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CALIFORNIA STORIES.

The Last of the Mustangs—Grizzlies and Frontiersmen.

The mountains of San Luis Obispo offer some of the strangest frontier scenes and types to be found on the Pacific coast. The region was one of the last strongholds of the native Californians. Helen Hunt Jackson collected a good deal of material a few months before her death in the old town of San Luis, from the Spanish priests there, and would perhaps have written another Californian novel if she had had one more year of life. She thought that the region combined to a remarkable degree the peculiar charms of northern and southern California, and she often spoke of its "waste wealth of literary material."

My thoughts were turned to San Luis the other day by the news from there that a man had found a band of wild horses in the mountains and had captured about twenty in a corral. There are four or five bands of wild horses that take care of themselves in the unfenced mountains of the upper Sierras, but none in the coast range, north of San Luis. They are descended from Spanish "mustangs," and are as wild and worthless for any kind of work as it is possible to imagine. In one case, in early times, a Spanish land owner was persuaded to buy an American plow and sow some wheat. He had four or five mustangs tied to the plow beam, put boys on the mustangs, and ran them across the fields with several Indians hanging to the plow handles. Every now and then the mustangs flew out on the plowed ground and kicked "for all they were worth." After a little while the old Don was heard to say: "What men these Americans are! How hard they work for nothing!" And so he went back to his brush harrow.

One of the characters of San Luis died a short time ago. He was a frontiersman, known over thousands of square miles of mountain and valley as "Uncle Billy of Josephine." He was a grizzled giant, certainly the coolest and strongest man in the region, and he kept a post-office and a store. He was a blacksmith, a school trustee, and a few things besides, especially a wheel horse at camp meetings. One night two Mexican miners tried to rob the old man. The door was shut, but he threw the foremost Mexican through the panels into the road, and then, putting his arms about the three others, shoved them en masse through the splinters and fragments of the broken door. "One or two of them Mexicans stuck their knives into me," said Uncle Billy afterward, "but I never showed I was hurt, and after they were throwed out they crawled away." In fact, one knife thrust was clear through his arm; but, on the other hand, he crippled most of the Mexicans for life.

There were plenty of grizzlies around the mountains fifteen years ago, and I hear of them, even now. Every one in the mountains has an immense respect for the grizzly. An old frontiersman tells me that a few years ago he was hunting stray cattle, and he came on a new settler's cabin beside an oak in a mountain valley. He stayed with the settler over night, sleeping in a blanket before the fire. During the night they heard a great noise outside. The settler looked out and reported that a large bear was at the meat safe, which hung under the oak tree. The frontiersman was asked to shoot it, but said he would not risk it, with only a revolver and a shotgun. The wife of the settler remarked that they were both cowards, and she would drive it off with a broom. They locked the door, prevented her from going out, and shortly after heard the meat safe fall and roll into the gulch. In the morning they found that an old horse had become entangled in the ropes of the meat safe, and finally torn it down in his struggles and dragged it down the ravine. The old frontiersman and the new settler were obliged in self defence to retire to the headwaters of the San Antonio within a week and stay there until they had killed a grizzly apiece.—New York Tribune.

Growing Demand for Electric Motors.

The uses of the electric motor are multiplying daily, and one of the indications that its adaptability is recognized by the public is that machines for both constant potential and constant current systems have been manufactured during the past year at the rate of upward of 250 per week, and their rating will exceed 700 horse power. In spite of this great output of electrical apparatus, every portion of it finds an immediate sale, and nearly all the factories are behind in their orders to such an extent that it is nearly impossible to fill orders under sixty days. Motors have been introduced for all conceivable purposes to which power can be applied, and small industries run by electrical power have started up in many places where steam power could not have been utilized. The use of the storage battery is also growing rapidly.—New York Telegram.

Violets.

Violets sell in New York and some other cities nowadays for $1.50 a bunch. There are about fifty violets in a bunch. Notwithstanding the price there is a great demand for them, and florists say there would still be considerable sales if they were $10 a bunch. In every florist's establishment there are men and girls employed whose chief work is to fasten artificial stems on flowers intended for large bouquets and floral pieces. Ordinarily flowers do not require much handling, but, owing to its frail stem, every violet must have a support, even for a small bouquet. This is one reason why violets come so high. The end of a bit of fine florist's wire is inserted into the flower from below and twirled around the stem. It takes a good while to prepare a very small bunch for sale.—New York Letter.

