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A BIDDEFORD, Me., man while washing the outside of his own windows with the hose thought he would do a neighborly kindness for the lady who lived in the tenement overhead. He meant well, but as the deceptive scenic screens failed to show him that the windows were wide open the effect was not just what he expected.

THE Granger movement and the Patrons of Husbandry have done much especially in the West, in protecting the country against railroad encroachments and unreasonable exactions. The fight waged by the Farmers' Protective Association against the barb-wire monopolists, ending by the worsting of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, saved the farmers millions of dollars. It broke the back of an unjust combination. Co-operating agriculturists have made some mistakes in opening stores simply because they did not understand the business. The history of the past ten years shows most commendable progress in co-operative efforts in many directions, and farmers may be certain that it is for their best interests to connect themselves with some local grange, institute or farmers' club, and work together for a common cause.

ONCE "Doc" Smart, a noted Western bandit, with two confederates, bought all the playing cards in El Paso, Texas, at Goldberg's stationery store, paying for them $75, and when questioned what they intended doing with them, said they were going up in the mines and expected to do a great business, but if they failed, would like the privilege to return what they did not use. Goldberg consented, and in a few days they returned with about half of them. This same Goldberg was in the habit of furnishing all the faro-banks in town with cards, and upon receiving orders for them, and having none on hand, excepting those returned by Smart, he divided the lot between the different "banks," and on the same night every "bank" in El Paso was "busted" by Smart and a few of his confederates. The last "bank broke" examined their cards and found that every card had been "pinched." An investigation at each "bank" showed their cards "pinched" in the same manner. It was found out next day that Smart had returned these cards to Goldberg, and of course it was decided that Smart and his gang "pinched" them. The town was too hot for him for several days after. It was estimated that the winnings on that night were about $125,000.

THE State of Massachusetts has given a good deal of attention to the subject of food adulterations, and the report of the chemist in charge has been recently published. During the year 1887, 1,678 samples of articles used as food were examined, of which 1,178 proved to be pure and 498 to be adulterated with ingredients deleterious to health. The chief of these were molasses, of which 25 samples out of 85 were found to contain corn glucose or salts of tin, or both; baking powders, of which 21 samples out of 29 were found to contain alum and extract of almonds, two samples out of nine being found to contain nitro-benzol. Nearly all the adulterants were found to be harmless ingredients added to cheapen the product, and the purchaser, while being defrauded, was injured only in his pocket. The American people are bargain-hunters; they buy things because they appear to be cheap. To accommodate them much of the food is adulterated. Coffee is cheapened with burned rye and chicory; ginger contains rice and cornmeal; allspice has buckwheat; honey has glucose; butter has lard, and lard has tallow; maple sugar has muscovado; olive oil has cottonseed oil; and so on to the end of the chapter. The manifest remedy for this is for people to patronize reliable dealers and pay fair prices for their goods. If they invite fraud by demanding cheap goods they are mere than likely to get both.

THE *Ohio State Journal* reports a moving incident which recently took place in State Capitol Square, at Columbus. It is not often that squirrels have so many spectators to witness and applaud their maternal faithfulness. The square, it should be said, contains about ten acres, so that the little creatures really did a good afternoon's work. A squirrel had reared a litter of little ones on the north side of the square, a tree near the north gate having been chosen as the family home. For some reason, known only to herself, she determined upon a change of residence, and about noon commenced the work of removal. There were five of the little fellows, and she coaxed them out and down the tree one at a time. Upon reaching the ground, she took her baby in her mouth, the youngster put his little paws about her neck, and the trip to the new home began. Whether from reason or instinct, she seemed to understand what was necessary for safety from the dogs, and instead of going straight across the grounds, which would have been a much shorter distance, she followed the fence, and thereby kept within reach of the large trees. Each trip must have been a hard task, as she stopped to rest three or four times on the way, and lay flat upon the grass until ready to proceed. Upon reaching the tree on the south side, she carried her charge up to the box, which she entered, and then the mother took a good rest under the box. This was repeated until all her family were domiciled in the new home, but the work required nearly all the afternoon, and before it had ended a large crowd had gathered and with great interest patiently awaited its conclusion.

"KISSED HIS MOTHER."

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet;
Making me think of a garden,
When in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet-heart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
To what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From beds in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AS INNOCENT AS SHE WAS PRETTY.

"It is all fol-de-rol," said Miss Henrietta Henshaw, sitting bolt upright in her bamboo rocker. "It is all fol-de-rol, I say, for people to think they must make up jim-cracks that nobody wants and scatter them about among their friends."

"But it is for a birthday present, aunt."

"Well, what of that? Do you suppose because my birthday happens to be coming that I want anyone to give me an ungainly pincushion with two H's worked in the center?"

"What if there should be three H's?" said Lottie, slyly, remembering old Peter Hammond's clumsy attentions, with, as he admitted, "an eye to a snug home."

"What's that you say?" snapped Miss Hetta.

Lottie did not venture a repetition, but sat demurely considering what, under the stress of circumstances, she should do. Lottie was Miss Henrietta's orphan niece, and had been a member of her household for nearly a year. She had learned dearly to love the prim old lady, though that love was not unmixed with fear. Her wants had all been kindly anticipated and generously supplied; but now she had come to her aunt with a request for a few shillings to spend on trifles, of which Miss Hetta did not approve, and had been flatly denied.

Oh, dear, what should she do? Harry had always brought her some tasteful gift, and she did so want to make him a big band for his new derby. She had not dreamed that she could not, and had put it off till the last moment.

The great drops welled up suddenly to her eyes. If Miss Hetta saw any symptoms of heartache, she had had heartaches herself, and they had never killed her yet. But Lottie did not mean to droop. Auntie was usually kind, and was albeit her only living relative—except Harry. Well, Harry was not a relative, exactly—and, oh, dear, if she could only have a hat-band!

She forced back the rebellious tears, and went singing about the house like the blithe girl she was.

The birthday morning arrived, and the problem of Harry's presents was still unsolved. "If I could just give him something," she sighed, looking wistfully down the long street. "Oh," she said, suddenly, clasping her hands. "I will, I will! What a happy thought!" And she fairly jumped into her cloak and hat and went skipping down the street.

Dr. Beach, an eccentric bachelor, lived in the rather lonely house at the extreme end of the street. Lottie was never sick herself, and Aunt Hetta never employed Dr. Beach for her occasional ailments; yet the bright-hearted girl had contrived to make the acquaintance of the uncouth doctor, who liked her and called her "Little Miss."

"What if the dear old man was a little gruff? He was good." And into his office Lottie now went, assured of a warm welcome. Absorbed in her own interest and intent on her errand, she approached the bay-window where stood the great monthly rose-bush which had been the wonder and envy of the admiring public since almost before Lottie was born.

"Oh, Doctor," she said, "I came to ask if you would be so kind as to give me three or four of those lovely buds?"

"What for?" growled the doctor, savagely.

"You see," she began, "I wanted to make something pretty for a birthday gift for—for a friend, but I could no'," choking a little, "and I had almost given up hope of anything, when this morning, as I glanced down the road, your beautiful roses seemed to say, 'Come after us,' so here I am. Flowers are always nice to give, you know, and I had none."

"Humph! Why couldn't you make what you wanted to?"

"Aunt Hetta would not let me."

"Humph! Is not Henrietta Henshaw good to you?" he demanded, bristling up.

"Oh, yes, as kind as can be. But she does not believe in birthday gifts, she says."

"Hadn't you any money yourself?"

"No."

"She might give you a cent or two from time to time; then you would have a fund to draw from."

"Oh, she does; I had five dollars Monday that I had not needed to use. But I saw Jennie and Tommy Elroy with their little bare toes peeping out of their old shoes and——"

"So you squandered your money to clothe the feet of those little vagabonds?" growled the doctor, wondering why he hadn't seen the bare toes.

"Yes, I got shoes and the nicest red stockings. Jennie cried and cried when she hugged me, because she was so glad," related Lottie, her quick tears starting.

The doctor rubbed his knuckles vindictively in his own eyes.

"Well, little miss, if you had known you could not get any more money for your flummery would you have spent all you had on the little beggars?"

"I don't know; I hope so; I'm sorry you asked me. I really think I should. But I did want the other so dreadfully that I might have saved out a little."

"You could have got brown stockings."

"So I could. But I guess I'm glad I did not; the red ones are so much prettier, and the poor like pretty things as well as the rich."

The doctor looked ponderingly on the little miss. She was a pretty creature, and as innocent as she was pretty. Though she was seventeen, her looks and appearance would hardly have claimed her fifteen well-rounded years.

"It is a bridal rose," said Lottie, keeping her errand in mind, as she looked admiringly into the great bush, whose beautiful blossoms rivaled the whiteness of the snow.

"Humph! I suppose so. You would not think now that it had spoiled a wedding. But it did; just fifteen years ago this day."

Lottie looked in alarm at the white, treacherous thing.

"You would not think, either, that a gruff old fellow like me could ever have got a woman to say she would have him!"

"Oh, yes, I would," said Lottie; "I think you are the nicest man in the world—except——"

"Except whom?"

"I was going to say Harry."

"Exceedingly fine compliment you are paying me. You expect some of my choicest flowers for that tid-bit of flattery."

Lottie did not reply, but looked in such consternation from the rosebush to himself that the doctor could not but smile,

"You would like to hear the story? Well, it never came from my lips before, little miss, but I will give it to you. You see, I had been a medical student under old Dr. West, and when he died I got my diploma and stuck my shingle out here. Soon after that I got acquainted with as trim a built girl as you often see, and after a while, somehow or other, we became engaged. I was young and had my way to make, and we resolved to wait two years before settling down. Over back of the hill yonder lived a girl named Nancy Brown, a pretty, pale creature, who seemed just ready to go off to the angels. I was called to attend her, and I wanted to do my best. I knew they could never pay me a cent, and perhaps for that reason I went a little oftener than I needed. Nancy had one precious thing, her rose-bush; small then, but giving promise of great things. It did seem as if everybody begrudged it to her, for half the town, in one way or another, sought to make it worth her while to give it up.

"Perhaps the motives were good. But, though Nancy was in comparative poverty, no gold was yellow enough to buy her one treasure. Well, her fragility proved not to be incipient consumption, after all, and time went on until with in twenty-four hours of my wedding-day, and that morning I was in my office here on the watch for my sweetheart, who soon, all smiles and blushes, with the consciousness that it was the last time as a maiden, came tripping down the street. I went out to meet her. This bush, not half as large as it is now, stood here in the window.

"'Oh,' said my bride that was to be, in a pretty rapture, 'Nancy has sold you her rose! Did you cross it root and branch with silver coin?'

"'Not I. Nancy gave it to me of her own sweet will.'

"A jealous flush came over my girl's proud face.

"'I thought,' she said, 'that your visits there were more frequent than her illness called for. You love her, and if you are false to her you are false to me.'

"I made a sharp reply. She had charged me with double dealing. We were both terrible angry. The next morning we were to have been married. That was fifteen years ago and we have never spoken since. Nancy was going away to fulfill a promise made in childhood, and she gave me her rose because I had 'saved her life for her lover.' Perhaps I had; but she had unknowingly ruined mine. I kept the bush, and it has blossomed every month with all its might. More than one young mother has begged of me some dainty buds to clasp in her dead baby's hand, and many a bride has pleaded with sweet lips for just a few blossoms to gem her hair. I have denied them all, and have never cut one of the flowers until it withered from the stem. It was not for Nancy's sake, either, but somehow for the life that was to have blessed mine."

"But you did not love your sweetheart much," ventured Lottie, winking off the salt drops that had collected on her long lashes.

"Not love her?" roared the doctor. "Zounds! can a chit like you undertake to sauge the depths of a man's soul?"

"If you had you would have acted differently," bravely asserted this small council of one, sitting in judgment, with her chin resting on her hand.

"Acted differently," thundered the irate doctor. "Pray, Miss Wisdom, how should I have acted?"

"You would have said to your sweetheart, 'I do not love Nancy, but I do love her rose. She is going away and gave it to me in gratitude. But I give the rose and myself and all that I have to you, because I love you better than all the world.' Then, don't you see that everything would have been smooth, and you would have been all these years full of joy?"

"Zounds! so I should!" exclaimed the excited doctor, rising to his feet. "John, come in here," he called. "Help me to wrap up this rose tree. There, put it on your hand-sled and draw it home for this young lady and set it in the house. And you, little miss, present it, with my compliments and best wishes, to Miss Henrietta Henshaw. Good heavens, what a fool!" said the doctor, striking his bald head a vigorous thump, when left alone.

