msa_sc5130_scm12190-0318 ©Maryland State Archives

CHAUNCEY DEPEW has coined a phrase which will probably have a run. He speaks of certain financial transactions of an uncertain character as "Kathleen Mavourneen loans," because "it may be for years and it may be forever."

THE Chinese interpreters of New York will form a trust, and none will be eligible who can't read and write English and Chinese. There are now over thirty English-speaking Chinamen who assist their countrymen in the courts. They now propose to fix living rates, and quit interpreting at a loss.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY will make the study of practical horticulture a prominent department. Professor L. H. Bailey, of the Michigan State Agricultural College, has been called to the chair. Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, is elected to the chair of political economy and finance.

MRS. RAMSDELL, of Rochester, N. Y., who was at one time reputed to be worth $150,000, died a few months ago. By the provisions of her will $95,000 were set apart for the erection of a mausoleum, to contain the bodies of herself, husband and children. She left not a cent to her children and only $500 to her grandson. The will was set aside.

THE Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell now lives in Elizabethtown, N. J. Just how old she is none of her friends seems to know, but her sweet, motherly face will keep her young-looking for a generation yet. She was the first woman in this country to prepare for and regularly enter upon the ministry, and lives to be called the "mother of the women preachers."

DEXTER'S best trotting time, 2:16, was at one time written in gold. Goldsmith Maid and St. Julien were in turn successors in lowering the record until Maud S. brought it down to 2:08¾, where it still remains. The trotting time is at present down so fine that it has a gilt edge, but there are horsemen who predict that eventually a mile will be trotted in two minutes.

A NEW type of Enoch Arden has been found at Lockport, N. Y. Twenty years ago John Langdon left his wife and ran away with another woman. Recently he and the second wife agreed to separate and return to their old homes. He wrote to his first wife, and she agreed to live with him again, but when he appeared on the scene she declined to keep her bargain, and he shot himself.

COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, the Kentucky professional beauty who married one of Horace Greeley's daughters, is an extremely modest man. Recently while in New York a lady sarcastically said to him: "O, Col. Smith, how much you look like George Washington!" And the elegant Colonel gravely responded: "Madam, Washington was a good and great man, and deserves the compliment."

CHARLES BUTTER, of Carrollton, Ohio, will now change his tune. For the purpose of annoying Miss Jennie Fisher, who had repelled his attentions, the young man was fond of whistling "Chippie, Get Your Hair Cut" whenever she passed him on the street. He tried it in the postoffice in the presence of a large crowd of people, and the young lady produced a rawhide and whipped him soundly. He will do his whistling in private till the welts subside.

IN 888 the Church of England leased to the crown a piece of land for 999 years, or on what is termed a "perpetual lease." The time has expired, and now the property reverts to the church. Here is a document in force, made away back in the days of King Alfred, compassing a millennium, less one year, and now, after this long period, the occupants must vacate. How strangely this event links the present with the past, and what a proof of the majesty of the law and the stability of the English Government.

MRS. ASHTON DILKE tells an electioneering story about Lady Randolph Churchill that does credit to the Yankee sense of its heroine. Lady Randolph went into the district of Westminster to help Mr. Ashmead Bartlett in his canvass for Parliament a couple of years ago. Mr. Bartlett, as everybody knows, is the husband of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is many years older than he is. Lady Churchill went from house to house soliciting votes, and a worthy tradesman whom she approached, remembering how in former days a Duchess of Devonshire had given kisses for votes, insinuated that he might prove amenable to a similar bribe from Lady Churchill. Her ladyship did not see the matter in the same light, but consoled the gentleman by telling him that she would tell the Baroness Burdett-Coutts of his offer.

NELLIE MCCORMICK, for two weeks an inmate of the Watertown Alms House, near Boston, attempted suicide by drowing. She threw herself into the Charles River, above the dam, but was seen in the water by Mrs. John Weldon, who called her husband and her large Newfoundland dog. The dog swam to the drowning woman, and catching her dress in his mouth held her until Mr. Weldom arrived at the spot in a boat. The woman and the dog were lifted into the boat and brought to shore. Four weeks before that the McCormick girl swallowed some poison, and also cut open the veins of her arm, narrowly escaping death at the time.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moldy in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come!" he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—*America.*

WITHOUT A WORD IN ANSWER.

