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WHERE THE LITTLE ONES GO.

CHARLES. M. SNYDER.

When drowsy evening trails her robe
And decks the twilight hems,
With gleaming light, and flashes bright,
Of lustrous dewy gems.

And one by one adorning stars
In azure blue aloof,
In brightness shine—by art divine
Set in its sable woof.

The little ones begin to nod
And sleepy eyelids fall;
Then evening soft bears them aloft
To dreamland, one and all.

Where beings clad in gossamer
Of woven glint and gleam,
Tread blithe and gay the milky way,
The highway of the dream.

Then do they know indeed if stars
Are but the watchful eyes
Of angels bright, who note the flight
Of every one who dies.

And filled with wonder and delight
At everything they scan;
In childish glee, the moon they see
Indeed contains a man.

They see the blush of conscious dawn
Her rosy life begun;
See Luna wink and fade and blink
At the approaching sun.

Behold her retinue of stars
Fade softly from the view;
And give to day, with lessened ray,
A glimmering adieu.

Then evening takes their little hands
And down the milky way,
They lightly tend, till they descend
Unto the edge of day.

And they begin a wondrous flight
Held in a soft embrace,
And down the sky, they lightly hie
Across the mighty space.

Then as the morning's chanticleer
Begins his new refrain,
They're safe in bed, the night is sped
And life awakes again.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

Some of Which are Perhaps a Little too Fresh.

Ladies' hats are now large enough to be seen with the naked eye.

Pelerines trimmed with beaded epaulettes and bugles are popular. The pelerines should not be killed before they are six weeks old, as they are tough before that age.

The upright jabot is coming to the front of the hat.

Mikado reed and bead portieres grow more in favor than ever. They should, however, never be used for trimming moire Francais gowns.

Ostrich tips are becoming numerous again, but the old style silver quarter is in as much demand as ever in most restaurants.

Trained gowns are reserved for dinners of high ceremony. If trained properly, they can be made very useful on these occasions.

Handkerchiefs are now made of tiny squares of batiste or foulard, cut low in the neck, and trimmed with moire antique.

Summer pattern dresses are provided with parasol, fan, and beau to match.

Bonnets of tulle cut bias are embroidered with straw and provided with sleeves *a la Greeque*.

W. H. SIVITER.

WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.

Courage and Physical Strength Will be Discounted.

Any one who has seen the destructive work of Gatling guns and reads of the precision of aim attained by an Ohio battery in the contests at Washington, will wonder whether war can be again carried on at close quarters. The bayonet will certainly be of less use than ever, now that magazine and Gatling guns are parts of the regular armament. In tests of the Gatling gun made at Hartford, Conn., a canvas target, covering a regimental front, has been cut in two for its entire length by a few discharges from a Gatling gun battery. It would be physically impossible for troops to stand such a discharge, apart from any question of their courage and willingness to expose themselves to danger. The supposed tendency of these improvements in the weapons of war is in the interest of peace—making nations less disposed to fight and bringing wars to an early conclusion. They will also increase, it is supposed, the value of strategy and the more intellectual military qualities. Courage, strength and personal skill were the main elements in the days of hand-to-hand encounters, but with improvements in arms the intellectual forces have taken a more and more commanding position.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Their Separate Honeymoon Trips.

Commercial (to tradesman)—Well, and how did you enjoy your honeymoon?

Benedict—I am sorry to say that I can't tell you till the end of this week—my wife hasn't got home yet.

Commercial—How's that?

Benedict—Well, business being unexpectedly brisk, we could not get away together. I went out for a fortnight by myself, and the wife is now away for her fortnight; so shan't be able to tell you till she returns.—*Moonshine.*

Vanishing Forest Wealth.

It is stated that 700,000 acres or twenty-nine per cent. of the available pine lands of this country lie within Wisconsin and Minnesota. It will, therefore, readily be seen that their lumber supply comprises one of the greatest sources of wealth of these two States. It is accordingly a proposition that will hardly be gainsaid that the preservation of this source of wealth is a matter of the most vital importance. So far from being carefully guarded it is disappearing with astonishing rapidity.—*St. Paul Globe.*

BAB'S GOSSIP.

