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TOM MARSHALL, the Kentucky orator of forty years ago, lies in a neglected grave in an open field, where hogs wallow and root.

THE great Sioux Reservation in Dakota, which the Dawes bill proposes to open to settlement, has about twenty-one million acres.

THE greatest long-distance ride on record is now to the credit of Col. Gatacre. He went from Simia to Umballah, ninety-six miles, in eight hours and a half, with three-quarters of an hour allowed for changes, and returned, making 191 miles under twenty-two hours.

A TRAVELER on a Georgia railroad wanted to get off at a station where the train did not stop. It was after dark, and so, when the conductor would not agree to stop for him, the passenger went to the front platform of the rear car, drew the coupling pin, set the brakes, and when the car stopped jumped off.

FORMIC acid is the substance which ants, wasps, etc., deposit under the skin, and which produces the intense burning and itching which accompany wounds inflicted by them. This acid is a powerful poison, and if a mosquito was large enough to contain much more of it the bite of that creature would be very dangerous.

THERE appears to be no limit to the uses to which paper can be put in science. The compressed blocks of it have been used for the building of chimneys, the blocks being joined together by a silicious cement. Its use in the manufacture of a great number of articles to supply our domestic wants, including clothing even, is well known.

AT the recent Methodist Conference in Danville, Va., when it came to appointing committees a motion was made to appoint one on temperance. "No, sir," said Bishop Key of Georgia. "We do not appoint committees on temperance. We have passed temperance down in my country and now call it prohibition." A committee on prohibition was appointed.

THE earthquake of last year left deep pits in the land between Charleston and Summerville, and on the margins of these was white sand, such as is seldom found except near the sea-shore. On this sand has sprung up a dense growth of sea-weeds, and it is conjectured that the seeds whence sprung this growth had been buried at a great depth for many centuries.

It is not generally known that Washington is the most southern of the capitals of the great nations of the northern hemisphere. Madrid, Constantinople, and Rome are even further north, while Paris is up in the latitude of Newfoundland, and London and Berlin are on the line of Labrador. St. Petersburg is on the same parallel as Greenland, and is 1,400 miles due north of Washington.

HIS Imperial Majesty Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, recently presented the Czarina with a birthday present in the shape of a jeweled necklace. The gems used are all large emeralds, perfectly matched as to color and size. The matching of the stones alone occupied a period of three years. The imperial jewel is said to be highly prized by Alexander's consort.

SENATOR FAIR recently attended a Catholic fair in San Francisco, and asked the price of some rosebuds at the flower-stand. Before the young lady in attendance had time to reply, an older one came forward and answered: "Five hundred dollars, Mr. Fair." The Senator instantly drew his check for the money and passed it over without a look of surprise or annoyance. The woman who took the check was his divorced wife.

DR. MARY WALKER, who is now in Washington seeking an increase of pension, is thus served up by a correspondent: "She speaks of 'her pants' without any rush of blood to her dry and sallow countenance, and occasionally fills the gaps in her rattling talk with graceful, manly expectorations. Her dress is neat, but evidently not new. It now consists of a little six and a half beaver hat, a thick blue overcoat, a dark suit with a cutaway coat, and a walking-stick."

Handling Mutilated Money.

A country merchant living near Sedalia, Mo., placed $1,200 in bills in an old stone jar on a shelf in his store. Some time afterward, having occasion to use the money, he found instead an unrecognizable mass of fragments left by the mice. He gathered a cigar-box full of the pieces, which were sent by express to Washington, and the patient and nimble-fingered women of the Treasury put the pieces together, so that of the missing money it was easy to identify $1,100, which amount the department transmitted to the granger.

In a fire, a bank had the misfortune to have a package of bills, amounting to $10,000, charred in such a manner as to resemble a square piece of charcoal. Two experts from the Treasury were assigned to the task of examining the black and brittle mass, and by the skillful use of thin-bladed knives they separated the package and gummed the particles on tissue paper in such a way as to account for nearly ever dollar. This may seem strange to those who do not know that in such cases the mineral properties of the inks used in printing the Government securities render it possible for experienced eyes to distinguish not only the denominations but even the numbers on charred bills, bonds, etc.

