WIT, HUMOR AND WISDOM.

"BLESSED IS HE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND A JOKE, FOR VERILY THERE BE SOME WHO KNOW NOT A JOKE WHEN THEY SEE IT.'
—*A more or less ancient proverb.*

'You appear to be gay and happy,' said Gilhooly to Kosciusko Murphy, whom he met at a ball at the residence of Colonel Yerger, on Austin Avenue. 'You look well fed, are well dressed, and all that. Must have a good income, I presume.'

'Oh, yes,' replied Kosciusko, 'I can't complain. I have my salary, fifteen hundred dollars; then I make five hundred a year by my literary labors, that makes two thousand; then I run in debt a thousand dollars. A single man who couldn't subsist on that ought to be ashamed of himself.'—*Alex. Sweet.*

'Hello, Ephraim, did you have a good dinner for Christmas?'

''Deed I did, Sambo. I was coming home night before Christmas—monsous cold, you know—and I saw some chickens on a roost and dey was most froze and I took 'em wid me and done wormed 'em! Oh, yes, I had a berry good Christmas dinner—chicken pot-pie and fixins' yer knows. Ki, yi! Go way, boy! Wot yer know 'bout feelosophy ob de wedder?'—*The Hatchet.*

'I hear you have been up in the new Pennsylvania oil regions,' remarked a man on 'Change to a friend.

'Yes, I tried it a while.'

'How long were you there?'

'About a month.'

'Did you sink a well?'

'Oh, yes.'

'How deep did you go?'

'Clear down to the bottom of my pocker-book.'

'Ah, did you strike anything?'

'Yes, I struck the railroad for a pass and got it, or I'd be in that blasted country yet.'—*Merchant Traveler.*

A deaf old fellow charged with stealing a hog was arraigned before a court. The jury without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty.

'Old man,' said his lawyer, 'the jury says you are guilty.'

'Hay?'

'The jury says you are guilty,' shouting in his ear.

'In what degree?'

'There are no degrees in a stealing case.'

'Hay?'

'There are no degrees.'

'Guilty all over, am I?'

'Yes.'

'Hay?'

'Yes,' yelling at the top of his voice.

'Well, that's what I told you at first, but you said you could clear me. Wish now that I had got the Judge to defend me. Will get him next time.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

When the defendant took the stand his Honor said:

'Prisoner, you are charged with having removed the goblet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way.'

'Well, Shudge,' replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, 'of gorse I vants to get along in peesness.'

'After which,' continued the Court sternly, 'you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders, and attached to the other hand a lot of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil.'

'Dose hair oil is fust rate, your Honor,' said the defendant. 'I vould like to sell you a pottle.'

'And yesterday,' continued the Court, consulting the indictment, 'you obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in question.'

'Dose plug hats is cheap at $4, Shudge. Moses Levy sharges fife und a half vor dem same kind,' returned the trader, cheerfully; 'I beats dose fellers efery dimes.'

'And at night went on his Honor, 'at night it appears you placed in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and reprehensible.'

'Dot's right, Shudge,' said Mr. Solomons, delightedly. 'Bitch into me off you blease. Speak, loudt, so dose noosbaper veilers gan hear you,' and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters.

'Great heavens!' thundered the Court, as a frightful idea struck him. 'Is it possible you have the audacity to use the machinery of this Court as an advertising dodge?'

'Dot's it, dot's it, Shudge,' exclaimed the Cheap John, rubbing his hands exultantly together. 'I svore out der gomplaint myself.'—*San Francisco Post.*

A cow-boy, fresh from his herd, went into a Cheyenne chop house recently. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from his throat he looked disdainfully around.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the table cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the castor and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

'Take it away!' he snarled! 'I can't eat that. I want rattlesnake on toast!'

'Rattlesnake on toast!' yelled the waiter.

'Rattlesnake on toast!' responded the cook.

There was quite a flutter among the guests at the strange order and the cow-boy was scanned by many curious eyes.

He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a nonchanlant air and picked his teeth with his fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and, cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it on a spider.

The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaneer of the pampas.

'Will you have your snake well done or rare?'

'Rare, with oodles of milk and gravy on it.'

'Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side,' was hallooed to the cook.

The lariat wrestler began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft-subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He fidgeted in his chair and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.

'Here you are, sir,' said the culinary Ganymede, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. 'Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes. Others prefer Chilli colorow. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the castor. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yesterday. Fat and tender.'

When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steer-puncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out and he became pale around the gills.

'I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry,' he said as he arose unsteadily to his feet and reached for his hat.

'May be you'd prefer br'iled moccasin,' insinuatingly suggested the waiter.

