## TRAMP.

BY PERTINAX. He carried a pack, he begged and he traded, Sometimes, too, at stealing he tried his hard | "Yes, Arthur, your wife has forgiven forded the best tennis court, they had met He got through this world--how he did it un-

Was a wonder, a mystery to all in the land-He was always at home, in seaside or camp, Half merchant, half beggar, but wholly a tramp.

And they counted their goods when the chef They watched not their daughters-ah, me, the building. They were the attractions to this man with the

At times be quite slyly took kisses in pay.

He was thirty years old, his eyes piercing and | she could say. The misses all gazed on his curly black hair, He stole all their hearts, and they wished he'd come back; They knew not his vows were as light as the He promised to marry each girl that he met; That he broke all his oaths was no cause i

There are maidens to-day whose bosoms will And oft to themselves ancient ladies will "I wish I could meet Tommy Johnson again!" Poor Tommy is dead and nearly forgotten, And all of the trinkets he peddled are rotten.

# TEARS TURNED TO SMILES.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

Those little tiffs that sometimes cast a shad On wedlock oft are love in masquerade. "Once, a d for all, Elsie, I can not go. Royce Lonsdale put down his cup, not very gently, and glanced at his wife, as he made the above remark. They were seated in their cozy little

breakfast-room, surrounded by all the comforts of a charming and beautiful home. Elsie returned his glance with a decided frown on her pretty face as she threw the letter she had been reading down on the

"It's really too provoking, Royce. You can not spare the time to go anywhere. One would think we had been married six years instead of six months. Violet writes they expect to have a lovely time. Ned isn't afraid to leave his business. Oh, I want to go so much! I am sure you could arrang it if you were half a mind to." Elsie paused for breath, and waited expectantly

for a reply, but received none. Royce evidently considered the subject settled, and proceeded to finish his breakfast with unimpaired appetite. Passing up his cup for a second cup of coffee, he discovered his wife's eyes filled

with tears, and that she was eating little of "Do be reasonable, Elsie." Royce spoke rather impatiently. "I would be very glato take you if it were possible for me to get away this week. But it really is -as

said before—quite impossible.' After saying this Royce left the table and put his arm affectionately around his wife. But Elsie was in no mood for caresses, and snatching her hands away from him she suddenly left the room, with that inevitable slam of the door that is absolute! necessary when one is thoroughly angry. Elsie, when she quarreled with any or she loved, was bound to cry; so the nex

ten minutes were spent in tears. Royce, feeling very angry with everything in general, and his wife in particular, snatched up his hat and departed for

After the lapse of balf an hour, Elsi felt thoroughly ashamed of herself, and wished she had not let her temper get the upper hand of her; that she had not said so many unkind things to her husband. that instant the little French clock chime out 8 o'clock, and Elsie sprang to her feet hastily opened the door, and hurried toward the breakfast-room.

Eight o'clock, and Royce invariably left the house for the office at quarter of 8, and now, because she had given way to her temper, he would, of course, be late. The door stood ajar. Elsie pushed it open and glanced in expecting to see Roye sitting there in a dejected attitude. instead the room was empty. Gone! Elsi could not realize it. Indeed, she would n believe it. But a careful search of the hous proved that he was really gone. And with out kissing her good-by. The first time h had failed to do so since their marriage.

What should she do? Elsie was unde The low French window opened on to a veranda that ran entirely around the house, and as it stood invitingly open, she obeyed a sudden impulse and went out. As she did so something white caught her eye-a letter laying on the steps that le down to the delightful little garden, where the roses, pink, white, and crimson, sent up

their sweet fragrance. Elsie picked it up, her thoughts too busy with the events of the morning to wonder why it was there or who could have Turning it carelessly over in her hand, her eye caught her husband's name. With

read the following: "SEPT. 15th, 1887. "FRIEND ROYCE—Yours received, and I gladly undertake your commission. I am surprised at what you wrote. I will do my best for you. I do not see the lady very often. The whole affair is quite romant I can remember the time when every one here expected you would marry her, and you surprised every one by doing nothin: of the sort. She always appears sad of late, and, now you have told me the reason I pity her. If she consents to forget and

forgive, I myself will take a trip into London this week and see her safely to your office. Sincerely yours, "KENT HALLETT. Elsie read it through to the end. Her heart seemed to stand still. She crush the paper in her tightly clenched hand, and trembled with excitement. Who was this girl her husband was so interested in? This, then, was the reason he could not leave his business. She understood it

