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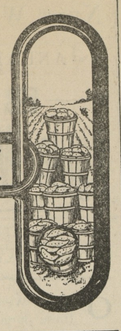

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—WE ALSO HAVE A BIG LINE OF—
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MEAT MARKET.

We have opened a meat and feed store on High street, opposite the Vosbell House, where will be pleased to see the general public. Orders left with us will receive prompt and careful attention. We have on the farms owned by Mr. James T. Ireland about 40 head of fine beef cattle which will be butchered on the farms and placed on the market as desired.

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1 ply, per square foot.....2c
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THE FARMER'S PAPER

THE SUN'S market reports and commerciat columns are complete and reliable, and put the farmer, the merchant and the broker in touch with the markets of Baltimore Norfolk, Charlestown, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and all other important points in the United States and other countries. All of which the reader gets for one cent.

THE WOMAN'S PAPER

THE SUN is the best type of a newspaper morally and intellectually. In addition to the news of the day, it publishes the best features that can be presented, such as fashion articles and miscellaneous writings from men and women of note and prominence. It is an educator of the highest character, constantly stimulating to noble ideals in individual and national life.

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H. H. Benneman, of Millington, has a big stock of all kinds of Christmas goods. Call and see his stock.

The Tone of the Neighborhood

.....By.....
W. Crawford Sherlock

"It's simply outrageous," declared Mrs. Bagby emphatically. "To think that such people should have moved to West Park is just awful!"

"It's worse when you live opposite them," moaned Mrs. Pratt. "I saw that detestable man sitting on his porch last night in his shirt sleeves, smoking a miserable clay pipe."

"That isn't all," chimed in Mrs. Waters, who managed to gain more information about her neighbors' doings than any one else in West Park. "His wife actually scrubbed the porch this afternoon in full view of every one. I saw this Mr. Smith—I believe that's his name—grooming his own horse this morning. They're just common people, that's all they are, not to have servants to do such things."

"I wish Mr. Elder had not sold them his cottage," deplored Mrs. Bagby. "I

AT THIS MOMENT MR. JOHN SMITH DROVE PAST.

didn't think he would let any but nice people have it. It's a shame to ruin our property this way."

"Much Mr. Elder cared," retorted Mrs. Waters scornfully. "He got his price for the cottage; that's all he wanted. Something must be done or the tone of the neighborhood will be lowered."

Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Bagby were of the same opinion, but they could make no suggestion as to how relief could be afforded. At this moment the topic of conversation, James Smith, who had recently occupied a cottage in the fashionable suburb of West Park, drove past the house of Mrs. Bagby in a runabout. He was a short, stout, red faced man, wearing an exceedingly loud suit of clothes and an air of indifference to the opinion of the world.

"He looks like a gambler," sniffed Mrs. Waters contemptuously. "He'll have all sorts of low companions down here, and West Park will be exclusive no longer."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," remarked Mrs. Pratt, who, on account of her proximity to the objectionable neighbor, was more anxious for his removal from West Park. "We'll buy the Elder cottage from this man and sell it to some desirable person. We will have to pay more than it's worth and sell it at a loss, but it's better to lose a little than to have our homes ruined. We'll get some of the other residents to join with us, and the share of each will not be much."

"But it will take a great deal of money," objected Mrs. Waters. "Who will advance such a sum?"

"I will," declared Mrs. Pratt, who was a widow of ample means. "All I want is for every one to stand by me and pay a proportion of whatever loss we have. It won't be much if it is divided among so many. The men shan't have anything to do with it. They'd get some one to buy the cottage who wouldn't be any better than this Smith is."

Having been promised the required support, Mrs. Pratt, accompanied by Mrs. Bagby and Mrs. Waters, waited upon Mr. James Smith with the purpose of purchasing the Elder cottage. As the ladies approached the house Mr. Smith, who was sitting upon the porch in his shirt sleeves, arose and greeted them cordially as he knocked the ashes from his clay pipe.

"Just take seats on the porch. It's cooler out here. Wait a minute, and I'll call Marthy."

"Horrid creature!" murmured Mrs. Waters as Mr. Smith disappeared in search of his wife. "He thinks we have come to pay a social call."

Marthy, in response to her husband's vigorous calls, speedily made her appearance, and the party were soon comfortably seated upon the porch.

"Ahem! Mr. Smith," began Mrs. Pratt somewhat awkwardly, after politely declining Mrs. Smith's urgent request for the removal of the visitors' hats, "we've come upon a matter of business."

"Jim 'll be glad to do anything he can for you," observed Marthy assuringly. "He's the most accommodatingest man in the world. Always likes to be friendly-like."

"That's so, mem," assented Mr. Smith affably. "Let's hear what your business is, mem."

