T. HUMOR AND WISDOM.

A Piazza Tragedy.

The beauteous Ethel's father has a
New-painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted,
They had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat,
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but, Oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay;
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh, my!

—*From the Denver Tribune.*

Highly sugar-coated: A New York divorce lawyer's advertisement reads: 'Hymeneal incompatibilities, as a specialty, carefully adjusted. 'Tis slavery to detain the hand after the heart hath fled.'

Unconscious repartee: Uncle Dick (an eminent R. A.)—'Well, Johnny, and what are you going to be?'

Johnny—'I shall be a judge, like papa.'

Uncle Dick—'Ah! but you haven't brains enough, my boy.'

Johnny—'Oh, then I'll be an artist, like you.' —*London Punch.*

Fame a flimsy thing: Goldmark, the Vinenese composer, introduced himself one day to a good-looking young lady sitting opposite to him in a railway coupe:

'My name is Goldmark; I am the composer of the 'Queen of Sheba.''

'Ah,' replied the young lady, 'what a remunerative position it must be.'—*Leipzig Signale.*

A country cousin found himself seated at one of our hotel tables, probably for the first time, and the table girl, desirous of ascertaining the extent to which he preferred his steak cooked, propounded the usual question of "how do you like it?" Of course there wasn't any smiling around that board when the answer was returned, with all the simplicity imaginable: 'O, I like it fustrate.'—*Laconia Toesin.*

She was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing look replied:

'Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors, but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know, but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be.' —*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Old Abe once replied to a question early in the war as to how the Union reverses affected him by saying: I feel very much like a great stalwart Illinois neighbor of mine who was out logging in his bare feet. A log rolled over and crushed one of his big toes before he could escape. All drawn up with pain, he replied to a question of how he was with:

'Well, I'm too big to cry, but it hurts too damn bad to laugh.'—*Boston Globe.*

'My dear fellow,' said the late Lord Chancellor Westburg one day to Ex-Lord Chief Justice Erle, 'why do you not attend the judicial committee of the Privy Council?'

'Because I am old, deaf and stupid.'

'That is no reason at all,' rejoined the acidulated Chancellor, 'for I am old, Williams is deaf, and Colon-Say is stupid, yet we make an admirable Court of Appeal.'—*English Paper.*

The Reverned Whangdoodle Baxter recently met Jim Webster on Austin avenue. 'What's de reason, James, dat I doesn't see yer at de church no moah?' asked Whangdoodle.

'Bekase I wasn't dar, I reckon.'

'But why wasn't you dar?'

'I'll tell you, Parson, perzactly how dat am. Eber since I stole dem turkeys outen your hen-coop I has done lost all confidence in myself.'—*Texas Siftings.*

A good story is told about Mazzini. While the notorious Italian agitator was in London he went out one day with an English friend and bought a lot of rusty old swords and pistols. 'What on earth are you going to do with them?' asked the Britisher.

'Nothing at all,' replied Mazzini; 'only when the police hear of my purchase telegrams will be sent everywhere and not a King or Queen will sleep quietly to-night.' And the Italian chuckled.

An Austin young lady, who has enjoyed the advantages of a classical education at a Northern female college, happened to be at home when her aged grandmother was stricken down with a fatal illness. The entire family gathered around the death-bed of the old lady, who, in a feeble voice, said:

'Good-by to you all, I am gwine to peg out.'

'Grandmother!' exclaimed the young lady. 'Don't say you are gwine to peg out. Say you are going to expire or that you contemplate approaching dissolution. It sounds so much better.'—*Texas Siftings.*

"BUCHUPAIBA."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Mrs. Plump is a large lady, a very large lady. The other day, while sitting in a public hall, with a friend, Mrs. Plump suddenly exclaimed, as she caught sight of another stout lady:

'What a monster! Mary, am I as big as that woman?'

'How singular!' said Mary. 'She asked me that very same question, not half an hour ago.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Plump.

'Yes,' said Mary, 'and to think that I should answer you just as I did her!'

'And how is that, pray?'

'Why, my dear, you are not nearly so stout. You're a skeleton compared with her.'

