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THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles! they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

WHILE THE TIDE CAME SLOWLY.

In the course of a long life spent aboard ship, before the mast, as mate and as commander, I have seen many things which are full of interest; but, in all my cruising here and there, I never came nearer losing the number of my mess than once in the Sandwich Islands. The natives are set down by travelers as the most artless, confiding creatures on the face of the earth, but as for me, I rate them, as a rule, as the biggest rascals and liars the world has ever seen. This time I speak of, the bark Connecticut had run into Honolulu from a whaling voyage, and, as the old man had nearly racked the sticks out of her in the North Pacific, he made up his mind that it wouldn't do to go to sea again without new topmasts, and while he was about it, he thought it just as well to give the carpenters a chance to give her a thorough overhauling, and as I had nothing better to do I thought I'd get a boat and run over to the other island, and see a part of the country a whaler never gets a chance at, for the reason that everything we have to get can be found at Honolulu, and I never came down yet to sailing in a trader among the islanders.

I was a young chap then, and, like all tars, a pretty face would play the devil with me, and I was sweet on a little Kanaka girl who used to come to the ship with bread-fruit. She was a beauty, "brown, but comely," as the saying is, with melting brown eyes, and lips that seemed just made for kisses. I reckon I got up a pretty lively flirtation with her, and it didn't seem to suit a big Kanaka who sometimes came in the canoe with her. Jim Remsen noticed it, and spoke to me.

"See here, Jack," he said, "I know I'm regularly in the line of promotion, and if you was to slip out I'd be second mate of this barky, but I don't want it bad enough to let that big Kanaka slip a knife under your short ribs. He'll do it, sure, if you fool around that pretty girl too much."

I looked the Kanaka over as Jim pointed him out, and a murderous, hang-dog looking scoundrel he was, too. He'd been in some fight and got a cut across the nose, and it didn't add to his beauty worth a cent.

But, as I say, I was a young fellow then, and pretty confident I could whale any Kanaka on the islands, and I didn't pay much attention; so just to rile the Kanaka the next time I was ashore I took a handsome string of beads and gave them to the girl right before the Kanaka. She put them on, and was admiring them like the child she was, when Kaloola, the Kanaka, ran up, snatched them from her neck and trampled them under his feet. Of course I knocked him down on the spot, but he came at me with a big knife; so I lent him a kick in his bread-fruit department that doubled him up like a jack-knife.

Then I got the knife away from him and went for him in a way that he must have despised, and when I got through he looked as if he had been run through a threshing machine.

Luta was wild while it was going on, and when I had polished him off she ran to me and caught my arm.

"Jack, go away!" she cried, in her pretty broken English. "Never see Luta again; come no more to Honolulu, or Kaloola he kill."

I tried to persuade her that I didn't care for the brown old cuss, but it was no use, and I think she was glad when I hired a Kanaka next day to take me over to the other island.

We went in one of the native boats, and I tell you they are flyers.

I don't think I ever enjoyed a run so much, and I was half tempted to say I'd cut sailing, take little Luta for a wife, and settle down to peace and laziness among the Kanakas.

Two or three times on the run over I sighted two other canoes, bound the same way we were, one quite a little astern of the other.

We landed at a native *Merai Poh*, and while my Kanaka was rubbing noses with his friends, and generally enjoying himself, I took a walk along the sandy beach, and did not stop until I had made two or three miles.

Then I sat down under a palm tree on the beach and lit my pipe, while I looked out across the sunny sea.

It was a pleasant picture, too. From where I sat I could see the native village, its white huts, embowered in vine and leaf, with the tappa-clothed women running about among the dwellings.

Perhaps a mile away, upon a sandy beach, a number of native women were bathing, and it was delightful to see the grace with which they passed through the waves breaking on the coral reefs, ducking and diving like mermaids, their merry laughter coming to me even at that distance.

Looking at this pleasant picture, I forgot the lapse of time, and nearly two hours passed.

Suddenly I heard a step and half turned to see who was coming, when a crashing blow fell on my head and I lost my senses.

