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RIVERS OF FIRE.

TERRIFIC SCENES OF VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN HAWAII.

Earthquake Shocks by the Hundred Until the Land Was Heaving Like the Sea—The Outburst of the Lava—Fifteen Fountains of Fire in Full Play at the Same Time.

The mails from the Hawaiian Islands give interesting details of the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that have been going on there. An occasional slight shock of earthquake is little noticed in this region; but ever since early in December there has been a steady increase in the force and the frequency of the shocks. By the 12th of January they had increased to an average of about three a day, and they became heavier and heavier until the 16th, when it was evident that an eruption was to be expected, though none could tell where it would burst forth. In the forty-eight hours that followed, the earth kept up a constant trembling, with every now and then a vicious jerk, first in one direction and then with equal force in a directly opposite line; so that the movement of the houses was like that of a boat in a chopping sea, and the effect produced on human beings was like sea-sickness. The vibration was almost continuous; but the shocks followed one another at intervals of from three to five minutes, with occasionally three in succession strongly marked, as is often the case with ocean waves.

At intervals there were awful thunderstorms, accompanied by vivid lightning and a wild wind; but on the evening of Sunday, January 16, the heavens were of clear, intense blue, with a brilliant starlight, and the great rounded dome of Mauna-Loa and the many cones of Mauna-Kea lay pure and cold beneath a deep covering of newly-fallen snow. At nine o'clock P. M. the people beheld a mighty column of fire and illuminated smoke burst up, not from the summit crater of Mokuaweo-weo, but from Pohakuohanalei, one of a group of extinct craters lying about three miles down the western slope. The night air was chill, but for two hours and a half the people wandered about, waiting to see what would happen next, when, suddenly as it had appeared, the light vanished, and then the earth-quivers commenced in right good earnest. But the pillar of fire and smoke was not seen again till about noon on Tuesday, during which time the lava was forcing its way by an underground channel, till it again burst to the surface within a mile of another extinct crater named Halepoohaahaa; where it rent a fissure a mile and a-half in length, and thence poured forth in three streams, all of which crossed the government road on their seaward way. This means that wide tracts of the said road now lie deeply imbedded beneath masses of the coarsest black lava, of the sort which resembles huge blocks of concrete and seems never to disintegrate. For the first twenty-four hours all the lava ejected was of this nature, but afterward all that was thrown up was *pahoehoe*—the smooth, creamy-looking rock which becomes pulverized within a few years, and then requires only the action of water to prove fertile soil. This is fortunate; but in the meantime much good pasturage has been destroyed.

The coarse lava invariably flows in a sluggish stream, probably not exceeding a mile and a-half per hour, whereas the more fluid *pahoehoe* often travels at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. One of the three streams reached the sea on the 19th of January, having traveled circuitously for about twenty miles, the direct distance from the point of eruption being only about twelve miles. A wild wind had already churned the ocean into foam, and deep thunder seemed to echo the booming of the heavy surf, when this fiery flood arrived to add its seething and roaring to the tumult of the elements.

On the morning of the 20th a party of men made their way through the forest to the point of eruption, which is at a height of about 6,000 feet above the sea (the total height of the mountain is 14,000 feet). They describe the scene as grand beyond conception. Fifteen fountains of molten lava were in full play, throwing up huge boulders of black rock to a height of 200 feet, while the fluid fiery rock fell in scattered showers like rockets. Columns of smoke rose to fully 500 feet. Explosions of pent-up gases, the roar of rushing lava, and the crashing of thunder blended in deafening chorus. Vivid lightning played around, while a heavy hail-shower fell hissing on the surface of the fiery stream. The whole side of the mountain for a width of two miles was one vast sheet of fluid blood-red fire—a rushing roaring river of molten rock, bearing on its surface boulders weighing tons.