"You're very comfortably fixed here, Mr. Smith," continued Mrs. Pratt, "and I don't know just how to tell you. There are some people very anxious to buy this house, and they would be willing to pay you something over what was paid for it. It won't make much difference to you, as you have no children and one place is as good as another."

"As to children, mem," responded Mr. Smith thoughtfully, "there will be five of them down here next week. 'Twasn't right to bring 'em till we got things fixed up a bit."

Consternation reigned in the breasts of the visitors. Five little Smiths running wild in West Park! There would not be a whole pane of glass in the place in two weeks. The necessity for getting rid of the Smith family was greater than before.

"We will give you $250 more than you paid for the property," offered Mrs. Pratt in a businesslike tone. "That will be a good profit in so short a time. Will you take it?"

"Couldn't think of it, mem," returned the affable Mr. Smith. "'Twouldn't pay for the expenses of moving both ways."

"Will you take $500?"

Mr. Smith had never moved in good society, but he was nevertheless a man of keen judgment. A faint smile appeared around the corners of his rather large mouth, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily.

"This place was for sale a long time before Mr. Elder sold it, warn't it, mem?" he questioned, eying Mrs. Pratt closely. "It's a pity your folks didn't buy then."

"They didn't want the house then," replied Mrs. Pratt evasively. "Will you take the $500, Mr. Smith?"

"Then there's two or three houses in West Park, just as good as this one, that can be bought for the price this 'ere cottage cost," continued Mr. Smith, not heeding Mrs. Pratt's question. "I can't quite make it out, mem, unless"—

"Unless what?" demanded Mrs. Pratt, not relishing the searching glance Mr. Smith fixed upon her.

"Unless, mem," continued Mr. Smith slowly, "you don't sorter think me and Marthy good enough for West Park and want to get rid of us."

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" demurred the three visitors in chorus, but the telltale flushes on their cheeks betrayed the consternation that had been wrought by the unexpected words. "What makes you think such a thing?"

"Well, ladies," returned Mr. Smith, without the slightest trace of ill feeling. "I saw one of you pass the other evening when I was a-sittin' here in my shirt sleeves, and that one's nose was turned up so far that I was 'fraid it would get out of j'int. Then, when another of you folks saw Marthy a-washin' off this 'ere porch, that one's mouth got all puckered up as if she had been eatin' persimmons. I guess you think we ain't good enough for you, don't you?"

"We look at it this way, Mr. Smith," stammered Mrs. Pratt nervously, feeling devoutly sorry that she had undertaken the plan of purchasing the cottage, "we don't think you are—ahem—well, accustomed to such society as there is in West Park. We don't mean any disrespect, Mr. Smith, but every one likes to mingle with those who are congenial. You don't keep any servants and you won't enjoy it down here, so we thought we'd make you this offer. What do you say?"

"It's very kind of you to think of me," returned Mr. Smith, in no way offended. "I'm sorry, mem, but I must say that we're goin' to stay in West Park."

"Good evening," chorused the visitors, indignant at the failure of their plan and crestfallen at Mr. Smith's correct surmise of their view regarding him.

"One moment, ladies," called Mr. Smith as his visitors descended the steps. "Me and Marthy won't lower the tone of this neighborhood. We don't own this house—not much! Marthy she's the cook, and I'm the gardener. We just come down to fix up the place for Mr. Norwood, who's comin' down next week with his wife and children and three more servants."

The Gamy Bluefish.

Along the Atlantic shore the devastating bluefish has terrorized the menhaden schools and delighted the spray swept yachtsmen for generations. His personal prowess "needs no bush." It has been the relish and crowning touch of excitement to many a vacation. The peculiar charm of the churning waters, riotous gulls, swift trolling—a contagious atmosphere of motion that sets the veins aglow—has cast its spell upon many. But despite the thrill and exhilaration no form of handling can justly be termed sport on the same basis as rod and reel angling, it being too nearly akin to the methods employed in strictly market fishing. The bluefish, taken from a stationary vessel on a light rod and fifteen strand line, furnishes magnificent sport, but as this is often accompanied by the nauseating stench of "chumming" with menhaden, it is somewhat marred by the discomfort involved. The vast school of myriad individuals of this tribe have an indefinite migration and a wide distribution. In a general way they move north and south with the birds, though at all season they have been seen at many points between Key West and Halifax.—Field and Stream.

Paternal Provocation.

I.

It is 10 p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head. "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

II.

It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly from somewhere upstairs a gruff voice shouts, "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."—Woman's Home Companion.

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GIFTS TO A WIFE.

The Sentiment That Is Dear to the Heart of a Woman.

In a recent divorce case the husband, when asked if he ever made his wife any Christmas or birthday presents, replied:

"No; I am sorry to say I never did. I gave Mrs. —— power to draw on my bank account and to buy anything she wanted. I was mistaken. That was not all I should have done. That did not take the place of my buying things and taking them home to her."

