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.*

'Yes,' said the Vermont young man, 'I'm reckless to-day, and so's Bill, and we're just going to paint the day red!' And then he and Bill went and drank three glasses apiece of cider bought two five-cent cigars, and put in the afternoon playing checkers at the grocery.—*Anon.*

Circus Manager—'Well, everything is ready now for getting up next season's posters and handbills except your name.'

Elephant Keeper—'My name?'

Circus Manager—'Yes, you have not given that to me yet.'

Elephant Keeper—'You know very well that it is Don Cæsar De Neronni.'

Circus Manager—'Oh! that will never do.—That was your name last year, and, you remember, you were killed by the elephants last fall at St. Louis.'—*Philadelphia Call.*

An amateur poet who is wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Minnesota, sends to a paper a poem beginning:

"I met her at our trysting place,
At edge of field beside the bars,
And gazing in her pure, sweet face,
I kissed her 'neath the cold, pale stars."

The fellow must be an idiot, or else he don't know good goods when he sees them. If the seraph who molds the poetic course of this paper had done that job, his report to headquarters would have read:

"I met her at our trysting place,
At edge of field where the daisy grows,
And gazing in her pure, sweet face,
I kissed her 'neath the cold pale nose."
—*Bismarck Tribune.*

'My dear,' said a brooklyn man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, 'are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?'

'You've just read that, haven't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, doesn't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?'

'It certainly does.'

'And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of much finer quality?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, just concentrate your three-and-a-half-pound intellect on that scuttle, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar.'

The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Irish gentleman visited the municipal court, and walking up to the judge on the bench, said:

'Joodge, the wather pipe at the hydrant, beyant me house has burst, and it has flooded me cellar and is drowning me hins. Me name is McCarthy, joodge.''

The judge sympathized with him, and was sorry for the damp life his hens were leading, but told him he would have to go to the board of public works and complain. McCarthy went away, but the next morning he came back to the judge and told the same story about the 'wather' and the 'hins,' when the judge said:

'I told you to go to the board of public works and tell your story.'

'And I did,' said McCarthy.

'And what did they say?' asked the judge.

McCarthy locked indignant and said:

'The man axed me, 'McCarthy,' says he, 'Why in thunder don't you kape ducks?'—*Anon.*

'I was chopping in the woods one day last winter' said he, 'when my dog, a healthy terrier, crawled into a hollow log and found a coon. He took Mr. Coon by the nose and pulled him out into my presence. When the coon saw how I was situated with a big ax and a yearning look he yanked the dog back into the hole in the log. The dog was a light weight, but his staying qualities were something to contemplate. He had the coon firmly clinched, and to that gentle influence he yielded frequently, but as often withdrew from the cold world, taking the ambitious pup with him. They kept sawing it off this way for nearly an hour, and it began to look as though the coon was going to win the rubber, when an idea struck me. When the dog pulled the coon out to view I aimed my ax and struck a terrific blow at the coon's neck. Just then he gave a jerk and pulled the dog's head to the spot where his should have been.

'That dog don't know to this day but that it was the coon that killed him.'—*The Eye.*

As a woman, accompanied by a boy about ten years of age, was passing a store on Michigan avenue the other day, a cur dog belonging to the merchant gave the lad a snap on the leg. A great commotion was at once raised over the circumstance, and the merchant finally inquired:

'How much do you want to settle this case?'

'Ten yards of calico,' promptly replied the woman.

'Very well; come in and get it.'

'The cloth was torn off and handed to her, and mother and son took their departure. They returned, however, in a few minutes, and when the merchant asked what was wanted she replied:

'Its the boy who is raising the fuss, sir. He says he got the bite and I got the dress, and he isn't satisfied.'

'Well, what does he want?'

'Three sticks of candy will console him, sir or, if they don't he'll have to take it out in complaining.'

The sticks were handed out, and as the boy broke one in two and stuffed his mouth full he muttered:

'You let the dog next time bite you and I'll take a suit of clothes and you may have the candy.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

'Now that we are engaged,' said Miss Pettleworth, 'let me introduce you to papa.'

'I believe that I have met him,' replied young Spickle.

'But in another capacity than that of a son-in-law.'

'Yes—er, but I'd rather not meet him to-night.'

'Oh, you must,' and despite the almost violent struggles of the young fellow, he was drawn into the library, where a large red-faced man, with a squint in one eye and an enlargement of the nose, sat looking over a lot of papers.

'Father,' said the girl.

'Huh,' he replied without looking up.

'I wish to present you—'

'What!' he exclaimed, looking up and catching sight of young Spickle. 'Have you the impudence to follow me here? Didn't I tell you I'd see you to-morrow?'

'Why, father, you don't know Mr. Spickle, do you?'

'I don't know his name, but,—him, I know he has been to my office three times a day for the past week with a bill. I know him well enough. I can't pay that bill to-night, young man. Come to my office to-morrow.'

'I hope,' said young Spickle, 'that you do not think so ill of me. I have not come to collect the bill you have referred to, but—'

'The devil! Got another one?'

'You persist in misunderstanding me, I did not come to collect a bill. I can come to-morrow and see you about that. To-night I proposed to your daughter.and have been accepted. Our mission is to acquaint you with the fact, and ask your consent to our marriage.'

'Well,' said the old fellow, 'is that all? Blamed if I didn't think you had a bill. Take the girl if that is all you want; but say, didn't I tell you to bring the bill to-morrow?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well you needn't. Our relations are different now. I wish I had a daughter for every bill collector in town.'

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Stories of Adventure.

Octopi—or, as they are commonly known, "devil-fish"—are very plentiful along parts of the Pacific coast. At San Francisco, for instance, the fish may be found in some of the markets that are patronized by the Chinese. On the Alaskan coast, they grow to be very large, one recently forwarded by Mr. Dail to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, being sixteen feet long, with a diameter of fifty-six feet when the long suckers are counted in the measurement. It was on that coast that a most thrilling adventure occurred not long ago. A diver who had gone to that region because of the false reports of the discovery of dimond fisheries, was employed to go down about forty feet to a wreck at the bottom of a harbor. He reached the wrecked vessel without mishap, and, after looking around on the outside, he swung himself in the hold to examine the cargo.—'Down I went,' he said, afterward, 'holding my hook in one hand and a halyard that I had seized in the other. When near the bottom, I let go. In a second, I landed on a soft, yielding mass, that, bound as I was, gave me a sickening sensation. It moved from under me, and in a moment I seemed to be surrounded by the flying arms of some hideous creature. They clasped my legs, wound around my body, and fastened about my helmet, gradually drawing me down and horrifying me so, that for a moment I was utterly helpless. But at the first alarm I had given the signal to be drawn up, and having a large knife fastened at my waist, I attacked the monster, cutting it anywhere I could strike. The animal lifted itself so that its body rested against my chest. The body seemed to be as large as a flour-barrel, with legs suggesting those of a spider. My armor kept it from biting me or hurting me, while every stroke that I made told. I cut it fairly in two; but part of it was found clinging to me when I reached the surface.' The diver was made ill by the shock, and since then has never gone below the surface of the water.

One of the most remarkable feats in swimming ever recorded took place recently on the coast of New Zealand. While walking on the deck of his schooner, Captain Haultain was caught by the peak, then being lowered, and flung clear of the ship into the raging sea. The time was about two o'clock A. M., and a terrific gale was blowing. In spite of the fact that he was weighed down with a heavy overcoat, boots that reached above his knees and other heavy articles of apparel, the captain swam from wave to wave in the wake of the vessel. For nearly an hour he kept the schooner in sight. Then, as he saw no hope of rescue, he turned with the purpose of swimming to the distant shore. He cast off his clothing—in itself no easy task—and struck out boldly. But he soon saw that the strong ebb tide would push him off the beach and he was obliged once more to change his tactics. Indeed, the only thing left for him to do was to swim into Whangarei Harbor, three miles away. He succeeded, and reached the shore, though he was so far gone as to be unable to crawl out of the surf. His legs had lost all power of action and he clung by his hands to the sand. In the meantime, the storm had wrecked his schooner on the same shore. At daylight the men crawling along the beach, discovered their captain, half-senseless, but still holding on. He had been in the water for three hours.

A hunter named Palmer, while in the mountains near Leadville, Colorado, last month, succeeded in capturing a mountain lioness alive. The hunter was accompanied by his son, a boy of thirteen, who helped materially in the enterprise. The mountain lion is the beast known in natural history as the puma, and, though not so ferocious as the lion of the Eastern hemisphere, it is a most formidable antagonist. Mr. Palmer first caught sight of the lioness under a projecting rock. He unslung a lasso, and, as the animal was about to leap forward, the loop was cast over her head. The lioness, whose main object appeared to be to protect two cubs which were with her, darted away. But Mr. Palmer had thrown his end of the stout cord over the strongest limb of a tree, so that he had the advantage. There was a quick, fierce struggle, and, when it was ended, the lioness was suspended in the air. Little attention had been paid to the cubs; but those bold creatures soon made their power felt. One of the cubs buried its clews in the hunter's throat, and, probably, would have killed him, had not the boy stunned the little animal by means of a club. When the lioness was nearly dead, Mr. Palmer bound her, and, after placing her in a rough cage on a mule's back, took his prize to Leadville, where the cubs also were sold.

While a man, who lives in Brookville, Maine, was entering that town from the direction of Sedgwick, he saw a wild-cat at the edge of a thicket of spruce and fir-trees. The animal was so busy eating something in the snow that it did not detect the approach of its enemy. The man turned, and secured a stake from a fence on the opposite side of the road. By creeping through the snow, the man got within five or six feet of the cat. 'I saw,' writes the hero of the adventure, 'that he was eating a rabbit he had just killed. As soon as he saw me, he jumped into the limbs of a small spruce directly over his head, with the rabbit in his mouth. By this time, I was in reach of him with my stake, and struck at him through the limbs of the tree, which, however, were so thick that, although I hit him on the back, I didn't seem to hurt him; but he dropped the rabbit, and turned toward me, with a savage growl. He looked wicked, and I put myself into a posture of defense, and none to soon for he immediately leaped from the tree directly at me. I was ready for him, and met him with my stake fairly on the forehead. It dropped him in the snow, and broke my stake short off, leaving the longest part in my hand. Before he could recover himself, I got in a half-dozen more good licks on his head that finished him.' Under an old law, the town treasurer paid the victor $2.50 for the wild-cat's ears.

Little Nell: "Mamma, what is color-blind?"

Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, my dear."

Little Nell—"Then, I dess the man that made my geograpy is color-blind.'

Mamma—"And why?"

Little Nell—"Because he's got Greenland painted yellow, and the Red Sea painted black."

A boy who had fallen on a pavement jumped up, and called out to another boy, standing near:

"Isn't that lucky?"

"Why is it lucky? Didn't you break your jug?"

"Of course I did, but it was empty. If I'd only waited five minutes, I'd have lost a whole gallon of molasses. I'm lucky, I am."

"You haven't eaten anything that disagreed with you, have you?" asked Doctor Capsule of little Johnny Green, who had just celebrated his birthday anniversary.

"No, sir," replied the small patient. "The three pies, two cakes, pound of candy, four oranges and the quart of nuts all agreed with me."

Doctor Capsule: "Hum! hum! ahem!"

At Rutland, Vermont, live three children of one family. One day not long ago two of the children quarreled over a glass of milk. By-and-by the other exclaimed:

"What's the use of forever fighting over that milk? There's a whole cow-ful out in the yard."

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of little boys," she said. And then, as a snow-ball stuck in the back of her neck, she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple this minute, boiled!"

A duck before two ducks, a duck behind two ducks, and a duck between two ducks; how many ducks were there in all? Three.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Applying Sand to Grass Land.

Those who have meadow land that has been drained and seeded down to the better quality of grasses often find it necessary to apply a dressing of sand, experience teaching that it very much improves the condition of the grass roots and increases the crop of grass; sometimes quite as much as a dressing of manure.—The reason why this is so few stop to inquire. The application of sand to a meadow often accomplishes a double purpose. First, it lightens up the soil and gives the water a chance to drain off, and, second, it furnishes silica to the grass, which is necessary to strengthen the stalk. Meadow land that is composed entirely of partially decomposed vegetable material settles together sometimes so closely that water will not readily pass through it, except in small streams. This is very unfavorable to the growth of any crop that the farmer desires to grow.—Unless there are numerous passage ways for both air and water the roots of plants fail to get the material necessary for their growth. In reclaiming meadow land the first effort is to drain off the surplus water; ditches are dug low enough to draw the water, perhaps two feet below the surface; but if the meadow be composed entirely of decayed vegetation, advanced to that stage which makes it so compact that the water cannot pass through it, for some time after the ditches are dug the water fails to readily drain off, except near the banks of the ditches Such land needs a few inches of sand to bring it into a favorable condition for vegetable growth. When it can be done without too much expense the application of sand will be much more beneficial if mixed with four or five inches in depth of the soil, because by mixing the sand with the muck it secures a combination of material that is highly favorable to rapid decomposition, thus soon bringing the soil into that state which encourages a rapid growth of grass. While surface application is not as good, it is often very beneficial, especially if a good dressing of manure is applied at the same time, and a liberal quantity of grass seed sown and well harrowed in. The winter season is the most favorable time to apply sand to low lands, because time is worth less, and the meadows are frozen so that full loads can be carried over it without danger of cutting the land up.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Horse nettles may be destroyed by pouring kerosene on the stalks and letting it run down the stem into the roots.

Seeding old pastures does not always thicken the sod, as the roots do not allow the younger grasses an opportunity to take hold.

It is said that a few drops of carbolic acid—that is, ten drops, in one pint of water—will, if poured over the earth in flower pots, kill all living things except the plants.

A Florida correspondent advises farmers how to tighten wagon tires. When the woodwork in the wheels shrink, and the tires become loose, he thoroughly soaks the woodwork in some boiling linseed oil.

A report is going the rounds of agricultural exchanges to the effect that a process has been discovered in France by which the oil taken from sheep's wool is cleaned and made valuable for lubricating purposes.

Somebody who professes to know all about it says that a good cow has a full eye, a small and short head, dished in the face and sunken between the eyes; a soft and loose skin, deep from the loin to the udder and a very short tail.

Professor Meehan recommends allowing deciduous plants intended for hedges to grow as they will for two or three years and then saw them off to the ground. Strong sprouts then spring up quickly, and can be pruned into shape at the proper time.

A British medical journal says that cows drink filthy water for its saline taste, and proposes an antidote in the shape of rock salt, kept always in reach of the cows and near the place where pure water is supplied, so as to attract them to that location.

Scientists tell farmers that the red rust and black rust on wheat, and the barberry rust, are all forms of one rust. The barberry rust gives rise to the red rust on wheat, and the red rust produces the black rust, while the black rust in turn gives rise to the barberry rust.

Rev. L. L. Langstroth, the veteran bee-keeper, says the age of queens can be told by their color. A young queen is bright-colored and fresh looking, more so on the first year than ever afterward. We cannot look at a queen and say to a certainty that she is a certain age, but we can make a pretty close guess.

A Massachusetts farmer, who raises asparagus extensively, says that an application of salt is of no use whatever, being only a practice that has been handed down for several generations. Perhaps the necessity for salt is lessened when asparagus is raised near the sea, where the soil and atmosphere are both impregnated with salt.

Much of the success of poultry raising depends upon keeping the chickens dry and warm. May is often a hard month on young broods, as it is often quite rainy. It is injurious to young chicks to be exposed to rain, or to be draggled in wet grass. If the grass on their runs is short, they may be let out early, but not if the grass is long.

The more finely pulverized any manure is made the more efficient it will be. But if the pulverizing is accomplished by fermentation care must be taken to prevent the loss of the valuable volatile elements. Covering the compost heaps with sods from the roadside will do this, and when the heap is rotted down the earth will then be as rich in nitrogen as the manure.

Some fruit growers are of the opinion that there is no cure for the yellows on peach trees, but claim that the disease may be prevented by judicious management. Peach trees should be cultivated, not plowed, and kept clean for the first three or four years. After that time a grass crop may be permitted, but the land should be annually broadcasted with some fertilizer rich in potash. The borers must be kept away, and all dead branches carefully removed.

The Elmira Farmers' club has been discussing the prevalent practice of blacksmiths in burning the hoofs of horses that they are shoeing. It strongly objects to the practice. S. M. Carr, one of the members, says he has shod horses since he was sixteen years old, and is now nearly seventy, and he objects to burning the hoof because it contracts it and narrows the heel.—Blacksmiths like to burn the hoof because burning makes it pare easier: but the practice should not be tolerated by owners of horses.