Standing on the brink of that unfathomable fissure, the whole line of fire lay in sight, extending from the mountain to the sea; burning its way through the forest, filling up little valleys, and spreading out in a fiery lake on the plain. It had not yet begun to cool, and was brilliant red its whole length, only blackened on the edges. The sight at night was magnificent; the columns of lurid smoke and the reflected glare in the clouds and on the dark forests combining to produce a scene of bewildering grandeur. So vivid was the light that small print could be read at midnight at a distance of many miles. The Portuguese laborers on some of the plantations, not having acquired the sang-froid of the Hawaiians, were almost wild with terror, and spent their time sobbing and wailing and calling on the saints.

Contents of a Cod's Stomach.

Last Saturday evening, at the regular meeting of the Biological Society held at the United States National Museum in this city, Captain J. W. Collins, the scientific skipper of the United States fishery commission, exhibited a collection of curios which had been taken from the stomachs of codfish at sundry times while being split and dressed by the bank fishermen, off Newfoundland, the process usually taking place on deck. Among the lot were a splitting knife with a wooden handle and blade six inches long, a small brass-handled knife of quaint workmanship, a rough piece of granite weighing three or four pounds, an old felt hat, two counters and part of a eucher deck (five cards), a fragment several inches long which the scientists thought was lignite, and a brass lamp.—*American Angler.*

A Deaf Mute's Speech Returns.

Joseph Henry, a New Haven deaf mute, about twenty-nine years of age, began early in the winter to attend the polo games in New Haven. During the exciting periods of the game it was noticed that Henry jumped from his seat and attempted to shout. For a long time his efforts in this line were unsuccessful. But recently his powers of articulation have steadily improved and he is now able to speak considerably. Local physicians are of the opinion that if the young man keeps up his attendance at the polo games, and also his happy faculty of going off into a white heat of excitement, he will be able to talk as well as anybody by the end of the season. He is still as deaf as ever.—*Cleveland Leader.*

MIXED MEMORIES.

By a Grandfather.

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

I.

Oft I see you sitting there,
Blue eyes, in that wicker chair,
Twilight on your yellow hair,
Dorothy!
Knitting, knitting all the time,
Humming some remembered rhyme,
Till the Dutch clock's merry chime
Called to tea.

II.

All your merry girlish ways
In those unforgotten days
Dimly seen through memory's haze
Rise to view.
Every time I pass the mill,
And the school house on the hill,
Tender thoughts still come at will,
Sweet of you!

III.

Ah, those curling locks of jet
Must be snowy now, and yet,
I should know you if we met,
By your eyes.
Hazel brown, and frank, and true,
That could thrill me thro' and thro',
Ruddy lips just made to woo
Such a prize!

IV.

Well, I'm getting old I dare
Say, yet your sweet auburn hair
And black eyes forgotten ne'er,
Ne'er will be.
As you knit there all the time
Singing some remembered rhyme
Till the Dutch clock's merry chime
Calls to tea.

SAVED FROM THE TIGER.

His Friend Runs a Bayonet in the Brute Just in Time.

Only a few months ago, in India, in a certain planting district there was a notorious man-eater. Two gentlemen, A and B, residing together on an estate, had lost, besides other employees, two chowkebars, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the veranda of the bungalow. A and B, therefore, determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hope they might be able to get a shot at the man-eater, who, they thought, might probably return to the spot which had already provided him with two victims.

They proceeded to carry out this intention, and sat up till about two or three o'clock A. M., but nothing appeared. A then said that he should not stay up any longer, as he did not believe the animal would come; but B announced his intention of waiting half an hour longer by himself. There were large windows opening down to the floor of the veranda, and through one of these A retired, and after entering his room, had just closed the window, and was gazing out for an instant, when he saw a dark mass land in the veranda, right on to his friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle and a cry for help. Seizing his rifle, to which a sword bayonet was attached, and flinging up the window, he rushed out, in time to see B walking down the steps that lead up to the veranda alongside of the tiger, with his hand in the latter's mouth.

A was afraid to fire lest he should hit his friend, so, running after him, he, with admirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and, plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant fired. There were a roar and a scuffle, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling, died. B's hand was terribly mauled.—*London Court Journal.*

A CUBAN HOTEL.

Furniture and Arrangements That Are Curious to Strangers.

A Cuban hotel is a curiosity to strangers. The dining-rooms here face the street, and they are as open as though no wall separated them from it. The office counter and the writing table or writing room are at the end of the dining-room, and eating, writing and business go on inside of the same walls. This room, however, is a large square one, and there is no confusion. The dining tables are of all sizes, so that one can dine alone or a party of a dozen or more can eat their table d'hote together. As to decoration, the brightest of colors are used in the interior painting of the hotel, and in some room frescoes prevail. Red and sky blue are seen everywhere, and the floors of the chambers and halls are paved in marble and red tile. I write this letter in my bedroom. There is no plaster on the ceilings of these hotels, and the great rafters above me are as the bluest sky. The windows are almost as large as the side of the room, and they are kept open day and night. The bed is of iron, and the mattress was never made of feathers. A frame work extends on every Cuban bed, and we sleep in cages of coarse lace like that used for cheap curtains at home. Most of the Cuban beds have no mattresses. The sheets are stretched on wire springs, and General Brice told me he had great trouble because the sheet, which was not bigger than a napkin, would work out from under him, and leave his bare legs upon the naked wire. The rest of the woodwork of this room is as blue as the rafters and every room seems to have its own bright color.—*Havana Letter.*

His Feelings Had Changed.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel.

Second Gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir.

First G.—And I told you that I had just been married, and I did not care to risk my life at any such hazard!"

Second G. (haughtily)—I remember, sir.

First G. (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have undergone a change. Any time you want to fight let me know. Bon jour.—*Paris Figaro.*

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

LOVE IN THE ICY NORTH.

No stars shine o'er him till
He gains the door, but when
She steps upon its sill,
Twin orbs beam brightly then!

Though Wintry blasts and snow
Have stripped the garden bare,
Upon her cheeks still blow
The rose and lily fair.

Though he no grapes doth see,
And bare stands every vine,
Upon her lips still he
May sip the sweetest wine.

Though storm-winds icy cold
Rage wildly in their ire,
Her arms his form enfold—
He feels naught but love's fire.

—*From the Danish.*

THE WREATH OF LILIES.

A Posthumous Legend by Madame George Sand.

TRANSLATED BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

THE master said, let it be a wreath of ivy or laurel, but the pupil begged that it might be a wreath of lilies.

The laurel, he said, in his soft, silvery tones, never dies, and the ivy in dying takes upon itself beautiful colors—colors which seem a mockery at such a time. Of the three only the lily is ever pure and stainless, as the human soul should be; and, also, it is only the lily which fades, droops and decays in death, like the human body. And, so arguing, Bernardino won his desire of the great sculptor, Tornello.

Bernardino was born among the bleak Northern quarries where there is only the absence of art to make one think of art. There was nothing in his babyhood to compensate him for the dirt and debris of the quarries, and the incessant din and clatter of the drills, sledges and picks of the quarrymen but the few mean little vines and flowers which grew in out-of-the-way nooks and niches where the destroying havoc of the toilers did not wreak desolation. The other little folk of the quarries were as rough and coarse as those from whose loins they were sprung, and their boisterous noise hurt Bernardino even more than he was hurt by the noise of the quarrymen. They said and did things which pained and distressed him, and so he avoided them and was always apart by himself.

