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WEEKLY.

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PUNISHMENT IN TURKEY.

Hanging for Small Offences and the Bastinado Now Abolished.

In Turkey 20 years ago men were hanged for trifles; tradesmen who sold short weight might be nailed by the ear to his own door posts, and petty thieves, as well as men who were impertinent to officials or who refused to pay their taxes twice over, were bastinadoed on the soles of their feet. This last punishment, by the way, was light or cruel, according as the patient was accustomed to go barefooted or to spend his life in babouches.

The water carriers, porters, street fruit sellers and peasants generally, whose soles were like horn, cared little for 25 cuts with a bamboo; but to tradesmen, clerks, and women the stripes were excruciatingly painful and brought weeks of lameness. The present Sultan has abolished the bastinado in the European part of his dominions, and practically done away with capital punishment except for brigandage and for attempts at assassinating high officials. Even brigands, however, are only hanged when they have laid hands on foreigners and caused an outcry in the European press.

Genuine Turks seldom find their way into jail, saving for murder or inability to pay taxes, and the murders are often committed under the influence of religious fanaticism, when the Musulman, driven mad by the fast of the Ramadam or by the rejoicings of Bairam holidays, runs amuck with a knife among a crowd of Giaours. Such offenders, however, are always leniently dealt with by the pashas, unless, of course, they happen to kill a foreign Christian, having an ambassador to avenge him.

A Root's Wonderful Journey for Water.

A story of one of the most interesting freaks of vegetable life is told by Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara. As coming from him the story can not be anything but strictly in accordance with the facts. Through Mr. Cooper's garden there ran, some years ago, a sewer made of redwood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outside sewer ended abruptly against the wall. The outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed and a eucalyptus tree standing some 60 feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far it could. At last it came to the wall, which shut off its course, and it could go no further, the inside sewer being perfectly tight.

But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get there. Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again, and followed it along as formerly. How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did how could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food just as the eucalyptus tree did.—[San Diego Union.

The Philosophy of Names.

"There is art in giving a person a good name," remarked a gentleman recently. "Now," he went on, "in giving a child a name one should remember that the family appendage is to survive for a lifetime. Hence see to it that the name is good and honest. One should also consider how the name would look in print. The initials should not suggest anything ridiculous. If possible, do not name a child Robert Alfred Thomas Smith. In this case the child's initials would read R. A. T. S.—certainly not a very edifying spectacle in later years, when, perchance, Robert may turn out a clergyman or politician. Another good suggestion is to have the family and the surnames compromise each other as to length. That is to say, if the family name is short, such as Smith or Brown, let the first name be long, such as Alexander or Benjamin. Alexander Smith or Benjamin Brown are to be preferred to John Smith or Henry Brown. If, on the contrary, the last name is long, have the surname short. Alliteration also adds to the grace and beauty of a name, such as Fanny Fern, Lillie Langtry, Grace Greenwood, Groggery Gregory Griggs, etc. With the application of a few well known but much abused principles, there is no reason why the most of us should not have pleasing, if not harmonious, names.—[Detroit Free Press.

Men of Humble Origin.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.—[St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Why It Is Foolscap.

It is often asked why a certain kind of paper is known by the name of "foolscap." When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused a stamp representing the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II. he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, when some of this paper was brought to him. On observing the stamp he asked its meaning, and, on being informed, he said: "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with a fool's cap!"

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound;
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tried the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know,
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago.
—[Youth's Companion.

The Sexes in Literary Work.

