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MINING JOURNAL.

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AFTER FORTY.

After forty, locks grow thinner,
We grow stouter—"there's the rub!"
Linger longer o'er our dinner,
Shirk the matutinal tub.
After forty we grow lazy,
To the lads the girls resign—
They may flirt with Dot and Daisy
While we loiter o'er our wine!

After forty, we discover
Aches and pains distinctly new.
Once a lobster-salad lover,
Now we court the homely stew!
After forty, fidgets find us,
Sad to tell, an easy prey;
Leaving righteousness behind us,
We grow graver day by day!

After forty, saucy misses
Treat us like their own papas;
No fear now of stolen kisses,
Billets-doux—irate mammas;
But, their white arms calmly resting
On our shoulders, if you please,
They will ask (I am not jesting)
After our rheumatic knees!

After forty, we're approaching
Fogeydom—so Ethel thinks;
And we growl at aught encroaching
On our precious "forty winks."
O'er a stile we crawl with caution,
We, once agile as a roe;
For life's autumn is our portion,
And its spring went long ago!

After forty, graybeards claim us
Quite "as one of them"—ah me!
Men of sixty thus defame us—
We are only forty-three!
Old "Jim Crow," too, scrawls with pleasure,
After forty, on our phiz!
Time, who picks our locks at leisure,
Winks at wags—the horrid quiz!

What's the moral of the matter?
This, and lay it well to heart:
After forty, cease light chatter,
Act no more the stripling's part!
Let us take, with resignation,
In old fogies' ranks a place;
'Tis an art worth cultivation,
That of "growing old" with grace!

—[F. P. Doveton.

RECRUITING FOR HAREMS.

How the Girls Are Trained and Where They Are Taken From.

The *Revue Britannique* contains an article descriptive of the training of girls for harems. Their education is begun at a very early age, children of from 7 to 10 years being usually chosen for the purpose. The girls are then sent to a regular harem school, where they are educated and taught various accomplishments. Those intended for the Sultan's harem are taught music and French; if, however, as they grow older, they are found to be stupid or wanting in good looks, they are sold as slaves to the lower nobility.

Girls from Persia and Afghanistan are in great demand, particularly from the latter country. Circassians generally supply the Turkish slave market, not only with their own children, but with girls who have been stolen in their infancy from Russia and the Roumanian provinces of Hungary. The gypsies, it is stated, up to the present time entice young children away from their homes and travel with them to the market of Top Home, where there is a constant demand for good looking girls.

Some few years ago these thefts became so common that the Hungarian government instituted an inquiry into the subject, and since then the trade has decreased, but is still carried on secretly to a certain extent. One of the rules of the Sultanic harem is that when a slave has reached the age of 25 and does not meet with the approval of the Sultan she is immediately removed and married to one of the court officials, whose taste is not consulted, but who acquiesces in the inevitable with truly oriental indifference.

Treatment of Cancer by Electricity.

It is claimed that very remarkable results have attended the treatment of cancer cases by electricity in England. The operation is described as follows: The patient is anæsthetized; the current is then passed through the tumor and all the tissues for some inches around it by means of fine insulated needles, so as not to injure the skin. The effects produced by the action of electricity consists in a cessation of growth, gradual disappearance of pain, some shrinking and hardening of the tumor and enlarged glands, followed by improved nutrition and a better state of health. The growth, as a whole, does not disappear, but remains in an inert mass, composed, in all probability, of fibrous tissue alone.

The majority of cases where this treatment has been used have been those in which the knife had failed, or in which the disease had progressed too far for the knife. In some cases where the growth was excessive only a part could be treated at one operation. Among the advantages claimed for this method of treatment are the following: Life may be prolonged by it indefinitely, provided that metastatic deposits had not occurred before the commencement of the treatment; patients are not obliged to lie up for more than a day or two as a rule; they lose no blood and are not generally any weaker; the current can be passed through almost any part of the body, and thus arrest growths which could not by any possibility be otherwise treated.

Whale Oil Soap for Potato Bugs.

Levi Bozeman, Lorain county, Ohio, writes that he kills Colorado potato beetles by the use of whale oil soap. It is mixed with soft water to form a strong suds and sprinkled or sprayed. It acts promptly and effectually on the insects without injuring the leaves. He finds it equally satisfactory for clearing out current, gooseberry, and cabbage worms. This has been used for many years as an insecticide.

Poor Robin.

The robin is one of the most useful of our common birds, notwithstanding it has the audacity to eat a few cherries, for which depredation it is often shot by the exasperated owner. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The man who would shoot a robin, except in the fall, and then really and conscientiously for food, has in him the blood of a cannibal, and would, if born in Otaheite, have eaten ministers, and digested them too."

Preparing for Flowers in Winter.

Many lovers of flowers become so attached to their geraniums and other house plants that they keep them from year to year. This is a mistake. It is far better to strike cuttings in summer, and raise strong thrifty young plants every year, leaving the old misshaped ones in the ground.

1,323,000,000 Pens Made Annually.

Great Britain manufactures 810,000,000 steel pens annually. France [illegible],000,000 and the United States 105,000,000. Over 4,000,000 pens are destroyed daily.

THE ICED TEA SECRET.

How to Make a Healthful and Palatable Beverage.

How should iced tea be made, then? I will tell you, and much good may it do you. In the first place, take Congo tea, commonly called "English breakfast." Take the best quality. Do not use Japanese tea, for it is not drinkable to a well-regulated palate. Oolong is good, and so is young Hyson, for those whose nerves can stand green tea; but Congo has an especially agreeable flavor, iced. Having got your tea, the next thing is an earthen teapot—a black Betty is the best. No metal pot brews tea as well as an earthen. Put the tea in the bottom of the pot and pour boiling hot water upon it until the pot is nearly filled. Then let it steep a minute or two, but don't, don't let it boil. That is a fatal error. Boiling gives even to the best of tea a disagreeable herby taste. As soon as the steeping is done with strain the liquor out of the earthen pot into any convenient receptacle which has a tight lid, and put it into the refrigerator. In a few hours it will be ice cold, and can be used as wanted. It should be made fresh every day. A nice way of serving tea made and cooled in this manner is in cups, with a slice of lemon floating on top. The Russians do this with hot tea. It is equally delicious with cold tea. Unless you feel that you must from long habit, don't flavor iced tea with milk or sugar. It is the bitter flavor which you need, and which tends to quench the parched feeling of the palate and throat which is produced by hot weather. After a while that bitter flavor will become a desideratum, just as is the case with beer and ale. Made and drank as I have described, iced tea is not a delusion and a snare, like the iced tea of restaurants, but a thing of beauty and a joy forever.—[N. Y. Star.

COLOR OF RIVERS.

Widely Different Hues in the Streams of This Country.

The colors of rivers differ widely. The Rhone is blue, and so is the Danube, while the Rhine is green. Anybody who has traversed the wonderful Adirondack region and fished in its waters must have noticed the remarkable difference in the color of its rivers and smaller streams which radiate in every direction from the central group of mountains.

The waters of the Sacondaga are yellowish, while those of the Canada creeks and of the Mohawk are clear, with perhaps a bluish tint in deep holes.

Fish Creek is black, or a deep brown, and its neighbor, Salmon River, is colorless.

Next comes the Black River, whose color is indicated by its name, but between it and the Grasse, which is also black or brown, is the Oswegatchie, with clear white waters.

The St. Regis, again, is black, but the Raquette is white. The St. Lawrence is blue.

Irving and Cooper.

I believe that in the second century there will be but two names that will live to be enshrined in the temple that it passes down to the third, of all that it receives from the first, and those two names will be Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper. And that will be for the fact that they are simply and only of America—that they have occupied their genius with things that are entirely and only American. By that time the Indian race will have disappeared from the continent, to be remembered only as a dream. Lo, the poor Indian, will then have been etherealized to a form in which he would not know himself. And Fenimore Cooper will live, not because his romances are the equals or the superiors of Scott's or of Thackeray's, or of Dickens's, but because they represent the Indian as the second century will love to recreate him, and will paint him in its pictures, and will present him in its comedies and tragedies. And Washington Irving will live because the Hudson will live. So long as the Rhine is the inspiration of Europe, so long will the Hudson be the inspiration of the romance and poetry of America. And every spot upon the Hudson, as the centuries roll on, will be more picturesque and more beautiful, because around it centers so much that will carry the undying fame and memory of Washington Irving, the Father of American Literature.—[From Orations and After Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew.

The Testy German Empress.

The Empress of Germany is said to be a young woman of exceeding fiery temper. She was a Schleswig-Holstein princess and was reared with strict severity—is a thorough housekeeper as well as a proficient scholar. But amiability is not her most notable characteristic. Of course she can not quarrel with her husband, for the etiquette of the court is distinctly rigorous; but the empress is at liberty to quarrel with everybody else, and of this prerogative the young woman avails herself. Some of her outbursts of temper have been of a most humiliating character, betraying a coarseness one would hardly expect to meet with in royalty. The empress inclines to stoutness; her features are rather heavy, but the expression of her face is kindly. She is one year older than her husband. As for the ex-Empress Frederick, mother of the present emperor, she is a picture of her mother, the Queen of England.—[Chicago News Hanover Letter.

An Editorial Episode.

"Here's a question," said the information editor, "that I can't answer. The man wants to know 'how long girls should be courted.'"

"Just the same as short girls," returned the obituary editor.

And the staff humorist stole the joke and sold it to the editor-in-chief for $1.—[New York Herald.

A Good Arrangement.

Applicant—I ask for the hand of your daughter.

Parent—Have you any prospects for the future?

"None whatever."

"She hasn't any, either. Take her, my boy, and be happy. God bless you both."—[Texas Siftings.

LIFE.

The spark of life is like a spark of fire,
It flasheth forth its beauty and is gone;
So dies the minstrel, leaving Fancy's lyre
Bereft of heart, and chords, and song, and tune;
Silent, because it cannot sing alone.
Meanwhile, all those who love it mourn and weep
For loss of him with whom it could not sleep.

Yet leaves he pearls behind—a glorious name,
That time would fear to kill, so passeth by;
A dearly cherished memory, a fame
Forbid by immortality to die,
The crown for which a world of poets sigh;
A fairy tree, which he alone could find,
From whence he plucked the bay leaves of the mind.

PEPPER-AND-MUSTARD.

A DOG STORY.

"As this is your Birth-day morning, Dear,
And the air is soft, and the sky is clear,
We'll out for a walk to the shops, and buy
Some beautiful present—you and I:
And what it shall be, to mark a day
So happy, my darling herself shall say."

"And I—May I choose it?" Amy cried,
As gaily she tripped at her mother's side:
"Pray let it be something alive—for then,
If I love it, 'twill love me back again—
A 'Dandie Dinmont,' that ever shall be
The faithfulest, best of friends to me.
I've been reading Sir Walter's story through,*
And I long for a 'Pepper-and-Mustard' too.

"You remember the errand boy, who brought
Your marketing home the other day—
Well,—I heard him say,
That he had a 'Dinmont,' which he thought
The prettiest, friskiest creature yet,
It ever had been his lot to pet;
But sell him, they must,—for dogs will eat:
And they were too poor to buy him meat.
—May I choose what my Birth-day gift shall be?
Dear Mother!—then buy this dog for me!"

Through many an alley that led astray,
They wended, in search of the boy, their way;
Till at last, they found,
Half under ground,
The rickety tenement: There they saw,
On a bed of straw,
Tom's poor old father, with none to keep
Him company, save a dog asleep.

They told their errand:—"Na, na!" he said,
And the gray old Scotchman shook his head;
—"Owre true! We are sairly pinched for bread;
But rather than Dandie should miss his meat,
I'll gang mysel' wi' a crust to eat,
That Tam should say it!—It takes sma' joy,
To fill the heart o' a sturdy boy!
Tam's only a lad,
He is young and glad,
And kens not how, o'er the brae and heather,
Dandie and I have tramped together,
Minding the sheep: And when I see
Him frolicking oft about my knee,
A-whiles I dream, and I maist forget
I'm not in the dear auld country yet.
—Sell him? Na, na!
When Tam's awa',
I've nachody else to talk to: So,
My leddy, I canna' let him go!
For I think if you part us,—he and I
Wad baith of us break our hearts and die!"

"I never will part you!" Amy said;
As stooping, she patted the dog's brown head,
And dropped in his master's hand the gold
She meant to have paid had the dog been sold;
While her voice, with a tear in it, low and sweet,
Whispered—"There's something to buy his meat!"

—[Margaret J. Preston.

*See the description of the "Dandie Dinmont" terriers in "Guy Mannering."

FLIES CALL THE GUESTS.

An Englishman's Tale About the Queerest Hotel on Earth.

"The queerest hotel in the world is in Gautemala City, Central America," said an English tourist to a Chicago *Herald* man. "While there a few weeks ago I stopped a day at the biggest hostelry, and met with more surprises than I have previously encountered in my trip around the world. The house is built only one story high on account of the earthquakes. It is constructed in the form of a hollow square, and the interior court is made beautiful with trees and flowers. The exterior presents the appearance of a prison. After pounding a high knocker on the outer door, you are ushered into a scene of verdant beauty. The hotel was formerly the private residence of one of the richest families of Central America, but the owner was banished by President Barrios for an alleged conspiracy against the government. Around the interior were balconies overlooking a garden filled with orange and peach trees, palms, and beautiful flowers.

"The fare was good, and we had our choice of pancakes with honey, fish, poultry, fruits, and coffee and chocolate. You can't eat there if you are in a hurry, though. Only one thing is served at a time, and you can't get a cup of coffee until everything else has been served. The hotel furnishes candles, but matches are extra. Then there is a system of calling the guests which entitles the hotel to the name of the queerest one on earth. You are called by flies. The flies down there are nearly as large as an English sparrow, and they sting like a hornet, though the bite is not poisonous. They never kill them, but brush them away. The halls of the hotels are filled with these pests in the morning. Over each door is a transom. Now, if you leave a call for 7 o'clock your transom is opened at 7 and the flies go in. Do they wake you? I should say so. The sensation is like that of being sandbagged. In five minutes from the time your transom is opened you are down stairs looking for the proprietor. It doesn't do any good to kick, though, for that system has been the custom for years."

Lovers' Stationery.

A fad in writing paper is what is called lovers' stationery. It is a fine note paper, delicately tinted, the most fashionable shade being light pink. The water mark, to be detected by holding the sheet up to the light, is a blending of two hearts, pierced by an arrow. In the lower corner of each fourth page or reverse of each second half sheet, appears what at first sight looks like a blemish. But this is the charming feature of the novelty: it is the kissing spot, for here the correspondent presses his or her lips, and thus a salute is wafted to the absent lover. The kissing spot is about the size of a shilling (25 cent piece) and is covered with a thin aromatic gum that imparts to the lips a pleasant odor and taste. A more ingenious bit of maudlin sentimentality could hardly be devised, yet we must all confess that it is of just such innocent and inane follies that the joy of human life largely consists.—[Chicago News.

Why He Didn't Stay Out West.

A young man who went "West" filled with enthusiasm and a desire to "grow up with the country" surprised his friends by returning home after an absence of several weeks. He said that while he was out land hunting in what he thought was the garden spot of America he came across a boarded up claim shanty. On the boards nailed across the door he found this inscription, which accounted for his unexpected return: "Fore miles from a mayber. Sixteen miles from a postofis. Twenty-five miles from a raleroad. A hundred and atey from timber. Two hundred and fifty feet from water. There's no place like home. We've gone East to spend the winter with my wife's folks.

A Monkey-and-Parrot Time.

The bark Margaret, Captain Sargent, arrived at Boston lately from the West Coast of Africa in a badly battered condition. She was so long overdue that she had been given up as lost. Captain Sargent says that between the gales and the nature of his cargo he had an experience he does not wish again to meet. Besides a regular cargo there were twelve snakes, 400 cockatoos and parrots, an ourang outang, two small monkeys, two crocodiles and a gorilla, which he was bringing from Durban, Africa, to a museum here. There were some stowaways on the bark, too.

There were also rats, and they caused the death of all but four of the cockatoos and parrots by eating up all the corn that had been provided for the feathered passengers. Then, during a gale, the snakes and crocodiles broke out of their boxes in the hold and invaded the forecastle so that for five days the men could not venture into their quarters, but had to live in the cabin. These reptiles, along with the rats, kept up a continual warfare until the surviving crocodile killed the last snake, and completed the chain of vengeance by being itself killed during a fierce southwest storm by some of the cargo shifting and falling on it.

During the scrimmage among the reptiles the monkeys took to the rigging and stuck there despite all efforts to dislodge them, and the men could not venture about the crosstrees, the result being the gales carried away all the boats, hampers and spars. They finally all washed away except four, which were captured.

The worst passenger was a five-foot gorilla, which was imprisoned in a stout wooden box lashed near the galley. The top of this the animal forced off, but though held by a chain he had considerable play, and getting possession of an iron bar he swept the deck, so that the only way of getting to the forecastle was by the shrouds. He wound up by partially scalping the negro cook, seizing him by the wool one day, and only letting go after he had been nearly killed with an ax. All men were more or less hurt by the beast, and he led them a life of terror. The museum collection now is reduced to the gorilla, three monkeys and five parrots.

HERRMANN'S POKER STORY.

A Mighty Uncertain Game Even for One Who is Master of the Cards.

"I never play cards in earnest," said Herrmann the other night. "Those who know me, wouldn't play with me anyhow, and, of course, I wouldn't take any advantage of those who don't. But I remember one night, not a thousand years ago, that, in order to amuse a few friends, I sat down to a quiet little game of poker. You see, it was this way. I met the friends and was introduced to an innocent-looking youth of the dude persuasion, whose face was as vacant in expression as a pound of putty. This youth had been bragging of his powers as a poker player, and had made the others so tired that they whispered to me to take the conceit out of him just for the fun there was in it. I was ready and we sat down."

"In Philadelphia?"

"Bless you, no. They don't play poker in Philadelphia. This was in——. Well, when we began the game I allowed the youngster to win, in order to get him interested, and, the better to enjoy the circus, the others dropped out, and my victim and myself had the table to ourselves. Of course, I was to give him back whatever I won from him—that was understood. We didn't play with chips, as we had none, but made the game a quarter ante and a dollar limit, so that we could use money without making any awkward change. Every time my callow friend won a pot he put the silver and bills in his pocket and would chip in the stuff as he needed it. After he had won a respectable pile I began to get my work in, and by handling and dealing the cards in my own peculiar way I soon had his pile in a fair way to innocuous desuetude. Occasionally I would let him win, just to keep the fun up, and I don't know but what I enjoyed my opponent's innocence as much as did my friends. But all things must have an end. Finally I cleaned him out, much to his surprise, and ordered a bottle. My friends couldn't keep it in any longer.

'I say, old man,' said one, 'do you know who you've been playin' with?'

"'Yes,' replied my victim, calmly; 'Herrman, the magician, and he's a good player.' This was somewhat of a surprise all round. But I laughed and handed him back the money I had won. He wouldn't take it. No, sir. Said I had won it; had he won mine he would have kept it, and under no consideration would he take it back. That was not his way of playing poker. It was no use for me to protest, to tell him that I had deliberately robbed him. He was sorry that he had got in with a man who did not play a square game, but that it was his lookout. He ought to have seen that he was being fleeced, but as he had been fleeced and with his eyes open, too, he was not the man to squeal. I tell you I felt mean. I didn't think it half so funny then as I did before. But all I could do or say made no impression on my victim, and with a dignified bow he left us.

"'All I can do,' I said to one of my friends, 'will be to give this money to some charitable institution.'

"Then I gave the waiter one of the bills I had won to pay for the wine. He came back with it, and the information that it was a counterfeit. Yes, sir. That guileless youth had won my good money and rung in over a hundred dollars' worth of paper on me that wasn't worth a cent a pound. I'm pretty good on handling cards, but poker is a mighty uncertain game—mighty uncertain."

Beware of unprofessional advice, and be chary of independent home dosing. Here is quinine, a medicine of wonderful usefulness—one of the most indispensable of drugs. But look out for it. Too much of it knocks the patient silly. Who shall say how many of the suicides reported lately of people with the "la grippe" came from overdoses of quinine, very likely self-prescribed.

Henry Clay Turner, city solicitor of Wilmington, Del., owes his life to a dog, and a very small dog at that. Turner is troubled with defective vision and insomnia, and frequently walks the streets late at night. At 4 o'clock in the morning recently he fell off the wharf into the Christiana River, and only for the incessant barking of a little dog on the deck of a schooner he certainly would have drowned. The barking of the dog aroused the captain, and his peering and whining over the edge of the boat enabled the captain and a sailor to locate the man in the water, and in this way Turner was rescued just in time to save his life.

The Fugacious Umbrella.

Philadelphia Record: The umbrella thief is real, he is in earnest, and he is shrewd. Only a few days ago a pugilistic individual entered the corridor of a Philadelphia hotel and rested his "all silk" in a corner, with this pasteboard fastened to it: "The man who owns this umbrella can knock down an ox and will be back in five minutes." In one minute and a half the treasured article was gone and in its place was this: "The gentleman who took this umbrella can walk ten miles an hour and won't be back at all."

KATE.

Kate is a working girl, but fair and fair,
With light blue eyes and flaxen hair,
And a brave young heart that knows much care.

Every morn when the clock strikes eight,
She cheerily enters the factory gate,
And faithfully toils till one hour's late.

Black though her hands with dirt and dust,
And marked with stains of grease,
They are white with the virtue of hope and trust.

Wedded to toil, she does not complain
Of the heavy hours and constant strain,
And a feeling with which is sometimes pain.

Every evening along the street,
Where the richly clad and lowly meet,
She saunters homeward with weary feet.

But her will is strong, and though newborn cares
Oft visit her heart quite unawares,
With patience her cross she meekly bears.

Oft in the morning her voice is heard,
As sweet as the notes of a wild-wood bird,
For her nature with hope is ever stirred.

And e'en at her task sometimes she sings;
Then peace to her soul it comfort brings,
And the hours go by on fleeter wings.

Some day some responsive heart shall take
This patient worker, for love's sweet sake,
And of her a life companion make.

For while she toils, with cares beset,
She unwittingly weaves love's wonderful net,
In which she will catch a lover yet.

—[Boston Herald.

Bites and Stings.

Commonly, bites may be treated as lacerated wounds. But poison-bites should be promptly treated to destroy the poison. Hot water, the hot iron, nitric acid, nitrate of silver, though heroic remedies, in such emergencies may be applied even by the uninitiated. The sooner the applications are made after the accident the better. Where poisonous bites are suspected on the extremities, the venous blood flowing to the heart may be retarded by a cord, band, or handkerchief tightly tied around above the wound. A cloth dipped in boiling water applied to the bite destroys the poison, and is not so painful as the hot iron. If the latter is used it should be heated to a white heat and pushed deep into the wound, and swept over the lacerated surface. A stick of nitric acid should be similarly applied. The nitric acid should be applied on a fine stick or skewer. After either of these applications, hot or cold applications, by means of wet cloths, should be made. Stings of bees, wasps, or other insects, are best remedied by applying aqua ammonia by means of cloth soaked in a solution of two ounces of ammonia to a quart of water. Carbolic acid, one ounce to a quart of water, is a good application to either burns or bites. It is rarely necessary to use opiates for stings, as the local applications soon relieve pain.

Coal in Alaska.

At Churckagik Bay it is reported that enormous deposits of coal have been found, extending to and under the sea. The veins thus far noted ran from three to eight feet in thickness. The veins appear to be separated by valuable fire-clay. Hundreds of tons of coal, broken into fragments by the action of the waves upon the lower seam, strew the beach. These deposits are very accessible, and the product could probably be put aboard ship very cheaply. Specimens were tested by Government officers during a recent trip along the coast. They were found to be of the nature of cannel coal. For welding purposes it proved to be superior to any coal yet discovered on the Pacific coast. It is also likely to be a good coal for illuminating purposes, judging from retort experiments. It will be necessary to work these deposits by shafts, but about twenty miles down the coast there is an abandoned Russian mine which has been worked by a drift from the beach, and which might, perhaps, be reopened with profit.—[San Francisco Bulletin.

Edwin Forrest.

From Joseph Jefferson's autobiography in the Century we quote the following: "Edwin Forrest, with all his faults, had warm and generous impulses. I know of one instance where a poor, old actress went to him in distress. In former years he had known her father and respected him. Touched by her appeal for assistance he lent her a large sum of money, with the almost certain knowledge that he would never get it back again. It was never made public; no one knew of it but the receiver and myself. The Forrest Home has done much good, and is likely to do more; and those actors who either by age or by infirmities have been debarred the privilege of following their profession will naturally be grateful for this rich legacy.

"Even in the days of his theatrical fame and prosperity Forrest was an austere man, and as he grew older he became morbidly misanthropical, holding himself aloof from all but his most intimate friends. The latter part of his life was imbittered, too, by illness and the loss of public favor. Until the closing years of his life he had been blessed with perfect health; this became suddenly shattered and the unexpected attack wrecked his dramatic power. He might have borne the stroke of illness, but to one whose imperious nature could not brook the faintest slight the loss of public admiration was a heavy blow; one, too, that would have shocked a wiser and more even-tempered man than Edwin Forrest. Still he toiled on, and was unjustly censured for acting past his powers. But what was he to do? His physicians told him that he must act if he would live; the wheel must be kept in motion or it would fall. His performances in the larger cities were given to empty houses, while bright and youthful aspirants were drawing from him all his old adherents.

His former friends forsook him, and naturally, too, they could not bear the pain of witnessing their favorite of other days declining night by night. No actor can hope to hold an interest in his audience merely by what he has done in years gone by; in acting it is the present that the public have to deal with, not the past. To witness age and decrepitude struggling to conceal their weakness in the mimic scene is too painful. The greater our affection for the artist the less can we bear to see him suffer and go down.

"In the vain hope of struggling on, the old tragedian sought 'the provinces. Here the people flocked in crowds to see the great actor that they had heard of from childhood; not with the faintest hope that they would find the grandeur of the past, but from the curious desire to see a ruined tower just before it falls."

Miss Fair, the New York belle, has a good figure, small but regular features, and a thoughtful manner. She is seldom or never known to smile. Perhaps it is not necessary, with so many millions floating around loose in the family.

There is a great deal of fun in being poor. Rich men can not make love without being sued for breach of promise.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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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!

"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

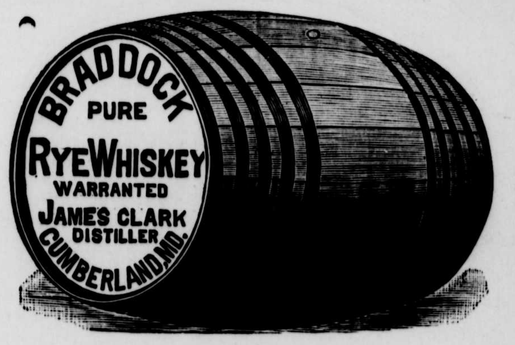
Follow the crowd and you will come to us, for the audience is with us.

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.

COME TO
B. STERN & CO.
MAIN STREET,
FROSTBURG, MD.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE
April 26

JAMES CLARK & CO.,



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"BRADDOCK"
PURE RYE
—AND—
BARLEY MALT WHISKEYS
—HAVE—
REMOVED
TO THEIR NEW STOREROOM,
No. 55 Baltimore Street,
Fourth Door West of Postoffice,
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Mar 9