



## Summer Hats.

The ladies like their Summer Hats ready. Why not the men? Our assortment is now complete. Come look.

## Summer Suits

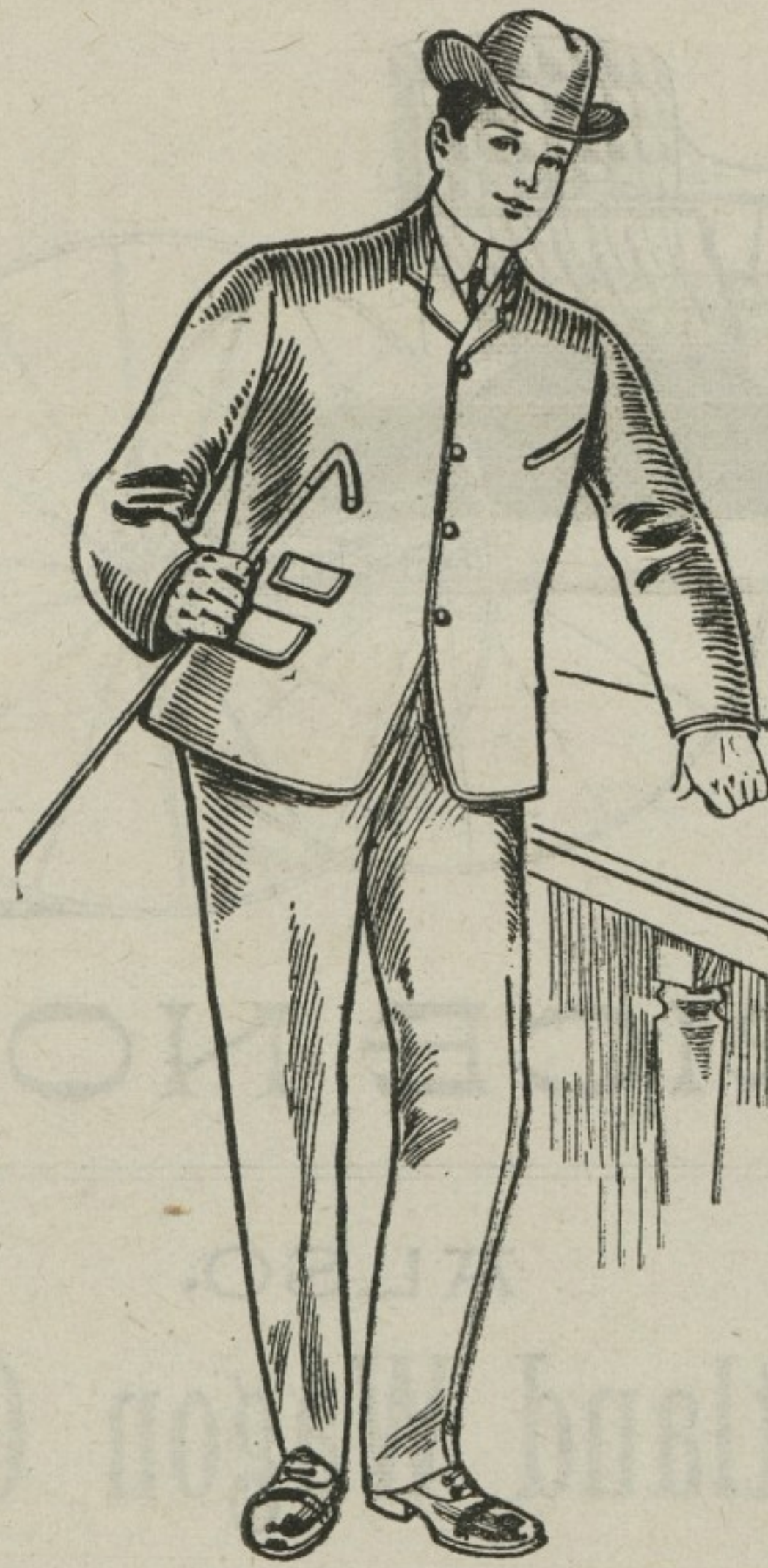
are likewise ready.

