## 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.*

On one occasion three students of Georgetown college, Kentucky, saw the famous "Raccoon John Smith" coming at a distance and arranged that they were to walk about twenty yards apart and as they passed him the first one was to say: "Good morning, Mr. Abraham," the second was to call him "Mr. Isaac" and the third "Mr. Jacob." So the first called him Mr. Abraham, and the old gentleman only seemed a little surprised that anybody there should not know him. The second one called him "Mr. Isaac" and the old gentleman evidently suspected something. His familiarity with the Bible made him anticipate what the third one was going to say and he got ready for him.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacob," said the third student.

"Stop, young man," said the old gentleman, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob; I am Saul, the son of Kish, in search of my father's asses, and behold I have found three of them."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Little Emma Burt and Franky Elmore were making a doll-baby bed of leaves in the former's front yard when the following important conversation occurred:

'Which would you sooner be, Franky, when you git married, a man or a woman?'

'I'd sooner be a man, 'cause pap he's a man, and he can go out when he pleases, and go a-huntin' and do most anything. Which would you sooner be, Emmy?'

'I'd sooner be a woman, 'cause my ma she's a woman, and she can go out, too, when she wants to, and kin git such fine close and can boss pa and make him do jist what she wants to.'

'I'll bet your muver can't boss my pap,' said Franky, straightening up.

'Yes, she kin, fur my pa is a bigger man than your pa.'

'No, she can't, neiver. My muver is most twice as big as your muver and she can't do it.'
—*Kentucky State Journal.*

'Some folks is jist too smart to live,' said the old man as he puffed hard at his old clay pipe and wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

'Anybody been trying to swindle you?'

'Waal, it looked that way. A New Yorker came down and bought a farm next to me, and he hadn't been there a week before he proposed a pool.'

'On what?'

'On milk and butter. He proposed to put in fifteen head of cattle agin fifteen of mine, hire the milking done, and divide even on the sales of butter.'

'That looks fair.'

'So it does, and I was ready to go into it when my old women hinted that I'd better go over and see his stock. I went. Waal, there was fifteen head, just as he said, but, bless my stars if he hadn't counted in a bull, two old stags and a steer to offset four of my cows, which averaged fourteen quarts of milk apiece a day! I've read a heap about pools, but this is the nighest I ever come to having one bite me.'—*Anon.*

A young man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade one day last week when an acquaintance came up and called out:

'Hello! Thomas—out of a job?'

'Yes, out of a job,' was the sad reply.

'No' Why you were porter for a wholesale house for three years past.'

'Just so, but I've been discharged.'

'Is that so? Have trouble with the boss?'

'No, not exactly. You see I went into the house to work my way up. The first Christmas I ought to have been promoted to salesman, but I wasn't. The second Christmas I ought to have been offered a partnership for my faithful services, but the offer didn't come. This year I ought to have married the daughter of the senior partner and found a house and lot in my Christmas stocking, but that prospect has now departed.'

'And you left?'

'Well, I overhauled the old man on the street car yesterday and intimated that I was ready to do my part, but he never let on he knew me. This morning I was told that my services were no longer needed.'

'But can the house run without you?'

'It may possibly squeeze along, but it there's a failure it must not be laid up agin me. Do you know of any bank where a man can begin as watchman and work up to marry the president's widow? I think I'll try that business for a spell.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

He drove a policeman into a doorway on Woodbridge street on Sunday evening and began:

'About two hours ago a cadaverous woodenhead might have been seen gawping at the river from the foot of Randolph street. He didn't know enough to chew gum. That was me.'

'You, eh? Well?'

'Well, he gawped and gawped, and he knew he had twenty dollars in his pocket, and he chuckled and tickled and said he had come to town to look around and see things, and go home and be a lion. That was me agin.'

'I see.'

