WIT AND HUMOR AND WISDOM.

Do clo hes make the man? My son, they do They make him mighty bashful of his tailor.—*Hawkeye.*

Anti-vivisectionists argue that it gives an oyster acute pain to open its shell with a knife. Let us then sing to the tender bivalve, and when he gazes at us in open-mouthed wonder we can kill him with a club.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

'I do not love him in the old fond way,' writes Ella Wheeler. What's the matter with him, Ella? Has he got to wearing cloth gaiters, or drinking tea for breakfast, or something like that?—*Philadelphia Call.*

The idea of congratulating a man because he has reached his seventieth birthday, as though that was something to be joyous about. Now, if the man could only reach his seventh birthday again there'd be something to fetch the band out for.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Two San Francisco women are at law about a wedding dress, each claiming it, and tht testimony is so mixed that, the judge can't decide. Let him try Solomon's scheme with the women and the baby? Let him threaten to spill a plate of soup or a dish of ice cream on the dress; the woman who screams and calls him 'a mean old thing' will be the real owner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Arkansas editor announces that he is compelled to retire from his paper 'on account of being so afflicted with the gout.' The excuse won't be generally accepted, as everybody knows that an editorial position is an-ti-gout in its workings, tending to a plain diet of crackers and cheese washed down with water. Nobody ever got the gout on such fare.—*Peck's Sun.*

'Why, old boy, what's the matter with you? You look as though you lost your best friend.'

'Do I?' was the reply. 'Well, I haven't. On the contrary I have just gained a friend.'

'You don't look it.'

'I know I don't. You see, last night I asked little Miss B. to marry me, and she said she could never be to me more than a 'very dear friend.' '—*Anon.*

'Oh, yes,' said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hote the other evening, 'I breakfasted with Mrs. Brainwait and we enjoyed a delicious repast—excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes done admirably.'

'What?' asked her friend.

'Piscatorial globes,' repeated the Boston miss.

'And what under the sun are they?'

'I believe,' said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stiffly, 'I believe uncultured people call them fish balls.'—*Hotel Mail.*

A memorable event: 'What memorable event happened in 1865?' asked the professor.

The student hesitated a moment then answered effusively:

'Why yes, of course, I was born in 1865.'

Professor—'The war of the Rebellion was ended in 1865.'

Student—'Fnnny, ain't it? The war was ended and I was begun in the same year. That's what I call a singular coincidence.'—*Anon.*

A man going home at a late hour in the night saw that the occupants of a house had left a window up, and he decided to warn them, and prevent a burglary. Putting his head into the window, he called out: 'Hello! good peop—.' That was all he said. A whole pailful of water struck him in the face, and as he staggered back a woman shrieked out: 'Oidn't I tell you what you'd get if you wasn't home by 9 o'clock?'—*Anon.*

'Come hither Beryl.'

Stuyvesant Nutwood spoke in kindly tones to his daughter, and yet the girl noticed, or imagined that she did, a slight tremor in his voice, but thinking it was due to the involuntary loosening of his false teeth, gave the matter no further attention. She crossed the room to where her father was sitting in his great arm chair beside the window.

Beryl had grown up on her father's farm almost without society, but not without education. for every year she had attended the seminary at Acornville, and in her 18th year had graduated with all the honors and a percale dress. And then she had gone back to the farm again, but somehow her life there was not as satisfactory as before. There were times when Beryl felt a sense of *ennui* mixed with an indefinable feeling of restlessness that would cause her to wander aimlessly around the place in a reverie until recalled to the things of this world by stepping on her ankle. But though she strove to conceal even from herself the real cause of this feeling her heart would ever and anon give a great throb as she tuought of Rupert Hollingsworth, who was now a struggling lawyer in a Western town. There had been no words of love between them, but on the day Rupert graduated they had met for the last time, and, standing beneath the shade of a grand old oak that guarded the entrance to the college campus. Rupert had taken Beryl's hand in his and said to her, while his dark-brown eye's seemed looking into her very soul: 'You will not forget me entirely, Miss Stuyvesaut?'

'I shall never forget you,' she replied with grave earnestness, 'as long as I live.'

He had once stepped on her toes.

