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.*

No, my son, the great talker is not necessarily a mathematician simply because he understands how to multiply words.—*Boston Transcript.*

Soon will the organ grinder,
With his hurdy-gurdy thing,
Be a forcible reminder
Of the fast approaching spring.
Let us sing
While we bring
A load of bricks at him to fling.
—*N. Y. Journal.*

They were in the parlor and she was playing the piano and singing the new song, 'Oh, Where have the Old Folks Gone?' He wanted to be funny and said:

'Guess they've gone to bed by this time.'

'Don't you be sure about that,' answered the charming girl; 'pa may be out in the back yard at this moment letting the dog loose.'—*Lowell Citizen.*

There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard and several black imps playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty:

'You George Washington, keep away from dat ar biler. D'rectly you is gwine ter upset de biler and scald yerself to def, an' when you is, you'll be de fust one to say, "Twasn't me, mammy.' '—*Texas Siftings.*

The London *Truth* announces that forty per cent. of the cigarettes sold in the United States are smoked by ladies. We knew that about ninety per cent. of the fine-cut tobacco sold in this country was chewed by ladies, and it is a well known fact that they are fond of old clay pipes; but the assertion that they smoke forty per cent. of the cigarettes has a sweeping air of improbability about it; and yet a London editor would hardly lie about a little thing like that.—*Norristown Herald.*

A certain member of the Detroit municipal government is the possessor of a splendid growth of beard and long drooping mustaches. Recently he dined away from home, and at the table sat one of those infants you have all read about. After staring for some time in open astonishment at the guest, the interesting youth roared out at the top of his voice:

'Ma! ma! he has got a mouth; I saw him put a cracker in it!'—*Detroit Journal.*

A rich joke—the one I played on Brown. A foolish and witless piece of folly—the one that Brown played on me. An obstinate cuss—the man who will not yield to me. Proper and self-respecting firmness—my refusal to yield to him. A well-trained child—the one that belongs to me. An ill-mannered brat—the one that belongs to my neighbor. A crank—the man whose views do not coincide with my own. A very intelligent person—the man who agrees with me in everything.—*N. Y. Life.*

A great big burly fellow stepped into the editorial rooms of one of our morning contemporaries yesterday and said:

'I want to clean out this office.'

'Wha—what's the trouble now?' feebly asked the editor-in-chief, turning ghastly pale.

'Nothing's the trouble. I will clean out the office and scrub down the stairs for $1.'

Then the editor's face resumed its natural color, and spitting half way across the room, he shouted:

'Get out of here you tramp, or I will spill you head first into the waste basket.'—*Anon.*

'Yes,' said Dumley, 'Miss Simpson is an estimable young woman, and if I were sure she didn't snore I would ask her to marry me.'

'Have you known the lady very long?' asked young Brown.

'Yes; I have known her over a year. Why, I have called on her three times a week for the past six months.'

'And never heard her snore?'

'Certainly not. How could I hear her snore?'

'Well,' replied young Brown, 'if she has sat and listened to your conversation three times a week for the past six months, and during that time you have never heard her snore, you need have no fears of her being afflicted in that respect.'—*Philadelphia Call.*

At a certain hotel in Peoria, where the meals were not always what they should be, a merchant traveler one day sat down to the table. He put a dollar under a tumbler and, calling a waiter, said:

'Do you see that dollar, Jim?'

'Yes, sah,' replied Jim, with a grin.

'Well, now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good, first class dinner. You understand?'

'Yes, sah,' and Jim set out about furnishing a feast fit for a king. He had no time to see to anybody else. He hunted up new dishes, put extra touches on everything and kept his eye on the dollar. Finally the M. T. finished, and, wiping his mouth, he winked at him.

'Yes, sah,' grinned the darky in anticipation.

'Jim, do you see that dollar?' putting his hand on it in a generous way.

'Yes sah.'

'Well, you will never see it again,' and it went into his pocket and out of the dining-room, while Jim indignantly remarked: 'Fo' de Lawd, who turn dat hog loose in heah?'—*Merchant Traveler.*

A citizen who has an office on Monroe avenue has for the last three years been owing a grocery bill. The grocer's collector called on him over one hundred times to secure payment of the debt, but was always put off with some excuse or other. At one time it was death—another sickness—another time bad luck, and so it went on until it really seemed impossible for the debtor to invent any new pleas. The other day the grocer himself took the bill in his fist and cornered the debtor in his office.

'Yes, I know—very sorry—hand you the money a week from to-day,' was the smiling excuse.

