THE Dayton (Ore.) Chronicle says that a patrified man has been discov ered by a farmer in a lonely gulch nine miles from that place. The man was leaning against a small bluff or rock, and upon e-amination was found to be completely turned to stone.

A SNAPPING SHOALS (Ga.) colored preacher, a few Sundays ago, from the pulpit, solemnly real: "I was once young; now I is old. I hab neber seen de righcous forsaked, nor his seed begging ob bread. But," he said, laying the book down and raising his specs', "I'b seen them hustle like de debble for meat."

W. G. PILLITTON, who lives in Nottoway County, Virginia, sixty-three miles from Richmond, went to the city by railroad, taking with him a fine English setter dog. Some days afterward the dog disappeared. Mr. Pilkinton supposed the animal was lost, but to his surprise discovered that it had returned to his home in Nottoway County.

AT a recent meeting of microscopists in New York Mr. Charles F. Cox said that an inventor had once announced the completion of a microscope so powerful that by its aid the departure of the spirit into the infinite unknown from a corpse, just dead, could be observed. "This is what I call the sublimity of humbuggery," concluded Mr. Cox.

A STUDENT at a New Jersey military institute, whose home is in Cuba, was deeply interested by the first snowstorm which he saw this winter. He ic eyes-and the dark suit of fashion ing company at the house, especially rolled six snowballs and placed them looks to their best. home with him next vacation. When Fair, sallow complexion, blonde hair, way. If we had known four or five he found a pool of water in his trunk he mournfully exclaimed: "My feather balls are all gone."

now the property reverts to the church. Here is a document in force, made way books. pants must vacate. How strangely this but unknown tie which already bound blame should not have rested on one gives it a polish, another a point, others but unknown tie which already bound blame should not have rested on one law and the stab lity of the English turned acing each other. Government.

case when a church divides. We are after years of separation. Twelve "Are you interested in your novel?" years ago a serious disruption occurred he asked. formation of a new society. Neither like Bret Harte? the old nor the new seemed to thrive. Recently the two branches "made up." were remarried, and now go on their way rejoicing in renewed prosperity.

A CITIZEN of Portland, Me., was annoyed to receive a letter from his sister in the country saying that she would something real nice and true and tensend a friend, Miss Cornelia Shock, to der - some beautiful sentiment that spend a few days with his family. It can take to my heart and treasure there." was an unusual liberty even for the sis- mured, with an admiring look. ter to take, but the family made the best of it, put the spare room in order, and waited for Miss Shock. On the appointed day the expressman left a long box at the door. In it was Miss Cornelia Shock, a full-sized young woman made entirely from the "shockings" of corn. The face was made of husks, carefully pierced; the hair was of corn silk; the body and limbs of stalks, and the elaborate costume was a skillful combination made entirely from the products of a shock of corn.

H. A. DUBUQUE, of Fall River, Mass., has a document showing unmistakable signs of age, dated Nov. 6, 1735. It reveals that there were oyster beds in the Taunton River in those days, and that the settlers fought for their possession. Daniel Brown, of Somerset, was the writer, and was evidently giving testimony, for he relates that on friend," she continued, leaning toward the day in question he saw a number of his acquaintances in three canoes, engaged in raking up oysters. A quarrel arose over their respective rights, and Daniel writes that one man repeatedly plunged a fork into the body of another man until he thought that "murder had been done." The pape: is torn at a point where Mr. Brown's "eyes became riveted on the combat: ants," and nobody knows whether any one was killed or not.

ROBERT S. TARVER, a prominen Texas lawyer, left Monterey, Mexico, recently with his wife to return home could die for?" which it took the train to cross into the know, but I am so lonely and sad-United States, was very great. During all that time no sob or cry escaped "I can comfort and protect you. her, and the dead body of her husband "Yes, dear," a low whisper. Her came safely to this side without even head rested upon his manly breast, which, in spite of an excellent sermon, her own imagination, and she knew only said, with a bewitching smile, "and you the conductor or a passenger being while tears of perfect love and trust aware that there was a corpse on the stained his vest, spoiled his cravat and blotted "The Heathen Chinee" train.

with faults of character, which they each other," stopping suddenly. have not the will or inclination to "Yes, yes; we were. I have a brother found the preacher gone.

