msa_sc5130_scm12190-0356 ©Maryland State Archives

THE longest flight of a homing pigeon in this country was that of a hen named Alabama, which in 1885 made the 1,040 miles from Montgomery, Ala., to Fall River, Mass., between Aug. 21 and Sept. 12.

THE original estimate of the cost of the Congressional Library Building at Washington was $3,000,000, but under present plans an expenditure of $7,000,000 to $10,000,000 will be required to finish it.

THE Duke of Marlborough, during his recent visit here, sent to England several of our best made trotting buggies and light wagons. He has also made arrangements to transfer to Blenheim a number of fine trotting brood mares. He thinks it about time for England to wake up in the matter of roadsters.

AMERICANS have the good habit of going to college. It is said, as to the learned nations, that in this country one man in every 200 takes a college education; in Germany one in every 213; in England one in every 500, and in Scotland one in every 600. The grade of general intelligence is higher in the United States than in any other country on the globe.

THE new Emperor of Germany is said to be suffering from a disease of the ear, and the possibility of his early death is already being discussed by premature writers. The illness the Emperor is suffering from is not cancer, but an affliction of which the nature is not generally known. He has been affected by it for a long time, and during the mortal illness of the late Emperor William he paid regular visits to a certain well-known specialist in Unter den Linden.

THE ups and downs of life are pathetically set forth in the following paragraph from the *Star*, of Covington, Ga.: "Our editor will take in the press convention at Canton this week, and probably run down to Brunswick before his return. He left in fine trim, having an extra handkerchief and a little over $1.25 in hard cash. P. S.—Since the above was put in type, Rev. Jacob Carr (colored) has managed to collect a 75-cent plowing bill from the editor, and he will hardly have as big a time as he expected."

RUSSELL SAGE went into a cheap clothing store the other day to buy his usual $12 summer suit, and while dickering dropped a roll of bills. A cashboy found them and turned them over to the manager. "This is the honest boy who found your money," said the manager, as he handed Mr. Sage his roll and pointed out a bright-faced cashboy. "Indeed," said the millionaire. "That's a good, honest boy, and I must reward him." Whereupon he generously handed the boy five cents and walked out.

THERE is a custom among the young people of Bibb County, Georgia, of looking into the well with a looking-glass on the first of May, as on Hallowe'en, to see the future husband or wife. Young Wright Grant was with a party observing this custom, and when he looked he started, seemed very much disturbed, and nearly dropped the glass. He handed it to a friend, ran to his buggy, jumped in, and drove off hurriedly. From that time he refused to say what he saw. A few days ago he was accidentally killed at a picnic, and now the superstitious say that he saw his coffin in the glass.

THERE are 3,107 cities and towns in the United States that possess theaters or halls for theatrical uses. The number of such theaters in the United States is 4,023. Their seating capacity accommodates 3,164,000 spectators. That is about one person in every twenty of the population. The amount of money paid by the people in support of their dramatic entertainments averages not less than $7,423,000 per week. As a theatrical season covers at least thirty weeks, we may take it for granted that more than $200,000,000 are paid yearly by the American people for their intellectual entertainment.

A BOOKSELLER at Lyons named Roux is issuing a literary curiosity. It is a volume entirely of silk, to be published in twenty-five parts, of which fifteen have already appeared, at the price of $2 per number. The text is woven in the silk. As each number consists of only two leaves, the whole volume, containing the Roman Catholic mass and a number of prayers, will have only fifty leaves, round the Gothic text of which every leaf has a specially designed medieval border. Both text and border are woven in black silk on a white surface, and the effect is said to be "very artistic."

THE new catalogue of the Dresden gallery, issued by the director, Dr. Woermann, declares that a careful examination of the pictures recently purchased, at comparatively high prices, shows that they are not the genuine work of the artists to whom they have been attributed. Some are only copies; some, the works of other less distinguished artists; some, forgeries. In 1874 and 1875 eighteen pictures, said to be by old masters, were purchased out of the money paid to Saxony as her share of the French war indemnity. Two of them are impostures, three only copies, two not by the painter to whom they are assigned, but by some of his pupils, one is a hastily painted and unfinished work of the artist, one is doubtful, and three by different artists than those named as their painters.

THE NERVE OF A FRONTIER JUSTICE.

Judge Drum's Interview with a Man Who Objected to One of His Sentences.

