

At Marion T. Miller's,

(On Election Day)

Rock Hall, Md.

You can find as fine assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods

as you wish to look at.

We have collected all our last season's Suits of Clothing together and will give you a special 25 per cent. discount on Election Day.

→ COME AND GET A SUIT CHEAP. ←

Think of it, a \$10.00 Suit for only 7.50 and a \$5.00 Suit for only \$3.75. Then again, we have nearly everything you want in Clothing just opened up, from a wedding Suit to a Heavy Kersey.

BOOTS, SHOES,

Underwear,

OIL CLOTHING, RUBBER BOOTS,

or anything you need can be found here. Our stock was never more complete and we give you a cordial invitation to visit us on this Special Day.

Don't Forget the 25 Per Cent. Discount

on this special Line of Clothing and take advantage of it.

Remaining Yours to Serve,

MARION T. MILLER

T. G. WROTH, the SHOE MAN.

See Our Fine Display of

Fall Styles in Shoes.

Styles change along with other things.

YOU can't quite explain why the lines of some Shoes impress you as

GRACEFUL,

SNAPPY, STYLISH,

and yet you know it's so.

OUR New Styles will impress you in just this way. They are carefully selected from the best lines, and we know the wear is there, because we know the makers.

EVERY GOOD THING IN

Shoes for Man, Woman & Child

IS HERE AT BOTTOM PRICES. Call and see.

Men's, Ladies' and Misses' Shoes in all the new kinds of leather, from 75c. to \$5.00. The largest stock of CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES in the county to select from. All the leading styles in RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES. Also E. Stout's Snag-Proof Rubber Boot. The only genuine snag-proof boot on the market to-day.

My large stock of fall goods has been bought for the spot cash, and will be sold on a small profit.

ONE PRICE
TO ALL.

T. G. WROTH,
The Shoe Man, Under Stam's Hall.

ROSE HILL NURSERY.

40,000 Peach Trees for Sale.

TREES all grown from strictly wild peach seed from Tennessee, and on virgin soil. The buds were taken from healthy-bearing trees. The varieties are guaranteed true to name. Reference—Capt. R. S. Emory, president State Horticultural Society, Chestertown, Md.; Senator James H. Baker, Pocomoke, Md.; James Brice, Chestertown, Md.; Chapman & Lambert, Chestertown, Md.; James T. Dixon, Chestertown, Md.; Stevens Bros., Baltimore, Md.; Samuel F. and Harry E. Cooper, Worton, Md. All of these gentlemen have orchards from Rose Hill Nursery. For catalogue and price apply to JOHN B. LILL, Chestertown, Md.

Coals and Wood Under Cover.

With improved facilities and increased stock, we are now ready to serve the public. Our stock of

HARD and SOFT COALS of the finest veins in the country, is large, and every ton

IS UNDER COVER. Our stock of

insuring a clean, pure article. Our stock of Oak and Pine kindling woods (sawed to any length) is large and protected from the weather. Baled Hay, Lime in any quantity, Hair and Cement constantly in stock. Prices are right.

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Successors to Dr. J. T. Twilley,
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Corrugated Steel Roofing!
Ludlow & Felt Roofing!

in stock for prompt delivery at small margin above cost. Also plenty of

American Woven Fence,

Smooth and Barb Galvanized Wire, Staples, Wire Pickets or Stay, Wire Fence Locks—in fact, everything in Fence Line

Beginning with August 14th, for two weeks, no business will be done. If you wish any goods in my line call to see me before August 14.

JOSEPH GUEST,
Chestertown, Md.

WOMAN'S PRIZE LOVE LETTER.

What an Old Dominion Girl did for a Chafing Dish.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 31.—J. F. B. Cassell, of Radford, knows what it is like to have thirty women writing love letters to him, all at the same time. He has just tried it.

And Miss Anne Virginia Culbertson, who is described as a charming dialect poet, knows that she wrote the best love letter of all the thirty that Mr. Cassell received, for she has a handsome silver-mounted chafing dish to prove it.

Mr. Cassell made up his mind early in the fall that something ought to be done to put snap and ginger into the Radford District Fair, so he wrote a sort of open love letter and published it in the Radford *Advance*, proposing at the same time to give the chafing dish as a prize to the woman who should send him the best reply. The contest was one of the features and easily the leading feature of the fair.

Miss Culbertson's prize letter and one other letter are published by the Richmond *Dispatch*. The prize letter follows:

"MY DEAREST: In these two little words is my answer, for the first claims you mine, and the second proclaims that to me you are dearest of men."