Lottie did as she was bidden, giving Aunt Hetta such a galvanic shock as to paralyze her; but the good lady came to enough to glance furtively down the street to see really that the "impertinent white thing" was no longer staring at her from the doctor's bay-window. She had a bay-window, too, looking southward, and into it she contrived to roll the great box, with its wealth of white blossoms.

The doctor, looking stealthily out from his dismantled corner, drew his own conclusions.

"Ahem!" said Miss Hetta. "How long would it take to work that nonsense you were talking about?"

"I could get it done by night," gasped Lottie, all of a delicious tremble.

"Well, child, I did not mean to be cross. Take this, and do as you please with it."

Lottie's hand closed quickly over the gold coin; she did not need a tenth of it, and she worked the whole afternoon, to the detriment of her blue eyes and the loss of her supper, till on a garnet ribbon a broad satin stitch of gold, ornamented with tiny forget-me-nots, lettered out the H. B. M. which stood not for Her Britannic Majesty, but some one every bit as regal—Henry B. Manvers, otherwise Harry.

She ran down to the hall, which was flooded with light, and greeted Harry, and had just secured the hatband in his hat, when the parlor doors were thrown open, and there stood Aunt Hetta, blushing through the frosts of forty winters, with great heaps of white massed in her hair and clustered on her bosom. Dr. Beach, pompous and portly, was at her side.

"Here, little miss," he shouted, "you and that rascal run for the Parson."

The wily physician had armed himself with a ring and a strip of paper signed by the town clerk, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" the knot was tied that transferred Miss Henrietta Henshaw into Mrs. Dr. Beach.

Lottie was so bewildered that she could never tell whether she said yea or nay when Henry asked her to be his wife. But the young rascal seems to know, for he is building wondrous castles in the air.

In the sunny parlor, close beside the great rose tree, stands an elegant piano—a birthday offering to "little miss" from her "Uncle Doctor."—*Cleveland Sun.*

The Place to Trade.

Stranger (to tailor)—You've got a nice stock of goods here.

Tailor (rubbing his hands)—There's nothing like it this side of the Atlantic Ocean, sir.

Stranger—I've been told that your prices are about right, too.

Tailor—Yes, sir; the price I put on a suit of clothes is a great injustice to my wife and family. Now, there is a line of spring and summer goods of my own importation, and I paid cabin passage rates to get 'em here. That diagonal, the manufacturer assures me, was made exclusively for the Prince of Wales, and only got into my lot by mistake. He offered me big money to get the goods back for fear of international complications.

Stranger—You don't say so!

Tailor—Yes, sir. But I laughed at him. When I get hold of a good thing it goes to a customer every time if I lose money on it. I s'pose you will want a nice stylish spring suit, and then something for warm weather.

Stranger—N-no. I guess not this morning. I was trying to get out of the way of a milk wagon too suddenly a few moments ago, and I want to get a suspender button sewed on.—*New York Sun.*

AN odd relic possessed by a Southern woman is a pair of scissors that her father used in cutting a suit of clothes for President Washington, as he was entering upon his first Presidential term.

SARATOGA.

The Woman Who Monopolizes Four Chairs, and Other Characters Encountered There.

How Fashions Shift in the Matter of Drinking the Curative Waters.

SARATOGA, July, 1888.

This resort has one feature singular to itself among the large American summer cities, and that is its mineral water. Without these medicinal springs Saratoga would never have been built. But if they were to cease flowing Saratoga might easily continue a fashionable summer place, because not one in a hundred cares anything about them. Nevertheless, invalids are a conspicuous element in the transient population, partly by their considerable numbers, but more than that because one manifestly decrepit individual catches your eye quicker than an altogether presentible multitude. Here go a couple consisting of a robust, shapely young woman, the very personification of vim, and a middle-aged man from whom all these physical qualities seem to have departed. Very likely he is her father, for their figures are sufficiently alike for that relationship, but he totters in his walk while she steps off vigorously, and he steadies himself with his hand upon her

arm. It is early in the morning, and they are going to one of the springs, where he will drink in the hope of relief from his gout, rheumatism, or whatever else it may be that ails him. The early morning hours at the different favorite springs are interesting, pleasantly and otherwise. Most of the belles and beaux, who have come to Saratoga for diversion only, are still abed and asleep; but there is a contingent of healthy early risers, who wander from their hotels and cottages to the spring-houses and parks, and quaff the waters in an incidental revenge. Sadly contrasted with these are wan, lame and dying people, just able to get about, and usually inciting one another to faith in the curative value of the waters by means of the wondrous stories concerning them. Occasionally a vehicle, may be a fine carriage, but more likely a ramshackle stage, will bring completely disabled invalids.

