msa_sc5130_scm12190-0303 ©Maryland State Archives

THE late M. Blanc, who owned the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, was somewhat of a philosopher in his way. When the bank lost heavily he used to remark: "I never mind my bank-notes going out to sleep; they come home early next morning."

THE Rev. Ebenezer Fitch resigned the Presidency of Williams College in 1815. A few days ago President Carter of that institution received a letter addressed to "President" Fitch. No one will be surprised to learn that the letter was from Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, ex-President of the Reading Railway, expresses the belief that of the $800,000,000 annually paid for transportation in this country from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 is taken from the pockets of the people and paid into the hands of favored corporations in the shape of rebates, drawbacks, etc.

KAISER WILHELM used to sign himself "Wilhelm: Imp. Rex," and every one wondered thereat. Why not in full, "Imperator et Rex?" Or, if abbreviated, why not "I. R.?" He voluntarily explained it one day to one of his Ministers. "I sign myself that way," he said, "because I feel that I am only partly an Emperor, while I know that I am altogether a King."

SENATOR SHERMAN is generally considered rather a cold man, but he gives evidence of some heat in his denial of the story that he contemplated withdrawing from the Presidential race. "You may say," he said, "that in warp and woof it is an unmitigated lie. You may say, moreover, that the man who wrote it or inspired it is an unmitigated liar."

MRS. JULIA D. GRANT has received from the General's book about $450,000, and has a pension of $5,000 from the Nation. She also has the income from the $250,000 raised by George Jones from Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennet, and others. She has also the income from $100,000 raised by George W. Childs. In other words, she has the income on not far from $1,000,000.

TEXAS, like the Nation of which it forms a rather important part, is incumbered with a large surplus in its Treasury. This surplus is now something over $2,000,000, and goes on increasing from month to month. The Governor has issued a call for an extra session of the Legislature to dispose of this surplus and to readjust taxation so that another one may not accumulate.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S birthday is always a great feast and holiday for the servants of the house. In the kitchen a barrel of wine is provided by Princess Bismarck, two bands are in attendance, and the servants' families appear on the scene. The Prince comes down, talks with the guests and distributes sweets among the children. The Princess always gives six Easter eggs to each of the children.

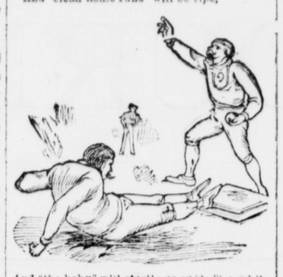
THE first railway has been laid in Morocco. The line is only a toy for the amusement of the Sultan, but it may have fruitful results nevertheless. The railway, with all its appurtenances, is a gift from the King of the Belgians to Muley Hassan, who appears to be delighted with it. It has been laid in the park surrounding the imperial palace at Mequinez, and was lately opened with some pomp. The railway has been purposely laid with several sharp curves and steep radients, by way of showing the Moors the wonderful things that steam can do. The saloon carriage, of which, in addition to engine, tender, and guard's van, the rolling stock consists, is elaborately decorated and upholstered in a style which, although somewhat *bizarre* to the European eye, was thought to be suitable to the taste of a Moorish Sultan. Muley Hassan did not dare to trust himself in the strange conveyance on the opening day, but he made some of his male relations and Ministers take several trips and recount to him their experiences, which seemed to be thoroughly satisfactory.

A PAPER read by Mrs. Dean at the last meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society on "The Influence of Flowers on National Life" was a very interesting contribution to the literature of a very interesting subject. Flowers being older than manufacturing or workmanship it was very natural that in the earliest times they should have been selected for badges. To-day the helmets of every army bear the escutcheon of its country. In very ancient days flowers, leaves or sprays of foliage served the same purpose. Even since the making of badges, scarfs, and banners the flower has served as a distinguishing mark not only for armies but for factions. The adherents of the Stuarts wore the white rose; the Bonapartists had the violets for their flower, and "springtime" was their watchword. The reason for the adoption of flowers for the purpose is obvious. Even the cleverest prosecutor is puzzled when called upon to frame an indictment of an old soldier for cultivating a little patch of violets, or a young girl for keeping a pot of the same fragrant flowers in her window. The very natural remark that the violets will bloom in the spring might conceal sedition, but it was so hard to prove what everybody knew that the Bourbons gave it up, and contented themselves with punishing those less cautious partisans who carried little cards bearing the representation of a bunch of violets. These cards when held at a peculiar angle showed in the outlines of the bending blooms the portraits of Napoleon, his wife, and son.

