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.*

Oh, Mabel was pretty and had a rich pa;
She was dainty and modest, you could easily see;
But she always would murmur "I seen" for "I saw,"
And invariably cried out, "It's him" for "It's he."
—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

At a hotel table sat
Bridget bride and bridegroom Pat,
While a city dweller he
Helped himself to celery.
Bridget's eyes with wonder grew;
"Paddy," whispered she, "luk you
At that baste across the way
Aitin' up that swate bookay."
—*Anon.*

'So you were arrested and fined yesterday for being drunk and disorderly, and here you are again to-day for the same offense.'

Prisoner (who has been pumped on): 'Yes, Judge, but can you arrest a man twice on the charge?'

Judge: 'Certainly not.'

Prisoner: 'Then lemme go, Judge, this is the same old drunk!'—*Life.*

A colored individual who went down on the slippery flags at the cornor of Woodward avenue and congress street scrambled up and backed out into the street and took a long look towards the roof of the nearest building.

'You fell from that third-story window!' remarked a pedestrian who had witnessed the tumble.

'Boss, I believes yer!' was the prompt reply; 'but what puzzles me am de quoshun of how I got up dar an' why I was leanin' outer de winder!'—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Philadelphian was sitting in a mining broker's office in Virginia City one day last fall when a stranger entered and showed him a pound hunk of silver ore which was at least 90 per cent. pure stuff.

'Found that on one of my hills,' he said, as he drew up a chair and sat down

The ears of the man from the Quaker City began to work and his heart to thump. The native looked green, and perhaps he didn't know the value of that hill.

'What you got?' asked the broker, as he came from behind the desk

'Oh, nothin' much—just a little hunk I found on one of my hills,' was the reply.

The broker took the hunk, carefully examined it for a minute, and then quietly remarked: 'Yes, I recognize it. I sold that hunk four weeks ago to salt a hill in the next county! Please put it in your coat-tail pocket and move on. It is too rich for your blood!'—*Wall Street News.*

I have a young lady friend who is possessed of a peculiar passion for children. She will fondle and caress the little darlings, call them pet names, give them candy and expend an immense amount of taffy over them. I called on her the other evening, and found her in a state of mental depression. In a voice choked with emotion she said:

'I was coming out Fourth street to-day. I had bought some caramels, and was anticipating a treat between them and the *Times-Star*, which I read every day. As I passed along I saw one of the sweetest, prettiest little boys I ever beheld. He was a little tot of a fellow, with Saxen ringlets, and dressed in a cunning suit of black velvet. My heart warmed to him, and approaching him with the package of caramels in my hand, I said: "Little darling, wouldn't you like to have some candies?"'

'And what was his reply?'

Here she broke down completely and ejaculated:

'His reply? Why, the sweet little dear muttered with a pretty lisp: "Go to blazes! Candy be blamed! Can't yer give a fellow a cigarette, say?"'—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

There was a time when it seemed to me to be quite "the thing" to be provided with a smoking cap and a pair of slippers. There was an air of quiet style about it that was truly comforting. All the other passengers envied you; they thought you were a traveling millionaire; they saw at once that you were a man of the world, an old hand at railroading; a man it would be well to know. Alas, for the good old day! When I see a man in a sleeping car nowadays with cap and slippers I know he's a drummer. Show me the traveler with the best valise, with the finest traveler's outfit, with the jauntiest cap, with the most expensive alligator slippers—that man is a drummer. He soon gets acquainted with you. He is often an agreeable companion; he can tell you about the trains; he knows all the best restaurants on the road. He entertains you, amuses you, and sometimes instructs you and—asks you what line you're in. To his commercial mind every male traveler has something for sale. I took the trouble one time to tell a sleeping-car acquaintance about some foreign countries he was interested in, and as I had traveled there. 'Why,' said he, 'you've been about a good deal, haven't you?' I was flattered, and perhaps blushed. 'What line of goods do you sell?' said he. It was about that time that I threw away my cigar and went to bed.—*N. Y. Times.*

A private banker in a town in Wisconsin received a call a few days ago from a stranger, who deposited ten dollars, and then turned around and asked the banker to lend him fifty dollars.

'Why, sir, I can't lend you any money,' replied the banker.

'I think you can. Please take time for reflection.'

'I don't want to reflect upon the subject, sir.'

'Would a run on this bank damage you fifty dollars worth?'

'There will be no run here.'

'Suppose there was?'

