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HOW TO BE A SWELL.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MONEY TO DRESS WELL.

Advice from a Man Who Knows How—How to Take Care of Clothes So That They Will Look Tidy—A Little Time and Pains Needed.

"It will surprise you to hear me assert," said one of the best dressed men in Washington, "that the average man of very moderate means could dress handsomely on the same amount of money that he spends in being a slouch. At all events, with the expenditure of a very few additional dollars for clothing, he might always be well attired. What he needs is the 'know how' and the willingness to take pains. Most men are ill dressed through sheer laziness; they will not take the trouble to be otherwise. How many married men do you know who are habitually well dressed?"

"Precious few," admitted the newspaper man.

"I should say so. And if you ask such a slouch why he doesn't pay more attention to dress he will almost invariably tell you that he has not the means to be a swell, even if he had not so many serious responsibilities in life of more importance than the decoration of his person. The explanation sounds very plausible; but the fact is that it takes only a little more time to dress oneself well than to dress oneself badly, and means, as I said before, are not needed if a man knows how and will take the trouble. I don't know anything much better worth taking pains about than dress up to a reasonable point. It is a source of happiness to the wearer and of gratification to others; it makes a man more respected and is likely to help him in business; it is the outward and visible expression of the inward and spiritual grace. I, myself, have been obliged to make a study of the subject, because my income is so small that I must make every penny's worth of expenditure for clothing do its utmost. But I don't spend any more money on what I wear than does many a fellow of my acquaintance who goes around shabby and seedy."

"Pray, how do you manage it?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, let us consider how much it costs to be a slouch. By that term I mean to designate the typical man of moderate means, who buys his two suits of clothes a year—he can scarcely get along with less—and wears them in such a manner that they never look new or nice, even when they are fresh from the tailor. He pays $110, say, for the two suits, and the boots, hats, and haberdashery that he must have run up the cost of his wearing apparel to $160 per annum, on which sum he succeeds in being always ill dressed. One hundred and sixty dollars per annum is precisely the sum I expend for my attire, including every detail. Would you like to know how I do it?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Two suits a year are all I can afford, but I get them of a first rate tailor, and inasmuch as I always pay him cash down he is willing to make me in his best style a walking suit of black diagonal with trousers of different material in a delicate stripe for $30, and a sack suit of some pretty check with two pairs of trousers for $50. I make no variation in the thickness of the stuff used from winter to summer, because I wear the suits in all seasons; it is much easier to make the under clothing supply the difference in warmth that is requisite. The sack suit I buy new each spring, and it serves me as a business costume. But I do not wear the coat at my office ever. When I reach there I take it off at once, hang it on a nail, and put on a black silk coat, cost $3 for the year's wear, for the day. When I start for home I assume the sack coat again. The two pairs of trousers I wear alternately, and so they are made to last through with care. The cutaway suit I wear when I am out anywhere in the evenings and on Sundays, or when I have leisure for taking a walk abroad. And here comes the first important point. I never wear either of my two good suits while at home save when there are guests or at dinner. Upon returning from a walk on Sunday, for instance, I take off my coat and waistcoat without delay and hang them up; the trousers I put away, folded, on the closet shelf as if they were not to be used again for months. After dinner, unless I am going out, I go through the same performance, never wearing my best clothes in the house an unnecessary moment. The suits of the year before, always in a good state of preservation, are for home use. It is really astonishing how long clothing will keep its fresh and new look when treated in this way."

"But my clothes always get spots on them."

"That is something which should never be permitted to happen; there is no good reason or excuse for it. Care will prevent it. Grease spots and good dressing are incompatible. There is a popular delusion, apparently, to the effect that grease spots come out when subjected to proper treatment. As a matter of fact no real grease spot ever comes out of woolen cloth. Get such a spot on the front of your diagonal coat—a splash of gravy at dinner will do it—and you can never eliminate it by any means short of burning up the garment. You may send the coat to the cleaner's and have it put through the dry process and the steam process and it will come back looking like new, without a visible stain. But the grease is still there and as soon as it has had a chance to catch a little dust it becomes as conspicuous as ever. Therefore, realizing the indestructible quality of the grease spot, the man who would dress well must, by being always on his guard, avoid such afflictions. And they can be avoided successfully. But so far I have only told you how $113 out of my allowance for clothes of $160 is spent. Up to this point I have only my two suits of swell garments and my black silk coat."