'See here!' said the grocer, as he locked the door and pulled off his coat; 'I've been figuring on this matter. The bill is for $15. I can give you the worst licking a man ever received and get off with a fine of $10. I'll then give you a receipt for the other five and the account will be closed. Prepare to be pulverized!'

'But suppose I lick you—then what?' queried the other.

'Then there won't be any resort to the law, and you shall have a receipt in full!'

'That seems to be fair and I'll do my best,' said the debtor, and at it they went. The grocer expected to get away with him in about a minute, but he was a deceived man. It wasn't over three minutes before he was knocked over a chair and rendered hors de combat.

'Is it a receipt in full?' asked the debtor as he sat astride of the other and kept both hands fastened in his hair.

'She is.'

'And you'll pay me two dollars in cash for the broken furniture?'

'Yes.'

'Then you may get up, and I'll recommend you to a doctor who'll fix your broken collar-bone as good as new inside of a week.'

The grocer gave him a receipt for the account and handed over $2 in cash, and later in the day, when telling the story in his store, he explained:

'Gentlemen, I've sassed scores of citizens, abused dozens of hackmen, and been aching for three years past for a chance to pulverize some one. It's worth $17 to me to know that my grit gives out with the first round!'

A blessing for suffering humanity is Schroeder's Corn Solvent for Corns and Bunions. 25c.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair.

I don't like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadfully anxious to hear from the postoffice, and whenever he came to see Sue, and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say: "Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me; I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the postoffice; and then Sue would say, "Don't run, Jimmy, you'll get heart-disease if you do;" and I'd walk 'way down to the postoffice, which is pretty near half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters; and he and Sue sit in the back parlor, and mother says I mustn't go in and disturb them; and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fair for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night, when it was all an accident—at least most all of it; and I don't think it manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and especially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair; that's what she called it, though there wasn't any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of chair, and it would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put your legs out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she howl till somebody came and helped her! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again, "And you may have it, Jimmy, for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be."

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life; but I got some nails and some glue, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me get some varnish, and I varnished the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlor. Now I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlor, so what good would my chair do me? But Sue said: "Stuff and nonsense, that boy's indulged now till he can't rest." So they put my chair in the back parlor, just as if I'd been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it; but after it was in the back parlor I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Travers came as usual, and after he had talked to mother awhile about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other people hadn't given more money to the Michigan sufferers, and that they weren't quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said:

"Perhaps we had better go into the back parlor; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something."

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlor and shut the door, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down, as they always did.

I was in the front parlor, reading Robinson Crusoe, and wishing I could go and do likewise—like Crusoe, I mean; for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlor with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some people see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Travers had her pull their hair once the way she pulls mine sometimes they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlor, and Mr. Travers said Good something very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle run into her. Father and mother and I and the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that Sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it, and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it away.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then ran up stairs and locked herself up, and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said: "I'll settle with you some day, young man," and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother:

"I guess Sue would have done better if she had let the boy keep his chair."

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair; but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and its the best chair you ever sat in.—*Harper's Young People.*

One afternoon, a few weeks ago, a boy of thirteen years was admitted to a hospital in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. The lad was ill of typhoid fever; and no wonder, for he had just completed a tramp of one thousand five hundred miles, during which he had undergone many hardships.

His home was a Cossack village named Vladikavkaz. When a boy of six years, he had shown an aptitude for music, and at thirteen he decided to seek a thorough musical education. With no friends to advise him, he strapped a bag of biscuits to his back and bravely set forth.

At night, he would make himself a bed of straw. During the day, he would push forward, and occasionally some good-natured guard would give him a lift in a cattle-van.

The adventures of the boy on the road probably would make a chapter as interesting as the ordinary romance. In this true story, however, the ending is not happy like the conclusion of novels generally are, as when last heard from the poor lad was very ill.

The people of Servia are proverbially poor. According to a legend, when the nations were about to distribute the world among themselves they assembled in the centre of the universe, divided it into parts and drew lots. Some, however, refused to leave the matter to chance, preferring to make their own selection.

'We,' said the Romans, 'want wisdom.'

'We want the sea,' said the English.

The Turks said:

'We want the land.'

'Gold and war for us,' said the French.

The Russians said:

'We prefer the mountains and the mines.'

'Well, you Servians, what do you want?'

'Ah!' they said, 'we are thinking.'

And to this day they have not done thinking.

In the town of A—— there lived a man who early in life lost the use of his legs, and therefore used crutches. When a little four-year-old boy first saw him he ran to his mother in great alarm, and exclaimed:

'Oh, mamma! I saw a man down on the street, and he just tucked his legs up under his arms and walked off on two sticks.'

