WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

Hiawatha Johnson's Wooing.

From the Chicago Tribune.

In the city of Chicago,
Where her father made his money
Selling wheat of which he had not
To the men from Cincinnati,
Lived a soft-eyed pale face maiden—
Minnehaha H. McNulty—
(With the accent on the penult),
Who was young, and fair, and slender,
And who wore her hair in frizzes.

Very beautiful was Minnie,
Free from care of all description,
And as William J. McNulty
Paid her bills for fancy dry goods—
Bills for seven-dollar stockings,
Corsets, crimping pins, and so forth—
He would often let his memory
Wander back a score of summers
To the time when he was courting
Agnes Genevieve McCarthy
(Now the mother of his daughter),
How they used to sit at even
On the front step of her father's
Mansion on the Rue Tom Cat
Swapping lovely lies about their
Wild affection for each other,
And as William J. reflected
On the past and on the present
It occurred to him that Minnie
Had a quite decided bulge on
Her mamma in point of wardrobe.

In the summer when the ball club
Of Chicago lost the pennant,
Lost the pennant that their hired
Men had held since 1880,
Minnehaha went out riding
In a nobby side-bar wagon,
And her parent drove an equine
That was thought to be quite speedy.
Down the boulevard they traveled,
Every now and then proceeding
To pull out and knock the socks off
Some more unpretentious flyer.
Until Minnie and her father
Had about reached the conclusion
There was nothing in Chicago
That could make the old mare hustle.
So they chatted on the topics
Of the day—Maud S.'s record,
Mr. Beecher's indigestion,
And his love for Henry Irving.

But anon the ear of Minnie
(Pretty ear with pink of sea shell),
Caught the soft and murmurous breathing
Of another horse behind them,
Of another horse that seemed to
Be in something of a hurry,
From the way in which he made the
Landscape vanish in perspective.
So she punched her father gently
'Twixt the sixth and seventh riblets,
And suggested that, unless he
Had a wild desire to witness
The surrounding country through a
Cloud of dust, he had better hit the
Old bay mare just about amidships
With the whip, and holler at her.

You have seen the tempest raging
On a wild and rocky seacoast,
You have read about the battles
In which thousands bravely perished—
They were nothing to the struggle
That took place between McNulty's
Old gray mare and the gray gelding
That the stranger deftly handled.
He was handsome, was the stranger,
With a form like an Apollo,
And he steered the big gray gelding
With a skill that won the heart of
Minnehaha as she sat there
And beheld her parent distanced.

"Hold, brave youth!" cried out McNulty;
"Pull your horse up and come hither.
I would speak with you concerning
That good steed which you are driving.
Will you sell him? What's his record?
Does he ever have blind staggers?
Is his owner a poor widow
Who is forced to want to sell him,
Or who argues that the climate
Where her husband now has gone to
Is too sultry for fast driving?
Seek not to deceive me, sonny,
With a tale extremely gauzy,
But get down to bed-rock figures
On your horse, and let me have them."

Then up spoke the youth whose driving
Had enamored Minnehaha:
"I will never sell my horse, sir,
For I value him too highly.
With the swiftness of a whirlwind
He can draw two in a buggy,
And the famed steeds of the desert
Fall so far in speed below him
That if one should try to pass me,
I opine his driver quickly
Would conclude that he was going
In the opposite direction.
He is bred just like St. Julien—
Hamiltonian stock, and you can
Bet your everlasting dollar
He is kind, and sound, and gentle.

"Money cannot buy this horse, sir,
But to you I'll gladly give him
If you only will allow me
To pay court unto your daughter,
She who sitteth now beside you,
In the flush of maiden beauty;
Sitteth there like any lily,
Tall, and fair, and pure, and stately.
I have loved your daughter madly
Ever since I first beheld her
As I came up on the near side
Of your buggy and went past you.
Without her my life is aimless,
All my hopes are wrecked forever;
And unless my love returned is
I will jump into the river."

"You may have her," cried McNulty;
"Have her with a parent's blessing.
And before the winter cometh,
When the leaves are turning golden,
You shall marry Minnehaha
In a style to make your head swim.
For I love my only daughter,
And would make her whole life happy.
Take her, Hiawatha Johnson—
(You will notice that I know you)—
Take her with this horse and buggy,
And let me get in behind that
Gelding with abdallah action.
I will give my Minnehaha
To the man who pineth for her,
And console myself hereafter
With a horse that beats 2.30."