BY W. H. B. MILLS.

"I'VE just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving;
And all of its powers, for pleasure or pain,
Been slowly and sadly proving."

Here the sweet, girlish voice falters, and Nettie Leach sighs as she picks up her sewing again. She is sitting in the garden under the apple-trees, and a very pretty picture she makes. At least, Harry Shores thinks so, as he walks quietly up the path and over to where she is sitting.

"I don't see why you sigh, Miss Nettie. There cannot surely be any application in that song to yourself."

"How your voice startled me, Mr. Shores! I did not see you coming, on account of the intervening trees."

As she says this Nettie looks up at him, vainly trying to suppress the blush that rises to her face.

"Of course there isn't," she continues, referring to his remarks. "I was not thinking of myself, and suppose I sighed unconsciously."

"I didn't think it could apply to such a heartless little coquette," says Harry, holding her little brown hand a trifle longer than necessary.

Noticing this, Nettie draws it away, and Shores throws himself on the grass at her feet. While they are talking we will take a picture of them.

Harry Shores is unquestionably handsome. A perfect blonde, tall, well formed, and features as finely cut

as those of the purest cameo. He is the only son of a very wealthy widow lady who is spending the summer at Chicago. Harry has been with her until about three weeks ago, when he suddenly tired of the round of fashionable gayety he was indulging in, and bidding his mother a hasty good-by, he started off, and soon found himself in a quiet little village. Upon questioning different ones, he was directed to Leach's pleasant farm-house, where he received a cordial welcome.

Of course the plain though comfortable room, with the great feather beds, was something very novel to this fashionable young gentleman; still everything was so sweet and clean that he rather liked it, and decided to stay as long as he was contented. At first he thought a few days would suffice; but when he caught glimpses of his kind host's pretty daughter he changed his mind.

Nettie Leach is, indeed, pretty enough to attract anyone, either young or old. She is just eighteen; a pretty, slight, girlish figure, short black hair curling all over her proud little head and low, white forehead; a small, straight nose, and the sweetest little mouth in the world. But best of all are the beautiful gray eyes, that one minute flash as she says something unusually saucy, and the next grow sad and tender as she listens to some touching story that awakens all the sympathy of her warm, womanly nature.

"Come, don't be so industrious, Miss Nettie," says Harry, as he tries to take the sewing from her. "I want you to come for a row, as it is too lovely an afternoon to stay away from the water." And he looks at her with a coaxing expression that she—poor little girl—cannot resist.

So they start off across the fields, and soon reach a very pretty lake nestling in the midst of Mr. Leach's broad acres. Unmooring a dainty little boat just large enough for two, they get in and are soon seen skimming over the water by Harry Shores' master strokes. After a while he stops, and resting on his oars looks up to find Nettie's beautiful eyes fixed on him with an expression in them he never saw before.

"Of what are you thinking, little girl? You are not half as merry as usual."

As he asks this, a strange feeling comes over him, and he suddenly realizes why he has been so contented during the last two weeks. Yes, he loves her; not as he has thought he loved a dozen other girls, to tire of them in a week, but with the strong, overmasterly love that comes but once in a lifetime. He longs to hold her in his arms and tell her of it, but thoughts of his proud, haughty mother drive back the words; so he only takes her little hand in his as he waits for her answer.

"I was thinking," says Nettie, in her low, sweet voice, "how much I shall miss you when you really go, and how very pleasant the last two weeks have been."

This was too much for him to withstand, and in another moment Harry's arm is around her, and Nettie's curly head is pillowed on his breast.

"My darling little girl," and his voice is inexpressibly tender as he speaks, "do you realize how dearly I love you, and can you feel any of that deep love for me?"

"Harry, I fear you already know that I do." And Nettie's glorious eyes look bravely and tenderly up at him.

They sit quietly talking for a while, till finally the sinking of the sun in the west reminds Nettie that she has household duties to attend to; and so Harry rows her back to the land, and they return to the house.

