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CURRENT TOPICS.

The American Industrial and Shipping League is a body organized to press upon Congress the adoption of the policy of aid to the extension of our ocean mail service. It has a strong membership in the Southern coast cities, and the first important meeting of the league was held in the South. The league is divided into five departments, which will hold conventions this year as follows: North Atlantic coast—Boston, September 13, 14, 15; South Atlantic coast—Charleston, S. C., April 25, 26, 27; Gulf coast—Birmingham, Ala., November 8, 9, 10; Pacific coast—San Francisco, May 24, 25, 26; Lake Shore and Mississippi Valley—Chicago, June 14, 15, 16. The National Union, which is a consolidation of the five departments, will hold its convention at Washington December 8, 9 and 10. One of the important objects of the league is to secure passage through Congress of the appropriation of $500,000 to expedite the South American mail service. It has twice passed the Senate, but has been defeated in the House. Such appropriation was passed by the House at one session, but Postmaster General Vilas declined to make use of it—his course in which particular subjected him to a great deal of criticism. The great obstacle which the league has to contend with is the feeling against subsidies. It is, however, pointed out that without government aid it is simply impossible for American steamship lines to compete with the lines of foreign countries, as those are all heavily subsidized. It is a fact that although this country affords to South America its largest market, yet she takes in return comparatively few goods from us, the money paid by us for her coffee and other products being used to purchase supplies from England and Germany, which we might just as well furnish. While as at present the most expeditious mail communication from this country is often via England, there is no chance for our merchants to compete for this enormous trade. It is claimed that it is just as reasonable and proper for the government to assist the development of our foreign commerce, as it was for it to build up our domestic commerce, by aiding the construction of the Pacific roads. The form in which it is asked that aid shall be extended, it is claimed, will protect the liberality of the government from abuse. It is asked simply that the carrying of the American mails shall be given the lowest bidders among American steamship lines. At present it is the policy of the Postoffice Department to give the mails to the lowest bidder without restriction, which enables foreign subsidized lines to underbid American lines and force them out of competition.

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Michigan is the first State to adopt the Australian ballot system which was introduced in England some years ago with such beneficial results. The principle of the system is that the State interrogates the voter as to his choice. The method necessarily simplifies political machinery as well as provides additional guarantees against fraud in elections. Instead of the candidates of political organizations supplying ballots to voters the State undertakes that duty. The Michigan law provides that any person can have his name as a candidate placed upon the ballots by presenting to the proper officials a certificate of his nomination by any gathering of qualified voters and on payment of a fee of $50 for a State, $25 for a county and $10 for a city office. All the candidates' names are placed on the same ballot with the names of the parties of which they are respectively the candidates and the voter indicates his choice by checking the name of the candidate for whom he desires his vote to be recorded. It will be seen that one effect of this law will be to facilitate the independent action of citizens. Under the present system, candidacy for office involves the retaining of a little army of ticket peddlers and other agents who can be only with difficulty secured except by regular party organizations. Under the new system all such difficulties are removed and the candidate of an independent gathering of citizens can enter the field in perfect security that voters will be given a free expression of their choice. The system has worked so admirably wherever it has been tried that it is quite likely it will come into general use eventually in this country.

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There are two sides to the controversy over the long and short haul-clause of the interstate commerce law. For one thing it acts as an interstate protective tariff, and this phase of its workings is beingduly appreciated. The commission has received a numerously-signed petition from citizens of California against the suspension of the operation of that clause so far as the commerce on the Pacific coast is concerned. New England journals are calling attention to the fact that the Eastern farmer has been compelled to abandon one crop after another by low freights from the West and South, and the operation of the long and short-haul clause is expected to increase the value of agricultural lands in New England. As a rule, however, the expressions in favor of the clause come from local manufacturing interests in the various States which find in it a protection against the large manufacturers in Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. A fact clearly obvious in the controversy is that the products of the Western farms could never have been put down in England in competition with the products of Russia and India under the operation of the long and short-haul clause, and that any effect it may have in favoring local industries will be because of its increase of transportation charges, which is in effect a general tax upon commerce, although it may have a protective effect upon various localities.

