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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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-woo Flannels, and a general line of

Domestic Drv 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.

espectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON.

'opp. Hudgin's Bakery.

☞ Branch Store corner High and Mill Streets.

Chtewn, Md., Sept. 13, 1883.

ALL PERSONS

Irrespective of age, color or sex, whether interested or not in the present nomination or Administration,

ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

W. H. Lambert's

where they can find a Fresh Stock of Goods, such as are kept in a first-class

GROCERY, PROVISION AND CONFECTIONERY STORE,

viz.: Flour, Meal, Oat Meal, Buckwheat Meal, Dried Beef (chipped to order), Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Canned Goods of all kinds, Pickles of Superior quality, Catsup, Chow-Chow, Jellies, Cakes, Crackers, Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currents, &c.

Excellent Seed Potatoes,

JUST ARRIVED, BOTH IRISH & SWEET. Call and inspect.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO A SPECIALTY.

Being very thankful for past favors we hope a continuance of the same.

Respt.,

W. H. LAMBERT.

Apr. 9. opp. *Kent News* office.

At Sparks',

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

POSITIVELY AT COST!

GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING-GLASSES & PLATED-WARE.

Contemplating a change in our business we will sell all of the above named goods

At Cost!

A $12.00 China Tea Set we will sell at $9.50; a $10.00 China Tea Set at $7.50; a $13.00 Lamp at $10.00; a $7.50 Lamp at $5.50.—These are really bargains. Come and see.

OUR CONTECTIONERY, CIGAR & TOBACCO

department we keep well supplied with the best goods at fair prices. We offer no baits, but give full value every time. Come and give us a trial.

H. A. SPARKS,

April 16, 1885. opp. Court House.

Drugs!

OUR STOCK IS LARGE AND FRESH!

We carry an assortment of the finest Drugs in the market.

Our Prescription Department is first-class in every respect and under our own personal care.

C. F. STAM,

Feb. 12. Druggist

LIME! LIME!

No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,

—FOR—

BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING

LOWEST PRICES

by J. B. SAPPINGTON

May 22, 1884.

BOOKS!

We propose carrying through the year a

Large Assortment of Books.

Quite a stock on hand now. Some in sets, as—

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS,
Rawlinson's Seven Great Mon archies,
Chambers' English Literature,
Symond's Renaissance in Italy.

Some singly—

Gilt edge Poets, E. P. Roe's Works
Cooper, George Eliot and others, which will pay you to look over.

Our Stock of SEASIDE and LOVELL'S LIBRARIES IS VERY LARGE.

Colin F. Stam,

Feb. 12, 1885. DRUGGIST

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton

On and after Monday, March 30th, 1885, until further notice trains (Sundays excepted) will run as follows:

GOING NORTH	Pa se'r & freight no. 1 daily	Passe'r & freigt No. 3 Thursdays
LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.
Chestertown	6 30	1 45
Worton	6 47	2 05
Lynch's	6 53	2 15
Still Pond	7 00	2 25
Kennedyville	7 12	2 40
Blacks	7 27	2 55
Lambson	7 41	3 10
Masseys	7 53	3 22
Delanys	8 06	3 35
*Bingham	8 12	3 45
arr Clayton	8 30	4 00
leave "	8 43	4 24
" Middletown	9 04	4 50
" Wilmington	9'42	5 50
arr Philadelphia	10 40	6 50
Baltimore	12 35	8 25

GOING SOUTH.	Passenger & Freight No. 2 daily	Passenger No. Thursdays.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.m
New York		
Baltimore	6 35	12 10
Philadelphia	7 32	3 01
Wilmington	8 35	3 50
Middletown	9 36	4 31
arr Clayton	10 03	4 53
leave "	11 17	4 57
" Binghams*	11 30	5 07
Delanys	11 40	5 12
Masseys	11 55	5 27
Lambson	12 10	5 37
Blacks	12 25	5 47
Kennedyville	12 40	5 57
Still Pond	12 50	6 04
Lynchs	12 55	6 09
Worton	1 05	6 14
arr Chestertown	1 20	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 rate

FRED. GERKER, Lessee

April 2, 1885.

