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FRENCH SPORTS.

Pugilistic, Rowing, Running, or Walking Contests Unknown in France.

The Drafting of the Young Men Into Military Service the Chief Cause for This.

Fencing, Billiards, and Lacrosse—The Paper Chase—Pounding Bismarck's Head.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Not far from the Bleecker street station on the Sixth avenue road is a little court whose name, if it ever had any, has been blown away and forgotten. It is in the very heart of the so-called French quarter. When the infrequent snow-storm of a New York winter finds the ground cold enough to retain the flakes unmelted, the little court becomes the dumping place of the snow from the neighboring sidewalks and the overhanging roofs. And when the days and the thermometric mercury elongate simultaneously, and the snow becomes slush and disappears into the soil, the sewer, and the atmosphere, the French boys of the quarter bring out a big iron frog, and stand it up in the further end of the court, and pitch pennies into its mouth for hours at a time, for fun and profit. It is one of their most popular games, and, to a certain extent, is typical of French sport. For it seems that what Americans understand as sport is little known in France, and little admired by the French. Not all their recreations are colored with gambling, but very few are calculated to develop muscular prowess, or require it. Contests for a champion belt in pugilism, or the badge of championship in rowing, or in walking, or in running, or in any of the scores of exercises so popular on this side of the water, are practically unknown in France. Nevertheless, the French residents of America have furnished some of the best-known contestants in several fields, and the undisputed champions in the one or two departments of sport that they pay considerable attention to at home. Monsieur Alphonse Dumont, a Parisian who is visiting this country, and spending a part of his time in this city, said on this subject:

"The Frenchman cares little to contest in anything where mere muscular ability is at an advantage. He pursues sport as he does art—striving to develop its fine points, aiming to become expert, and admiring only the skill

AT THE BATHS.

that may be attained in the exercise. We have no such thing as a national game; nothing that approaches to your base-ball, or polo, or the English cricket. Sport with us means, as a rule, horse racing, and undoubtedly our jockeys, of whom we think highly, would compare favorably with the best that this country knows. The exercise that really occupies our attention as a national institution is fencing, and that probably arises from the military character of the national life. Much of the energy that the American youth puts into play and physical contests is absorbed by the government in recruiting the army. Here the boys of the village have to provide their own amusements, their own exercises, and have to depend upon themselves for acquiring the discipline that is so essential to really successful sport. With us the government provides the exercise and the discipline, and if the young men can get any amusement out of it, so much the better for them. It is the next war that is always uppermost in every Frenchman's mind. It is the necessary preparation for this terrible event that makes the nation one without a typical game for the required service in the army takes all the young men into the military field at just the time when they would naturally be tossing a ball on the diamond, or straining at the oars on the river; and when the few years of army life are at an end, if no war comes along to keep the enrollment at its highest, those who return to the ranks of civilians find themselves under the stern necessity of making a living, and all the less is their time available for play; and moreover the discipline of the army tends to make a man averse to taking up any new department of physical activity. He has already learned to do certain things, and may be regarded as beyond the age when it is desirable to spend any more time in learning accomplishments. So I think we shall remain as we have been, without a national game, and without any special activity in sports.

"There are, nevertheless, certain directions in which the love of recreation finds expression. One is swimming. It is a popular diversion in Paris. There are a good many bath-houses floating in the Seine, some of them of vast proportions and magnificently finished and furnished. They are, as a rule, roofed over, but the floors are absent altogether, except for a narrow platform running round the four walls on the inside. This is almost on a level with the water of the river into which the swimmers plunge. There are instructors in swimming in all these houses, and although there is naturally no opportunity for long distance exercise, or practice in making time, there is yet considerable opportunity for fun and unlimited means for cultivating diving to its best. Many good swimmers go to these places for practice; indeed, it would be practically impossible for those ignorant of swimming to go there at all unless they attached themselves to the end of the rope held by the instructor. Some of these bath-houses are free, and others are the result of private enterprise and are open only on the payment of an admission fee. That there is actually an interest in swimming, apart from the limited opportunities of the Seine bath-houses, was evidenced just before I left France at Clichy. There is an island in the river there that is from a mile and a half to a mile and three quarters in circumference. Two butchers, famous in their locality for their skill in the water, agreed for a wager to swim round the island in the night. Several gentlemen interested in sporting events were notified, and, in addition to the wager, a purse was offered; the wager, by the way, was that the

THE PAPER CHASE.

circuit could be made in an hour. At 10 o'clock at night they dove into the river. The men who backed them followed in a boat, and I am told that upward of twenty thousand francs were put up on the question whether either of the contestants would finish on time. They came to the finish precisely at the same instant, having accomplished the circuit in fifty-seven minutes. The prize money was divided between them. When they were taken from the water the weather was so cold that ice formed on their trunks before they could be got under shelter. One of them became dangerously ill, but the other suffered nothing from his hardy adventure.

"Fencing I suppose everybody knows about. The French are the acknowledged masters in the art, and every educated man in the country knows how to handle the sword. The war department does everything possible to encourage the general cultivation of this exercise. General Boulanger is himself a famous swordsman, and frequently goes out of his way to act as judge in a public contest. These contests are numerous, much more numerous, I am inclined to think, than the sparring exhibitions that take place in New York. And this, it need not be said, is distinctly a sport wherein mere muscular power is at a discount; it is skill that counts.

"The French are also experts at billiards, and, in short, will be found the peers of any nation in games of skill. We have had some good wrestlers, also, notably Chrystol, Perrier and Regnier, but the wrestler with us is not lionized to the extent that a champion would be in America."

"Is there no general interest in aquatic sports?"

"Yes," responded M. Dumont laughing. "The wealthy have their yachts as you have here, and there is a form of canoeing that, though highly entertaining, would hardly pass for sport in the sense you mean. Canoeing is a popular recreation of a Sunday, and in fact those addicted to it like it so well that they often spend the entire day at it. That is more than your boat club men do on the Harlem, is it not? But the canoeist on the Seine is almost invariably accompanied by the lady whom you Americans would denominate as his best girl, and he not infrequently takes along a cargo of lunch. Ah, yes, canoeing is good sport, but I do not remember that I have heard of a championship contest. And on our holidays it is not a game of base-ball that attracts the crowds; they go to the Tuileries and listen to the music and roam about the gardens, and row and then an irregular kind of football is indulged in. It is not the Rugby game by any means, more a kind of indiscriminate kicking.

"In the northern part of France they play a variety of lacrosse, but it is considerably different from the game known to Americans. Lawn tennis is played by the same class of people who play it here, and in the winter, when the weather allows, there is some skating, but it is an intensely aristocratic sport, not at all the popular thing it is here. Our champion skater, by the way, so far as we have one, is an American, George Frost. More than that, I believe he is a journalist. Speaking of aristocratic sport reminds me to say that our sport is mostly of that character. Such great games as we have are played mainly by the titled persons and the military. The leading one I think of is a paper chase on horseback, conducted in very much the same way that the English and Americans play hare-and-hounds. With us, two of the most intrepid

POUNDING BISMARCK'S HEAD

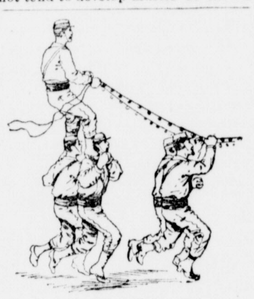
horsemen start from a given point at a set time, and mark their course by scattering bits of paper as they go. They stop not for barriers of any description and disdain roads. The pack, also on horseback, pursue them and catch them if they can. This game is always accompanied by a considerable concourse of spectators in carriages, who keep up with the pursuit as best they can by driving along the roads. It is a great game, and calls for the exercise of no little nerve and vigor. The courses are from fifteen to twenty miles in length."

A striking difference between the French and American ideas of sport may be seen in this, for in hare and-hounds as played in this country on foot the course is rarely less than fifteen miles long. It is evidently not a sport for France. M. Dumont continued:

"At the country fairs, with which all Americans are familiar through the comic opera, for what opera ever was written that did not include as one of its scenes a country fair in France, there are various physical diversions that are more or less in vogue here in modified forms. Perhaps the most popular is pounding Bismarck's head. In this game the player strikes with a mallet on an image of Bismarck, and according to the force of the blow on the skull with which it is delivered, a bolt shoots up in a slot in an upright plank. The game is of course to see who can send the bolt up the highest. Then the chasing of a greased pig needs no explaining, I suppose. The best fun with a greased pig, however is to be found in Paris itself. There they take a pig into one of the swimming houses in the Seine, such as I have spoken of, and having greased his tail throw him into the water. Then the swimmers who are contesting for the prize, which is the pig, follow and try to bring him to land. It is great sport, I assure you."

"You have spoken, monsieur, about the government providing exercise for the youth. In what way?"