The Hon. Thomas J. Drum, of Butte, Mont., is one of the best known men in the West. He is a lawyer of distinguished ability and has followed mining excitements in the West for twenty years or more. Judge Drum has lived in California, Arizona, Nevada and Montana, and has been a conspicuous figure at the bar in each place. During the days of Tombstone's prosperity he was a United States Commissioner in Arizona, residing in Tombstone, and when President Arthur issued his famous proclamation ordering the outlaw cowboys to disband Judge Drum took an active part in its enforcement. A brace of cowboys were at one time arraigned before him for holding up a United States mail-coach between Benson and Tombstone. The Judge held them both for trial without bail, and sent them to the Tucson Jail for safe keeping. This made the cowboys indignant, and threats were made that Judge Drum's earthly career would be wound up. A few days after he ordered the prisoners taken to Tucson Red Thornton, a notorious desperado, quietly entered Judge Drum's office. The Judge was sitting alone behind a desk. He recognized Thornton as he entered, but pretended to keep on writing without taking any notice of him. In the meantime, however, he managed to get his hand on a double-barreled shotgun with the barrels abbreviated to about fourteen inches in length, that rested against his desk, within easy reach. He lifted it up and, concealing it behind a pile of books, with his hand still grasping it, asked Thornton what he wanted as that gentlemen appeared in front of the desk.

"Be you Jedge Drum?" asked the desperado.

"I be," responded the Judge.

"Well, I kem to settle wid you about sendin' the b'ys to jail," coolly remarked the desperado.

"How are you going to do it?" queried the Judge.

"Jedge, you're a purty good-lookin' duck, an' I hate ter do it, but I've got ter blow the top of your d—d head off," remarked the gentleman with the red hair.

"That wouldn't be much fun for me, especially as they struck a big ore body in the Cromwell this morning," said the Judge.

"Jedge, you're too d—d funny," said the desperado, and he made a motion to reach for his gun.

As he did so the Judge presented his shotgun, stood up, and held the muzzle within two feet of the desperado. This was something that had not been calculated on, and the intruder's disappointment was apparent.

"Throw up your hands," called out the Judge. Thornton obeyed promptly. "Now, remain in that position until somebody comes along to take off your pistols," said the Judge. Thornton did as he was told. In a few minutes footsteps were heard in the hall, and the Judge called the passer-by to enter. It happened to be a lawyer who had an office in the same building. Judge Drum told the lawyer to relieve the desperado of his pistols, warning the latter that if he made a move he would get a double charge of buckshot. The desperado's pistols were taken from him, and then, in front of the Judge's gun, he was marched off to jail.

Genius Is Industry.

There is no respect of classes with genius. It enters the cottage of the poor, and the mansion of the rich. Unlike what we call talents, it is inherited by no one; like virtue, it is a possession of the individual, and not of the family.

Dr. Smiles, in his "Life and Labor," prints a list of eighty-one names of illustrious scientific men, philosophers, poets, novelists, dramatists, historians, reformers, statesmen and generals. Twenty-seven names belong to the aristocratic class, twenty-seven to the middle class, and twenty-seven to the working class, from which fact it seems to be true that great men come from all ranks and classes.

A great genius resembles Melchizedek, in that, intellectually, he is, "without father, without mother," without genealogy. He is his own ancestors and posterity, for he begins and ends with himself.

The Adams family, the Bayard family, the Breckenridge family, and the Beecher family are illustrations of the fact that great talents may descend to the third and fourth generation; but from these four illustrious American families there has risen but one genius—Henry Ward Beecher. Six of the leading representative statesmen of the formative period of the Republic—Hamilton, Sam Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun, Clay and Webster have no "genealogy."

It is hard to define the word genius, by which we express the subtle, elusive something that makes a man great. The word itself, coming from the Latin, emphasizes man's belief in the supernatural origin of the something which dies with him. For the genius of the Latins was a guardian deity, which was born and which died with the person whose actions it directed.

Ruskin says that genius is the power of penetrating into "the root and deep places of the subject." This definition recalls Newton's explanation of his achievements in science—"always thinking of it"—meaning his ability to concentrate his intellect on the subject of his search. But then Newton, it may be observed, was a very modest man. He was more. He was unconscious of his great mind, and illustrated the remark of the physiologist who said, "No man was ever a great man who wanted to be one."

