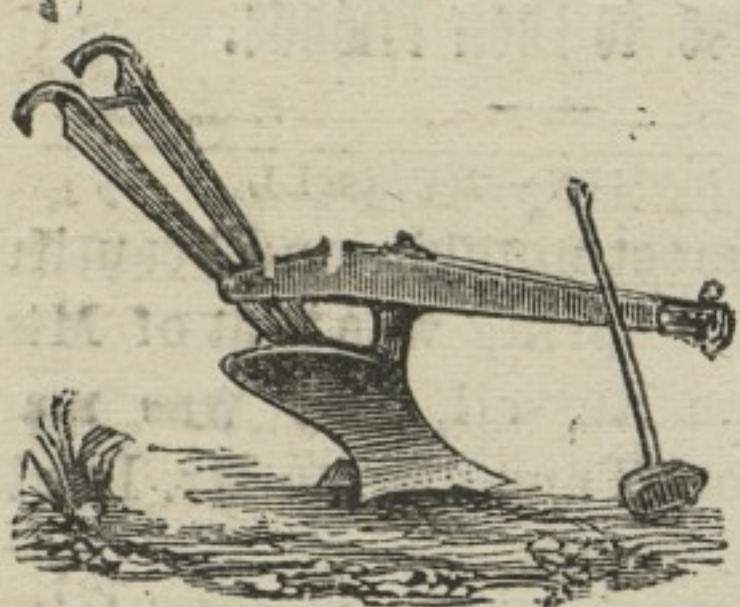


All Kinds of FARM SUPPLIES.

THE EVANS STEEL FRAME CORN PLANTER,
With low-down Check Rower, is a full combination Planter, and can be used as a drill or a check-rower planter by only changing the plates. It is the simplest and surest device ever put on the market. The dropping of corn with this planter is certain and guaranteed not to skip a hill. An excellent Fertilizer Distributor is furnished with this planter. Call and see its many nice features.



Genuine Oliver Chilled Plows & Castings.
The best known plows to the agricultural world. Only the plows and castings bearing the Oliver trade-mark are genuine. Beware of bogus Oliver Plows and castings. I am the only authorized agent in this town for the sale of Genuine Oliver Chilled Plows and Castings.

THE FAR-FAMED FRICK ENGINES AND THRESHERS.
Either with or without wind stackers. We carry a large stock of

Ready-Made Harness,

and sell at smallest margins. I also make a specialty of \$10.00 Harness. Collars, Bridles, Hames, Traces, Strap Work and all furnishings used on the farm. Disc Harrows and Land Rollers.

Lime! Lime! Lime!

I am agent for the celebrated **Le Gore Lime.** The large sales for this lime have proved it to be just what the soil needs for plant food.

SEED POTATOES! SEED POTATOES!

I have a fine line of Seed Potatoes from the most reliable house in Philadelphia. Houlton Rose, Northern Beauty of Hephbron, White Star and Burbank. Also a large stock of Johnson & Stoke's Garden Seeds, including all varieties for gardens. All the varieties of Tomatoes for those who plant for canneries. Guaranteed fresh and true to name.

VICTOR SPRAYER—I have also the Victor Sprayer complete in itself for spraying Trees, Bushes, Potatoes and all Shrubby, Washing Carriages and Windows of houses. Nothing equal to it. Simply charge sprayer with condensed air as you would a bicycle wheel, the sprayer does the work, and throws a fine spray or solid stream as you wish. Call and see them.