Importing Canaries.

"I see you have got in quite a large stock of canaries," was the remark of a Globe reporter to a Boston bird man yesterday.

"Yes," was the reply; "you see this is what we call canary bird season. For the past month or so about every steamer from Germany has brought large invoices of these yellow songsters to the American ports. This will continue until about the middle of January, when the German bird catchers will stop sending or send only small lots."

"Do you expect to sell all you have here now?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and many more besides. I have been in the business for a good many years now, and I can calculate pretty close on the number I can sell, for the sales are about the same each year. They may vary a few dozen birds, but not more than that."

"Do any of the birds you get come from the Canary Islands?"

"No, indeed, all of them are imported from Germany. I don't know why it is, but a great many people think that these birds come from those islands, but I never heard of any but German birds, that is, unless they were canaries bred in the countries where imported birds were taken."

"I suppose there are people in Germany, then, who make a business of raising them, are there not?"

"Yes, some Germans do nothing else but raise the birds for export trade. In some of the large German cities, Hamburg, for instance, there are several large houses who raise birds entirely for jobbers in New York, with whom they have contracts to furnish them so many hundreds of birds a season."

"Are these canaries long lived?"

"Well, that depends a great deal on what you would call long life. Their average life, however, is about ten years, although I have known some to live a great deal longer."—Boston Globe.

A TALE OF LONELY GULCH.

TRUE STORY OF TWO GRAVES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

An Old Prospector Tells of an Affecting Separation Between Man and Wife. "Over the Range" from a Miner's Cabin in North Park.

"I noticed a few weeks ago in your paper a description of lonely graves in the mountains of Colorado," remarked a gentleman to the writer Monday. "At the time I read it I was traveling in the southern portion of the state, and it recalled to mind two lonely graves that I know of which lie hidden in the recesses of the mountains in Routt county. Of course, there is a history attached to them, and if you have time I will spin the yarn."

Being informed by the scribe that he always had time to listen to a good story, the gentleman said:

"In the year 1872 I was prospecting in the neighborhood of Hans' Peak and the Rabbit Ear range, and at that time very little was known of the rich silver veins which traversed that portion of the state. There were other prospectors in the country and the few of us felt elated over the finding of several leads that contained gray copper, and we went to work with a will to open the veins up. You have no idea of the many difficulties that one has to contend with in a new country and the privations one has to suffer. But the excitement attending the life of a prospector that some day he will strike it and be recompensed for all his trouble buoys him up, and he endures all hardships and privations with good grace. The country at that time was well stocked with game, and we never had any difficulty in procuring all the fresh meat that was needed. I had built a rude cabin at the head of a small gulch and not far from my claims. It was a lovely spot, with groves of quaking aspen trees surrounding the cabin, and about fifty yards from the door stood two majestic pines that I named the sentinels.

THE TWO VISITORS.

"One day when I returnd from work I found two strangers, man and wife, had taken possession of my house, and was a little astonished at first to see a woman in that part of the country. They asked permission to remain there a few days, and it was readily granted. I was indeed glad to see strange faces, and welcomed them to my humble abode. From the very first I noticed that the woman was not strong, and this aroused my curiosity, as I could not figure out why a woman in delicate health should be in such a wild part of the country. She had been a very pretty woman once, but consumption, the malady from which she was suffering, had robbed her of most of her beauty. She had a sweet temper, that won for her friends wherever she went. She was also perfectly resigned to the inevitable, and knew that her pilgrimage on earth was short. But she bore up with the greatest fortitude.

