A. K. CUTTING is working on a New between the United States and Mexico lies just about where it did before Mr. Cutting declared war against the republic to the south, and the price of hard-tack has shown no unusual fluctuations. Mr. Cutting is not so much a Blighted Being as a Blasted

EX-SENATOR DORSEY gave a magnificent dinner at his hotel in London, at which covers were laid for forty-four guests. The table, which was sixty feet long and six feet wide, was decorated lavishly with rare flowers and fruits. The menu cards were painted with a separate design, that of Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris having & very correctly painted portrait of her

Mr. BEECHER was once asked by one of his myriad of correspondents: "How ! shall I feel when I come to die?" The great preacher replied, characteristic ally, "You will probably feel stupid," referring to the kindly provision of nature in benumbing the faculties when putting her children to their last sleep. His prediction has been closely verified in his own case, the coma of apoplexy being one of the states which he described as "stupid"-a condition sleepiness followed by insensibility and death.

THE postoffice in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some ont-of-the-way places the very letter. boxes are worshiped. In one case man posted his letter in a box and shouted out its destination, to inform the box, went through various devotions before and after posting his let life alone. ter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering. this earth.

"Few in our profession," says a theatrical manager, "realize what blighting effect the interstate com- of a Mr. Charner. I never knew anything merce bill will have on the stuff we concerning my parents' people. have been carrying over the country. The law declares that all special con- road came the inevitable newspaper, ished. Where does this leave us? The and gave me work on the paper. He was a idea of paying full fare for eighty or | kind-hearted man, but entirely unsui ninety people in a spectacular com- to me, however, allowing me to do all the pany is something never contemplated | work in the office, as I grew able, includger rates the maximum of freight, or ever, in a thoughtless moment he chanced effect will be most disastrous."

JEFF DAVIS has been reported as to go to Washington as the guest of the es. It would be pleasant to view the came to know afterward that, when out doubt if I would hardly recognize the me, and it was none of my business. ting too old to travel."

W. J. COOPER left his wife on his farm in Yell County, Arkansas, in 1863, taken a long range shot at my friend, the how I came there. and joined the Confederate army. editor. Shortly after he was captured by the We started on our voyage up the river | begged her to fly at once with us. Union men and sent to Illinois, but he current our progress could not, of course, "You and my father's old friend, Diego frail craft, and in an instant we were in the asked. joined the army, and gone no one knew | the pistol, and I readily recognized sev- | here." where. Cooper then became a tramp, and he has since visited almost every and he had made on previous dream at the haunted house. The beautiful ing more for many hours.

Then it was that I saw it again as it swept and here."

I continued my walk, thinking of my dream at the haunted house. The beautiful ing more for many hours.

"Oh! and he has since visited almost every voyages. country on this continent. Recently he | We camped the first night about fifty | wandered into Shiloh, Ark., where he miles above Cottonwood, very tired after a was surprised by seeing his wife standing day's hard rowing. Directly after supper I said nothing to Dan about my morn- membered all—the storm, the cold bath in ing's adventure until we had rowed several the river—and Dolores? Dead—I was on the steps of one of the houses beck. was asleep long before I closed my eyes miles up the river from the Coyote's camp; sure, and lying on the river's bottom with "I never saw a man so ignorant." oning him to come to her. Subsequent. upon the blight stars glittering above me. I then I told him. ly he learned that his wife had ventured of an old log house—we were now among upon his handsome bronzed face, but the her. upon the sea of matrimony three times | the Arizona pine forests—on the river bank. | cold steel-blue tint of his eyes was unsince she left the farm in Yell County. The structure had originally contained several receive that Diego Dan turned. I determined to escape. With little thing." The first two husbands died, and she standing, and it offered but slight protect seemed rather surprised at my discovery of the assistance of a friendly Indian sentry I