'He jest fairly ached to have a bunko man come up and slap him on the back and call him Josepheus Basswood, and asked how pa and ma and the children all got along. He itched to have a three-card monte man tickle him under the chin and call him a red fox from Ionia county, and open up his little game. His bones all screamed out for the man with the bogus gold pieces, and he drew down his left eye as he thought how they'd take him for a haystack and get sold. He was an infernal idiot. That's me!'

'Yes.'

'Well, as he was standing there and feeling how sharp and cute and cunning he was, up comes a man who was breathing hard and looking scart, and says he to me in a whisper: 'You look like a friend to the unfortunate. I can see by the cut of your face that I can trust you. I have wounded a man that insulted my wife, and I must skip to Canada to escape arrest. I have no money, but here is a hundred-dollar bond. Lend me $20 and keep the bond until I see you.' That is what he said. The double-jinted idiot from the country took it all in like a boy gulping down sulphur and 'lasses. That's me some more.'

'I'm listening.'

'The greenhorn was flattered and tickled. He saw a chance to make $80 on that bond. The bomb-proof, back-action, copper-riveted agricultural peach blossom figured as how he'd cash that bond tomorrow and skip, and as how the man in haste to reach Canada would never find him, and as how them $100 would buy a yoke of oxen; and so he passed over his greenbacks and pocketed the bond. Yes; the bald-headed, cross-eyed, bow-legged turnip patch did that very thing. That's me to a dot!'

'Is it possible?'

And here's the bond—worthless! And here I am—strapped! And somewhere up town is the sharper—tickled half to death at the way he played me! Say?'

'Yes.'

'Hunt up a born fool, catch a crank, scare up a dude, bring in an old man with a third wife, and boil 'em all down and bag up the bones and call the thing Josepheus Basswood! That's me!'

And he walked off to find the plank road running west, waving the bogus bond with one hand and helping to kick himself with the other. Half a block away he halted and looked back, and seeing the officer still there he gave himself three kicks and shouted out in a lonesome voice:

'Don't you forget's it—that me!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Perfectly clean and harmless in its cure of Corns and Bunions, is Schroeders Corn Solvent, 25 cents.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### How Grandpa's Boots Got Into the River.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

Do you like playing in an old garret? I do. In my garret there are whole barrels of old, yellow books and papers, and there are butternuts, and a red wooden cradle behind the chimney, and *lots* of things!

When mamma has the headache, my sister Lucy and I always play in this garret.

We place corn cobs clear across the middle of the floor, then play that one part of the room belongs to Lucy, and the other to me.

We have four dolls apiece, and we dress them and ourselves in all the queer things we find in the old boxes and drawers, and then "go to see each other."

One day I put grandpa's boots over my shoes, and grandma's black hood over my head, and, with my dolls, made a call on Lucy.

When Lucy heard me rap on the old spinning-wheel, which we played was our door, she said:

'How do you do, grandma? Is your cold better to-day?'

'Its no better, thank you,' said I. 'I guess my days are about numbered;' and to keep from laughing, I just coughed a little.

After a while we played "go to meeting," and we had a nice band of music—for we had made some cornstalk fiddles that day, and Willie my big brother, had made a willow whistle for each of us.

Our congregation of eight dolls may not have understood the sermon, but we knew they were pleased with the choir, although Lucy's oldest doll, Jane Redshoes, was looking at a big cobweb all meeting time.

After an hour or two Lucy said she was tired of staying in the old garret like flies and spiders.

'Let's us go down to mamma,' said she.

'We mustn't,' said I, 'for she is sick, and asleep, I guess.'

'What *shall* we do then?' asked Lucy.

'We might go down the back stairs and take a walk in the street.'

'Oh, do! And let us go dressed just as we are, and 'pertend' we're old folks traveling for our health. But how will you get down the stairs with grandpa's boots on?'

'Oh, I'll just take them off and put them on again in the wood-shed.'

'All right,' replied Lucy, 'and I'll put on grandpa's straw hat, and take his green umbrella, 'cause it might rain.'