"They had been at the cabin about a week, and everything about it had been changed. Alice—that was the woman's name—had remodeled the place, and all things showed the touch of a woman's hand. Well, one evening after supper we were sitting in front of the cabin, enjoying the beauties of an August evening, when the husband, Alfred, told me what brought him to that section of Colorado. His story was brief. He stated that after being married in the east for two years, his wife had shown unmistakable signs of consumption, and the doctors had advised him to take her to California, and, if possible to go across the plains by wagon, as he would find that journeying that way she would gain strength. They found a party of emigrants at a small town in Nebraska, who were going to the coast and engaged their passage. For the first week out Alice gained strength, but one evening she caught cold and this malady increased with awful rapidity. When Laramie City was reached she could go no farther and the trip had to be abandoned. At that town they were advised to go into the mountains, as the fresh air ladened with the perfume of pine was beneficial to consumptives. A wagon was procured that took them to North Park, and by easy stages on horseback they had reached my cabin. It was by the merest chance that they found it, and I was glad they did.

THE LAST FAREWELL.

"A month passed, the happiest in my life, but I saw that gradually Alice was sinking, and that she would never leave the gulch. Her husband noticed the change and was unconsolable. He administered to her every want, which were not many, and realized what an awful change it would be when she was taken from him. One night the end came. She called me into the little room that I had partitioned off for their use, and in a feeble voice thanked me for all my kindness to her, and hoped that when my time came to cross the mysterious river that she would meet me in that land where sorrow is unknown. She told Alfred it was hard to leave him, but that he must be strong and bear the affliction that a wise master had in his just wisdom sent him to carry, and that all things were done for the best. It was a scene the like of which I wish never to witness again, the feeble girl, full of hope for the future, bidding good-by to the man she loved, and the strong, powerful man, bowed down with grief at the thought of losing her who was the only tie which bound him to this world. The end came; with her head pillowed on the breast of her protector, her spirit winged its flight to eternal rest. Underneath one of the pine trees we laid her, and carved her name and the date of her death on its trunk.

"Alfred was broken hearted, and wandered about the hills like one lost. He had no purpose in life, so I used to ask him to do the chores about the place to engage his mind with something. One day I asked him to go out and kill a deer, as we were out of meat. Whether he committed suicide or whether the gun was accidentally discharged I shall never know, but I found him the following day, about two miles from the cabin, with a bullet through his brain. The gun could have been accidentally discharged, as I found the body in a small thicket of willows, and while passing through it, the hammer might have caught on a twig, and so discharged the gun.

"I got assistance and carried him to the cabin, and he was buried alongside of his beloved wife, at the foot of the other pine tree, and today the place is known as 'Lonely Gulch.'

"After the tragic death of Alfred, I could remain no longer in the place, so I left. I returned to it a few years ago, and looked upon the two lonely graves and thought of the few happy days that the three of us spent there in the August of 1872. By reading the article on lonely graves, I thought the first time I came to Leadville that I would tell you the story about the two graves in 'Lonely Gulch.' Few people know the history of those that lie sleeping in that little ravine in Routt county. Now you know it, and it will, in a measure, clear up any mystery that may have been woven around them by those who may have happened to stumble against them."

Thanking the gentleman for his kindness, the scribe left, meditating over the uncertainties of life.—Leadville Democrat.

Consolation.

He—Comfort yourself, dear Miss Maud. Kings and emperors are down with la grippe.

She (brightening)—Sure enough! And wasn't there a King Louis Quinze?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

PERPETUAL MOTION BICYCLE.

The Curious One Wheeled Machine Invented by a St. Louis Genius.

Joseph Brietemmoser, a St. Louis mechanic, claims to have invented a bicycle which possesses in one respect the valuable quality known as perpetual motion. His model is a very curious looking affair. It consists of one gigantic wheel, eight feet in height, made of steel and copper wire and a small cast iron wheel, which, instead of being in front or behind, as all small wheels of bicycles are, is on the right hand side. The rider, instead of being perched on the top of the machine, sits in a small recess about three feet in diameter upon a sliding seat running upon eight sliding grooved wheels in the center of the large wheel. His feet are in a straddle position; that is, one on each side, and rest upon two foot rests, which are fastened to the seat by means of steel rods.

To set the curious machine in motion the rider leans forward, thus changing the center of gravity and causing the wheel to revolve. The next move is to re-establish the center of gravity, but according to the inventor the center cannot be found and the wheel continues revolving, gaining speed at each turn. There is no limit to the speed obtainable. The edges of both wheels are grooved and can be used on a railroad track as well as on the ground. By means of a peculiar arrangement of canvas, which covers the steel spokes near the center and forms an air tight space which extends around the wheel, the inventor says the structure can travel in water as well as on land. The canvas, when the machine is used on land, serves as an umbrella to shield the rider from the sun and rain.