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF NEW YORK AND THEIR LATEST FADS.

A Box-seat on a Four-in-hand Regarded as a Lift Toward Paradise—The Reigning Beauties of the Day—Young Married Women Taking Precedence of Girls.

The fashionable New York girl never feels so near Paradise as when on the box-seat of a four-in-hand. So it is easy to understand how those women who had dreamed out and materialized beautiful *crepe de chine* and soft silk gowns, wonderful "picture hats" and ravishing parasols felt when it poured rain on the day of the coaching parade. It cleared off in a half-hearted sort of fashion about half an hour before the time, and although the coaches did not turn out they almost seemed like a ballet in long-tailed gowns, for the women had to wear ulsters and topcoats, dark hats and cloth frocks. There was only one luxury of dress allowed them, and this was the silk stockings and coquettish shoes which every woman who has ever climbed a coach appreciates the value of.

The owner of a coach—fortunate man!—is courted all the year round, because womenkind not only wants an invitation for a drive seated on its top, but she wants *the* invitation, which means a seat by the driver, the place where she can see and be seen (the latter most important) best of all.

Apropos of gowns for driving, the liking displayed for those of cotton increases week after week, and it is no longer unusual to see a swell turnout with its men in livery, its coach with an enormous crest upon it, the horses prancing and carrying themselves as only good horse-flesh can, while the mistress of it all sits content in a pink heliotrope or blue cotton gown. In the recent fashionable gatherings at Jerome Park, the really smart gowns were all of cotton; and as the sun shone bright, the grass was as green as an emerald, many of the women pretty, some even more than that, there was not any fault found with the fabric of the gown when the effect was so perfect.

There are a great many pretty women in New York, a fact many times forgotten, because their ability in dressing, their ease in adapting themselves to positions, and their cleverness socially, absorb so much attention from people who write that the beauty of face is often overlooked. Each season has its beauty; this one's has been Miss Wright. It is said of her that she was discovered by a very fashionable man who induced a kindly matron to give her the *entree* at Newport, which, of course, meant the key to all the desirable doors in New York. One great crime is hers—she is poor. But nevertheless, she has been every place, always charmingly dressed, and made more of than any girl of the season. The year before the beauty was Miss May Brady. Of her it can only be said that while her features are cut like a cameo, and her complexion very fine, she still so entirely lacks expression that, except when viewed as a still-piece, her charms are not remarkable.

The season before that really gave the most beautiful girl that New York has shown for years—Miss Marion Langdon. Miss Langdon has birth, fortune, and a beautiful face. To this is added charm of manner, and when she is silent the perfect repose which always ought to, but sometimes does not, attach itself to those who claim the caste of Vere de Vere. Of Miss Langdon there has never been anything but charming things said. To her the tribute was always dignified, and even the most frivolous of reporters never failed to pay her the respect due, not only a beautiful, but a well-bred girl.

The young married women, who are in New York a great power, claim as their beauties Mrs. Willie Douglas, a remarkably handsome woman; Mrs. Burke Roche, pretty in an insipid way; Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, a magnificently beautiful woman; Mrs. Harry Alexandre, the bride of a week, and the very rich widow, Mrs. Louis Hamersley. The right of Mrs. James Brown Potter to great beauty has always been contested, and very properly too; her complexion and hair are very handsome, but her arms and figure generally are absolutely awkward, while her eyes have either naturally, or else she has cultivated, a fixed stare that is quite too suggestive of posing for the photographer. As far as men go, the palm for good looks is conceded to Fred May; for good dressing to Fred Gebhardt, and for ability to handle the reins, sail a boat, order a dinner, arrange a theatre party, soothe the feelings of every woman who is not on the box seat of the coach, Mr. Zbrowski. Mr. Berry Wall is always loud in his clothes; consequently he is not a good dresser.