We managed to reach the shed without disturbing any of the folks, and when I got my boots on again, we went out the gate as a procession of two.

Lucy went ahead because she was braver than I, and her boots didn't bother her either.

She peeped in the shops and stores; and some of the folks laughed at us, and one man said he guessed 'some gipsies had come to town,' while another man gave us some candy. A little black dog barked at us in one place, and we met two ugly-looking caterpillars on the sidewalk that I was afraid of; but, by-and-by, we came to some stone steps and sat down to rest and eat our candy.

When we were rested, Lucy said:

'We are almost to the river; let us go down there and get some blackberries off the bushes that grow close by.'

'Oh, don't!' said I. 'I am afraid of the water.'

'I ain't afraid,' replied Lucy,

And she ran ahead until she reached the bushes on the bank, while I followed.

'Do be careful, Lucy,' said I. 'If we should fall into the river the big whales would eat us up, and mamma told us never to go near the river.'

'But we are here, and might as well stay awhile. 'Where are the whales?'

'I guess they are 'way in *there*,' said I, pointing to the darkest part of the river-bed.

'Well, I'd like to see a whale. Is that one there?' said she, pointing down the stream, and stepping forward.

The gravel and sand gave way just then, and she began to fall, when I caught her dress, and drew her on the bank, but grandpa's boots made me stumble, and I fell headlong into the river.

I heard Lucy scream as I touched the water, and I thought what a bad girl I'd been to run away from the old garret, and wondered if the whale would really eat me, as it did Jonah.

How the water did choke me! At last I thought I would go to sleep, and I never knew any more until I found myself in bed, and the doctor and mamma were rubbing my hands and chest.

As quick as I could speak, I asked for Lucy, for I was afraid she had tumbled into the river, too.

'Lucy is safe,' said mamma—'umbrella and all.'

'And how did I get out of the water?' I asked.

'A man who saw you fall in the river jumped in, and brought you safe to land.'

'I am so glad he saw me,' said I. 'I was dreadful bad to run away; but, mamma, I'll never do it again.'

And I never did.

I am bigger than I was then, and don't believe there are many whales in the river, but Lucy and I like the old garret better than we used to, and play there every day.

There is one thing, though, that I always miss when I go to dress up to play "go to meeting," and that is my grandpa's boots. You see, they were so large that they came off when I jumped in the water, and now I have to just wear shoes.—*Golden Days.*

At one of the military schools near Washington, an officer reprimanded a boy—on duty as the sentry—for failing to challenge persons who passed.

'Why did you not challenge me just now?' said the officer.

'Because, sir, I knew you as well as I know myself.'

'That is no reason. Hereafter, challenge all—challenge me, sir!'

'Well, then,' said the sturdy pupil, lowering his rifle, and bringing it to the charge, 'I do challenge you! Give the countersign, sir!'

The officer stood dumbfounded. The countersign had slipped his memory. He was in a trap of his own setting.

'Never mind,' he said—'never mind, now; but hereafter—'

'No, sir!' continued the sentry, 'Step into the box!'

And the officer was obliged to go as a prisoner into the sentry-box.

A policeman passing, demanded to know why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman.

'You foolish fellow,' said the policeman; 'why, don't you know that he is the head professor in the school?'

But the only reply was:

'Countersign! Give the countersign!'

The policeman, who had deemed his uniform a sufficient authority for passing the sentry, had also forgotten to learn the word, and he, too, was ordered into the sentry-box. And there both the distinguished professor of military science and the policeman remained until the energetic young sentry was relieved.

Amy Bell, aged seven, walked into the Merrimack Savings Bank, in Manchester, N. H., and desired to inspect the institution. As she was unattended, ex-Gov. Smith, the treasurer, became her escort, and showed her everything, even to the complicated locks on the massive doors of the safe. Then she expressed her approval, and said that as her father had deposited $5 for her she had the curiosity to see for herself whether it was safe; and she went away with a face beaming with satisfaction.

