WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

A baptism in hades' depth
As hot as boiling tar
Awaits the man who quits a room
And leaves the door ajar.
And he who softly shut the door
Shall dwell among the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.
—*New York Sun.*

Every dog that has a bark should be launched—'into eternity.'—*Gouverneur Herald.*

In a base-ball match at Philadelphia five men were disabled. In a debating society in Arkansas four men were killed and five wounded. What this country needs is rational amusement. —*Chicago Herald.*

'Do you ever gamble?' she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his.

He replied: 'No; but if I wanted to now would be my time.'

'How so?'

'Because I hold a beautiful hand.'

'The engagement is announced.—*Somerville Journal.*

In a New York museum there is now a girl whom nature has provided with four legs and four arms, but nature will not provide her with shoes and 14-button kid gloves. Young man, remember this. Her increased hugging facilities are counterbalanced by her increased kicking facilities. And don't forget that either.—*Norristown Herald.*

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual.

'Ma,' he said, during a lull in the conversation, 'can whiskey talk?'

'Certainly not,' said ma. 'What put that absurd notion into your head?'

'Well,' he replied, 'I heard you say to pa that whiskey was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said'—*Phila. Call.*

'Why is it you never married, Charley?'

'Oh, I don't know, unless I remained single from choice.'

'Why, I heard you tried to get that Podgkins girl a year or two ago?'

'Yes, I did ask her to marry me.'

'And she wouldn't have you?'

'That's about the size of it. So I remained single from choice—her choice, you know.'—*Boston Transcript.*

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found $9,000 short. This fact stared him in the face as he sat amid the Board of Directors.

'Now, then,' said the president, 'I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement?'

'I do.'

'And how did you use the money?'

'In speculating.'

'In what?'

'Well, i was a bull in X Y Z Railroad stocks, but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything.'

'Why—how?'

'Well, while I was using $9,000 of the bank's money to bull the stocks, the cashier was putting up $20,000 to bear them, and so I lost.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Four marrying maidens summering went,
Each cast her little net;
Returning, they relate to "Ma"
What fortune each has met.

"O, Ma!" said intellectual Jane,
"I caught a college man;
No money—but his stock of brains
Would load a caravan."

"O, Ma!" remarked young Sophy Ann,
"I caught a splendid dude;
No brains—but lots and lots of cash,
And bluest sort of blood."

"O, Ma!" said delicate Louise,
"I gained some strength and health;
I also caught a journalist
Whose brains will gain him wealth."

"No time to fish had I," said Nan
(Some thirty-four years old),
"Yet, staying out to watch these girls,
I caught a dreadful cold."
—*Philadelphia Times.*

By and by the army officer mentioned something about road agents, and directly the conversation became interesting. Coaches had been stopped at various points on the line within a week, and it was pretty generally believed that a bad gang had descended on the route and were still ripe for business. The man with one eye had nothing to say. Once or twice he raised his head and that single eye blazed in the darkness like a lone star, but not a word escaped his mouth. The captain had said what he would do in case the coach was halted, and this brought out the others. It was firmly decided to fight. The passengers had money to fight for and weapons to fight with.

The man with one eye said nothing. At such a time and under such circumstances there could be but one interpretation of such conduct.

'A coward has no business traveling this route,' said the captain in a voice which every man could hear.

The stranger started up, and that eye of his seemed to shower sparks of fire, but after a moment, he fell back again without having replied.

If he wasn't chicken hearted, why didn't he show his colors? If he intended to fight where were his weapons? He had no Winchester, and so far as any one had seen as he entered the coach, he was without revolvers. Everybody felt contempt for a man who calculated to hold up his hands at the order, and permit himself to be quickly despoiled.

'Pop! pop! halt!'

The passengers were dozing as the salute of the road agents reached their ears. The coach was halted in a way to tumble everybody together, and legs and bodies were still tangled up when a voice at the door of the coach called out:

No nonsense now! You gentlemen climb right down here and up with your hands! The first man who kicks on me will get a bullet through his head!'

We had agreed to fight. The captain had agreed to lead us. We were listening for his yell of defiance and the click of his revolver when he stepped down and out as humbly as you please. The sutler had been aching to chew up a dozen road agents, and now he was the second man out. The surveyor had intimated that he never passed over the route without killing at least three highwaymen, but this occasion was to be an exception. In three minutes the five of us were down in a line and hands up, and the road agent had said:

'Straight matter of business! First one who drops his hands won't ever know what hurt him!'

