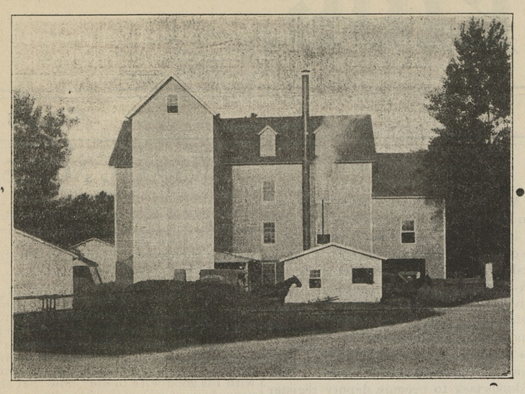

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The only difference between this and any other high grade patent flour on the market, is that it costs very much less money. To introduce my flour, I offer it directly to the consumer at a price that makes it go.

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Chestertown Marble and Granite Works

J. WM. KIRBY, Proprietor,

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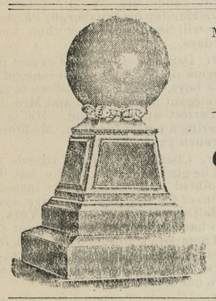

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Bought right for cash, will quote prices later. We are selling 1 pound leverings 15c Loose Roasted Coffee for 10½c to purchasers of $1 worth of merchandise except sugar.

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WANTED FOR CASH—Horses, Hogs and Cattle.

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Standing out in bold relief, *all alone*, and as a conspicuous example of open, frank and honest dealing with the sick and afflicted, are Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, over-worked, debilitated, nervous, "run-down," pain-racked women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous remedy for weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness, all catarrhal affections whether of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nasal passages, throat, bronchia, or other mucous passages, also as an effective remedy for all diseases arising from thin, watery or impure blood, as scrofulous and skin affections.

Each bottle of the above medicines bears upon its wrapper a badge of honesty in the full list of ingredients composing it—*printed in plain English.* This frank and open publicity places these medicines *in a class all by themselves*, and is the best guaranty of their merits. They cannot be classed as patent nor secret medicines for they are neither —*being of known composition.*

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the afflicted into his full confidence and lay all the ingredients of his medicines freely before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly praised by scores of the most eminent medical writers as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended. Therefore, the afflicted do not have to rely alone upon Dr. Pierce's recommendation as to the curative value of his medicines for certain easily recognized diseases.

A glance at the printed formula on each bottle will show that no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines, they being wholly compounded of glyceric extracts of the roots of native, American forest plants. These are best and safest for the cure of most lingering, chronic diseases. Dr. R. V. Pierce can be consulted FREE, by addressing him at Buffalo, N. Y., and all communications are regarded as sacredly confidential.

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. All dealers in medicines sell them.

1824 —— 1906

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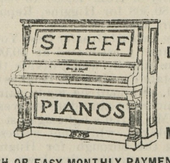

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CASH OR EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
THE NAME IS A GUARANTEE FOR HONESTY IN MAKE AND EXQUISITE TONE.
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..WRITE FOR CATALOGUE..

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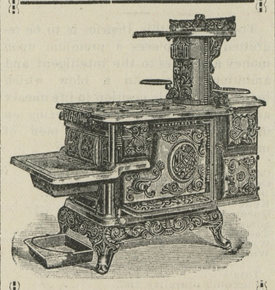

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GOLDEN SUN FIRE PLACE HEATERS,
RUPERT, REGAL, CRYSTAL, NEW GARNET, ALBION HEATING STOVES
THE CELEBRATED PENINSULAR and ROUND OAKS
(something new and attractive; for either wood or coal)
EXCELSIOR and WIZZARD WOOD AIR TIGHTS.

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Plush Robes, Stable Blankets, Storm Fronts, Gum Aprons.

Fodder Yarn,
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"LISK" GRANITE WARE & NICKEL PLATED WARE.

Coal Hods,
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Gun Cases, Loaded Shells, Revolvers, Ammunition, &c.

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.