A VERY large business has recently at supper in the little room. sprung up in Chicago in the handling of bonds issued in the Territories of he evaded a direct spinion. the United States. The national legis. lation of last July which limited the ton, who was murdered up here, with his sank beneath western mountains, and the was over; Dolores was dead; Dan was the last th debt of a Territory to 1 per cent. of its | ertire family, some three years ago?" assessed valuation, and of any Terri- stars came out, it grew darker and darker, Heart-sick, I returned to my work on the torial, county or municipal organization "Well," Den continued reluctantly and we were at the sandbar. A dark obthe issuance of others by the readiness with which they are taken by men who seek good interest with approved semen than by others, or for the reason that it naturally gravitates that way. the handling of these bonds seems to be done almost entirely by men in that city. They are already placing them in large amounts, and apparently the activity has only just begun. .

Sing a Song of Sixpence. Sing a song of sixpence, You fellow full of rye; With not a cent to bury you To-morrow, should you die.

The keeper's in the bar-room Counting out his money; His wife is in the parlor With well-dressed sis and sonny. Your wife has gone out working And washing people's clothes,

To pay for old rye whisky

To color your red nose.

TWO THIEVES. BY LARRY LINNET.

THE ONE. He was the cashier of a bank And lived in princely style. His salary was small at first, increasing all the while, Until his peculations rose

Unto a goodly pile. But the Directors knew it not, Nor any "leakage" found. Until the cashier's stealings wrought Disaster at a bound? Then "Can-it-be's" and "I thought-so's' And "Dear-me's" went their round.

They found it out, alas, too late! And scratched their heads of gray, While Mr. Cashier northward flew To good old Can-a-da. "Absconding Cashier-Sad Affair!" Of him the papers say.

He was a hungry, weary tramp, Whose meals were never square; With elbows out and knees to match, And feet as good as bare; With lattered crown-once called a hat-Laid light upon his hair.

He trudged about from door to door, With bulldogs in his wake. No kindly words fell to his share, No deeds for charity's sake. Good people locked their doors and said "A tramp, and no mistake!" Poor nature cried for sustenance;

And, when a baker's place Drew near, he begged, but they refused He stole a loaf-disgrace! "A Thieving Tramp!" the papers say Of him, and "A Hard Case!"

## A FRONTIER SKETCH.

DY THOMAS COLQUITT.

CHAPTER L This story was told to the writer beside a miner's camp fire in Southern Arizona, one hot and sleepless night last summer, an ancient mariner of those western wilds who, judging from his personal ap pearance, was probably out there some where prospecting when the country was

Cottonwood was a small town of half a dozen log and adobe houses on the bank of the San Juan. There were but two stores in the place, and their principal stock in trade consisted of whisky, firearms, and provisions, in the order named. Their customers were miners, hunters and trappers, and Indians.

There is a great difference, which you cannot understand, between the Cottonwood the presiding spirit, whom he supposed | which now stands upon the same spot. Yet of that day and the prosperous, rustling city only a few years have passed it seems when I come to look back; only a few years, but they have been long, long wasted years for me, as I have plodded my way through I once planned it out different; for a few short months I was happy in the love of the fairest girl that ever trod

retiring in the same attitude of hu. I will commence at the first and tell my I was an orphan. My father, one of the first white men who ever penedated this region, had died when I was but a few months old. My mother soon followed

When I was fourteen years of age a railroad was built to Cottonwood. After the cessions in rates for passengers or bag- the Ishmaelite was established. Through gage are unlawful, and must be abol- boyish curiosity I visited the printing office.

