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BELVA LOCKWOOD says she can do housework, but prefers to earn $3,000 a year practicing law and hire a girl to run the kitchen for $3 a week. All women are not so sensitive as Belva, and hence the spread of dyspepsia.

THE colored residents of Norwich, Conn., are crazy with joy over a great invasion of coons that has struck that place. They have formed a mighty coon-hunting club, and sally forth nightly in search of their favorite game. In the meantime chickens are disappearing nightly from the surrounding hen-roosts, and there are some people low enough to believe that the coons are not entirely responsible for the loss.

HARLOW CURTISS, of Harwinton, Conn., is in his eighty-ninth year. He has carried on his farm himself this season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol, Conn., a week ago, he entered a rifle range and scored 91 points out of 100. He made three consecutive bull's-eyes. He can read a newspaper without glasses and is altogether one of the youngest men in the country for his years.

W. S. GILBERT, the librettist, is a tall man, with gray hair and close-cut whiskers. He is a great manager. At a rehearsal of one of his operas he devotes his whole energies to having everything go off as he thinks it should. He never smiles, even when a whole chorus is laughing at the quaint conceits of his verses. Though extremely dignified he does not hesitate to go through the drollest contortions of body or the most free and easy dance step to illustrate his ideas to those who are to interpret them.

THE following message has been received by Bishop Crowther, of the Niger mission, from the Mohammedan Emir of Nupe, West Africa: "It is not a long matter; it is about barasa (rum). Barasa, barasa, barasa! It has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people mad. I beg you, Malam Kipo, don't forget this writing, because we all beg that he should beg the great priests that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land."

THIS item of news is from the New York *Tribune*: "Philadelphia is to have a high-class weekly journal for young folks, similar in scope and tone to *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston. Behind the enterprise are some solid business and professional men, and the best literary element of the Quaker City is interested in it. One of the well-known writers of juvenile literature will be its editor, and already many prominent contributors and illustrators have promised their support."

PRESIDENT WETMORE, of the California State Board of Viticulture, says that the great obstacle to the sale of California wines in the Eastern States is the high price demanded by the retail dealers. "California wine," he says, "sold by the barrel in New York is cheaper than milk. Yet the dealers demand a profit of from 100 to 500 per cent. on every gallon. It is this barrier we shall endeavor to break down. Instead of our wine remaining a table luxury, we shall make it as cheap as or cheaper than tea or coffee. It is the duty of every hotel-keeper to furnish wine without extra charge to his guests, as he does the latter beverages. He could do it just as cheaply, and it is just as wholesome. In the end he would make a greater profit."

J. J. R. REDSTONE has published a book entitled "An ex-Captain's Experiences of the Salvation Army." The Pope is a constitutional monarch, he says, compared with General Booth. "He and his family are immeasurably more despotic than Leo XIII. and his Cardinals." When an application is made at headquarters for membership, an inquiry form is returned containing forty-eight questions. These are a few of them: "Has the candidate got the sort of pluck and go and godliness that is likely to make an officer in the Salvation Army? Can the candidate sing? Ever had fits of any kind? If so, what kind? Is the candidate in debt? If so, how much and why? When and where converted? Is the candidate courting? If so, who [sic], and is the person a soldier? Are the candidate's parents saved? Wife saved? Send us the candidate's photo."

IN 1890 the national census will be taken, and speculations are already plentiful as to what progress it will show in wealth and population. At our present rate of immigration, composed largely of young people, this country is increasing in population faster than any other body of people in the world. Good authorities say the population is 62,000,000, and by the time the census is taken it will be 65,000,000, and perhaps more. In 1870 our population did not number 40,000,000. Not only have we the people, but nowhere in the world is there so much wealth so well distributed as here. When a working man comes from Europe, it is a gain not only to himself but to civilization. He lives better, is clothed better, has a greater variety of wants and the ability to gratify them, than ever before. In short, he is more of a man than it was possible for him to be in his native land. While in his old home this country had to supply much of his food; after he comes here we supply all of it.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW POEM.