"Henry," asked the fond wife of her sick husband, "would you not like to see somebody?" and he faintly responded: "No, I'm not see sick."

Speaking of pork and plays, although there is commonly supposed to be no connection between the two, would a small hog's hind leg be a Hamlet?

According to a writer in the Chicago *Reporter* only 10,000,000 pounds of bogus butter were made in this country in 1886.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

MINNA IRVING.

A bird on a blossomed spray,
In the heart of the golden weather,
Sat singing the livelong day,
As my love and I together
Went down by the violet way,
My love with the dark and the dreaming eyes,
Starry and still as the midnight skies.

Under the bare, brown spray,
With eaten and rain-beaten feather,
Songless the dead bird lay
Where my love and I together
Had walked in the green of May.
And I pined for the light of his starry eyes,
And answered the moan of the wind with sighs.

Another bird on the spray
Sang in the crystal weather,
As my love and I one day—
A new love—walked together,
From the violets fringing the way,
Or the azure deeps of the summer skies
He had borrowed the blue of the laughing eyes.

Ah! a new bird on the spray,
To sing in the gay green weather,
And a new love every day,
And a heart as light as a feather,
That is the old world's way.
Scattered the dust of the dead bird lies,
Forgotten the light of the dead love's eyes!

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

OBLIVION.

A Posthumous Study by Mme. George Sand.

TRANSLATED BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

NICHETTE, so I think, is the sweetest and the most delightful woman in all France; and that, certainly, is saying a great deal.

I am a sort of a combination of painter, sculptor, poet and musician, though indolence—to say nothing of lack of genius—has kept me from accomplishing anything in either of any consequence; and you would not remember me if I told you my name. In my childhood I was almost entirely without playmates, and so I took to books instead of to trinkets, and my elders were foolish enough to encourage my abnormal tastes. Consequently, when I was a young man of fifteen, I was at a loss to understand why the women I saw in life were so unlike the lovely creatures who figured in the books I had read.

A little later, when my preferences enforced my drifting into the various and inviting channels of art, I saw that art women, as well as book women, had but little in common with the women of every-day life. I can scarcely say that I was disappointed—I was only puzzled. It seemed to me that there was something wrong about both the real and the ideal women. There was much in each which appealed to the natural impulses and instincts of men; and there was, also, much in each which men of fine natures must necessarily deplore. If women, the women whom men were to have for wives, mothers, sisters and friends, could only have the best attributes, and none of the faults, of both real and ideal women, there, indeed, would be a sufficient reason for turning one's back on Heaven and basking in the glory and splendor of woman instead. The danger of this is, perhaps, the reason why women are as they are, and not as they might be; that is, all women but Nichette, who, pardon me for saying it, could not be changed in any way which would improve her.

I first met her about two years ago when she was twenty and I thirty years old, and, also, when I was almost driven to the conclusion that the kind of a woman which I have just described as my idea of the woman a man could not help taking to his heart was not to be encountered in this life.

Nichette was all that I had longed for and expected and even more. She idolized my

ideal. Of course I fell in love with her at once. My notions and whims concerning women in general did not please her at first, for, like all who are possessed of fine, self-critical natures, she believed herself vastly inferior to every one else. But she soon set down my fancies as the honestly meant but erratic vagaries of a dreaming philosopher, and so her love and kisses were not long denied me.

One day she was sitting on the gnarled root of a great shade tree and I was lying in the grass at her feet. It was summer; the air was warm and full of the voice of birds and bees, and I was full of love and admiration for pretty Nichette, who was making fun of my frequent rapturous compliments. At last feigning petulance she made a pretense of kicking me, whereupon I snatched off one of her dainty little slippers and refused to surrender it until she promised to behave better.

But she would not promise, and so with mock gravity I lay holding her slipper in dead silence. She sat watching me for two or three minutes, and then suddenly bent over me and asked what I was thinking of that made me so grave.

