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A CODE OF MORALS.

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum hills, above the Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature made her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, per heliograph, the pair.
At dawn across the Hurrum hills, he flashed her counsel wise—
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad and g[illegible],
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the old;
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the ditty hangs)
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that tit-tupped on the way,
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at play.
They thought of Border risings, and of stations sacked and burnt—
So stopped to take the message down—and this is what they learnt:

"Dash dot dot, dot dot dash, dot dash dot," twice. The General swore.
"Was ever General Officer addressed as 'dear' before?
"'My love, i' faith! 'My duck,' Gadzooks! 'My darling popsy-wop!'"
"Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, who is on that mountain-top?"

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded Staff were still,
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that message from the hill;
For clear as summer's lightning flare, the husband's warning ran:
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—a most immoral man."

(At dawn, across the Hurrum hills, he flashed her counsel wise—
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large hath eyes.)
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his wife
Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining Staff were still,
And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven gill.
And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not):
"I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes about there! Trot!"

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know
By word or act official who read off that hello;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to Mooltan
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral man."

—[Rudyard Kipling.

MARTIN, THE LION TAMER.

Recognized by the Beasts After a Five Years' Absence.

When the celebrated animal tamer, who died lately, had retired to private life, one day he took a notion that he would visit his former large menagerie, which he had not seen for five years. It was in Brussels, and he started for that city from his country seat near Rotterdam. At 4 o'clock, the time for feeding, he entered the menagerie. Being winter time, Martin was wrapped in a cloak. He mingled with the crowd and waited until the animals would receive their food, for which they were waiting with wild impatience. While they were eating he began to cough. Suddenly the animals paused in their treat and listened, then broke into wild howls of joy and tore at the iron bars so that many of the timid visitors fled from the menagerie. The parrots, kangaroos, pelicans, and monkeys began to screech and scream, the hyena and the wolves howled—in short, it was a perfect bedlam.

Then Martin stepped forward. With a movement of his hand and with his powerful voice he commanded silence, and suddenly everything was quiet. He swung himself over the bar which separated the visitors from the animals, and put his hand in cages to fondle the animals. A mighty tigress showed more joy than any of the others. When Martin's hand glided over her magnificent fur her limbs trembled nervously, she uttered weak tender grunts, and through the iron bars, with her rough tongue, she licked the face of her former master. When he went away she lay down without eating any more food.

There was a lion named Nero who had once bitten Martin in the hip and had been severely punished by him for it. The lion had an unreconcilable hatred for the animal tamer. Nero made no other motion at Martin's approach than lift his head and eye him intently. He remained in his place, lying still in the back of his cage, when Martin came near. Martin spoke to him. He did not answer, but viewed Martin with apparent indifference. But when Martin was going away the lion, with a mighty spring, entirely unexpected, threw himself against the grating, pushed his paws through the iron bars, and with his claws tore off a part of Martin's cloak. By a quick movement Martin escaped another injury from this animal.

A Fly Catching Mouse.

The firm of William H. Post & Co., of Hartford, Conn., have in their store a helpful little mouse that is almost as handy a thing to have about as a brownie. No sooner is the big store closed at night than the little chap comes out of his hole, hops into the big illuminated show window, and sets himself to work at catching flies. He is very skillful at the sport, darting hither and thither among the flies that buzz up and down the pane, while scores of people gather in the street and watch his performance. The little mouse is far better than a fly trap or sticky paper, because he runs his own fly trap without any help and does not have to be set. What game he gets he stows away forever in his own game bag, and there are no dead or dying insects lying about in his wake. After getting a meal of flies he darts behind a pile of rugs. He is rapidly clearing the store of insects.

Two People to Beware Of.

Beware of the man who tells you of his wife's faults. Beware of the woman who announces to you that life is without flavor, and that if she had only known you before she did John, well—then, of course, it would have been different.

He Holds Aloof.

"Why is it that your neighbor does not identify himself with some one of the great political parties?"

"He feels that he is too good."

DID YOU KNOW IT?

We, Too, Have an Empire on Which the Sun Never Sets.

Webster's eloquent description of the British Empire is very readable, but we doubt whether it is generally realized that we, too, have a dominion on which the sun never sets. It will hardly be believed, perhaps, without an examination of the maps, that San Francisco, instead of being the west line of this dominion, is only about midway between our eastern and western limits; and yet it is a fact that the furthest Aleutian isle acquired in our purchase of Russian America is as far to the west of that city as Eastport, Me., is to the east of it. Between the northwest limit of the State of Washington and the southern limit of Alaska there is a break of a few degrees, but with the slightest reduction our territory extends through 196 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way round the globe.

Hence, when the sun is giving its good night kiss to our westward isle, on the confines of the Behring Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of the State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood chopper of Maine is beginning to wake the forest echoes with his stirring music of the axe.

MODJESKA AND THE CAT.

An Experience Upon the Stage That Made the Actress Most Wretched.

Modjeska blames a cat for one of the most wretched moments of her life. She was playing "Camille." The climax is reached when, seeing her wasted form in the glass after her sickness, Camille expresses herself in a dismal shriek. This evening, preceding this crowning yell perhaps a minute, there strolled upon the stage at the first entrance a most leisurely cat—one of the sex which votes. He proceeded along the footlights some 10 feet, and then, bending his yellow gaze on the alien with the big fiddle, stood in feline admiration of the virtuoso.

Modjeska, busy with her work, with her back to the front, saw nothing, and, at the proper place, floated forth a shriek the like of which had not been voiced by Polish throat since Kosciusko fell. The effect on the cat was magic itself. Never in the somber alley or the high ecstacy of a moon lighted roof, neither in loving spooning nor mortal fight had he ever produced or heard a noise its equal. Turning wildly, his reason overthrown, his horror stricken tail as large as a baby's leg, he fled, while the people roared and yelled.

Poor Modjeska almost fainted, and, suspecting the cause to be some deficiency in garb, stuck her ten fingers in her costume and cantered after the cat.

A Night of Horror.

The Egypt coal mine, near Egypt Station, N. C., is the only coal mine in North Carolina, and has usually 40 laborers employed in it. The pit is 450 feet deep, and there is only one cage used to draw out the men. During one afternoon this cage was caught by a slight cave in about midway between the top and bottom of the shaft, thus rendering useless the only means by which the laborers could get out.

At first nobody knew what to do. Mothers, wives, and children of the imprisoned men gathered about the mine and their cries of agony could be heard a mile away. It was known that the water rose very rapidly in the mine, and with the machinery blocked there was no possible way of pumping it out. The miners would therefore drown if not rescued soon. No voice could penetrate the depths, and no sound could be heard from below.

Night came on, but there was no prospect of rescue. At last the president of the coal mine company got some men to work, and throughout the long hours while they tried to loosen the machinery mothers walked up and down weeping, with babies in their arms.

Midnight came but nobody thought of sleeping. Just before daybreak some men were lowered down to the fastened cage and cut a hole in it. The glad tidings were sent up that the men were all alive. Soon ropes were let down, and one by one they were pulled out. All were alive, but had the rescue been delayed a few hours more all would have been drowned, as the water in the mine had risen four feet and would soon have covered the head of every man. They were all wet, cold, and half starved. One old man said:

"We did not expect to be rescued at all. We felt sure that the mine had caved in at the top, and not a man of us ever expected to be taken out of that pit alive. We huddled close together, and spent the time in singing and praying. We knew by the rate at which the water was rising on us that it could only be a matter of a few hours before we should all drown, and it required a lot of talk and persuasion to keep some of the men from lying down in the water and drowning before it was three feet deep. We then made a bargain to stand on our feet just as long as we could, and when we could stand no longer we had agreed to all lie down in the water at the same time and die. It was an awful time, and I think we all suffered the horrors of a hundred deaths."

Breaking Up the Maps.

"If this thing keeps on," said a map printer the other day, "we'll all have to go into bankruptcy. We hadn't got our United States maps fixed up with North and South Dakota before the Brazil revolution knocked South America endwise, and now Wyoming and Idaho are turned into States. Africa has to be fixed over every six months, and the latest and most serious of all is in this German-English arrangement to knock out Heligoland from the British empire. That isn't a big change, but it is plenty big enough to spoil all our maps of Europe. It would almost pay the map makers to chip in and buy the nasty little island in order to make a present of it to England, and save the expense of getting up new maps of Europe."—[N. Y. Sun.

Among the Mystics.

At a time when mysticism, the occult sciences, and necromancy generally are so much in vogue it is curious that nobody has thought of reissuing the Rev. Alfred Vaughn's remarkable book "Hours with the Mystics" (1856), altogether the best history of ancient and modern mysticism ever written. It gives a clear insight into the various revivals, so to speak, of mysticism which have characterized past centuries. Thus we find that in the 13th century people were going wild over palmistry, in the 16th century there was a rage for card fortunes, whereas in the last century the fashion for magnetism existed very much as it exists to day. At this period flourished the soidisant Count Cagliostro, with his Seraphina, his Egyptian Lodge, his elixirs and red powders, his magical carafes, and his phosphorous glories; Father Gassner, with his miraculous cures; Mesmer, attracting Paris and Vienna to his darkened rooms and hidden music; the Count St. Germain, declaring himself 300 years old and professing the occult science of diamond manufacturing; Brahmins, and finally St. Maurice, pretending to open converse with sylphs and salamanders for the benefit of Mmes. Du Maine and De Tencin. Theosophists, Buddhists, clairvoyants, somnambulists, etc., seem, however, to be as much in vogue to-day and as cordially petted as ever they were in the darkest of dark ages, and it is noteworthy in this year of grace 1890 that as many as 20 books on palmistry were published last year.

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about 8 years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—[New York Sun.

Multum in Parvo.

A recent issue of the Dinkeyville *Pæan of Progress* contains the following mention of an enterprising man:

The Rev. Simpson Prinny wishes us to inform our readers that he has just opened up a butcher shop in the rear half of his tonsorial parlor. This insures the guests of Elder's Hotel, up stairs, the best and freshest of meat. Both shops will close at 9 30 Sunday mornings, and at 7.30 prayer meeting nights. Mr. Prinny has added two new rigs to the complement of his livery stable, next door, and 12 new mail boxes to the post office, which will hereafter be found in front of the barber chair. Cash paid for hides and old bones. Hair cutting in the latest style. Ice cream after prayer meeting. Meals at all hours. Undertaking and embalming a specialty. Hog cholera cured in two days. Revolvers and ammunition as cheap as the cheapest. Bargains in town lots. A magnificent smoke colored Kentucky jack for sale. Photographs taken in the highest style of art on the roof. Auction cried at reasonable terms. Marriages solemnized at low rates. Baled hay, grain, and hides taken same as cash. Services at the church every Sunday till harvest time. Prayer meeting Wednesday nights. The band will hereafter meet in the barber shop every Thursday night. The elder has our thanks for a nice juicy beef liver which he left on our desk this morning. Call again, Mr. Prinny.

Superstitions About Babies.

In Ireland a belt made of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

Garlic, salt, bread, and steak are put into the cradle of a new born babe in Holland.

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it.

The Grecian mother before putting her child in its cradle turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits.

The London mother places a book under the head of the newborn infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm.

A Barbarous Act.

"There are lots of barbarous acts mentioned in the Bible," remarked one traveling man to another.

"Yes; but to what particular one have you reference now?"

"The cutting of Sampson's hair by Delilah."

An Unhealthy Practice.

"I think my friend would have lived longer if——"

"If what?"

"If he hadn't been in the habit of taking vacations."

Supreme Court of the United States.

The highest court of the United States holds a unique place in the various forms of government in the world, and one not found in any other governmental system. It wields a power greater than is exercised by any other judical tribunal in the world. In no country of Europe or the East has any court authority to make or unmake the supreme law of the land, to limit the prerogatives of the sovereign, to control the powers of the legislature, to shape the form of government. These functions are exercised by the Supreme Court of the United States. It holds a power above that of the chief magistrate of the nation, superior to that of Congress, higher than of any State, and equalled only by that which made or can amend the Constitution. It can change the relations between the State and the nation. It can extend or restrict either the central power or State sovereignty. In short, it can make or unmake the constitutional law of the country.

A Sure Sign.

Clerk—That was a fine looking old couple.

Floorwalker—Newly married, too.

Clerk—How do you know?

Floorwalker—He said "we" want to look at some silks, instead of "I" want.

LITERARY AUTOGRAPHS.

The Signature Market and Its Current Prices.

It is curious how you can judge the popularity of authors with the great public from the prices which their autographs or letters bring in open market. I was talking recently with a prominent New York autograph dealer, and he told me some interesting facts about literary autographs. "Literary autographs are way down at present," said this autograph veteran. "A letter by Bryant and Longfellow always brought from $7 to $10; now each can be had for $3.50. James Russell Lowell is pretty steady at $1.50, while Dr. Holmes, owing to his generosity in answering letters, sells for 50 cents a letter. Emerson is scarce, and sells for from $5 to $10. Hawthorne's letters bring about $5 apiece. Four pages of his manuscript, signed recently, brought $125. Louisa Alcott can be had in plenty at 50 cents, while Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, on the other hand, sells for $1. George Eliot's letters are worth $10, while one by her husband scarcely brings $2. Mrs. Browning commands easily $5, while notes by her husband are easily had for 50 cents. Funny, isn't it? Take Carlyle: A letter by him brings $5; one by his wife, $10. Tennyson is steady at $10, and hard to get at that figure. Charles Dickens always sells readily for $10, also, while Thackeray's chirography, just signed to a letter, commands $25. A signed quarter of a page of his manuscript is worth $150. I sold three of John Keats's love letters only last week for $150. An ordinary Keats autograph is worth about $25. Shelley sells for $10, and Byron and Tom Moore about the same. Walter Scott is higher, and brings $20, while Southey and Coleridge command $15.

"Taking strictly those authors of the present day, and Tennyson's autograph is the highest in value. Swinburne is next at $5 for a letter, while Zola will bring the same. I sell a number of the latter to young girls. Ouida is the highest among literary women, for she rarely signs her name for autographic purposes, and a good specimen letter of hers will easily bring $10. Mrs. Oliphant, funny enough, is very high, for she refuses, as does Ouida, to oblige autograph hunters. Mrs. Stowe brings $5 for a good letter, while Mrs. Southworth is barely worth 75 cents. Whittier will sell for $3 and George Bancroft about $5. Howells? Oh, 75 cents will buy a letter of his. Marion Crawford is had easily at an even dollar. Edgar Saltus? About 50 cent for a letter, while his literary chum, Edgar Fawcett, brings 25 cents. Ella Wheeler Wilcox rarely exceeds 40 cents. Amelie Rives is plenty at a half dollar. Daudet is scarce, however, at $3.50, and Guy de Maupassant is at the same figure. Jules Verne is also rather hard to get in open market, while Dumas, on the other hand, is only worth 75 cents. And so it goes. Ibsen, a month ago, sold for $4 or $5; now $2. When Henry James was the rage I sold all I could get at $2.50 apiece; now you can't get 50 cents for one of his letters. Tolstoi is rather high, for he rarely writes letters. Kipling? I haven't one of his, but have over 20 orders for anything in his handwriting, and I shall charge $5 for a good letter by him. Strange business? Yes, but very interesting, watching the rise and fall of the literary idols."—[Edward Bok.

Make an Agreement.

It is a difficult matter to deal with that class of men who will neither give nor receive a definite proposition looking toward compensation. If, on the one hand, you meet a man who says, "That will be all right; I guess we won't have any trouble about that part of it," set it down that there will be trouble on just "that part of it." If, on the other hand, you find a man who is always declaring, "You'll not lose anything by this; I'll see that it's all right," you may be sure it will be all wrong in the end. When two men of this sort get together, and the services are of such nature that to determine their exact value at the time of their inception is impossible, the end will be a misunderstanding, mutual dissatisfaction, possibly an estrangement. Yet there is no case in which a probable value can not be got at. If you consider matters as a complete affair, and estimate the value of results as you plan them to happen, you can never be far wrong. If one can not do that, he has no business to undertake to make contracts at all. It may be that there are times when a man may go into a business engagement without a definite idea of what his pay is to be, and there may be men who will always settle satisfactorily. But one is never safe to make engagements in such a lax way. False modesty always stands in the way of sensible business arrangements. But it has no place in business. As an old merchant said once to a writer: "We are friends, and I trust will always remain so. Perhaps it is against my interest to tell you so, but when you are making an agreement for the purchase and delivery of goods, don't think of your feelings toward each other at all. Buy of me as you would of a stranger, consider your own needs and profits, and don't hesitate to buy where you can do best." It should be exactly this way in making arrangements for employment. Treat the matter simply as business, pure and simple. You can't afford to do business without making proper arrangements for all points. These sensible suggestions from the *National Grocer* have more than a money value. "Business is business" seems sometimes like a heartless proverb, but it is a fact that no business is likely to prove so satisfactory as that which is done strictly on business principles. Here is where the great value of business education comes in. It impresses upon the mind at every stage of its course that business is business.—[Church News.

THE THREE BACHELORS.

Three bachelors slept in their shuttered room—
In their shuttered room when the sun shone high;
Not one of them felt he must rise till noon
Or take his breakfast till by and by;
For single men may happily sleep—
A pillow is good and breakfast will keep
Till 10 o'clock in the morning.

Three fair maids smiled on these bachelors three—
On these bachelors three when they came to town;
They waltzed, they sang, they made high tea
And had their accomplishments quickly known;
For it matters not if bachelors sleep,
The maids are awake quite soon in the week,
And sometimes rise in the morning.

Three married men jumped when the sun arose,
And left their pillows in swift dismay;
They felt for their boots, they grabbed their clothes,
And then they realized it was day;
For women will never let men sleep
When there's breakfast to get and a wash for the week,
Though it's [illegible] o'clock in the morning.

THE DIRGE OF A SEASIDE BELLE.

There are no young men at the beaches this summer.—Current Item.

The Atlantic Ocean 's a tolerable ocean,
Perhaps a desirable sea,
And the waves on the beach are good enough waves—
But not good enough waves for me.
And the sky above is a pretty fair sky;
The surf there are many to laud,
But there's no man in sight from morning to night,
And I think the whole thing is a fraud.
For the waves as they curl,
With their swish and their swirl,
Without a young man are a bore to a girl.

The Atlantic Ocean is a popular ocean
With people fond of the sea,
But the sea without men is a dull kind of thing,
And it's no kind of ocean for me.
They rave o'er the glow of the sunset sea
And the ocean with its lanes of light,
But in the broad day or beneath the moon's ray
There's never a man in sight.
And the sun and the shade
And the moon, I'm afraid,
Without a young man are a bore to a maid.

The Atlantic Ocean is a good enough ocean,
A pretty well advertised sea;
But without the young man and all that sort of thing
'Tis no kind of ocean for me.
I know that the poets have sung of the sea
As oft as poets will sing;
But a broad stretch of beach and no man within reach
Is a very lugubrious thing.
And the summer hotel
And the surf and the swell
Without a young man are a bore to a belle.