Where was the man with one eye? The robber appeared to believe that we were all out, and he was just approaching the head of the line to begin his work when a dark form dropped out of the coach, there was a yell as if from a wounded tiger, and a revolver began to crack. The robber went down at the first pop. His partner was just coming around the rear of the coach. He was a game man. He knew what had happened, but he was coming to the rescue. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers, their flashes lighting up the night until we could see the driver in his seat.

It didn't take twenty seconds. One of the robbers lay dead in front of us—the other under the coach, while the man with one eye had a lock cut from his head and the graze of a bullet across his cheek. Not one of us had moved a finger. We were five fools in a row. There was a painful lull after the last shot, and it lasted a full minute before the stranger turned to us and remarked in a quiet, cutting manner:

'Gentlemen, ye can drop yer hands!'

We dropped. We undertook to thank him, and we wanted to shake hands, and somebody suggested a shake-purse for his benefit, but he motioned us into the coach, banged the door after us, and climbed up to a seat beside the driver. His contempt for such a crowd could not be measured.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Another good investment said the druggist, on buying a gross of Schroeder's Corn Solvent.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

About Hornets.

Golden Days.

Andy was in disgrace, and in a very bad humor as well. Ordinarily he was such a pleasant, bright-faced boy, that one would hardly believe that the little, cross-looking chap with the deep scowl over his eyes could be he.

When mamma went off to the sea-shore, for a few weeks of change and quiet rest, her only trouble had been about Andy. Susie and the baby nurse could take care of, she knew; but Andy, since he had grown to the dignity of a schoolboy, was not as tractable in the nursery as he once was, and nurse had more patience with babies and little girls than she had for a noisy, reckless schoolboy of eleven. However, the doctor said mamma must go, and leave them all at home So papa had carried her off, almost against her will.

Andy made so many promises to be good and mind nurse that she was persuaded that he meant to keep his word. And so he did. But nurse was unreasonable, and no boy likes to be called off from making a kite to run errands. Such "confounded" long ones, too (the adjective is Andy's own—*I* should have said *very* long). Then, upon his return, when he was only making paste for the beloved kite, to have it snatched away from him!

True, he was mixing it in a *cut-glass goblet*; but what matter? One glass was as good as another; indeed, if it had been handy, he would have preferred a tin-cup.

Altogether he was a much-abused boy! if i were not for mamma he would have serious thoughts of running away. What a lark it would be to have old nursey flying around, with her cap-strings floating in the air, drummnig up neighbors to hunt for Master Andy.

'I wish I was not a boy. Boys have the hardest time of anything in creation! I don't want to be a nimiry, pimiry, fol-de-rol or a girl either! I wish I were a bird: they don't have to mind. Yes, I'd even like to be a hornet! Look at that chap, hunting flies over there! He has no nurse, and I'll bet does as he has a mind to."

These words, uttered aloud, were scarcely out of the little boy's mouth, when, wonderful to relate, the very hornet he had been envying flew up to him and said:

"Would you really like to be one of us? Remember a hornet's life is not one of idleness. He must work hard for his living, like all the rest of the Master's creatures. Think before you decide."

"Do you have nurses?"

"No."

"Then I'll be a hornet!"

How strange! At once he felt himself growing smaller and smaller. Now—yes, he could fly! It was a delightful sensation to feel himself floating through the air.

"Buzz! buzz!" went the other hornet. So it would have sounded the day before. Now Andy knew he said:

"Come with me, and I'll introduce you to the other hornets."

So, off they went, further down toward the peach orchard. There the family had built themselves a very curious house. It served as a temporary lodging-house for themselves, and was the place where eggs were deposited, whence the hornets of the future sprang into life.

Andy remembered looking at this house, from a distance, only a day or two before. Now, to fly right into it was very funny! All the hornets came to look at him. All buzzed and talked so fast that he could scarcely understand a word they said,

He was offered a blue-bottle fly for refreshments, and as he drank from the proffered dainty, they all buzzed louder than ever.

Later his friend took him to a peach tree, and they regaled themselves on a ripe peach, which was much more to Andy's taste.

That night he slept on a limb of the same tree—it seemed so stuffy in the hornet house.

The next day all assembled in their house, and each received orders from the head of the colony. Each had to kill so many flies and bring them home, to be stored up for the next generation of hornets. Some remained at home, to put the finishing layer to their house.

Andy was put among the latter, to learn their trade. Hard work, too, it was. Beginning at early dawn to chew up paper, moisten it with glue, and smooth it on the outside of the hornet house, was no joke. All day long he worked. No rest, except two or three short visits to the peach tree, to refresh himself.

Then to see all the other hornets come home, each laden with a fly, sometimes only half dead, still struggling in the grasp of its captor, was to Andy disgusting in the extreme.

Three or four days dragged wearily on, and he was beginning to wish that he could be a boy again, and run errands, when one morning Andy was sent out with the others, to catch flies.

He flew with his old friend a little way, and then they separated. Andy saw a large fly on a window, and made after it. The fly took refuge in the house, and he flew in also.

How familiar that room looked! It was the nursery—yes, to-be-sure it was! There was the baby in the crib. Just then, Susie said:

"O, nurse! a horrid hornet!"

Nurse was after him. Oh, dear! he should be killed right in his own home!

"Buzz! Buzz!" Would they never understand?

"Get out of this, you rascal!" cried nurse.

"I'll catch him, nurse, in my apron, and then kill him."

"He'll sting you, Susie!"

"Buzz! Buzz!" No he wouldn't. He'd rather die than sting his own sister.

Just then, nurse made a dab with her apron. He screamed:

"Don't you know me?" and awoke to find nurse really standing over him, under the peach tree.

"Why, Master Andy, did you ever go to sleep on the grass? I am afraid you've caught your death of cold. Come with me, and let me give you something hot."

"Why, nurse," Andy tries to explain, "I've been a hornet. I've been down in the orchard, sleeping in a tree over their nest."

Nurse tells him that she has been hunting for him for hours, and was in despair when he was discovered in the peach orchard.

Andy goes slowly home, too relieved to be a boy again to argue the matter with nurse.

"To-be-sure," he adds to himself, "boys do have a *hard* time, but hornets have a *harder*."

And he believes he would not change places with any other creatures, but stay on a boy till time changes him into a man.

On one of the Northern trains recently was an old lady who evidently had never before made a railroad journey. After looking about her some time in curiosity, her eyes alighted on the bell-line, and she asked the waiter boy, who happened to be passing at the time, what it was for.

"That, marm," said the boy with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, "is to ring the bell when you want anything to eat," and passed on.

Shortly after, the old lady got down the family umbrella, and, reaching up to the bell-line, gave it a vigorous pull.

Of course the brakes were applied, the windows thrown up, questions asked, etc., the old lady sitting calmly through the confusion. Presently the conductor came rushing through the car, exclaiming:

"Who pulled that bell?"

"I did," replied the old lady, meekly.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped the official, impatiently.

"Well," said the old party, meditatively, "you may bring me some hash."

Here are some odd rhymes about little Jonadab:

Jonadab begins to sigh,
And gouge his little eyes and crigh,
Because he cannot catch a fligh,
Which roams the windows pane.
Now he eats a piece of pigh
Now he makes a face most wrigh;
Then hours upon the floor dose ligh.
Jonadab's a child of migh
Cousin Martha Jane.

5

LIVER diseases, headache, and constipation, caused by bad digestion, quickly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

LEWIS, Iowa.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

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July 12, 1883.

"ISMS"

THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS

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A SURE CURE FOR
WORMS
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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

☞ ALWAY 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,
Aug10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

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☞ Parties will be supplied with every thing needful for refreshment tables and ice.

☞ Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard, &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

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gallons or more, $1.00 per gallon; 1 gallon nd less than 5 gallons, $1.25 per gallon; ½ gallon, 65 cents; 1 quart, 40 cents; 1 pint, 25 cents.

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

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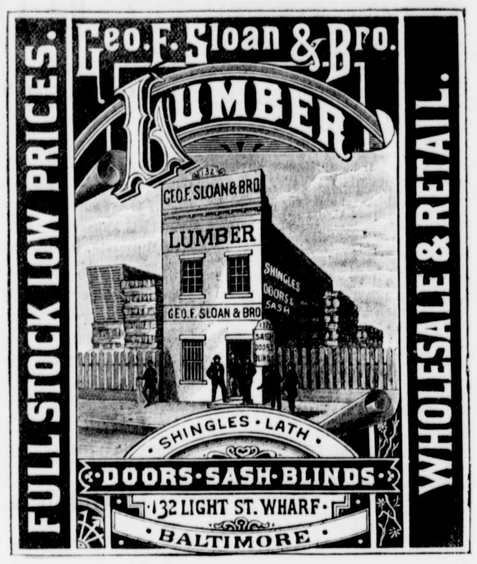

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Sept. 27, 1883—3m.

NURSERY STOCK.

PEACH TREES
A SPECIALTY.

We invite our friends and patrons to come and view our stock. We have over

200,000 First-Class Peach Trees

and 60,000 second class, which have made good growth and are fine, healthy, thrifty trees, and we think cannot fail to give satisfaction.

We have selected buds with great care from the most healthy stock to be found, and are abundantly sure our stock is true to name.

We have all the leading varieties, and largely of yellow canning kinds, among which are 80,000 Crawford's Late, and 80,000 Beere's Smock.

Our late edition of Catalogue we think will interest you. Write for it.

The following paper explains itself:

We, the undersigned, having known Mr. N. Barnard for the past 15 or 20 years, take pleasure in recommending him as reliable and trustworthy, and trees that we have purchased from him have proven satisfactory and true to name.

Geo. B. Westcott, W. T. Hepbron,
Henry T. Jump, Thos. J. F. Smith,
G. R. Beck, R. C. Smyth,
John W. Corey, W. M. A. S. Maxwell, M.D,
W. S. Maxwell, M.D. John B. Parrott,
R. S. Diehl, Thos. J. Shallcross.
N. BARNARD,
Stanely, P. O., Kent co., Md.

P. S.—Our stock of SMALL FRUIT PLANTS is complete, and we can furnish general Nursery Stock largely. Sept13-3m.

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.
Oct. 20, 1881. WM. PERKINS.

5 CENT

Sheet Music

—AT—

Stam's Drug Store.

THE CHOICEST SONGS,
DANCES, WALTZES and MARCHES,
Only 5 cents per copy.
Call and look over our stock.
COLIN F. STAM.

Enterprise Transportation Co.

NOTICE.

We have overhauled all our vessel property and have everything in complete order, ready for Grain and General Merchandise. All orders may be left with the agents at the wharves.
July 12—6t. R. J. FOARD, Pres.

GENUINE Gravely Tobacco at 85 cts. per lb. at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

GRASS Scythes and Grass Snaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Snaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones, for sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

COLLARS, Bridles, Back Bands, Traces and Plow Lines at lowest prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

CORSETS.

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

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at $2.25. These are all black. The colors are $2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always $1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at $1.00.

Another in stripes at 65 cents. Not dear at $1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tariff will prevent this quality from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair 46 inches wide, at 60 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much admired Embroidered Robes at one-third off of usual price.

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c. The best we ever had at that price.

The best Twilled, All-Wool Red Flannel we ever sold for 25c.

The best Canton Flannel for 12½c. We never could get so good a quality at the price before.

An extraordinary lot of Towels at 25c.

Eight lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose that are on our counters at 25 per cent. under prices.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $4.35.
172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $3.25.
245 pairs Women's Curacoa Kid Button, $4.25.
186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, $5.00.
152 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, $1.25.
112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, $2.00.
110 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, $3.25.
141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $3.25.
131 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $4.50.
150 pairs Women's French Kid Button Boots, $5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for $25.
The same goods in Cherry for $28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at $1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The First Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less—$25.

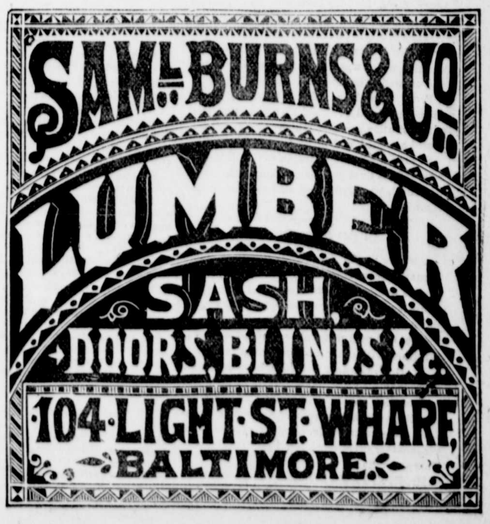
Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. $2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street.
Market Street and New City Hall.



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