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A DISTINGUISHED physician who recently retired from practice has built himself a fine house in the suburbs of Paris. Over the portico he placed the following simple but significant inscription:

Who would have thought it,
Melons and cucumbers bought it!

HERE is an item of news which will interest the ladies. A steamship of the Alaska Commercial Company arrived at San Francisco the other day with 100,000 sealskins and a large number of other skins and furs, the value of the entire cargo being estimated at $2,000,000.

PAPER is now manufactured from sea weed, according to a process recently invented in Japan. The article made in this way is said to be so strong as to be almost untearable, is sufficiently transparent to admit of its being used as window glass, and takes all colors about equally well.

THERE are 800,000 freight cars on the various railroad lines in this country, of which 60,000 are the property of the Pennsylvania Central Road. They range in value from $300, the cost of constructing a flat car, to $1,500, the amount expended in building the average refrigerator car.

WHILE Harriet Beecher Stowe has enough of this world's goods to support her comfortably, she has nothing like the fortune she might have had if she had not sold her copyright of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a song. Not having reserved the right of dramatization, the long success of the story on the stage has brought her nothing.

BY the Castner process some new works at Oldbury expect to produce 1,500 pounds of sodium daily, from which a ton and a half of aluminium can be produced a week. This process reduces the cost of aluminium from 40 shillings per pound to 15 shillings or less, or from £5,000 to £1,600 per ton.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is 79 years old. Once upon a time he wrote: "At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way."

RUSSELL SAGE is at least fifteen years older than Jay Gould, but he has not a wrinkle in his face, and is as well preserved as a man of fifty. He attributes his continued good health, after twenty-five years in Wall street, to the fact that he never permits himself to worry about business outside of business hours.

A CORRESPONDENT who recently spent a few days on the Dutch island of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, writes that in many of the humble houses occupied by the fishermen of the island he saw carved furniture that would turn an American collector green with envy, while in every house the rare old Delft china was ranged in double and triple rows about the walls.

MRS. MACKAY has decided to sell her house and leave Paris. It is said that she feels piqued at the want of attention on the part of the French, and although her entertainments are always crowded and costly, yet she has never succeeded in getting into the cream of French society. Her dispute with Meissonier, the painter, did her much harm among the more conservative circles.

PITTSBURGH is somewhat interested, if not disturbed, by a Catholic priest—the Rev. Father Sheedy—opening a parochial school in four rooms he has rented in a ward school building. The ward School Board is composed of Catholics. One of the arguments used by Catholics in supporting Father Sheedy is that Protestant organizations are allowed to hold their Sunday schools in public-school buildings.

MRS. BELVA LOCKWOOD taught school for fifteen years before she went into the law. She found teaching very hard work and very poor pay, and as she had a family to support—her husband, since dead, being then an invalid—she studied law and was admitted to the bar, and now she never makes less than $3,000 a year.

DR. GEO. MACDONALD, the preacher and novelist, is a tall man with a finely shaped head, which is crowned with gray hair parted in the middle. His beard and mustache of iron gray are long and silken. He appears to great advantage in the pulpit, for he preaches with earnestness and in a voice of melodious quality, made attractive by an unmistakable Scotch "burr."

LITTLE girls who don't like to go to school should live in China; little boys who don't like to go should keep away from the Celestial Empire. There the girls do not have to go at all, and the boys begin when they are six years old. School begins at daylight, and closes when it is too dark to read. There are no vacations, no half-holidays, and not much fun of any sort.

THOMAS BOWE, an Americanized and Christianized Chinaman of Brooklyn, proposes to marry Miss Annie Tuttle, of the same city. She is about 28, and he about the same age. First a laundryman, he afterward became a city missionary. He is going into the ministry, and will return to China, where, in Canton, there is a Presbyterian College.

MARION LEE.

BY T. H. GLENN.

