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FORTY-NINE suicides make Monte Carlo's record for the past two and a half months.

OF the 8,000,000 francs' worth of china made last year at Limoges, one-half came to America.

THE latest English word in Paris is "struggforlifer," meaning one who has to struggle to get a living.

DURING a recent storm at Ontonagon, Mich., hailstones as large as hen eggs fell with such violence as to perforate the sheet-iron roof of a building. The holes in the iron were as clean cut as if they had been made by bullets.

A WELL-TO-DO citizen of Macon, Ga., uses for a bathtub a zinc-lined coffin box. It was intended to contain the coffin of his neighbor, but proved to be too large to enter the grave, and was bought by its present owner for a song.

CARDINAL MANNING recently apologized for being late at a public dinner. "The only excuse I have to offer for being late," he said, "is that I was very busy. I am always busy. With me the sun never goes down on the finished work of a day."

THE French sugar-makers have commenced a campaign against saccharine extracted from coal tar. Experiments have shown that it is not noxious, but the Society of Agriculturists has petitioned the Government to forbid its manufacture as prejudicial to the best root sugar trade.

AN English resident of Paris enters the discussion started by Mr. Caird's statement that marriage is a failure, with a very interesting statement. He says he knows intimately almost all the literary men in Paris, and that, in spite of the fact that French literature scarcely makes any other effort than to show that the marriage tie is intolerable, the authors "mostly lead married lives of the utmost respectability."

THERE is a wonderful mirage in Glacier Bay, Alaska, reflected from the glassy surface of the Pacific glacier. It is said that just after the change of the moon in June, soon after sunset, and while the moon is climbing above the sky, a city appears above the glacier. It is so distinct that a photograph is said to have been made this season by a resident of Juneau, who learned of the mirage from the Indians, and has seen it appear and disappear for four years.

THE world-renowned Vienna Congress, which sits every year in the latter part of August, is reported to have placed the world's wheat crop at about 200,000,000 bushels less than that of 1887, and 120,000,000 bushels less than the average of the last five years. In round numbers this is a decrease of 10 per cent. in the world's supply of wheat, besides the admitted large falling off in the yield of rye and potatoes in Europe. These figures indicate a shortage in the aggregate supply of cereal food which has had no parallel for many years past.

REFERRING to the Emperor of Austria a recent writer says: "He has no taste for court gayety, and leads rather a solitary life, retiring early and rising with the dawn. When, however, his presence is necessary at official ceremonies or festive gatherings, he is one of the most punctual of men. His only passion is grouse-shooting, and in the season he frequently slips away from Vienna to the Alpine forests to indulge in his favorite sport. He is very charitable, and, having a large fortune of his own, distributes his bounties freely, though discreetly. Francis Joseph is never ill, and owes his excellent health to his constant occupation and proverbial sobriety."

A RECENT telegram from New York says: A national currency bill bearing the denomination $10 on one side and $20 on the other, conspicuously placed in a show-window on Warren street, is attracting much attention. Crowds of curious people stood in front of the window gazing at the peculiar bill. Government Detectives James J. Brooks, chief of the secret-service department, and J. B. Brooks, from Washington, inspected the bill. It was placed under powerful microscopes and held before a strong light, but the Government agents failed to find any flaw that would indicate the bill was a counterfeit. They were not quite certain but that the bill was made up of a $10 and $20 note ingeniously pasted together. Chief Brooks declined to venture his opinion on the subject until he had carefully investigated the case at Washington. On that account he was anxious to take the bill to the capital, but Charles S. Upton, the proprietor of the Rochester Lamp Company, refused to let it go out of his hands. Mr. Upton bought the bill of A. M. Craig, of Southington, Conn., paying him $200 for it. He values it at $1,000, and will not surrender it to the Government officials till the law compels him.

THE F division of the London police have formed a brass band of forty-one pieces. They propose to play in the public squares for the special entertainment of the poor, receiving no pay. There are other bands in the police force, but this is the largest.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, who was recently adjudged insane at Washington, imagined that he had just returned from a trip to the planet Venus, where he established telephone communication with the earth. While on his trip he saw Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and other famous men.

THERE will be an international horse show in Paris next year, where $45,000 will be distributed in prizes.

THE old Confederate cruiser Shenandoah, Waddell's privateer, is being fitted up at San Francisco for service in the coal-carrying trade on the Pacific coast.