now. What should she do? Her heart ached as young hearts on Again she read the letter, standing there on the broad veranda, the sunlight falling on her slim, girlish figure in pale-blue morning dress, glinting like sil ver from her nut-brown hair, and fallin pityingly on the sweet, pale face bent over

that fatal letter. She could never be happy again. time. Then she quickly entered the house,

and, changing her pretty morning dress for a dark street suit, was soon walking rapidly in the direction of her husband's office. home without bidding E'sie good-by. He | every time they rested upon you, and beauhad only explained to her why he could like gold not leave at this particular time, everything | "It is very easy for a man to love her,

dinner and make it all up. letter lying on his desk.

"From Kent!" he exclaimed, as he not sure what he would do then, but for the quickly read it through. Then, taking up his pen, he hastily wrote the following note:

for going away without my good-by kiss. I'll be home early to dinner. Got some that we will join the party. Will explain more fully when I see you. Your loving

Calling the office-boy, he sent him of with the note, just as the door opened to admit a gentleman, who grasped Royce's outstretched hand as though he would

never let it go. "Royce, old friend, how can I thank you | for all you have done for me?" "By being true to yourself in the future, Arthur," replied Royce, earnestly. Arthur Gwendon sank down in'o a chair and rested his head on his hand. "What

of Millie? Tell me about my wife, Royce.

Do you really think it possible she can fore trived to make the summer, Irene's first give me, and that once more I shall clasp among them, pass pleasantly.

you, and is, even now, on her way here. I there for the purpose. as the sound of carriage-wheels sounded exertion. He sold the maids ribbons, their fortune he on the hard pavement, then stopped sud- Then it was that he had discovered the denly. "Remain here, Arthur; you shall letter that seemed destined to ruin all his

> Millie Gwendon put aside her veil as she entered t e hall and held out both her | tennis very creditably. But he felt relieved hands. "Royce, kind friend," was all when it came to an end, and time for their

enter with Millie, but let her meet Royce | would do him good. marble steps just at the entrance. Almost instantly his attention was at- | the floor impatiently until he heard her

It was Elsie Lonsdale, and she entered "Love you? Why, Philip, you know just as Millie Gwendon had given both her love you—that I never knew what it was to hands to Royce. And she heard Royce love until I met you." say: "From now on, Millie, I hope your | "Are you sure you never loved any other

life will be a happier one." and almost flew out of the building; with sc | Of course I am sure." much haste, in fact, that she ran against Kent Hallett and nearly caused him to lose his balance and go down the steps too quickly for comfort. Recovering himself, he was not a little

surprised to see the lady who had entered a minute before leaving in such desperate haste and evident confusion. Again the door opened and Royce came | dow, he was thinking of this. out. Shaking hands with Kent, he happened to glance down the street. There, not a block away, walking very rapidly, was | Irene? the familiar figure of his wife.

surprise; then he told Royce how the lady now fast disappearing in the distance had entered the door and came out again in such desperate haste. Royce waited to hear no more, but the envelope.

of his home he caught a glimpse of Elsie's dress as the door closed behind her. Hurrying forward he entered and soon forgot to give it to you." stood at the door of their room. He hesitated only an instant, then softly opened the door. Elsie's hat lay on the floor, and Elsie herself face down upon the bed crying as though her heart would break. "Oh, Royce, my husband, how could you deceive me, when I loved you so dearly?" In an instant Royce had her in his arms and was raining kisses on her neck and

tangled brown hair. Her face was turned "Elsie, my darling little wife, do not cry so. I have never deceived you. It was soon explained. Royce told Elsie the whole truth concerning Arthur Gwendon and his wife. I shall not go into details here, because, for both their sakes, it is best forgotten; and we have every reason to believe that their future life will be

Elsie's tears were soon turned to happy smiles, and with a little exclamation of joy she nestled against her husband and hide "My darling," he murmured, and his hand caressed her wavy brown hair with the most tender of lingering touches, while Elsie whispered: "I will never doubt you again, my husband; never again."

har pier one.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

It was a letter that caused all the trouble; a little inoffensive-looking epistle, and yet it nearly drove the man who found it

mad with misery and pain. It read as follows: MY DEAR CHARLIE-You can not imagine how much I would like to see you. I fonder," you know. I will write you a long letter soon. I have much to tell you, but my time is limited to-day. Do write soon, and tell me how much you miss me.