'*Grate* attraction inside,' said a small boy to his father as he came in one cold evening.

'What is it?'

'Fire in our new fire-place!'

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Large Landed Estates—The Work of the Agricultural College.

The following remarks, from Worthy Master Luce's address to the Michigan State Grange, will interest farmers everywhere:

The tendency of the time in many places is to large landed estates. Not only is this true in the far west, but in some portions of the south and east. The national grange attempted to say something as a warning to this but it is so blindly expressed as to be hardly noticeable. These mammoth landed estates have been the bane of the old world. Its evil effects are strikingly apparent in England, Ireland and Germany. A late writer says: "German property is worm-eaten with parasitic depredations of the landlords and hireling classes. The common people go without meat, butter, or white bread, or sufficient clothing. The women are worked like animals in the field in order that high rents may be paid to the land-monopolizing nobility of Prussia and collection of high taxes for the maintenance of a vast army." To avert the fate here portrayed, men and women of education, of thought, and of business capacity must be induced to remain in their country homes. They must be surrounded by and associated with kindred spirits. Our organization affords the grandest opportunity ever offered to the farmers of any land to accomplish this very purpose. It furnishes the means for acquiring education, all along from childhood days to old age. The want of opportunity so long felt has at last been supplied. In the keen competition which exists between us and the cultivators of the cheaper lands of the boundless west, the Michigan man must be a wiser and better one than of yore, or he will be beaten in the race. For the purpose of most judiciously mixing brains with our soil we must educate. To do this we must resort to all the agencies in use; we must educate in the schools, colleges, and in the granges, so that the farmer too can contribute his share of brain power in moving the world.

And here comes to aid us that valuable auxiliary the agricultural college. At the last session of the national grange the master of each state grange was required to report the general condition of the agricultural college in his state. The general recognition of the fact that the Michigan agricultural college stands at the head or at least abreast of the foremost, ought to be and I doubt not is a source of satisfaction to our people. In closing our report to the national grange, we said there is still room for improvements as all will admit, yet we do know that our college is doing much to educate the former of the State. And we shall hail with delight the day when graduates of the Michigan agricultural college are to be found on the farms of every neighborhood in the State. No one now questions that it was wisdom to maintain it as a distinct agricultural school with its one single department. Two important additions should, in my opinion, be made. It should be made more of an experimental station. It should in this respect be made equal in facilities and vigor to the one at Geneva, New York, under the care of Dr. Sturtevant.

And facilities shoul l also be furnished for the admission of girls as well as boys. It is the only school in the State where females are excluded. This anomaly should cease at an early day. Another task we have assumed is to secure for agriculture in this great agricultural country, a cabinet position in the executive department of our government. In this effort the patrons of the whole country are heartily united. In obedience to our wishes a bill passed the house of representatives nearly two years ago by an overwhelming majority. It went to the senate and is sleeping the sleep that we fear knows no waking in the hands of the committee. The question came up at the national grange and was referred to the executive committee and good of the order, jointly, with instructions to report the best methods of reaching congress and securing the passage of the bill, that we regard so essential to agriculture. The best method the joint committee could recommend was to instruct the masters of each subordinate grange to write a manuscript letter to their senators and representatives in congress, pressing this bill upon their attention. And here in this public way I desire to comply with the instructions given. We have departments of war and navy to destroy. Is it asking too much when we claim one to represent the great national productive industry? In most of the nations of the old world they exist. Our plucky neighbors just over the river east of us have secured one. And why should not we of the greatest agricultural nation on the face of the earth have one faithful guardian near the throne?

Here and there on all farms and in most fruit gardens will be seen an occasional tree or grape vine which seems to lack vigor—does not grow well, and yet seems to have no particular disease. The probabilities are that the tree is dying of starvation and needs a liberal supply of food. When you give it this ration do not pile a load of manure around the trunk of a tree or the body of a grape vine. This is just the place where it will do the least good. Nearest the trunk of the tree the roots are all large. The fibrous roots, the feeders, are farther off near the end of the roots. These only can take up the nutriment. It is always safe to assume that the roots extend as far from the trunk in every direction as do the limbs of the tree, and to properly fertilize spread the manure all over that area. Then fork it in, and you have done a good work and done it well.

