WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

An Iowa grocer who refused to trust a woman for a pound of log-wood was nearly killed by a blow from an axhelve. When a woman wants to dye an old shawl she is prepared to surmount all obstacles.—*Anon.*

'Will you please tell me what is proper for a lady to do when she is serenaded?' In romances it is usually written, 'The curtains were seen to flutter and a white hand emerged and tossed down a rose.' In real life the heroine generally sleeps through it, and, if she wakes, had usually better do nothing.—*The Continent.*

A couple of wayfarers, turning a curve on a Western road, came upon a mountainous pile of sawdust and shavings.

'What do you suppose is the cause of this?' asked one.

'I don't know,' replied the other; 'but from the class of steak they have along the line of the road and the appearance of the wreck, I should say that a freight train had struck a beef!'—*Traveler's Magazine.*

Scene at the baseball ground. A ball was knocked sidewise and caught on a fly. 'Foul and out!' was the cry of the umpire. A charming high school girl looking at the game ejaculates:

'Ah, really, how can it be a fowl? I don't see any feathers!' And she turned to her attendant with an inquiring look.

'Well—oh! Yes, you see,' he stammered, 'the reason you don't see the feathers is because it belongs to the picked nine.'—*Peoria Tran.*

'Dearest, sweetest, what is it? Are you sick? What ails my precious pet?' and the young husband bent tenderly over the graceful form of his blushing bride.

'Oh, Adolphus Edward, its too dreadful for anything.'

'Bad news from home?'

'Worse, worse! Oh, what shall I do?'

'Tell your own darling hubby.'

'It's that awful Selina Tarbox, she's—'

'She's what, my precious?'

'She's got a bonnet trimmed exactly like mine, and to-morrow's Sunday!'

Then the afflicted beauty buried her face in her husband's breast and trickled her pearly tears all over his three-dollar shirt.—*Eye.*

He stopped sawing wood and turned to the old man who was splitting and piling, and said:

'Father,' I cannot believe that I was cut out for a farmer. The whole problem is right here: I go to the city as a clerk at one dollar a day. In six months I get a raise to nine dollars a week. In a year I am given an interest in the firm, and in ten I am rich enough to buy and sell you ten times over.'

'Yes, that's one problem,' slowly replied the old man, 'and there's another: there's six cords of wood left in that pile, and if it isn't all sawed, split and piled before Saturday night, you don't git no pair o' new cowhide boots out of me! Hear me now, and make that bucksaw strike fire!'—*Anon.*

An agent for a New York grocery has a route through Pennsylvania, and last spring he was greatly put out to discover that the agent for a Boston house had taken away one of the best customers.

'Did he offer you better figures?' he asked in explanation.

'No.'

'Better terms?'

'No.'

'Goods any better?'

'No.'

'Then why did you leave our house?'

'Well, to tell you the truth,' replied the merchant, 'we both belong to the Odd Fellows, and we have a fraternal feeling, you know.'

The agent had no more to say, but there was business in his eye as he withdrew. Next time he came over the route he called on the merchant and said:

'Well, I am also an Odd Fellow now and hope to secure your orders again.'

'Have you joined?'

'Yes.'

'How sorry I am,' sighed the merchant, with a look of distress upon his face. 'Only last week the Boston man and myself were bounced from the order for being drunk at a funeral, and now, of course we don't feel like having anything to do with any member in good standing. Under the circumstances I couldn't possibly patronize you.'—*Anon.*

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

An old Confederate soldier relates the following:

When in camps near small towns it was the custom of the boys to fool the sentry and manage to get out of the lines into the village to purchase some luxury not allowed by the army. After several successive adventures, however, the guards became very cautious, and for some time kept us in. At last, one dark, rainy night one of the boys and myself undertook the job of outwitting the vigilant eye of the sentinel. We got along well enough until we came in sight of him, and then, at a given signal, my friend dropped on his hands and knees, and began crawling along slowly, all the while grunting and rooting about. To my delight he passed without being discovered. Then my turn came and I started off hog fashion. I had scarcely gone ten steps before I heard the guard say:

'There's more dinged hogs around here than necessary,' and he stooped to pick up a rock.

Although badly scared, I kept moving cautiously along, grunting and rooting.

'Well, here goes to see what kind of shot I am with a brick,' the sentinel again said, and whiz came the rock, striking me in the side and knocking me breathless. When I revived a little, the guard was bending over me. 'Wood,' he said, 'I struck harder than I intended; I knew it was you all the time and thought I'd teach you a little lesson; now go back to camp and don't try it again.'