"And you have only $47 left?"

"That is all, but it is plenty. Three pairs of nice looking shoes, always perfectly blacked, at $5 a pair, last me a year; three hats—a silk, a derby, and a straw—stand me in another $15. My hats always look new, because I take care of them and never wear the silk one, for instance, on a rainy day or otherwise than for very best. Shirts, underclothes, collars and cuffs do not altogether, with careful mending at home, run over $17 per annum, and that makes the $160 which I calculate my year's apparel costs me. I have not included the cost of an overcoat in the estimate because I only need one once in three years, and then it comes in as a sort of unusual expense. My dress suit, too, I have had for six years, and it is in such perfect condition that I expect it to last another six! As for the overcoat, you must remember that Mr. Slouch has to have one, too, about as often, and he pays as much for it probably, though he wears it as if it were a sack. A dress suit will last any one indefinitely who takes care of it. But you must always hang things up. When you go to bed you must not hang your coat and waistcoat over a chair or the foot of the couch, or they will be wrinkled in the morning. They should be hung upon nails in the closet, if no coat frames are handy, and the trousers should invariably be folded and laid upon the shelf. In this way they are kept from bagging at the knees much longer. It is quite an art to fold a coat properly, but a pair of trousers has simply to be held dangling from the waistband, with the two front suspender buttons pinched together, then laid on the bed as the legs naturally fall, and smoothed down into the creases they make of themselves; finally, the legs are folded over once, and the trousers are ready for the shelf."

"And the whole thing is done for $160 a year."

"Yes; with a little extra for neckties. You see it is scarcely $3 per week. Plenty of these fellows who say they can't afford to dress well spend more than that on cigars or billiards. But your natural born slouch would never be anything else if he had a million."

A MODEST BONANZA KING.

Shy Manners and Democratic Ways of John W. Mackay.

The fast express from the West has just rolled into the Grand Central depot. There is the usual hurry and bustle and the wild shouts of the cabmen. One of the passengers who alights, takes his valise and umbrella in his hand, and goes along in a business like way, is one of the wealthiest men in the world. It is John W. Mackay, the famous bonanza king. He has just returned from a trip across the continent and an inspection of some of the mines he is interested in. He is a refreshing sight in these days, for he is a millionaire who shuns notoriety. His fellow passengers never dreamed who the quiet unassuming man was who sat in a corner of the car with his head buried in a newspaper hour after hour.

When he reached the depot he made no fuss, but quietly took up his baggage and hurried away to his hotel. He did not even take the precaution to telegraph in advance for an elaborate suite of rooms. He went to the hotel where he usually stops, was assigned to a $5 a day room on the Broadway side of the house, and in a few moments was in the large dining room enjoying a no more expensive dinner than the average drummer.

He is as shy as a school girl, makes no pretense of wealth, keeps his own counsel, steers clear of reporters, and was never known to give an interview for publication. He never answers any of the thousand begging letters that come to him in the course of a month, pays no attention to what his neighbors are doing, but rather minds his own business—a unique proceeding in this day. How much money he is worth is still a topic of speculation. His fortune is placed anywhere from $80,000,000 to $200,000,000. Perhaps the first sum is nearer the truth. But nobody will ever know until he dies. He has no confidants. He is really the last of the Big Four who ruled the mines of the West for so many years.

It may be just as well right here to say that there is one topic on which Mr. Mackay talks to his most intimate friends. That is his wife. He is as much in love with her to-day as ever. There is nothing that delights him quite so much as to read of her social success abroad. That she should have conquered even among queens in the Old World is no small feather in the cap of one who was once a washerwoman in a mining camp. Mr. Mackay is proud of her, but he laughs at the newspaper reports of the ridiculously large sums she is supposed to squander on her entertainments abroad. And well he may, for, while Mrs. Mackay entertains lavishly, she is not extravagant. It is not unlikely that she may visit this country during the summer.—[Augusta Chronicle.

Bismarck's Wife.

Frau Bismarck is a famous housewife. Her dinners have always been the best, her home has always been a model of neatness and comfort, her children have been most judiciously reared, and as a hostess there is none in all the empire that can be compared with her. Expert with the needle, famous as a cook, an angel in the nursery and at the fireside, skilled in all social graces and accomplishments, remarkable for her singular piety, and addicted to benevolent practices and charitable deeds, this lady is perhaps the most conspicuous example of womanly virtue that Germany affords. When Bismarck speaks of "woman's sphere" he has his wife's example in mind, and the sphere he refers to is as great and as noble as the example is illustrious and that wife lovable.—[Chicago News.