The editor took a kindly interest in me for this country. He was always very kind by any proprietor. Add to full passen. ing the heavy press work of the entire baggage, or express charges, and the | to contradict Diego Dan as to the quality of a pint of whisky. Dan started a gravevard with the editor, and the paper passed

about to visit Washington, the first lived. He seemed to consider himself i honor bound to provide for my future, after time since 1861. A few days ago he he had so summarily removed my late emsaid to a friend: "I have been invited ployer, so he administered on the editor's estate and gave me the office. He often asked me to join him in excursions up the Diego and the Apache chieftain were rifle company of Vicksburg, which I river or out on the plains. I remained in soon smoking and conversing earnestly appreciate very much, but I have not the office of the Ishmaelite for four years. | the language of the chief, of which I could thought of going. I never expect to cided to take a month's recreation with see Washington again. It has been a Dan. He was a good fellow, as I have were deciding the fate of an important capgreat many years since I was there, and said, well educated, handsome, and always dressed well. I believed him then to be a the country has undegone many chang- | dandy sort of hunter and trapper; but I scenes in and about Washington which the plains, he often compelled overland were once so familiar to me, though 1 the divide. But he was always good to of the tents and the river bank, the space city now, as it has improved and grown everyone shot well, and he could see an into a magnificent city. No, I shall object farther away than any person I ever | lying down. Forgetting that my words never see Washington again. I'm get. knew. One laughable peculiarity in his | would not be understood, I hastily begged marksmanship was that, at long range, he | pardon. always shot Indians in the legs. Many supposed he did it on purpose, but he

house?" said Dan to me that night as we sat | very glad when he said: "No; do you?"

"Why so?" I asked, greatly interested.

Sometimes he coult jorn as La trip out or other time. He was an accompanion man, as | saddy at the great pile of moss-grown logs | here!" settled up here so for flow civilization. He pos essed a great deal of money, oror, at least, I always considered him a flew over the waters.

tonwood he shot an indian. Their law is, story led me to believe that the murder wind abated, then resumed his flight. you know, life for life, and but for the inhave been executed there at once. The white men, one of whom Dolores described hear the water's edge there at a distance, like a human body, he after a big talk, shook hands with Barton | my guardian, Mr. Charner. She could say | rowed up to it and found to his great surand declared themselves his good friends. but little regarding the other white rene. prise that it was Dolores, alive but uncon-A short time afterward Barton and his wife | gade, but if Diego Dan could have read | scious. He at once took her into his boat, were found dead in this very room. As my thoughts, I dare say he would have fed and she had partially revived, when the sions. Grandpa has been so poor ever work of the avenging Yumas."

spoke?" I asked, strangely interested. "No trace of her has ever been discov- | was understood she was to become the wife | Indians to aid him in escaping. This time ered," replied Dan. "I suppose she has of the chief's young son, the Mountain they were successful in reaching the white long since become the unhappy squaw of | Lion. This she determined never to sub- | settlements, some chief. Poor little Dolores! she was | mit to, and only a few days ago had esa sweet child, about fourteen years of age. | caped from the Lion only to be picked up | learn of my safety, having regarded me as

"Why is the place said to be haunted?" | pressed a desire to have her grace his own

more is seen of them until the next night, then they again come down the river. The

main here over night, although he would stream and came rapidly toward us. scorn to avoid real danger presented in any Dan was sleeping soundly in his blanket | a momen

me all that he knew about the tragedy. In | tumbled overboard to drown. fact, I was beginning to regard my friend The firing was now incessant. The In- he would walk across the strip of knew not their wonderful secret. After a of our enemies. Dan would have put half almost as light as day; the splendid scenethe moonlit river, I saw a boat coming revolvers, when they fell faster still. At drifted around the elbow with the current down the stream, directly toward the land- | short range Dan shot to kill. ing where our cance lay. In this boat | "I'm gone!" Diego Dan remarked, in a were two persons clothed in flowing white | matter-of-fact tone, as he fell forward drapery. They sat erect, but made no ef- | pierced by a bullet; "but don't surrend fort to control their craft. I gazed intent- | Dolores had caught up his pistol and ly; it had no oars; that boat was steered | was discharging it with deadly effect at the and rowed by no mortal hand. I looked at | nearest Indian boat. tom boat touched the shore a short dis- taken. Oh! he is aiming at you!" tance from me; its occupants stepped

lightly upon the ground and, with a noise- and her bullet passed through his body. less, gliding motion, approached within a | The last thing I remembered was seeing few feet of me and stopped. I lay utterly | him fall head first into the water-and all spell-bound. I could not articulate a syl- | was dark. lable. The ghostly old lady was the first to break the silence, saying in a kind, came to know myself a ghastly, weak specmotherly voice: "Are you not frightened, young man, to | object my weak eyes rested upon when meet us here at this lonely hour?

