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ILLS.

Oh, this life is full of ills!
There's the doctor with his pills;
There's the lawyer, fighting wills;
There's the dentist with his drills;
There's the poet with his thrills
'Bout the everlasting hills,
Or the mossy pebbled rills,
(Oh, that we could steal his quills)!
There's the maiden with the frills,
Who attempts the latest trills,
And she cares not whom she kills;
There's the cook that never grills;
There's the thief a-tapping tills,
And the Jacks not hunting Jills.
But the ills of all the ills—
One my soul with sorrow fills,
Turns me white up t. the gills,
And my very marrow chills—
Is those coming plumber's bills.
—Tom T. Myer in Texas Siftings.

NOMS DE PLUME OUT OF DATE.

Ouida, Mark Twain, and Others Now Write Over Their Own Names.

There seems every reason to believe that the day of the nom de plume in literature has gone by, says the Philadelphia Times. Authors of established reputation are in several cases discarding their pen names, while the younger writers are for the most part using their own signatures.

In fact, when one comes to look over the field there is not a modern author of repute completely screened behind an assumed name. "The Duchess" up to a short time ago succeeded in keeping her identity veiled. She is, however, now writing under her own name of Margaret Hungerford.

"J. S., of Dale," has entirely discarded that name, and all his books will hereafter be published under his own name.

"Sydney Luska" appends his real name to all his books.

"Ouida" is writing her first article under her own signature of Louisa de la Ramee. "Marion Harland," "Ik Marvel," "Mrs. Alexander," "Mark Twain," "Jennie June," "Edna Lyall"—all these are now becoming merely the shadows of the real names which they once so effectually screened from public knowledge.

The reasons for this change of feeling are several. First, authors are realizing more that with two names they have two reputations to make, and in these days of literary competition it fills the hands of any ordinary man to succeed in making one.

Secondly, writers are becoming more convinced that the rength of one's personality in their work is an essential of success.

Thirdly, publishers are more reluctant to place pseudony is on the title pages of their author's books than they were fifteen years ago.

And thus are our methods changing—in literature as well as in everything else.

Witness and Judge.

An amusing scene was recently enacted in a country court room in Maine. The trial justice, a big pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Wy, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?

"Wal, I snum!" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the justice, "an b'gosh, to hear him go on you'd think——"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate, "answer my questions or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat the witness named his residence and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Huh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, git out, squire! Jest as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the court I know nothing about you," explained the perspiring justice.

"Wal, squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room, an' don't know nothin' in it, you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got hoss sense."

The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness $10.

Showed Him the Door.

Jobson—Why, Jepson, I understand that you're married?

Jepson—You understand right.

Job—But I was led to believe you had a disagreement with the girl's father.

Jep—Who told you so?

Job—Timson told me so. He told me that her father had shown you the door.

Jep—So he did. He's a painter and grainer, and he had grained a door so well that it was the talk of the trade. So, being in the conversation one night and the subject of the door coming up he took me out and showed me the door.

But before Jepson had got thus far Jobson had fainted. He could not stand such atrociousness.—[Boston Courier.

A Vassar Dialogue.

First Sophomore—Shouldn't you think that May Northcote ought to learn Greek easier than the rest of us girls?

Second Sophomore—I don't know. Why so?

First Sophomore—Because she has such a perfect Grecian nose.—[Burlington Free Press.

The Force of Habit.

Her Matter-of-Fact Father—Daughter, I do wish you would learn to talk without using so many exclamatories. Everything you speak of is accompanied with "oh!" "the idea!" "great goodness!" or something of that kind.

"Why! Goodness gracious, pa! How can I help it? The idea? We girls all talk that way."

George Abbot, of Garden City (Kan.), farmer, has threshed 1,336 bushels of oats from thirty acres of land. The grain was very heavy, making by weight sixty-seven bushels per acre.

TWO FUNERALS.

One in the Country and the Other on Broadway.

Scooting along the smooth and beautifully ballasted roadbed of the Great Interstate Commerce Bill Defyre Railway the other day, and lolling back in the rich purple velvet upholstery of its costly carriage, we caught a glimpse of a country funeral. It was going slowly across a wind-swept prairie, with the cold bleak sky and frosted fire weeds skirting the horizon. The clergyman sat on the seat with the undertaker, and his nose was extremely red as he faced the blast. The undertaker wept steadily and honestly as the north wind played about his purple bugle. The mourners rode in a cheerless lumber wagon, and little frozen, fatherless children, with green bed-quilts over their shivering knees, helped to heighten the gloom.

