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A FERRY-BOAT captain and two young ladies who were sailing in a catboat in lower New York Bay were attacked by a man-eating shark nearly twelve feet long. The ladies were terrified, the captain cool. With an oar he beat the monster until the water was red with its blood. Finally the shark, whose open jaws had been a pleasant spectacle for the fugitives, sank from sight, and the party reached shore. One young lady fainted in the boat.

ANCHOVIES are so plenty at Trebizond that they are sold for 27 cents a hundred weight for food for paupers and for fertilizing purposes, and during the first part of the season each year so many are thrown away that the city is pervaded with their rottenness. Porpoises are also very plentiful, about forty thousand hundred weight a year being caught, according to the British Consul, which yield about half that weight of oil.

A TRAMP, who lately made the rounds of Hartford, Conn., had an ingenious scheme—not new, though—for "raising the wind." He exhibited a letter which, he said, he wished to mail at once, and asked for a stamp to put on it, explaining that he had none himself. Many persons, not having stamps with them, preferred to give him two cents, and in this way the tramp was able to do a thriving business.

A CATASTROPHE such as few men have the stoicism to bear, and few survive, has come like a thunderclap upon Charles Cullman, of Cincinnati. While auditing the books of the Bellevue Building Association, he suddenly turned to one of the bystanders and angrily exclaimed: "Why do you turn out the gas? I'm not through yet." "Turn out the gas! What's the matter with you? The gas is burning." "My God, then I'm blind!" cried Cullman, and, sinking back in his chair, from which he had arisen in his excitement, he buried his face in his hands and moaned like a child. A physician was hastily sent for, and only arrived to confirm the worst fears. Cullman was indeed blind. Without a premonitory sign, without a warning, the blow had come, and as he sat there bemoaning his sad fate, his eyes grew dim. Friends took him by the hand, and trembled with emotion as they tried to speak words of hope and comfort. The stricken man only moaned: "My wife! My little ones!" A diagnosis followed, and it was discovered that Cullman had for some time been a sufferer from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The exudations of the albumen from these organs caused uræmic blood-poisoning, which gradually pervaded the whole system of the sufferer. Step by step the disease spread, and contraction of the kidneys followed, resulting in inflammation of the retina or optic nerve, hopelessly destroying the sight forever. The case, although not an isolated one, is extremely rare, death generally ensuing before such a crisis arrives.

VERY few of the present voting population of the United States have ever heard of the tragic death that befell Lieut. Montgomery Pike Harrison, brother of Gen. Benjamin Harrison. In April, 1849, Capt. Marcy, of the United States army, then stationed at Fort Smith, Ark., received orders from the War Department to organize and command an expedition for the purpose of escorting overland immigrants to California, starting from Fort Smith. Among the young officers who accompanied him was Lieut. Harrison. The command proceeded to Santa Fe, and returned in the fall of the year to Fort Smith, arriving on the 19th of November. On the evening of the 7th of October, near the Red fork of the Colorado River, Harrison strayed too far from his command, and fell a victim to the treacherous and bloodthirsty Indians. The route of the command lay through a desert region of sand hills and ravines. During the afternoon Lieut. Harrison told Capt. Marcy that he would ride ahead, review the route, and look for a good camping ground. He was soon out of sight. The command proceeded for some distance and camped. As Harrison did not return, several searching parties were sent out without success, and the field piece was fired at intervals during the night, to guide him back if lost. In the morning a search was organized, and the Indian guides put on his trail. And here the wonderful power of the Indian track-finder in reading facts by the ground signs was evidenced. They followed Harrison's trail for two miles; explained where he had met four mounted Indians; how Harrison and they had dismounted and shook hands; Harrison had a gun, the Indians bows and lances; they had shown him their arms, and they had looked at his gun, when one of them kept the gun and stepped behind him on guard, making him a prisoner. Three of them had stepped aside and consulted what to do with him. Then they returned and led him a short distance, when the one with the gun shot him in the head; and there he lay before the party on the sand, stripped naked and bare of everything except the lower part of his boots. After committing the deed they decamped, taking their victim's horse and accouterments with them. Harrison's body was taken to camp and preserved in charcoal, a coffin was made of a wagon bed, and the escort reached Fort Smith on the 19th of November, as above stated. The remains were buried in the grounds of the present national cemetery, then an open wood, with military and Masonic honors.