Loving the vines and flowers, which, with the bright sunlight and the ever-varying sky, were his sole pleasure and happiness, he began wondering if he could not shape their counterparts out of the fragments of stone which the quarrymaster condemned as worthless. At last he tried to cut a bit of marble into resemblance of a cluster of vine leaves. He had only a rude chisel which one of the iron workers had hammered out of a piece of broken drill, but he succeeded so well that it was very easy to guess what his intention had been. He was then but a lad of eight years, and yet he was already an unconscious worshiper at the shrine of beauty. In a few years more he had attained a fair degree of cleverness, so much so that he could no longer endure the drudgery of the quarries, where there was only noise and dirt and lewd jests and coarse swearing; so, one night, he stole

HE PLACED ONE HAND ON BERNARDINO.

softly away and walked on and on, never once stopping, except for an occasional bit of rest or to beg a chunk of brown bread and a cup of water, until he was safe in the City of Lilies. Once in Florence he was content, despite his absolute poverty. He knew that no one would ever come there who had known him in the quarries, and there was nothing else which he feared or dreaded.

When he fled from the mountains he had thought that all would be well with him if he could only reach Florence. Just how to put himself in a position of comfort he did not know. That there was a way he had no doubt, if he could only find it. He had never yet been confronted with failure, because he had never yet attempted anything beyond his easy reach. But to be young and hungry and alone in Florence, with no one to whom he could turn for bread, and with no trade by which he could earn bread, that was quite another matter. Still, since he had not yet learned that there was so grave and dreadful a thing as disappointment in the world, he, in his utter ignorance and unconsciousness of life, felt that he was ready to proceed by whatever pathway was opened to him, never dreaming but that some pathway would be opened to him.

His bright, handsome face, so young, innocent and delicate; his great, frank brown eyes, and long, jetty hair; his exquisite shape and graceful carriage, and, more than all, his divine smile and musical voice, won for him admiration and attention, and so made his way easier. No one refused him the little he wanted in the way of food and drink, and neither was he refused a place to sleep; but when he talked of sustaining himself by means of the little he knew about art they laughed at him. Not derisively, but good-naturedly and out of pity.

That, they told him, was the easiest of all ways of starving. To make art pay, they said, one must have a fortune to start with. Bernardino sighed. He had thought all along that art was enough. But to need a fortune at the outset, that was very hard.

"If you were only in Rome, now, instead of in Florence, you might, as helper to some sculptor, support yourself. There is no other way. But here in Florence even that is impossible," said an old wrinkled and grizzled dealer in bronzes and marbles.

"Altro!" cried a strong voice, in disgust, "Who dares speak such vile slander against Florence, the very mother of art! When has she ever denied her artists a living?"

"Tornello!" whispered the loungers in the shop, staring at the newcomer. "Tornello—the sculptor."

There was a blaze of mingled contempt and anger in Tornello's eyes and a curl of scorn on his lips. He did not wait for an answer, but placed one hand upon Bernardino's shoulder and looked straight into the boy's eyes, first wonderingly and then tenderly.

"Don't let them discourage you with their idle croaking," he said. "If you have any instinct of art, you need have no fear. What can you do?"

"I can cut leaves and flowers and vines out of stone, and can make them as much like life as those in the churches."

Tornello smiled, but restrained himself when he saw a tendency to laughter in those about him. The boy's frankness pleased him. It took him back to the sweet old days when he, too, had faith in himself.

"Come with me," he said, "and to-morrow you shall do some vines and leaves and flowers for me."

So they went away together.

"Make me a wreath out of this," said Tornello, touching a block of flawless marble. "Make me a wreath of either ivy or laurel."

But the boy, loving the lilies best, pleaded that his first work for Tornello might be fashioned after them. His entreaties prevailed and he had his way. Down in the meadows, along the Arno, he wandered, gathering great quantities of the lovely flowers which he held so dear. Carrying them home, he made the most perfect ones into a wreath, and then carefully studying them began the delightful task of reproducing them in stone. Tornello, deeming such a course best, left the boy to himself until his work was done.

Patiently, persistently, happily, Bernardino wrought, and one evening he asked Tornello to come and see what he had done.