One of the pleasant things that happened at the wedding of Miss Lizzie Lawrence to Mr. Harry Alexandre was the reception of a present from her father-in-law. Early in the morning there came to her a note saying that the bearer had been in the family for fifty years, and that he brought to her a wedding gift which was her own entirely, and in which it was trusted she would have many happy hours. It turned out to be the very perfection of broughams with a stunning pair of horses attached, the turnout being brought over by the old coachman of the Alexandre family, who then remained to see the man he had known as a boy transformed into a happy bridegroom. A pretty thought wasn't it?

The English papers are, in many words, giving a description of how altogether charming is "Colonel the Honorable William Frederick Cody," in the magnitude of whose name it is at first hard to discover "Buffalo Bill." The Londoners at last have something really American; consequently they will patronize it to no end and will find in Buffalo Bill greater delight than in any of the numerous actors ranging from Booth to Dixey, from Mary Anderson to Lotta, who have essayed the attempt and failed to prove that as a nation we are original. Buffalo Bill will do all this and make a lot of friends beside. It is said that the Princess of Wales was delighted with the papoose and it only remains for some noble lady to adopt one, present it at court, and so the Indian princess dreamed of by Thackeray in "The Virginians" will be an absolute truth.

Sailor hats are shrouded, not in mystery, but in tulle; the tulle starts from under the back, is drawn entirely over the crown, brim and trimmings, comes under the front and its end is hidden. Brown, yellow, mauve, dark blue and bright red net or tulle is used for this arrangement, which has rather a tsking air.

The very swell girl no longer buys candies; she gets "sweeties." She wonders through her lorgnette what you mean by the elevator, but gets into the "lift" so she may not have to climb the stairway; she meets you on the street and assures you "that it's so hard to get boxes big enough to hold one's gowns," and her amazement, if you suggested that enormous trunks could be gotten at some special shop, would only be equaled by her horror if you should suggest that she ask the conductor about the sunny side of the car, when really she could "tip the guard" and "he'd tell her all he knew." This little fad is amusing, so there is no reason why, as it is innocent, it should not be allowed to run its course, which one is certain will be a short one and dreadfully handicapped by the brain exercise necessary to good speed.

BAB.

THE TWO WEBSTERS.

Comparative Greatness of Daniel and Noah—Their Respective Excellence.

America has produced two distinguished Websters—Daniel and Noah.

Daniel possessed a ready command of words, we are told by his biographer, though as to how this large stock came into Daniel's possession we are left in the dark. Let us hope he came by them honestly.

One would think that this would have qualified him to build a dictionary, but it did not. Noah was the dictionary-maker, although his command of words was far inferior to Daniel's. In fact, when Noah began the preparation of that delightful epic of his entitled "Webster on a Bridge," he found himself so short of words that he spent ten years in grubbing for their roots.

Having secured a quantity of these of thrifty stock, the presumption is that he planted them and raised several large crops. At least that conclusion seems perfectly reasonable after a glance at the epic referred to.

In preparing his dictionary Mr. Webster recognized the fact that it would be perused with interest and spectacles by people of every race, color and previous condition of servitude, and possibly by some others. He therefore disliked to give arbitrary spellings and pronunciations of words, and in many cases he allowed an elasticity in the former which is very encouraging to the intelligent compositor.

This work of Noah's is not what might be called an intensely interesting book. Its descriptions are noted for their brevity, and the plot is not at all connected. But it is very popular, nevertheless, and many people, even among those who have received a college education, occasionally imitate its mode of spelling.

Mr. Noah Webster would have had to this day an unblemished reputation had he rested on his laurels when he finished his literary work. But in an evil moment he placed himself in the hands of his friends, and they, with fiendish malignity, sent him to the Connecticut Legislature. As all efforts to induce the governor to pardon him failed, he was obliged to serve his full term.

Daniel Webster was noted as the sole proprietor of the largest head in existence in his day, not only after he had been out with the boys, but also previous to those solemn occasions.

In these days it is not considered complimentary to be referred to as possessing the big head, but Daniel held it not derogatory to his fame.

His cranium was permanently swelled and he seemed to be proud of the fact.

It was Daniel's delight to get together a large number of natives, and, holding them spellbound with his eloquence so that they could not get away, he would fire at them a large and varied assortment of the words of which he had such a ready command.

This brand of eloquence is scarce now, but swelled heads are a drug in the market.