KATE AND BILL.

"Twas in the prime
Of summer time—
A lovely moonlit eve,
When Bill and Kate
Stood at the gate—
Her head upon his sleeve.

When lo! there came,
With steady aim
From the immediate rear,
A human foot
Which quickly put
Poor Bill to flight, in fear.

Then Kate did cry:
"O, papa, why
Insult my lover thus?
You have no right
My hopes to blight
By making such a fuss!"

Her papa said,
"You skip to bed,
For so your father wills.
I run this show
And you must know
I likewise 'foot the Bills!'"

A MISSOURI LEGEND

BY C. C. HAHN.

When the now beautiful city of Quincy, in Illinois, was first founded it was over in Missouri, at what is now known as West Quincy, and consists of a station and two houses, located in a wide expanse of Missouri swamps. At one time, however, there was quite a village there, and the following story will explain how it came to be abandoned:

One autumn, a hunter, a man from the East, who chose to pass his vacation in this manner, landed at West Quincy, intending to make it his headquarters while he hunted and fished up and down the Mississippi River from that point. He found a deserted village of some two dozen houses, all built after the same pattern except a plain four-sided edifice, somewhat larger than the rest, which he at once took for a meeting-house. An examination of the interior showed him that his surmise was correct. The platform in the western end, the pulpit and the rough pews below could have been used for nothing else than "preaching."

For months the man hunted along the Missouri shore, making West Quincy his headquarters, and as the days grew cooler he began tearing down the cottages one by one and using them as fuel. At length he had burned down every cottage in the place and as a last resort began upon the meeting house. It lasted for seven days, and on the eighth he was silently joined by a traveler as he was enjoying his after-dinner smoke and meditating about starting East in the morning. The newcomer said nothing but "good evening" and sat down by the fire which was made from the sills of the old church.

"A curious thing, this—finding a deserted town!" said the hunter at last.

"Would you like to hear its story?" asked the newcomer.

"Of course I would. Can you tell it?" And he gave a look of surprise at his companion.

"I can."

Ten years age a band of hunters and trappers located here to carry on their trade. They were, most of them, I fear, fugitives from justice. There was one man who was considered the leader because he had more brains than the rest, and the men called him "Doc." I believe he did take his degree in some Eastern medical school. He ruled things, and the rest did about what he said.

One day a canoe came across the river, bearing a lady. It was seen when it left the other shore by one of the trappers who hastened up to inform the rest that a lady was coming to visit them. Of course the news created great excitement, for each one had a wife or a mother, a sister or a sweetheart back in the East, and each wondered if it could be "her." When the boat neared this side the whole camp was down to meet it, and when it was certain that it was a woman on board, Doc was appointed to go and welcome her. He did so as gallantly as if he were back East where he was born, and after leading her up the shore to a little knoll a few rods away from the rest of the men, asked who she was and why she came. Of course, he expected to hear her name some one of his companions and announce that she had come to find him. But nothing of the sort.

"I am in search of the lost sheep," she replied. "I have given up my life to work among those who need Christianity most. Woman can do what man cannot, and I am on my way to a station a few miles farther inland, where I expect to make my home and work with other Christians in establishinga church."

"Well, ma'am," said Doc, with his most polite manner, "it is a long ways, and as it is now late in the afternoon you will be obliged to remain with us over night. We cannot offer you much, but will give you the best we have. Then, in the morning, some of our men will accompany you on your journey, and—if you care to—we haven't heard any preaching here for several years—if you care to, you might talk to the boys to-night."

The lady assented and was taken to the best camp in the place, which was given up to her, and at night she preached.

After the sermon, Doc called the boys together on the quiet, and said:

"Boys, it's only ten miles to the place she's going to, and we must get there as soon as we can. To-morrow we will break the sad news to her that the settlement has been burned."