How different from the cheering, sociable, business-like air of a funeral on Broadway. I saw one not long ago on that street and made a minute of it, while attending my regular blockade below Fulton street, in fact, I made sixty minutes of it before I got through. This is the order of the procession:

1. Hearse containing deceased and driven by a handsomely dressed coachman, who swears in a gentle manner at the truck-drivers who try to delay the procession by coming in at Fulton street. Hearse occasionally gets its wheels into the street-car track and cannot get out, though emitting a low, guttural sound.

2. Broadway car No. 008, driven by a coarse man with a horn whistle half way down his throat, he is prevented from swallowing it by a stout string connecting the whistle to his buttonhole. He is heard ever and anon whistling at the hearse-driver as who should say, "Come, wake up, wake up; don't delay business."

3. Carriage load of mourners in close conveyance.

4. Load of green hides and pelts driven by profane, self-made man, wearing a retired policeman's helmet and an injured air, which latter is also shared by his cargo.

5. Load of iron rails hauled by four large horses and driven by a deaf and dumb gentleman who is not in any way related to deceased.

6. Clam bake load of excursionists going over to Staten Island for painting purposes, accompanied by embryo Jags.

8. Close carriage containing other relatives of deceased and driven by a new man who is not familiar with New York city, having formally driven a thrashing machine near Owatoma, Minn. He knows that if he loses sight of the hearse he will wander further and further away from the grave. In mean time a procession of oyster-openers, headed by a German band, cuts in ahead of him, from a side street, and the pole of an ice wagon knocks a hole in the back of his carriage.

8. Ice wagon owned by Hudson River Microbe Ice Company, and driven by a man who has done time at Warble-Warble-on-the Hudson for beating down a clothing man on the price of an overcoat by means of a baseball bat.

9. Heavy truck, hauling consignment of limberger cheese for a down-town house, driven by a noseless man who was bitten by a warm personal friend during the war.

10. Procession of excusionists known as the Mock Turtle Club, headed by drum corps and followed by Christopher street car No. 202 driven by man with in-growing mustache and dog-call whistle.

11. Other mourners in open carriage, smoking election cigars.

12. Salvation Army passing through New York on its way to convert Newark.

13. Ambulance on its way to pick up some mangled people who tried to escape from a fire-proof building by means of a fire-escape.

14. Parade by Knights of Pythias with drawn swords.

15. City officials with drawn salaries.

16. Milk wagon carrying pure country milk and cream accompanied by an occasional muffled croak.

17. Other mourners in dog carts reading evening papers.

18. Load of baled hay driven by a scholarly looking colored man in a high hat and red flannel shirt.

19. Another and competing funeral from the east side, which cut in at a side street before the police could interfere.

20. Balance of original procession interlarded with horse-cars, butcher carts, beer wagons, cabs, profanity, and rag fanciers.

An unknown man can have a bigger and cheaper demonstration by dying in New York than in any other place I can at this moment call to mind. To die in New York and get one of these funeral demonstrations almost pulls the stinger out of death.—[Bill Nye.

Lincoln's Advice.

Abraham Lincoln must, by future generation which read the history of his life, not yet altogether made, be regarded as one of the most unique characters in history. Even to those who by force of circumstances were most in his company he was ever developing a new side. Grim, revengeful Stanton, his War Secretary, never quite knew how to take him. Stanton was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or at all events had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe: "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it. Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

She Wanted to Get Even.

The following seems to be the latest "thing one would rather have left unsaid." A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure the lady said. "Pray don't go go yet, Mr. Jones; I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the lady quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

Sir William Gull, the famous London physician who died recently, was a strikingly handsome man, a fine orator and an entertaining conversationalist. He had little faith in drugs, a fact which goes to prove that his name was not appropriate.

THE WHISPERING LUTE.

O'er David's couch, as old tradition says,
There hung a lute tuned ever to God's praise,
And when, upon the passing of the night,
The soft wind whispered toward the gates of light,
The lute filled all the chamber of the King
With its melodious murmuring.