Yours, with love, IRENE HUNTER DESMONT. It was summer time. The golden sunshine poured in through open window, the breezes stirred the grass, and the sweet perfume from the flowers was waited into for mercy. We don't pretend to be -The man with the letter in his hand

stood as if turned to stone, trying to realtrembling hands she opened it out and ize what he had just read. There was his wife's name in full, "Irene Hunter Desmont." What could it mean? Who was Charlie? What a fool he was to

think there was such a thing as perfect happiness in this world. He remembers having read in a paper that very day-yes, scarce two hours age -a few lines that at the time caused quite to him now with a new meaning:

perfect happiness, there is no such thing He remembered reading it aloud, and some one spoke up, and said, "Exactly my sentiments," and how indignant he had felt as he made reply. He remembered glancing at his wife and meeting her fond

He was convinced there was "perfect happiness" in this life, and confident that he could speak from experience, and now-Hark! What was that? His wife's voice, calling him. Laying the letter down on the desk as he had found it, he took from the back of a chair a little black silk and lacaffair, called a "wrap," and stepped quickly through the low French window leading on to a veranda. In a very few minutes he had descended the steps, and joined a party of ladies and gentlemen on the lawn. "Hello, Phil! Your wife has just gone into the house to look for you. She thought

perhaps you could not find her wrap; here Philip Desmond glanced at his wife as How pretty she looked in that soft dress Let us now follow hoyce. Before he had face imaginable, lit up by a pair of soft reached his office he felt sorry he had left | blue eyes that went straight to your heart

blamed himself for all the trouble. If he tiful rippling hair, shining in the sunlight would have been all right. But he wanted | thought Philip, as he folded the wrap hould be tell her what he had read? said to himself; "I will go home early to No, not yet. He would wait and watch her closely; if she mailed the letter there would Then his attention was attracted by a be an answer, and he must see that,

> present he would wait. Six weeks ago Philip Desmont and Irene Irene's home. Under a beautiful floral bell composed entirely of rosebuds they were pronounced man and wife, and re-

ceived the hearty congratulations of their Irene loved her husband as only such affectionate natures can love. She was | ready to drag the unhallowed bones of | and awfully respectable. Some ostrich only nineteen and Philip thirty-two. home, some three hundred miles distint, housekeeping is the finest art known was worn by Mrs. John Hoey, once the dies lizzards' eggs are catea with gusto. and there proudly introduced her to his

Irene had always appeared perfectly happy; she was young, naturally joyous in disposition, and a general favorite with all

who knew her. There were several young married peo- | duced to eat stewed rabbits. ple living near them, and they all con-

a game of tennis, and as Philip's lawn af-

received a letter from an old friend of | After the first game, Philip had gone mine. Kent Hallett, this morning. She is into the house for his wife's wrap, as she in his care, and will soon be here. Hark!" felt slightly chilly after so much violent

Saying this, Royce left the room, and The smile of gayety is often assumed, met a lady and gentleman just entering while the heart may ache within. And it was so in Philip's case. He managed to play through a game of

Kent Hallett, as he opened the outside | The next morning Philip was up long door lead ng into the big hall, saw Royce | before Irene was awake. He could not coming forward to meet them, so he did not | sleep and decided a walk before breakfast alone, while he remained standing on the Thus it happened that he entered the

tracted by a lady hurrying toward him step on the stairs. Then the door opened from the opposite side of the street. She and Irene entered. She was dressed in a did not glance at him, however, but charming morning robe of delicate blue, pushed the heavy door open and entered. and Philip thought she had never looked As she passed by him Kent caught a so inn nt and sweet before. glimpse of a pair of big brown eyes, and His heart ached as he folded her in his the sweetest, at the same time the saddest, arms and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, Irene, my darling, say you love me.

After they had finished breakfast Philip, instead of going at once to his office as was usually his custom, lingered by the window, gazing out in an abstracted manner. Irene had always been in the habit of giving him her letters to mail, and the morning she had not mentioned having any. As Philip stood looking out of the win-At last, taking up his hat, he said, carelessly. "Any letters to mail this morning,

To his surprise Irene jumped to her feet, "Excuse me a minute, Kent," he said, exclaiming: "Charlie's letter! How could ! hurriedly; "there go s my wife, and I want be so forgetful? Wait just a minute, Phil." And she hurried out of the room "Your wife," exclaimed Kent Hallett in "Charlie's letter." Philip could not be lieve his ears. Evidently, there was a mis-

her hand which she was folding ready for walked rapidly down the street in the direc- "I am so glad you mentioned letters, tion Elsi had taken. As he came in sight Philip, for yesterday morning I wrote to my old school chum, Charlotte Tracy, or "Charlie," as we always called her, and How easily it was all explained. Philip had made himself miserable for nothing. How happy he was to prove it all a mistake. Some time he would tell his wife all

## ----HE STILL LIVES.

The Weekly Editor and His Editorial "We "Last Friday night, while We were engaged at the office and Our wife was over to see the Widow McGinnis, some base thief entered Our house and stole Our watch, which was out of repair. but valued at \$3. We demand to know whether Constable Hank Smith was elected to sit on his coattails in Green's grocery and play checkers, or to protect the people from the hands of the despoilers? Hank is a good fellow. and his subscription to the Kicker is always paid in advance, but duty is duty. Our wife is in good health, and the shock of losing Our watch has almost upset her. Our dog has also been act ing strangly of late, leading Our neighbor, Judge Hobbs, who, by the way, is building an addition to his woodshed, and will probably be a candidate for Governor this fall, to remark that he may have been poisoned. Heaven forgive the human hyena who took Our watch, for neither We or

Our wife can ever do so!" EXPLANATORY. - That refined and in two minutes he was begging shy his castor into the ring and proany fighter, but if We can't lick Bill Bosworth with one hand tied behind Us. We will go out of the newspaper business. Our friends have advised Us to shoot him, and if it wasn't for

Our wife We'd do it. Bill, don't you come fooling around Us no more!" 'A STRANGE CASE.—Last Thursday night, while We were sound asleep in Our bel. Our wife awoke Us with the startling information that somea little discussion. The lines come back thing was going on in Our back yard. We at once sprang out of Our bed to "Do not flatter yourselves with hopes of investigate. Hastily pulling on a portion of Our clothes—the suit made by Weston, the popular tailor—We moved through various rooms in Our residence until reaching the kitchen. There We found the window wide The following diagram will exclain matters to Our readers more

W-Window.

B-Broom.

The open window stared Us in the face as We stood there ready to sell Our life dearly. There is nothing of the coward about Us. Seeing nothing, and main a bloody mystery."—Detroit Free | he ever fathered was that girl in the

# 

Finer Than S.lk. A writer says: "Servants must remember that even good housekeeping s not one of the fine arts, but merel an occupation, a trade, if you please. Then must servants remember something nobody else knew. If keeping a house well furnished, swept, and gar- be. A golden-headed shell pin connished, fires lighted and lamps trimmed tro'led the behavior of this love of a Mickel Angelo from their unearned feathers and a slide of real diamonds \_\_Live. rest and turn in the cows to browse ornamented its side. That hat was ting gold-leaf. -- Bob Burdette

THE negroes of the West Indies eat baked snakes and palm worms fried in their own fat, but they cannot be in-



A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex.

breakfast room before Irene. He paced | Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

> shot with ruby. A fold of ruby velvet wife. only, while in the center of the front Paris are plainer than heretofore. The is very rapid. there are some pretty upright bows of favorite form is the capote, and there THE chances of life are thus set moire ribbon, shot with green and red are no strings. These appendages are down: Out of every 1,000 men 25 of to correspond with the colors of the entirely out of favor for full-dress bon- them die annually. One-half of those velvet. Among these is a lovely feather nets. Capotes, in white or scarlet, or who are born die before they attain the shot moire, and the back of the bonnet | velvet strings, are much in favor for | of a country. More old men are found and no bonnet ought ever to cover it. | which is a long ostrich feather, twisted | the deaths of women and those of men

Presently Irene returned with a letter in inconspicuous millinery. The writer length, in the manner indicated by its of female lives is 60 years, but after has just returned from New York. name. Small turban hats in pale that period the calculation is more While there a gentleman from this city said to her: "I wish to take to my wife at home a nice, fash onable bonnet. I guess I'll look about me at the theater and see what's worn." His mind must have been a seething maelstrom of impressions the next morning, for never was there a season when such a variety of headgear was worn by those who are bound to be picturesque. About the best of the showy hats that he saw were the two pictures in the second illustration. One there displayed is quite a novel hat, with a crown of cream plush, ornamented with appliques of jet, and made with a brim of black velvet. This is trimmed at the side with full bows of moire ribben. The other is a most artistic shape, with a soft crown, cov-

ered with drawn brown velvet, and a gathered brim, which can be easily bent about to suit the face of the wearer. This hat is trimmed on the left side with drooping plumes of shaded ostrich feathers. The crown is also trimmed with a fan-shaped embroidery of gold upon a silk ground. Wall, the new-made bride of the King

of the Undes, the proud wearer of in- with three bandalettes in metal to corcoats. The lady is graceful and pretty. for evening wear. Her hat matched her dress, which was a combination of sage green and prim- millinery for fifty years would make. rose yellow, not very effect ve, but And it would contain many repetitions. probably expensive. There was a sort Styles in women's wear are constantly of family resemblance in her hat and being reproduced. I saw a woman of face to a lot of hats and faces in the | 70 and a girl of 20 sitting together. neighborhood. Some of the girls in that assemblage estedly on the gown of her grandchild. and cultured reptile. Bill Bos- wore the most remarkable head-dresses "Well, grandma," said the girl,

worth, whose chief occupation ever let loose on an astonished world. "don't you like my new dress?" is swilling down forty-rod whisky and One had a black ve vet Tam O'Shanter "O, yes," was the answer, "and all lying about his betters, is circulating of enormous proportions, with a few the more because I were one almost can not bear to think how far apart we are. the story that he gave Us a licking last stiff feathers stuck in the brim. For exactly the same, both in cut and You said when I was married I would for- Sunday night. Now, the truth of the all the world it looked like a gigantic cloth, just half a century ago." get you. But this letter will prove how matter is that Bill has been mashed on ink-stand, with the quills in ready for It was so. The fashion-makers mistaken you are, for I love you as much Our eldest daughter, and he called at work. Her sister was a girl with lots study history and bring forward the as ever. "Distance makes the heart grow Our house Sunday evening to ask Our of hair, which she wore in two huge garments of long ago. - Chicago permission to spark her. We prompt- rolls at the side, and it looked like one Ledger. ly and indignantly showed him the of the little princes climbing the stair door, while Our wife stood ready with | in the Tower of London to the butt of a horsewhip. Bill dared Us to come | Malmsey in which the poor dear was out and We went. We hit him three put to eternal soak and sack. On top times that We know of, and We kept of this hair was a Kate Greenaway poke count of five kicks We got in on him, of beaver, calculated to make any man



claim war at once on everybody-particularly the woman who wears a poke the size of a coal-scuttle to an evening

performance. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll sat in a box. By his side was a Madonna-faced girl, in whose lustrous, modest eyes could be read the gift of intellect. On her head was a tiny little gray hat, matching the braided gray cashmere dress that robed the graceful person. This was the hat of Eve Ingersoll, and the roc's-egg head of her famous father made a contrast. Eve's hat was like herself, unobtrusive; a hat that interfered with no one's vision. There may have been a bunch of English violets lurking beneath the brim, for that odor hearing no further suspicious noises, exuded from its locality, but a little We advanced to the window and closed | bow of hea enly-blue ribbon rested it, and finally returned to our bed. like a shred of a June day on her dark Who raised that Window? What for? | hair, and a dash of it was in a bit of a Was the object to murder Us and Our | knot under her chin. Colonel Ingerwife? Who was the villain? Which soll has voiced some of the prettiest way did he escape? It will ever re- thoughts, but the most poetical thing

To return to the millinery seen in that theatrical audience by the gentleman who desired a bonnet for his wife. Madame Julia Valdi wore a black lace hat, showered with tiny golden drops, giving rest on top to the little shire mering birds as golden as gold could and burning, linen-room full and bonnet, that sat on the lady's dark larder stocked, three meals daily, well hair like a duchess' coronet. Down cooked and on time, on \$15, a week, the aisle, in company with a solid and isn't a fine art-if it isn't a finer art sorrel-topped man, was a green velvet than fiddling or painting, then we are hat of the directoire shape, rather stiff over the dust of Paganini. Good worth \$3,000 if it cost a cent, and it to modern civilization, next to split- leading actress of Wallack's Theater. The natives of the Antilles cat alli-Her head represented a lot of money, gators' eggs, and the eggs of the turfor besides the brilliants on the buckle | tle are popular everywhere, though up of her hat she wore in her ears enormous | to the commencement of the last cendiamonds. A perfect little hat of chimson | tury turtle was only eaten by the poor berries and black lace was in an upper lof Jamaica. box on the head of Mrs. Sanger, the

