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MINING JOURNAL.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 5, 1887.

A NEW political club is to be opened in New York City, and the great feature of the opening will be a monster bowl of the famous Narragansett punch, containing twenty gallons of tea, three cases of champagne, and exactly forty-eight other ingredients. The recipe for this beverage came from "Ole Virginny befo' de wah."

OSCEOLA, a town on the west side of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory, boasts of a school mistress of 18 summers and a weight of 32[illegible] pounds. She is said to be the one attraction of the town, but the inhabitants rather look down upon neighboring villages on account of their superiority in this respect.

QUEEN VICTORIA is reported to be breaking very rapidly and to be conscious that she cannot live very many years longer. There is a general apprehension among the people of England that the Queen may not live till the year is completed. The appearance of old age is most clearly marked in her jubilee portrait, which has just been completed and placed in the gallery leading to her private apartments at Windsor.

MISS MATTIE MITCHELL, daughter of the Senator from Oregon, one of the prettiest and most accomplished girls in Washington, and Miss Victoria West, the British Minister's eldest daughter, who is also much admired, have agreed together to discourage extravagance in their gentlemen friends by declining bouquets from those who ask them to be their partners in a german, thinking it too great a tax upon the young men.

SEVERAL years ago Col. Thomas G. Jones, now Speaker of the Alabama House of Representatives, said in a speech in Ohio: "We can bequeath to our children nobler legacies than discord and hate." The other day he received from Boston a handsome silver-mounted gavel. Inscribed on it were his own words, quoted above, and accompanying it was a note saying that a number of Northern gentlemen begged his acceptance of the Speaker's gavel, which was presented in cordial recognition of his personal worth and ardent patriotism.

THE company of Canadian and English capitalists lately formed to construct a line of cable between Vancouver, B. C., and Australia, is pushing on the work. The company has applied to the Imperial Government for vessels to conduct the soundings and other work from the coast of Australia, and the matter is now under the consideration of the Government. The most encouraging offers of assistance in the way of subsidies have been received from all the Governments with whose territories it is proposed to make connections, and the matter has at last been placed beyond the possibility of failure.

THE thrilling Wall street operator, S. V. White, has posted in his private office this notice: "I am not a deacon." He has just extended his field of speculation beyond the Stock Exchange, by becoming a member of the Cotton Exchange, and the announcements of his election mentioned him, as usual, as "Deacon White." He explains that, although a treasurer of Plymouth Congregation, he is no a member of the church, much less a deacon. That appellation is a nickname, originally put on him jocosely by a journalist, to be accepted in good earnest by the public. He now wishes to stop the misuse of a religious title, he says.

ONE of the dirtiest of tramps was conducted to the police station in New Orleans last week. He took his incarceration calmly, and when he had become somewhat acclimated he drew a well-worn and greasy Latin book—a copy of Virgil's Æneid—from his pocket and spent the whole of one day reading it. His pronunciation and translation of Latin were excellent. The tramp stated that he was a graduate of Amherst College in 1851, and had traveled in Europe as an instructor to an English nobleman's children. His conversation showed him to be an uncommonly well-educated man, and to have at one time been used to refined society. How the fellow ever came to take up tramping he kept a secret.

Origin of the Cemetery.

The Jews used to bury their dead under the earth, and this mode seems to have been the earliest in use. Egypt embalmed her corpses, and the earlier Greeks and Romans consumed the body after death by fire, the ashes only receiving sepulture. Subsequently in those nations this practice fell into disuse, at least partly, and then their dead bodies were buried in vaults or chambers underground, such as the Catacombs. In ancient Rome the bodies of her most illustrious sons were permitted to be buried unburned, as a special mark of favor, within the walls of the city. The next step was the erection of churches over the graves of martyrs. Then emperors and kings were admitted to sarcophagi within the church walls. The extension of this practice was the origin of churchyards. These, in crowded towns became unhealthy and offensive, and sanitary measures demanded burial without the walls of the city. Thus grew the beautiful resting-places of the dead, which, with their trees, flowers, landscape gardening, and works of monumental art, we call cemeteries. The word "cemetery," by the way, means slumber-place, and is of Christian origin

Thomas H. Dodge has given a $1,000 lump of gold to the Worcester, Mass., Natural History Society.