Slowly I retraced my steps, feeling that I wasn't much of a hog after all.—*Georgia Major.*

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

'There you drop that,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. 'I have never kicked at your eating my codfish, and crackers and cheese, and herring, and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping that some plumber or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price,' and the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said, 'There, help yourself to dried apples.'

'Oh, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples,' said the boy, as he leaned against a show-case and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. 'I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show-case to look at that tin tobacco box, and that round zinc looking-glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands,' and the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

'You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been used in his house the past month,' said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire.—*Peck's Sun.*

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

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE POLLY-DANCERS.

When a wee bit of a child—almost a baby—I remember that one day my father called me to the low table, which was just about on a level with my eyes, and said:

'Look at the Polly-dancers!'

He had brought in a green pine-twig from the wood-pile, had cut off a half dozen brush-like little tufts, had trimmed their tips, and then, blowing upon them gently, had set them dancing about the table as if they were alive. They floated this way and that, each taking its own direction; and when one moved too near the edge of the table, a light puff from his lips would send it back again. They seemed to me like tiny green-skirted sprites having a frolic together, and I wholly forgot my rag-babies, and my London dolls in my rapture over Polly-dancers.

When I asked, "Where did the Polly-dancers come from?" and was answered, "From the woods," a whole new, unexplored world rose before me.

There was a dark-blue outline against the sunset, across the river, and another heavier line of purple-green in the north, toward the sea, which I had heard called "the woods." The name had been full of mystery to me, before; but from that moment it stood for a wonder-land—the home of the Polly-dancers! How I longed for the time when I should be old enough to go to the woods! And when one summer day a year or two after, my brother asked and gained leave to take me with him a-berrying, was not I a happy girl?

The walk was through a long street, past a great many houses, and then over an open, unshaded road. But at last we were there. When the cool, lofty greenness closed us in, and fresh earth-smells came up from the moss and ferns beneath our feet, I seemed to know it all as if I had been there before. These were really "the woods" of my dream!

My brother seated me on a great rock covered with lichens, and told me not to move from the spot until he came for me. Then he went out of sight with his basket, whistling. I felt like crying for loneliness when I saw him disappear, but the stillness around me inspired a feeling of awe that made me afraid to utter a round. And presently I began to feel at home in the wonderful place. There were soft whisperings all about me, that seemed like kind voices of unseen friendly people, rustlings as of gossamer garments.

Nothing would have tempted me from my perch, for I had read of elves and gnomes and fairies, and I firmly believed in them. They always lived in the woods; and though I would gladly have stepped inside a fairy-ring just once, I would not for worlds have done so without first feeling my hand fast in my brother's, else I was sure I should never see home again. But he did not believe in fairies, and I soon forgot that I did as I listened to the song of the Polly-dancers.

For there they were, thousands and tens of thousands of them, up in those great trees, dancing with their feet out to the sky, and making such music together, low, sweet and solemn! I have never forgotten how it sounded to me that first time I heard it. It seemed to tell me that the world was a larger and lovelier place than I had dreamed, and that I would always have awaiting me something grander than I could guess. Of course, I had no words for my feelings then; I did not even know that I was having "feelings" at all. A child never does, until long afterward. But the feelings come back, and we remember the moments when we began to be acquainted with the world and with ourselves.

My brother and I walked home, two merry, tired, matter-of-fact children. He had left me only a half-hour or so alone; and he did not confide to me until we were almost home that his basket, which seemed brimful of huckleberries, was really crammed with fresh leaves, and that there was only a thin layer of berries on the top! I remember thinking what a remarkable boy he was to have conceived such a clever artifice. But he had not liked either to take me into the bushes or to leave me long alone; and he did not wish to appear unsuccessful in his search for berries, if he should chance to pass other boys. He little dreamed how much more than berries I had found in the woods that day!—*From "Among the Polly-dancers," by Lucy Larcom, in the May St. Nicholas.*

A LAD of fifteen years, who lives at Marseilles, in La Salle County, Illinois, has a very funny cat. The creature's name is Dick. One of Dick's accomplishments is to roll over and over when he wants food. When any member of the family says, "Beg, Dick," Dick rolls on his back a dozen times or more. A certain door in the house is fastened by means of a thumb-latch. This door leads up stairs. When Dick wanted to go through the doorway, he was accustomed to put a paw on the latch, and he could lift it as readily as a pig can squeal. One day the latch was broken, and the master of the house placed a button on the door as a substitute for the latch. Dick was surprised that the door would not open when he tried it. He seemed to be much abashed. Stepping back, he looked the door over from top to bottom. Then he stood on his hind feet and tried to reach the button. Failing in that attempt, he leaped upward and struck the buttom with his paw. Of course, he soon found that he could not move the button, and he was deeply chagrined. He acted as if he thought the button had been placed there for spite against him.