'Humph! I knew I wasn't such a monster,' said the mollified Mrs. Plump.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

He was a brand new office-boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle-bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with every body, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald-headed printer's pate; tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway; had four fights with another boy; borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead; collected his two days' pay from the cashier; hit the janitor with a broom-stick; pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff; wrenched the knobs off the doors; up-set the water-cooler; pied three galleys of type; and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: 'Mi Mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I Would make a Good preacher. So Do I. My finger is Better; gone fishin'. Yours Till Deth do Yank us.'

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

HER GREAT MISTAKE.

At an early hour Tuesday forenoon a boy about 12 years of age entered a Woodward avenue store hugging a big rocking-horse in his arms, and as he placed it on the floor he said to one of the clerks:

'Got that in my Christmas stocking. I guess it was bought here.'

'Yes, that was sold by us.'

'An old woman about 60 years old bought it, didn't she?'

'I think so.'

'Kind of a motherly-looking woman who looked as if she didn't know what a boy wanted no more than pigs can fly?'

'I didn't notice about that. What's the matter with the horse?'

'The horse is all right, but the idea of a boy as big as me fooling around with a hobby horse! Grandma must have been crazy. I threw out a doxen hints, but she was bent on getting this horse.'

'And what do you want?'

'Want to trade it, of course.'

'For what?'

'Well, I want a seven-shooter revolver.'

'Don't keep 'em.'

'Then I want three or four pistols to shoot real bullets.'

'We have none.'

'Any bowie knives or slung-shots?'

'Not one.'

'Any shot guns?'

'No.'

'Got any cannons?'

'None.'

'Haven't you got nothing that'll shoot or stab or blow up or smash things?'

'The only articles we have are tin swords and toy-engines.'

'Then I'll take about six swords and the rest in engines. I guess I know where I can trade the swords for a toy pistol, and then I'll be fixed to make things lively. That's just like an old grandma. She'd go and pay $4 for a thing like this when twenty shillings would have bought a pistol and enough powder and bullets to pepper every pane of glass out of the barn.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMERICAN FABLES.

A fox who was gamboling about had the illluck to fall over a cliff, and as he lay on the ground, unable to rise and suffering great pain, along came a Hare.

'Well,' said the Fox as he looked up, 'the tables are turned. I am your bitter enemy and have often pursued you with intent to murder, but now I am helpless and you can take your revenge.'

'Do you expect me to kill you?'

'Naturally I do; and I ask the favor that you kill me with a club instead of slowly torturing me to death by singing: 'Only a Pansy Blossom.''

But the Hare determined to heap coals of fire on his head and prove her own forgiving spirit. She therefore brought him water and food, and nursed him until he was quite able to take care of himself. The very next day after they separated the Hare was crossing a field when she found herself pursued by a Fox. After running a long distance she was overtaken, and as she was knocked over she recognized in her assailant the very Fox whose life she had saved.

'Why, you are the Fox whom I nursed!' she cried.

'Is that so?'

'Of course it is! How could you fail to recognize me?'

'Well, fools look so much alike that it is hard to tell who from who. For fear of making a mistake I shall eat you and let the next one go.'

THE LION AND THE JACKALS.

One day two Jackals were having a hot dispute as to the origin of man, and were about to come to blows, when along came the Lion, and asked:

'My friends, what seems to be the rumpus here?'

'I claim that man originated from the ape,' exclaimed one.

'And I contend that he descended from the fish,' added the other.

'Have either of you any documents or affidavits?'

'None.'

'Then I shall claim that man is descended from the giraffe, and being able to roar louder than both of you together, shall carry my point. Be off with you, and remember that arguments on theories test the wind more or as much as they appeal to the head.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Boreas on the Rampage.

The high wind whistled around the chimney tops and steeples, and blew bricks down into the street, scaring the people who walked below. Snow, sleet and hail drove into the faces of those who dared expose themselves, and made them button their coats tight around their throats. Of course there were sore throats and colds and coughs the next day. But what were these to men and women who could step into any drug store and buy a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

A boy of 12 stood leaning against a fence on Duffield street, hat pulled down, feet crossed, and his right hand going up occassionally to wipe his nose, and along came another anatomy about his size and asked:

'Sick?'

