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Frostburg, Md.....June 28, 1890.

YANKEE VIEW OF A BRITISH POET.

I've bin a readin' Brownin'; our schoolmarm said he writ
The tallest kin' er potery the worl's diskivered yet;
Now I like potery better'n pie, or any kin' er sass,
An' banker for 't like winter cows a-hankerin' for grass.

I took the book down to the brook; sez I, "I'll hev it rich.
I'll soak myself in potery an' sentiment an' sich;
The brook'll kinder keep in tune, the bobolink an' birds
Will sing their song, an' so keep time with this great poet's words."

An' so I started in to read; 'twas jest like ridin' roun'
In a big bumpin' dingle cart, right over new plowed groun';
An' now an' then the ox 'ud break, an' down you'd go kerflop,
Then two or three more wheels 'ud bust, and then the hoss 'ud stop.

An' then he'd start off on a rush, an' go a whirlin' roun';
Sometimes the cart wuz sideways, an' sometimes upside down;
An' then ther'd come an awful jolt, a kinder crazy crash,
An' fust ye'd know, the dingle cart 'ud bust an' go to smash.

I'spose that's w'en the poem stopped; I didn't read no more;
My bones wuz mixed permiscus like, an' all my jints wuz sore;
The bobolink flew up a tree, an' never raised a yip,
An' I went home, an' thirteen weeks wuz laid up 'ith the grip.

—I8. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

WE FULLY ENDORSE THIS.

And Ask Mothers to Read Every Line With Emphasis.

The musical education of the child, we must remember, is, in nine cases out of ten, something in addition to an already complete course of study laid by that exacting and often heartless person known as the educator. It invades the play hour, makes its by no means small exactions upon the already tired brain, and often proves more wearying to the nerves than all the rest of the child's curriculum put together. Think of the poor tortured little spine and the dangling legs on the high piano stool, for an hour at a stretch! What a nervous strain and worriment, to drop a note here and there, as grandma drops a stitch, and be obliged to go back again and again to struggle with the passage until time, fingering, reading, and all the technique of execution are pronounced satisfactory.

I declare I have seen instances of this sort when I could hardly restrain my determination to post off for an officer of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children!

Let parents have some consideration, I say. The practice hour should be shorter, or should be divided into two parts; and rather than let it encroach upon the proper time for play, some art, science, accomplishment, language, or what not should be lopped off the already too luxuriant tree of knowledge to give it a place.

Let there be more trimming in education, and there will be more fruit.—[Paul Pastnor in the Home-Maker.

Homely.

Words have curious histories and are subject to strange transformations. The word "let," for example, which in former times, as we may see from its use in the authorized version of the Bible, sometimes meant to hinder, has now come to have a precisely opposite meaning. "Homelike" is a term of commendation, but "homely," which is the same word with the last two letters omitted, as we may say, has gradually taken on an unfavorable significance.

A German scholar, who is now a professor in an American college, is fond of relating a bit of his early experience in speaking the English language.

He had been in this country only a few weeks when he was invited to pass an evening at the house of a Philadelphia gentleman, who had three very attractive daughters. All the members of the family did their best to make his call agreeable; and he enjoyed the evening greatly.

When he took his leave he naturally expressed his gratitude somewhat effusively. He assured the lady of the house that he had spent a most delightful evening in her "homely home," and in the company of her "homely daughters."

With all her goodness of heart, his hostess could not conceal the fact that his remarks were offensive, and the professor went home in a very unpleasant quandary. He sought a friend's advice, and at the first opportunity explained to his kind entertainer that "homely" in German was equivalent to "hospitable," and had been used by him in that sense.

Satisfactory Work by Machinery.

It is now estimated that in the cotton and woolen industries more than two-thirds of the work formerly done by hand is accomplished by machinery, and with far more satisfactory results. Thus in the washing and drying of wool the feeding in former times was done entirely by hand, the fact being that in the washers this hand feeding allowed the lumps and bunches to be torn apart by the rollers or forks of the washing machine, by which the wool, in the hot alkaline solution, was likely to be fetted or the fibers destroyed. In the dryers, where a current of hot air is continually circulating, the wool must be equally distributed, so as to offer equal resistance to the current; for if this is not attended to the result is that through scant or thin places the greater part of the current escapes, scorching the wool in its passage—a result invariably obtained by hand feeding. At present machines are made specially designed for opening and feeding wool, simple in construction, and saving labor both in washing and drying processes. By using these machines the wool is separated in its greasy state without injury to the staple, and enters the liquor for washing in this loose condition; being well loosened before entering the dryer, and more equally fed, it becomes more readily dried, and the resistance being equalized the heat will not produce the scorching effects.

Learned in Good Time.

Some time ago the teacher of a Riverside school instructed her class how to act in case of emergencies, such as drowning, gunshot, accidents, etc. A day or so after the lesson a lad named Haight went home and found his baby sister given up for dead after being picked out of the canal. There was no doctor to be had, and young Haight went to work to apply his lesson, and in a few minutes the baby was restored to life.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.

BY BREATHING RIGHT HE CAN HAVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Little Good in the Gymnasiums—To Breathe Correctly Means an Erect Body and a Graceful Carriage—Every Boy May Reach a Green Old Age.

Edwin Checkley, a teacher of physical education in Brooklyn, N. Y., has some new ideas which he has given to the public in regard to the physical training of children.

"The present system is wrong from beginning to end," he said to a reporter.

"Pick up a 6 month's old infant," he added, "hold him in an unstrained upright position, and you will find that his back is broad and flat and that his spine is perfectly straight. As soon as the child begins to walk the spine begins to curve. Why? The weight of his abdomen causes the lower part of his back—the 'hollow of his back,' so called—to sink forward and sag down. There is error number one. Subsequent physical training takes no notice of it.

"You will find, too, that an infant in arms has the power, while sitting bolt upright, of putting his foot, or at least a part of it, in his mouth. This is because his hip joint is perfect.y free and flexible. He loses this flexibility almost from the moment he begins to walk. The ordinary system of athletic or calisthenic training takes no notice of this loss.

"Now, I claim that above all else a child should be taught how to stand and how to breathe. Next he should be instructed as to the proper way of using every muscle and joint. Teach him those things and he will be a graceful healthy strong man. Neglect them and while he may become temporarily strong his power is neither lasting nor conducive to long life and vigor.

"Nothing is more important than to teach children the general principles of right development. It is a mere makeshift to bring forward calisthenics. Only a small minority of the children in classes for physical training give any vigor or meaning to the few insignificant movements of the arms. Most of the boys and almost all of the girls make merely superficial movements, with no sense of the meaning and no feeling of exhileration. If anything has been said to the children about breathing no effect is visible. If anything has been said about the carriage of the body the instruction has been confined to an injunction to 'keep back the shoulders.'

"In a nervous effort to obey the latter injunction children are often found with hollowed backs and shoulder blades driven in against the spine. When the shoulders are violently and persistently thrown back the shoulder blades almost meet. They press on the spine and jam the upper part of it forward. This effect is simply unavoidable.

"If a child is sent to school at the age of 5 or 6 the teacher should watch him at his desk to make sure that he maintains an erect position. It will be found that if the head is kept properly held erect the chin is bound to draw up the breast bone. By holding the body erect and straight the child will find it easy to breathe in the costal way—that is, with the upper part of the chest. This, I claim, is the proper way to breathe. Of course it is not easy to learn all this at once, but a careful teacher, by taking pains, could soon bring her class into such a condition that they would find it easier to stand, walk, and sit right than wrong.

"It is not necessary to spend any special half hour a day in teaching these things. The instructor who is with children all the time is the one to keep them standing or sitting properly. 'Folding the arms,' the present attitude of respectful attention, is one that cramps the chest and the breathing apparatus. It should never be practiced. Let the teacher instruct her children to keep the upper point of the forehead and the most prominent part of the chest always uplifted, as if trying to push up through the ceiling. A word now and again will soon inculcate the right sort of carriage. Let all bending forward be done from the hip joint—not from the waist. The backbone need not and should not be bent in stooping to pick up anything.

"Instead of wasting time over rods and wands, teachers should make the children learn how to hold their bodies and how to move the shoulders, hips, and other joints properly in the ordinary business of life. Children can get little good from what they learn mechanically. The youngster's interest must be aroused. Teach him that not dumbbells, but the knowledge he acquires in the carriage and deportment of his body, will make him agile and strong, and then his physical education will amount to something. Physical education is properly accomplished only through the mind.

"The mere acquirement of muscular tissue is not of so much importance as a good sheath of sound healthy agile bone covering. By that I mean elastic supple tendons and muscles working in harmony, directed by a well regulated mind. This is what children need. The shoulders should not be strained back of the hip joint. These two joints should be on the same perpendicular line. The chest must have prominence on its own account, and the shoulders when held back far enough to give the chest free development find a natural and comfortable center. I am no believer in the theory of extensive destruction in tissues and hurried rebuilding of them to secure health. Such training is abnormal. The cat, the horse, dog, tiger, and other lower animals keep their strength for the most part with light exercise. The tendency of hard exercise is hard muscles, and hard muscles are bad. It is in the conservation of energy, and not in the prodigal dissipation of energy, that the greatest strength and endurance of the body will always lie. Our bodies should remain firm but pliant, and in most parts soft. There is no reason why any of us should become inactive before our 80th birthday.

THE BRIDE'S THOUGHT.

"Shall I tell you, dear, what I thought of when
The ring was on and the prayer was said?"
They were safe in their flying carriage then,
Two lovers just newly wed.

"Not of the peace that ended fear;
Not of the years we hope to know;
But I only thought, oh, forgive me, dear,
Of the man who loved me so.

"Your friend who stood by my bridesmaid's side
At the altar's railing, our chosen two,
He had longed so dearly to call me bride,
But, darling, you never knew.

"And I only thought how it seemed to him,
The offered vows and glad replies;
And somehow the lighted church looked dim
Through the tears that filled my eyes."

Then, laughing lightly, thus answered he:
"'Tis very strange how these things occur;
Your bridesmaid, dear, was in love with me,
But I never thought of her!"

—[Judge.

BENELA BEN.

BY STEPHEN B. ROSS.

One evening, while walking down one of the streets of Benela, in company with my young friend, Sam Parker, I suddenly inquired:

"Who is that slender, dark-eyed youth, crossing the street on our left?"

"What! Don't know Benela Ben?" exclaimed my companion, in evident astonishment.

I confessed that such was the case, and expressed my willingness to learn something of the handsome young fellow who had just passed.

"Well, here we are at the office. Walk in, and I'll tell you how the youth who so quickly attracted your attention came by his name.

"It was in March, 1889, that the merchants of this place, and all the farmers for miles around resolved to sell their cotton.

"They had held it all winter for better prices, and, now that the rise had come, a general feeling of good cheer pervaded town and country.

"There were many who had lived very close for months, depriving themselves of every luxury that they might hold their crops; and then, just as the knowledge that they must sell was forced upon them by pressing need, prices went up like a flash.

"Brokers, with their steamboats, came up the river, and for three days all was hard work and confusion.

"Then, on the evening of the third day, as the last boat, heavily loaded with the fleecy staple, was preparing to leave, the committee of merchants appointed to conduct the sale were called into the cabin and paid $190,000.

"The money was to be given to those to whom it belonged the following day, and farmers from miles around were expected in Benela, with their laborers, early in the morning, as it was well known the latter class had been clamoring for a settlement for the past several months.

"Although the amount paid into their hands was enormous and the salvation of the entire county depended upon its safe keeping, the thought that a robbery might be attempted that night never occurred to the committee; and after some discussion, it was decided that Major Garvin, the chairman, should deposit it in his great safe until the hour for distribution arrived.

"Ben Gilmore, Major Garvin's bookkeeper, invariably slept in the small room back of the store where the safe stood, and after the money had been deposited, Major Garvin turned to him and said:

"'Ben, as a matter of precaution, we have changed the combination to "Benela," and as you will have to open the safe at closing time, you will please remember the new combination.'

"'Yes, sir!' answered the youth.

"And as he glanced up from his books, he observed a tall well built man, apparently about 40 years of age, standing immediately in front of the door directly behind his employer.

"A half concealed expression of triumph shone in the fellow's eyes, but quickly noting the inquiring look of the young bookkeeper he walked away.

"'Who can that be?' asked Major Garvin, turning just in time to catch a glimpse of the retreating figure.

"'His name is Rose, so he informed me,' answered Mr. Ford, a member of the committee.

"And glad of an opportunity to satisfy the curiosity of his companions, he continued:

"'This Mr. Rose and his two friends came in yesterday, and have spent the time since their arrival in looking at some of the timber lands in this locality. They contemplate purchasing several thousand acres, and intend erecting a monster sawmill on the river a few miles below.'

"After a few comments on the new enterprise, the committee of merchants adjourned to their homes, and Gilmore was left alone with his ledgers.

"The office stood some 15 feet back from the store, with a narrow hallway connecting the two, and when the clerks had handed in their note books, and returned to their own sleeping rooms in the rear of the larger building, Ben knew he would see no more of them until morning.

"After depositing the receipts for the day in the safe, he closed it, and, drawing his chair near the fire, attempted to read.

"It was useless, however, as the cunning face of the man who had glanced in while the committee were present kept passing through his mind.

"'He evidently heard Major Garvin mention the combination,' mused Ben, as the man's face once more appeared to stare at him from the paper he was reading.

"Then, after a few moments' silence, he muttered:

"'Starvation and untold misery would be the portion of these people were that money stolen. I am going to change the combination again.'

"With that he left his seat, and walking to the huge safe, knelt before it.

"Just as he completed his task, and was about to rise, a cold draught of wind fanned his cheeks, and he turned toward the door with the knowledge that it was open.

"Three masked men stood just inside the room, and three deadly revolvers covered the bookkeeper's heart.

"'Throw up your hands!' commanded the taller of them, who was evidently the leader.

"Slowly Ben's hands went up, and then the tall man spoke again:

"'Rube, you can keep the youngster covered while I manipulate the combine.'

"For a few moments the man worked at the safe in silence, and then, suddenly springing to his feet, knocked young Gilmore senseless.

"When Ben recovered consciousness, he was lying on his bed, and the robbers were seated by his side with their pistols once more shining in his eyes.

"'You have changed the combination. Now open that safe, or die!'

"The words came low and sharp, and Ben realized that to refuse meant death. Yet, as he thought of the terrible suffering the poor people of the neighborhood would undergo should their hardearned money be taken from them, he resolved to give up his life rather than aid these men in opening the safe.

"'Will you work that combine?' grated the robber chief, pressing the revolver's muzzle against the youth's head.

"Gilmore closed his eyes, anticipating instant death, as he answered in tones that left no doubt of his determination:

"'No, I will never open that safe, and it is useless for you to ask me to do so.'

"With an oath, the man brought his revolver down on Ben's head, and for the second time that night the youth rolled to the floor unconscious.

"When he again recovered his senses, the burglars had removed the mattress and covering from the bed and were placing it around the safe.

"He could see an open keg of powder in the door which led to the ware room, and in an instant realized that they were going to blow open the safe.

"He groaned at the thought, and then, as his eyes fell upon a blazing brand on the hearth near his hand, a new light of desperate determination gleamed in his eyes.

"'I guess that'll deaden the report,' said one of the men, after he had succeeded in arranging the mattress.

"Then, stepping toward the keg of powder, he continued:

"'Come, boys; I'll take what powder is needed, and you can set the remainder in the wareroom out of danger.

"The three were bending over the keg, when suddenly Ben leaped to his feet and hurled the blazing stick directly at them.

"A cry of horror from the men, and a spout of flame shooting skyward, was the last Ben saw or heard for many hours.

"The people of Benela were awakened by the tremendous report, and by the time they had reached the streets the entire rear end of Major Garvin's store was in a bright blaze.

"Hard work and plenty of water saved the building, however, and the fire was soon extinguished.

"The torn and mangled remains of the three masked men were discovered and carried into the open air.

"Two were dead and the other was dying, but before breathing his last, the suffering burglar recovered sufficiently to tell what had occurred.

"At that moment the body of young Gilmore was found under the mattress, and quickly carried to the nearest house. When the explosion occurred, the bedclothing and mattress had struck him first, thus saving his life.

"When Ben opened his eyes at 9 o'clock the next morning, the committee of merchants and a physician were in his room, while a great throng of farmers and laborers were gathered in front of the house.

"On observing that his bookkeeper had recovered consciousness, Major Garvin came forward and said:

"'They are dead, Ben; but one lived long enough to tell us what you did to save the money. The people are here and appreciate your action more than words can express.'

"A pleased smile lit up the pale face, and seeing that his mind was perfectly clear, Major Garvin asked:

"'What is the new combination, my boy?'

"'I simply signed the old with my first name,' came the low answer.

"Stepping to the door, Major Garvin said:

"'The combination is "Benela Ben," and the safe will be opened in a few moments.'

"Then some one proposed three cheers for the young bookkeeper—for Benela Ben—and only those who can comprehend what the safety of the money meant to these people can understand the energy and enthusiasm with which they were given."

Africa the New World.

The British in Africa are very much dissatisfied with their sphere, and so are the Germans with theirs, and the dividing lines have not been accurately defined, so that much bad feeling is growing up among the African adventurers of both nationalities. The situation is getting to resemble strikingly that of this country in the middle of the last century, when the English and French were contending for the Valley of the Mississippi. Each power has chartered an African company, and if the accounts of their disputes and jealousies be true, they are almost ready to fly at each other's throats. People in England are already getting alarmed about the matter, and are calling on the government to trace the frontier line of the spheres without further delay, and arrange with the German government some modus vivendi for the rival companies. A touch of grim humor is given to the affair by the fact that neither of them can colonize any portion worth mention of their territory with white men, or even hope to explore it for years and years.—[N. Y Post.

Why the Negro Is Black.

A professor of Johns Hopkins University has an original theory to account for race color. He attributes the color of the negro to the deficiency of oxygen in the warm air he has breathed. This causes a weaker respiration, and a deposit of carbon is made under the skin, just as a chimney with a defective draft is choked with soot.

UNCLE SAM'S SEEDS.

How They Are All Tested by an Enthusiastic Young Lady.

All the seeds given away by the Agricultural Department at Washington are tested before being sent out, and the way in which it is done is very curious indeed. Shallow tin pans half full of water are employed, and across these parallel are laid thick wires in pairs. Each two wires have a strip of muslin sewed between them, so that when they are laid together across the pan a fold 2 inches deep hangs into the water. In this fold all along from one side of the pan to the other seeds are put, and the water rising by capillary attraction, soaks the muslin and causes the seeds to germinate. The forming roots poke their way in every direction through the muslin and the plants grow famously. One tin pan 2 feet long will hold a wonderful number of sprouts, and it is a simple matter to count and find out what percentage of those put in germinate, one fold of muslin being devoted to each kind of seed. Any seeds that do not prove entirely satisfactory are sent to the gardner of the department to be tried in earth. Thus Uncle Sam is able to guarantee all the seeds he distributes; the tin pan idea is a new one. The tin pans are attended to altogether by a pretty enthusiast in petticoats, who thinks it great fun to have a whole botanical garden within half a dozen square feet of room. She does the whole business on a window ledge, and simply in the water that way she has grown beans big enough to eat. And she ate them. Try it for yourself. Use a good sized tin pan from the kitchen and fix wires and muslin in the way described. Write to the department for the seeds you want, and you are all ready to go into business. Own your own kitchen garden; every city family should have one on the window ledge. Flowers do as well.—[Chicago Times.

Dr. Helen L. Webster, of Lynn, Mass., who fills a chair at Vassar, is one of the three American women who have received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Zurich.

GONE TO BALTIMORE.

O, 'tis merrily the p pers play
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

Does he think of me, I wonder, in the far-off foreign town,
With the pretty lasses round him, and the star-light shining down?
Does he think of what he asked me by the old Killarney shore,
When I told him that I loved him, forever, evermore?

O, 'tis merrily the pipers play,
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

Ah, then, Thady, darling, list to me and never mind the gold,
It's only you I'm wanting in the home you loved of old.
Do you think I want a palace? ah! the smallest hut will do,
If you only love me, Thady, and will take me there with you.

O, 'tis merrily the pipers play,
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

So if fortune fail you, Thady, and the gold you never find,
Come back to dear old Ireland, and the girl you left behind;
She's waiting for you, darling, as she's waited evermore,
Since we parted in the moonlight by the old Killarney shore.

And 'tis merrily the pipes shall play,
And we'll dance upon the happy shore,
When you sail across the sea, with all your heart for me.
And you come again from Baltimore!

—[Temple Bar.

American Beauty.

Judgment of beauty by the profile—the simple outline—is regarded from an artist's standpoint as one of the severest tests. Some women are very handsome in profile and absolutely plain in full face. The success of the profile depends upon the length of the features and the construction of the back of the head, while the full face depends mainly upon the width of the face in proportion to its length, the line of the brows and the proportions of the mouth. It is undeniable that the American profile is not of classical beauty, and it cannot generally compare with that found in the Latin races. The nose is apt to be too retrousse or too long. Still, despite this peculiarity, we have here more variety of type and more originality than are to be found anywhere else in the world.

To an artist the finest of all profiles is the Greek. The celebrated Psyche in the museum at Naples is one of the most perfect examples existing in Greek art. In some respects it is superior to the Venus de Milo or de Medici; it has more dignity and its chief characteristic is the continuation of one direct line from the forehead down the nose without a variation of the angle. The accent at the end of the nose is not a curve, but two planes that more nearly approximate angles. The curve would be indicative of the oriental race, which is not as highly bred as the Greek. In Greek sculpture the mouth is a little open. The best examples invariably indicate the lips a little apart. The chin is heavy as a rule, and the eye is rather deep set. I mention these points incidentally as furnishing a hint how to judge profile by the highest artistic standard known to exist.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.

Struck by a Falling Star.

One of the most remarkable accidents recorded in history occurred near Marlboroug house, London, England, recently. At about 5 o'clock p. m. a gentlemam, a well-known public official, was passing from St. James park to Pall Mall, when he suddenly receive a violent blow on his right shoulder, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. He noted a crackling noise at the time, but had not the slightest idea of the cause of the shock he had experienced. Reaching home he disrobed and submitted to a critical examination, but nothing was discovered which in the least accounted for the great pain in both shoulder and arm. A servant sent to brush the gentleman's coat next morning, discovered a scorched streak about eleven inches long and an inch wide, extending across the shoulder of the coat and down the back. The mysterious shock was explained; he had been struck by a meteor or falling star.

What Cured the Old Man.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers, and forcing back the tears to greet his wandering looks with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale wan face.

"Jennie, dear wife, I am going."

"Oh, no, John; not yet; not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes; "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels, sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear, that isn't angels; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What!" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come around here when they know I'm dying? Give me my bootjack. I'll let 'em see."

And in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed, and before his wife could think he had opened the window and shied the bootjack at the band.

"I've hit that Dutch leader, anyway."

And he went back to bed and—got well.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Bearing a Ray of Light.

Light, we now learn, not only has sound, but can be heard. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum. This is turned upon a disk containing colored silk or wool, and as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds are given by different parts of the spectrum, and there is silence in other parts. For instance, if the green light flashes upon red worsted, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds are heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the worsteds, and other colors evoke no sounds at all. Green silks give sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and no sound in others.

Sir George Elliott, the wealthy English coal baron, began life as a common miner.

The Princess of Wales dresses very youthfully and doesn't like the prospect of becoming a grandmother.

No More Pictures.

It cost the cigarette men $500,000 last year to supply the packages with pictures, and all have now combined to do away with them. They have probably concluded to kill the boys without corrupting their morals with chromos, and for this much the country should be thankful.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT
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GEHAUF & MAYER,

WHERE you will always find the Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Latest Styles of
Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen
FURNITURE.
UNDERTAKING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telegraphic orders immediately filled. *Open day and night.* Store in Opera Building, Main street, Frostburg, Md.
April 12 GEHAUF & MAYER.

A Terrific Tumble in Prices!

"Little drops of water
Make the mighty ocean."

Big drops in prices
Make mighty bargains.

Do You Tumble

To the Fact that Our Low Prices are the Very Lowest Made?

Our SPRING GOODS
ARE COMING:
This is to YOU
OUR ANNOUNCEMENT.

And assure you that we are not

KILLING THE DEAD,

That is, not making low prices on dead stock, and blowing about it as something wonderful, but we are

SLAUGHTERING THE LIVING,

That is hewing down the rates and magnitude of a New, Clean, Fresh and Fashionable Stock of

Spring Millinery and Dress Goods

Follow the crowd and you will come to us, for the audience is with us.

Ladies linger long and wish to longer linger over our fine stock.

The bargain-hunter brings up at our store at last. Has to, you know.

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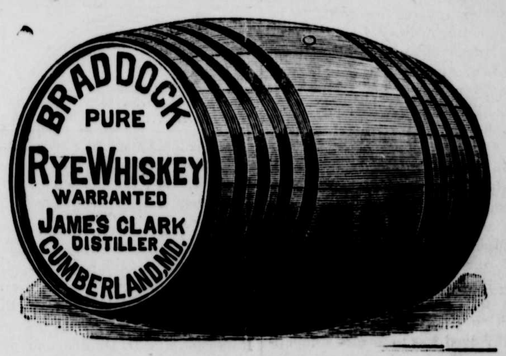

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PURE RYE
—AND—
BARLEY MALT WHISKEYS.
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Mar 9