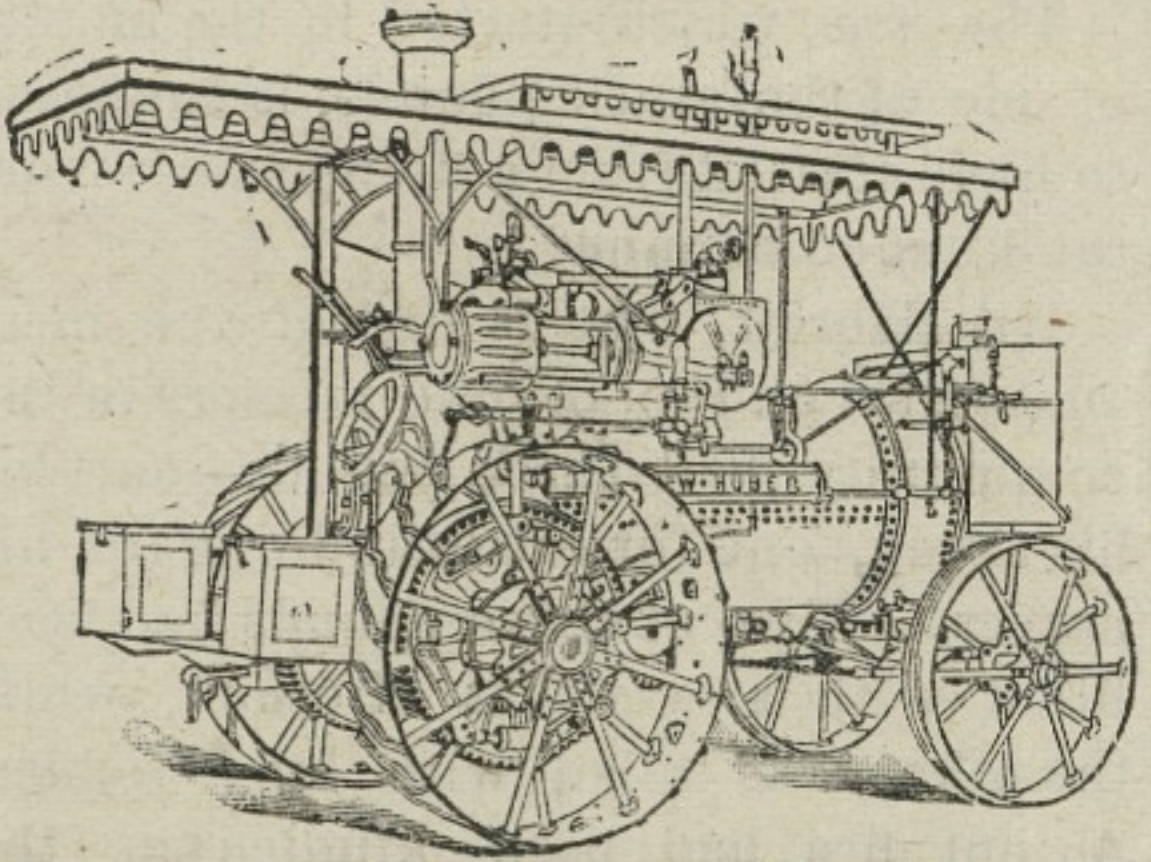
PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE

A Fence that you can fully depend on to turn all kind of stock under all conditions.

GEO. W. SMITH.

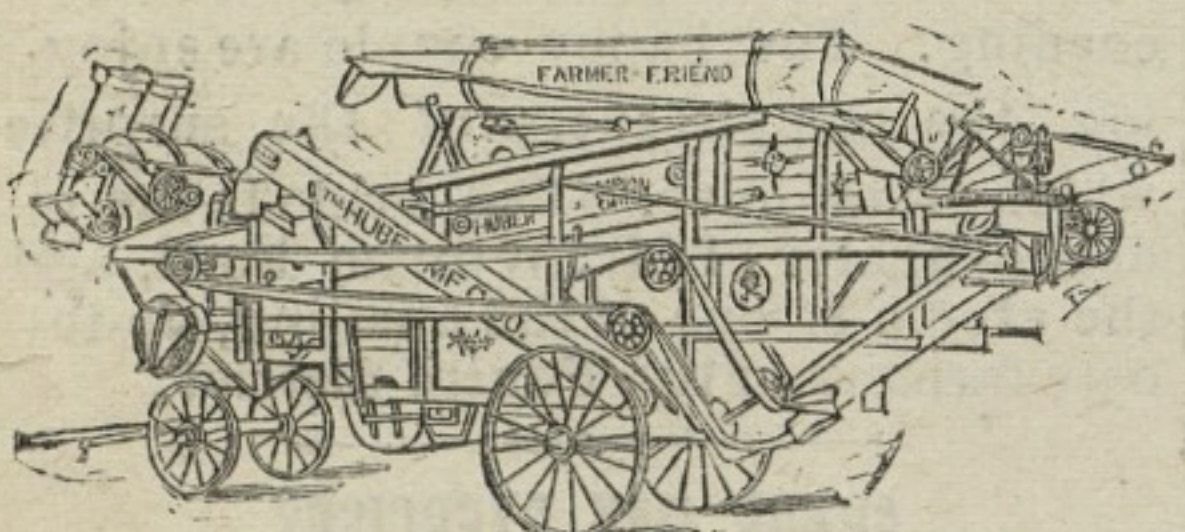
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THE HUBER TRACTION ENGINE



is guaranteed to develop more Belt Power, pull a larger load on any and all kinds of roads, and do it with less fuel than any other similar rated engine on earth.

FOR FAST THRESHING,
GRAIN SAVING,
NICE CLEANING,
LIGHT RUNNING,



—THE—
HUBER THRESHER
CANNOT BE EQUALED.
—THE—
HUBER
SELF FEEDER

was the only feeder that would successfully handle the large, wet and tangled grain on the Eastern Shore last season.

