# PHIMIMG

FROSTBURG, MD., NOV. 12, 1887 THE TRUTH ABOUT LITTLE BO-PEEP



Alas, what a shame! that a maid with a name So pretty as this could do it.

But little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep, And that is the truth of the matter; So all of the sheep of little Bo-Peep Concluded that they would scatter. So little Bo-peep lay down in the deep Rich grass, and the blossomed clover; While the wind in the trees, and the hum the bees,

Sang a lullaby over and over. Said little Bo-Peep, "I will only sleep The tiniest little minute;" But a wee little head, on a clover-bed, Has lots of queer notions in it. For little Bo-Peep went fast asleep, And that is the truth of the matter; And she slept away the livelong day, Till the dog came barking at her.

Then little Bo-Peep commenced to weep For her sheep-but she couldn't find 'em. "O, leave 'em alone and they'll come home," Said the wind, "with their tails behind So little Bo-Peep saw her lambkins leap

Again over the waving heather; And they stood by the door of the fold once All huddled up close together. But, alas! Bo-Peep, from your pretty sheep,

That a wink or two could sever, She had let 'em alone and they had come

But they had no tails whatever. AS TO SAUSAGE.

Some Succulent, Salubrious, Sapient, Seasonable Suggestions, Succinctly Stated. The sausage season is upon us. What that season is, is known only to the perpetrators of the concoction, as also to them only is known what sausage itself really is.

The sausage season may be pepper or it may be something else. It may be as well to remark that the sausage itself, as well as its season, is upon us. Not only upon us, but in us.

Unlike the oyster, which opens its fall engagement with great eclat and an advance in price, the sausage enters our homes in a coadjutor and gravely remarked: "If I calm, unostentatious manner, and insidiously ingratiates itself into our confidence and digestive organs.

Like the oyster, however, it takes a vacation in summer, and when the weather begins to cool off and come inside to get warm, it frequents once more the busy haunts of men, and may be found infesting the butcher-shop and the free-lunch counter. In the summer the sausage is the missing

Why it should be absent from us in the dog days is a subject worthy of the investigations of the Concord School of Philosophy, or any other dogmatic assembly.

The sausage is not a gaudy dresser, yet it is ever clad in garments which fit it like the introduce a new and striking simile, which I have just had copyrighted.

It wears tight-fitting pants and a vague, restful look, and shows to best advantage on the breakfast table as a companion to the contemplative buckwheat cake.

The sausage is a sensitive, thin-skinned animal, of a pale-brown disposition, and i is not at all ferocious in its aspect.

It is never necessary to muzzle it after it is killed.

Speaking of muzzles reminds me of a dog story I read in Seizer's "Common Terriers,"

or some such classic. A certain dog, whose name is suppressed out of respect for his friends, but for which the appellation "Carlo" will answer, had become fond of another dog-an English puga resident in the same household. One day the pug severed with his incisors a larger | the old hack. "Every new-fangled snap quantity of meat than he was able to masticate, and in his endeavors to dispose of it managed to get it lodged in his throat. There the meat stayed, defying all efforts to evict it from its lodgings, until the pug, in disgust, departed from this busy work-a-day

Kind friends carried his corpse away, and Carlo was inconsolable. Two days later, a dish of sausage was brought into the room where Carlo was sitting, when the intelligent animal jumped up and manifested his joy at the return of his comrade with joyful cries of recognition. His howls of delight could be heard a square away.

Those who witnessed the scene say they never sausage a thing in their life before; and the incident shows that the brute creation is not a stranger to the fine feelings which are supposed by some to be monopolized by human beings and police magistrates.

#### NOT BARREN.

The Desert of Sahara Possesses a Number of Cultivated Tracts.

The Desert of Sahara is by no means entirely barren. In the Lower Sahara the that comes along these days on number of cultivated tracts is increasing | wheels t'inks it's the finest convery rapidly, there being no fewer than forty- cern out. There ain't any of 'em period of thirty years, has 13,000 inhabitants, 520 palm trees in full bearing-that is, which have been planted more than seven years-120,000 trees between one and seven years old | give it to you straight. When I am all nd 100,000 fruit trees, while the value of the lates grown each year averages \$500,000.