My fears vanished beneath the light of her affectionate old eyes, and I assured her had never been so badly scared in all my | became clearer, I recognized Dolores; ife since the day Diego Dan exterminated v friend, the editor, on which occasion ad let fall a form comprising one page of the paper, making a bushel of pi. "Your fears are groundless," she replied, with a ghostly, puzzled look on her kindly,

Are you a good man?" My fears were all gone now. I told them | with another branch of the tribe. I the story of my past life, with my hopes | came to know the fate destined for me. for the future, and left it with her to decide | was to remain with the Indians in place as to my goodness. I then asked her if the the young chief whom Dolores had snot murder spoken of by Dan had been com- and I was to take Dolores for my wifemitted by Indians.

"We were cruelly murdered in the darkness of the midnight," the ghost replied | thought probable-he would make Dolores with a shudder. "There were Indians | his own wife. who sought revenge on my husband, and bad white men who only wanted our mon-Diego Dan moved restlessly here, but | an Indian name which meant that . the pale, white-robed spirit continued: | sent Dolores to my tent. He seemed pleas "Our little Dolores was carried away by the | with me, and I was glad to have my dear savages. It is of her I would speak. We love near me, where I could watch over want her. She is yet with the Indians, and protect her. and unharmed; but it will not long be so. The news came a few days later that unless you go to her aid-one week from | Diego Dan had escaped. Fearing that this she will be made the unwilling wife of | would return with help to rescue Dolores a young chief. You will meet her before and me the Mountain Lion decided to go that time. Rescue her and carry her away out upon the Eastern Arizona plains, a long to your own people. Be brave. You will | way across the country. Dolores and I deface great danger successfully. Should termined to escape. Dolores not be spared to you she will come

to us. We want her." "I will! I will! Your Dolores shall be | a heavy blow from the flat side of my t free and become my Dolores, or I will sac- ahawk, knocked him silent. We reached rifice my life for her dear sake," I vowed. "Look out, young man, or you will kick my eyes to the dazzling sunlight. We ate breakfast and resumed the voy-

'To-night," said Dan, "we could reach overtaken. our destination, but we will stop over with | The night was intensely dark; vivid light-About three o'clock in the afternoon we

reached the camp of Dan's great friend. "Tre Covote" was known throughout the West as the deadly hater of all pale faces. No white man, it was said, had er looked upon his face and lived. Diego Dan was met at the water's edge omed to his tent. As Dan's friend I was

not understand a word. From their gestures, however, I shrewdly guessed they own. I knew not then that the Coyote had out food or water. He finally came into tive held by the Covote. That night Dan and I slept on a pile

walk along the river. I had not gone far Coyote did not wish to provoke a war with nice, gentlemanly tenderfoot, who always gold-seekers to pay heavy toll for crossing | when, in endeavoring to pass between one

"Hush, don't speak," was the unexpected | I found and carried her away. reply, as a female arose, and by the faint light I saw the most beautiful picture my I was then very sorry that he had not | eyes had ever rested upon. She asked me | In a hurried whisper I told her all, and

escaped and returned to Yell County be very rapid; we made fairly good time. Dan, can go on up the river to-day and re- water. to see his wife. She had left the farm | however, and were soon in the midst of turn for me to-night. I will be on the | I struggled in vain to retain Dolores in about two months after her husband quite an artist with the pencil, as well as midnight. Go, now; you will be seen from my grasp, and I felt myself sinking. sand-bar which runs out into the river at my arms. The strong waves wrested her can see.

white girl I had just found was Dolores!