MEN'S, Boys' and Children's.

Separate Trousers, Shirts, Gloves, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc. All ready for inspection.

Respectfully,  
**Moody & Lusby,**

Directly Opp. Court House, Chestertown, Md.



GRIFFON BRAND

### WHY "CLEAN UP" THE ROADSIDE.

The only idea of neatness and good husbandry in many parts of the country seems to consist in ruthlessly destroying all the beautiful native growth of the wayside. The railways emulate the notion and mow down the beautiful herbage which is striving to reclaim the sandbanks. Instead of pleasant verdure the traveler must look upon the desert wastes of a mass of rotting or charred vegetation. The waysides, these people say, must be decent: the wild-rose, the brier and the clematis uprooted; the fringed gentian and turkle-head mowed down.

If one remonstrates and ventures timidously to suggest that this is flying in the face of God's providence, the chance is he will be insulted. Ignorance dies hard. These honest but deluded workers really think that a gutter filled with cut and withered shrubbery is neater, cleaner, more acceptable than a shady, fern-fringed lane.

What are we to do with such people? We have heard, but hope it is not so, that certain States by law demand this vandalism. Arise, ye army of bicyclers, and have such legislation repealed! On Arbor Day—when a few saplings are stuck into the earth with overmuch oratory—send out rather your missionaries to preach the protection of what we now possess. Get laws passed to prevent electric companies from mutilating our trees, or market men from allowing their horses to eat them up. Encourage everywhere the love of the beautiful.

It is a mistake to say that weeds spread from the highway. As a rule they do not. The native vegetation is not weedy; it is the unnaturalized, aggressive, brigandish immigrants, unlettered and tigrish, that we have to fear. But when we cut down the indigenous flower on the roadside, leaving fat soil, then look out for May-weed, thistle, carrot, parsnip, beggar-ticks and dock!

Along the roadsides we often see the golden balls of tansy, beautifully contrasted with their fern-like foliage. Here, too, are the pink flowers of bouncing-bet, sometimes double, the sickly green of the cypress spurge and the old-fashioned tawny lily. Here the smaller Canterbury bell escapes and flourishes as in some English lane.

Of the plants last mentioned, few are ever seen far away from houses. It is pathetic if they abide, as is often the case, where houses once were.

Ferns especially love these wayside places and spread their point lace with out money or price. And see the shrubs! Pink spirea of hardhack, pretty white or delicately tinted meadow-sweet; fragrant clethra; button-ban, perhaps, and almost ever the black alder. What a glory are the scarlet berries of this, lasting late into the winter. Then, see those cymes of elder—a rarer, more creamy lace even than that of carrot!

Who will protect these treasures for us?—WM. WHITMAN BAILY, Providence, R. I.—Country Life in America.

### ALL OFF.

"How much do you love me?"  
"I love you," exclaimed the young and ardent admirer, according to life, "as much as J. P. Morgan is worth! Nay, I will add to this the United States Sub-treasury."  
"That is not enough," she observed coldly.

He did not despair.  
"I love you," he continued, "as much as Hetty Green's millions added to those of Russell Sage. Nay, as much as Carnegie and Schwab combined."

But she shook her head. She was playing for larger stakes. Her lover however, did not despair.

"I love you much more than all these," he continued. "I love you as much as the Chemical Bank and the Standard Oil. What do you say to that?"

Then it was her turn to look pleasant.  
"Do you," she observed, carelessly, as if it were the easiest thing in the world, "love me as much as the Emperor of Germany thinks of himself?"

And her lover murmured abjectly.  
"Alas, you ask the impossible!"

