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An achievement in American manufacture was the construction of a class A anthracite locomotive, weighing 110,000 pounds, in sixteen hours and fifty-five minutes, at Altoona, Pa.

An Americanized Chinaman, who has recently returned from a trip to his native land, says that the daily wages received by coolies vary from 35 to 50 cents. The average living expenses are 25 cents a day.

A new double-pointed nail is the invention of an ingenious woman. The points turn in opposite directions. They are especially useful for invisible nailing in woodwork. It is simply two nails joined firmly, the sides of the heads being placed together.

The sister of Keats, the poet, is living in Madrid, Spain, and is in good health. She is employed in an attempt to obtain from the English Court of Chancery a fortune which belonged to her grandfather. She evidently is more optimistic and trusting than her famous brother.

It is found that nearly every kind of glass, especially that containing manganese, is liable to a change of color by the action of sunlight, but can be restored to its original color by heat. Stained glass in windows that has changed tint through solar action can thus be restored by heat.

The English sparrow makes enemies wherever he goes. He has become domiciled in Mobile, and his tribe is increasing so fast there that a note of warning is raised that unless the birds are exterminated they will soon create havoc in the gardens and farms of that section.

The average expense of the Cornell graduating class of 127 members through the course was $575 a year; highest, $2,500, and lowest, $250. The two extremes must have represented great variety in living, and especially in amusement.

Three times in the history of the country a defeated Presidential candidate has beaten the man who beat him. Thus:

| Year. | Victor. | Vanquished. |
|---|---|---|
| 1796 | John Adams | Thomas Jefferson. |
| 1800 | Thomas Jefferson | John Adams. |
| 1824 | John Quincy Adams | Andrew Jackson. |
| 1828 | Andrew Jackson | John Quincy Adams. |
| 1836 | Martin Van Buren | W. H. Harrison. |
| 1840 | W. H. Harrison | Martin Van Buren. |

No city on the Pacific coast has blown its trumpet louder than Los Angeles. One would imagine that it was doubling in population and wealth every week, yet it is proposed to discharge thirty of the school-teachers and oblige those retained to do double work for the same pay. Has the California bubble burst so quickly?

Minnie Lewis, the 6-year-old daughter of William Lewis, living near Butler, Pa., went into a thicket to gather wild flowers. While there she was attacked by a blacksnake, which wound itself around her neck and choked her to death. The snake was found in this position by a brother of the little girl, and was killed. It was eight feet in length.

A brief description of a Kansas man's chinch-bug fence may prove of interest to farmers who fear damage by the pest. He takes a strip of flooring and sets it in the ground with the groove up. In the groove he puts candle wicking and saturates it with coal oil. The chinch bug crawls off in disgust when he climbs on this side and gets a sniff at it.

A young lady of New York amuses herself with humming birds as pets. They build their nests in the lace curtains, and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers for them to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom.

Henry Doubleday, of Royalton, Vt., is the latest victim of the gold brick swindle. What differentiates his case is that the swindler, after he had got safe away, wrote back explaining his methods, advising his victim to keep quiet, and magnanimously offering, if Doubleday would furnish names of wealthy men likely to be entrapped, to give a generous per cent. of future profits.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells this anecdote of the late James Freeman Clarke: "James was a daring, dashing fellow by nature. On one occasion an effigy was hung out of a window of Stoughton College, in open defiance of all college proprieties. Whom it represented is more than I can say, but it was flaunted in the face of the college building, from which it was suspended, and of Holworthy, which stood at right angles. All at once the string by which it hung gave way, and the figure, made up of the raiment and bedclothes of different members of the class, which could easily be identified by the marks on them, fell to the ground. There was a panic, for the watchful eye of Dr. Popkin commanded from his window the whole transaction. Suddenly a youth dashed out from the entry, caught it up in his arms in triumph, and dashed into another entry of Stoughton. There was great wonder as to who this young hero was who, at the risk of suspension or rustication, had come to the rescue. It was the same James Freeman Clarke who, when a man, climbed to the top of Salisbury Cathedral, 400 feet in the air, and laid his hand upon the cross.

### WHAT JANE ANN SAID.

A right smart lass was the maid, Jane Ann,
And she had lovers twain,
For a baker boy and a lawyer lad
Both sighed for the lovely Jane.
But Jane Ann lifted up her voice,
And this is what Jane Ann said:
"The baker boy is the boy that works,
And the baker boy I'll wed."

O, the baker boy makes cakes and pies,
And this is what Jane Ann said;
"The baker boy is bound to rise
Just like his lovely bread."

So Jane Ann married the baker boy,
And she was clothed and fed;
And glad was she, for she never knew
What it was to want for bread.
And Jane Ann lifted up her voice,
And this is what Jane Ann said:
"It's a lucky day for the lasses fair
When a baker boy they wed."

Too fine for work was the lawyer lad,
And his practice didn't pay;
His boarding bill outgrew his purse,
So the lad he ran away.
Then Jane Ann lifted up her voice,
And this is what Jane Ann said:
"If I had married the lawyer lad,
I'd have died for the want of bread."

O, the baker boy makes cakes and pies,
And this is what Jane Ann said:
"The baker boy is bound to rise
Just like his lovely bread."

—*Yankee Blade.*

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

Well, gentlemen, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of 19, and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railroading and a boyish ambition to become a driver, although I had been educated for loftier pursuits.

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was 40 years old and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skillful, thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man, but lived alone with his old mother. I was a frequent visitor at their house, and I think they both took quite a fancy to me in their quiet, undemonstrative way.

When Markley's fireman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded, and I was in great glee. The fact was that in my idleness and the overworked state of brain, I craved the excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor, and, besides, I had such longing dreams of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert fireman, and liked it exceedingly, for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it, and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me assist her. I arranged the preliminaries and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley, who, of course, was busy with his engine.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was practicing on her son. She enjoined me again not to tell Silas, and then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day and the weather was delightful. The train was neither an express nor an accommodation, but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion, as there were two specials on the line, it was run by telegraph—that is, the driver has simply to obey the instructions which he receives at each station, so that he is put as a machine in the hands of one controller, who directs all trains from a central point and has the whole line under his eye. If the driver does not obey to the least tittle his orders, it is destruction to the whole.

Well, we started without mishap and up to time, and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped there a boy ran alongside with the telegram, which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off; in ten minutes he came flying back. "Had it repeated;" he panted, "Williams is storming at you; says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on." He thrust the second message up as he spoke.

Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute. There was dismay and utter perplexity in the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he was calculating chances; and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he replied curtly. The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start as it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we rushed out of the station and dashed through low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley.

I shoveled it in, but took time.

"We are going very fast, Markley."

He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam engine, his lips close shut.

"More coal," he said.

I threw it in.

The fields and houses began to fly past half seen. We were nearing Dufreme, the next station. Markley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

"More!" he said, without turning his eye.

I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"Markley, do you know that you are going at the rate of 60 miles an hour?"

"Coal!"

I was alarmed at the cold, stern rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw in the coal. At least we must stop at Dufreme. That was the next halt. The little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder—louder.

We dashed into the street, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long stertorous breaths like one drowning.

I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen, and captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad—laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eyes going from the gauge to the timepiece, with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glared back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a headlong speed that rocked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw hundreds of men and women in the carriages, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man, whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack; the fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder. "Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied, quietly.

"Your mother is aboard this train."

"Heavens!" He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire," he commanded, and pushed in the throttle valve.

"I will not."

"Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

"I will not. You may murder yourself and mother, but you will not murder me."

He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself a moment.

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But look here; do you see the station yonder?"

I saw a faint streak against the sky about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by 6 o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufreme. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet it in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder?" I said.

"Yes, I think so."

I said nothing. I threw on coal; if I had had petroleum I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still further. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express! I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women—mothers and their babies.

There was a terrific shriek from the engine against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end carriage in passing. In a sort of delirious joy I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train and brought his mother to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his I turned away.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had.

"What was the blunder?"

I don't know. Markley made light of it ever afterward and kept it a secret, but no man on the line stood so high in the confidence of that company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

### A Modest Doctor.

A physician who had put his professional card into a country paper requested the editor to give him a notice.

"Just sit down there at the desk, Doc, and write out what you want," said the editor.

"Oh, dear, no! I can't write about myself."

"I think you can. Just give me the points if you are too modest to say what you want, and I will throw in the necessary strength."

The Doctor sat down, and after much spluttering produced the following modest piece of work:

"Dr. Abe Collier, whose card we print to-day, is without doubt the finest physician in our city. He is a perfect gentleman, and is one of the best surgeons in our city, if not the best. His charges are reasonable for a man who never loses a case, and we are glad to know that he has refused a lucrative practice in another town in order to remain in our city, where he is so highly esteemed for his skill and gentlemanly qualities. He is not an old man, but he is thoroughly experienced and rarely loses a case. We congratulate the people of our enterprising and beautiful city that he will remain in our city. His office hours are from morning until night when not engaged, and this of itself is an accommodation to the people of our city."—*Ark. Traveler.*

### A Landlady's Mistake.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve the duck and is meeting with poor success)—Whew!

Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day.

Dumley—The knife is all right, Mrs. Hendrick's you ought to have had the duck ground.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### No Change For Him.

Bobley—Isn't it about time for you to begin fleshing up, old man? The lenten days are over.

Wiggins—Yes, I know it—but I'm still living in the same old boarding-house.—*Judge.*

## ON THE BEACH.

### Our Correspondent Busy with His Camera and Pencil at Long Branch.

### Feminine Bathers, Fashionable Lovers, Summer Courtships, and Umbrella Matches.

### The Old Beau of the Turf, the Belle of the Beach, and Other Picturesque Characters.

Long Branch, July, 1888.

It seemed to your correspondent as though an instantaneous camera, with which its photograph fiends of the sights of the beach, might beat a pencil in the making of sketches for this letter, and so the experiment was tried, but only with a kind of success in the first instance. Submitting the lens to the inducements of beauty, one of the earliest of the belles at this great seaside resort was focused without her knowing it. The accompanying drawing shows how she was caught in an agreeably graceful pose, as she sat gazing seaward, with one hand holding to her wind-blown hat. She was aware of the general fact, of course, that she was a handsome young woman, but she had no idea at that instant that a flash of light let into a detective

camera was making a portrait of her. No complaint can be made of the result. Then why do I qualify the assertion that this first attempt in Long Branch photography was a success? Only because of the dialogue that ensued.

"Ah, how d'ye do," said an obtrusively jovial and forcedly vivacious voice, coming from a man whom I recollected as a theatrical agent. "You're photographing her, eh?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I was trying whether I could get a picture worth engraving."

"All right—all right—but if your shotgun of a camera missed the target just let me know, and I will show you twenty-seven different photographs of her. Who is she? Why, she is——" And then he went on to name her as an actress whom he was promoting for a tour next season, and as to whom he went into a quarter of an hour of extravagant laudation.

All of which seems to prove that the professional actress can outdo her fair sisters in private life in focusing the eye of admiration, even when she is off the stage, and pretending to be careless of her poses.

There is one kind of person at Long Branch who doesn't alter with season after season's changes of fashion. He is the old beau of the turf, and I managed to fix my lens on a good specimen as he stood talking with a belle of the veranda. Considered as a fashion plate, the girl was edited and amended right up to date, and the contrast between

her and the many-seasoned fellow was therefore great. His bald head, with its remnant of hair brushed straight forward from the back, parting nearly to the corners of his eyebrows, was uncovered by his polite removal of his black-banded high white hat. He carried a cane, and his patent-leather shoes were topped by white canvas overgaiters. But his chief characteristic, and one which he had maintained annually, according to my recollection, for not less than fifteen years, was a frock coat of so light a drab that it was almost white. This garment was buttoned closely from his wishbone to below the level of his hips, and it set off his tall, straight figure admirably. He was an early arrival from the coterie of sportsmen who keep the Monmouth Park horse races going from the Fourth of July to the end of the season, and who augment their gambling on the turf by spending most of their evenings in the gorgeous club houses of the Branch. The two palaces of chance hitherto famous for their splendors at this resort have now a rival in a third and equally pretentious concern, and so Long Branch becomes more than ever before the Monte Carlo of America. The ancient beau had just had his first go at faro in one of these resplendent dens, and his luck had been pretty good.

"He told me that he had won five hundred dollars," said the belle a few minutes after-

ward, "and I was awfully glad that it hadn't been a thousand."

"And why?" was asked.

"Oh, because he smiled over five hundred and a thousand would surely have made him laugh outright. Now his smile had only seven teeth in it, and what a sight his mouth must be when laughing."

Dudes of sixty may as well take it for granted that girls' words and thoughts are at a wide variance when blandly, deferentially conversing with them.

I presume that any sensitive camera, if fixed to turn on a pivot and provided with a magnet, would automatically fix its glass eye upon the first feminine bather in sight. As usual, the earliest of the season's frequenters of the surf are the most pronounced in style. The first July proof of this fact is a shapely creature who exposes her face and arms to sun, water, and the gaze of spectators, and who will quickly be so scorched by the elements, if not by the criticisms of observers, that she would have to extend her sleeves to her wrists and cover her head with a wide-brimmed hat. Her

only fital in audacity thus far is a young woman whose bathing costume is of conventionally loose ugliness, but who wears in seemingly acute modesty draperies that reach to her ankles; but at that point a fringe of bangles jingle as she walks, and on each great toe is a finger ring. Need I say that such eccentricity is the rare exception, and that generally Long Branch bathers are much more decorous in garb and conduct than the average at seaside resorts.

Even in a business way, however, it seems to be at this summer capital of frivolity the thing to practice the very latest fads. One of the second-sized hotels is filling up faster than usual, and with a higher grade of social pretentiousness. Three or four swell families have already arrived, and the landlord tells me that more are to follow.

"And I can tell you why," said an expert. "His clerk caught on to the fact that the very newest notion in stationery was an envelope with a flap so arranged that it fastened just under the corner upon which the postage stamp was placed, and thus it closed the letter without any gumming or sealing. The use of these envelopes had not extended beyond Fifth avenue, where they had only been in vogue a month or so. The clerk suggested that the season's circulars for the

hotel be sent out in such envelopes. That was done, and it is a positive fact that not less than eight or ten rich families, who were undecided which hotel to go to, were brought to a decision by that trivial device."

It is a fair estimate that of all the marriages in wealthy circles seventy-five per cent. are the result of summer courtship. A saunter through the parlors, verandas and grounds of any Long Branch hotel will yield evidence enough to support these figures. If the ciphering be restricted to the particular resort it may be added that not less than twenty-five per cent. of the matches are made on the bluff overlooking the sea, and that at least ten per cent. of mutual understandings are effected under umbrellas. There must be something of the ostrich in the fashionable lover, for he seems to imagine that an umbrella held pretty well down in front over the faces of the cooing pair will hide them from observation; but he forgets that the eyes of curious spectators may make an attack from the rear, and so the camera was able to make the negative from which this sketch of positive courtship is drawn. And this couple may be safely accepted, by the way, as exhibits of neat things in summer young folks. The checked coat of the beau, along with his soft, black hat and its wide white band, is in the extreme of July styles. To the strap across his shoulders hangs a case in which to carry a powerful field glass, with which to scan the ocean for distant crafts. The sailor hat of the belle and her flannel gown are also in obedience to the latest commands of fashion.

But all who come to Long Branch do not belong to the ranks of swelldom. An iron

pier is one of the unfortunate constructions, so far as keeping up the tone of the place is concerned, and excursion boats bring down multitudes of casual and miscellaneous visitors. These invaders are kept out of the first-class hotels, unless they are willing to pay for such shelter by registering for dinner. Otherwise, the more economical take their luncheon baskets to certain booths on the bluff, where they are allowed to eat under shade, provided they quench their thirst, to a reasonable extent, with beer bought on the premises. The Shrewsbury River runs along back of Long Branch on its way to the ocean, and its shore invites excursionists, who come from New York in small steamboats, and who can there find a great variety of diversion, ranging from the innocence of a clam-bake to the wickedness of a secluded gambling hell. As people from the hotels go to the Shrewsbury, also for amusement, curious conglomerations of folks are to be seen. One exclusive sort of young matron discovered, aboard a Shrewsbury steamer, a suit of her own clothes on the person of her maid, who was taking an afternoon out. The mistress did not disclose herself at the time, but she discharged the venturesome handmaid that evening and sent to town for another, stipulating that this one should be at least three sizes bigger or smaller than herself, so that her wardrobe should in future be safe. But she had to sacrifice the particular costume that had been misused because she learned that the girl's sweetheart companion on this occasion, although he had looked genteel enough in a white flannel suit, was a three-card monte man, awaiting the opening of the race season for business, and she declared that she couldn't think of ever again putting on a dress that had been contaminated by such low companionship. She was nothing, if not fastidious.

I judge that there is a fine opening at Long Branch for donkeys. It may be that the over-supply of two-legged ones has created the impression that those on four feet could get no fair show. But this season one lone, long-eared quadruped has been put on the sand of the beach, and he is made to give five-minute rides at 10 cents apiece. His owner and operator multiplies his income by letting three children occupy the beast's back at once, and so he is often seen laden with a considerable section of a picnic. This donkey is what may be called a monopoly at present.

Kamera.

### He Ran the Scale of Prices, Maybe.

It is said that Schubert wrote one of his loveliest songs on a bill of fare at a hotel table. It is a common thing for a man to whistle for his dinner, and if a bill of air doesn't suggest a tune, nothing else will. Even an ordinary musician could write a score of notes to the landlord while the waiter is taking a half rest. Then the bar is always handy and——But, you see, there's no limit to this sort of thing, and it's easier to compose a whole opera at a hotel table than it is to get a dry napkin and something to eat. Now, if Schubert had gone to the tavern and got his dinner the same day he ordered it, History would have something to write about.—*Bob Burdette.*

## A RANK-LEVELER.

### The Struggle for Bread and Butter Brings All to a Common Footing.

"Hello, there!" exclaimed a portly gentleman. "Hello there, major! Have you filled that order of Mulberry & Greene's yet?"

"Yes, sir," replied the major, an ordinary-looking individual, with clothing rapidly falling into seediness.

"I suppose Capt. Bladesworth attended to the copying of the letters?"

"Well—no; the fact is, the captain has been on another spree, and so I got one of the office boys to do the work."

"The captain is getting worse, eh! We'll have to send him adrift if he does not brace up a little. Can't stand much more of his nonsense. You may tell him that one more spree and he goes—d'ye hear, major?"

"Yes, sir; I'll tell the captain; but I fear there's little hope for him."

"Yes, he has got pretty bad, that's a fact; but we'll give him just one more chance. But where is Col. Blousley?"

"The colonel is down cellar fixing the furnace."

"When he come up tell him to wash the windows in my office here, and while he is about it he may as well clean all the windows. The colonel is getting mighty lazy of late, and we must keep him at something or he'll die of dry-rot. And, by the way, major, send Gen. Bean here immediately."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but the general is out in the back-room blacking my boots; shall I let him finish them first?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in no particular hurry; but as soon as he gets through send the general here. I want him to sweep out and clean these cuspidors."

The writer, who was present at this conversation, could not help asking the gentleman first mentioned a few questions.

"Who is that man you called major?"

"That is Major Strong. He has a fine military record, and was several times mentioned in general orders for gallantry on the field."

"And who is the Capt. Bladesworth you spoke of?"

"Why, is it possible you never heard of Capt. Bladesworth? He was one of the most efficient line officers in the service. A spendid disciplinarian and a perfect tiger in battle."

"And now he is a drunkard?"

"Yes; when the war ended the captain went right down, and he has been down ever since."

"And this Col. Blousley, who fixes furnaces and cleans windows—surely his title is given to him through facetiousness?"

"Not a bit of it. I have seen the colonel many a time at the head of his regiment, and a very superior officer he was too."

"And this Gen. Bean?"

"A full major-general, sir. did excellent service in the Army of the Potomac, and you'll find his name in connection with almost all the leading event in the Virginia campaigns."

"And now he is a bootblack and general scrub?"

"Oh, that's nothing; life is full of changes, you know."

"But, Mr. Hemington, you were in the army, too, I believe?"

"Yes."

"An officer, of course?"

"Not I. I was high private in the rear rank, and carried a musket for four years.—*Boston Transcript.*"

### AMONG THE CHILDREN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

STARTLING A CLERGYMAN.

Harold V., who is three and a half, has quite a number of little verses which he is fond of reciting to visitors. He is also very learned in the terms and expressions of card-players, as he often watches the games of his parents and friends with much interest. It chanced about this time that a Baptist clergyman, an old friend of the family, and who viewed all cards with holy horror, came on a short visit. Of course Harold was eager to show off his accomplishments in recitation, and needed but little urging to start off on "Happy Land." He proceeded well, and to the manifest pleasure of the clergyman, till he finished the verses:

Loudly all the angels sing
Worthy is our Savior King.

Then at once a new idea seemed to strike him, and in louder tones and with great impressiveness, he said, coming nearer to his audience: "Save your king, Mr. M——; not the low, nor the jack, but the king; save your king."

Mr. O. was sufficiently worldly to understand the point, and for a time Harold was the only unembarrassed person in the room.

GOT OVER BEING TWINS.

Henry, aged 5, came into our house one Sunday morning to show his new winter outfit. While talking with him I asked him about two of his sisters. I said, "Henry, are Lily and Kitty twins?" "No," said Henry, "not now; they were when they were babies."

Another time he was talking to his chum, Jim, about various things. I chanced to speak of a railroad disaster, and then discussed the rapid transit problem. Jim said to Henry, "I wouldn't want to go so fast (four hours and a half; I'd be afraid of breaking my neck." "Oh," said Henry, "if you break your neck you get $5,000."

IT WAS THE CAT.

A five-year-old child had been made peevish by his brother, a little older than himself, who by his persistent teasing had goaded him almost beyond endurance. Having got him thoroughly worked up, he put the last straw to the burden of grief the five-year-old camel was bearing, by striking him across the face with the tail of a cat which he (the elder) had in his arms. This was adding insult to injury, and Johnnie, thinking it about time for maternal interference, cried out: "Marma, Freddie keeps hitten me across the face with the handle of this cat."

### An Isolated Instance.

"What a triumph for justice?" she exclaimed. "You, of course, have heard of the annex girl who was awarded a prize for an historical essay over a number of Harvard students?"

"O, yes," he said, "I've heard of it."

"Well!" she went on proudly, "do you know that the papers are all talking about it?"

And then the brute said calmly, "The papers wouldn't be all talking about it, you know, if it weren't such an unprecedented thing and almost certain never to happen again."—*Life.*

Frank Costello has been baggage-master on the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirty-eight years, and during that time he has traveled 2,142,720 miles. The number of trunks he has irretrievably ruined is beyond computation.


Professional Cards.

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CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
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Strongest and Most Reliable
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And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
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Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
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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 46 " | 4 09 " |
| " Frostburg | 10 12 " | 4 35 " |
| " Ocean | 10 26 " | 4 52 " |
| " Lonaconing | 10 42 " | 5 07 " |
| " Barton | 10 50 " | 5 17 " |
| Arrive at Piedmont | 11 10 " | 5 32 " |

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