The next morning the lady was informed that the place to which she had intended to go had been burned to the ground, but, Doc added:

"Why not stay with us? We will treat you well, will build you a house and a church, and you can preach to us every Sunday—preach to us as well as to those people you were going to."

The lady hesitated for a time, and then gave her answer, that she would stay, only—she couldn't live in a tent, and the boys must try and amend their lives.

Of course the boys said she should have anything she wanted.

Life ran smoothly along for a time. One by one the boys built houses for themselves (the first one was built for the lady). Then they all gathered together and built a meeting-house. This work you must know (continued the stranger), was all done at night, because the men had to hunt and trap during the day. Once the boat which was to buy their furs came down from Rock Island bound for New Orleans, and they traveled ten miles up the river one night so that it should not land at West Quincy, for fear that the lady might leave them.

In three months this plan was entirely changed. The men had quit drinking and gambling, and rows of neat houses took the place of the rough camp. And on Sunday the lady preached.

But after a time a change came over the place.

One day the lady went out and found the men gambling. She rebuked them and they gave up the game, but one could see that she was losing her power over them.

Still matters ran on evenly for a time. Then at length rumor reached the lady that her men had gone back to their old ways and were as bad as ever. She went out fearlessly and confronted them. But this time not a man moved from the card table.

"What is this?" she cried, in a sad manner; "have you gone back to your old bad ways, and will no words of mine change you?"

The men bent over their cards in a dogged manner.

She stood in silence looking at them for a time, and then "Doc" came forward and said:

"Lady, your men have gone back to their old ways. But they have done so on account of you."

"What have I done?" the poor woman cried in alarm.

"My lady," Doc answered, "when you came here we were all alike ready to do you worship, because you were giving up your life for our good. But during the last few months we have found that you are not the saint we took you for. You are mortal like the rest of us, and you love."

"I love!" gasped the lady, and she turned red and then white.

"Yes, you love," kept on Doc. "You love, and the man you love is the most worthless fellow in this camp of worthless men."

No more was said then, but the lady and the camp knew that a contest of some kind was silently preparing. She went to her cottage to pray, and—I do not know but to weep. In fact, I often think of her as kneeling by her bed and both weeping and praying that night. The men spent the night in a drunken carouse.

The next day no hunting or trapping was done, and the men passed the time in gathering in little knots about the town. It was evident that something was exciting them powerfully.

Toward dark a committee, of which "Doc" was the head, marched forth from the village to the lady's house, which had been built a few rods away from the rest, and which had been surrounded by a high palisade.

"Doc" called to her to come out, but for a long time there was no answer. Then he called again and again. She evidently had a premonition of what was coming, for she heard the voices and still remained kneeling by her bed.

At last her white face appeared in the gate of the palisade, and there were tear drops on her face.

"What do you want?" she faltered.

"We want you," a dozen rough voices answered.

But "Doc," stepping forward, hushed them and said in his own suave way:

"My lady, the boys have called a meeting at the meeting house and they wish you to preside. It is a matter of importance. Will you come?"

The lady at once expressed her willingness to do so, by opening the gate and coming out.

"What is it?" she asked of "Doc," as she took his arm."

"Doc's" arm quivered as he replied:

"It is you."

The two then walked on in silence, preceded by the men, until they came to the meeting house in which she had so often preached to them. "Doc" thought of her as they went along as Mary Queen of Scots going to the scaffold.

They found all the camp gathered inside. The lady and "Doc" ascended to the platform.

"Why am I brought here?" she cried. "What have I done? What is it you want?"

"Madam," broke in a hoarse voice from the body of the church, "we believed in you as we believed in God, and we find you are but a woman."

"What does he mean?" the lady cried, appealing to "Doc."

"He means this, my lady. You love one of us. Men have sought and killed each other for a woman, and our blood is hot within us, for we each and all love you. Yet we are willing to give you to the man you love. Name him and we will give you to him. But to-morrow you must both leave the camp. So much grace we offer you."