"Oblivion," I answered, sepulchrally.

Jumping up she rescued her slipper and put it on.

"Oblivion!" she echoed, trying to croak it out as dismally as I did. "Ah, me! That comes of thinking when you have an empty stomach. I go this instant for refreshments."

And then laughing and kissing her fingers to me she darted away.

I watched her out of sight, thinking all the while that I was the most fortunate man on earth to have won the love of such a woman. I wondered if she thought I was in any sense in earnest when I told her that I was thinking of oblivion. Even joking about it seemed like an insult to her. Oblivion, indeed, when Nichette was mine!

"Oblivion bestows more than you think if you have only the sense to righly employ it," said a low voice at my side.

I thought that I must have been thinking aloud and that some one happened to be near enough at hand to overhear me. Turning my head, I looked up into such a face as I had often seen in classical art-pieces, but never before in life.

Sitting on the very root where Nichette had been was an old man with very handsome dark eyes and with cheeks as fresh and pink as those of a schoolgirl. His hair and beard were both snow-white and each seemed at least a yard long. He was dressed in loose white masses of drapery, not wholly unlike the dress of the ancient Greeks. Upon his head was a turban in which several jewels glistened and his feet were sandaled. I glanced about me to see if I was not dreaming, but the bees were still humming, the birds were still singing, everything but my strange visitor was perfectly natural and normal. He understood my action and smiled.

"No, my son," he said; "you are not sleeping. I am a reality; as much so as yourself."

"Who are you, and how came you here in my garden?" I asked, thoroughly astounded.

"I came to talk with you about oblivion, and to take you where you can fully understand what it really is," he answered.

I looked in the direction whence Nichette had gone, and again the old man seemed to guess out my thoughts.

"You can see and hear all, and can yet return before her if you wish to return after hearing and seeing," he said, arising.

My curiosity was aroused, and scrambling to my feet I bade him make haste and promised to follow him. I thought him some harmless lunatic and was wondering how far he would insist upon my going when suddenly before we had gone twenty paces I saw as I raised my eyes that I was in the midst of a landscape which until then I had never seen, though a moment before I would have solemnly sworn that there was no part of the country, for at least ten miles, which I had not many times explored.

We had entered a hollow flank on three sides by high mountains and only accessible at the point where we were passing. We walked on with great swiftness for a few moments, and then the hollow widened in a round, level valley like an amphitheatre.

In the centre of this we paused and my guide signed for me to look about me. In utter amazement I did so.

On one side of the valley, pouring, apparently, out of the solid side of the mountain was a broad sheet of water, of crystal purity and clearness, which fell, with a strange, weird murmur, into untold depths below. The part of it which was visible was about twenty feet square, and it looked like the undulating silver veil which concealed the beauty and loveliness of some rare harem.

Opposite this waterfall was a temple, the glistening columns, cornice and stairs of

which seemed made of alabaster. Strangely enough, the greater part of this structure seemed to retreat back into the very heart of the mountain. It was dimly lighted by tapers within, and its long rows of pillars went back, back, back, as far as the eye could penetrate.

My guide led me into this temple. Just inside its first arch we paused.

"You are surprised, my son," he said, facing me and smiling. "I doubt if you ever before realized how close together are the higher and the lower worlds—how brief is the step between them. You have seen much here, but you have still more to see. Yonder is the water of oblivion, and this is the temple of its devotees. I am its high priest."

With this we advanced further into the temple, passing pillar after pillar and under arch after arch. The lights burned softly, our footsteps made but slight sounds upon the smooth, polished floor of semi-transparent stone, and in the air there hung faint odors of delicate perfumes, which changed and varied constantly.

Saving ourselves, the temple seemed deserted. My guide moved more slowly now than he did when we were coming up the hollow, and, without a sign of imperiousness, he had grown majestic.

