Kilbourn's Big Sale

will last two weeks longer.

After taking stock we find so many broken lots which we are going to sell.

FANCY SEED POTATOES

Direct from Maine State and true to name. Can save you money if you place your order at once. Irish Cobbler, Holton Rose and Green Mountain.

Use Baugh's Potato Fertilizer, you will be pleased with the results. We carry it in stock in bag lots. Large quantities shipped direct.

Orchard Brand Lime-Sulphur Solution always on hand.
Garden Seed and Field Seed all in stock.
Seed Oats, bushel, 60c.

RAINCOATS

$10.00 Ladies' Raincoat	$2.00
7.00 Ladies' Blue Raincoat	3.50
6.00 (2) Ladies' Slipon Coats	3.50
6.00 (1) Ladies' Raincoats	3.75
12.00 (3) Men's Overcoats, black	7.00
8.00 (2) Men's Overcoats	5.00
6.00 (1) Men's Overcoats	4.00
5.00 (4) Boys' Overcoats	2.75

SWEATER COATS

The season is late—we have a few left if you want them at HALF PRICE.

RUBBER HIP BOOTS

Big stock on hand at less than cost.

WEDNESDAY ONLY

6 lbs 20c Coffee, 25 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$2.00
Rolled Oats, 7 lbs for	25c
Small Beans, 3 qts for	25c
1 25c Washboard, 3 bars Export Soap	25c

Will pay 2c doz. above city quotation on Eggs Wednesday.

$1.50 Men's Hats	75c
$2.50 Ladies' Hats now	$1.00
Ladies' White Waists up to $1.50, now	39c
$2.00 White Dresses	75c
$1.25 House Dresses, Mendel's	85c
25c Matting Remnants	12½c
$3.00 Kitchen Safe	$ 2.25
$7.00 Buffett	5.00
$3.00 Oil Heater	2.35
$2.00 Reed Porch Rockers (6) at	1.50
$18.00 Carriage Harness (5 sets)	15.00

We have many good values for you and know it will pay you to visit our store. Spring Goods are now coming in, and will have something to tell you next week.

I want to thank all of my customers and friends who have stuck to me so faithfully for the past 10 years, and to express to all our friends the thanks of the firm for their past patronage, and wishing a continuance of same for the new proprietor.

T. B. KILBOURN, FAIRLEE, MD.

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Office in new Transcript Building.

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THIS IS TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC THAT I HAVE REMOVED TO CHESTERTOWN AND AM PREPARED TO CRY SALES IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNES COUNTIES ON REASONABE TERMS.

JOHN T. JESTER, Auctioneer,
Jan. 18'13-tf CHESTERTOWN, MD

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Wednesday we will Pay 2c above Market Price for Eggs.

Wednesday Only---5 5c Packages Celluloid Starch for only 9c.

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No Matter Where You Go, Our Prices Always Lowest.

MEN'S WORK SHOES

Our new line of Men's Shoes for work, every pair made solid for long wear, and sold with a guarantee to give satisfaction and wear good. Prices start at $1.75.

MEN'S DRESS SHOES

No matter how much trouble you have to find Shoes to fit your feet, we can please you and fit your feet right in all the new Spring Styles, button and lace.

SEED POTATOES AND FANCY SEEDS

See us before you place your orders and get our prices. We can save you money. We have a carload of Seed Potatoes direct from State of Maine—Fancy Irish Cobbler, Genuine Holton Rose and Fancy Green Mountain, all selected Seed Potatoes.

Clover, Timothy and Alsyke Seeds, warranted 98 per cent pure. You can't buy any better Orchard Grass Seed; best grade, bushel $1.25.

CARRIAGES AND RUNABOUTS

We have received TWO CARLOADS OF FINE CARRIAGES and Runabouts. Our space is limited and must unload and will sell AT VERY LOW PRICE. Come and see them—we will be glad to show them to you if you buy or not.

[illegible] suits, price		15c French Gingham, yard	10c
	$2.25	10c Gingham, plain colors, yard	7½c
	39c	Amoskeg Apron Gingham, yard	6c
[illegible] 5c to $3.50		25c Poplin, all colors	19c
	1.75	15c Summer Silks, yard	9c
	1.50	50c All-Wool Dress Goods, yard	39c
	1.00	10c Outing Goods, yard	7½c
		Good Toweling, yard	3½c
		25c Japanese Matting, yard	19c
		25c Matting (in small remnants), yd	10c
		$2.50 Iron Bedsteads	$ 1.50
		$3.00 Double Mattress	2.10
		$1.75 Brooders	1.25
		Stewart's Horse Clippers	5.75
		Best Baled Hay, per ton	19.50
		Humpty Dumpty Egg Crates	25c

SPECIALS FOR WEDNESDAY ONLY:

[illegible]
2 Quarts Hominy
2 5c pkg. Arm & Hammer Brand Soda

5c

2 10c Boxes Writing Paper
2 5c Cans Axle Grease
10c Can Cleanser
6 lbs. Washing Soda
3 Boxes Coffee Essence
10c Baby Elite Shoe Polish

5c

ABE COHEN

Sells it for Less and Pays More for Produce! Sandy Bottom Department Store!

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

The Creature In the Bed Didn't Attempt to Fight Back.

A young Hindoo tells an amusing story of his first visit to London. His hostess, mindful of the great change in climate to which the traveler had been subjected, wished to make him as comfortable as possible. Accordingly, when she prepared his room for the night, she put into his bed a rubber hot water bottle, a contrivance quite unknown in India.

The young man retired, undressed and got into bed. As he did so his feet encountered a smooth, warm object which he supposed to be some kind of animal. In terror he leaped from the bed and groped about for the light. Unaccustomed to his surroundings, he was a long time in finding it, and at every step he trembled lest the unknown creature should attack him.

At length he found the light and looked about vainly for a weapon. He was on the point of calling for help when he thought of trying the closet. There he found several canes. He selected the stoutest of them and resolved to try conclusions with the intruder.

He approached the foot of the bed, where he was somewhat protected by the footboard, and raised his weapon for a speedy blow, while with his left hand he grasped the bedclothes and began cautiously to turn them down. Then, nerving himself for a final effort, he tore the clothes from the bed and struck viciously at the round black object that he had exposed.

One blow was enough to convince him that the "animal" was lifeless and always had been. His terror gave place to amusement, and after he had his laugh out he went back to bed and enjoyed undisturbed repose until morning.—Youth's Companion.

STYLE IN OLD ST. LOUIS.

Dress of the Men and Women There In Colonial Times.

Monette in his history of the valley of the Mississippi tells of the habit of dress which prevailed in St. Louis in colonial days. Here is what he has to say:

"The leggings were of coarse linen in summer and of deerskin in winter. The principal garment for the men in cold weather was generally a coarse blanket capote drawn over the shirt and long vest. The capote served the double purpose of cloak and hat, for the hood attached to the collar behind hung upon the back and shoulders as a cape, and when desired it served to cover the whole head, and especially among the boatmen, voyageurs and courseurs de bois the head was enveloped in a blue handkerchief, turban-like, as a protection from the solar heat and noxious insects.

"The same material, of lighter quality and fancy colors, wreathed with bright colored ribbons and sometimes flowers, formed the fancy headdress of the females on festive occasions. At other times they also used the handkerchief in the more patriarchal style.

"The dress of the matrons was simple and plain. The old fashioned short jacket and petticoat, varied to suit the diversities of taste, was the common overdress of the women. The feet in winter were protected by Indian moccassins or the more unwieldy clog shoe, but in summer and in dry weather the foot was left uncovered and free except on festive occasions and holidays, when it was adorned with the light moccasin, gorgeously ornamented with brilliants of porcupine quills, shells, beads or lace ingeniously wrought over the front instead of buckles and on the side flaps."—St. Louis Times.

England's Mother Church.

The oldest frequented church in England is probably St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and you may call it the mother church of England. Walk up from the outskirts of the city and you will pass the font which gave baptism to King Ethelbert 1,300 years ago. The font still stands, the worshipers still mount the slope, and one considers whether it was Augustine or Bertha who dragged the king and husband to that font.—London Answers.

Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid is usually disseminated by means of impure water, milk or food and sometimes by flies, but we must not forget that, as Koch said, "there is no other source of infection of typhoid than man." It is fellow creatures of ours who are responsible for its spread. Typhoid fever is a disease of dirt. Unclean habits cause typhoid fever. Be therefore clean and help others to be clean.

All Treatment Experimental.

All treatment, however carefully chosen, is in the nature of an experiment, writes Dr. F. M. Sandwith in the Clinical Journal, for none can know the exact effect of any treatment or drug on any individual patient until he has tried it. A drug may suit ninety nine persons but be injurious to the one hundredth because of some idiosyncrasy.

Football Language.

"Four-eleven-forty-four," remarked the halfback boarder.

"What's that?" inquired the ribbon clerk boarder.

"Excuse me. That's the football signal for the forward pass. I'd like the butter."—Kansas City Journal.

Mixed Praise.

Customer—Why, I thought you called him "the colt?" Ostler—Sure, I did, yer honor, and that's the name he's had for the last twenty years, and he sticks to it like a respectable baste, the very same as yourself.—London Punch.

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THE FARMER IN PUBLIC.

As pater familias, we have come to the conclusion (as stated in our last article) that the farmer compares most favorably with his brother in other walks in life. He responds creditably to the extent of his ability, to the duties devolving upon him. He does not live in luxury. He has not the many creature comforts and conveniences around him, that his city brother has, never having been accustomed to them, he does not seem to require them, his dinner pail is never empty; when he eats his supper he is assured of his three square meals for the next day; he arises with the lark and goes forth to his day's work with as much cheerfulness as any among the world's workers.

I have spoken of his proverbial hospitality. A visit from his fellow farmer is always most highly appreciated. The best he has is not too good to be spread before him. But when the visitor rides away and shuts the road gate behind him, the paths of these two men part. Each of them goes out into the world to look out for himself. He recognizes no binding duty upon him, to stand by his friend.

The first great business in the life of the human race was that of farming. There came a time in man's experience when he could no longer supply the demands of his nature by the wandering life of a hunter. He began to dig in the ground for his support. This, as well as hunting, was an isolating life. There was no common market, where this embryo farmer could dispose of his surplus. He doubtless raised only a sufficiency to supply his own wants. Many generations had to follow before the necessity for self-protection drew men together. There was thus installed into man the spirit of self-dependence. Out on his farm of many broad acres, with wide stretches between him and his neighbors, this lesson of self-dependence has been more and more deeply impressed upon him, until it has become, as it were, his second nature. This, in no small degree, accounts for the fact that the farmer to-day "bucks" the world independently. He has never realized the necessity for a community of interests. He has never found out, that in numbers there is strength where those numbers are closely combined, and push their business under a common leadership.

It has seemed a great mystery to many that in this age of unions, corporations and combinations the farmer has never fully awakened to the necessity of uniting with his brother farmer for their mutual protection and advantage. he has been fearfully slow in this respect. The time, however, is not far distant, when he will be aroused. Experiment stations, agricultural colleges, farmers' institutes, farmers' trains and farmers' papers are doing a great work in this respect. He has it in his power to post himself now as never before in his history. The last decade has been an advance all along the line in this respect.

No class of men "know it all" better then the average farmer thinks he does. No class of men have such deep rooted prejudices to be overcome. No class of men have less public spirit. It was good enough for those who have gone before, it is good enough for us. Every step forward has met with the most bitter opposition. The few and not the many have been forced to father it and carry it through.

We hear a great deal about conservation. Many a man prides himself on being conservative in politics, religion and many other matters in which the public is concerned. The farmer has been and is to-day too extremely conservative for his own good. He has hung with a tenacity that is most provoking (to say the least of it) to the ways and usages of those who have gone before him. He is most sceptical about new things and new measures.

Shut off, as he is, upon his farm, he is not wise in the ways of the world. He has become an easy prey for the sharper. He has been duped so many times by the shrewd agent, the "gold brick" man and others of that ilk, that he is afraid to take up with many of those steps forward which seem to him to be unlikely to result in good. His conservatism has greatly retarded his advancement. The rest of the world has moved along, while he has lagged behind until he has been characterized as "old hay seed." He has never seized his opportunities, nor fully realized the power he possess.

Routine narrows a man. Specialties produce the same result. The man who confines himself to one line of thought and one line of action will inevitably become the narrowest of narrow men. The man who stands behind the counter or the desk, day in and day out, is never at home except when at his post and in his place of business. The bank officer, who looks at men through a grating all of his business life, cannot help being brought under the influence of that life. It is equally true of the man who never looks beyond the boundaries of his farm out into the wide world. He will become more and more narrow as he grows in years. It is true, his farm is his place of business. If his business is to become profitable, he must give it the most of his time and the best of his faculties of mind and body. The farm, would grow up in weeds and his business would go to pieces if he did not do this.

But every man has other high duties to discharge besides those he owes himself and those directly dependent upon him. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." The duties we owe Cæsar and God call upon us to take some interest in the State and church.

Many times we have heard the good wife say, "I can't get my husband interested in anything public. He does not go to church nor will he join the grange." A pitiable plea was made to me during the past week—"I wish you would ask Mr. —— to join the grange, I do want to belong to something, besides the church, that will throw me among the people. If he won't join I am going to, anyhow. We have staid at home and don't know the people among whom we live. We are drying up and I am so tired of this kind of life." That is the life many a good woman is living in the country. I can't find it in my heart to censure the woman for longing after a change. I am sure any man in her place would grow tired. Just to think of sitting down three times a day opposite the same man for three hundred and sixty-five days, year in and year out. Well, I am sure I would become very, very tired of it.

It is not the good wife only whose life is drying up, but it is the man's life as well. There are scores of men who are growing smaller every day. They are no use to the community in which they live. You may chance to meet them at the village, wearing out the seats of their breeches in the summer time on goods boxes at the store door, or holding up a telephone pole on the corner. Or you may see him at the court house, if drawn on a jury and compelled to go. These are the only places where you are ever likely to see them in public.

If a meeting is called to foward the public good they do not attend. If an organization is formed for mutual benefit, they stand aloof from it. I could name more than one family whom I have known for fifty years or more where father and son have pursued the same policy. They have never been members of any thing for the public good, church or State. Some of the best material in every community has thus gone to waste through "dry rot."

God has blessed this county of Kent most wonderfully. Topographically, no farming country was ever more beautiful. Land and climate have worked together for the good of our people. We (as heretofore stated) are contiguous to the finest markets in our great country. If the citizens of the county had all these years pulled together, we could to-day boast of the richest and most beautiful county in our great republic. If every citizen had worked for the public good, as well as his own, our schools and churches would be something to be proud of.

In last week's article I may have fed a little "taffy" to the farmer, and he may be going about congratulating himself on being a very fair specimen of a man. When I come to look at him from the standpoint that I am viewing him in this paper he does not show up so well. His public spirit is by no means a consuming fire. He is more content to have their other man do it than to do it himself. There are many movements for the good of the community as a whole, from which we individually cannot derive any immediate and personal good, yet in the end they redound to our benefit. A live church, a good school, good roads, etc., will make any country community attractive. They benefit everybody and yet there are many who, because of their selfish indifference, take very little interest in these things.

The average countryman has never yet been fully aroused to the realization of the fact that his own wellbeing is wonderfully dependent upon the community in which he lives. Like the chameleon, he gets his own coloring from his surroundings. "No man liveth unto himself." He is helping to advance or retard those among whom he lives.

It is a most refreshing thing when we see a community of people being aroused and coming together to devise plans for their betterment. What every rural community needs to-day is a greater amount of public spirit. The world is moving forward, and unless we go along with it, we will be left far behind.

A prominent officer of the State Grange said, he found more men in Kent county capable of leading than in any county that he had visited. It is a great thing to have leaders, but leadership amounts to but little without followers. The rank and file of our citizens are not willing to become whole souled, self-sacrificing followers. Those institutions which stand for the uplift of the people are allowed to eke out a mere existence. Few take any very decided interest in the upbuild of the public schools. The churches are kept open by the few and they are generally, the older members in every community. The organizations which exist among farmers for their express benefit have a very weak backing. No one wants to see these institutions die out entirely. If they are to live they must be supported. Our civilization is dependent upon them. That they may have life let every farmer come out from his hiding and take his stand among his fellowmen. Great things are waiting to be done by us. We can do them if we will go after them with united strength. We can get what we want in this life if we are willing to pay the price it calls for. In this case it is the price of personal effort on the part of every man.

Prices A Century Ago.

A daybook kept in 1814, by the owner of a general store in a township of Berk's county, Pa., gives a broad insight into the cost of living 100 years ago, and is also interesting as showing how men lived in that state then.

With nearly every bill of goods charged, for instance, is added a gallon of whiskey, rum or brandy, at 25 cents a gallon. Large amounts for candles, which were strictly used in lighting the house, are on all the bills, candles costing from 37½ cents to 87½ cents a p[illegible]

Calico was 37½ to 75c a yd.

Tea was $1 a pound.

Eggs were never more [illegible] dozen, with 6 to 8 cents t[illegible] prices.

Chickens 12½ to 18 cents

Beef, 3 to 4 cents; woo[illegible] cents a pound; muslin 50c a

The climax was reached [illegible] —one bushel of salt, $16.

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