When I came to myself I was in a boat, lying on my back, hands and feet bound, and a gag in my mouth.

Twisting my head so that I could see, what was my horror to see the ruffian Kaloola sitting in the stern, handling the sheets, while he looked at me with a glance which meant no mercy.

"Strike Kalooka, ha; talk to Luta and give her shining beads to steal her heart? The white sailor shall die."

I never felt smaller or meaner in my life.

It wasn't possible for a man to shrink into smaller compass than I did as I realized that I had so underrated the Kanaka.

He had seen me leave Honolulu and followed in his canoe with the express intention of taking vengeance on me.

If I could have spoken, if only to give him back curses, I would have felt better; but the gag in my mouth prevented me from uttering a sound.

I'd have given five years of my life to have my hands free, but though I writhed and struggled it was useless; I was too strongly bound.

"Oh, ha!" hissed the Kanaka. "You white man pretty mad, but you die just the same. You bit Kanaka before Luta; you make him seem a dog in her eyes because you are strong. But Kaloola is a warrior, and his vengeance will be terrible."

He turned the head of the canoe into a sheltered bay, and ran her up on the beach. Then he lifted me out and laid me on the sand, still bound, and hurried into the bushes.

When he came back he had four pointed stakes, two of which he drove deep into the sand, and attached a strong, green withe to each.

Then he dragged me to them, and made both wrists fast to the stake, and left me helpless.

Further down toward the water he drove two other stakes, and made my feet fast, and I lay on my back, my feet already lapped by the rising waves.

Making sure that the bands were too firm for me to unloose, the villain came and stood above me, looking at me with a grim smile.

"The tide is coming up," he muttered. "You will die slowly, but your death is sure. Never will you make a dog of Kaloola again."

Then I understood my fate.

He meant to leave me there in that solitude while the tide came slowly up, and I must lie and wait for my death until the salt waves covered me.

I don't think I am more a coward than any other man, but the thought of such a death was maddening.

I struggled with my bonds, but only succeeded in drawing the ligatures tighter on my wrists and ankles.

Kaloola seated himself upon the bank above my head, and sat intently watching, now and then uttering a sneering laugh as the cruel waves crept slowly up.

It was terrible to think that he sat there, relentless as fate, while the salt waves covered my feet and crept slowly up toward my waist.

The scoundrel had raised my head high, so as to prolong the agony of this horrible death, and his brutal chuckle, from time to time, drove me nearly mad.

Still the sea rose.

Each wave, as it dashed upon the beach, came higher on my body.

I have read somewhere since that time—in a book called "The Toilers of the Sea"—how a man sat on a rock while the ship which carried away his love vanished in the distance, while the water rose and rose till it engulfed him. He was bound to his place by despair; but to him death was nothing.

To me, if I must own it, my chief feeling was rage that I had allowed myself to be entrapped by this vile Kanaka.

Still the water rose.

It lapped my waist in its cool folds, it rose on my breast, it reached my neck, and I knew the end was near.

Who can imagine my sensations as the first wave touched my face? Like any true sailor, I did not fear drowning so much, but to die bound! It was terrible!

A wave dashed over my face, and I merely held my breath until it passed back, and Kaloola uttered a wild yell of delight, for he had been patiently waiting for this.

"Ha," he screamed; "when you are dead, I will bring Luta, and let her see your face. Death is very near."

I gave it up now, for each wave that dashed over me came higher and higher. All at once I heard an angry cry and a dull thud, and the next moment a little figure sprang to my side and cut the ligatures on my wrists and ankles. It was Luta, who had suspected that this murderous dog meant mischief, and had followed him in her canoe.

She had been near when he struck me down and placed me in the boat, and instantly ran to the village for help. Being more fleet of foot than the others, she had reached the spot first, and, rendered desperate by the thought that I was drowning, caught up a heavy bunch of coral from the bank and struck him down.

Others came running up from the village just as Kaloola bounded up, and swinging a great club, struck full at my head.

Luta ran between us and received the blow on her temple. Then I think I went mad for a moment as I sprang upon the murderer, and when my clutch on his throat relaxed the villain would never do mischief again.

