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IN ADDITION TO CARRIAGES, HARNESS, all kinds BOOTS for HORSES and FARMERS SUPPLIES,

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A NICE LINE OF STOVES.

Cook Stoves, Chunk Burners, Coal Stoves for dining room, sitting room, bed room and parlor.

The Celebrated Perfection COAL OIL STOVE of all sizes and prices. Just the handiest thing to carry around in your hand and set in a room and heat it in a few minutes. Stove Pipe. Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Dripping Pans, Waffle Irons, etc., etc.

Then, too, we have just put in a

Nice New Line of Robes and Blankers.

Carriage Blankets and Stable Blankets. You want to see them before you buy.

We also have a line of GUNS such as is rarely found in the country. Prices ranging from $5 to $25, representing the best makes. Come see us, we can save you money on all these lines of goods. We are here to do business, and we are doing it, but we want to do more. We want to do business with you. Give us a chance.

Very truly,

PRETTYMAN & PRETTYMAN,

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JOHN BARTLEY

THE FURNITURE MAN of Kent County

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

Children and Candy.

Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butter scotch and they'll have little need of cod liver oil, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion. In short, sugar is, after meat, bread and butter, easily our next most important and necessary food. You can put the matter to a test very easily. Just leave off the pie, pudding or other desserts at your lunch or midday dinner. You'll be astonished to find how quickly you'll feel "empty" again and how "unfinished" the meal will seem. You can't get any workingman to accept a dinner pail without pie in it. And he's absolutely right. The only thing that can take the place of sugar here is beer or wine. It is a significant fact that the free lunch counters run in connection with bars furnish every imaginable thing except sweets. Even the restaurants and lunch grills attached to saloons or bars often refuse to serve desserts of any sort. They know their business! The more sugar and sweets a man takes at a meal the less alcohol he wants. Conversely, nearly every drinking man will tell you that he has lost his taste for sweets. The more candy a nation consumes, the less alcohol.

The Mayor of Berlin.

One of the principal requirements of a mayor in Germany is unqualified honesty, for in the municipal administration of Germany graft in any form would not be tolerated. To become the moyor of a city like Berlin the applicant must have established his reputation for efficiency in governing other German cities. His career is carefully scrutinized by the members of the town council who select him, for not only must he be competent and successfully perform the duties of his high position, but still so young as likely to remain competent for many years, for a mayor in Prussia is elected for a term of twelve years and if not reelected after that period is entitled to a life pension of half the amount of his salary. After a service of six years his pension is one-fourth of his salary and after serving twenty years two-thirds. He need not necessarily be a resident of Berlin at the time of his appointment—in fact, the mayor is usually chosen from the residents of other cities.

Culture In West Africa.

Culture and commerce are spreading in west Africa. A merchant sends us the following letter, received from a chief: "Dear Gentlemens!—I made my Step to the house of a certain amable friend of mine for invitation and wich our attention highly attracted by taken coloquy for a few minutes. I took a certain magazine in reading of Something. And I was pursing through pages over pages yours name was Substantially Commeroated to me that you are the best and known Merchants In every produce in the city of London. Therefore I have found myself Somewhat imclimable to pen you to Send me your general Samples, together with Catalogue, and I will soon forwarding my remittance to you promptly fore quantity of goods. Trusting you will not refust as quick by as possible Expecting to heare from you again good news. * * * — London Standard.

No Landlubber.

Young Jack Tabbs has only been in the navy for a few months, but there is not a more enthusiastic sea dog in the whole of his majesty's service. He recently made application for and received the usual leave and proceeded to London and his mother's house.

Mrs. Tabbs lives on the third floor of a house in Camberwell, and when he arrived at her address he stood in the doorway and bawled up the stairs:

"Mother, aloft there! Jack's come home! Open the window!"

"Why, Jacky, my dear," cried the old lady from the landing, "whatever's wrong with the stairs?"

"Stairs!" cried the weather worn tar, with ineffable contempt. "What do I know about stairs? Just you open the window and lower a rope to the main deck, and be quick about it!"—London Express.

A Possibility.

