

TO THE PUBLIC!

Please take notice that I have sold all my interest in the schooner S. W. Darby, Jr., to Jesse H. Usilton, and will now conduct the steamer Bertie E. Tull, which will do general freighting from Worton Creek and elsewhere. Persons having grain to freight or sell will please call at my store and see me at once.

We also will have for sale during the seasons,

Hard & Soft Coal at Low Prices.

All kinds of Farm Implements,
Lime, Cement, Salt, Locust and Cedar Posts,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Myself and son are agents for the Baltimore Pulverizing Company for

Cheap & High Grade Fertilizers.

I remain Yours for Business,

Nov. 15, 1902. **M. M. RASIN,**
Melitota, Md.

WESTCOTT & DODD'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

WHY IS IT

we sell more CORSETS? Because they are Tailor Fitting, made to order, guaranteed or money refunded, hence the reason we sell them all over this county and Queen Anne, and more than that, to people in the city of St. Louis.

WHY IS IT

we sell to the farmers so many SPRING-TOOTH DISC HARROWS? Answer, ask your neighbor and you will know the reason why—quality and prices.

WHY IS IT

our DRILLS surpass all others, the Improved Buck Eye? Examination of it will convince you that it is the Drill to buy. Prices lower and terms easier.

WHY IS IT

that we sell more COFFEE than any other store? Answer, try 1 lb. or 2 lbs., and you will know.

WHY IS IT

we sell SHOES as we do and so many are satisfied? Answer try 1 pair in any of our lines.

VINEGAR! VINEGAR! VINEGAR!

Why is it we sell more Vinegar for pickling than the combined stores for miles around? Answer, for reason, try 1 gallon of our White Vinegar.

We pay for Eggs 28c. doz., Lard, 14c. lb., Hams, 15c. lb.

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Orders of \$10 and over, freight paid

When in the city, call to see us and be

convinced. Mail orders promptly attended to. Write for prices

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang black Caesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lamines' scrape er Christmas time! Dat wus de time we an' dem wite boys made up ter play a prejk on Unc' Ike an' Ann' Sukie."

"Long time fo' Carismus come we don't heah outtin' but 'Sandy Claws' Sandy Claws, fom Ann' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Wou'er wat ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter foteh me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' wat yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by'n' nev' so much es notice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em."

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n good shape. We all know ole Ann' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way tohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Ann' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out'n dey senses."

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de flah wid, an' den I sing dot little song wat a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's wat do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's wat do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's wat do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah."

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' 'freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno wat'all."

"Unc' Ike, he Ann' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spite-foles' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumblin' 'bout sumpin'. He couldn't res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don't see wat mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fer nohow, 'case he ain't fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prow' erroun' and hunt hennesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er laurupin' wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev'y wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffunce how much de ole scoun' stretch de blankit. But we do. e made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Ann' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussons twi dey mos' have er fit."

"Usater sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':

"Big Ike, little Ike, ye' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, ye' bettah go!"

"Lo'd massey! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to 'd us we git 'om dar."

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussons. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he make er long higherfutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'aved ou'selfs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day fo' terfrolic erroun' an' 'joy wese's. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem was de wite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fu'niss weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er project fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws an' we watch so's we don't git coteh up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't nudder, 'cassa yo' boys run an' lef' me an' den I ha' ter git out the bes' I kin. Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min' 'I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll git up on de roof an' let de ole Santa Claws down des es sofly.' Den wile we fixin up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up."

"A'ter so long er time, we git everyfing all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cautious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off 'om de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua' des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keeful gwine froun de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin froun er hole in de chimney. Any yudder time Ann' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fish er nappin an' er smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de

house. She layin' down an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shuchs, platin' an' ole hoss collar wat ne gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes fo' brekfus.

"Ann' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's getting late?'

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know wat yo' studyin' 'bout yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'louse, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'."

"Den I sorter hum low:

"Pateroller, pateroller, let Ike pars, Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas'; Sorry fo' lame niggas gits dar las'; Do, Mistah Pateroller, let Ike pars."

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hern me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah sassy ways an' listen an' den mumull out sump'n 'bout 'Ne' mind, I git yo sassy rasc's yit. See 'f I don't, tell ole marse."

"Ann' Sukie say: 'Wat yo' er mutterin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come to bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals."

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de biggus' gump I evah seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwine ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, stree bob! Ole mis' des' runn yo', an' yo' bakin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is."