If you are a Progressive Thresherman, it will pay you to examine **Huber Goods.**

A Sample Rig

AND A

Full Line of REPAIRS,

At Millington, Md. Call on or address

W. C. ROLPH,
Millington, Md.

W. D. OREM,
Chestertown, Md.

Jan. 25-61

MR. W. C. ROLPH, DEAR SIR: The Self-Feeding Huber Separator with Blower, that I bought of you last year gave me perfect satisfaction. It threshes very rapidly and does the work in perfect order. The Huber self-feeder, I think, is superior to hand feeding at all times. I like the way the Blower Fan is driven better than any I have ever seen. Wishing you success in the business this year, I am

Yours truly,

ALDAY CLEMENTS,
MILLINGTON, MD., Jan. 26, 1902

THE HUBER MFG. CO., HARRISBURG, PA.:
GENTLEMEN: The Huber rig we got from you last season is a beauty. The engine the most economical in fuel, powerful, on road and belt, and the easier to operate than any other engine we have ever seen.
The thresher will thresh faster, save more grain, than any other, while the self-feeder handled the heavy straw of last season faster and better than hand feeding.
We can truthfully and cheerfully say that the Huber is the finest rig ever sold on the Eastern Shore.
Yours very truly,
NICKERSON & WOOD.

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GEO. B. MCWHORTER, Chestertown, Md.

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, etc.,
GEO. B. MCWHORTER,
Chestertown, Md.

HOW THEY TRIMMED HIS HAIR.

R. J. Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, thus writes to his paper from Sioux City, Iowa:

The wild, ungovernable passion a barber has for trimming your hair! On the fourth of December I was in Boston, thinking about the lecture I was expected to deliver in the evening, and so badly scared that I couldn't remember the subject nor what it was about. I went into a Tremont street "Institute of Facial Manipulation and Tonsorial Decoration" and inquired for the professor who occupied the chair of Medieval Shaving and Nineteenth Century Shampoo. One of the junior member's of the faculty, who was brushing an under graduate's coat, pointed me to a chair, and I climbed in. When the performance was about concluded, the barber said to me:

"Have your hair trimmed, sir?"

"I believe not."

"Needs it very badly, sir," he said, "looks very ragged."

I never argue with a barber. I said, "all right, trim it a little, but don't make it any shorter."

He immediately trimmed all the curls out of it, and my hair naturally, you know, has a very graceful curl to it. I never discovered this myself until a few months ago, and then I was very much surprised. I discovered it by looking at my lithograph.

Well, anyhow he trimmed it. On the sixth of December I was at Bath, Me. Again I was shaved, and again the barber implored me to let him trim my hair. When I answered him that it had been trimmed only two days before, he spitefully asked where it was done. I told him, and he gave expression to a burst of sarcastic laughter.

"Well, well, well," he said at last, "so you let them trim your hair in Boston?" Well, well. Now you look like one who has been around the world enough to know better than that."

Then he affected to examine a lock or two very particularly, and sighed heavily. "Dear, dear," he said "I don't know really, as I could do anything with that hair or not; it's too bad."

Well, his manner frightened me, and I told him to go ahead and trim it, but please not make it any shorter.

"No," he said, "Oh! no, it wasn't necessary to cut it any shorter, it was really too short now, but it did need trimming." So he "trimmed" it, and when I faced the Rockland audience that night I looked like a prize fighter.

In four days from that time I was sitting in the chair of a barber down in New York State. He shaved me in grateful silence, and then thoughtfully ran his fingers over my lonely hair.

"Trim this hair a little, sir?" he said, "straighten it up about the edges?"

I meekly told him I had it trimmed twice during the preceding week, and I was afraid it was getting too short for winter wear.

"Yes," he said, "I didn't know but what it was pretty short, but you didn't need to cut it any shorter or to trim it. It was in very bad, ragged shape at the ends."

I remained silent and obstinate, and he asked me where I had it trimmed last.

I told him, and he burst into a shout of laughter that made the windows rattle. "What's the matter, Jim?" inquired an assistant partner down the room, holding his patient in the chair by the nose.

Jim stifled his laughter and replied: "This gentleman had his hair trimmed down in Maine."

There was a general burst of merriment all over the shop, and the apprentice laid down his brush he had been washing and came over to look at the Maine cut, that he might never forget it. I surrendered. "Trim it a little then," I groaned, "but in the name of humanity don't cut it any shorter."

"No," the barber said, "he wouldn't make it a hair's breadth shorter."

When I left that shop, if it hadn't been for my ears my hat would have fallen clear down on my shoulders. When I reached the hotel, everybody started, and a couple of men got up and read a handbill on the wall, descriptive of a convict who had recently escaped from Sing Sing, and looked from the bill to myself very intently. That night several of the audience drew revolvers as I came out on the platform.

