msa_sc5130_scm12190-0411 ©Maryland State Archives

At Marseilles a man who fancied his wife would look well in ostrich feathers, entered a railroad truck wherein were several birds just arrived from Algeria, en route to Paris. The poor fellow selected a fine specimen, and was about to pull it out when the ostrich kicked and killed him on the spot.

A WEDDING feast of an unusually interesting character was served recently in a Southern mansion. It was composed of dishes prepared for the occasion by relatives and friends, and was crowned by the wedding cake, an elegant specimen of decorative pastry in lilies and orange blossoms, the artistic work of one of the bride's friends.

WM. KLAUSMAN, a 9-year-old New York boy, has the distinction of possessing the hardest head known in that city. The other day, while playing in the street, he was run over by a heavy wagon, the wheels of which passed directly over his head. Strange to say, the only injuries received were a few skin bruises. Doctors consider it a remarkable case.

THE laziest man on earth has been discovered in St. Louis. He was arrested on the charge of idling, and his name appeared on the docket as John Smith, because he was too lazy to give his name. When arrested he told the officer he did not work because he was too tired, and in court he was too lazy to speak. When asked if he was alive, he replied he did not know.

MONTGOLFIER'S idea of the balloon came upon him in a peculiar way. Being a dutiful husband, he was airing his wife's dresses preparatory to going to a ball. He observed that the hot air from the fire inflated the light materials, which rose in a sort of spheroidal form. This gave him the idea of the fire balloon, which, being a large paper-maker at Annanay, he forthwith experimented on, and hence we got aerial navigation.

THE old war vessel Kearsarge, that sank the privateer Alabama, off Cherbourg, France, on June 19, 1864, will not be broken up, as was first intended. It was reported that she could not be repaired within the statutory limit of cost to put a wooden vessel in condition for service. It has been found, however, that the engines built for the Nantasket can be put in for less than the cost of repairs of the Kearsarge's engines, and this will be done. She is now at the Portsmouth, N. H., navy-yard.

AN agent for a patent churn went down into Oglethorpe, Ga., a few days ago and stopped at Col. Joe Baughn's to sell him a patent churn. The churn agent was informed that Mr. Baughn was cleaning out the well, and if he wanted to see him he would have to go down. The agent got in the bucket and found Mr. Baughn at the bottom. Colonel Joe bought the churn and signaled the men at the top to draw the agent up and to not let any one come down unless it was a lightning-rod man.

FRANCIS NEWBY, a coachman at the Royal Hotel, Attleborough, England, dreamed that he would meet his death near a certain lodge gate. It impressed him so that he took every pains to avoid the place, and even when once he had to drive up there he got a lady in the carriage to hold the reins until the spot was passed. The other day he had to go past the spot with a remarkably kind and gentle horse. Just in front of the gate something in the road upset the cart he was driving, and he was thrown out and killed.

THREE lads at Drummond, England, aged ten, eleven, and twelve years, were caught by the police seeing how near they could come to killing each other with a shotgun without doing it. The boys took turns, standing against a sand bank with a mark over their heads, and the others fired at the mark. The boys liked the sensation of hearing the shot whistle near them. Before this they laid their hats and coats in a heap, and fired into them until they were riddled with shot holes. The queerest part of it was that the youngest boy had an official gun license.

THE investigation of yellow fever in Florida by the French physician dispatched for that purpose by the Government of France, will doubtless confirm the theory prevalent for several years that cholera and yellow fever are identical in origin and in essence, and are propagated by similar means. The history of epidemics is as brief as it is appalling. Before the invention of sanitary systems, before the discovery of the value of public as well as of private cleanliness as a means of preventing disease, the world was afflicted at frequent periods by vast plagues whose origin was attributed to the malevolence of Deity, and for whose suppression prayers were publicly offered while panic perpetuated their ravages. With the extension of sanitary science the divine responsibility for epidemics has declined. In Southern France, Spain, and Italy, as in the Oriental countries, epidemics reappear in diminishing force in proportion as cleanliness has been introduced. The ports of the Southern States have much to learn from the experience of France in particular. Its energetic and enlightened Government has made sanitation compulsory; and, although there may yet be cases of imported or sporadic pestilence, it is highly improbable that the great cities of the Republic will be again devastated by epidemic disease.

