Are You An Up-To-Date 20th Century Farmer?

IF SO, YOU WILL USE

T. R. HUBBARD & SON'S

MODERN FERTILIZER BRANDS

TRADE MARK

MANY cannot understand why, after so many years doing business here, that T. R. Hubbard & Son's Fertilizers are more extensively used year after year. But the mystery is solved by a visit to our factory, which is always open for inspection to the public, and those who go down to our works marvel at the pains taken in manufacturing the goods.

"First, the bone is shoveled in the crusher with a scoop shovel and prepared for the Denmead mill, then it is dissolved, and after getting in good mechanical condition, if making dissolved bone goods, so many pounds of bone is put in the mixer. The nitrate of soda, fish and high grade potash are added, the whole thoroughly mixed, passed through a phosphate mill and screened and thrown up in bulk, to remain until it is shipped, and then it is bagged in new treated acid-proof bags, and sent out in splendid shape. We are often asked, "Why don't you run the goods when first mixed, right in the bags, and not go to the expense of treating the bags, as do other manufacturers?"

"We are often asked if this is not a needless extreme, but we reply—it pays to make the best.

Whilst there is some loss by evaporation by bulking, an additional expense in rebagging and an expense to treat the bags, when we remember that a farmer appreciates a good goods and in first-class mechanical condition, it pays to go to extremes, as it is impossible to make a first-class fertilizer otherwise; and by treating our customers right in their purchases, making the time of payment of the bill to suit them, we have gotten a personal hold upon our trade.

"Now, in order that we might continue to be an up-to-date concern, it was necessary to have our own acid chambers and an acid phosphate plant, so as to be entirely independent of the trust, and we have gone in with another concern and erected one of the most modernly equipped phosphate factories in the East, located at Canton. This will make our

Dissolved Phosphate

and supply the Chestertown factory, and instead of closing up our old factory, as many supposed, we will be in better shape than ever before, and will be worked harder than ever. We tell you all this, for when you know what we know about our business, you will not buy any ordinary fertilizer, but

T. R. HUBBARD & SON'S BONE FERTILIZERS

the Fertilizers that have made T. R. Hubbard & Son's Fertilizers famous. If, therefore, you are going to sow wheat this fall, and want a good goods and want to save money on your purchases, it will pay you to see us before placing your order. Respectfully,

Wilbur W. Hubbard,

Manufacturer of Standard Bone Fertilizers,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

August 1, 1903.

Still Pond Marble AND Granite Works

W. H. KRUSEN, Proprietor.

TOMBS

Head Stones

MONUMENTS

Corner Posts

The public are cordially invited to call and see our stock of TOMBS, MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES' CORNER POSTS and ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORKS FOR CEMETARIES; Also Coping and Iron Railing for Cemetery Lots, fine stock always on hand to select from. Get our prices before purchasing.

W. H. KRUSEN,

STILL POND, - MARYLAND.

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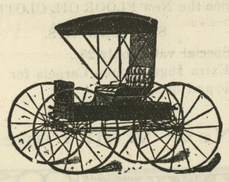
CARRIAGES, Wagons and Dearborns and Vehicles of all Kinds will be shown at



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BLACKSMITH and WHEELWRIGHT REPAIRING in all its branches.

Special attention to HORSE SHOEING and to Hooping of Wheels, Etc., Etc.

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France & DeCorse,

(Successors to J. T. Twilley)

DEALERS IN COAL, WOOD, LIME

CEMENT AND HAY.

We have newly stocked our yard and guarantee to please the public both in quality, price and delivery and ask a trial. COAL AND WOOD UNDER COVER which together with LIME, HAY, &c., will be delivered in any quantity on rail or water.

FRANCE & DeCORSE,
Cannon St. Chestertown

May 10, 1902.

Kent's Leading Livery

My Teams are First-Class in every particular, and satisfaction always given to my customers. Traveling salesmen conveyed to all parts of the Peninsula at moderate prices. Teams for private parties furnished at short notice. Give me a call. Respectfully,

GEO. W. McWHORTER.
'PHONE 17. Chestertown, Md.

ELASTIC STOCKING. $3.00
ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS
TRUSSES, ETC., Descriptive Catalogue Free
FLAVELL, 609 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia, Pa.

ON THE EDGE OF BOHEMIA

By W. W. HINES

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Her favorite expression when speaking of herself was "by way of being a Bohemian." She thought it rather a neat phrase. This did no great harm since her clear gray eyes mirrored a soul so spotlessly white that you knew the land of Bohemia was unknown ground to her.

Her trade was painting and her output consisted of the most part of wintry landscapes and little marines in tones of dolorous gray. They were ill drawn, and the coloring often left much to be desired, but try as she would to make them realistic something of her own dainty, appealing personality crept into each picture—and sold it.

For the rest she was a devout little church woman, with a leaning toward ritualism and a taste for discovering unappreciated genius where none existed.

And that was what she thought him to be—a genius.

He was a handsome man. At least he believed he was, and many women agreed with him. The land of dirt, debt and doubtful morality—of Bohemia—was familiar territory to him.

A wife, staid, placid and middle aged, the possessor of a moderate income, insured his escape from the dirt and the debt, but, lacking these two important requisites, he had established a firm foothold in Bohemia.

The yoke of financial dependence did not weigh heavily upon him. He felt that in serving him his wife was happiest, and he made her life as pleasant as he could without interfering with his own personal comfort and amusements. He was as amiable at home as he was immaterial in the scheme of domestic economy.

But the girl mistook his dissipation of energy for the eccentricity of genius and burned incense to the figment of her imagination. The incense was to his liking, so he introduced her to his Bohemia.

She was quite willing to go. Perhaps all unconsciously she was learning to follow wheresoever he led. A sign of the times was the change in her work. She turned slowly but surely from landscape to figures and above the figures always one face, a thin, interesting face, with clearly defined eyebrows, olive coloring and thin, ascetic lips, and, love guiding the brush, painted out every hard line. She painted the head of a woman, too; a woman whose face held the anticipation of a joy too

THEY HAD BEEN DINING AT THE GONDOLIERS.

tender for expression in words, a radiance which illumined the eyes and made the lips seem almost a-tremble with happiness she could not hide.

It was just at this time that he invited her into Bohemia. He felt it to be the psychic moment.

They had been dining at the Gondoliers. A certain clique gathered there Saturday night, and after dinner there was an impromptu programme presented by men and women whom the public knew best through the columns of the illustrated press.

Her head was in quite a whirl from having seen so many notables, as she termed them, between courses. It ached a bit, too, from trying to drink the various bad wines which seemed to come as a matter of course with the soup, roast entree and salad. She had decided that as she was really in Bohemia she might as well drop childish things and sit with her elbows on the table, as the other women did. But she declined the cigarette he offered.

A square shouldered Hercules had just finished singing a ditty which he had written for a current Broadway attraction and was resuming his place at the table opposite their own, when the man, lighting a fresh cigarette, remarked: "Clever chap, that. Used to trot in the smart set quite a little until he had that trouble with his wife. Fellows in this sort of business oughtn't to marry."

She looked at him in mild surprise. "Are most of these men married?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of 'em. More's the pity."

"And their wives are home alone?"

"My dear girl, you don't understand. The average woman does not make the least effort to understand, to cultivate, the man she marries. I know a chap who meant to make something of himself, but he paused to get married, and he never did anything. He wanted to go into new countries and build railroads and pave the way for civilization. She wanted to buy new frocks and go to afternoon teas and be president of her club. At first he rebelled, then pleaded, then stayed with her. After that he didn't care much. He tried to do many things, wrote a bit, painting some, studying medicine. But he was bored just the same.

"Then he met a girl who changed all that. She was sympathetic. She understood somehow that his life had been a failure, and the spark still glowed far back of the cloak of boredom. She tried to fan it into a brave flame once more. But she succeeded only in starting a new fire. He loved her, and he knew it. She loved him, but she did not know it. He knows that if they go away together he will forget the old life and the shadow of failure. But he is not sure how she will take it when she learns the truth"—

He bent forward eagerly—so eagerly that had she looked into his eyes she must have read truth there. But she did not glance his way. Her eyes were fixed on something he could not see in the space that stretched beyond clouds of smoke, swaying heads and garishly decorated walls. Then she turned upon him a glance so utterly impersonal that he was abashed.

"I wasn't thinking of him, no, nor of his foolish, selfish wife. I was thinking of the girl. If she thinks that she can make him all that she wants him to be, if she believes in him—think what it means to her! Tell him"—and her tones were the eager ones now—"tell him never to let her know the truth. Tell him to pass out of her life. Better that she live idealizing his memory than die knowing the reality."

His glass went spinning to the ground. The forgotten champagne sparkled and snapped as it leaped down the folds of her silk skirt. His apologies seemed more elaborate than the occasion demanded, and then he rose and reached for her coat.

At the door of her studio he left her. She held out her hand.

"It has been a delightful evening—I owe you so many pleasant times, the pleasantest that come into my life. You will drop in tomorrow? I want you to see my new picture in a good light."

He looked into the clear depths of her gray eyes. She did not know.

"Not tomorrow, but perhaps the next day. Good night, and—thanks."

Killing Ants With Cannon.

Artillery charged with grapeshot has been employed to destroy great fortresses which the termites, or warrior ants, have made in many tropical countries.

In South Africa the termites work enormous havoc. They live in a republic of their own, and some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queens, however, have none.

The workmen construct their buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become, in point of fact, mere egg laying machines, which have to remain tied to one spot.

Their nesting homes are often twenty feet high and pyramidal in shape. Cattle climb upon them without crushing them. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers, and native hunters often lie in wait inside them when out after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon and which run three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be 500 times as high as the ant's body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

City of Crocodiles.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various "cities of crocodiles," the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service."

This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and palm trees grow almost into forests.

Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Mœris, which was then 450 miles in circumference.

This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was burned in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed Labyrinth at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

Virtue of Potatoes.

One morning early we began to plant the shrubs. "Where will ye have the rosy dandrums?" was my greeting from Thomas as I entered the garden. Having noticed from the breakfast table that he had slyly buried something at the bottom of each hole prepared for the planting, I awaited my chance the first minute he was out of sight, dropped on my knees, felt around in the soft soil at the bottom of the hole and unearthed a potato. Another hole and still another was examined. Yes; there was a potato in each. He must have wasted a bushel.

"Thomas," I said when he had returned with a load from the compost heap, "what are these potatoes doing down here?"

"Divil a tree will grow in Oireland without wan," he explained.

"How is that?" I asked in darkest ignorance.

"Ye see, mum, the patatey sprouts furst off; thin, begorrah, it lifts the loife into the tree and obliges it to push up forninst." As a matter of fact, we did not lose a tree or shrub in spite of the long drought.—Country Life In America.

Sparks & Jefferson.

SPARKS & JEFFERSON

FALL OPENING

Fall Opening!

Everything seasonable that properly belongs to a first class dry goods business will be here for you to select from.

Low pricce, satisfaction and your money back if you want it will also be here—not only this week only, but for every business day in the year.

New Fall Dress Goods

were never prettier and we have all the latest weaves and colors.

Our Millinery Department

always conspicuous for the originality of its productions will be of special interest.

Our city trimmer is here and we invite you to call and look through our stock.

Dry Goods
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You'll find New Fall and Winter
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You'll find New Fall and Winter
CARRIAGE ROBES AND BLANKETS

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CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS

You'll find New Fall and Winter
SHOES, BOOTS AND RUBBERS

START OUTINGS at 7½ cents per yard, worth 10c.

START SKIRTINGS at 25 and 30c per yard; nice for rainy weather.

START WAISTINGS at 25 and 30c per per yard; all wool.

START BLANKETS at 45 and 50c, white or gray; light weight.

START SERGES AND CHEVIOTS at 49 and 50c.; all wool and a bargain.

START OIL CLOTHS, 4-4, at 25c per yard; good quality.

START LINOLEUMS at 27½c yer yard; remnants, some worth 75c per yard.

START CARPETS, 11½ and 12c pairs. Ingrains, all wool 58½c per yard.

START SHOES at 25c, 30c, 50c; 75 per per cent of their former value.

SHOES
SHOES
SHOES
SHOES

have accumulated. Our stock is too large. It must move. We are going to move it. Odds and ends must go. We'll give some away if can't move without. Profit is not the object. Now's your harvest. Look at the figures—

Shoes that were $2.25, now 50 and 75c.

Shoes that were $3.00 and $4.00, now 98c per pair.

What's the cause? Only change in style in many instances.

Yours for business,

R. F. PARKS & SON.

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