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"How little the world knows of our inner lives!" exclaims a writer. Right you are—especially if we happen to be dyspeptic.

Many of the best fashion plates are now engraved from actual photographs of models, who pose in the garments, to make the pictures as lifelike as possible.

Farragut's famous flag-ship, the Hartford, which Congress has ordered rebuilt at a cost of $175,000, is lying dismantled at Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco.

J. R. Blossom and Simeon Winbane, two fabulously wealthy Nevada silver kings, are dazzling continental Europe with the splendor of their dinners and driving equipages.

Richard Kidd of Texas is anything but a kid in years, having reached the age of 115. Politically he is a Democrat, and is undoubtedly the oldest voter in the United States.

Medical investigations of throat diseases ascribed to tobacco confine their objections to Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes. Smokers can now take another cigar and breathe easier.

The prize of $250 offered by *Judge* for guessing the authorship of "Napoleon Smith" was won by Editor Lake, of the *American Magazine*, who "blew it all in" on a banquet for ten of his friends.

A young girl died mysteriously the other day at Portland, Ore., and a post-mortem examination showed an abscess in her stomach formed around the India rubber tip of a lead pencil which she had swallowed.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says she regards the religion of to-day as the chief obstacle to woman suffrage. She adds: "The women have not self-respect, because their religion teaches that they are inferior to men."

The "vinegar well" which was struck near Vincennes, Ind., proves to have been caused by about one hundred barrels of cider having been spoiled some years ago and the contents sinking until they struck an improvised stratum of clay.

The bold motto of the Thirteen Club, of Chicago, is "Death, We Salute Thee." It is the only club of the kind outside of New York and is in a flourishing condition, occupying handsome rooms in the Oriental Building, on La Salle street.

A New Haven lawyer who fell asleep in his office didn't awaken until after the entire building had been locked up. By the aid of a telephone he signaled for a ladder, with which he escaped from one of the upper windows, though with so much publicity that his attempt to keep the whole affair quiet was foiled.

Master Melbourne Grubb, who lives near Wytheville, Va., is thought by his parents to be the largest boy in America. He measures 47 inches around the waist, 44 around the chest, 24 around the thigh, and 13 around the muscle of the arm. He is 5 feet 2 inches high, weighs 210 pounds and was 10 years old on July 3.

Charles King is the name of a man living at Middletown, Mass., who is 107 years old. He has over 600 descendants living. He was born near Quebec, Jan. 15, 1781. He fought on the British side in 1812. He now weighs 182 pounds, although only five feet five inches in height. He has attained his great age without the aid of tobacco, never having used the weed in any form.

The champion "frog eater" of Basle, France, recently wagered five francs and a quart of brandy that he could swallow three dozen live frogs at a sitting. He won, but was immediately seized with horrible internal pains, and nearly died before he could swallow chemicals enough to get the frogs out of him. When they were ejected fifteen of them were dead, but the rest still alive.

Last year the very strict rule which forbade the young women students in the Ottawa Normal School even to recognize the young men students on the streets were relaxed, and the two sexes who were being coeducated were permitted to become friends, and the young men were allowed to call upon the young women in the evening and keep company with them. This year there has not been a single honor student, and the authorities think this is owing to their having yielded to the dictates of sentiment rather than study.

The dancing masters have decided upon three new dances which have an attractive appearance. The first of these is the Diamond Lanciers, in which the couples dancing form a diamond in the first position and four smaller diamonds as they proceed with the other figures. The second dance adopted is the "Glide Mazourka." This is simply a modification of the old mazourka hop into a waltz glide. The new Berlin to 2—4 time is something which dancers will try this year for the first time. It is a glide compromise between the waltz and the galop.

Vienna scientific societies have been investigating the wonderful "weather plant" discovered some months ago, and it is said that its weather foretelling properties have been thoroughly verified. The marine department of the Austrian War Department is to give the plant a trial on shipboard.

THE UNIVERSE.

BY PERTINAX.

This is a wondrous world; the sky
Is blazing with its sparkling lights;
Imagination would not try
To swell the glories of the nights.

The sun, how glorious it appears,
The welcome harbinger of day;
No changes noted, all the years
It has pursued its wondrous way.

The moon, whose silver shining face
Gladdens the earth when sinks the sun,
Science has not yet found a trace
When it will end, when it begun.

The planets that continuous roll
Like diamonds in an azure sea,
Show an intelligent control
Through time unto eternity.

The blazing stars, the orbs of night,
The mystery of the milky way,
The comets, whose mysterious flight
Potential power and form display.

All show the "Maker's" wondrous hand,
The force, the greatness of "His" will,
Who gives unto the storms command,
And quells them with a "Peace, be still.

The roaring ocean's mighty waves,
The mountains towering to the sky,
The river that the valley laves,
All these the "Maker's" laws obey.

Man is the only rebel thing,
That moves or dwells upon the sod,
That dare defy the "Heavenly King,"
And doubts the precepts of his "God."

How can a poor, weak piece of clay,
Whose "span of Life" is but a breath,
Who scarcely born when the decay
Commences that will end in death.

How can he doubt high heaven's decree?
How can he fight his "Maker's" will?
His aim should be his "God" to please;
His life, his conduct free from ill.

Let him be like the stars on high,
Obedient to his "Maker's" laws;
Then, like the glories of the sky,
His life will gain the world's applause.

SHE WENT HEELED.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
"I'm coming from cooking-school, sir," she said.
Loud laughed the rude man, but she shut up his jaw,
For she laid him cut cold with a bowler of bread.
—*Burdette.*

THE SETTLERS WARNED.

BY WILLISTON FISH.

A "lick" is a salt-spring, so called by hunters because wild animals resort to it and *lick* the briny ground. The writer has seen the vicinity of such springs trodden by the beasts of the forest as hard as a cattle-yard. A singular trait of many wild creatures is that they never seek drink or salt by daylight, instinct seeming to tell them that safety requires such visits to be made at night.

The incident I am about to relate occurred in Ohio, in the autumn of 1812, while the Indians were on the war-path; but as the settlement where it happened was not so far to the front as many others, it was not thought to be in so great danger. However, every family was provided with arms, and a log fort had been built as a defense in case of need.

One day, just at dusk, Robert Page and his son Jimmie, an athletic lad of sixteen, posted themselves on a rude scaffolding, twenty or thirty feet from the ground, in an enormous branching tree within short gunshot of a lick.



From this perch a clear view opened toward the lick, where on moonlight nights the trodden space was distinctly visible. Here they had often concealed themselves to obtain venison for the family, and, having fixed their guns in rest, remained as silent as the trees around until the game appeared.

On the night in question several hours passed while hunters listened intently for noises denoting the approach of game.

At last the boy's quick ear detected footsteps. Distant and faint at first, they steadily drew nearer, but at the same time they were so heavy and unlike the footsteps of wild animals that the listeners were mystified if not alarmed.

On they came, tramping through the woods, and as they emerged into the moonlight in the vacant spot near the spring Mr. Page and Jimmie counted a war-party of sixteen Indians.

Much to their surprise the red men halted, and building a fire on the hard-trodden ground, proceeded to broil venison, roast nuts, and parch corn.

While eating they kept up an incessant jabbering, enough of which being understood by Mr. Page to prove that they were on the way to attack the settlement at daybreak.

Of course upon the discovery of this dreadful purpose Mr. Page and his son were overwhelmed by their feelings, for the first house in the settlement was their own, scarcely a mile distant, where Mrs. Page and several children would be easy victims.

What should be done!

To descend from their covert and hurry on to give alarm seemed impossible without being heard by the Indians. To fire on them would avail nothing, and would not save the settlement from attack.

Much low whispering passed between father and son before a decision was reached. Twice they sighted their guns at the Indians, almost resolved to begin the fray at all hazards.

But at length Mr. Page, himself unfitted by rheumatism for such an attempt, reluctantly consented to Jimmie's urgency, and the brave lad undertook the dangerous experiment of descending and flying to alarm the settlement.

Removing his heavy home-made boots and leaving his gun, he began, with the stealth of a cat, to make his way to the ground.

The savages were not sixty feet distant, and the least noise would reach their ears, arouse their suspicions, and start them on a search. But he was equal to the occasion, and, after a few minutes of intense listening, the father knew that his son had reached the ground.

But now came a greater peril, for one can hardly walk in the woods without snapping twigs and disturbing leaves. At the foot of the slope, six or eight rods below, ran a wide, shallow brook, and if he could reach that in safety, the rest of the way would be less difficult.

Step by step he felt the ground with his naked feet, yet not without several noises that caused the Indians to grunt significantly and his father to tremble for the consequences.

Once there came such a sound from the direction of the brook that two or three savages sprang to their feet, but Mr. Page, making a noise like the snort of a frightened deer, drew their attention to a different course, and soon their suspicions subsided.

At length Jimmie stepped into the cool stream, and felt sure of the remainder of his task. Still, he proceeded with the greatest caution until he knew he was beyond the hearing of the savages, when he fled like the wind to warn the settlement.

Arriving at home, it took but a moment to arouse the family and start them to the block-house. Then he sped to the other cabins and gave the alarm, until the whole settlement was aroused and flocking inside the fort. Men came armed and stern for the fight; women with tender babes and children, sleepy and half-clothed, as they had tumbled out of their trundle-beds.

The plan of defense adopted on this occasion was an ambuscade. All the women and children were committed to the block-house, under the care of half a dozen of the elderly men, while the able-bodied settlers concealed themselves in the log-house of Mr. Page, it being the first likely to be attacked.

Long before daybreak this plan was ready for execution, the little log fort being securely closed, and some twenty trusty guns waiting in the cabin to give the red men a warm welcome.

After Jimmie left, Mr. Page laid his plans to descend as soon as the Indians started, and, following in the rear, take a hand in the fight which he expected to occur.

Slowly the night passed, the moonlight growing fainter until he could hardly distinguish the savages.

At length, when morning was evidently near, he heard them take up the line of march, their stealthy tread quickly passing away toward the settlement.

It was but an instant's work for him to clamber down and follow them, taking, however, a different route, so as not to fall into their hands if any of them should linger on the way.

When he came to the clearing, a quarter of a mile from his own house, he hid himself and waited for circumstances to develop his part in the fray.

He had not long to wait. Just as it came light enough to sight a gun, a musket shot and then several together broke the silence, but with such a smothered sound that his practiced ear knew that they were fired inside of a house, and hence were the guns of the white men. At the same instant several war-whoops burst on the air, but in a tone indicating surprise and alarm.

These sounds explained the ambuscade to Mr. Page, and knowing the Indian habit of retreating singly, and not in company, from a defeat, he kept sharp watch from his hiding place, and in a few minutes saw a warrior running toward the woods to escape.

With unerring aim, he sent a bullet after the fugitive. Hardly had he reloaded, when another Indian appeared, and met the same fate. Other shots were heard in the direction of the house, and soon a third savage hurrying toward the forest, passed within range of the hunters rifle and was stopped forever.

At length a general silence prevailed and Mr. Page, leaving his hiding-place, crept cautiously toward the scene of the principal fight.

Ere long he met some of the neighbors, who together they continued to search for the savages. But it was soon discovered that they had fled from the clearing, leaving the slain, eleven in number. Not a white man was missing or injured.

In the afternoon a trench was dug on a little knoll on the Page farm, and the bodies of the dead Indians laid therein. A log fence was built about it, and the little inclosure is known to this day as "the Indian graveyard."

Jimmie died in 1870, a venerable, white-haired patriarch, and at his own request was buried in the same inclosure.

The Dummy.

When he was a boy, the late Henry Waterman, of Hudson, N. Y., who invented the double driving wheels of locomotives, spent most of his time "whittling." With his jackknife he made various models of various conceptions, to the denial in such cases of neglect of his lessons. His father, on one occasion, out of all patience with him, said: "That boy is a good-for-nothing dummy." Henry instantly replied: "Father, some day I will make an engine and call it 'The Dummy.'" When he grew up he accomplished the purpose he then formed. He was the inventor of the locomotive called "The Dummy," now in use everywhere.

How to Send Initials by Telephone.

All men who have occasion to telephone names have had great difficulty in making initials understood. B, C, D, E, G, P, T, and V sound so much alike that to distinguish between them is almost impossible, and N and M also sound very similar. A system used in the New Haven (Conn.) *Palladium* office for some time past, and with very satisfactory results when the person at the other end of the wire understood it, is to give a word beginning with the letter that is the initial in question. For instance, suppose the name is B. P. Smith. A score or more of other combinations have almost the same sound, but if the sender says, "B. P. Smith; B for butter and P for pepper; B. P. Smith," there is no difficulty in understanding.

Gentleman—Uncle Rastus, what will it cost me to get my barn whitewashed? Uncle Rastus—Two dollahs an' a half a day, sah. Gentleman—I mean what will you do the job for? Uncle Rastus—Well, I jess tell how it am, Mistah Smif. You see, when yo' has figgered out de cos' ob de whitewash and de pails, an' de wah an' tah on de brushes, sah, you'll fin' da' is no money in it by de job.—*Epoch.*

Bill Nye on the Political Situation.



The bar is as prominent a feature of national freedom and loyalty to the Government as ever it was. Both headquarters, the rent of which is eleven thousand dollars, are provided with pleasant little cafes, where one may go in and eat a cheese kind of an olive, washing it down afterwards with as fine a grade of Rhenish peritonitis as you could possibly desire.

Here may be found smoke-tanned Irish whisky and potato salad for the earnest and thoughtful Irishman who may be seriously considering the matter of voting again free trade and the dictation of the tyrannical little two-cent island over the way. Here also may be found the fiery, untamed beverages of the Scot, with Roman candles and pinwheels down his back, leaving a trail of fire along the alimentary canal and a torrent of scalding tears in eyes unused to weep. You can get sausages and beer also if you plain to influence the German vote. If you are native born and have earned your bread largely since your growth by calling attention to our glorious, wide, modest rum-soaked Republic, you will order rye or Bourbon whisky flavored with water, and the less water you put in it the more faith everybody will have in your sincerity.

One man told me confidentially that the reason the Prohibition party had made so little showing was that it had constantly refused to entertain the idea of a bar at its national headquarters. "Why," said he, "I was at both conventions, at St. Louis and Chicago, and none of us had time to eat anything solid. Rum was all that kept up our strength. What would a convention do lasting a week, day and night, and no rum? You might as well sack to introduce oil stoves into perdition as to run a convention or a campaign on a high moral, ice-berg plan. We don't run politics as we did a hundred years ago, when a man could be President and board at home. In the days when a paper bag of doughnuts and a jug of cider would purchase the whole colonial vote and Congressmen brought gingerbread and dried-apple 'turnovers' for their dinners, done up in a towel, and made speeches with their mouths full of salt-rising bread, simplicity was a bully thing, and a man like Daniel Webster would make a speech that knocked out the other side teetotally, and just late enough so that it couldn't be replied to. Now the daily paper has cooked the goose of the orator, and eloquence is saved for Delmonico dinners and funerals. Campaigns cost money now, but it isn't the oratory that costs. We pay more for campaign bands now every year than Congress gets, and the campaign expenses of both parties would send Billies and bustles all over Africa. Grown-up men clothe themselves in tin helmets and oil-cloth overcoats, holler all night and go home at breakfast time with their pockets full of clam chowder and two or three torchlight wicks in their hats. We have found out that the average man is only a big boy, and frequently a bull-headed at that. He likes to feel the gentle exhilaration of martial music and rain firing his veins, and to flatter himself that it is heroism and flatter. Stirred by the lascivious pleasings of the bass drum, he walks thirteen miles in the rain and smokes cigars which would make the Chicago River turn around and run the other way.

"We have learned that we do not need much money for folks who read the papers and think thoughts. The money goes mostly to give the thirsty and ignorant a general outing, as I may say. The campaign comes like a benison to those who, aside from the Fourth of July, a public baptism, or the funeral of a distant relative, see very little to enjoy.

"When a big man is advertised to speak, great crowds flock to hear him and size him out of curiosity and because it is free. One reason that Harrison, the venerable boy preacher, has such large audiences is that everybody knows salvation's free.

"So the less money we put into oratory, I believe, the better off we will be. Folks go and see great men and get their autographs, just as they go to a fire or to a morgue. Then they vote just as they please.

"I am take a scrap-book and a stereopticon and bust up the best statesman we've got at a cost of $500. Let the other party get up the audience and pay the band. Then you will see me gently hire a space where the audience will have to look my way, and there I will erect a screen onto which I will project a few desultory remarks which will make the great orator hope for a heavy rain or a fire to break up the meeting. I do not care who makes the speeches for a nation, so's I can make the gestures."

He then went away.

Speaking of the scrapbook reminds me that a correspondent writes from Pensacola, Fla., asking what is perfection or the nearest perfection in a scrapbook, also desiring to know my own experience in scrapbooks, if I ever had any.

A scrapbook generally is like a diary; you begin to keep it with extreme exuberance, and you gradually flag and flicker out and flummix, as one might say.

I began simply by ordering from my Congressman an edition de luxe of the "Report of the Commissioner of Education," bound in plain muslin and boards. Taking a volume of this kind to my airy suite of hall bedroom and woodbox, with the keen blade of a butcher-knife I cut out two leaves and left a third all the way through without marring the general plot of the book. This gave room for pasting excerpts and other literary gems, most of which referred to myself, and prevented that general fullness which would have resulted had I not done so.



DISCUSSING THE ISSUE.

Whenever a paper referred to me I bought some copies, and having sent one to my dear one, I carefully cut out the excerpt from another copy and pasted it by means of some loud and extremely offensive paste on the page. Thus I filled at least a whole volume of the Reports of the Commissioner of Education with paragraphs in which it was stated with more or less typographical inaccuracy that I was "in town and quartered at Riley's Hotel," or that I was "on our streets," or that I "shook hands with friends here yesterday," or that I was "attending the quarterly conference in town;" and many other statements which would be invaluable as references in future years. I also had a much larger book in which I kept the adverse criticisms of the press, paragraphs in which I was alluded to as the intelligent want on the editorial page of the *Sassafras Commonwealth*, and "the fleet-footed fugitive from justice who eats the porus plaster across the street." Whenever my feelings were wounded I put the item in the large book and kept it where my children could see it when I should rest from my labors forever. I thought it would teach them humility, and really do them good. The other book I used to keep on the center table for the use of visitors. If I had a visitor who had the habit of putting in a visit or two at a time conversing with me about himself, I generally asked him to glance over this scrap-book, and while he was doing so I would slip out and take a draft for some other point. It is a good plan.



THE CAMPAIGN ORATOR.

A Sad, Sad Tale.

A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little Western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yes—stranger now, but I used to live round here."

"No—did you? Lately?"

"No; it's nigh on to ten year since I left."

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I uster know?"

"Mebbe not; who'd you know?"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I uster know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the denizen of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I——"

"Do you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes,—I—I——"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and said cautiously:

"See here, mister; I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that a stranger was 'round astin' for her? She'd know it was me, an' I'd rather have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' a kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Lookee here, stranger, you've got a sympathatic kind of a face, an' I b'lieve you'd know how to feel for a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I uster be married to Sally Watts!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor:

"Pity me, man; I'm married to her now!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Had a Reason.

"Our club may have its faults, even when at home in Boston," she said, while her heaving breast hove with emotion she was powerless to conceal, and the sweet dew of tender compassion glistened for an instant on the sweeping lashes that veiled, but could not hide the panther-like-ness of her soulful orbs. "But there is this to be said in their favor: They are the cleanest team in the business."

"And why?" he asked, with a gruff, harsh brevity that always characterizes the unsympathetic half of humanity.

"Because," and here a naive smile addled and swirled about the court plaster beauty spot on the northeast corner of her bean consumer. "They are whitewashed so often, you know."
—*Philadelphia Call.*

The American Flag.

It may not be known to everyone that there is a law regulating the making of the American flag. The law of 1818 requires that on the Fourth of July following the admission of a new State a new star shall be added to the blue field of the flag. There are now thirty-eight States in the Union, and there should be thirty-eight stars in the field of the flag. Many of the cheap flags have not the requisite number of stars, because it is much easier to have the stars in rows, with an even number each way, which cannot be secured with thirty-eight.

Very Suggestive.

Mary—The butcher is here, ma'am; what shall I order?

Mrs. Morris Parke—Dear me, I haven't thought. What can we have for dinner, Mary?

Mary (thoughtfully)—I don't know, ma'am.

Mrs. Morris Parke—Oh, can't you make a suggestion?

Mary (cheerfully)—I can try. What do you make it of?—*Puck.*

ETIQUETTE AS A NATIONAL ISSUE.

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.



I am convinced that etiquette is the only thing that will save the Republic. The tariff and the currency are but side issues in comparison, though the issue of the currency might well be continued. Etiquette is a word full of Norman blood, that came over with the Conqueror and has gone proudly on its conquering way ever since.

I am in favor of a national ticket upheld by a platform boldly and vigorously outspoken against all anarchical forms of eating soup and parading bookwear. The question is one of critical importance and should be handled with gloves—three having three broad stitches down the back preferred. Already there are six distinct schools of thought as to the proper disposition of cheese alone, besides all unclassified seventh that prefers to leave it alone.