A PROPHECY.

Soon the crack of the bat and the bounding ball
Will tickle our hearts with glee,
And the crowd will yell at the umpire's call,
As if Bedlam had been set free.

Then "rattling three-baggers" will be in style,
And "clean home runs" will be ripe,



And "the baby" will startle us once in a while
With "a regular blizzard swipe."

The papers will print long columns of stuff,
But the ball-crank will cry for more,
While the women will skip the whole thing in a huff,
For they can't understand the score.

The lawyer will yell at the local nine
As wild as a crazy loon;
If you go to his office you'll find the sign:
"In court for the afternoon."

The man of business his cares forgets,
While he howls at a three-base hit;
The sharpers will keep an eye out for bets,
And the countrymen will get bit.

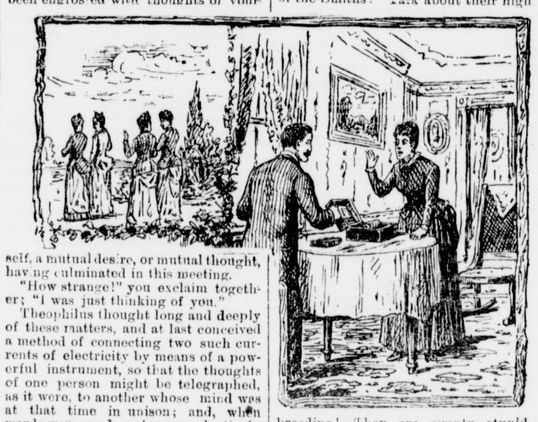
For the crack of the bat and the bounding ball
Men love with the keenest zest,
And the triumvirs' purses will bulge next fall,
But the peanut will go out West.
—*Sunnyside Journal.*

BEHIND THEIR BACKS.

BY MARY B. P. HATCH.

Theophilus Smith has invented a wonderful instrument. It has not yet been patented, owing to an accident which I shall mention later on, and so, out of loyalty to my friend, who expects to realize a large return from the invention, I shall not describe it fully, but will give a brief sketch of the occasion when it was tested.

A slight preamble, however, is necessary. Doubtless every thinking person has, at some period of his life, puzzled himself over the electric communication or responsiveness of mind as well as of matter. For instance, if frequently happens that thinking deeply of a person is the forerunner of meeting him, and finding that he has been engrossed with thoughts of yourself, a mutual desire, or mutual thought, having culminated in this meeting.



"How strange!" you exclaim together; "I was just thinking of you."

Theophilus thought long and deeply of these matters, and at last conceived a method of connecting two such currents of electricity by means of a powerful instrument, so that the thoughts of one person might be telegraphed, as it were, to another whose mind was at that time in unison; and, when words were used, a phonograph attachment would be set in motion to tell them off, reproducing the exact tones of the speaker.

But in an invention of this kind, so startling in its powers, there must of necessity be some drawbacks. For instance, putting one's mind "in unison," as my friend Theophilus expresses it, is impossible unless the person with whom you desire to communicate is thinking of you at that exact time.

Theophilus is blessed with a dear little woman for a wife, one who believes, as all women should, implicitly in her husband's genius. When he spoke of testing the machine she said at once, with the wisdom that seems to characterize her:

"Why not invite my four dearest friends, with their husbands, to a social tea? They will say nothing hard of us, of course, but they will say something on their way home; all people do. Mrs. White usually does not wait until she gets into the street. I have been with her and all of them, you see, and know their ways. Mrs. Black speaks later, but with no length; Mrs. Gray waits until she gets nearly home, and Minnie Green until she is housed. You know she is so quiet, she never chatters in the street like some women."

There was so much wisdom in this that I was lost in admiring wonder, while Theophilus said concisely:

"You are a trump, my dear," at which the little woman flushed with pleasure.

The day arrived, and the company sat down to my friend's well-spread table. I was present, of course, to share in his triumph. The food was excellent, and every one appeared delighted with each other and their entertainers, while little Charlie, my friend's only child, was petted to his heart's content. My thoughts wandered often, I confess, to the innocent-looking case that contained my friend's instrument. Theophilus shared in my feelings, I am sure, for he was absent-minded at times and I caught him glancing quietly in that direction more than once. Not so Mrs. Smith. She was as calm as a summer morning, which shows, I think, that the feminine mind more readily lends itself to deception, for as soon as her guests took their departure Mrs. Smith rushed to the machine and exclaimed, as she touched the battery:

"Now for Mrs. White."