When Beryl had crossed the room her father motioned her to seat by his side, and as she cuddled up cosily on a hassack, and, placing her arms upon her knees, looked up in his face with a wondering expression in her great blue eyes, Stuyvesaut Nutwood felt a great thrill of sorrow in the knowledge that one day this beautiful girl, with all her wealth of love and bandoline, would leave him forever.

'I have received a letter from Rupert Hollingsworth, Beryl,' he said.

The girl gave a sudden start, and a wave of crimson swept over the pure, sweet face, but she did not speak.

'Can you not guess,' he continued, 'what the purport of his letter is?'

Beryl could no longer look in her father's face. She knew full well why Rupert Hollingsworth had written.

He had gone away only two years before in all the vigor of his glad manhood, and his splendid talents hand gained for him success, where others had failed. And now, crowned with laurel wreath of victory, he had written to her father for permission to urge his suit with her. She knew all this full well, and yet when her father asked her the question to which her heart had already given answer she did not reply.

'You could never guess, litte one,' said Stuyvesant Nutwood, a merry twinkle in his eyes, 'why Rupert has written. Do you think you could?'

A deeper blush overspread the pretty face.

'But I will tell you,' he continued, 'because you two were at college together. Still, perhaps I had better be silent'—and again the laughing light came into her father's eyes.

'Tell me, papa,' whispered Beryl, no longer able to conceal her eagerness, 'why he has written.'

'He wants something,' was the reply. 'Can you not guess what it is?'

Every fibre of Beryl's being is throbbing with expectancy now. The sun has passed from sight, and great bands of rosy light that stream up from below the horizon's rim cast a strange halo over the silent earth. Beryl feels the solemn influences of the twilight hour, but no word comes from her lips.

'Can you not guess,' requests her father, 'what Rupert Hollingsworth desires?'

For an instant she does not reply. To answer the question in the affirmative would seem bold and forward, and yet can she deny, even to herself, a knowledge of what Rupert desires? So she simply says to her father: 'Tell me what he wants?'

Bending tenderly over his daughter, Stuyvesant Nutwood wispers with infinite pathos in her ear: 'Twenty-five dollars to get home with.'—*From the Chicago Tribune.*

Small feet, use Shrouder's Corn Solvent and shoes one size smaller can be worn. 25 cents. Druggist.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

'Gittin' Dad Home."

The other day a man who was staggering drunk navigated up Michigan avenue to Third street, and there flung himself down on the ground for a sleep. He had lain their about ten minutes when a boy about nine years old, his bare feet red with cold, and his hair showing through the crown of his hat, came down the street as if in search, and soon espied the drunkard. The lad shook him vigorously, and directly the man sat up, secured a brace for his back, and growled out:

'Whazzer want wiz me?'

'It's Jimmy, dad—it's little Jim,' was the reply.

'Whoze lizzle Jimmy?'

'Why, dad, don't you know me? I'm your own boy. Ma sent me to bring you home. Can you walk?'

'I guess'er can,' muttered the man, and he tried to rise up. The boy gave him all the aid possible, but he was not half up when he lurched over and rolled on his back.

'Oh, dad!' wailed the boy, breaking down all of a sudden, 'you are drunk!'

'Yes, I'm junk.'

'I can't get you home, and the police will put you in jail! Oh, dad! what made you?'

'Vhaz maze me?' sleepily answered the man.

'Yes, dad,' continued the boy, as he bent over him, 'little Katie's awful sick.'

'Zhas so? Well, I can't help zhas.'

'Can't you go home?'

'No. You shtay here while I go 'er sleep.'

'Oh! I can't—I can't! Everybody knows you are drunk, and everybody will hoot at me.'

'Whaz!' exclaimed the man, as he raised on his elbow.

'The boys are hooting at me now, and the men across the road are laughing! Oh, dad, its awful to get drunk! Its awful when you are ashamed to look any one in the face!'

The boy leaned against the wall and hid his face and cried. The drunkard rubbed his eyes, braced to a sitting position, and by careful management reached his feet.

'Jimmy!'

'Yes, dad!'

'Shame—perfeck shame! I'm 'er brute, I am. I'm shorry, Jimmy, you know I'm shorry.'