Old Nancy Doane was noted for the striking originality of some of her expressions. One day she was talking about the utter inanity of another old woman in the neighborhood, and she said:

"I never see her beat! She'll lop down in a cheer, an' there she'll set an' set an' set, doin' absolutely nothin' fer hours an' hours, day after day. 'Pon my soul, I sh'd think she'd mildew!"

Even Worse.

He—Darling, don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding? She—I can't help that. My dressmaker is ill, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them.

His Privilege.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—This paper says a normal man breathes 200,000 times in the course of one day. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes, my dear; that is his privilege while the women are talking.—Exchange.

Not a Lawyer.

"You are quite a legal gentleman, aren't you?" said a barrister to a witness at Westminster county court.

"No," replied the man; "I work for my living."—London Mail.

Posted.

One good thing about marrying a widow is that she doesn't expect so much of you in the way of being good and talented and noble.—Somerville Journal.

The True Mechanic.

After a man has worked in shops for ten or fifteen years there is a great desire for a change. Some want to go out on a farm, others think that the invention of something that can be patented will solve the problem, while others want to own and run a shop themselves. The latter is really the true mechanic, but not necessarily the man who will get out the most or even the best work while working for a boss, says Charles Henry in the Workers' Magazine. On the contrary, he will often be considered the lazy man by the foreman when the work is of an ever recurring character. Let, however, some difficulty arise in connection with a job or have some hard proposition to meet and he will always have a suggestion to offer that will help to solve the problem, while the ordinary man and the hustler will stand around helpless and often disinterested. He will have the elementary laws of mechanics and physics at his finger tips, will know enough of electricity to allow him to discourse upon the subject in an intelligent manner, and he will be well posted upon the mechanical progress of the day.

A Dressmaker of Yarmouth.

In the churchyard of Caister, close to Yarmouth, is the grave of the "quiet, little, gentle voiced dressmaker," of whom at her death in October, 1843, the then bishop of Norwich said, "I would canonize Sarah Martin if I could." Yarmouth reveres her to this day. A stained glass window has been placed to her memory in the parish church, where her prayer book is still preserved, while her journal is one of the treasures of the public library in the tollhouse. Underneath this building was the miserable dungeon which served as the borough prison, and it was to the amelioration of the lot of the wretched prisoners that Sarah Martin devoted her life. Earning a bare subsistence of fifteen pence a day by toiling from early morning till far on into the night, she yet managed to give up one day in the week to her labor of love. She died in poverty, but the result of her life's work was the reform of the prison system of Yarmouth.—London Chronicle.

Burned It Into Memory.

One of the most characteristically eccentric things ever done by Gelett Burgess (and one of the few true stories of him) was to spend three or four days in constructing of cardboard, mica and green velvet a little model of an old New England house, complete as to windows, curtains, lawn, garden, trees and even including a hammock with a tiny hat and summer novel and washing stretched out on a clothesline on the back stoop. This was for a dinner given to several literary friends in New York, and when the coffee was served he deliberately set fire to the whole farm. His explanation was that had it been spared his guests might have forgotten the affair, but they would always remember the destruction of the house. No one who ever saw the little house go up in smoke on its little hill of damp moss will ever forget it.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said a judge.

"When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a peck of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of faulty punctuation. He had not meant to give some innocent young women the slightest offense when he wrote a story about 'two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left, the girls got drunk.' Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."—Baltimore American.

Taunting.

Old Noah hunted up a barrel stave and started off for the stern of the ark.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"I am going to whale that boy Ham," replied Noah, with a frown.

"But, my dear, the lad is only playing on his banjo."

"Yes, but it is the tune he is playing."

"And what is the tune?"

"'Wait Till the Sun Shines, Lizzie.'"—Chicago News.

Angry Adjectives.

It was not a young woman novelist, but Charles Sumner, of whom the late E. L. Godkin, the New York editor, said:

He works his adjectives so hard that if they ever catch him alone they will murder him.

Very Steady.

Farmer Haye—That Jones boy that used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady? Farmer Seede—Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless.—London Express.

Poor Jack.

Clara—Jack intends to have all his own way when we are married. Clara's Mamma—Then why do you want to marry him? Clara—To relieve his mind of a false impression.

