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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

The choirs in the distance the echoes woke, To let us enter the heavenly land Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt-FOR PITCHER'S 've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent their evil way

Castoria promotes Digestion, an overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhora, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains Morphine or other narcotic property. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that

I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D. 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I use Castoria in my practice, and find specially adapted to affections of chil .ren." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 Ed Ave. V York THE CENTAUR Co., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAN RAILROAD. DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS Leave Cumberland..... Arrive at Vale Summit. 8:00 a m | 2:30 j " Midland..... | 8:22 a m | 2:52 p 8:30 a m | 3:00 p RETURNING PRAINS. Leave Lonaconing. | 10:30 a m | 5:00 | Arrive at Midland 10:39 a m | 5:09 j " Vale Summit | 11:00 a m | 5:30

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit. JAMES A MILLHOU'S AND. General Manage

Hauroud Schedulss, etc. Camberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

KEL			SCHEDULI	1.		
Eastward.			Stations.	Westward Arrive.		
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White Division	p. m.	a. m		a. m.	p. m.	3.
Arrive.				Leave.		

*on theatre nights, when admission tick leave Cumberland at close of performance. All trains stop at Hays st cet station, Cum-Nos. 1, 2, 3 and Idaily except Sunday. Nos and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON.

itatel Coltaic RAILROAD. Nov. 19, 1893. ON AND AFTER THE above date 'RAINS will arrive a

1 and depart from (II) . BERLAND as follows: Arrive | EASTBOUND. 9:20 a m | No. 8 Express | 9:40 a m 1:00 p m | So. 14 Accom'odation | 2:50 p m ... No. 2 Express | 7 52 a m ...No. 6 Express.... 5:25 p n ... No. 46 Passenger ... | 8:10 a 6:40 p m No. 72 Accom'odation No. 4 Express.... | 10-45 a ... No. 7 Express | 1:05 a p No. 9 Express.... No. 3 Express 6:45 a n. No. 71 Accom'odation | 11:15 a m | No. 13 Accom'odation 4:15 p m | No. 5 Express No. 15 Passenger. 7:44 p m | No. 1 Express 4:00 p m | No. 113 Grafton & Way | All trains daily except No.'s 16, 17, 71 and 72 Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passenge

Pittsburg Division. WESTBOUND. No. 9-Baltimore Express leaves 1 30 a n " 63-Cumberland

ly except Sunday 7 3 ta n " 11-Mail 4 5-Chicago Limited .. leaves 4 25 p m EASTBOUND No. 10-Baltimore Express arrives. 2:30 a a " 12-- Mail " 64-Cumberland Exp. ly except Sunday .. 7:35 p n No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cum berland. o's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

Railroad Tickets.

T. T. ALLEN.

Acting Agent

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RAILROAD TICKETS ---FROM---A LL in compation concerning rates, routes,

fully given.

change o. cars and time of trains cheer-

"We two come hither, beseeching thee And play our harps with the angel band. There's nothing from heaven to bar me ou I've been to meetings three times a week, And almost always I'd rise and speak. have told my neighbors, I have told them Bout Adam and Eve, and the Primal fall; I've shown them what they'd have to do

ST. PETER AT THE GATE.

f they'd pass in with the chosen few; 've marked their path of duty clearaid out the plan for their whole career, 've talked and talked to 'em, loud and for my lungs are good and my voice So good St. Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open to me; But my old man, I regret to say,

Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way-He smokes and he swears, and grave faults And I don't know whether he'll pass or He never would pray with an earnest vim, Or go to revival, or join in a hymn. So I had to leave him in sorrow there While I, with the chosen, united in prayer He ate what the pantry chanced to afford While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord; And if cucumbers were all he got It's a chance if he merited them or not. But oh, St. Peter, I love him so! To the pleasures of heaven please let him

I've done enough—a saint I've been.

Won't that atone? Can't you let him in By my grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentant must fry below: hat he may enter who's dear to me It's a narrow gospel by which I pray. But the Chosen expect to find some way Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you So that their relations can amble through And say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be. You ought to stand by that opening there And never sit down in that easy chair. And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed But I don't like the way your whiskers are They're cut too wide and outward toss. They'd look better narrower, cut straight Well, we must be going our crowns to win. So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!" St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff: But, spite of his office, he had to laugh

Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye

"Who's tending this gateway-you or 1? nd then he arose in his stature ta nd pressed a button upon the wall And said to the imp who answered the bell. "Escort this lady around to hell! The man stood still as a piece of stone-Stood sadly, gloomily there alone, A life-long, settled idea he had That his wife was good and he was bad. He thought if the woman went down below That he would certainly have to go-That if she went to the regions din There wasn't a ghost of a show for him. Slowly he turned, by habit bent To follow wherever the woman went St. Peter, standing on duty there Observed that the top of his head was bare. He called the gentleman back, and said "Friend, how long have you been wed? "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh). St. Peter was silent. With head bent down He raised his hand and scratched his Then, seeming a different thought to take, Slowly, half to himself, he spake:

"Thirty years with that woman there? No wonder the man hasn't any hair! Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good. He smoked and swore-I should think Thirty years with that tongue so sharp? Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp! A jewelled harp with a golden string. Good sir, pass in where the angels sing! Gabriel, give him a seat alone-One with a cushion-up near the throne Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music and rest See that on finest ambrosia he feeds He's had about all the hell he needs It isn't just hardly the thing to do are sold by Agents to performance at them . To roast him on earth and the future, too. They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe with a pair of wings. And he said as he entered the Realm

"Well, this beats cucumber, anyway!" And so the scriptures had come to pass: "The last shall be first and the first shall

MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

On my life rests the shadow of one great mystery. I never think of that dreadful night without a shudder of horror, brought to me by the thought that my hands may be stained by the blood of a fellow-creature who was found murdered in his bed. The recurring memory has prematurely whitened my hair and called a haunted look into my eyes. I am not an habitual sleep-walker,

but I would give all my earthly possessions to be convinced I did not leave my chamber between the hours of 11 o'clock on the night of April 13 and on the following morning, nine years ago. I was utterly wearied and worn out by a hard's day's labor when I retired to rest, for I was one of the un fortunate reporters employed on struggling afternoon paper, every man of whom was made to do the work of three. I had covered two fires, a cable car catastrophe, the collapse of a big building, a saloon brawl, a Chinatown stabbing and an elopement; but as the two last mentioned were "beats" I is dulged myself in a little after-dinner round with the "boys," and went bed feeling wobbly in the legs and quite well satisfied with myself As I was tired and not a little stupefied with the heavy dinner and the wine, I fell asleep readily, and must have slept soundly for a time. length I seemed to awaken with strong desire to rise and leave the house. I rose and dressed myself, seem ingly governed by a will other than my own. I took out my watch and looked at it, suddenly remembering I had not wound it on retiring. It was twenty-

three minutes past 2 o'clock. I wound Quietly leaving my room I went out upon the streets, which were lonely and deserted in that quarter, only echoing, now and then, to the footsteps of some belated pedestrian or a prowling night owl. I started to walk in one direction, but the singular influence that had led me to leave my comfortable bed turned me square about

and caused me to take an opposite I walked on and on until the streets were no longer straight and regular and the houses precise and respectable. Indeed, narrow and crooked dark lay on every hand, and the buildings were of the most wretched type. The figures which skulked along through the shadows seemed creatures

smoking oil lamp. There were a few told to the writer by Major I. W. pieces of broken furniture, and on a bed in one corner slept a man who wore a close-cropped, coal-black beard. The moment I saw that sleeping man was seized with a fearful fury-an and crush out his life. It seemed that he had done me an unpardonable wrong at some past period, and in my heart was a fierce thirst for vengeance. I could not control my mad impulse. Grasping a heavy bottle by the neck. I flung myself on the sleeper and beat him with the bottle. There fearful struggle, but in the end he lay still and lifeless before me.

Down a strange street of dilapidated

shaky flight of stairs. I entere

Out upon the street I crept. I felt no remorse for my act; only a wild exultation and satisfaction. knew I was kin of the dark shadows which skulked so close to the dirty walls and shunned the light of the feebly fluttering lamps. Back to my lodging-house I went, entering as cautiously as I had left it, washed the stains off my hands, removed my clothing and crept into bed. When I rose in the morning there was a dull pain in my head. This I did not consider strange on thinking of my late dinner and the wine that had followed it. disliked to get up, but remembering my duties I arose, taking a quick glance at my watch. It was not running. I shook it, and it refused to start. Then I tried to wind it, but in this I failed. It had stopped at twenty-three minutes past 2 o'clock! Then all at once I remembered my dream for dream it seemed, although a vivid