VÆ VICTORIBUS.

BY LILY CURRY.

There's many a doleful song been sung,
And many a sigh been uttered,
For him whose bread grim Fate hath flung
To the earth, with the down side buttered;
For him whose sup is a bitter cup—
In whose heart fierce passions forage—
Whose luckless basin lies bottom up
When the rain it raineth porridge.

'Tis O, and alas! for him who faints
And falls Ve victis, truly!
Swift some one springs to the breach and paints
His life and its virtues duly;
And never a grudgeful note betrays
Such sermon or plaintive ditty,
For the age is a patron-age, whose ways
Embrace the fashion to—pity.

But what of a song or a sigh for those
Whose struggles have not been wasted?
And where is the ear to hear their woes,
Who Victory's sweets have tasted?
Who, out of the dark below to the light
On the heights of Fame ascending,
Are straightway marked for the shafts of spite
And envy and hate unending?

Nay, nay! The world, though a selfish world,
Holds ever a just position,
And thanks the creature whom chance hath hurled
In the dust—for his sweet submission.
But woe to the human who somehow wins,
Who climbs to the top, unheeding
That one of the darkest and direst of sins
Is the dreadful sin of—succeeding!

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

A large and fashionable crowd thronged Steinway Hall, New York. Usually a New York audience, selected from the "upper ten thousand," is not very demonstrative—especially over a new aspirant for its appreciation and favors. But on the occasion of the debut of Miss Alta Alwyn as a public singer, New York society forgot itself. The new song-bird became a favorite before she had finished her first number—a difficult "show-piece" in Italian—and when, for an encore, she gave, with pathos and richness of tone, the tender and familiar "Swanee River," the great audience rose *en masse* and cheered to the echo, while costly bouquets fell in profusion at the feet of the young artist. And Alta Alwyn was happy, supremely happy. Such a night, such a success as this, had been her one cherished dream during four long years of incessant toil and study.

Alta Alwyn was not in love—had never been in love, and was a total stranger to Dan Cupid and his tricks. The ruling passion of her young life had been ambition: a desire to excel in her chosen profession.

Now that the first step on the road to fame had been taken, now that she found, at the very outset, all the wealth and fashion of wealth and fashion's metropolis at her feet, she was happy.

Two other persons in that brilliant assembly were also elated at Alta Alwyn's success. One of these was her tutor and manager, Signor Rivera; the other was Mr. Richard Cameron, a wealthy young New York banker. The cause for Signor Rivera's satisfaction is obvious; Dick Cameron's unusually bright eye and flushed cheek will require some explanation.

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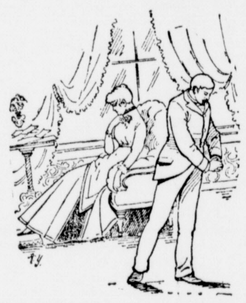
On the morning after the concert, Miss Alwyn sat alone in her morning room. The pretty apartment was filled with the rich perfume from a thousand roses—the offer-



With a sad heart and heavy step, slowly left the room.

ings of the previous evening—while a side table was literally stacked with notes containing congratulations and invitations from great people, anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of this rising star.

Alta Alwyn was a very beautiful woman; indeed, one word alone is fitting to properly describe her charming appearance. She was magnificent.

With youth, beauty, talent, and assured success, life just then seemed all sunshine to her, and the reverie in which she indulged was a very pleasant one. In the midst of it a servant announced "Mr. Cameron." A slight shadow darkened the fair artist's brow for a moment. Only for a moment, however, for neither annoyance nor excessive pleasure were discernible in her countenance, as with cool indifference she bade her caller "good-morning."

"I suppose," said Mr. Cameron, who was a peculiarly handsome man, perhaps thirty years of age, "I suppose congratulations are in order, Alta—only congratulations would be idle, common-place words coming from me. You know how more than pleased I am at your success, viewed merely as a success; and then there is something else."

Miss Alwyn toyed with a rose, but answered nothing.

"Alta," continued Dick Cameron, "three years ago I loved you—love you now. Three years ago I wished to make you my wife, but you refused and bade me wait until the wish of your life, the desire to shine as a successful singer, should become an accomplished fact. Your wish is now fulfilled; your success is greater than you could ever have dreamed it would be; and now I am come to claim your promise. Will you keep it, Alta?"

Miss Alwyn's eyes drooped, and she continued to pluck the petals from the lovely rose in her hand. Suddenly she raised her eyes and addressed her companion.

"Dick, I will not pretend that I do not understand you; I do. But—I cannot keep my promise. I am not a woman, Dick; I am an artist. Where my heart should be is nothing but ambition. I do not love you, but I do love music; I do love the applause of listening crowds, and I do love fame. I could never make you happy, Dick, and as your wife I am certain life for me would be one long regret. You have been very good to me, Dick, always, and I appreciate, more than I seem to, your goodness. But please go away and forget me, for I cannot fulfill my old promise."

That was all. Dick Cameron made no reply, but, with a sad heart and heavy step, slowly left the room.

Patiently and faithfully, for three tedious years, had Richard Cameron waited for the woman he loved, trusting implicitly in her promise to marry him as soon as the world acknowledged her talent, and this was how that woman kept her word.

Last evening he was so proud and happy, and this morning Dick Cameron, although one of the richest men in New York, was also one of the most miserable.

That dismissal had another effect, also, upon Cameron. After that, his love, although not less strong, was less pure, and he was never quite as good a man afterward as he had been before.

* * * * * *

A month passed away—a month which proved to Alta Alwyn the truth of the old adage, "that nothing succeeds like success."

As for Dick Cameron, he was almost forgotten by the now famous singer.

One day Mr. Cameron sat in his office in Wall street, thinking (as he thought all the time now) of how he could win Alta Alwyn—or forget her. While thinking thus, there came a rap at the door, and it opened to admit Signor Rivera.

The latter apologized for his intrusion, and then proceeded to explain the object of his call.

"Mr. Cameron, I want money. At this moment I am only one step removed from a ruined man. I have staked everything upon my pupil, Miss Alwyn, and she has certainly, so far, justified my expenditure of time and money upon her. The expense of advertising her has been enormous, and I have reached that point where I must

"Stop!" exclaimed Cameron.

money or stop. Of course my stopping will not seriously hurt my pupil; there are plenty of men who would be only too glad to back Miss Alwyn, but that will not help me—*nor you*. Now, I thoroughly understand how matters stand between yourself and my pupil. Listen, and don't get angry. I can kill two birds with one stone. I *must* have money—money is all I care about. About twelve thousand dollars would relieve all pressure for the time being, and during the next three seasons (the period of my contract with Miss Alwyn) I could doubtless clear forty thousand dollars. But if you will give me seventy-five thousand dollars now I will 'drop' Miss Alwyn altogether, and so manage matters that in a very short time she will be only too glad to forget her music and accept your offer of marriage. Come, Mr. Cameron, the sum I have mentioned is a mere bagatelle to you."

Now Richard Cameron was, decidedly, very much in love; still, he was not so entirely lost to things terrestrial but that he knew full well that this was a most unique and extraordinary offer.

He certainly wanted Alta Alwyn for his wife, and to attain that end would gladly expend twice seventy-five thousand dollars. But were Rivera's proposals honorable, were they worthy his consideration? Anyway, how could Rivera guarantee to bring his plans to a successful issue, and should a man who would break a contract with a woman be trusted in any degree? All these thoughts passed, one after another, through Cameron's brain.

"Well, Mr. Cameron?" urged the signor.

"I do not quite see through your scheme, signor," said the young man.

"I will be frank with you," resumed Rivera. "It is clearly understood between us that I want cash and you want the lady. If my proposition is accepted, well; if not, well. Only, no riding the high horse—no strong expressions of indignation—nothing of that kind, please, or I stop right here."

"Go on," said Cameron, as the Italian paused for a moment.