It is astonishing how little even the majority of husbands know about the feminine nature. I recently heard a young wife say that she would rather have her husband bring her a bunch of violets than give her ten times the money they cost. But she said she could never make him appreciate the fact that money was not all that she needed.

I know men who never think of taking home a bunch of flowers to their wives. They either think it unnecessary extravagance or that if their wives want flowers they can get them themselves. They do not realize that women prize the little courtesies, the little attentions and evidences of thoughtfulness more than money. It is the invitation to the little outing or vacation, the little trip to another city, the bringing home of tickets to the theater or opera or to the concert or lecture—it is the hundred and one little things that make the average woman happy and not merely the fact that her imperative wants are supplied in a lump sum.

Most men overlook the fact that it does not take so much, after all, to satisfy the average woman. It is largely a question of the right spirit, of doing the things which indicate thoughtfulness. Just giving a wife a check once in awhile, no matter how large it may be, or telling her to draw as much as she needs from your bank account will not satisfy a womanly woman. It is yourself she wants with the money.—Success Magazine.

STORE WINDOW LIGHTS.

Regulations For Their Control as Applied In Berlin.

The regulation of artificial lighting in connection with window displays is a subject which has been given comparatively little attention by the municipalities of this country, considering the extent to which it is used for this purpose in these days. That this phase of the lighting question demands closer scrutiny there can be no doubt, and it might be well for information on the matter to look to those cities which have given it study. Stringent regulations have been adopted in Berlin and other European cities, where merchants were inclined to take advantage of laxity in the premises. In Berlin lamps outside shop windows must not be lower than ten feet above the pavement or project more than forty inches from the wall. Where the lighting in the windows is done by oil, petroleum, gas flame or Welsbachs there must always be a sheet of glass not less than one-tenth of an inch thick under the lamps and running the whole length and breadth of the shop windows, so as to completely cover the articles in the window, and nothing is to be put above the lamps. The lamps must be at least forty inches below any inflammable part of the construction and ten inches from any such part horizontally.

There are also regulations as to iron screens where there is bare wood and as to efficient ventilation. Bare flames are not allowed in igniting the gas. This must be done by chemical or electrical kindlers or by electric distance spark kindling arrangements especially sanctioned by the authorities. The regulations for incandescent electric lamps are about equally strict.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

Friendship.

Friendship, this beautiful relation of life to life, soul to soul, is of most serious import. It sometimes makes our warmest friend in reality our worst enemy. Bad qualities in a friend are false lights—they lure to evil. Many of us are constituted so that it is easy for us to form friendships. Let us be careful of those thus brought under our influence and power. Let us keep them unsoiled. Let us feel that grave responsibilities lie in our friendships and that they also enshrine glorious opportunities.

Sold.

It was the first performance of one of those overadvertised shows from New York.

"You don't think much of it," said the manager in surprise. "Why, the whole house is sold."

The critic smiled knowingly.

"I don't doubt it," he replied as he jotted down another roast. "I heard several people in the audience say the same thing."—Chicago News.

Sam Houston's Retort.

General Sam Houston was a master of stump speaking and bitter invective. Once while addressing a large audience he was interrupted and asked what he thought of a certain politician. Without hesitation he replied, "He has every characteristic of a dog except fidelity."

Sufficient Reason.

Rector—We have poor congregations in summer, don't we, dear? Rector's Wife—I should say so! There isn't a decently trimmed hat in the church before the 1st of October.—New York Times.

To know the disease is the commencement of the cure.—"Don Quixote."

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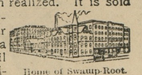
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.



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Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swmp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y. on every bottle.

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I have succeeded in arranging with DR. SAMUEL H. PINE, one of the best Refracting Opticians of Baltimore, Maryland, to examine eyes in my store every TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., beginning December 4th, 1906.

If you are troubled with sick headache, pains in the top or back of the head, or in the eyes, come and have them thoroughly examined by Dr. Pine. If these troubles are caused by defective vision, the doctor will tell you so, and if from other causes he will be just as candid with you.

Dr. Pine comes to me very highly recommended and a great number of you know him already as being thoroughly competent and reliable.

Bring your old glasses with you and see if they are the proper kind. There will be no charge for examination and he will fit you with glasses at the most reasonable prices. At

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(Next door to Savings Bank)
CHESTERTOWN, - MARYLAND

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Peach Trees
TO DISPOSE OF.

The buds were selected from the best strain of each variety which were sent out from Nicholson's nurseries 25 to 30 years ago and many of these orchards were more healthier and vigorous the past season than quite a few orchards five and six years old.

The trees have been inspected by authorities from the State Entomologist, Professor Symons, and found entirely free from any root disease, San Jose scale or other insects. Orders will be carefully attended to.

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