A NOVEL summer excursion has been an expedition across Greenland on snow-shoes. A party of Norwegians went from the east to the west coast in this way.

THE largest market for the purchase and sale of mules is St. Louis, where the trade reaches $6,000,000 a year. Atlanta comes next with a trade of $2,000,000.

A WAGON road to the top of Pike's Peak, which has been in course of construction for some time past, was completed a few days ago, and tourists may now ride all the way to the top.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is said to be in just such a condition as Emerson, when he exhibited the first signs of mental decay. Any species of mental exertion is apparently distasteful to her.

AN alligator at the Philadelphia "zoo" has achieved notoriety by his feat of climbing a fence five feet high. He would have made a night of it if he had not betrayed his presence by rustling in the grass.

PUBLISHING translations of Zola's novels has brought Mr. Vizetelly up before the London Criminal Court. It was learned that 1,000 volumes a week were sold, "Nana" selling ahead of any other, its sale having amounted to over one hundred thousand.

THE late Henry Winkley, of Philadelphia, left $50,000 to Williams College, $30,000 to Amherst (in addition to $50,000 given during life), $25,000 to Bangor Theological Seminary, and $20,000 each to Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Exeter, Andover, the American Bible Society and the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A.

THE fugitive President of Hayti, Gen. Louis E. F. Salomon, is six feet four inches high, weighs 300 pounds, and is perfectly proportioned. He is of pure African blood, and his skin is almost jet black, while his hair is white with age. He is finely educated, and is noted for his charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

THE estate of the late Edward Richardson, of Jackson, Miss., comprising thirty-five cotton plantations, was recently divided by lot among his five heirs, each receiving seven plantations. Still a large amount of the property remains to be divided. He was the richest cotton planter in the world.

AN aged Leominster, Mass., citizen, who retires to bed early, was aroused about midnight by loud talking that caused thoughts of burglars to run through his mind. Unmindful of his advanced years, he grasped his pistol and left his bed determined to put the intruders to flight. After thorougly searching the upper rooms without finding the supposed rascals he descended to the parlor, where the talking was again heard. The sound came from the direction of the front steps, and the old man opened the door very cautiously, only to find his daughter and her beau carrying on the animated conversation.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells this story about Calvin Stewart Brice, the Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee. It was one morning during the crazy period of the Grant & Ward panic that Mr. Brice found on his office desk "calls" from every broker with whom he was dealing. He was carrying a line of stocks amounting to nearly $800,000. He shot down to Wall street toward the office of his principal broker. There was a secret door to which Mr. Brice had a key. As he turned in he came face to face with the senior member of the firm, a staid old banker, who never came to the office except when a crisis was on. The broker gravely announced that their firm was in need of money and Mr. Brice must pay up at once. Mr. Brice went out. He suddenly thought that his brokers were doing a large line of business with a bank where he was himself well acquainted. He walked into the bank, sought the President, and said: "We are interested together in a line of stocks. Unless I can raise $500,000 in an hour these stocks will be turned on the market, and we shall all go to pieces." The man responded without changing a muscle: "Why, my dear sir, we cannot extend our loans a dollar in a time like this." Mr. Brice inquired if the bank was not carrying a large amount of the stock mentioned for the broker's firm which had made the big call on him, and receiving an affirmative reply he said to the President, "Make a 'call' on that firm at once to take up these stocks. Don't delay a moment." With a ready perception of the situation the banker "called" his loan. Mr. Brice meanwhile had returned to the broker's office and was there when the bank messenger came in. When the senior member of the firm opened the note the sweat stood out on his forehead. He called his partner aside and communicated its contents. But his eye had been cast around the room, and, perceiving Mr. Brice there, he quickly connected cause and effect. "You needn't respond to that 'call' I made this morning," he said. "We will carry you for $1,000,000 if necessary." The battle was over and Mr. Brice had saved his fortune.

The Corn.

While Walter goes to plant his corn,
Says Mina to the fair May morn,
"How tall and strong and blithe is he!
O may the fertile grains of gold
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
For he is all the world to me!"

The morning breeze is fresh and strong;
The corn-bird sings his planting song;
The robin answers from the hill:
But not a note does Mina hear
Of all the music far and near,
Save Walter's whistle, sweet and shrill.