My day began not till the twilight fell,
And, lo, in ether from heaven's sweetest well,
The New Moon swam divinely isolate
In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
Hardly not knowing it, or only so
As I the secrets of my sheep may know;
Nor ask I more, entirely blest if she,
In letting me adore, ennoble me
To height of what the gods meant making mat
As only she and her best beauty can.
Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
That finds in service self a true purpose still;
Love that in outward fairness sees the tent
Pitched for an inmate far more excellent;
Love with a light irradiate to the core,
Lit at her lamp, but fed from inborn store;
Love thrice-requited with the single joy
Of an immaculate vision naught could coy,
Dearer because, so high beyond my scope,
My life grew rich with her, unbribed by hope
Of other guerdon save to think she knew
One grateful votary paid her all her due;
Happy if she, high-radiant there, resigned
To his sure trust her image in his mind.
O, fairer even than Peace is when she comes
Hushing War's tumult, and retreating drums
Fade to a murmur like the sough of bees
Hidden among the noon-stilled linden trees,
Bringer of quiet, thou that canst allay
The dust and din and travail of the day,
Strewer of Silence, Giver of the dew
That doth our pastures and our souls renew,
Still dwell remote, still on thy shoreless sea
Float unattained in sacred empery,
Still light my thoughts, nor listen to a prayer
Would make thee less imperishably fair!
—*The Atlantic.*

FOR EVERY HEART.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

Where do they go—the sighs, the tears, th prayers
That have their birthplace in our secret cares?
Prayers unanswered and tears shed all in vain,
Sighs that only speak and never heal our pain?

Do they but leap forth a moment to relieve
The hidden sorrows—the hearts of those who grieve?
Then, like the purple languor of the night,
Steal softly on and pass beyond our sight?

Or do they spring from aching hearts like mine
And pass, with tender comfort, on to thine,
Breathing, faint as perfume of a summer rose,
Sweet consolation in every tear that flows?

But prayers unanswered—ah! how can we know
Or even try to guess, where they must go?
Unless they steal to heaven—whence they came—
To live in some new heart, in some new name.

That there may be forever, while the world
From day to day, from year to year, is whirled
Sighs for smiles, and for our pleasures cares,
And for each heart that beats—unanswered prayers.

HE DREW HIS PISTOL

BY JOHN P. SOLANDER.

"Missouri, you are a coward!"

The speaker was a stripling youth almost a boy, and the words were hissed out from between closely shut teeth.

Missouri was a tall, raw-boned fellow, apparently about fifty, whose long sandy hair and beard showed slight traces of gray. He held a pistol in his hand and another was in his belt. A smile had been on his face, but when the word coward reached his ears his features changed for a moment and an angry light shone in his eyes, while his huge bony fists closed with something like a snap, as with a threatening gesture he made one hasty step forward But the next moment he drew back again, his fingers unclasped themselves his face relaxed itself into its usual pleasantness, and there was a sad ring in his voice as he said: "You came by your temper honestly, Jim, I"—then he checked himself, and as he stepped forward and handed the pistol to Jim he continued: "There, take your pop and shoot whenever you yet ready."

Jim took the pistol, and grasping it by the barrel flung it with all his strength in the face of Missouri.

The attack was unexpected, but the aim was sure, for the man fell to the ground as if shot by a bullet, and the blood spurted out of a deep wound just above the temple.

When Missouri fell Jim walked away without picking up his pistol or turning to look at his victim. Their altercation, however, had drawn spectators to the scene, and others came from the camp-fire when they saw what had happened.

"I hope Jim finished him for good," one fellow said. "He was always interfering between Jim and some one else. I guess if he gets over this he'll mind his own business next time."

"But he always looked out for Jim's good," said another.

"He was too stuck on Jim, and Jim didn't like it, and I for one don't blame him," said a third.

"You fellows are most to blame for this quarrel between Jim and the old man," said the second speaker. "You were all afraid of Missouri, and kept nagging Jim on to finish him off for you."

There were others who said nothing, but one, more thoughtful than the rest, brought a tin cup with water, and dashed it in the face of the wounded man.