The lady looked wildly about over the angry faces that confronted her.

"You do not know what you ask," she murmured to "Doc." "How can I name the man I love when I do not know that he loves me?"

"We all love you," "Doc" repeated, mechanically. "Name him."

There was absolute silence in the room as each man held his breath to hear whose name the lady they each loved would utter.

"Name him," "Doc" repeated.

"Robert Hastings," the lady uttered, in a whisper."

"Robert Hastings!" was repeated by the men in the foremost row, and the murmur grew as it passed backward.

"Robert Hastings!" And as the name was reiterated the lady grew faint, and then revived and looked down upon the rough men before her with charming womanhood showing in her face.

"Robert Hastings!" the murmur ran on, and no one arose.

"Robert Hastings!" And the eyes which had beamed with love for a moment grew dead, and were cast to the ground.

"Robert Hastings!" The murmur had reached the farthest pew, and, as no one responded, the men rose up in a body and thrust one of their number forward.

He was the scapegrace of the lot—a man whom all despised; a man who never drank unless to get drunk; a man who never gambled, and never took part in any of the camp amusements. And he, the despised of the village, was the one this woman loved. The sturdy pioneers would not call him a "man;" they called him "the one."

He was pushed forward. The lady sat upon the platform expectant, with eyes which here and there showed gleams of love and womanly modesty.

"Doc's" voice was husky as he said:

"Take her; she is yours. She loves you and no one shall step between you. But leave the camp before another night."

Still the man stood motionless, and would not approach a step nearer to claim his bride.

The men in the body of the church held their breath.

"Why do you not take her?" Doc cried.

"Because," and the man's voice was low and firm, "because I do not love her."

The stranger stopped.

"What became of her?" the hunter asked, as he poked a half-burned timber further into the fire.

"I do not know."

"What became of the fellow who would not have her? Do you know that?"

"He went away," the stranger replied. "He went away, to go back East to the woman who had twice repulsed him. He went away to see this woman again and to be a third time refused by her."

"And now he has come back, finding all life but ashes, to hunt for the woman who loved him."

"Then you are Robert Hastings?"

"Yes, I am Robert Hastings, and I have come back, seeking peace, and find but the ashes of the home of the only woman who loved me."

Between You and Me.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

Is life worth living? has frequently been asked. I confess I have never tried it any other way. Perhaps some of my multitude of admirers have attempted other modes of dealing with existence, and I should be pleased to hear the record of their existence. Address, "Violet, 344, Ledger up-town office."

How is it that any beetle-browed man without principle or interest—some Paw Paw citizen with a paucity of brains—can come to our town and acquire the whole of it on trust in a few weeks, and take it away with him amid the applause of the populace, while I am blackballed all over the country if I so much as forget to leave behind a hotel key. He actually gives offense to tradesmen if he doesn't let them load him down with their wares on credit, while I am bluffed into oblivion with a cold, clammy look of *hauteur* if I modestly request a furlough, or even a box of matches. Yet I contribute to the heathen and the newspapers, while he uses profane language and other people's money.

* * *

Have you ever stood at the bedside of a dying oyster and watched the gradual exhaustion of its system as its fluttering spark of vitality surged wearily through its veins? Have you noted the lurid pallor creeping with dexterity over its countenance, while great beads of sweat stood on its shell? Let us meditate on the oyster a few hours. At birth it is rocked in its own cradle, which at death serves as a headstone to its grave. Perhaps you think an oyster a trivial thing to meditate about. Not so. I have meditated often for a long time before partaking of even a New York count, and been led to regret not having continued the mental gymnastics indefinitely. This may be a reflection on the oyster, but he, she, or it—as the case may be—is often a proper food for thought as well as diet.

* * *

LINES SUGGESTED ON SEEING A BILL OF FARE.

There are soups and soups—noodle, poodle and doodle, as well as theatrical and typographical supes. It might have been a Frenchman who said this country had two hundred kinds of religion and but two different kinds of soup. Come to think about it he said "sauce," but "soup" would have answered just as well. This popular beverage has many uses. The judicious landlady knows that a first course of the liquid saves considerable wear and tear on the joint of roast which follows, while it warms a boarder's heart and stomach, and makes him view with complacency any obscurities in the pedigree of the butter and the coffee. The poor in large cities are fed more economically on soup by the bloated taxpayers than on quail or mushroom pie. Soup is like a circus prize-package—you can't tell what you may strike. Old bones, stale bread, back-number vegetables, decayed rubbers, retired brutes, all find their proper sphere in soup—that culinary rendezvous! Soup, say the authorities, should be eaten with a spoon—not with a fork, nor even with a knife, however great its consistency—and should be appropriated from the middle of the side of the spoon, which, in dipping up the fluid, should be pushed away from the operator, not toward him. Mrs. Cleveland and myself devour our soup on this plan. Of course any confusion suggestive of a murmuring cascade or an inverted jug of cider should be studiously avoided. As I took pains to state clearly at the outset, there are soups and soups and soups; and I might add with equal propriety that there are also soups and soups and soups.

FREDRRICK TOWNSEND.

The Population of Mexico.

Possibly there are 1,500,000 white men, properly so called, in Mexico, and, as I have shown, they are differentiated among themselves by climate. Then there are mixed bloods to the number of about 2,500,000 approximately, and these, scattered over the republic, differ in many ways through climate causes. Then come about 6,000,000 Indians, some very much civilized, some semi-civilized and others barbarous. Of the barbarous Indians, some are peaceful enough, and others, like the Chan Santa Cruz Indians of the Yucatan peninsula, are fierce and warlike. The Yaquis of Sonora may be taken as examples of semi-civilized Indians. These Indian races speak different languages, though many tribes use Spanish to a greater or less extent according to the measure of their contact with the white man.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

BOTH in China and Japan soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmosphere influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone in the form of paint has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years which would, unprotected, have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no anti-fouling quality, but is anti-corrosive.

Bill Nye at Coney Island.

CONEY ISLAND is provided with delightful music this year. A handsome hall, with comfortable seats, and within sound of the ever low-spirited and complaining sea, is filled by those who come to hear the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, under the leadership of the handsome and fluent Herr Seidl. Herr Seidl does not play any instrument himself, but makes the gestures and punctuates the music. He also shows the piccolo where to put in the piano, and points out to the tubas where it would be a good idea to sock in the fortissimo. Music is his heart's delight. He would rather stand there and listen, it seemed to me, and kill mosquitoes with his pointer, than to play himself.

In the seat ahead of me sat a plain man with gray hair and toil-hardened hands. Ever and anon he wiped the honest sweat from his brow, and then, plunging a full-blown nose into his red bandana, he sounded a toesin which would naturally make an alto horn go and dispose of itself at a sacrifice.

"You are an Ohio man, doubtless," I said to him in a bantering tone.

"Why so?"

"Well, you seem to have the true Thurman snort."

"No, I ain't from Ohio. I'm from New Hampshire. I carried a bandana before the war. Politics don't have nawthin' to do with it. I've always believed that

Satan trembles when he sees
The old bandana on its sneeze.

We got pretty well acquainted during the evening, and finally rode back to New York together. Sitting below, where we could smoke together and feel the salt spray on our polished domes of thought, the old gentleman said:

"It's curis how folks always want to go summers else to have fun. Dukes and one thing and another comes to this country to take a vacation, and when we get enough means on hand we go over among the gaudy trappin's of the effect monickeys, as the feller says, and catch Roman malaria or break our necks skimmin' the Alps, when we've got a blamed sight better meawntins right here.

"Now, right at the present minit, while I'm here aboard o' this bo't, thousands o' you New Yawkahs are payin' two prices for the privilege of livin' up in my neighborhood. When we git our hayin' done up in my place we like to break loose and come down to New York. Here, land sakes, you can go in fawty different directions, and have sea aih and loggah beeah, and the Lawd knows what else, and all pooty reasonable, tew. I come down heah most every summah ahfter the hay is in and the cawn and beans don't need but a little tendin', and I get a room pooty cheap, for the blame town is almost empty, anyhow; then I kind of browse around and skin out every day on a little one-hoss picnic up the river or out to this island or the bay, or fishin' or crabbin', or sumthin' or other every day for two or three weeks. Then I go back and tell about it.

