IAT. HUMOR AND WISDOM.

'It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us,' says Josh Billings; 'we kan dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly.'

'Brace up!' whispered the hangman to the poor fellow whose hempen cravat he was adjusting.

'Yes, it's easy for you to say that,' was the grim reply, 'because you're a suspender.'—*Anon.*

They are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and the horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.—*Chaff.*

When a California man sees 'no cards' at the end of a marriage notice of a friend he remarks that 'that girl has put some of her pious notions into Jim's head, but he'll get over them after he has been married awhile.'—*Somerville Jour.*

Something strange: His Excellency—'You have brothers?'

Captain—'One, your Excellency.'

His Excellency—'It's curious. I was talking with your sister and she said she had *two* brothers. How is that?'—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Visitor (to disconsolate one)—'Rejected you, did she? Oh, what o' that? Often do at first. Try her again. You're not pertinacious enough. You should have pressed her—'

Rejected one—'Yes; but—confound her—! she wouldn't let me come near her!'—*Punch.*

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. After some time the master said to him:

'Sandy, you are a long time to brekfast.'

'In troth, master,' said Sandy, 'a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think.'—*Anon.*

Exercise—'Pact is,' said the physician, 'you don't take enough exercise.'

'Don't take enough exercise!' exclaimed the patient in astonishment. 'Why, doctor, I belong to the Episcopal Church and attend service every Sunday. For heaven's sake, what more would you have?'—*Boston Transcript.*

'What d'ye leave that door wide open for?' exclaimed the gentleman in the office, to the intruding peddler.

'Oi thought, surr,' was the quick reply, 'that ye moight want to kick me down stairs, and Oi wanted to make it convanient for ye, surr.'

The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought two apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—*Anon.*

'Yaas,' exclaimed honest old Johann Kartoffelsalad, young beebles haf got into extravagunt noshuns. Ven I vas yung I rote on blane foolishness gap baper. Now my poys rite on schmall, golt-edge little schraps, vot gost five times so mooch as a pig foolishness gap, und don't give you quarter so mooch room for ritin' as dot good, ol'-fashun foolishness gap.'—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A gentleman, while bathing at sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side after a long dive. After exchanging salutations, says he:

'By the way, how about Gunther?'

'He is in jail,' replied the lawyer, and dived again. The gentleman thought no more of it; but, on getting his account, he found, 'To consultation at sea, about the incarceration of Gunther, three dollars.'—*Anon.*

A spruce and conceited young Mr.
Fell in love with another chap's sr.
With his sweet little cane,
At the end of the lane,
He met and he fain would have kr.
But he trod on her train,
At the end of the lane,
And a slap on his face made a blr.
—*Washington Republican.*

'Do you know of your own knowledge that the accused threatened to beat Henry E. Abbey the next time he caught him out?'

'Oh course I know it on my own knowledge. My wife's brudder Jim was ober at the bar room on Austin avenue, and while he was dar he heard Blyford Smith tell Bob Ferguson dat his wife had it straight from Sam Marcy dat de prisoner had promised to 'sault Harry Abbey de fust time he cotched him out. I knows hit ob my own knowledge; because I heered dat from Sam Adams or Bill Perkins—I disremember which—wid my own ears.'—*Texas Siftings.*

The country editor now takes up his pen to say: 'We have received from Hon. Fixem Penkins, member of Congress, several very valuable public documents for which he will please accept our thanks.' When he lays it down again and calls out to the office-boy: 'Here, John, throw these into the waste-paper barrel,' adding to himself, 'Old junk's increasing pretty fast these days—Great country! Great country!'—*Boston Transcript.*

Not long ago a new member of Congress was invited to a dinner. He describes it thus:

'There wasn't nothing on the table when he got there but some forks and spoons and bricky-brac. Presently they brought in some soup. As I didn't see nothing else, I thought I'd eat all the soup I could, though soup is a mighty poor dinner to invite a feller to. So I was helped four times; and then come on the finest dinner I ever seen, and there I set, groaned he 'chock full of soup.'—*N. Y. Sun.*

Scene—Paisley railway station: Glasgow train about to start; old lady comes rushing up to the carriage window: Old lady—'Is this a smoking compartment?'

Jocular young Irishman (inside)—'Come in, ma'am; ye can have yer smoke here; nobody will interfere wid ye.'

Old lady (indignantly)—'I asked you if this was a smoking compartment, sir?'

Jocular young Irishman—'It is not, ma'am, but yer welcome to smoke as long as you plaze; there's nobody here but a clergyman an' mesilf an' we won't say a word.'—*Glasgow Bailie.*

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

One college paper hits at another—A viper entered a blacksmith's shop one day, feeling rather empty, began to forage for lunch. At length, seeing a file, he went up to it and commenced biting at it.

'Chaw away, old bird,' said the file, 'you won't make much out of me; I'm a sluggard myself, I am.'

The viper, refusing to take warning, however, kept on his repast until he had completely swallowed the file. He had no sooner done so than he curled up his legs and died, and no wonder—he had eaten a file of the *Nassau Lit.*—Acla Columbiana.

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

From poetry to the pave—He was seeing the girl he liked best home from the theatre, and as they walked slowly along the beauty of the night inspired him to say:

'Of all the handiworks of nature none are more varied and beautiful than the frost works on—'

At that moment his feet flew from under him and he went down with a cold, calm thud on the sidewalk.

'How came you to fall?' she asked in a sympathetic tone.

'Oh I wanted to,' he answered carelessly, 'I was just yearning to go down.'—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

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

If you want to find a logic ian, go to your tailor. The other day one of these fractions of the human family was overheard to remark:

'I never ask a gentleman for money.'

'But suppose he doesn't pay you, what then?'

'Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time, I conclude he is *not* a gentleman—and then I ask him.'—*The Judge.*

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE SUT.

BY M. QUAD.

Up in Tompkins County, N. Y., lives a well-to-do farmer named Pitkins, with his wife and two daughters. Having no sons he is dependent on hired help, the supply of which is regulated according to the season, a number of farm hands being necessary during planting and harvesting of crops, while one being usually the only assistant needed in the winter. Realizing the need of a boy on the place to do the chores for which it did not justify to hire a man, Pitkins talked the matter over with his wife, and they decided to select a waif from the poor house and raise him up as one of the family, which of course meant food and clothing until he was of age, and three months schooling in the winter.

With Farmer Pitkins to decide was to act; so the next day he and Mrs. Pitkins drove over in the buggy to the County Poor House and made application for an orphan. The Superintendent, always willing to dispose of his charges to farmers, ordered out the boys in a line for a review, and Pitkins and his wife eyed the boys closely and talked with them. He, with an eye to service, selected a large, strong boy; but she, with a motherly instinct, more akin to sympathy, picked out little Sut, the subject of the sketch.

'Why, Mary,' exclaimed Pitkins, 'he's too small!'

'But he'll grow, John, and then I like his looks better.'

'Looks! Tut, tut. What have looks got to do with it?'

'A great deal. If we are to adopt him and raise him up as a son, and even if he is only to be a farm hand, we do not want a boy to grow up dishonest and vicious. I don't like the big boy's face.'

So Farmer Pitkins grumbled a little over her choice, as he lifted Sut into the buggy between them and drove home. The boy was, indeed, small for service on a farm, but he seemed grateful for the home, and was willing to do all the busy tasks his hands were put to do, and would put his little hand on his tired back without a murmur, after a long time sawing wood. Mrs. Pitkins seemed drawn toward him by his very diminutive size and strength, while Pitkins seemed almost to dislike him, and was always grumbling about the boy's being too small, although the farmer's wife would very sensibly remark that she believed the willingness of a small boy would accomplish more than the unwillingness of one twice his size. As little Sut wasn't large enough to wait on the girls, they rather sided with their father, and made the poor boy's life rather unpleasant by teasing him.

Thus matters went on for a season or so; while one farm hand after another came and went; and, although colts and calves and pigs and chickens all grew and fattened on the place, little Sut seemed at a standstill and failed to come up to Mrs. Pitkins' assertion that he would grow.

'It's no use, Mary, waiting for this boy to grow. I must take him back to the Poor House and get a larger boy. You can go and select the boy, but he must be larger.'

Mrs. Pitkins, with a feeling of tenderness toward the little homeless waif she had selected, hadn't the heart to go and pick out a boy to supplant him in the home that now seemed as dear to him as if he had been born in it, so Mr. Pitkins drove over alone, while the farm hand took the wagon and drove to the mill for lumber, leaving Mrs. Pitkins, the two girls and little Sut on the farm alone, except a little dog which Sut had been allowed to adopt from the roadside, the cattle on a farm scarcely being counted as company by lone women who can not look to them for protection which even a boy or small dog can attempt.

Tramps, miserable, dangerous outcasts, seem to be the constant menace of unprotected farmers, especially the women who are so often left alone. Little Sut was in the barn, with his dog, sorting potatoes, when his attention was called by hearing one of the girls scream, and looking out, to his surprise and horror, he saw a man rush out at the kitchen door in pursuit of one of the girls. With a boyish impulse Sut ran out with a small basket of potatoes in his hand, followed by the dog, which he urged to a fierce attack on the man. The little dog went gallantly into the fight and set his teeth so vigorously into the legs of the tramp that the girl was enabled to escape from him and run to a neighbor's for assistance. Little Sut realized that there was work for him to do. The screams which came from the house plainly indicated that the one man was not the only enemy on the place, and with a shout little Sut rushed in to find another tramp on the point of overcoming Mrs. Pitkins and the other daughter in a fierce struggle, in which he had almost torn their clothing off.

The noise that little Sut made and the vigorous fusilade of potatoes that he hurled at the tramp so disconcerted him that it allowed the two women a chance to escape and lock themselves in a room upstairs.

Poor little Sut and his dog were left alone to contend with the two enraged tramps. The fight was uneven and short, the dog was driven from the field, and little Sut alone stood at bay. Suddenly one of the tramps, who had been keeping an eye open for danger, saw approaching the farmer to whose house the other daughter had fled, and giving the alarm, the two desperadoes rapidly made their escape to the thick woods near by.

They had done their work cruelly and well. Little Sut lay in one corner motionless, where he fell, and the neighbors laid him on the bed, while Mrs. Pitkins and her daughters bent over him and frantically called his name. There was a gurgling sound in his throat, and a little stream of blood trickled down the side of his mouth and stained the white, ruffled slip of the pillow. Just then Sut opened his eyes as Mr. Pitkins returned from selecting another boy to fill his place. A little cut on Sut's breast showed where the knife had penetrated his lungs, and the gurgling sound was the blood that was forcing its life-tide inside.

'Did I drive 'em off?'

That was all little Sut ever said, but, with a smile on his face, and the blood streaming from his mouth, he died in the arms of farmer Pitkins, who had gone to swap him off because he was too small to do any thing.

A little grave down at the village churchyard, kept green by three grateful women, and fragrant with perfumes of flowers is all now left on earth of little Sut, but somewhere we know he is gone where they do not think him too small.

SOME writer thus relates an incident in the life of a "polite little boy:"

"One day, as he began
To remark, 'Sir if you please—'
Intending to apologize
I'd he should chance to sneeze;
Quite suddenly he gave
A funny little shriek,
And everybody jumped into
The middle of next week,
And the little boy himself
Very nearly died of fright,
Because he'd been so very,
Very, very impolite."

More fun from the classics—Not long since the members of the New York Medical Club were summoned to attend a regular meeting at Dr. Paine's in the following classic style:

'*Scieus, Socialite, Sobriete. Doctores! Ducum nez mundi nitu Panes; triticum at ait. Especto meta fumen tu te and eta beta pi. Supper attento uno. Dux hamor clam pati, sum parates, homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror hoc. "Festo resonan floas sole.*"

A CERTAIN mother had urged upon her children that it was wrong to leave scraps of food. One day she asked:

'Willie, my son, what good action have you done to-day?'

Willie: 'I ate the half of that pie which was left from dinner.'

HALF FORGOTTEN.

From the Argonaut.

In my youth I once went boating,
With a maiden, in a yacht.
Oft past Newport we went floating
On each other spooning, doting;
Watching sunsets, quoting verses
On the star lit summer sea,
Where the west wind still rehearses
To the waves its poetree;
Poet, try.
Try to tell me if I loved her.
Did she love me? And the maiden
If I loved her—why?

Oh, her smile her eyes, her tresses,
Floating in the wooing air!
Where's the word that full expresses
Half the witchery of her dresses,
What she was and what she wasn't?
Girl?—no; saint?—no; sinner? She?
Angel cover it? It doesn't.
Nor can poesee.
Poet, sigh.
Cipher out the mystic problem,
I can't even try.

But her name, I think, was Alice;
P'raps 'twas Ethel, Maude or Jane.
'Twasn't Beckie! that's sheer malice
Cynic poured in mem'ry's chalice,
From some Rabelaisian grinning
At myself I've done since then.
Battered around the world and sinning,
As I hope to sin again.
Sin a gain.
Oh confound this moral echo.
Folly fain.

Yes, I think I once went sailing,
With a girl some years ago.
Making love till stars were paling,
Now with feet upon the railing
Sit I, comfortably smoking,
Trying to recall her name.
Did we love or were we joking?
Ask the comet all aflame.
All a flame.
Light as tinder, out as quickly,
All the same.

SILENCE.

We have all read and heard how "Silence is Golden," no doubt; not always, as the following incident makes plain: A stranger sat in a car going to New York, in an easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor going his rounds, at the first station politely informed the stranger that the trunk must be put into the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the second station the displeased conductor, more decidedly, told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the third station the vexed conductor more imperitively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car, or it would be put off the train.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the fourth station the irate conductor had the trunk put off and left.

To which the stranger said nothing.

At the fifth station the mollified conductor, addressing the stranger, begged him to remember that he had done but what his duty required; that he had done it only after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault.

To which the stranger laconically replied: "Don't care; *'tain't my trunk!*"

Got Rid of Tooth-ache.

He suffered more than twenty years:—
Neuralgia pains—face, jaws and ears.
He might have suffered twenty more,
Had he not purchased at the store
Something which eased his frightful pain
And quickly made him well again.
That something's made by Perry Davis,
From horrid aches and pains to save us,
Pain Killer, as the public know,
Was started forty years ago.
Thousands on thousands bless the hour
When first they knew its healing power.

Don't use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a conciseness, a compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, injune babblement and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrashonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polly syllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, pestiaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent vapidity. Shun double entender, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and don't use big words!

***He who is ready to buy up his enemies will never want a supply of them." It is cheaper to buy a true friend in Kidney-Wort who will drive away those miserable enemies, a torpid liver, constipation, diabetes, piles, diseased kidneys and bowels. This remedy is now prepared in liquid as well as in dry form.

AN instance of family likeness: Jacob Block is a distant relative of Mose Schaumberg. Jacob Block has a son called Levi, who resembles him very much. Young Block was traveling on the cars when a perfect stranger seized him by the hand and said:

'Are you not the son of my old friend, Mr. Block, of Austin?'

Block replied that he was.

'I knew it. I knew it the moment I laid my eyes on you from your resemblance to your father. You have the same features and shaped head. In fact, when I saw you I thought I was looking at the original blockhead.'—*Texas Siftings.*

A LITTLE girl accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot, in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should bite her.

'Why should he bite me?' she asked.

'Because, my dear, he doesn't know you.'

'Then please tell him that I am Mary Anne.'

Literary: "Otway, a dramatic poet of the first-class, perished with hunger." What became of the third-class poets in Otway's day is not stated, but they were probably fired from a mortar against a stone wall.—*Norristown Herald.*

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501 N. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of a shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, which kept me in bed six months, and the best doctors in the city said I could not live. I suffered fearfully from indigestion, and for over two years could not eat solid food and for a large portion of the time was unable to retain even liquid nourishment. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters and found after taking two bottles I am able to get up and go around and am rapidly improving.
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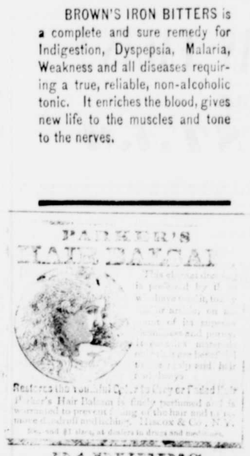

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KID GLOVES, nice assortment, all sizes and shades. Each pair guaranteed.
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

SUNDRIES—Cocoa, chocolates, gelatine corn starch, extracts, ground spices, pickles, chow-chow, sources, jollies, blacking, in-k shoe brushes, pens, pencils eye-glasses, specta, cles (plain and colored) gogg'es, &c., &c—at Sparks'.

SMOKERS call at Spark's, opp. court house and try any of the following brands of cigars, and you will be sure to get the worth o your money: Hobby, Extra, Henry Clay, Chum, Happy Hours, &c., &c.

ATTENTION called to Good Things—a HUDGINS' BAKER

INGRAIN CARPETS, latest styles, and sold at city prices. WROTH & ALDRIDGE

JOHN N. DODD
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
—AND—
Furnishing UNDERTAKER,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
CASKETS, Burial Cases, Coffins, Fine Cloth Work, Shrouds, Burial Robes, Merino and Satin Linings, &c., of all descriptions and kinds, and all the requisites of first-class Funeral Furnishings constantly on hand, or furnished at the very *lowest prices.*
METALIC COFFINS and CASKETS,
furnished upon short notice when desired. A full line of
SHROUDS and BURIAL ROBES.
Patent Improved
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.*
I have THREE HEARSES, two large ones and one small white one for children and young persons; and with my handsome new Glass Hearse and fine pair of Black Horses, can furnish as fine a Funeral Turnout as can be seen in our large cities. I am constantly adding new features and improvements to my business, in order to keep up with the times; and as there are such changes in style and kind constantly going on, and, as is generally the custom, some friend is called into the embarrassing position of ordering what he supposes may be wanted, it would be much more satisfactory to all concerned to name the *price* of the article wanted
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.
Residence second door above my shop.
Respectfully,
Aug 10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON,
ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,
IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladi 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
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.
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 PRKINS,
May 12. Proprietor

YOUR ATTENTION!
Spices! Spices!
CLOVES, ALLSPICE,
NUTMEGS, MACE,
CINNAMON,
MUSTARD SEED,
CELERY SEED,
HORSE RADISH ROOT
TUMERIC,
Red and Black PEPPER,
Lucca Cream SALAD OIL,
SEALING WAX,
JAR RUBBERS,
and everything necessary for the
PICKLING and PRESERVING
SEASON.
Largest stock in Chestertown for you to select from may be found at
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
Prices very low.
COLIN F. STAM.
Aug. 31, 1882. DRUGGT.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,
Baltimore, Light and German streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.
RATE REDUCED TO $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms or all above Parlor floor.
Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.
ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors
All lines of city passenger cars pass it doors.
Electric Light recently introduced.
F. W. COLEMAN,
March 30, 1882—y MANAGER.

THE DAY,
The Baltimore Democratic Paper.
WM. T. CROASDALE, Editor.
One of the Best Evening Papers in America—Published Every Evening Except Sunday.
65 PER YEAR OR 25 CENTS PER MONTH.
THE WEEKLY EDITION OF THE DAY,
Issued Every Friday Morning,
Is a handsome eight-page paper, filled with News and Choice Reading Matter and containing nearly a whole page of vigorous editorial comments on current events. One of the largest and best weekly papers in the United States. Only one dollar a year.
SAMPLE COPY MAILED FREE.

WOOD! WOOD!!
Hickory, Oak and Pine.
THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.
This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.
KINDLING WOOD for sale low.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.
Sept. 4, 1879.

SCHOOL BOOKS and School Supplies.
Everything needful for children equipping themselves for school.
M. A. TOULSON,
Book-seller and Apothecary.
Aug. 24, 1882.

FULL SUPPLY
Of Champion Reaper Repairs
AT A. BELL'S,
Corner High and Queen Streets.

Lime for Sale.
Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quicked Lime
for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
WM. PERKINS.
Oct. 29, 1881.

ROTARY KNIFE
PEACH & APPLE PARER
furnished to the merchants of Kent and adjoining counties at factory prices, and for sale, by the dozen or single, to packers and individuals at *reasonable prices*, by
JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

Christmas Goods
TOULSON'S
DRUG STORE.
LARGEST STOCK
BEST SELECTION!
Lowest Price
TOULSON, Bordley's Corner.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT
of Herbal and Mucilaginous [illegible] permeate the substance of the expectorates the acrid mucus [illegible] in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a [illegible] coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses [illegible] of all impurities, strengthens [illegible] when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and brings the [illegible] system. Slight colds often end in [illegible] consumption. It is dangerous to neglect [illegible]. Apply the remedy promptly. A [illegible] years warrants the assertion that [illegible] hasever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. [illegible] dose raises the phlegm, subdues [illegible] inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most [illegible] cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family. In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS
DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER
Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Irregularities. If you consider "a single pill stimulates the stomach, sharpens the appetite, imparts vigor to the system, and [illegible]
NOTED DIVINE SAYS:
[illegible]—Dear Sirs: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and [illegible]. 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 good, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.
Sold by all Druggists. Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
A TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.

THOSE in want of Boots or Shoes should no fail to inspect our stock before buying elsewhere. J. H. SIMPERS.

"Perhaps the most judiciously edited magazine in the world."—THE NATION, N. Y., Sept. 1882.

THE CENTURY
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
110,000 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 now 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 White House,' etc.
Missions of Southern California, by 'H. H.'; three or four papers of an exceedingly interesting character, richly illustrated.
Miscellaneous.
Further work is expected from E. C. Stedman, Thomas Hughes, Joel Chandler Harris, ('Uncle Remus'), Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, E. V. Smalley, H. H. Boyesen, and a long