The machine can be made to complete a circle by simply throwing the weight on the opposite side from which the rider desires to go. A passenger can be carried by simply extending the seat to the small wheel. The seat does not move when the machine is in operation; in fact, it acts as the axle, allowing the wheel to slide around it. Mr. Brietemmoser claims that the heavier the load carried the quicker the machine can travel.

The model is as yet a very crude looking affair. The canvas which serves as an umbrella and float is ornamented with the inscription, "Perpetual Motion, Joseph Brietemmoser, 1888." The inventor has already secured ten patents for various devices invented by him. He is also at present employed in building a very peculiar looking mill, which, when completed, will be capable of turning out six to ten different grades of flour at the same time. The grinding stone is made of cast iron, and is kept in a sharp condition by means of an emory wheel which revolves with it.—Globe-Democrat.

Schwatka's Cliff Dwellers.

Lieut. Schwatka, of polar fame, surveys mankind from China to Peru with equal mind. Having exhausted the arctic circle, he took himself to the equator. In returning he has now reached El Paso, Texas, accompanied by Mr. F. Howard O'Neill, in charge of eleven cliff dwellers from the Sierra Madre mountains. These cliff dwellers are members of the Tahuarmari tribe, and speak a language of their own. They came from Tukova, 200 miles from Chihuahua, and traveled the whole distance on foot, beating their master, who rode. One of these men is known to have traveled 100 miles in twelve hours, an achievement that recalls the stories of the old Greek runners. Lieut. Schwatka intends to exhibit his strange companions in the principal cities of the country, and then to take them to Europe to join Buffalo Bill.—Harper's Bazar.

The Formation of Coal.

It takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, it being estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness and that it would take a million years of vegetable growth to form a coal bed ten feet in thickness. The United States has an area of more than 440,000 square miles of coal fields, and more than 110,000 tons of coal were mined in this country last year, enough to run a ring around the earth at the center five and one-half feet wide and five and one-half feet thick. Competent scientists say that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for the next 2,000 years.—New York Telegram.

Orange Shipments from California.

The freight departments of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe roads are now busily engaged handling the orange crop which is being shipped east by the usual special orange trains.

This evening one of these special trains will leave the Arcade depot for Chicago. It will comprise seventeen or more cars, and seven days will elapse before it will reach its destination. A number of specials have already been sent out over the Santa Fe. The exact figures showing the number of boxes of oranges that have been shipped east from Southern California this season are not attainable at present, but all railroad officials who were interviewed this morning stated that the shipments to date were twice as great as compared with 1889.—Los Angeles Express.

A Hurricane at Sea.

An iceberg 700 feet high and one mile long was passed by the British steamship Mineola, which arrived from Hamburg recently. Capt. Evans, the commander of the Mineola, says he made a careful observation and located the floating island in lat. 44:34 and long. 48:40. The supply of coal gave out while the steamship was within a mile of the huge berg and the cold was intense. Capt. Evans, after struggling hard, found it was impossible to make any headway, so headed the steamship for Halifax. On Jan. 28 a hurricane struck the vessel, sweeping everything before it. Capt. Evans said he once weathered a tornado in the Chinese sea, in which the velocity of the wind was 115 miles an hour. In his opinion the force of this hurricane was much greater.—New York Sun

To Save "The Angelus."

There is a curious fact to be noted in association with the exhibition of "The Angelus" at the American Art Galleries. This is that that costly work was not insured for a cent. The association had a fire patrol on hand night and day, and in case of fire certain pictures, the chief of them "The Angelus," would have been carried to a safe place in pretty short order. There are a great many ways out of the galleries. What with windows on three streets and blind entrances on Broadway and Twenty-second street, in addition to the main entrance and scuttles leading to roofs that extend without a break to Fourth avenue, a great deal of property might be rescued if a fire was discovered in time.