Daniel descended yet lower than Noah, for while the latter was only a member of the Legislature, Daniel succeeded in breaking into Congress. And though he left no dictionary to live after him, he was not wholly blameless in this respect. He left several orations to terrorize unborn generations of schoolboys.

In his youth, Daniel wrote some poetry, but as he seems to have freed himself from this pernicious habit later in life, it should not now be charged against him.

WM. H. SIVITER.

PAYING OFF OLD SCORES.

Russia's Retaliation for German Antagonism in 1878 and 1886.

The Russian ukase forbidding foreigners to acquire estates on the western frontier of Russia is designed principally to put an end to the influx of Germans into Russia. There are in Russia so many German factories, workshops, warehouses and farms, the productions of which are of profit to Germans exclusively, that the Russian government regards them as detrimental to the country, owing to their competition with Russian industries. Besides, most of the Germans in Russia are members of the German army reserves, and, in event of war, they might become hostile outposts, familiar with Russia's topography, resources and strategic condition, and might seek an alliance with the Poles.

The ukase will not effect its object immediately as it does not disturb foreigners who are already landlords. Many hold land under temporary concessions which will not be renewed when their terms expire. It is expected that the tenants will then leave their holdings and that the owners of the land will find circumstances so adverse that they will also be compelled to leave. This, together with the Russianizing movement in the Baltic provinces, will produce an increasing breach between Germany and Russia and render impossible a renewal of their former cordiality which was undermined by Prince Bismark's action at the Berlin Congress and his policy in the Bulgarian crisis.—*London Cable Dispatch.*

JUNE WEATHER PROVERBS.

A cold and wet June spoils the whole year.
A dripping June brings all things in tune.
If the north wind blows in June, rye will be splendid in harvest time.
Calm weather in June sets corns in tune.
When it is the hottest in June, it will be the coldest in the next February at corresponding days.
June, damp and warm, does not make the farmer poor.
If on the 8th of June it rains, it foretells of wet harvests, men hath sain.
Previous to St. John's day (24th) we dare not praise barley.
Rain on St. Barnabas' day (11th) is a good harvest in grapes.
The following is from "Robin's Almanac," 1697:

If St. Vitus day (15th) be rainy weather,
It will rain for thirty days together.

Courting is a Public Necessity.

An eccentric justice of the peace, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor on the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows: "It appears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's girl in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded and was put out by the defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore, the law will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged and plaintiff must pay cosst."

Sat it Through.

Brown (to Jones, who has produced the great American drama)—Well, old man, how did your piece go?

Jones—First-class. The play is all right. I know several men who were present every night and who sat through the whole show.

Brown—Is that so? Who were they?

Jones—The musicians.

Brown treats.—*Boston Post.*

No Limit to His Love.

"So you think you could love Evangeline?"

"Love her? I could love her even if she were my wife."—*New York Mail.*

HOWARD'S LETTER.

THE GREAT DESERT OF DESPAIR THAT LIES IN NEW YORK.

Summer Pleasures and Privations—What Hot Weather Means to the Poor and Forlorn—The Bitter Problem of Evil Presented in its Most Forbidding Aspect

People who see New York in the glare of the noonday sun have a very superficial acquaintance with its lower life. By lower life I do not refer to the palatial gaming houses where suppers are provided for men who play and spectators who don't, costing all the way from $10 to $25 a plate, with wine *ad libitum*, nor to other houses of gilded infamy, where recklessness of expenditure keeps pace with extremity of debauchery. Nor do I refer to the haunts of thieves and the groveling of men and women in the depravity of drunkenness; nor to the much written about and very little understood opium joints; nor to that great silent city which stretches from river to river, and from the postoffice to the Battery, in whose vaults are hundreds of millions of dollars, tenantless save by rats, cats and watchmen; but I would call your attention for a moment to an immense desert of despair, divided by avenues of wealth and affluence, of comfort and of ease, into an eastern and a western section, overcrowded, overheated, swarming with poverty, distress, despair, faint with heat, sick at heart with destitution, poisoned by malaria, foul with odors from unprotected sewers, dirty, uncanny, disreputable.

Thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens will soon, in dog-days, rush from their pleasant homes in the city, every day, to Coney Island, Long Beach or Long Branch. Their excursion means a breezy sail down the bay, a pleasant trip on a well-laid railroad, a delightful plunge in the tumbling breakers and a jolly dinner of Little Neck clams, softshell crabs, broiled chickens, champagne, Burgundy, coffee and *pousse cafe*. After that a stroll upon the beach, superb music, furnished by a magnificent band, a fragrant cigar and a refreshing trip across the bay with its invigorating change. I doubt it is an over-estimate to say that of the 30,000 or 40,000 people who make daily trips to some one of these nearby resorts at least 10,000 of them spend from $5 to $10 each. The lower of these sums represents a week's work to many men; two weeks' work to many boys. These thousands are merchants, clerks and the better grade of mechanics, and to them the outlying districts of penury and distress are as little known as they are to the millionaire on the avenue or the preacher in his pulpit.

Now and then a doctor, carried away by zeal in his profession, chances upon a patient whom he subsequently visits in one of these pest houses; but, as a rule, the only doctor these poor creatures know is found in the dispensary or in the corner drug store. There are houses here in which there are 100 homes; houses in which from 400 to 600 people live; houses divided into rooms fourteen feet square, in which huddle families of six and eight, with boarders; houses in which there are rooms without windows to which the sun never penetrates, where a breath of fresh air would be a stranger and a flower an object of intensest curiosity. It would require a stretch of imagination beyond the capacity of the most intelligent reader to conceive of the huddled-up way in which scores of thousands of New York's poor pass their existence.

I had occasion once to visit a sick man in one of these houses.

I found him in a room perhaps twelve feet square, with a little window—two panes, six inches by four. He was lying on a bundle of rags. In the room was a cooking-stove; four beds were piled one upon the other in a corner; clothes, recently washed, were hanging upon lines stretched from end to end. The family, consisting of a woman and five little children under the age of seven, were eating fried pan-fish, while seated at a table were their three male boarders. I happened to have a rosebud with a sprig of lemon verbena in my buttonhole, and the amount of whispering and childish curiosity occasioned by it among the little folks at the table was both interesting and saddening. The combined odors of the room and the fish nearly turned my stomach end for end.

I have never forgotten it; I believe I never shall.

It was new and strange and terrible to me, but not to them.

It was their "Home, Sweet Home."

It was where they lived and moved and had their being. It was where the tan-colored mother sang lullabys to the children, where the babies prayed "God bess papa and mama," and where all the one or the other kind of domestic life was located and remembered. Nor was it an exceptionably bad case. On the contrary, it was a little better than others I have seen, because, fortunately, there was nothing there but poverty. Had there been drunkenness, with its hideous addenda, what tragedies would be probable! The sick man didn't last long, but before he turned to the wall and left his children fatherless, he told me how hard his feebie wife worked, how she washed clothes by day and sewed by night, and how her desire to provide him a few "luxuries"—such as an occasional apple, a lemon and a "bit of medicine"—made her slave herself by the care of boarders.

A somewhat extended familiarity with the drinking poor of New York long ago convinced me of the impossibility of persuading them to live decently. If twenty men and women and children literally live in one room—eat, drink, undress, dress, sleep, cook, wash, and "stay"—doesn't common sense tell you that all barriers of ordinary decency must of necessity be broken down? And when decency and modesty are gone the end is come.

To what is this terrible condition attributable?

Partly to municipal neglect, largely to rum, and, to an extent, to the dislike which these people have of leaving crowded centres and seeking new homes. Look at the fast-arriving crowds of immigrants. They come in here at the rate of half a million a year. Where do they go? Some put for the far West, and a few go South; but New York's dirt and qualor, stench and poverty are good enough for a majority of them.

The American Home Mission Society should never preach about poor clergymen "out West." There are thousands who need the preaching of cleanliness right here. Far be it from me to ridicule anything honestly done to "save souls" in the future, but I am frank to confess I would like to see a little something done to help bodies in the present. With over 300,000 men, women and children who look systematically to their fellows for means to live on, New York is in no position to challenge her sister cities.