The oases of Laghinat and Oned-Mizi and those of Yeryville and Ain-Sana have 100,000 shepherds or merchants, cultivates 200,000. Zab, together with the Sahara slope of the nees, has fifty oases which grow 900,000 nothing of the trade in wool, the cultivation of tobacco, vegetables, corn, the vine and other things grown beneath the shelter the palm trees, and of the raising of ostriches, which it is considered might be made as profitable as it is at the Cape, have been arrived at partly by the natives and partly by

Papa's Little Weakness Announced. A West-side three-year-old showed an apyou give me a kiss, dear?" coaxed a lady. 'I don't want to," said the little one. "Oh. give the lady a kiss, Florence," said her father. "Oo kiss her, papa; oo like to."— My boss seems afraid of daylight, for he father. "Oo kiss her, papa; oo like to."— My boss seems afraid of daylight, for he bundle while she laughed and talked o hood?

Applicant—No, sir, I am an ex-phenometry of normal bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o what was inside, who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o who couldn't see out, lens bundle while she laughed and talked o wh

#### KING OF COACHES

DAYS OF AN OLD HACK.

Why it is Annoying to See the Airs of the New Wagons-A Church Organist's Experience-Some of the Loads Carried on Many Occasions-Other Incidents.

[Copyrighted, 1887.]

Away back in a corner of a wheelwright's shop stood an old hack with a pounded into splinters. A fresh-looking road wagon thought the idea an exceedingly clever one, particularly if a junk thing of your experiences."

me, and that was the cause of my being that baby waited in the street. Well, it is not as monot- nor boodle. How that white face of hers onous as you imagine. I see the very is framed in red as joy shoots the blood into it! Talk about a lover's look into At the latter assertion the brougham | the eves of his dame, it ain't a marker

roared with laughter. When it caught to the gaze a mother gives her baby. its breath it said disdainfully "Life! I | There's where you see something I can't | have more style about me in one after- explain that says wealth, fame, health, of character which, though directly op-

noon than you have in ten years, happiness, and even life itself is wrapped posed to each other, work amazingly up in the poor wee chap, who ain't no

The old hack, with a flourish of proud all the same.

chap, who is one a pair of lovers smacking at each other's of the big guns lips on the way home from a picnic or

of the brougham, but at its own decay. your winders and break your body into feel sorry. They show up because they Once the wheelwright came along and little sad pieces. It's all right if I ain't got are invited and think they can't get out riage, "I am interested. Do tell us some: miss that one of her gloves didn't raise a them to be almost as phlegmatic as Holthundering pile of trouble. If she had a landers. This was confusing; but I have plied the hack, caught on my step when she got out at the been enabled since to see that both were dude church. A fellow ought to see how right to a certain extent. Their go-ahead in a foolish he looks when he leads the girl faculties urge Americans to make new in-Won't up the steps. He always takes short ventions, to improve old devices, to abolinterrupt me? steps to accommodate the bride-elect, as all right; I'll tell the politicians would say, and has a ish cumbersome customs and to introduce you one of the consciousness that he is doing a clown novelties. On the other hand, their sober

dealer officiated at the dissolution. The old hack looked from the brougham to its am splintered, get a piece of me; it'll be the only valuable thing ye'll have," and then, as if in anger, it continued, "Why, I have seen more in one week than all of ye will see in a life time." "Yes, you have," contemptuously re-

torted the brougham. "Yes, I have, swelled-neck dude!" hotly the banner. You! why you weary me we were near the City Hall when he job have I heard put up. don't know enough to keep from blisterwant to show you a thing or two, widout

your boss said so." interposed a family carriage. "Oh, I ain't getting mad," explained

the old hack. "It only breaks me up when I see airs with no reason for right name, the police didn't know the unfortunates to jail, answered

apologetically said the carriage. "Well, I should say it was," continu

he got the stuff, but his style took and town because it knows more-" all the wine he wanted was given him. winnings; pale-faced clerks with blue cut short further talk. blotches under their eyes, reeking in smoke and whiskey; mechanics just paid their monthly wages and dizzy from

any good. Give me the old-time hack. That's the king of 'em all. If you want a tip the old hack will

right again follow me, if you want to

"You have had an interesting experience, I suppose?" queried the carriage. "I should say so," was the glib answer of the old hack, now in a talkative mood. "You would hardly believe it, but I population of 15,000, has 150,000 palm | started out in war-days, and since then I have seen every shade of life. Oh, my! fruit trees. Lastly, the various oases of ourgia have over 400,000 palm trees and but it does seem strange how I have 100,000 fruit trees. All these results, to say kept up! No one took much stock in dude over there? Yet there was a time a whole heap are still on the turf. My and taken to the park, where it is now confined.—Chicago Enterprise. when there were those who were proud strength often carried to church a wee bit fined.—Chicago Enterprise. of me. After a while, however, my of a baby wrapped in such a bundle of place was taken and I was never brought | clothes that I thought the little thing | reciation of things the other day. "Won't out until night. For a decade of years would smother before I reached there. I have been rattling along in darkness. Happy times, 'em; the father proud as a lord, the godmother hugging the