With a few exceptions the mental attitude of women is different from that of men. Looking more searchingly into inheritances and capacities, it is impossible to find proof that in the production of imaginative or descriptive literature any distinction of a permanent nature exists. A public which has been impressed with "Jane Eyre," "Adam Bede," "John Halifax," and the famous trio of novels on religious experience which were read by some millions during the last year, is not able to say without inconsistency that a woman can not be as broad, vigorous, and truthful in character drawing or in incidents as a man. George Sand was closely associated during periods of her life with De Musset and Chopin. In both cases hers was the better judgment, the deeper knowledge of the world, and the wider sweep both of intellect and feeling. Grandcourt is as clearly cut and as possible as Colonel Newcome. "In a Grass Country" could as well be called "a man's novel" as one of Hawley Smart's or Whyte Melville's. The difference between American women and English women in mental attitude is more striking than the difference between American and English men. The difference between Western women and Eastern women is plainer than the difference between Western men and Eastern men. The facility with which women rise to the employment of new opportunities indicates that the whole apparent difference in mental attitude is a difference of training and opportunity. Even the physiological distinction in complexity and depth of brain convolutions can probably be assigned to feminine inferiority of opportunity. The real question is rather one of policy in social organization. If our best and most ambitious women are to be deterred from marriage and home life by literary work, society will suffer, unless on the other hand the great majority of women who devote themselves more exclusively to the home are elevated by the examples of their sisters. Society has been operating with a division of labor. The men earn a livelihood for both and carry on the world's speculations and improvements. The women keep homes and children in order, and administer the lighter duties of social entertainment. No country has considered any other regulation of employment advisable or on a large scale even possible. No formidable proportion of women has uttered a desire for change. A few have come out from the main body, and challenged comparison with men. Of them a portion has failed, and another has succeeded. The multiplicity of women novelists gives the question a present, and somewhat commanding importance in the field of letters, and it quite deserves discussion.—[Kansas City Times.

The Tomb of Eve.

At Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca, there is a temple with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof, which the Arabs assert marks the last resting place of our common mother. Eve's tomb, in an inclosure within the temple, surrounded by high white walls, is the shrine of thousands of devoted Ishmaelites, who make a pilgrimage to the spot once every seven years. According to the Arabian legends, on the anniversary of the death of Abel, said to be June 3, the doors of the temple which forms a canopy over this supposed tomb of the first woman remain open all night, in spite of the keeper's efforts to close them, and terrible cries of anguish are said to issue from them, as if the memory of the first tragedy still haunted the remains which are superstitiously believed to be deposited there. The Arabian tradition has it that Eve was over 200 feet tall, which coincided, somewhat remarkably, with an account of the tenants of the Garden of Eden written by a member of the French Academy of Sciences, a few years ago, who also estimated the first pair to have been over 200 feet in height.

Aphorisms.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.—[Anon.

One must understand what is real before one can separate it from what is illusive.—[Bishop Leonard.

Honor is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—[Bossnet.

Live each day on this earth of ours as if it was your last; then believe me, my brother, your last day will be but the beginning of a day, the sun of whose brightness will never set for you.—[Canon Burridge.

As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and commonplace.—[Lord Bacon.

Using a Cat as a Clock.

Every one knows that cats can see in the dark, and the reason they can do so is because of the peculiar construction of their eyes. You may have noticed that in a moderate light the pupil or black part of pussy's eye is small and of an oval shape, while in a full glare of light it becomes narrow. Now, in the dark it expands to a circle and nearly fills the surface of the eyeball. This peculiarity of the cat's eyes is turned to account in a curious manner by the Chinese. The Abbe Huc relates that when he was traveling in China he asked his attendant what time it was. The man went over to a cat that was quietly basking in the sun, and, examining its eyes, told the abbe that it was about two hours after noon, and, on being questioned how he knew that, he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning, and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased, till they reached their minimum at noon; that then they began to widen again, till at night they once more became large. The good abbe was filled with admiration for the ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four footed clock and put it all wrong.

Where Our Sugar Comes From.

A remarkable increase in the amount of sugar imported into this country has taken place in the past few years, the value of our imports of sugar, molasses, etc., in the twelve months ending June 30, 1885, amounting to $68,531,495, while last year it was $89,737,284. In neither case do these figures include the imports from the Hawaiian Islands, which last year amounted to $11,559,142, and which would swell the grand total to more than $100,000,000. The increase is due, chiefly, to the heavy increase in the imports of beet sugar, which comes mainly from Germany. In the twelve months ending June 30, 1888, our imports of beet sugar from Germany were about 2 per cent. of our total sugar imports, while last year they were nearly 16 per cent.; indeed, Germany has now taken second place in the countries supplying the United States with sugar, as is shown by the following table of the imports, ending June 30, 1890:

Austria Hungary	$1,578,494
Brazil	1,650,231
Danish West Indies	49,284
Germany	16,098,224
Great Britain and Ireland	931,676
British West Indies	8,910,190
British Guiana	4,324,570
Hawaiian Islands	11,559,142
Dutch East Indies	2,722,370
San Domingo	1,715,460
Cuba	39,039,679
Porto Rico	3,861,217
Philippine Islands	6,817,886

For the year ending June 30, 1888, the imports of beet sugar into the United States from Germany reached a value of only $1,321,516; for 1888–'89 they rose to $5,814,407, and for 1889–'90, for which the returns have just been compiled, they have advanced to $16,098,224.—[The Stockholder.