Bernardino was still under sixteen, and it was less than eight years since he had first touched a chisel to a stone. In all that time he had had no teacher, no hint, no word of instruction. Neither had he seen any work of art in all his life until he came to Florence. In his childhood, when he had asked why the stone was quarried, they told him that some of it was made into palaces; and that some of it, also, was hewn for artists, who, with chisels, cut it into the shapes of the things around them which they thought loveliest. Some of these things which the artist made were exchanged for great fortunes, the quarrymen told him. And this little was all that he knew of art. The most beautiful shapes about him, in those bleak, comfortless mountains, were those of the vines and flowers, poor and mean as they were. So he began trying to reproduce them in castaway fragments of stone, with nothing to guide or direct him but intuition and exquisiteness of soul.

Knowing all this, Tornello doubted if the boy could do anything beyond crude chiselings, in which there might be some promise or lurking possibility of future achievement. And so, when he went to inspect Bernardino's wreath of lilies and found it a magnificent piece of art in which he saw nothing to criticise his surprise and amazement were boundless.

Catching the boy into his arms, he kissed him warmly and rapturously.

"You do by nature that which I have always striven to do by art," cried Tornello. "Call me master no longer. It is you who are master—not I. No one else in Italy could have done this thing so well. You have genius—unmistakable genius—the rarest gift God ever gives, and you will lead us all some day, unless some woman destroys you. No, you do not, cannot understand; but you will soon enough—much too soon. Bend all your thought, all your energies, upon your art—then all will be well with you. Go one step out of your course and all your future is lost to you—a future, too, like Michael Angelo's. Such as you are always in danger. While I live I will always try to keep you in safety; but think only of your art. That will ever be your surest safeguard."

DOWN IN THE MEADOWS HE WANDERED.

The two worked on together for the next four years in perfect happiness and content. Bernardino's fame spread until it eclipsed that of Tornello, whose pride and love for his protege increased with his days. The young artist was petted and courted upon every hand, but nothing but his beloved art seemed to have power to move him. The most cunning and artful devices of the most beautiful and charming women failed to wean him from his chisels. His workshop was more to him than the finest salon in Italy, and in his heart there was only love for Tornello and the art which they were both seeking to glorify.

One night, in a dream, a woman came to Bernardino—a woman of the rarest beauty.

"Go, once more," she said, "to the bleak Northern quarries whence you came here. On the highest of all the hills is a block of stone, which hangs in a cleft in the rocks. In it my body is imprisoned. I am the Queen of the Lilies—the spirit presiding over the flowers which you most love. Liberate me. Bring the block of stone here in the City of Lilies, here in the heart of my once imperial kingdom. Set me free and I will reward you. Whatever you will shall be yours."

Believing in his dream, he went back northward to the detested quarries, whence he had fled five years before. In the dome of the highest hill was a deep narrow cleft, which looked as if it had been chopped into the hard stone by a blow from some great ax. In this cleft, exactly as he had dreamed, hung a block of stone. The workmen removed it for Bernardino, and he had it sent to Florence and taken to his studio.

Not until then did he tell Tornello his dream. The old artist smiled.

"If it has any significance at all," he said, "the dream means that you are to shape this block of marble into the semblance of a beautiful woman, who is to be so immortalized as the Queen of the Lilies. I would not, though, if I were you, set much store by the dream; they are of strange fabric. Sometimes one has good cause for thinking that they have value. At other times we have still better reasons for believing otherwise. One never can settle upon the things of so invisible a kingdom."

Bernardino made the marble block into a half nude statue without a model or anything else to guide him but his recollection of the woman of his dream. The face was spiritually fine and subtle, but the form, though dainty in its extremities, was voluptuously round otherwise. There was something, though, so pure, sweet and modest about it that it suggested the lilies to those who saw it before they were acquainted with the young artist's intention.

All Florence united in pronouncing it a great creation, and all the country rang with Bernardino's praises. No one greeted him with warmer applause than Tornello, his master.