But Luta was dead.

I don't like to dwell upon it. We made her grave under the towering palms, where the sea winds sang her requiem.

But nothing purer or nobler ever entered into rest than this simple South Sea maid, who gave her life for me

THE MANY VIRTUES OF SALT.

WHEN you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

SPRINKLING salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up and down.

FOR relief for heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

INK stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

IN a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

FOR stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water.

FOR weeds in pavement or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water; put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too.

THE very simple remedy of common salt has cured many cases of fever and ague. A teaspoonful taken in water, and a teaspoonful deposited in each stocking, next to the foot, as the chill is coming on. This comprises the whole of the treatment.

IF a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all the windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

A Dentist's Monument.

They have just put up an epitaph in one of the London cemeteries which equals in pith and exactitude anything of the olden time. Over the grave of a dentist there run the lines:

"View this gravestone with all gravity,
J—— is filling his last cavity."

Laying in a Supply.

Young Featherly—Do you know, Bobby, that I am coming to your house for dinner to-morrow?

Bobby—Oh, yes, I heard ma say so when she told pa to order the turkey. She said he had better get the biggest one he could find.—*New York Sun.*

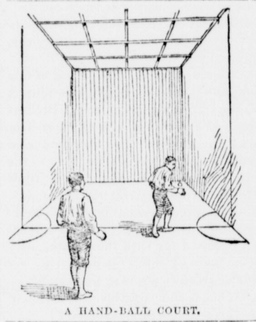
AN EXCITING SPORT.

The Irish National Game of Hand-Ball, and How It Is Played.

Detailed Description of a Pastime Which Is Growing Popular in America.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

Not a little interest has been aroused recently in a sport that, although considerably in vogue in various parts of the country, is not much known to the general public. It is the old-fashioned game of hand-ball. This sport originated in Ireland, and by many people there it is considered the national game. In fact, it comes as near to recognition as such as base-ball does in America. It is in one sense a very simple game, and yet it seems to require a peculiar skill of its own and a great deal of endurance for playing it properly. It is also worthy of being placed in the rank of recognized sports, if for no other reason than that it has its own code of rules and its own peculiar arrangements for playing the game—that is, as the base-ball field has to have its diamond marked on the turf, and billiards is played upon a regulation table, so hand-ball has its regulation court, without which no game can be considered complete. A game that is slightly suggestive of hand-ball is played by all boys in the country, and

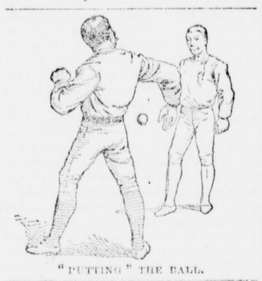


A HAND-BALL COURT.

is known as barn-ball. In this sport the ball is thrown up against the side of the house or barn, as the case may be, and is caught or batted back on the rebound by the opposite player. This is the primary principle of hand-ball, but in the regulation game the wall against which the ball is first thrown is supplemented by side walls. In fact, the game, when played as it should be, is entirely within doors.

In many of the educational institutions of this country, particularly those under Catholic influence, a hand-ball court is one of the features of the gymnasium. But it is usually constructed in those cases out of doors, so that there is no roof and generally only partial side walls. In the indoor court the side walls usually are triangular in shape, the apex of the triangle being at the point where the side wall joins the front or objective wall of the game. Although this arrangement admits of a deal of exercise and skill in play, it does not make it possible to play the complete game.

The game may be played with two, four, or six players. There are some alleys made which are large enough to admit comfortably of an eight-handed game, and most of them are so large that ordinary players find a two-handed game very fatiguing. In fact, it was demonstrated in the championship matches that endurance is one of the most important requisites for success in the two-handed game. When there are two or more players on a side each one has his specific part of the court to cover, but when there is only one he has to dance about from one side to the other, wherever the ball may go. And as it is his opponent's aim to make him



"PUTTING" THE BALL.

dance as much as possible, it naturally follows that he has every opportunity for getting fatigued. Ordinary players consider that a six-handed game, that is, three on a side, is the best for the sport. However, the general principle of playing is the same, whether two or eight players take part.

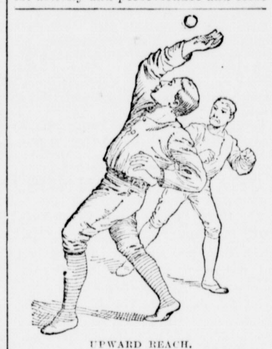
A line drawn across the court separates the sides and serves as a basis for scoring. A general idea of how the game is played may be given briefly. Lots are cast in some form or other for the choice of sides, and the man who gets the "in" (so called) takes a position in front of this line. The other stands back of it. When the game is to begin, the player who is on the "in" side takes the ball in hand and throws it sharply down upon the pavement. As it rises upon the rebound, he bats it with the palm of his hand against the front wall. His object is to make the ball bound back and strike outside the line which has been referred to. His opponent has to take the ball as it comes to him and strike it back again against the front wall. If the first player fails to make the ball fall beyond the line crossing the alley it scores one for his opponent, and if his opponent in getting his ball at that side of the line fails to send it back against the wall, he loses a point. Thirty-one points of this kind ordinarily constitute a game. The time required to play the thirty-one points varies of course with the skill of the players. For on the principle, as in lawn tennis, that the only scoring is done on failure to make the correct play, good players may continue to play for an indefinite time. A half hour is a long game, even for good players, and is quite sufficient to wind them thoroughly. The ball that is used in this game is an inch or a little more in diameter and is covered with chamois or pig-skin. The cover has to be stoutly stitched, or the ball will soon rip. It is always necessary to get a ball of medium weight and elasticity. A bound of fourteen inches from a fall of fifteen or twenty feet is about right

DOWNWARD REACH.

for elasticity. In alleys where amateurs practice there are sometimes more lines drawn upon the floor of the court than in the regulation court. This permits of grading the game according to the strength of the players, so that instead of having a line twenty-five feet from the front wall as a basis for marking, there may be a line twenty, or eighteen or even fifteen used. So that men who are not accustomed to the game may yet be able to "put" the ball, as the phrase is, properly.

Lawlor, the Irish champion, practiced daily at the Murray Hill Court after his arrival in America. There the writer found him one morning, engaged in his exercise, and talked with him about the game.

"This game," said Mr. Lawlor, "is so simple in its rules that those who have not seen a contest, or who have not played it, may think it a silly and rather tame sport, but it is quite a different thing from simply knocking the ball up against a brick wall. Those who know the game are aware of the qualities which it brings into play. Agility, good wind, quick running, and skillful movements of the hands which frequently have to be decided in the flash of an eye, are necessary for a good hand-ball player. After a sharp game of half an hour or forty minutes, the player will generally find himself in a state of profuse perspiration and of considerable exhaustion. The beauty of the game is that there is no letting up from beginning to end. Where there are only two players, as is the case in nearly all expert matches, the ball is driven in every direction, and it takes the greatest activity and perseverance and close



UPWARD REACH.

watching to do one's proper work. As an exercise, it calls every part of the body into play. The ball must be taken now with the right hand, now with the left, or it may be necessary for the player to throw himself on the palm of his hand to get a low ball, or reach as far as possible to one side or the other, to succeed in batting it. Sometimes, too, the player is obliged to spring into the air and strike at the ball as it is passing over his head. When an opponent has the ball near the wall, it is impossible to tell what he will do with it, whether he will barely 'put' it, or whether he will strike it a rousing blow that will send it a good distance. Generally one player on a side attends to out-play, and one to the in-play, when the game is more than single-handed. Sometimes a line is drawn along the wall about fifteen inches from the floor, and any ball which strikes within that gives a score to the opponent. There is considerable difference of styles in the play. The best player stands sidewise and brings the hand, with the palm open and slightly curved, to the hip, and very near the body, and strikes the ball there. It is not so easy to secure a good form and force in this, one of the most graceful methods of driving balls. Where the line is not drawn requiring the ball to be struck at a certain height, some expert players can send in a 'nailer' or 'dead nailer,' in the slang phrase of the game; that is, one ball gets in and

A REACH THAT FAILED.

strikes the wall on the lowest brick, so that it is sent out without any bounds at all, and cannot possibly be taken, no matter what skill or activity may be possessed by the opponent. A player who can deliver this sort of stroke has a strong point in his favor, as it does not afford any opportunity for good play on the part of his opponent. Sometimes a tricky player will drive the ball against the side of the alley, so that it ricochets or caroms onto the main wall. This brings it back at an angle which is unexpected, and the ball usually bounds very near the wall, so that the opponent is very often caught. In this kind of play it becomes very necessary to have the sides of the alley fairly smooth, for a slight inequality in the surface may cause the ball to bound in a most unexpected angle after it has struck it, a feature of the play as embarrassing to one side as the other. The wall should be in such a condition, therefore, that the player can determine with fair accuracy what sort of a carom the ball will take. It is almost as important a feature as a good rail on a billiard table. If the enjoyment, the steady excitement, the judgment, the quickness of action, and supple exercise of all the members of the body this fascinating game presents were better known, it would certainly enjoy a favor which it does not seem to have at present in this country. It is a manly game, and calls for all the mental and physical qualities which a true game ought to demand. There is nothing of the delicate, bovish work in it which may be imagined by those who are ignorant of its requirements. Many floors of courts are made of hard earth rolled and pounded very smooth. One objection to this kind of floor, if it is an outside court, is that it takes a very long time for it to get into condition for playing after a rain. When the floor is laid in asphalt there is one objection, inasmuch as a player having to stop suddenly after a sharp run is very likely to slip and get a bad scrape at least, or give his clothes rather rough usage. With a good team of players, a smooth, hard alley, and a ball of the right weight and elasticity, hand-ball will give a fellow half an hour of the most healthful and enjoyable exercise. There is no reason why it should not be introduced into every college and everywhere that space enough can be secured for an alley. Probably one of the chief reasons why it does not flourish better in large cities is because it needs room, and space is too valuable to be given to an alley.

"There is no especial training required for becoming a hand-ball player except practice at the game. For any one wanting to develop his lungs, there can be no better exercise than hand ball. It is fully as good as long-distance running for this purpose, and better as a general exercise, because it calls into play the arms almost as much as the legs, and because the whole body is brought into action by the demands of the game."

What Is Refinement?

One hears much talk of this desirable quality nowadays, but the idea of it is often very vague. What is refinement?

We are not of those who think that it consists of a studied quietness of dress and manner. Some very refined people dress shockingly, and they even have quite loud voices, and yet their good breeding is patent to all the world.

We once met a whole family of delicate ladies at a fashionable summer resort on the banks of the Hudson whose idea of refinement was languor and ill-health. They thought it was just too vulgar to be healty and strong; quite too mannish, indeed, in a lady!

Among some people size is thought to have a good deal to do with refinement. It is unrefined to be large, gross to be fat, coarse to have weight, and monstrous to have prominent features. A large neck, large cheeks or lips are especially opposed to all refinement.

Now, little people are certainly very cunning, very curious, but we cannot all be fairies—nor do we wish it. Only fancy a whole world of these little creatures! Why, even trade would languish. Smaller quantities of everything would be needed, from cloth and flannel all the way down to oysters and buckwheat cakes. No, large people are necessary to keep the world moving.

We once knew of a fashionable lady who liked her clergyman because he preached such refined sermons. When a distinguished literary man died recently, we were told he was not a refined person. Well, perhaps he was not, but he was so distinguished in other ways that really we had not thought of his refinement. We would just as soon have asked whether St. Paul was a refined man, or whether Isaiah went to ancient Babylon to acquire "good form," as some persons go to London now for that purpose.

There are some people who are always trying to be refined. Like Rosamond in "Middlemarch," they have so trained themselves that by the help of nice clothes, a sweet voice, and a placid demeanor, they appear outwardly to be refined.

There are, we believe, many people in a very humble station in life who are truly refined in their feelings who are yet quite unpolished outwardly. Their hearts are right; they have the consideration for others which is the very basis of refinement.

There are also others in good society whose natural sweetness of disposition constantly shows itself in kind and gentle words and deeds toward all. No effort is needed on their part to be courteous and amiable, for they feel so, and naturally their outward manners are but the reflex of that which is within. Such persons are charming; they like everybody and everybody likes them. We all know a few such, and are thankful.

The chief desideratum appears to be a good heart. If we truly love our neighbors we cannot fail to be kind and sweet to them. And if we are indifferent, all the care we take of our manners, all our studied refinement, all our stylish conversation will be as dust and ashes.—*Home Journal.*

A Modest Claim.

In the negotiations made some years ago by the English Government for a loan of $80,000,000 the successful contractors were the Messrs. Rothschild. In paying the first deposit toward this amount to the Government the check they drew was for the sum of $6,000,000. This was probably the largest check ever drawn by a private banking house.

Ranching in South America.

In 1885 there were forty-one million sheep in the United States, seventy-two millions in Australia, and one hundred millions in the Argentine Republic. We have two-thirds of a sheep to every inhabitant; in the Argentine Republic there are twenty-five sheep, and in Uruguay forty sheep, to every man, woman and child. We have forty millions of horned cattle to a population of sixty millions; the Argentine Republic and Uruguay have thirty-eight millions of cattle to a population of four and a half millions. In Uruguay, with a population of five hundred thousand souls, there are eight millions of cattle, twenty millions of sheep, two million horses, or sixty head of stock for each man, woman and child. Fifteen million dollars has been invested in wire fences in Uruguay alone, and more than twice as much in the Argentine Republic. In either of the countries a cow can be bought for five dollars, a steer fattened for the market for ten or twelve dollars, a pair of oxen for twenty-five dollars, a sheep for fifty or sixty cents, an ordinary working-horse for eight or ten dollars, and a roadster for twenty-five, a mule for fifteen dollars, and a mare for whatever her hide will bring. Mares are never broken to saddle or harness, but are allowed to run wild in the pastures from the time they are foaled till they cease to be of value for breeding, when they are driven to the *saladeros*, or slaughter-houses, and killed for their hides. A man who would use a mare under the saddle or before a wagon would be considered of unsound mind. There is a superstition against it.—*William E. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE wearing of false hair was introduced in England from France in 1752. The practice was introduced into the latter country from Italy, where it originated.

HUMOR.

A WHISKY punch resembles an English waitress when it is bar-made.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is when a schoolboy puts an end to the word love that the spell begins to work.—*Texas Siftings.*

A ship with salt last week went down,
The sea did crave it.
Ah, when the sea desires its own,
Salt will not save it!—*Puck.*

IT is well that some people study carefully the laws of punctuation. They ought to have some point to what they write.—*Summerville Journal.*

AN exchange says that Gettysburg is becoming a summer resort. So it was in 1863, but it was much warmer then.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"THERE's a waiter in your hotel that I never saw take a tip," said a patron of an up-town caravansary. "Indeed! which one was it?" "The dumb-waiter."

"WHAT wonderful patience those fishermen have!" exclaimed an idler to a passing friend. "Here I have been watching that fellow for three whole hours, and he hasn't yet had a bite."

"WHAT a queer fellow you are, Charley—so close about your own affairs; I don't believe you ever talk about yourself." "No; fact is, I don't like to meddle with other people's business."—*Boston Transcript.*

"IN our civilization," said a pretentious painter, "there is nothing we need more than art critics." "I don't know that we need them now," some one replied, "but we may need them after a while." "When, sir?" "After we have artists."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

GUEST at country tavern—"Have you any cheese, landlord?" Landlord—"Not a bit in the house, sir." Guest—"Not even a little piece?" Landlord—"By gum, there is, come to think! Here, Pete, run down cellar and fetch up that rat trap."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HUMPBACK met a malicious one-eyed neighbor. "Ah," said the latter, "you have your load on your back early this morning." "Yes," responded the humpback, looking intently at the one-eyed man, "it must be rather early. I see you have only got one eye open."—*Texas Siftings.*

JACK—You are not looking well, Brownley. Young Brownley (a sensitive plant)—No, dear boy; I caught cold while eating some Schweitzerkase last night. Jack—How could a piece of Schweitzerkase give you a cold? Young Brownley—Why, a stwong dwaught came thwough the holes, don't cher know.