'Yes.'

'I'm going home.'

'I'll help you.'

'No, shur; you go zhat way—I'll go zhis then er boys won't hoot at you. Cum—go 'long.'

The boy crossed to Fourth street, and when he was too far away to be suspected of relationship the father braced up and started up the avenue muttering:

'I m 'er brute, I am, and I orter be kicked, I had, and if I drink any more I hope er be shot, I do.'

It is said that of all the books in the world only three are known to be free from typographical errors. These are an American reprint of Dante's poems, a copy of Horace, printed in the famous publishing town, Leipsic, and an edition of the Bible in English. It is no wonder, indeed, that typographical errors slip into books and newspapers. Considering the great number of matters to be looked after, it is surprising, rather, that there should be so few mistakes. Although the poet Goldsmith was careful to read and revise proofs of his writings, he was more than once a victim to what he called 'the errors of the press.' In a beautiful poem, in speaking of the nightingale, he wrote:

'Gul, gul, gul!
And that low tone more sweet than all?'

The printer made the lines:

'Jug, jug, jug!
And that low tone more sweet than ale!'

Professor Phelps wrote in his book, 'The Still Hour,' this sentence: 'The stillness of the hour was like a dead *calm* at sea.' Carelessness on the part of the printers made it appear 'like a dead *clam* at sea.' The Rev. Doctor Todd, in an address, alluded to the 'Lives of the Saints.' It appeared as the lies of the Saints. A London journal's account of a political meeting contained the following sentence: 'When Mr. A——arose, the vast concourse rent the air with their *snouts*.' A New York editor wrote an obituary of a man of some celebrity, and said: 'He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of letters. He did not see the proof, and was confronted the next morning by this: 'He began life as a legal politician, but was diverted from it by a love of *bitters*.' 'A land of fogs and gloom was changed into 'a land of *frogs* and gloom.' 'No cross, no crown' appeared thus: 'No cows, no cream.' And so one might continue to enumerate errors that caused writers much sorrow, and the general public a great deal of amusement.

The Assistant Shepherd Dog.

From the Reno Gazette.

A shepherd dog belonging to Louis Dean went to his master's home the other day, closely followed by a mangy-looking cur that he seemed to be very fond of. He divided his supper with his companion, and continued to do so for several days. The other day Dean was moving a band of cattle, assisted by his dog, when he noticed that Colonel seemed quite anxious to give his protege a few pointers on 'long ears,' and accordingly sent him around to stop the cattle from entering a cross street. The new dog did his work well for a time, but the cattle acting badly he became excited and ran into the band, barking, putting Dean and Colonel to much trouble. The faithful old brute's patience becoming exhausted he caught the cur by the neck, and after giving him a good shaking up, pulled him to a ditch and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. After his chastisement the new dog behaved well, and now promises to become one of the best stock dogs in the State. Colonel has exclusive charge of his friend, and continues to feed him regularly, and when driving stock he seems to direct every movement of his 'helper.'

At a hotel in a New England resort, last summer, two young girls had adjoining rooms.—They were not very well acquainted, but one evening the younger of the two felt rather mischievous, and so thought she would have some fun at the other's expense. Accordingly, she obtained a paper bag of crackers, went on tiptoe to the door of the room adjoining and tossed a cracker through the open transom. The room was dark, but the cracker's fall was followed by a slight scuffling. The romping miss paused a moment, and then threw a second cracker and a third. Each time a rustling was heard, but no one spoke. Having tossed the entire contents of the bag into the room, the girl stole away. But as she left the corridor she met her acquaintance whom she had thought in the room! The next morning the mischief-maker inquired as to the effect of the bombardment, and learned to her horror that the first cracker thrown had landed on the head of the young lady's grandmother, aged eighty years. Much alarmed, the poor old lady had retreated to a corner of the room where she had received a second mysterious missile. At last she had crept under the bed, where she was discovered in a forlorn condition by her astonished grandchild. Fortunately the grandmother's nerves were good, and she was as ready as any one, the next day, to laugh over the experience.

The North Carolina newspapers are sounding the praises of a lad named Charlie Osborne, who lives near Asheville in that State.