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter 'tied, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyfing fo' ter worry Ann' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' gin ter sno', an' den Ann' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des as cummin' lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep."

Dey wus er little chunk er flah w'h kep' a winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'at, but we don't be'n er watchin' froun dat hole twel we gettin' tied, an' las' I goa' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aidge of de ruff, an' f'om dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimney. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter get ready fo' de cirks. De chimney was about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimney an' w'en I foteh de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Ann' Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!'

"Des den de clof tetch'd de little blaze er flah, an' hit blazed way ap, an' hit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip and ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters."

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix, dis an' jedgment. Ann' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike! An' she went er spinnin' out froun de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' wile's I scuffin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle and was des er lambastin' me."

"A'ter wile's I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don't hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don't hit me no mo'! But de ole scamp, gettin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kept er peltin' me an' er sayin': Yes yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruin my taters! Yo' be'n singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!'

"Bout dat time ole marse he come to's de quatahs, an' he kotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus a 'pettin' ovah de fence."

"'Wat de mattah, Sukie?'

"'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike."

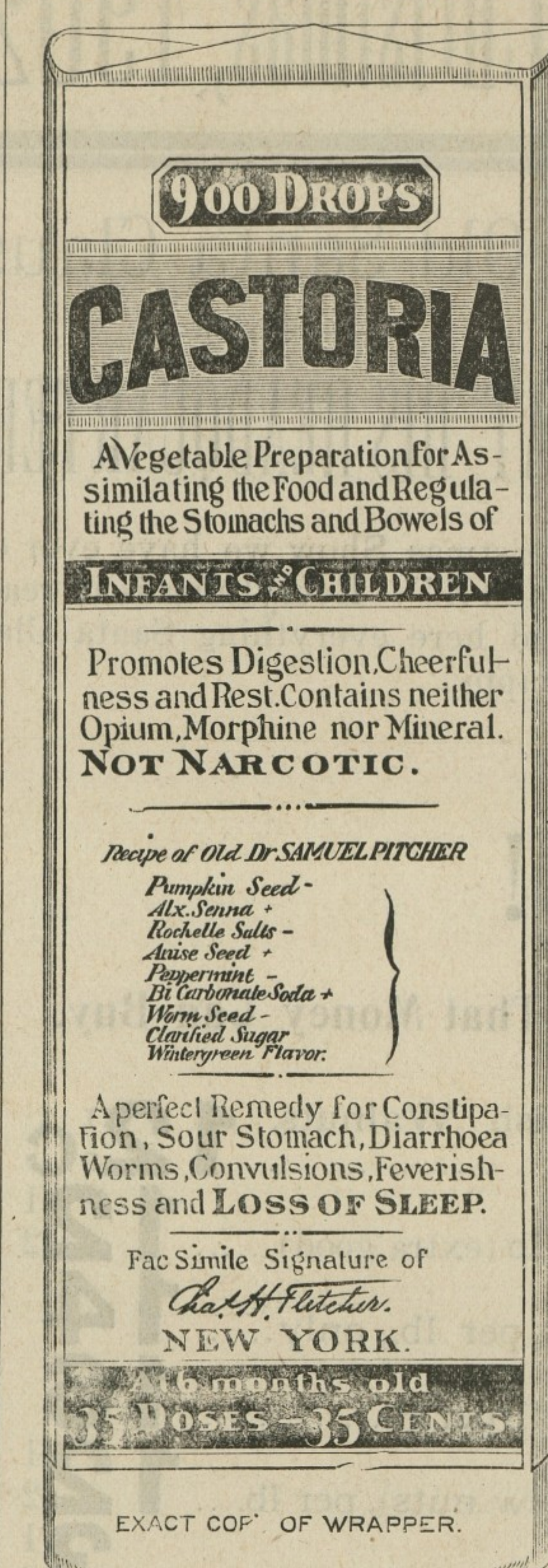
"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me."

"Dem ole critters den 'gin to tell all so'ts er tales an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' to buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme fi' hundred."

"Ole marse lis'n, an' ater erwiles gun to snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down f'om dat day twel dis. But Ann' Sukie—u-m-m! Dat ole pussan had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' for sump'n ter fling at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah going ter fo'git 'bout Ann' Sukie's Sandy Claws.'—New York Evening Post.

How to Prevent Croup.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by M. A. Tolson.



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