'Twas years ago in a Western land,
Where ebb and flow on a silver strand
The waves of an inland sea,
Where deep, dim woods and prairies grand
Made freshly green by Nature's wand—
Stretched far away on either hand—
Dwelt lovely Marion Lee.

Bright was her face, and wondrous fair;
Her form was grace; her nut-brown hair
In ringlets floated free.
Our hearts were light, and knew no care,
And joys elate and visions rare
Of sunlit castles in the air
Charmed Marion Lee and me.

By lake and rills we gathered flowers,
That decked the hills an i woodland bowers;
Decked earth and vine and tree.
Hope crowned for us her lofty towers
With happiness in golden showers,
And mirth and song beguiled the hours
With radiant Marion Lee.

Youth's day-dreams fly, too bright to last,
With clouds our sky was overcast;
'Twas mocking Fate's decree.
On different paths our feet have passed,
And time, the fell iconoclast,
Shattered the idols hope had glassed
To Marion Lee and me.

That time afore is far away;
The ripples o'er the lake still play,
And rills laugh o'er the lea.
We meet no more. Time's crayon gray
Has filled my hair with silver spray;
But gently hath he dealt, I pray,
With cherished Marion Lee.

And oft some hazy, idle dream
Brings back those days; erstwhile they seem
To dwell again with me.
I wander by a l ughing stream
And see the sun's low-sinking beam
Along the silken tresses g eam
Of ovely Marion Lee.

CHICAGO, August, 1888.

SUBMITTING TO THE INEVITABLE.

BY ROBIN HOOD.



YES, Job Collins was a crank. That, at least, was the vote of the majority in Balston, who quoted it as a point against him. This had no weight with me, however. I always rather liked a crank.

The word crank may mean much or little, as the hobby that creates it has its roots in popular prejudice or otherwise. Cranks are active, passive, insane and excessively sane. The medium grade of humanity that labels itself society does not want too much insanity or too much sanity. I have often thought that the action of social laws on the human world is like that of rains and frosts on the material world, to level its hills and fill up its valleys. The effect *in extremis* in both cases would be monotony from lack of individuality.

The individuality of Job Collins stood out in full relief, and asked no apologies of society. His father had been a country physician, and his mother had been a saleswoman in a millinery store. The worldly experience of these two had precipitated in their offspring a large distrust in the divinity of woman, which distrust had developed with the child till in the man it had become a hobby that embraced the whole social curriculum.

In earlier years the custom of the times and a force of circumstances which was never fully analyzed had led him to pay court to a Miss Rachel Eastman for several years. Although he was forced to admit to himself that her companionship was very pleasant, and although he had fully made up his mind that Rachel was the one shining variation of an uninviting lot, he delayed compliance with the social laws for such cases made and provided, till Rachel, who was only an ordinary young lady, after all, accepted the proposal of another gentleman, and left Job to figure out his problem at his leisure.

From this epoch Job's idiosyncrasies rapidly ripened and assumed visibility. He became a good deal of a professed misanthrope, and happening to read Thoreau's "Walden," he absorbed all that gifted writer's discontent with social shallowness, without capacity to see the beauties of life that Thoreau saw.

But at the bottom of all this he was a much better man than many a one who traduced him, and many persons who honestly needed a friend in a tight place found Job Collins much kinder through his bitter talk than others who enriched the world only with silver speech.

During the California gold fever of '49 he had gone to that slope with the crowd; but, more fortunate than the crowd, he had returned with a respectable competency, which he was wise enough to profitably invest, and selfish enough to not divide with his relatives.

A niece of his, Miss Betsy Collins, who was a maiden lady, and, so far as anybody knew, his heir, had lived at the Collins homestead for some years as its housekeeper; and it was while she thus governed the kitchen and parlor that Job had done, as she said, the most foolish act of his life. He had taken into his house and assumed the support of a little girl, the orphaned daughter of one of his warmest friends, Dr. Adams, who, in dying penniless, had left his little motherless Esther to the charity of the world.