Then woke the royal singer, and with head
Half raised, as if he heard an angel's tread,
Listened, until, his poet soul on fire,
He caught with eager, yearning hands the lyre,
And sang the songs the world's heart sings again—
Inspired outpourings of the souls of men.

So, o'er our heads, new dawning truth abroad,
The whispering lutes sing sweeter thoughts of God!
O poet, whom the world has waited long,
Come, smite the murmuring harp strings clear and strong!
Come, thou new seer, who shalt rise and sing,
This day's evangel of thy God and King!
—[James Bachman in Harper's Weekly.

Women of Business in London.

The first lady I knew who ventured into business was the Hon. Mrs. Marberley. She opened a milk shop in London; her carts and billheads bore her own name in full, and she was simply untiring in her personal supervision of her shop. No paltry pride or caste feeling kept her from doing her work as head of that establishment; but her successful career was cut short by an illness which unhappily proved fatal. Women of position can afford to lead the way for their struggling sisters, and as an example is worth any number of arguments I propose to record two successful experiments in similar directions.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a bright, clever girl, whose father was a well-known Yorkshire lawyer. She was then a Queen's College student; on returning home she entered with great spirit into the usual engagements which come to an ordinary young lady in society. After a time they palled upon her and she expended a great deal of energy in philanthropic efforts; finally she determined on a career of honorable work, rather than a life of dull inactivity or intermittent charitable enterprises, and casting off the shackles which imprison weaker women, she dared to be herself—not the reflection of a mere glass. She went through a course of training, studied house decorations from hearth tiles to frieze paintings, visited all the palaces where she could find antique furniture and the newest inventions—in short, thoroughly qualified herself for the business in which she has since made a reputation. About three years ago, after having had a great success in London, where she furnished houses from roof to basement, Miss Charlotte Robinson came to Manchester and opened a shop in King street, and regardless of that bugbear which terrifies most women—the loss of social status—she put up her own name over the door, and, without the least self assertion, quietly entered into competition with the sterner sex. The result has been eminently satisfactory. This year Miss Robinson has had in addition to her ordinary business two exhibits which have attracted universal admiration, one at Saltaire, and the other at the famous Manchester exhibition; next year she proposes to exhibit at Glascow and possibly at Brussels. Her furniture designs are simple and unique; she has dainty and quaint arrangements for cozy nooks and odd corners, and has good reason to be proud of the work of the artists employed in the studio over which her clever sister, Mrs. McClelland, is the presiding genius. Miss Robinson had at first some difficulty in making people understand that her work is really commercial, not charitable; she feels that until a healthy public opinion is created, women will pose as "destitute ladies," and never take a dignified position in any calling they adopt. Gentlemen who earn their own living are not spoken of as "destitute," and we must banish this idea in connection with ladies who are engaged in an equally honorable manner.

Lady Granville Gordon was the first to open a millinery business in London, and her example was quickly followed by a Girton girl known as Mme. Isabel of Bond street. Neither of these ladies trades under her own name, but, as their experience will probably clear the way for others, the following details of why Mme. Isabel became a woman of business are valuable. In the first place, her husband's health failed, and he was ordered to India, where his wife hoped to secure educational work. The climate made her so ill that she returned to England, convinced that she must at once abandon all idea of studying medicine. She consulted friends who fortunately knew that commercial life offered a suitable opening for clever, industrious women; she was strongly advised by them to "go into business," She decided to begin without delay. At first she tried a partnership with an established milliner, but that was unsatisfactory owing to differences in taste and position. Later on this enterprising lady took a shop on her own responsibility in Bond street, and started off to Paris to complete arrangements there. On the 13th of March, 1886, she opened the doors of what has proved a very successful undertaking, thanks to unfailing attention to details. Mme. Isabel personally conducts all important business matters, and though she has an excellent housekeeper for her assistants' home she looks after its welfare herself. Her customers always find a pleasant welcome and afternoon tea at 5 o'clock. Like Miss Robinson, she still often finds time to go into society after her day's work is done, and has not had her name erased from any visiting list she values. The more highly educated our women of business are the better for themselves, their work, and the whole community. Many of the professions to which ladies have hitherto turned are overcrowded, and when once the fear of losing social position is disregarded it will be found that commercial life offers a variety of more or less lucrative employment to ladies of birth and capital, who find it more congenial to their tastes and requirements to invest their money and spend their energies in business which yields a fair return, rather than sit at home content with a scanty pittance and a colorless, monotonous life.