Mrs. White was a very extravagant lady, whose former husband died a bankrupt, and whose present one, though in easy circumstances at the time of their marriage, was now said to be much straitened.

"Such a table!" clicked the machine, in Mrs. White's very tones. "I like Mrs. Smith; but she is so close. Home-made biscuit, when she might have got delicious rolls at the caterer's, and sponge-cake instead of fruit! Did you observe the cake-basket, Edwin? I am sure it was plated, and that dress she wore was *made over!* I know it, and without a bit of anything new. How can folks live so?"

Mrs. Smith's face was crimson; but Theophilus was jubilant.

"Mrs. White to a T! Pass on to Mrs. Black, my dear. I shall have to use your mind, for I could not bring mine in unison with gossip," which, don't you see, was saying that his wife could.

Mrs. Black and her husband began life without a dollar and worked their way to a comfortable fortune. They were rather parsimonious, but this was owing, no doubt, to the rigid economy they had been obliged to practice in early life. It now appeared they were already conversing about their entertainment, for Mr. Black's words came directly:

"Such extravagance would ruin most men. I noticed Smith has real walnut doors to his library. He took me in after tea and showed me his books. Scientific men haven't a grain of sense—not a grain! Books enough to buy a house that would rent for five hundred a year!"

"Did you notice the biscuit?" asked his wife. "They were so rich they would drop to pieces off the plate. So much silver! and solid too; for Mrs. Smith thinks it is vulgar to use plated ware. She may see the time——"

"Now for Mrs. Gray," said my friend's wife, readjusting the current with a jerk. "She is neither extravagant nor the reverse. They are not rich and she makes a penny serve the turn of many. Her costumes are exquisite. She may think a trifle too much about such things; but she is very lovable and her husband advises her."

With powerful adaptability Mrs. Smith became in unison with Mrs. Gray.

"Poor Marion is such a dowdy! If there is any one in this world I like, it is Marion Smith; but I never see her that I do not ache to fix her up. With her means, it is too bad that she has no more taste. The dress she had on cost enough to clothe me for three months; but how it looked! And her hair—Oh, dear! I could dress it to look exquisitely, for it is beautifully long and abundant."

"But she doesn't give her mind to such things, Bella; she and Smith are above it."

"I know it; and their home is delightful; so elegant and quiet, and little Charlie is a perfect cherub."

My hostess looked a little relieved, and likely, I thought, to listen awhile longer, so I said to her:

"Do not forget Mrs. Green, who, you know, is less likely to be a subject of electrical currents than the others. She seems to have scarcely any thoughs of her own, I thought. Rather insipid, though no doubt an excellent lady."

The first ejaculation of Mrs. Green, however, made us all jump, it was so unlike her usual languid tone.

"Good gracious!" and the instrument worked with fervor, "I've been thinking all the way home about that spread of the Smiths'. Talk about their high breeding! They are simply stupid. Mr. Smith seems to have his head in the clouds all the time. I like to be amused and if that old bach that is there all the time hadn't eaten sauce with his cake I should have gone to sleep. They say he was in love with Mrs. Smith before she married Theophilus. I wonder if Theophilus knows it? How ridiculous they act over that child of theirs, thinking he is so bright and forward and laughing at all his silly little speeches—actually bringing him to sit at the table. Homely, too! Smith's nose and Brackett's chin is enough to spoil any child. You know we have always thought Ebenezer a little more backward than any other children; but land! he is ten times as smart as that child."

"Ebenezer, indeed!" exclaimed my friend's wife, jerking the machine with so much force that it fell from the table, saying, feebly: "Such fools!" no doubt the beginning of a new sentence by Mrs. Green.

"And I thought that woman weak," gasped my friend's wife.

"She seems anything but weak, and so do you," said Theophilus, ruefully, lifting up his machine, and seeing at a glance that it was broken.

"It will take a long time to repair this, for I can trust it to no hand but my own," said he. "The test has been all that could be desired, and rather more," he added.

"You'll be famous, Theophilus," I cried, with enthusiasm.

"Famous! Well, but if it breaks friendships, shall I be doing good?"