Spectacles in Art.

Among the figures forming part of the architectural decorations of the interior of Henry VII's chapel is one of a saint reading a book and wearing a pair of spectacles without side straps and of the form that used to be distinguished by the name of "goggles."

Such early spectacle glasses were circular in form and fixed in frames or rims of leather, connected by a waist or curved piece of the same material. Leather has a certain elasticity, enough, at least, to hold the glasses in position on the nose. I have got such a pair, probably not later than the time of Charles II.

These leather rimmed goggles appear to have been succeeded by glasses of the same shape with rims of tortoise shell and a steel waist. An example of the early part of the last century in my possession, in the original black fish skin case, shows that there was difficulty in attaching the waist to the rim with the necessary firmness. Hence arose the rims with a rigid waist and side pieces for keeping the "spectacles" in position. But they were heavy and clumsy, whether in tortoise shell or horn, and the difficulty still remained of making a reliable hinge in such brittle material. This seems to have brought about the heavy gold, silver, and metal rimmed spectacles of our grandfathers.—[Notes and Queries.

Curiosities of Sunburn.

Sunburn on the snow has been the subject of an interesting investigation by Dr. Robert L. Bowles. Alpine climbers concede the curious fact that sun on snow burns more quickly than on rocks or in heated valleys at a low elevation, and Dr. Bowles remarks that sunlight reflected from freshly fallen snow acts much more energetically on the skin than that reflected from older snow. Dr. Bowles one brilliant day painted his face brown and ascended the Gorner Grat, where there was much snow. There were about 80 others making the ascent. In the evening all excepting Dr. Bowles were smarting from the effects of sunburn. He points out that in Morocco and all along the north of Africa the inhabitants blacken themselves round the eyes to avert ophthalmia from the glare of the hot sand. In Fiji the natives abandon their red and white stripes when they go fishing on the reef in the full glare of the sun and blacken their faces. In the Skkim hills also the natives blacken themselves round the eyes as a protection from the glare of the sun on newly fallen snow. Dr. Bowles concludes that heat is not the direct cause of sunburn, but that it is probably caused by the violet or ultra violet rays of light which are reflected from the snow.—[London Daily News.

Prohibition Among Railway Employees.

The New York *Independent* has been investigating the attitude of railroad companies toward the use of intoxicating liquors by their employees. Sixty-six officials replied to a circular letter sent out by the *Independent*. Every one of the roads replying has either specific rules, or a policy that is generally understood, forbidding intoxication. Fifty-four require absolute total abstinence while on duty, and 25 absolute total abstinence, not specifying "on duty." Nineteen require that employees shall not be intoxicated even while off duty; 13 specify that total abstinence will be considered a condition to promotion. Nearly all testify that they have very little trouble with enforcing their rules against the use of liquors. One road, Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis, requires the signing, prior to employment, of a total abstinence pledge.

TO PHYLLIS IN A GINGHAM DRESS.

Silks and satins, velvets, laces,
Well accord with pretty faces;
But the only artless graces
Deck thy beauty, I confess,
Virtues all thy form embraces,
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress.

O, my Phyllis! gems the rarest
Least the setting need; and barest
Perfume breathe to heaven the fairest
Flowers fair but speechless,
To the violet thou comparest,
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress—

Not to eyes alone appealing,
Charming sense while yet concealing
Beauteous font of fragrance, stealing
From the emerald wilds of Ind,
This is why love touches, kneeling,
To his lips thy gingham dress.

IMAGINATION

The Effect of It Related to a German Medical Journal.

The force of imagination is demonstrated in the following incident taken from the *Deutsche Medizinalzeitung*:

Dr. S—— was called in one night to the bedside of an aged gentleman who said he had swallowed his set of false teeth and was threatened with suffocation. The doctor found the patient very much excited. His eyes were protruding and bloodshot, the pulse quickened, and respiration laborious.

On examining the throat a hard protuberance was found on the left of the neck near the collar bone. Breathing having become difficult and suffocation being feared, it was decided, as sounding proved to be useless, to make an incision in the neck. When this decision was made known to the patient he energetically requested that it be done at once. He was placed under the influence of chloroform and the incision made, but to the surprise of every one present no foreign substance was found.