An experienced farmer uses all the oak limbs for fence posts. He says they last longer than posts of equal size from old body wood or from young trees. There is a great difference in the lasting quality of oak, and it is the belief of many that it is due to injuries sustained in some sections from worms about twenty years ago. The worms did some damage for three years in succession, and after that disappeared. Oak timber cut before that date is still good, while much that has been cut since has rotted out after a few years.

Artichokes have been grown for swine several years at the Michigan Agricultural college. The method of management has been to have a small patch of artichokes convenient to the swine pens, upon which the breeding sows were turned early in the spring and allowed to harvest the roots for themselves. The crop is thus grown with very little labor, since it requires no harvesting, the roots remaining in the ground all winter, and it furnishes succulent food for the sows just when it is most difficult to obtain from other sources. Professor J hnson, farm superintendent, is so well pleased with the result of this management that he is enlarging the artichoke plantation.—*Maryland Farmer.*

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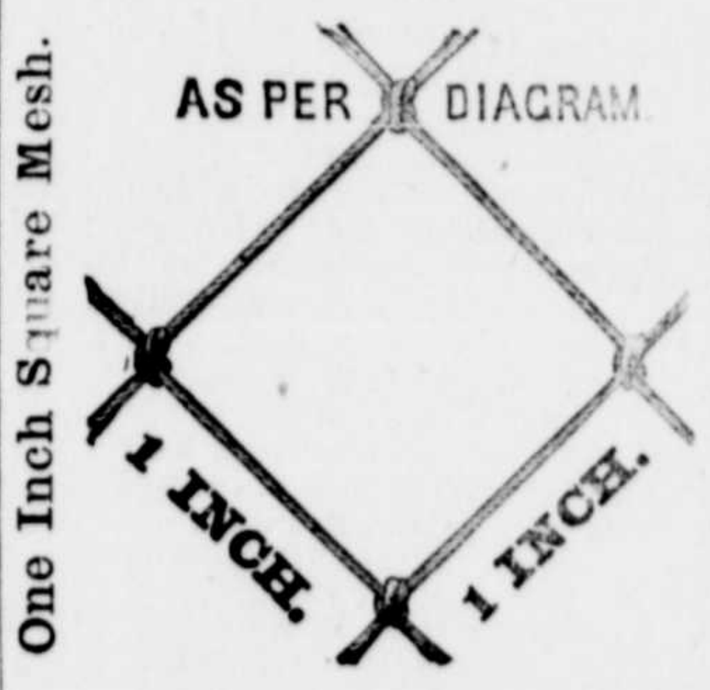
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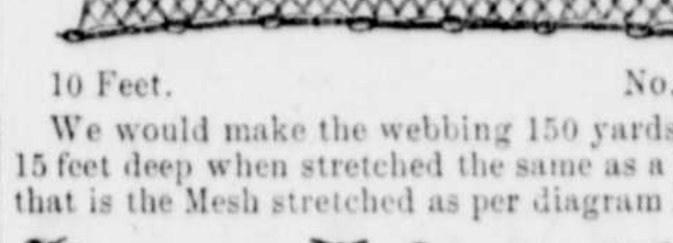
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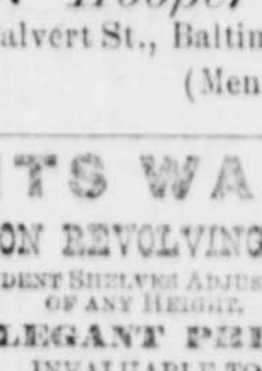
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Call and look over our stock.

COLIN F. STAM.

A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers absolutely sure. At once address, True & Co., Augusta, 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.



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.

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 Shoes; Ladies' 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[ll]
J. H. SIMPERS.

"RISING SUN"
SALOON.

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladi[es] and Gentlemen with all the delicacies, usua[l]ly 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 PRKINS,
May 12. Proprietor

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.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you FREE, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to those who are well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be make by those who give their whole time to the work — Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay.—Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Feb. 28, 1884.

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.

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.



Manufactured by W. O. FROST, Le Roy, Genesee, Co. N.Y.

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, GENSEE C., N. Y.

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



SHINGLES · LATH
DOORS · SASH · BLINDS
132 LIGHT ST. WHARF
BALTIMORE

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 11th and 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.

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

AGNTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Anyone can become a successful agent. Terms free. Hallett Book Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

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

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'.

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

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.

HUSKING PEG GLOVES, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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