"Friendships!" repeated his wife.

"It will be a sort of society sifter," said I.

The machine has been repaired, and will make its appearance soon.

Theophilus showed it to Edison the other day.

"Smith," said he, "you have stolen my thunder."

A Neat Rebuke.

Two young lady matrons were in a horse car. "Well," said one of them, "I wish Charley wouldn't act as if he thought that—that—because it is my first baby I didn't know how to take care of it. He never interfered so with anything before. But now, when he is starting off in the morning, he begins: 'I wouldn't take baby out if it turns cold; and don't put that wool veil over her eyes again; and you had better try the water in the bathtub before you put her in,' and so on, and so on." "Yes, I know," rejoined the elder lady philosophically, "they all do that till the novelty wears off. To hear the rooster crow one would think that it was he who was doing the incubating. I stood it as long as I could with Harcid, but one day, when he was struggling with his overcoat, and leaving numberless charges about baby's food and flannels and medicines and wrappings, I said very sweetly and dutifully: 'You may rest easy, dear, while you are in town at your business. I will take just as good care of baby as though she were my own child.' 'Your own child!' he replied, gaspingly. He looked at me a moment; then he saw the point. He kissed me good-by in silence and then went off, but he has never since tendered me any gratuitous advice on that subject."—*St. Louis Critic.*

Of the 13,000 carpenters in New York city, but 4,500 are organized.

THE BLACK ART.

Dark Was Earth Ere Printing Rose.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

Before the middle of the fifteenth century Europe had a cheap material, paper; an oily ink, developed for block-book printing, in place of the fluid ink, which could be used only with the brush, probably the press itself; skilled artisans, trained in the block-book work; most important of all, the demand caused by education. It lacked movable types that could be fitted evenly and readily together, for neither the porcelain letters of Pi-Cching nor the individual stamps of the early copyists had developed to this point. "The invention of printing," in its modern sense, consisted in the simple production of these types, or, as De Vinne puts it, of the type mold which should produce such type. Fifteen cities claim to be the birthplace of printing, but the honor rests between Haarlem, Strasburg and Mainz. The Dutch legend is that some time about or previous to 1410, one Laurent Janszoon Koster, custos or sexton of a church in Haarlem, cut letters on a beech tree, which suggested to him wooden types, from which he afterward developed metal types, and that a man in his employ, escaping with the secret to Mainz, originated the art there. Haarlem contains many portrait-monuments of Koster, and belief in him is an article of the Dutch faith, but later investigators claim that he is altogether a myth, made up, with much imagination and some rascality, of two Haarlem citizens, neither of whom was a printer, and of the "unknown printer" of much later days.

The German story centers in John Gutenberg, of the family called Gensfleisch—taking his mother's name in accordance with a German custom, because her family was dying out—as to whom there is a definite historical chain of evidence, including the records of two lawsuits. Nothing is certainly known of his first thirty years. He is supposed to have been born about 1399 at Mainz, whence his family were exiled, going to Strasburg. In 1439 he appears as a defendant in a lawsuit brought in Strasburg by an heir of one Andrew Dritzehen, to compel Gutenberg to admit him to the secret and benefit of an art into which the deceased had bought by payment to Gutenberg. This art seems to have been printing, and the evidence in the suit shows that Gutenberg sent his servant to Dritzehen's house immediately on his death, to have a "form" of "four pieces," "lying in or about a press," separated "by turning two buttons," "so that no one might know what it is." We do not know, for Gutenberg won the suit and kept the secret. Different modern scholars construe "it" to be parts of the press, pages of type, matrices, or a four-part type-mold, such as is known to have been used by early printers. It is not definitely known whether Gutenberg printed any books in Strasburg (some fragments of a type Donatus being most plausibly connected with him there), which caused a German critic to declare that if Strasburg is the cradle of printing, "it is a cradle without a baby." By 1448 Gutenberg had removed to Mainz, for there is record of his hiring money, and in 1450 he made a contract with John Fust, a money-lender, to provide money for "paper, vellum, ink, wages and the other materials required," on half-profits, which contract was the basis of the second suit. In this suit, brought in 1455, Fust, who has been sadly confused with that later Dr. Faust, of Wittenberg, from whose wicked learning grew the Faust legend, foreclosed his mortgage, got possession of part of Gutenberg's implements and stock, and by help of Gutenberg's apprentice, Peter Schoeffer, who afterward married Fust's daughter Christina, took up the business of printing. There is a legend that this Schoeffer, and not Gutenberg, invented the type-mold, but recent investigators show that this invention was peculiarly Gutenberg's.