The Widow's Cork Leg.

In one of Chicago's public institutions is a bright-eyed, witty Irish widow who loves a joke as only the people from her country do. In the same institution is a stolid German professor who rather admires the pretty widow. The two often meet and indulge in pleasant chats. The German professor is married and is the lord and master of a happy family. The other day he chanced to meet the Irish widow and they entered into conversation, in the course of which the witty widow borrowed the professor's ear and said: "Professor, I don't moind telling you, as you're a married man, but I have a cork leg." The professor was surprised. He said he never would have thought it, as he had never noticed any limp. "No," said the widow; "and I can dance with the best of them." The professor marveled greatly and said he did not see how she could so successfully disguise it. "Well," she said, "I'll tell you, professor. I have a cork leg because I was born in Cork." This remark was made last Thursday. The German professor thought it over until Monday, and then he laughed. This was very good time—for him.

ARTIST'S MODELS.

Not Much Romance About Them or their Calling.

The romances which the minds of the public weave continually about the relations of the artist and his model exist so seldom in real life that they practically do not exist at all, says one who has followed that peculiar business. It is a profession, that is all, and the mere possession of physical charms does not always insure success as a model. There must be tact and adaptability as well—tact enough to correctly gauge the temper of the artist and adaptability to carry out readily his idea of a pose or a picture, and even sometimes to make a picture for him from the slight hint he will give you of what he wants to do. It is all business and no nonsense. In most cases frequently cited of artists who have married their models, it will be found that it was some lady friend posing for a portrait or ideal head who became the artist's wife, and not the professional model per se.

The professional model must be as regular and business-like in her habits as a seamstress or bookkeeper. She carries her book of engagements filled out often weeks and even months ahead, and it must be consulted before a new engagement is made, and if she does not religiously fulfill all these engagements she is soon in the black books of the artist. She must be wide-awake and strong, and have nerve enough to stand immovable in the most trying positions, though the limbs ache and the head seems splitting with pain. There can be no theater and midnight supper for the model, or long deep sleep in the early morning.

She must jump out of bed at 6 a. m. to plunge into her bath and prepare for the first engagement, which often begins at 8 and the last often ends at 11 p. m., while lunches and dinner are snatched hastily at some Bohemian restaurant or consist of a bit of fruit bought at a street corner and munched while in the car riding up to the opposite end of the city.

But though the life of the model be stripped of romance, it has its compensations. We are well paid and well treated, and if one has a train of Bohemianism in her disposition life in the studios is not only exhilirating and stimulating, but a liberal education in itself. There are books, magazines, catalogues, tapestries, bric-a-brac, curios in delightful confusion. Skeletons and mummies, casts of celebrated statues, books on anatomy or architecture, court the attention in the dim corners of the studios, and many a fact of anatomy, ethnology, or history is caught up and stored in the memory without apparent effort, and many an embryo genius gets the first impetus towards art, literature, or drama while wearing the classic robe of Parthenia or the queenlier one of Cleopatra.

The studio! What a fascinating subject to the uninitiated! A picture is admired at the exhibition or in some popular magazine, but it is the model only who sees studio and artist en negligé, but seldom does this familiarity bring contempt, for the artist is broad-minded, liberal and unaffected, and the studio is carelessly unconscious of the curious regard of a visitor and the careless indifference of the model.

The Aeronaut's Luck.

"Yes, I saw that account of the aeronaut who made an ascension from Honolulu and fell into the sea to be devoured by sharks," replied the man in the plaid ulster, "and it forcibly reminded me of my own adventure on the Pacific coast."

Being urged to give us the story in all its details he hesitatingly consented and said:

"In the year 1860 I made an ascension from San Francisco. The upper current of air took me out to sea, as in this case. We had no parachutes in those days, but the balloon was inflated for only a short trip. When ten miles at sea it began to descend, and where do you suppose I landed?"

"In the water, of course," replied the man from Milwaukee.

"But I didn't. I gently descended on the deck of a large ship, which had been dismasted in a storm and afterward a andoned by her crew. She was loaded with a cargo worth $4,000,000, and I sailed her into port and got $175,000 salvage as my share."

"You did! You say she was dismasted?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how did you sail her in?"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"Oh, no; but I want the particulars."