little wife of the manager, and beside Mackaye. Then there was a red felt hat with a garnet plume that set off the light chestnut curls of Mrs. Docksta-

der, the minstrel's wife, and in her con

pany was a charming hat worn by Mrs



green velvet, overlapping leaves and Bonnetond, has put dynamite to a new Let us consider the first new millin- coming to a point, something like the use in building foundations in we ery of 1888. How beautiful are the thatched roof of Robinson Crusoe's ground. In the construction of fortibonnets! How lovely are the hats! hut. A generous bunch of snow- fications at Lyons a hole is bored in the Not alone are they so to feminine eyes, berries was its only ornament. It just | wet ground ten or twelve feet deep and but the most critical and cynical of men | suited the piquant face of the wearer. | an inch and a half in diameter. The is covered with myrtle-green velvet, placed them all into one bonnet for his quired for it to find its way back. This

But all women are not satisfied with around and around half way up its is 100 to 108. The probable duration



FIFTY YEARS APART. tinted crepe, bordered with a band i silver or gold, are introduced to wear In that audience sat Mrs. Perry at the theater or the opera. Capote bonnets in gold or silver gauze, trimmed sane trousers and non compos mentis respond, are also among the novelties

What a collection the fashions in The grandmother's eyes rested inter-

Muffs are shown at the leading millinery shops, and by the application of flowers and birds made to harmonize with reception and carriage hats. A Mary Tudor bonnet, with cluster of nodding plack plumes, a dupois. brim of solid jet, and strings of Chantilly lace pinned with a solitaire, was balls, and lined with corn-colored silk. telt trimmed with sash bows of white velvet. Black velvet muffs, tied with a folded sash of white moire, are lovely for the matinee, and at the driving park the liver. one sees plenty of soft black monkey muffs, ornamented with the head and Muffs of moire, armure, brocade, and bile. ottoman silk have bouquets of white aigrettes and silk flowers that cost more than beaver or sable.

A Handsome Dress. A very pretty dress has a skirt of above the hem with a wide band of they produce too much moisture. woolen braid, steel interwoven. The overskirt is open on one side with a long bow of narrow braid between, the ends terminating in thistles of steel and wool. The corsage is of p'ain woolen stuff, with a chamois-ground crossed with gray-blue lines; it is adjusted at the back, shirred to a yoke at the front, and confined at the waist by a round belt of the braid. - Chi ago Times.

The Worm Turns. for several years, momentarily expect- sional base-ball pitcher. secutors. At last it has come, and obliged to adopt an heir, while the man while we have little spmpathy for that | without a cent generally has a sufficient particular plumber who holds a mortgage on our house, we rejoice for his brethren that the return blow is effec-

According to an exchange a plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the tered. "John," said she, with a sus-

----In the Pacific islands and West In-

## NOTES IN SCIENCE.

PAPER bed-clothes are a novelty. nanilla paper strengthened by twine. ATTORNEY AT LAW VESSEL in use in the upper Thames owes its motive power to the explosive force of petroleum. The boat is started by lighting a lamp, and the lamp must be extinguished to stop the engine. The fuel costs less than | Office, W. L. Annan's Book Store. coal, while the omission of the boiler | WILLIAM BRACE. saves much space and the expense of a fireman and working engineer. The

craft is of American origin. ACCORDING to Prof. Beekman, felt was invented before weaving. "The middle and northern regions of Asia are occupied by Tartars and other populous nations, whose manners and customs appear to have continued unchanged from the most remote antiquity, and to whose simple and uniform mode of existence this article seems to be as necessary as food. Felt is the principal substance both of their clothing and of their habitations."