His prairie farm is new and wide,
But he has naught on earth beside,
And in a tiny hut he dwells;
And so, except in smiles and sighs,
And gentle deeds and wistful eyes,
His love for her he never tells.

But if the year should go aright,
Nor drought nor hail the corn should blight,
What happy wonders then might be!
So saith the maid, "O grains of gold,
Yield him twice a hundredfold,
For he is all the world to me!"

While Walter goes to husk his corn
He smiles upon the frosty morn,
For Mina, smiling, sits beside.
Since first the stalks in summer spread
Their rank green blades above her head
He claims a precious promised bride.

The spot is chosen where shall stand
The cottage, oft and gravely planned
In summer noons and Sabbath eves.
And trees are named to shade the day,
And charm the twilight hours away
With mystic murmurs of their leaves.

"Dear girl," he says, "before we knew
What hail or drought or frost might do,
Our happy goal seemed far away;
But now, so blest our fields have been
That when the last great load comes in,
Oh, then should be our wedding day!"

And Mina answers soft and low;
She husks with him the first long row,
The sweet, rare blades above her head;
And if he stops her here and there,
The corn itself gives license fair,
For more than once the ear is red.

A Mistake All Around.

"Alice," said Mr. Warden to his charming daughter, as the family sat at breakfast, "I wish you to understand that you are encouraging the attentions of a young man I do not like."

Miss Warden blushed copiously.

"He is not the sort of a person to whom I could think of seeing you married, and from this moment I wish you to discountenance him—in fact, repel him. Do you hear?"

"Yes," she answered timidly, while she blushed more deeply. "But——"

"But! I want no buts, nor ifs, nor ands. This fellow"—he said it contemptuously—"is not nearly the right style, and I forbid you having anything more to do with him. There's an end of it."

But after a pause, as if to upset his own theory about there being an "end of it," he added:

"He's a worthless fellow—a scapegrace!"

Alice looked up indignantly as if to speak.

"Alice!" said her mother, reproachfully.

Poor Alice did not finish her breakfast, but stole away from the presence of her too exacting parent and wept. Not only had her father evinced his stern opposition to her lover, but had reviled him. That was too bad!

"What can he have against—Robert? she sobbed.

Alice Warden had a lover, an industrious and energetic young man than whom none in the neighborhood gave brighter promise. The two were very much devoted to each other. His name was Robert Ogden—not Jack Carpenter. There was a misunderstanding.

Young Carpenter had happened to be in Miss Warden's society several times of late, and she had treated him pleasantly because they were old schoolmates. He had conducted her home from the party; but it was because Robert Ogden had met with an accident, and was obliged to be helped himself.

Jack Carpenter, though of a good family, and himself a good-hearted fellow, was a little inclined to rakishness, and was not a desirable match for a young girl when it came down to the matter of marrying. Mr. Warden realized this, and, coming to the knowledge of his friendliness toward Alice, jumped to the conclusion that he was her accepted lover. So it was Jack Carpenter he meant when he warned her against "that fellow," but she naturally thought it was Robert Ogden.

Then came a stolen meeting with Robert. She told him all.

A number of stolen meetings followed. It was happiness.

A moonlight night came. Mr. Warden softened a little, and offered to take Alice out riding in his buggy. She declined—didn't feel well, and retired to her room as early as 8 o'clock.

On the floor at her feet was a carpet bag, utterly stuffed, and a mysterious parcel. And she sat watching the moon with as much uneasiness as though she had feared it was about to burst and endanger the house with flying fragments.

When a distant clock struck 9 her nervousness was heightened, and she quite trembled when she saw a human form appear on the top of the garden wall and descend into the garden very awkwardly. It also stumbled over vines and fell, but got up again.

The form then boldly approached the building, and stood almost under the window.

"Alice, dear!" ascended from the form in a cautious whisper.

"Yes, Robert!"—for the form was Robert Ogden's.

The valise came flying down. He caught it between his hands, while his nose was highly instrumental in averting its momentum.

Alice unfolded the mysterious parcel. It was a rope ladder!

As instructed, she threw one end from the window and fastened the other to the bedpost. Then she climbed out into the moonlight.

"Be careful, love."

"Yes, darling."

A kiss was unnerved.

"Hurry, dear," said Robert, who stood nervously clutching the valise.

She did hurry—too much. She missed her footing and her hold both at once, uttered a scream and approached the earth like a meteor.