Gutenberg, who started a new printing-office after the separation, by help of money from Conrad Humery, physician and town clerk, printed two editions of the Bible. He printed also an edition of the "Donatus," several "Letters of Indulgence" (the earliest job work), a broadside "Calendar" of 1457, a "Catholicon" of 1460, and many other things. He was alive in 1465, when Archbishop Adolph made him one of the gentlemen of his court, and was dead in 1468, for in that year Conrad Humery had succeeded to his effects.

A Puzzler for the Young Man.

His salary was $1,000 a year, and he had just proposed to Miss Clara Lighthead and been accepted, and they were both exquisitely happy until she said:

"And you don't know how lovely our home will be, George. It shall be a home indeed for you; a place of rest and joy and comfort! I'll call the housekeeper up every morning, and——"

"The housekeeper?"

"Yes, yes, dear. Now, don't interrupt, you naughty boy. I'll tell the housekeeper to tell the cook to——"

"The cook?"

"Of course; and I do hope we can get a French cook. I love the French cooking. And I'd like the dining room girl to——"

"The dining-room girl?"

"Yes, yes. I'd like a brisk, tidy, rosy-cheeked English dining-room girl. I don't care so much about the chambermaid"

"Why, my darling, I'm afraid——"

"Now, now, you bad old boy; you must let your little girl have her own way when it comes to the house servants. You can engage the butler if you like, and of course you'll get the coachman; but when it comes to the laundress and seamstress and——why, George, what a dreadfully long face you have! I don't like it!"

It looked longer as he sat in his 10x12 room an hour later trying to "figure out" how the wages of the cook and housekeeper and butler and all the rest of them were to be paid out of $19.23 a week. He hasn't figured it out yet.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Japanese Genesis.

In the beginning all things were in chaos. Heaven and earth were not separated. The world floated in the cosmic mass like a fish in the water, or the yelk in an egg. The ethereal matter sublimed and formed the heavens, while the residuum formed the present earth, from the mold of which a germ sprouted and became a self-animate being, from which sprang all the gods.

On the floating bridge of Heaven appeared a man and woman of celestial origin. The male plunged a jeweled spear into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island upon which they descended.

The creative pair, divine man and woman, designing to make this island the pillar for a continent, separated, the male to the left, the female to the right, to make a journey around the island. When they met the woman spoke first, saying, "How joyful to meet a lovely man!"

The man, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, demanded that the journey be repeated, after which he cried out exultingly, "How joyful to meet a lovely woman!"

Thus ensued the proper subjection; and this, according to the ancient idea of Japan, was the origin of the human race and the art of love.—*Overland Monthly.*

DR. STEPHEN MACKENZIE, lecturer on medicine at the London Hospital, recommended half-grain doses of Indian hemp, morning and evening, as a remedy for persistent headache.

Whither Are We Drifting?

Without wishing to alarm the American people, or create a panic, writes Bill Nye, in the New York *World*, I desire briefly and seriously to discuss the great question, "Whither are we drifting" and what is to be the condition of the coming man? We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that mankind is passing through a great era of change; even womankind is not built as she was a few brief years ago. And is it not time, fellow-citizens, that we paused to consider what is to be the future of the American?

Food itself has been the subject of change both in the matter of material and preparation. This must affect the consumer in such a way as to some day bring about great changes. Take, for instance, the oyster, one of our comparatively modern food and game fishes, and watch the effects of science upon him. At one time the oyster browsed around and ate what he could find in Neptune's back-yard, and we had to take him as we found him. Now we take a herd of oysters off the trail, all run down, and feed them artificially till they swell up to a fancy size and bring a fancy price. Now, where will all this lead at last? I ask as a careful scientist. Instead of eating apples as Adam did, we work the fruit up into applejack and pie, while even the simple oyster is perverted, and instead of allowing him to fatten up in the fall on acorns and ancient mariners, flesh is artificially put on his bones by the artificial osmose and dialysis of our advanced civilization. How can you make an oyster stout or train him down by making him jerk a health-lift so many hours every day, or cultivate his body at the expense of his mind, without ultimately not only impairing the future usefulness of the oyster himself, but at the same time affecting the future of the human race?