Then I went to Amsterdam, New York. The barber of the sleepy village, who, in the interval of his other duties acts as mayor of the town and edits the local paper, undertook to shave me with a piece of hoop iron he pulled out of his boot leg. When I resisted, he went out into the kitchen and came back with a kitchen knife and can opener, and he began the massacre, remarking incidentally that he used to keep a good sharp spoke-shave for his particular customers, but he had lost it. Then he said my hair needed trimming very badly. I protested that it was impossible, it had been trimmed three times within ten days and was as short now as a business man on the first of January.

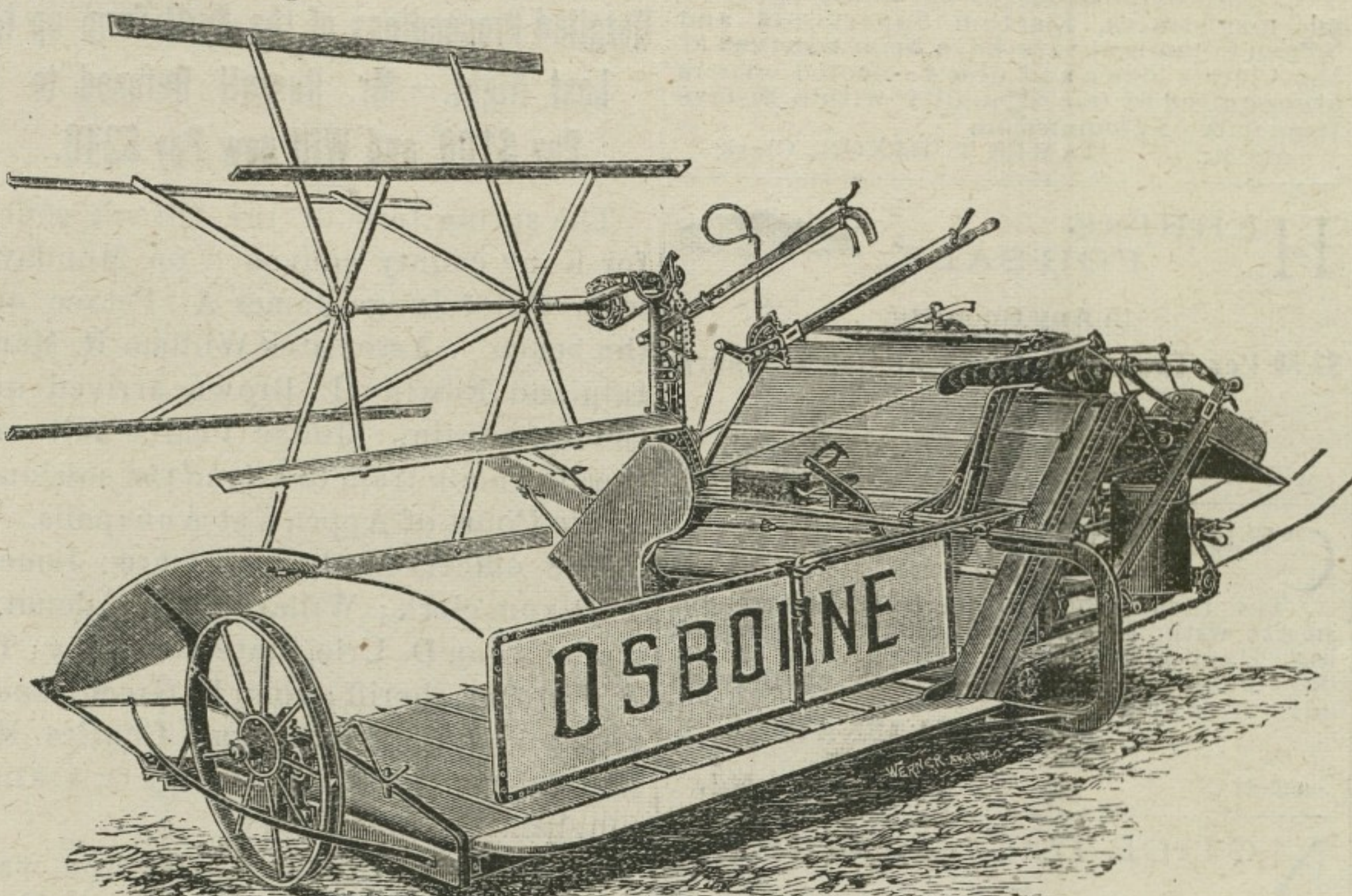
"Oh," he said, "it wasn't too short, and beside there wasn't any style about it at all." He could give it some shape, however, he said, without making it any shorter.