Robert dropped the valise and caught her. He broke her fall, but it nearly broke his heart. In fact, the momentum was so great that both fell to the ground in a heap.

Hurried footsteps, voices and confusion were heard in the house.

"Flee, Robert—flee!" she cried.

"And leave you? Never!"

They had barely regained their feet when the back door flew open and Mr. Warden rushed out, flourishing a revolver. He was followed by Mrs. Warden.

"Oh, father!" Alice cried, "kill me, but spare him!"

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed the angry father.

Alice and her mother both screamed.

"Mr. Warden," said Robert, "you may kill me, but you shall not tear Alice from me. I love her and she is mine throughout all eternity."

He stood in the moonlight, a nobler picture than Ajax; Alice sprang before him to receive the fatal bullet, if need be; but the sharp report did not split the night air.

Mr. Warden lowered his revolver and took a step forward, with every expression of astonishment.

"Why—why, I declare!"

"What?" asked Mrs. Warden.

Alice and Robert stared at the old gentleman with wonder.

"This isn't the fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Warden.

"Isn't who?" exclaimed Mrs. Warden.

"Why, it isn't Jack Carpenter."

"Well, who said it was, father?" asked Alice, whose perceptive faculties were suddenly awakened by the truth.

Mrs. Warden stared at Mr. Warden. He stared at her. Then they all stared at the young people.

Robert Ogden began to see that there was some mistake.

"Why, father," said Alice, "did you think it was Jack Carpenter?"

"I—I—yes," stammered Mr. Warden.

Alice now laughed outright.

With a rapidity of thought for which women are remarkable under some circumstances, she traced the whole blunder from beginning to end, and it struck her as charmingly ludicrous.

"Why, I thought you meant Robert when"——

"No—no—no!" interposed Mr. Warden, whose eyes were also opened.

"Why, Rob Ogden, my dear boy, I haven't the slightest objection to your character. I never knew you were a beau of Alice's."

"Oh, Father!"

Alice's bashfulness began to return. A pleasant laugh went round.

"Come in," said Mr. Warden, cordially.—[Kansas City Star.

Skilful With His Feet.

One of the rare curiosities to be seen on the streets of Middletown, Conn., is a boy named Mylchreest. He is about twelve years of age. He was born without arms, yet he plays ball and peddles papers on the streets. He carries silver and pennies in his boots, and can make change as rapidly as any one, picking out pennies or nickels with his toes. He never makes any mistakes, and can tell the size of a coin by feeling of it with his toes. Young Mylchreest keeps his feet very clean. It is indeed a funny sight to see him sit at a table with a knife between the toes of and a fork held by the toes of the other foot, as he rapidly cuts up his food and places it in his mouth. During the school vacation, this lad can be seen daily driving a horse attached to a heavy wagon loaded with sand or stone, which belongs to his father, Wm. Mylchreest, a builder. The lad holds the reins between his toes and handles the whip with ease in the same manner. He can throw a stone with considerable force, and is very bright and active. In school he stands well in his classes. He is popular with all his playmates and the public in general.—[Worcester Spy.

Entrapping a Man-Eater.

A famous man-eating tiger has just been captured alive in India. A pit was dug for a trap and baited with a live bullock. After two days the beast came around, and promptly jumped into it. To capture him a second pit was dug near the first and of the same depth. From this a tunnel was run to the first pit, a thin wall of earth being left between the end of the tunnel and the pit. A strong bamboo cage was pushed into this tunnel from a second pit. A goat was placed in the cage, and the wall of earth was broken down. The tiger sprang upon the goat, the entrance to the cage was quickly closed, and the beast was fast, and stayed so until he was safe in Calcutta.—[New York Sun.

Why She Walked That Way.

A gentleman of this city, who, by the way, has a fad or two, was walking down town the other day with a witty lady, the intimate and guest of his wife, when he began to revile facetiously the gait and carriage of her sex.

"Even you," said he, "walk with a very mechanical step."

"Yes," she instantly replied, "I am going with a crank."—[Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To Preserve the Color of Linen.

The color of French linen may be preserved by a bath in a strong tea of common hay. Calicos with pink or green colors will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water, while soda is used for purple and blue. If it is desired to set colors previous to washing, put a spoonful of ox gall to a gallon of water and soak the fabrics in the liquid. Colored napkins are put in lye before washing, to set the color. The color of black cloth is freshened if it is put in a pail of water containing a teacupful of lye.—[New York World.