LIKING AND DISLIKING. on who know the reason, tell me ell me by what h dden magic Our impressions first are led Into liking or disliking,

Why should smiles cometimes repel us? Bright eyes turn our feelings cold What is that which comes to tell us All tent litters is not gold? O, no feature, plain or striking, But a power we cannot shun, Prompts our liking or dislikin! Ere acquaintance bath begun,

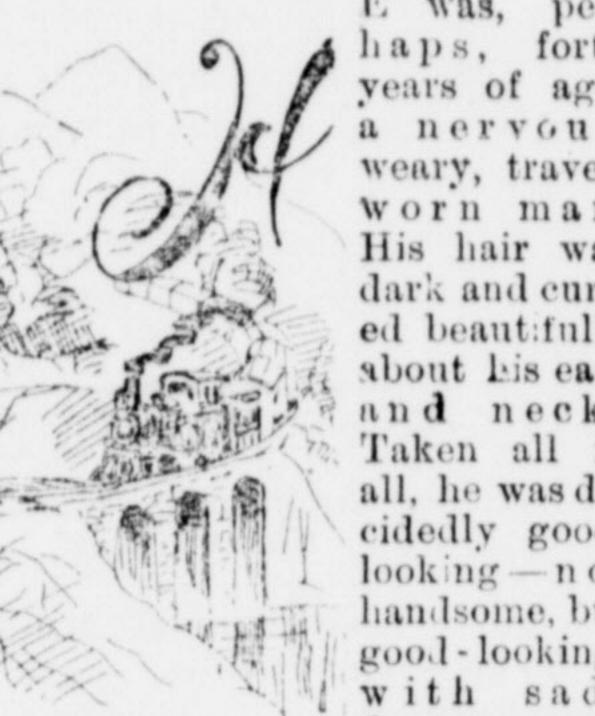
Oft before a word be said?

Is it instinct or some spirit Which protects its and controls Every impulse we inherit By some sympathy of souls? s it instinct, is it nature. Or some freak or fault of chance, Which our liking or disliking Limits to a single glance?

L'ke presentiment of danger, Though the sky no shadow flings? Cr that inner sense, still stronger, (f unseen, unuttered things? Is it—O, can no one tell me. Why our liking and disliking Have the rown instinctive laws? -Littell's Living Age.

GONGENIAL SPIRITS.

BY THOMAS COLQUITT.



worn man. His hair was Come back, Wilhelmina, writes Bill

years, or on what is termed a "perpet- He was reading Bret Harte's poems, ment we may feel towards them, and nal lease." The time has expired, and she was devouring the latest sensa- send them to the Tombs. tional novel of the day; for awhile

ner, a sad, far-away look in her earstant, but in that single glance Cupid had accomplished his work. They happy to note, at least, one instance loved, and their railway carriage went | you will like this better. where a church has become reunited rushing along at forty miles an hour.

"Oh, very much!" she cooingly rein the First Baptist Church of West | plied, but said it aside as if willing to "Yes. There is a sort of rough,

heartfelt earnestness in his poems that reaches one's heart at once." She had never read any of Harte poems except "The Heathen Chinee, so she replied:

"Oh, he is rerfectly dreadful, and writes about such dreadful people, and gamb'ers, and all that! Now, I want "You are so good—so true," he mur-"Don't call me a sentimentalist, my



On the fast tr. in. him as she grew more animated, "but consider me earnest, honest and true. I wish all the world was so. I wish we could all trust each other as my here

"'They had met but one short hour ago, and now each was all the world to the other. Jul'a Ann Marguerite St Clair had no knowledge of the past lit of the man who loved her and whom she loved; but, with a smile of perfec faith and perfect trust lighting up her angelic face, she linked her arm in l and her faith with his, and walked on'

He was in the last stage of consump- A moment later he was sitting beside about ninety miles in length, I believe. opened, and a small wanderer was brought chief forms of primary batteries, he I doan want ter trade." tion, and when the train had passed his fair companion, engaged in deep, and forty miles wide. An immense in. She was the queerest little figure I mentioned that some of them had Lampazos the doctor who accompanied earnest converse, of which I only sheet of water! And no living thing ever beheld, and she walked in, holding given fairly good results in mansions closed. One of the boys proposed an

heart is so lonely and desolate, and a live trout in it and it will turn over or fifteen years ago. Her fortitude for the next three hours, and fears! I am but a silly girl, I St. Nicholas.