"Now, dear," he said, "I am content. Every possible temptation has been thrust upon you, and you have resisted them all. Even praise has not spoiled you. You are safe—safe from the harm of women—safe from everything which could do you hurt. No man who lives can call you second to him. You are foremost in art as well as foremost in virtue."

At that very moment in a Roman wine room, through whose open windows could be seen the yellow Tiber, another great artist was dining. He had just come down from Florence, where he had been, with many others, to see Bernardino's statue of the lily queen. As he was finishing his dinner his wine was brought him by a young woman, at sight of whom the artist sprang to his feet with a loud cry of surprise.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, when he could get his breath.

"What ails you?" cried the woman; "are you ill? You look at me as if you thought I had the plague."

"Who are you?" he repeated.

"Only a wanton," she answered, scowling and shrugging her shoulders. "But what of that? There are plenty who are worse than I."

The artist sighed.

"You are exactly like Bernardino's statue. Were you his model? You and his lily queen could not be more alike, in face and figure, were you both cut from the same block."

The woman moved swiftly away, with a strange light in her eyes. When the artist next went to that wine room she was gone.

In the next three months all that humanity can devise for the honoring of a favored one was done for Bernardino. And he bore it all with the modesty and simplicity which had marked his first utterance to Tornello. One night, at an artist's frolic in the young man's studio, they proposed crowning him with a laurel wreath.

"No," said Tornello, "let it be a lily wreath instead."

"How can we?" cried a yellow-haired Saxon, a painter of exquisite portraits. "This is not the lily season."

"It is always the lily season here," answered Tornello, bringing out the wreath of lilies which was the first of Bernardino's work that he ever saw. "You can crown him with lilies—you can crown him with this. It is the work of his own hands, and it is so light and perfect that it will well become the brow of its creator."

The Saxon and the others caught up the wreath, but Bernardino took it from their hands and placed it at the feet of his wonderful statue.

"Let it lie there, rather," he said, with the merry laugh of a contented boy. "Behold! My very earliest, and my very latest, work in Florence!"

Tornello shuddered.

HE RAISED HER BEAUTIFUL HAND TO HIS LIPS.

"What is it?" asked Bernardino, stepping forward and taking the master by the hands.

"I scarcely know. There was a chill in my marrow when you spoke then, as if you were moved by the spirit of prophecy."

The next morning, when Bernardino entered the studio, the marble woman, the now famous Queen of the Lilies, seemed to smile down upon him from her pedestal. A second glance disclosed to him that her hair, eyes and lips, all of which had been colorless marble the night before, were now full of the color of life. He touched her hand, and her fingers, all warm and trembling, closed over his. Thrilled and stirred, in a way that was new and bewildering to him, he raised her beautiful hand to his lips. Then the woman stepped down from the pedestal and knelt at his feet. The wreath of lilies caught in her drapery, and, falling as she knelt, was broken in two. Her fingers were still clasped about his hand, and pulling him forward until his face was on a level with hers she raised her lips and kissed him.

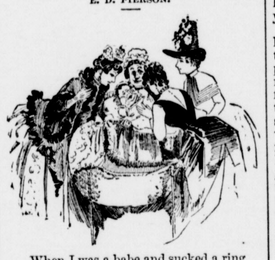
"I am the lily queen," she said. "She who came to you in a dream, imploring you to release her from the marble block which held her imprisoned in the Northern mountains. You have made me a woman once more, and, as a reward, I am all yours."

He believed her, and they were married. Many who saw her also believed, but many more doubted. At last all but Tornello swore that she was only the lovely wanton from the Roman wine room, who made a ladder of Bernardino's fancy by which she climbed into better life. Tornello never would believe this and Bernardino never knew that it was said. Yet, when he met her, all his art died within him and love came in its place.

Years afterward, when he was dead, they placed his broken wreath of lilies on his tomb.

UNFAIR.

