F. H. HARPER & SON.

For two months we have been hunting the best markets for

• • BIG BARGAINS • •
IN FALL MERCHANDISE.

We have found them as never before. Our Big Store House is filled from top to bottom, equaling the stocks of many city stores. Large buying and cash buying gives us goods at small cost. Remember

We will serve you well and save you money.

Dry Goods and Notion Departments.



Full 36 inch Heavy Unbleached Muslin, in Remnants..... 5c
An 8c value like sample.

Extra Value in Canton Flannel... 6½c

Good 10c Canton Flannel, heavy fleeced, only..... 8c

12½c. Heavy Bed Ticking, in 5 and 10 yards lengths..... 10c

6c Calico, in Neat Dress Patterns, only..... 4¾c

Good Quality Apron Gingham..... 5c



Fine Assortment of Dress Ginghams, starting at 25c down to..... 6½c
Especially the Popular Stripes.

Fine Line Flannelettes, pretty wrapper patterns 8c

12½c Values in the Latest Style Flannelettes..... 9c

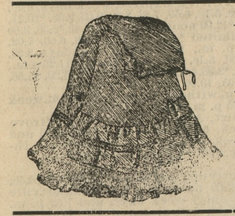
Flannelette and Percale Wrappers start at $1.25 down to... .59

Fine Line of All-Wool Venitians and Mohairs ..... .50

All-Wool Tricot and Fancy Waistings, only..... .25

Many Patterns in Black and Colors in Wool Dress Fabrics, the usual 50 and 65c values, only..... .39

We are showing a Beautiful Line of Waistings and Cloth Dress Goods, at Little Cost.



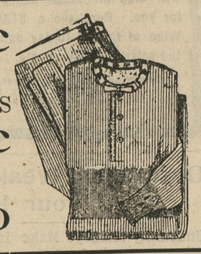
Women's Muslin Underskirts, two ruffles and inserting..... .50

Black Mercerized Silk Underskirts..... $1.19

Women's Top Skirts, start at 95c, to..... 4.85

Full Line of Women's and Children's Underwear.

CHILDREN'S SHIRTS AND PANTS, start at..... 8c



We can show you a Bargain in WOMEN'S HEAVY FLEECED SHIRTS and PANTS, only..... 25c

Other values at 50c and $1.00



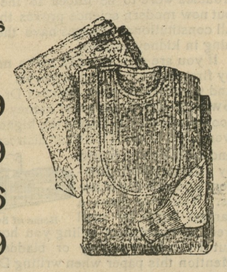
We carry an extensive line of CORSETS.

Five kinds of $1.00 Corsets, many styles, 50c.

The famous R&G only 69c.

Largely advertised Cresco Brand, 98c.

Big Bargains in Men's Underwear.



65c Value in Heavy Fleeced Shirts, double over chest and back only..... .39

Large line of Men's $1.00 Wool Shirts, only .69

Boys' 30c Value in Fleeced Shirts ..... .16

45c Value in Heavy Fleeced Shirts..... .29

☞Our store is filled with new goods from the best markets.

☞We pay the highest market price for country produce.

F. H. HARPER & SON,
STILL POND, MD.

ROCK HALL LOCALS.

Marcus Pays 12 Cents for Pears—Festivals—Oyster Market—Delegates Elected—Personals, Etc.

Rain, rain, wind, wind, is the complaint of farmers and watermen, these days. The former are far behind in their work, while the latter are unable to get a day in edgewise on the oyster bars. The past six weeks has been very much against the oystermen owing to blustry weather. While on a tramp early in the week, we found a number of our farmers trying to prepare their wheat land wherever they could find a knoll of land free of water, some were actually plowing through water in order to assist the sun and wind to dry out the land. Some farmers are exceedingly anxious to get their wheat sown ere the dark of the moon, otherwise it will be useless to seed the land. What the light, or dark of the moon has to do with the crops, we fail to see, but many of our people have great faith in the moon as a ruling factor in crops.

Wesleyan Chapel Society, were particularly unfortunate in their supper, and festival plans. As every date appointed, proved stormy and the affair had to be postponed, finally on Monday evening partial plans were carried out, and notwithstanding the unusual day, it was largely patronized. They realized $90. Rock Hall Society too got left on their supper and festival plans, and were compelled to postpone to Monday evening following, when $100 or more was realized.