How Bullets Are Seen in Their Course.

By saturating the bullets with vaseline they may be easily seen in their course from rifle to target. Their trajectory course is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun, the smoke being suspended for some time in air if not too windy. Much better scores result when grease of some kind is used. Bullets are not so apt to split, the recoil is not so great, and it is believed the course of the missile is more true.—[Ohio State Journal.

An American Author in London.

The proof of this vague antagonism lies in the fact that every American visiting England finds himself constantly held up for comparison with an imaginary and typical being whom neither he nor his English questioner has ever seen. His worst annoyance is in being praised, if at all, at the expense of his country. If he has an atom of color in his cheeks, if he does not speak very much through his nose, if he does not say "guess" at short intervals, he is sure to hear, first or last, from his tailor or his chambermaid, the pitying assurance: "You an American, sir? I give you my word of honor I never should have thought it." What does this imply but the assumed existence of some abstract and very undesirable American, as intangible as Plato's archetypal man, as remote from real vision as the conventional Englishman on the French stage? During my first week in London, many years ago, on going to breakfast with an eminent Englishman to whom I had letters, I found myself running the gantlet of three pairs of eyes, seen at different doors and windows, before my final reception, and learned at last by frank confession that the eyes belonged respectively to my host, my hostess, and my hostess's sister; and that they had all agreed, after a hasty consultation, that, whoever I was, I could not possibly be the American stranger who was to come to breakfast. What they had really expected—what uncouth monster or untamed child of the forest—what war-whoop on the doorstep—I never ascertained. Perhaps it was simply the surprise which Irving records as having been created by his first appearance in London—surprise at an American author's wielding a goose quill with his fingers instead of wearing it in his hair.—[T. W. Higginson in North American Review.

Railway Construction in the South.

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* says: Last year the South led all other sections of the United States in railway construction, and the achievement will be repeated this year. Georgia went far ahead of any other Southern State last year, and is likely to show a still more handsome lead this year. The railroad development in the South during the past two years has been phenomenal. From January 1 to June 1, this year, there has been 802 miles of new track laid in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky. About one-fourth of this, or 197 miles, has been laid in Georgia. North Carolina is the second State in this comparison, with 111 miles to her credit. The total number of miles under contract or construction in the States named is 2,802, of which 278 miles are in Georgia. The railroad lines located and under survey in those States aggregate 5,147 miles, of which 1,051 are in Georgia. The projected lines in the same States, which are regarded as of some promise, have a total prospective mileage of 7,450, Georgia being away in the lead of her sister States with 1,487 miles.

The railroad construction in the States referred to is up to date slightly behind what it was one year ago. From January 1 to June 1, 1889, the total number of miles constructed in these States was 2,885, while for the corresponding period this year the total construction amounted to 2,802 miles. But there is little doubt that the record for the present year will show larger railroad construction in the South than that for last year. At this time last year the number of miles under survey in the States named was 4,934; now it is 5,147.

Anglophobia and Anglomania.

It is a significant fact that, while Professor Smith is accusing us of Anglophobia, we are accusing a large element of our people of Anglomania. One of the symptoms of the attack is observed in the terms employed. We find here Victoria hotels, Her Majesty's Opera, royal baking powders, imperial trains, and harness makers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and when the anthem of "John Brown" is sung, there appears to be a confusion in the minds of some of our more advanced Anglomaniacs as to whether the reference to the possessor of so progressive a soul is an allusion to our hero of Harper's Ferry or the Queen's late gillie. When the dude Britannicus makes his appearance in Piccadilly his worthy counterpart, the dude Americanus, immediately exhibits himself on Fifth avenue, rolls up his trousers when the cable announces rain in London, sucks the head of an equally large cane, and adopts the same transatlantic swing when he walks, at the risk of being set down as appearing bow legged in the elbows. Even the Irish, whose presence here is a never failing source of irritation to the author of the article under discussion, are supposed to be coming over to the ranks of the Anglomaniacs, if we may credit the story of the coachman from the isle of emerald hue who recently applied to a lady here for a situation, and when asked by her, "Are you an Englishman?" replied, "No, mum; I was born in Oirland, but I've lived so long in Ameriky that I suppose I do seem quite English."—[General Horace Porter in North American Review.