Beyond doubt there is great medicinal potency in the Saratoga springs, but this quality is easy to abuse. Hardly two of all these natural fountains of mineral water are alike in ingredients, and the drinker, if intent on getting physical benefit, must find out from a physician which spring he should resort to. This advice it only applicable to white folks, however, because negroes are only welcome at one spring out of the many. Therefore, colored people must be content with that particular mixture of minerals, or else buy other water in bottles.

Of course, there are shifting fashions in the matter of drinking Saratoga waters.

and the spring in vogue one season is under comparative taboo the next. It is a belief among the fast young fellows this summer that one particular spring is a sick freshener on the morning after an all-night spree, and so the first glimpses of daylight are apt to reveal advanced phases of inebriety at that place. This morning I saw a bleary and rumpled dude accompanied there by an altogether sightly and self-possessed young woman. He clutched feebly at the loose ends of a sash which hung from her waist, and was a perfect specimen of overdone intoxication. The girl dealt firmly with him, however, prescribing the number of glasses for him to drink, enforcing the desired slowness in sipping them, and at length taking him away in a considerably improved condition.

The Indians of this region used to regard the springs as Manitou's special prescriptions for their benefit, and they commonly drank the medicine with accompaniments of superstitious ceremony. Not all of the present visitors are altogether free from the same sort of feeling, and that is why a fortune-teller is doing pretty well here this season. She has pitched her tent in a grove devoted to miscellaneous catch-penny devices. She is an Indian hag, and belongs to a party of Canadian red people who make and sell bead-work and baskets; but her uncommon ugliness qualifies her for rising from mercantile to professional life, and so she has set up as a witch. She has somehow gained a reputation for more than human insight into the ailments of her patrons, and she tells them from which spring to drink water in order to become well

Women intelligent enough to know better than to rely upon her advice, but rich enough not to mind the fifty-cent fee which she fools them out of, resort in numbers to her tent. They will tell you that she must be superhuman, because after she holds their hands a few minutes, in the process of reading the lines on their palms, they feel a tingling, burning sensation. I have ascertained pretty definitely that this is a clever bit of trickery, and is caused by some peppery substance with which she first covers her own hands, and thus transfers to the hands of her dupes.

The most pleasantly natural sight at a spring is the common one of a couple in courtship, who clink their glasses of salty or sulphurous beverage as though it were champagne, and as to whom no great gift of prophecy is requisite in the prediction of wedlock. The young people couple themselves here thoughtlessly enough in the ballrooms at midnight, but when they get together at six o'clock a. m., to drink mineral water together at a spring, it generally means matrimony.

Saratoga used to be a city with far too much unattractive brick work. There was a scantiness of rural aspect, and tourists in quest of foliage to shade their saunterings on green grass were disappointed. There has been a transformation in this respect, and, while a portion of Saratoga is thoroughly

fortified, miles of streets are now lined by trees, picturesque cottages are numerous, and two parks are wonderfully handsome. Here go a couple consisting of a robust, shapely young woman, the very personification of vim, and a middle-aged man from whom all these physical qualities seem to have departed. Very likely he is her father, for their figures are sufficiently alike for that relationship, but he totters in his walk while she steps off vigorously, and he steadies himself with his hand upon her

hotel, and at the same time had all the seclusion his family could desire, for the secluded spot he had chosen was quite impenetrable to interlopers. But William H. Vanderbilt himself did not enjoy seclusion. He used to spend his mornings and afternoons, before and after his drives on the road with Maud S. and one or another of her mates, lounging on the public veranda and chatting in a group of acquaintances.

The most illustrative person in sight from my window at this moment is a young woman in the act of sitting in two chairs at once and overlapping with her draperies two more. It does not matter whether these chairs are wanted by other folks or not. She is quite oblivious in her selfishness. A bold man might capture the partially occupied chairs, but neither of the other two could be secured without force. Who would presume to disturb that amply draped bustle which fills one chair, much less the bouquet-laden lap which overlies the other? The orchestra of the hotel is about to begin a regular morning concert, and the veranda will be quickly thronged, but that fair exponent of bland piggishness will keep two chairs to herself while feeble grandmothers and crippled grandfathers wearily stand. This is a curious but common spectacle at Saratoga.

Here comes another violator of reasonable hotel rules. The law of the caravansary prohibits dogs. If you are either a man or a woman of only ordinary loveliness, and you ask the clerk if there will be any objection to your keeping your pet dog in the house, he will coolly reply that no dog is, has been, or ever will be tolerated for an instant in the establishment. But this is the hotel's belle supreme. She knows no law. She didn't ask if she could keep her dog. She simply took the brute to her room, lets him tag after her wherever she goes, and from

the pompous landlord to the blackest bell-boy nobody says boo to her about it. She is just now starting for the races, and the dog frisks beside her.

Rev. T. Dewitt C. Talmage is one of the regular exhibits at Saratoga. He is not here yet this summer, being off on a Western lecture tour, but we expect him in August, and then he will sit afternoons as usual on the veranda of a comfortable cottage, contented and placid under the scrutiny of the multitude driving and walking past. A man gets used to being gazed at like a curiosity in the side show, I suppose, and doubtless Talmage is as serene as he looks under it. Nevertheless, Talmage has had to abandon a contemplated trip to Europe by reason of a plot to watch him. Members of his Brooklyn congregation organized an excursion across the Atlantic. Two hundred travelers in this party sailed on Tuesday last. They will go in a body through Great Britain, France, and a portion of the European continent, being absent about six weeks. The venture has been so planned as to probably yield the greatest amount of diversion for the required two hundred and eighty-five dollars apiece. Talmage intended to go along, but he concluded to let his family go without him, and the reason is peculiar. He learned that an enterprising firm of publishers had employed an able writer to join the excursion with a view to describing the great preacher's personal participation in the tour, recording his characteristic sayings and doings, and out of this material make a book with a title something like "Talmage Abroad." It was calculated that the extensive popularity of Talmage would make a very remunerative sale for such a volume. But Talmage had no idea of letting his individuality be thus coined into money for somebody else's pockets. Rather than submit to it, he preferred to forego the contemplated outing in Europe.

Of all the arriving tourists, none are more easily identified, nor more enjoyably watched, than the bridal couples. No matter how much they dissemble their honeymoon sentiments, nor how successfully they put on a manner of cool unconcern, they are to be detected at a glance. The sketch given herewith is sufficient explanation. The bride is usually self-possessed, and it is the bridegroom who, in the language of slang, "gives the snap away." As newly married couples abound at Saratoga, a considerable share of amusement in a hotel consists in the observation of them.

KAMERA.

A Pleasant Summer.

Featherly (making a call)—I suppose you will soon be going into the country, Mrs. Hendricks?

Mrs. Hendricks—Yes; we leave for the Catskills next week. Mr. Hendricks will come up once a month for a day or so.

Featherly—Yes, I heard him say that he was looking forward to a pleasant summer.—*New York Sun.*

RANDOM REMARKS.

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.

The use of the term "limited" is getting to be very unlimited. A concern without much financial backing assumes this Anglomoniacal annex, generally. "Thus, "Uptosnuff & Ubetti, Limited, bananas and boiled chestnuts." Likewise, a youth suffering from pecuniary stricture is apt to limit his range of society to one agony lady. The craze for limitation extends even to railroad passes, statutes, and the tails of showy roadsters. I beg to observe:

In these days of corruption, gangrene and decay,
When officials light out, leaving bondsmen to pay,
With bankers and aldermen all making hay.
Honest men sink as off as they swim it.
Now fashion steps forward and gives us a chance;
If an excess of silver don't bulge out our pants,
We can hoist a gilt sign and our profits enhance
By claiming a partnership limit.

* * *

Biles, an inveterate poker player and a very absent-minded fellow, too, is getting married.

She (prompting)—Take my hand.

He (stage whisper)—Can't; I'm broke.

Parson—I pronounce you man and wife.

* * *

"Have you 'Plutarch's Lives'?" asked she.

"Just one left," responded the clerk.

* * *

The college graduate, just engaged from the Cornell department of journalism, was back from his first assignment—a fire. He sat down at his desk, and his lurid ideas began to flow.

"P-s-s-s-t-t!" (Speaking tube.)

"Well?" (Classical reporter.)

"Copy!" (Foreman composing room up-stairs.)

"All right, sir; in a moment, please."

Budding journalist sweats his hair off for three-quarters of an hour, and finally relinquishes his task, satisfied that his manuscript bears the elegance of Dr. Johnson's.

Then he places the article in the tin copy box and hoists it up the flue.

Bang-clang-smash-bur-r-r-r-r! (Copy box falling down the shaft.)

"What's the matter, sir?" (Frightened novice.)

"Your confounded old copy is so full of jaw-breakers they're caught in the line and upset the box."

* * * * * *

(Two weeks later. Seven-syllabled member of the staff has been instructed to condense everything.)

"P-s-s-s-t-t!"

"Shut up! I hear you."

"Send up report of Dairy Men's Convention."

"Here she goes."

(Supposed lapse of five seconds.)

"P-s-s-s-s-t-t-t!"

"Dry up! What do you want?"

"Where's that report?"

"In the box."

"There's only a tin can here."

"Well, that's it—condensed milk."

* * *

Children should learn rapidly in industrial schools if old saws are made plane. Heretofore the bulk of knowledge has been hammered in.

* * *

A bachelor friend of mine calls his neighbor's baby "Chestnut," because he has heard it so often.

* * *

Three men stood at a bar all day long, shaking dice for drinks. One of them stopped me that evening to say: "There are getting to be too many rich men in this country. The poor men do all the work, and they get the profits."

* * *

Mr. Arthur de Bemiss is the idol of his boarding-house, though past forty, and affects an air of coquettish gallantry that fits him rather on the ready-made plan. At a party the other night he outdid himself in attentions to a lady and scored a brilliant record till she happened to mention her prospective removal to Chicago.

"So sorry," said Bemiss, in a fair imitation of a melancholy tone; "but," brightening up as a faded remnant of a chivalric quotation was brought to light in his memory, "what's our gain will be Chicago's loss."

The chill that followed took the vanilla flavor all out of the ice cream he was eating.

* * *

Forthcoming books:

"My Slumber in a Garden," by A. Tramp.

"Toothpick Papers," by Potter Palmer.

"Chestnuts," by E. P. Roe.

"Leaves of Hay and Baled Grass," by Walt Whitman and Bill Nye.

"Turned On," by Edgar Fawcett.

* * *

"You can learn so much history from our minister's sermon," said old Mrs. Simple. "He is a very hysterical preacher, indeed."

The Subsidence of Mountains.

According to *La Gazette Geographique*, the Cordilleras of the Andes are gradually sinking. In 1745 the city of Quito was 9,596 feet above the sea level; in 1803 it was only 9,570; in 1831, 9,567; and scarcely 9,520 in 1867. This amounts to a lowering of seventy-six feet in 122 years, or at the rate of about seven and one-half inches per annum. We are also told that the farm of Antisana has sunk 165 feet in sixty-four years, or more than two and one-half feet per annum. This is the highest inhabited spot on the Andes, about 4,000 feet higher than Quito, the highest city on the globe. The peak of Pichincha was, according to the same authority, 218 feet lower in 1867 than in 1745, a sinking of nearly two feet per annum. Assuming the accuracy of these figures, they present a curious geological problem, especially as there is no record of a corresponding change at sea level or at the foot of these same mountains, which descend rather steeply to the Pacific. If the plasticity or viscosity of the earth's crust be such as I have contended in this magazine, it follows almost of necessity that such a mass of mountain land as that in this region of Quito and Chimborazo must be squeezing itself downward into the subcrust of the globe by its own enormous weight. Although the highest of these peaks are not quite so high as the highest of the Himalayas, the concentration of elevation in a given area, or, otherwise stated, the mass standing above sea level in proportion to the base on which it stands, is greater than can be found in any other part of the world, and its downthrust is similarly preeminent. Such down-squeezing and sinking must be accompanied with corresponding lateral thrust, or elbowing, that should produce earthquake disturbances on every side. The facts fully satisfy this requirement of the theory, as the country all around the region in question is the very fatherland of terrible earthquakes.

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Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

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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.