So I surrendered and told him to shape it up. And if that fore-doomed, abandoned Amsterdam son of an oakum picker didn't go out into the woodshed and come back with a rusty old rasp-horse and began to file away what

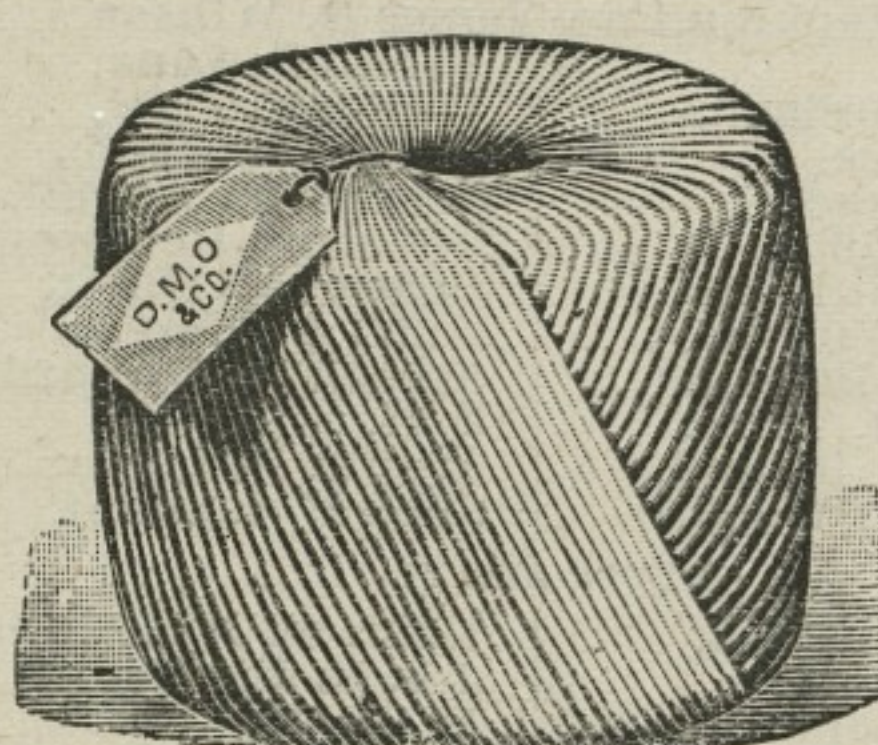
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A SEASONABLE WORD to FARMERS.

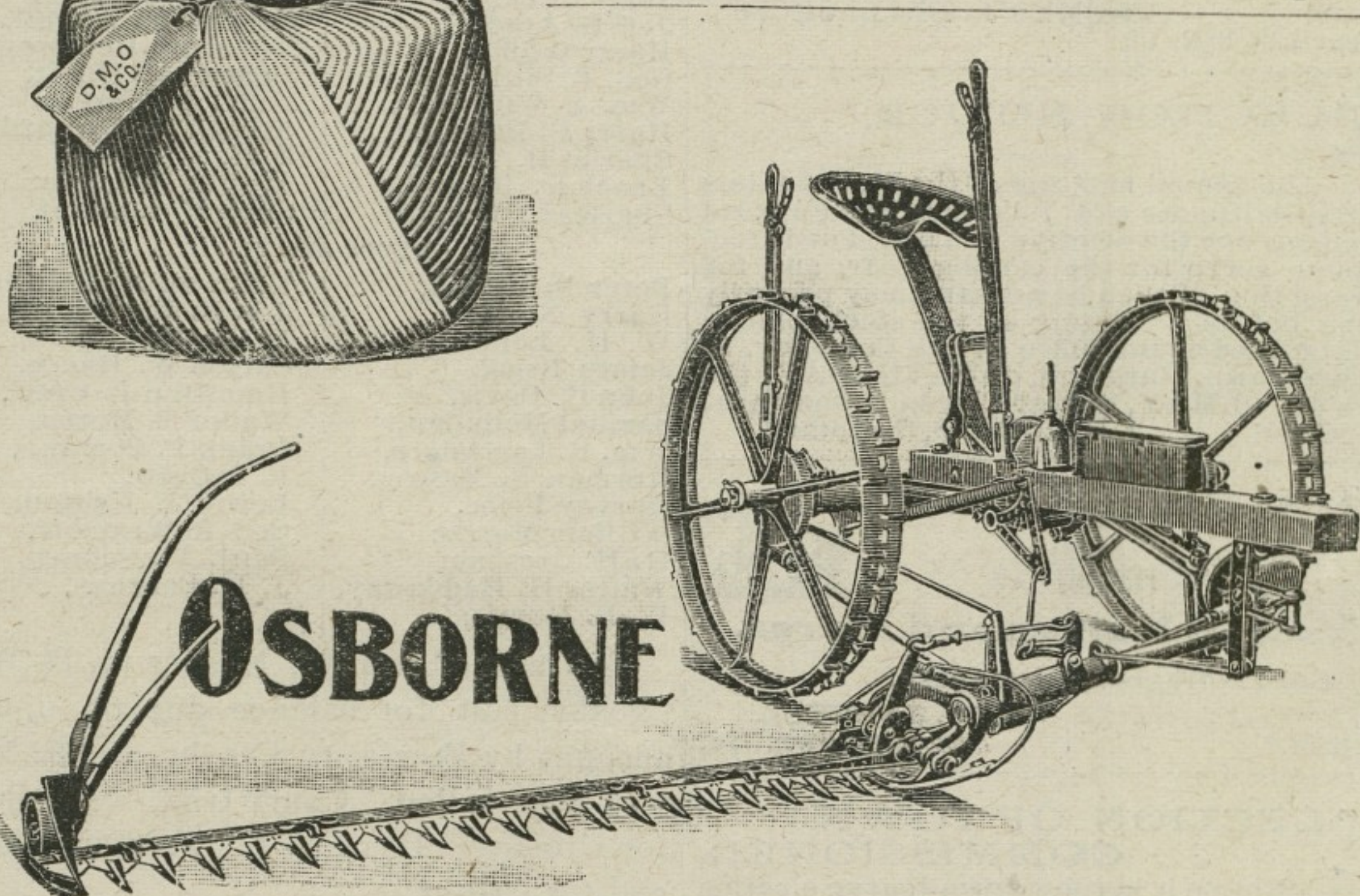
The OSBORNE needs no word of praise at our hands, its unequalled history is its own recommendation, so the OSBORNE speaks through its own success.