THINK of heaven with hearty purpose and strong hope to get there.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Cupid, you know, is painted blind;
The reason it were hard to find,
Unless, indeed, we may suppose
The fable of La Fontaine shows,
Beyond a reasonable doubt,
How the misfortune came about.
'Tis said that on a certain day,
As Love and Folly were at play,
They fell into a warm debate
Upon a point of little weight,
Until, so high the quarrel ran,
From angry words they came to blows.
Love, little used to weapons of
Save with his fellows Love and darts,
Although he fought with all his might,
Was quickly vanquished in the fight;
Miss Folly dealt him such a slap
Across the face, the little chap
Fell in a swoon, and woke to find
He could not see—the boy was blind!
Now what in this defiling weather came
To know his case, the angry dame
Behaved as any mother might
Whose only son had lost his sight.
Vinate'er had caused the doleful deed,
Malicious aim, or want of heed,
Such wrath in heaven was seldom seen,
As Venus showed in speech and mien.
She stunned Olympus with her cries
For vengeance. "What! put out his eyes!
My precious Cupid! Let the culprit
Straight down to Orcus be conveyed!
That justice may be done
On yer who maimed my darling son,
And left the lad bereaved of sight,
To grope in everlasting night!"
While Venus thus for vengeance prayed
On Folly, thoughtless, hapless maid—
Great Jove convenes a special court
To hear the case and make report.
In solemn council box they sit
To judge what penalty is fit
The crime to answer; and, beside
Some restitution to provide
(If aught, indeed, they can devise)
For Master Cupid's ruined eyes.
And thus, at last, it was decreed
That Folly, for her wicked deed,
In part the damage should restore
By leading Cupid evermore!
LENOX.

And so it came that still we see
The maid where er the boy may be;
Love still is blind, and Folly still
Directs the urchin where she will.

THE LITTLE MUSIC-BOX.

BY MINNIE E. BISHOP.

AH, me! how lonely I am, and how few are the joys of life that I enjoy, housed up in this little room, day after day and night after night.

Other boys of my age tell me to quit work and enjoy myself at night anyway. But as the temper comes, so comes the voice from the better land, telling me that I will far better enjoy my evenings trying to comfort mother in the cold bleak winter of age. So every night finds me striving as best I can to earn, instead of spending money, as my friends around me are doing.

I called them friends! What else can I call them? Cheerful boys of my own age, who do not have to work as I do, but who are trying to screen from their minds the idea of it. Maybe they would scoff at the thought of being my friends, but it matters not to me, if I can only keep myself and mother from starvation.

These are a few thoughts that hastily swept in and out of a 14-year old boy's mind as he sat faithfully working at a small sheet of paper, evidently trying to make fame and fortune from such a discouraging beginning. "Oh, if it is pretty," said he, "surely some one will want it."

He placed the instrument before her.

Beside him was a small, rudely carved instrument. Very queer and curious it was, but in a little while how useful it was to the little lad!

At last, after toilsome hours, his work was completed, and he began for the first time to fix the paper on a roller at one end of the instrument. After this was done he turned a crank, and not knowing that there were eager listeners outside, played the first tune upon his instrument.

"That is very pretty," were the words which came from outside the door. "I wonder what in the world that is? Not an organ, or anything I ever saw," said one. "I'm going in and see it, and if I can I'll get papa to get it. Come on, Harriet."

So saying, the girl noiselessly swung the door open, and, taking Harriet with her, she entered the small dark room from which floated the sweet strains of music.

Stepping close to the lad, she asked him to please play his piece over again, and if he would allow her to notice his handiwork?

He placed the instrument before her. Simple as it was he was not ashamed to show his workmanship. Placing his music on the roller, he gave her the handle and bade her play. After she had quite mastered the instrument, she arose to go, asking many questions as to its use, and if he could not carve and paint it to look better.