I only use the oyster as an illustration, and I do not wish to cause alarm, but I say that if we stimulate the oyster artificially and swell him up by scientific means, we not only do so at the expense of his better nature and keep him away from his family, but we are making our mark on the future race of men. Oyster-fattening is now, of course, in its infancy. Only a few years ago an effort was made to fatten cove oysters at St. Louis while in the can, but the system was not well understood, and those who had it in charge only succeeded in making the can itself more plump. But now oysters are kept on ground feed and given nothing to do for a few weeks, and even the older and overworked, swayback, and rickety oysters of the dim and murky past are made to fill out, and many of them have to put a gore in the waistband of their shells. I speak only of the oyster incidentally as one of the objects toward which science has turned its attention, and I assert with the utmost confidence that the time will come, unless science should get a setback, when the present hunting-case oyster will give place to the open-faced oyster, grafted on the octopus and big enough to feed a hotel. Further than that, the oyster of the future will carry in a hip-pocket a flask of vinegar, half a dozen lemons, and two little Japanese bottles, one of which will contain salt and the other pepper, and there will be some way provided by which you can tell which is which. But are we improving the oyster now? That is a question we may well ask ourselves. Is this a healthy fat which we are putting on him, or is it bloat? And what will be the result in the home life of the oyster? We take him from all home influences, whatever, in order to make a swell of him by our modern methods, but do we improve his condition morally, and what is to be the great final result on man?

The reader will see by the questions I ask that I am a true scientist. Give me an overcoat pocket full of lower-case interrogation marks and a medical report to run to, and I can speak on the matter of science and advancement till Reason totters on her throne.

But food and oysters do not alone affect the great, pregnant future.

A Clothes Basket Crib.

The nicest kind of crib for a new-born baby is a clothes basket. Get the largest size of wicker clothes basket—a square one with handles at each end. Have a small hair mattress made to fit the bottom of it, as hair is much more wholesome to sleep on than feathers, but in a sudden emergency any ordinary pillow will answer the purpose. This kind of crib has many advantages. It can be put in a closet when not in use; it can be lifted into another room without disturbing baby's sleep, if its mother should want to receive guests before she is well enough to leave her room; it is very convenient in moving to the country for the summer, as it can be packed with baby's clothes, covered with the bath rubber sheet and tied carefully across with a rope; and on arrival—the baby wearied and tired—there need be no waiting till the porter carries up the heavy crib, as any one can carry up the basket; and there is no screwing together, but simply take off the rubber and there baby has its bed ready, and nurse can attend to other things. In going across the ocean it is invaluable as, resting on its broad base on the floor, no pitching nor rolling of the ship will be able to upset it. When baby gets too old to use it, it can retire to its natural home—the laundry—and there be made useful for the rest of its days.

I make mine not only useful but quite ornamental by covering it inside and out with either blue or pink paper muslin, over which I draw in folds some thin dotted Swiss, sewing it carefully and tightly through the bottom where the coarse stitches will be hidden by the mattress; now from the outside edge of the top I hang a ruffle of cheap cotton lace, covering the stitches made by sewing it on by a row of quilled satin ribbon in color to match the paper muslin, and I have a very pretty and cheap crib. The mattress can be kept till needed again.—*Mater-familias, in Babyhood.*

EXTENDED observations at Paris and at Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground water present have invariably been the healthiest, while those in which there has been a smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest.

Smelts are found more abundantly in Maine coastwise waters than anywhere else.

AN estimate places the number of people supported by the forms of employment growing out of the use of electricity at five millions.

THOUGH not so high as last season, trimmings are still massed on the top of the bonnet.

Kept His Promise.

The room was lighted by moonbeams. A woman lay on a bed. A man knelt upon the floor.

"Let me light the lamp," he said.

"No," she replied, "let there be no light but that which comes from heaven, for, in that light, you must make me a promise. You know that I am dying."

"No, Grace, for God's sake don't say that. You know that you are not dying. Let me light the lamp."

"Please don't," she said, touching him with her hand. "I don't want the glare of a lamp, for it would seem to drive away the holy light that is now falling upon us. Maurice, you must make me a promise. You know that I have been a faithful, uncomplaining wife."

"Yes, I know."

"Then, will you not make me a promise?"

"I can make you any promise but one, and that one I know you would ask."

"Yes, and it is that you will never drink again."