Charlie is about fifteen years old. Last spring he cleared a tract of abandoned, swampy land, ditched it and drained it, broke it up and put it in corn, and now has his reward in a crop of sixty bushels to the acre—the best corn in the county.

The lad was not advised or assisted by any one. He says that he made up his mind to start well in life, and that next year he will reclaim as much more land.

"Of such stuff are true men made," says an enthusiastic paper in a neighboring town.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Dignity of Farm Life.

No employment of a mere earthly character is so ennobling as that of the farmer. Nothing that he touches but requires mind, culture and capital; muscle is important, but it is the cheapest article ever used on the farm.

It requires muscle to forge the iron, and head the rivets of the steam engine, but, that is labor that the thousands could do. The greatest power required in the construction of the engine was the brain power, out of sight to the masses. So on the farm, muscle is necessary, but the engineering, controlling power is mind, however it has been educated or disciplined. Some men are educated by books, some by observation, others by both books and observation.—Let no one despise the other. Books aid observation. He who has become skilled in the products of the soil, or in rearing cattle, poultry or the keeping of bees, as many no doubt have, by their observation, had made unspeakably great progress, and might have stood forth eminent in any given line had he added the combined observation of kindred powerful minds to his own. It is said that the first thousand dollars is the hardest thousand that the millionaire ever accumulated. But the discipline of getting that thousand helped in future accumulations.

You can learn more from books in one year, about keeping bees, poultry or raising stock, from the life-long observations recorded by others than you can gain by your own observation in a score of years.

Farm life opens an abundant field for the student of nature. The laws of animal and vegetable life, the constituents of plants, the chemistry of their growth, their native habits, the wisdom or folly of removal beyond them, irrigation, and the treatment of plants to insure success, require no mean attainments in knowledge.

Breeding, stock growing, feeding of animals, architecture, home decorations, household adornments, coloring, the laws of harmony, all demand knowledge, taste and culture, to make the landscape what God intended—a picture of Eden's beauty.

All other human employments are thrown into the shade when the boundless range of knowledge that may be called into requisition by the farmer are considered. The whole field of nature is open before his inquisitive eye, all the sciences minister to his employments, add to his mental stores, and by enriching his mind advance his wealth in all that makes men truly great, and noble—true usefulness.

God placed the first happy pair, with capacities, and knowledge far in advance of the most advanced of their degenerate descendents, not in a factory or mint to coin dollars, dimes or eagles, but in a garden or on a farm to dress and to keep it, as the most ennobling and exalted occupation that infinite wisdom could devise for the new created, where the faculties could have the fullest play and their knowledge be best employed. So all the animals and probably plants, were named by Adam; and whatsoever, he with an intimate knowledge of its nature, qualities and habits, Adam called it, that was the name thereof.—*Practical Farmer.*

Persimmons.

'What's them things, mister?' asked a man of a Fulton market fruit dealer, pointing to a peculiar looking fruit about two inches in diameter, of a terra-cotta color, closely resembling an apple in shape and having a needle-like point at one end and something like an acorn cup at the other. There was a malicious twinkle in the dealer's eye as he said:

Why, these are the celebrated Tennessee persimmons! Haven't you ever tasted them? Try one.'

It was not mellow, but it looked tempting, and the man's teeth met beyond a piece the size of a silver dollar. The one piece satisfied him, evidently, for all the astringent qualities of a green persimmon began to take immediate effect upon his tongue, his teeth and his lips. His mouth was growing smaller by degrees, he could not laugh with grace, he could not bear angry, he could not articulate; yet all the time he had the mortification of seeing the dealer and his neighbors well nigh convulsed with laughter. With a smothered oath he went away.

'These persimmons,' said the dealer, 'came from a farmer near Nashville, Tennessee, who makes a specialty of growing them. He finds it a profitable business and has brought the heretofore almost worthless fruit to a high state of perfection. These specimens are green, of course, and were sent to me for comparison with the Japanese persimmon. I find them larger, but cannot judge of their flavor till they are ripe, which they are not till bitten by the frost. Frost mellows them and removes all their astringency, makes them as sweet as sugar and of a delicious flavor.