For an instant I was shocked, but thinking of the late dinner, I quickly dismissed the matter. However, as was dressing. I noticed on the right cuff of my shirt a single red spot that looked like blood. I didn't eat muc breakfast. On my way to the office stepped into a watchmaker's and told him something was broken about my timepiece. He examined it, quickly

"There is nothing broken. It is sim' ply wound too tight. It did not run half a minute after you wound it." This was a staggerer. Had I really wound the watch in a dream? If so, what about the remainder of the

When I reached the office the city editor dispatched me at once to investigate a reported murder on James street. I hurried thither. As I turned down the street, which I was ready to swear I had never before set foot in. I observed that things looked familiar about me. It did not take me long to reach the number indicated, and there I found a crowd assembled. My press badge enabled me to pass the police on guard at the door, which, to my dismay, had a broken panel. As I ascended to the fatal room the stairs shook and creaked beneath my feet in a way that brought back the memory of my terrible dream with appalling vividness. When I reached the top I turned to the left and entered the room. It was the same! The same broken furniture was there-the same miserable bed was in the corner! knew what I should see when I advanced towards that bed. Still, when my eyes rested on the dead face of a black-bearded man, beside whom lay a heavy black bottle, I reeled back. uttered a loud cry and fell to the floor. The two weeks which followed are blank to me. They said I had brain fever, brought on by overwork and When I told them I murdered that man they tried to quiet me, saying the delirium of the fever had not entirely passed away. The murderer, who was the unfortunate man's room-mate, had been found dead in the river, according to the newspapers. He had not confessed to the killing. but other parties in the house testified to hearing an altercation and a strug-

gle in the room between 2 and o'clock in the morning. To me the mystery of that night as profound and fearful as ever. Did dream or did I really walk in my sleep? Is it possible that, governed by a will not my own, I made my way to that house and committed the murder? How did it happen that watch was wound up so tightly that it stopped at twenty minutes past 'clock? Was it really blood I saw on the cuff of my shirt? As I have said, I would give all my earthly possessions to know I had no hand in the perpetration of that crime. I try ease my troubled mind by thinking it possible, if I really walked in my sleep, that I entered that room, saw the murdered man and fancied mysel

his assassin.-Waverley.

Foiled by a Dog. Here is a good story from Shamokin. Pa.: A black spaniel recently earned square living for the rest of his life from his master, George Rohan, a farmer of Chemung County, N. H. Mr. Rohan came here to invest in some land. He carried a wallet containing \$2,100, when he was attacked by three highwaymen who wore masks. Rohan seized a fence rail, but after a hard fight was knocked down. The men took a hand. His sudden attack frightened off the robbers for a moment and Rohan thrust his wallet in the dog's mouth. The intelligent animal dashed off into the woods, the robbers in pursuit. They shot at the animal repeatedly, but to no purpose. Rohan was badly used up, but when the animal came back to him in five minutes, still bearing the wallet, he seized it in

The Petticoat. It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastical and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry apears a "petticoat of red damask. with open sleeves," There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

arms and covered it with kisses.

lost no time getting away from the

Gen. H. B. Clitz's Experience with Confederate Officers. Among the hardest fighters of all the hard-fighting Confederate generals in the civil war was Gen. D. H. Hill. But he had the gentle heart of a chivalrous soldier, as is shown by an anecdote

Ratchford, a distinguished officer who was Gen. Hill's Adjutant-General. Just after the battle of Cold Harbor, Gen. Hill's brigade commanders, Gens. Rhodes, Garland, G. B. Anderson and Colquitt, came to headquarters to report and get instructions. They met Gen. Hill about 2 o'clock in the morning, entered a vacant house, and were soon busy with plans for the next day. While they were talking a wounded Federal officer was brought in who had been shot in the knee and captured. He limped up supported on one side by a Federal prisoner and on the other of his Confederate captors. Gen. Hill arose and turned around to speak to him. As the General turned the captured officer let go his supports and exclaimed: "Hill, old fellow, how

"Why, H. B., is this you?" asked Gen. Hill, and the two, whose troops had been "blazing away" at one another all the day before, actually embraced each other. Major Ratchford says: "My surprise at seeing these two foes rejoicing over each other had not passed away when Gen. Anderson came forward and was as demons; rative over the Federal officer as though that official had been his father. Gen. Garland, too, on being introduced, was evidently affected, and shook bands with a heartiness that showed some tie between them, personal strangers

though they were.' The Federal officer was Colonel, afterwards General, H. B. Clitz, of the Twelfth United States Regulars. Gen. Hill and Col. Clitz had been cadets at West Point at the same time, had served together in the Mexican war. and were warm personal friends. Col. Clitz had been an instructor at West Point when Anderson was a cadet there, and Anderson had been one of his favorite pupils. Clitz had also been guardian for Garland's wife, and as Mrs. Garland had died only a short time before this, Gen. Garland was naturally touched by suddenly meeting, for the first time, his dead wife's

After a few minutes spent in pleasant social inquiries, Gen. Hill asked Col. Clitz about his wound and proposed to send him to the field hospital to have his wound dressed. "No," generously answered Col. Clitz. "let others who need it worse have at-

So he stayed with Gen. Hill that night, the two sleeping on the same overcoat—the best bed obtainable. Next morning Gen. Hill gave his friend an ambulance and said: "Clitz, I must send you to Richmond

-about fifteen miles away-but I will

not send you under guard. You just give me your promise to go there and report to Gen. Winder. And say, Clitz, here is my wife's address. She is my banker now. If you need any money while a prisoner, draw on her for it." Just as the ambulance was about brought in Gen. John F. Reynolds, a Federal division commander. Gen. Reynolds had been fighting and doing picket duty until he was utterly worn out. So, the night before, when everything seemed to give promise of quiet. he lay down to snatch a few hours of

sleep. While he sleep the sleep of ex-

haustion his men were driven back and

he was captured Gen. Hill and Gen. Reynolds had been together at West Point for three years, they had been associated as young officers at Fort Moultrie, they had gone out to the Mexican war in the same company—a company that had Braxton Bragg for Captain and George H. Thomas, John F. Reynolds and D. H. Hill for Lieutenants. But now when Gen. Hill advanced to shake hands Gen. Reynolds would not recognize him nor speak at all. Gen. Hill's military instincts led him to divine the cause of his old comrade's

depression and enabled him to sympathize with a brave soldier's chagrin : being surprised and captured. So, going up to Gen. Reynolds with extended hand, he said: "Reynolds, do not feel so bad about your capture; it is the fate of war." "It is not being captured," was the

General's answer, "that hurts so, but it is being captured asleep." "Cheer up, old fellow," responded Gen. Hill, "everybody knows that you are a brave and a good soldier, and everybody knows that you would do all that human nature can do." Gen. Reynolds brightened up and said: "Well, Hill, if you say that I shall feel better about the matter, for know that you would not mislead me. No man's good opinion is more appre-

ciated by me than yours, and if you d

not condemn me, perhaps others will Then telling him the same thing about a guard and about money matters that he had told Col. Clitz. Gen. Hill put him in the same ambulance. and, after a cordial handshake, the two friend-foes parted never to meet again. Gen. Reynolds, after filling full the measure of an intrepid and successful officer, was killed at Gettysburg. Few. even on his own side, remembered hir with more affection than Gen. Hill did piled on top of him and then the dog Twenty-six years after Gen. Reynolds's death, a few weeks before his ow Gen. Hill, in talking about some of hi old associates, said: "Reynolds was good fellow. I always loved Reynolds. -Youth's Companion.

> Cure for Lightning Strokes. Two doctors have independently arrived at the conclusion that most persons struck by lightning, and to all appearances dead, could be recalled to life by applying the method or artificial respiration in use for resuscitating the drowned. This method proved successful in the case of a trumpeter who was apparently killed at Berlin in

A Beautiful Truth. Once in a while a newspaper writer's pen will drip a truth so manifest, so striking, so apropos, so admirably put that the reader involuntarily pauses moment to gaze at it in rapt admira tion. For instance, Marshall Cushing's "Capital" says this week: "Now is the very time to advertise."-Boston Globe. ENGINEERING ODDITIES.