"My dear girl!" he in intense, low-

"If we had met I would have loved him for your sake," he declared. They remained in paradise, and the long train sped onward; the course of true love ran smooth. They patronized the fruit boy, the book boy; they ate oranges, talked and read poetry together until a rough-visaged fellow thrust his head in at the door and

shrieked: "Atlanta! change cars," etc.

"My home," she said, with a sigh. "Mine also," he replied. "How for-He assisted her down the steps. They stood together on the platform a moment, with clasped hands, then both rushed forward at the same instant and clasped in their loving arms a stout, pleasant-faced old lady, who kissed and clasped them in turn.

utterable amazement. "Oh-o-o-oh!" cried the silly girl. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the old lady. "Don't you children know each other? Eddy, this is Emma, your sister. Have you both changed so much during the five years my dear boy has been traveling?" "Oh, Brother Ed and I came down together on the fast express, and we

"My dear Eddy! my dear Emma!"

"How-how is this?" he cried, in un

E was, per- we. Ed?" haps, forty "We did so-indeed." So they did; but they never told any nervous, one how they managed to pass away weary, travel the time so pleasantly.

had a most delightful time. Didn't

O, Wilhelmina, Come Back. Personal-Will the young woman who eded beaut:fully ited the gravy department and corrected about his ears proof at our pie foundry for two days, and then jumped on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 32 Para Row, saying all, he was de | where she left the crackers and cheese.

looking - not Nye, in the New York World, and handsome, but be our little sunbeam once more. good-looking, Come back and cluster around our with sad, hearthstone at so much per cluster. dreamy, poet. If you think best we will quit havspent considerable time out-doors, and ably cut clothes he were set off his good people who do not belong to your set. We will also strive, O, so hard, to in his trunk, intending to take them She was-well, we will say thirty. make it pleasanter for you in every blue eyes, a thin face, a languid air, years ago that children were offensive great conversational powers and a lone to you, it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do They were on a fast express train, is to shut them up in a barn and feed and their acquaintance progressed in them through a knot-hole. If they perfect keeping with the speed they shriek loud enough to give pain to to the crown a piece of land for 999 were whirled through the cold, blue your throbbing brow, let no one know, atmosphere.

Since you went away we can see how both were interested in their respective | wicked and selfish we were, and how little we considered your comfort. We chief makers do. Some one has compared knelt beside him. passing a millennium, less one year, and fathomless sympathy which we have nessee marble-cake and your slat-pie. times some tru h, which I call the wire. judge does?" now, after this long period the occu- all felt at times that drew them to- We have learned a valuable lesson As this passes from hand to hand, one "Hasn't he a court, Christie? I this event links the present with the past, their hearts to one another; at any alone. It should have been divided and what a proof of the majesty of the rate, they were soon occupying seats equally, leaving me to bear half of it

and my wife the other half. She dropped her book while gazing | Where we erred was in dividing up them to memory, and then I do not think from the window in an abstracted man- the blame on the bas's of tenderloin you will ever be guilty of this sin. Resteak or peach-cobbler, compelling you member, my little friends, that you can Ir frequently happens that parties nest blue eyes. He picked it up and to bear half of it yourself. That will never gather up the mischief you may do divorced will, in after years, make up returned to her. She thanked him; not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and 'y gossip. and remarry. But this is not often the their eyes met; it was only for an in- preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are not now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted Chester, Pa., which resulted in the conversation. "Do you distance and stay out a long time to get on his young breath, and tickled with it he their head a lit le man, Conscience, that others, who were in the scheme, bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors, and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring hair and her teeth, when the astonished windows, command me. I am no cook, small boy said: "Bet yeh can't take yez of course, but I can peel apples or neck off!"-San Francisco Chronicle. grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to her love is related in the Christian Weekly. see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof-