Job made no remarks about the matter, but at once gave orders to have her admitted as a member of his family.

Whether actuated by fear that she might some time be supplanted as the heir to the Collins property, or by her faith in the doctrine that charity should begin at home, Miss Betsy expressed much dissatisfaction with this addition to the family, saying that an old bachelor could not properly bring up a girl, and she would not, so there. There was never any more kindness shown the little Esther by her than she thought necessary to retain her own situation.

It was some years after this that I opened an office in Balston as a young attorney and made the acquaintance of the Collins family. It was a small village, and everybody knew everybody else's business; so that the family history of most of my clients came to me before their patronage.

I had formed a quite intimate acquaintance with Job Collins, and listened to his philosophical tirades against society with more or less amusement.

One day he showed me the draft of a will which he had drawn himself, and asked my opinion on the legality of certain parts of it. I noticed that it was not signed nor witnessed, but expressed an opinion that it was otherwise in form to stand law. It left a small annuity to Miss Betsy, but the bulk of the estate was placed in the hands of executors for his protege, Esther Adams.

The next week Mr. Collins went to New York on some business, was taken sick there, returned and died within ten days of typhoid fever.

If his death was seriously felt by his niece, she exhibited a wonderful strength in repressing it. It seemed a relief, on the contrary, especially when a search of the papers of the deceased disclosed no will, and left her the legal heir to the estate.

Miss Esther, however, who was now nearly fifteen, took his death with as much grief as she could have been expected to feel for her own father. He had, indeed, been very kind to her, and I was surprised, puzzled, and not a little enraged that there had been no will forthcoming to provide for her future.

For a time I suspected foul play on the part of Miss Betsy; but, after inquiry in New York, where Mr. Collins had been after showing me the unsigned will, and finding that none of his acquaintances, so far as I knew them, had witnessed such a document, I came to the conclusion that he had either lost the draft I had seen, or had changed his mind and destroyed it before executing.

I thought it best not to tell publicly what I knew of an intended will; but I went to Miss Betsy and requested the privilege, as the deceased's attorney, of thoroughly searching through his papers. Mr. Collins' private room contained few places where such a paper was likely to be placed; but it was addressed to a firm in a neighboring county, and, on opening, was found to be a satisfied mortgage.

A few months passed by, and the lack of sympathy between Miss Betsy and Esther had developed into an apparent strong dislike on the part of the former, in the absence of the restraint which Mr. Collins had impressed while living.

It seemed to be the settled policy of Miss Betsy to get rid of Esther as soon as possible, her intense selfishness mag-



nifying the little necessary for the girl's support into an extravagant drain on her revenues.

Thus it happened that six months after Mr. Collins' death Esther, who had been the heir presumptive a few months before, was forced to leave the Collins homestead and seek another home where her labor would pay for her living.

This act of Miss Betsy's caused much talk in the village. It excited my ire considerably, knowing what I did of their affairs. I couldn't resist the inclination to visit her and express my sentiments. The only result of the interview was a stormy scene, which completely and forever established a wall of social icebergs between us.

Through my endeavors, Esther shortly after obtained a pleasant home in the family of a widow lady who wanted a companion, and her estrangement from Miss Betsy turned out in the end a piece of good fortune for her.

I fell into the habit of visiting at the widow's quite frequently, and the gossips of the town reported that I was going to marry either the widow or the girl, in their opinion. Perhaps it was this that set me to thinking about the matter. At all events I discovered that, practical as I thought myself, I had actually fallen in love with the young girl.

The discovery did not check the complaint, however, which assumed such a form that I found I could not expect future happiness without the companionship of Esther. It had been over two years since the death of Mr. Collins, and she was now past seventeen. I was some ten years older and had now established myself in a respectable business.

It was not my disposition, nor was it a characteristic of my profession, to let modesty blight my chances, or to delay long over the question of filing my plea. I am happy to state that I won the suit, and the defendant became the wife of the plaintiff on her eighteenth birthday.