When this fact was made known to him after he came to, he suddenly complained of pains in the region of the stomach, which became more severe as the night advanced. After another examination early the following morning the teeth were found—under the sofa on which the patient was reclining when he fell asleep the night before. Upon the teeth being shown to him the pain in the stomach ceased and the patient rapidly recovered.

He had fallen asleep on the night mentioned while sitting on the sofa, and waking up, missed the set of teeth. A search for them was unsuccessful, and he supposed that he had swallowed them. This supposition was the cause of all of his troubles.—[Translated from the German.

An Old Phonograph.

A French correspondent writes that according to proofs furnished by Monsieur Louis Pauliat, senator, the phonograph must have been known in 1650. In that year Cyrano de Bergerac, an author and famous duelist, wrote "A Journey in the Moon." He tells in this book of how his guide in the wonderful journey, obliged to leave him for some moments, loaned him two books, and Cyrano de Bergerac took one which had a cover like a box. He thus describes it: "At the opening of the box I found, I know not what, in metal, full of little springs and imperceptible machines. It is a book, but a miraculous book, with neither leaves nor characters; it is a book to read which eyes are useless, for one needs only ears. When I wished to read, I bound the book with all kinds of little nerves that I found, then I turned the needle on the chapter to which I wished to listen, and I heard, as from the lips of a human being, most remarkable facts of intense interest to a student." According to M. Pauliat this is the description of a phonograph similar to the one invented by Mr. Edison. In any case, "if 'tis not true, 'tis well hit upon."

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we know something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schybel lectured, at the age of 72, extempore in Latin, with his snuff box constantly in his hand. Without it he could not get on.

A Pretty Story.

Years ago Benjamin W. Lightburn, a poor young man from Virginia, graduated from Brown University with just $19 in his pocket. He had supported himself in college by cleaning the city lamps and by keeping a boarding house. During his university course he became engaged to Miss Delia L. Carpenter, of North Main street. They parted till such time as Lightburn could earn money enough to support a wife. He went to Kansas City with his $19, entered a lawyer's office, saved his earnings, invested in real estate, and has become wealthy. He has sent enough money to Miss Carpenter to enable her to obtain an education. The second year he was away he sent her a $700 gold watch, and has since presented her with diamonds. Lightburn has now arrived in Providence to claim his bride, who persistently refused to name the wedding day until she had become "accomplished." He is reported to be worth $1,000,000. Mr. Lightburn has built an elegant house in Kansas City, to which he will take his bride.—[New York Star.

Oysters for Dessert.

Did you ever hear of oysters for dessert? I used to know a bon vivant who never ate them except after dinner. He boarded for many years at one of the famous hotels in this city, and during the oyster season every day, as soon as he had finished his dinner in the salle a manger he used to walk directly to the oyster counter on the ground floor and eat a dozen blue points on the half shell, which the watchful attendant always had selected for him. This experienced epicure scorned to begin a meal with oysters. "What!" he would say, "put cold bivalves on an empty stomach? Such a practice must ruin digestion. Begin your meal with warm soup, which gently stimulates the stomach and gives it a tone.

"When you are through with a hearty meal, your stomach craves something cooling. It ought to be gratified. Not with a viand hard to digest, but one which dissolves easily with the heat of the stomach, imposing no labor upon the digestive faculties. Oysters are just the thing—cooling, of delicious flavor, refreshing; they settle the appetite and make the whole system feel at ease. They are the scientific climax to a banquet, and the man who does not know it is not a finished epicure." The old gentleman proved that oysters after dinner were healthy anyway, for he lived to be more than fourscore and kept up his practice to the last.—[New York Star.

CIVIL WAR.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, Captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From you victim some trinket to handle first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O, Captain! I staggered, and sunk in my track,
Being I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose within me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold:
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!"—'tis she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite,
War is a virtue, weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"
—[New England Magazine.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Queer Traditions That Are Current in Various Parts of the World.

Interesting traditions are current among the various nations of the earth concerning the dark spots on Luna's silver shield and the shapes into which imagination has converted them.

In the whole of eastern Asia the people see in those spots a rabbit or a hare; the Chinese, especially, see a hare pounding rice in a mortar. The Siamese also perceive in part of the moon a hare, in another part a woman tilling the ground. The North American Indians, too, strangely enough, see a gnawing animal. On the ancient monuments in Central America the moon appears as a jar or a shell whence a rabbit shaped animal is springing. In South America, on the contrary, a human figure is seen. Tradition, from the days of the Incas, relates that a young girl fell in love with the moon, sprang into it, and was held captive there. The Samoan Islanders perceive a woman with her child. Many other Southern nations see a human figure, usually an old woman who spins or carries burdens.

