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Fire Insurance Agent.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

Fire Insurance Agent.

—DEALER IN—

Genuine Oliver Plows and Castings,

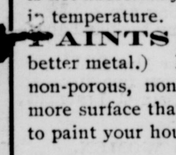
The Best and Cheapest Plow on the M ket, and a full line of 50, 60 and 72

Twin Harrows, Disc Harrows,
Spring Tooth Harrows, Field Rollers.
We Repair all Kinds of Drills.

We are proud of our record of last year with the

McCORMICK Binders, Mowers And Twine

They proved the Best and we are now taking orders for Spring Trade.



New CARRIAGE REPOSITORY

Visit our New Carriage Emporium, where we have placed a fine selection of No-Top and Top Buggies, Surreys, Poles, Tops and Harness, Farm Wagons and Dearborns.

Special Attention to Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting and all Kinds of Repairing.

CARLOAD AMERICAN WOVEN WIRE FENCING,

Barb and Smooth Wire, Transplanters, Corn Planters, the best on the market, Hallock Weeder, Chatanooga Disc Plow.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

Feb. 28, 1903 KENNEDYVILLE, MD

CARRARA HOUSE PAINTS!

MISS IT? Why, yes indeed you will miss it if you are going to paint YOUR HOUSE this spring and not use **CARRARA PAINTS.**

Be sure to call on me or write for full particulars of this, the best paint on the market today. It has so many very good points of merit can't all be told in newspaper. Here are some of them: It will not fade, blister, chalk, peel, crack or powder; is not affected by gases, grease, acids, salt, moisture, or changes in temperature. Out wears white lead (**CARRARA PAINTS** have not a particle of lead in them, but have a better metal.) It holds its color, cleans more easily, is elastic, non-porous, non-poisonous,) no more lead cholic and covers more surface than any other paints, therefore costs less money to paint your house.

Poor White Lead—CARRARA killed him. White Lead has been a faithful servant for 150 years—**But Carrara is now superceding it as a House Paint.**

Chestertown Endorsement of Carrara Paints.

Mr. Joseph Guest, Dear Sir:—Upon the recommendation of Mr. John Marshall, of Baltimore, Md., builder of John Hopkins Hospital, whom I know to be a thoroughly truthful man, I used your Carrara Paint on my dwelling and found it to be all that is claimed for it, and I take pleasure in recommending it to everybody. I can say I am especially pleased with the Paint. Yours truly, CURTIS E. CRANE.

Carfare To Philadelphia

We bring Philadelphia and its best Clothing Store to your very doors.

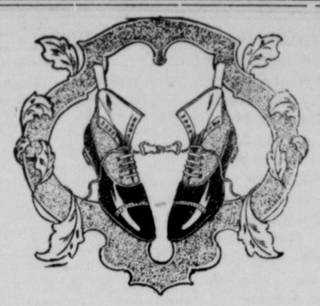
This is How:

You pay excursion, railroad or trolley fare. Come to our stores buy your Clothes, your boy's, your girl's, your wife's. Same price to everybody. Show your railroad ticket for fare paid. We pay you ...tly its cost if you buy a certain amount. How much? Can't te... epends upon your carfare.

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall,
Sixth and Market Sts.
Philadelphia.

Outfitters to
Men, Women, Boys and Girls.



Shoes for the Ladies

that are particularly stylish in shape and made in a very skillful manner, are the kind we are showing.

The woman who puts her feet in a pair of our $2.00, $2.50 or $3.00 line of Footwear, will have reason to thank whatever first drew her attention to our store. For ladies, men or children we have Footwear to fit, etc.

T. G. WROTH, The Shoe Man,

UNDER STAM'S HALL.

FRANK A. ROEDER,

—With—
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
10-12 E. Baltimore Street
Near Charles,
Baltimore, Md.

A Pleased Customer Is The Best Advertisement

A little money does the business here Our New Goods are ready. Your inspection invited. Why look elsewhere when you can buy what you like and what you need, while we give you a little more and take a little less than anyone else.

Clothing.
Our new line of CLOTHING abounds in rich men's qualities at poor men's prices.

Dry Goods.
DRY GOODS and DRESS GOODS, the best and latest in qualities and patterns.

Shoes, Slippers.
It is a pleasure to refer to these facts to call your attention to our great new line of SHOES and SLIPPERS, the latest spring and Summer fashions.

Hats, Caps.
Our new stock of HATS and CAPS is beyond comparison with former seasons.