A youngster on Cass avenue had noticed a tall black bottle on his father's dressing table and asked what it held.

'That, my son, is hair oil,' answered his father with a furtive and wandering look, 'and it is not at all nice for little boys.'

The youthful questioner took a smell of the contents and asked no more information upon the subject. He kept up a good bit of thinking, however. Last Sunday the family entertained some friends at dinner, and there was plum pudding with brandy sauce. The small boy had found his opportunity. When he was helped to the pudding he sized it up with large eyes.

'Pa,' he said, in a loud, shrill tone, as he sniffed the sauce afar off, 'the hair oil on this puddin' smells awful good.'—*Free Press.*

A bald head ain't allers de sign ob sense. De turnip ain't so sound airter yer cut off de greens.

I has know'd tender hearted men dat would stan' an' lissen ter a tale ob distress an' cry, but at de same time da hil a mighty tight grip on a dime.

I owed a man onct, an' when I spoke ter him about it he said, 'don't think ob dat, for it's all right,' but I noticed airter I quit thinking about it, he tuck it up an' thought about it till it worried me powerful.

Ef a man thinks dat he's done suthin' funny, an' yer laugh, it pleases him mightily, but ef yer laughed at him fur doin' suthin' what ain't funny, he don't like it. All through life a man wants his frein's ter look at his own an' not da own pleasure.

De pusson what is only smart in one thing may make a big success ob hisse'f, but he oughten'ter think hard ob people case da gits tired ob him, fur we think more ob de mockin' bird, not because he can sing better den any upper bird, but because he's got so many different songs.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

My Kingdom for a horse, and a bottle of Schroeder's Corn Solvent. 25 cts. Druggists.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Schoolboy's Turn.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,
Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
Or what nine sevens make,
Or the longitude of Kamschat'ka Bay,
Or the I-forgot-the-what's-its-name lake;
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

Can you tell me what "phen-dubs" means? I can.
Can you say all off by heart
The "onery, twoery, ickery ann,"
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can you fling a top, I would like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,
And the little birds come and light on its string?

Five Curious Combats.

One of the most stubborn combats between the tiger and the elephant ever witnessed occurred about four miles north of Rohampore, in Hindoostan, a short time ago. On that occasion, the chief of Maldan, Babu Chowdry by name, went with five tame elephants and several hunters into a jungle for a morning's sport. The party soon found a tiger. He was a full-grown beast, and his stripes were of a brighter yellow than the reeds among which he was crouching. Chowdry sent two bullets at the tiger, end one of the hunters also fired, but the animal quietly stole away. Following him, the hunters found that he had taken shelter in a hollow almost hidden by rank weeds and bushes. Chowdry sat in a howda (the elephant's saddle), on the back of a powerful elephant named Makhua. This animal was a spirited hunter, and he bore Chowdry straight into the jungle where the tiger lay. As quick as a flash of lightning, the tiger leaped on Makhua's back, and a terrific combat followed. Time and again the elephant seized the tiger with his trunk, and hurled him against the earth, but at many times did the tiger leap upon the elephant, tearing his flesh with tooth and claw. Chowdry clung to the howha as best he could, constantly hoping for a chance to use his rifle. The battle lasted for nearly an hour. It was a life-and-death struggle. Though the hunters drew near they were unable to use their rifles, lest they slay the chief and the driver, who, during the fight, was shaken twice to the ground. The combat ended only with the exhaustion of the combatants. Makhua fell over on his side. His trunk was torn in thirteen places, and he bore many other wounds. The tiger rolled into the jungle, so beaten that he could hardly lift his head. Then Chowdry took aim at the prostrate foe, and killed him with a single bullet. The reeds, bushes, trees and earth in the vicinity of the place made it look at though a whirlwind had swept along. Makhua recovered after a few days, and was more highly prized than ever by the master whose life he had saved.

The captain of a ship that arrived at Hawaii recently from a long cruise related the circumstances of a curious incident witnessed by him last spring. He was called from his bunk by one of the crew, who said that there was a great hubbub in the water about a mile to the leeward. As soon as he had properly adjusted his spy-glass the captain saw that a fight between marine monsters, one of which was a whale, was going on. The ship's course was altered, and, as the captain drew nearer, he saw that a thrasher was on the whale's back. The thrasher appeared through the glass to be a large, ugly fish, as flat as a flounder, and as large as the ordinary shark. Its body covered the whale's blow-hole and its tail came down with tremendous force. The water was beaten into foam for many rods around. The whale went under several times, but as he hastened to the surface again every time, the captain concluded that a sword-fish was helping the thrasher in the fierce assault. Stabbed from below and lashed above, the whale was in agony. Whether he escaped or fell a victim to his allied enemies, the captain did not discover, for, after disappearing much longer than usual, the combatants came to the surface far off in the ship's wake and they were soon lost to sight.

