



Summer Hats.

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

Summer Suits

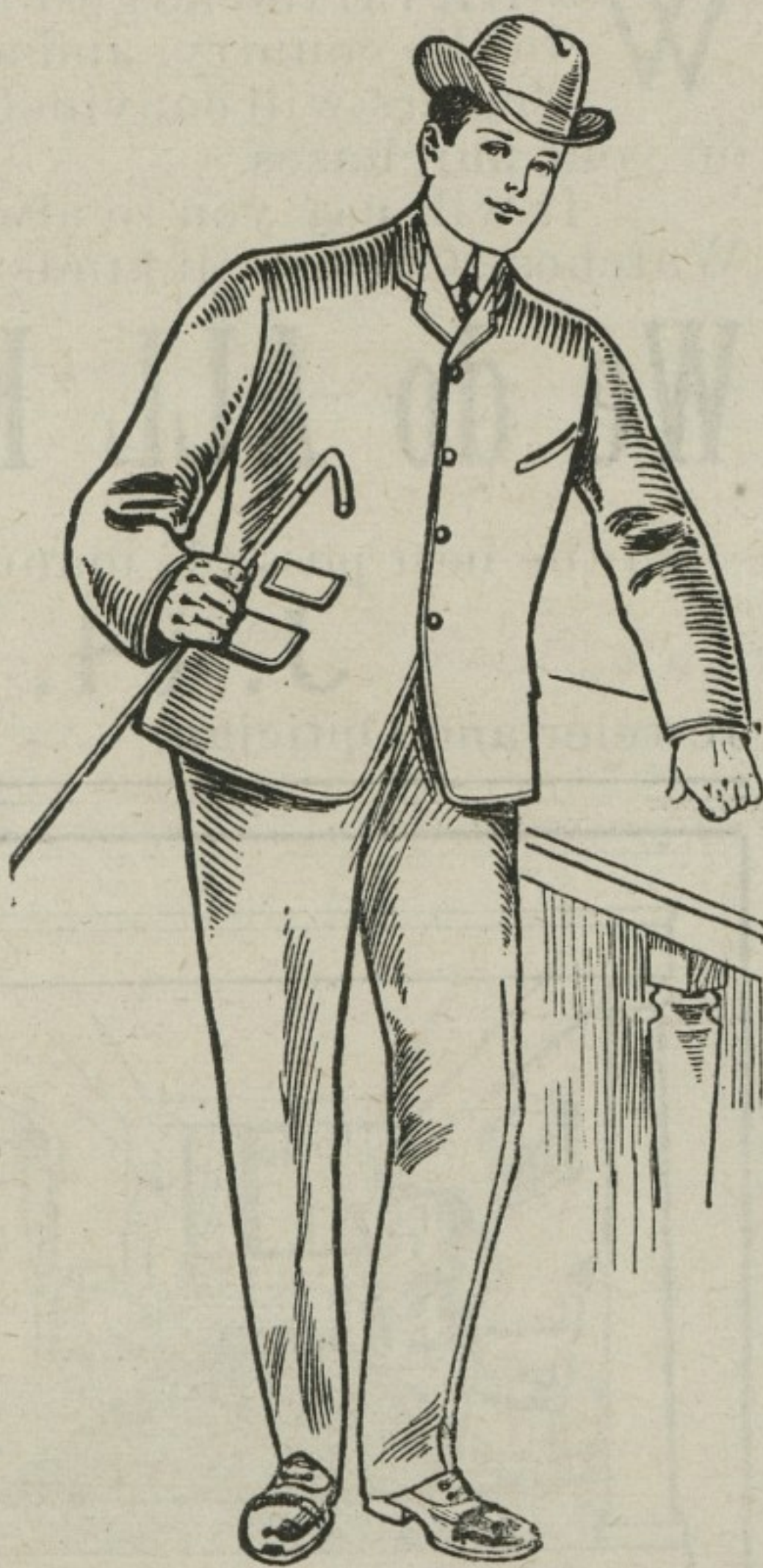
are likewise ready.