'It is too absurd to suppose. Good-day, sir.'

The stranger walked outdoors, and the bank closed for the day. He entered a grocery and stated that he was a depositor, and asked if the bank was sound. He entered a dry goods store and inquired if the hard times might not pinch the bank. He entered a drug store and offered his certificate of deposit for ten dollars. He met a lawyer and inquired if a receiver had been appointed to look out for the interest of depositors. Next morning he was at the door of the bank, gesticulating and lamenting, and behind him were seventy-five or eighty citizens. Before noon the bank was cleared out and its doors closed, and an ex-private banker was skipping out to avoid being lynched.—*Anon.*

'Clearin' up?' replied the old settler. 'I hain't ben able to see no sign o' any clearin' up yit. It usety be, b' gosh, that you could go a little by the moon in makin' yer cal'clations 'bout things; but fur all the use the moon is now fur that, ye mowt jest as well scoop the in'ards out n a skim-milk cheese, light a taller dip an' put it in it, an' hang it up on a flag-pole. I ben sayin' along durin' this damp spell, 'Wait till the moon changes, an' this weather 'll flop roun' with a jerk, an' we'll hev it dryer'n a temp'rance picnic, an' colder 'n an icicle off'n the North Pole. Wal, the moon changed the other day, but 'stid o' the weather fetching up with a short jerk an' takin' the back track, it just tuck to raining all the harder, an' gives me a durn nice record for knowin' a thing or two. I tell yk, b' gosh, that those gastrominers that's a settin' up nights all over the country, pokin' their spy-glasses round, drawin' bead on a comet ev'ry little spell, an' wingin' a new star now an' then, an' a gossipin' 'bout what they imagine they've found out, like a lot o' old women at a tea party, is a playin' hob with things in this mundane spear. 'Fore we knowed that they was mountains on the moon things worked all right. We know'd jist w'en to pole our beans an' stick our peas; w'en to 'spect wet weather an' w'en we was gointer hev a drout; w'en to go a fishing an' w'en to kill our pigs. But now we're gittin too smart, and we don't know nothin'. 'Twon't s'prise me a durn bit to wake up some fine mornin' an' find ev'rything drownded out, or burnt up, or knocked pizzle-jee-whang, by a comet gettin' on its ear. 'Twon't, b' gosh!'—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Corns and Bunions that can't be cured with Schroeder's Corn Solvent must be endured. 25 cents.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Elephant Shooting.

For three hundred yards or more we silently stole through the forest in single file; at length the leading horseman halted, and we wheeled into line. Over the underbrush towered the backs of a number of dark animals. Closer and closer to them we approached, when one of the elephants uttered a shrill note, and in an instant the herd was crashing through the timber, raising a tremendous dust, and sending rotten limbs of brushwood flying far and wide.

The poor old horse, who had to this moment been a regular slug, took the bit in his teeth, and tore along in pursuit as well as the best of them. He needed no guiding. I only sat still and let him go. If the others were after the elephants, so was he; and if his forelegs only kept him up there was very little doubt that soon I would be afforded an occasion to use my gun.

A big tusker, of course, I wanted, but such I could not see; so, to rectify the deficiency, I singled out the largest animal in the herd, and made a dash to get along side of it. In this I was successful, for the old nag knew his work like a book, and required no forcing. Holding the gun at arm's length I fired. The heavy charge nearly sprung out of my hands; but the elephant stagged, recovered itself, staggered again, and then came to a dead stop.

With the report of the gun the veterrn charger had sheered off to the left, expecting pursuit and not getting it, he easily pulled up, so I turned him round again so as to renew the contest.

The poor stricken beast was evidently very sick—blood flowed from its mouth and trunk. It seemed desirous of charging, but was without the power to do so; so I jumped off my horse, went within fifteen yards, and fired at the space between the ear and eye. With a crash the poor thing fell, struggled violently to regain its feet, rolled over upon its side, and yielded up life. It was a cow in the prime of life, but its tusks did not exceed eight or nine pounds in weight.

I now became cognizant that a heavy fusilade was going on to my left; I, in consequence, rode in that direction, when I overtook a Boer having quite a lively time with a wounded one—she charged so persistently and fiercely that he was as often the pursued as the pursuer, so I left my horse, watched my chance, and, while she was turning round to keep her front to her first antagonist, put two bullets in her side, a foot or so behind the shoulder blade. Attempting to charge, she fell upon her head, burying both tusks in the ground, and died game to the last, with her front to the enemy. The action was short, sharp and decisive, I may say brilliant, the only drawback being that both were cows.