"That's the way everybody does They want a change, I s'pose. Then their own home seems a blamed sight better to them when they get back. It's pooty tough on folks when they've got to stay right to home all the time, man or woman. A feller actually gets to hate the wall paper, and he hates the old furniture, and gets tired of lookin' at the pictures of Washington about to become the father of his country, and the other pictures get to look measly, and the everlastin' flowers in the settin'-room begin to look delusions.

"Then's the time to skin out and attend the county fair down to Coney Island. Folks wants a change, and they out to hev it. We had a woman up in our section that pizened herself right in the dead o' hayin'. Left five little folks, and the oldest wasn't five years old. Her husband was away from home a good deal, changing pulpits and one thing or another, but she wrote a letter and left it on the burow that went on to state that whilst there was probly no place like home, and no doubt she ort to be contented, she had got wore out with the wall paper, and the hair-cloth chairs jest made her gag, and so while she was doing wrong to pizen herself, and she knew it, and that they'd probly hev to hire help in the house now, she had thought for a long time that the smell of fried pork, and warm dish-water was warpin her mind. So before she had went crazy and killed several of the children, and mutilated the neighbors, and bit the old man, she had decided to take advantage of a lucid interval and light out in search of a change.

"That ain't her exact language, of course, but that is the main idea and the thought germ, as a talented man would call it. Her husband's folks read the letter and claimed she'd already got to wandering in her mind before she wrote it, but the neighbors got together and voted that it was infested more or less all the way through with thought germs, as you would call 'em, and they had it printed in a country paper, and since that our wimmen folks up that way git out more."

His Reason.

Preacher (to negro boy)—Do you go to Sunday-school?

Boy—Yas, sah.

"How long have you been going?"

"'Bout er yeah."

"Don't you think you are a better boy than you were last year?"

"Oh, yas, sah."

"I have heard that negro boys are orchard robbers, but I see a tree yonder quite full of apples. You don't attempt to steal any of them, do you?"

"No, sah."

"But you did steal apples from that tree before you became a Sunday-school scholar, didn't you?"

"Yas, sah, dat's er fack."

"But why do you not take them now if you took them then?"

"Kase, sah, dat ar puppy dat he had den is er gret big dog now, an' he tore all de britches offen Unk John's boy yisterday. Doan want him to t'ar my britches, lemme tell you. I doan pick cotton an' git britches ter hab 'em tore by er blame dawg."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Eminently Judicious.

Young Hyson—I see that Mrs. Scrymage adheres to the English fashion at her receptions, and doesn't introduce people to one another.

Tom Bigbee—I should say not, with the crowd she has there. Why, if any one of those people suspected who the others were, he'd never go near the house again.—*Puck.*

How Jet Buttons Are Made.

What you call jet buttons are not jet buttons at all; they are merely glass, but they serve the purpose just as well, look just as well, and are very much cheaper. So said a manufacturer of jet buttons in Brooklyn the other day. Then he led the inquiring reporter into the factory where the buttons were in process of manufacture. Until recently nearly all the buttons of this kind came from Bohemia, but they are now made in this country, and American manufacturers are able to compete with the foreign trade.

The process used by this manufacturer is known only to himself, and its secrets are jealously guarded. They apply, however, more to the finishing and the different effects given by chemicals.