"Hardly is a boy in school before he is made to enter upon a series of gymnastics. It is a regular part of the curriculum, and increases in importance until the end of the course. Now, the peculiar feature of all this is, that although the general character of the exercise is calculated to develop bodily vigor, the main thing sought for is uniformity of action. The drilling is all in platoons. In the gymnasium the same feature obtains. You cannot imagine the curious evolutions that the future soldiers have to go through together. There is some individual work, but, as a rule, if you enter a gymnasium you will be met by a half dozen men hopping along on one foot, keeping their argument as faithfully as if marching on dress parade, or striding in single file across the floor, their fists doubled and their arms swaying backward and forward synchronously, and you may be lucky enough to see a man standing on the shoulders of two comrades, driving with long reins several pairs of men, who hold the reins lightly in their hands above their heads. This is a favorite accomplishment of the gymnasium, and is an interesting feature of the public exhibitions. The whole influence of even physical training, you see, is military, and the French, though by no means weak, do not tend to develop muscle at the ex-



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

pense of skill and the mental faculties, as it seems to me the Americans do."

The theory of M. Dumont, that the governmental compulsory training kills any desire for or possibility of general games, is corroborated by the fact that though the French in this city have their annual balls, their clubs and societies; though they observe the great fete days of France by picnics, parades, and public meetings, and in other ways keep alive the national spirit, they have no gymnasium even in which to cultivate or keep intact the physical training they have received across the water.

A Victory of Peace.

Even now a bloodless revolution is going on throughout the Transvaal. The inroad of English and English-speaking colonists is anglicizing everything. The telegraph is open to Barberton, and when the Dutch concessionnaires continue the Delagoa Bay Railway to Pretoria the rapid means of communication and social intercourse will all tell their tale. Even now, it may safely be affirmed, there is more English than Dutch spoken in the republic. The Queen's jubilee was celebrated from the Vaal River to the Limpopo. There are now many English farmers, and the chief businesses of the country are conducted by Englishmen. The older Dutch members of the community are viewing all these changes with alarm; they would fain be left in peace; they fear their country is going to be wrested from them. They do not realize that the "Verdomte Engleshmann" is replenishing their exchequer to the tune of £50,000 a month, developing the resources of their country and finding a ready market for their produce. But the younger generation are being educated, and are better informed.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Recollections of Hank Monk.

You wish to know if I knew Hank Monk? Of course I did. Everybody has heard of him. He was overrated as a driver. That Greeley ride made him famous. He wasn't much with the reins, but he could get a lick of a fellow driver when he was in the humor. I met him one day in Carson after I had left the box and become a shotgun messenger for Wells-Fargo. We were sitting on the porch of the hotel chinning of old times. Hank was out of sorts, suffering from a complaint of the eyes, when along came the most ragged, dirty, lame, cramped-up, bowlegged Piute Indian I ever saw, leaning on his broom-handle stick. He nodded and put out one of his filthy paws to us, giving some sort of hailing sign. I laughed and asked Hank what the beggar wanted. Hank replied: "That's all right. He used to be a stage-driver, but he fell off, and you see the result. He is now a shotgun messenger for Wells-Fargo, and wants to give you the sign of the brotherhood."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Too Much Curiosity.

"Sarah," said Mose Schaumburg to his eldest daughter, on his return to Austin from a business trip. "I have some good news for you."

Sarah—"Vas ish den dot, fader?"

"I have selected mit care a nice hushband for you, a schentleman in pishness in dot New Orleans, vere I vash."

"Vat sort of a looking man ish he, fader? I have got some curiosities."

"He vas a peauty."

"Has he got plonde hairs, fader?"

"No, I thinks not."

"Den he vas a prunette. I likes dose prunettes."

"He vas not a prunette, Sarah."

"So he has got red hair, fader. I vould not hev dot."

"Don't be afraid, Sarah. He hasn't got any hair at all. He is palt like a schnuff platter."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sharpening Palates.

Men who taste food products for a living are obliged to sharpen their palates every now and then in order to keep them acute. The busiest butter-taster in town does this by eating an immense apple—mealy, if he can find one of that sort—every morning before he eats his breakfast. He says that restores all the sensiveness of taste.—*Philadelphia Record.*

To "Gentle Annie."

Yes, dear, we know the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they can trot right around a barber when we are trying to get a shave and the last car. You could comprehend this great and awful truth more easily, Annie, if you were that monster—Man.—*Burdette.*

A Couple of Columns Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Embracing a Few Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress.

The woman who has the money and time to be intensely and altogether fashionable usually racks her brain, and draws heavily upon her purse, in a struggle for novelty. The newest development in this line is called the Cleopatra bath robe. Even in the houses of the rich the bathroom is nothing like the gorgeous bathing apartments of the ancient Romans and Egyptians, but in some cases it is something like a small section of the ancient splendors. Whether the mistress of a fine house has a gorgeously tiled bathroom, or only the ordinary thing, she can be luxurious in her use of it. To that end she may envelop herself, after her lavatory indulgence, in a garment made of a thick but soft and feecy blanket, such as are often brought to the East from the Pacific coast, and which cost at retail from ten to twenty dollars. The garment is loosely fashioned out of this material, and it has a toga-like appearance, with its classic drapery. But the white woolen surface is not left as clear and primitive as were those garments. There are two methods of decoration in vogue for these bath robes. One is to embroider them, and the other is to paint them. In either case considerable of really skillful art may be employed in decorating the robe with flowers. Ribbons and fringes may also be attached, and altogether the wearer, although only attired for seclusion, and by all the laws of propriety bound to scream and run if discovered by masculine eyes, is really arrayed in about as much splendor, of its kind, as though going to a ball.

The next picture shows, by way of contrast, a model ball toilet that does not depart at all from the dictates of current fashion. The draped edge of the corsage, the big bouquet, the arrangement of the hair, the wide ribbon on the upper skirt—all are new and conventional. The fabrics best liked for fashionable ball dresses are as usual, light and diaphanous in texture, and of most varied designs and patterns. Many materials in tulle and muslin are

A MODERN CLEOPATRA

old favorites, but real novelties have been added to the list. The new gauze and crape tissue, embroidered in silk of the same, or a different hue, often augmented with motifs in gold thread, shaded chenille, glittering glass, or metallic beads, make charming toilets. Other beautiful stuffs, for the same purpose, are broche gauzes, towered either with velvet or boucle de soie, forming a raised pattern on a dull or demi-transparent foundation, thin gauzes, spotted with chenille or soie boucle, and of a most delightful transparence and softness, and silk crapes, and silks, embossed with a thousand ravishing designs. A lovely new stuff is lace tulle, striped and embroidered with silk of the same color, mixed with gold thread or fine gold cord. Tissues woven in alternate stripes of open insertion or satin or faille ribbon, are among the most admired novelties. There is an immense variety in the patterns and texture of the new silken materials. Plain and moire silks are combined with figured broche silks and satins, chiefly in stripes. Some plain moire silks are seen, striped with the same material in satin, the wider stripes ornamented with garlands of flowers. Broche pekins with scattered flowers in their natural colors on the light or dark satin stripes are employed for dressy evening toilets, especially for married ladies. Very costly silk dresses for the evening for young ladies are of delicate hues embroidered with silk to correspond. Round skirts with almost flat panels, redingote style, are becoming more and more adopted by women of taste. For instance one panel, slightly draped on the hips, forms the tablier, made of sicilienne, moire, or some rich silk; two panels, fuller, and gauzed a little at the waist from the sides, showing the full or pleated skirt of gauze or some light material beneath. To unite tablier and panels, festoons of moire ribbon are beautifully looped across them. At the back is a plain pleated drapery, or a large sash bow of wide moire ribbon. The corsage should have a festooned berthe of moire ribbon to match. There is something very distingue about such toilets, but it must be confessed they need a finely formed figure.

Expensiveness of clothes is not supposed generally to produce angelic qualities in the wearer, much less to give an angelic appearance to her, except by a stretch of polite imagination. But angel sleeves are a fresh outgrowth upon some of the latest ball costumes. They consist of full draperies hanging from the shoulders to a point considerably below the hand, but open in front, so as to show the bare arms. Envy has said that the originator of this fashion had a disfiguring scar on the back of one of her arms, above the elbow, and that the device of the long sleeve was merely to hide this. However that may be, the sleeve has been adopted by many ladies, and it is certainly picturesque. A lady has had them attached to a ball dress made for her in New York, and she says that they are to be characteristic of New York ball-costuming for the rest of the season.