The water had the desired effect, for Missouri opened his eyes, and, after looking into the faces of those around him, as if in search of some one, for a moment, he rose to his feet, staggering like a drunken man, and made his way toward his horse, which was staked a little way off, saddled him, and, without saying a word to any one, rode away across the prairie.

Jim sat by the fire, his face buried in his hands, but when he heard the hoof-beats of Missouri's horse, as he rode away, he lifted his head and started to rise, but sat down again, muttering: "I am sorry; but he was always taking my part, and the boys kept teasing me about it till I was mad enough to kill him. But I guess he meant well."

The riders for the first watch of the night left camp and took their places with the herd that was rounded up in the prairie. Those relieved came back to camp, and after a hasty supper all rolled into their blankets and were soon asleep.

Jim, however, was unable to go to sleep. He rolled around and changed positions a dozen times. He sat up and looked about him several times. It might have been chance, perhaps, but his eyes lingered longest over the prairie in the direction Missouri had taken when he left the camp.

Jim rolled his blanket around him again. Half an hour elapsed, his breathing was more regular, his eyes were closed and he was asleep at last.

A rider came across the prairie at a slow pace. He reached the clump of trees not far from camp, where he dismounted and fastened his horse. Then, taking his course toward the camp on foot, he approached slowly and cautiously, his eyes and ears on the alert. When he was close enough to distinguish the forms of the sleepers wrapped in their blankets, and, after singling out the spot where Jim was lying, he went down on his hands, and as noiseless as a shadow crawled straight for the sleeper.

Jim was sleeping, his smooth young face upturned to the stars. Missouri was close beside him, and as he bent his own rough, weather-beaten face close above that of the youth, something like a sob seemed to force its way over its quivering lips.

"Yes, it is best," he murmured; "who can tell what might happen, so it will be best that I tell him now. My God! as he sleeps thus how like he is to his mother; and in his waking hours the same hasty, fiery nature when thwarted as hers used to be. But I must call him before some one comes and finds me here."

So saying, he touched Jim's hand lightly and called his name in a whisper close to his ear.

The youth stirred uneasily. Again his name was called, and Jim opened his eyes and found Missouri's face bending close over him, and he heard his voice hardly above a breath whisper, "Hush."

Jim was not startled. Slowly he rose to a sitting position, and in a voice as guarded as Missouri's had been he asked: "What is it, Missouri? What do you want?"

"I came back to tell you something, Jim, before I go away."

"And you ain't mad with me?" asked Jim, looking Missouri straight in the face.

"No, Jim."

There was a tear that trickled down the hard, weather-beaten cheek, but Missouri did not know it. Jim, however, saw the reflection of a glimmering star in it as it darted out of sight among the gray beard on Missouri's face, and Jim's voice was more tender than usual when he said:

"Forgive me, Missouri: I didn't intend to hurt you, but the devil gets into me occasionally, and I can't help it."

"I know, Jim; but if you ain't too sleepy, I would like to tell you something."

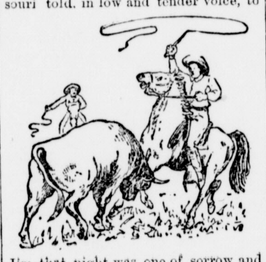
"That's what you said before, I believe."

"Yes; pull on your boots, and let's go a little ways from camp, for I don't wish any one but you to hear what I am going to tell; and some of these fellows may be awake and listen."

"All right."

Jim was soon ready, when both left the place and were soon out of sight and hearing of the camp.

They seated themselves on a mound in the prairie, and the story that Missouri told, in low and tender voice, to



Jim that night was one of sorrow and sadness; for, in spite of all that he could do, the tears would come and mix with his voice, and even Jim's face had traces of tears upon it.

As the story progressed Jim moved up closer to the old man, and when it was finished he leaned his head against Missouri's breast.

"I see it all now. Forgive me, forgive me," sobbed Jim.

Just then Missouri, with a faint moan upon his lips, fell over backward in a dead swoon, faint from excitement and loss of blood.

