boy has built dozens of dams in various ways, constructing them across the bed of the channel, wide or narrow, to be dammed. But did any boy ever think of building a dam on end and then tipping it over? An inventive American engineer, Isham Randolph, who became famous by his work on the Chicago drainage canal, has tried this idea on the Niagara river 200 yards above the Horseshoe fall and made a remarkable success of it.

Of course an ordinary dam could not easily be built in the fiercely racing currents of Niagara hurrying to plunge over the fall. So Mr. Randolph decided to build his dam on end on the very edge of the river. It was not meant to do more than raise the water level a few inches, so as to prevent water scarcity in winter for the Canadian town of Niagara Falls when the ice jam comes on. A dam seven feet or so high was enough and fifty feet long. Turned on end, this meant a column fifty feet high and seven feet four inches square. The clever engineer used concrete as the cheapest, easiest and least corrosive material. But any column of any material was certain to break in the shock of falling. How was that to be provided for?

Easily enough, the inventive builder argued. Up the middle of the concrete column, like a huge backbone, he ran a strong iron chain weighing about 800 pounds. The whole column weighed some 200 tons. At intervals eight feet apart all the way up it along the landward face wooden wedges were inserted, so that in breaking it would follow these lines and break into regular blocks, held together by the chain. The plan was audacious, but entirely practical—a true "Yankee notion." On Nov. 9, 1905, the finished dam was sent flying over by three hydraulic jacks. Amid the breathless interest of a large crowd of spectators the concrete column fell, splashed and settled. When splash and spray subsided there it stretched, broken at the destined points, tilted a trifle irregularly in the middle, where the river bed was higher, but quite effectual. The depth of water increased ten inches at once. The "obelisk dam" was a success.—William Rittenhouse in Forward.

WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS.

A bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed.

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed.

If the bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always have good luck.

No bride or bridegroom should be given a telegram on the way to church. It is positively a sign of evil.

If the wedding ring is dropped during the ceremony the bride may as well wish herself unborn, for she will always have ill luck.

Kiss a bride right after the ceremony and before the newly made husband has a chance to do so, and you will have excellent luck throughout the year.

Should a bride perchance see a coffin while being driven to the railway station prior to departure upon her wedding tour she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will surely meet with bad luck.

New York's First State Prison.

The first state prison in New York state was built at the foot of West Tenth street, in New York city, in 1797. Within seven years there were three mutinies of prisoners, in which keepers were killed and the prison set on fire. Nevertheless the institution seems to have been considered an attraction, as appears from the following advertisement of the Greenwich hotel, printed in the Columbian of Sept. 18, 1811:

A few gentlemen may be accommodated with board and lodging at this pleasant and healthy situation, a few doors from the state prison. The Greenwich stage passes from this to the federal hall and returns five times a day.

The prisoners were transferred to Sing Sing in 1828, and the property was sold the next year.—New York Press.

The Law's Delays.

A lawyer on being asked why his profession is always in court asking for delays and adjournments responded: "I have observed in my long years of experience that when a lawyer has a very good case he is anxious to try it. If he has a poor one the longer he can delay it the better it suits him. There is no telling what the accidents and incidents of time may supply in his favor. Another reason perhaps," the lawyer continued, "is the fact that a lawyer never feels like prying himself entirely away from a case until he has to. I concede that this is one of the mysteries of the legal mind."—Kansas City Star.

A Judge of Eggs.

Judge Addison, a well known jurist of London, was in the habit of indulging in the oddest observations while trying cases. On one occasion opposing lawyers were wrangling over the question, "When does an egg become stale?" The judge, who had vivid recollections of a close election contest in which he figured, declared that the real test of an egg's staleness was the moment it became fit for use at a contested election.

Timber and Timbre.

Blobbs—Beautiful! Exquisite! Her voice has matchless timbre! Slobbs—Timber? It sounds to me like a whole sawmill in operation. — Philadelphia Record.

A FAMOUS GAMESTER.

Amazing Skill of Captain John Scott at Whist.

HIS RAPID ROAD TO WEALTH.

The Winnings of the "Gentleman Gambler" at White's, in London, in the Eighteenth Century Exceeded $5,000,000—Fox's Reckless Play.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers at the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips.

Writing to Richard Bentley from Arlington street on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night lost in reckless play an immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless dicer, shot himself dead, after losing the last of his fortune, in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II. by marrying, when he was himself only fourteen years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at thirteen. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the pet son of Charles II., Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was sixty years later, or about 1750, that young Scott, son of the laird of Scott's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamesters that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away fortunes over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than $5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemonnaie in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in dicing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game fortune fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night while he was at the card table news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.

PLAGUE STONES.

Reminders of the Time of the Great Pestilence in England.

The story of the great plague of London is familiar to all readers of history and has been dealt with by many writers of fiction. Even the bypaths of history supply much suggestive matter, while hidden away in churchwardens' and other old accounts are many items that remind us of those days. Here, for example, are two entries from the parish accounts of St. Mary Woolnoth, London:

1592-4. Item, for setting a crosse upon one Allen's doors in the sicknesse time ..... ijd
Item, paid for setting two red crosses upon Anthony Sound his dore ..... iiijd

The crosses were about a foot in length. The crosses served as a caution against entering such houses. In various parts of England the plague stones are silent reminders of the time when epidemics laid low so many inhabitants both in town and country.

A stone in the Derby arboretum bears the following inscription:

"Headless Cross or Market Stone—This stone formed part of the ancient Cross at the upper end of Friar Gate and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market stone during the visitation of the plague 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his 'History of Derby:'

"'1665—Derby was again visited by the plague at the same time in which London fell under the severe calamity. The town was forsaken; the farmers declined the market place, and grass grew upon that spot which had furnished the supports of life.

"'To prevent a famine the inhabitants erected at the top of Nuns' Green, one or two hundred yards from the buildings, now Friar Gate, what bore the name of Headless Cross, consisting of about four quadrangular steps five feet high. I knew it in perfection.

"'Hither the market people, having their mouth primed with tobacco as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property and at a greater from the town's people, with whom they were to traffic.

"'The buyer was not suffered to touch any of the articles before purchase. When the agreement was finished he took the goods and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar set for that purpose.'"

The mention of tobacco in the foregoing inscription is a curiosity, showing that the weed was then regarded as a very efficacious preventive.

Winchester suffered much from the plague in 1666. On the downs near the city are numerous curiously shaped mounds which are said to cover the pits into which the dead were cast.

When the pestilence raged a primitive kind of quarantine was practiced. The country folk supplied food, which was placed on a stone outside the city, and in exchange the citizens placed money in a bowl of water.

The old plague stone still remains, built into the base of a monument, which bears an inscription as follows:

"This monument is erected by the Society of Natives on the very spot of ground from which the markets were removed and whose basis is the very stone on which exchanges were made while the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence in the year sixteen hundred sixty-six. The Society of Natives was founded on the 26th of August, 1669, for the relief of the widows and orphans of their fellow citizens who died of the great plague."

Beneath a spreading tree in the grounds of Tothby House, near Alford, Lincolnshire, is a plague stone. About 275 years ago the inhabitants of Spilsby and the surrounding villages day after day toiled up to the top of Miles Cross hill, which overlooks the wide marsh country, with Alford lying just at the foot.

At the top they left food, etc., for the poor sufferers and took in return money deposited in vessels containing water or other liquid placed on the plague stone. Then the people of Alford came up the other side of the hill for their supplies. Thus the two parties kept well apart.—Chambers' Journal.

Munkacsy's Customer.

It is not generally known that the first patron of Michael Munkacsy, known to the world as the painter of "Christ Before Pilate," was an American, a gentleman from Philadelphia, who passed through Dusseldorf when Munkacsy was a young and struggling artist. The American became convinced that the young Hungarian's pictures had merit. He bought one, took it to Paris and sent it to the salon, where it was promptly placed and attracted a great deal of attention.

Ear Piercing.

Miss Skremer—Papa says if I give up my singing lessons he'll give me a pair of diamond earrings. Miss Sharpe—You've never worn earrings, have you? Miss Skremer—No; I'll have to have my ears pierced. Miss Sharpe—Oh, I see his idea! He wants to pay you back in your own coin.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Incomplete Letterist.

Hubby—Wife, dear, why are you frowning so over that letter you're writing? Wifey—Oh, I carelessly said everything I had to say before I signed it, and now I can't think of a thing for the postscript.—Boston Transcript.

The Proper Side.

Farmer—So you've had some experience, have you? Youth—Yes, sir. Farmer—Well, what side of a cow do you sit on to milk? Youth—The outside.—London Tit-Bits.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Richter.

TORTURING PAIN.

Half This Man's Sufferings Would Have Killed Many a Person, But Doan's Cured Him.

Thousands of grateful people are telling every day how Doan's Kidney Pills cured them of distressing and dangerous kidney and bladder troubles.

Yet other thousands are suffering every day from these same ills. Why? They are either very negligent or very skeptical. Neglect of kidney disorders leads to dropsy, diabetes, Bright's disease and other fatal diseases.

Sincere, honest testimony like the following should convince every skeptic.

A. C. Sprague, stock dealer, of Normal, Ill., writes: "For two whole years I was doing nothing but buying medicines to cure my kidneys. I do not think that any man ever suffered as I did and lived. The pain in my back was so bad that I could not sleep at night. I could not ride a horse and sometimes was unable even to ride in a car. My condition was critical when I sent for Doan's Kidney Pills. I used three boxes and they cured me. Now I can go anywhere and do as much as anybody. I sleep well and feel no discomfort at all."



A. C. SPRAGUE.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Sprague will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

CROMWELL'S HORSES.

An Accident That Befell the Protector in Hyde Park.

"As Cromwell rose in power and rank his love of horses began to be more conspicuous," says a writer in Blackwood's. "When he started from London in 1649 to reconquer Ireland he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, reddish gray." In 1655, when the Spanish ambassador took his leave of the lord protector, Cromwell sent him "his own coach of six white horses" to convey him to and from Whitehall. "Certain it is," adds the narrator, "that none of the English kings had ever any such."

The protector was not much of a whip, however. In 1654 the Count of Oldenburg sent Cromwell a present of six horses, and the protector's anxiety to make trial of their quality led to his well known adventure in Hyde park. On Friday, Sept. 29, he went with Secretary Thurloe and some of his gentlemen to take air in the park, ordered the six horses to be harnessed to his coach, put Thurloe inside of it and undertook to drive himself. "His highness," said a letter from the Dutch ambassador, "drove pretty handsomely for some time, but at last, provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, whereby his highness was flung out of the coach box upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling, he was carried away a good while in that posture, but at last he got his foot clear and so came to escape. He was presently brought home and let blood and after some rest taken is now well again. The secretary, being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto and been unfit for any business."

The royalist Scroggs, afterward chief justice, writing of this incident, hoped that the next fall would be from a cart—hinting at the gallows. As to Cromwell's views on the burning question of horse racing it is difficult to arrive at a positive conclusion. His constant aim was to possess as many good horses as he could afford. Whether he entered his horses for races or had the satisfaction of owning a winner history does not say.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The only thing some people always have ready is an excuse.

Almost any one can be induced to lie if you ask enough questions.

The better you behave the better you get along. It's old, but it's true.

A man nobody can quarrel with has the life problem reasonably well solved.

Lack of opportunity has to stand as an excuse for a lot of general shiftlessness.

The trouble with some people lies in the fact that they consider their faults their misfortunes.

Are you among those who treat their new acquaintances better than they treat their old friends?

If a man has plenty of money to back up a lot of fool notions, people call him eccentric, but if he only has the notions he is a crank.—Atchison Globe.

Her Reasoning.

Wife (at the costumer's)—Which shall I have—this coat at 40 marks or that one at 70? Husband—I have only 40 marks with me. Wife—Oh, well, then, we'll buy the seventy mark coat on credit, and then you can buy me a hat with the 40 marks.—Lustige Blatter.

Crushed.

"If I could only die and leave you well off," he said after they had had their first quarrel, "I would be glad to go."

"How," she cruelly asked, "could you die and leave me otherwise than well off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

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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.

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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 Bin ders, 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.

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The Horse Shoer and Wheelwright.

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