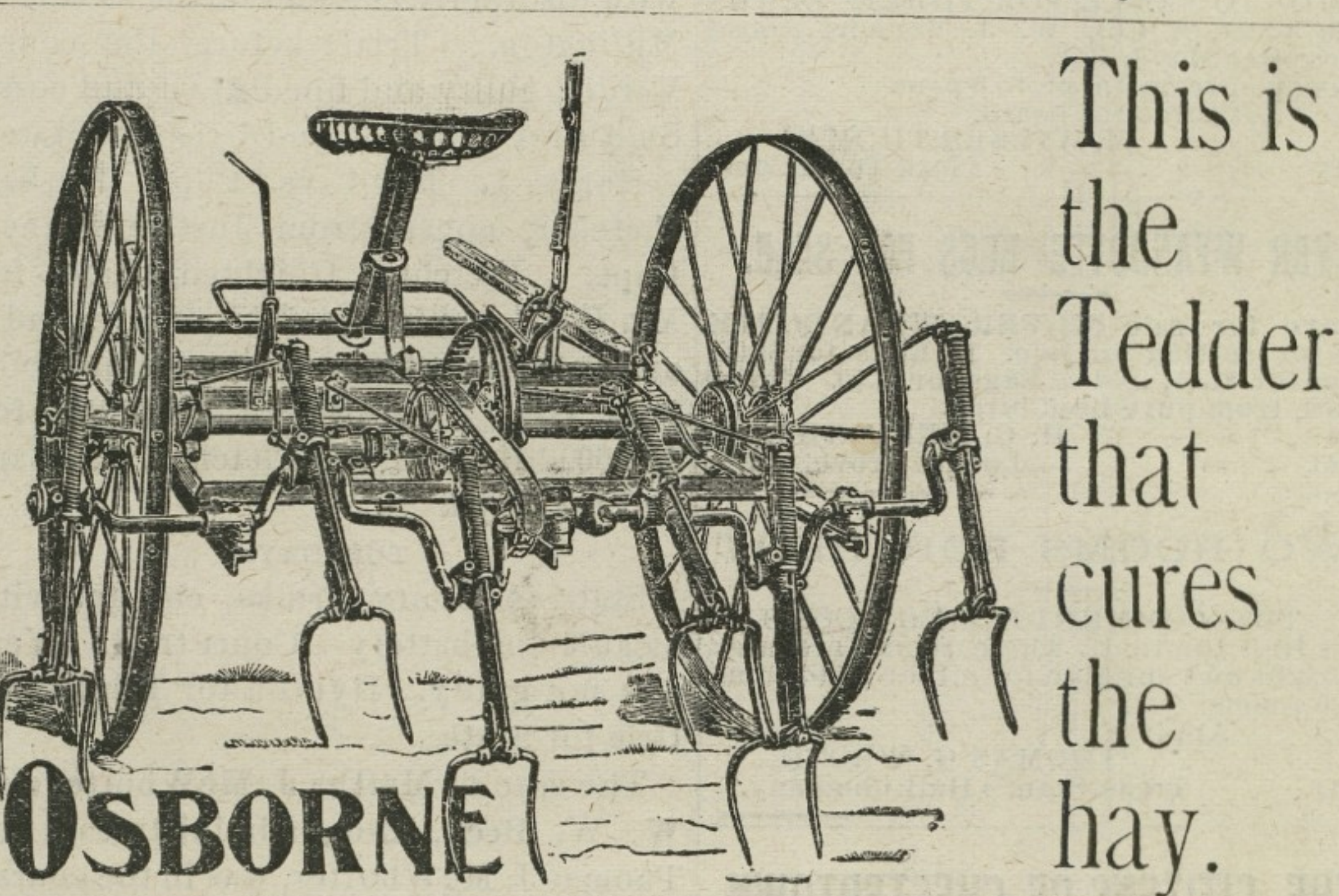
This is the machine that reaps the Grain.



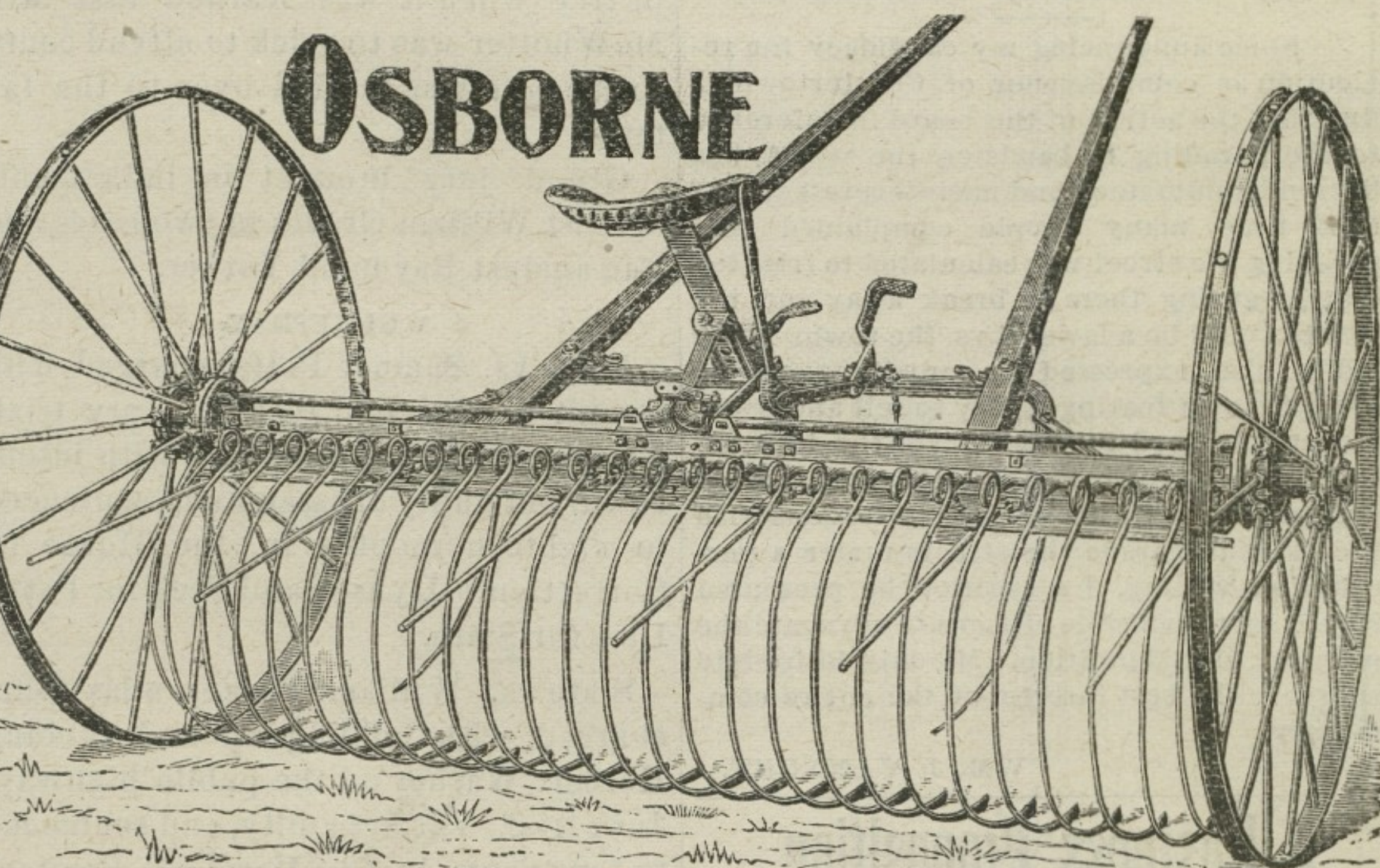
This is the Twine that Binds the grain.



This is the Machine that Mows the Hay.



This is the Tedder that cures the hay.

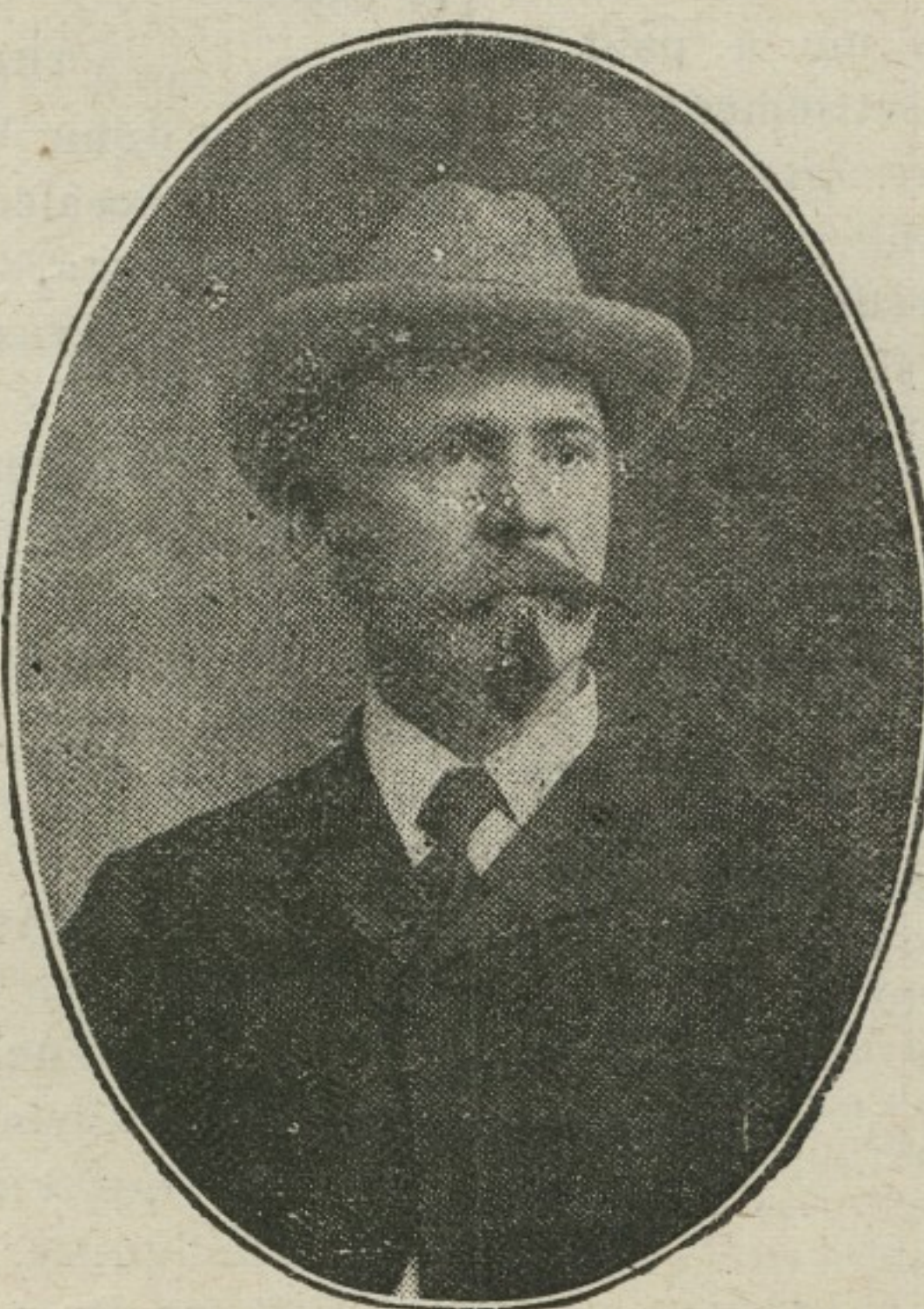


This is the Machine that rakes the Hay.

We also handle the **PARLIN CORN PLANTER**, and **BUCKEYE CULTIVATOR**, both implements which every up-to-date farmer should possess. All of these Machines may be seen,—and an inspection is invited—at our warehouse at Kennedyville.

John H. Clendaniel,
John Medders,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

Farmers,
Remember,



that
John Medders

in addition to his general business as Blacksmith and Wheelwright, handles the following Agricultural Implements:

HAMBURG PLOWS, SOUTH BEND PLOWS, DEARBORN'S, WAGONS, SPIKE HARROWS, CUCUMBER PUMPS, REPAIRS for Oliver Chilled Plows.

JOHN MEDDERS, Kennedyville, Md.

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