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Highest market prices. Returns same da
Fruits, Berries, Melons, Vegetables, Poultry Eggs, Live Stock, Furs, Hides, Country Produce Oysters, Grain, Hay, Marsh Grass.
Shippers are invited to visit our new store.
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Having removed to 305 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first flor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top morket prices and prompt returns.
Yours respectfully,
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B. S. SUTTON'S
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Fine Cutters.....$20.50
Regular price $25.00.
Fine Lap Robes from.....$2.00 to $5.00
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Bed Blankets, Comforts
All Reduced to make room for spring stock.
Boys' and Children's Suits
AT COST.
Men's and Boys' BOOTS—all remaining stock of them at COST. I have the finest line of Men's and Boys' Samples of CLOTHING made to order at very Low Prices that can be shown in the county.
Want all kinds Meat, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Poultry, Corn and Wheat at highest market prices. Give me a chance to name you prices on everything before buying or selling.
Yours for Business,
B. S. SUTTON, Black's, Md.

AN OFFER to the BOYS
We will give a NICE POCKET KNIFE to the boy in each district in the county furnishing us with the correct names and postoffice address of the largest list of farmers in their respective districts on or before Jan. 31, 1908.
H. R. Graham & Bro.
Successors to Smith & Graham,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

WE
are now right in the midst of our Semi-Annual Reduction Sales of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats.
Come early while we have fair assortments.
Respectfully,
MOODY & LUSBY,
Directly Opposite Court House, Chestertown, Md.

FINE LOTS FOR SALE.
Two 50 feet lots, running back 250 feet, with back entrance, adjoining my property on Washington avenue. These lots are most desirably located, well drained and will make excellent building lots. For further particulars Apply to
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TILL POND, MARYLAND

His Concession.

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beaus than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, gawky youth. "It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"'Tain't a-goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly; "it may rain; it may rain."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Lesson in Honesty.

There is a restaurant in Broad street in which nearly a thousand persons eat during the noon hour. Each person eats what he pleases and when he goes to the cashier's desk announces the amount of his indebtedness. The proprietors figure that to trust to the honesty of their patrons is a saving of precious Wall street minutes and, besides, is good business. Once in awhile beer-eyed employees capture a cheat. One of these, a youth, was "caught with the goods on" a few days ago and taken to the office of the proprietors. Given the choice of being arrested or going into the kitchen and washing dishes, the young man nearly collapsed of shame and fright. He begged not to be arrested and forthwith agreed to wash dishes. For an hour or so the culprit struggled with a pile of dishes in a tub of steaming water. Then he was told he might depart. Now he brings his lunch from home.—New York Press.

What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading, John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why, what—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correlation with external coexistences and sequences."

"Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes-horse."—London Tit-Bits.

When Religion Called.

In his book "Work in Great Cities" the bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn, but to practice, what may be described as the foot and door trick. It is ruination to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe, but it consists in rapidly, but quickly, passing the foot in the moment the door is opened. Then, when the door is opened, you are in the house, and you can talk to the people. I have had my boots ruined in this way, but I have got in."

[redacted]

Washington Star.

Came With a Shock.

Harold (after the fateful question had been put and answered)—Did I surprise you, dear? Maud—Surprise me? You paralyzed me! I gave up the idea two years ago of your ever having spunk enough to propose.—Chicago Tribune.

No Deceit.

Mother—Jack, when I gave you and Ella each an orange, you both promised not to eat them until after dinner. Is it possible you have deceived me? Little Jack—No, ma'am. I ate Ella's and she ate mine.—Chicago News.

Women In Japan.

A Japanese saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weepeth; kill her, her spirit haunts you."

We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.—Japan Times.

Carlyle's Creed.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for, to stand it out to the best breath of life and do his best.—Thomas Carlyle.

He Always Remembered.

A smile lurked at the corners of Mrs. Lombard's mouth as she listened to the plaint of the school friend whom she had not seen for more than ten years. "I'm afraid, dear," she said, "you'll have to reconstruct some of your plans. You see, I married a forgetful man too."

"Why, you told me not ten minutes ago that your husband had never yet forgotten your birthday or your wedding anniversary," cried her friend, "and you told me you'd been married nearly eleven years! That's ever since the year after father took us all abroad."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lombard demurely, "I have. That's a long time, isn't it? But, you see, one thing was in my favor—I was born on the Fourth of July. Mr. Lombard couldn't very well forget the national holiday. And as soon as I'd found out how forgetful he was I decided to be married on another holiday.

"I suppose as you were abroad you didn't realize that the date of my wedding was unusual—people aren't often married on the 22d of February, I think. But, you see, by a little judicious planning I've been saved the necessity of reminding him about our anniversary."—Youth's Companion.

Sweetly Thoughtful.

The De Jones back lawn was a lawn in name only. It was really an arid desert—bald, so to speak—and in dry weather it was always as dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door, she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones' "lawn."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay the dust in the De Jones' back yard, John, especially as they are such a hateful lot of gossips. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble anyway."

Hubby turned to his better half with a smile which told of mixed pleasure and vindictiveness.

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Fido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel and rubbing the mud well into his fleecy coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadulterated thoughtfulness!"—London Bombs.

Women and "Sport."

When a big shoot takes place in the coverts near one of our country houses the occasion is made a sort of society gathering. The ladies of the house party grace it with their presence, and other ladies of the neighborhood are glad to be allowed the honor of such company. Thus a large and fashionable party assembles, and while each beat is in progress the girls and women try to look on unmoved while a wounded hare kicks and squeals upon the ground for minutes which seem interminable to the sensitive onlooker until the beat is over and the dogs are loosed to finish off the cripples. And, though the hare's piteous shrieking makes its case seem the worst, the mere tumbling over and over of a wounded bird is a shocking sight to see as the line passes and no one goes forward to release it of its life.—London Mail.

Dodging Thirteen.

"When I lived in New York," writes a former New Yorker from Berlin, "there was a house near Central park which should have borne the number 13, but because of the superstition of the occupant permission was secured to place the number 11a or 15a over the door. I spoke of the circumstance a few days ago and learned that the thirteen superstition was more clearly marked here. In the instance mentioned by me an individual was concerned. Here it was the most important corporation in Wiesbaden. There is no No. 13 bathroom in any of the bathhouses, no No. 13 room in any hotel and no No. 13 place at any table d'hote. At Langenschwalbach the baths, under government control, also have bath cells No. 12a where they should be numbered 13."—New York Tribune.

A Worthy Antagonist.

"Did you visit any of the old caves when you were up in Scotland?" Jorkins was asked by a friend.

"Yes," replied Jorkins reminiscently, "and, by gum, we had to forcibly pull Maria out of one cave."

"Good gracious! She was fascinated by its beauty, I suppose."

"No, it wasn't beauty. You see, there was a wonderful echo in the cave, and Maria couldn't bear to think of the echo having the last word."—Liverpool Mercury.

His Eminence.

A French cardinal, being small of stature and hunchbacked at that, always gave the keenest repartee when addressed with "highness" and "eminence." "My highness is five feet two inches, and the eminence I carry on my back."

Seemed Incomprehensible.

Mrs. Somer—What delicately constructed things these big steamships are! Mr. Somer—Why do you say that? Mrs. Somer—Just think of the breaking of a screw disabling the whole ship.—Philadelphia North American.

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal—Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.—Judge.

A Spanish proverb declares that "a papelitos (a paper cigar), a glass of clear water and a kiss from a pretty girl will sustain a man for a whole day."

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Here we offer you the very best that is possible to buy; show an extremely large assortment, including all the new and popular shades and the range of prices makes it possible for everyone to find something here exactly as wanted.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!
The price of silks has advanced very materially, but we are still offering our guaranteed 36-inch black taffett $100 per yard.
Over twelve hundred yards sold in the preceding twelve months without a dissatisfied customer.

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We are selling staple muslin at wholesale prices. Our purchases before the advance enable us to do this

Millinery Millinery
The rich and refined in millinery has full and eloquent expression in this department of our store.
Efforts intelligently directed are productive of results beyond precedent in the all-important questions of style, elegance and quality.
Your attention is directed to our extremely low prices.

CLOAKS CLOAKS
This department has stood the test of a careful buying public for years, and is now complete with an array of stylish and up-to-date garments not often seen except in a city store.
Our well-known low prices are a large factor in the successful business done in this department.
Come and see us, we can show you our stock much better than we can tell your about it.

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