With an efficient fire patrol on guard, the association could afford to take the chance of insuring itself. I see some western paper has printed the story of an alleged plot to steal "The Angelus." This is pure bosh. It would not pay any one to steal a picture so well known, because no dealer, collector or public museum would dare buy it, and any one to whom it was offered, knowing that it must be stolen, would be likely to put the offerer under arrest. The attempt might be made for the sake of a possible reward, but here also I imagine it would be a failure, for the owners are persons of the sort who would rather expend double the money to capture and convict a thief than pay a premium on his felony.—New York News.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

WHERE DAY BEGINS ABOUT NOON.

Social Life in Russia as Described by the Princess Engalitcheff.

The Russian princess, Engalitcheff, gave a very pleasant talk to the people who filled the Women's union to overflowing. Her subject was "Social Life in Russia," which means, of course, social high life, for she told her audience of nothing else. She began by saying that social life was similar everywhere, except as it was modified by aristocratic or democratic governments. The long severe winters of Russia, as far north as St. Petersburg, are very favorable to brilliant seasons. To the south the climate is very mild, and in the Crimea the wet and dry seasons suggest the tropics. That place is a resort for invalids.

In summer, said the lecturer, St. Petersburg is deserted. Everybody, even the poorest, goes away if possible. By the last of May or the first of June the town is shut up. The schools close and there is no life again till in the fall. As cold weather approaches carpets are put down, double windows are put in, and every attention is paid to the general comfort. Nearly everybody lives in flats. There are no small private houses, and only the rich families live in their own houses.

"We Russians do not rise early," said the lecturer. "It is 10 or 11 o'clock before anybody is astir, unless it is the children or teachers, who must be in school at 9, and if one is to call on an official he should wait till midday."

The day of the high born Russian was described at some length. Everybody drives in the afternoon, and brilliant equipages with only two occupants are seen everywhere. At 4 o'clock driving is at an end, for it is dark by that time in the winter season, and receptions are in order. Dinner is at 6, which, to the foreign mind, appears to be a series of standing lunch, sitting meal, smoking soiree—for women smoke cigarettes as well as the men—and card party. Everybody plays whist, and for money. The stakes are small usually, though at the clubs fortunes are won and lost in a night.

The lecturer described the Russian theatre as the finest in the world and the most fashionable. Wraps are left in the hall. The performance is always preceded by the national air, and passionate plays and music are popular. The ballet is excelled only in Paris. After the play follow a long drive to a restaurant, a leisurely supper to the most ravishing music, and the day draws to a close. Then were described the balls at the Winter palace, led by the emperor and empress, the carnival, Lent and Easter—all of which are observed in grand style, just as they were of old. Nobody eats meat during the six weeks of Lent. The theatre gives way to grand concerts, and after Easter many leave town.

The summer resorts are very rustic and very quiet. There are cottages: there is no fine style, no formality, no grand dressing. It was with evident sadness that the princess declared that Russia was poor and growing poorer. There were only a few very rich families. "As a rule we are poor," she said. "The women generally dress in dark colors and not expensively. What would your young ladies think of only two ball dresses in a whole season?" After having seen our Saratoga and Newport the lecturer was ready to say that Russian watering places were bad. There were no entertainments, few conveniences, and only very poor music. Once the people were rich enough to seek these things abroad, but now they could not and were obliged to accept such as they found at home.

The lecture was followed by a pleasant reception. Coffee was served down stairs and Russian tea up stairs, which latter, to the provincial American sight and taste, was merely good tea sweetened with candies and given a foreign character by lemon juice. The princess was very sociable and made everybody at home about her. She passed freely from one part of the gathering to another, and everybody was charmed with her manner.—Buffalo Express.

Authors a Proofreader Had Met.

Some one, a man apparently, who signs himself "B. F. P.," is writing a series of papers on "Authors I Have Met" for The Boston Transcript. How do you suppose he has met his authors? At the club or in the dining room? Not at all. In a much more practical way—as a proofreader and compositor; and he discusses them from a manuscript point of view. The most of his meeting was done in Boston, and he tells us how amiable were such men as Robert C. Winthrop, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Story and other equally distinguished Bostonians when they visited the printer's. As a rule these gentlemen wrote carefully and their manuscript was not difficult to read. It was not until "B. F. P." came to New York and had to read the proofs of a pamphlet on "Intagliotype Printing," by Horace Greeley, that he learned what it was to have a really hard time with a manuscript. When the "galley proofs" came to him they were almost "pi," but he and his copy holder struggled with them and did the best they could. He says:

"H ce came in one morning to read the author's proof, for he did not want The Tribune folks to know just then what he was up to. We were in fear and trembling. But what was our surprise to hear him remark to the boss, 'Your proofreading here is better than it is in The Tribune office!' and he had made but few changes. The boss was a fair man and introduced Mr. Greeley to repeat the compliment. He did. I explained why. My copyholder had been a compositor on The Tribune and handled the chirography before. 'Been in my office?' queried Mr. Greeley. 'Yes, sir.' 'Come back to it.' I lost him."

I don't wonder that Mr. Greeley did not want to part with a man who could read his handwriting.—Critic.

A Funeral from the Tenements.

A funeral in a crowded east side street! From every window in the giant tenements human heads are thrust, in every doorway is a group of women, and clustered on every hand are little knots of children, on whose peaked faces is stamped the desire to lose no portion of what is going on. Stretched along the curb is a long string of coaches, headed by a hearse decked out in all the trappings of woe. The drivers, a brawny set of men, used to such scenes, stand together idly talking. In the mouth of one of the tenements stand a dozen women.

"She must be heart broken," said one.

"Indeed she must," said another, "or she'd never have spent so much money."

"It'll cost a heap to pay for such a beautiful funeral."

"And she hasn't a cent, poor thing. She'll have to work her fingers to the bone to pay for it."

"And the poor children; what'll they do?"

There is a clatter of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and a rosewood casket comes bumping down on the shoulders of six struggling men. It is rolled into the hearse, which moves slowly away, and the first coach takes its place. A wild shrill cry, half a moan and half a shriek of pain, is heard, and out comes the widow, a gaunt faced woman of middle age. She sways her body to and fro, and rubs her eyes viciously with her handkerchief. A crowd gathers around her, and she is bustled out of sight into the coach with three other women in rusty black clothes. A little boy in well worn knickerbockers climbs up in the driver's seat and there graciously recognizes a crowd of little chaps on the sidewalk, who gaze at him with envious eyes.

"Are ye goin' to ride up there, Dinny?" asked one.

"Of course," was the reply; "ain't it me fodder's funeral?" And the somber procession moved slowly away.—New York Sun.

[redacted]

ordered he wished [illegible] young ladies' preference. He bent toward them and remarked softly:

"What shall it be?"

The tall young waitress who stood behind the chair must have heard the last word and caught a familiar sound in it, for she spoke up, quite at the top of her voice and loud enough to be heard all over the restaurant:

"We're all out of beans!"

And it was quite out of the young man's power to get a public reputation for magnificence that night.—Boston Transcript.

Thieving in China.

According to a Chinese story a miser had three sons-in-law; one was a tailor, another a jeweler, and the third a spendthrift, who did nothing at all. One day the miser called his third son-in-law and said to him:

"See here! Your two brothers-in-law are thrifty men, and are gradually adding to the family fortune; the tailor, by cabbaging a little of his customers' cloth now and then, you know—bless you, they don't know it!—and the jeweler by—well, by debasing the jewelry just a little, don't you see. But you!" exclaimed the miser, "what do you do?"

"Father-in-law," said the ne'er-do-well, "you say well. Give me a crowbar; I will go out, and, watching my chance, I will break in merchants' doors, open their tills, and bring you back thousands of pieces of silver where my brothers-in-law bring you only paltry gains."

"What! How?" exclaimed the miser, in terrible anger; "can it be possible that you would actually be a thief?"—Boston Herald.

Making Pins and Needles.

Metal pins were introduced into England from France in 1543. Within a short time after machines were constructed in England for the manufacture of pins. "Previously they had been filed to a point and the head had been soldered by hand. Great opposition was made to the novelty," says Felkin, "but utility and cheapness prevailed in its favor. The common sewing needle was brought hither from India after the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope. Before that time sewing was performed in the method still used by shoemakers."

Self Control.

