WE ARE OFFERING

ESTEY ORGANS.

Large parlor style, walnut or oak case, with mirror, two full sets of reeds, and double couplers, at

$75.00,

$10 Cash; $5 per Month.

Stool and Book included.

Weber,
Ivers & Pond,
Fischer,
Estey,
Ludwig,
Lester,
Franklin,
Howard.

Pianos.

Write for catalogue and list of Second-Hand Instruments.

SANDERS & STAYMAN CO.,

CHARLES AND FAYETTE STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD.

1327 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NOTE.—MR. G. WRIGHT NICOLS, President and General Manager of the above company, being a native of Kent county, will take great pleasure in selecting an instrument for you and can save you the time and expense of a trip to Baltimore.

F. A. ROCHESTER,

—With—

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO., Clothiers,
10-12 E. Baltimore Street, Tailors,
Near Charles, Furnishers,
Baltimore, Md.

Look, Farmers, Look!

If you wish to grow good crops, use the Baltimore

Puverizing Company's Bone Fertilizers,

which we now offer to the public for sale. We offer the best TOMATO FERTILIZER on the market at a reduced price; also the best Fertilizer for Corn, Potatoes, Asparagus and Peach Trees. Give us a trial order at once, and be convinced of same. We can sell you cheaper than others, as we can freight same on our boat. Also take notice that we have sold all interest in the Darby Boat Company to Jesse H. Usilton, and will now conduct the steamer Bertie E. Tull, which will do general freighting from Worton Creek and elsewhere. Persons having grain to freight or sell will please call and see us at once.

e also have for sa le during the season, Hard and Soft Coal at low prices.

All Kinds of Farm Implements,

LIME, CEMENT, SALT,

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS always on hand.

☞We offer the Best Carriage in the world for $50, spot cash.
We remain yours for business,

M. M. RASIN & SON,

Feb. 7, 1903. MELITOTA, MARYLAND.

DISTRIBUTING DEPOT FOR

"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES,

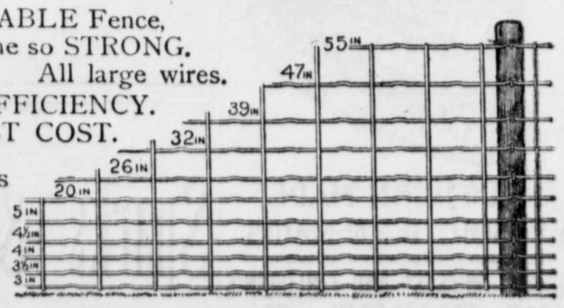
ALL GALVANIZED STEEL WIRES.

FOR FIELD, FARM AND HOG FENCING.

THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE.

EVERY ROD GUARANTEED PERFECT.

The DURABLE Fence,
None so STRONG.
All large wires.
Highest EFFICIENCY.
LOWEST COST.
No Wraps to hold Moisture and cause Rust.



"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCING. (Special Style.)

Absolutely STOCK PROOF. We can SAVE YOU MONEY on Fencing.

CALL AND SEE IT.

CRANE, HYNSON & VALLIANT,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl Street, New York.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

MISTAKING THE PERSON.

BY DR. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

There is a capital story of a clergyman in England who was driving in a dogcart near a railway station in the country, and overtook a gentleman who was walking toward a village that was at a long distance therefrom. Learing that the stranger was going to the village, he offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers to-day?" asked the person when the stranger had accepted and taken a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal, John Bright, has been making another speech." "What was it about?" asked the stranger. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right." "Oh, no," said the irate parson; "if I had him here I should just feel like shooting him." Before the men separated the stranger had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church on the morrow. The subject of the discourse was Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion the gentleman whom he had invited to church thanked him for his able sermon. As the delighted rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said: "You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning." "No," said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; "you had John Bright for a hearer."