The Esquimaux have a thoroughly national tradition. One day Aninga, the moon, pursued his sister, the sun, but when he had caught her the sun turned and smeared his face with soot, traces of which still remain. One of the tribes of northwestern India, who regard the monthly disappearance of the moon as burning, have connected the spots with this idea, and believe them to be the remains of ashes. The Scandinavians had a legend of their own. According to the Edda the moon once carried off two children, as they came from the water bearing a jar; they can still be seen with it.

Some of the beliefs about the waning moon are also very singular. The Dakota Indians, for instance, believe that the moon is gnawed by mice. The Polynesians think that the spirits of the dead are nourished by it. The Hottentots imagine that she suffers from headaches; when they grow too severe she covers her head with her hand and hides it from our eyes. The superstition of the Esquimau is very characteristic; when the moon has pursued her course three weeks she grows weary and hungry, extremely hungry; so she retires and eats heartily, like an Esquimau who has an ample supply of food; so for a fortnight she gradually increases in size until she again sails round and beautiful through the heavens.

Gladstone's Daughter.

A private letter received in this city from a lady who has been studying the life at Newnham College in Cambridge, England, gives an interesting sketch of one of the most noteworthy women in England to-day, Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the statesman and vice president of Sedgwick Hall. We are allowed a copy: "Miss Gladstone is an exceedingly original person. In looks she resembles her father, and she has, I fancy, his vitality. She is always laughing, joking, telling stories. She keeps the high table in a roar. Indeed, whenever I hear a commotion, I turn to see if Miss Gladstone is not about, and she generally is. She is utterly regardless of dress, comes down to 7 o'clock dinner in a gingham, and for lunches and garden parties gets herself up to look like the strong minded practical wife of a country minister."—[Boston Globe.

He Had Tried.

They tell this little story of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Walking in a friend's garden one day, she asked the gardener: "Have you ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'" The perplexed fellow slowly unbent himself. He was unwilling to wound the sensibilities of Mrs. Stowe, and he wished to say the most for himself. And so he felt himself getting very red as he stammered: "Well, not exactly, ma'am. Not as you might say 'read it,' but I've tried to, ma'am."

A Startling Admission.

"What becomes of all the stale candy?" was asked of a well known confectioner. "It is made up into fresh candy." There is not an ounce of waste about confectionery. You like chocolate caramels? Well, they contain more scraps than any other candy. They are especially adapted for this on account of their dark color. They were first made by a confectioner who received his inspiration from his great stock of stale sweets.

A Kite Story.

Some fishermen engaged in Belfast Lough recently picked up a very large seagull, which was seen approaching the boat with wings outspread floating on the water, but quite dead. The men were puzzled to account for the progress it made through the water, as it went faster than the boat; but as it came near it was found that, wound securely round the body and under the wings, was a string of cordage, which, on closer examination, they discovered was attached to a large paper kite then flying above them at a considerable height. The kite furnished the propelling power. The bird had evidently, while flying at Belfast, got entangled in the string of a boy's kite, had been unable to extricate itself, and, taking to the sea, had been drowned in its efforts to obtain freedom.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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And as a consequence of our extremely low prices and good quality of goods, and equitable way of dealing with our patrons our large business is daily increasing.

Special attention is called to our

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The immense rooms now used for the display of trunks are filled with every grade and style of trunk known to the trade. Here you will find from the cheapest one dollar trunk to the best sole leather. All the visitor to this department need to do is to walk through the long avenues of trunks and make his own selection; the price of trunk is marked in plain figures way down lower than any of our would-be competitors dare offer them. A visit to this department alone is worth a journey of fifty miles.

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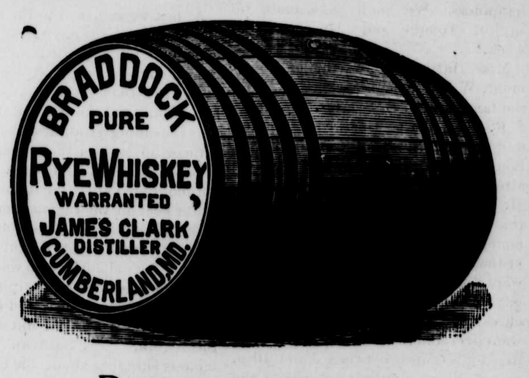
July 26

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