SMITH—You look a little mussed up, Brown. Brown—I should say so! I've just had a row with my mother-in-law, and I'll be hanged if she didn't put me out of the house. The house belongs to her, you know. Smith—You told me a day or two ago that your mother-in-law was very feeble. Brown—Yes, I meant feeble for her.

MRS. MUGGS—Muggs, you are a wretch. Mr. Muggs—Why, why, my dear; what—— Mrs. Muggs—Don't dear me, villain. Didn't you tell me that a type-writer was a machine? Mr. Muggs—And so it is. Mrs. Muggs—Indeed? Then why did Mrs. Wilkins say that your type-writer had beautiful blonde hair?—*Omaha Herald.*

MR. MATTERFACT (to his late partner's widow)—O! yes, indeed, ma'am, a finer and more obliging gentleman never lived; and oh! ma'am (sympathetically), if you could only feel that he died just at the right time! Indeed, ma'am, the butter business has fallen off a sight lately, and the profits were very small for two—very small for two.

A GENTLEMAN entered a phrenologist's office in Boston and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the professor started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?" "No, sir," replied the all-around character, meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay any attention to the larger bumps, sir."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Wanted to Make a Good Ending.

A late secretary of the Wesleyan Sunday-school Board of England tells of the first time he heard Dr. Parker preach in the City Temple in London.

"I was eagerly looking out for something out of the common way, and I was not disappointed. Just before he began his sermon he made the extraordinary announcement that the congregation were to sing a particular hymn at the end of the sermon without his having to rise and give it out. I saw at once that he intended some great coupe in his peroration. The subject was the 'Scarlet Woman of Babylon.' As he neared the end of his sermon he grew more and more excited, and ended with: 'Yes, my friends, Babylon, the mighty, has fallen, has fallen—has fallen—has fallen, has fallen.'

"At each 'has fallen' he took one step nearer his lounge and finally sank exhausted as the last word was uttered.

"The poetry of Dr. Parker's fall would have been destroyed had he arisen to give out the hymn."—*New York Sun.*

Old Chocolate's Target Practice.

Dar's many a lie on a tombstun.
Ef de cat's asleep de bacon am safe.
Tears dat flow behin' de do' am de fulles' ob sorrer.
Dar's no use lookin' at de sun ef it spiles yo' eye.
De wicked offen wondah how oddahs can be good.
De dog dat doan' bark gits de bigges' mouf'ul ob breeches.
Doan weep fo' faded blossoms. Dar er seeds on de same bush.
De bird on de wavin' branch ain't hit ez easy as de bird on de stump.
Ef de doctah kin cu' yo' lumbago w'y can't he cu' 'is own rummytiz?
De lightnin'-rod man does a quick job wid de feamah w'ose baan was struck
Ef a straight face war ev'dence ob honesty, nobody ud evah cotch de man dat stold dat coon skin.
Yo' kin steal an' eat a watahmellen an' tink nobody knows hit; but a single seed on de lappel ob yo' coat am ev'dence nuff dat yo're de guilty niggah.—*Judge.*

Nobody Gets Hurt There.

"Where is the safest place during a cyclone?" asked Herbert Lawson, of Hiawatha. Well, we should say a Mississippi duelling ground, Herbert. That seems to be about the safest place in the world all the rest of the year, and we don't see why a cyclone should disturb it any more than the duel.—*Bob. Burdette.*

NOTHING is valeable unless genuine. Who cares for paste diamonds and imitation cut glass? Outward polish is of slight worth without the true refinement of the heart.

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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,
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Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Farrville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland.
P. L. BURWELL,
General Superintendent.