When you step on a loose brick and an ice cold stream of mud shoots up to your collar button, don't say any naughty words. Smile pleasantly and explain to the grinning people about you that you don't mind little things like that. They will then admire you and depart wondering whether your wings will sprout on this earth or wait until you join the silent majority.—Greensburg (S. C.) Argus.

Parallel Stories.

There is a touchingly beautiful story told of Maurice de Sully, afterward Bishop of Paris, to the effect that shortly after he had been appointed canon and archdeacon an old woman, clothed in drugget, with a white staff in her hand, entered the city and inquired of any whom she met where she might find her son, Dr. Maurice. Some ladies, fearing that the new dignitary might feel humiliated if he fell in with his mother so shabbily dressed, attired her in rich habiliments, threw a costly mantle over her and then conducted her to his residence.

But the archdeacon refused to recognize her in those borrowed plumes. "My mother," said he, "is a poor woman who never wears anything better than a gown of drugget." They were obliged to take her away and restore her original clothes, after which they returned to the house of Dr. Maurice, who, at the time, was the center of a brilliant assembly. The moment he caught sight of her he advanced with the greatest reverence, and embraced her, saying: "This is indeed my mother." But precisely the same story is told of Pope Sixtus V and his sister Camilla, whom the cardinals had caused to be decked out in magnificent array, to be presented to the new pope after his exaltation.—All the Year Round.

The following inscription is to be read on a gravestone in Pere la Chaise: "Here lies Gabrielle X., my adored spouse, an angel! I shall never get over her loss! Here lies Henriette X., my second wife, an angel also!"

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Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

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FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

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LEDGER BUILDING,
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HEATERS! RANGES!
and Cook Stoves

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the RENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. Has been sold in this section during the past years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front, undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior always in stock. Have plenty of other styles of Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

Heating Stoves.

By the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Put along with the same line of goods we will sell Coal Stoves, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,

K. Aldridge & Co.

For 1890.

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The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

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Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,

Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,

Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Ft. No. 2, daily except Th. & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursday only.	Passenger No. 6, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.

Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.

Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

The Sun.

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests to the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN's fault if it has not seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, JAN. 1, 1890.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 8.30 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 7.30 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 and 12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.50, 2.10, 3.00, 4.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8 35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 7.45, 8.30, 8.35, 9.15, 10.15, a. m., 12.00, 12.50, 1.50, 2.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington 5.10, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m. On Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4.00, 5.00, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 12.10, 2.00, 2.30, 3 15, 3.25, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45 a. m., 12.00, 1.15, 2.00, 3.30, 4.25, 4.35, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, ‡12 00, †3 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7 20, 9 15, a. m., 12 15 and 4 15 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 10, †8 20, §9 50 a. m., ‡1 30, †a4 20, *5 25, *6 30 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick 4 10, 8 20 a. m., 1 30, 4 20 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m., and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 10, †9 15 a. m., †4 20 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R.R., *4 10 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 10, †8 20, †10 15 a. m., †4 15 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and intermediate points, 6 35 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. Sundays, 8 20 a. m. and 1 40 p m. Leave Curtis Bay 7 50, 11 30 a m and 5 50 p m. Sundays, 9 00 a m and 5 00 p m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Calumbus and the Northwest, daily, 1 00 and 5 20 p m; from Pittsburg, *8 20 a m and *8 00 p m; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West 4 50 a m and 2 55 p m daily.

NEW YOKK & PHILADELPHIA DIVISION

For New York, Trenton, Elizabeth and Newark, N J, leave *5 00, †8 35, *10 15 a m, *12 50, *3 20, *4 55 and *11 50 p m (Sleeping car open at 9 o'clock on the Night Express)

Trains leave New York for Baltimore, *8 30, †11 00 a m; *2 00, *3 20, *5 00 p m, *12 15 night.

For Atlantic City, *5 00 a m and *12 50 p m.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, *5 00, †8 35, *10 15 a m, *12 50, *3 20, *4 55, *8 05, *11 50 p m. For way stations †7 15, §8 30 a m, *2 40 and †4 55 p m.

Express trains leave Philadelphia for Baltimore, *4 40, *8 15, *11 10 a m, ‡1 35, *3 40, *4 40, *6 05, *7 40 p m.

†Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily.

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