Our streets are filthy.

They smell to Heaven.

Our finances are in a frightful state of mixedness, and nothing but the peculiar favor of a special Providence prevents our punishment by cholera or some equally terrible epidemic.

Queer world?

Yes—and I wonder if all this is done "on purpose."

HOWARD.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Movements and Occurrences of Interest in the Religious World.

The Pope in his recent allocution, referring to the successful issue of the negotiations with Prussia, said: "God grant that Italy, who is peculiarly dear to us, may share the spirit of peace with which we are animated toward all nations. We earnestly desire that Italy should put aside her unhappy indifference with the papacy, whose dignity is violated chiefly by the conspiracy of sects. The means of obtaining concord would be to establish the Pope in a position where he would be subject to no power in the enjoyment of full and real liberty, which, far from injuring Italy, would powerfully contribute to her prosperity."

A religious society known as the Christian Community, which is said to have been founded 200 years ago by the Huguenots, held its annual meeting in London recently. Mr. J. Atkinson, secretary, stated that the 250 members of the community had regularly visited eleven workhouses in the metropolis, and had thus spoken the Gospel to about 11,500 hearers weekly. Upward of thirty lodging-houses had also been visited, and there the number of hearers per week was estimated at 3,400. At mission-halls and open-air stations 2,500 services have been conducted, and as many as 20,000 free meals provided for the destitute.

The little parish of Netley Marsh Totter, in England, has been for some time past disturbed by a singular controversy. For the last thirty years the boys of the Hampshire Reformatory School have been accustomed to attend the parish church, but the noses of some of the present generation of parishioners are, it would seem, so delicately constructed that they cannot endure the smell of the poor boys' corduroy trousers. The lads have been, therefore, of late turned back by the vicar's warden whenever they have presented themselves at the church door. The right to exclude them is about to be legally tested.

The first Gospel printed in Japan, that of St. Mark, was issued in 1872, the whole New Testament in 1880, and the issue of the entire Scriptures in the native character is expected immediately. From the report of the council of the United Mission in Japan, which is just to hand, it appears that the union now includes fifty churches, with 4,356 adult members. The gain last year in churches was nine; and in members, 1,128. The contributions of the native Christians for last year average seven shillings each. There are now eighty-three European and American missionaries in Japan.

The Fiji Islands, once the abode of cannibals, have been thoroughly Christianized. There are at present in Fiji: Fijians, 111,743; Europeans, 3,567; half-castes, 706; Asiatics, 4,230; Polynesians, 5,664; Rotumans, 2,414; total 128,414. Of these 111,743 Fijians, 100,154 are attendants at public worship. A very large proportion indeed. All traces of their heathenish practices have been cleared away, and visitors now cannot imagine that this people, with their almost Parisian manners and their mellifluous speech, were the cannibals of ancient times.

The subject of Christian unity is the foremost church topic of the times. Steps toward the reunion of the Northern and Southern Presbyterians are being taken. The bishops of the Protestant Episcopal churches have submitted a scheme of union to the consideration of sister denominations, and other church bodies are considering plans of coming together. There is small promise of immediate results, but the tendency is marked.

Germany has recently taken possession of the Cameroons district, in West Africa, and besides a few German missionaries to take the place of the retiring English Baptist missionaries are the following imports from Germany: 1,524,028 litres of rum, 37,800 bottles of gin, 1,588 old muskets and 1,000 cartridges and 56,039 kilograms of tobacco.

Statistics compiled by the secretary of the International Sunday-school convention, which recently met at Chicago, give the number of Sunday schools in the country as 99,762; scholars, 8,634,478; teachers, 1,107,170.

Letters received from Bishop Taylor in Africa call for about fifty consecrated missionaries to leave New York October 1 of this year for Liberia.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Death is the privilege of human nature.—*Rowe.*

The truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

A man may honestly think himself honest, and a fresh week's experience make him doubt it altogether.—*Faber.*

One fire puts out another. Nothing so effectually kills the fear of man as abundance of the fear of God.—*Spurgeon.*

Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.—*Addison.*

He who spends his younger days in dissipation is mortgaging himself to disease and poverty, two inexorable creditors, who are certain to foreclose at last and take possession of the premises.