'No,' he replied, as the ashen pallor deepened on his face. 'I ain't a bit hungry.' He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered and made a break for the door. He 'forgot to pay at the counter.'—*Cheyenne Sun.*

Oh my corns, how they ache. Get relief by using Schroeder's Corn Solvent. Druggists.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

'Tis cruel—yes, I say it is!—to send a boy to bed
When he feels like turning somersets or standing on his head.
I never was so wide awake in all my life before,
And mother thinks I'm going to sleep a dozen hours or more.

I wanted to sit up to-night to get a little peep
At Santa Claus. Why *does* he come when boys are all asleep?
I want to see the reindeer, and I'd really like to know
How they can ever stand it to have so far to go.

And then I'd like to ask him—for I can't make out at all—
How he scrambles down the chimneys, when they are all so small,
With his great big bag of picture-books, and sugar-plums and toys,
When he comes to fill the stockings up for all the girls and boys.

I wonder if he'll bring to me just what I want—a sled—
A lightning patent coaster; and I want it painted red.
How does he know what boys want? He always guesses right.
How can he go to every one in just a single night?

Well, I am getting tired here. It will be very fine
To lie awake all night. There! it's only striking nine!
Yes, mother will be sorry in the morning, I should think,
When I tell her how I haven't slept a single blessed wink.

I shall listen every minute, and when I hear him creep
Very softly down the chimney when he thinks we're all asleep,
I'll watch, and then I'll see the fun without a speck of noise.
Ho! ho! The jolly fellow cannot always dodge the boys!

* * * * * * *

Hello! I hear a jingle. Have the reindeer come at last?
I must hurry up and see them, for they prance away so fast.
I just was getting sleepy—hey! 'tis time to dress, you say?
And the *breakfast-bell* is ringing? Hurrah! 'tis Christmas Day!

TOM'S PETS.

BY C. M.

When you hear what they were, you will think it very queer that any boy was allowed to have them. But after Tom had scarlet fever he was very delicate, and had to be taken from school. The doctor said:

'Throw aside all books for a year, and let the boy run in the open air all fine days, and on bad ones amuse himself as best he can indoors.'

So the third story was given up to Tom, who had a work-shop up there, next his bed-room, and reigned supreme.

For a while he worked very diligently with a scroll-saw. But at length, the house being literally overflowing with brackets, book-shelves and the like, he seemed to turn his attention to natural history, which he pursued after a practical fashion of his own.

A small terrapin had his headquarters under the bureau. More than a dozen different cocoons, in branches of trees, were stuck around his looking-glass.

Six curious beetles lived in a wire house constructed by their owner. One day the servant, on opening the door, was confronted by a swarm of locusts just ready to fly. They had been put there in the chrysalis state, that Tom might watch them come out.

Great was his wrath, on his return, to find them out and gone—for Jane informed him that she'd clean no room with 'such stinging varmints' in it. So she had opened the window, and put them out.

Once Tom went to his grandmother's for a few days, and before he had started he came to me and said:

'Auntie, please feed Mahmoud (the terrapin) with a piece of meat and a cabbage-leaf each day. Give Goggles (a frog that had his quarters in the third story bath-room) the bugs and worms that you'll find in the box in the backyard. The beetles have enough, and can get on till I come back. I tell you because mamma would never take the trouble, and Jane hasn't half sense enough anyhow.'

Flattered by this remark of confidence, I did my best with my troublesme charges.

Several visitors came unexpectedly one afternoon, and an old gentleman, a friend of Tom's father, was put in the third story to sleep. I was out for a walk, and when I returned, was told that this guest had retired. All at once the pets came into my mind; but, as no one else seemed to have though: of them, I remained quiet and trusted to luck.

While we were all laughing and talking on the porch, a fearful yell came from the house, so that—at least one would suppose—some one was being murdered. My brother rushed up to the third story, whence the sound came, and in a few minutes returned with Goggles in his hand.

The old gentleman, wishing a warm bath ere he slept, had turned on the hot water and jumped into the bath-tub, when something seemed to come out of the spigot and jump on his head.

When my brother reached the third story, he was making for his room in rather an unpresentable condition, and asked his host what on earth he kept in his bath tubs.

Looking in the bath-room, there sat Goggles, as much surprised as the old gentleman, and not at all relishing being roused from his first nap by a hot bath. I took charge of him and put him in a box in the kitchen.

So far as I know, the guest in the third story slept well. But I was aroused during the night by a queer sound on the stairway. A dull *thud* would be followed by a long silence. Then another thud! thud! Too lazy to get up, I turned over and went to sleep again.