Preserved Grapes.

Grapes partly green will make a delicious preserve, and often the rest of the fruit will be improved by being thinned out on the vines. Take a handful at a time and rub them gently on a coarse sieve, until the seeds become separated and drop through the wires leaving only pulp and skin. Then drain the juice from the seeds through a strainer, and to each pound of it added to the pulp and skins, weigh out half a pound white sugar; mix the sugar with the fruit, put it in the preserving kettle and cook it over a very moderate fire for 40 minutes or until it is a thick jam. Put it into jelly tumblers, with papers dipped in spirits laid on the top and then paste thick brown paper over the outside of the tumblers, and write on the top the date and the kind of jam.

The Olive.

The olive has important qualities to recommend its use for the table—qualities which should certainly secure for it there a more general friendliness than it now possesses. One block—and we presume the only one—in the way, is that to which we have already referred, namely, that its taste is, at first, disagreeable to many people; but the palate soon gets over the squeamishness, and in a little time and with very little practice learns to take them with intense relish.

But, laying aside their palatableness, there is another consideration which has or ought to have too strong a claim upon our gastronomic affections to be ignored; I allude to their wholesomeness in spurring the digestive machinery whenever it is inclined to be anywise sluggish. Therefore, let me say to the dyspeptic that if his taste does not now flourish for the olive, he should lose no time in cultivating it until it does; for he will find hidden there not only an amount of deliciousness he little dreams of, but also more repairing and lubricating material for his weakened inner man than in all the pills and medical draughts that were ever invented for the stomach to concoct.

I would also state for his edification that in the south of Europe, where the olive is extensively used as an article of food, indigestion is scarcely ever heard of, in fact, so little known that the word itself has no comprehensible meaning. He must take this, however, as hearsay evidence, for I speak it not of my own knowledge. Still, from personal experience of the wholesomeness of the olive, I am prepared and willing to believe it myself, and it can work no serious injury for the dyspeptic to do likewise.—[Table Talk.

Recipes.

RICE GEMS.—One cup of boiled rice, one egg, one cup of milk, one cup of flour and a little salt. Bake in hot gem pans well buttered.

CANNED QUINCES.—Pare and quarter, boil tender in very little water, make syrup of a pound of sugar and a pint of water, put in three pounds of the fruit, boil and fill cans.

CURATE PUDDING.—Beat up two eggs with their weight in flour, fresh butter and white sugar; when well mixed pour into four teacups well buttered and bake in a quick oven. Serve with jelly or sweet sauce.

GOLD CAKE.—The yokes of eleven eggs, beaten, and two cups of sugar, and one of milk and one of butter; mix four cups of flour with four teaspoons of baking powder, and, just before putting into the oven, mix all thoroughly together. Flavor.

WAFFLES.—Four eggs beaten separately, one pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt. Beat the yokes and one tablespoon of melted butter with one and a half cups of milk, then add the flour and lastly the whites. Bake on well-greased waffle-irons.

RYE BREAD.—Make a sponge of one quart of warm water, one teacup of yeast thickened with rye flour; put in a warm place to rise overnight. Scald one pint of corn meal; when cool add it to the sponge. Add rye flour until thick enough to knead, but knead it but little; let rise, mold into loaves, place in deep pie tins, let rise and bake.

MACARONI PUDDING.—Put two ounces macaroni into boiling water, in a quarter of an hour strain off the water, and put it into a pint of hot milk with a little grated lemon peel and a stick of cinnamon. When nearly done, add one ounce of white sugar, boil in the milk one hour and a quarter, taking care it does not burn; place in a layer at the bottom of a dish and pour a pint of hot custard over. Serve cold.

HOMINY CAKES.—Two tablespoonfuls of fine hominy, half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoon of butter, and half a cup of boiling water. Set this on the back of stove until the hominy absorb the water. Pour one cup of boiling milk on one cup of corn-meal, and two tablespoons of sugar and the hominy. When cool, add two eggs and one heaping teaspoon of baking-powder. Bake in hot buttered gem pans twenty minutes.

CHINESE CAFES.

The Elaborate Courses in a Mongolian Restaurant.

Two Days Required to Eat a First-Class Spread.

