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MINING JOURNAL.

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Frostburg, Md.....August 16, 1890.

A SOCIAL UNIVERSITY.

A NEW IDEA BORN IN PHILADELPHIA.

A Neighborhood Mutual College Where Those Who Can Not Attend Other Institutions May Be Taught—Its Outline and Character.

Morrison B. Swift has set forth in a monograph his plan for a social university. His text is a very valuable work now being carried on in Philadelphia, in which he is earnestly engaged. This work is among the working people, and is of similar character to that undertaken by the People's palace in London, and the neighborhood guilds and the social settlements of New York. The Philadelphia work was in fact started as a neighborhood guild. A house was hired in a convenient locality, it was made attractive, and a canvass of the neighborhood was made for members of the guild. A small fee was charged, which gave the members the right to all the privileges of the house, including lectures and classes, social entertainments, library, and reading room. The first year's classes were held in practical branches entirely—dress making, cooking, the trades, and the like; but gradually the plan broadened. This neighborhood guild became the beginning of a social university. Moderate in its ambitions at first, it sought to give the opportunity for a systematic course of study to those who were shut out from the ordinary schools and colleges. Four evenings in the week were set apart for classes, one evening is given up to social uses and one to business and discussion. Sunday afternoon is used for a lecture. The teachers are in some instances Bryn Mawr students, and students and professors at the other colleges in or near Philadelphia.

The people for whom this guild exists appreciate and use its opportunities. In Philadelphia, as everywhere where these institutions have been established, there is found a constituency large enough to justify their existence. There are many who are anxious to use every opportunity which these schools offer, and many more who improve their opportunities moderately. At all events the success of this Philadelphia experiment has inspired its projectors with a desire and purpose to largely extend its scope. Their plan is to make this guild a university, modeled on the London university, and to follow what is known as the university extension system. It is proposed to extend the work of the colleges and schools near Philadelphia to include those who must have these opportunities for education brought to them if they are ever to enjoy them. The university or guild will outline the courses of study. It will plan the lectures and oversee the examinations, fix standards of admission, and classify or arrange in groups all applicants. It will issue its own certificates of scholarship, and, if it seems best, will confer degrees. The plan includes a faculty to be formed from the professors of near by colleges. The assistants are to be from the members of the guild, the advanced students to assist in teaching those who are below them. It is hoped to have a lecture hall in every ward of the city. In order to secure as wide a co-operation of the people themselves in this plan, neighborhood organizations—that is, guilds like the central guild—are to be formed, each with its home. This is to be not only the school house, but the social center of the locality. These neighboring guilds are to be the distributing centers also for the libraries, which this university hopes some time to own; meantime such guilds will have a well stocked reading room.

None of these privileges are to be free, neither rooms nor education. The university is to be no more a charity organization than Harvard or Yale. It will bring to poor but ambitious youths a chance to train themselves in trades or professions, or to acquire such scholarship as their abilities permit, but every one who enjoys these opportunities must pay for them. This university will, it is hoped, train pupils for the older colleges. If there be any who can save money for a year or two or more at Bryn Mawr or the University of Pennsylvania, they will be prepared for matriculation. Or if any fit themselves for a degree from any of these established colleges, it is proposed that such degree shall be granted them.

Such is the ambitious scope of these projectors of Pennsylvania's social university. Mr. Swift elaborates the idea in detail, and finds in it the possibilities of a social reorganization which means the millenium. Such enthusiasm will be of practical value in shaping such a work and its projectors will achieve more success because of their high hopes. But, this elaboration aside, there is nothing impracticable in the plan. It is the People's palace and Toynbee hall, with their functions somewhat extended; it is the university extension system applied to an American city. There can be no doubt of the immense benefits to follow such an experiment; and, with the right people at its head, and money enough behind it, it ought to succeed.—[Springfield Republican.

The British Census.

The British census will be taken next April. The work of the enumerators will be very simple. No questions that can give offense to anybody will be asked, and the one great aim will be to arrive at the number of the queen's subjects. It has been estimated that the population of the British Empire at the beginning of the present year was nearly 328,000,000, of whom 38,125,000 live in England, Scotland, and Wales. The census of the great city of London will be taken in a single day, and the whole vast work will be done with incredible rapidity.

His Modified Views.

The Professor—I have a great and growing admiration for the principles of government which sustain us as a race and nation.

Same (next day, having lost his umbrella)—Confound a country where nothing is safe for a minute!

Farmer—Why don't you go to the workhouse?

Tramp—Dey'll have ter change de name o' de institution afore day gits me into it.

DEAKIN BROWN'S WAY.

Old Deakin Brown lives out t'um town
About four miles or so.
An' drives a spankin' team o' bays
W'en he goes to an' fro;
An' allus w'en he overhauls
Some feller walkin' on the ground,
He stops his team and cramps around,
An' calls:
"Hullo,
Git in an' hev a lift!"

You'll see 'im sit an' chew an' spit
An' saw upon the lines,
His jolly face so red with pride—
It reg'lar' glows an' shines.
Them horses step so gay and high
An' tear along at sceeh a gait,
You'd scurcely think their owner'd wait
An' cry:
"Huffo,
Git in an' hev a lift!"

T' see ol' Brown a saggin' down
On one e'end o' the seat,
An' leaning sideways now'n'agin
To watch 'em pick their feet,
You'd think: "Here comes a rural swell."
But my! How quick your mind'ud flop,
When Deakin'd make them hosses stop
An' yell:
"Hullo,
Climb in an' hev a lift!"

They's folks who ride in all their pride
In Fortune's rig on life's high way,
Us folks who trudge along afoot
Ken see'm drive past every day.
They hain't like Deakin Brown et all;
It makes no odds how tired ye git
Ye'll never see them wait a bit
An' call:
"Hullo,
Climb in an' hev a lift!"

—George Horton.

USELESS LITTLE EXPENSES.

Keep an Account of What You Spend, if You Want to Save Money.

Ben Franklin had a wise old head, says *Golden Days*, when he advised his readers to take care of the pennies and the pounds would take care of themselves. The boy in whose pockets the pennies burn holes will understand the difficulty of taking care of the pennies, and like as not declare that it can not be done.

"I don't know," says Rob Reckless, "what becomes of my money. Only yesterday I changed the dollar that Uncle Tom gave me, and I only bought a glass of soda, and now I have only a dime left. Where can it have gone?"

"My, how money does fly!" exclaimed Edith Random. "What will papa say when he discovers that my month's allowance has only lasted a week? Where did it go? I really can't tell. I remember treating the girls to ices yesterday, and buying a ribbon the day before, and two pairs of gloves last Saturday, and oh, dear, don't ask me where it has gone!"

But that is just the question every boy and girl should ask themselves when they find their money disappearing.

"It is a good thing to keep an account of your small expenses," John Bigelow, ex-minister to France, and a man of wealth, once said to an acquaintance, as he entered an item in his note book.

His listener smiled at the remark, but, being a sensible fellow, he took it to heart. In recently telling the story of his experience, he said that up to that time he had never thought of the amount it annually cost him for cigars and other sundries. He began to itemize the cost daily. He was amazed at the end of the year when he footed up the sum of $750. A change was wrought in him, and he determined that he would keep such expenses down to one-third of the sum in question.

"And now," he said, "within 10 years I have profited by Mr. Bigelow's advice to the amount of $5,000, which I have handed over to my wife to keep for hard times. And I have not become mean, either."

Now it is not likely that any boy or girl who reads these lines squanders $750 a year on little expenses; but they may squander $75, or perhaps only $7.50, and the lesson is obvious.

A great many little expenses are incurred for such useless objects that the money might as well be thrown into the street, and it is the expenses that an expense book would check.

It is not "mean" to keep an account of little expenses. The United States Government requires all postmasters to collect and sell waste paper and string, and render an account of the money realized from the sale; army officers are required to account for every hammer, bit of harness, yard of cloth, or gilt button; and the Weather Bureau requires its observers to report the disposition of every postage stamp.

So it is in every great mercantile or manufacturing establishment; the little expenses are rigidly looked after, because experience has shown that in the aggregate they amount to large sums.

Take care of the pennies by noting where they go, and you will be surprised to find how the practice will act as a check on useless expenditure. Keep a guard on the little expenses and you will have no trouble with the big ones.

JEWELS OF ANCIENT DAYS.

Ornaments Worn by Men and Women During Bible Times.

Jewels of gold, jewels of silver, and jewels of precious stones, in combination or singly, and strings of pearls, were worn from the earliest times of which we have a detailed history. In Bible times precious stones were not set in metallic mountings, as now. They were worn in such form as they were found, the lapidary contenting himself with giving them an imperfect polish. They were generally perforated and attached to the person by means of cords passed through them. Sometimes a number of them were strung together as a bracelet or necklace, but oftener each was suspended from the attire alone. They were worn in the hair, on the wrist, about the neck, or suspended from the head dress or shoulders, according to the taste of the wearer, and, strange to say, more of them were worn by men than by women.

Teachable.

Correction, to be effective, should be prompt, but not too prompt.

"I is——" began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him.

"That is wrong, you should say, 'I am.'"

Tommy accepted the rebuke with becoming docility, and continued, "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."—[Harper's Bazar.

From Fat to Thin.

This is the latest and most approved method of getting thin.

"It won't do you the least bit of good, though," declared a pretty Drexel boulevard brunette, whose black eyes shone almost as brightly as the big diamonds that scintillated in her ears, "unless you follow a strict dietary. Why, I laid off 35 pounds of flesh into intangible nowhere last winter in six weeks."

"Did you starve it off?" asked the writer.

"Starve? No, indeed. I just dieted. I had all I needed to eat, but not everything I wanted. I ate three times a day as regular as clockwork, and fruit—all I wanted, too—between meals. I had a glass of wine at bed-time, but, oh, dear me, I couldn't have a drink of water all day long. But you know if you eat an apple or a pear or something you don't feel thirsty."

"What food did you take at meals?"

"Mornings just a cup of tea or coffee, with cream, but no sugar, one slice of bread or toast without butter, and fruit. At noon I had soup, one kind of lean meat—no pork—one slice of bread, one or two kinds of light vegetables—no potatoes; oh, never potatoes! The potato is the arch enemy of the fat. I had fruit and a cup of tea or coffee for dessert. At supper I ate two eggs, a slice of bread or toast, fruit, and had a cup of tea or coffee. Goodness! but I just ate fruit the livelong day, though. I read all the books on training down, too, and what Mr. Sullivan does when he trains, and I did whatever I found out he did. I think it would be a splendid thing if Mr. Sullivan would go around and deliver lectures on his system of training down.

"But, as I said, I made myself 35 pounds lighter last winter, and I'm going to get myself down to a 20-inch corset before snow flies, and be comfortable in it, too."

"Did you get your lost 35 pounds back this summer?"

"Oh, yes. You see I went down to the seashore and ran around to clam-bakes and that sort of thing. I kind of forgot about my dietary and got switched off. The first thing I knew I was eating butter and sweets and roasted new potatoes and corn. Corn is dreadfully fattening. Then I thought I might as well enjoy myself all I could and take the winter for working off my superfluous avoirdupois. So I've gone to work again, and I'm determined to be a real sylph-like creature by Easter time.—[Chicago Times.

THE OLD FASHIONED WAY TO GET THIN.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to St. Petersburg. "What for?" said the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with the note; the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet crying: "Grace, grace! what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!"

Nansen's North Pole Notions.

Dr. Nansen, who rambled across the snow waste of Greenland to no particular purpose last year, is getting ready for his north pole voyage. His ship is built, his crew selected, and he will sail from Norway in February, aiming to reach Behring's Straits by next June. He will follow the route of the Jeannette into the Siberian archipelago, and thence go northward as far as possible, and seek to strike into the current which he believes to set toward the polar sea from near Herald Island. Nordenskiold, in his voyage in the Vega, saw evidence of this cross current; so did the Austrian, Preyer, who discovered Franz Josef Land, and the survivors of the Jeannette expedition. But Nansen relies upon what he regards as convincing proof, namely, the dicovery off the coasts of Greenland of articles which had belonged to the Jeannette. These were found frozen in floating ice far to the north, three years after De Long abandoned his vessel, and Nansen holds that they must have been borne from near Herald Island across the polar sea by such a current as he expects to find and follow. The schooner in which he sails is of only 170 tons burden, shaped on a peculiar model, a variation from the Norwegian whaler, her sides being so inclined that it is believed she can not be crushed in the pinching of the ice, but will be lifted by it out of danger. He carries five years' supplies for 12 men. If he does not find his current, but has to abandon his schooner in the ice, he proposes to set out on foot for the pole. If he gets there with time to spare he means to survey and map the region. Still, even if he takes his kodak along, and brings back photographs of the original pole and all that's thereabout, what will it all be worth to the world?

After Life.

It can not be that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface, and then go into nothingness and darkness forever. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations leap like angels from the temples of our hearts and forever wander abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.—[George D. Prentice.

Frank James's Advice to Riders.

When a man rides along the streets on horseback, with his feet crowded into the stirrups of the saddle until the front of the heel is caught by the bottom of the stirrup people are apt to look at him and say he does not know how to ride. They will declare that the proper style is to rest the ball of the foot on the stirrups, with the toes turned inward. That is English, you know, but it is not the style in which cowboys or long distance riders carry themselves. I can give as my authority for this latter statement Frank James, who, in a rather adventurous career, certainly did some long and hard riding. We were talking about the proper seat of an equestrian while he was on trial at Gallatin several years ago, and he said:

"I have no doubt that the English seat is all right for park purposes, but should you ever desire to put 40 miles between yourself and a given point before sun up next morning you will find it best to push your feet into the stirrups as far as they will go, sit back in the saddle in such a way that your feet are braced against the stirrups, which will be pushed forward, and then let her go."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

To Buy Actors Real Champagne.

An eccentric old lady has just died, leaving to the Association of French Dramatic Artists the sum of £3,000, which is to be invested and the interest expended in providing real champagne for the "guests" at stage banquets. No doubt the old dame had been touched by the unsatisfied expression of the "supers" enjoying theatrical "good cheer," and felt a pang at the recollection when eating her dainty little supper. She might have left her money more profitably. Food, for instance, would be a greater charity to these members of the rank and file of the theatrical profession than real champagne, which is scarcely likely to be of the very best, and which will probably prove unwholesome to those who have scarcely enough to eat. But very possibly the money will never reach the hands of those to whom it is bequeathed, for if the lady, like many of us, was blessed with grasping relations, they will doubtless try to show that such an odd bequest proved their sister or their cousin or their aunt to be of unsound mind.

Pasteur's Opportunities.

Pasteur might have been the richest man in the world if he had cared for the commercial value of his discoveries. In addition to his discoveries in the prevention of hydrophobia he discovered the cause of a mysterious disease among silkworms, which threatened to destroy the silkworm industry in France, and applied a remedy. The wine growers of France and Italy complained of their wines being slow to mature and the grapes to turn sour; Pasteur's investigations of the yeast germs taught the grower how these evils could be cured. He discovered the microbe which propagates disease in sheep, and suggested a remedy. These discoveries represent a gain to the community of many millions of dollars, but the great scientist has made no effort to profit personally from any of them.

Top or Bottom.

Several young men were in a southend resort one evening lately, shaking for the drinks, says the Boston Globe, when suddenly one of the fellows, a young man who is reckoned as one of the coming lights of the political arena, said, "Let me take that dicebox a minute."

It was handed over to him, and, taking out four or five dice which were in it, he handed them to the barkeeper, and turning the box on one end he placed the remaining dice on it, and taking his hat from his head covered the box and dice with it.

"Where is that dice now?" he asked one of the men standing about.

"On top of the box, of course," was the reply; "that is if you haven't shifted it since you put the hat down."

"I have not," said the young politician, and he lifted the hat again, and, sure enough, there sat the dice on the box, just as it had been before.

He set the hat down again and took his hands away from it, while he asked the same question he had in the first instance.

"On top of the box, of course," repeated the man who had been questioned.

"You saw it there, did you?"

"Certainly."

"Would you bet that it is on the top of the box?"

"Of course I would."

"I'll bet you a dollar that it isn't where you say it is."

"All right," and the men put up their money.

The first man lifted his hat, and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" exclaimed the second. "I've won. There is the dice on top of the box."

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed the young politician. "When you come to think of it, wouldn't it be rather a difficult task to set up a dice on the top of a dice-box, when there is only a very narrow edge to set it on? If you will look carefully you will see that that dice is resting on the bottom of the box instead of the top. I guess the money is mine, Mr. Stakeholder."

"That's so," exclaimed the other man who had bet, "it is on the bottom of the box, isn't it?"

"It's a very simple catch," said the winner to the writer, "but it's sure to catch ninety-nine people out of every hundred."

A MURPHY FINISH.

Why Baldwin Swallowed His Chew of Tobacco.

Two years ago Baldwin's horse Volante was to run one day at Saratoga, and Baldwin called Murphy up to the grand stand and said:

"Now, look here, Murphy, I don't want any monkeying about this race—none of your sensational finishes. You just cut the old horse loose and send him along from the fall of the flag to the finish. I've got a lot of money on this race, and I don't want to be worried about the result."

Murphy showed his white teeth in a smile of acquiescence, and then in a low tone informed the ladies in Baldwin's party that he would "make the old man faint away. When the flag fell Murphy pulled Volante back to fourth place and held him steady around the first turn; down the backstretch the leaders flew, with Murphy trailing along quietly on Volante as though he was out for a pleasure ride. Baldwin began to kick, and bit off a big chunk of tobacco and began to chew at a tremendous rate. As the horses rounded the lower turn and entered the stretch Murphy began moving up inch by inch, but it seemed an impossibility for him to reach the leaders, but he did, and one by one they surrendered until when within a hundred feet of the wire Volante had disposed of all but one. Then with a magnificent exhibition of horsemanship Murphy fairly lifted his mount up to even terms and in the last bound landed Volante a winner by a nose, or, as the sporting fraternity term it, "by an eyelash." Before the jockeys dismounted Baldwin turned to a member of the party and said: "George, I wish you would get these Volante tickets cashed and bring the money down to the hotel for me. I'm going home right away, I don't feel well. Some fellow swallowed a chew of tobacco which I had in my mouth when that black devil made that close finish.

THE WILD INDIAN AT COLLEGE.

How a Young Sioux Conducted Himself at Boston University.

C. A. Eastman, says the Boston *Advertiser*, the young Sioux who graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine, is well known by all Dartmouth graduates of the last few years. He came on the campus in the autumn of 1883 and at once proved a star attraction for the freshmen class of 1887. Football and cane rushes were then in vogue at Hanover, and they were pretty vigorous ones, too. Eastman's Indian blood at once asserted itself, and he was always in the hottest of the fray, where his great strength and courage were very valuable. The sophs acquired a hearty respect for him in the little scrimmages and always acted as if they were afraid he might suddenly go into the wholesome scalping business. And when the great final cane rush came off and the freshmen stood in solid columns, bared to the waist, and bodies well oiled, awaiting the onslaught of the sophomores, Eastman was in the front rank with shoulders gleaming and black eyes full of fight. Eastman had his full regalia of a Sioux chief at college, and sometimes he would invite the boys into his room and don his feathers and buckskins to the great admiration of the humble freshmen who were allowed to attend the ceremony. The old fire of the plains would rise, and he would get enthusiastic in telling of his many thrilling adventures. Finally the exhibition would lead up to a fierce war whoop, and then the meeting would adjourn. The young Indian had all the self possession of his race, and he could enter any parlor in Hanover with perfect equanimity. "Society" had no terrors for the caild of the plains. Though not a ladies' man he could face any battery of feminine eyes without the least embarrassment. When Matthew Arnold was at Hanover he expressed a desire to meet Eastman, as he had been told there was a full blooded Sioux in college. The great critic evidently expected to see something of the Wild West order, with war paint and moccasins. When the two came together the calm dignity of the student so overcame the learned Englishman that he stammered and blushed and came off decidedly second best in the interview. Eastman is now going back to help his people, and he carries with him the good wishes of many friends in the East.

Postal Receipts in Leading Cities.

Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen has, from advance reports received from many of the larger postoffices of the country, prepared a statement showing their gross receipts for the quarter ending June 30, together with the amount and per cent. of increase. The gross receipts and per cent. of increase are as follows:

Postoffices.	Gross rec'ts.	Per ct.
1 New York	$1,528,713	13.
2 Chicago	709,100	14.7
3 Philadelphia	584,982	9.9
4 Boston	529,877	9.6
5 St. Louis	290,263	13.7
6 Cincinnati	194,352	1.8
7 Brooklyn	181,435	8.2
8 San Francisco	179,747	5.9
9 Baltimore	159,031	7.4
10 Pittsburg	135,697	11.5
11 Cleveland	116,848	10.9
12 Kansas City	111,239	12.9
13 New Orleans	108,627	26.1
14 Detroit	102,244	12.6
15 Milwaukee	86,978	11.4
16 Louisville	80,679	12.5
17 Minneapolis	79,420	8.5
18 St. Paul	76,112	3.8
19 Indianapolis	56,074	12.7
20 Toledo	44,857	19.9

Complete reports for the first six months of the fiscal year, 1890, from all the postoffices in the United States, and advance estimated reports for the remaining six months from thirty of the larger postoffices, show that the estimated increase in gross receipts for the year from all the offices will be about 9 per cent. over that of the fiscal year 1889.

No Ceremony, but a Brass Band.

When Mrs. Ernest Prentice died in Indianapolis her last request was that there should be no funeral sermon and no ceremony of any kind. All that she desired was a brass band. She died of consumption and was perfectly sane. The body was laid out in a neat coffin in the front room of the house. The mourners gathered about. A full brass band was stationed in the yard. After the coffin had been closed the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The pall bearers moved slowly to the hearse, the last note of the sacred air dying away as the coffin was pushed in. Then the band took a position in front of the hearse, the procession was formed, and to the music of a doleful dirge the body was taken to the cemetery. A solemn piece of sacred music was played as the coffin was removed from the hearse and deposited in the vault. There was no prayer and no remarks by a minister.

The Way Chloral Works.

Hydrate of chloral is a very tricky medicine. The first time you take it for insomnia the modest little dose gives you sleep as soft and sweet and natural as that of a healthy child; and you wake clear minded, vigorous, and without any "after effects." So with gradually diminishing efficiency the drug works through succeeding experiments; but by and by you find that to produce sleep you must steadily increase the dose. And then, of a sudden and without warning, the mysterious fluid seems to reassert over the constitution its pristine power, and the greatly increased dose puts you so soundly to sleep that you never awaken in this world.

No Idea of It.

Husband (at 2 a. m.)—Are you going to let me stand here and pound on this door the whole night, my dear?

Wife—Why, of course not. I intend to hail the first policeman I see and have you locked up.

An Original Smile.

Lawyer—How is the original package decision received in your State?

Kansan—With a smile.

Like Some Men.

De Few—Why is it that the owl is considered such a wise bird?

La Conic—Because he has his fun at night.

Where the Support Came From.

Friend of Star Actress (speaking in a professional sense)—Does your husband support you?

Star Actress (wearily)—No; I support him, together with several of his relatives.—[Texas Siftings.

Well, Hardly.

Philadelphian (in Bowery barber shop)—Don't I get clean towel?

Barber (genus tough)—Wha-at d'ye want? De eart'? You mus' be a stranger here, you mus'.

Philadelphian—Cæsar, man! Do you suppose I'd have come in if I'd known the place?

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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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.

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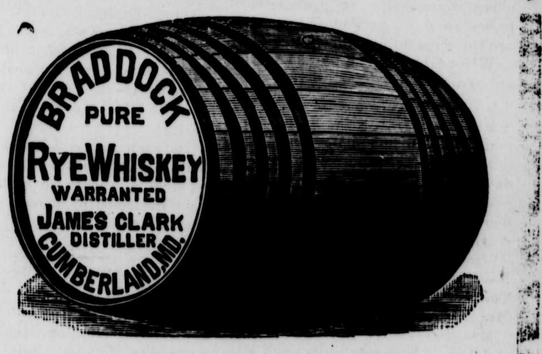

DISTILLERS OF THE
"BRADDOCK"
PURE RYE
—AND—
BARLEY MALT WHISKEYS
—HAVE—
REMOVED
TO THEIR NEW STOREROOM,
No. 55 Baltimore Street,
Fourth Door West of Postoffice,
CUMBERLAND, MD.,
WHERE THEY WILL BE PLEASED TO RECEIVE A CALL FROM THEIR FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND PUBLIC IN GENERAL.
Mar 9