—S. W. Foss.

Barnum's Unique Gorilla.

Colonel Hager, who is a boss side showman and a collector of oddities, curiosities, and freaks, says:

"There is no live gorilla in the United States, and there never was one. Any showman who says to the contrary tells what he knows to be false. In the first place it is almost impossible to capture a live gorilla. The animal is devilish sly and can't be fooled. In the next place, if one was captured I doubt if he could live in this country. The gorilla has had a good deal of fun poked at him, but he has the most delicate constitution of anything that crawls, walks, flies, or swims."

"Didn't Barnum once advertise that he had one?" was asked.

"Yes, but he got fooled on it. He had offered a large amount of money for a live gorilla and his agents scoured gorilla land to get one. Somebody finally caught what he thought was a gorilla and shipped it to Barnum in New York. As soon as the old man heard of it he advertised the fact in big type in every paper in New York. The day the animal arrived and was on exhibition the fact was placarded all over the city. There was an old man in town who had lived many years in the country where the gorilla exists. He went in to see the new arrival, and, after looking at it, said to Mr. Barnum:

"'That's no gorilla. No gorilla has a tail.'

"'But,' said the quick witted showman, 'this gorilla has a tail, and it is the only one that ever was known to have one.'

"However, that didn't make the animal a gorilla, just the same, for there never was a live gorilla in this country."

The Golden Casket's Contents.

The Germans have a story which the home loving people love to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which in her keeping would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of the house. Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining room, the library, the bed room, and remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After the lapse of three years the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which was written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth 100 pairs of servants' hands." The wise father knew that the practice of the inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self perpetuated—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.

Doomed.

At last the world is becoming too small to afford a hiding place to defaulters and criminals. Two years ago a bank messenger in New York stole a package of bank notes worth $41,000. He cunningly kept on with his work as usual for a year, and then removed with his stolen money to Honduras, where he lived quietly and in much confidence, because there is no extradition treaty between Honduras and the United States; but all this time a detective was shadowing him, and finally got the money from him, and will probably get the man. Last year a thief was arrested in South America eight years after the commission of a robbery in the United States. There is now a secret understanding among the police authorities and detective agencies over the greater part of the globe. They assist one another in such ways as to render it all but impossible for a criminal to escape, into whatever part of the earth he may go.

A Young Girl Traveler.

The youngest solitary traveler on record arrived at the Palmer House this morning. It was a little girl 4 years old, who had come alone from Columbus, Ohio, and when she got out of the 'bus at the Monroe street door she found her way to the desk with the nonchalance of a veteran commercial traveler. Standing on tiptoe, she placed one hand on the slab to steady herself and with the other showed Clerk Cunningham a tag suspended from her neck. On the tag had been written: "Please deliver Della to James T. White, Palmer House, Chicago." Mr. White, who is also registered from Columbus, was in the room, and to him the precious little package, which proved to be his daughter, was delivered safe and sound.—[Chicago Evening Post.

A Weed Trodden Down.

