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.

'Why is this butter like Sampson?' asked the spruce young man who tends the ribbon counter, but the landlady looked sternly at him, remarking:

'You'd better settle last week's bill,' and the cream of the joke was lost.—*Pittsburgh Journal.*

The Arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing and do not care for ice-cream. Hot drinks and walrus blubber are their peculiar vanities, and sealskin sacques are sold at two iron hoops and a ten-penny nail.—*Boston Transcript.*

He was saying to a friend:

'I hadn't seen her in a week until yesterday. Well, sir, it would have done your heart good to have seen us. I threw my arms around her neck and she kissed me, just as she used to in the old times.'

His wife, who had accidentally overheard his talk, snapped out:

'I suppose you'll try to make me believe 'she' was your old horse, but you can't do it.'—*Rochester Post.*

'Are you hurt?' shouted a dozen picknicking females as a young man was tossed over a neighboring fence by an angry bull, and landed on his head in the middle of the road.

'Hurt?' he answered. 'Why, of course not; I am used to coming down that way.'

'Used to it?' exclaimed the fair chorus. 'Why how can that be?'

'I own a bicycle,' was the reassuring reply. —*Philadelphia Call.*

They were reading the old farmer's will and his nephew, the principal inheritor, was paying the closest attention to its provisions. Presently the notary came to the clause, 'I bequeath to the servant that shall close my eyes 100 francs.'

'Hi! Hello, there!' says the heir, 'just read that again, will you?'

The notary complies.

'That's a hundred francs saved, anyhow,' says the heir; 'uncle only had one eye! Got the faithful domestic that time, didn't I?'—*Anon.*

The literalness of children has to plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, six years old, who noticed, one winter morning, after sunrise, the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother, with:

'Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on our Father who art in heaven!'

'Why, Tom, what do you mean?' said the mother, in a rebuking tone, greatly shocked.

'He forgot to pull his moon in,' cried Tom his voice quaking with glee.—*Christian Observer.*

'Please, sir,' said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, 'number 40 says there ain't no towel in his room.'

'Tell him to use one of the window curtains.'

'He says, too, there ain't no pillars.'

'Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head.'

'And he wants a pitcher of water.'

'Suffering Cyrus! But he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life. Carry him up the horse pail.

'He wants to know if he can have a light.'

'Here, blame him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'll have it fried only on one side, or turned over?' —*Siftings.*

'Squire Patterson, wearing an air of deep concern, approached his friend, Farmer Glover, and, without speaking, leaned on the fence and sighed.

'What's the matter, 'Squire?'

I don't know what this country's comin' to. What would you think if your daughter should run away and marry an ignorant hired man?'

'Oh, I don't know, 'Squire, but I would not take it to heart if I were you. I would try to think that it happened for the best.'

'Would you forgive the girl?' asked the 'Squire.

'Yes, I believe I would. There's no use in holding out, you know.' When did it happen?'

'Just awhile ago.'

'Who performed the ceremony?'

'I did.'

'What! Then you could not have been opposed to the marriage.'

'Oh, it makes no difference to me,' replied the 'Squire, 'for, you see, it's your daughter, instead of mine.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Meissonier tried to hoax his gardner the other day. 'Do you know these seeds?' asked the painter, showing the man a packet of dried herring roe.

'Yes,' was the reply, they are those of *Polypus flunimus*, a very rare tropical plant.'

Meissonier smiled sweetly, and asked the gardner how long they would take to grow, and he said promptly 'fifteen days,'' Then plant them,' said the painter. He told the story to a number of friends and invited them to dinner to see the denouement on the fifteenth day. As they were sitting at their wine the gardner sent a message to the effect that Meissonier's plants had that morning sprouted, 'Oh,' said the pain'ter,' this is too impudent, but let us go and see what the fellow means.' They went, but the laugh was against Meissonier when his gardner led them to a little bed screened from the sun, and, lifting a glass bell, showed four rows of red herrings sticking in the ground.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Man never attains his ideal. He comes nearest it the day he leaves school; all that year he hovers around it in a pleasant proximity. Sometimes I think he quite attains it on commencement day. But a year away from school, he and his ideal part company. He sees it drifting far away from his egar hands. I have, in my own brilliant and aggressive career, pursued several fleeting and more or less perfect ideals. From where I now stand, at the distant pole, I can see the majority of them scooting under the wire, and I feel that I am shut out. One, I can see, is yet in nearer sight, and I am very loth to see it get entirely away from me.

I have my ideal of physical perfection in the aged. This is the manner of old man I want to be. I am not a tall man now. I do not really have to stand up to look over the back of a car seat. I stand up merely because I can see farther. But as I grow old I want to fat up. I want to develope a capacious bay window, so that when my summer vest is hanging on the line it will look like a schooner coming down "wing and wing." Then I can wear my watch in my fob, with a great big seal dangling from it like a bell clapper. I want to be short in the breath and wheeze when I climb up stairs, and puff and pant when I walk down hill, and have to take two steps to cross the gutter. And I would wear a clawhammer coat, with wide lapels, all the time, and carry my handkerchief in my hat. I would like my hair to turn snow white or else fall off, I am not very particular which. I would like my mustache to bleach out until it looked like a streak of flour across my lip. I believe this is all. I think that a photograph of the kind of an old man I would like to be. This is my ideal old man. Cane and wheezy laugh, of course.

And I am just as confident as I am I will die rich that, as I grow old, I will shrivel up and dry out until I look like a shoestring with clothes on.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the lives and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induce liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

LOST IN A HAY-MOW.

BY WILLIS D. ALLEN, IN GOLDEN DAYS.

There were seven of us, just out of school, and ready for anything in the shape of fun. It had been a clear race from the school house—we never could go anywhere without a run or a leap-frog, or something of the sort—and now we were all lying on the grass in the shade of an apple tree, laughing, panting and eating apples. The ground was covered with small, juicy fruit, mellow on the upper side, and hard underneath. They were pretty sour, but we didn't care.

It was only half-past four, and we had two good hours before supper time all to ourselves. So we lay there filling our pockets with apples after we had eaten enough, and I began to propose plans.

'Let's go down to the mill and see 'em saw logs.'

'Too far.'

'Well, who says 'I spy,' then?'

This suggestion was well received, and I, who had made it, proceeded to count off, one dropping away every time until the last, who happened to be Bob himself, was 'It,' and was posted against the tree with his eyes covered.

'Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty—I'm coming when I get to three hundred!' he shouted, as we scattered in all directions.

At first I made for a low wall near the house, and had hardly time to gain it when Bob gave a flourish, and with a loud Three hundred—coming!' started for his prey.

Peeping through a crivice in the wall, and finding he was coming in my direction, I hurriedly glanced about for a new hiding place.

At that moment a red squirrel bounded lightly along the top of the stones, and disappeared in a crivice between two boards of the barn.

Instantly I followed the hint. Creeping on my hands and knees, I soon reached the corner of the old gray building, and a moment later was in the centre of the mow, burrowing down out of sight, until I was pretty confident that it would take a smarter boy than Bob Andrews to find me that time.

It was remarkably comfortable in that mow. The hay was fresh on top, and although I had reached the under layer of last year's crop, I took care not to disturb it much, so that the dust did not trouble me. I could hear the shouts of the boys as they were discovered, one after the other, and the complaining tones of Bob, who, to my great satisfaction, was ransacking every nook and corner of the place except the right one.

A couple of swallows flew in and out over my head, twittering sottly. Perhaps they were returning for a last look at their old home, for it was September, and time they were away.

Whether it was the soft autumn air, or the distant, faint shouts of the boys, or the voice of the swallows, I never knew; but when I roused myself to climb down and have my laugh at the rest of the fellows, to my surprise I found it was quite dark. At the same time I began to experience a smothering sensation, and an almost unbearable heat.

I put up my hand. It instantly came in contact with hay so dry that it made me sneeze.

I tried to push it aside and to rise; but, to my dismay, found myself held down tightly by an immovable mass above, below, on all sides. I had at first supposed the hay had tumbled or been thrown down for fun upon me; but all in a flash, I realized the truth. I had fallen asleep, and while unconscious, had been covered by some of the farm-hands, who, I remembered had been directed that very morning to pitch the entire contents of another mow upon this, as the flooring of the first needed repairs.

I was sixteen, then, and pretty rugged for a boy of my years; but I confess I felt a lump in my throat and a faint, dizzy terror sweep over me from head to foot.

Buried alive in a hay-mow! For a few minutes I was quite frantic. I shrieked for help; I dug furiously with hands and kicked with feet, until my smarting eyes, nostrils and throat, half-choked with fine hay-dust, compelled me to desist.

Then I began to plan more deliberately. It was pitch-dark, remember, and so close that I could hardly breathe. The perspiration too, was streaming from every pore. If I had known my points of compass, I could have made a beeline for the nearest limit of the mow; but I had turned in sleeping, and struggled so violently afterward, that I was as completely lost as though I had been in the Maine wilderness.

There was no time to spare. My breath came in a quick, heavy panting. I felt my strength growing plainly less. At the same time, I began to be hungry and thirsty. How much time had elapsed since I had hidden away I could not tell. Perhaps it was supper-time.

What would I have given to have been sitting in the smooth-floored, old-fashioned kitchen, with my bowl of bread and milk before me, relating my strange adventure to the half-sympathizing, half-laughing faces around the table? I began slowly to loosen the hay on my right side, which I judged was toward the centre of the barn. If so, my course would bring me out through the side of the mow, only a few feet above the floor.

It was tedious work, for I dared not hurry lest I should be overcome with heat and the dust, which kept me coughing almost incessantly.

Handful after handful I pulled out and crowded behind me. Every muscle ached with the cramped position, and the air became more and more close. Still, I worked on steadily, desperately. How long it was I cannot tell—I never knew.

I was drawing away the tightly-packed masses of hay, a small bunch at a time, when the air suddenly became perceptibly cooler and sweeter. I dug at the cruel hay wall more furiously. Somewhere beneath me I heard a slight scrambling and rustling, which soon ceased,

A moment later, my finger-ends struck the rough surface of boards, and, as they did so, a cold, delicious draught of air, like spring-water in a desert, blew upon my hot cheek.

I felt about eagerly, still seeing nothing, and soon came upon a small hole or interstice, with roughened sides, as if gnawed by some animal, between the edges of two of the boards which formed the partition I had met. It did not take me long, country boy as I was, to reason out the nature of that opening. It was a squirrel's hole, without doubt the very spot where my bushy-tailed guide had disappeared, as I watched him from behind the stone wall.

I put my eye to the opening, and looked out. To my astonishment, the stars were shining brightly. Yes, and the moon! By its position in the eastern sky—for it was past the full—I knew at last how long I had been in that haymow. It was between twelve and one o'clock, and for eight hours I had been buried, lost, in the hay.

I say had been, for now I felt quite at ease. No more exploring for me that night! When morning came I could easily call through my squirrel's front-door, and the men who came out early to milk would pitch off the hay, and release me.

The only trouble was hunger and thirst, which now that I had time to think of them, oppressed me more than ever. Then I remembered those apples. I suppose nothing will ever taste so good as that sour, hard apple did that night. After I had made a bountiful lunch, I enlarged my quarters a little, settled back comfortably, and waited for milking time.

That's all there really is to tell. In due time the stars faded, one by one; the sky flushed all sorts of lovely roses and pinks; the cattle began to stir about uneasily underneath; a distant door creaked, and heavy boots slowly approached.

I placed my lips to the crack, and called in a low tone. You see, I didn't want to rouse all the folks. I knew they wouldn't be worried, because I had planned to go over to Fred Merritt's and stop with him that very night.

Well ten minutes later I stood on the barn-floor, brushing the hay-seed from my hair and clothes, and stretching my aching limbs. I found the witch-grass had cut my fingers a little, and that was about all the harm that came of it.

I expected them all to laugh at the breakfast table, and told my story rather sheepishly; but when I got through, and looked round, the folks had anything but smiling faces, and two of them passed me the doughnuts, both at once. Mother cried outright.

'If he hadn't taken the right direction,' she said, 'or had kept going in a circle—'

Then she stopped; and so will I.

St. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT
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FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
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Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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Cure Headache, Constipation, Chills and Fever, and all Bilious Complaints.

ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.
E. FERRETT, AGENT.
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Peery's DEAD SHOT Vermifuge,
A SURE CURE FOR
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AYER'S
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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
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The lightest running Shuttle Sewing Machine ever produced, combining greatest simplicity, durability and speed. It is adapted to a greater variety of practical and fancy work than any other. No basting ever required. For particulars as to prices, &c., and for any desired information, address

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COLLARS, Bridles, Back Bands, Traces and Plow Lines at lowest prices.
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TO arrive—A Large Lot of Fruit Jars and Jelly Glasses. Prices as low as the lowest.
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GRASS Scythes and Grass Snaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Snaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones, for sale by
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LIBRARY LAMPS!

which I sold so many of during Christmas days.

I buy these goods direct from factory, and

SELL THEM VERY LOW

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HANDSOME LINE
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LATEST PATTERNS OF WALL
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For sale by E. J. Plummer, Worton Md., as agent for the well-known importers and breeders, N. P. Boyer & Co., of Chester county Penn

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 earliness 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,
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COATSVILLE, PA., Dec, 12, 1883.
This is to certify that E. J. Plummer is our duly authorized agent in Kent county, Maryand, for the sale of blooded stock, seeds, &c.
N. P. BOYER & CO.
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GardenSeed
Fresh and Reliable.
Large Variety

Gardeners will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

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March 27. Druggist.

FOR SALE.
Post! Post! Post!

SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar White Oak and other kinds of POSTS of different sizes and lengths. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak piling and railroad ties.

Charles W. jones, living near Mr. P. A. M. Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales Must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of the said woods unless by my or Charles W. Jones' permission.
WILLIAM PERKINS.
March 8, 1883.

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Orders left at the store of Wickes & Brother will receive prompt attention.

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[redacted]

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Are you failing, try WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER, a pure, clean, wholesome
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For Brain, Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs. An Unequaled Invigorant. Cures
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Nice to take, true merit, unequaled for TORPID LIVER, and Night Sweats, Nervous Weakness, Malaria, Leanness, Sexual Decline. $1.00 per bot., 6 for $5.00, at Druggists. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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Remarkable Cures of Catarrh of the Bladder, Inflammation, Irritation of Kidneys and Bladder, Stone or Gravel Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Dropsical Swellings, Female Diseases, Incontinence of Urine, all Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs in either sex. For Unhealthy or Unnatural Discharges use also "Chapin's Injection Fleur," each $1. For SPHILIS, either contracted or hereditary taint, use Chapin's Constitution Bitter Syrup, $1.00 per bottle, and Chapin's Syphilitic Pills, $1.00; and Chapin's Syphilitic Salve, $1.00. 6 bottles Syrup, 2 of Pills, 1 Salve, by Express on receipt of $10.00, or at Druggists.
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ALABASTINE
A Superior Substitute for Kalsomine, etc.

Alabastine is the *first* and *only* preparation made from calcined gypsum rock, for application to walls with a brush, and is fully covered by patents and perfected by many years of experiments. It is the only permanent wall finish, and admits of applying as many coats as desired, one over another, to any hard surface, without danger of scaling, or noticeably adding to the thickness of the wall, which is strengthened and improved by each additional coat, from time to time. It is the only material for the purpose not dependent upon glue for its adhesiveness. Alabastine is hardened on the wall by age, moisture, etc., while all kalsomines or whitening preparations have inert soft chalks and glue for their base, which are rendered soft or scaled in a very short time.

In addition to the above advantages, Alabastine is less expensive, as it requires but one-half the number of pounds to cover the same amount of surface with two coats, is ready for use by adding water, and easily applied by any one.

For sale by your Paint Dealer. Ask for Circular containing Samples of 12 tints, manufactured only by the ALABASTINE Co., M. B. CHURCH, Manager, Grand Rapids, Mich. May 22. 1884.

LUCCA CREAM SALAD OIL—the purest and finest Oil in the market. This article dossesses all the fine flavor of the Olive.
COLIN F. STAM,
Druggist

BRING US
YOUR TRADE.

Such as Prime Print Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Lard, Bacon and

COUNTRY PRODUCE

in general, and we will pay you the *FULL MARKET VALUE* for it, and sell you GOODS AS LOW if not CHEAPER than any "other man."

We have a

FULL LINE OF MUSLINS,

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

Domestic Dry Goods.

Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's HOISERY at Prices and Quality to please you.

OUR STOCK OF GROCERIES

cannot be surpassed for quality and Low Prices.

WE ARE HEAD-QUARTERS FOR FLOU

dealing direct with the manufacturers, can guarantee quality and price at all times. Call and see us, and you will be convinced that our prices are the lowest.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
opp. Hudgin's Bakery.
Branch Store corner High nd Mill Streets.
Chestertown, Md., Sept. 13, 1883.

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

onnecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayon

On and after Monday, August 18th, 1884, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Pa se'r & freight no.1 daily exc,pt We'n'days.	Passe'r & freight No. 3, Daily.	no.5, Pas. Cape May excursion, We'n'days only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.	A. M.
Chestertown	6 30	1 25	6 00
Worton	6 48	1 45	6 20
Lynch's	6 55	1 55	6 30
Still Pond	7 03	2 05	6 35
Kennedyville	7 15	2 25	6 45
Blacks	7 30	2 45	6 55
Lambson	7 45	3 05	7 05
Masseys	7 58	3 17	7 20
Delanys	8 12	3 30	7 35
*Bingham	8 27	3 40	7 45
arr Clayton	8 40	4 00	8 00
leave "	8 52	5 27	8 52
" Middletown	9 12	5 56	9 12
" Wilmington	9 51	6 50	9 51
arr Philadelphia	10 40	7 49	10 40
Baltimore	12 35	8 55	12 35
New York	.....	10 20	.....

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger & Freight No. 2 daily	Passenger No.4 Thursdays and Saturdays only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
New York	.....	.....
Baltimore	6 35	12 10
Philadelphia	7 31	3 00
Wilmington	8 35	3 50
Middletown	9 34	4 28
arr Clayton	10 02	4 47
leave "	10 30	4 55
" Binghams*	10 45	5 05
Delanys	10 55	5 10
Masseys	11 10	5 25
Lambson	11 25	5 35
Blacks	11 42	5 45
Kennedyville	12 00	5 55
Still Pond	12 10	6 02
Lynchs	12 20	6 07
Worton	12 30	6 12
arr Chestertown	12 50	6 30
	p. m.	p. m.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.
The morning trains make connection at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.
Passengers on morning train for Baltimore change at Wilmington.
Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates
FRED. GERKER,
July 3, 1884 Lessee.

CHESTERTOWN, June 17, 1884.

¾ CLEAR WEST VIRGINIA
Yellow Poplar Perfectly Seasoned
AND WIDE,
which I am selling at less than city prices.

Joseph Turner
SCOTT'S POINT.

All kinds inch Seasoned Hard Wood Boards for Inside Finishing or Cabinet Work. Selected and seasoned.

1 Inch Walnut.
1 Inch Cherry,
1 Inch Ash.
1 Inch Maple.
1 Inch Chestnut.
1 Inch Cypress.
1 Inch Virginia Yellow Pine.
1 Inch White Pine.

Selling in the rough or moulded to order
JOSEPH TURNER.
June 19, 1884.

EXTENSION TABLES—new lot just received, very low
Feb. 14. LOUIS K. STAM.

FENCE WIRE at the Lowest Prices at
March 27. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

MATTING, MATTING.—Fancy, Check & White Matting to arrive. Carpets and Oil Cloth at lowers prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

OUR line of TOBACCO 25 cts. to $1.00 a pound. Our 2 for 5 cts. Cigars the best in town, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

OUR BLANKETS at $1.00 a pair; Our Blankets at 85 cts. a pair; Our Bed Comforts, large and heavy at 50 cts. at
J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

Elliott & Gemmill's
Farmers' Agency

Will furnish at short notice and Bottom Prices, any Implement manufactured in the United States.

We make a specialty of the Iron Turbine Wind Mill, manufactured by Mast, Foos & Co.; also, the Buckeye Force Pump, especially adapted to deep wells and forcing water.

Any one needing a wind Mill we say try a Turbine. They are strength and durability itself. We control this Mill for the county, and have no sub-agents. Will make prompt estimates for any one desiring a Mill.

We would also call the attention of Farmers to our

NEW BUCKEYE GLASS FEED FERTILIZER DRILL,

which we pronounce, after thorough testing it last season, to be the best combined Grain and Fertilizer Drill ever offered to the trade. Our reasons are—

First, It is a perfect Wheat Seeder
Second, You have no cog wheels to take off or put on to chance quantities.
Third, With the Glass Feed for Phosphate you can sow any quantity of Fertilizer without clogging, gumming or pasting, from 100 to 500 lbs., and can make the changes while walking along.
Fourth, Both wheat and phosphate are distributed within plain view of the operator.
Fifth, It has double force feed for wheat, which makes it sow regular in whatever position it may be placed, especially when seeding side hills. All other drills will seed more or less according to position.

Call and examine it before buying, it will pay you.

Farmers clubbing together can make it pay.

Remember we have no sub-agents Save money by giving us your orders direct.

We have in use in Queen Anne's county eighty-three of the Buckeye Drills. In 1882 we sold there 28; in 1883 we sold 55.

WM. A. ELLIOTT,
Chestertown, Md., Agent for Kent county.
July 17.

Machine Oil!
All Kinds!

LARGEST STOCK IN TOWN!

Lowest Prices
AT
LOUIS K. STAM'S

Cummings' Bakery
—AND—
CONFECTIONERY.

Bread and Pies fresh every day; Pound Cake, Jelly Cake, Sponge Cake, Spanish Buns, Cinnamon Buns, Rusks, Doughnuts and Saratoga Rolls. Full line of Fresh Confectionery always on hand. Orders for cakes for wedding parties or Festivals will receive careful and prompt attention.

Steam Ice-Cream Manufactory.

Ice-Cream at wholesale and retail. Cool and pleasant Ice-cream Parlors for ladies and gentlemen. Cream put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 quart boxes for families. All kinds of Frut in season.
CUMMINGS' ICE-CREAM PARLORS,
May 29—tf. Next door to N.G. Westcott.

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST,
PREPARES MEDICINES
from only the
Purest and Most Reliable Drugs
in the market.
SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN
—TO—
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.
Drug Store on corner—sign—Illuminated Mortar.
March 1, 1883.

LOT OF BRACKETS,
WALL POCKETS, &c.,
Will be closed out about cost.
Jan. 24. LOUIS K. STAM.

PLOW CASTINGS! PLOW CASTINGS!
For the Roland Chilled Plows, Concave, Wiley and Minor and Horton Plows—at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S,

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