Take for example one of our raw materials, the sandwich. Are we to go on yielding a blind obedience to the dictates of a meritorious custom which bids us keep the ham in suspense with a fork, while we slip the mustard from the bilt of the spoon? Politically speaking, this matter of the sandwich should be bolted.

What a deplorable lack of forethought we, as a nation, display in leaving behind us on our platters ungarnished chicken bones, crescents of pie-crust, and other unfinished business, thus creating a surplus revenue for our landladies. Down with the surplus! There is enough in this one matter of board to supply a plank in the platform.

At the bar, it is preferable to remove all traces of beer from our glasses, even if they have to be scraped off with a knife. This is a sanitary precaution we should gladly take for our fellow men, especially as we ourselves may be called upon to drink at any time, and the consciousness of a clean record in the past will help fill us with a warm, bold some spirit. The evils of intoxicating beverages are too often winked at.

The tendency of the age is towards abbreviation. We no longer read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, and Evarts is out of the Cabinet.

Many a man is finding himself short in base-ball bulletins and other marketable commodities. The corsage has become as much an anomaly as the brace of buttons on the back of the fox's coat. Still, extremes should be avoided, especially those of trousers familiarity has breeded a contempt for. I should discourage wearing them shorter than six inches above the ankle. When they get shriveled up beyond this point, it is time for our oldest boys to have their innings with them.

I am not uprooting old traditions from caprice, but because I am paid for it. I am ready to demolish any theory, however cherished, for ten cents a line.

Shall we take off our hats to the ladies? Must a man whose hair is *passe* denude his intellect and cover himself only with ridicule? I believe in being conventional in this, save at the theater, where the ladies might properly take off their hats to us. The delicate play of expression on the fitful features of a Worth stage costume repays a close opera-glass scrutiny much more amply than does an eighteen-dollar bonnet.

I do not wish to lay down any precise rules for guidance in the matter of etiquette. The man of refinement and innate culture will more likely betray a polished demeanor if he is left unhampered by any arbitrary conditions of my manufacture. Yet he may be visibly affected by a few suggestions I beg to offer at a special discount in large lots.

Always have the last word unless your wife gets it first.

To avoid adhesive particles use the back side of a sleeping car towel.

When "hanging up" your overcoat it is quite unnecessary to offer your "uncle" a cigar.

It is injudicious to hug a girl with three sharp lead pencils in your pocket. Better have your pencils checked at the door.

Never be seen entering a saloon or cigar store. It is sure to draw a crowd of friends.

It is in very poor taste to put your feet on the center table in a lady's parlor, if the floor is clean.

A white cambric tie with a bathing suit is quite *de trop*.

Gloves may safely be worn next to the hand, unless worn threadbare.

Don't trouble a man sliding by on a toboggan for a light to your cigar.

Married men with blonde typewriters should affect grays or browns in dress, and be well groomed before leaving the office.

Peace in the family is best preserved without alcohol.

It is polite to carry wraps and parcels for a lady, but if she is carrying an air of *hauteur*, don't offer to relieve her.

On retiring from a banquet don't appropriate anything heavier than you can carry.

A Kentuckian Who Is Not a Colonel.

Theodore F. Hallam, of Covington, Ky., is the only man in the United States who has an official right to the title of "Mister." When Proctor Knott was elected Governor of Kentucky, he wrote to Hallam that he would like very much to make him a member of his military staff, with the title of Colonel. Hallam wrote back that he was obliged to him, but thought there were too many Colonels in Kentucky already; however, he would like very much to be on Knott's staff, and if Knott could appoint him as a plain mister he would very gladly accept. By return mail he got his commission as "mister" on the Governor's staff, a document which now hangs in a handsome frame on the wall of his office.

In the Gloaming.

Maggie—Where is that last French novel, Aggie?

Aggie—I am reading it.

Maggie—Nonsense. It's too dark for you to see.

Aggie—I am reading it by the light of my blushes.—*Town Topics.*

Aluminum is coming into use as a material for dental plates. It is nearly as light as rubber, but little more than one-eighth the weight of gold, has neither odor nor taste, is not affected by the elements of food or the secretions of the mouth, and costs, bulk for bulk, about one-sixth the present price of silver.

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

Hotels.

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

Meat Store.

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

To Travelers.

Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates.
Least Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fares.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
FROSTBURG, MD.

Insurance.

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

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—			
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m	
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "	
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m	
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "	
" Frostburg	7 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 56 "	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.