So many anecdotes concerning General Washington, from the hatchet-story up, have been printed, that it seems odd to find a new one. But here is a new one, and it is worthy of the great man. It appears that at the time of the origination of our government, General Washington and Mr. Jefferson were discussing the point as to whether Congress should consist of one or two Houses. Mr. Jefferson was arguing in favor of one House, and as he reached the end of a proposition, he turned his attention to the food before him.

'You yourself,' said the general, 'have proved the excellence of two Houses this very moment.'

'I?' said Mr. Jefferson; 'how is that, general?'

'You have turned your hot tea from the cup into the saucer to get it cool. It is the same thing we desire in the two Houses.'

NEAR a fruit stand, a little shaver noticed a dime lying upon the ground, which had doubt less been dropped by the owner, a big-handed countryman. He picked up the coin, and handed it to the man, who, pleased with the boy's honesty, said:

'That is nice in you. Always be honest, and you will get along. And here, help yourself to a handful of cherries.'

'Thank you, sir! But I would rather that you should give them to me.'

'Never mind; help yourself. Don't be bashful,' said the farmer.

'That isn't the trouble exactly, sir,' answered the boy. 'But you see, your hand is bigger than mine.'

A double, heaping full, was laughingly given him by the farmer.

ONE of the most comical of animals is a dog which belongs to a gentleman living near Drapersville, North Carolina. But in addition to his ability to perform funny tricks, this dog is also very faithful. One day last winter, his master, while sitting with his family by the fire, remarked that he would like a rabbit for his breakfast the following morning. The dog went to the door and pawed it, showing that he wanted to go out. When the door was opened, he disappeared. About an hour afterward he scratched on the outside of the door, and when his master let him in, he dropped a rabbit in his master's chair. Since then the dog has repeated his noval performance on several occasions.

HE HAD LOVED ANOTHER!

From the Chicago Tribune.

'Tie up the dog.'

The tender twilight of a June evening was settling down upon the earth as Natalie McIntosh spoke these words, and as she threw a light shawl over her pretty white shoulders, whose rounded curves and soft flesh tints contrasted so well with the brilliant colors of the garment, and stepped out upon the lawn, where the star-eyed pansies and modest pinks were rearing their heads alongside the velvety green of the close trimmed grass plot that stretched away to the westward, the picture was indeed a pretty one. Passing through the flower beds and down the gravelled walk until she came to a clump of willows, whose light branches were just stirred by the whisper of the night that came from the south, the girl paused and stood there peering wistfully into the gloaming. Brushing away with her dimpled hand the fluffy mass of golden hair that the sighing wind had blown over her white forehead, Natalie drew the shawl more closely about her and sat down on a little rustic bench, whose cosey look made it a fit place indeed for love's tryst and vigil.

Presently George W. Simpson entered the gate, and was soon by her side. For an instant no word was spoken between them, and as they stood there, her arms about his neck, her head upon his shoulder, Natalie felt that without the love of this man her life would be a starless blank. Here was a deep, trusting, if-the-rope-breaks-we-are-gone love that made her voice falter and die away when she spoke to George about it, and yet back of it all there was ever a nameless fear, a vague terror, that seemed to rise like a black pall from out the mystic dreamland that was part of her very nature, and tinged the brightest and happiest moments of her life with a sense of melancholy.

'You love me?' she asked, looking up to George with eyes in which there shone the radiance of a tender, beautiful passion; 'love me better than all the world besides; better than you have ever loved any one in your whole life?'

George did not answer, for as Natalie spoke there came to him a haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, a bright face, smiling and radiant, and dimpled, and dewy, scarlet lips that had often met his own in sweet, clinging, don't-let-go-if-you-value-your-life kisses. He thought of all this as he bent over Natalie, her golden hair touching his cheeks, and the perfume from the lilies she wore mingling with his breath.

The girl noticed his silence. 'Why do you not answer me?' she said.

George did not reply, but, drawing her still closer to him, would have kissed her again.

'I want no kisses,' she exclaimed, passionately, withdrawing herself from his arms, 'from lips that are not sacred to me alone. I have given you all that a woman can give—the love of her whole nature. My heart has been a lute for you to play upon, my whole existence a constant striving to make my love for you a holy, and beautiful, and pure one. For your sake I have looked renunciation in the face with tearless eyes, have given up much that is dear to me, and yet when I ask you if you love me there comes no answer from your lips, and your eyes do not look into mine;' and drawing herself up in the imperious whoa-Emma way that befitted her so well, she sat down on the rustic bench with a dull, sickening thud that told too plainly of a broken heart.

In an instant George was by her side and Natalie was sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Forgive me, darling, he murmured in low, bock-beer tones.

'I do,' Natalie replied; 'but tell me, sweetheart, tell me truly, did you ever love another?'

'Do not ask me that,' said George.

'But I demand an answer,' exclaimed the girl passionately, 'and again ask you if you ever loved another.'

'I did' he replies. 'Loved her wildly, madly.'

'Who was it?' she asks, her cheeks aflame with the hot flush of anger.

Bending low over her, George whispers into her left ear the fatal words, 'Lydia Pinkham!' and with a hollow, mocking laugh flees into the darkness.

HISTORY IN THE JONES FAMILY.

'Pa,' asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, 'who was Helen of Troy?'

'Ask your ma,' said Mr. Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

'Helen of Troy,' said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, 'was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, New York,, and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget.'

'Did pa ever strike Bridget?' asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

'I was speaking paragorically,' said Mrs. Jones.

There was silence for a few moments, then Willie came to another epoch in history.

'Ma, who was Marc Antony?'

'An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?'

'It says his wife's name was Cleopatra.'

'The very same! Old Cleo' used to wash for us. It's strange how they come to be in that book.'

'History repeats itself,' murmured Mr. Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

'Say, ma, who was Julius Caesar?'

'Oh, he was one of the pagans of history,' said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

'But what made him famous?' persisted Willie.

'Everything,' answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; 'he was the one who said, 'Et, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take its oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow-case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty or gimme death,' and ran away.'

'Bully for him,' remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. 'But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows to-morrow though?'

'I learned it at school,' said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. 'I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard.'

'Well, I say, ma, who was Horace?'

'Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired,' said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of the Tin Trumpet and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for President, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.—*Anon.*

☞ Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

OLD SI went to the theatre to see the magician performance the other night. Next day we asked him:

'Did you see that man handle that money last night?'

'I did fer a fac!'

'He made it come and go in all sorts of ways.'

'Young boss, dat man's powerful slik wid silber money.'

'What did you think of him, Si?'

'Dat man fool'd round dar wid dat munny tell he roused up my 'spicions, he did.'

'Suspicions of what?'

'Hit teks lots of practiss fer ter make a haf dollar 'pear and dis'pear in dat stile.'

'Of course.'

'Dat's what meks me had a 'spishun dat dat white man wuz one time de casheer ob a freedman's bank—and I jest want ter haunel him a few minutes, sho's you born.'—*Georgia Major.*

Mothers Should Know It.

Fretful babies cannot help disturbing everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It stops babies pains, makes them healthy, relieves their own anxiety and is safe to use.—*Journal.*—Adv.

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a heavy sale, is conceded to be a fine tonic; the character of the manufacturers is a voucher for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I indorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poisons."

DR. J. FARIS MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, positively free from alcoholic poisons, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who oppose alcohol."

DR. EDWARD EARICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I indorse it as an excellent medicine, a good digestive agent, and a non-intoxicant in the fullest sense."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it praise its standard virtues, and the well-known character of the house which makes it is a sufficient guarantee of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who could not be induced to offer anything else but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1880.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Indigestion and fullness in the stomach. Having tested it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all."
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

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 billous 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.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.
(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

CAUGHT A BAD COLD

The SUMMER COLDS and Coughs are quite as dangerous as those of midwinter.

But they yield to the same treatment and ought to be taken in time.

For all diseases of THROAT, NOSTRILS, HEAD or BREATHING APPARATUS

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

Is the SOVEREIGN Remedy

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP

PAIN KILLER

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.

In the Spring to cleanse the system, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

$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.

Plows, Plows, Plows

The new Remington Carbon Plow is not surpassed in any particular, and it is superior in form, finish, metal and light weight to any other cast plow made, being one-half cast steel, has all the hardness and scouring qualities of the chilled plow, and is much stronger. The above plow is sold on a guarantee. We respectfully refer parties to Messrs J. Z. Clark, Fletcher Melvin, Louis C. Justis, and others. Call and examine this plow, and you will buy.
HINES & CLEMENTS.

SILVER SKIN ONION SETS,
FOR SALE
At Bottom Market Price
AT T. W. WICKES'
DRUG STORE,
March 1, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

OUR NO BRAND CIGAR is equal to, if not superior to any 5 ct. in town.
SPARKS.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

KID GLOVES, nice assortment, all sizes and shades. Each pair guaranteed.
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 my self 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.