"Be heard!" he suddenly exclaimed, and instantly soft strains of witching and passionate music stole in upon us from everywhere Still there was no one in sight. The music continued, but in a strange, indefinite way, without taking upon itself melodic shape and character. It seemed like the accompaniment to a succession of love songs; it was sweet impressive harmony, made of love whispers and love sighs.

My guide noted its effect upon me, and smiled at my delight.

"Appear!" he exclaimed, presently, in the same startling, unexpected manner as before.

There was a sudden rustling and a tinkling of little bells, and then, as if they stepped out of the endless rows of shining pillars, he whole place was filled with smiling maidens. Such of their wondrous beauty as was not wholly uncovered was heightened rather than concealed by the fleecy, silvery scarfs they wore. Their feet were in jeweled sandals and jeweled bands held their loose, streaming hair back from their faces. Upon each of their bare arms, also, were two jeweled bracelets. Their ages seemed to run from sixteen to twenty, and singly as well as collectively it was such a revelation of womanly perfection and beauty as, I am sure, no mortal ever dreamed of. Poor Nichette! How she suffered in comparison with these splendid, matchless women! Beside their perfection of form and face—the latter I now mean from the standpoint of beauty—after was, upon the brow and in the eyes of each, the unmistakable impress of marked and decided intellect. This, to me, was more wonderful and astonishing than their shapeliness and grace, and I remarked the same to my guide.

"These are my proselytes," he said, "and you are the first mortal I have ever deemed worthy to see them. Do not look surprised; though I am a stranger to you, I have been watching you for a long while."

The maidens, still smiling, stood about us at regular intervals, waiting apparently for another signal from him who had proclaimed himself master. Taking me by the hand he led me up half a dozen steps, where, side by side, we paused upon a dais. My companion then spoke a language unknown to me, whereupon the maidens began something which was neither a march nor a waltz, but which partook of some of the elements of both.

Finally, I observed that they were gradually leaving the temple and forming into a series of circles in the valley outside, between the temple and the waterfall. At last my guide and I were the only ones in the temple. From where we stood we could see very distinctly their graceful, almost rhythmical, movements. In my heart was the yearning wish that this might go on forever.

"Soon they will return," said my guide. "While they are gone I wish to tell you something of vast importance. This day is the turning point of your existence in the lower world. Before to-day I could not reveal myself to you. After to-day, if you reject the truths I give you, I can never speak with you again. Oblivion is a matter of grade and degree. Yonder are its waters. As it covers you in greater or lesser measure, you so assume more or less of oblivion. To plunge in yonder waterfall is to drown memory altogether, and also comprehension. You would not, then, know at one moment what had taken place in the previous moment. Oblivion thus is a punishment since the kind of existence it permits is pain and torture at their utmost. Oblivion as a blessing is what comes to one upon entering paradise. Then, of course, though, being only in his spiritual state, man's sweetest raptures are already past. To enter the water of oblivion sufficiently that all your past is wholly dead and forgotten is to enter paradise in flesh and blood. Then, with perfect companions, you go on, forever, if you will, in unchanging youth in an existence of unalloyed bliss, innocence and perfection. Perfect as seem these women who have just left us, you shall have as your future companion and wife one whose perfections as compared with these are as full daylight and sunshine are to midnight blackness. The waters of oblivion can give you this, and fame also; fame, too, such as no man ever had before. Will you partake of them?"

The music, the perfume, the dancing maidens who were now returning, dazzled, bewildered, intoxicated me.

"I will partake," I cried out, madly; "I will partake, I want this promised perfect life."

Slowly the maidens danced themselves back into the temple. Each bore in one hand a crystal cup, containing water from the fall across the valley.

"These maidens," said the old man, "are the daughters of women who feared for their daughter's virtue and innocence in their yet untried futures. These mothers prayed that absolute safety might come to their beloved daughters, and these prayers are mine to answer. The maidens come here, the waters of oblivion blot out their past recollections, and here they live on, forever, in sacred purity and peace."

My guide then took me down from the dais, and we stood among the maidens.

"Now, my son," said the old man, "the moment for the change in your life has come.