I admit that shooting cow-elephants requires some apology—in my ardour I did not think of sex, and was not aware that the animal I had killed a female till after its death; in delivering the coup-de-chasse to the last it was so severely wounded before I came up that it could not have survived. It certainly was an unlucky entry into elephant hunting in Africa, to commence by killing cows.—*Parker Gilmore*

Devotion of Dogs.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: That the dog is superstitious there is no doubt. He is afraid of ghosts. Some naturalists say dogs regard the owl as a ghost, and nothing terrifies them more than their mournful "T'hoo! t'hoo!" A striking feature in the dog's love and worship of man is seen in his entire forgetfulness of self. The dog is ready to give up his life to save that of his master, or his master's child. The animal will not only work, but fight and die for man.

Shortly before he died Sir Edwin Landseer, embracing his favorite terrier Tiney, exclaimed: "Nobody can love me half as much as thou dost!"

Some dogs love to attend church, and while there behave with a reverence and devotion that clearly show they have some sort of comprehension of the holy influences that surround the sanctuary. In Scotland, especially, has this been noticed. The shepherds, both in the Highlands and Lowlands, are a devout, church-going race, and are invariably accompanied by their dogs or collies, which are as reverent and devout as they are. Sometimes the dogs have particular pews, or lairs, or crouching places in the kirk, and they rest quietly until the end of the service. Nor does it always happen that the dogs accompany their masters, and go there solely by force of imitation. Instances there are where dogs have gone to church, escaping from the kennel on Saturday and attending church when their masters did not. Southey relates an instance of a Methodist dog which went regularly to chapel, though pelted by the boys for so doing. His master never went, and the interpretation put upon the dog's conduct was that he wished to attract his master to church attendance. It was at least something singular that when his master was drowned by accident the dog ceased to attend chapel. Tom Hood says that

"A dove's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

And of course simple attendance at church does not make the dog any more religious than the people who simply attend. In 1791 Salmagundi wrote of a favorite dog which always went with his mistress to church:

"'Tis held by folks of deep research
He's a good dog who goes to church.
As good I hold him every whit
Who stays at home and turns the spit;
For though good dogs to church may go,
Yet going there don't make them so."

Intelligence of the Spider.

I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond. He walked all about the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he prospected for the nearest point of land. This point fairly settled upon, he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spires of grass. Then he turned himself about, and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster he the faster drew upon it to keep his hawser taut, and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma, he sped his way homeward. Thinking that he might be a special expert and an exception in that line of boatmanship, to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them, and they all came to shore in like manner.

A Queer Parrot.

Parrots are queer creatures, and, like monkeys, sometimes seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned on shipboard the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with a bucket of water at each offense. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen coop, and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out, "*Been swearing again, hain't ye?*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

'Good morning, little children!' said a physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, 'and how are you this morning?'

'We daren't tell you,' replied the oldest, a boy of eight.

'Dare not tell me!' exclaimed the physician, 'and why not?'

''Cause papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come in and ask how we were!'

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Celery Culture Made Easy

The treatment of the celery crop of late years by progressive growers has been much simplified. Peter Henderson, in his "Garden Manual" for 1884, describes his mode:

Instead of sowing the seed in a hot-bed or cold frame, as practiced in Europe, it is sown in the open ground as soon as it is fit to work in April and kept carefully clear of weeds until the time of planting in June and July. In our warmer climates—if raised in hot-beds, as in England—a majority of the plants would run to seed. The tops are shorn off once or twice before planting, so as to insure "stocky" plants, which suffer less on being transplanted.

After the ground has been nicely prepared lines are struck out on the level surface three feet apart, and the plants set six inches apart in rows. If the weather is dry at the time of planting great care should be taken that the roots are properly "firmed." Our custom is to turn back on the row and press by the side of each plant gently with the foot. This compacts the soil and partially excludes the air from the roots until new rootlets are formed, which will usually be in forty-eight hours, after which all danger is over. This practice of pressing the soil closely around the root is essential in planting of all kinds, and millions of plants are annually destroyed by the omission.