A CONFESSION.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes,
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then;
How, simply passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat—
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married, too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.
—*Century.*

IN AFRICAN JUNGLES.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

It would require a long search through the animal kingdom to find an uglier-looking creature than a gorilla. The bravest hunter might well shrink on meeting this frightful ape in the depths of the African jungle, especially when he knows the gorilla to possess prodigious strength and activity, and to be absolutely untamable in his ferocity.

The gorilla, when full grown, tucks but two or three inches of six feet in height. The skin is of coal-black color. This, however, makes itself apparent only on the face, chest, and palms of the hands, which are uncovered by the iron-gray hair, two inches long, which envelops the rest of the body. The hair is quite dark on the arms, and, rather oddly, it grows upward on the forearm and downward on the main arm.

A look straight in the face will startle any one. The small, restless, piercing eyes glitter viciously from beneath the heavy frontal ridge; the enormous mouth, the thin, black lips, without any red on their edges, the formidable double row of fangs, the crimsoned-lined mouth, the almost human ears, the short, wiry hair covering his head, the flat crown, and the iron jaws possessing incredible strength. These are some of the characteristics, which, breaking suddenly on the bravest man, are enough to cause him to recoil in fright.

The resemblance of the gorilla to us human beings is remarkable, though much less than that of the chimpanzee, which looks indeed as if it were the famed "connecting link."

Besides the ears, the nose resembles that of a man more than that of an ape. It has a projecting nose bone, though the organ itself is very flat and repulsive in shape. Its chest and shoulders are immensely broad; it has no neck, and the abdomen is simply tremendous. The arms reach to the knees, and possess a strength almost incredible. The legs are short, without any calf, the knees are bent at the joints and the back has a forward stoop. It is a singular fact, that when running on all fours, the hind feet of the gorilla leave no trace of their contact with the ground. Only the ball of the foot and the thumb, answering to our great toe, seem to touch.

The hand of the male gorilla is immense. The fingers are short and thick, the middle one at the first joint sometimes being more than two inches in diameter. The foot resembles a huge hand, the middle toe being longer than the others. Awkward and uncouth as is this extraordinary creature, its strength and activity are almost marvelous.

The home of the gorilla is in the gloomiest depths of the African jungles. Here are found other formidable animals, so that the savage fellow needs to possess great power to defend himself from their attacks. The male seems to be absolutely without fear. He never runs before the approach of man, and seems to feel a special ferocity toward the native African. He is always ready for a fight, and is not afraid of the lion, elephant, or any quadruped that may cross his path.

My friend, Jarvis Maggiore, one of the most famous of English sportsmen, penetrated the gorilla country with two friends, as fond of wild hunting as he. He had shot the lion in the land of the Bushman and Hottentot, and had come within a hair of being torn to shreds by a royal Bengal tiger in the depths of Hindostan.

Being a man of means, Maggiore denied himself no comfort or convenience that money could procure. His companions were equally fortunate in that respect. They were well mounted when necessary, had the best of dogs and weapons, and procured the most experienced and trustworthy guides in whatever section they visited.

The three hunters were accompanied by a dusky native, who had led other parties into the country, and who bore the rather curious name of Zigzag; this had probably been given him by some Englishman, and he had proudly adopted it in preference to his own.

Zigzag was an active, athletic fellow, who also carried an excellent gun, and held the gorilla in more dread than any other inhabitant of the jungles. It was not until he was promised a very liberal fee that he agreed to accompany the trio of Englishmen into the gorilla country. Three entire days were passed without catching the first glimpse of the terrible creature. They hunted with the greatest care, and again and again detected the tracks of the gorilla, which are too peculiar to be mistaken; more than once they were sure they were immediately upon him, but they were continually disappointed, until the party began to feel something like disgust over the repeated failure to find the game which had brought them so far inland. Finally, one morning, when they were on the point of leaving camp, Maggiore said:

"If we don't get sight of one of our handsome relatives to-day, I shall favor a withdrawal from the country altogether."

"I think it will be better for us to separate," replied his companion; "it must be the gorillas hear us and keep out of the way."

"But from what Du Chaillu and others, who are acquainted with the habits of the animals, say, the male does not give the road to man or beast."

"Not when disturbed; but we haven't had much success in running across any sort of game, so there must be something in our style of doing business which they don't like."

"Very well; let us separate."

There were three excellent hunting dogs in the company, the best of which belonged to Maggiore. He was called Captain, and was as courageous as any bull dog.

The company split in the middle, as may be said. Maggiore, Zigzag and the dog, Captain, composed one, the other two canines and their owners made up the other. The understanding was that all should return at nightfall, in accordance with the custom they had followed ever since penetrating the country.

There must have been some truth in the theory that the party was too large to pursue the pastime successfully, for, before the sun reached the meridian, both companies had more than enough of gorillas.

These animals, as I have said, frequent the gloomiest depths of the jungle, and it is impressive, even to the bravest hunter, when he stealthily picks his way though these almost impenetrable forests, expecting every moment to come upon one of the terrible monsters who fears him not, and who will attack him with scarcely any hesitation.

It lacked yet considerable of noon when Zigzag, who was a few feet in advance of Maggiore, suddenly stopped, raising his hand and inclining his head in a way which showed he had heard something suspicious, though Maggiore himself had detected nothing.

"What is it?" asked the Englishman, in a whisper.

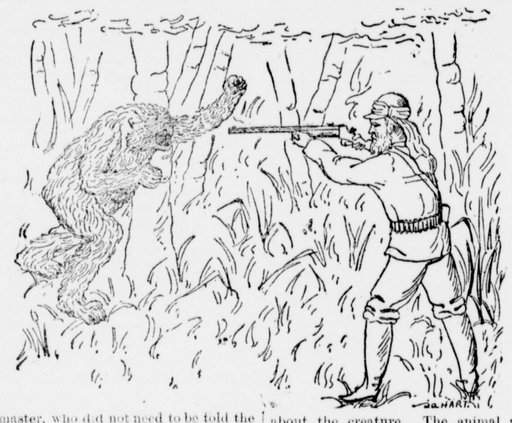
"I think it is one of them," he answered, meaning a gorilla.

Before Maggiore could check his dog the animal shot forward and vanished like an arrow from a bow. This was unusual for him, and his owner was angered, for it was likely to interfere with the sport he had in mind.

Almost the next instant a peculiar, muttering roar was heard, quickly followed by a wild yelp of the dog, and then the dead body of poor Captain came flying end over end through the limbs and branches, clear beyond where the two hunters stood.

It fell limp and lifeless behind the dismayed Maggiore, who, in all his experience, had never known a canine to be disposed of in such a prompt and emphatic style.

"It was the gorilla," whispered Zigzag, turning his terrified face upon his



master, who did not need to be told the fact, for nothing but that terrific king of the jungle could have slain such a magnificent dog as Captain in that hurricane fashion.

The caniac, with more courage than judgment, must have rushed directly upon the gorilla, which cared no more for him than if he were a kitten. When Captain came within reach of those resistless arms the monster must have smote him as though he were made of pasteboard. Then, as if in contempt, he had caught up the crushed body, and flung it with such fury through the woods that it rose fully ten feet above the heads of the two when it passed over them.

Maggiore saw that Zigzag was scared, though he strove hard to conceal it. The fact caused my friend to feel impatient, for, knowing the native to be armed as well as himself, he could not admit there was cause to be frightened at anything which tramps forest or jungle. A marksman, cool and collected, ought to be able to bring down any quadruped of the wilderness, from an elephant to a squirrel, without danger to himself.

Maggiore spoke sharply to Zigzag, who made some answer in his own tongue which my friend could not understand. Then, without any explanation of his purpose, he stepped forward, disappearing almost as abruptly as did the dog a few minutes before.

It cannot be said that Maggiore was pleased in the least with this style of conducting business. His dog had paid the penalty of disobedience with his life, and there was no saying what the result would be to Maggiore and Zigzag, from the action of the latter.

The Englishman was not alarmed as concerned himself, but it looked to him as if the gorilla was to be given a chance to pursue the tactics of Napoleon, that is, by defeating the hunters in detail. He had already disposed of the dog, and doubtless would be speedily faced by the native with his loaded gun.

Zigzag was probably stung by the reproof of his master, and hurried forward to attack the formidable creature, with less discretion than he would have shown under other circumstances.

He had not passed more than a hundred feet beyond Maggiore, when he suddenly found himself face to face with one of the most gigantic male gorillas he had ever seen.

The monster had just slain the dog, and probably suspecting that enemies were close at hand, he was simply waiting for them to appear, so as to give him a chance to open the fight.

Instead of thumping his chest and giving out that roar which startles all that hear it, the creature advanced straight upon the native, without any preliminary demonstration. He was probably so infuriated that he could not restrain himself a moment before assailing an enemy.

Zigzag knew that when such a meeting takes place, it is certain death to gorilla or hunter. Planting one foot before the other, he raised his gun to his shoulder, aimed directly at the spot which he knew covered the heart of the frightful creature, and pulled trigger.

He missed!

Why he did so can never be fully explained. Less than a dozen yards separated the native from the gorilla, and it must have been some unusual cause which interfered with his aim.

Possibly there was some defect in the bullet which made it swerve aside, or it may have glanced against some obtruding twig which a breath of air bent across its path at the critical moment; it may have been due to some other cause, for it is certain that Zigzag could not have missed through any fault of his own.

His bullet nipped the muscular shoulder of the gorilla, who made a couple of tremendous bounds and then landed directly upon the African.

When the latter saw that he had failed, he must have known what it meant. He lowered his piece and began hastily reloading it. He did not attempt to run, for it was useless, as indeed it was to seek to defend himself in any way.

The prodigious bounding of the gorilla showed that it was utterly out of the question for the native to reload in time. As a last desperate resort, therefore, Zigzag seized the gun by the barrel and brought down the stock with all the strength at his command.

It inflicted no more damage than if it had struck the trunk of a solid oak. Before the weak attempt could be repeated, the monster hurled down his hand like a pile driver, smashing the stock of the gun, and the skull of the poor native, who sank to the ground with not a particle of life in his body.

No human eye having witnessed Zigzag's fatal encounter with the gorilla, it is manifest we cannot speak with absolute certainty, but subsequent investigation renders it quite probable that the course we have described is the one which he followed.

The report of the gun was the first notice Jarvis Maggiore received of what was going on. Knowing Zigzag to be an excellent shot, he had no thought of his missing his aim. His supposition was that he had killed the game that rightly belonged to him, and he stepped forward in anything but a pleasant mood.

He was horrified when he discovered his dreadful mistake.

One glance at the inanimate and mangled body told the truth without looking further. Zigzag had met his death at the hands of an immense gorilla, who departed in such haste that Maggiore failed to get a glimpse of him.

It may be said that everything had gone amiss, so far as the calculations of Maggiore went. The gorilla had not behaved himself as was expected, from what he had read and been told about the creature. The animal almost invariably announces his presence by roaring and thumping his breast, and then approaches the hunter in such a deliberate fashion that the man has abundant chance to bring him down.

But, as yet, my friend felt nothing like fear, though the sight of the lifeless guide was enough to disturb the nerves of any one. He simply examined his gun to see if it was all right, and then he scrutinized the ground. There was the trail, so distinct that there could be no mistaking it. He noted the direction it took, and he began cautiously following.

Determined not to be taken by surprise, Maggiore advanced with as much stealth as an American Indian. Looking in advance, and right and left, he had gone only a couple of rods, when he was startled by the shrieking and crying of a female gorilla who had espied the hunter first and gone scampering away to give the alarm to her mate.

This female had a small baby, which was nursing at her breast at the moment she descried the danger. She went running and half leaping in an uncouth but rapid manner, paying no attention to the little one, for the reason that there was no cause for doing so. The baby threw its arms about its mother's neck and held on with such tenacity that there was no shaking it off.

Maggiore brought his gun to his shoulder and was in the very act of pulling the trigger, when he reflected that the male must be somewhere near at hand, and he was the one who was to be feared rather than the female which was making such haste to get beyond sight.

So it proved.

The Englishman had scarcely lowered his weapon when the male, the one who had slain the dog and the native but a short time before, put in an appearance.

He came from the depth of the jungle, announcing his approach by that diabolical roar to which I have referred, and by pounding his chest with a vigor that gave a sound as if made by a bass drum. He was erect, but his walk was very awkward, being, in fact, a waddle.

"I wonder how it was I kept my self-possession," said Jarvis, in relating the incident to me, "for imagination alone cannot picture the horrible sight. The deep-set eyes glowed like those of a cobra peering from under a rock; the features were twisted and contorted; the jet-black skin was wrinkled into all sorts of creases as if it were silk; the thin lips were drawn up so as to disclose the long fangs and vise-like jaws which are powerful enough to crush an iron gun-barrel as though it were an egg-shell."

But my friend did keep command of his nerves. He knew that he had but the single shot, which would be the death of one of the two. With a vague dread, as he reflected on the unaccountable fate of his guide, he pointed his gun at the hairy covering over the heart of the monster.

He held his fire for a moment or two, for the gorilla was still advancing slowly and regularly, pounding his chest and giving utterance at intervals to his atrocious roar.

Jarvis Maggiore stood until the creature was within thirty feet, when he pulled the trigger.

That settled it.

Despite the formidable strength and great ferocity of the gorilla, he is as vulnerable to a bullet as is man himself. The Englishman saw that the savage was beyond the power of inflicting harm, and then, as the true hunter always does, he reloaded his rifle before stirring from his tracks.

Moving forward, he drew a line from his pocket and measured the body of the fallen monster. It was fully five feet nine inches in height, and one of the most terrible of his kind.

Maggiore then made as careful an investigation as possible into the matter of Zigzag's death. The result of his conclusion I have already given in my account of the poor native's taking off.

When Maggiore returned to camp at sunset and met his companions, he gave them a full account of his thrilling experience, and they in turn had a story to tell of how they had brought down a gorilla, which they measured and found lacking scarcely an inch of being as tall as the one he had slain.

Canadian Indians at Home.

The inmates of this Indian home were the strangest part of the scene. The tidy women were squatting on the floor, some cross-legged like Turks, others sitting on one foot as a cushion, or on their toes turned inward under them, or on their knees and heels. They were quite erect, yet easy, in these attitudes, as comfortable as we are upon luxurious furniture.

One of them changed her dress by detachments at my elbow. The men were waiting for dinner; one slept curled up in a heap near the wall; another sat flat on the floor by his wife; and the other two lay stretched across the opposite end of the lodge. The children showed a remarkable capacity for stowing themselves away in grotesque shapes in nooks and corners, whence they stared at me with black bead-like eyes as expressionless as those of animals. Meanwhile the people kept up a general conversation in their own tongue; their voices were low, even in laughter, and expressive of a kind and considerate nature. You notice a good deal of abruptness in their talk; but this is due to their language, in which you hear many inarticulate grunts, short, brusque inflections, and long, disjointed, unmelodious words. But when they talk French, which the most of them understand, their speech is quite agreeable. I tried in many ways to engage the squaws in conversation in this tongue, but they turned to me a deaf ear, or else their husbands. It seems that the missionaries advise the tribe to have but little intercourse with whites; they will often pretend not to understand you, or will grant your request without replying to your speech.

The dinner meanwhile had been prepared by one of the squaws. She set a number of plates on the floor, and Louis invited me to eat of their stewed ducks. I accordingly settled from the chest where I sat to the floor. Only the men came to the meal; for it is a custom among them to serve the men first; the women, having less exposure to endure in winter, consider their needs as secondary; they will absolutely fast when provisions are scarce. And yet, notwithstanding their extra nourishment, in times of starvation the men always succumb first. We helped ourselves from the kettle; and when we had finished, two of the men rolled up into heaps and went to sleep. The women, children, and dogs then gathered about the dishes. Each one had an attendant dog at her elbow, ready for any emergency. The meal was social and pleasant, with good-natured talking, and manners quite deferential. But the dogs were an aggressive element. They were eager and unscrupulous; if a hand remained too long away from the plate a dog captured the contents. Now and then a yelp, or a crescendo of fire on the word "ahwis," broke the calmness of the conversation. The dog of the prettiest maiden kept advancing his nose toward her plate, and she kept pounding his head with her spoon till he concluded to retreat. Another cur sat very quietly for some time beside a child; but at last he rose in open rebellion. I rushed to the plate. The child screamed, spoons flourished in the air, and screams resounded; and finally the dog settled back on his haunches with a revengeful snarl. When the women had finished their meal they sat still and let the dogs straggle over their laps, and take possession of the entire culinary department. After setting things to rights the women resumed their sewing on the floor, and I left them chatting away the afternoon, more happily than many of our care-worn house-keepers in their palaces of taste and educated discontent.—*C. H. Farnham, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Bliss of Ignorance.

She walked into a fashionable shoe-store and said to the polite clerk:

"You may show me a pair of walking boots, No. 4. I used to wear 3's, but I go in for solid comfort now."

The clerk tried the boots, but they would not go on.

"Strange," she murmured, "it must be rheumatism. Try 4's, B width. I know I can swim in them, but my feet are so tender."

While the clerk was getting them on she said:

"I used to have a beautiful foot, not small, but such a good shape. I never had a small foot, but I wore 2½ sizes for years, until I walked so much and grew heavier."

"Your foot is a peculiar shape, the instep is so high—that is why you require a large size," said the clerk, who had no fear of Ananias before his eyes.

"I've heard," she said, "that the Venus dee Medeechy wears No. 5, and she is a model of true proportion."

"Exactly," said the clerk growing red in the face as he pulled and tugged to get them on. He had never heard of "dee Medeechy," but he was up to a trick or two himself. "After all," he said, "these are too large. You'll find the 4's just right."

He was only gone a moment, but in that time he had erased 5E from the inside of a pair of shoes and substituted 4B.

"There, I thought it was strange," she said when they were on and paid for; "why, these are just as easy as my old ones. I believe I could just as well have had 3's after all." And the young man-without-a-conscience went back to his duties with the air of one well satisfied with himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Appropriate.

Gray—Green is remarkably tall and thin, isn't he?

Black (laughing)—Yes. We call him he "Pedestrian contest."

G.—Pedestrian contest?

B.—Yes. A walking match, you know.—*Boston Courier.*

THE production of the 3,000,000 acres of cotton in Texas is 1,500,000 bales.

WEALTH.

BY THOS. P. CRANE.



IS the natural instinct of man to desire riches. Savages of the lowest order of intelligence are not averse to a good supply of this world's goods. The man who does not care for money is not in a healthful condition of mind. Some love money so intensely that they can love or enjoy nothing else. Such men are martyrs to the "golden calf." They would like to go to heaven where they could sit and count golden eagles from morn till eve, and dine and sup on delicate viands smothered with diamonds and pearls. The miser is a monomaniac upon the subject of money. He is the most unfortunate fool in the world. He hasn't sense enough to realize that he is hoarding, suffering, and starving, to the end that he may leave his glittering gold to thieves or spendthrifts, as the case may be. If ever I should become a miser, I would take good care that no lazy lout of a spendthrift should get my money when I shuffle off this mortal coil. I sometimes wonder if the miser would love gold so very much if it was valued only by reason of its good looks. This is a question which philosophers have tried in vain to answer from time out of date. Some philosophers believe that a miser loves gold because it glitters, and not because it has a purchasing power. The miser does not utilize its purchasing powers to any extent, but he loves to see it glitter. Some men have a fondness for accumulating a little wealth so that they can enjoy themselves by entering into an excruciating and debilitating "tare," or spree. They become painfully and wonderfully intoxicated, and are glad to become sober again. They then go about their business again, and are looking forward to the time when they shall again enter upon a drunken career. Some men hoard up a little money—enough to start them in some line of business. When they think they have labored for others long enough and have laid aside enough money to start themselves in business, they quit work and hire men to help them in their own business. These kind of people are level-headed. Having accumulated a snug fortune, about the meridian of life they retire from active business and proceed to take things easy. Some men are so persistent and untiring in their efforts to become millionaires of mammoth proportions, that they know not what it is to enjoy a good night's rest. They stir up anarchists and cranks. They never pay their employes any more wages than they can help. It is really impossible for a grasping monopolist to pay a Canesian $1.10 per day if there is a Chinaman in the vicinity who will work for $1.05. How can a sensible workingman expect it? If a laborer is not satisfied with his wages, let him quit drinking cheap liquor, save his money and become a capitalist. It is so easy, you know. If his genius does not seem to run in that groove, he could try his hand at professional base-ball. It is so delightfully easy to contemplate and view from the grand stand. They might practice with cannon balls, taking precaution to wear clothes made from boiler-iron. This is necessary, for cannons are often dosed heavily with powder. A cannon ball escaping from an overcharged cannon is often as dangerous as a hot ball escaping from the paws of a crack curve pitcher. By a little practice with cannon balls a person would be able to handle the swift League ball with impunity, barring a few inconveniences, such as broken fingers and sore hands. If the wage-worker finds base-ball too painful an occupation for him, he might try his luck at the plumbing business. It is quite an easy and quick road to wealth. This fact is easily proven. Look up the statistics on plumbing compiled by our most eminent humorists. All humorists agree that plumbers make lots of money, and lead an easy life. I myself have never had any use for a plumber excepting in extreme cases of necessity. An exploded water-pipe is an extreme case with me, and the plumber is a hard case, too.

How She Kept a Diary.

Near me on the fore deck sits a woman whose whole soul seems to be devoted to the prosecution of a daily record of events. She is writing in a flat black book which her friends will know only too well some day. It is her diary.

This morning this same woman sat close to me while I was grinding out a column for a newspaper. She wanted to know what I was doing. She asked me. I said I was writing. She hasn't spoken to me since.

I knew she suffered frightful torments all the morning trying to divine what I was writing. At first I guess she thought I must be writing a simple business letter. Then as page after page was covered she decided that I was writing to my father or mother or a dear friend. But as still my pen ran on a satisfied look came over that inquisitive face. She had decided that I was writing to my sweetheart. I know that she longed to tell me that she had solved the conundrum, but I would not give her the chance.

I have said so much for her by way of excuse for showing up her fraudulent proceedings in connection with that formidable diary of hers. She is sitting near me again just now, and, as I have told you, is writing in a black covered flat book, her diary. Upon her lap beside the diary is a corpulent red and gilt guide book. Twice I have passed by her to be sure that my suspicions are well founded.

She is copying sentence after sentence from the guide book, which is open at the chapter on Paris. Thrifty woman, she is preparing her diary ahead, and to be sure of her facts she is transplanting them from the guide book to her original record.

That is a very safe way of completing a diary. Not very honest, you think? A diary constructed with entire honesty usually follows the pattern of that of the young woman whose record for a seven days' voyage was as follows:

Sunday, sick.
Monday, very sick.
Tuesday, awfully sick.
Wednesday, do do
Thursday, do do
Friday—just elegant—ate dinner—Charlie P. certainly is very attentive.
Saturday, Liverpool.

Or like that of another lady in which there were only two entries, viz: First day—I think I am going to die. Second day—I'm afraid I won't.

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND.
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.

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 Fare.
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 50 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 51 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 36 "

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