The maidens will empty their cups on your bowed head. All your life, as they are pouring, will pass before you. Each incident of it will again come up as fresh and distinct as it was when you were living in it. Let the pouring of the water continue until you are once more in the moment wherein I promised you new life, new love, great fame. Then bid them stop, and all is done.

I knelt, as he bade me, and bowed my head.

Then the pouring of the water began. As the old man said, all my life passed before me. I was once more an infant in my mother's arms, and so swiftly the whole of my days came again and went; all clear, vivid and distinct. My boyish hopes, my manly endeavors; my love for art, for Nichette, and, finally, the moment of the promise recurred again.

"Enough!" I cried, and the pouring of the water from the crystal cups in the hands of the dancing maidens ceased. I sprang to my feet. The old man took my hand and placed it in that of a woman who stood beside him. She was covered in a filmy veil, glistening with jewels from head to foot. Of her face, save her splendid eyes, I could form no conception, but the surpassing grace and exquisiteness of her figure were not wholly a matter to be guessed at.

"This," said the old man, "is she with whom the rest of your life is to be lived. Her veil you can cast aside presently; but first there is a task before you—the last one you will ever know."

Leading the way to the entrance of the temple, he pointed across the valley to the summit of the mountain above the waterfall, and there, glittering and wonderful, was the veritable Temple of Fame.

"Take this woman with you," he said, "and do not unloose her hand. Climb with her to the temple yonder and enter it. There love and fame will both be yours for the asking; greater love and greater fame than any man yet had. But choose aright or you lose both, and life with them."

Led by the woman, I crossed the valley, and together we climbed the mountain, rough, steep and precipitous as it was. We entered the door of the Temple of Fame, hand in hand. The great names of the world were on its walls, and an angel was waiting to write my name, highest of all, if I made no error.

"Whence came you?" asked a voice.

"From the Master," answered the woman at my side.

"Man," said the voice, "you are favored. Love and fame, both unparalleled, are yours if you chose rightly. Which seek you first?"

I looked at my companion and bade her cast aside her veil.

"As soon as you choose," she answered.

Piqued, I loosened her hand and said, "Fame first, love afterward."

"He who chooses fame first and love afterward is a fool," said the voice. "I cannot save you from the fiend."

There was a sullen roar, and the fiend, surely enough, stood before me in all his horridness. The woman tried to reach my hand again, but the fiend flung her aside. Then he struck me full in the face with one of his hoofs, and the force of the tremendous kick sent me out of the temple backward. But not until the unveiled beauty of the woman I had lost flashed once before me. She was lovelier than the wildest, maddest dream of artist or poet.

"Why did you unloose my hand?" she cried out, in bitterest agony. "But for that you would have been safe."

"Too late! Down, down the mountain side I went, crashing and rolling, until I fell, at last, into the waterfall in the valley, and the waters of oblivion sent me down into the endless depths of the pit in which they fell.

Then all was over, and mind and memory, I thought, were dead. But only for a moment. The next I felt warm kisses on my lips and heard merry laughter. I opened my eyes and looked up into the face of Nichette, my wife.

"You bad boy," she said, gayly; "you went to sleep and have been dreaming; worst of all, you have been dreaming aloud. It is lucky for you that I am not a jealous woman, or all your chattering about leaving me for prettier women would call down something dire and dreadful upon you."

It Makes the Hearers Raw.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed cousin Jane, "my throat is so raw I can't sing any more. Doesn't singing make your throat raw, Uncle Charles?"

"I think," was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."—*Boston Transcript.*

ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY.

A Southern Pacific Train Stopped and the Express Car Plundered.