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

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

On and after Monday, October 16th, 1882, until further notice trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.	Passenger No. 1. Daily.	Mixed No. 3. Thursdays & Sat'ys. only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	8 00	2.00
Worton	8.15	2.20
Lynch's	8 20	2.25
Still Pond	8.25	2.35
Kennedyville	8.40	2.50
Blacks	8.55	3.05
Lambson	9.10	3.15
Masseys	9.25	3.30
*Delanys	9.40	3.45
*Bingham	9.45	4.00
arr Clayton	10.00	4.15
leave "	10.32	4 30
" Middletown	11.07	5.06
" Wilmington	12.05 p m	6 05
arr Philadelphia	1 14	7.10
Baltimore	3.35	9.05p m
New York	5.25	

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger No. 2. Daily.	Passenger No. Thursdays & Sat only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
New York	5 25	12 55
Baltimore	7 00	4 05
Philadelphia	8 00	5 20
Wilmington	9 10	6 25
Middletown	10 14	7 30
arr Clayton	10 42	7 57
leave "	11 45	8 00
" *Binghams	12 00p.m.	8 10
*Delanys	12 10	8 20
Masseys	12 25	8 35
Lambson	12 40	8 50
Blacks	12 50	9 00
Kennedyville	1 00	9 10
Still Pond	1 15	9 25
Lynchs	1 20	9 30
Worton	1 25	9 35
arr Chestertown	1 45	9 50

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.

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

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

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

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

Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates.
FRED. GERKER,
Oct. 12, 1882. Lessee.

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.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, FOR LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL.

DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

R. F. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

NOTICE.

Having consolidated with Capt. James W. Thompson, thereby securing ample storage room for grain and merchandise, at Chestertown, we are now prepared to receive Grain at the well-known stand, Thompson's Granary, and will forward the same to market promptly. Schooners "Hattie Stark" and "W. S. Copes" will accommodate the public at any point on River or Bay.
R. J. FOARD,
President Enterprise Transportation Co.
Nov. 16, 1882.

Farmers and Others

in want of

Wood Head, Steel or Malleable Iron Garden Rakes, Hoes, Spading Forks, Spades, Shovels, Extra 4 Tine Forks, Trace Chains, Rope Traces, Plow Lines Back Bands with bosses, very cheap. Hames and Hedge Shears, will find it to their interest to call at
March 22. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

NOTICE.

When you go all over the county and can't find what you want, call at
N. LIEBERMAN'S,
Willis' X Roads.
And you can find it at the *very lowest* price.
Feb. 15, 1883—y.

Nervous Exhaustion, Premature Decay, Loss of Memory.

An 80-page Cloth-bound Book of wholesome Advice to Young Men, by a Regular Physician. SENT FREE on receipt of two three-cent stamps. Address
THE HEALTH JOURNAL, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

NOW is the time to buy a Lamp cheaper than ever before at SPARKS

[redacted]

tems, some as low as $6.00, lettering included. Some fifty different patterns for grown persons, handsomely finished, some of them as low as $15.00, lettering included. Also, a fine line of different patterns, expressly for the

QUAKER BURYING GROUNDS,

very thick and heavy and handsomely finished of the best marble.

Marble Posts, marble Vases with Pedestal, Marble Coping, Tombstones and monuments, of all sizes and styles.

Marble or Sandstone worked to order. I warrant all my work not to color or blister—time has no effect on it. I set up all of my work, thus relieving the purchaser of all trouble or risk.

Come one, come all, that are in want, and examine my work and learn my prices. I will be thankful. Don't send the money out of your own neighborhood.

Call and see me. I do not like to canvass for work, for I think it too sad a business to barter with relatives or friends.

My work can be seen in all the cemeteries of Kent and the adjoining counties.
March 11, 1881 W. REGISTER

Plows Plows.

Concave Plows No. 9, 10 and 11,
ALSO,
MINOR and HORTON.

We are closing out at Prices that will

ASTONISH THE FARMERS!

ALL KINDS OF POINTS,
SHEARS, EXTRA MOULD BOARDS and LANDSIDES, in fact.

ALL KINDS OF PLOW CASTINGS

sold at a Low figure.

Remember also that we have a large lot of Double, Single, and Three Horse Trees.

All kinds of HARROWS, Twin, Double A's and Single A's.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
March 15, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

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 over-work, 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 oriental spices 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

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 50 cents sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

COLOGNE

"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,
May 12. Proprietor

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 Co. TRADE MARK IS HERE EXPRESSED!

OUR FREE CIRCULAR TELLS THE REST

——, 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 seal