In the evening, after the farmer and his wife have retired, the lovers have a long talk, and Harry explains to Nettie that it is best not to tell her parents of their engagement till he has arranged everything with his mother.

"She has already selected a great belle for me to marry, darling, and it may be rather difficult to convince her that I shall be far happier with my dear little Nettie."

"Are you sure you will be, Harry?" asks Nettie, looking at him rather wistfully.

"My dear little girl, when I am not contented a moment away from you I am sure I would never be happy with Rena White," answers Harry, kissing the sweet lips so near his own.

Two more weeks pass, which they enjoy to the utmost, when at the end of that time a telegram arrives, telling Harry of the dangerous illness of his mother, and asking him to return at once.

"I can't bear to have you go, Harry. I feel as if something would happen to keep you from me." And tears dim the brightness of her eyes as Nettie says this.

"What a fanciful little girl you are!" he answers, as he kisses them away. "Don't you know, my darling little girl, that nothing could do that?"

Finally the good-bys are said and he is gone. Arriving in Chicago he goes directly to the house at which his mother is staying, to find her indeed very ill. The doctors say a trip to the seashore is all that can save her, and so he goes without seeing his little fiancee. To be sure, he writes her a loving good-by. Still she is sorely disappointed.

At the time of Harry Shores' first coming to the farm-house, there were several of the neighboring farmers' sons who paid Nettie a great deal of attention. Of course she received them graciously enough; still she had never cared particularly for them. There was one, an exceedingly well-to-do young farmer, who had loved Nettie all his life. He worked a very fine farm, and Mr. Leach and his wife wanted Nettie to marry him; still, when he proposed and was refused, they thought too much of their daughter's happiness to urge the matter. He felt bitter about it, and Harry Shores' coming only added fuel to the flame, especially when he saw how much the latter and Nettie were together.

He always brings the letters from the postoffice to Mr. Leach, so when letters come from Harry Shores it is a very easy matter to keep them. At first Nettie thinks Mrs. Shores' illness prevents Harry writing; but, as the weeks wear on, she begins to grow heartsick. Once or twice the farmer and his wife say it is strange they never hear from Harry, but finally they cease thinking of him. Not so poor Nettie; each week finds her long up more and more, and for some word that will tell her she is remembered and loved.

But time passes on; autumn, winter, and spring come and go, and it is once more beautiful June. Nettie is again sitting in the garden, but now there is no song upon her lips, and there is a sadness in her beautiful eyes that never used to be there. Finally the door of the farm house opens, and kind, motherly Mrs. Leach comes out. There is an anxious look on her face as she sees her daughter. A few weeks before, on being questioned, Nettie told her mother about her engagement to Harry Shores, and of his strange silence during the months of his absence. The kind mother said nothing to reproach her, as she pitied her too much for that.

"Nettie, dear," she says, as she reaches her, "why don't you go for a row or a walk or something? I hate to see you sitting quietly thinking all the time. Go, darling, find some amusement; see some of the young people, and forget about Harry Shores, for he is not worth one of your pure thoughts."

"Don't, mother dear! I can't bear to hear you speak bitterly of Harry. Remember I love him, and cannot, will not, believe anything against him."

"Nettie's impetuosity brings the color to her face, but as it recedes, leaving it so white, its delicacy is very perceptible. She is very fragile these days, so different from the rosy-cheeked little beauty of last summer.

"I don't understand how you can believe in his love after a year's silence," says Mrs. Leach, but regrets it instantly as she notices the pained expression on her daughter's face.

"I will not try to explain, but I have perfect faith in him if I wait for years or forever."

Saying this, Nettie leaves the seat and walks toward the lake. Arriving there and feeling tired after the exertion of walking, she lies down under the trees, where she soon falls asleep. An hour has passed away, when the perfect stillness is disturbed by a step, and Harry Shores comes in view. He is sun-burned, and the careless look hitherto seen on his face is gone. As he looks down at Nettie, looking so pure and sweet before him, a something shakes his strong young frame. Whose treachery is it that has made the changes in that bright, sweet face? He has just come from the house, where everything has been explained on both sides; how he has written continually, without receiving a word in reply, and that his mother's illness had kept him at her side until death released him, after nearly a year elapsing. He had then hurried to Nettie, to have everything explained. As he looks on her, a great longing to take her in his arms almost overmasters him, when Nettie, moving in her sleep, murmurs "I knew you would come, Harry, in spite of your never writing."

In an instant she is in his arms, and awaking, looks once more on his loved face.

"Harry," is all she says, and then quietly faints away.

He carries her to the house, and she is laid in her bed, from which she does not rise for six weeks. Brain fever confines her, and from her wild ravings they learn of the fearful sufferings she endured so patiently. Finally consciousness and strength return, and she is carried down-stairs for the first time just a year from the day she met Harry Shores.

During their conversation it dawns upon Nettie that Fred Green must be responsible for all her sufferings; but she is so happy now that she insists nothing shall be done to him.

"Everything is explained, now, dear Harry, and his conscience must reproach him more bitterly than ever we could do." And Nettie looks at him pleadingly.

"Of course you will have your own way, my darling, and if the color will only return to these dear little white cheeks I will forgive him," answers Harry, tenderly kissing the cheeks in question until there is a good deal of color in them.

In a few weeks Nettie's health is fully recovered, and then there is a quiet wedding in the little parish church. The sun never shone on a lovelier bride than Nettie Leach makes as she stands at the altar in her simple white dress and veil, and gives herself into Harry Shores' keeping forever.

"We will have elegance afterward," Harry says, as he insists on her simple dress. "I want you to come to me as I found you—a sweet little wayside flower."

In Praise of Eggs.

Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled, they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than five hundred ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesman. After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for it is watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extracted from the yelk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises, and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fishbone fastened in the throat, and the whites of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its more malignant phase. They can also be drank in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorial efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine-clarifiers use more than eighty millions a year, and the Alsatians consume fully thirty-eight millions in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg-shells are valuable, for allopath and homeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.—*London Standard.*

Scallops and Where They Grow.

"Where do scallops come from?" is a question that is often asked in the markets. The little squares that housekeepers purchase at fish-stands have nothing about them to indicate their origin, and few of the many people who eat them know what they look like in their natural state. They are a shellfish of about the same size as a clam, but with their shells fluted or scalloped. Each fold in the shell corresponds to a rib. They do not lie in beds like oysters and clams, but move about in the water. They are taken ashore by the fishermen to shanties on the beach, where they are opened by women and children. The "eye" is the only part suitable for food. These are packed for shipment, and the other portions are used for fertilizing. The shells are stacked up in great piles on the beach, and are put to no use except as "sets" to catch the spawn in oyster-beds.

The best scallops that reach this city come from the bays along the north shore of Long Island. Peconic Bay is a favorite fishing-ground, and a dozen boats are busy with the industry there nearly every day from November until May. From twenty to one hundred bushels a day are caught. At New Suffolk are several packing-houses where the bivalves are opened and prepared for market. From 40,000 to 50,000 gallons of scallops are shipped from New Suffolk every season. They are carried in small fishing smacks and delivered to the wholesale dealers at the wharves near the markets in this city. They are finally sold by the retailers to the private families and restaurants.—*New York Mail.*

Mankind in a Bad Way.

How can mankind be regenerated when so austere a moralist as Ernest Renan writes a drama like the "Abbess of Jonarre?" When crowds flock to witness Davenport in "La Tosca?" When young girls may be seen reading Zola's novels in public conveyances? When virtuous wives and mothers strip their own and their daughters' forms and appear in places of general resort?—*Troy Telegram.*

A Lively Corpse.

"O Lord, bless the President of this institution and his active corpse of assistants," prayed a visitor who had been invited to conduct the morning devotions in one of our New England seminaries.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR THE LADIES.

A Column or Two of Chat About the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Together with a Few Notes on the Latest Styles in Feminine Attire.

Black and white stripes are in high vogue for May, but they are restricted to waists as a rule, the first two pictures in this article showing how jauntily they are employed for that purpose. The first is a house toilet, and the positive novelty in it consists of such a flat, spreading lace collar as our grandmothers wore when they were girls. By way of momentary digression let me tell that odd things of beauty are now seen in houses of the rich in New York, not only in strange garments, but also in furniture. A novelty in house decorat on is a solid silver bell depending from the rod between the portieres of the dining room. As the guests go in, it tinkles in a musical way, inviting to merriment. It is often quite large and artistically carved. One, a silver-wedding gift, has designs illustrating interesting events in the lives of the two to whom it was presented. In one dining room, instead of a large bell is a string of little ones that tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in a most delightful way at odd intervals. Perhaps the oddest of all is a pair of Japanese bells used on the table to call the maid whose presence is dispensed with in the dining room, except at necessary intervals. They look like large beehives, and are struck with a small baton covered with chamois skin. They give forth a peculiarly sweet and clear musical tone, in perfect harmony with each other, and never fail to attract the attention of the guest.

To return to stripes, we have them on the back of the girl seated in the chair, and they are so convergingly arranged as to produce an appearance of greater breadth to the shoulders than in reality. If this girl was not partially obscured by the back of the chair you would see that, by reason of her narrowness across the shoulders, she is nearly as small there as the waist; but by starting the stripes at the belt line and letting them spread toward the tops of the arms, an illusion of taper is produced. One reason for drawing this figure from a rear view was to show the newest jaunty arrangement of the hair for big hats. The former style was to fill out with a great deal of fluffiness under the expansive brims of such millinery, but now the hair is usually dressed close to the head as though for the wearing of a small hat. The shape of the article in this instance is brand-

A MAY TOILET.

new and is called the Brigand. It will be multiplied greatly in late spring and summer millinery, I think. In both these pictures the fashion of white or light skirts in conjunction with black and white striped waists is shown. In the ensuing plate, the same notion of sharp contrasts is carried out by means of a black velvet basque, with a white linen front, while the skirts below are only saved from clear whiteness by a sprinkling of black spots.

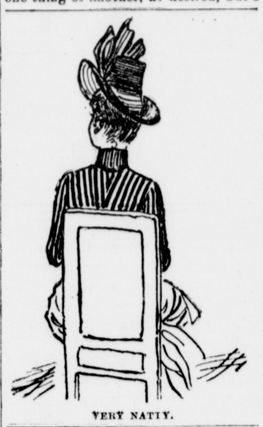
For the spring promenade in Fifth avenue there is a departure from the smooth, neutral-colored, tailor-made costumes of the past few seasons. It is true that the makers are the same men, and that neatness of seams and fitting remain characteristics, but the fabrics are more striking in pattern. A tailor-made gown made to order for an Astor belle, and to be delivered to her for wear on a trip to St. Augustine next week, is worth description. It is arranged in a happy combination of tan and chestnut-brown cloth, the bodice being of chestnut cloth ornamented with large buttons of plated silk and trimmed with revers of tan cloth, which pass round the neck and terminate in pocket-shaped pieces below the waist. The front draperies of the skirt are of the tan cloth, cut open in front to show an underskirt of chestnut-brown, while the back draperies are chestnut-brown turned back with handkerchief revers of pale tan color. The smart epaulettes, now so fashionable, are made in the light color. A neat little coat of tan cloth, arranged to fasten from right to left across the figure, has been made to wear with this gown.

By the way, it is becoming enough of a practice to warrant chronicling that the extreme belles of New York society, those who are never content unless they are doing something that is far in advance of the generality of rich young women, are now learning and practicing the art of posing at all times. A class in gymnastics has about twenty-five pupils, and the ostensible training received from their master is in the use of dum-bells and Indian clubs, but once a week he gives instruction to them in poses. He tells them that they should acquire the knack of never taking awkward positions whether walking, sitting or lying. He assures them that if they learn thoroughly how to do it they will eventually take graceful attitudes unconsciously, and so he puts them through a great variety of postures. He shows them how to take a seat in a chair, or rise from it; how to half recline on a sofa, or lie flat on a couch; and he even gives them instructions how to save themselves from awkwardness when they get a fall.

"It is not the bruise or sprain that hurts a woman when she sprawls in the street," he said, "half so much as the hurt to her pride. If she knows that the witnessess of her misstep are struck by a picturesque succession of pretty poses as she drops from the perpendicular to the horizontal, she can stand all the damage with equanimity."

Therefore, one of the exercises which he prescribes for his young ladies is to fall on mattresses in a row. They are made to drop forward, backward, and sidewise, until they are able to go down in any direction in a sightly manner.

I can give you a look into next summer and let you see how a sample belle of the beach or the mountain will be costumed. The material may be one thing or another, as desired, but I



VERY NATTY.

give the dress called the "wrapped bodice," the apron front drapery, the wide long ribbon sashes and the shoulder knots of ribbon, which will be features of juvenile toilets at the fashionable resorts. Even as early as this, on the brighter and warmer afternoons, such costumes are seen in the city to some extent. I observed four of them worn by a quartet of pretty creatures on the top of a double-decker Fifth avenue stage. You can now see these new and singular vehicles rolling along at all hours and in all weathers with their roofs loaded and only a couple of passengers inside. Every one wants to ride outside, because it is supposed to be fashionable. I can remember when there was an effort made to run double-decker street cars here. It failed because very few passengers would climb to the roof. If these double-decked stages had been put upon the avenue at the start, probably nobody would have patronized the roof seats. But when the stage line was started it got to be the thing for fashionable women to take a trip up and down the avenue on the seat behind the driver. Pretty soon the stages were tested to their fullest capacity for the roof seats. Then time was ripe for the double-deckers, and they came into use in great style. It is considered quite correct for swell girls to make trips on the conspicuous roofs of these stages, but they must be careful to mount at the starting point, and make the entire round trip to the place of alighting—not short rides for utility, but only tours for exploits.

Dinner toilets are now made, for the sake of oddity, with a simplicity hitherto unknown in that sort of clothing. The New York belle has been accustomed to dress herself about as elaborately for a ceremonious dinner as for a ball. There was practically no difference between dresses for the two sorts of occasions. Low necks and short sleeves were characteristics of both, and so were the most elegant materials and the most elaborate ornamentation. But this spring the fancy of young women has taken a sudden turn toward simplicity, and at a very swell dinner, the other night, five of eight young feminine guests wore white muslin. This simple and cheap material was made up in corresponding plainness of style. The instance shown in our final drawing displays a square

DINNER TOILET.

corsage merely frilled round with the muslin itself.—*Chicago Ledger.*

MOST of the popular hats have wide brims, intended to be fastened straight up in the back, leaving the head naked from ear to ear and collar to crown. Already misery has begun, and what to do with the back hair, especially the loose, flying, ever-curling, scolding locks, is the coiffeur's puzzle.

SHELL hairpins are made as valuable as any piece of jewelry that can be named. The beads form roses, shamrocks, balls, triangles, bows, stars, and a variety of other designs set in old silver, pearls and brilliants, turquoise and garnets, sapphires, moonstones and opals, with mosaics of gem chips.

IT is not an uncommon thing to see a beautiful silver-mounted hand-glass on the reception-room or library table, conveniently placed for the fair caller to study her face in.

Freddie's Reason.

"Mamma," said little Freddie, "I'm awful glad that I'm a little boy."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I won't have to grow up to be a woman."

"You would rather be a man, would you, Freddie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why?" asked his mother, with an amused smile.

"'Cause I won't have to waste time looking for a piece of sandpaper every time I want to strike a match."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Dreadful Threat.

An Austin colored man, with protruding eyes, rushed into Justice Tegener's office and exclaimed:

"I wants Col. Jones, who libs nex' door to me, put under a million dollars' bonds ter keep de peace."

"Has he threatened your life?"

"He has done dat berry ding. He said he war g'wine ter fill de nex' niggah he found after dark in his henhouse plum full ob buckshot."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE work of civilizing our Indians progresses grandly. They are becoming proficient cowboys.

Professional Cards.

J. Sommes DeVocmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND.
BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, No. 4 Washington Street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.

THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
is now in 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 "
" Parrelville	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 46 "	4 08 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 56 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland. P. L. BURKHOLDER, General Superintendent