CHAPTER II.

girl if we do lose our hunt by it." river, and lay down to wait for night. It | the same result. the hours crept slowly by-it was midnight, Ishmaelite. stream with Dan and me at the oars.

Toward daylight we passed the haunted | me in his arms, crying: you that an. house. Dolores said not a word, but gazed until the boat went round a bend in the river called "the devil's elbow."

words of warning or regret.

her with great kindness and respect, as it | recovered, when Dan bribed a couple on the plains by the Coyote, who soon ex- lost. Now I was happy again. My dearwas my next question; but my lips were | wigwam. In her pleadings for mercy to | est woman on earth was to be my wife at forming the sweet name "Dolores, Do- the merciless red brute she had chanced the end of three months. I might have

search-there they are!" Indians believe this, for not the boldest pushed out from among the shadows of the Yuma, Hualapai, or Apache brave will re- cottonwoods that just here fringed the "We must fight," said Diego Dan, calmly. "Stay behind us, Dolores; they will fire in

stars through the apertures in the roof, and | hunting ground, while Dan's shot simply | nerved and more apprehensive

through the open doorway and out upon | not come in closer where we could use our | enchanting scene in the moonlight.

my watch. It lacked but a moment of 12 | "See!" she cried, "there is the young o'clock, Pacific standard time. The phan- | chief I will be forced to marry if we are But Dolores saved me, for she fired first,

> For days and days it was so, and then I ter, a captive in an Indian camp. The first awoke from that long, deathlike sleep was a woman sitting beside my couch. As reson slowly asserted its reign, and my r I was too weak to speak to her. Slowly the memory of the recent eventul past came back to me; but where was

Diego Dan? The Indians with whom we had the battle were in pursuit of Dolores at the time wrinkled face. "Of all the world we can After I fell they ceased firing; we were visit this spot alone. We are glad to meet | soon all transferred to their boats and taker before their chief. Dan was taken away die. In case I chose the latter alternati -which I don't suppose the old ch

I became the chief's son, under the name

We did not wait long. One dark night I crept softly up behind a sentinel, and, with the river, where the boats lay at anchor. quickly cut them all loose, except one into over the coffee-pot," cried Dan with a which we stepped, and pushed off down laugh that banished the ghosts and opened | stream. She managed the oars equally as well as I, and our little boat made waters fairly bubble as we glided rapidly down the current. I had no fears of being | Dolores' parents. Now we knew that the Suitable for a Brewery, Distillery, Tannery

a very particular old friend of mine and go | ning and thunder indicated the approach of a storm. It came soon-one of those tersummer -- and the wind tossed our boat | Devil's Elbow, murder us, and divide the summer residence. from wave to wave like a dry leaf. Should | treasure between themselves. it sink I knew we would both be drowned. as I was unable to swim and could render they had quarreled suddenly and slain ear Dolores no assistance.

I passed my arm around her and pressed | We took the bodies aboard and returned her close to my breast; she was very calm that night to Cottonwood. and did not shrink from me. We had true; but, under the circumstances, is it pulled at my sleeve and whispered: at all strange that we loved each other? fell fair captive. My accidental discovery Sabe?" greatly aided their scheme, and all would have ended well but for the meeting and battle with the Mountain Lion's warriors on the river. Dolores believed herself without | pillow. a friend in the wide world, a captive among

the Indians without hope of escape, when She was, of course, very grateful to me, and to-night I knew she loved me as a flas lightning revealed her face, a sweet smile on her lips, as her head rested

An old Indian, whom I at once recog- | kill the baby!" nized as a great medicine man, was bending over me when I awoke. I soon re-

secured a divorce from the third. She tion in case there should be a storm during the fact of Delores' presence in the Coythe night.