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.



GRIFTON BRAND

THE RURAL TELEPHONE.

Neighbors not so far from here Put in telephones last year. Farmers built a rural line. Instruments all "talked up" fine. All you had to do was ring—Every bell went ting-a-ling; One for Swanson, two for Boggs, Long and short call for old Scroggs.

Every neighbor had his call. Twist the crank and that was all. Mighty nice when work was through. To gossip for an hour or two With your neighbors one by one; Mighty nice—but lots of fun When you heard some other two Telling what was not for you.

Every time the signal rang, To the phone each farmer sprang. Slyly grinned, and softly took Each receiver from his hook. Other people's secrets dear Poured into his large red ear; How he slapped his legs, "I swan, Telephonin's lots of fun."

Somehow in a week or two Troubles dark began to brew; Farmer Jones got fighting hot, Heard Scroggs calling him a sot; Farmer Scroggs seemed angry too; (Heard Smith telling what he knew.) Smith heard Johnson telling lies. Paid him off with two black eyes.

Johnson heard young Isaac Boggs Underbid him on his hogs; Boggs overheard a sneaking churl Making love to his best girl. Women, too, were in the muss, Raised a most tremendous fuss. Every one from Scroggs to Jones, In glass houses throwing stones.

Now the line has silent grown. Wires rusted, poles o'erthrown: Twenty friends are deadly foes, Each one full of griefs and woes. Each too mad to speak a word, 'Cause of things they'd overheard.

THE FARMER'S WEALTH.

Good Work Nets a Fair Return.

"The city or nation which can produce the cheapest steel has insured supremacy," so says Carnegie the Great. It seems to me that the people or nation which can produce the cheapest breadstuffs to feed the toiling millions is sure of supremacy.

A man who visited a certain rural district after an absence of thirty odd years, told me that he was deeply impressed with the general neglect of the farms, the dilapidation of the fences and the deterioration of the crops. "They did not," he said, "manifest the degree of prosperity I expected to find." These signs are manifested in every locality because our young blood is flocking cityward. Here and there is an exception. Here and there comes upon a farm on which the farm that is kept up, a farm on which the farmer has stayed and his sons are staying after him, not because they haven't the ambition to get off, but because they had the ambition to stay and fight it out. Inquiry will prove that these men very often are the mortgagees of their towns. What of the ninety and nine who went away and flourished like green bay trees for a while? Like the stag in the fable in whom pride in his branching horns inspired contempt of his "spindle shanks," who found to his sorrow that when pursued by hunters, his branching horns entangled him in the thicket while his despised "spindle shanks" would have borne him to safety, these men, with scarcely an exception, must realize that had they put in farming the same push and diligence and business application that they gave to manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, they would be far better off to-day. My references are to actualities, to men whose names I could, if necessary, give.

Farmers complain of their occupation as all work and no play and meagre returns. I have a cousin, a store keeper in Jersey City, who began business there some 35 years or more ago on a very small scale. To-day he owns his large department store building and several "fla" houses, which he lets. He has just built for himself a beautiful home in the residential part of that city, and is held up as an example of the successful business man. I know that this capital came to him from outside sources, by legacy, that a very insignificant part of it represents profits in business. I know this man, who must have \$50,000 invested, is in this store from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., and 10 and 11 o'clock P. M., Saturdays; add this not one, but every workday in the year, excepting hurried trips to New York to buy goods, and a two weeks' vacation once a year. I have often known him to be too tired evenings to join in family recreation.

"Is it necessary?" I once asked. "I find," he replied, "that if I'm not there, things don't run off very smoothly, and I've got to be at, not only one, but every end."

Speaking of the closeness of competition and the smallness of profit margins, my cousin once said: "I believe that when pay day comes most of my clerks receive larger returns for their investments than I do." This man, I'm sure, is not an exceptional case when the inside is exposed to inspection. I don't know a farmer with one-sixth, nay one-twentieth of this capital invested, who works as hard or is as closely confined.