"We have seen it mentioned as a wonder by old Puritan writers," says Spurgeon, 'that certain fish live in the salt sea, and yet their flesh is not salt. We have met with far greater singularities in the spiritual world, namely, men who live in a sea of grace, and yet are not gracious."

The Dangers of War.

"I should like to be in that battle again," remarked an old soldier Wednesday, gazing at a picture of the battle of Mission Ridge hanging on our office wall.

"But you are crippled," we suggested, "and have certainly got enough of army life. Fighting battles is dangerous work. Did you lose your limb in the battle of Mission Ridge?"

"No, sir," replied the veteran, while the fire of patriotism flashed from his steel-gray eyes, "I was run over by a beer wagon in Milwaukee."—*Newman Independent.*

HER WILL AND HER WAY.

WILLIAM LYLE.

Her papa stormed and her mamma cried;
Laura smiled and said, "We'll see;
A snap for all your family pride.
My Will's good enough for me."
They raved and vowed "You shall not get wed;
We'll shut you up night and day."
But Laura smiled on and sweetly said,
"Where there's a Will there's a way."

Will thought so, too, and one dark midnight
The maid grew sick just to suit;
Four doctors came, so that science might
O'er her symptoms hold dispute.
By some queer chance Master Will was there,
As it, as I hear the folks say,
The "doctors" left them a wedded pair—
"Where there's a Will there's a way."

The row, next morning, began with "minx,"
But before the sun had set,
Arrangements were made to hold high jinks,
And the word was changed to "pet."
Will was happy as a lark in the sky,
So ended this little play;
The old folks were pleased, and Laura—why,
She had her Will and her way.

A Minister Who Means Business.

While the minister was preaching last Sunday in a Dakota town which is having a boom a man in the congregation who was sitting near a window arose and said:

"I beg your pardon, elder, but just one word."

"Go on, deacon."

"There are a couple of big, fat men who look as if they might be capitalists outside here looking at the churchyard."

"What's that?"

"Couple o' fat-looking capitalists hangin over the fence and acting 'sif they wanted o buy the lot the church is on."

"Is that so?" replied the minister, beginning to get excited and stepping up on the altar rail to see out. "You go right out and talk to them, brother; go right out and 'tend to the matter. Give them an option on it and if they've got the money to buy this real estate we'll snake this church off into the street so quick it will make their heads swim.—*Dakota Bell.*

There are many ways of bringing matter o tHE NOtice of the public, but the pHENOmenal force of tHE NOvel method invented by Hon. Booby FeatHEers NOt only calls attention to the desired article but admits of pleasant news items being utilized in a harmless manner, to the advantage both of the reader and advertiser without loss of valuable space or time.

The result of the constant labor of years of tHE NOted statesman aforesaid is the evolving of a plan of advertising, by the simple admixture of a little upper case, in tHE NOtable manner shown in the present article, differing so from tHE NOrmal fashion of perfect uniformity of type, usually adopted heretofore.

Whether the matter of news relates to tHE NOmenclature of a nation, tHE NOdular question of the day, tHE NOcturnal rambles of tHE NOcrambulist, tHE NOvitiate of a nun, or tHE NOtions of tHE NObility, tHE NOteworthy advantage in every way cannot be underrated.

It is worthy of remark that the He-No TEA of Martin Gillet & Co., of Baltimore, has tHE HOnor of being the first article advertised by Mr. Feathers' new plan, which the Goths and Vandals will observe is copyrighted.

Some years ago there was imported as an experiment into New York from China an invoice of uncolored green tea.

It was offered to the trade at a reasonable advance over the cost of importation without finding a purchaser and finally was sold at a loss, while similar teas with color paid a profit.