'No.'

'Any the family dead?'

'No.'

'Going to run away?'

'I dunno. I've just been licked.'

'Who dun it?'

'Dad.'

'Did your ma ask him to?'

'Yes. She told him I had been aching for it more than a month.'

'Say,' said the new arrival, 'you are in luck. I'm trying my best to get dad to whale me. I'd give fifty cents if he had tanned me this noon and it was all through hurting.'

'Why?'

'Why! Haven't I got three dollars saved up to buy pap and marm Christmas presents, and if I can git 'em to whale me before Christmas won't I spend every cent of that money on myself? How much you got?'

'Two dollars.'

'Bully! You are all right! You've been licked, and they won't expect even a stick of gum from their pounded son. I'll go home and slam the baby around and steal sugar and kick the cat and sass mother, and if I can git walloped to-night I'll meet you here to-morrow, and we'll pool in and buy more pistols and scalping knives and rock candy and nuts and raisins than you ever saw before! Yip! Peel me lown dear father—hang my hide on the fence, mother darling!'—*Free Press.*

***"In choosing allies, look to their power as well as to their will to aid you." In choosing a remedy for bowel, liver and kidney diseases, try Kidney-Wort, and you will never regret it. If you are subject to ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good, free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks.

A Connecticut "Oliver Twist."

He was a pretty close man, without doubt. At breakfast he cut an egg in two and gave the new hired help one-half of it. The help ate it, and held out his plate for more.

'What!' gasped the host. 'Want a hull egg?'

'Of course I do,' said the man.

The boss stared blankly at him a moment, and then pushing the half egg across the table, snappishly cried:

'Take it, eat it, and kill yourself!'

The man ate it, and is still alive.—*Danbury*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE RED HEN.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

This is the story my grandmother told,
One day when the wind and the weather were cold;
You have read it before, perhaps, dozens of times,
Will you hear it again in the simplest of rhymes?

'Who'll sift the flour?' cried the little red hen,
'We need some more bread.'
'I w-o-n-t,' I w-o-n-t,' all the rest of the ten
Quite lazily said.
'Well, then, *I* will!' To the pantry she went
That very sams hour,
And merrily sang, on her task still intent
Till she'd sifted the flour.

'Who'll stir in the yeast?' cried the little red hen,
'And who'll knead the bread?'
'*I* won't,' '*I* won't,' all the rest of the ten
Rather angrily said.
'Well, then, I will' and she worked so fast
That the loaf looked light,
When placed in its shining pan, at last,
To rise through the night.

'Who'll kindle the fire?' cried the little red hen,
'Who'll bake the bread?'
'I won't,' 'I won't,' all the rest of the ten
Quite sullenly said.
'Well, then, I will,' and she wiped the dust
Till the oven was clean.
And the loaf, when baked, had the nicest crust
That ever was seen.

'Now the work is done,' cried the little red hen,
'Who'll eat the bread?'
'*I* will,' '*I* will,' all the rest of the ten
Very eagerly said.
'No, indeed, you WON'T, as you've said before;
I'll eat it myself.'
And she left the loaf, after locking the door,
On the closet shelf.

Then the nine who'd been lazy and sullen and cross
Went up to the attic, and wept o'er their loss.

THE WONDERFUL RING.

A Fairy Story.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MASKELL.

Once upon a time, a rich man made a thanksgiving feast for a large number of poor children. A long table was covered with rich, heavy damask, and "fairly groaned," as the expression goes, under its load of roast turkey, sweet potatoes, stewed cranberries, and piles on piles of little pumpkin pies and great, round, sugar-coated doughnuts. But the most wonderful thing was an exquisite basket of rare flowers in the centre, with a card attached, on which all the children read, as they seated themselves at the table:

"To be given to the most handsome one present before leaving the room."

Oh, dear! what a fluttering of excitement there was!

One played with her long, golden curls; another smiled to display her white, even teeth; another bit her lips and slyly pinched her cheeks to make them look rosy; while the boys laughed and tossed their heads, as much as to say that they were as likely to take the prize as some of the doll-faced girls.

Only one little girl had no look of expectancy on her face, but wore the same sweet smile that was habitual to her. This little girl had coarse, sandy hair and great yellow blotches all over her face, while her hands were large and rough.

"I wonder if 'guinea-egg' won't get the flowers?" laughed a great, rude boy. 'I don't see what business she has to stick herself in everywhere. Her hair makes me think of our old donkey's tail, and her freckles disgust me.'

And the boy made such an odd grimace that all the children shouted with laughter.

Felice, the butt of their ridicule, joined in as if she enjoyed it as much as any of them.

'Everybody knows she is only a half-wit. Leave her alone,' said a tall girl, smoothing out the streamers of a scarlet bow at her throat.

Poor Felice felt these words most of all, for she was as bright as any of them, only trying so very hard to overcome her extreme sensitiveness that it sometimes made her appear awkward.

Now her blue eyes winked and blinked, and her lips quivered pitifully for a moment, distorting more than ever the speckled face; then it was all over, and the little girl again presented a smiling face to her companions.

The rich man now came in, and all was quiet.

No sooner was the feast over than low, sweet music was heard. Nearer and nearer it came, until the children were astonished to behold a dozen tiny fairies entering the room. The children were almost breathless with expectation.

'Listen,' said one of the fairies. 'We have been sent by our queen this day to present one of you the beautiful basket of flowers, but before presenting the prize we must know what for, that not one point may escape our notice.'

The tongues soon ran glibly enough. One was thankful for her lily-white hands, another for her fairy-like feet, another for this and another for that, until little Felice was reached. She smiled brightly, and answered:

'While I have no beauty to boast of, I am thankful for health and strength, and for the privilege of feasting my eyes on all the loveliness around me. I think that is what makes me so happy.'

The fairies smiled and winked their eyes like stars; then they took from their pockets gold rings, every one with a different setting, and presented them to the children.

Felice's had a strange white stone in it and when she drew it on her finger, lo and behold! there began a wonderful transformation.

The hand upon which was the ring became white and small, and then the enchantment crept up to the face, and the freckles paled out like stars before the morning sun, and the hair shone like threads of gold.

Even the plain homespun attire underwent a change, and she was now robed in spotless white, and, to the children's amazement, stood before them a creature of dazzling loveliness.

Tremblingly the little girl looked around among her companions to see how they, too, had changed, but was startled to find the change apparent in none but herself.

'There is no doubt about the matter now,' said the rich man, taking up the basket and extending it to the happy child. 'It is Felice's rare smile that has won for her the flowers, for the fairies knew as soon as they gazed upon her that she was the possessor of the most beautiful soul, and hence why they bestowed upon her the most wonderful ring. What have you to say for yourself, little one?'

'That—that I am very thankful,' she murmured, nervously, letting her white fingers wander in among the flowers; when, behold! a beautiful bird fluttered out, and, perching himself high up on a picture-frame, poured out such a round of song that all the children forgot their disappointment and began clapping their hands, shouting:

'Long live little Felice and the beautiful fairies; and may we enjoy such a Thanksgiving feast every year of our lives!'

A CERTAIN schoolboy who knew more about town-ball, marbles, "antey over," and the like than about his books, was asked:

'What is geography?'

'A big book.'

'Of what is the earth composed?'

'Mud.'

'No; it is composed of land and water.'

'Well, that makes mud, doesn't it?'

'What is the shape of the earth?'

'Flat.'

'If I should dig a hole through the earth where would I come out?'

'Out of the hole.'

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the *only* sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that *nothing* but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ABGRAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

Wintry Blasts

WINTRY BLASTS BRING
COUGHS
COLDS
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Perry Davis's Pain Killer
CURES
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Provide against the evil effects of Wintry Blasts by procuring PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

EVERY GOOD DRUGGIST KEEPS IT.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

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ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

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KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

WHOLESALE. RETAIL.

FRANK D. WATKINS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Building Materials,

Doors, Window Sashes Blinds.

Window and Door Frames,
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Will Not Interfere With Our Business.

OUR OFFCE IS NOT DAMAGED,

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WE WILL BE PLEASED TO

Fill All Orders Promptly

Having a Good Stock in Our Other Yards.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

Lumber Dealers,

March 25, 1882. NO. 132 LIGHT STREET WHARF

SAM'L BURNS & CO.

LUMBER

SASH,

DOORS, BLINDS &c.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF

BALTIMORE.

MOGEES' SCHUYLKILL AND PLYMOUTH ROCK QUICK AND SLAKED LIME,

MANUFACTURED AT NORRISTOWN, PA.,

EXPRESSLY FOR AND FOR SALE BY

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown, Kent Co. Md

:O:

THIS LIME has been used largely by the farmers in Delaware and Maryland, and has given the quickest and best results of any Lime on the market. It has frequently increased the crop the first year enough to pay for itself. We can deliver at short notice, either by Railroad or water, and on very accommodating terms. We defy competition.

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CELEBRATED KENNEDY LIME,

Which was sold by the late Jacob Highley, and which was prefered by a good many farmers.—The same on very accommodating terms.

B. F. FLEMING,

Wholesale Dealer in Schuylkill, Quick and Slaked LIME, Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

March 16, 1882.

D.r HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers it is indispensable.

REV. A. I. HOBBS Writes:—After a thorough trial of the IRON TONIC, I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties. Louisville, Ky., Oct. 5, 1882.

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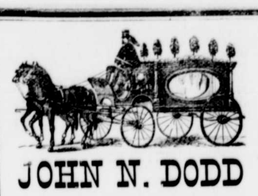

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COLD AIR ICE CASKETS for the preservation of the dead; also Embalming Fluids. I have recently introduced a remarkably cheap BLACK CLOTH CASKET, which in appearance is almost equal to the finest. Remember I do not confine myself exclusively to fine and high-priced work, but have an endless variety at *medium* and *low prices.*

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ALWAYS REMEMBER that I *guarantee* to furnish *anything* in my line, of the same kind and quality, at *lower prices* than any other establishment of the kind. Ever grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended me, I respectfully beg a continuance of the same.

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Respectfully,

Aug10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

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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.

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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

gallons 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.

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

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

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CELERY SEED,
HORSE RADISH ROOT
TUMERIC,
Red and Black PEPPER,
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Largest stock in Chestertown for you to select from may be found at

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This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

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Sept. 4, 1879.

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For 1882-83.

The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under the new name, and the most successful in its history, closed with the October number. The circulation has shown a large gain over that of the preceding season, and THE CENTURY begins its thirteenth year with an edition of

140,000 Copies.

The following are the leading features:

A New Novel by W. D. Howells, to succeed this author's "Modern Instance." It will be an international story, entitled "A Woman's Reason."

Life in the Thirteen Colonies by Edward Eggleston,—the leading historical feature of the year; to consist of a number of papers, on such topics as 'The Beginning of a Nation,' 'Social Life in the Colonies,' etc., the whole forming a complete history of early life in the United States. Especial attention will be paid to accuracy of illustrations.

A Novelette of Mining Life, by Mary Hallock Foote, entitled 'The Led-Horse Claim,' to be illustrated by the author.

The Point of View, by Henry James, Jr., a series of eight letters from imaginary persons of various nationalities, criticising America, its people, society, manners, railroads, etc.

The Christian League of Connecticut, by the Rev. Washington Gladden. An account of practical co-operation in Christian work, showing how a league was formed in a small town in Connecticut, what kinds of work it attempted, and how it spread throughout the whole State.

'Rudder Grange Abroad, by Frank R. Stockton, a continuation of the droll 'Rudder Grange' stories, the scene to be now in Europe.

The New Era in American House-Building, a series of four papers, fully illustrated, devoted to (1) City Houses, (2) Country Houses, (3) Churches, and (4) Public Buildings.

The Creoles of Louisiana, by Geo. W. Cable, author of 'Old Creole Days,' etc.; a fresh and graphic narrative, richly illustrated.

My Adventures in Zuni, by Frank H. Cushing, government ethnologist, an adopted member of the Zuni tribe of Indians. Illustrated.

Illustrated Papers on the National Capital, including 'The Capitol,' 'The Supreme Court,' 'The