Commission merchant, Marcus J. Ascher, is buying large quantities of pears in this section paying twelve cents per basket, which the growers concede to be equal to twenty cents per basket if shipped to the city. Mr. Ascher is shipping them by Capt. Chas. E. Davis, paying two cents freight, which Capt. Davis claims more profitable than running oysters. The pears are dumped into the vessel's hole and handled with shovels as oysters or coal. Mr. Ascher, as a fruit buyer at this place during the season, has been of much profit to the growers, and it is hoped that he will continue the business each season.

Coal is still the topic here, everybody is looking, and hoping for a speedy settlement of the great strike. Many of our people have been laughing at the winter because of his persistency in laying the blame for the whole trouble at the door of politics, but now the hand of the politician is plainly seen in the matter, and the laugh is not so broad as it was.

We notice a long, and loud, "ad" of Alexander's S. R. H. store sown broad cast in our neighborhood which is "alright" as far as it goes, so is V. W. K. but what is better for "we uns" friend "Alex" is to let the goods come down (not in price so much) but from the upper store to the lower one so Virg can sell us what we want, and all we want, see?

Miss Mamie A. Ryan, who has been spending a few weeks at her home, returned to the city on Saturday to resume her occupation.

Misses Edith E. and Daisy M. Ryan are spending the week with friends in Quaker Neck.

Mrs. Emma Legg and daughter, Elsie, of Quaker Neck, are spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Ryan.

Mr. Thomas H. Ayres is a great sufferer from the effects of rheumatism and has been for weeks. He is now attended by Dr. Whaland.

The delegates elected by the M. E. Sunday school some weeks ago to represent its interests at the State Sunday school convention now being held in Baltimore resigned and a new delegation was elected last Sunday as follows, Mr. J. T. Arthur, Mrs. J. W. Apsley and Mrs. Minnie Durding. It is hoped that the convention will be productive of great good to Sunday school work in the whole State.

ONE OYSTER FEEDS 75 MEN.

Monster Bivalve Lately Taken From Niagara River, Near Buffalo, N. Y.

A most remarkable oyster has recently been taken from the Niagara river by two Buffalo fishermen.

The shell alone, without the meat, weighs 212 pounds, and is two feet eight inches across and 19 inches broad. It contained 50 genuine pearls, says a report from that city.

That it might be proven that this wonderful tale was no "fish story" the oyster was placed on exhibition for a week at a Buffalo saloon, where the public was bidden to come and see it.

The meat was cooked and made into a stew, which filled to the brim two eight-quart pails. Seventy-five men partook of the repast it furnished.

The fisherman made the find when their net caught on a snag of some sort and was held fast. As the water was shallow, not more than waist deep, one of them jumped from the boat to investigate and found the net attached to what seemed a big rock.

It was covered with a white substance resembling lime, and its peculiar appearance induced the fishermen to take it ashore with them. There, when it was washed off, they discovered, to their amazement, that they had a mammoth oyster.—Ex.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE FEAR OF DEATH

IT SHOULD FIND NO LODGMENT IN ANY RATIONAL MIND.

Yet This Dread of Meeting the Inevitable Is So Universal That Our Entire Social Fabric Is Largely Built Upon It.

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep leap through a certain hole in a fence—because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditionary and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is a change, occupying a moment, from one form of life to another. Whether it come in the course of nature or by accident or design, it is seldom painful; never probably so painful as a bout of the toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty at best to one of freedom and security. But often it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect, or, if we hold the materialist view, to everlasting unconsciousness. The spiritual state is emancipated from the inertia of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both thing and person will be inevitably such as are most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will not be grieved and hampered by the machinations of the evil. The whole chapter of accidents which here looms so large will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour and now dread its too speedy coming, will be no more. But we shall measure life by its intensity and by its opportunities. In other words, we shall be the makers of our own times and seasons.

Death takes us from a world of effects to one of causes. The soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of material conditions that prevents us from immediately accomplishing our desires and beholding the realization of our thoughts. Again, death is inevitable to all and to any one who chooses is at any moment attainable. By what logic can our fear of it be defended?