A FRENCH military engineer, M. must see that the shapes are admirable | And these are only samples of the explosion of a string of dynamite carin an artistic sense. Take for examples head-gear my poor friend gazed at. tridges enlarges this hole to about a Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine. the two bonnets in the picture here. Like a composite photograph, it must yard in diameter, and forces the water Elsie waited to hear no more. She turned "Sure, Philip? How strangely you talk. They are of unexaggerated and very have been a queer thing he took home so far out beyond the sides of the becoming shapes. The one at the right if he combined his reminiscences and cavity that at least one-half hour is regives the workmen time to introduce rests upon the hair upon the left side Bonnets actually imported from quickly setting concrete. The process

aigrette made in close imitation of a electric-blue cloth, with brims in black age of 7 years. The men able to bear purple heartsease. The strings are of velvet or black astrakhan, with black arms form a fourth of the inhabitants is cut up deeply to reveal the hair of demi-toilets. There is little change in | in elevated situations than in valleys the wearer. Nothing is prettier in a the shape of hats trimmed with feath- and plains. The number of inhabitants comely woman than the back of her ers. But one novelty has been intro- of a city or county is renew t every head neatly adorned with her own hair, | duced-being an odd corkscrew plume, | thirty years. The proportion between favorable to them than to men.

Some of the animals of Japan are quite different from the same species that are seen in America. The cats, for instance, have the shortest kinds of tails, or else none at all. Being deprived of this usual plaything, they are very solemn pussies. An American once took one of these tailless cats to San Francisco as a curiosity, and it utterly refused companionship with the long-tailed feline specimens there, but finding a cat whose tail had been cut off by accident the two became friendly at once. Japanese dogs are almost destitute of noses, having the nostrils set directly in the head. The smaller the nose the more valuable the | mc.

A RAPID method of soldering telegraph wires has recently been introduced and is now to be generally adopted in Russia. Its principal advantage consists in the saving of time required for the work and in the avoidance of any "scraping," which would to some extent reduce the strength of the wire. The two ends of the wire, already embraced by binding wire, are dipped into a vessel holding a considerable quantity of melted solder, upon the top of which ther e is sufficient powdered sal ammoniac to leave a thick layer of liquid salt. The ends of the wire pressed into this vessel are quickly joined, however dirty they

THE QUEERNESS OF THINGS. Some of the Unaccountable Inconsistencies This is a sort of topsy-turvy world. No one seems to be sat sfied. One man is

struggling to get justice, and another is fly-One man is saving up to buy a house, and another is trying to sell his dwelling for less than it cost, to get rid of it. One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theater and sending her flowers, in the hope that he may

eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking t n miles a day to reduce his avoir-The laborer with ten children keeps out of

debt on \$10 a week, while many an unboxed with a muff of black velvet, married bank official with \$100 a week trimmed with Chantilly lace and jetted | can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds. Robinson takes sherry to give him an ap-A muff of brown velvet, ernamented petite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, with a band of golden pheasant's breast | can't touch a drop of it on account of his apoplectic tendencies. The doctor tells Morrill that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest he will go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautionbreast of a white sea-gull or dove. ed to leave them alone because they produce One man keeps a pistol to protect himself

against Lurglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the family by mistake. You will sometimes see a man planting trees about his place for the shade; and, at the same time you will see another cutting chamois-colored, plain cheviot, trimmed down all the trees about his house b cause One rich man wears poor clothes because

he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to produce the impression that One man is killed by accident, and another tries to commit suicide and fails. One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on a railroad; another man goes through half a dozen wars

without a scratch and then dies of whoop-The prize-fighter reforms and becomes a are especially solicited to ascertain from preacher, while the theological student | him the standing and rates of our compa-Life has had its eye on the plumber leaves his university to become a profesing that he would turn upon his per- The man with a colossal fortune is usually

> number of heirs to satisfy half a dozen cap-One man won't touch bacon for fear getting trichiniasis, and another swears by Bacon because some people think he wrote

Shakspeare. - Puck. ----

The First Greenba k Paper. The bank-note paper used for the dining-room, and was beginning his | United States "greenback" was made | Ul work when the lady of the house en- under the Wilcox patent, at the mills of that old Pennsylvania firm, whose picious glance toward the p'umber, mills, curiously enough, had also made remove the silver from the s.de-board | the paper for the continental currency and lock it up at once." But the man of revolutionary days. It was renof lead was in no wise disconcerted. dered distinctive by the use or silk Tom," said he to his apprentice who libers of red and blue, the red being accompanied him, 'take my watch and mixed with the pulp in the engine, so. my chain and these coppers home to that it was scattered throughout the my m ssus at once. There seems to substance of the paper, while the blue be dishonest people about this house." | was ingeniously showered upon the web while on the "wire," so that it appeared only in streaks. This combination was so difficult to copy and required such expensive machinery as to call for a skill, patience and capital, not at the disposal of counterfeiters. -Harner's Macazine.

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