The lion is called the king of beasts, but the Rocky Mountain hunters no doubt think that the grizzly bear is more deserving of the title. At a menagerie in Louisville, Ky., some years ago, a grizzly was received from the West, and, as there was no cage ready for his reception, it was decided to place him in a cage with a large lion. "You ought to have seen the fur fly when they came together," says a man who was connected with the menagerie. "The grizzly walked up to the king of beasts, cuffed him, hugged him, and slammed him around as if he had been a kitten. At first, the lion acted as though he were going to devour the bear at one gulp, but he squeezed himself into a corner after the bear's attack, and did not even growl. The bear would have killed the lion in ten minutes, if several men had not released the lion from his perilous position.'

A few weeks ago a white crane was caught at Hickory Grove, Iowa. The boys who caught it had been surprised that the crane should fall such an easy victim; but they soon saw what the matter was. On the crane's bill a young turtle was firmly fastened. The bird was a huge specimen, measuring seven feet from tip to tip; but it was so starved that it could hardly run. It is supposed that while the crane was stalking on the prairie, it had found the turtle and had pierced it with its sharp bill. The turtle had thrust out its head and had seized the crane by the bill, and it was still holding on when the boys first saw it. The turtle was dried up and almost dead. The bird could not eat, because the turtle's shell held it firmly as in a vise. The turtle was removed by the boys; but both turtle and crane died the next day.

The mail-carrier whose route is between Newberry and Grand Marais, Chippewa County, Michigan, reports an adventure with a deer. One day, while he was walking through a forest, he saw a buck and shot the animal. The buck charged the man furiously. In trying to get out of the way the man fell against a log and the buck's horns pinned him to the log before he could get up. But as the log was partly decayed the horns sank in so far that the buck could not get them out again. The mail-carrier was nearly crushed to death, but his arms were free and he stabbed the animal until he killed him. Long and loud calls for help at last brought a lumberman, who released the mail-carrier from his odd prison.

FATHER—"Here, John Henry, didn't you break that window in the dining-room?"

Boy—"Yes, sir.'

Father—"Then why didn't you tell me of it, instead of trying to make me think you didn't know anything about it?'

Boy—"Please, sir, I wasn't trying to do anything of the sort. I didn't say anything about it, because you always told me not to talk about my own affairs until I was asked. I was afraid you wouldn't like it, sir, if I mentioned it voluntarily!"

LITTLE Gracie is a cunning miss of three or thereabouts. She is the ido' of a girl aunt whom she visits, and who, on the occasion of the last visit, showed her the medicine-shelf in a closet.

"What is there on that shelf?' asked the aunt, observing her glances of surprise.

"Bottles," said the little one, plainly and promptly.

"Yes, but what is in the bottles?" added the aunt, who regarded this question as a poser.

"Corks!" was the triumphant answer.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Meadows and Young Clover.

Suffer no stock, except it be a few favorite colts or calves to trespass upon either your meadows or young clover fields.

Mares and Colts.

Shelter and feed brood mares and colts liberally, as everything depends on good keeping the first year of a colt's life.

Calves and Sheep.

These should have shelter where they can resort in bad weather or cold nights. Give the yearlings and calves a feed of grain or meal or oil-cake once a day, and a good feed of roots cut up, once a day.

Shelters.

Have a sufficiency of shelters for all of your stock. They can be easily and cheaply built on most farms, with logs or poles and corn stalks, old straw, pine or cedar brush. We saw once a complete shelter for a mare and colt, made of cedar brush wattled between stakes on the side, and poles on top, in roof-shape, and then a thick layer of corn stalks. It was built near a strawrick accessible to the animals. There was a small rack for hay, and a trough for grain, inside the shelter.

Stiff Clay Lands.

All stiff clay lands ought to be plowed this month, and if requiring it, limed. If not limed, spread over each acre one bushel of plaster and four to five bushels of salt, either mixed together or sowed separately. The frost will pulverize the soil more effectually than a harrow would. Do not plow when the land is too wet, and do not have the furrows turned too flat. Leave it in the rough until next spring when the harrow can be used, then cross-plowed and fertilized and harrowed until in prime order for the crop intended to be grown upon it.