went to the grave, others to prison, while | The struggling bird was drawn to the ground

in the city works the thing finer, for he if the man on the box was deaf, blind

looking at you. If you got a good thump | spied a saloon light and of course he | "Many politicians have I taken to the bottom would fall out of you. You made me stop. I told him the place was as stiff games of poker as are played in tough, but in he would go. When he this section of the country. Night of the royal tonsorial artist, hairdresser came out his watch was missing. As after night I used to take local politicians to the court," and so on. The item ing when the sun shines on you. What full as he was, he noticed that and to the suburbs and wait hours for stretched through a quarter of a column paper on the wall, if I may be allowed to did you ever see? Where did you ever went back after his property. The next them while they went wild over cock- and did not even tell as much as the go? A fat old man and woman who thing I seen he come sailing t'rue the fights. Within the reach of my memory New York paper had in those few words, went out riding along watered streets door with his nose cut. I tried to take I can't recall a single instance when I him home, but he wouldn't go. Coax- failed to guess correctly whether the because it omitted to say how his majesty every afternoon, a charity ball, lecture, ing wouldn't work. He got so mad man who took me to the races looked after the barber had scraped off a dry goods shop—that's what you. seen. with me he sent me away. Inside an hour won or lost. If he dumped his stakes the lather. Say, dude, you couldn't go outside afterward he was in a police station. and was game it was hard to tell he was | European papers are, of course, either your stable-door even if somebody did Next morning he went to jail because he a loser unless you were used to the re- radical or conservative. Some are said couldn't pay his fine for being drunk. served manner he talked of his betting. to be liberal, but that is only a fiction. A What was the worst part of the business | The air would be filled with whiskey was, he gave a wrong name to hide him- fumes and boast if he was a winner. I radical editor is down on everything and "I would not become angry," mildly self and by it was committed. When have taken drunken men to their homes everybody, without quite knowing how his friends, worried at his not coming and ministers to churches; the wounded or why. A conservative organ, that is home, inquired at the station if any to hospitals and athletes to the field of one on the government's side, is easily accident was reported to a man by his contest; the rich to mansions and fellow had been there. He stayed two summons of suffering and brought to the prison, and who was also a big on a street corner on Sunday, but man in the same church as the other. | can't. They can pull up any place around Another night, a fellow who has a good a railroad depot; I can't. Dead wrong

"Rats!" screamed the brougham. drunk. I could tell hundreds of stories | door for you if you monkey with me," if I wanted about curious sights. I have fiercely announced the old hack as it carried gamblers in the flush of their settled more firmly on the trestle, and

FELIX BARNLEY.

A SWAN CAUGHT ON THE FLY. tured His Bird.

fancy curtains and funny seats like that go dead broke in everything. Some settles gracefully over the wings of the swan.

Gentleman-Have you no means of liveli-

#### NEWSPAPERS.

FOREIGNER LIVING HERE.

Published in America-Telling How the King of Holland Was Shaved-Positions on the Staff of a Great Parisian Daily.

Americans, as a nation, have two traits

fractured axle, propped on a trestle. Its "The fellows who ride in you in daylight good to anybody nor himself. The only well together. Of the many Americans queer, faded curtains drooped painfully | wouldn't bring you out at night, for they | thing he can do is to squint his eyes, I have met who are living illustrations low. Near the street door in full gaze of you would. Besides you're too nasty yell. the glory of ebony polish and the vanity of a big crest. Even its tongue was self into splinters. You just bet the stuck up. Other vehicles, too, were sports who do the caper so fine along- the grave I eften felt like it was loaded with that most American of expressions: there, but they lived close to the walls, through the swell streets, only come after yard sights, because there is a lot of false work was being done rashly or superfi-Now, if little Bo-Peep had watched her wheelwright was proud of his favorite, for it reflected much credit around town, lots drinks and good for the dead followed and wouldn't give Before I had visited this country I cigars and then down the road! Why, him a lift when he was alive if he was never knew what to think of its inhabon him. The old hack was sad looking, dude, if you seed your bosses 'joying starving; say purty things about him. itants. One day a newspaper item, reindeed, but it was not at the supremacy themselves with me the sight would crack | Everybody who goes to a funeral don't porting a lynching party or an election campaign, would say that Americans are gave it a shake. Poor old hack! it nearly 'em down fine. The town wouldn't be- of going. As soon as a man dies a list | the most enthusiastic and excitable peotumbled off its springs. The brougham lieve it if I told'em the nice fellows who of those to be asked to ride to the grave ple on earth. The next day some novel laughed at its feeble condition, and with a patronizing air toward a yellow-bodied dayton wagon sarcastically remarked it wouldn't drink or have fun in daylight, but who pull a tusk out of the elephant who knew the dead man is invited. It's good for my trade all the same. My lap has held would tell me about the imperturbable composure of Yankees (Europeans used to be without reference to North to all the same. would be a fine thing if the hack was knowledge, subsided into mute contem- many bridal parties, and often they are South, but in the same sense in w'ich solemn shows. The bride looks scared Frenchmen are called "Mounseers," En-'Pray go on," urged the family car- and all broke up. I never yet saw it glishmen "John Bulls," etc.), and picture

snaps act. After he gets her he is easier in his afterthought never fails to assert itself, ever came actions. Plenty of hugging and kissing and their general practical sense keeps across. There's going back to the house. They ain't the them from acting rashly or pinning their nice-looking only ones who do that. I often caught faith to visionary schemes. In nothing these two qualities, which in a high-toned excursion. A hard thing to understand healthfully counteract each other, are as

noticeable as in American newspapers.

Both the daily papers and the so-called periodicals published in America may be divided into two classes; namely, good and bad ones. European papers, too, may be classified as bad ones, and very bad ones. No European paper has the news in a nutshell column of American dailies, in which one may find a summary of all that happened within the last twenty-four hours. Quite to the contrary, they hardly contain any news at all. They dish up every day some dry, drawn-out, indigestible leading article about a subject that was of interest a week or so ago. Then they publish by small installments a feuilliton, namely, a romance or novel. plinted at the foot of the paper. I separated from the other matter under the equator.' European papers are full of conventionalities and titles. A German newspaper would not for all the world give an item about a scavenger, but would call him "an imperial city scavenger." Some time ago I read in a New York paper that the King of Holland had shaved his beard off and church up town. He plays the organ and | how a real sharp chap will spoon around | looked much the younger for the change. manages all good things around. No man his girl in a hack the same as Yesterday I found in a Dutch newspaper responded the old hack, "and let it not last trip. He came after me and I took him about politicians, I have had a turn with Netherlands, Grand Duke of Luxemelude your mental retention. I've carried about in great shape. Long after midnight them during election times. Job after burg, Prince of Orange, Nassau, &c., &c., has been graciously pleased to avail Himself (mind the capital H) of the services

recognized by its style, which is about as

cheerful and brisk as that of the United days in jail and was only found by one of the physician, still I ain't got as States Congressional Record. Such a con-"It is annoying, to say the least," the members of the grand jury, who, much show as one of these palsied cabs servative paper knows everything semiwith others of that body, was on a visit | we've just got in town. They can stand officially. It never says: "A tramp has stolen a ginger-cake," but it announces ceremoniously that "A story is being cirjob in the postoffice now went with me this arrangement; it looks as if some- culated in diplomatic circles to the effect to the police station because he set up body was being fixed to keep an eye for that a vagrant of the male sex has purtwelve bottles of wine for himself and cabs. All I've got to say is that an old loined some pastry to the amount of one two friends when he did not have a cent hack ought to head the list of everything cent." European papers publish so few in his pocket. Nobody knew him where on wheels, and have the freedom of the news items and so few articles of interest that they have mighty little chance for "Look here, gas bag, I'll make your making errors in statements of fact. taken from him was to fine him for being lah-de-dah of a boss hang crape on his Still, some German papers are so scrupulous as to print, at their headings, not only the names of the publisher and editor. but also that of an individual specially created for the purpose-a responsible editor. He fills the honorable position of scapegoat. If the paper is blamed How the Champion of the World Cap- for anything he comes before the public as the guilty one. If it sides with the Frank Copple is chief vaquero on the government the radicals have his name Ranch Chico, and his old horse, Buck, with to pounce upon. And if the paper somealmost human intelligence, is known to all how or other falls at odds with the police the boys on the ranch. Frank, assisted by it is he who goes to prison. European his horse, has lassoed everything from a wild papers are also strong in special corre-Western steer to a cinnamon bear, and the spondence. Such authors as Winterfeld, other day set the top feather in his cap for Hacklander, Gaboriau, and even painters the world to compete for. General Bidwell of name, have borne the title of "our own graceful white swan proudly floats. Some special correspondent." It would take days ago the bird escaped, and all efforts to any of them twenty-four hours to do the capture him proved futile. Shooting him work that a live reporter of an Amerithrough the wing was finally suggested, when Copple happened along, and on being told what was the matter he volunteered to told what was the matter he volunteered to capture the bird without injury to it. He liar institutions which are worth menwas told to go ahead, and off he started after | tioning. To save the chief editor from his swanship, which, when he saw Frank, arose in the air and sailed out to Sandy the constant bother of would-be con-Gulch, Frank following on his horse, but no way could he find of catching the bird, until the coiled riata at his side suggested an idea, novel and startling. Why not lassoo the visitors. An assistant is specially embird? and just that quick was the sixty-foot | ployed to read and answer every day's horsehair lariat unwound. What favored mail. Not unfrequently some ingethirty to forty feet from the ground, but nious tradesman sends in a complaint another difficulty presented itself-Frank about a bad pavement or a noisy public could not throw his riata from a sitting posi- house, and signs his letter for example: tion. So, speaking toold "Buck," he sprang to his feet in the saddle and started at full plums and chestnuts, No. 6 rue de kept up! No one took much stock in me. I suppose they couldn't, because I wasn't built that way. Don't you know people would laugh if they saw me with people would laugh if t A FOREIGNER IN AMERICA. The Walk Didn't Grow.