New Year 1885

DON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE

E. W. F. Simpers

A fresh stock of

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CITRON, SPICES, PLUM PUDDING, CANNED GOODS ALL KINDS,

LAMPS & LAMP GOODS.

GLASSWARE, FULL VARIETY

A nice assortment of

PLAIN & FANCY CROCKERY, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Also, we have a full stock of

Domestic Dry Goods and Notions.

All of these goods will be sold at low prices.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

Dec. 18, 1884. Chestertown, Md

Chestertown Plumbing House!

CLEMENTS & YORK.

WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS AND PUMPS.

WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to water, gas and steam; also, a full line of steam valves, faucets, stop and waste valves, and a full line of brass work and fittings for plumbing work. Pipe of all sizes, both plain and galvanized. Bath-tubs, kitchen sinks, hydrants, street sprinklers and water closets, terra-cotta pipe, bends and benches of all descriptions.

Work done by Practical Mechanics. Repairing promptly attended to.

SANITARY PLUMBING, DRAINAGE & VENTILATION A SPECIALTY,

Estimates Made Free of Charge. Office—under *Kent News* office. Jan. 29.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridle Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

THE CONTENTED HEN.

Once upon a time an old red hen
Went strutting around with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks.
"'Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess as you can see,
Of chickens four and ducklings six!"

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck!
"'Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
"My babies now will stay ashore,
And consequently, cannot drown!"

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore—
But lo! her babies were ducklings ten,
Instead of chicklings as before!
"'Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood;
"A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good!"

But oh, alas, how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again
The eggs eventuated bad,
And childless was the old red hen!
Yet patiently she bore her woe
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: "'Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women, too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen
With feathers of vermilion hue;
She ne'er presumed to take offense
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented—that was all!

Off on a Tour.

"Hi! hi!" yelled a boy in an alley off Clifford street, Detroit, yesterday.

A second boy, who stood on the crosswalk, meandered down and asked what was wanted.

"Put your eye to this knot-hole and tell me what you see."

"Nuthin' but a man sittin' out in the back yard."

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Course I do."

"Didn't you see in the papers three or four days ago that this feller got married? Name's John Blank."

"Oh, yes."

"And it said the happy couple had started on a bridal tour to Omaha."

"Yes."

"Just went as far as Chicago, and headed back fur home. Got here in the night and walked up to the house to escape observation. That happy couple has got to put in about ten days around here with the front door locked and the curtains down, and some morning you'll see a great stir and learn that they have just returned after an enjoyable trip. Say, Jim."

"Yes."

"Don't get married."

"Never!"

"If you ever do, don't try to Omaha the public."

'I won't."

"Cause truth is mighty and must prevail, and deception must sooner or later go to grass."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Western Volcano.

From the Virginia City Chronicle.

A volcano has broken forth in the mountains sixty miles southwest of Bishop Creek. A party of frightened sheep herders rode into Candelaria a few days ago covered with dust and ashes, and with numerous holes burnt in their clothing. They reported that on Saturday they were startled by an unusual rumbling noise and trembling of the ground. At first they mistook the noise and rumbling for thunder, but it was quickly followed by a tremendous explosion, and on looking up they were appalled at seeing a mountain not far away belching forth a column of flames and smoke several hundred feet in height. The air was soon filled with fiery cinders and hot ashes, which came down upon them in clouds. The affrightened men immediately drove their sheep to a place of safety, and rode to the nearest settlement with the startling news. Several exploring parties have gone to the scene of eruption. A bright pink glow noticed in the horizon at Virginia City for several nights is believed to have been caused by the eruption.

AN English lady, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says that the ladies of those towns in America which have been long settled, while far more acute and more highly educated than their English sisters, lack a certain indescribable charm which the best-bred English ladies have, and the writer believes that it would be a matter of incalculable benefit to the ladies of America if a few English ladies could be brought to sojourn among them long enough to allow the charm in question to be imparted. Of course this charm, not existing here, and being indescribable, can not be understood very well by the run of Americans. Perhaps it is a charm complementary to that other subtle charm of manner appertaining to the men of England, which has been somewhat successfully imitated here, and is pretty well known. It would be interesting to have a specimen of it over, and to try whether a Vassar girl could wear it becomingly or not.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LAWN tennis was being played on the Long Branch grounds of a wealthy family, and the game struck a spectator as being inordinately elaborate in its movements. Every pose and stir was laboriously careful in its grace, and at the same time there was a strange disregard of the real progress of the game. A glance at the adjacent veranda revealed an amateur photographer making a series of instantaneous views in which the players would be shown in a succession of attitudes. A hundred prepared plates were in the holders, ready to be exposed one after another, and the scheme contemplated the printing of copies from these numerous negatives so that every person portrayed could have a bound volume of the pictures.

A Stern Soldier.

Mrs. Hendricks (calling on Mrs. Col. Towser)—I noticed your husband at the head of his regiment in the parade yesterday, Mrs. Towser. What a stern and commanding presence he has.

Mrs. Towser—Very—(to the Colonel just entering the door)—Did you bring the meat for dinner, Towser?

Col. Towser—Ah—er. By Jove, my dear, I—er—

Mrs. Towser—You needn't 'Ah' and 'er' about it. You forgot that meat, and you can just tramp back and get it. (To Mrs. Hendricks)—Excuse me, Mrs. Hendricks, but you were saying—

What a Society Girl Says.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegra

The way her green dress fits is
The rain last night was
The music of the band is
No breakfast after 10 A.
The way Mr. Jones com
The was DeCoursey st
bank is
Just think of that-
carrying off 1,00
them. It is

Somebody w
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says that no
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poles really
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The President in the Adirondacks.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I think," said the Doctor, as he and the President emerged from the tent after luncheon, "that we can't do better than try the pools up the creek for pickerel. I saw a big fellow lurking under the shadow of the bank yesterday in one of them, and I'm confident we shall have sport. It's a good afternoon for fishing. What do you say to it, Mr. Cleveland?"

"I don't believe we can do better, Doc," was the reply; "I tramped a good deal this forenoon, anway, and I'd rather fish now than do anything else."

The two shouldered their poles and started off up the creek. Arriving at what seemed a likely spot for pickerel, the question of what bait was best came up, and the Doctor advocated live frogs. "I know you object to killing an old bullfrog," he explained, "because of your sentiments expressed yesterday, but the kind we shall use for bait will be the little brown hoppers. If there's anything a pickerel just delights in it's a small, fresh frog."

Two active little frogs were easily caught, the hooks were baited by passing the steel through the skin on the frogs' backs, leaving them alive and with power of movement, and then, seating themselves on the bank a few yards apart, the President and the Doctor began fishing. Little was said, and each, lighting a cigar, smoked away placidly awaiting a bite. It was not long before there was a rush in the water, a swirl, a struggle, and a little later the Doctor had landed a fine pickerel on the sward beside him. The President looked enviously at the dappled sides of the fish and watched his own line with increased interest, but it did not stir. Again and again was the Doctor successful, but his companion had no luck. The hours passed, but the President caught no fish. He became listless.

"I don't see how it is, Doc," said he finally, "that you catch so many fish, while I don't get even a nibble. I used to be a successful fisherman when I was a boy. Ah, those were good times!" and he sighed deeply. "Dinner always had a relish in those days, and there was enjoyment in everything. I can see it now—the hard, white road, winding between green fields, and the wooden bridge over the creek in the hollow. There were always fish in the deep water under the bridge and in the pools above and below it. We fished with pin hooks, we boys, and we brought out every fish with a yank, to prevent him falling off the hook, but we generally had good luck. I know I always brought home more chubs and shiners than they liked to cook. It was a triumphal march home with my catch, up the long clay road and into the front yard—why don't they have such front yards nowadays?" he soliloquized. "There is a fashion in country front yards, imported from New England, I think, but it has extended through New York and, I am told, through northern Ohio and Michigan. There was a plank or gravel walk from the gate up to the front door, and on either side of the walk were the flowers—not such flowers as are raised now, but old-fashioned flowers—there was a sort of recognized order for them. There were larkspurs and a bed of China asters, and then one of the old style of pinks, not dark or red but pink in color, as they should be to deserve the name, next to a great bunch of phlox, and then dahlias. Up against the house would be hollyhocks, and between them, at their feet, 'bouncing Bettys' and 'old hen and chickens.' Oh, I know those old-fashioned gardens! Why are no gardens kept so now? But"—and here he suddenly recollected himself and thought of his surroundings—"I haven't had a bite yet, and you've caught a lot more pickerel! I've got the same kind of frog on my hook that you have. Why don't they bite at him? By the way, there's a good frog for bait on that stump across the creek. See it, Doc?"

"That's so," said the Doctor, "I believe if you had that fellow on your hook the pickerel would bite."

"I'm going to try to get him," said the President, and he began to reel in his line preparatory to crossing the creek at a shallow place further up. The line became gradually taut, though the President did not at first notice it, his eyes being fastened on the frog, until that little animal began to scramble and cling to his perch for dear life, as if something were pulling at him. The President in astonishment stopped reeling, and by a coincidence the frog appeared at peace again. The President looked at his pole, then along his line, then at the Doctor, then back to the frog. A light dawned upon him. He uttered a single word:

"Jehosaphat!"

"What is it?" exclaimed the Doctor. "What's the matter?"

"Don't speak to me," yelled the President. "I'll be hanged if that isn't my frog on the stump! He's swum across and climbed the stump, hook and all, and here I've been sitting, waiting on him all the afternoon—waiting for pickerel to bite! Great Scott!"

The sympathizing Doctor crossed the creek and prepared to toss the frog and hook back into the water, but the President said he guessed he wouldn't fish any more that day. He would not allow the Doctor to treat the frog roughly in detaching it from the hook, and the little fellow was released with all care, and subsequently tossed into a puddle.

"I don't blame him much," said the President. "I ought to have attended to business. I've been day-dreaming."

Advice Right in Season.

No, John, never make love in a hammock. It is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—we mean the hammock.

We know a young man, John, a very young man, who once undertook to pop the question in a hammock. He had been in the habit of sitting in that hammock every evening with that same girl, and he finally mustered up courage to speak right out to her. It was a beautiful June evening, and the moon was just beginning to shed a silvery radiance and a soft, seductive, how-came-you-there influence over the scene. The young man had one arm around the young lady's waist, and he said to her:

"Jane, don't you think it would be very nice to have a strong arm around you always, as it were, to support you in times of adversity and embrace you in hours of prosperity, to guard you against sudden dangers, to keep you, while on the thorny path of life, from stumbling and falling"—

And then there was a snap like that of a firecracker, the hammock went down, and the young lady turned two back-somersaults in the air and landed on her nose, damaging that shapely organ so that she couldn't leave the house for two weeks afterward. And when she did, John, she never spoke to that young man again. And she never sat in a hammock again, but had her love-making attended to by a reliable young man who sat on a three-legged stool.

The

was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
n a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
ecame Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
ad Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Biffruff Clippings.

An ex-officer of the Senate was telling recently about the reason for Bayard's antipathy to Thurman. Mr. Bayard was fond of delivering long homilies in the Senate on points of parliamentary etiquette and deportment, and preaching on manners and methods of conduct and procedure. One day Senator Thurman, anxious about expediting business, got impatient at a particularly long lecture on deportment, and, as soon as he had an opportunity, arose and gave Mr. Bayard a severe dressing down in his peculiar incisive way that made him dreaded in debate. It was unexpected and Bayard was humiliated, and of course did not reply. As the Senators were filing out after adjournment Bayard stepped alongside of Thurman and said:

"Thurman, I am sorry you should attack me in the manner you did and say the things you said about my remarks."

"So am I, Tom," was the reply; "I am sorry I had to"—*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

CHEER UP! HELP IS AT HAND.

'I'm afraid I shall have to be taken to a hospital or to the poorhouse. I've been sick so long that my husband, good and patient as he is, can't stand the worry and expense much longer.' No you won't dear wife and mother. See what Parker's Tonic will do for you. Plenty of women as badly off as you are, have been rescued almost from the grave by it. It will build you up, curing all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is simple, pleasant and safe. s.3-4t.

Rev. John Riley Thompson, of New York, says: The crowning marvel of our modern civilization is the printing press. It is impossible to over-estimate its vast power. It propagates and diffuses information. It gives wings to knowledge, so that on a breath of morning it flies everywhere to bless and elevate. I stand in growing wonder in the presence of the printing press. It lays its hands upon the telegraph and speedily gathers news from all parts of the world, and acute editors and ubiquitous reporters and rapid compositors and flying steam presses commit to paper a faithful photograph of what is going on in the world. And yonder stands the iron horse, with breath of flame and ribs of steel, ready to go to remote portions of the country, dropping packages of the daily papers on the way. Yes, it is a mighty engine for good and a mighty engine, too, for evil.—Like all the blessings of this trial-life of ours, it is not an unmixed blessing.

A CURE OF PNEUMONIA.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected. s.3,2t.

John Adkinson wedded Lucy Abbott, in Ohio and went to war. Letters grew scarce, finally ceased altogether, and Lucy gave up John as dead. Then John Geven married her; they had three children, and Geven died. Mrs. Adkinson-Geven's next husband was John Collins, a bad one, and Mrs. Adkinson-Geven-Collins returned to her mother's home. Recently she received a letter from her first husband, now living out on the frontier, and for whom she has kept a reserve of affection. At the close of the war he heard that she was dead, and at once enlisted in the regular army, where he has remained. Hearing of her existence and vicissitudes, he wishes to reunite. She is willing. All the men she has married have been named John, and it is understood that she remarks that in the matrimonial game she has held three Jacks.

NOT A SINGLE GRAY HAIR.

'You may laugh and think me a vain thing,' writes Mrs. J. R. C., of San Francisco, to a friend in this city, 'but I have not a gray hair in my head, and yet (sad to say) I am fifty and a day. Recently my hair was not only quite gray but quite thin, too. Parker's Hair Balsam—made in New York, I think—did wonders for me. Try it if you have occasion. It really does what I say, and restores the color also.' Not a dye, not greasy, highly perfumed. Only reliable 50c, dressing. s.3-4t.

General Grant never swore and did not like coarse stories. It is related that on the General's staff in one of his campaigns was a rough-and-ready fighter, "full of strange oaths" and stranger vulgarities. One evening, in the presence of General Grant and several brother officers, he opened the conversation in some such way as this: "Well, boys, I've got a mighty good thing to tell you. It would hardly do to repeat, of course, in the presence of ladies."—"Well," Grant interrupted, in his firm but quiet way, "allow me to suggest, then, that it might be advisable to omit it in the presence of gentlemen."

G. W. Hawse, Buress Run, W. Va., says in the year 1883 he used 300 lbs. of compost, made with Powell's Prepared Chemicals, per acre with wheat on very poor land and harvested 16 bushels of wheat per acre weighing 62 lbs. to the bushel, and had as good stand of grass as he ever saw. He says he now gets as good results from Powell's Prepared Chemicals as his neighbors get from fertilizer costing $34 per ton. Powell's Prepared Chemicals cost $6 per bbl., a sufficient quantity to make one-half ton complete fertilizer. Address Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

San Francisco continues one of the healthiest cities in the world, with an annual death rate of 19.58 per thousand, which is lower than the death rate in thirteen foreign cities and eleven American cities selected for comparison—that is to say, of foreign cities, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Stockholm, Buenos Ayres, Dublin, Belfast, Berlin, Munich and Hamburg; and of American cities, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Savannah and Richmond.

Victims of alcohol who have discovered your terrible mistake, you have only to let rum and tobacco alone and resort promptly to the famous Temperance Restorative, Vinegar Bitters, in order to be cured, not only of your original ailments, but of those which the *poison* you have been taking has caused. It will soon put you on your feet again.

Leading citizen of Pistolburg, Arizona—"So you intend to start a paper here, do you?" Young Editor—"Such is my intention, sir." "Can you make it go?" "Certainly, sir. I shall make it very lively." "That's right." "I think I shall fill a long felt want in Pistolburg." "Yes, I think you will. We have a cemetery here that has been open for two months and we want a first-class funeral to inaugurate it."

BELIEF IN MIRACLES.

Mr. S. W. Benerman, of Philadelphia, Pa., for many years identified with the wholesale hardware business, had rheumatism in his arm, and could not dress or undress, but with the most excruciating pain. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and the result, he says, was wonderful if not miraculous.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at Stam's drug store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for coughs, colds, consumption and Bronchitis now on the market.—Regular size fifty cents and one dollar.

See the hose,
Rubber hose,
As the water through it flows,
Lying gently with its nose
By the rose.
Touch it gently—there it goes!
Holy Moses!
Ruined suit of Sunday clothes!
Darn the hose!

—*Merchant Traveler.*

A TOURIST in New Mexico writes that he started back in horror on first seeing one of those black-eyed beauties whom he had heard described as characteristic of the native people. She was ginger colored, hard featured, bare-footed, half naked and very untidy, and she proved to be a type, too.

It is said that eggs from mature hens are not better for hatching purposes than those of young ones, as a large proportion of them are likely to prove fertile.

Many of the boys sent to West Point are unable to pass the examination for admission, and about fifty Congressional districts are represented.

Bread will please your husbands. Be sure using Drew's Yeast Powder. s.3-4t.

John Roach, the Philadelphia shipbuilder, is an Irishman from the neighborhood of Ballintown, in the county of Cork.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE

PILLS

CURE

All Bilious Complaints.

They are perfectly safe to take, being PURELY VEGETABLE and prepared with the greatest care from the best drugs. They relieve the sufferer at once by carrying off all impurities through the bowels. All druggists. 25c. a Box.

THE CHAMPION HOUSE PUMP,

COPPER OR STEEL LINED, Capacity, 17 Gallons per minute.

The Easiest Working and Most Powerful Double-Acting PUMP Ever Produced.

Fitted for either LEAD, IRON or RUBBER PIPE.

This is an excellent and powerful Force Pump for raising water for domestic or manufacturing purposes.

A POWERFUL FIRE ENGINE.

ALL DEALERS SELL THEM.

Send for our Budget, containing prices of the Pumps and other useful articles.

Gleason & Bailey M'f'g Co. L'd.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fulness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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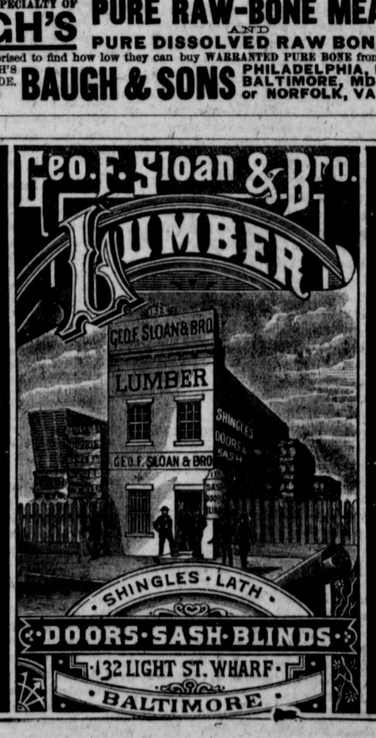

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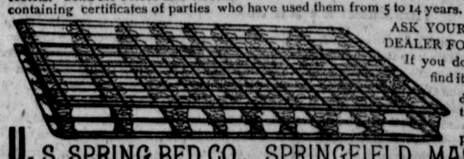

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