Poultry.

See that the poultry houses are made tight and warm and cleansed. See that they have water, and access to ashes, lime or coarse bone-dust, and be sure to give them chopped fresh meat at least once a week, and your poultry yard will pay you well.

Mutton.

Attend well to such sheep as you design to use or sell as Christmas mutton. Give them a shelter with dry floor, plenty of good hay or corn blade fodder, salt, some roots, and oil-cake if possible, also regularly, morning and evening, about 2 gills of corn, or three of oats, and occasionally a half pint of meal with same quantity of bran or shorts. This is a feed for each sheep. Give them occasionally some pine or cedar bows to eat, they are very fond of them. They should be kept as quiet as possible to take on fat rapidly, and on no account driven fast, or frightened by dogs, or indiscreet boys. A sportsman with his pointers dashing over a field will often take off more flesh from your flock than you can restore in a week. They should never be allowed to hunt in a sheep pasture.

Corn.

Careful experiments have proved that corn which is hilled will blow down more readily than that which has level culture. This can be accounted for by the fact that corn roots run very near the surface, and when hills are made, they are confined to the small space covered by the hill, while in level culture the roots run from one row to the other, thus enabling the corn to stand strong, as nature intended, and in no way liable to be blown down except by winds of unusual violence.

Lime.

Lime acts upon and greatly aids the decomposition of organic matter in the soil. It is thought to neutralize the organic acids contained in what are called "sour soils." It also acts upon the inorganic or mineral constituents of the soil, and aids in converting them into forms in which they can be taken up by the plants, especially in liberating potash from its combinations.

Corn and Cob Meal.

The *National Live Stock Journal* believes in grinding corn and cob together and gives three reasons: "The advantage of grinding the cob and corn together is not altogether in the nutriment of the cob, but because the cob being a coarser and a spongy material, gives bulk, and divides and separates the fine meal, so as to allow a free circulation of the gastric juice through the mass in the stomach. Corn meal, when wet with plastric dough, is very solid, and not easily penetrated by any liquid; and when pigs are fed wholly on corn meal, they often suffer with fever in the stomach, because the meal lies there too long undigested."

Corn Meal Bread.

No housekeeper who has thoroughly tested meal grown in a Southern climate and in New England can doubt that the two varieties are essentially different. The yellow meal which is the best at the North, is coarse at the South; while the white meal, which is sweeter than any meal grown North, is dry and tasteless when made of Northern corn. The following is an excellent recipe for yellow corn bread: Mix together four cups of buttermilk or sour milk, and three cups of yellow sifted meal. Set this batter over night to let the meal swel; in the morning add one teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt, one beaten egg and a large teaspoonful of the best soda dissolved in a spoonful of boiling water. Beat thoroughly and quickly; pour into well greased pans, and bake three quarters of an hour. The fresher ground the meal is, the better it is. No meal is so sweet as that obtained from the country, direct from the mill where the corn is taken to be ground.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Fashion Notes.

Velvet ribbons are again in fashion.

Light ladies' cloth is the favorite fabric for utility of costumes.

The prettiest house wrappers are in the Kate Greenway styles.

Bridal dresses are frequently composed of several different fabrics.

Large collarettes and half capes of duchesse lace are fashionable.

Tailor-made suits and coats will be trimmed with fur this winter.

Children's cloaks of dark velvet and wool are fashionably trimmed with light gray lambskin.

Ostrich tips in panaches are the favorite trimmings for Henri II., Henri III. and Girondin hats.

Skirts of dresses should be narrow when there are many flounces or superimposed draperies.

Daffodil-yellow and renaissance-brown is a very elegant combination for a velvet and brocade dress

AMERICAN PORK IN FRANCE.—The prohibition of the importation of American pork into France has been abolished. The municipal authorities will inspect such pork to satisfy themselves it is thoroughly salted, when there is no danger of trichinosis.

LADIES and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

FARMINGTON, ILL.—Dr. M. T. Gamble says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

FORT STEVENSON, DAKOTA TER.—Rev. James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

July 12, 1883.

"ISMS"

THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS

Rheumatism

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE MUSCLES Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM OF LONG STANDING Cured by PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of any Druggist

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.

NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
PIETS' UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
KERCHEVAL'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARF'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & CO.
PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

Catalogue Mailed on Application.

14,568 Boxes sold in a year by ONE Druggist of

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Act Directly on the Liver

CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

To Save 50 at ALL DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS SEE A BOX

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three **"scavengers of the system,"** producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Cure Headache, Constipation, Chills and Fever, and all Bilious Complaints.

ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

E. FERRETT, AGENT.
372 Pearl Street, N.Y.

Peery's DEAD SHOT Vermifuge,
A SURE CURE FOR
WORMS
In the Human Body. 25 Cents a Bottle.
E. FERRETT, 372 Pearl St., N.Y.

$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.

FINE HAMBURG EDGING & INSERTING
On AMBRI.
NANSOOK & SWISS MUSLIN
NEWEST STYLES.
LARGE ASSORTMENT.
T. W. Eliason, Jr.
March 1, 1883.

Chster River Steamboat Company

SPECIAL NOTICE
TO FARMERS AND SHIPPERS.

With every facility we are now prepared to receive GRAIN on consignment, or the highest CASH PRICE paid for the same by
J. R. CLEMENTS, AGENT,
July 6, 1882—tf. Chestertown Granary

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.

JOHN N. DODD
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
—AND—
Furniture UNDERTAKER,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

COFFINS, Burial Cases, Coffins, Fine Cloths and Worsts, Hearses, Burial Robes, Mourning Goods, Lamps, &c., of all descriptions and kinds, at as low prices as any Metropolitan Funeral Furnishing establishment on hand, or furnished at a very low prices.

METALIC COFFINS and CASKETS,
furnished upon short notice when desired.
Full line of
BURIAL ROBES.
Patent Improved
GOLD AIR TIGHT CASKET for the preservation of the dead; also Embalming Fluids. I have recently introduced a remarkably cheap BLACK CLOTH CASKET, which in appearance is almost equal to the finest. Remember I do not confine myself entirely to the undertaking business, but have an endless variety at *modest 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 client inclined 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.

DRY GOODS
FOR FALL of 1883.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
OF BALTIMORE.

Invite the attention of persons wanting DRY GOODS to their splendid WHOLESALE and RETAIL STOCK, much the largest and most varied, to be found in Baltimore.

Their assortment includes every class of goods from the most fashionable to low priced, "BUT NO COMMON GOODS that may look cheap, but would be dear at any price."

It has been their aim throughout a business career of over FIFTY YEARS to sell only goods that will give satisfaction and prove of full value for the price paid. This policy, steadily pursued, has built up their large trade, and given them the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. Being LARGE IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN GOODS, and in a position to purchase ALL DOMESTIC FABRICS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, to the best advantage, we are enabled to give our customers the benefit of our position, in low prices.

Samples will be sent to parties desiring to buy from us, on receiving definite instructions in regard to the class of goods wanted, about the price, color preferred, &c.

The price in PLAIN FIGURES, marked on each piece of goods, from which there is no abatement.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
199, 201, 203 Baltimore St.
Sept. 27, 1883—3m.

WINTER, WINTER, WINTER

STOVES STOVES!

A Splendid Line of
COOKING STOVES,
such as
The New Emerald, with and without Reservoir; The Virginia, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Charms and New Regulator Cooks; also, The Maryland Reliance, Clifton, Onide Cozy, and Daisy Ranges, and the Celebrated Victor Cook.

A Complete Line of Double Heaters, viz: The "Crown"—the best Double Heater on the market, full nickled; also, the "Truly Yours," and the Derby.

HEATING STOVES.
Such as
The Argand, Alliance, Clifton, Derby, Hexagon Edison, Nation, Prince, New Regal, Portland, Chum, Favorite and many others.

FODDER YARN—Four kinds and prices.

Hines & Clements.
Oct. 18, 1883.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [March 15, 1882.

Lime for Sale.
Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station at Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quicked Lime
for building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel..
WM. PERKINS.
Oct. 20, 1881.

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

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

A GOOD CLOCK is a pleasure to any house keeper. You can find such at
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Programme for 1883'84

THE programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, the Century shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A New Novel by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled, "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

Three Stories by Henry James, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

The New Astronomy, unto-burial articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A Novelette by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A Novelette by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

The Brewstersters, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

"Christianity and Wealth," with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

Cruising Along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, George Eliot and Cable, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht cruise on the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

"Gerfalcon in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

The Silverado Squatters, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated paper on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archæology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.

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