A West-bound express train on the Southern Pacific railroad was stopped and robbed by several men at Papago station, eighteen miles east of Tucson, Ariz. Harper, the engineer, when approaching Papago, was signaled by a red lantern to stop. He slowed down, and as he approached the light noticed obstructions which would have derailed the engine had he not stopped. The robbers, variously estimated at from five to eight in number, fired several shots into the express car and a man with a pistol in each hand boarded the locomotive and commanded Harper not to get down. The other robbers had, in the meantime been prying open the express car, and, failing to get it open, they placed a stick of giant powder under it and compelled Harper to light the fuse attached. This he was obliged to do, but to avoid being blown up the messenger opened the car and the robbers took possession. After extinguishing the fuse they then took charge of the car, uncoupled the engine, baggage and express car from the remainder of the train and made Harper get on the engine and pull ahead two lengths. This being done, Harper was again put off and the robbers took charge of the engine and pulled six miles toward Tucson. Here they "killed" the engine and left it. During the run the robbers went through the mail and express cars, but did not get more than $5,000 from Wells, Fargo & Co. They got two packages of railroad money, one $1,210 and one of $500, and also two packages of postage stamps going to the postoffice at San Francisco. None of the passengers were molested, and some of them knew nothing of what was going on.

It Will Down Him First.

Ginger (in a bar-room)—Ah, there, my boy! I'm befriending mankind now.

Brown (who has just come in)—So?

Ginger—Trying to down liquor, don't you see. Ha, ha!

Brown—That's a chestnut. But how are you succeeding?

Ginger—Well, it's up-hill work. I've been wrestling with it for some time, but I don't seem to be able to exhaust it.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Good Tea that shall always be the same in flavor and strength is hard to get.

This advertisement is an attempt to explain and introduce such a Tea. Whether it is honest, or otherwise, the reader must judge.

Martin Gillet & Co., who pay for this advertisement, are an old firm, having been engaged in the China trade since the establishment of the house, in 1811. You who read this may, or may not, believe it; but it is a fact, and one which you can verify.

Martin Gillet & Co. believe that the house that, knowing how to get good tea, does get it, and then offers it to the people at a fair price, may expect a rich reward will await them, when the people find out that they are honestly telling the truth. But, to secure this profit, some simple way of identifying the tea to the public must be adopted, so that all may recognize it; and this is why the little symbol "He-No" is adopted and given as a name to the tea. It means nothing, and it is simply a trade-mark to further enable the purchasers to know they are getting the tea that this advertisement is about. It is packed in paper bags, of which the cut at the head of this advertisement is a fac-simile.

NOW, WHAT IS HE-NO TEA?

Simply a Pure Tea of natural flavor, made not to look nice, but to drink well. It is the choicest quality of leaf to be had, in an absolutely natural condition; that is, without artificial coloring or other manipulation.

If your grocer or storekeeper is a live dealer he can supply you with this tea at the rate of 75 cents per pound, and make a fair profit. If he should decline to do so, and you desire to try the tea, a sample pound package will be sent to you on receipt of 75 cents in postage stamps or otherwise; a sample half-pound package on receipt of 40 cents; a sample quarter-pound package on receipt of 20 cents. Our object in doing this is to get you to like the tea so well that you will induce your grocer to keep the tea in stock. We may be unknown to you, and you may hesitate to send the money by mail. We therefore call your attention to the extracts below, which may give you confidence.

From the Baltimore *Sun*, the oldest journal of the State, and one you cannot buy a "puff" from at any price, and whose publisher, the venerable A. S. Abell, Esq., is the richest journalist in the world, March 5, 1887:

"We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Martin Gillet & Co. in another column. Their claim for the superior excellence of the new He-No Tea of 1887 is founded on fact, and it is creditable to the enterprise of this firm that they have extended the tea trade of our city from a purely local demand to one extending all over the South and West."

The "Annual" of the B. & O. R. R. for 1887, which has established such a wide reputation, in speaking of Martin Gillet & Co., says: "This house was established by the grandfather of the present members in 1811. It has always been engaged in the tea business, and has passed through every panic for the past three-quarters of a century, and never asked or received an extension. The style of the firm, meantime, has never been changed. Among the old customers of the house were Robert Garrett & Sons, as well as Johns Hopkins & Co. Five years ago the tea trade of Baltimore was purely local. The Baltimore freight department say that they have received from Mrtin Gillet & Co. in the past two years more He-No Tea for shipment to one point (St. Louis) than they have forwarded from Baltimore to same point for the previous twenty years. The firm is progressive. The He-No Tea which they advertise is a pioneer and an educator—the first attempt to introduce in this country teas in the natural condition, as they are used in China."