Mr. Bean and Miss Allibone were walking in Green's pasture last Sunday and sat down on a mossy bank. "Isn't this moss beautiful?" said Miss Alli-Applicant—Can you assist me to a trifle, bone. "I love to look at it; how it grows "Very likely it does on you, Miss Allibone,

# LITTLE ACHES

Which people often don't mind until the cause is so deepseated as to require medical attendance to eradicate.

## Doctors Are Expensive,

but are necessary, and the world could no more get along without them than if the globe were suddenly deprived of its axis. But the thing is not to wait until a physician is imperatively demanded. He will have to come soon enough. No doubt as to that. But for the little things that

## Knock Us Out

temporarily, there is no need of waiting and letting little aches like acorns grow into tall oaks of pain, as it were. A halt dollar will frequently save a half hundred if one's foresight is anything like as good as his hindsight. Say what one may, the proprietary remedy is many times the better receipt than that which may be prescribed, at the cost for the mere consultation, of double the money.

#### No Reflection Intended

upon the medical profession, but it is a fact that not a few of the strictly orthodox have, upon discovering a specific, had it protected by law and handled by a friend. In this way getting around the professional pledge not to keep secret a discovery, but at once give it to the world. Supposing that at one fell swoop all opportunity was done away with to secure remedies from other than strictly professional sources. A good thing for M. D's. this would be surely; but how about the millions of people who save millions of dollars in having at hand, at a nominal price, such remedies as come in just at the

#### Nick of Time.

This is the season of the year when the little aches steal in one's bones almost unawares. A little stiffness to-day, sore feeling to-morrow. Not much, to be sure, but enough to show a tenant in one's system that should be evicted forthwith. Acting promptly upon this conviction, the expenditure of a half dollar for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and its intelligent application speedily brings about a change, and the disinclination to exertion gives way to an activity that stimulates the appetite, compels good digestion and braces the whole being into a consciousness that

## Life is Indeed Worth Living.

"But," say the cautious, "it is a proprietary medicine. Is advertised the world over, and because it is so made known, it is not good for anything. That is what my doctor says." How absurd such a claim in the face of the fact that for years and years this great conqueror of pain has been known and believed in by countless people, who in their own persons and through their own experience have tested its rare efficacy! That it will cure everything to which human flesh is heir to has never been claimed for it.

#### It Will Not,

but it will completely and effectually cure everything of a rheumatic nature as well as neuralgic and the like. In short, it is just the thing to have in the house now when damp, cold days come and bring with them the inevitable pains in the back, twinges in the joints and other danger signals, which, if not heeded, mean

#### Doctors' Bills

and worse. Speaking of bills, it is said that the late Miss Wolfe, or New York, used to pay \$20,000 a year to her medical attendant. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart paid an average of \$32,000 to three physicians. Mrs. C. Vanderbilt pays her doctor \$10,000 a year and Mrs. William Astor \$16,000. Mrs. Ellis, an American lady, physician to the Queen of Corea, receives \$15,000 a year. At a meeting of the New York Medical Society two white-haired physicians agreed in saying that at least one-half of the practicing physicians of that city receive incomes of \$5,000 a year and upward.

### Only the Chosen Few

can stand anything like this, and the vast majority must watch the corners to be able to pay the most modest of bills. With a true appreciation of the high standard and unexampled excellence of St. Jacobs Oil for the annihilation of pain, it is worth its weight in gold to those whose health and capacity for work are the only capital for the maintenance of those dearer than life itself.