Jim tried to rouse him, but his every effort seemed in vain. Then he shouted for help, but just at that moment the loud bellowing of the cattle in the herd drowned his voice.

In a few moments the earth seemed to tremble; the bellowing of the cattle grew wilder, fiercer, and the sound was nearer. The rattle of the horns of the maddened brutes as they clashed together in the night sounded like distant musketry, and Jim knew that the herd had stampeded. He tried to drag Missouri with him out of the way of the roaring mass he saw coming, but failed. He called him and tried to rouse him, but received no answer or sign that he was heard.

The cattle were close upon them when Jim made one more effort to rouse Missouri. At last he opened his eyes and looked about him. He seemed to take in the situation on the instant, for he quickly sprang to his feet, clasped Jim around the waist and held him to his breast, while he resolutely turned his back to the oncoming herd that rushed upon them the next moment.

The cattle passed on with a rush and roar. Behind them from the trampled ground, bruised and bleeding, rose Missouri, with Jim yet in his arms, clasped closely, tenderly to his breast, but the head of the youth was crushed and trampled out of shape, and his limbs hung limp and lifeless.

Missouri carried the dead boy to the camp and placed him upon a blanket on the ground. Then drawing his pistol, he touched it to his head, but before he had time to fire he fell dead by the side of Jim.

Money Made in Watches.

A St. Louis jeweler, now retired from trade, says: There is more profit in the repairing department of watchmaking than there is in any other trade in the country, unless, possibly, it is plumbing. Take, for instance, the main-spring of a watch. The general price for repairing one is anywhere from $1.50 to $2. Now, a main-spring to a jeweler costs little more, all told and set, than twenty-five cents. Then there is the extravagant price that is always demanded for cleaning a watch. Few jewelers ever charge less than $1.50 for such work. The time usually taken in doing this class of work is not more than from a half to three-quarters of an hour. The main-spring itself costs on an average about eight cents. Then there is an enormous profit made on watch crystals. The standard price for them is twenty-five cents each. The jeweler buys them by the gross or in lesser quantities for twenty cents per dozen.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Storage of Life.

In a recent lecture to the Sanitary Institution of Great Britain, Dr. B. W. Richardson considered the power the human body has been proven to possess of storing up life to a prolonged period. He stated the conditions favoring such storage in the following order: Hereditary qualification, the virtue of continence, maintenance of balance of bodily functions, perfect temperance, and purity from implanted or acquired diseases. Temperament has its influence, the bilious and sanguine temperaments being best for long life, and the nervous and lymphatic the worst. What he termed all-round temperance is the avoidance of everything that stimulates the heart beyond its natural activity, such stimulation being an unnatural tax that reduces the storage of life.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

GOOD character is above all things else.

FOR THE LADIES.

A PALATABLE OLLA PODRIDA FOR OUR FAIR READERS.

The Latest Fashions in Dress, and How to Comply with the Ever Changeable Customs—The Art of Dressing Becomingly and Cheaply.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

The very last of the outdoor gatherings of New York's very fashionable women are those of the country clubs, of which there are half a dozen, with as many houses and grounds a little way out of town in various directions. The membership of these organizations includes our most pronounced young swells of both sexes, many individuals belonging to them all and attending their diversions. These consist of various field sports in the afternoons, followed by dances and a supper in the evening. These occasions are good ones for observation of the newest styles in dress, and particularly of things that are a trifle too decided in character for city wear. Still, such over accentuated articles are usually seen later, in somewhat modified forms, during the ensuing season. Therefore sketches have been made for this article of costumes seen during the past week at meetings of three of the country clubs, and the reader's attention is first called to the millinery represented in veritable oddities of hats. First we have a jockey cap, not any idealized from the ordinary model of the race track, except in so far as it is feminized by the fair head upon which it is worn. The second example is a slight modification of the military helmet of the German army, and which has lately been adopted by some of the regiments of our own militia. It has a round top, with visors front and rear, and only changed from the masculine original by a bunch of ribbons at the top. These forms of headgear, it will be seen, are severe in their simplicity, and therefore are not advisable for women past thirty. They require youthful faces in order to be successful. That is true, also, of the stiff-brimmed sailor hat as shown, as well as the two odd caps worn by the girls in the sea view further down. The two hats modeled after the old-fashioned French chapeau



MEMBER OF A COUNTRY CLUB.

are an outcome of the revival am ng Directoire costuming, and it is probable that such shapes will appear numerously later in the season. While some of these hats are rather too peculiar for general favor, and represent the constant efforts of the New York swell girl to be peculiar, they do indicate the great diversity in current millinery.

