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.*

A Stock Yards small boy thoughtlessly ejaculated while at the breakfast table this morning:

'Oh, dear! how I sweat,' quite to the horror of a youthful and very precise aunt, who reproved him for making use of so inelegant and impolite a term.

'Oh, yes, I know all about it,' he replid in an impatient manner and petulant tone; 'horses sweat, men and women perspire, but giddy young things like you only glow.'—*Chicago Sun.*

'What did you want to make such a goose of yourself for over that little mouse?' he sa.d to his sister as they trudged home from an evening party. 'You danced about and serenaded until I was ashamed of you.'

'I was afraid of it, George,' murmured the girl.

'Afraid of it! Nonsense! If you hadn't had on a pair of new French shoes and striped silk stockings you wouldn't have been afraid of it.'

She didn't deign to answer him.—*New York Sun.*

Charles Augustus—'Is it true, ma, that love takes away the appetite?'

Ma—'It certainly does.'

'My worst fears are realized. Oh! how can I bear up under it!'

'Why, my son, what is the matter?'

'You know how deeply I—that is—how much I think of Miss Blanck.'

'A charming girl; and I am glad you like her.'

'But she cannot have a particle of love for me.'

'Why not?'

'Because her appetite is not affected in the least. Last evening she took four plates of ice cream at one sitting.'

'Don't be alarmed, my son; ice cream don't count.'—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

There is a young man in Oakland who has a sister Jessie, who was sent to a fashionable school for young ladies. When she left home he wondered if she would acquire the affectation other young ladies that he knew had, by attending the fashionable seminary. After being there a year he began to flatter himself that his sister was proof against such nonsense, when he received a letter signed "Jessica," instead of Jessie, as heretofore. In answering, he wrote something like this:

'Dear Sister Jessica: Your welcome letter received. Mammaica and papaica are well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica started for the Santa Cruz Mountains yesterday. Have bought a new horse; it is a beauty; it is named Maudica, &c. Your affectionate brother Samica.' The next letter was signed Jessie.—*San Francisco Call.*

'Them pants is too short,' said a huckster who was bargaining for a pair of trousers.

'But dey vill stretch, my frent, dey vill stretch. Yust hang veights on de legs und stretch dem efery night; dot keeps de pags oud af de knees.'

'They are too dark,' continued the customer.

'Dark,' said the dealer; 'vat matter ish dot? De color ish not fast, und dey vill fade dree shades in two days.'

'They are too wide in the legs,' objected the huckster, and the accommodating dealer in accommodating garments said:

'Vell, ven you stretch dem de long vay ton't dey get schmaller sideways? De more you vears dem de petter dey fits you.'

'Look at that big grease spot,' said the particular buyer.

'Oh, dot's nothing,' said the dealer; 'you vill haf dem all ofer vaggin creese in less as von week. I drow off ten cents for dot spot. You take dem for a tollar vorty.'—*Syracuse Herald.*

'I lost my first case to a miserable little pettifogging lawyer named Johnny Wood,' said Gen. Sharpe at Chicago during the Convention to a group of Arthur men, who had lost interest in the proceedings and were gathered in his room for the comfort of being together. 'I was a graduate of Harvard Law School, and had a good deal of conceit, besides a perfectly good case. When my senior warned me that I would have to meet Johnny Wood, I laughed at him. The suit was before a Justice of the Peace. We made out our case, and Wood's client, the plaintiff, made out none worth speaking of at all. When Johnny Weod arose to speak he rehearsed the evidence impartially, and then, taking up a book, read the law—such law as I had never heard of, but which fitted his case to a nicety. When he got through I said, 'Mr. Wood, will you allow me to see that statute, please?'

''Certainly, sir,' he replied, handing me the book closed.

''Ah, thank you; but what page is it on?'

''What page?' he cried, indignant. 'Don't expect me to coach you, young man. Find your own law,—you. I found mine.'

'Of course, I couldn't find it, but Johnny had the laugh and the court with him, and I lost my case, according to law which that scoundrel Wood had made up out of his head just as he spun it out.'

'Speakin' of honesty, sah,' said an old darky in a Third avenue grocery store, 'I'se an hones' man. Everybody knows I'se hones', an' eberybody will tole yer so.'

'Yes, Uncle Jake, I guess you are honest enough,' replied the grocer, 'and in these days it's a credit to a man to be honest.'

''Deed 'tis, 'deed 'tis, sah. Dar's mighty few ob 'em in dis worl'. Hones' men is berry skase, dey is.'

Here the grocer turned to throw a scoopful of sand in the sugar barrel, and Uncle Jake snatched a plug of tobacco from the counter and put it in his pocket.

'The old saying that "honesty is the best policy,"' went on the grocer, mixing the sand and sugar carefully, 'I don't believe in. It is not the proper way to put it. With me honesty is not a matter of policy, it is a matter of honor, and—Where is that plug of tobacco that was on the counter a moment ago?' the grocer suddenly demanded.

'Yes, sah, as I was sayin',' continued Uncle Jake, ignoring the question, 'dar's berry few hones' men in dis worl'. Kase yer see——'

'That plug of tobacco, Uncle Jake,' interrupted the grocer. 'You've got it in your pocket.'

'Sah?'

'I say you have got that plug of tobacco in your pocket.'

''Deed I hasn't, sah. Is yer sho' da' wuz er plug of terbaker on de countah? P'raps it falled off to de flo'.'

While the grocer was looking on the floor, the old darky adroitly slipped the tobacco behind a soap box on the counter.

'Did yer find it on de flo, sah?'

'No, I did not, Uncle Jake. You stole that plug of tobacco, and you've got to show up.'

'I'se a po' old man,' Uncle Jake replied in a heart-broken tone of voice, 'an' has been po' all my life, but I don' steal, sah. Ef my ole woman wuz to heah dat I had been obscused ob stealin' it wud broke her down to de grave.'

Just then the grocer discovered the tobacco and apologized with deep contrition.

'I must have shoved it there without knowing it, but I beg your pardon, Uncle Jake, for my suspicions, and to make the matter right, just put the tobacco in your pocket, and we'll say no more about it.'

'Yo' opologies is 'cepted, sah,' said the old darky cordially,' but I don' know, sah, 'bout puttin' dat er plug in my pocket. 'Pears ter me it's like settin' a preemyum on honesty. But as I tole yer, sah, I'se a po' ole man, an' terbaccer is skase like. So I'll purcept de ter baker an' thank de good Lord dat I'se an hones' man. Good mawnin', sah.'—*N. Y. Sun.*

Annie lost the Amethyst out of her ring.—Fanny lost her toe-corns by useing Schroeder's Corn Solvent.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MARY ELIZABETH.

BY ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Did you ever know a girl with such a horrid name as mine—Mary Elizabeth Richmond? Of course, Richmond sounds well enough, just as if we were some grand people. And we *do* come of a very old and aristocratic family, mother says.

But what is the use of belonging to as old family, if you are as poor as a church-mouse yourself? I am sure there is nothing aristocratic about *me*. My nose is a saucy little turn-up thing, and my hair is almost red, and I always blush when I am looked at, and my name is Mary Elizabeth.

We have an oil-painting at our house of my great-grandmother when she was young. She has her dark-brown hair all done up in puffs, and looks very beautiful. *Her* name was Mary Elizabeth, too. But she must have been wonderfully pretty when she was fourteen, so she couldn't have minded much what her name was.

We live in an old house, a story and a half high. Why couldn't the man who built it have made it two stories high, I wonder? It would not have cost so very much more, and then I wouldn't have to stoop when I fix up my room, and the pictures on the walls might hang a trifle further from the floor.

There is an ugly, rusty knocker on the front door. It always *will* get rusty, no matter how hard you try to polish it, and I feel so ashamed when people take their hands off that knocker and find them all covered with rust. I wish we could afford to get a new bell.

Mother says I mustn't let myself get into the habit of wishing I had things, because it will make me dissatisfied with the blessings I enjoy. But how can I help it?

Kitty Jones says our house looks very old-fashioned and picturesque. I wish it didn't. I don't like to live in picturesque houses.

When Kitty calls on me, she always goes straight for that knocker, and when I tell her to come around next time, instead of going to the front door and getting her hands all rusty, she just laughs.

Kitty Jones is my chum, and just the prettiest girl you ever saw. Her father's very rich, and they live in a house about twenty times as big as ours. I don't know why Kitty likes me; but I know why I like her. She's so sweet and good that I can't help it.

Kitty always calls me Maylie—from Mary and Elizabeth, you know. I think Kitty Jones is such a pretty name. Kitty doesn't. She says it is too common.

Everybody likes Kitty; and, no wonder! She always tries to make friends of everybody.

She isn't smart though—not one bit. She hates rhetoric, and her compositions are poor little things, only a page long, about 'Spring,' or something like that. But I don't think Kitty'd be half as nice if she was any different.

I'm intellectual. The Richmonds always were intellectual, mother says. My father writes articles for the magazines sometimes. Not often; because it doesn't pay, you know.

Miss Phillips took one of my essays home to mother once, and showed it to her, and told her I was 'the most original girl she had ever seen.' So I suppose I am intellectual.

One day in the vacation, Kitty's little brother Emery came to our house with a note from Kitty for me. Such a pretty little note, on gilt-edged paper, with a faint smell of violets about it!

Her two Boston cousins, Lily and Millie Jones, were visiting her, and she wanted me to come to her house the next afternoon to play croquet and take tea with them. So I got half a sheet of commmercial note from father's desk, and wrote Kitty I'd come.

How I wished I had a silk dress or something elegant to put on for the occasion! The only dress I could wear was a calico one Kitty had given me on my last birthday out of her own pocket money. It was very pretty—little sprays of forget-me-nots on a white ground. But if it had only been lawn or tulle!

I burned my hand, ironing it, and when I ran to put cold water on it, to stop the pain, that horrid flat-iron burned the dress, too. There was a big brown spot on it, as if it had been hanging on the front-door knocker.

I oughtn't to have gone to Kitty's, with my hand paining me as much as it did. Mother wanted to put sweet-oil and a linen bandage on it, but I wouldn't let her. I didn't want to look more like a fright than I did before, I said. Oh, how horrrid I acted that afternoon! So I drew my glove on right over the burn. I had hidden the spot on the dress by pinning the sash-end over it.

Kitty's cousins had lovely white lawns on, and so did Kitty. My calico looked so shabby, compared with theirs, I thought.

When Kitty introduced me, she called me Maylie Richmond, and it really did sound kind of aristocratic and nice. I hoped they wouldn't find out my name was Mary Elizabeth.

Kitty had always treated me as if she liked me very much, but to-day she was always speaking to her cousins, asking their opinion about everything, and almost neglecting me.

'It is because they are so much richer and better dressed and prettier than I am.' I thought. And, oh, how miserable I felt! My hand was paining me very much, too.

When we played croquet, Kitty took sides with Millie, against Lily and me. That made me feel more angry and miserable than before. Besides, I didnt like Lily. She was so haughty and elegant.

Kitty had never played against me before, and now she 'croquetted' me whenever she could.

My eyes became blinded with tears, partly because I felt so badly, and partly because the pain in my hand was so great. I gave my ball a knock, and sent it in the very opposite direction from the one I intended to send it.

Lily laughed, and I thought it was because she saw the brown spot on my dress. I wonder I could have thought such a thing of a girl brought up among the best people of Boston. But I was mad with anger and pain and jealousy.

Throwing down my mallet, I started for the gate, and never stopped till I sank down, breathless and miserable, in my own room up stairs. My hand was sore and inflamed for many weeks, all on account of my mean, envious pride.

When Kitty came the next day, I sobbed out the whole miserable affair. I didn't deserve her forgiveness, but it was given me, just the same.

'You poor thing!' said Kitty, when she had kissed me and hugged me, and forgiven me to my heart's content. 'If you'd only told us your hand was burned, we wouldn't have played against you because Lily can't play well, and I know you can. I didn't think you'd mind. Mamma says I did wrong to give more of my attention to my other guests than to you; but I thought you were too sure of my friendship to get offended. Won't you forgive me, Maylie, dear?'

There were tears in Kitty's eyes when she said that.

Oh, how mean and small I felt, to cherish unkindly feelings against a girl like Kitty Jones! It all came from my being envious, and *wishing to have things*, you see. I have taken mother's advice, and have tried to get rid of the sinful habit; but it is so hard to help thinking how nice a two-story house with a door-bell would look, if it was yours.

One day last month, a naturalist, who lives at Northampton, Mass., was walking along a sandy bit of ground near a river when up from his very feet sprang a sandpiper. The bird seemed to be so badly crippled that it could scarcely flutter out of the way. One wing hung down as if broken, one leg appeared to be shattered, and the poor creature's feathers stood out every way. It squeaked wildly as it hobbled on ahead, and now and then it would roll and tumble about in the sand as if dreadfully afraid of being caught. The naturalist dropped his cap and started in pursuit. When he would move fast the sandpiper would manage to keep out of his way; whenever he would lessen his speed the bird would slacken its gait also, but would flutter all the more. Sometimes it would lie as if utterly exhausted, but as soon as its pursuer would put out his hand off it would go. This was repeated some half dozen times, the sandpiper always evading the man's grasp.—When the chase had passed over about a dozen rods, the bird pulled itself together, smoothed its feathers, recovered the use of its wing, drew up its leg and, with a saucy "peek-week," repeated several times, flew away, as sound and strong a bird as ever was known. The sandpiper had been playing—but there was purpose in the play. The naturalist went back to the spot where he had dropped his cap, and, looking carefully over the ground, found a nest scooped out in the sand. In the nest were five olive-colored, mottled eggs, and it was to protect these that the sandpiper had cut such capers.



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ME FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

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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.

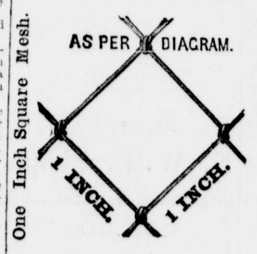
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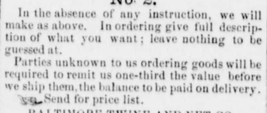
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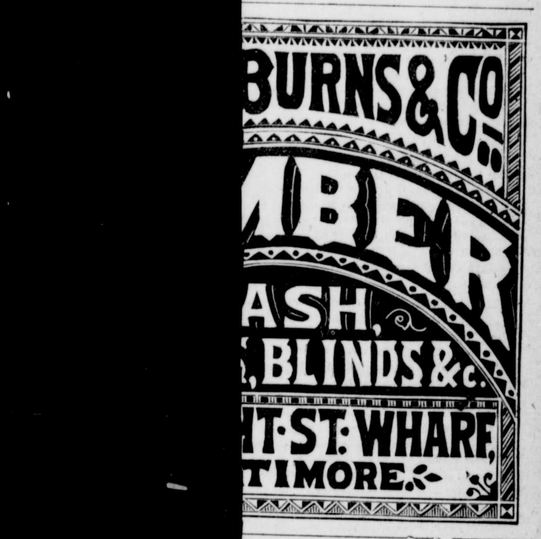
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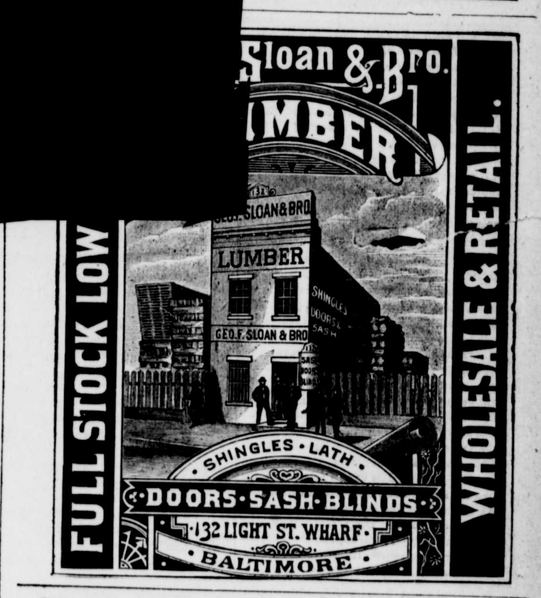
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Seventy-five head of Jersey Heifers in calf, for Sale Cheap.

To make room for new importations we will sell sevensy-five head of pure blood Jersey Heifers in calf, at $85 to $125 each, as to age, style and eariness in calving. They are all very large and handsome, good colors and finely developed in all points that go to make up a first-class dairy cow, for butter or milk. Are all from first-class thoroughbred Jersey cows, making 14 to 17½ pounds of butter per week, and are served by solid colored Herd Registered Jersey bulls. Due to calve in March, April, May and June.

These heifers are all sired by the celebrated Herd Registered Jersey Bulls, Lord Darnley No. 3730 Lowrie No. 2484, and Earl of Willow Glen No. 2843; all solid color, full black points. They have been served by Imported Devon bull No. 7910 (of the celebrated Cocmassie strain), one of the best young Jersey Bulls that ever left the Island. Rapier No. 3743, Winsome Boy No. 5496, Maurus No. 4639, and Hercy Douglas No. 3769. These bulls are all from the very deepest milking strains, and from the very best butter families. Solid colors, full black points. They cannot fail to produce very fine calves.

Carefully boxed, delivered on board the cars, free, with feed, &c., for their trip, warranted to reach purchasers safe. Also, for sale, thoroughbred and imported sheep; thoroughbred and imported hogs; improved breeds of poultry. Full information as to prices may be had upon inquiry of

E. J. PLUMMER,
Worton, Md.

The following certificate is held:

COATSVILLE, PA., Dec, 12, 1883.

This is to certify that E. J. Plummer is our duly authorized agent in Kent county, Maryland, for the sale of blooded stock, seeds, &c.

N. P. BOYER & CO.

Dec. 20, 1883—y.

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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Bleached and unbleached Canton Flannels from 6¼ cts. to 16 cts. per yard. Calico, Tickings, Cottonade Kerseys, red and white all-wool Flannels, and a general line of

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☞ Branch Store corner High and Mill Streets.
Chestertown, Md., Sept. 13, 1883.

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