FALL 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

WHEELWRIGHING.

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.

IN ADDITION TO CARRIAGES, HARNESS, all kinds BOOTS for HORSES and FARMERS SUPPLIES,

WE HAVE PUT IN

A NICE LINE OF STOVES.

Cook Stoves, Chunk Burners, Coal Stoves for dining room, sitting room, bed room and parlor.

The Celebrated Perfection COAL OIL STOVE of all sizes and prices. Just the handiest thing to carry around in your hand and set in a room and heat it in a few minutes. Stove Pipe. Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Dripping Pans, Waffle Irons, etc., etc.

Then, too, we have just put in a

Nice New Line of Robes and Blankers.

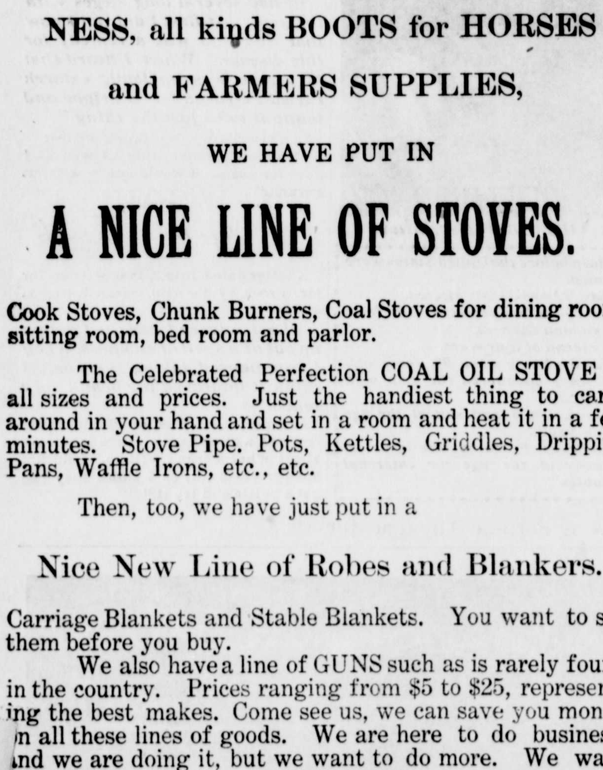
Carriage Blankets and Stable Blankets. You want to see them before you buy.

We also have a line of GUNS such as is rarely found in the country. Prices ranging from $5 to $25, representing the best makes. Come see us, we can save you money on all these lines of goods. We are here to do business, and we are doing it, but we want to do more. We want to do business with you. Give us a chance.

Very truly,

PRETTYMAN & PRETTYMAN,

GALENA, - - - - - MARYLAND.



JOHN BARTLEY

THE FURNITURE MAN of Kent County

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fail to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unbending my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a cast along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. In it were two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pressing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to take some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the shaly nature of the cliff, the slippery terraces covered with loose soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task on a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as were these.

My very curt entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bad shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 160 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body consented to come out, and then only after first festering.—London Saturday Review.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beefsteak potpie"—

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas"—

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French peas in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's tatehs, too, in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah, Ah reckon it's mahty nice o' me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, m-a-n-y people—nice gemmens, lak you all—waste money fo' veg'tables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' waiteh. Yassah, Ah sho' has."—Judge.

Bacteria In Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

A PERSIAN SERVANT.

He Was Poetical Even if Useless and Dishonest.

In one way Persia reminds one dimly of England, for there are such things as difficulties with servants even in Teheran. The author dismissed one of his servants, who, as he had been a tailor, was incompetent to do anything but sew on buttons. The man protested, "What will become of me now that I have been eating your salt for such a long time and am driven out into the streets?" He was reminded that he had only been employed for a fortnight. He answered that he felt it had been for years. He was told that he was no good, but his volubility only increased. "How can I be no good after having stayed with you? Can you forget what Sa'di said: 'A piece of clay having fallen into the Hammam from my beloved's hand into mine, I said to it, Art thou musk or ambergris that I am drunk with thy perfume, which catches at the heart?' It answered: 'I was but a worthless piece of clay, but I was in company with a rose for a moment. This companionship transformed me or else I should still be the same piece of clay that I was.'"

One can pity the state of an English mistress confronted with such an argument. The author kept his servant another week, and he remarks disconsolately that in that time he discovered that if the tailor was a poet he was also a thief.—London Globe.

ADVERTISING.

The Mightiest Factor In the Modern Business World.

"Advertising is today the mightiest factor in the business world," writes Truman A. De Weese in System, the Magazine of Business. "It is an evolution of modern industrial competition. It is a business builder, with a potency that goes beyond human desire. It is something more than a 'drummer' knocking at the door of the consumer, something more than mere salesmanship on paper.

"Advertising is a positive creative force in business. It builds factories, skyscrapers and railroads. It makes two blades of grass grow in the business world where only one grew before. It multiplies human wants and intensifies desires. The result is that it forces man to greater consumption, hence stimulates his production to keep up with his buying desires.

"Before advertising was developed into a fine art and before it became a factor in the commercial world the business of the manufacturer and merchant was to supply the normal needs and desires of the human family; merchandising was bounded by man's necessities and by his meager knowledge of the luxuries which he deemed within his reach."

Hint of Untidiness.

"If you want to study human nature just try being a salesman in a department store for even a short time," said the clerk over his evening meal. "There isn't a day but I have a quiet laugh over the remarks of customers or, more frequently, would be customers. Today, for instance, I was approached by a well dressed elderly woman with the request to show her some cups and saucers. She did not want china ones—something in porcelain, for 'common everyday use,' she said. I brought out samples, and finally her choice simmered down to a plain white and the other a white with a dull grayish green figure. As if to account for her decision she said to me in a most confidential tone: 'I guess I'll take the gray ones. They won't show the dirt so soon.'"—New York Press.

A Pugnacious Super.

When F. R. Benson, the actor, was training two armies of "supers" for a battle, he had some difficulty in persuading the weaker side to submit to be conquered. Even at the first performance the vanquished force, which included a somewhat pugnacious Irishman, who may be called X., upset traditional usages by severely mauling its victors, and the play must have suffered if the hint of one of the warriors had not been taken.

"Look a-here, Mr. Benson," he said, "if you want us to be beaten, you must put X. in the other army. That's the only way."—London Standard.

Margaret's Alphabet.

Little Margaret was having difficulty with the alphabet, which was being taught her in the good old way. The letter H was a desperate pitfall. H she could not remember, so her mother said, "See, Margaret, it looks like a gate." That was an inspiration. Now Margaret is in clover. She never forgets, but this is what she says:

A, b, c, d, e, f, g, gate, i, etc. Her mother sees still harder work ahead in making the little maid forget.—Washington Star.

Proved.

De Million—I must say I am very much disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability. Da Porely—Well, my dear sir, I did prove that when I married your daughter.

Doesn't Agree.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

Carved His Name.

Nathan: "Now be careful; seems to be a bright man. He'll get out a name for himself some day, Popley (angrily)—He's done it already—on our new piano!

THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of genii once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the genii to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great bowlders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same bowlder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the bowlder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III., though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Not Broadened.

"They say that travel broadens a man," said the dark woman.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the light woman. "My husband has been a conductor on a trolley car for seven years and see how thin he is!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.

Small Gilbert—Papa, didn't I hear you tell mamma we would have to economize? Papa—Yes, my son. Small Gilbert—Well, you might begin by getting me a pony; then I shouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Chicago News.

Law of Progress.

The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self sacrificing love of the mother life itself would disappear from the earth.—Review of Reviews.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherry-bark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. Holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric (stomach) acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores, or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

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—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.

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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.

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

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SUPERIOR DRILLS.

"Evans & Superior" Disc Harrows.

Wood and Steel Rollers.

CORN BINDERS AND CUTTERS. CORN KNIVES.

BEST SISAL FODDER YARN.

GANG PLOWS, TWO STYLES.—The very best gang plow on the market at $32.00. Does the best work and is highly recommended by men right here in your own comunities. Spring Tooth, Spike Tooth an most any other kind of Harrow.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & Co.'s GASOLINE ENGINES, FEED MILLS, SAW MILLS, PUMPING OUTFITS, ETC.

AMERICAN WIRE FENCE, the best fence made. There are 100 styles of woven wire wire fences on the market, and there are 10 times as much AMERICAN FENCE SOLD AS OF ALL OTHER MAKES TOGETHER, which shows that it is absolutely the BEST fence.

In order to move the balance of our stock of CARRIAGES, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS AND SPEED CARTS, we are offering some bargains in these lines, and can guarantee to save you money, as all goods in this line have all ready advanced from 10 to 15 per cent. for next season's orders. Come and see what we can do for you.

Our repair department of all Blacksmith and Wheelwright work is turning out first-class jobs, and special attention is given to the repairing and putting in order of all kinds of MACHINES by experts.

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DAVIS & SATTERFIELD,

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The power boat "LELAND MILLS," will leave Crumpton (Sheppard's Wharf,) Mondays and Thursdays at noon; Chestertown (Bacchus & Usilton's wharf) at 4.30 P. M., stopping at Newman's and South East.

Leave Baltimore on Tuesdays and Fridays 6.0 P. M., arriving in Chestertown early next morning.

We are prepared to handle all kinds of freight including grain, fruit, merchandise, poultry, pigs, etc.

Our freight charges will be reasonable and service prompt.

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