Bankers Right a Duel.

A duel took place close to Paris between two acrobats belonging to a traveling circus. The men quarreled and resolved to fight in the ring after the performance. The conditions were two shots each at 25 paces. The weapons were pistols. Neither combatant was wounded. The duelists had overlooked the presence of a couple of trained monkeys, who sat munching nuts during the affair of honor. These animals had been taught to ride round the ring, dressed as soldiers, firing pistols as they rode. They saw the duel and when the ring was clear imitated the proceedings, gravely loaded the weapons and took their places at a distance of five paces only. Both fell dead, the wadding of the old fashioned pistols acting as bullets.

Bismarck's Adopted Son.

It is not generally known that Bismarck has an adopted son, now 20 years of age, and a Frenchman. It was one evening during the Franco-Prussian war that Bismarck entered his sleeping apartments, 25 miles from Paris, and was surprised to find a tiny baby boy curled up asleep on his pillow. The mother had left a note saying that her husband had been killed at Sedan, and despair and want had forced her to give up her child. Bismarck scratched his head over his doubtful prize of war, but finally accepted it and sent it by special nurse to Berlin, where he had it well cared for. He has given the boy a good education, and he is now a model young man and devotedly attached to the old prince.

Was at Waterloo.

A Hungarian paper announces the death of a veteran of Waterloo on the 18th instant, aged 105, in his native village, Hatszeg, in Transylvania. Our Vienna correspondent informs us that he was in good health to the last day of his life, and as late as last week carried heavy flour bags to the neighboring mill. He was very fond of telling his version of the battle to the young men of the village assembled around him under a tree on the market space. The old man was a Transylvanian Saxon and spoke German.—[London Daily News.

The Evil That Men Do, Etc.

City Editor—Here's a sad piece of intelligence. Hare, the poet, is dead.

Copy Reader—Dead? Hooray!

City Editor—Yes; but he left 10,000 unpublished poems.

"NATIONALISTS."

O star-built bridge, broad milky way!
O star-lit, stately, splendid span!
If but one star should cease to stay
And prove its shoulder to this plan!
The man who lives for self, I say,
Lives for the smallest, meanest man
Beneath the columned waves at war
With titan elements; and they
In aerial splendor storm the bar
And shake the world, these bits of spray.
Each gives to each, and like the star
Get back its gift in ten-fold pay.
To get and give and give amain
The rivers run and oceans roll.
O generous and high-born rain
When reigning as a splendid whole!
That man who lives for self, again
I say, has neither sense nor soul!

—[Joaquin Miller.

NOT A HEROINE.

Cicely, or "Cis" Grantley stood on the rocky beach at Gray Sands, watching Carl as he gave his dory a push and then jumped lightly in.

Maida stood on the beach, too, but she was watching a distant sail rather than the manly form of Cicely's fiance.

"So you won't either of you go?" queried Carl, holding the dory still with his oar.

Maida knew that he was looking at her with beseeching eyes, but she only gazed more serenely at the distant sails.

Cis answered nonchalantly for both:

"Too hot; besides, rowing is a bore." She mentally added, "with one's lover."

Cis was apt to be bored with anything that belonged to her, even in prospective.

"There's a storm cloud coming up," said Maida, as they turned back toward the old manor house.

"What of it?" said Cis, lightly. "Carl is able to take care of his precious self, I hope." And she smiled a little wickedly at Maida's sudden blush.

Maida saw the smile.

"I think I will take a walk," she said, coldly, and five minutes after her slim white clad figure was lost to sight beyond the curve of the beach.

Was it the same calm proud face that Maida hid in her hands half an hour later as she sat alone on the rocks? It was proud still in spite of the tear stains, but it had a new firmness about it oddly opposed to the round dimpled chin and soft lips.

A large rain drop, colder than her tears, splashed on her hand, and she started up. The sky was black with a large thunder cloud hanging low and threatening over the sea.

Maida caught her breath as she saw how rapidly the storm was gathering. White caps were already appearing far out on the waves, and the breakers were dashing on the rocks with a new fury.

In a terror that lent her speed Maida almost flew over the sands toward the little collection of fishermen's cottages which, with the old manor house where she was visiting, comprised all of Gray Sands.