Furniture, Etc.
A much greater attraction and well selected stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS and STRAW MATTINGS up to all your requirements and at prices within your means.
Our line of Carpets and Mattings surpasses all former seasons.

OUR MOTTO:
For April and May—The Best Goods at Lowest Prices.

It is a grand stock for finding just what you want, our aim is to keep the best; one principle, fair dealing; one ambition, to please our trade; Our welcome word is for April and May Bargains. "We will commence the month with bargains and we will end with bargains.
POULTRY and EGGS taken in exchange at highest market price.

H. H. BENEMAN,

MILLINGTON, - - MARYLAND.

We now have on hand the Largest and Finest Stock of GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS and Headstones ever shown, at prices as low as can be had of any reliable dealer. We use nothing but the best of material.

All work erected at cemeteries under my personal supervision and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

A. J. HYNSON,

Chestertown Marble and Granite Works.

WIRELESS

CORN PLANTERS!

We have just received a car load of the same kind of WIRELESS CORN PLANTER we sold last year. These Planters are warranted to be made of good material and to do good work. They are simple and easily operated. No wire to break. No lost time in turning. Can work corn both ways much easier than after the planting by the average wire planter.
We refer prospective buyers to some of our prominent farmers that used them last year: Messrs. Wm. E. Jarrell, Edw. W. Spear, Oliver Miller, Bradford Dudley, Jos. W. Moffett.
Call and see sample at

DAVIS & McINTYRE,
Chestertown, Md
H. B. MASSEY & CO.,
Massey, Md

mch28 t.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of my mother M. E. ROLLISON who left me Two years to-day April 10th.

Two long, sad, weary years have passed
Since our darling mother left us.
And how sadly we have missed her,
None but our aching hearts can tell.
But we hope to meet our loved ones
When life's sad, sad dream is o'er,
Waiting for us on the landing
Of that happy heavenly shore.

Oh, it was not in cruelty or in wrath
The reaper came that day,
But it was an angel visited this green earth,
And took my mother away. KATE.

In sad but loving remembrance of Mr. WILLIAM CARTER, who died 14 years ago April 11th 1889.

God alone knows how we miss him
In our home, O husband dear,
How for thee our hearts are yearning
How we long thy voice to hear.
He is waiting by the river,
Just across the silver stream
Where sweet flowers are ever blooming,
And the banks are ever green
Where no cold chill blast of winter,
Turns the rose's blossoms fair,
But where all is love and sunshine
He is waiting for us there.
BY HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Jim and the Extract

His Ways Were New, but the Ensuing Profits Were Big

From "Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston

The first college man I ever hired was old John Durham's son Jim. That was a good many years ago, when the house was a much smaller affair. Jim's father had a lot of money till he started out to buck the universe and corner wheat. And the boy took all the fancy courses and trimmings at college. The old man was mighty proud of Jim. Wanted him to be a literary fellow. But old Durham found out what every one learns who gets his ambitions mixed up with number two red—that there's a heap of it lying around loose in the country. The bears did quick work and kept the cash wheat coming in so lively that one settling day half a dozen of us had to get under the market to keep it from going to smash.

That day made Jim a candidate for a job. It didn't take him long to decide that the Lord would attend to keeping up the visible supply of poetry and that he had better turn his attention to the stocks of mess pork. Next morning he was laying for me with a letter of introduction when I got to the office, and when he found that I wouldn't have a private secretary at any price he applied for every other position on the premises right down to office boy. I told him I was sorry, but I couldn't do anything for him then; that we were letting men go, but I'd keep him in mind, and so on. The fact was that I didn't think a fellow with Jim's training would be much good anyhow. But Jim hung on—said he'd taken a fancy to the house and wanted to work for it. Used to call by about twice a week to find out if anything had turned up.

Finally, after about a month of this he wore me down so that I stopped him one day as he was passing me on the street. I thought I'd find out if he really was so redhot to work as he pretended to be; besides I felt that perhaps I hadn't treated the boy just right, as I had delivered quite a jag of that wheat to his father myself.

"Hello, Jim," I called; "do you still want that job?"

"Yes, sir," he answered quick as lightning.

"Well, I tell you how it is, Jim," I said, looking up at him—he was one of those husky, lazy moving six footers—"I don't see any chance in the office, but I understand they can use another good, strong man in one of the loading gangs."

I thought that would settle Jim and let me out, for it's no joke lugging beef or rolling barrels and tierces a hundred yards or so to the cars. But Jim came right back at me with: "Done. Who'll I report to?"