Having this day purchased all the business of CHAPMAN & LAMBERT, we desire to ask for the same patronage you have given the old firm, and to any who have not been dealing with the old firm we ask you to give us a call. We guarantee a "SQUARE DEAL" to every patron. Thanking you for any patronage you may give us, we are

Yours very truly,
JOHN C. DAVIS,
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300,000 CURES — THE KEY CURE — SINCE 1880.
ONLY KEY INSTITUTE FOR MARYLAND & THE D. of C.
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FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.
MANAGER W. G. HASKELL. ADDRESS CONFIDENTIALLY

Trespassers

By C. B. LEWIS

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When Captain Ben Golden retired from the sea and bought a place on the Connecticut shore he made only careless inquiries as to who were his neighbors. As a matter of fact, he did not care. As he explained it:

"I am a man as attends to my own business and expect other folks to attend to theirs. I shall have a housekeeper and a servant and live very quietly. My nephew, George Lee, may come down from the city now and then to stay over Sunday, but that's all the company I shall have."

Two weeks later, in buying and taking possession of the property adjoining Captain Golden's on the west, the purchaser, who was a man of sixty and rather crusty, had said to those who sold to him:

"I don't care who lives around here. All I want of them is to mind their own business and let me mind mine. If I catch any of them trespassing on my land they won't do it a second time. I shall live here quietly, with my niece to manage the house."

There were no fences dividing the property, but for the first few weeks Captain Golden and Mr. Bingham, who was the man with the niece, were too busy to walk abroad much. They saw each other from a distance, but made no effort to get acquainted. One day they were tramping through the shrubbery near the dividing line and came face to face. Both were there for the same object. Each one of them had been thinking of putting up a line fence to shut the other out. There was some embarrassment for a moment, and then Captain Golden, being the more jovial of the two, called out:

"Good day, neighbor; glad to meet you."

"Good day, sir," replied the other as he drew himself up in an icy manner.

"Being we are neighbors"—

"We are not neighbors, sir. You simply happen to live near me. That is no

"YOU ARE AT LEAST FOURTEEN INCHES ON MY LAND."

excuse, however, for you to trespass on my property."

"Who's a-trespassing?"

"You are, sir. The line runs this side of that beech, and you are at least fourteen inches on my land."

"Then I'll get off your land, right off!" exclaimed the captain, as he began to bristle up. "Yes, sir, I'll get off—I am off—and if you are that sort of a man I warn you not to set foot on my property."

"I will be careful not to. I will see about a fence at once."

"I shall also see about it at once."

"I shall build the fence."

"Sir," said Mr. Bingham, "I forbid you to put up a fence here!"

"And I forbid you!"

There was further emphatic and even violent language, and they finished up by almost threatening the shotgun in case of further trespass. When Mr. Bingham reached his house his face was so red and his manner so perturbed that his niece, Miss Jennie Gray, was forced to take notice of it and ask if he had been attacked by tramps. He thereupon explained what had occurred, favoring his side of the case as much as possible, and concluded with the declaration:

"I am not going to let that old brute of a sailor bluff me, and if you let him scare you off you are no niece of mine."

"I've taken a great liking to rambling through that shrubbery," replied the niece, "and now I've got to be very, very careful not to get even one toe over the line."

"You go right ahead and ramble just where you want to, line or no line, and if that old lump of salt says anything to you make faces at him. I told him I'd build a fence, but I won't. He may build one and pay for it. It's curious how the Lord lets some folks continue to live."

Miss Jennie Gray had lived with her uncle long enough to know how hot headed and irascible he was and that if there had been any trouble he had done his full share in provoking it. But she also felt it her duty to stand by him, right or wrong. More than that, she also felt it her duty to trespass upon Captain Golden's land because trespassers had been forbidden.

The old sailor was also in an angry mood when he reached his house, but he did not explain matters to his housekeeper. He waited until his nephew came down, a week later, and then he told the story and added:

"George, I don't want no trouble with anybody, but if that old fossil drives me to the wall I shall drive him under ground. I said I'd build a fence, but I won't do it. He can build and pay for it if he wants to. I've warned him to keep off my land, and if he don't do it"—

George Lee, civil engineer, had a warm heart for his bluff old uncle, and it was only natural that he should espouse his cause. He arrived at the house on Saturday evening, and soon after breakfast Sunday morning he set out for the shrubbery with a cigar in his mouth and a cane in his hand to look the ground over. He found a belt of shrubs and trees about forty rods wide and extending from the highway back to the shore. He could walk there and almost imagine himself in a forest. The ground was clear of any tangle, and the whole thing was a happy thought carried out between neighbors.