One of the most successful of Illinois dairymen keeps 100 cows, but never raises a pound of hay. He feeds his cattle on corn fodder, cut when in blossom, bound and set up till cured, or till winter, when it is removed to the barn. He gets seven tons of this dry fod ler to the acre, and claims it is worth as much as the best of hay.

The *Farmer's Magazine* says: "This year when you are putting in your seed remember when two plants of the same kind are growing together one is a weed. The most dangerous enemy a plant can have is another of the same species growing by its side, for they both feed on the same food, and competition is the result.

Plow up the old cow yards, running the plow deep, and as many loads of earth as you can remove so many loads of rich fertilizer you will have. We have read of an enterprising gentleman who manured ten acres of grass land with earth from under an old barn and got enormous growths for several years after.

Taken at the start roup will usually yield to the following simple treatment. Give one-half teaspoonful of kerosene night and morning, separate them from the rest of the flock and put them in a warm place for a couple of days.—Two or three doses will usually suffice. The food in the meantime must be laxative.

The hog is not naturally a dirty animal. He is what civilization has made him. He thrives best in cleanliness. In cold weather he is very sensitive, and he not only suffers, but loses flesh. A hog should be as well sheltered as a cow, even for selfish reasons, not to speak of those of humanity.

An exchange recommends cultivation for peach trees while young, but says cease when they begin to bear. It cites an instance of a peach tree growing in soil that has grown fruit for five years, while other trees, situated in truck patches, have succumbed to yellows and borers.

In cooking food for animals do not waste the juices of your own soup or stew. Add a little coarse meal or bran to the watery part and the strength will be absorbed and eaten.

The *Rural New Yorker* says that horses are subject to diphtheria, and recommends the use of chlorate of potash in such cases, giving two drachms, in solution at a dose.


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July 12, 1883.

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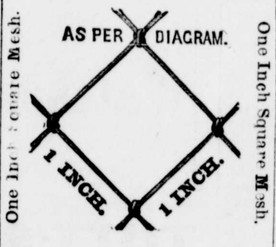
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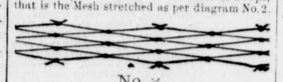



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Furnished upon short notice when desired. full line of SHROUDS and BURIAL ROBES. *Patent Improved*

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 HEARSES, two large ones and one small white one for children and young persons; and with my handsome new Glass Hearse and fine pair of Black Horses, can furnish as fine a Funeral Turnout as can be seen in our large cities. I am constantly adding new features and improvements to my business, in order to keep up with the times; and as there are such changes in style and kind constantly going on, and, as is generally the custom, some friend is called into the embarrassing position of ordering what he supposes may be wanted, it would be much more satisfactory to all concerned to name the *price* of the article wanted.

☞ ALWAYS REMEMBER that I *guarantee* to furnish *anything* in my line, of the same kind and quality, at *lower prices* than any other establishment of the kind. Ever grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended me, I respectfully beg a continuance of the same.

☞ Residence second door above my shop.
Respectfully,
Aug10—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

NEW STOCK —OF— FALL GOODS —AT— J. H. SIMPERS', *CHESTERTOWN.*

DRESS GOODS, Water Proofs, Velveteens, White, Red and Grey Flannels, Canton Flannels, Ginghams, Muslins in all widths, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Prints and a general line of DRY GOODS.

HOSIERY in all grades and prices. Ladies', Gent's and Children's Merino Vests, Jerseys, Felt and Cloth Skirts, Gent's Undershirts all grades from 25c. to $2 each. Fine Toilet Soaps, Cologne, Hair Brushes, Combs, &c.