That sporty way of answering, as if he was closing a bet, made me surer than ever that he was not cut out for a butcher. But I told him and off he started hot foot to find the foreman. I sent word by another route to see that he got plenty to do.

I forgot all about Jim until about three months later, when his name was handed up to me for a new place and a raise in pay. It seemed that he had sort of abolished his job. After he had been rolling barrels awhile and the sport had ground down one of his shoulders a couple of inches lower than the other he got to scheming around for a way to make the work easier, and he hit on an idea for a sort of overhead railroad system by which the barrels could be swung out of the storerooms and run right along into the cars and two or three men do the work of a gang. It was just as I thought. Jim was lazy, but he had put the house in the way of saving so much money that I couldn't fire him. So I raised his salary and made him an assistant timekeeper and checker.

Jim kept at this for three or four months, until his feet began to hurt him, I guess, and then he was out of a job again. It seems he had heard something of a new machine for registering the men that did away with most of the timekeepers, except the fellows who watched the machines, and he kept after the superintendent until he got him to put them in. Of course he claimed a raise again for effecting such a saving, and we just had to allow it.

I was beginning to take an interest in Jim, so I brought him up into the office and set him to copying circular letters. We used to send out a raft of them to the trade. That was just before the general adoption of typewriters, when they were still in the experimental stage. But Jim hadn't been in the office plugging away at the letters for a month before he had the writer's cramp and began nosing around again. The first thing I knew he was sicking the agents for the new typewriting machine on to me, and he kept them pounding away until they made me give them a trial. Then it was all up with Mr. Jim's job again. I raised his salary without his asking for it this time and put him out on the road to introduce a new product that we were making—beef extract.

Jim made two trips without selling enough to keep them working overtime at the factory, and then he came into my office with a long story about how we were doing it all wrong. Said we ought to go for the consumer by advertising and make the trade come to us instead of chasing it up.

That was so like Jim that I just laughed at first. Besides, that sort of advertising was a pretty new thing then, and I was one of the old timers who didn't take any stock in it. But Jim just kept plugging away at me between trips, and finally I took him off the road and told him to go ahead and try it in a small way.

Jim pretty nearly scared me to death that first year. At last he had got into something that he took an interest in—spending money—and he just fairly wallowed in it. He used to lay awake nights thinking up new ways of getting rid of the old man's profits. And he found them. Seemed as if I couldn't get away from Graham's Extract, and whenever I saw it I gagged, for I knew it was costing me money that wasn't coming back. But every time I started to draw in my horns Jim talked to me and showed me where there was a fortune waiting for me just around the corner.

Graham's Extract started out by being something that you could make beef tea out of—that was all. But before Jim had been fooling with it a month he had got his girl to think up a hundred different ways in which it could be used, and had advertised them all. It seemed there was nothing you could cook that didn't need a dash of it. He kept me between a chill and a sweat all the time. Sometimes, but not often, I just had to grin at his foolishness. I remember one picture he got out showing sixteen cows standing between something that looked like a letter press and telling how every pound or so of Graham's Extract contained the juice squeezed from a herd of steers. If an explorer started for the north pole, Jim would send him a case of extract and then advertise that it was the great heat maker for cold climates; and if some other fellow started across Africa, he sent him a case, too, and advertised what a bully drink it was served up with a little ice.

He broke out in a new place every day, and every time he broke out it cost the house money. Finally I made up my mind to swallow the loss, and Mister Jim was about to lose his job sure enough when the orders for extract began to look up, and he got a reprieve. Then he began to make expenses, and he got a pardon, and finally a rush came that left him high and dry in a permanent place.

Jim was all right in his way, but it was a new way, and I hadn't been broad gauged enough to see that it was a better way.

That was where I caught the connection between a college education and business. I've always made it a rule to buy brains, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. The fellow who hasn't had the training may be just as smart, but he's apt to paw the air when he's reaching for ideas.

ON BEING A BOSS

If You Sit on a High Place, Don't Gaze at the Clouds

From "Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously bestowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility of temper and curl papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find that you've hired the wrong man you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a center of soreness.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that it isn't always convenient to meet, but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings remember that today is your opportunity; tomorrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but if he's gazing at the clouds he's missing a heap of interesting and important doings down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office and tuck it away in the safe.

It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day, so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders, and insist on their sending you a line every day whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write in six times a week to the house he uses up his explanations mighty fast and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very, very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns, but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.