How many of our readers have ever heard of Joseph Dennie, a native of Boston, one of the most polished writers of America a century ago? He was editor successively of the Tablet, the Farmers' Weekly Museum, a very popular paper at Walpole, New Hampshire, and the Portfolio, a literary periodical published in Philadelphia. To these he contributed a series of elegant and delightful papers under the pen-name of Oliver Old School, which won for him the title of "The Addison of America." He wrote with great rapidity, and put off the preparation of his "copy" till the last moment. It is said that one of the best of his lay-sermons was written in the tavern at Walpole when he and his friends were engaged in a game of cards. It was delivered to the printer's devil by piecemeal at four or five different times; and, if he chanced to be engaged in a game, he would ask some one to play his hand for him while he "gave the devil his due." One of the most remarkable incidents of his too brief career—for he was born in 1768 and died in 1812—was his introduction to the great American theologian and educator, Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College.

It chanced that Doctor Dwight, at a time when his fame was at it height, was traveling in New Jersey and stopped for the night at a hotel in one of its large towns. At a late hour of the same night arrived also Mr. Dennie, who had the ill luck to learn from the landlord that all his beds were filled with two lodgers each, except one, which was occupied by the giant of theology, the celebrated Doctor Dwight. "Please show me to his apartment," said Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the Reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for a lodging." With some hesitation and objection the landlord escorted Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, who had just got ready his nightgown, cap and slippers, preparatory to divesting himself of his clothing for the night, courteously shook hands with the visitor and begged him to be seated. Struck with the intelligent physiogomy of his companion, he relaxed his usual severity of aspect, and, after the interchange of some words about the occasion of their interview, the two began a lively literary chat.

The characters of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Brockden Brown, and scores of other eminent Americans were freely and brilliantly discussed, and each of the newly-made acquaintances was delighted with the other, when Doctor Dwight began to speak of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Portfolio," said he earnestly, is the Addison of this country, the father of American *belles-lettres*. In the purity and elegance of his style he has no superior. But is it not astonishing that a man of such genius should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl and to bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are grossly mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with that gentleman for years, and I never once have known him to be intoxicated." "Sir," protested the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from an intimate friend of that writer, and I am confident that you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously turned the conversation into another channel, and said: "I consider Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, as beyond all question the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the finest poet that America has yet produced. But, sir, I am sorry to add that there are traits in his character not only amazing in so great and wise a man, but absolutely repulsive. He is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!"

"Sir," cried the man thus praised and defamed, "allow me to say that you are grossly mistaken. I have been long and intimately acquainted with Doctor Dwight, and I know most positively that your statement is untrue." "Sir," rejoined Dennie, "I beg your pardon, but it is you who are misinformed. I have the facts from one who knows the Doctor thoroughly, who is unprejudiced, and who, I am confident, could not be deceived." "No more slander!" cried the Doctor, springing from his chair and gesticulating with great earnestness. "*I* am Doctor Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I," cried the other with equal earnestness, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of the great divine may be more easily conceived than described. The result of the stormy interview was that they shook hands and laughed heartily, and became for the rest of their days fast friends.

An amusing anecdote, worthy to rank with the foregoing, is told of William H. Seward when he was Governor of New York. It relates to the days when he, Weed and Hastings were a triumvirate that ruled the State—Weed being the head. Seward was one day journeying by stage to the northern part of the State—the backwoods—and sitting outside next the driver, who, not knowing who he was, chatted familiarly and frankly. Enjoying his incognito, the Governor thought it might be a good time to pick up some local political information that might one day be serviceable. Partly for this purpose, and partly to make the driver think he was a citizen of another State, he asked: "Who is the Governor of New York now?" Quick as flash came the reply: "It is *Thurlow Weed*."

The danger of making a parade of scholarship when one has but a small stock of classic lore is well illustrated in a story of a young Oxonian, fresh from the University, who was one day making a display of his acquisitions in a stage-coach. Among the marks of learning with which he sought to garnish his conversation were some lines of Greek verse which, he said, were from Sophocles. Among the travelers in the coach was the famous classical scholar, Dr Porson, who, roused from his slumbers in a corner of the coach by the Greek quotation, said to the student, as he rubbed his eyes: "You observed that the lines you quoted were in Sophocles. I don't happen to recollect them as his." "Oh, sir," replied the youth, "the quotation is word for word as I have given it." Upon this the Doctor, drawing out from the pocket of his greatcoat a small copy of Sophocles, quietly handed it to the young man, and asked him if he would be so kind as to point out the passage in question in that little book. After turning over the leaves of the volume for some time the Oxonian said: "Upon second thought, I now remember that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the Doctor, thrusting his hand into his pocket, and handing to the youth therefrom a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." Again the Oxonian searched for the passage, but with no better success, muttering, "Curse me, if I ever quote Greek again!"