Yet we fear it so much and so universally that our entire social fabric is built largely upon that fear. Our law makes death the supreme penalty. Our funerals are occasions of mourning, and the medical profession, one of the most numerous extant, spends its existence in combating death. We seek eagerly all nostrums or elixirs that promise us continuance of life. We ascribe supreme merit to the soldier who risks his life for his country or to the individual who sacrifices it for others. We laud the stoicism which affects to despise death, but which bases the virtue of that despising upon the acknowledged terror of the event. Our humanitarians spend sympathy and money in attempting to prolong the miserable condition of the poor and diseased. We shudder to hear of a vast natural calamity like that of Martinique or of avoidable accidents such as are furnished daily by railways and other instruments of civilization. And all the while it is the survivors who suffer, if any one does, though they, too, are soon comforted by time or the insurance companies. The dead man, the man who has entered upon the new and spiritual life, whom we absurdly pity, is free, and his troubles are over.

Suicides, it is true, are said to increase with civilization. But few philosophical suicides occur. The majority are induced by dread of life overcoming dread of death. It may be doubted if suicide be ever the act of a man at once perfectly brave and thoroughly sane. The value of this life—and it is a real value—is in the discipline and experience it gives, which it is our honest and sensible duty to improve to the utmost and to the last. Life may be interesting and arduous; it may be disappointing and irksome. It is very seldom if ever uniformly and positively agreeable. Fear, on the other hand, is one of the worst and basest of evils, and fear of death the most irrational. It must have originated in sheer ignorance and thoughtlessness. It ought to vanish before our modern enlightenment and sagacity, and with its disappearance will appear social changes that cannot but be revolutionary and salutary.—Julian Hawthorne in Brandur Magazine.

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady reproachfully to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro and watching the fireflies flitting about through the shrubbery. Suddenly she turned to her companions and said in a musing tone:

"I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haymows sometimes and set them afire."

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed 'Work of Firebugs.' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really."

Following Good Preaching.

Vicar (severely, to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier to supper last night.

Cook—Yes, sir; he's my brother.

Vicar—But you told me you had no brother.

Cook—So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we were all brothers and sisters.—London Tit-Bits.

CHARLES S. SMITH.

Given Away!

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Oct. 1, 1902.

TO THE PUBLIC:

We wish to announce to our friends and customers that we have perfected arrangements with one of the largest and best known potteries in the United States to furnish us with High Grade Hand Painted China, which we absolutely guarantee and which we will give away

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Being desirous of increasing our business and acknowledging favors extended to us by our present customers, we could think of no better way of showing our appreciation than offering something which we are sure every one will appreciate. A set of these beautiful dishes is within the reach of every one of our customers, and we feel that all will avail themselves of the opportunity.

We furthermore want our friends to distinctly understand that our prices for goods will not be increased to enable us to do this. On the contrary, our prices will be as low, or we may say lower, to give this up-to-date way of advertising the endorsement it deserves. And in addition, we will give with each purchase coupons, irrespective of the extremely low prices, which entitle the holder to the chinaware ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

You will be surprised to find how soon you will have sufficient coupons to entitle you to the entire dinner set. But you don't have to wait for that. You can get the different articles as you want them, and the first thing you know you will have a complete dinner set.

We have contracted for a large quantity of goods and we want the loyal support of our friends. We shall rely upon our old customers and feel that our most generous offer will be taken advantage of by those who have hitherto not given us their business.

In conclusion, we most cordially invite you to call and look over the most complete and select line of China Ware in town.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. SMITH,
Chestertown's Only Cash Merchant.

Coupons will also be given out by BARTLEY, the Furniture Man, LUCAS, the Clothier, and W. A. CARROLL, the Shoe Man, in J. H. Simpers' old store room. Be sure and get your Coupons when you purchase anything from the above firms, and bring them to my store, Charles S. Smith's, and we will give you China Ware Free.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

For no other reason whatever other than I am convinced that a gentleman should be proprietor of a dining-room, I offer to dispose of MY RESTAURANT, one door from High street, on Cross, in the heart of Chestertown. Am doing a good business, and will produce sufficient proof to any prospective purchaser. Can be bought as it stands, that is, thoroughly equipped. This is a good chance for an energetic man and wife. Possession at once. Terms and rent reasonable.

CHARLES S. SMITH,
Agent for Mrs. Hallie C. Kelly.

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