'The persimmon, indegenious to the South, grows upon small trees seldom exceeding fifty feet in height, and in a wild state the fruit is small and unattractive, though extremely sweet after frost. Children are fond of the persimmon, but they are most popular with the 'possum, who walks forth nightly to regale himself and become a victim of the boys and dogs who know just where to find him. A persimmon tree is a 'possum's Delmonico. Some people have experimented with persimmons in various ways, and I have known them to be dried and pressed, in which condition they eat as well as the dates of Arabia. The farmer from whom these came has realized as much as $10 a bushel for his cultivated variety, and, I understand, he has developed a goodly portion of his land to a persimmon orchard with the intention of showing the American people just what can be done with a product which grows in every old field in the Southern and Central States, and has heretofore been looked upon as little less than a nuisance.—*New York Tribune.*

Why Some Farmers Do Not Succeed.

The *Southern Farmer's Monthly* gives the following reasons why some farmers do not succeed:

They are not active and industrious.
They are slothful in everything.
They do not keep up with improvements.
They are wedded to old methods.
They give no attention to details.
They think small things are unimportant.
They take no pleasure in their work.
They regard labor as a misfortune.
They weigh and measure stingily.
They are wasteful and improvident.
They let their gates sag and fall down.
They let their fowls roost in the trees.
They have no shelter for stock.
They do not curry their horses.
They leave their plows in the field.
They hang their harness in the dust.
They put off greasing the wagon.
They starve the calf and milk the cow.
They don't know the best is the cheapest.
They have no method or system.
They see no good in a new thing.
They never use paint on a farm.
They prop the barn door with a rail.

An iron-toothed rake will kill more weeds in a garden in an hour than a hoe can kill in three hours if both were used when the weeds are showing their green leaves above the surface, and more than the hoe could kill in a whole day, ten days later. Such a rake will run over corn, peas, potatoes, onions, carrots and beets, until they are two or three inches high without injury except to the weeds.

Under-Draining makes the soil more porous. When there is too much water on the surface, or from springs and underneath, the drains carry off the surplus. When the surface of well-drained soil is dry and hot, capillary attraction will bring up moisture from below, and the soil will suffer less from drought than that which is less porous.

It is best to clean out the graneries before storing grain every season in order to prevent weevil.

10

Rheumatism, disordered blood, general debility, and many chronic diseases pronounced incurable, are often relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters."

Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. C. Spotswood says: "I highly recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia, rheumatism, and general debility."

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July 12, 1883.

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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.
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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.
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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

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$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.

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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.

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Caket, Burial Cases, Coffins, Fine Cloth Work, hrouds, Burial Robes, Merino and atin Linings, &c., of all descriptions and kinds, nd all the requisites of first-class Funeral Furnishings constantly on hand, or furnished at he very *lowest prices.*
METALIC COFFINS and CASKETS,
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HEARSES AND BURIAL ROBES.
Patent Improved
COLD AIR 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 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.
☞ 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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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.
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1883. 1883
Hines & Clements.
T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENT
We pupose making our stock of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Wooden-ware, Farming Implements, &c., &c., complete in every department, and hope by earnest endeavor and strict attention to business to merit extensive patronage.
Among the many artices comprising on stock, we may imention the following, viz: Hinges, Locks, Saws, Drawing knives, Axes, Chisels, Augers, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Chain Traces, Back Chains, Tongue Chains, Breast Chains, Grubb Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.
Also a full line of Table & Pocket Cutlery, including a complete line of Rogers' Plated Spoons, Knives & Forks.
We will manufacture our own Tin ware, and will be prepared to do all kinds of *Roofing & Spouting,* Repairing Old Tins, &c., &c.
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There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Washboards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Slaw cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse & Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c., &c.
It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demand of the public.
We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock & prices.
HINES & CLEMENTS.
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J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.
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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:
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"*Life in the Thirteen Colonies,*" by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.
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Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, George Eliot and Cable, with authentic drawings.
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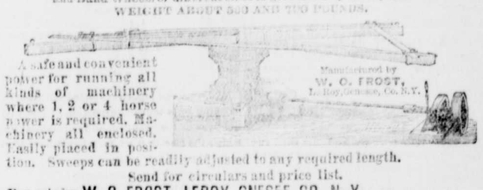

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