Gave Him Up.

Bing—Yes, that's old Spriggins. Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life. Wing—What was the matter with him? Bing—He wouldn't pay his bills.

Burdens become light when cheerfully borne.—Ovid.

A FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Daring Descent to Get a View of an Osprey's Nest.

Now commenced my work, and I descended on my rope to terrace after terrace, forcing my way through thick rows of prickly pear, a most painful operation. And now we found that there was nobody below to signal us where the nest lay. The inevitable result was that after descending more than 100 feet I had to signal to be hauled up again, always through the prickly pear. Again did I descend, and again did I fail to find the nest. On the third occasion I reached a recess in the great cliff, whence, after unbending my rope and securing it to a bush for obvious reasons, I made a cast along a ledge to the south and reached a point which I identified as being not far from the nest as seen from below. So I retraced my steps and, regaining my rope, was hauled up for a third time. During this operation I passed a ledge where a peregrine falcon was nesting. The old female swept close around with shrill cries and eventually alighted on the sandy shelf of rock within a few feet of me and, with outspread wings and every feather standing on end, lowered her head and screamed furiously. I have no doubt I was close to her young, but I had more serious work in hand, and so I left her alone.

I now made my fourth and last descent and found myself immediately over the nest, but before I could go down to it the party handling the rope had to work their way down toward me, since the rope was too short. Finally I reached the nest, an enormous mass of big sticks measuring more than five feet across and doubtless the result of many years' work. In it were two eggs much incubated. By standing on a ledge close to the nest and pressing the camera between my body and the face of the cliff I was able to take some long time exposures with fairly good results. It was near sunset, and the cliff was in deep shadow, which did not facilitate my task. Between the shaly nature of the cliff, the slippery terraces covered with loose soil and stones and the detestable prickly pears I never had a more unpleasant or arduous task on a cliff before. But I have lived to endure worse experiences, although not so painfully protracted as were these.

My very curt entry in my diary summarizes the whole job thus: "Bad shale cliffs, vertical and dangerous. Height over sea, 160 feet. Top of cliff, 310 feet. The worst bit of rope work I ever did."

With regard to the prickly pears, it was many months before the last of the poisonous spines I had collected in various parts of my body consented to come out, and then only after first festering.—London Saturday Review.

Disinterested Professional Advice.

"Bring me that beefsteak potpie"—

"Yassah," said the dining car waiter, listening near by.

"And bring me some of those French peas"—

"Yassah; but boss, maybe you all don't know dey's French peas in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And—ah—and—ah, then bring me some potatoes."

"Yassah, boss; but maybe you all didn't know dey's tatehs, too, in dat pie."

"No, I didn't. Thanks again, George. It's mighty nice of you to keep me from buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want."

"Yassah, Ah reckon it's mahty nice o' me t' do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many, m-a-n-y people—nice gemmens, lak you all—waste money fo' veg'tables dat might jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th' waiteh. Yassah, Ah sho' has."—Judge.

Bacteria In Butter.

"Bacteriologists have shown us that ordinary butter is swarming with germs," declares Good Health. "A single teaspoonful of milk generally contains from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000 germs. The number may even be much larger than this. In the removal of cream from the milk the germs are taken with it, and in the process of churning the germs are collected with the fat, so in the butter we have the concentration of a large part of the germs contained in the milk from which the butter was derived. So in a pound of butter derived from twenty pints of milk the number of bacteria must be almost beyond estimate. A brief computation will show that the number of bacteria contained in a pound of butter might easily reach the enormous sum of five to ten billions."

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet *does cure* all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" *in time* and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

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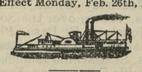

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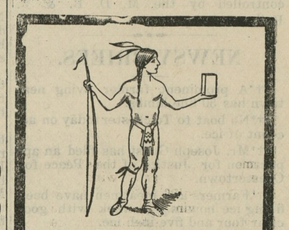

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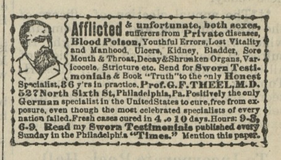

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