And he began a string of baby talk.

She tion in case there should be a storm during of baby talk.

The baby did not show the faintest sign

of recognition. "Do you know that we are in a haunted | confidence in Dan was waning, but I was | As soon as my story was known a party | of recognition. was organized, and went up the river in "I am with you. We must secure that search of Diego Dan and Dolores, but returned without having discovered any trace

"It is said to be, was the reply by which We ran our boat up a narrow little of either, or a single Indian. Another stream that comptied its waters into the party, which I led in person, went out with The baby set up a terrible yell. shadows of the Sierras enshrouded us, the | dead, or he would have returned ere this.

I had been at work on the paper perhaps | The baby kept up a bawl. and in a moment Diego Dan had caugh

"She is here! Dolores, little one, come Dan soon explained all. The very night Dolores and I attempted to escape he also Dolores told us her story as the boat | gave his captors the slip for the second time (having done so once before and been She had been carried away by the In- | recaptured), and started down the river. "One day while intoxicated down at Cot- | idians who murdered her parents. Her | During the storm he went ashore until the was committed not for revenge, but for About sunrise the next morning, money, by Indians hired and led by two seeing something on a low sandbank other day at the Pension Office. they were scalped, it was, of course, the me to the fishes of the San Juan with scan Indians again came down upon him. Strange to say, death was not the result of "Where was the daughter of whom you | Her Indian captors had always treated | this last escape. Dolores was soon entirely

They had just arrived and were glad to est friend was safe, and the dearest, fair-"The Indians say that they can see bright friend, Diego Dan, who had often been to be true. "I have a great, great secret to tell you," | wrugs, Medicines, Paints, Wall Paper.

the place and secure the treasure, as the | TTEADQUARTERS FOR Indians had returned to their homes for 11 the winter and there would be no danger. During the sail up the river, however Dan was very anxious and watchful, by over in one corner of the apartment, but I They did so without effect. We fired; placed it in the boat and were ready to reno enemy appeared. We secured the gold can not say how long I lay gazing at the my bullet sent an Indian spirit to the happy turn, when Dan, who seemed positively unthinking. I was sure that Dan had not told | broke both legs of the foremost brave, who | every moment, suggested that Dolores and I should row slowly down the stream while in a new light. His piercing steel blue eyes | dians were poor marksmen, while each | which formed the Devil's Elbow, and join | at times almost terrified me, for as yet I | volley from our boat decreased the number | us below. It was a beautiful, clear night,

long while, turning so that I could look | the Hualapai tribe on crutches had they | ry and calm, unruffled river made a most turned the prow of our boat shoreward, and were waiting for Dan's signal, when the stillness was broken by the sharp report of a rifle on the river bank, then another and another. A moment later Diego Dan called to us and we quickly rowed across to where he was standing on the low, white sand-

> Near him a man was lying on the shore. his face ghastly beneath the moon, gasping in a death struggle. I walked toward him. and discovered to my astonishment that it was my guardian, Mr. Charner. "Diego Dan, murderer, robber, seducer,"

"Good-bye, my saintly friend," repli

Dan, gaily, as he stepped into the boat to which I had also returned. 'No; you will come with me!" the wound man gasped, suddenly rising to a sitting sture, and firing a pistol with deadly ain and effect toward our loved and trusted

Dan fell heavily upon the bottom of the his head struck one of the crosspieces violently, and both his eyes rolled at and rattled upon the boards. I knew then why his eyes had always worn that steel-blue tint-they were glass. Every one knows that we see an object simply having its image reflected back upon the perceptive faculties of the brain, just as in a camera the image is thrown back upon the ground glass. That was the seeret of Dan's wonderful long-range visio his eyes were compound magnifiers. As in a camera, so in his eyes the image had a! ways been inverted, which caused him shoot Indians in the legs at a distance. I knelt beside Dan, who whispered:

"Put 'em back. I am dying." knew he referred to the eyes. derful and awful thing occurred. and excitement I had placed his eyes in backward. He writhed in agony, but death's cold hand was pressing hard upon him as my Dolores and I, gazing upon those steel-

blue orbs, read the dving man's inmost thoughts, reflected from within, clearly and Now we knew that Mr. Charner's dying words of a moment ago were true. Nov knew that Diego Dan's soul was strined crimes innumerable. Immigrants whom he had guided across the plains into the power of the Coyote, trappers and hunters he had ambushed, friends who had good Cellar; Fountain Pump lept with him, women who had loved him in the yard of excellent sandacross those steel-blue lenses. Then came | TENANT HOUSE, and a LARGE the old haunted house and the murder of attack had been led by Diego Dan and or Planing Mill Charner. Ah! it was a long, terrible sight, but we stood spell-bound and immovable unthese two men had saved us. They had

"Did you marry Dolores?" I asked. known each other only a short time, it is At this point the old miner's companior There wasn't any Dolores. He was lost was quite a hero in her eyes-and in my out on the desert, last year, two days, with been kindly caring for her until Diego Dan | camp, with his clothes torn into shreds, his the chief had sent, to take her away-and water, as they always do, and his mi cursion. Such was the case, however. The | times, and then he tells that story to some the Mountain Lion, so he and Dan decided gives him a dollar to get whisky at the that I should be permitted to kidnap the commissary. He is very dry to-night.

The Young Father.

"There!" said the nurse, proudly, as she put the new baby into the young father's arms, "she's a perfect beauty "Is that all there is of her?" he

"I'm ashamed of you." "Well, this is all clothes, so far as I Then he took it and turned it head

"Oh!" screamed the nurse, "you'll "Why, what's the matter?" "You're holding her upside down." "Well, it doesn't make any difference

"How do you hold her, anyway?" Then the nurse showed him.

"Say, I'm afraid she's deaf, nurse?" "Deaf! You're a fool." "Well, she doesn't hear. She doesn't

"She's sick," he said. "There's something the matter with her." "No, there ain't." "Oh, do babies yell like that so

to 4 per cent., has made it necessary to though I could not then understand why ject was crouching at the water's edge. I two weeks, and was sitting by the office "I don't know about this. I suppose issue a large number of bonds to take he should dislike to tell the story, "Barton up previous indebtedness, and induced he should dislike to tell the story, "Barton boat, which was soon moving rapidly down of sadness when the door was thrown open spank her, oughtn't I?" "Spank her! I'd like to see you try to spank the dear little thing."

"Here take her away." And he went off down stairs and lit a cigar, and took a walk, reasoning to himself that there were some things in life only a woman seemed to grasp thoroughly. -San Francisco Chronicle.

The following letter was received the from a little girl in Missouri don't my grandpa get his l'ension wh there are so meny gets their pensions & my poor Grandpa needs it more than Ceince last fawl he suffers so bad he Could not write. I though while h is out I would write & let you know how he was suffering. only 10 years old. I pity him so hair is as white as this paper he is 70

formed a memorial association for the | kindly attention purpose of putting a stone wall around United States and Canada - or any desired information, address, the Confederate cemetery on the historic hilis near Bull Run.

DRUGGIST, FROSTBURG, Mb.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, DYE-STUFFS, FINE TOILET NOTIONS. An Endless Variet -OF-

Pretty Patterns. WINDOW GLASS-ALL SIZES. Prescriptions promptly and accurately BEALL'S BLOCK, - FROSTBURG, MD.

Professional Cards. J. SEMMES DeVECMON. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Cumberland, Md.

Clayton Purnell, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Frostburg, Md. Office-W. L. Annan's Book STORE.

WILLIAM BRACE. Brace & Richmond, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Type Foundry. John Ryan & Co., Type Founders.

CORNER SOUTH AND GERMAN ST Baltimore, Md. ESTABLISHED 1805. The Largest and Best in the South TOR BEAUTY AND DURABILITY their Copper-Mixed Type has no equal. and the State of Maryland. Furnish promy ly Outfits for Newspapers or Job Offices, no

matter how extensive. ELECTROTYPING

A SPECIALTY. Prorders receive careful

Valuable Property for Sale. PRIVATE SALE Very Valuable Real Estate.

THE "SAND SPRINGS PROPERTY," sit-THE "SAND SPRINGS PROPERTY," sit- Fresh Fish and Oysters fered at private sale. The improvements consist of a handsome and convenient COTTAGE, containing 10 Rooms and a their crael murders were all reflected as stone water: Coalhouse, Icehouse, Woodthey passed in the dying man's memory house, Washhouse and good Stabling; a

Two-Story Building. The buildings are comparatively new. The Lot contains 3 acres, more or less, and encloses a choice variety of Fruit Trees.

rible rain-storms known in Arizona in mid- planned to meet Dolores and me below the tain, this property would make a delightful Title unquestionable. Terms-One-half cash; remainder in six months with interest from date of sale. THIS HOTEL has one of the finest Sample 1 rooms on the line of the Baltimore and WILLIAM STAPLES.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium. a large GEORGE A. WINGERT, Boot, Shoe, Hat & Cap Emporium

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN BOOTS and SHOES A RE NOW DISPLAYED on my counters A Every style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES. also keep constantly on hand a large sun-

ply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchas-TRUNKS A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM THOMAS Main Street, Frostburg. Md. 1-9 Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewine

Groceries.

Don't Wait Till To-Morrow TO GO TO ORTS FOR New, Fresh Groceries, NTOT the kind that have been laying on the shelf for a score of years. No need

to specialize, but bend your steps hitherward and see for yourself. Green Groceries That make glad the heart of the housewifethe very morning they are plucked. We Have Chiseled Down Prices To the very bottom-and "still some." Tobaccos and Cigars of All Grades In the latter I have two specialises which commend to the attention of the smoking

The "Alma" ...... 2 for 5 cents. The "Baffler"..... 5 cents. GEORGE ORT. Call and try them. WEST ROOM, KELLER'S BUILDING.

The "Little Gem" GROCERY STORE

Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends, JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE. ATICE Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure

DON'T FORGET

Who is Prepared to Meet You WITH a Large Assortment of CONFEC TIONERIES, NUTS, Tobacco, Cigars, CANNED GOODS, GROCERIES. MEAT and FLOUR.

A SPECIALTY. A HEARTY WELCOME EXTENDED TO ALL.

Hotels and Restaurants.

Next door to F. C. Beall's Hardware store.

TOIEDMONT (Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, West Virginia. J. P. A. ENTLER.

PIEDMONT, W. VA.,

T. KENNY, PROPRIETOR.

## Sep 29-tf Fros.burg, Md. NSURANCE

A long and successful experien tehrs enabled me to sewhich was the cause of Dan's present ex- entirely gone. He still gets very dry at | icct from the great number ci \_\_mpanies doing business in this country those among the

Strongest and Most Reliable, I saw it all in a moment, passed over a | And also to perperly Write all forms to fully protect the assured in case of loss or damage by fire. Persons In wrapped in a blanket, with my saddle for a | Frostburg and vicinity desiring to insure will please call

J. B. ODER, Frostburg, Md.,

Who is my agent to receive applications and collect premiums. D. P. MILLER. Cumberland, Md



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest-is the The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La tine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Dos Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea,

Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages. THE CREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and method ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and -between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Eansas City-restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer reserts, picturesque wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Eansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and inter-All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from The ladies of Manassas, Va., have officials and employes of Rock Land trains protection, respectful courtesy and

E. ST. JOHN

E. A. HOLBROOK,

Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chies

R. R. CABLE,

Pres't & Gen'l M'g'r, Chicag