Remember, Martin Gillet & Co. do not retail a pound; they are strictly importers, and only adopt this method of introducing the tea. Regular supplies must be obtained in the regular way in which families get their groceries.

Address MARTIN GILLET & CO., Baltimore, Md.

TROUBLE IN DAKOTA.

Squatters to be Moved from Indian Lands in That Territory.

A company of infantry has been sent to the Winnebago and Crow Creek Reservation in Dakota with instructions, it is said, to remove all the white settlers who may be found there. It is reported that this action of the government has caused great indignation, and that the settlers are prepared to resist the troops. But surely they have had fair warning. Only six weeks after President Arthur had, at the suggestion of Secretary Teller, declared part of the reservation open for settlement the order was revoked by President Cleveland, and in a proclamation he warned those who had in great haste gone upon the land that they must depart. That proclamation was issued more than two years ago, and those to whom it was addressed had sixty days in which to obey it. The President appears to have decided that after two years' delay they ought not to ask for more time.

Both on the Rack.

"Get your hat, sir, and accompany me home," said an irate wife to her husband the other evening after a matrimonial discussion at the house of a friend. "Yes, my dear," meekly responded the frightened benedict, "where is my hat?" "On the rack, sir," answered the wife promptly and emphatically—the emphasis on the word "rack." "Ah, yes," said the husband sadly; "the hat and I will exchange places after we leave here."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Inter-State Law

Was not necessitated in order to insure

FAIR AND EQUITABLE

Treatment on the part of the

BALTIMORE AND OHIO

TOWARD THE PUBLIC.

If other lines required the creation of the

INTER-STATE COMMISSION

In order to keep them straight and compel them to observe that

FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND

So dear to the American idea of a square deal, it is a good thing that this necessity has been realized and the great power of Congress invoked to bring them to a proper sense of the situation. The

BALTIMORE AND OHIO

With its half-century's record of ABSOLUTE IMPARTIALITY, its unparalleled achievements in ADVANCING THE STANDARD OF AMERICAN RAILROADS and its UNQUESTIONED ATTITUDE as regards the demands of the traveling public has beyond dispute long stood at the very head in popular estimation.

It is not altogether improbable that, in view of the financial success achieved under the steadily-maintained

LIBERAL POLICY OF THE B. & O.,

Our National Legislators, in enacting the Inter-State Commerce Law, were aiming to impress this object lesson upon the attention of other railway managers and teach them that the way to prosperity and public favor was through the hope of reaching the standard of the sterling old company, which has so long led the way and merits the proud distinction of being designated as THE MODEL LINE.

THE B. AND O.

Is still, however, the only line running Limited Express trains, without extra charge, from the Great Rivers and Lakes of the West over the Alleghanies to the Sea. In fact, it is THE ONLY LINE in the country running limited fast trains anywhere upon which the rule is strictly adhered to of not making an extra money rate for fast time. On the B. & O. the best that modern railroad progress can attain is given for the regular fare, and no thought of adding fancy figures. It is the only line between the East and the West via Washington, and the only line passing through the National Capital en route. It is the only line through the historic and famously beautiful Valley of the Potomac, with Harper's Ferry en route, and well indeed is it named

PICTURESQUE B. & O.

Ticket Agents everywhere furnish information, rates, etc., etc., and it is sure to lead to a saving of money to become posted thoroughly as to the advantages of the Baltimore and Ohio for a trip any where between the East and the West.

NO MORE
WHITEWASHING
WHEN
Plastic Paint
CAN BE HAD SO CHEAP.

Send for pamphlet and color card and learn its merits.

MAXWELL, HAZLETT & CO.
25 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.
Otsego and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Wall Paper.

GEORGE A. WINGERT,
DRUGGIST,
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