In her flight she had time to scan the angry water for Carl's dory, but unsuccessfully, and to remember that all the men of Gray Sands were out on a three days' fishing trip.

She met Cis half way to the boat landing—a helpless distressed Cis, who implored Maida to get help in one breath and in the next declared that "poor Carl" was at the bottom of the sea.

Maida paused a moment, looking at the frightened face. The plan that was rushing through her head suddenly seemed foolish and useless; should she risk her life, and probably lose it, to save Carl for this shallow child?

The next moment she brushed past Cicely and flew toward the little landing where her own boat was kept. Cis looked after her with wonder.

"Maida, are you mad?" she cried.

"Perhaps—it is only a chance, but my boat is safe, and I shall try it. Will you help me?" Maida answered briefly.

But Cis shrank back.

"Oh, don't ask me! I'm afraid even to look at the water—it seems so angry."

Maida pushed off with her strong young arms, not even glancing at the small figure with blowing hair and outstretched hands begging her piteously not to go.

She knew where Carl had gone, but the wind might have carried him far out of his way. It was only a short time, but it seemed weeks to Maida's tired arms and frightened heart before she saw a small white speck on the black water which she knew was an upturned dory.

Her heart sank, but she pulled toward it with the courage of despair, and at last reached the dory—not alone—for a figure clad in a white flannel suit was clinging to the upturned boat.

Twenty minutes later, in the wind, rain, and darkness, Carl and Maida stepped on the little landing where were gathered the fishermen's wives and the servants from the manor house, a friendly little crowd, bewailing "poor handsome Mr. Carl" and "sweet Miss Maida" with a fervor which rapidly changed to rejoicing.

But in the little group Maida looked in vain for Cis. She was nowhere to be seen.

The next day Maida knew where Cis had gone and why, for Carl showed her this note:

"DEAR CARL: In leaving for home tonight I will say good-by, and I am sure the word will cause you no more regret than it does me. We have never really loved each other, and—well, we can't all be heroines.

Cis."

And so Maida could do no less than accept the life she had saved.

To Render a Cellar Dry.

One of the most effective means of keeping a cellar dry is to build an area wall around the whole of the site, so that earth does not rest directly against the walls of the house. To form such area a 4 inch wall is built parallel to the main walls, and about 2 inches from them. The bottom of the inclosed space is formed into a gutter, so that any water that finds its way through the outer casing may have an opportunity of running away to the drains.

Rice is the staple crop of Japanese farmers, large and small, and consists of 2 varieties. The most popular is similar to that produced in the Southern States. The plants are started in hot beds, and when the seedlings are 5 or 6 inches high, along in May, they are transplanted into fields which have been flooded by irrigation or otherwise most of the time since the harvesting of the previous crop in October and November. After the plowing, which is done in the primitive style characteristic of that region, the plants are put in tufts of several plants about 6 inches apart, and the natives wade about in the water and mud in setting them out. The fields are hoed every 2 weeks. The grain is cut with a sickle, made into bundles, and left to dry in the fields. When dried, the rice is threshed by flails, separated from the chaff, and the hulls removed by pounding in a mortar.

THE ORIGINAL BILL

William F. Cody Not the First Buffalo Bill.

There is probably no better known name throughout the entire length and breadth of this country than that of Buffalo Bill, and at this time there are but few who do not know that William F. Cody is the bearer of the title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the original Buffalo Bill. There is nothing underhanded nor illegitimate in his bearing it. He is fully entitled to it, but for all that he comes by it second handed. The original Buffalo Bill is now living, an aged, wealthy, prominent, and highly respected citizen and the president of a savings bank at Wichita, Kan. His name is William Matthewson. He is a thorough Democrat and is high up in the order of Odd Fellows. Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a bold frontiersman on the plains, engaged in hunting and trapping for a living. He supplied the forts in Kansas and Nebraska with buffalo, and his success in this work was so great that he was given the title of Buffalo Bill. During this time he engaged a boy to work for him, and the lad was so diligent and faithful that he remained in Matthewson's employ until the latter quit the business to settle down to a more quiet life. As a reward the employer turned over the hunting contracts to the employee, who then followed in his late master's footsteps. That he was successful, that he earned honor, fame, and wealth for himself, can not be denied when it is told that his name is William F. Cody. With the business rights he was given the title that his former employer had borne. The world knows he has kept it bright and that neither stain nor tarnish has touched it.—[Chicago Herald.