"I cannot make it, Grace. I could not keep it. I am weak—ruined and cannot control myself. I will make any other promise and swear to keep it."

She placed her hand on his head. "Promise me, then, that you will never take another drink except while sitting by my grave."

"Oh, Grace, what a horrible request."

"You said that you would promise anything else."

"Yes, but this is so unreasonable, so awful."

She put her arm around his neck. "Make me the promise," she pleaded.

"I will," he said.

* * * *

A nervous man walked about the streets. The cold wind howled and a snowstorm was raging, but he heeded not the cold. He went into a saloon, stood a moment and then went again into the street. He walked for hours. The storm ceased, the clouds passed away. He saw the moonbeams falling on a snowdrift, and shuddering, he went into a saloon.

"Give me a quart of whisky," he said. He went to the cemetery, and finding a grave apart from the others, sat down beside it. Then he took the bottle from his pocket.

"Strange place for a man to come and freeze to death," said an old sexton, when morning had come.

The sunlight fell upon the grave.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Death Customs of the Greeks.

When a death is expected the attendant mourners in the Greek islands have many little customs peculiar to themselves. The moribund is handed a bowl of water, into which he puts a pinch of salt for each person with whom he is at enmity, saying as he does so: "May my wrath perish as this salt;" for it is considered dreadful for a man to die leaving an enemy behind him. His spirit, it is believed, will not rest, but will wander about as a poor ghost, sucking the blood of his friends, like the shades in ancient hades, to gain strength for his earthly wandering. If the complaint is consumption they suppose that three Erinnyes stand ready to pounce at children at the corners of the room; hence the young are kept out of the way when the dying is in extremis, and a hole is opened over his head to allow the Erinnyes to escape. Fevers are best cured by priestly incantations; the name of the disease is written on a slip of paper, and with prayer and much incensing this is bound to a tree, hoping thereby to transfer the malady. Incense is much used by the priest in his visitations to the sick; the whole room is thick with it, and perhaps contagion is thus often avoided. When the death has occurred the women rush onto the flat roof or some other conspicuous place, where they rend the air with their cries, tear their hair, and give way to unbridled grief. The town crier is sent round to announce the fact to the neighbors and to summon friends to the death-wail, which takes place about an hour or two after the spirit has left the body. After the body has been washed in wine it is laid out on a bier in the center of the one-roomed house, arrayed in the deceased's best clothes, decked but with flowers, and with lamps burning at the side, reminding us of the ancient custom of placing the corpse thus in the midst of the hall, dressed in as handsome a robe as the family could afford, in order, according to Lucian, that the dead may not be cold on the passage to the hades and may not be seen naked by Cerberus. Then begins the death-wail ceremony—a scene of heart-rending grief such as took place in Priam's palace over the dead body of Hector. These death-wails are, in fact, one of the most striking bonds of connection between the Hellenism of the past and the Hellenism of the present; and in the Greek islands, despite the strictness of the more civilized members of the orthodox church, they cling to them with surprising tenacity.

A Sacred Race.

Cooks of old were considered a sacred race; even their fingers were consecrated to the deities. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the middle finger to Saturn, the next to the sun, and the little one to Mercury. Imagination has so much to do with pleasures of the palate that impudence, conceit, and boastfulness were held to be necessary qualities to the profession. Hear one modest cook: "I may say I have discovered the principle of immortality and that the odor of my dishes would recall life into the nostrils of the dead." Bechamel claimed that with a sauce he had invented a man would have no compunction in eating his own grandfather.—*New York Press.*

Early in life, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott concluded that the accumulation of wealth, or even competency, was not worth the time and energy it would require at his hands. So, he decided to take life philosophically and calmly; meanwhile, sublimely allowing his daughter, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the novelist, to work heroically to provide the filthy money necessary to clothe and support him and his family through the years.—St. Louis Magazine.

In China it is not considered respectable for an old man to be without a beard, nor for a young man to wear one. A youth who puts on an air of wisdom is called a beardless old man. When a man decides to let his beard grow his sons and son-in-law make a feast for him and congratulate him on his longevity. No one who has once grown a beard cuts it off, as such an act would inevitably bring disaster upon his family.

Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear; they eat up everything, and are always lean when they are brought to the market.

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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

WILLIAM BRACE. HENR. 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 Machines.

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.

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 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 45 "	4 06 "
" Frostburg	10 15 "	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 stack station, Cumberland. P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent