WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

'Yes,' she said to the gorgeous youth who was her devoted slave, 'I keep this gilded new five-cent piece in my pocket and I never see it without thinking of you.'—*Boston Post.*

An exchange says; 'The Greenback idea is not dead.' Well, we should corroprate. The idea seems to be to get all the Greenbacks you can, and it looks as if the idea would never die —*Norristown Herald.*

'I am a native American citizen, born, be jabers in this counthry,' said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, 'and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show ye me naturalization paphers.'—*The Judge.*

'I suppose you have heard of our dudes, Miss Clarwa?' observed a New York swell to a Jacksonville girl.

'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'they are becoming very popular in Florida. We use them for alligator bait.'—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

'Yes,' said Biggs, 'I enjoy a glass now and then; but I deny myself, fearing that I might take too much and say something foolish.'

'Nonsense!' said Fogg; 'drink if you like it. Say what you will, nobody will ever suspect that you've been drinking—that is, nobody who knows you, you know.'—*Boston Transcript.*

A Boston man who had his nose mashed over his face during a personal unpleasantness in a Chicago barroom, was told by the doctor that it was a simple case of molecular disintegration.

'Thank you,' he said; 'I feel better already, that sounds so much like home.'—*Brooklyn Eagle*

An exchange asks whether anybody can tell any characteristic fact about the boyhood of the political 'Boss.' Yes; he was the big boy who when he saw a little fellow fishing took the pole away from him and said:

'Johnny, let me catch fish for you while you put on the bait.' And Johnny stood by and wondered where the fun came it.—*Anon.*

'Haven't you got another house you can rent me?' asked a man of a real estate agent.

'What's the matter with the one you are in.'

'Nothing, only I am behind with the rent, and I thought that by moving into another one of your houses you would forget the old debt while trying to collect the new.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that 'men live a great deal faster than women,' the bachelor replied:

'Yes, Maria, the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old, now I am over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet.'

They never met again.—*Anon.*

The recently betrothed couple are walking in the garden, when the husband-elect calmly produces a cigar from his pocket, lights it and puffs away at it vigorously.

'I thought you said you never smoked,' says the bride-elect, timidly.

'I don't—er—smoke habitually—er,' responded her pardner, graciously, 'only when I'm—er—bored, you know—its a great relief!'—*Anon.*

Statistics of a quail-hunt in Georgia, gathered by the Atlanta *Constitution:* The Marietta and North Georgia road is the great route for quail hunters. The other day there were $2,000 worth of dogs (cash valuation) in the baggage car on that road, attended by $6,000 worth of negroes (old valuation). In the coach were $1,400 worth of guns and fifty dollars worth of hunters. On the return trip they had five dollars and eighty cents worth of birds, and they ate a twenty-dollar lunch.

It takes an Irishman to turn a compliment. When he saw Jones, after having met the latter with Mrs. J., Pat Flaherty said:

'Ye are mooch younger than your wife, surr.'

Presently he met the wife and remarked:

'The idea of sich a young woman marrying Misther Jones!'

The next day he met them together, but he wasn't at a loss for blarney.

'Och,' he exclaimed, 'ye are both of yez too young for each other.'—*Boston Transcript.*

Judge Duvall is the paragraphist in Kentucky. Bob Ingersoll said that if the Mississippi river were good whiskey, its banks loaf sugar and the adjacent fields full of mint, there would be no more drunkards than there are today. The Boston *Post* remarked thereon that emigration to the Mississippi valley would at once receive a great impetus when the fact became known. Sam Gaines read the remark and comment to a party of lawyers in the Superior Court room at Frankfort, when Judge Duvall remarked:

'Yes, that is true, and you would hear no more about the improvement of the river.'

Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. And of the fashionable colors for 10 cts.

A home-thrust: 'Pa, I wish you would buy me a little pony,' said Johnny.

'I haven't got any money to buy you a pony my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with.'

'Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?'—*Texas Siftings.*

DECLINE OF MAN.—Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

A young man married the daughter of his boarding-house mistress at Fort Worth, Texas, without coming to any understanding as to the pecuniary nature of his future relations with the establishment. At the end of a week after the wedding, the landlady presented a bill for twice the amount which he had previously paid intending to charge him for both himself and his wife. His view of the matter was wholly different. He expected to be boarded free. So he refused to settle. On returning from a theatre with his bride he found the doors locked and their wardrobe and other effects piled on the sidewalk.

FLIES AND BUGS.—Flies, roaches, ants, bedbugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

When the lamented Tom Davey was manager of the Detroit Opera House, it was said by his friends that he would sometimes hunt for an excuse to bestow a pass upon some one who had asked for it and could not show cause why it should be given. Upon one occasion a stranger hung around the box office for an hour or two and then asked for a pass to see the play that night.

'Are you a newspaper man?' asked Tom.

'No.'

'Correspondent of any musical publication?'

'No.'

'Write paragraphs for a weekly dramatic paper?'

'No.'

'In the profession?'

'No.'

'Own a hall or opera house?'

'No.'

'Railroad conductor, scene painter, costumer, bill poster or advance agent?'

'No,' sighed the man.

'Perhaps you are a clergyman,' suggested Tom.

'No.'

There was a long and embarrassing silence. The man had no check and no excuse and yet Tom felt like doing him the favor and finally handed him out a pass with the remark:

'P'raps you'll run for the legislature some day and you might as well take it now.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS."—Ask for Wells' 'Rough on Corns.'' 15c. Quick, complete permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MY CHUM MIKE.

We were off for our summer vacation, Mike (my chum) and I. Mike took it rather quietly, but that is his way. People have different ways of talking; his was through his eyes, and how much they could tell a fellow! But *I'm* not the mum kind, and I wanted to talk to everybody —wanted to ask them if they, too, were going away from the hot, dusty city, to stay three long, restful, delicious weeks.

Finally, as we came near our journey's end, and packed ourselves away in the old stage which was to land us at the lake-side, I felt that I must talk or explode. I tell you, being shut up in a dingy little office in a dingy little street of a dingy big city for eleven months of the year makes one appreciate some things; so, when I sniffed the real country odors, and then caught sight of a pond through the trees, I gave Mike a rapturous shake; but he made no reply except to rattle the fishing-tackle in his pockets. This was expressive, but rather dull for steady conversation; so, in desperation, I began to scan my fellow-passengers, in hopes of finding somebody else who wanted to talk. There was a tall, good-natured man, his wife, big girl, little girl, pood'e, and baby, and a jolly-looking boy, who sat cocking his eye at me in such a remarably funny way that I laughed, which laugh seemed to act on him like an inspiration, for he immediately broke the silence by inquiring in a rapid voice:

'Where you going? We're going to the Lake View House—tip-top place—ever been? Splendid fishing—was there last summer—lots of fun.'

I informed him that I was going there also, and then followed a spirited discussion as to the relative merits of grasshoppers or angle-worms for bait. As my experience with either was limited, this subject soon dropped, when he inquired:

'Aren't any of your folks going to be there? possibly envying me freedom from the sisterhood.

'None of my folks,' I replied, 'but my chum, my best friend; we're going to have fine times together. You'd like him; he's a capital fellow —when he is in the mode,' I said, laughing, as I noticed him sitting silent and stiff beside me. 'You must come up to our room some day,' I added, as the stage stopped before our hotel.

I saw nothing of my new acquaintance for a day or two, and Mike, who had come out of his dumps, was such good company that I forgot all about the boy till, one afternoon, he came rushing down the hall after me as I was returning to our room from a long tramp.

'Helloo! Where you been—fishing?' he asked, breathlessly.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Catch anything?'

'Of course.'

'Where's your chum?'

'Mike? Oh, he is up stairs; he doesn't like fishing. Come and see him. He will be a gay humor when I show what I have. We will have a festive time. Come up?'

'Yes, guess I will. I'm sick of things here, anyway.'