The gowns shown may be accepted as much more closely representing styles that are becoming popular this fall. In the embellishments particularly has care been taken to illustrate the newest ideas. As the weather will very soon compel the belles to put on cloaks, they seem to have embraced the last opportunities, as afforded at the country club assemblages, to show themselves out of doors in unwrapped bodices. An examination of the pictures will convince the reader that the designers of fashion have been industrious and ingenious. In one respect good sense has been happily adhered to. There is no indication of an abandonment of short skirts for street wear. It is a number of years since women dragged their dresses on the sidewalks, or had to save them by awkwardly holding them up, and every season a return to an objectionable length for skirts is dreaded. But the relapse evidently is not to come this year. Gowns for the promenade are all short enough to clear the ground, and even in ball dresses a train is not often seen. Skirts are more varied than ever, if possible, by means of draperies and trimmings. The open front polonaise, or redingote, persistently remains in vogue. In garniture every conceivable device is adopted, from military braiding and pyramids of embroidery to the costliest of cut-out applique work in Oriental effects. Skirts are made with straight, ungored breadths, which are adjusted over the hips by small darts, and as a rule are untrimmed at the foot, being almost or quite concealed by the upper garment. What has been distinctively known as the tailor-made gown is a thing of the past. Not that men are not still making dresses for our wealthiest women, nor that the same masculine skill in exact fitting is not demanded, but the plain cloth suits, that used to be described as tailor-made, have given place to the increased ornamentation of the period. The first of our figures is as snugly encased as possible, but the front of her waist is decorative with embroidery inclosing a simulated vest. The second girl enjoys a zigzag pattern, made of a strip of the dress material over inserted strips of darker satin, running down her breast, arms and sides. The third exhibits a still greater novelty in a semblance of a quite domestic bib and apron, with basket pockets in front, but all made of wide-meshed lace, and attached to the front of a dress that formerly would have been called tailor-made. The sleeves in this instance are loose from shoulder to elbows, while tight from the latter point to the wrist, in accordance with style.

The girl who cannot make a good appearance in the saddle is considered of no account, and horseback riding has become so general, among those with time and money enough to indulge in it, that Central Park is fairly surrounded by livery stables and riding schools. It was at the mentioned meeting of the Westchester Country Club that an odd hour was spent in mock trials, like those usually held aboard steamers on transatlantic trips. A well-known belle, whose grace in the saddle was not by any means perfect, was jocosely arraigned on a charge of "equestrianism."

"If your Honor please," said the humorous counsel for the prisoner, "we



NEWEST OF OUT-DOOR STYLE.

are not guilty of the offense charged, but we will plead guilty to an attempt at equestrianism."

The witticism made everybody laugh—save one, and she was the mock prisoner. The sarcasm was too successful for her to enjoy.

The sash becomes more and more a feature of both morning and evening dress, and, in order to impart novelty to the idea which has been carried out in every possible kind of costume all through the past season, a vast variety of new sash ribbons are being brought out by the manufacturers. The plain soft silk ribbons of abnormal width no longer satisfy the insatiable hunter after "all things new," so the makers have had to evolve all manner of designs for the winter sashings. Among these are the widely striped surahs and failles, upon which the most exquisitely designed and natural leaves in velvet are carelessly thrown. Moires, similarly adorned, are also to the fore, while velvet sashings in all the new shades promise to be popular.

Another fancy in embellishment is the use of very long scarfs of black lace, and these have been imported in various delicate patterns. They are used in a Spanish sort of way around the throat and head, and are sometimes fastened at the throat with very handsome pins, leaving the ends reaching nearly to the ground. But there is one freak of lace that probably will not become common, although a venturesome brunette has indulged in it nearly every afternoon this week on Broadway. It consists in a reversal of the usual method of veiling the face. Instead of wearing a short veil that covers the forehead, eyes and nose, she wraps the veil about her head so that it leaves her eyes and a limited extent of their surroundings free, while the lower portion of the face is shielded. That is the Turkish fashion, of course, and it certainly has the artistic advantage of revealing the eyes, if they are good ones, as in this instance they were; but a change so radical can hardly come of a



A BIB-AND-APRON FRONT.

sudden, and this woman gains her point by being unique.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Fashion Small Talk.

FUR will be much used in trimming winter gowns.

FEW feathers are seen on the dressiest fall bonnets.

SMOCKED frocks are as popular as ever for little girls.

THE more fashionable the woman the smaller is her bustle.

STRINGS of bonnets come from the very back, not the ears, this season.

BOTH large and small bonnets will be worn, but the toque of medium size will be the favorite for early fall.

ROUND hats are very large and elaborately trimmed, but the brims are not wide nor so eccentric as formerly.

SHORT gigot sleeves appear on many of the pretty, dressy Empire gowns for evening wear that are brought over from Paris this fall.

THE large round hats brought out with first importations of fall millinery are too picturesque for any but carriage or country wear.

A LATE London quirk is a traveler's cane, hollow, tin-lined, and with a silver head that unscrews and reveals a close-folded umbrella.

Caligula's Gratitude and Mercy.

Quintus Curtius Flaccus having had the misfortune in the heat of a political campaign to offend the Emperor, Caligula ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling lead. A few days before the execution was to take place, Flaccus sent a lictor to the Emperor with a note, in which he asked the Emperor if he remembered the fact that as a boy Flaccus had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, by eating a poisoned tart intended for the imperial lunch, and beseeching the Emperor, if he did remember the episode, to mitigate the severity of his punishment. Caligula was deeply moved as the remembrance of Flaccus' heroic self-sacrifice flashed across his mind, and he immediately issued a decree providing that "in view of services rendered, the sentence of Quintus Curtius Flaccus, to wit, that he be boiled in lead, be and is commuted, and that in lieu of said boiling in lead the said Quintus Curtius Flaccus shall be flayed alive and thrown into the sea." Rome was so astonished at the unexpected clemency of the Emperor that her historians forgot to record this one bright page in the annals of the Caligulan sway.—*John Henry Bangs, in Harper's Magazine.*

BROAD VIEWS OF "THE GANG."

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.



THE "Holy Terrors," as they styled themselves—three or four shiftless young loungers, in pronounced "sporting" clothes, emblazoned with big brassy scarf-pins and chains, their pockets overflowing with gaudy silk handkerchiefs, tooth brushes, and rubber combs—were tilted back on an array of slippery-bottomed chairs at the front entrance of a livery stable. They had been arguing about the superior points of several horses and girls of their acquaintance, when a church bell began to toll for a funeral.

"Another man joined the 'Turf Club,'" observed one of the worthies, affectionately greeted as "Pimples."

"Be my turn an' yourn, mebbe, after him," suggested a bow-legged associate in lavender plaid breeches.

"Then you'll squeal like a sucking pig," forecasted another, who was busy designing landscape effects in tobacco juice.

"Petcher life," assured "Pimples," with a gleeful grin.

"You fellers oughter rent a pew in church an' git pious," advised the hostler, as he hung up a harness.

"Oh, rats!" emphasized the worthy in lavender.

"Come off, will ye," entreated the landscape gardener, as he connected two lakes together by a wide and spacious channel.

"Turn on the hose," suggested a supplementary member of the group, with ears like the sails on an oyster-lugger.

This symposium of remarks was meant to betoken dissent from the hostler's opinion.

But the hostler was quite undaunted.

"That's what I said," quoth he, in a tone slightly shaded with menace.

"Humph!" retorted "Pimples," contemptuously. "Wats de good o' goin' to church? Preachers don't know nothin' no more'n nobody else."

"Wall, they do!" defended the hostler.

"Naw, dey don't!" exclaimed "Pimples," quite savagely. "Dey jest don't know nothin'. Wat do they know about base-ball, fr instance? Dey can't tell a bat from a goose-egg. An' ye never see any of 'em at a sluggin' match, or takin' a spin round de track wid de rest o' de boys."

"That's so," affirmed a wizzen-faced old sinner, as he joined the group. He had but two teeth visible, and a shattered fragment of a clay pipe-stem clung to them like a turret-shell on the tail of a hermit crab.

"Ye can't trust a preacher, neither," contributed the lavender kid. "One of 'em caught me openin' the jackpot in his synagogue once, w'en I was jest ready to rake in the stuff. He blowed on me the same as if I wasn't no Christian, an' my old man had to flash the dust to git me off. If I had a gun——"

"I'm no sucker," interrupted the hostler, in a decided tone. "I know all about religion. I used to drive a hearse and see ministers at every funeral I went to. They can tell you more'n five minutes than's in the hull 'Clipper Almanac.' You big-mouthed dudes have'nt any sense. You make me tired." And the quite disgruntled hostler began to work the pump handle with excessive vigor.

"You gentl'm'n hasn't seen as much as I have," piped in the man with the dental ruins. "I got religion once way back in the forties. These minister fellers 'll tell ye all about hell and a lot of other furrin' places, an' make ye as skittish as a spring colt. A man can't live only just once, and if he don't put in full time he's a durned fool. That's all I have to say."

"An' you're right, too, guv'nor," assented the landscape artist, as he put the finishing touches on a model of a crevasse in a Louisiana levee. "Talk about hell! I've seen more hell in one night than any minister has in a lifetime."

"Beecher said there ain't no hell no more," commented one of the gang.

"Well, he was right, too. A feller 'd ought ter have another chance w'en he curls up his toes," remarked "Pimples."

"Damme ef he hadn't oughter."

"Bob Ingersoll's too big for ye, though," discoursed the learned possessor of the picturesque incisors. "Wat he don't know about hell ain't worth knowin'. No danger for us poor devils when big bugs like him ain't skeered. Beecher was all solid, though," he hastened to add, as though to show his moral sympathy with the late divine. "Mark my words, boys! The fellers wat go in an' enjoy theirselves aint goin' to miss their slice o' the heavenly pie. You jest wait an' see."

"Reckon we'll hatter," soliloquized the individual with the parabolic legs.

"I say, gents," interposed "Pimples," "dere's a truck full o' beer unloadin' at de corner. Let's step over and loosen."

"Yaas; we oughter spring once after all this yawpin'" observed "Lavender."

And it was this cheering suggestion that terminated the exchange of religious opinions for the time being.

Miniature Beavers.

A host of creatures besides birds love the stream. Water hens lead out their black downy broods beneath the overhanging thorns, and all along the marge the water voles are busily gnawing such of the plants as are of a sweet saccharine nature. The voles are the "water rats" of the country folk, but are harmless and unoffending creatures, living exclusively on a vegetable diet. They are, in fact, miniature beavers. Here and there the loamy banks have fallen in, and along the faces of these the bank swallows have drilled their retreat. These are either flying in and out or feeding their young, which are perched on rails running down to the stream. Ever and anon there runs out from the bank a graceful little creature with a long mobile taper snout. It rummages among the dead leaves and pebbles at the bottom of the stream, and then returns to the side with some insect to eat at leisure.

A FEW SIMPLE TRUTHS.

Fishes are weighed in their real scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom sees skunk in a chunk.

Dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn;
No nephew or niece fences ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot pare its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quills;
Though orphan bees still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bills.

Sick ducks never go to a quack;
A horse cannot plug its own mane;
No ship is not hurt by a rack,
And a window pane suffers from pane.
—*Philadelphia Item.*

Professional Cards.

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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 35 "	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	2 36 p m	
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	2 50 "	
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "	
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 00 "	
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "	
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 54 "	
" 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 view station, Cumberland. P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent