WIT, HUMOR & WISDOM.

Want of good sense is the worst of poverty.

There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

You will seldom find an attorney at law—he knows better.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Though the wolf may lose his teeth he never loses his inclinations.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies prolong it.

She went into a store to buy some toilet soap. But when the clerk said 'it would keep off chaps,' she remarked that she didn't want that kind.

'C-o-lo-r-s,' said a Sunday school boy, slowly spelling it out—'coat of many collars—why did it have to have so many collars, teacher? So they could lift him out of the well easy?'

He was asked if he knew the difference between 'starboard' and 'port,' and with a knowing leer replied:

'If'm, well, rather, and I prefer port.''

'Look at ——,' said 'Jones to Smith, pointing to a man striding up and down a piazza, at a water-place, with corrugated brow: 'The d— f— thinks he is thinking?'

A professor of French in an Albany school asked a pupil recently what was the gender of 'academy.' The child replid that it depended on whether it was a male or female academy.

'Will the coming woman shovel the snow from the sidewalks?' is a question for debating societies. If she is not more of a success at it than the present man, the outlook for the future is a little dark.

'Please, auntie, lend us your new bonnet,' said a mite of seven summers.

'What do you want with it?'

'Why, we are going to hold it up in the window to scare people as they pass!'

A rounded and rosy young girl,
A hair-frizzled, cosy young girl,
Who moves in society,
A pink of propriety,
A high-minded, stylish young girl.

The mother has made a lap. The boy is in the lap. He is looking at the carpet. What has the mother in her hand? She has a shingle in her hand. What will she do with the shingle? She will put it where it will do the most good.

This is an Examination. See how Sad these Boys look! Look at That Boy in the Corner. He will Pass. He has all his Knowledge at his Fingerends. See, He puts his Knowledge in His Pocket Because the Tutor is looking. Come Away, Children!

Little Robbie went to a show, and, for the first time in his life, saw an elephant. When he returned to the house, his mother asked him what he had seen. 'The best thing I saw was called an elephant. He ate his hay with his front tail!'

The old man sighed as he took the golden haired, laughing boy upon his knees, and stroking his shining tresses, said: 'Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again.' Little Johnnie ceased his laughing, and looking soberly up into his grandfather's face, remarked: 'Then, why don't you get mamma to spank you?'

'Father,' asked Ralph, 'did you ever have another wife besides mother?'

'No, my son. What put that into your head?'

'Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anno Domini, 1836, and that wasn't mother's name—for her name was Sally Smith!'

'When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?' said a very small lad, in conversation with his aunt, one day.

'Yes, child; but if you want to be a man, you must be industrious at school, study hard, and learn to behave yourself.'

'Why, auntie, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?'

'Wake up, John!
An' come an' milk the cows!
The robins an' the bluebirds are singing in the boughs,
The sun hez been in sight
An hour above the hill,
It's time to feed the hosses an' give the pig their swill.

A little girl who saw her father working in the garden, took her kitten to him and said:

'Please, papa, dig a gate big hole.'

'What!' cried papa; 'dig a hole to bury poor kitty? I thought you loved kitty?'

''Es, I does. But she's mos' old now, an' I dess I'll plant her an' det some little kittens. Won't she drow, papa?'

Arthur was only three years of age, and so when his foot struck against an over-turned stool, down he went. As he sat on the stool, rubbing his hurt, he suddenly looked up, exclaiming:

'Did God make me, mamma?'

'Yes, dear.'

''Well,' he said, 'if He's got any pieces left I wish He would mend my knee.'

A little girl has an uncle who has thaught her to open and shut his crosh hat. The other evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming, with his new silk hat wrinkled like an accordeon. 'Oh, uncle,' she said, 'this one is very hard; I've had to sit on it; but I can't get it more than half shut.'

A nice-looking old lady with a snow-lace about her head, sat in the car the other day, and drew up her skirts nervously, lest the cataract of tobacco juice that was pouring from the mouths of loafers should deluge them. 'Conductor,' she asked timidly, when he came in, 'isn't it against the rules to spit on the floor of the car?'

'No, ma'am,' replied the gallant conductor; 'spit wherever you like.'

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said:

'Go away from the stove; the weather isn't cold.'

The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, demurely replied:

'I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands.'

'Is it oleomargarine?' he asked, with an accent utterly utter.
The landlady looked like a queen in her pride,
As she wagged her head from side to side,
And said, with a threatening forward stride,
'I'd thank you, sir, it's butter.'

Then all the boarders loudly roared,
'We don't want butter with such cheap board;
Take it away from the festal scence,
And bring us some oleomargarine.'

'The Makemoney Bank has failed,' said Mr. Brown, as he took his seat at the tea-table, the other evening.

Little Edith looked quickly up, and for the next half minute her thoughtful little face indicated that she was trying to solve some problem.

'Papa,' she said, finally, 'was the bank bursted because they put too many pennies in it? I'm sure I'd like for my bank to do that way. Wouldn't it be nice?'

'I don't see the use of these Arctic expeditions, remarked Mrs. Miggs, peevishly. 'They only get lost an' keep folks looking for them who might be better employed.'

'Perhaps you don't see the use of them now,' rejoined Mr. Miggs, in a tone expressive of contempt for his wife's ignorance. 'But if we have to pay two cents a pound for ice next summer, you'll wish that Mr. Bennett's attempt to organize an independent consumers' anti-monopoly ice company at the north pole had succeeded.'

THE CASE OF RUEL GREGG.

AN AFFECTIONATE HIGH-MORAL BALLAD.

There was a man named Ru-i-el,
(His other name was Gregg;)
He thought he was some pun-ki-ens
Till taken down a peg.
He loved a nice young dam-si-el,
Her pa on him did frown,
For he had much spondool-i-icks,
And his maiden name was Brown.

Thus Ruel was unhap-pi-e,
And Sophy was the same,
She wished to change the col-i-or
Of the ancestral name.
At last a secret mar-ri-age
She did arrange with him,
She said she'd wed her lov-ier,
E'en if it took a—limb!

So Ruel got a lad-di-er,
And one dark cattish night
He stood beneath her case-mi-ent,
All ready for their flight.
He clasped her hand in si-li-ence,
As she stepped trembling down:—
Jerusalem! off dropped hat and dress,
And there stood Mister Brown!

And then he went for Ru-i-el,
And put on him a roof,
Also tin ears nu-me-ri-ous,
As he is living proof.
He polished Ruel cru-i-le,
He rolled him in the mire,
Till he stretched out quite life-li-ess,
And nearly did expire.

When Sophy heard the rum-pi-us,
Her love she did bewail,
She joined the Universalists,
And finally took the veil.
So all fair maids and lov-i-ers
Attend to me I beg;
Beware the heartless pa-ri-ent,
And the fate of Ruel Gregg!

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up stairs
With unusual clatter.
Now he bursts into the room;
Noisy as a rocket:
''Auntie, I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket.''

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
''Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket;
I've got something better yet—
I have got a pocket!''

All too fresh the joy to make
Emptiness a sorrow;
Little hand is plump enough
To fill it—till to-morrow.
And, ere many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it,
Nothing ever came amiss
To the wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too;
It was always handy.
And, when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
Found a place within it;
He forgot that he had said,
''I want it just a minute.''
Once the closet key was lost;
No one could unlock it;
Where do you suppose it was?
Down in Willie's pocket!

His Honor and the Small Boy.

'Bub,' said his Honor, as he leaned over the desk to look down upon a red-headed rat of twelve, 'do you expect to be sent to the State prison for life?'

'Y-yith, thir,' was the reply.

'Well, you'll get there if you keep on. Don't you know that it is an awful thing for a boy like you to throw a big apple and hit an ex-Alderman in the left eye?'

'It slipped, thir.'

'How?'

'I throwed it at a b-boy, an' it went off t'other way.'

'Thrown at a boy, eh? Sppose you had killed the boy?'

'Yith, thir; I'd like to kill him, 'cause he clubbed my dog.'

His Honor looked under the desk for an imaginary umbrella, and it was a long minute before he straightened up an said:

'Yours is a curious case.'

'Yith, thir.'

'You must be checked in you young career. If you will assault an alderman now, what wouldn't you do when you are a man?'

'Yith, thir, I wouldn't.'

'I don't wan't to send you to the workhouse, and yet I feel that you must be made to respect the law. Bijah, hadn't you better take care of this boy?'

Bijah led him into the corridor and shut the door. What passed there may never be revealed. When the door was opened the floor was strewn with pieces of shingle and the boy had gone around the corner. Those who saw him said that he looked ruffled from the back of his neck down to his heels, and that he was in a great hurry.

A Smart Lawyer.

A Seventh street lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said:

'Beg pardon, but can you tell me where S——'s office is?'

'Yes, sir—next door.'

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed:

'S——seems to be out.'

'Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so.'

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:

'How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?'

'Oh, about $5.'

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said:

'My fee, please.'

'I haven't a cent to pay you!'

'You haven't?'

'Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so. Good morning, sir!'

He Was Just Out.

Some of our city stores are constantly annoyed by children coming to the door and asking for cards, empty boxes and that sort of things. The clerks are, of course, down on the youngsters, and the warefare never ends. The other day a little girl opened a store door, and sticking her head in called out:

'Say, mister, have you got any empty boxes?'

'No,' said the clerk, not very politely.

'Got any cards?'

'No.'

'Got any almanacs?'

'No.'

'Got any empty bottles?'

'No.'

'Got any pictures?'

'No.'

'Got any sense?'

'No—yes—no—yes—you miserable little wretch,' and the clerk flew out the door, but the youngster was up in the next alley making faces at him, and he come back madder than he had been since his salary was reduced.

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Diphtheria.

A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by consumption or diphtheria. No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so quickly and surely in such cases as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The prompt use of this invaluable remedy has saved thousands of lives.

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For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SEAMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. S. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—O. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation extant. We would not be without it.—A. F. ROUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

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I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

Dr. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

Mrs. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever PAIN KILLER has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

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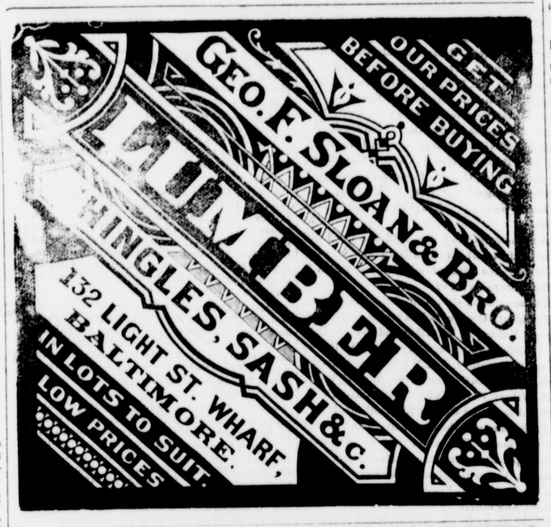

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Special Notice!
SOMETHING LONG NEEDED
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WM PERKINS has fitted up his Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while their gentlemen companions are attending to business matters, in which they can sit, and read, and pass away their time; free of charge.

Lunches Served at All Hours.

☞ He also has an upper room, properly fitted up, in which dinner and supper can be privately furnished at all times, at short notice, and moderate prices.

P. S.—All meals served in the upper saloon will be at an extra charge.

Dec. 18, 1879.

NOTICE.

C. F. STAM has just received a large stock of the

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STOVES BLACKED AND REPAIRED, at short notice, by
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A Large Line of Ladies' Misses, Children's and Infants *SHOES*, and of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine and Heavy Shoes. For sale by
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SALOON,

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen with all the delicacies, usually found in the Saloons in the city.

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Cream, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crab, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, all the delicacies of the season, at the shortest notice.

In the Gentlemen's Saloon, Gentlemen will in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞ Parties will be supplied with every thing needful for refreshment tables and Ice.

☞ Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard, &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

PRICES OF ICE CRAM AND CUSTARD

g allons or more, $1.00 per gallon; 1 gallon nd less than 5 gallons, $1.25 per gallon; ½ gallon, 65 cents; 1 quart, 40 cents; 1 pint, 25 cents.

ICE

in large or small quantities for sale, and delivered every morning to regular customers in Chestertown.

PRICES OF ICE:

5 pounds for 5 cents; 12 pounds for 10 cts.; 30 pounds for 25 cents; 60 pounds for 50 cts.; 75 pounds for 60 cents; 100 pounds for 75 cts.

The long experience of the subscriber as a caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal patronage from the public.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
May 12. Proprietor.

Kent Co., Smyrna & Del. Bay R. R.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT

On and after Monday, January 10th, 1881, until further notice trains will run as follws:

GOING NORTH.	Passenger No. 1. Daily.	Mixed No. 3. Thursdays only.
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.
Chestertown	8 00	2.00
Worton	8.15	2.20
Lynch's	8 25	2.30
Still Pond	8.30	2.40
Kennedyville	8.45	3 00
Blacks	9.00	3.15
Lambson	9.15	3.30
Massey's	9.30	3.45
*Delanys	9.45	4.00
*Bingham	9.55	4.10
arr Clayton	10.05	4.30
leave "	10.36	5 04
" Middletown	11.10	5.30
" Wilmington	12.07 p m	7 04
arr Philadelphia	1 16	8.25
Baltimore	3.28	9.20
New York	4.45	3.45 a m

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger No. 2. Daily except Thursdays.	Mixed and Pass'gr No. 4 and No. 5 Thursdays only.	
LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	8 15	4 20	1 00
Baltimore	9 45	7 00	3 00
Philadelphia	11 45	8 10	5 15
Wilmington	1 05 p.m.	9 25	6 30
Middletown	2 06	10 02	7 35
arr Clayton	2 30	11 02	8 02
leave "	2 40	11 10	8 10
" *Binghams	2 55	11 25	8 25
*Delanys	3 00	11 40	8 35
Masseys	3 15	11 55	8 56
Lambson	3 30	12 10 p. m.	9 05
Blacks	3 40	12 20	9 15
Kennedyville	3 50	12 35	9 25
Still Pond	4 00	12 45	9 30
Lynchs	4 05	12 50	9 40
Worton	4 10	1 00	9 45
arr Chestertown	4 30	1 15	10 00

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.

The morning trains make connection at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Passengers on morning train to and from Baltimore change cars at Wilmington or Delaware Junction.

Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

☞ Trains run on Philadelphia time, which is 5 minutes faster than Baltimore time.

Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates from all Stations for Wilmington or Philadelphia, good for two days, and to Baltimore, good for four days.

FRED. GERKER,
Sept. 23, 1880. Lessee

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One Price Clothiers
216 & 218 W. Baltimore street,
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Special and exclusive shapes prepared for this season's business. Every garment in the establishment of their OWN MANUFACTURE, hence they sell their own productions only.

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Oct. 6, 1881—3m.

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