This was no uncommon boy. He was just like a thousand others—a rough-and-tumble sort of chap, but good hearted, and ready to learn good or bad, just which ever happened to come his way. As I listened to his bright talk of his thrilling adventure with a pickerel, I congratulated myself that he would be quite an addition to my pleasure, for Mike, as I have intimated, was a queer one, not fond of the active part of fishing or hunting; but he did ample justice to the spoils, as I assured Bob—which I found to be the boy's name—when he made some damaging remark about my friend, to the effect that 'Mike couldn't be much of a fellow if he didn't fish.' So I had to plead his cause as we ascended the last flight of stairs, declaring that he made up for this masculine deficiency by the best of things he knew. 'Why,' I said, 'he is the most interesting company in the world; he tells the most wonderful stories,—more marvelous than the Arabian Nights, or Jules Verne, and all true, too, and he will keep at it as long as you have a mind to sit up of an evening.' The look of disdain over Mike's deplorable lack of interest in those sports dear to the heart of every well-regulated boy had changed to one of lively interest when I promised, as I turned the key of 134 and flung open the door, to 'set Mike a-going for his benefit.' Mike was not visible, and while I disposed of my fishing apparatus, Bob surveyed the empty room with disappointment.

'Where is he? Trot him out,' he demanded.

'Oh, I keep him locked up in a closet when I am gone out,' I replied, stooping to draw off my muddy boots, and at the same time hide my amused face from the perplexed Bob, who exclaimed, 'Gracious! you don't, do you?' Thinking the climax of his bewilderwent was reached, I proceeded to unlock the door of a black-walnut box standing on the floor, and drew out and set upon the table a microscope, announcing, as I waved my hand toward it, 'Behold my friend, my chum, my blessed old Mike!'

Bob's face was a circus in itself. Many expressions struggled for the field, but disgusted disappointed gained the day, and he muttered, as he picked up his hat and started for the door. 'Who wants to see your old telescope!'

'Hold on!' I cried—'stay five minutes; then you can go back to the girls and abuse me and my friend if you want to.'

So back he shuffled, but slowly, and with a look of determined suspicion at me. I went about my affairs, feeling sure he would change his tune when once Mike had a chance to defend himself. And sure enough, as soon as Mike began to show him and enlarge upon the "catch" of my fishing, which I had brought home in a wide-mouthed bottle of slimly water, Bob was all attention.

By the time Mike had been put back into his box, Bob was ready to acknowledge that my chum was a mighty fine fellow.—*From 'Mike and I, by Rose Lattimore, in St. Nicholas for May.*

BIRDS may not have souls, but sometimes it really seems that they do have them, and good-sized souls at that. There was once a remarkable woman, known as the 'Seeress of Prevost,' who claimed that, whenever she looked into an animal's eyes, she could 'see the soul behind them.' However that may be, a certain nightingale named Nib possessed a heart or soul or something that made him very kind. A stray little bird was one day put into Nib's cage. Most birds would have attacked and made short work of the stranger; but Nib fed it with the choicest bits. The little bird proved ungrateful when it had grown strong, for it attacked Nib, flying against his legs, hanging to his tail, and doing the best it could to annoy him. Instead of punishing the waif, Nib mounted his perch and looked down on it with an expression of grief. Some months afterward another little bird was put into the cage. Nib remembered his former experience, retired with dignity to his upper loft, cocked his eye at the little stranger and made no attempt to feed it. Poor Nib caught cold and lost his voice. One day he folded his wings, drooped his head and his life passed away.

Don'r live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly. Then do the other thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments the drawlers lost. And if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes in hand, and you will find the rest all fall in file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad it is easily vanquished if you bring it into line.

You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he 'accomplished so much in his life.'

'My father told me,' was the reply, 'when I had anything to do, to go and do it.'

There is the secret—the magic word—*now.*

THE BAD BOY IN LOVE.

'Are you a Christian?,' asked the bad boy of the groceryman as that gentleman was placing vegetables out in front of the grocery one morning. 'Well, I hope so,' answered the grocery man; 'I try to do what is right, and hope to wear the golden crown when the time comes to close my books.' 'Then how is it that you put out a box of great big sweet potatoes, and when we order some and they come to the table they are little bits of things not bigger than a radish? Do you expect to go to heaven on such small potatoes, when you use big ones for a sign?' asked the boy, as he took out a silk handkerchief and brushed a speck of dust off his nicely blacked shoes.

The grocer blushed and said he did not mean to take any such advantage of his customers. He said that it must have been a mistake of the boy who delivers groceries. 'Then you must hire the boy to make mistakes, for it has been so every time that we have had sweet potatoes for five years,' said the boy. 'And about green corn. You have a few ears stripped down to show how nice and plump it is, and if we order a dozen ears there are only two that have got any corn on at all, and pa and ma gets them, and the rest of us have to chew cobs. Do you hope to wear a crown of glory on that kind of corn?' 'O, such things will happen,' said the groceryman, with a laugh. 'But don't let's talk heaven. Let's talk about the other place. How's things over to your house? And say, what's the matter with you? You are all dressed up, and have got a clean shirt on, and your shoes blacked, and I notice your pants are not raveled out so at the bottom of the legs behind. You are not in love, are you?' 'Well, I should smile,' said the boy, as he looked in a small mirror on the counter, covered with fly specks.

'A girl got mashed on me, and ma says it is good for a boy who hasn't got no sister to be in love with a girl, and so I kind of tumbled to it myself, and she don't go nowhere without I go with her. I take her to dancing school and everywhere, and she loves me like a house afire. Say, was you ever in love? Makes a fellow feel queer, don't it? Well, sir, the first time I went home with her I put my arm around her, and, honest, it scared me. It was like when you take hold of the handles of a 'lectric battery, and you can't let go until the man turns the knob. Honest, I was jest as weak as a cat. I thought she had needles in her belt, and was going to take my arm away, but it was just like it was glued on. I asked her if she felt that way too, and she said she used to, but it was nothing when you got used to it. That made me mad. But she is older than me and knows more about it. When I was going to leave her at the gate she kissed me, and that was worse than putting my arms around her. By gosh, I trembled all over, just like I had the chills, but I was warm as toast. She wouldn't let me go for much as a minute, and I was as tired as though I had been carrying coal up stairs. I didn't want to go home at all, but she said it would be the best way for me to go home, and come again the next day; and the next morning I went to her house before any of them were up, and her pa came out to let the cat in, and he laffed and said I had got it bad, and that I had better go home and not be picked until I got ripe. Say, how much does it cost to get married?' 'Well, I should say you had got it bad,' said the groceryman as he set out a basket of beets. 'How does your pa like your being in love with the girl? Does he seem to encourage you in it?' 'Oh, yes, she was up to our house to borrow some tea and pa patted her on the cheek, and hugged her and said she was a dear little daisy, and wanted her to sit on his lap, but when I wanted him to give me fifty cents to buy her some ice cream he said that was all nonsense. He said: 'Look at your ma. Eating ice cream when she was a girl was what injured her health for life.' I asked ma about it, and she said pa never laid out ten cents for ice cream or any other luxury for her in all the five years he was sparking her. She says he took her to the circus once, but he got free tickets for carrying water to the elephant. She says pa was tighter than the bark to a tree. I tell you it's going to be different with me. If there is anything that my girl wants she is going to have it. If I have to sell ma [illegible] to get the money. What is the use of having wealth if you hoard it up and don't enjoy it? This family will be run on different plans hereafter, you bet. Say, how much are those yellow wooden pocket combs in the show case? I have a good notion to buy them for her. How would one of them round mirrors, with a zinc cover do for a present to a girl? There's nothing that is too good for her.'—*Peck's Sun.*

DR. JONES' MISTAKE.

Old Noxon used to have a row with his wife about three times a week. He got cranky and made up his mind to shuffle off; so he filled up with laudanum. The old lady went to screaming, and as fast as the neighbors came in sent them off after a doctor. Some of them went in one direction and some in another, and it was n't long before the doctors began to congregate. Smith got there first and looked the old man over. 'Dead,' says he, and went away.

Then Brown came in. 'Dead,' says he.

Jones was the third one in, and he rammed a stomach-pump down the old man's throat and pumped up the drug store. Then he reversed the action of the pump and flooded the old man with water, and, after sloshing him around for a while—same as if he was rinsing out a cider barrel—he pumped out the water and then flooded him again. Noxon wasn't in the habit of taking so much water in his'n, and pretty soon he began to gasp and kick. Before morning Jones had him all right, and went away feeling dead sure that there was but one first-class doctor in the world. A few days afterward he presented his bill.

'What's that for?' says old Noxon.

'For saving your life the other night,' says Jones.

'Well, I didn't ask you to. I neveremployed you, and I'll not pay it. You'd no business coming in here and jamming your old pump down my neck. Brown is my family physician, and I'll not pay anybody else,' says old Noxon

So away went Jones to Brown's office, and tried to get him to induce old Noxon to pay the bill.

'Jones,' says Brown, looking over the top of his spectacles, 'I never thought you was a bad sort of a fellow, but you've done a very foolish thing, and it serves you right to lose your bill. It's a good lesson to you, and I hope you'll profit by it. Didn't I say he was dead?'

'Yes,' says Jones.

'Didn't Smith say he was dead?'

'Yes,' says Jones.

'Well, that settled it! The man was dead and you had no right to say he wasn't. When two old, experienced doctors, like Smith and I, say a man is dead, it's unprofessional and discourteous for a young man, a beginner in practice, to dispute their word. We'll forgive you this time, because of your youth and inexperience, and will hush the matter up for you; but be very careful in the future, and make no more such mistakes.'

Cleveland Ohio.

The *Daily Anzeiger* says: "Chief Superintendent of Police Schmitt, of this city, who has been in the service a quarter of a century, endorses St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-banisher. It cured him of rheumatism."

'Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?'

'Ah, my poor leetle Penjamin Levi—he is tead!'

'Dead?' you surprise me. How did it happen?'

'Vell, you see, my leetle Penjamin he vas at der synagogue to say his brayers, and a poy put in his het at der toor and gries: 'Job Lot!' and leetle Penjamin he vas gilt in der grush.'—*Life.*

An Old Man's Belief.

Have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for my bad cough and hemorrhage I had twenty-five years. I feel like another man since I used it. Am 66 years past. Believe it sure to cure younger persons. A. Orner, Highspire, Pa.—Adv.

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."

ADORAM 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.

TUTT'S PILLS

A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE

of the present generation. It is for the Cure of this disease and its attendants, SICK-HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that TUTT'S PILLS have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy has ever been discovered that acts so gently on the digestive organs, giving them vigor to assimilate food. As a natural result, the Nervous System is Braced, the Muscles are Developed, and the Body Robust.

Chills and Fever.

E. RIVAL, a Planter at Bayou Sara, La., says: My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of bilious diseases and chills. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. The result was marvelous: my laborers soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

They relieve the engorged Liver, cleanse the Blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.

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It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only those who have felt it know the agony of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst kind and of this terrible disease have been relatively relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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ROCK SALT! ROCK SALT!! For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Lister's Fertilizers.

FRUIT TREES, Corn, Oats, Vegetables, &c.

Lister's Standard, Ammoniated Bone, U. S. Phosphate, Ground Bone and other preparations for Peach Trees and the various spring and summer crops, for sale by

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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.*

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says:—"I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces.

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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 over-work or a professional man broken down by long continued study, Parker's Ginger Tonic will not disappoint you.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not resort to 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 Great 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. It contains no rum, it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will not intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best medicinal agents in the world, and is entirely free 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.

This 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 will supply you. 25 AND 75 CENT SIZES.

LARGE SAVING BUYING SIZE 75c. SIZE.

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.

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SCHOOL BOOKS and School Supplies.