One morning, a few weeks after my marriage, I was sitting in my office looking up evidence in a divorce suit, and wondering why people could be such fools, when I received a visit from a stranger, who introduced himself as William Howard, of New York. He was about forty years of age, and seemed to have seen more of the shady side of metropolitan life than was good for him.

On my asking what I could do for him, he answered that he was looking up the ways and means to better his condition, which just now was at its ebb-tide.

"I was in the reading room of a hotel in the city a few days ago," he said "and accidentally got hold of one of your county papers, in which there was a somewhat extended notice of your marriage with one Esther Adams, who was spoken of as, at the time, the expected heir to the property of Job Collins, deceased. The name of Job Collins recalled an incident that finally led me to think I had better visit your town. Mr. Collins left no will, I am told."

"Your information is correct, so far as known," I replied.

"How much was the Collins estate worth?" he asked.

"At a rough estimate, perhaps thirty thousand dollars."

"It seems to have been generally expected that Esther would inherit the property, was it not?"

"Yes; she had reason to expect, at least, some provision for her future. It was probably an accident that prevented a will being made. Collins died very suddenly."

"Was there ever a will talked of that you know of?"

"Yes, I saw the draft of one just before he went to New York; but it was not signed nor witnessed, and never appeared afterward."

"That will made Esther Adams his heir, did it not?"

"Yes, except an annuity to his niece."

"If that will had been signed and witnessed, would it have been sufficient to secure the estate for Esther?"

"I think it would. But why are you so much interested in it?"

"If this will were to appear now wouldn't it have the same effect?"

"Yes," I said, beginning to feel considerably interested; "but it would now have to stand a legal contest probably, and if it had any flaws they would be found."

The man from New York lit a cigar very coolly and put his feet on the window sill.

"I should be very glad to see such an event take place," he said, "and as strange things as that happen very frequently. I have made inquiries in town and they tell me that the young lady is a very estimable person, while the old maid is a crocodile. The property would serve a much better purpose if your wife's hands. What would you be willing to give to have that will of Job Collins' phœnixed in a properly executed form?"

I had made up my mind before this that my visitor knew something of the lost will. I was lawyer enough, however, not to allow my feelings to get the better of my judgment.

"You seem to have some reasons for thinking that you can produce it," I answered. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to come to the point and state just what you know of it, and can do."

"I think I can find the will of Job Collins, signed and witnessed."

"Its appearance now, as I said before, would undoubtedly start a lawsuit to break up its validity. It would have to be a very perfect will, such a will as a man who is not a lawyer is not certain of producing; and Mr. Collins wrote the will that I saw without legal counsel. I should want to study it before I had faith enough in it to make any proposition."

"Betsy Collins might value it more than you do."

"That is true; but she would never invest in it without submitting it to her attorney for examination, and, once in his hands, your chances for revenue would lie wholly in Miss Betsy's liberality, which is not notorious. They could troub e you even with a criminal charge of attempting blackmail. If you will tell me how you came by it, and allow me to examine it, I will promise you fair treatment in any event. Such a will, if strong enough to hold, would certainly be a very good discovery for us; and I should be willing to do what was right and generous to recover it."

"Well, I'll tell you what I know about it. Three years ago I was a mail-carrier in one of the districts of New York City. My beat embraced a part of Canal street, and in gathering mail from the letter-boxes I occasionally found signs of absent-mindedness in articles deposited in the boxes that were never intended to be. I have taken out spectacles, pencils, tooth brushes, tickets, and, once or twice, money, dropped in, probably, when a letter was intended to be dropped. I was not surprised, therefore, to find one afternoon, in one of the boxes near a hotel, an open, undirected envelope, which contained a will. I suppose that, according to rules, I should have taken this document to headquarters, but I didn't; I took it home. I supposed that the testator would make a new will when he discovered the loss—in fact, I did not think much about it as anything of value—and after awhile it got into my trunk with other rubbish, and was forgotten. The reading of your marriage notice, and its mention of Job Collins, deceased, recalled this will. I hunted it up, and found that it was in every way legally executed, signed by the testator, Job Collins, and witnessed by Charles Sawyer and John Wilson. If I produce that will, and it stands law, I ought to have five thousand dollars out of the estate. I believe I could work the old maid for more than that, but here is where it belongs, and I prefer to be honest and trust to your generosity."

I took some time to think over this proposition before answering. If the will could be produced, as he claimed it could be, there was no question but that it would be worth to my wife about twenty-five thousand dollars. There seemed nothing especially reprehensible in a claim for reward by one who held in his hand such a fortune.

"I will accept your proposition," I said to my visitor, who was puffing his cigar very patiently while I reflected. "Have you the will with you?"

"No; but I will produce it in half an hour if you will give me your note for five thousand, payable when your wife becomes possessed of the Collins estate. I won't ask any other security; but I want something to show for the claim I shall make when the proper time comes."

This I readily gave, and was very soon in possession of the will, which I found as represented, and in every way legally perfect. I knew one of the witnesses as the cashier or bookkeeper in a New York hotel. The testator had probably been an acquaintance of his, and the will had undoubtedly been executed in the city to prevent any gossip of it reaching Miss Betsy. His sudden sickness had prevented the discovery of the mistake in mailing, as he supposed, the letter found in his pockets. Out of so slight an accident had grown all the trouble that followed his death.

I now called upon Miss Betsy in a new role. I was not very cordially received, but succeeded in arresting her attention long enough to make her understand that the tables were turned, and that her longer occupancy of the homestead was not desired. Of course she threatened contest, but her attorney, after examination, counseled a peaceable submission to the inevitable, and she left the town in a few weeks, regretted by none.

My wife, however, against my advice, insisted upon settling $5,000 of the estate upon her old enemy, on the plea that she was really the nearest of kin to the deceased, and had been his housekeeper for many years.

I have noticed that the dislikes of good women are greatly tempered with mercy, and that they are as ready to weep for a fallen enemy as for a successful rival.

Eaters of Dirt.

Who ever heard of human beings eating dirt? Not only that, but enjoying and thriving upon it, too! It is so against our own ideas of propriety, in these matters, that it is almost impossible to believe, and yet it is strictly true that there are tribes of Indians on the Orinoco River, in South America, who make it a daily business to eat the soft, miry clay the potters use, which is of a yellowish-gray color, made so by a large quantity of oxide of iron contained in it.

This clay is selected with great care, as all clays are not so agreeable to eat, and the Indians learn to distinguish one kind from another very readily. After finding the earth proper for use, it is kneaded into large balls, of from five to six inches in diameter, which they burn or roast by a small fire until it grows red on the outside. When eaten, these balls are moistened to make them more palatable, and are considered a choice tid-bit.

These Indians live on fish as long as the waters of the river are low. Then there comes an interval of two or three months when, in the swelling of the river, the taking of fish is abandoned, and this is the time when the Ottomacs swallow large quantities of this clay, piling the balls for use in the corners of their huts in pyramids, and a hearty Indian would make nothing of eating from a pound to a pound and a half of them a day. It has long been a proverb that a "thing is so dirty that only the Ottomacs would eat it."

During this rainy season it is said that this clay is their chief article of diet, though they sometimes get hold of small fish, lizards, and the roots of ferns, their health improving, as they testify, during that time. Ask the Ottomac about his winter's provision, and he immediately points you to his balls in the corner of his hut.

In all tropical countries it is said that each human being swallows a great quantity of earth, strong smelling clay, and it is true that small children are often put in confinement to keep them from running out after a rain to eat the damp earth by the Magdalen River, while the potters as they shape their earthen vessels, put large lumps of clay in their mouths as they work.

In some of the Java islands, small balls of red clay are offered for sale, and are bought as readily as the children of our land would buy candy. It is not only made into balls, but rolled out into tubes like cinnamon.

In this clay are numbers of Polygastrica, which really makes it more nourishing. Large cart-loads of this earth are filled with infusoria and are consumed every year in some parts of Sweden, and called "bread-meal," and in Finland this earth is often mixed with the bread itself. It consist of empty shells of small animalcule, so small as not to be perceptible in the eating, which surely fills the stomach, if it gives no nourishment.

In times of war this infusorial earth was greatly used, and was called "mountain meal."

This practice of eating earth is diffused throughout the torrid zone, always among the most indolent races, inhabiting such parts of the globe as could be most fertilized.—*Advance.*

How Often the Heart Beats.

In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about seventy beats per minute. These beats are frequenter, as a rule, in young children and women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons, owing to peculiarities of organization. It would not certainly be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from 60 to 65 or 75 to 80 per minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organizations and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form. In animals the range is from 25 to 45 in the cold blooded and 50 upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heart-beat—only 40 strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of rising 5 tons 400 weight one foot per hour, or 125 tons in 24 hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.—*Medical World.*

She Bought a New One.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—I must run now, dear. We're going to have a dreadful shower. I hope your dress won't spot. Why did you come out today without an umbrella?

Miss Korton—Oh, I don't know; I suppose because you borrowed it yesterday.

Mrs. Gorham Ware—How stupid of me to forget! This is your umbrella, isn't it? Well, I'll send it around just as soon as I get home.—*Puck.*

LEMON SELTZER.

THIS is a wicked age—the age of sindicates.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

WHY should it be necessary to whitewash a pale-ing fence?—*Merchant Traveler.*

THERE is something to crow over when both wings of a party flap at the same time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"ALL dogs must have their daze," growled a policeman as he knocked a cur silly with his club.—*New York Morning Journal.*

A BALD-HEADED scientist says that "flies will not light on a damp spot." He wants to go and soak his head right away.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CURIOUS, ain't it? Instead of the vinegar being the offspring of the mother, the mother is the offspring of the vinegar.—*Boston Courier.*

"AH, I see you have the stamp of a gentleman," sarcastically remarked a young lady to a clumsy fellow who trod on her pet corn.—*Hotel Mail.*

ARDENT but aged wooer—Darling, I adore you. Can you return my love? Loved one—Certainly, with pleasure; I have no use for it.—*Town Topics.*

AN exchange speaks of "a man intoxicated with a wooden leg."—Prohibitionists must put wooden legs on their list if that be true.—*Texas Siftings.*

TAILOR—Want a "check" suit, Mr. Wiggins? Wiggins—Well, I don't care; plain cloth will do, it is something that will be "noted" during the season. Tailor—I'm sorry I can't let a note run so long as that.—*Judge.*

MISS DE SMITH—What made you and Augustus Poplnjoy look so sheepish and glum this afternoon when I called? Had you had a falling out? Miss Travis—Yes; out of the hammock.—*Burlington Free Press.*

LIGHTNING-ROD MAN—Look here, sir, your dog took a big piece out of my leg. Farmer—It was a mere playful freak. Lightning-Rod Man—Oh, it was, eh? Then I don't want to be around when he means business.

THEY are discussing a possible match. He—Well, you see, Jack is but twenty, and hesitates putting the important question. She—How musical. He—Musical? She—Yes, a refrain in A minor.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

COLLARS and cuffs for women are now made of steel. Cuffs of steel have always been more or less used, but, as they are generally applied by policemen, they have never attained a high degree of popularity.—*Boston Post.*

BLOBSON—Doctor, I'd like to have you prescribe for my wife. Doctor—What's the matter with your wife? Blobson—Insomnia. Doctor—Can't she sleep? Blobson—Yes, she can, but she won't.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"A TRIBE in the palm region of the Amazon cradles the young in palm leaves." In this country a palm also cradles largely in the work of bringing up the young, but it is used more in thrashing than cradling.—*Norristown Herald.*

MRS. FOGG—But David, while you have told about the disgraceful manner in which the rest of the party behaved, how intoxicated they were and how noisy, you don't say a word about yourself. Fogg—My dear, I'm no egotist.—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE was decorating her room with pictures, and she perched her husband's picture on the topmost nail. Then she sat down to admire her work, and remarked, quietly: "Now every thing is lovely, and the goose hangs high."—*Otago Witness.*

AT the seaside. Casual acquaintances enter into conversation. "What is your business, if I may ask?" "I am a magazine editor." "That is an occupation, which must have many changing features. What part of it do you like best?" (Wearily)—Getting away—*Burlington Free Press.*

MR. HACKLEY—Ah, Miss Doubleday, absorbed in thought? Were you thinking of the beauties of the intellect, or contemplating the wonders of nature? Miss Stokes—Contemplating the wonders of nature, Mr. Hackley. I was trying to determine what made the curl in the tail of a puppy.—*Time.*

DAUGHTER—Papa, dear, Mr. Sampson is coming to-night, and I wish when you go to bed that you would close the transom over your door. Father (humbly)—Do I snore so loud as all that? "Yes, papa; and I don't want Mr. Sampson to think that that sort of thing runs in the family."—*Texas Siftings.*

HAPPY BAGGAGE-SMASHERS.
The trunks are heaping up in piles
On platforms, docks and decks;
The baggage-smasher smirks and smiles
As many a one he wrecks
With mirth.

Some day he'll strike a trunk that's full
Of deadly dynamite,
And then no baggage he will pull
To pieces in his flight
From earth.

—*Hotel Mail.*

"YOU say you heard both shots fired?" asked a lawyer, cross-examining a colored witness in a murder case. "Yes, sah, heard both shots. Dey was fired simultaneous." "But you said on the direct examination that the shots were fired one after the other, and now you say they were fired simultaneously." "Jes' what I said, sah. Bofe shots were simultaneous like, one aftah anudder."—*Youth's Companion.*

Tiny Pipes for Women.

The question, do nice women smoke, brings up a very pretty implement with which they may smoke if they so choose. The latest novelty exhibited in a Broadway jewelry store is a tiny pipe that only a woman could carry to her lips. Its stem is a trifle shorter and smaller in diameter than the average meerschaum, and is made of gold, set with garnets, moonstones and emeralds. The mouthpiece is of yellow and pink-veined onyx, and the bowl, which might hold half a thimbleful, is heavily set with small gems. The toy is worth something like $100, and at a gilt-edged fine affair, when cigars are brought in with the coffee, if a lady chooses to remain at the close of dinner, it may make a prettier combination than beauty and the cigarette. The jeweler says that the first pipe of this sort was made to order for a woman of some social position, and that he has had four or five calls for them since. The talk of ladies smoking is much exaggerated, however. There are numbers of Cubans and Spaniards and some French women of beauty and position who buy cigarettes in person, smoke them at dinners, and offer them to their friends in their boudoirs. But they are only importing a foreign custom, which does not strike any strong root here.—*New York Mail and Express.*

AFTER all, this country will never attain its highest possibility as a pleasant abiding place until a paternal government makes up its mind to offer a bounty for nocturnal cats.

Professional Cards.

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BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, No. 4 Washington Street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat and Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.

THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
Nice Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and Insure satisfaction.
21 FRANK C. BEALL.

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SIMS HOUSE
PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad),
WEST VIRGINIA.
J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

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Fresh Meat.
THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,
Cor. Broadway and Mechanic st.
ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
STOCK OF MEATS,
FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
RICHARD M. WILDERMAN.

To Travelers.

Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates.
Least Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
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INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIRE INSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS
Doing business in this country
—THE—
Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.
Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
FROSTBURG, MD.,
who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
D. P. MILLER,
Cumberland, Md.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 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 26 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 43 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 56 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

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