E. D. PIERSON.



When I was a babe and sucked a ring
And held no views on anything,
Except of course of the lacteal spring,
Which kept me occupied,
It seemed to be the girls' delight
To kiss me morning, noon and night,
My nose they made a perfect fright,
And how I howled and cried!

Now I have grown to man's estate,
Behold the irony of fate!
No maiden tries to dislocate
That Roman nose again;
Ano strangely shy is every miss,
Though I'd appreciate the bliss
And value every hearty kiss
They wasted on me.

The Royal Family of Gypsies.

The royal family of American Gypsies is encamped on the falls of the Ohio about two miles below Louisville. It is composed of twenty persons, who occupy five small white tents, which are pitched in a beautiful little valley adjoining the river, with five gaudily painted wagons drawn around. The women of the party are six in number, but the recently elected Queen, Matilda Stanley, is on a trip through Texas. The old King is Sugar Stanley. He has reigned for twenty-eight years. He has no authority, that being monopolized by the Queen, who regulates all the actions of the tribe. The Stanley family have ruled every since 1859, and the Queen is always chosen from among them, although the crown is not inherited, as many suppose. The last Queen was Saine Stanley, who died a year ago in Mississippi, and after the funeral the present one was nominated at Dayton, O. The family is very wealthy.

Billy Florence's Railroad Pass.

Florence, the actor, has for a number of years enjoyed the high privilege of possessing and rarely using annual pass No. 93 over Mr. Carson's road. He received a circular the other day asking for its return, because of the interstate commerce law. This was his reply to the circular:

Oh, ninety-three!
Oh, ninety-three!
A long farewell, dear pass, to thee.
You go from me
To J. B. C.
My first, my only, deadhead P.

And now, my dear old friend J. B.,
When in after years you see
The pass you kindly sent to me,
Just drop a tear for poor Billie,
And cuss the man who passed the B.

—*New York Tribune.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Omaha Boy—Say, sis, you know Mr. Nicefellow begged your pardon for steppin' on your dress an' tearin' a big hole in it?

Omaha Miss—Well, what of it?

"An' you said it didn't matter a bit, an' you was glad of it?"

"Yes."

"'Cause you liked to sew, an' you didn't know what you'd do with yourself if you hadn't anything to mend?"

"Well, what of it, I say?"

"It wasn't Mr. Nicefellow that stepped on your dress. It was me."

"Oh! you horrid, awkward little wretch. I'll skin you alive."—*Omaha Herald.*

Thrifty Colored Men.

The Jacksonville *Southern Leader*, a pape published by colored men, says that the 150,000 colored citizens of Florida own property to the value of about $2,000,000.

Wilbur Voted Aye.

Everybody in Dakota knows Wilbur F. Steele. He was a member of the Legislature from Steele county. There is an incident in Steele's legislative career that goes very far to show his characteristic regard for his wife. He has one fault however: He takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. On the occason in question the woman suffrage bill was before the House. Major Pickley was championing the cause of the fair sex in eloquent words when a call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes and commenced:

"Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but—"

At that moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed:

"W-i-l-b-u-r!"

He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."

The lady was Steele's wife.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Good Tea that shall always be the same in flavor and strength is hard to get.

This advertisement is an attempt to explain and introduce such a Tea. Whether it is honest, or otherwise, the reader must judge.

Martin Gillet & Co., who pay for this advertisement, are an old firm, having been engaged in the China trade since the establishment of the house, in 1811. You who read this may, or may not, believe it; but it is a fact, and one which you can verify.

Martin Gillet & Co. believe that the house that, knowing how to get good tea, does get it, and then offers it to the people at a fair price, may expect a rich reward will await them, when the people find out that they are honestly telling the truth. But, to secure this profit, some simple way of identifying the tea to the public must be adopted, so that all may recognize it; and this is why the little symbol "He-No" is adopted and given as a name to the tea. It means nothing, and it is simply a trade-mark to further enable the purchasers to know they are getting the tea that this advertisement is about It is packed in paper bags, of which the cut at the head of this advertisement is a fac-simile.