Grandmother, in a tone of rebuke: 'What! do you reach across the cake-basket, Johnny? I was always taught to take the piece nearest to me.'

Johnny Wisehead: 'But this piece would have been nearest me, grandma, if the cake-basket had been turned the other way.'

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fresh Meat for the Farm.

One of the greatest banes to the proper enjoyment of country life is the almost constant use of salt meats. It is ham for breakfast, salt—oh! how salty! Then for dinner it is salt pork, boiled or fried. Then for supper a cold slice of ham, or boiled cold shoulder, varied a little by chipping dried beef, which is within itself, a "pillar of salt." Then it is drink, drink, from morning to night without abatement.

Now, I know the great difficulties that lay in the way of a farmer, located miles from city or town, to procure a daily supply of fresh meat from the market, to say nothing of the unbearable cost of such a proceeding to those who live close enough to market to procure a daily supply. Just think of it; we sell our beef cattle to the butcher for, say three cents on foot, an I pay for the article on the hook from twelve and a half to twenty cents per pound; and our mutton and pork in the same ratio. It is not my purpose in this article, to show the relative losses and profits in these transactions, but to show my brother farmers how they can have fresh meat on their tables every day of the year, and every meal of each day, if they will, and that at their own first cost prices. This plan of mine is not new; yet I am safe in saying that it is not practiced by one per cent. of the farmers in the nation. Why is this? Ignorance of the way to do it. It can be nothing else. For there is less labor and work attending the process of preserving the meats put up for home consumption, by keeping them fresh, than there is by salting, smoking, wrapping in canvas, and packing away, as now practiced. A second great advantage is that the curing of meats in a fresh state can be accomplished at any season of the year, no matter how hot, and that without ice. Then, a third consideration is the saving of labor to the farmer's family during the hot, sweltering summer months—in fact, all through the year.

To enable any person to understand the matter I will explain by briefly stating what we are now doing in the way of preparing our fresh meat for next summer's use. In the first place, we have as many lard or pork barrels as will be necessary to hold a supply of meat for the family. These barrels are clean, sweet and tight, one end taken out. They are arranged on a bench in the cellar, open end up. The pigs are killed and cooled in the usual way.—When the animal heat is all out they are cut up, cutting off the sausage and lard, the lard cut up, ready to be rendered out. The shoulders and sides are then cut up into such sized pieces as may be convenient for table use. These pieces are washed cleanly, and boiled in large kettles, seasoned with salt and pepper to make palatable, and when sufficiently boiled for table use they are placed in a barrel, closely together, but not pressed or mashed, thus leaving each piece as near in the shape cut as possible. When the barrel is filled within two inches of the top, we then pour in warm lard until the crevices between the pieces of meat are filled up, covering the top with one or two inches of the warm lard. Next day we find that the lard has settled down; we fill up again to the top and keep filled until all has become a solid mass of meat and lard. This is the whole secret. You can fill any tight vessel from a one-gallon jar to a forty-five gallon barrel in like matter; and if properly done, and kept in a cool place, the meat will keep fresh and sweet the year round.

The advantages of this process of keeping meat are manifold. You can kill a fat hog at any season of the year, and its own fat can preserve it, and the fat can be used for culinary purposes just the same as when put up in cans for home use. The shoulders can be thus prepared, and when cold are far superior to salt meat, even after being boiled. The sides, when cut in square pieces, with the ribes on, are just as good as when cooked fresh in the fall of the year. Hams, whole, when well cooked and seasoned, retain all their sweetness, and that without being impared by the excess of salt necessary to keep them. Then, there is no trouble with flies, bugs or skippers; the meat remains sweet, wholesome, and palatable until the last piece is taken from the bottom. All the care necessary in taking the pieces from the barrel is to press the lard down close over what is left, and thus exclude the air.

There are two great advantages in this mode of keeping meat; one is, it is fresh, easily digested, and consequently more healthy, and decidedly more pleasant to the taste; and it does not create that burning thirst that is so hard to quench on a hot harvest day. Then it is always ready for table use, and that without requiring your wives, daughters, and house help to melt over a hot stove when the mercury is up among the nineties—a no small saving in threshing time.

The only great drawback that I have found to this plan is that I can eat twice the amount that I can of salted meats; and, therefore, it requires double the quantity for family use than under the salting process; but I am persuaded that the difference is made up in better health and smaller doctor bills. Try it on a small scale, and you will always follow it.—*A. R. in Prairie Farmer*

Cholera.

If there is a disease among fowls resulting more particularly from carelessness or ignorance than any other, it is the fatal disease known as the cholera. All writers on the subject agree that it arises from exposure to the sun, without sufficient shade, warm and stale drinking water, foul and inoffensive grass runs occasioned by the droppings, and most important of all, the absence of a regular supply of fresh green food, which is the great preventive of diarrhœa in fowls. This disease is rarely if ever known where a cool shade, clean runs, fresh cool water and green food are provided daily.

Symptoms—Sudden and violent thirst, diarrhœa, greenish droppings, afterwards thin and whitish, with extreme weakness and staggering or 'falling about,' sometimes accompanied with cramps, and often with an 'anxious' look about the face. Death results in from twelve to thirty-six hours.

Treatment—Administer every three hours the following: Rhubarb, five grains; cayenne pepper, two grains; laudanum, ten drops. Or the following: Equal parts of the tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, well shaken with doses increased from ten to twenty drops several times a day when not immediately relieved.

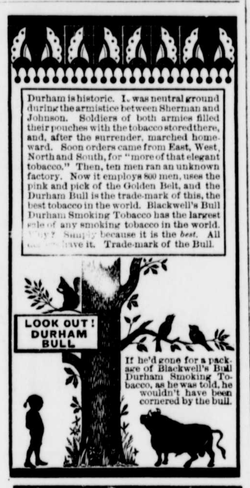
An old farmer, who has carefully tested the matter, thinks that he can secure better results from scalding the feed for his cattle than by steaming or any other method of cooking. He puts the cut feed in his trough, pours in hot water, and then puts on meal, then follows up with more hot water and closes the tank. This operation is done in the morning, and by evening the food thus prepared will be soft and palatable. He always prepares in the morning the feed that will be used in the evening, and vice versa. Stock fed in this manner will come out at the end of the winter in fine condition, and with smooth and glossy hair, indicating perfect health.—*Stockman.*

If not housed properly March winds are apt to induce roup to appear among the fowls. An excellent green food for the fowls *now* is chopped raw onions, good as a stimulator, and by many really thought to ward off the roup and other afflictions incidental to spring.

It is common in some quarters to use any kind of salt for butter, but unless the best be used the butter will be inferior, and necessarily will sell low. It is economical to procure good salt for such purposes.

There is a new enemy to the potato in the shape of a weevil, which preys upon the stalk, and the *Country Gentleman* advises burning the vines when the stalks dry up and die.





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

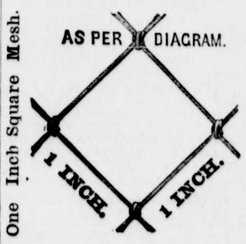
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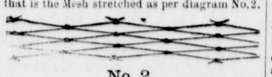
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100 YARDS



10 Feet. No. 1.

We would make the webbing 150 yards long 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the Mesh stretched as per diagram No. 2.



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In the absence of any instruction, we will make as above. In ordering give full description of what you want; leave nothing to be guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods will be required to remit us one-third the value before we ship them, the balance to be paid on delivery.

Send for price list.

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Has Enlarged His Store,
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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 particular, 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.

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J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

GRASS Scythes and Grass Snaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Snaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones, for sale by
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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 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,
Aug 1—tf. JOHN N. DODD.

NEW STOCK
—OF—
FALL GOODS
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS',
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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 handsome 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 call.
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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

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.

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$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time the work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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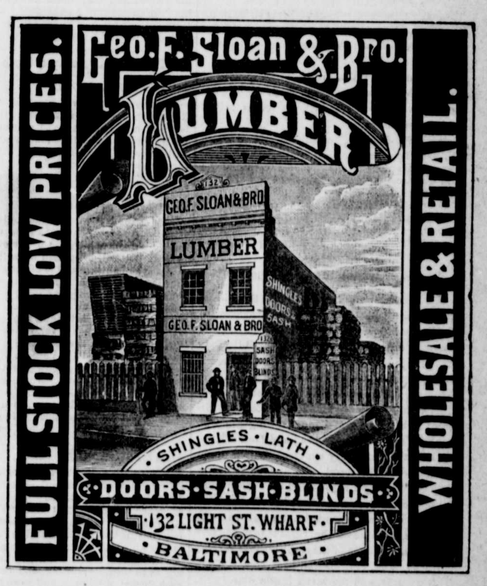
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1 AND 2 HORSE POWER (35 Revolutions), 4 HORSE POWER (47 Revolutions), } Double Geared Jacks if desired, and Band Wheels of different sizes to give any required speed.
WEIGHT ABOUT 500 AND 700 POUNDS.



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