The next morning, as I was going down stairs Jane hailed me with the remark:

'Here's this plague of a baste ag'in, ma'am. What'll I do wid it?'

And there on the stairs sat Mahmoud, his head out, and blinking his eyes as if to say, 'I've been turned out of my room, and have had a bad night of it.'

The strange noises on the stairs were accounted for now. Mahmoud had escaped from his quarters, perhaps about the time that such a fuss had been raised over Goggles. He had probably spent the night in trying to get down stairs, a feat attended with so much difficulty that he had not accomplished it by morning.

He was sent to share Goggles' box till his master's return. At breakfast the old gentleman said little, and soon after took his departure.

Later, I heard an exclamation from Jane, who was cleaning in the third story. Ascending to Tom's room, I found six caterpillars crawling over the bed.

In a few hours Tom came back and took charge of his live stock himself once more, and relieved me from a great responsibility.

At tea, that night, my brother said:

'My son, I was deeply mortified that such a thing should have happened to a guest in my house. I am afraid we will never be able to induce him to visit us again.'

Tom listened with such a grave face that we all thought he was deeply impressed. At last he burst into a laugh, and said:

'My, how funny the old chap must have looked! I should have laughed myself into fits if I'd seen him! He killed two of my caterpillars, though, and nearly scalded Goggles. I am sorry he ever came this time, and don't care if he never does come again.'

So that lecture was entirely lost.

Goggles did recover from the effects of his hot bath, and takes cold ones now with Tom.—Mahmoud still wanders around in the most mysterious manner, and was last found by mamma under the baby's pillow.

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

COCHRAN, GA.—Dr. A. J. Lamb says: "I never met with a remedy that gave more satisfaction in cases of debility and prostration than Brown's Iron Bitters."

OWENTON, KY.—Rev. J. W. Waldrop says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

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



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.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.
NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
PETE'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
SCHERR'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
EERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

E. W. F. Simpers,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
Kerseys, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Muslins, Prints, Ginghams, Dress Goods,
ALL AT LOW PRICES.
Hosiery, Gent's Undershirts, Corsets, Ladies Merrino Vests, Shawls, Ladies' Skirts.
PRICES INDEED LOW.
Lamps & Glassware,
TOBACCO and SEGARS,
SUGAR CURED HAMS—Best in the market.
Coffees, Teas, Spices, Cocoa, Chocolate, Gelatine, Cheese, Hominy, Hominy Grists, Dry Yeast, Corn Starch, "Hecker's" Self-Raising Buckwheat Flour.
Wm. Lee & Sons' FLOUR, all grades.
☞ We buy all of our Goods at *Cash Prices* and are determined to meet any *competition*.
E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Oct. 18, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON,
ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,
IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladi 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 CREAM 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

$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.

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 mention 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.
We can furnish Cook & Heating Stoves at lowest rates and as good and durable as can be had anywhere. *Stoves Guaranteed.*
There are many other articles we might mention, such as Tubs, Wash boards, Rolling-pins, Butter Prints & Paddles, Saw-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.
Jan. 11, 1883.

W Register's
MARBLE WORKS
Chestertown, Md.
ALLOW ME to tender my sincere thanks for the past patronage of the public, and hope to receive their approval and patronage this present year. I am prepared to cut and finish every design in the marble business.
I have a very handsome assortment of my own finished
TOMBSTONES.
Some of the Latest Designs
HANDSOMELY FINISHED,
COPIED FROM THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION.
A large assortment for children, different patterns, 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

SLATE Mantles! Slate Mantles! Can furnish Slate Mantles from $12.75 to $100. Call and examine one in stock. A very beautiful mantle for $20.00 at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents rice 25 cents. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

A GOOD CLOCK is a pleasure to any housekeeper. You can find such at
SPARKS'.