### His Passport.

A story as reached the state department at Washington of a novel use to which a life insurance policy was recently put by an American traveling in Russia. The citizen in question had neglected to provide himself with a passport, and when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains he was held up by an official with a demand for his passport. For an instant the American was stumped, but he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket, he pulled out his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinizing the imposing looking seal and the array of signatures. With a satisfied air, he handed back the paper and the American passed on.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

### EPIDEMIC OF DISAPPEARANCE.

Over Five Thousand Folk Missing From England, Some of Them Persons of Much Prominence.

Figures that have just been given out indicate that there never was a time in the history of this country when so many people were "missing" as there are at present. A mania for "disappearing" seems to have set in during the last few months, and the results of it are remarkable to read about. No less than 1500 husbands have vanished and left wives to be supported by the unions to which the erstwhile providers belong. Three hundred mothers have disappeared, abandoning their children, while fifty women, who are married but without offspring, likewise have made mysterious exits. The police and the private inquiry agents report that they are hunting for over 5000 folk who have departed from their former abiding places without leaving any address. Many of these people are being sought because they have money coming to them—the sums ranging from \$125 to \$30,000. Oddly enough, it is asserted that of these missing folk 90 per cent. are dark complexioned.

A goodly number of the individuals whom the police are anxious to locate are "missing" for the excellent reason that it wouldn't be healthy for them if their whereabouts were known. Fifty of them are murderers. Two hundred are "wanted" for other misdeeds, and of these thirty are known to have escaped abroad.

Since January 1, fifty-five children, boys and girls have disappeared, and this number is so exceptionally great that it is believed an organized gang is engaged in decoying little folks away from home. Of the missing adults many have vanished under remarkable circumstances, and quite a number of the people sought for are members of prominent families. For instance, a British officer, who has been missing since last June, is so highly connected that, though no expense has been spared in sending special detectives to different parts of the world, the searchers were not permitted to know the missing man's name—only his initials.

All over the country the police are busy with mysterious "disappearances." The Sheffield police are investigating two, those of Cardiff three. There are four such cases in Belfast, and a similar number in Portsmouth, while Norwich reports two. In Cardiff, a young woman notified the police that her baby had been stolen out of her arms by a strange man, and though the sleuths have done their best, no trace of either kidnapper or child has been found.

### WHAT A CONSUL IS.

I was highly gratified to discover in the Consular Regulations that consuls of the United States rank with colonels in the regular army, or captains in the navy, although, even before learning this, I felt quite as important as any colonel. The chapter on the official relations of consuls to naval officers was also pleasant reading. Whenever an American war-vessel (or squadron) visits a port where a United States consul is stationed, it is the duty of the commander to send a boat on shore with an officer to visit the consul and tender him a passage to the ship. The consul must accept the invitation, visit the commander, and tender him his official services. While the vessel is in port the consul is entitled to a salute of seven guns (nine for a consul-general), which is usually fired while he is being conveyed from the vessel to the shore. The official etiquette requires the consul to face the ship and at the end of the salute acknowledge it by raising his hat. All this has practical significance to our at Mediterranean ports, but none whatever in the case of Ghent, situated some twenty miles inland. But, nevertheless, Ghent is technically a "sea-port," thanks to a ship canal to Terneuzen, on the lower Scheldt, admitting vessels of eighteen or nineteen feet draught. My vain hope was that some inquisitive man-of-war of the United States would manage to penetrate to Ghent; whereupon the Seven Guns would boom forth, shaking the dust of ages from the ancient belfry, and reverberating through the ruins of the mediaeval castle of the Counts of Flanders. This, of course, was a mere dream.—J. B. Osborne, in the June Atlantic.

### The Time Will Come.

When a man knows that he is talking too much.  
When a woman longs for the love of a true man.  
When a man wishes his wife would be less self-assertive.  
When a woman can't help wishing for a home of her own.  
When a woman shows how great is her love of admiration.  
When a man can't help taking time to say nice things of himself.  
When a woman's vanity becomes apparent in the most ordinary act.  
When a man feels that life is a dreary waste as far as he is concerned.  
When a man of middle age likes to take a retrospective view of life.  
When a woman's influence guides a man's course despite his efforts at resistance.

# 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.

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