Men's & Boy's Winter Boots at all prices, Men's and Boy's Fine Shoes, Ladie's, Misses and Children's Kid but. Goat, but. and grain but Shoes, Calf and Grain sewed and pegged, lace Shoes and Rubber over Shoes. Would call special attention to our Boot and Shoe Stock, we carry a large assortment, carefully selected, bought at lowest prices, and offer at a small advance.

WE HAVE just received a nice assortment of new styles Wool Fur Fall HATS for men and boys.

INGRAIN CARPETS from 30c. per yard up. Also, Oil Cloths in hand some patterns at lowest prices.

QUEENSWARE & GLASSWARE.

Groceries, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Soaps, Tobacco, Segars, &c., as low in prices as can be found.

Always Aim to make it to the interest of buyers to favor us with a ca
J. H. SIMPERS.

"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 nd 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 PERKINS,*
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 every where 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.

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 Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. [March 15, 1882.

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.

SAM'L. BURNS & CO. LUMBER SASH, DOORS, BLINDS &c. 104 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.

FROST'S NEW MODEL HORSE POWER.

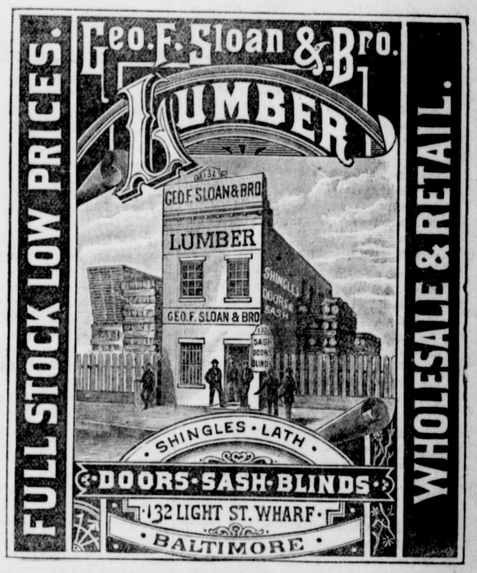
1 AND 2 HORSE POWER (35 Revolutions), 4 HORSE POWER (47 Revolutions). } Double Geared Jacks if desired, and Band Wheels of different sizes to give any required speed. WEIGHT ABOUT 500 AND 700 POUNDS.




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, GENESEE Co. N. Y.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES. Geo. F. Sloan & Bro. LUMBER WHOLESALE & RETAIL.




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.

THE BEST MADE— ESTABLISHED 1842 — SEND FOR CATALOGUE & PRICES OF CELEBRATED HARDMAN PIANOS ARE UNSURPASSED FOR POWERFUL PURE RICH AND SYMPATHETIC TONE

Hardman, Dowling & Peck, Manfrs., 48th and 49th Sts., and 1 hand 12th Avenues, N. Y. city.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

And Sparks

is on hand with the finest assortment of goods he has ever had to offer you, and at prices astonishingly low. We can only name a few of our leading articles.

In PLUSH GOODS we have a fine assortment, consisting of Albums, Work-boxes, Satchels, Purses, Perfume Stands, &c., &c.

PLATEDWARE.—Castors, Pickle Jars, Butter Dishes, Napkin Rings, Cake Baskets. Get our prices before buying Bohemia Glassware, Fine Glassware.

CLOCKS.—A beautiful assortment and very cheap.

Handsome LAMPS suitable for Christmas presents, cheaper than ever.

TOYS. TOYS. TOYS.—We have by far the largest stock in Kent county. Express Wagons, Dolls, Carriages, Sleds, and everything to please the children.

CONFECTIONERY.—In this line we have every thing you can wish for.

FRUITS of all kinds. Raisins, Figs, Grapes, Currants, &c., &c.

Look in the window and see the Dancing Monkey and Growling Bear. Now don't fail to call and look at our goods and get our prices, before buying.

Dec 13, 1883. SPARKS', opposite Court House.

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.

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

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.

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.

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


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