Being assured in the affirmative in all her points, she decided to get her father to go and look at it anyway. Harriet said afterwards that all her friend talked about was to have something that she could play without being tormented to death when she wanted to go out riding, by having to stay at home on account of her music lesson.

No need to relate the circumstances further. Be it safe to say, she received her music box. But what shall we call it?

Certainly we must have some name for it. In honor of the first purchaser of the result of his toilsome labors, do you think it strange that he named it "Clare O. Nette?" The name has been shortened until now we find it all over the land "Clarionа."

How happy the girl was when every few weeks she would receive a sample of some new music from "Richard Hazelton," for this was the boy's name.

And how wonderfully happy was he when it met with the uttermost success, and for each sample would receive in return an order for the music in full. And picture how his eyes brightened as from the mail one day he found a letter which read as follows:

LONDON, March 9, 18—.

Richard Hazelton, Waterbury street, London, Eng.:

SIR—Hearing that you had a new musical instrument that is fast increasing in the number of its admirers, I wish to order one dozen, if I may get them, to be ready for the show-window of my music-store on June 8, 18—. Money ready when order filled. Respectfully,

GEO. W. MASON.

"I must work hard," thought Richard, "until then, and it may be after that fortune will smile upon me." So all day and most of the long nights found him in his workshop nothing at his new invention.

We will linger no longer on the intervening months, but at the end his work was completed, and he gained a just compensation for his toils.

Many and more valuable were the orders which followed, until at last the rude little music-box has found a resting place in many of the most wealthy families in the city that is the capital of this mighty nation.

Five years later we find a young man of nineteen living in a cosy little cottage skirting the outside of the city. Away from the noise and clamor of the busy heart of the pride of England, gaining, step by step, toward the top of the ladder of fame.

No more do we find him seated in his dark little workshop of evenings, but at home with the queen of the cottage—his mother. Ever ready to encourage those who are trying to earn a livelihood with their brain and hand, "Malice toward none, but charity for all," serves as his daily motto.

Years roll on, and his friends Clare and Harriet still live close to his home, the loving companions of two of the most noted merchants.

While we leave *Li hard* in the prime of his youth, ever ready to bear his fellow-man's burden, and thus fulfill the holy commandment, which is: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfill the law of Christ."

The Novel Writer's Home.

Augusta Evans Wilson, who immediately after the war acquired considerable fame and a liberal fortune by a series of novels, of which the most popular was "St. Elmo," whose hero belonged to the *Guy Livingstone-Rochester* type, a muscular, mysterious, bad-tempered brute, whom the young women of that period elected to admire. After Miss Evans' marriage to Dr. Wilson she ceased, at his urgent request, to write; but now, after a silence of some twelve or fourteen years, a new novel by her is announced as in press. Apropos of her reappearance in the literary world and among a generation of new Southern authors, whose manners and methods are far removed from hers, it is not without interest to read the description of her house in Mobile, Ala., as given by her friend, Mrs. A. V. Dockery. This house was, it may be premised, the investment of money she earned by her pen, and is famous throughout the South for its beauty and its wonderful conservatories, in which blooms that rare flower, the wonderful camellia. A drive along Spring road, on which she resides, brings one to Mrs. Wilson's house. The house first appears through the half-mile vista of old live oaks, and is of the usual type of Southern architecture, a square building surrounded with broad galleries and pierced through the center by a wide lofty hall, with stained floors, furnished in rich old mahogany. Through the rear entrance to this hall one passes out into a big, old-fashioned, luxuriant flower garden, where the "bower" is, and where Mrs. Wilson does much of her work. The bower is a Chinese pagoda, about which are scattered luxurious chairs and lounges, Oriental draperies and bric-a-brac. There is a study table here strewn with books and periodicals, and smaller tables are laden with fruits and flowers. Mrs. Wilson's geraniums are famous, and are said to be the most complete collection in America. Many of them are four feet high, and the collection when massed together in the blossoming season is a revelation of colors and beauty. Mrs. Wilson, a slight, small woman, is found in her library generally, where she has stored the many valuable books and antiques that have been slowly and carefully gathered together through many years. Her hair is short, wavy and silver gray. Mauve and pale blue is her favorite wear, and her hair is covered by a bit of fine lace. Her manners are gracious and cordial, and her face full of sympathy and intelligence. When she married Dr. Wilson he had two children by a former wife, but she herself has had none, and finds her loves in the flowers.—*N. Y. World.*

Something of a Farmer at 117.

A case of remarkable longevity is that of Frank Hicks, colored, residing within ten miles of McKinney, over whose head 117 summers have rolled. The evidence of his age is offered by a bill of sale from a slave trader to F. H. Welch, dated 1850, and certifying that Hicks was then 80 years old. As in the sale of a slave, like that of a horse, the vender, while he might have an object in underrating the age of his chattel, could have no possible motive in adding to his years. The proof that Hicks has spent 117 years in this vale of tears is conclusive. Hicks, though a little bent, is in perfect health, not looking a day over 70, and giving hope of lasting another quarter of a century, or to see 147.

When sold to Mr. Welch he was thrown in with his wife, but in the thirty-seven years that have since elapsed he has never failed of doing a man's work at hoeing, and this year, with the aid of his wife, now in her 90th year, he has harvested eight bales of cotton, which he sold in McKinney last week. The cotton was grown on the plantation of Mr. Welch, who, out of regard to his former slave's old age and diligent service, allows him the free use of all the land he can farm. By his present wife Hicks had fifteen children, thirteen of whom are living, and by former wives he had many children—he says the good Lord only knows the number—some of whom, if they are still living, must be centenarians. His early families were born in South Carolina, to which State he was brought in a slaver from the coast of Guinea when only 10 years old. He remembers naught of his native land, but has a distinct recollection of his voyage to the land of bondage. He was always faithful in his services, and he proudly acknowleges he neither merited nor received harsh treatment from any of his masters. His descendants, in the opinion of Mr. Welch, exceed one thousand.—*Texas paper.*

The Story of the Desk.

Pretty Cousin (in young lawyer's office)—"That's a beautiful desk, Charley!"

Young Lawyer (complacently)—"Yes, and it's so convenient. That pigeon-hole, you see, Maude, is marked 'bills payable,' the next one 'bills receivable,' and——"

Pretty Cousin—"What a quantity of bills payable, Charley!"

Young Lawyer—"Well-er-yes."

"Pretty Cousin—"And the 'bills receivable' pigeon-hole is quite empty."

Young Lawyer—"Er-a-a-well, I haven't got the desk fixed up yet, Maude."

Pretty Cousin—"Oh!"—*The Epoch.*

A Palatable Olla Podrida Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

Fashions in Dress, Notes on Housekeeping Affairs, and Other Topics of Interest.

This is a lovely small made lovelier by her house robes. Let us understand it. The long clinging draperies are crepe de chine. The skirt is original in the coloring, having embroideries of dark silk and passementerie, on a groundwork of pale blue satin. Round the bottom is a large ruche of soft white ostrich feathers, the same trimming being repeated around the neck, and falling down one side of the white crape de chine train, which is lined throughout with pale blue. On the left side is a great bunch of green, white, and pale blue ribbons, tied in a careless bow, and falling almost to the skirt.

The writer was in New York at the time of the Charity and two other famous annual balls, and nothing can be more instructive and interesting to our ladies than to tell them of the dressing on those occasions. At the Charity the costumes were not in all cases rich and elaborate, for you may take one of the old Knickerbocker aristocracy, and she will wear a shabby black silk, with a little good lace, or a black alpaca, with a diamond brooch, and think she is dressed to death. It is the new-blooded swell who goes in for material at $25 a yard, and jewels and trimmings to match. We have heard a good deal of the decadence of heliotrope, but that color was prominent. As many as a hundred women wore it. Certainly twenty of the handsomest costumes were of this so-called unfashionable hue. Heliotrope, like crushed strawberry, had a mania in this city at one time, and with the usual result that the thing was overdone; but there are no combinations so rich and beautiful as the shades of heliotrope, varying from the pale lavender to the deepest purple that ever glowed in the heart of a pansy. Another feature of the Charity was the number of hand-painted costumes. Many economical women of great wealth have taken up the idea of wearing a rich satin, once plain. With the addition of lace, it does duty on another occasion, and then decorated by hand painting, it comes to the front a brilliant success from an extended career of usefulness. A little crippled creature named Foster, who never did and never will walk, began to paint dresses some years ago. She will take a plain satin gown and deftly make it radiant with blossoms, and almost vocal with birds. Several costumes were made fine by painted petticoats, and one dress of rich cream white satin was painted six inches deep about the train, up the front and on the waist with large blue pansies—not the flaunting yellow and purple things—but dewy, tender, shrinking blossoms huddled together, the very perfection of flowers perfectly painted. Some one who seemed to know said the lady wearing it paid a Frenchman in Brooklyn $300 for the painting. None too much. It was the loveliest flower painting on satin ever seen.

BEAUTY WELL ADORNED.

Young girls wore simpler costumes, such as the one here sketched, as she danced at the head of a cotillion with a bearded partner. Two other ball costumes are accurately shown in the ensuing pictures, precisely as they were worn on that occasion.

There have been one or two introductory dances of a fancy character in New York, notably one called the Cercle l'Amite, which tried as hard as ever it could to be naughty. But if you have ever noticed, it is as unsuccessful to try to be wicked as it often is to be good.

However, the bald-headed man and the adolescent cad need not despair. There's the French ball, and several awful symposiums called Prospect balls will be as bad as the worst can wish. But there are reputable masquerades in New York. Already the costumers have laid in character dresses that show the way the season will go. Mythology has been ransacked. All the deities on Mount Olympus are to represented in undress uniform. One man exhibited a dozen boxes, somewhat larger than cigar boxes.

"What are these?" asked the visitor.

"Costumes."

"In the name of decency what sort of costumes?"

"Different birds."

Then he went on to display a tiny cap of feathers, with the head and the beak of a bird in front, eight little drop-latch pieces of feather work depending from a belt (that was a skirt), a piece of feather stuff setting up like a bustle and a life-like tail bristling from it, four little wings to attach to the shoulder-blades and ankles—there we were. He had eight varieties. He vowed that with a flesching, which is the name for a silk stockinette corset cover, and a pair of tights, they would be the sensation costumes of the coming balls. There were the robin redbreast, the wren, the blue jay, the oriole, the canary, the cardinal, and the dove. Sweet bird of peace! it is not often your feathers enfold the thing you are going in for this winter.

This costumer says, for the French Carnival ball, some time in February, he is to furnish seven young and lovely girls with their borrowed plumes, and they go as an aviary. Another party of ten he is to get up after celebrated bits of statuary. They will be a sort of animated art gallery and will probably be raided by Comstock.

In the stores one will find a special inducement to buy plain silk stockings in solid colors, since fancy hosiery is more fashionable. A tip to fair shoppers is to replenish their stock with splendid stockings at the smallest outlay. Almost every lady can embroider, and nothing is more becoming than an embroidered stocking. The plain, solid-color, sewing-silk article can be got at reasonable prices. So can knitting silk that washes like white cotton. A few spools of this, and several pairs of stockings can be transformed into a stock of hosiery, looking dollars when they cost dimes. You want to cut a pasteboard just the size of the desired stocking. Double your measuring tape and cut your pasteboard just half the number of inches; slip this into the stockings and embroider upon it. The pattern must go all around the leg, and to have a good effect the pattern should be graduated in size and reach just to the calf, the pattern being smallest on the instep and round the ankle, and letting itself out as it ascends. Two shades of green, two of rose, a few stitches in one direct on of the darkest green, and in the other of the lightest; fill up the space between with the two rose shades, the deepest at the bottom, then you have a pretty bud. Count off the rows between, and at regular intervals put a dot of chalk, on a black or dark stocking. Then buds an inch or two apart and graduated as the stocking swells are very pertty. On a blue stocking, two rings interlocked, the one of darker blue, the other of lighter blue than the stocking, look very well. Graduated dots in graduated shades make a showy stocking.

WITH A BEADED "PAID."

Speaking of stockings naturally leads to garters. Almost every very fashionable girl and woman possesses a pair of gold clasps just now. Some of them are set with stones that make them very valuable, and in almost every case some sentimental inscription is engraved on them. At the close of a recent concert there was found a blue elastic with a handsome gold clasp in horseshoe shape. Inside it were the words "Dickey's Punkey." How touching! "Dickey's Punkey" never applied for it and never will.—*Chicago Ledger.*

CHARITY BALL COSTUMES.

Fashion Fripperies.

THE American beauty roses are worth $15 a dozen.

BLACK shoes and black hosiery are worn with dinner costumes.

PLAIN heavy gold bands are fashionable as engagement rings.

WITH a red-fox robe and a blue-fox wrap a carriage costume is beyond cavil.

VESTS, bretelles, collars and cuffs of white moire are put on black and colored silks.

MANY light-colored kid gloves stitched in white are seen at afternoon receptions.

THE "Dalmatia skirt" is the name given the adjustable petticoat to which a train may be attached.

NECKLACES of broad ribbon are one of the kind contrivances of fashion for hiding a cordy, bony neck.

A CHAMPAGNE bottle of gold backed by a stirrup of platinum is an attractive design for a scarf pin.

TINY cups of shell-like china for *cafe noir* have a single rose in the bottom. Excepting the tint and line of gold about the brim, no other decoration is used.

Artistic Front.

An artist and his family residing in the country one day received the visit of a wealthy friend and patron. The young wife ran into the kitchen to look after the dinner. In a jocular tone the guest called out after her: "Don't forget the trout, my favorite dish!" This was a shock for the poor woman, for she feared the worst, viz., not a single trout to be had in the whole village. And so it proved, for the cook returned from her errand with nothing but a few paltry whitefish. The master of the house was consulted, and he was of the opinion that it would not do to disappoint their honored guest. "An act of daring must help us out of the difficulty. Prepare the whitefish in trout fashion, and I will attend to the rest." When the soup was finished, the artist was suddenly called out of the room; armed with a brush and palette he hastened to the kitchen, where the whitefish were spread out on the dish and decked out with parsley, and painted, in perfectly harmless colors, of course, a score of red specks on the sides that lay uppermost. The noble guest manifested his delight at the fish, and was gratified at the polite abstinence of his entertainers, which left him to enjoy the lion's share.—*Deutsches Montagsblatt.*

CHINESE TRADES UNIONS.

Strikes in the Flowery Kingdom Very Rare—Punishment of "Scabs."

The Chinese have several ways of punishing "scabs," or rather offenders, for a genuine "scab," according to the American definition, is unknown. The boycott is one of them. Although the laws of these trades unions do not expressly provide for boycotting, except among their own members, yet it is practiced, and always successfully. Among themselves, unless a workman is true to his trade and his fellow workmen, he is at once boycotted, and it is absolutely impossible for him to procure employment. If any member does not pay up his dues he is captured and taken to some tea drinking house, where he is held in captivity by relays of other workmen until he or his friends have paid up. Mild measures are always adopted, and seldom fail in their object. Never for a moment would they think of arming themselves with sticks and stones, beat the offender and perhaps kill him, as has been the case when dealing with "scabs" in this country. A peculiar and popular punishment inflicted upon masters and workmen who violate the rules of the union or do anything that deserves punishment is that of fining the culprit "a play and a banquet" for a certain number of persons. It is a queer way, and yet it has proved to be a good one.

The following is an example: It is a rule among the silk weavers that an apprentice after becoming a journeyman must work two years for his master. If another manufacturer endeavors to get him away, he (the manufacturer) is fined a play, three tables of viands and liquor, or enough for a party of fifteen. The two manufacturers, those who are called in to judge upon the case and a party of select friends repair to a playhouse. They sit in the gallery, eat, drink and watch the play, while the court below is free to the public. The culprit pays the bills and is treated with the greatest politeness. By the time the banquet has ended all hard feelings have cleared away and the one who is punished has a far different feeling than if he had been fined a large sum of money and treated with contempt by his business associates. In this way a friendly spirit is manifested, the influence of which upon the unions cannot be overestimated.

For small offenses between workmen the one at fault is sentenced to be fined so many candles for temple worship, and for graver ones the fine is a vocal concert by five boys before the gods. An outrageous violation of the laws of a trades union has been known to be punished in a horrible and yet a novel way. Not long ago a member of the Gold-beaters' Union represented to a magistrate that if he were allowed to take a number of apprentices he could get out a large quantity of gold leaf, of which an unusually large amount was wanted by the Emperor. The magistrate gave the gold-beater permission, and he proceeded to engage a large number of apprentices. In doing this he violated in a flagrant manner a law of the trade which prohibited any employer from taking more than one apprentice at a time. His conduct infuriated others of the craft, and the word passed around that "biting to death was not a capital offense." The gold-beater was inveigled into a shop where 32 men, who gathered, fell upon him each one taking a bite. To make sure that no one shirked his part no one was allowed to quit the shop unless blood could be seen upon his lips, which attested his share in the tragedy. This occurred in Soochow.

Chinese trades unions look upon labor saving inventions as American workmen look upon "scabs," and treat them in about the same manner. A short time ago a Chinaman who had spent a number of years in the United States, returned to his home in one of the large cities in China, bringing home some powerful machines for sewing the thick soles of Chinese shoes to the uppers. The members of the shoemaking union arose *en masse*, seized the machines, destroyed them, and drove the one who sought to introduce them to Hong Kong. Again, some years ago a progressive Chinaman set up a steam power cotton mill, but the producers of cotton put an end to that by refusing to send him a pound of cotton. Filatures from France, effecting not only a wonderful saving in time and money, but improving the quantity and quality of prepared silk, flourished for a time at Canton, and were introduced into the silk rearing district, but the country folk joined in a body and destroyed the machines.

Strikes very seldom occur, and when they do are not of magnitude, nor do they last any length of time. They are not held to be illegal. There does not appear to be a time in the industrial history of China when laborers might not lawfully combine to raise wages and regulate the hours of work. No harm has resulted from this liberty, however, for the code in interdicting "monopolizing markets" is calculated to prevent abuses. A strike of journeymen for increase of wages rarely fails to be successful, for if it goes too far and endangers public peace, magistrates interpose, and the strikers being too numerous to be flogged and too poor to pay the fines, hands are laid upon the masters, and they wisely surrender. The workmen do not take an unfair advantage of this, and they generally have right on their side when striking.—*Boston Herald.*

He Didn't Want to Buy It.

Countryman—"What's the damage, now, for haulin' me to the depot?"

Chicago cabman—"Five dollars, sir."

Countryman—"You misunderstand me, my friend. I don't want to buy your horse and riggin'."—*Texas Siftings.*

"ALL mankind love a lover," says Emerson; but how about the lover's rival?—*Journal of Education.*

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVeemon,
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 shipshape 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.
Least Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
FROSTBURG, MD.

Insurance.

--FIRE--
INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIRE INSURANCE 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,
Cumberland, Md

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt Savage	7 35 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 13 "
" C and P Junction	8 11 "	1 30 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C and P Junction	9 20 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 59 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland.

P. L. BURWELL,
General Superintendent.