Young Mr. Lee had left the house feeling somewhat belligerent, but he lost it all soon after entering the grateful shade. A rabbit ran away, squirrels chattered at him, and he caught sight of birds' nests among the branches. It was a place of good will and peace, and he was feeling so when he heard a suspicious noise on the other side of a heap of brush lately cut and stacked. He thought he heard the movements of a man. If it was a man he was a trespasser. If he was a trespasser he must be sent about his business.

"Hey, you, beyond the brush, what are you doing there?" called the young man.

There was no answer, but he heard a movement. He advanced and gave the heap a whack with his cane and shouted:

"Come out and show yourself, you skulker!"

The skulker made no response. The silence aggravated Mr. Lee, and, drawing his cane up to his face like a gun, he continued:

"If you don't come out of that before I count ten I'll fire a charge of buckshot into the brush."

"You'd better not!" replied a voice that jumped him a foot high, and he circled around the heap to find a young lady standing there with a freshly gathered bouquet in her hand. He looked at her with open eyes and mouth. She looked at him with her chin stuck out and a glint of defiance in her eyes.

"Good Lord, but you really must excuse me!" gasped Mr. Lee after a long minute.

"You can go ahead and shoot now," replied the girl.

"But I—I didn't think to find a woman—a girl—here."

"No. Neither did I think to find a young man ready to do murder. Do you know that you are a trespasser, sir? You are on my uncle's land, and as his representative I warn you off. The dividing line is two feet behind you."

Mr. Lee slowly moved over the line, and his face betrayed such astonishment and perplexity that the girl could not prevent a smile.

"Can—can I say anything to explain this unfortunate occurrence?" he begged."

"Nothing except that you wanted to shoot me."

"But you know I didn't. You know that I hadn't the slightest idea of your presence. I came out here to—to"—

"To shoot my uncle. I infer that you are stopping with the sailor and, hearing of the little dispute of a few days ago, you volunteered your services as assassin. Very kind of you, I'm sure."

Mr. Lee looked at the girl in a helpless way. He didn't believe there were words enough in the English language to set him right, and yet he felt a great longing to be forgiven. She maintained a saucy, accusing front for a minute and then melted enough to say:

"I see my uncle coming in search of me, and if you don't slay him you may explain things to his satisfaction."

A track man would have made it a 100 to 1 shot against, but he would have lost. It took a year and more to do it, and there was Captain Golden to placate as side issue, but the "assassin" has become a devoted husband and the "skulker" a loving wife, and the two old men walk arm in arm through the shrubbery and find no excuse for quarreling.

A Hopeless Case.

While Admiral Philip was in command of the New York navy yard an old sailor who had done valiant service under Philip, and of whom the admiral was very fond, called to see him in regard to his getting a nice, easy job for him in his old age. The old salt had a list as long as his arm of the "snug berths" afforded by the government, any one of which he was perfectly satisfied to receive. The list began with "page in the senate" and ran the gauntlet down to "doorkeeper at the White House." No other thought entered the old tar's mind than that the admiral could simply jot down a couple of words on a piece of paper and the job would belong to him. But a light twinkled in Admiral Philip's eye as he said to the sailor with mock gravity:

"My lad, you are too modest. Your record entitles you to something better. I would prefer to secure for you a Democratic nomination for congress from a Tammany district or a consul generalship in the diplomatic service or an appointment as master of the buckhounds to her majesty Queen Victoria. Any of these would be easier for me to secure than the jobs you have asked for, for I have absolutely no political influence whatever."

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

Comfort.—Upon this rock is the foundation implanted. Dolly Madison Shoes for women can not fail to please if you are fitted with the proper size and width.

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For Infants and Children.
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Tremendous Line of Handsome Woolen Fabrics.
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A Most Beautiful Cloth, 50 inches, at.....98c
A Regular $1.50 Quality at.....$1.19

We have an extensive line.

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An All-Wool Strictly Serges, 36 inches, at.....48c
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FANCY FIGURES—PLAIN COLORS.

A 50-inch Mohair, at.....48c
All Shades, per yard, from.....48c to $1.50

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A most handsome line of Gray Sackings and Suitings. All the Light Shades. We invite you. Come—we will make it pay you.

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A Beautiful Tapestry Brussels Step and Hall, from 63½c up
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