"I flatter myself that I have 'made' Alta Alwyn as an artist; also, that I understand her nature thoroughly. As I have made her professional reputation, so I can *unmake* it—I can blast it. If I know anything of my pupil, she will not be able to take failure and disappointment very well. When it comes she will turn to you, and not until then. If necessary I will try something more. I will damage her private reputation; I will kill her socially; I will——"

"Stop!" exclaimed Cameron. "I do not wish to hear any more. But I *must* have that girl. I will give you seventy—no, I will give you eighty thousand dollars now, for a present, to help you out of your difficulties—a *present*, you understand, without regard to Miss Alwyn—I cannot make money bargains on her account—I *give* you this as a present. Of course, if you can help me in any way, do so. But be careful. Call to-morrow, and you can have the money."

When the manager had gone, Cameron tried to soothe his conscience. But think as he would, try to persuade himself as he might, he could not drive from his brain the knowledge that he had agreed to pay money to an unscrupulous man for the purpose of destroying a woman's fame, and, perchance, her good name.

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Right well Rivera succeeded in his plans. With a flush bank account he grew reckless, and his professional duties and obligations were thrown to the winds. This alone was sufficient to seriously hurt his protegee. But he did not stop at that. He used every means his cunning mind could desire to blast Alta Alwyn's reputation, and, three months after the young singer had made her triumphal debut, her fame as an artist was killed. Not only so, but many were the cruel stories, dropped from careless lips, in regard to her private life; and, though utterly untrue, they hurt her none the less.

As Rivera had foretold, Alta Alwyn could ill brook disappointment. She had no near friends, and while her heart had held naught but ambition she had not felt their need. Now she yearned for some one in whom she could confide, and the only one of whom she thought was Dick Cameron.

Yet, when Dick Cameron came to her in her loneliness and once more offered his hand, she refused him. Not that she had the faintest suspicion of Cameron's part in Rivera's plot against herself—or, indeed, of the plot itself. For she had felt so sorry for Rivera at the loss he must necessarily (as she supposed) suffer on account of her failure, that she pressed upon him the greater part of her own share of the profits of her brief season. No; if she had twice refused Dick Cameron's love, she had always trusted and respected him, and could never have associated his name with a mean action. But she was proud, and having, in the heyday of her triumph, refused his love, she felt it would be utterly impossible for her, with any degree of self-respect, to take that love when all else failed. So yet again Richard Cameron was disappointed. Sick at heart and somewhat ashamed of himself, he left New York and took up his residence in the gay French capital.

And when the girl who had once said that she had no heart, the girl who had so lately known nothing but ambition, who had cared for naught but success in her chosen profession—when this same girl realized that the ocean lay between herself and Dick Cameron, she knew then, when it was too late, that she loved him. It was only the repetition of an old story:

How could I know I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I tell I should love thee afar,
When I did not love the anear?"

Her professional failure and the unkind gossip of New York society had cut her to the quick; but all that was forgotten now, and, oh, if *he* would only come to her, for just a few minutes even, so that she might kneel before him and tell him how mistaken she had been!

But the days and weeks wore on; and, at twenty-three, Alta Alwyn was a disappointed, broken-hearted woman.

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Three years slipped away, and in the musical world the name of Alta Alwyn was almost forgotten, or at best only a dim memory.

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A train was speeding along the iron track, on its way westward, in the evening of a day in late fall. In the parlor car sat a man of, perhaps, thirty-five years—a man with a tired and even dissipated expression upon his face, though he was decidedly distinguished-looking. He was weary after traveling for twenty-four hours, and was debating in his mind whether he should spend another night upon the cars or stop off and rest, when the porter yelled "Tiffton." That settled it. As a boy he had spent many jolly times at Tiffton, so he would renew his acquaintance with the old place and the well-remembered hotel, where the beds were, at least, more comfortable than Pullman car berths. So he alighted from the train and walked up to the hotel. As he signed the register he noticed that it was nearly ten o'clock; but he wanted exercise, and so sauntered out upon the familiar streets of the modest Western town.

He had not wandered far before he came to the entrance of the Grand Opera House, where a plentiful display of flaming posters announced for that evening's programme a performance of "Faust and Marguerite," by the "Ansberg Opera Company, under the direction of Max Bischoff."

Extremes now met in our traveler. Exactly three weeks before he had formed one of a brilliant party in a box at the Grand Opera House in Paris, where a magnificent company had performed this very same opera of "Faust." Now the whim took possession of him to witness the opera, performed by a third-rate company, in the theater of a country town. He bought his ticket, and as the house was almost full, he was compelled to take a seat very near the stage. The curtain was down when he entered the theater, and he guessed that there could be but one more act.

There was no orchestra—only a piano, and soon the stranger heard it played, fingered by no mean hand. He glanced at the musician and then at his programme. —"*Bischoff!* No, that *must be*—ah, well, perhaps I am mistaken," he thought; and at that instant the curtain was raised, disclosing the prison scene.

Lying upon her bed of straw, and not five yards from our stranger, was Marguerite. But she was not acting; she was dying. Blood flowed from between her lips, though only two people in the large audience noticed it. In one moment the music ceased, and in the same instant two men leaped upon the stage. One was our traveler—Richard Cameron; the other was Max Bischoff, known in other days as Signor Rivera. It all happened so quickly that the Faust and Mephistopheles of the play had not yet appeared upon the stage. Yet none the less the excited audience beheld before them a modern Faust, supporting upon his knee a wronged and dying Mar-

Supporting upon his knee a wronged and dying Marguerite.

guerite; while near by, and watching them both, stood a miserable specimen of a nineteenth century Mephistopheles. As the curtain was hurriedly lowered, Alta Alwyn breathed her last in the arms of Richard Cameron.

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The next morning the Tiffton *Tattler* recorded the sudden death of Miss Addie Ansberg, and gave as the cause a hemorrhage of the heart, produced by overexertion.

Only two men who read that newspaper knew that Addie Ansberg was the once famous Alta Alwyn, and that she died of a broken heart.

A French Smoking Revolution.

Here is a revolution! The pipe is to be tolerated in French clubs. The fact is given as a further proof of the corrupting influence of England upon good manners in France. It is the English, it seems, who have taught the French to smoke pipes, as they have also taught them to dress like grooms. This is, indeed, a very bad state of things; but how is it that these well-bred Frenchmen are so weak as to imitate the uncouth islanders across the Channel in all their vulgar ways. John Bull is constantly ridiculed here; and yet he appears to exercise a sort of diabolic influence that can not be resisted. Fancy Frenchmen who respect themselves smoking pipes in evening dress in the midst of all the splendors of a Paris club! Dreadful though it be, they do it. The pipe, so long looked upon here in polite circles as an abomination peculiar to the gross habits of English and German barbarians, is actually coming into fashion in the higher regions of society. French manufacturers have long been supplying Englishmen with their much-praised "brier-wood" pipes, which are really *pipes en bruyere*, and it is these pipes, thanks to the vogue across the Channel, which are now coming into fashion in the country of their origin. Cigarettes and cigars are perceptibly losing ground. This has been a long time the case among the working class, but the taste for pipes is spreading upward—just the reverse of fashion's usual method, which is to spread downward. The Duc d'Aumale was detected some time since smoking a pipe in a railway carriage, and, as the son of a king in France could not well be taxed with vulgarity, the circumstance made an impress on extremely favorable to the cause of the pipe. The French having begun to reason on this subject are fast coming to the conclusion that essentially one way of smoking is as polite or impolite as another. Having advanced so far in the direction of smoking reform there is a prospect of their learning in the course of time that the tobacco which their Government manufactures and sells is about the worst article that any administration by means of the monopoly expedient has succeeded in palming off upon a victimized community. M. Gambetta did more to endear himself to the Anglo-Saxon by arranging for "Bristol bird's eye" to be sold at a certain shop here than by all his fine speeches. It will be a long time before the French become sufficiently educated by the pipe to rise in revolt against the tobacco of the *regie*.—*Paris Cor. Boston Transcript.*

Irreparable Mischief.

Don't allow your children to be tickled, if to ever so small a degree, under the chin, round the neck, anywhere. It is ruinous to a child's nerves, and thoughtless young mothers, who tickle their babies to bring out the "lovely smile" do an immense amount of irreparable mischief, and are storing up for their children numerous future ills.—*Mrs. E. C. Hewett, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

While a jeweler was chatting to a New York reporter a colored lady, attired in the latest devices of fashion, purchased a brilliant and planked down $240 without a murmur. "Some of our best customers are colored people," said the jeweler. "When they have money they wear good clothes and good jewelery. Diamond earrings are set off better on a dark background, and the colored ladies understand it."

M. Spuller, the deputy who represented France at the Bartholdi statue dedication, declares that in the United States there is more liberty and less license than anywhere else.

Royal Academy Scandals.

The very first scandal of any moment occurred very shortly after the incorporation of the academy, in 1775. This was the case of Sir Robert Strange, which has been touched upon in an earlier article. In Dr. Sir (then Mr.) Robert Strange's pamphlet, "An Inquiry into the Rise of the Royal Academy," is inserted a letter to the Earl of Bute—he who was burned in effigy at Temple Bar. Although this letter has no apparent connection with the sarcastic little history of the origin of the academy which follows, it details certain happenings that were probably associated with the writer's squabble with one of the earliest hanging committees. Ramsay, who has painted a portrait of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., requested Strange to engrave it, on the plea that the Prince and the Earl of Bute would both be gratified by his doing so. Strange was at the time preparing to start for Italy, and not wishing to delay his journey for the two years required for the engraving of a full-length portrait, he declined unless it could be shown to him that it was the Prince's own particular wish that he should comply. Shortly afterward William Chambers, the architect—he whose somber Thames-side pile is in its stony acreage not unstately when its pilasters catch the crimson gleam of the evening sun—brought Strange a message that the Prince of Wales was anxious he should engrave not only his Highness' own portrait, but likewise that of Lord Bute. It was requested that he should lay aside every other engagement and engrave Lord Bute's picture first. In return for this his Royal Highness, in his princely generosity, would make the engraver a present of 100 guineas, and patronize a subscription for copies of the engravings. This did not sound very promising; but Strange was not angry, attributing the meanness of the offer to the Prince's ignorance of the length of time required for engraving two large pictures. Chambers represented the position to the Prince, who remarked that Strange's reasons were "both natural and just." "But how great was my surprise," exclaimed the indignant engraver, "when a day or two afterward a friend of mine told me that he had seen Mr. Ramsay, who informed him that he had met Lord Bute, who had said that the Prince was so provoked at my refusal that he could not bear to hear my name mentioned." Eventually Mr. Ryland engraved the portraits, which occupied him for four years. He was paid 100 guineas for making the drawings, and £50 a quarter during the whole of the four years, and received in addition the proceeds of the sale of the prints. Strange made several attempts—not very dignified, perhaps, but eminently natural on the part of a man who feared to be harmed in his profession by what was, perhaps, a mere mystification—to obtain an explanation from Lord Bute; but the door was always shut upon him, and even the presentation of a set of impressions from some of the plates Strange engraved did not procure him an interview.—*Magazine of Art.*

A Bird in Which Gourmands Delight.

The papabotte is a bird which makes its appearance in Southern Louisiana about May and abounds until September. It seems to belong to the plover family, though the resemblance is not complete at all points. However, it is a bird about the size of a woodcock, with grayish plumage and a bill short and hard, which makes its appearance about the time the *Cantharis vesicatoria* (Spanish fly) begins to depredate on the vegetable gardens.

These flies destroy the foliage of the potato, tomato, and other vegetables. They appear in countless myriads, coming no one knows whence and going no one knows where, but leaving behind them a terrible record of devastation. On these insects the papabotte preys with immeasurable voracity, and grows so fat that when it falls before the gun of the sportsman it bursts like a ripe apricot.

Our papabotte is a wonderfully shy bird. It is extremely difficult to approach. Long before the hunter gets him within range he is off with a whirl, flying heavily, but giving the marksman only a pitiful chance as he retreats. Neither does this bird crouch before a dog. It is, in fact, a most inaccessible bird when pursued in any of the ways considered sportsmanlike among men. A number of hunters might, by surrounding and then closing in upon a feeding ground heavily populated with the birds, make a very large bag; but the individual operating singly can achieve only a very poor result.

The fact is that the hunter who shoots papabotte for a livelihood adopts some very homely and unromantic expedients. The most popular and successful plan is to drive an open buggy or spring wagon about on the prairies of Southern Louisiana with a loaded gun lying across the knees. The papabotte will allow a quadruped or a vehicle to come very near, and he who rides or drives may thus choose his own time and opportunity.

While this may be an inglorious means of securing a noble game; it is the only reliable one, and those who have tasted the papabotte properly cooked are always ready to resort to any means, however ignominious, of renewing the experience. It is a dish fit for the gods upon Olympus. It is a dish to make an old man young.

Correct Measurements.

Fashionable Young Woman (to dealer)—"I want to look at a cane that would be suitable for a birthday gift."

Dealer—"For a young or old gentleman, ma'am?"

Fashionable Young Woman—"Oh, quite young."

Dealer—"Do you know what size hat he wears?"

Fashionable Young Woman—"Five and a half, I think."

Dealer—"I see. The largest size will please him best. The smaller the hat, ma'am, the larger the cane."—*Texas Siftings.*

In the French provinces the rule about kissing is inflexible, and any lady who withheld her cheek from the salute of any acquaintance or dependent, however humble, whether man or woman, who wished her la bonne annee, would not only make an enemy, but be set down as having un mauvais cœur. In Paris people are less sentimental, and a pecuniary return for the expression of good wishes adequately meets the requirements of the case, without the kiss being exacted.

Miss Clara Doane, of Harwichport, Cape Cod, celebrated her 95th birthday on the 26th inst. She received her guests with an old tobacco pipe in her mouth and smoked throughout the reception. She said to one of her horrified lady callers: "I've been a-smokin' now nigh on to 80 years, and if there's anything that's kept me alive all these years it's tobacco,' Let the anti-tobacco crusaders make a note of this.

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The buildings are comparatively new.
The Lot contains 3 acres, more or less, and encloses a choice variety of Fruit Trees.
Situated at the eastern base of Savage mountain, this property would make a delightful summer residence.
☞ Title unquestionable.
Terms—One-half cash; remainder in six months with interest from date of sale.
For further information apply or write to
WILLIAM STAPLES,
Sep 29—tf Frostburg, Md.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat & Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS and SHOES
ARE NOW DISPLAYED on my counters. Every style of **Gentlemen's Hats and Caps** at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of **Leather** and **Shoe Findings.**
An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested.
TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main Street, Frostburg, Md.
☞ Agent for the *Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.* [May 7—y

Groceries.

HASTEN TO BE WISE.
Don't Wait Till To-Morrow
TO GO TO ORT'S FOR
New, Fresh Groceries,
NOT the kind that have been laying on the shelf for a score of years. No need to specialize, but bend your steps hitherward and see for yourself.
Green Groceries
That make glad the heart of the housewife—the very morning they are plucked.
We Have Chiseled Down Prices
To the very bottom—and "still some."
Tobaccos and Cigars of All Grades
In the latter I have two specialties which I commend to the attention of the smoking public, namely:
The "Alma".....2 for 5 cents.
The "Baffler".....5 cents.
Call and try them. GEORGE ORT,
WEST ROOM, KELLER'S BUILDING,
July 12

The "Little Gem"
GROCERY STORE
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends,
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
NICE Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction. Yours respectfully,
Apr 6 FRANK C. BEALL.

DON'T FORGET
To Call on
O. D. HARTZELL
Who is Prepared to Meet You
WITH a Large Assortment of **CONFECTIONERIES, NUTS,**
Tobacco, Cigars,
CANNED GOODS, GROCERIES, MEAT and FLOUR.
Fresh Fish and Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
A HEARTY WELCOME EXTENDED TO ALL.
Next door to F. C. Beall's Hardware store.
Dec 27

Hotels and Restaurants.

SIMS HOUSE,
PIEDMONT (Baltimore & Ohio Railroad,) West Virginia. J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.
Nov 7—y

KENNY HOUSE,
PIEDMONT, W. VA.,
T. KENNY, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOTEL has one of the finest Sample rooms on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. [Oct 8-y

FIRE INSURANCE.

A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the great number of companies doing business in this country those among the
Strongest and Most Reliable,
And also to porperly Write all forms to fully protect the assured in case of loss or damage by fire. Persons in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to insure will please call upon
J. B. ODER, Frostburg, Md.,
Who is my agent to receive applications and collect premiums.
D. P. MILLER. Cumberland, Md

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

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Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

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