NOW, WHAT IS HE-NO TEA?

Simply a Pure Tea of natural flavor, made not to look nice, but to drink well. It is the choicest quality of leaf to be had, in an absolutely natural condition; that is, without artificial coloring or other manipulation.

If your grocer or storekeeper is a live dealer he can supply you with this tea at the rate of 75 cents per pound, and make a fair profit. If he should decline to do so, and you desire to try the tea, a sample pound package will be sent to you on receipt of 75 cents in postage stamps or otherwise; a sample half-pound package on receipt of 40 cents; a sample quarter-pound package on receipt of 20 cents. Our object in doing this is to get you to like the tea so well that you will induce your grocer to keep the tea in stock. We may be unknown to you, and you may hesitate to send the money by mail. We therefore call your attention to the extracts below, which may serve as a confidence.

From the Baltimore *Sun*, the oldest journal of the State, and one you cannot buy a "puff" from at any price, and whose publisher, the venerable A. S. Abell, Esq., is the richest journalist in the world, March 5, 1887:

"We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Martin Gillet & Co. in another column. Their claim for the superior excellence of the new He-No Tea of 1887 is founded on fact, and it is creditable to the enterprise of this firm that they have extended the tea trade of our city from a purely local demand to one extending all over the South and West."

The "Annual" of the B. & O. R. R. for 1887, which has established such a wide reputation, in speaking of Martin Gillet & Co., says: "This house was established by the grandfather of the present members in 1811. It has always been engaged in the tea business, and has passed through every panic for the past three-quarters of a century, and never asked or received an extension. The style of the firm, meantime, has never been changed. Among the old customers of the house were Robert Garrett & Sons, as well as Johns Hopkins & Co. Five years ago the tea trade of Baltimore was purely local. The Baltimore freight department say that they have received from Mrtin Gillet & Co. in the past two years more He-No Tea for shipment to one point (St. Louis) than they have forwarded from Baltimore to same point for the previous twenty years. The firm is progressive. The He-No Tea which they advertise is a pioneer and an educator—the first attempt to introduce in this country teas in the natural condition, as they are used in China."

Remember, Martin Gillet & Co. do not retail a pound; they are strictly importers, and only adopt this method of introducing the tea. Regular supplies must be obtained in the regular way in which families get their groceries.

Address MARTIN GILLET & CO., Baltimore, Md.

NO MORE
WHITEWASHING
WHEN
Plastic Paint
CAN BE HAD SO CHEAP.

Send for pamphlet and color card and learn its merits.

MAXWELL, HAZLETT & CO.
25 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.
Otsego and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Wall Paper.

GEORGE A. WINGERT,
DRUGGIST,
FROSTBURG, MD.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils
DYE-STUFFS, FINE TOILET NOTIONS.
PAPER HANGINGS. An Endless Variety of Pretty Patterns.
WINDOW GLASS--All Sizes.
Prescriptions promptly and accurately compounded.
BEALL'S BLOCK, FROSTBURG, MD.

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

CLAYTON PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frostburg, Md.
Office, W. L. Annan's Book Store.

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND.
BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office No. 4 Washington street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat AND 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.

Groceries.

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.
21 FRANK C. BEALL.

Hotels.

SIMS HOUSE
PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad),
WEST VIRGINIA.
J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

Meat Store.

Fresh Meat.
THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,
Cor. Broadway and Mechanic st.
ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
STOCK OF MEATS,
FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
RICHARD M. WILDERMAN.

To Travelers.

Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates.
Least Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
21 FROSTBURG, MD.

Insurance.

--FIRE--
INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIRE INSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS
Doing business in this country
—THE—
Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.
Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
FROSTBURG, MD.
who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
D. P. MILLER,
29 Cumberland, Md.