"Well, sir, I sailed her in, as I said before, and that's enough. Any one who wants any further particulars will be considered as doubting my veracity, and it is needless to add that the man who doubts my veracity ——!"

Here he took from his pocket a large, long knife, tried the edge on his thumb nail, and after a glance around returned it to its sheath. No further particulars were asked for, and the subject of conversation was changed to other pastures.

The Dream of the Nautilus Realized.

The clever and scientific romancing Frenchman's story of the Nautilus, wild as it appeared once, has now become a realized fact. The Gymnote has been tried off Toulon and proved itself a practical submarine ship. She has traversed the harbor in every part, and she did this without touching one of the numerous mooring buoys or chains which are to be found in all directions. The Gymnote also passed under the ironclads at anchor with the greatest ease. The periscope permits the commanding officer to distinguish objects on the surface of the sea for a wide radius while the vessel is speeding along at considerable depth.

Backward Children.

If children are very backward doubtless it is best for them to have the special service of a private teacher for some time. Although they thus lose the inspiring aid of companionship, which affords so much joy and stimulus in a school, yet they escape the depressing and mortifying influence of seeing their dullness exhibited at every recitation to that most merciless of audiences, a company of school children who are outstripping them and ridiculing their stupidity

FAMOUS BLIND MEN.

Vidal, the French Sculptor, Chaplain Milburn, and Inventor Herreshoff.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his twenty-first year. We can quite easily understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plow, spade, and hoe, how he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots; or how the blind Birmingham (Ala.) miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in a blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique, wonderful, and incomparable.

To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicuity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hand over and over an object he notes its external proportions and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder with surprise. A dog, horse, human face, or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, were on the shelves at the great exhibition, where the blind wonder contended in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who who always speak of and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in Paris.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, known throughout the civilized world as "the blind preacher," and who is actively in the field at the present time, is one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822. He totally lost the sight of one eye when quite young, the other becoming badly impaired from sympathy, so much so that it soon darkened forever. With spirit undaunted, he studied and was ordained as a minister at the age of twenty, and it is claimed traveled over 200,000 miles filling appointments in the Southern States. Within the last thirty years he has preached in nearly every State in the Union and some European countries. He the chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, besides filling many other important positions. As a writer he is known as the author of "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," "Rifle, Axe, and Saddlebags," and "Pioneer Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley."

Mr. Herreshoff, the blind president of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, of Bristol, R. I., seems as much out of his element in his present capacity as the blind sculptor. Aside from Edison, the government has recognized him as being one of the greatest inventors of the times. Many of the torpedo boats and steam launches now used by this and all the civilized governments on the globe are the invention of this sightless genius. His steam launches have made the highest speed with but few exceptions, and his torpedo boats are ranked among the most efficient in use. He works on his models in the quiet of the night, shut up in the darkness of his room, but this is all the same to Herreshoff. The brightest midday would be to him as black as the darkest midnight.

The True Way to Bring up Boys.

"Yes, sir; I believe in thrashing a boy," he was saying in a loud voice to a Cass avenue car full of passengers. "The more you thrash a boy the better it is for the boy."

"I think, sir," remarked a meek-looking man sitting next to him, "that your language is very intemperate."

"What do you object to, may I ask? Is it the word thrash? You wouldn't have me say 'beat,' would you? Perhaps flog would suit you better."

"I cannot see the necessity of flogging boys, sir."

"What would you do with them, may I ask?"

"Reason with them. Talk to them in mild encouraging tones. Remember that you were once a boy yourself."

"I do, sir; and I am thankful every day of my life for the personal chastisements my good father bestowed on me."

"Cruel, cruel," murmured the meek man. "It is degrading to a boy to be whipped like a brute beast. No boy requires it. He can always be managed with kindness."

Every woman in the car looked curiously at the meek man, and the advocate of thrashing had a temporary chill. Then he leaped forward and inquired of the other:

"Can you manage your boys without corporeal punishment?"

"I haven't any boys," was the serene answer, and everybody laughed.

It is so easy to bring up other people's children.

Getting the Best of Matthew Arnold.

Apropos of Matthew Arnold, it seems that his son Mat had very decided opinions. One night the boy heard some one say that the moon was made of green cheese. Very quickly he said: "I don't believe the moon is made of green cheese." "Don't you?" said his father, "why not?" "Oh," said the young gentleman, "I don't know why, but I don't." "Well, for my part," said his father, "I have no respect for people who give opinions for which they can give no reasons." Young Mat was very much mortified and went off by himself to hide his feelings. The next morning, as bright as possible, he greeted his father with this: "I know now why the moon is not made of green cheese. I found it out in Genesis." "Ah" said Matthew Arnold, sr., "you have the advantage of me. I did not know the subject was mentioned in Genesis." "Oh, yes, papa," said the boy, "there is an account of the creation, and the moon was made before there were any cows!" So Matthew the younger triumphed over Matthew the older.

Politeness in Corea.

The natives in the east who have become familiar with foreigners and their customs take very readily to the custom of calling—and eating—on New Year's day, and one lady had a very peculiar experience with a native official in Seoul last year.

She was keeping "open house," and had made some preparations for receiving her guests in the proper manner. Among other things, she had prepared with her own hands a very excellent cake, which she expected to distribute in little bits to all who might favor her with a call. A party of native gentlemen arrived, and, having given one of them a cup of tea, she placed this fine cake before him, with an invitation to help himself. She then went with the others to another room, and was gone some time. When she returned, she saw to her horror that her beautiful cake had all but disappeared down the throat of the poor fellow who had tried his best to do the polite thing—according to his country's customs—and not leave any of the food set before him, thus showing his appreciation of the host's table and hospitality. The lady's vexation was banished by a feeling of commiseration for the miserable man, who seemed to be very much in need of an emetic just then. It is said that this call was his first and last on that day, as he declared to a friend that foreigners must be all stomach, if they could go from house to house and do justice to the hospitality of each.—[Home Magazine.

AUSTRALIAN CANNIBALS.

They Are Now the Lowest Species of Humanity in the World.

Seated in the Richelieu restaurant last evening was a bronzed young man with brown whiskers and the air of a foreigner, who was ordering a rich meal. Not long ago he was sitting on a sand mound eating snakes and lizards, while a few yards from him dusky men were partaking of a feast of human bodies, the heads of the victims lying about the camp in horrible confusion. The guest was Carl Lumholtz, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Christiania, Norway, one of the first white men who ever lived among the Australian natives. In a general talk about the expedition undertaken by him for the University of Christiania he said:

"At the present time the Australian natives are the lowest known species of humanity. They have little or no reasoning faculties, and their only idea of a higher power is gained through fear. They are chocolate colored, wear no clothing, and their weapons are crudely made from wood. I was possessed by two things which protected me during my sojourn with the savages. They were deadly afraid of my revolvers and they would make every sacrifice for some of my tobacco. To pistols and tobacco is due my success among the wild men. I first went to the northwestern part of the territory, where no white man had ever been before. I made a hut of palm leaves and lived just as the natives did. Every night before going to bed I would shoot off one of my pistols. That seemed to perpetuate the fear they had of me when I first mingled with them. For several months the natives were generous and peaceful relations existed between us. I will never forget the first time they dragged in some captives from a rival tribe and cut off their heads and ate the bodies.

"The natives have no religious scruples. They like human flesh better than anything else. Men, women, and children partake of the food with great relish. They seldom eat a white man or one of their own tribe. The palms of the hands and the thighs are considered the most delicate portions. The heads are cast away—thrown about the camp in every direction. Leeches are the only things an Australian native will not eat. I was with the natives for one year and had plenty of time to learn their manners and customs. I might have cultivated a taste for rival savages, too, but it was bad enough to have to subsist on snakes, grubs, lizards, grasshoppers, and roots. The natives are fast dying off. I hardly think there are over 30,000 in all Australia."—[Chicago Tribune.

A PALACE OF SILENCE.

The Sad Story of a Beautiful New York House.

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a magnificent house, a veritable palace, which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye because of the story attached to it.

It was designed and built, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by one of the richest men in New York—the head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments, and dainty touches that were the young bride's taste.

The ball room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many colored marbles, but the lover himself directed the building of the porte cochere, under which her carriage was to roll, so that, stepping out, she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable, waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out; the coachman and the footman had their big white rosettes at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful loving care, for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day.

Yes; but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave to any human being he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives in the beautiful house and does with his great fortune a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never open in the wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball room, but it and the solitary man are there as evidences of the fact that a love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it.

A Clock With Many Faces.

Professor M. L. Hussey is now the wizard of Edison's old home, and has been tinkering with old clocks for years until he has simplified a contrivance whereby a hotel of 500 rooms may have the accurate time in every apartment by a system of electric wires connected with a dynamo indicator in the office, from which these wires will run to clocks in rooms of the guests. The professor has made his electric clock so simple that it can be sold, he says, for a small sum.—[Philadelphia Times.

New Suits.

"That's a very pretty suit you have on, Bobbie," remarked his sister's steady company.

"Not as nice as the one you're going to get, though."

"I don't know of any in particular I'm going to get."

"Well, I heard our Sue say if you tried any fooling around her you'd have a nice breach of promise suit before you knew yourself."

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

AT OUR STORE
THIS WEEK

WE do not chronicle any stupendous mark-downs. We offer, though, some very tempting goods, such as

Satines at 12½c

That are as good as last year's at 16 cents. We bought them cheaper And will sell them cheaper.

The same story is told of

White Dress Embroideries,

Which are ever so much cheaper than last year.

OURS ARE ALL NEW.

A great many of our customers wanted them real early, but we did not have them. We make up for it now by having dozens of patterns in Ladies and Children's,

BOUGHT CLOSE AND SOLD LOW.

Everyone Knows
WE DON'T SPOIL A GOOD THING WITH
A Stale Price.
D. F. McMullen & Co.,
IRON FRONT,
Frostburg, Md.
June 14

KEYSTONE
BAKING POWDER.
PUREST ✦ AND ✦ BEST.
MANUFACTURED FROM
Pure CREAM of TARTAR and SODA only.
100 per cent. Pure
FOR SALE BY
C. F. BETZ,
Frostburg, Md.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
Keystone Baking Powder Co.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.
June 28

1890. *1891.*

Notice to Taxpayers.

FROSTBURG, MD., June 15, 1890.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Taxes for corporate purposes for the Town of Frostburg for the fiscal year ending June 15, 1891, are now due and payable.

By action of the Mayor and Councilmen a discount of 5 *per cent.* will be allowed on all taxes paid on or before July 15; 3 *per cent.* on all paid on or before August 15, after which date no discount will be allowed.

By an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, chapter 136, of the Acts of 1888, taxes are a lien on the property of the party taxed, and on all taxes remaining unpaid for *three* months after the same shall have been levied the Bailiff shall charge and collect interest *from the date of the levy* at the rate of 6 *per cent. per annum.* ALBERT SPITZNAS,
June 28 Bailiff.

BASE BALL.

ALL the new Double-Seam Balls, Bats, Gloves, Belts, Caps and Masks for 1890. TENNIS, CROQUET, Hammocks, Archery Swings, Clubs and Dumbbells.
JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice,
May 24 Cumberland, Md.

—THE—
First National Bank
of Frostburg, Md.

THIS BANK, located in the Thomas building, near the Post Office, is now open and prepared to do a general banking business.

CAPITAL.....$50,000

L. M. GORSUCH, President.
DAVISSON ARMSTRONG, Vice-President.
A. E. KRISE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
T. G. McCULLOH. | BERNARD STERN.
A. J. WILLISON. | D. ARMSTRONG.
L. M. GORSUCH.

☞Collections made and exchanges sold on all Eastern points. *Deposits solicited.*
Nov 16

JOHN CHAMBERS,
—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
Queensware, Woodware. Tinware.
Canned and Fresh
Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.
March 29

FOR RENT OR SALE.

THE STOREHOUSE

NOW occupied by Mrs. Mary Hartman as a Boot and Shoe store. In size and location it is one of the most desirable business stands in town. For all information inquire of MARX WINELAND,
Jan 21 Agent for C. W. Oder.

You are Saved
FROM
Serious Errors and Consequences
IN THE COMPOUNDING OF
DRUGS AND PRESCRIPTIONS
BY BUYING YOUR DRUGS AT
Colborn's Drug Store

THE ONLY PLACE IN FROSTBURG *where a Graduate in Pharmacy prepares all Prescriptions and Medicines.*

Purest Goods and Lowest Prices.

☞The finest and most complete line of
Toilet Articles
IN THE CITY.

Kindly favor me with a call and be assured of best attention.

ROBERT G. COLBORN.
THE "POPULAR DRUG STORE."
Sept 21