I close this humiliating personal. I bright eyes, 'too bright for ten o'clock at wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. told me that mush and milk was the I love you in such a beautiful new way. years or through their lives. These beautiful black mare. this, I said that you sang like a just as I do,' she said, gleefully. 'Hold shingle-mill, but it was not my better nature that spoke. It was my grosser nd more gastric nature that asserted itself, and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle- tightly touching, also the forelingers, mill at least so rauch as to mislead a the second fingers folded in so that her practiced ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is fourth fingers met at the tips as the thumbs meliower than any shingle-mill I ever

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour. the bread as we had seen you do it, g'ee, it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along, and how you contrive

The Great Salt Ia e. In spring, when the mountain snows

A toood Lesson.

On one occasion, an extremely hot moving ponderingly along, without any reday, Dr. Waddy, of the British gard to the horses, and vehicles all about Wesleyan Conference, was preaching her. When asked where she lived she in a chapel to a small congregation mentioned a street which only existed in showed a general disposition to go to her Christian name. sleep. The Doctor perceiving that all but three or four were in a somnolent condition, conceived the idea of gradu- as she thought proper, to their questions. thing was as it should be. but three or four were in a somnolent toned rapture. "I have wandered long ally increasing the length of his pauses, o'er foreign lands, beneath the palms."

The magistrate i advertantly repeated a "George, dear," the girl said, later "Almshouses,"—Omah Unconscious murderers daily mingle o'er foreign lands, beneath the palms, of speaking in monotone and lowering question as the number of her brothers and sweet as you, my pet, nor one I could then took his hat and qu'etly departed, ever love so well. We were born for teaching them a lesson they were not

THE LITTLE FOLKS. How to Do It.

BY ANNA M. PRATT, When I'm a grown-up woman, Just like mamma, you know, I m coing to have the daintiest things When I have learned to sew. Ill he mstitch and embreider, And a sthet c patterns trace, and I'l tr m my frills with needlowork As delicate as lace.

When I'm a grown-up woman, I m going to learn to make T. e most de icions puddin: s And thatten kinds of cake ; My bread sha I be the lightest And the wh test in the town, And your mouth will water when you see My coffee, golden brown.

When I'm a frown-up woman,

And have a house to keep,

The only certain way

I mustn't slight the corners When I have learned to sweep; The dusting an I the cleaning I must always do w th care, Antacobaeb!-I should blush with shame 'to find one anywhere. But when mamma this morning Was brushing out my curls, he sm led, and sail that women Are : rown-up little girls; And to gain such ski lful fingers,

Is to learn to work while I am young,

And prutice every day. The Robber Toes. There is a story that I have been told, And it's just as old as babies are old For sweet mother Eve, as every one knows, Told the babies the tale of the toes. Told to her babies how ten little toes. Each one as pink as the pinkest pink rose,

Once on a time were naughty and bad,

And sorrow and trouble in consequence had

How this big toe wanted butter and bread After his mamma had put him to bed. And this lying next said: "Sposen we go Down to the pantry and get it, you know. And this wicked to cried, "Come along quick; Let's sugar the butter ever so thick." And this naughty the sail, "Jelly for me; Top of the butter and sugar, you see." And this little toe cried, "Goody, let's go,

Well slip down the stairs so quiet and slow. So ten robber toes all tipped with red, Stole silently cut of their snowy white bed. While th's wicked toe, so jolly and fat, Helied nine raughty toos to pitty-pat-pa A ong the big hall with pillars of white, And down the back stairs devoid of light, Then this 1.ttle toe got a terrible scare. For he thought in the dark of a grizzly bear. And h s little too said, "Nurse must be right

And this little toe said, "A fox may be hid In the hat-rack box right under the lid." And this little too said, "Dearie me, oh! Lions and tigers are coming, I know.'

'Bout ; obbles and witches living at night,"

Then mamma came out with the beautifu Caught ten robber toes all ready for flight, Till redder they were than any red rose. -Public School Journ :1.

Don't Gossip.