In a large room which the reporter entered a dozen or more men were busy at little work benches. The hum of shafting and the squeaking of a bellows at regular intervals lent their din to the scene of industry, while the workmen deftly handled the long black rods of glass from which the buttons were made. These rods, which are round, are about four feet long and three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and they are made in Brooklyn. Three of them are taken at a time by the buttonmaker, held together, and so placed on the bench that one end is kept constantly over a tongue of fire, the gas used being blown by wind from the bellows, which is worked by steam power, and is connected by pipes with each work-bench. With a little steel rod, held in one hand, the buttonmaker picks from the new molten mass of glass a large drop. This he skillfully holds in such a manner that a mold made in two sections, like an iron vise, shuts, catches the drop in its mouth, so to speak, presses it into the shape of the dies and then swallows it. Upon being swallowed the button falls through a pipe a couple of feet long and drops into a pail beneath.

A feature of the pressing of the button is that the eyelet is pressed into the button at the same time, it having previously been placed in the die. The buttons are next washed in cold water, and then the rough edges left from the molds are cut off by boys with scissors made for the purpose. From here they are carried to the edgers. The edgers are girls, and their work consists in giving the buttons a finish with emery wheels.

The cutting and edging would be done away with, the manufacturer said, when he got in some new molding apparatus which he had devised himself.

The buttons at this stage have the appearance of an ordinary black jet button. Polishing them on a wheel of some peculiar foreign wood, on the surface of which a preparation is put, gives them a glossy appearance. The mourning or crape effect is attained by the pattern of the die, and then by soaking the buttons in certain chemicals.

Other effects and colors are made by the use also of chemicals in conjunction with heat.

With the new and approved appliances fifty gross of buttons can be made on one press in a day. The eyelets used are made of brass wire, which is run from a spool on to a small revolving rod. When taken off this it has the appearance of a long coil spring. This is placed in an inclosed arrangement, and a circular saw of very hard steel cuts it into as many little rings as there are turns in the wire.

From the manufacturing department the buttons are taken to the carders, generally girls, who in another room place them on cards and fasten them with needle and thread. The cards are placed in boxes and the buttons are ready for market. On a sample card shown the reporter there were glass or jet buttons of nearly every imaginable shape, color and effect, from the somber crape to one sparkling with silver and gold and countless other colors.—*New York World.*

Ethics of a Ghost.

The neighborhood of Warren and Woodward avenues has been much disturbed lately by the mysterious apparition of a woman.

This woman was said to be of gigantic stature, and she appeared only late in the evening or in the dusk of the early morning. She was seen always on the flat roof of a certain house walking up and down, gesticulating mysteriously and extending her arms as if in supplication. The neighbors said that she was the forerunner of some dread calamity. And when a scarlet fever card appeared on the door of the house where the apparition was seen, it caused the gravest apprehension.

At last one neighbor, less cautious or more curious than the rest, went to the front door of the house at a moment in the evening when the apparition loomed on the roof. He briefly explained his errand.

"Oh, that's all right," said the master of the house coolly; "that's the professional nurse taking her air and exercise. She ain't allowed to go out and contage others, so she goes up on the roof when the children are sleeping. She ain't a big woman, but looks that way against the skies. There ain't no ghost show around here yet."

The solitary figure has discontinued its walks on the roof, and the red card is removed from the door, and what promised to be a first-class sensation has ended in the ordinary way.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Burmah's National Bird.

The game cock may be said to be the national bird of Burmah, its effigy being displayed everywhere. The people ardently love the sport of cock-fighting, the birds being carefully trained, and often armed by their owners with steel spurs. Jungle fowl abound in the forests, being no doubt the originals of the domestic fowl, now common in all parts of the globe. They are smaller than the common sort, the cock having very beautiful plumage; their tails especially being gorgeous in green and gold. He is fond of paying his compliments to the tame hens, and I have frequently surprised one in the early morning having a spirited contest with the old rooster and getting the better of him. I always killed the intruder, as they do not improve the breed for domestic purposes, a cross between a jungle cock and a tame hen not being good eating.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bogus Old Relics.

English silversmiths are manufacturing old plate bowls by taking old platters and covers and converting them into bowls, which they impose upon unsophisticated collectors. Experts discover the trick by the hall mark, which the remodeling of the platters brings up on to the side of the bowl, where it would never have been put by the assay officers.

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Emporium.
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D. P. MILLER,
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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 51 "
" 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