But John Dalton, the great chemist who developed the atomic theory, held with Newton that his genius was nothing but the power of patient industry laboring continuously at a subject until he saw through it. We commend his words, when complimented at a public meeting on his discoveries:

"If I have succeeded better than many, it has been chiefly, nay, I may say almost solely, from unwearied assiduity. It is not so much from any superior genius that one man possesses over another, but more from attention to study and perseverance in the objects before them, that some men rise to greater eminence than others. This it is, in my opinion, that makes one man succeed better than another."

Dalton's "unwearied assiduity" impelled him to observe and compare until his death, in his seventy-eighth year. On the last night of his earthly life, he wrote the day's record in his book of meteorological observations, of which he had made more than two hundred thousand during half a century.

One cannot promise himself, and keep his word, that he will be a genius, but he can be industrious, and he can train his mind to concentrate itself.

"If it pleases God to take any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac," said a father. Isaac was a very dull boy. But when the "dull boy" died at the early age of forty-seven, he was known as the great Dr. Isaac Barrow. He had filled the Greek and the mathematical chairs at Cambridge, had written several books on geometry and mathematics, and composed series of sermons, which are still read because they are storehouses of thought, and enforce lessons of industry, godliness, prayerfulness, and truthfulness.

He, too, ascribed his success to his industry, and not to his natural parts. —*Youth's Companion.*

Not So Strange.

Who has not, at some time, stood meekly by while a shop-girl talked of her personal affairs with some intimate friend, and wondered how "one small head" could enable her at the same time to sell her goods and entertain her visitor? One person at least seems to have solved that problem. A gentleman one day went into a small store to make a trifling purchase, and while the pretty saleswoman rolled up his parcel, she also told an admiring young man, who was leaning on the counter, the story of her last attendance at the debating club:

"He was just as disagreeable as he could be that night," she went on, undismayed by a double audience. "He said if Kate Hooper and I sat in the back seats and laughed, the committee would give up inviting us to come. Thank you" (as she passed the customer his change), and she went on with her story to its bitter end of quarreling and parting.

Still the gentleman lingered, and though she several times glanced at him in surprise, was evidently determined to prolong his stay beyond that of the young man, who finally took the hint and withdrew. Then said the customer:

"I have been greatly interested in watching you, and seeing how many things you could do at once. You seem to be able to give your attention to several occupations at the same time."

"Of course," returned she, pert but flattered. "Anybody must be stupid that can only do one thing at a time."

"You did up my package, told a story, put your counter in order, and gave me my change," said the gentleman, admiringly, "and, as one might say, at the same moment. Now, I have heard it declared that a person can only give his entire attention to one subject at a time. This is a most interesting case!"

"Well, I don't know as I'm any smarter than anybody else," said she, bridling, "but, at any rate, that's what I can do!"

"Oh, there's one thing I ought to mention," said the gentleman. "You know you gave me my change just as you were telling your friend that interesting story. You should have given me eighty-five cents, but instead you made it a dollar and eighty-five. It was very kind of you, but you must allow me to return it. Good morning!"

So he left the girl who could turn her attention in so many directions, wondering, as she looked at that extra dollar, if she did not appear rather foolish.

No Law for Him.

"Come in, uncle."

The lawyer had caught sight of an old negro at the door.

"I ain't yo' uncle, but I'll come in. Time white folks dun stopped callin' ever culled genernan er uncle. I thought de cibil rights law gwine stop dat, but it doant 'pear like hit did. My name is Steben Wheeler, sah."

"All right, Mr. Wheeler; glad to see you. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

The old fellow sat down, and, after glancing at an array of law books said:

"Pear ter hab er good deal o' law on han' yere."

"Yes, a good deal of it."

"I went inter er lawyer's office down do street yander, but he didn't 'pear ter hab ernuff books ter suit me. Sez I, 'dis ain't no place fur me. Ain't ernuff law yere.' Is you got any law fur me yere, sah?"

"What sort of law do you want?"

"De law o' jestice, sah. Dat's w'ut I'm after."

"Well, I think so. What is your case?"

"Wants ter sue er lady, sah, fur whut da calls er brich o' promise."

"If your case is well founded, I'll take it. Such cases, however, are rather risky. Who is the woman?"

"She's my wife at de present, soh?"

"What, sue your wife for breach of promise? I never heard of such a thing."