After the planting of the celery is completed, nothing further is to be done for six or seven weeks, except running through between the rows with the cultivator or hoe and freeing the plants of weeds until they get strong enough to crowd them down. This will bring us to about the middle of August, by which time we have usually that moist and cold atmosphere essential to the growth of celery. Then we begin the "earthing up" necessary for the blanching and whitening of that which is wanted for use during the months of September, October and November.

The first operation is that of "handling," as we term it; that is, after all the soil has been drawn up against the plant with the hoe, it is further drawn close around each plant with the hand, firm enough to keep the leaves in an upright position and prevent them from spreading. This being done, more soil is drawn against the row (either by the plow or hoe, as circumstances require), so as to keep the plant in this upright position. The blanching process must, however, be finished by the spade, which is done by digging the soil from between the rows and banking it up clear to the top on each side of the row of celery. Three feet is ample distance between the dwarf varieties; but when larger sorts are used the width of the rows must be at least four and a half or five feet.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Ashes and gypsum have proved highly beneficial to potatoes in many sections.

Horn and hoof shaving are exceeding rich in nitrogen, and should be utilized on the farm.

No excess of animal matter should be given to poultry, either in the shape of meat scraps or pressed cake.

Rye will grow at a low temperature and continue to grow later and start earlier than most other grains.

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain a family cow in any village or rural locality.

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.

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.

For the comfort and well-being of the sitting hens they should have space in which to turn and flap their wings, and scratch and take all needed exercise, provided the weather is favorable. But if cold, do not tempt them to remain too long from the nests.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that any one who allows his fruit trees to slowly starve to death and then adds insult to injury by blaming them for not rewarding his indolence with bountiful crops, deserves to be debarrred from good fruit the remainder of his life.

Saving the Sudwash

Every road not on a dead level has more or less debris which has a fertilizing value washed off upon its side. The water itself is valuable, and will make grass wherever it spreads. In a hilly country or one of gentle grade, nearly all this water, and the fertilizing matter it carries, may be turned off at frequent intervals upon the adjoining pastures and meadows. The dust and debris of the highway consist of finely pulverized soil and stone, which contains more or less lime, potash, and other valuable material so minutely divided that water makes it immediately available for plant food. Iron and steel tires, horse and ox shoes, and above all the frost, have been at work upon it all through the winter. Appreciable quantities of manure have been dropped upon it by beasts of burden, and their feet have mixed it with the road dust, and made a nice compost. Its value is seen in the rank growth of grass and briars wherever it lodges. It will pay big wages for all the labor needed to turn this wash off, through culverts or an open ditch, on to the adjoining pastures and mowing land.—*From the American Agriculturist for April.*

Household Hints.

One pound of rice gives 85 per cent. of nutriment, and one pound of beef 25 per cent.

A little milk in the water in which you are washing your dishes is much nicer than soap.

For damp closets and cellars put shallow dishes of unslaked lime and change often.

Beef fat is very nice if cooked thoroughly in water and the fat dipped off as it rises. It will remain soft, and is preferred by many to lard.

It is recommended that papier mache articles be washed with a sponge and cold water, dredged with flour while damp and polished with flannel.

To remove ink stains from Turkey red or white table spreads, add a spoonful of kerosene to a pint of strong soap suds, wash and rinse immediately, and all traces will disappear.

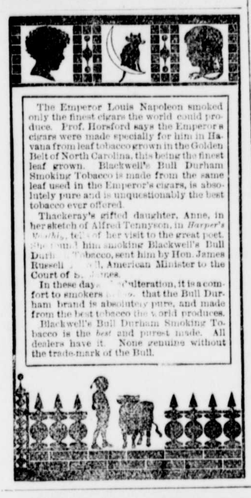
Poultry in Orchards.

Some farmers make it a practice to keep their poultry in their orchards from early spring until cold weather sets in, and they find it pays. A picket fence should be built around the orchard, high enough to prevent their flying over, with suitable buildings in one corner of the yard to shelter them at night. Thus situated, the poultry will thrive and prosper, keeping themselves in good condition, and the increase of eggs will be greatly augmented and their usefulness enhanced to their owners at least, on account of the myriads of insects and worms they destroy, and which will more than repay the cost and labor of building the fence. By keeping them enclosed in this manner a large number of fowls may be retained in the orchard, and the continual scratching which is done by them proves advantageous both to the soil and the trees themselves.

The *American Cultivator* advises farmers not to be in a hurry about drying off milch cows. To cease milking while the cow is giving four or five quarts of milk per day causes garget and caked udder, which causes more injury to the animal than is occasioned by the drain of keeping up the milk supply.

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Relieves and cures
RHEUMATISM,
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The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to know that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF
SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES & MALARIA,
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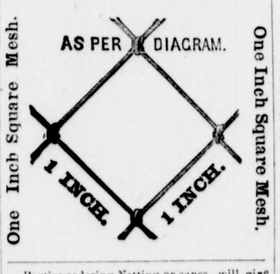
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HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
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—FOR—
SEINES AND POUNDS.
We Measure the Mesh.

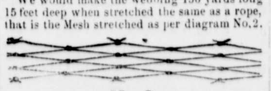


Parties ordering Netting or seines, will give the length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is, if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.



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.



No. 2.

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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We have a
FULL LINE OF MUSLINS,
Bleached and unbleached Canton Flannels from 6¼ cts. to 16 cts. per yard. Calico, Tickings, Cottonades Kerseys, red and white all wool Flannels, and a general line of
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Respectfully,
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DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
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Physicians' Recipies.
Which are prepared in the
Most Skillful Manner
and in accordance with all the improved methods of Pharmacy.
Moderate Prices.
Absolute Accuracy, Neatness and Pharmaceutical skill are what we claim for our work.
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T. J. MANN
Has Enlarged His Store,
and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His stock embraces not only
DRY GOODS
of all kinds,
HARDWARE, NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the best Syrups, Broiling Beef, Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.
T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank,
Feb. 8, 1883. Chestertown, Md.

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.

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.

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

PATENT Hammock Chairs, for sale by
J. 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 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,
Aug1o—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 call.
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 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 PERKINS,
May 12. Proprietor

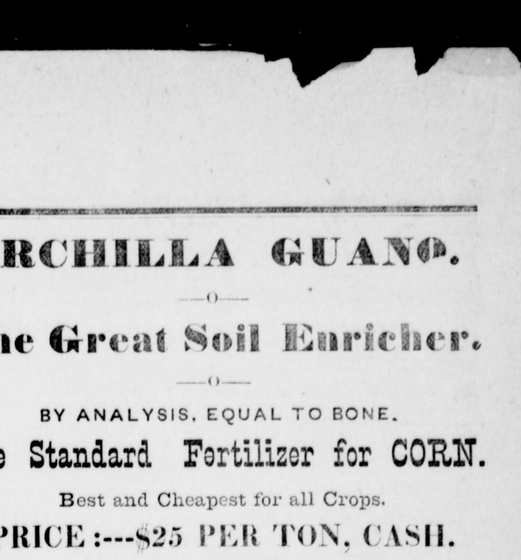
Sparks
is on hand with the finest assortment of goods he has ever had to offer you, and at prices astonishingly low. We can only name a few of our leading articles.
In PLUSH GOODS we have a fine assortment, consisting of Albums, Work-boxes, Satchels, Purses, Perfume Stands, &c., &c.
PLATEDWARE.—Castors, 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 every thing 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.

$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 certainly, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

A PRIZE. Sent 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., Augusa, Maine.

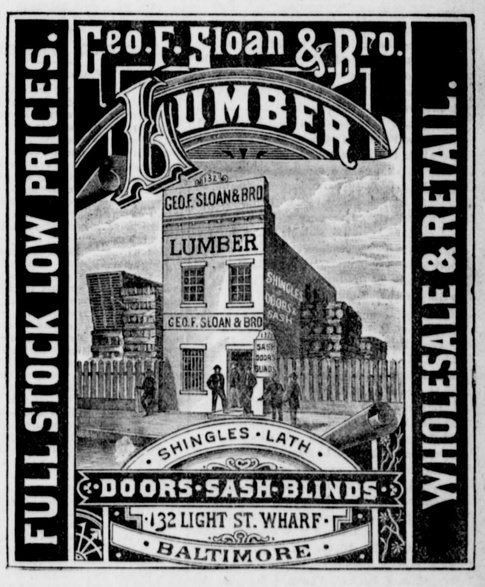
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The Standard Fertilizer for CORN.
Best and Cheapest for all Crops.
PRICE:---$25 PER TON, CASH.
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Send for Our 40 page Book of recent Testimonials just published;—or write to such Farmers as—
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PHILADELPHIA, OFFICE, 629 Walnut Street.
FOR SALE BY WM. HEPBRON,
Feb. 28—3m. LYNCH'S.



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, GENSEE Co, N. Y.



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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

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