A MONGOLIAN BRIDE.

The Dress Worn by a Chinese Lady at Her Wedding.

A writer in the North China *Herald* describes the dress worn by a Chinese lady at her wedding, of which he was a witness, as follows: "At length we were admitted to inspect the bride, whose four-hours toilet was just completed, and a marvelous spectacle truly was the figure seated motionless in the center of the room. Gorgeously elaborate was her array from head to foot, the former crowned with a hemlet like erection of a material resembling turquoise enamel, wrought into the finest filigree work, from which projected glittering artificial beetles and butterflies and other quaint rich ornaments, the whole surmounted by three large round tufts of crimson silk arranged tiarawise.

"From the brim of this headgear fell all round strings of pearl and ruby beads, about half a yard in length. Just visible through these at the back were broad loops of jet black hair, stiff and solid as polished ebony, and decorated with artificial pink roses. Her principal vestment was a long tunic, whose foundation fabric of crimson satin was scarcely discernible, and its embroidery of gold. A corner turned back, lined with emerald satin, revealed an underskirt paneled in brilliant red and blue silk, this also profusely trimmed with gold embroidery. A belt of scarlet satin, studded with tablets of white cornelian, crossed the waist behind. From the front edge of her headdress a red silk veil fell almost to the ground, adding much to her preternatural aspect."

GENERAL NEWS.

Excursions to Historic Battlefields.

A series of special excursions to the battlefields of Cedar Creek, (Middletown,) Winchester and Harper's Ferry, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic are announced for September 16 and October 16, 1890, affording a rare opportunity to visit the historic ground where the contending hosts struggled for victory. Tickets for these excursions will be sold from all ticket stations on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. east of the Ohio river at one fare for the round trip on Sept. 15 and 16, and Oct. 15 and 16, valid for return journey ten days, including day of sale.

For the accommodation of those desiring to visit the battlefields, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will place on sale excursion tickets at one fare for round trip to those points at Harper's Ferry and Weyerton, to be sold Sept. 16 to 24, inclusive, good to return until Sept. 25 inclusive. Oct. 16 to 24 inclusive good to return until Oct. 25th inclusive. For rates and time of trains call on or address Agents B. & O. R. R.

It Pays to be Honest in Politics.

No party can endure that is guilty of either folly or wrong. To live, it must keep on a level with the intelligence of the people. The honest party man who is at the helm and sees his party drifting on the rocks because of the folly or wrong of those in command is bound not to obey orders or approve a course which means the party's destruction. It is his duty to head the party the other way and keep it out of peril. It is the independent, courageous, honest party man in control of the newspaper who is the best editor—best not only for his country but for his party. He is not only the best, but he is the most loyal and useful.—Philadelphia *Telegraph*.

Home-Seekers' Excursion at Half Rates, via the Wabash R. R.

Will be run on Tuesdays, September 9th and 23rd, and October 14th to points in southeast Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, South and North Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota.

Rate—one fare for round trip-tickets good thirty days. For time of trains, rates etc., apply to your ticket agent or address F. H. Tristram, Central passenger agent, Pittsburg, Pa.

Excursion to Pittsburg.

On Thursday, September 11, there will be a special excursion to the Pittsburg Exposition, *via* the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Tickets good for three days will be sold at the low rate of $3.25 from Cumberland, and $3.20 from Mt. Savage junction, including admission to the Exposition.

New Business Locals.

Best Grape Wine for Communion.—The superior quality and entire purity of Speer's Port Grape Wine of New Jersey, and the success that physicians have had by its use has induced them to write about it, and caused hundreds of others to prescribe it in their practice as the best and most reliable wine to be had. It is held in great favor for evening parties, and for communion purposes.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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June 21

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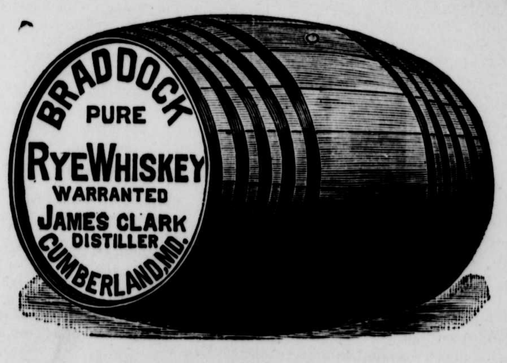

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