Everything needful for children equipping themselves for school.

M. A. TOULSON,

Book-seller and Apothecary.

Aug. 24, 1882.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by T. W. ELIASON JR.

10 CENTS will buy a box of paper and envelops at SPARKS'.

"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 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 and 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, Proprietor

May 12.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS

OF ALL PLANTS, FOR ALL CROPS, FOR ALL CLIMATES.

We are the largest farmers, largest seed growers and largest seed dealers anywhere; hence have greatest facilities for producing Best Seeds. *All our Seeds are tested*, and only the best sent out. Our *Annual Catalogue and Price List* brings THE GREATEST SEED STORE IN THE WORLD TO YOUR OWN DOOR. It includes all the desirable new and standard varieties of Flower, Vegetable, Field and Tree Seeds, and Plants. Sent FREE to any address.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. Seedsmen Rochester, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

THE Plain English OF IS HERE EXPRESSED! TRADE MARK. OUR FREE CIRCULAR TELLS THE BEST

Kansas, June 26th, 1882.

HARRIS REMEDY CO.—Gents—I used the Pastilles as directed and they completely cured me. In about one week from the time I commenced using them I began to sleep well and I continued to use all the box with constant improvement and since that time (Oct. 1881) I have felt like a new man. I truly hope that many of the sufferers will find out that you have a specific for nervous weakness and be cured by the same.

Respectfully Yours, ——

P. S.—You will not publish my name but persons visiting you may be referred to me and I will answer them.

To every young, middle age or old man troubled with nervous or physical debility or impotence sealed circular is sent free. Send full address on postal card to HARRIS REMEDY CO. St. Louis, Mo. We want your address. You need our remedy. Send and be convinced of this.

SPICES— Perfectly Pure.

At M. A. TOULSON'S

Aug. 24, 1882. DRUG STORE.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquor time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PICES— Perfectly Pure.

M. A. TOULSON'S

Aug. 24, 1882. DRUG STORE

PHOSPHATES

—FOR—

Corn and Vegetables.

STERLING AND P. P.,

MANUFACTURED BY

CONNELLY & DeFORD.

The results obtained from the use of above brands by so many in this and adjoining counties, and *their* unhesitating endorsements thereof generally, certainly awards to them an excellancy, which all those using spring Fertilizers will do well to remember in ordering.

Our many patrons will confer a favor by ordering early as a largely increased trade this spring is already assured, and we desire to be fully prepared to meet the demand.

Prompt attention to special formular. A full stock of *KAINIT* and other Chemicals.

Connelly & DeFord,

March 15, 1883. Chestertown, Maryland.

THOS. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

CORN PHOSPHATE.

WE OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES:

CHAPPELL'S IMPERIAL MANURE,

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR CORN.

It is put up in 200 lbs. bags and is highly recommended by those who have used it as an article especially satisfactory and in excellent condition. This MANURE has been sold in Western Maryland for years, and the increase of sales each year is of itself a guarantee of its value. The Price strongly recommends it, and those who have used it state positively that it

PREVENTS CORN FROM FRENCHING.

[illegible] Manure can be seen at our Hardware Store.

[illegible] Per Ton,

[illegible] Chestertown.

[illegible] Circulars.

[illegible] & CLEMENTS,

[illegible] NEXT DOOR KENT NATIONAL BANK.

H. C. CHASE.

[illegible] EST!

[illegible] rd & Co's. PHOSPHATES

[illegible] using popularity. Those now of-

[illegible] g use,

[illegible] BEST ON THE MARKET.

[illegible] ROWERS

[illegible] nterest will use our

[illegible] ee Guano,

WHICH IS UNRIVALED.

Office and Factory, Warehouse at Massey's. Chestertown, Md

March 1, 1883—

BURN

Pratt's Astal Oil.

Perfect Safety!

WATER WHITE.

BRILLIANT LIGHT!

FOR SALE

Exceedingly Low

—BY—

Louis K. Stam,

March 15, 1883. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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