We bought the greater part of this invoice of uncolored tea, and then decided that, notwithstanding the loss on this lot, we would continue the experiment of introducing uncolored tea. We realized at the start the difficulties of overcoming the prejudices in favor of an appearance and decided *that the people must be induced to buy the tea without seeing it.*

It may be imagined that this has been uphill work—advertising costs money. We have spent many thousands of dollars at expositions in explaining and showing to the people the advantages that the uncolored tea offers to them. Other methods we have been compelled to resort to to overcome prejudices. It has only been within the last few years that this selling of uncolored tea in America has gotten beyond an experiment. He-No Tea was the pioneer and is to-day the leader in its effort to open the eyes of the public to the absurdity of buying tea to look at. By these efforts to introduce He-No Tea we have tried not to exaggerate, preferring rather to state the facts, and as far as our means would admit have published the facts as we understand them.

We think the key note of our advertisements that makes them of any interest is that they are true; if they were not the truth then indeed we have squandered our money, for it is throwing money to the dogs to try and fool the people into buying an article by misrepresentation, especially when your profit only comes by a continuous demand from the people.

We again and again ask you to try He-No Tea, and we show you how easy it is to procure, and the tea once in your possession you can attest the truth of all that we claim.

These advertisements, which are nothing more than talks about tea, are for the "unconverted." If He-No Tea is not good tea our telling you so after you have tried it will not make you like it, and if you do not like it, all of our money and labor is lost, for it costs us more than we get when we send a sample package, as the postage eats up the profit, but we know from experience that nineteen out of twenty who try He-No Tea and make it in an earthenware vessel like it better than any tea they ever drank. If you use English Breakfast tea we would not advise you to try He-No, for the two flavors are entirely different, but there is very little of this tea used, and as we have stated before the flavor and quality of He-No suit most every one, and so we have done this to induce the people to try He-No Tea, that it may be introduced in the stores, and thus bring the business directly to us, without any solicitation on our part.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

We regret that it becomes necessary for us to caution those who intend buying He-No Tea to beware of imitations, many of which have sprung up since the success of He-No has become an assured fact.

We do not ask you to buy anything which you do not want.

But we do ask, if you have made up your mind from the vast amount of good that you have heard of He-No Tea, and wish to try it, that you do not permit yourself to be influenced to buy any other tea instead. There is but a small profit on He-No Tea, hence the anxiety of some dealers to press other teas upon you, using the argument that "it is just as good or better," that it "lasts longer," and they "know what it is." We ask that you insist upon having what you have made up your mind to get.

To those who have used He-No and discovered its great merit and quality, this caution is unnecessary, but those who have never drank it and wish to try it, should politely resist all persuasive efforts to take as a substitute other teas.

HOW TO GET HE-NO TEA.

If you are a DEALER, write to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., and they will send you trade prices and terms.

If you are a CONSUMER, and your dealer or grocer does not keep it, then send to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., in postage stamps or otherwise, 75 cents for 1-lb. package, 40 cents for ½-lb. package, or 20 cents for ¼-lb. package. This is the retail price, and they will send you, prepaid by mail, the quantity ordered, with full instructions.

MARTIN GILLET & CO.,
Established 1811,
Baltimore, Md.

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,
FROSTBURG, MD.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils
DYE-STUFFS, FINE TOILET NOTIONS.
PAPER HANGINGS. An Endless Variety of Pretty Patterns.
WINDOW GLASS--All Sizes.
Prescriptions promptly and accurately compounded.
BEALL'S BLOCK, FROSTBURG, MD.

Professional Cards.
J. Semmes DeVecmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

CLAYTON PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Frostburg, Md.
Office, W. L. Annan's Book Store.

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND
BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office No. 4 Washington street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.
THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.
THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
Nice Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction.
21 FRANK C. BEALL.

Hotels.
SIMS HOUSE
PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad),
WEST VIRGINIA
J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

Meat Store.
Fresh Meat.
THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,
Cor. Broadway and Mechanic st.
ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
STOCK OF MEATS,
FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
RICHARD M. WILDERMAN.

To Travelers.
Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates. east Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
21 FROSTBURG, MD.

Insurance.
--FIRE--
INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIREINSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS
Doing business in this country
—THE—
Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.
Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
FROSTBURG, MD.
who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
D. P. MILLER,
21 Cumberland, Md.