The tittering of the ladies increased his discomfiture, but at last, "Bless me, sir" he exclaimed; "how dull I am today! I recollect now—yes—yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." Once more the inexorable Doctor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him a copy of Æschylus, when the astonished collegian vociferated: "Stop the coach! Hallo, coachman, *let me out, I say, instantly!* There's a fellow here that has got the Bodleian library in his pocket. Let me out, I say, let me out! *He must be Porson or the devil!*"

GEN. DUKE CONSCIENTIOUS.—Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, was offered the federal district judgeship of Kentucky by President Roosevelt, but declined to accept on the ground that he had endorsed another man for the position.

WANTED TO FRIGHTEN HIS WIFE—Francois Guiquel, of Rouen, France, intending to give his wife a fright, pretended to hang himself. Unfortunately, the rope slipped from under his arms, and he swung by the neck. He was cut down just in time to save his life.

Money is saved in shoes either by getting better quality for the same price, or the same quality for less price. To give you this advantage is the constant aim of this store. The spring styles you can get here have all the little kinks that make shoes distinctive.

With spring sunshine you naturally doff the heavy winter shoe for the trim styles of spring. The new ALL AMERICA SHOE in top and oxford ties is the first and snappiest spring style—and the price suits all. No better shoe at any price. None so good at the same.

Every good thing in shoes for man, woman and child.

T. G. WROTH, THE SHOE MAN,

☞UNDER STAM'S HALL.

An Easter Offering

—AT—

Marion T. Miller's STORE,

ROCK HALL, MARYLAND.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT given on all our lines of CLOTHING for

Saturday and Easter Monday.

Don't forget the days Saturday and Monday, April 11th and 13th, and come out and buy a $5 Suit for $4, and a $10 suit for 8, and so on with anything you buy in Clothing. Our stock of Clothing is large and we simply give you this offering to reduce our stock.

REMEMBER our line of

SHOES, SHIRTS, NECKTIES, HOSIERY, DRY GOODS,

are complete and up-to-date and the lowest prices prevailing over them.

Garden Seed of all kinds.
Seed Potatoes in choice varieties.

And anything you may need to work a garden from a small hoe to a three-horse plow.

Come and look at the lovely patterns.

One of the largest lines of MATTINGS ever carried now on hand.

Come out and show your appreciation of our Easter Offering. Yours to serve,

MARION T. MILLER.

Coal! WOOD.

Under Cover.

only yard in the county where you can buy Coal

Free From Snow & Water

This is a stride forward and to the advantage of Coal buyers. BEST COAL, lowest prices quick deliveries. Come and see us before buying, and let us see what we can do for you.

LIME. LIME.

WRIGHTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL & H.C. LIME
Delivered by rail to any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay R. R.

STANDARD LIME, "HIGH CARBONATE."

Delivered by boat to any wharf or landing on Chesapeake bay or tributaries on reasonable notice.

Give us a call or write us, and we will be glad to quote you.

J. D. BACCHUS,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CHESAPEAKE FREIGHTING COMPANY

Announces a Daily Service

TO BALTIMORE,

beginning Monday, April 28th, leaving Crumpton 5 p.m., Chestertown 6.30 daily (except Sunday), stopping at all points on Chester river above mouth of Corsica.

Asparagus, Fish, Berries and other perishable freights given especial attention and care.

Reasonable rates and satisactory service guaranteed

Chesapeake Freighting Company,

C. R. ATKINSON, Manager

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE

Lightning! Lightning!

Those desiring protection from Fire or Lightning, call on or address

H. L. BOYD,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—AGENT FOR—

ÆTNA, of Hartford, Conn

Assets $11,000,000.

PHŒNIX, of Hartford, Conn.,

Assets $6,100,000.

Where the lowest rates consistent with sound protection will be given.

☞Don't wait until you are burned out.☜
H. L. BOYD, Chestertown, Md.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8213-0585