There are eight thriving Chinese restaurants which can prepare a Chinese dinner in New York, writes Wong Ching Foo in the Cosmopolitan, almost with the same skill as at the famous "Dan quay Cha Yuen" (Delmonico's) of Shanghai or Canton. These places are most thronged on Sunday, when the Chinese laundrymen of New York and neighboring cities come in for a general good time.

Unlike Americans, the Chinese do not generally pay by the dishes ordered, but by the tables or spreads, called by the Chinese "Gzuh." A first-class spread includes about forty courses, and it takes two days to finish the feast. It costs $50. A second-class spread, with twenty-eight courses, costs $40. A third-class spread, with eighteen courses, costs $25. The cheapest spread contains eight courses for $8. This is the lowest price for which a man can order a formal dinner in a first-class Chinese restaurant. But then the spread is made for any number of people within twelve.

If a man simply wants to eat a short meal, for himself and a friend or two, he can get ready-made dishes of fish, chicken, duck, pigs' feet, rice, tea, etc., cheaper than in any other restaurant, besides many dishes peculiar to Chinatown. The prices run from five cents to twenty-five cents. The foods are all chopped in small pieces, rendering knives and forks unnecessary. The Chinese table implements are chopsticks, of ivory or bone, a tiny little teacup and a porcelain spoon.

A staple dish for the Chinese gourmand is chow chop sway, a mixture of chickens' livers and gizzards, fungi, bamboo buds, pig's tripe, and bean sprouts stewed with spices. The gravy of this is poured into the bowl of rice with some —— (the prototype of Worcestershire sauce), making a delicious seasoning to the favorite grain. The tea is made by pouring hot water over the fresh Oolong in a cup, and covering it with a small saucer to draw. Then pushing back the saucer a little, you pour off the fluid into a smaller cup, and add more hot water to the grounds again. This may be repeated five or six times, and the last cup will be nearly as strong as the first. The Chinaman always takes spirits with his meals, pouring the rice whiskey into a tiny cup from a pewter pot. But he always drinks moderately, and never apart from his meals. For this reason drunken Chinamen are very rarely seen. When a party of Chinamen sit around a table, one dish of each kind of food is served, and all pick from the same dish with the chopsticks. When there are several courses, the earlier dishes are never removed, and by the time a good dinner has been served the table is literally buried with dishes.

The stoves, if they can be called such, are curiosities in themselves. They are long ranges built of low, broad bricks. In the top are great pits, into which are firmly built iron gridirons imported from China for frying, boiling or steaming purposes. Two of the brick ranges have only open pits, and there are places where the whole hogs are occasionally hung upon iron bars and roasted. They provide very quick and sure facilities for turning out a large roast of any kind in beautifully brown and crisp style. Coal is never used in these Chinese kitchens; only hay and hickory wood. At least five hundred Americans take their meals regularly in Chinese restaurants in orthodox Chinese fashion with chopsticks. This may be partly because Chinese diet is skillfully prepared, so that certain dishes work certain medicinal results. The hygienic functions of cooking elevate the kitchen directors in China to high social status. Many of these Americans have acquired gastronomical tastes, and order dishes like Chinese mandarins, but as a rule the keepers do not cater to any other trade than Chinese, because the Chinaman frequently orders two-dollar and three-dollar dishes, while the American seldom pays more than fifty or seventy-five cents for his Chinese dinner.

The Depth of the Atmosphere.

One interesting scientific fact has been made known by the aeronauts, those explorers of the sky. It has always been thought that the air surrounding the earth did not reach a great height, but at a distance of 7 1-2 miles from the earth's surface cirrous clouds still appeared, apparently as remote in the blue sky as when viewed from the ground. Higher than this it is impossible to maintain life. On a recent voyage, one of the aeronauts lost consciousness at a much lower elevation, and the other, after having both hands frozen, was fast sinking into torpor, when he managed to pull open the valve by taking the rope in his teeth. The rate of descent in this case was 1,000 feet a minute.

The motion of a balloon is imperceptible. So gently is it borne along that a glass of water filled to the brim will not lose a drop in a journey of many miles.

Samuel Nickerson, president of the First National bank of Chicago, has probably the finest collection of rock crystals in the world. One of them is as big as a goose egg and is valued at $15,000. It is supposed to be the largest in existence.

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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. F. MILLER,
Cumberland, Md

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 50 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Parrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 20 "	3 50 "
" Parrelville	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.