I find that it is not the farmer who markets the most for any given year, or the farmer who obtains the highest prices for special crops who is the most successful. It is the farmer who steadily and perseveringly increases the fertility of his soil, who, like the successful merchant or manufacturer, enlarges his working capacity.

The farmer who at the end of the year has not gained something has certainly lost his time. He may not have added to acreage by purchase, he need not necessarily have enlarged his bank account, but he must have increased his working capacity by reclaiming waste land, improving his stock, his fences, his buildings, or purchasing more or better labor-saving machinery. It seems to me that the rank and file of our farmers do not give attention enough to the feeding of their soil, which we find had become a necessity back in the early fifties, or to the study of the science of agriculture. George Washington is recorded to have declared in 1792 that our modes are within ourselves, and so devoid of calculation that any attempt at illustration must expose our defective practice and be considered a beacon of our ignorance. Mr. Jefferson declared in his notes that: "Where our soil had lost its fertility by exhaustion, a less quantity should be occupied, and be better cultivated."

These same defects and practices exist now in magnified proportions. "That," said a man the other day pointing to load after load of baled hay and straw moving to market, "is making our farmers poor. The farmer will tell you that he is obliged to do it to live; as well might the merchant declare that he is obliged to use all the money he takes over his counters to live. If he does he will soon have empty shelves, just as the farmer will have empty bins and mows."

Speaking of the great prosperity in the West, which has lifted that section from a money-borrower to the status of a money-lender, it is due, says Clarence H. Matson, to lessons of frugality and economy of the strictest sort taught by the lean years. "The farmer," says he, "turned defeat into victory. He studied the soil and sought the crops adapted to it."

We were talking the other day about the difficulties a young man, who having earned the small capital which he had invested in land, would have to overcome; or what he might and could do; what he might do if—and what he could do if—Distant hills, you know. Why right here at our very elbows is a case. A neighbor bought a small, rundown farm from four or five years ago. We have scarcely noticed his goings out and comings in. We find today with surprise that his fences and buildings are in good shape, which at the time of his purchase were in a sad state of dilapidation. About all of his waste land is reclaimed, and not only two but a dozen blades of grass grow where one grew before. Our friend no longer hires machinery to harvest his crops, piece by piece; he has acquired it of his own. He has built an ice house, bought a creamery, added to his live stock and is enlarging his working capacity by his own and his wife's indomitable energy and thrift.

Our discontented farming element reminds me of the little girl I read of the other day, who was hurrying to go to school with the wilted flower she had procured from the florist at some expense and trouble as a specimen study of nature and the mystery of life, while all about her, the streets, the kitchen gardens, the marts of trade teemed with specimen studies of nature and the mysteries of life.

"Look at that field," said a farmer the other day. "Think of the work required to pulverize those huge lumps and get a crop out of it to get a little money out of it."

"I know it, but," There came to my mind a little city school teacher leaning wearily back in the easy chair on our piazza. "Oh," she said, with a sigh of relief, "this is grand all the way down to the ground, as my boys would say. Yes; we get large salaries, but it takes a good deal to live, and life—life in the city for a school 'marm'—is getting to be an awful hustle, don't you know?"—*Exchange.*

OUR GIRLS.

The modern girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned:

- To sew,
 - To cook,
 - To mend,
 - To be gentle,
 - To dress neatly,
 - To keep a secret,
 - To avoid idleness,
 - To be self-reliant,
 - To darn stockings,
 - To respect old age,
 - To make good bread,
 - To keep a house tidy,
 - To be above gossiping,
 - To make home happy,
 - To control her temper,
 - To take care of the sick,
 - To take care of the baby,
 - To sweep down the cobwebs,
 - To read the very best books,
 - To take plenty of active exercise,
 - To keep clear of trashy literature,
 - To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.
- When she has learned all of this if she does not grow wings and fly away to a better land she will make some lucky man a most excellent wife.

Voice (from up-stairs, to suitor in parlor)—"George, when you leave will you please throw in the morning paper?"

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