"Den mebbe you ain't got no law yere fur me. But, sah, de case is ez cl'ar ez daylight. It wuz dis way: I sorter took er likin' ter er lady name Nervy Bowles. She wan't goodlookin', but she 'peared ter be er good passon, an', mo'n dat, she said she had money. W'en we 'gunt r talk 'bout gittin' maird I tole her, I did, dat I wuz too po', but she 'lowed dat she had three hunnud dollars saved up, an' dat atter we wuz maird I mount hab it. I tuck her at her word, I did, but atter we wuz maird an' I axed her w'ar dat money, she didn' fetch it. She had dun promised, you see, an' now ef she ain't in er brich o' promise, I neber seed nobody dat wuz. Any law up dar in dem books fur dis case?"

"No."

"Ain't even dis much?" (measuring on his finger.)

"No."

"Den I leabes you alone in yo' ignunce o' jestice. Good mawnin', sah." —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Strength of the Anarchists.

More than half the total number—some fifteen thousand—were located in New York, some five or six thousand in Chicago, and the others were distributed among the suburbs of the two cities named, and in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Scarcely an appreciable following could be found in other large cities. They differed from the Nihilists up to the time of the Chicago hanging only in this, that the Nihilist was pledged by solemn oath to kill, and to kill whomsoever the "Committee" would direct. The American branch proposed to kill only after the failure of other means. "Other means to what end?" one asks, and the intangible answer, after much "mouthing" of "liberty" (in America!), must be finally resolved into permission to enjoy at will what their more fortunate neighbors have accumulated. Since Nov. 11, 1887, they had changed materially, and now their motto had become "Revenge and Our Rights;" their motive to kill, and their great reliance dynamite.—*American Magazine.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Does It Pay?

Does it pay, little boy, to be fretful and cross,
Just because something seems to go wrong?
Is a frown any lighter to wear than a smile?
Does complaining seem manly and strong?
Is an angry word uttered with any more ease
Than the soft word that turns wrath away?
Should you make it a rule to give blow for blow?
Do you think, little boy, it would pay?

Does it pay, little girl, to be sullen, and pout,
Though your playmate unkindly may tease?
Does an angry retort or a fit of the sulks
Make you feel any more at your ease?
Does your scolding or fretting bring right out of wrong?
Is a heart ever won in this way?
Do your friends love to see the dark frown on your brow?
And if not, little girl, does it pay?

Does it pay, little boy, little girl, does it pay
To be rude in your action or speech;
To forget the kind counsels of parents who love,
And esteem not the lessons they teach?
To have selfish regard for your comfort alone;
To be willful in having your way;
To respect not the feeling of playmate and friend,
Little boy, little girl, does it pay?

Some Boys I've Seen.

"Papa, write about boys." So pleaded my little laddie one day not long ago, and here is what I can say about some of the boys I have seen in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. The Egyptian boys are as bright, sharp, and enterprising a lot of youngsters as can be found anywhere. The afternoon that I landed at Alexandria a crowd of donkey boys met me at the dock, and each made frantic efforts to get me to take his donkey. They called them Grant, Mark Twain, Bill Tweed, Lincoln, Blaine, Logan, and other such names, to attract the traveling American. They caught me by the hands and coat tails and fairly forced me on a donkey. When I finally made my exit from the crowd there went up a frantic, derisive howl from the young fellows I passed by. They prophesied that all manner of evil would overtake me for using that particular donkey.

The favored boy pattered along behind his patient little beast, urging him to greater speed with queer cries and punches with a sharp stick, scolding him all the time. We soon got to be on the best of terms. That boy smoked my cigarettes, helped eat my lunch, showed me the sights of Alexandria like a good fellow, and then cursed me and my grandfather to the lowest depths because I would not pay his exorbitant overcharges. Still I bear him no ill will. He was a product of the time and place, and was as much a curiosity in his way as Cleopatra's needle or Pompey's pillar. He dresses like his father, and was a full-fledged man in all except stature. He wore baggy trowsers, a short monkey jacket of a coat, a red fez cap on his head, and a brilliant colored scarf wound round his waist for a belt. He was a Mohammedan, of course, and said his prayers wherever he was six times a day. He was faithful to few; a liar, oh, what a liar! he was naughty to his mother, delighted to torment a Jew, and was so cruel to his poor little donkey that it made my heart ache sometimes. But, after all, he must not be altogether blamed, for he only learned well and improved on the lessons taught him by his elders and parents. He was ignorant of most of the common things that an American boy knows, but he could smoke a pipe and swear like a pirate. A smart, wicked, young scoundrel—that's one kind of an Arab boy.

At Cairo another sort of an Arab boy made his appearance at the carriage as I started from the hotel to go to the pyramids. He had the universal red fez on his head, but was otherwise clothed with sandals and a big sheet, gathered with a rope around his waist. He ran ahead of the carriage, carrying a big stick about the size of a hoe handle, with which he dealt blows right and left, all the while shouting: "Make room for the Howadji! His excellency cometh! Room for the rich American! Bow the knee!" Thus he cleaved the narrow way. He came without being asked or needed, his only hope of reward being such cold victuals as were left from lunch and such backsheesh as I chose to give him.

Arab boys' parents are usually very poor, and an American boy would not think they had any fun at all; but they do have fun, and lots of it, too. They have a game they play with bright stones, or almond nuts when they can get them, just like hully gully. They play tag just as you do. They play ball, much the same as old-fashioned town ball. Their balls and bats don't cost any money, nor does anything else.

Up the Nile the boys are very poor, and they have hard times. If it were not that the sun is warm and they have plenty to eat, their life would be a burden to them. They have to watch the flocks of goats and sheep, stone the birds of the growing grain fields, fetch and carry till their poor little backs must ache. They have hardly any clothes, no shoes, no books, no playthings, no nice home—and their father beats them as he would a dog.

As for the Arab boy in Palestine, he has on the whole rather a better time of it, thanks to the guns of English and French soldiers and the Bibles of the missionaries. There are numerous schools in Palestine and their influence reaches the boys. Many of them can read and write, and the printing presses in Beirut furnish them with books, picture papers and Sunday school songs, all in their own tongue. One of the most delightful men I ever met is there, devoting his grand talents to the good of the boys. Dr. Jessup is his name, and I've seen the boys in Beirut follow him about the streets; they love him so. He has taught them base-ball, prisoners' base, ante over, checkers, mumble the peg and other American games. An Arab boy has a way of shooting marbles that would astonish they play with. I doubt if the average Arab boy has twenty-five cents a year that he can invest in playthings. Like "Little Miss Muffet that sat on a tuffet," he lives on curds and whey. With a bright, cheerful disposition, he makes the most of his hard life, and grows up to be a self-reliant, resourceful man, one who, when he has half a chance, makes his way in the world, and is a credit to the country in which he lives; for, faulty as he is, it would be worse without him.

The Arab boy at the pyramids is a fox of a boy. A little village of Arabs near there has the monopoly of guiding visitors to those wonderful piles of stone. I hired one to show me about them, and the Temples of Chaffra and the Sphinx. They are all keen money-makers, and this little chap was a sharp one. Going to the interior of the great pyramid of Cheops, he sang a song to me: "This is a very heavy man." (I weigh 200.) "He will give us something. He is a very rich man; he will give us something. The Arab is very poor, but he will give us something;" and so on through a long opera, the chorus of which always was, "He will give us something." His whole effort was to work on my sympathies and my pocket-book.

You. He holds the marble in one hand and fires it out with the other with a skill that I have never seen anywhere else. An American base-ball will not do there. Throw one of our balls for an Arab boy to catch, and you would have a fight on your hands in a minute. It is too hard for him to have any fun with.

Coming down Mt. Lebanon one night, I could hardly believe my ears as from out the darkness I heard, with a clear, melodious note, some one whistling "In the sweet bye-and-bye." I soon found it was an Arab boy, guarding a sheep-fold. His father and mother and he had all been to school in Beirut, and there, way up on that sacred old mountain, they had a happy Christian home. If any one ever asks you what good the missionaries do, you can tell them that for one thing they make a boy's life happier, make a better man of him and raise him from the low level of little better than a brute to be respected and loved. They make his home a home indeed, where he has kisses instead of curses, and, best of all, a father's and a mother's love.—*The Interior.*

The Windows of the Soul.

Some poetical gentleman has called the eye "the window of the soul," and at all times and among nearly all people it is regarded as the great feature of expression; that is, by persons who are neither amateurs in nor professors of that *quasi* science, physiognomy. These gentlemen devote their time and treatises as much to the nose as to the eyes, propounding rules or characters deduced from the wrinkles of the forehead and warts on the cheek, the signification of the chin, the index of the mouth and a score of other diversities of feature.

First, as to the eyes as a feature in national physiognomy. Lavater, when discussing this question, gives the following as the result of his observations: That the Italians have small eyes; the Germans light-colored eyes, surrounded with many wrinkles; the English strong, open, liberal and steadfast eyes, and the Swiss dull eyes.

The Laplanders, according to Buffon, have narrow eyes, the pupils of a yellow brown, inclining to a black, and the eyelids retiring toward the temple. The eyes of the Tartars, he says, are small and sunken, eyebrows large, covering the eyes, and the eyelids thick. The eyes of the Chinese are small, their eyebrows large and the eyelids raised.

The New Hollander has a dull, black eye, thick eyebrows and eyelids half shut—a habit acquired in infancy to preserve the eyes from the gnats. To the Spaniards Buffon gives "good eyes," to the Goths blue eyes, and to the Finlanders heavy lids and the iris of a deep yellow.

Winckelmann holds the opinion that the shape and color of the eyes are very largely the result of climate and other direct conditions. Thus, he says, the small, half-closed, blinking eyes of the Esquimaux are due to nature's attempt to preserve the sight from the dry, cold air and the effusion of light from the snow amidst which they live. The small eyes of all the distant and northern nations, he says in another place, are in consequence of the imperfection of their growth. It is upon the authority of a philosophic writer named De Pauw that the Peruvian has an eye the apple of which is black and the white not very clear.

Eyes have always been regarded as tribal indications. Tacitus, for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair." The Celts are described as swarthy and dark-eyed, the Gauls are red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nubians and Egyptians have always been spoken of as dark-eyed. These characteristics have not apparently changed, and it may be said roundly that the people of the temperate zone have generally light-colored eyes, while those of the extreme zones are dark.

Of the races, the only one that can be said to be light-eyed is the Caucasian, and even this race is by no means uniform as to color in its eyes. The entire human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue-eyed races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means prove that the highest degree of civilization is confined to the blonde races. There was a period when blue-eyed persons were rarely seen, and to-day seven-eighths of the word's inhabitants have dark eyes. Not only is the majority on the side of the dark-eyed, but statistics would seem to indicate that that majority is increasing. In a paper read some time ago before the Swedish Anthropological Society it was stated that brown eyes were becoming more common in Switzerland, North Germany, Belgium and Sweden, and that out of every one hundred set of light-eyed parents fifty-six per cent. of the children had dark eyes.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Elevation of the Stage.

A Scene-Painter's Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool Chest were hurrying down street when they met a Toiling Dramatist.

"Out of the way," they said, haughtily, as the Toiling Dramatist bared his head and bowed low. "We are going down to the Lumber Yard to get a New American Play."

"But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist, "here is one I have just written. The Heroine is a pure young girl——"

"That settles it," they said harshly. "What we want is an American Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can make it Ourselves. Away, Slight Manager!"

And trampling over his Prostrate Form they got their Lumber and Canvas in twenty-four hours, and sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters and ran every night for Two Years.

MORAL—The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.—*Burdette.*

Systematic.

A drummer took the elevator to the fifth story of a Western wholesale house and walked into the office where one of the proprietors was busy at his desk. The drummer was informed that the house needed nothing in his line, but persisted in opening his sample bag and making himself the cause of much distress, when finally the enraged proprietor kicked him down the first flight of stairs. An employe, observing his mode of descent, repeated the dose with like effect, and it was dittoed till the drummer found himself on the curbstoned and upholstered highway. Shaking himself he looked back over the course of events and ejaculated:

"Vell, dot ish a great establishment. I don't know dere berticular line of pishness, but mein Gott, what system!" —*Duluth Paragrapher.*

In a Panther's Embrace.

Short, savage roars broke upon my ear, mingled with the wild shouts of the natives, who were evidently being chased by the now furious beast, says a writer in the *Times of India*. At this crisis I felt that my hat would probably do more for me than my gun, so I crushed the former on my head, and, without waiting to adjust the chin-strap, I seized the latter in my hands and faced the enemy. The panther had meanwhile floored a beater and got him by the arm, but, dropping him, she at once came for me with lightning bounds. I could see nothing, owing to the beast's tremendous speed, but a shadowy-looking form with two large, bright, round eyes fixed upon me with an unmeaning stare as it literally flew toward me. Such was the vision of a moment. My presence of mind did not desert me. I raised my gun and fired with all the care I could at such short notice. But I missed, and the panther landed, light as a feather, with its arms round my shoulders. Thus we stood for a few seconds, and I distinctly felt the animal sniffing for my throat.

Mechanically I always turned my head so as to keep the thick, wadded curtain of my helmet cover in front of the creature's muzzle; but still I could hear and feel plainly the rapid yet cautious efforts it was making to find an opening so as to tear open the jugular vein. I had no other weapon but my gun, which was useless with the animal closely embracing me, so I stood perfectly still, well knowing that Sandford would liberate me if it were possible to do so. At the first onslaught we were so placed that he could only have hit the panther by firing through me, which would have been very injudicious, to say the least of it. As may easily be supposed, the animal did not spend much time in investigating the nature of a wadded hat-cover, and before my friend could get round and take an aim without jeopardizing my own life the beast pounced on my left elbow, taking a piece out, and then buried its long sharp fangs in the joint till they met. At the same time I was hurled to the earth with such force that I knew not how I got there or what become of my gun.

Still, throughout I maintained a clear impression of what was going on. I knew that I was lying on the ground with the panther on the top of me, and I could feel my elbow joint wobbling in and out as the brute ground its jaws with a movement imperceptible to the bystanders, but which felt to me as though I were being violently shaken all over. Now I listened anxiously for the report of Sandford's shot, which I knew would be heard immediately, and carefully refrained from making the slightest sound or movement lest his aim should be disturbed thereby. In a few seconds the load and wecome detonation, which from its proximity almost deafened me, struck upon my ear. I sat up. I was free. The panther gone!

She Made a Sale.

She was a pretty woman, and she bowed to me bewitchingly as she came in, says a writer in *Town Topics*. She held up one finger archly, and said, impetuously:

"Now, sir, I want you to stop your writing and look at my book."

Then she blushed charmingly, as if embarrassed at my look of amazement. I said:

"My dear madam, I am busy to-day, and I beg you will excuse me."

She sat down beside me and made herself comfortable at once.

"Now, don't let me hear another word about that; you are going to buy a book of course."

"But, my dear——"

She took my hands gently but firmly in hers.

"I know—you are a busy man—you write all day, and are too tired to read—you hardly find time to look at the paper—you——"

"Yes, madam; that's precisely the case."

She chucked me deliberately under the chin.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me a miserable little dollar for this beautiful book?"

I gasped feebly and glared at my office-boy. He was evidently interested. I said:

"You must be a successful book-agent; you have the most fetching qualities I have ever seen."

Rash words!

She rose at once, and, sitting down upon the arm of my chair, threw one arm around my neck, and bending down looked tenderly into my eyes.

"Now, you know, darling, you are going to do just what I say; you are going to buy——"

I heard my office-boy chuckle to himself. I protested. I said:

"My dear madam, this is really—embarrassing—do you know—I am a married man—that I——"

She replied: "I have nothing to do with that; I am here for business."

I replied: "That statement is unnecessary: the fact is quite apparent. But I am really fond of my wife. You've got hold of the wrong man."

She seemed a trifle hurt at this, but she did not take her arm from my neck. She remained in this compromising attitude apparently lost in thought. I broke into a cold sweat.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, suddenly, bringing her face dangerously near my own; "if you'll take a copy of that book I'll promise not to kiss you before I leave the office!"

I bought the book.

A Pair of Geological Puzzles.

The Grecian island of Cephalonia, in the Mediterranean, contains two rather remarkable natural phenomena. The first is a rock which oscillates several inches to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, pressing firmly against a fixed rock one moment and directly afterward opening a space into which the clenched hand may be thrust. The motion is due to some unknown cause, having been found to be quite independent of the sea's action. In the other phenomenon about half a million gallons of water daily flows upon the land by four inlets and is sucked into the earth. The water has been collected in a short canal to drive two mills, but disappears among the rocks, with no visible outlet, after being thus used. —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Consistent.

An editor was writing at home, when his numerous children disturbed him, whereupon he howled to his wife:

"Make them cussed brats keep quiet, or I'll get up and beat the life and soul out of them!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"I'm busy writing an editorial denouncing the infliction of corporal punishment on children in the public schools, and if those brats interrupt me once more I'll get up and wear my cane out on them."—*Texas Siftings.*

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon,
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 20 "	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 20 "	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