It is a fortunate fact that gossip has come to be considered so ill bred a habit as to be banished from polite usage in the parlors of the modern reception. As long as it was merely wrong people were wont to indulge themselves in that, as in other sins, with vague and dim reference to some day of repentance and reform. Not even the duello has been able to keep the custom in check in countries where that institution had vogue, and where gossip had always much to do with maintaining it. But now that it seems to be established that a woman of high breeding will not invite into her house for a second time a person once guilty of the indulgence there, a check has been put upon the habit that may do much toward its extinction.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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GEHAUF & MAYER,
WHERE you will always find the Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Latest Styles of
Parlor, Bedroom, Library and Kitchen
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"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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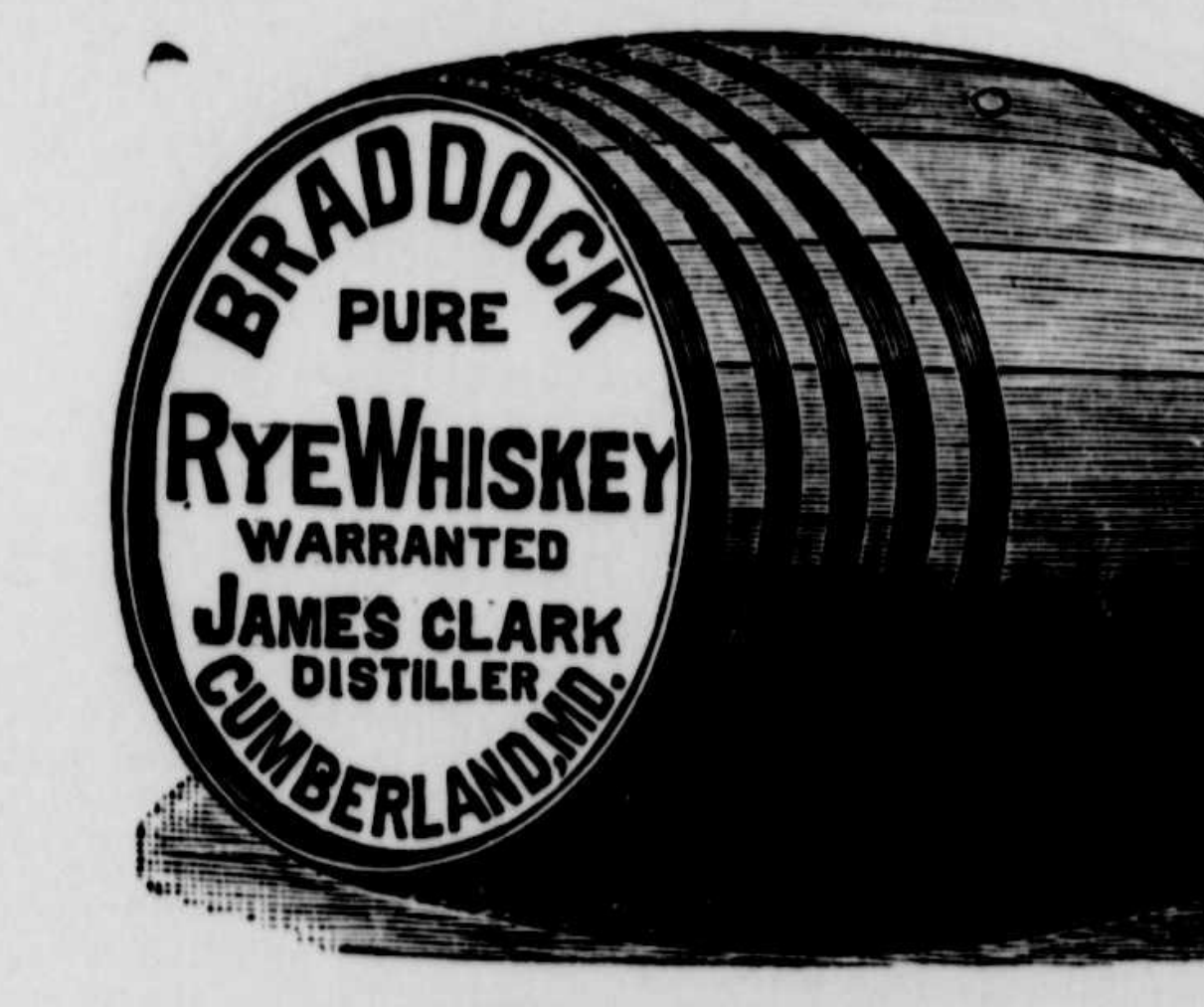
B. STERN & CO.
MAIN STREET,
FROSTBURG, MD.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE
April 26

JAMES CLARK & CO.,



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