WIT, HUMOR & WISDOM.

Loneliness, thy name is a church sociable oyster.

No man ever made a success of trying to hide a Christmas present from his wife.

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather, and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.

People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men sparingly or not at all.

Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts induces practice.

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is suprising how many things we enjoy.

'Well,' said an Irish attorney, 'if it plaze the coort, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive.'

Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation; the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run to weeds.

In adversity be spirited and firm, and with equal prudence lessen your sail when filled with a too fortunate gale of prosperity.

Men are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

With good humor and kindness a man is more agreeable in the world than with a superfor intellect devoid of gayety and goodness.

Thirty Bostonians have written essays which are sealed up in a box for a hundred years. This would be a good plan for spring poets.

Mr. Ludwig remarks that some of the temperance alliance women have holes in the heels of their stockings. Never despise a woman because she wears holes in her stockings. It requires a darn sight of trouble to mend them.

A druggist of Belton Falls, Va., has been sent to prison for sixty days, "for selling liquor as a beverage." Wonder what they would have done with him if he had sold it as a liver pad or as a wash for removing freckles?

One of the legends upon the wall of a room in which the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association held its recent annual meeting was, 'Talk to your cow as you would to a lady.' But how about conversing with your bull as you would with a gentleman?

The annual convention of the New York Woman Suffrage Association was held last week. The question of the æsthetic decoration and coiling-up of back hair was considered, and the price of scalskin sacques was denounced.

'Jane, where is that sunflower I left on my table this morning, before going to the office?' 'If you plaze, sir, missus took it down stairs to cook; she said there were some esthits a coming to dinner, an' it was all she had in the house.'

There is one source of hard-pan comfort for the haggard man who goes around with his pants pockets full of dislocated suspender buttons while his wife is absorbed in agitating the woman's rights movement. He is always prepared for the weekly church collection.

A woman in New Orleans found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position and running her hand into his vest pocket, she extracted a $20 bill, and remarked: "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for."

"Anything you see me do, you can do," said Pingrey to his son. "Thank you, sir," replied the young man; "but perhaps I would like to do some of the things you take such mighty good care I shall not see you do." P. thinks of this and trembles every time he goes behind the cupboard door to look into the bottom of that tumbler.

The festive Ah Goo
Courted Too Hay the fair.
They loved, and the two
Concluded to pair.

Said the festive Ah Goo
To the girl at his side,
"Me heap likee you:
You heap be my bride?"

And she, looking down
All so modest and pretty,
Twixt a smile and a frown,
Gently murmured: "You bettee."

'Shekel, what are you going to do with that picture?' asked Jones, as his friend exhibited a likeness of himself.

'Goin' t'send it to my girl,' answered Shekle shortly.

'Want to kill her off?' was the sarcastic query. 'What has she ever done to you? What have you against her? But suppose this picture isn't enough to prove fatal, then what'll you do?'

'Double the dose—send her yours,' retorted the invincible Shekel.

A correspondent writes us to know which in our judgement is the safest seat in case of a railroad collision, as he wishes to settle a controversy with some friends. From a long and painful study in this matter, and calling to our aid a ripe experience, we would say without fear of successful denial that the safest seat in case of a railroad collision is the top rail of a reliable fence about four miles in a northeasterly direction from the collision.

'Well, now, Joe,' said Governor Vance, 'do you really believe in this election by God that you speak of?'

"Deed I do, Massa Vance,' said the negro seriously, with a shake of the head.

'Well, do you think I am elected to be saved?'

'Scasly know, Massa Vance, but I neber heerd of any one being 'lected what wasn't a candidate.'

A good story is told of General Butler's sarcastic retort upon a Massachusetts judge, whom he was teasing for a ruling favorable to a cause he was defending in court. The judge got out of patience at last, and somewhat testily exclaimed:

'Mr. Butler what do you think I sit here for?'

The General quietly shrugged his shoulder, and replied:

'The Court has got me now.'

'I see,' said Mrs. Brown, 'that in this boat race the Scudamores took water first. Poor fellows! How thirsty they must have been; but what do they put it in the paper for?'

'It doesn't mean that,' jerked out Brown.

'Doesn't mean that!' said Mrs. B.; 'then what does it mean?'

'Why said Brown, 'it means—why it means that they were the first to take water, that's all. You women can never understand anything.'

'The idea of letting women vote!' said Brown at the club that evening.

The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity.
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it,
The pharynx now goes up,
The larynx with a slam
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

When the elder Booth was to play Hamlet somewhere in Virginia, he found no skull had been provided. A little darkey, however, volunteered to get one, and kept his promise. When he was leaving the theatre after the performance, Booth felt some one tugging at his coat-tail. It was the little negro.

'Please, sah,' said he, 'I want daddy's skull.'

'Daddy's skull?' repeated the actor.

'Yes, sah. Dat used ter be de ole man's head-piece afore de mule kicked him; an' mammy'll lick me ef I lose it.'

"THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG."

It was in the chill December
That the angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness,
As he swept through the wintry sky;
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet, and free from care,
And the angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there—
But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

And the angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow;
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low;
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Waited in lone bereavement,
And wished that she, too, might go—
But the children laughed and sang at their play,
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the father's form at rest;
And they laid the delicate flower-wreath
Upon his quiet breast;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight;
And they heaped the cold earth above him,
While the children's feet trod light—
But the boys went home to their happy play:
Never a fear nor a pang had they.

And often the childish footsteps
Are turned to the father's grave,
Where the grass, with its glistening hoar-frost,
Lies over the heart so brave;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain;
And they say in their childish voices:
"Will papa ne'er come again?"
But soon they laugh, and sing at play;
Never a fear nor a pang have they.

So God in his infinite pity,
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear;
And I said: "There's no past for the children,
With its terrible pangs and stings;
And for them no brooding future
Spreadeth its threatening wings—
All they see is the present—to-day;
And so they laugh and sing at their play."

The Tale of a Cat-Tail; or, the Reward of Virtue.

Down in the swamp where the alders bloom
A weary cat-tail hung its head,
"My heart is wrapped around with gloom;
I would, I would that I were dead!
Life here is never hilarious,
And always somewhat malarious,"
Said this discontented cat-tail.

"Why am I not a fair moss rose,
That a poet's strain might tell of me,
Or a maiden press me to her nose
And gently, tenderly, smell of me?
Oh, how I bemoan my humble walk!
And a large tear trickled down the stalk
Of the sorrowful, weeping cat-tail.

* * * * * * * *

Bigger and browner the cat-tail grew,
Till at last, one summer day,
A maiden fair, with eyes of blue,
Came driving along that way,
She had studied artistic decoration
And gave a delightful exclamation
When she saw the noble cat tail.

She spared it not; in its noble prime
She cut it short on the spot;
But it knew it was near its seedy time,
And would rather be cut than not.
And it almost erupted its sleek, fat side,
With its fervid joy and its honest pride,
This stout but modest cat-tail.

The maiden showed to all her friends
Her captured cat-tail, brown and tall;
She made it a dow with loops and ends,
And hung it up against the wall.
The humble cat-tail was much elated,
In its position so elevated
As a decorative cat-tail.

For by its side there hung in state
Some Kensington-work on flannel,
While a one-legged stork looked for its mate
From a pleasing neighboring panel.
And these with a gorgeous peacock's feather
And a Japanese fan all hang together
With the new æsthetic cat-tail.

A Case for Charity.

One of Detroit's millionaires was walking homeward yesterday when he encountered a lame man with a greasy paper in his hand. As the pair came to a halt the lame man asked:

"Will you do me the favor to read this paper?"

"Can't do it—left my eye glasses at home," was the reply.

"Then I'll state the contents to you."

"No use; no use. I'm so deaf that I couldn't catch more than one word out of three.',

"I'm a poor man with a wooden leg sir."

"Yes; I see, I see. Lots of poor men have no wooden legs. You are lucky, sir, and I congratulate you. Must have cost you fifty dollars, and I presume it is a nice leg."

"If you had any clothes, sir?"

"Yes, but I haven't."

"Or old boots."

"I'm wearing my old boots, you see. You are just six months too early to get em."

"I haven't had a meal since yesterday."

"Nor I, either. We are cleaning house, and for the last three days I've had to eat a cold lunch off the piano."

"Then you couldn't spare a nickel?"

"How can I? Ain't I walking home because I haven't money to ride on the car?"

"Is that so? Then we'er both hard up."

"Of course we are."

"And, being you're the worst off, here's a cold sassage I got at the house below, and here's a nickel to ride on the car! I tell you, sir, us poor folks has got to have more pity for the rich and do better by 'em, or we'll all go to the poor house!"

A Coroner's Eye to Business.

Yesterday, while Capt. Paul Boyton, the great cold-waterman, was floating down Arkansas river in a sort of leisurely, holiday way, he was discovered by an Arkansian, who sprang into a canoe and paddled out to him.

"Say, there; what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," replied the Captain.

"What's your name?"

"Paul Boyton."

"Where are you going?"

"Down to the mouth of the river."

"How much will you give me to take you down in a wagon?"

"Don't want to go in a wagon. Want to go this way."

"Well, look here; I am the coroner of this county, and it's my duty to hold inquests of all floaters. Come out here and wait till I hold an inquest over you."

"But I'm not dead."

"That don't make no difference; you're a floater, and I'll get just as much for you as if you was dead. Won't come out, eh? You are the most unaccommodating man I ever saw. Go ahead, then. First thing you know you'll hang up on my trot-line, then I'll have you foul. Bet a hundred dollars this is some Yankee trick."

This is said to be a fresh one from England: Lady, anxious to reach the station—"Cahn't you drive a little fasther? We'll miss the train if you don't 'urry." Cabman whips up his 'orse, but doesn't seem to get on much 'fasther.' Lady, again—"Cahn't you 'urry the 'orse a bit? It 'im in some vital part." Cabman—"Vy, mum, hi've halready 'it 'im in all uv his vital parts hexcept one, and hi'm reserving that for 'Olborn 'Ill."

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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.—C. 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 made. We would not be without it.—A. F. ROUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

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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Fortnightly Review.	J. N. Lockyer, F.R.S.
The Nineteenth Cent'y.	Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
Popular Science Review	E. B. Tylor.
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Cornhill Magazine.	Professor Owen.
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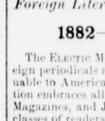

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WM PERKINS has fitted up his Lady's Parlor, for the Winter; and ladies from the country, or elsewhere, will find a warm room, when they come to town with their husbands or friends, and do not wish to wait in the stores, or to call on friends, while 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

NEW METHODIST HYMNALS,

very nicely bound, and which he is selling very cheap, from 50 cts. to $3.00—an examination of stock and prices is solicited. Call at the corner Drug Store. [Jan. 8, 1880

STOVES BLACKED AND REPAIRED, at short notice, by

Oct 31 THOS. L. HINES & CO.

LARGE STOCK GLASSWARE, CHINA TEA SETS, China Chamber sets—at SPARKS,'

Sept 30 opposite Court House

"RISING SUN" 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 everything needful for refreshment tables and Ice.

PRICES OF ICE CRAM AND CUSTARD

2 gallons or more, $1.00 per gallon; 1 gallon and less than 2 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,
Proprietor.

May 12.

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

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

TO WHEELWRIGHTS who are needing goods we offer a fine stock.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

SOUSED PIG FEET, Pickels and Canned GOODS—at HUDGINS' BAKERY.

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO

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 follows:

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
Lynchs	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
Masseys	9.20	3.45
*Delanys	9.45	4.00
*Bingham	9.55	4.10
arr Clayton	10 05	4.20
leave "	10.56	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	6.45	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 50
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 20	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. GEEKER,
Lessee

Sept. 23, 1880.

THE Philadelphia TIMES

Now stands confessedly at the head of Philadelphia journalism in all that makes a thoroughly complete, general and family newspaper. It is more complete in its news, in its special correspondence, in its varied contributions on all subjects of popular interest, and in all the qualities of a newspaper for the family circle and for the business man than any of its contemporaries, because its facilities and resources are equal to every want of a first-class national journal.

"The Weekly Times" has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of news or literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

The "Annals of the War" embracing chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

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