Half and Half Sale.
Great "Clarin' up Time" at Oak Hall.
Bargain Rooms Will be Run all Through January
One Hundred Thousand Dollars' Worth of Choice and Fresh Clothing for Men and Boys now in our Bargain Rooms. The prices are so reduced that you pay us one-half, and we give you the other half. We lose, and the public gain, between $25,000 and $50,000 by this mark-down sale. Never before have we offered Clothing so cheaply, and we hope we never shall again. It is to your interest to buy now for next year. Oak Hall leads in telling you that woolens are down, and clothing should be also; and we pledge you that the lowest clothing prices of any market shall be found in our Bargain Rooms. A few items are stated below merely as specimens:
Men's Overcoats.
Upwards of 2,000 in the Bargain Lines.
$3.50 Excellent Solid Melton and Black Witneys.
$5.00 Several hundred, down from $10.00, mostly Kersey and Fancy Back Cassimere.
$7.50 A big variety down from various prices to half value.
$12.50 A splendid lot of Finest Fancy Back Cassimere, down from $25.00.
Men's Suits.
Over 1,000 Suits in the Bargain Lines.
There are about 100 Custom-made Suits yet remaining at forty cents on the dollar—half *cost.*
$8.00 A large lot Cambria all-wool Cassimere, just down from $14.00.
$10.00 All sorts from various prices; every suit worth double. They cover some of the best goods in Oak Hall.
Boys' Overcoats and Suits.
Over 1,000 each, Suits and Overcoats. The Bargain Lines begin with solid grey Meltons, as follows:
Large Boys' Suit, $4.00
Large Boys' Overcoat, 3.50
Small Boys' Overcoat, 3.00
Small Boys' Suit, 3.00
And equally good trades for you in all the finer lines.
Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, S. E. Cor. 6th & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

The BAY STATE ORGAN
— IS POSITIVELY UNRIVALLED —
IN QUALITY AND VOLUME OF TONE
WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD ON THE ABOVE ASSERTION
EXAMINE THEM! COMPARE THEM!
CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION — ADDRESS
C. B. HUNT & CO. BOSTON-MASS.



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.
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 myself exclusively to fine and high-priced work, but have an endless variety at *medium* and *low prices.*
I have THREE HEASRES, 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,
Aug10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

J. T. Twilley. H. M. Thomas.
COAL! COAL!
We have on hand a good article of SOFT COAL for Steam Threshers. Also, a good quality of Anthracite (White Ash) Coal, 2,240 lbs. to ton.
All persons in want of Coal will do well to call and see us before buying.
July 12—tf. J. T. TWILLEY & CO.

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 wrmen, 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 STINTON & Co., Portland, Maine. [March 15, 1882.

A LARGE assortment of Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, Poles, Plow and Cultivator Handles, Neck Yokes, and Double Trees. For sale by JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

OUR BLANKETS at $1.00 a pair; Our Blankets at 85 cts. a pair; Our Bed Comforts, large and heavy at 90 cts. at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

CASTOR OIL.
PURE LARD OIL
No. 1 LARD OIL.
Golden Oil.
Pure Natural West Virginia Oil
AND CHEAP
BLACK OIL.
Wholesale & Retail
—AT—
EXCEEDINGLY LOW RATES
—AT—
Louis K. Stam's.
June 21, 1883.

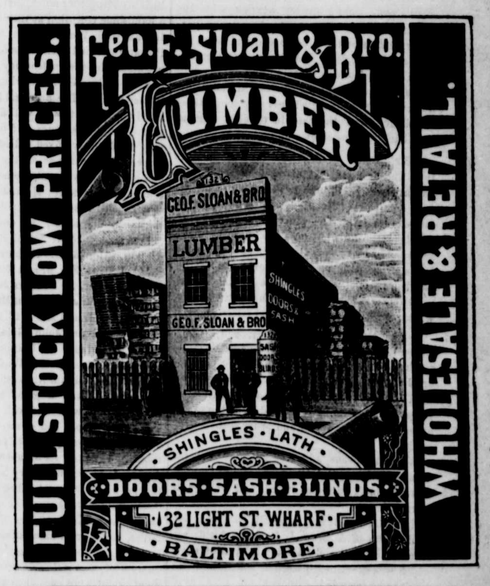
WINTER, WINTER, WINTER
STOVES STOVES!
A Splendid Line of
COOKING STOVES,
such as
The New Emerald, with and without Reservoir; The Virginia, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Charms and New Regulator Cooks; also, The Maryland Reliance, Clifton, Oriole Cozy, and Daisy Ranges, and the Celebrated Victor Cook.
A Complete Line of Double Heaters, viz.: The "Crown"—the finest 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 & lements.
Oct. 18, 1883.

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

FROST'S NEW MODEL HORSE POWER.
1 AND 2 HORSE POWER (35 Revolutions), } Double Geared Jacks if desired,
4 HORSE POWER (47 Revolutions), } and Band Wheels of different sizes to give any required speed.
WEIGHT ABOUT 500 AND 700 POUNDS.



A safe and convenient power for running all kinds of machinery where 1, 2 or 4 horse power is required. Machinery all enclosed. Easily placed in position. Sweeps can be readily adjusted to any required length.
Send for circulars and price list.
For sale by W. O. FROST, GNESEE CO., N. Y.



THE BEST MADE—ESTABLISHED 1842—
SEND FOR CATALOGUE & PRICES OF
CELEBRATED
HARDMAN PIANOS
ARE UNSURPASSED FOR
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