Children, avoid this evil. I am pained pin is done." The Bible speaks much room is the court, you are the judge and I a ainst m schief-m tking, and I would ad- am the prisoner. Do you understand?" vise you to collect all the verses in this "Yes." book, bearing on this subject, and commit

The Smart Little Boys.

Somewhat suspicious: Father-What's that no se in the next room? Mother-It's Lobby singing "I want to be an angel," dear little fellow. Father-Well, you had better go and see what he is up to. New York Sun, "Dust of the earth:" The 21-year-old you doing that for?" said his mother. "I'm ask him."

blowin' the dust out of me."-San Francisco Chronicle. Saucy, but smart: It is the father of a 25-year old, who tells that the child was toilet. The old lady had removed her false

Midget's Love Puzzle. How a tot with pleasing ingenuity told

The little story is enough to warm the cold cockles of a cynic's heart: "Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening, when she heard a small voice she knew so well, saving 'Please scuse me, mamma.' Then she saw a little figure standing in the doornight,' thought Mrs. Blanchard. "Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her-mother's

Goaded to madness by her dimpled fingers. 'Now everybody do fingers the same way, but the next to that sition, the palms together, the thumbs knuck'es touched, then the third and

and forefingers did. "'Now,' cried Midget, in great delight, 'Low far can you go from nurse?' and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. Now, low far from cook?' and the fore-After you went away we tried to set fingers went apart. Then, in suppressed plexed his shame-faced friend, skip the folded fingers and go to the next. sweet mamma? she cried, in great triumph "And odd it was that those queer littl Judge Mills wrinkled ones. And as long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third ones will not separate. Try it." A Midnight Visit to the Station-House With

Dickens.

venture. The officer reported that he had Arkansaw Traveler. discovered her in the midst of the street. When she was interrogated by the proper authorities, without the slightest apparent

in life's busy throng, who have no the property of speaking in monotone and lowering the pitch until every individual in the sisters, and the child sisters are children to the child sisters. thought of the penalty which should be measured out to them, who daily be measured out to them, who daily congregation was sound asleep. He issters, and the child should be as well for you not to be measured out to them, who daily she would like anything, she gayly an- bring too much money to-morrow New York was the capital of the swered, "Candy, cak and candy." A messener was sent out to procure these | economy now, you know,"-New York | of the National Government from 1785 | commodities, which she instantly seized on | Sun. their arrival, and began to devour.

She showed no signs of fear, until one of the officers untied the huge bonnet and took it off, when she tearfully insisted

little vagrant, that he sent a message next been called ever since I can remember, morning to learn if the rightful owner of forth that the anxious father and mother | reached his majority, or thereabouts, triumph to her home. - From James ? Fields' Yesterdays with Authors.

The Little Man Conse ence. Every window of the parlor was wide open, and although the sun, shining from the east, laid bright bands of golden light across the carpet, yet the crisp, cold air of the bank. January sent 1 y blasts along with the sunno mistake. When he comes to town

Christie was sweeping; not such short, he always has a reception at Alex. careless sweeps as a less pronounced char. Duke's bake-shop, and the funny things acter could be sa isfied to give, but cleanly | that happen there some days would strokes, that at once cleaned the carpet and furnish a good paragrapher with maof the houselold; at once as simple and as rely, true and brave to a great degree.

the face of little Jacky, Christie's especial Reynolds, the sheriff, to help him

"Can I come in, Christie?" he asked. "Not when the cold is coming into the windows at such a rate, my darling."

"But aren't you cold, Christie?" yours, and I have a silk handkerchief over | know, the owner of a beautiful black you might turn into a big icicle." Jacky gradually disappeared behind the door and Christie continued her work. She age, got up a plan to play a practical was thinking just as hard, but there had | joke on the old fellow, just to show come into her eyes a more hopeful look, that him there were some things about dispersed the mist of tears. "I know how horse trading which, old as he was, he to set le it; Jacky shall decide it for me." | had not learned. So, when the windows were closed and the every day at seeing the work which mis- boy, and, perching him upon a table, she

back in the days of King Alfred, com- It was, perhaps, that nameless, miss your Ten- this evil to pin making. "There is some- "Jacky, little man, do you know what a "Yes, you are quite right. Now, this

> "And you are to pass sentence upon me? "Oh! But, Chris'ie, you would not what I told you unless you chose to, and couldn't make you, you know."