The three toilets shown in the accompanying illustration were worn at the recent reception given by Mrs. Cornelius J. Vanderbilt. The drawings were accurately made from the actual garments, while they were yet in the hands of the maker. These dresses combine some of the very newest and richest of fashion's developments. The one worn by the standing girl who faces us has the full draped skirt, partly of plain and partly of embroidered tulle. The corsage is of

FASCINATING IN A CONVENTIONAL WAY.

faille silk, cut low in the neck and sleeveless, having a tulle drapery on one side of the neck, and on the other a garland of roses, which is carried diagonally across the bust. The dress of her seated companion is of changeable Nile-green moire antique, with pinkish lights, and embroidered Nile-green faille. The drapery front and lets'e of the skirt, and the back, which is two yards long with the train, are of moire. In the right side, underneath the spreading moire, is a panel of embroidered faille. Lace frills surround the edge of the skirt, and lace rosettes are on the drapery. The low-pointed corsage has an embroidered front to match the skirt panel, the rest being made of moire. Frills of crepe lisse edge the top. A garland of edelweiss forms the shoulder straps. A feather aigrette and brilliants are worn in the hair. The third dress, which is shown from a back view, is the chest of the lot, being composed of costly satin and brocade. It is composed of Rembrandt red satin, with brocaded satin that has a salmon-colored ground, with a large flower design in red. The low-pointed corsage and the front of the draped skirt are of satin, the train is of brocade, and so also are the drapery, the drapery about the top of the corsage, and the draped sleeves.

It is a lively competition between the comparatively old-fashioned seal-skin cloaks and the newer, more picturesque wraps that reach to the ground. The materials of the latter offer a temptation in their variety and richness, and not only that, but the shapes afford a wide choice. The lining is usually of wadded and quilted silk, and the outside of the mantle embroidered richly with silk, or above all, braided in gold. Broad silk braid, or fine cord, is also used for the ornamentation, while lace, passementerie, and deep borders of rich fur are used for the outer trimmings. On some of these mantles the passementerie is seen in great perfection, and is crocheted by hand. When the garment is intended only for evening wear, it becomes often extremely rich in colors and decoration, but this should be for ceremonious use, and never for ordinary street wear. There is no telling, however, how soon such gayety may come into vogue for the daytime. It is now permissible in the metropolis for ladies to appear in the streets with cats. The only requirement is that these cats shall be of the Angora breed, large and fluffy. That point admitted, a lady may wear her cat as she pleases, and deck it out in bells and ribbons to match her own costume. As to the cat, no one appears to have consulted its feelings on the subject of this sudden entrance into society. The feline race has never been given to publicity, and its native

THOSE FRILLY SLEEVES.

modesty and timidity would lead us to suppose promenading in lively New York streets must be exceedingly distasteful to it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Model Language.

Basque, we learn, is an extremely simple and perspicuous language, easily pronounced and learned, yet capable of distinguishing age, sex, and social position by neat rules of change in the words. It has great terseness, and yet rivals Greek and Latin in giving the finer shades of expression. To be sure, Scalliger remarked of this tongue: "'Tis said the Basques understand one another; for my part I will never believe it." But he was ignorant or prejudiced. Sol Hanneman thinks that the maker of Volapuk never understood Basque, or he would have saved himself the trouble of inventing another language. Of dead and living languages the Basque alone meets all the requirements for a world's tongue, and has, furthermore, the advantage of a small literature, and the prestige of an antiquity beside which that of Latin is a mushroom growth.—*New York Times.*

The Regular Thing.

An old gentleman of Detroit was passing through the ceremony of taking his fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the good preacherman's part in the performance somebody was heard sobbing in an adjoining room.

"My goodness!" exclaimed one of the guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occasion?"

"That?" replied a mischievous member of the experienced bridegroom's family. "That's nobody but Em. She always boohoos when pa's getting married."

THE Boston *Globe* says that Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, is worth $20,000,000.

HUMOR.

"THISTLE do," said the cannie Scot, complacently, as he finished his new yacht.

THE story of Eve clothing herself with leaves of figs was merely a fig-her of speech.

IF traveling in an omnibus during a thunderstorm do not sit too near the conductor.

A BACHELOR editor who has a pretty unmarried sister, wrote to a brother editor similarly situated, "please exchange."—*Carl Pretzel.*

HE—What will you have, dear, candy or ice cream? She—No, inward, get me some popcorn, please. He—Do you like that stuff? She—Yes, I like everything that pops.

MRS. A. (who entertains a good deal)—I have really enjoyed the evening exceedingly. Mrs. Buck—It's such a relief to get out of one's own atmosphere once in a while.

"I AM tired of your complaining," said the landlady to the chronic grumbler; "even a worm will turn——" "Yes'm; but this grub doesn't."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WE don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another, as she raised an umbrella; "we're 'neither sugar nor salt'." "No," replied the other, "but we're lasses."

"FEES?" said Topper, indignantly. "Fees? Why, in Italy they are simply awful—and so paltry. There's nothing an Italian won't take—ah, except a bath, you know.—*Life.*

MRS. WELLS (about to hire a new servant): "Now, in regard to going out visiting, I——" Servant (interrupting): "Och, go out whin iver yes loikes. You'll not find Bridget Murphy harnd, mum, or dictatorial loike."

MARY (to Alice)—"Your doll looks very poorly. What ails it?" Alice—"It frets a good deal. Alfred knocked out one of its eyes last week, and it lost a great deal of sawdust, and hain't been the same doll since."—*Texas Siftings.*

WIFE (looking over bill): "Do you remember, my dear, how many brook-trout you caught on your fishing trip last Saturday?" Husband: "There just twelve of 'em; all beauties! Why?" Wife: "The dealer has made a mistake. He only charges for half a dozen."

A LITTLE girl went into a neighbor's house one day, and some apple parings lay on a table. After sitting a while she said: "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied, "I guess you smell those apple parings on the plate." "No, no," said she, "'taint them I smell. I smell whole apples."—*Boston Journal.*

THE editor of the Danville *News* waked up suddenly the other night, and fired his revolver at a burglar across the room. His wife waking up at the report of the pistol, screamed out: "What's the matter?" "I've shot a burglar—the ugliest-looking villain I ever saw." "Yes," replied his wife, "you've played the deuce. You've shot a hole through the big looking-glass." The editor had shot at his own image in the mirror.—*Arcola Record.*

A LITTLE Chelsea girl of five years passed last summer on a farm in Maine. Green-apple time was at hand, and her aunt, to whose care she had been confided, cautioned her against eating them. But little Eve could not resist the forbidden fruit. No particular harm resulted, but her aunt felt it her duty to again point out the danger. "I once knew a little girl," she said, "who ate two green apples one day. She was sick all night, and in the morning she was dead." Silence reigned, for the little one was very thoughtful. At last she looked up and said: "Do you think God would forgive me if I only eat one green apple and only took two or three bites out of another?"—*Boston Herald.*

The Lies of a Careless Farmer.

A traveler in central China writes: A husbandman sows and reaps his grain, and if it be an average crop he has just enough to support his family and dependents till the next harvest. If it fall short he and they have to starve or live on roots or weeds, for supplies of food he can not obtain from elsewhere; if it be abundant the surplus is rather an impediment to him than otherwise. He has not the means of storing or preserving it, and the want of roads prevents him from selling it to those who need it. Absolutely he has no market for his surplus; for his immediate neighbors have, like himself, a superfluity, and the carriage to any district in need of it would more than absorb the entire value of what he had to offer. A paternal Government besides forbids him to export it, so, as a matter of fact, the industrial check to over-population is removed, and his family and dependents increase till they eat up themselves the entire reproduce. Now, such a state of things can not endure forever; the time of trouble comes; his crops fail or floods destroy the growing grain; he has no alternative but either to die of famine or become an outcast or a freebooter. Money he has none, for he has had no opportunity of selling his surplus when he had it, and now, when the time of trouble comes, he succumbs to the first blast. Is it any wonder he grows listless and careless, and that each generation finds itself lower in the scale of humanity? His house is a mud cabin thatched with reeds, unhealthy in summer from stagnant effluvia, and in winter affording little more comfort than a wild beast's lair. His furniture consists of a few four-legged wooden benches of willow-wood and a table begrimed with filth, in the crevices of which a noisome vermin make their home. His clothes consist of a single wadded suit, never removed during the long winter, night or day, and tacked together in the spring till with the genial winds of returning summer it drops to pieces, and he creeps practically naked out of his filthy chrysalis. Then for a time his youngsters run about in puris naturalibus, consorting with the pigs, dogs, and the fowls on terms of intimacy if not of equality, till the many winds of autumn again remind him that it is time to look up his wadded garments, and try what patching and repairing will effect toward making them serve another season.

Value of Coal.

The dynamic value of a pound of good steam coal has been estimated by Prof. W. D. Rodgers as equivalent to the work of one man one day, while three tons would represent his work for twelve years, counting 300 working days in a year. He has further estimated that a four-foot seam would yield one ton of good coal to the square yard, and that one square mile in area would represent the labor of over 1,000,000 men for twenty years.

THE proverb is true, that light gains make heavy purses; for light gains come often, great gains now and then.

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Groceries.

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

Hotels.

ASIMS 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 55 "	1 07 "
" Parrevillle	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 55 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Parrelville	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 50 "	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.