"Have I, I wonder, been too ready in my response? I think not, for it seems to me a very poor sort of love that seeks to enhance its value by assuming reluctance. There are women—perhaps the most dearly loved of all—who know how to do this, but I am not one of them; for love I regard too high and sacred a thing to admit of a shadow of shame or pretence. Your letter was so simple, so direct, so tender that I knew it came direct from the heart, and my heart shall speak openly in answer. If I had not felt sure of myself before, your letter would have made me love you."

"I expect never to be able to show you quite the nature of my love for you. I shall walk by your side all my days and you shall believe that you know my every throb, but it will not be so. To measure my love would be as impossible as to measure the space that stretched last night as between the shining stars and the throbbing sea, so you must never ask me for the measure of that which is measureless. I cannot tell you how long I have loved you, perhaps from the day we met. For even then I said to myself, 'He would understand.' By which I meant that if I bored my inmost thoughts, my highest aspirations, my cherished ideal, my most sacred beliefs, they would touch as responsive chord in you. You would not mock them; for I had read in your face the nobleness and tenderness of your nature. I am not ashamed to confess my early interest in you; for in this solemn moment I wish my soul stand face to face with yours, naked and unashamed. If you are the order of men to be repelled by frankness, go your way. I have misread you; you are of smaller calibre than I had dreamed, and I shall not grieve for you, but for the man I thought you."

"Your letter does not tell me that you think me beautiful, and I am glad your love has never persuaded you that I am. If you loved me for beauty's sake, I should have no ground for complaint if you ceased to love me when beauty was gone. If you discover in me some inner spiritual beauty, and loved me for that I shall be sure of your love so long as I can preserve that beauty of the spirit."

"I shall try to find just what it is and hold fast by it, so that you may have no excuse for unloving me, sir! I love to think that you only of all men can see this inner beauty—whatever it is—that has drawn you to me; for just as the Oriental woman is veiled to all men but her lord, so shall I walk with my beauty veiled to all men save you, and rejoicing that it is so."

"I must tell you that you have come suiting to a woman, who even in these unromantic days thoroughly believes in the possibility of a *grande passion*, and will be satisfied with no less. I should never be able to reconcile myself to a lapse into an indifferent affection under the cares and commonplaces of daily life. So be warned in time."

"And yet, notwithstanding this tendency of mine to make love 'au grand sérieux,' their is another side to my nature, and it demands that you let me laugh at you occasionally. I was born with a sense of humor and I find that most of my friends give me food for laughter at times."

"For the rest I would be 'just as high as your heart,' but I would glance levelly into your eyes, walking hand in hand, your equal and your helpmate in all things, as it was meant I should do."

I have been utterly unreserved for once, and have bared my heart for you to read, though I am reserved by nature, and shall not always be able to reveal myself even to you. Yet whether I seem near or remote, whether I am kind or cold, whether I am sad or glad, believe that through all and in spite of all my —, I am in mind, and heart and soul, surely and unchangingly all that is implied in the one brief word, 'yours.'"

Some of the young men who have examined the correspondence have said that, while they would be glad to receive Miss Culbertson's letter, there is one other in the batch which causes even more thrills to radiate from their nerve

centers than hers. The author's name is not disclosed. She says:

"Out from behind the dark and changeable clouds of fear and doubt, dear heart, your love has come like the glorious sun to make bright and beautiful my existence. Sometimes I have thought that I knew your secret, sometimes I have hoped that the beautiful vision of my dreams was true, and there were days when the silver lining of the cloud was visible and partially reflected the glory of the sun behind it. Then again my soul dispaired, believing that the love longings of my heart had found no answering harmony in yours. But now that I see love shining into my life from the depths of your noble heart, I feel that no cloud can ever rise again to mar our perfect understanding."

"A beautiful story tells of a great painter who was born into the dirt and squalor of a city alley. There he spent his childhood in blank ignorance of the fresh fields and the bright sky until one day he was taken to live out in God's open air and sunshine. Left alone in a dear old-fashioned garden the child's spirit awoke. He touched softly a flower here and there; he felt timidly of the green grass, and patted the rough old trees he saw wondering the great, blue sky, until at last steeped in nature's reality and loveliness, he looked up with the great cry, 'I am alive, I am alive.' The child's heart had indeed been born anew."

"Long after, when a famous painter, the child-man, always kept the anniversary of that day in the garden as his birthday, and always counted the years of his life from that year."

"And so, beloved, I, too, have a soul's birth anniversary, and the days of my real life date back to that day, when you and your love came into my life."

"You are, dearest, the only man I have ever met, who understands rightly the part ambition plays in the life of a woman's sphere. The beautiful harmony of the two was first made clear to me by you. You have shown me that ambition in its highest sense does not mean a separation of one self from sympathetic fellowship and tender passion, but rather does it reach his full perfection, its grandest aim, when it is charged with the sublime duty of holding in harmony and perfect understanding two immortal souls. To make this world better for the joy that gladdens it, to do that work which is hers alone, such is true ambition, and this, dear love, have you taught me in words and by example. Your own life so full of energy, so full of the stir and strife of living is yet moulding and made strong by the sublime passion of love. You have grasped the deep truth that love must sweetly touch the chords before the grand melody of life can be produced."

"My joy knows no bound when I feel that destiny has brought me into the loving service of a knight equipped in the strong armor of love to conquer in the struggle of life."

"With a deep appreciation of the honor that has been conferred upon me, and pledging my love unto the end, I yet complain that 'all eternity of loving is not long enough to love thee in.'"

"For ever your own."

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.

A Kentuckian gives the following recipes for cholera in hogs and chickens:

"Take two ounces pulverized capsicum; two ounces pulverized asafoetida; one ounce pulverized rhubarb; four ounces carbonate of iron; six ounces Sapanich brown; two ounces flowers of sulphur, mix thoroughly and put up in air-tight packages or vessels, and keep for use."

"For hog cholera, put half a pound in 20 quarts of meal or bran and feed twice a day until all symptoms of cholera disappear."

"For chickens, put one tablespoonful in two quarts of meal and feed twice a day until all symptoms of the disease disappear."

"A cure soon results with every fowl or hog that is able to swallow the remedy; but when a chicken will not eat, make a pill of the remedy about the size of a small pea and force it down the patient's throat into the crop and a cure will certainly result. It is safe to repeat the dose two or three times in a day."

"This remedy given about once or twice every fortnight will prevent cholera from ever appearing amongst hogs or fowls. I gave the receipt to one of my neighbors, and he is now making money compounding the remedy, putting it up in packages and selling it. He guarantees it to cure in every instance, and although he has been selling it two years he says that he has never yet received a complaint. He will buy a flock of fowls, or a pen of hogs infected with cholera, and will cure every one of them."

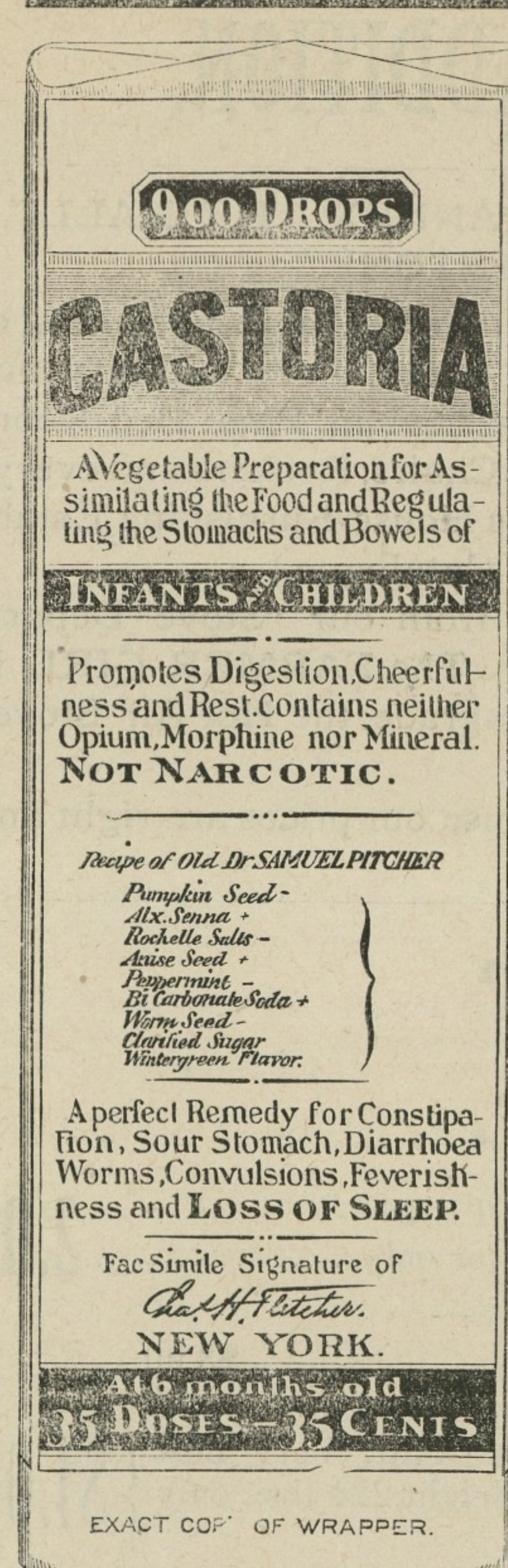
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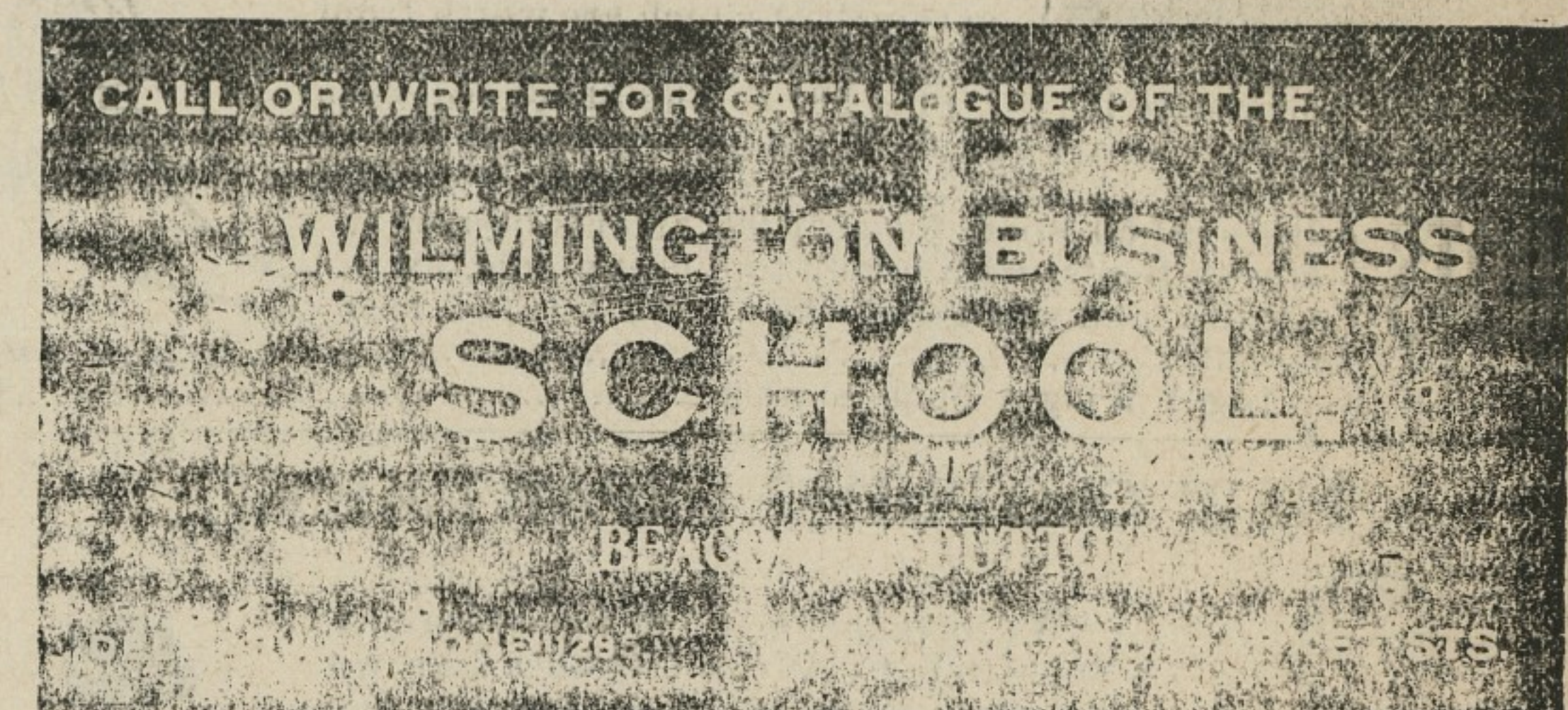
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Yours for business

W. L. FOWLER,
March 19, CHESTERTOWN, MD