"What is the matter, prisoner?" asked Jacky, with mock d gnity. "Just this. I am invited to go to a place amusement this evening, and-"And won't mamma let you go?" "I have not asked her yet." "Well, why don't you?"

"I am not quite sure that it is right i me to go; how shall I find out?" "Oh, Christie, don't you know? Papa git a chance to swap hosses," enough of it for a mess, and then was breathing his lungs out. "What are can help them every time. You had better "dropped" in, and among them was

by a baby like you." "Ask the little man if it is right, and if trade to Uncle Artis a match for his he does not say yes very quickly, then he means that you hal better not do it." "That is just it, pet." "And papa says to ask the questions

cause he likes to be played with sometimes, and then we go wrong." given me a lesson that I shall never help of any one except the little man. Conscience, to show me what is best to do. -Ladies' Home Journal.

The Secret of Balzac's Life.

There is a period in the life of almost way in white gown, with tangled curls and every person when heaven seems near, and when all vision is clairvoyant. It rising from the table as he spoke. comes to most as a feeting phase of love; and it vanishes before the first and look at her." breach of amour-propre in men or of Religion, in some natures, gives same power; and it is even better fitted to give it, in genera', since religion begins by casting out the great destroyers of all spiritual life, vanity and the love of self. Should we disclose the secret of alzac if we said that he also was one of "the happy few;" that it was given him to pro ong the vision that "attachement de sa premiere jeunesse" of which he spoke but once, through long years of persistent labor Would this give the explanation of his preaching and of his practice of absolute chastity which astounded and pereven seemed incredible to his skeptical sister? Is there not at least of personality which stands to the Comedie Humaine in relation of Beatrice to the Divina Commedia? - Edward Holden, in Scribner's Magazine.

Seeking the Fiftest.

A need of the times is a primary battery that shall yield electric light for ordinary homes. This want and the problem of meeting it were con-"Now, wasn't she a woman a man over the plains that border its shores."

It was well on toward morning, and we sidered by Mr. P. F. Nursey at a late what I loaned to Mistah Rennels. She nice before applying elsewhere. But it is a large lake at any time- the officers, when the ponderous door gineers. Describing a few of the kick yo' shut off fore yo' knows it. No, can exist in it. Not a fish in all that the police officer by the hand as solemnly or large establishments, but that evi- adjourment to Jake Maas' beer garden, him discovered that he was dead. The "My dear Marguerite, can you not silent sea! It is the heaviest sort of or large establishments, but that the police officer by the hand as solemnly dence was lacking to show that any which motion was unanimously carried.

The or large establishments, but that ever dence was lacking to show that any other dence was lacking to show that the police of the dence was lacking to show that any other dence was lacking to show that the dence was lacking to show the dence wa doctor imparted the sad news to Mrs.

Tarver, who sat in the next seat behind him but told her if it was discar.

The next seat in the next seat behind him but told her if it was discar.

The next seat in t hind him, but told her if it was discov
"Oh, my dear friend, how can I and he production, resembling a sort of coal scut
"Oh, my dear friend, how can I and he production, resembling a sort of coal scut
The production of the cred the body would be stopped in swer you? I could trust you! My will appear covered with crystals. Put the manufactured after the fashion of ten sommittee of experts, in the hope that | D troit Free Tress. Mexico and \$500 export duty demanded longs so earnestly for a congenial on its back and die in about three or The child had, no doubt, caught up this the leading features might be combefore it could be taken into Texas. spirit with whom to mingle all hopes four gasps. It is a wonderful lake - wonderful head-gear in the absence of her bined in a system more satisfactory parent, and had gone forth in quest of ad- than could be otherwise secured .-.....

> Gaining a Treasure. You will come to our fair to morrow evening, Mr. Sampson, of course?" she must bring lots of money with you." the smile that he was on his knees be- pose? fore he knew it, and presently every-

ARTLESS UNCLE ARTIS.

BY ED. R. PRICHARD.

Old Irvin Township Artis, as he has the bonnet had been found. Report is a genuine specimen of the old-time came back on a duly printed form, setting negro. He was a slave until he had had applied for the child at three o'clock when having been freed by the fortune in the morning, and had borne her away in of war he came North and settled in Irvin Township among a thriving com munity of his own people, and where he has since resided. He is now quite well-to-do, being the owner of a nice eighty-acre farm, well stocked, and having besides a snug little balance in

But the old fellow is a character and

raised but little dust; in fact, just as every- terial enough to last him a fortnight. Christie was a curiosity to the members | Uncle Artis has, however, one hobby in which he takes special pride, and Are now displayed on my counters. Every light of heart as a child, yet on occasion a that is his knowledge of horse flesh. He woman upon whose judgment they could is also something of a politician, and in view of his influence in his settlement On the particular day on which you are is a member of the County Central looking at her through a stranger's eyes. Committee. If I were so disposed I inspection of my stock before purchasing is she was in a quandary; her mind contained | could, of course, tell to which party | requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY. an unusual burden, for she was not sing- Uncle Artis belonged, but that is a ing as usual, and her big gray eyes had a look of trouble that was so intense that it matter of minor importance. Suffice seemed to bring a suspicion of tears to it to say that in local elections he has Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine. sometimes been known to work for the Some of the family would say that tears | "other side," and generally carried his and Christie's eyes could never be seen to- neighborhood with him, too, when he gether, But more folks than she have many | did it. I have heard it hinted also that sad moments mixed in with the gay ones; for | these flops of the old fellow were dilife is made up of sunstine and shadows, rectly due to the fact that he loaned and if the dark clouds never came over- money and rarely let slip an opportunhead, we should rever know how bright ity to earn an honest dollar. Is it any In a sort of unconscious way Christie wonder, then, with his occupation as swept over and over a figure of green and farmer, stock raiser, politician and gold that was worked into the carpet; then | horse trader, that he has thrived and she paused, and clasping both hands over prospered, and is known far and wide the top of the broom, rested her chin upon | as the wealthiest man in his settlement. them, still thinking upon the bothers. But this is not telling my story. About Just then a gentle knock at the door, and a month ago Uncle Artis loaned a little the turning of the handle, disclosed to view dun mare which he owns to a Mr.

through a siege of extra riding, occasioned by an unusual rush of business in the County Court, which was then | PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad), in session. At the same time, too, "No, little kid; my dress is thicker than | Uncle Artis was, and is yet for aught I J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor. my ears and a pair of mitters upon my filly, for which he had long wanted a hands. Whereas if you become too cold match. Some of the "boys," though most of them were men past middle

So, having induced the sheriff to join room had become warmer, she called the in the scheme, they hired an expert to ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY dye the little dun mare a beautiful glossy black, and as she was much the same size and build as the little black filly, they surmised that Uncle Artis would be ready to either trade or pur

chase in order to get the match team he had so long wanted. Finally all was in readiness and they only waited patiently for the old fellow to come to town, which he did one Saturdy afternoon. As he sat in the bake-shop, regaling himself with a glass of cider and a huge piece of Washington pie, in stepped Dave Stewart, one of the conspirators.

anything to trade to-day?" "Co'se I has," he replied as well as he could with a mouth full of pie. "Co'se I has; yeh knows I'd git up in the night an' bu'n the las' shut I got to By this time two or three of the "Cap" Lumpshen, a farmer and trader "I ought to know that without being told | who lived close to town and who had been selected as the man to sell or

"Hello, Uncle Artis," he began, "got

black filly. "Well," continued Stewart, in reply to the old man's remark, "I haven't mickly, and to take his first answer, be- anything to trade, but 'Cap' here, pointing to Lumpshen, who had just taken a seat at an ad oining table, "has "I thank you much, darling; you have got a plain dead match for that little black filly of yourn; an' he's the man you want to talk to."

"Say, Cap, where you git dat critter? If she matches mine I done gib you a hummin' good trade." "O, I traded for her last week," replied "Cap," "and come to think about it,

my animal does match yours. How'll "Whar is she?" asked the old man, "Right out here in the alley; let's go

The party thereupon adjourned to "Mamma, dear, plea led the little night- vanity in women. To some it is given the alle, in the rear of the bake-shop, owl, I just learned to-day how to tell you to prolong this period through long where stood the once dun, but now proper thing for a brain-worker, and Please, may I show you? I'm so fraid are "the happy few" to whom Sten- Uncle Artis walked all about her, examined her eyes, rubbed her limbs, pulled her tail and finally stepped back for a general critical survey at a dis-

After scratching his head thoughtully for a moment he asked: "Cap, whar you say you git this animule? Done 'pears to me I'd orter know dat hoss, an' I'll be dog bite ef I hain't seed

Cap started in with some cock and bull story as to how and when he had obtained the mare, but he never fin-

Uncle Artis had taken off his hat and acing it on his stick he walked up to the mare saying: "Now, Dolly, jes' lift it; one, two, three." At the word "three," Dolly did lift it. Her heels flew into the air like a streak of light, and that hat went sailing twenty feet skyward, while the would-be jokers. perfectly dumfounded, stood by in silence. As he regained his battered tile, Uncle Artis, with a wonderfully wicked twinkle in his eye, said: "Cap, to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real

who is my agent to take applications, also I doan' want no sech dang mean crit- Estate, and those building New Houses, ter as that brute on my place. She's are especially solicited to ascertain from jes like that pesteren little dun mare him the standing and rates of our compa-

Chance for Carpenters. Omaha Man-"Been to Southern California, eh? Peautiful climate,

Returned Emigrant-"Glorious ch "I am a carpenter and builder by trade, and have been thinking of going A.r. Sampson was so overcome by there. Houses are scarce there, I sup-

> "What sort of houses are in greatest "Almshouses." - Omaha World.

evening. We ought both to practice | State from 1784 to 1797, and the seat

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon, ATTORNEY AT LAW CUMBÉRLAND, MD.

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

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND. BRACE & RICHMOND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

Office, No. 4 Washington Street, - - CUMBERLAND.

THOMAS' Boot, Shoe, Hat xx Cap Emporium

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN BOOTS AND SHOES Style of Gentlemen's Hats and

I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An WILLIAM THOMAS,

Caps at Low PRICES.

Main street, Frostburg, Md.

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. FRANK C. BEALL.

SIMS HOUSE≫ WEST VIRGINIA.

Fresh Meat. THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,

Cor. Broadway and Mechanic at. 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

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.

TITT

A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the

> number of RESPONSIBLE

INSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS

Doing business in this country

you refused to give me any dope on I'l forget by morning.' Midget held up dhal has dedicated one of his books. lifted her feet, looked into her mouth, her dimpled forgers. Now exempled forgers. COMPANIES,

> to fully protect the assured in case of LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

> And in these to write properly all forms

Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe insurance are

J.B. ODER, FROSTBURG, MD.,

D. P. MILLER,

Cumberland, Md

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cum	berland & Pennsylva	all	la	Ra	iil	r 0	ad
	-EASTWARD						
Leave	Piedmont	6	30	a m	11	40	A 1
**	Barton	G	15	**	11	55	**
	Lonaconing	6	55	**	12	10	pi
**	Ocean	7	10	**	12	25	. ++
**	Frestburg	7	25	**	12	42	**
**	Mt Savage	7	53	**	1	07	14
**	Parrelvi le	8	01	**	1	12	**
**	C. and P. Junetion	8	11	**	1	20	
Arrivo	at Cumberland	8	20	"	1	35	
	-WESTWARD,-						
Leave	Cumberland	9	15	a m	3	35	PI
+4	C. and P. Junction	9	30	**	3	50	
**	Barrelville		40	**	4	01	**
**	Mt. Savage	9	46	**	4	(10)	**
**	Frostburg	10	12	**	4	35	**
**	Ocean	10	26	**	4	[y !	"
*1	Lonaconing				5	07	**
**	Barton				5	17	**
A market	at Dissipant	111	10	16	1 5	12-7	- 11