Making a mountain stream run ever and above a railroad track, says the San Francisco "Examiner," is a unique piece of engineering that the Southern Pacific Company is shortly to commence near Wright's Station, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Last spring there was a big landslide at the northern end of the long tunnel. Wright's Station, which caused a blockade of the South Pacific coast road for a number of weeks, and caved in about a hundred feet of the tunnel. The moving side of the mountain as i came down the canon filled up the bed of a large mountain stream to such an extent that it was five or six feet higher than the track, while before it was several feet lower. The creck is dry now, but during the rainy season. unless its course is diverted, the mountain torrent will sweep over the road so as to make its operation at that point impossible.

The officials first entertained the idea of carting away large quantities of dirt to lower the bed of the stream to its old level. But that plan was abandoned because of the great expense would entail, and it was then decided to extend the tunnel northward 200 feet and pass the point where stream crosses the track by an arch of solid masonry. Plans for this stone tunnel have been completed.

The arch will be twenty feet high and be composed of huge blocks of stone that stand the wear and tear of the weather for years. On the inside it will have the same width and height as the tunnel proper, and will be constructed in such a manner that the stream of water flowing over it will not percolate through. The top of the arch, when finished. about fifteen feet above the present bed of the stream, so the latter will have to be raised up to its level. will necessitate filling in for a distance of several hundred feet.

As the stream flows over the top of the stone arch it will have a fall of not less than twenty feet on the other side of the track. It will be a precipinot less than twenty feet on the other tous fall, and during the winter time. when the volume of water is large. will make a very pretty waterfall. The officials are inclined to think it will be the largest artificial waterfall in the

Saved by His Boots. During the French Revolution a man named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer heartily espousing the cause lirondists in all that emanated his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and, at the dictation of that fierce leader, was thrown into

When the death cart one morning came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be mercilessly butchered. Schlaberndorf's name the list of the victims. The jailer informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride with great care. His boots, however, could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailer, he looked

for them in vain. "I am quite willing to be executed. said he to the jailer, after their fruitless searth, "but, really, I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined." responded the functionary "Suppose we call it to-morrow.

"All right!" And the jailer allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as owing to his universal goodnumor he was especially liked by failer and prisoners.

The following morning, when the cart drew up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlaberndorf-boots and all-stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. But his name was not called that morning, nor the fourth, nor, indeed, ever again. For, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning. Till the sway Robespierre had ended he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty. gether with his fellow prisoners whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-

Dumas and His Economical Son. Alexander Dumas, the great French story writer, was fond and proud of his son Alexander, who also became famous author. His regard for him was increased apparently by the fact that the son had a very good appreciation of the value of money-a qualit which the father did not possess in the slightest degree.

A recent writer of recollections relates that he once visited Dumas at St Germain. He had just been bitten in the hand by his dog and was unable to write, but was dictating a novel. His son went out as the visitor came

"Alexander has just left me," sai the father. "What a good fellow that boy is! Just fancy, this morning I received 650 francs. He said to me, Th take 50 francs of it.' I didn't hear and thought he was going to leave me only 50. So I called out, 'Hold on! Let me have 100 at least!" But I tell you I'm only going to take 50! he called out. 'th, oh,' said I, 'I thought you were going to take the 600. Well, take as much as you want." "What a good-hearted fellow Alexander is,' added Dunas, proudly. Information,

Stranger (uncertain about the music) -That sounds familiar. What is he playing? Can you tell me? Columbian Guard-I think it's a cor

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" "Don't mention it. That's what I'm here for."-Chicago Tribune. The Richest South African.

Barney Barnoto is the richest man in South Africa. His wealth is estimated at \$100,000,000. He began his career as a Napoleon of finance by dealing in second-hand clothing in Lon-

Out West.

Chespening the Cost of Gems. A Unique Piece of Railway Construction The latest discovery of Thomas A. Edison is the secret of the composition of precious stones. That is, he has discovered how some precious stones are made, and he is now manufacturing rubies. Mr. Edison is not making rubies for ornament or with any intention of entering the jewelry trade, but simply to supply a want created by the manufacture of delicate machinery. The rubies he is making at the Orange laboratory are used as bearings in phonographs and in other delicate mechanism where great hardness is required. "I had been buying commercial rubies from Ceylon," said Mr. Edison recently, "and found that they cost a good deal of money. They are sold to the jewelry trade for the bearings of watches, and the ordinary 'jewelled' watch contains more or less of these stones. By a system of analysis I discovered their chemical composition, and am now making rubies as good as those which I used to buy and a good deal cheaper.'

"Are they the same as the rubies sold 'No," said Mr. Edison. "They are not colored. I suppose it would be possible to color them. In fact, this has been done, and it is only a short time ago that it was discovered that a syndicate in Paris had been making and selling rubies for ornament, which passed as genuine in the jewelry trade. A leading firm of jewellers in New fork was stuck on a lot of them and had sold some to their customers as genuine stones before the fraud was discovered, when they refunded the money. The Paris syndicate was compelled to disgorge a large part of its profit. This only shows, however, how science is unravelling the secrets of The ruby, the emerald, the

"Can you make a diamond?" "No," said Mr. Edison. "I have tried that, but have not succeeded. The diamond is the hardest thing known. The most useful kind is the black diamond. which is used to polish the white variety. See what a great thing it would be if some one would find out how to make black diamonds cheap! They could be sold at a moderate sum to be used in rock drills, thereby cheapening

engineering works and excavation. It is apparent, however, that the diamond differs radically from the ruby, the emerald and all other precious stones. It is much harder, and is in effect nothing but the purest carbon. Gold is only valuable because it is rare. It is not nearly so useful as iron, which is the real precious metal."

garnet and other precious stones are

allied, with little chemical difference,

except as to color, and I suppose it

would be possible to manufacture

"What do you think of aluminum. 'the metal of the future?'" "It is not much good," said Mr. Edison. "Aluminum is too soft. It light, but it lacks strength. The metal of the future is nickel-steel, which combines strength with pliability. Gold is not worth as much as lead in co merce, and brass is more than worth its weight in gold."

A Russian Romance Walter Besant, the English novelist, in a note received from him recently. says: "Here is a true story which does not belong to my correspondence, but think it very interesting. I give it as it was told me: A certain young Russian, of good family, fell in love with village girl, whom he wished to mar ry. His father, objecting on the ground of social disparity, made arrangements by which the girl was betrothed to a young peasant of her own class.

"Now, it is the custom in some parts of Russia for the bridegroom and his friends to begin drinking early in the day of the marriage, so that when the time comes for the church ceremony the bridegroom has often to be led to the altar and supported by a friend on either hand. This happened on the morning of the marriage of the girl. The bridegroom was led to the altar and supported by two men, of whom one was the young gentleman himself "Now mark his craft and subtlety. When the time came for joining hands he put out his own hand, the bridegroom being too far gone to notice anything, and so was joined in matrimony to the girl. The certificate of the marriage had already been written in the register before the ceremony, a pre-

caution obviously necessary. The wedding over, the young noble took the girl from her people at the church door, drove her away, and took her to Paris, where they lived together in amity for several years. "Then the father died, and it became necessary to return to Russia, and, if

possible, for the sake of the children. to get the marriage duly acknowledged. "This business was intrusted to a lawyer, who visited the village and saw the register. He returned, stating that it was impossible, because the marriage was entered in the books as between the rustic and the girl. Being, however, assured that something must l done, he returned, got possession of the register, and clumsily erased the name of the rustic bridegroom. This done, he-at this point you ask what he did. and everybody says 'Filled in the other name.' No, he didn't; he wrote again over the erasure the name of the village swain. He did not, therefore, forge the record, but if his noble client afterwards found it desirable to assert that some one had done so, the fact of the erasure would be apparent."-Philadel

"Clutched by a Millionaire." Little A., a mite of five, is very fond of "reading" stories from a book. They are entirely of her invention, of course as she does not know how to read; but she never heseitated for a word, and her phrases are most expressive. "Lady Enid," one of her heroines, she mysteriously mentioned the other day as having "a terrible end."

"What was it?" said her sister, curious to hear what she would invent. "It was very terrible," repeated the child solemnly. "She was"-hesitating instant—"clutched by a million-

"I don't think I should altogethe: have minded that," commented worldly young society girl who was present.-New York Tribune.

Penury is very often the unexpected wages of the pen.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN BUSINESS LIFE.

The Expense of Samples Done Away With in Many Lines of Goods. What looked like a sample card of knives lay upon a wholesale cutter's table. An observer easily noted upon a nearer approach that the card really bore only a photograph of a dozen knives arranged as knives commonly are upon the sample cards of wholesalers. All the qualities of the knives that can be detected by the eye seemed present in the photograph. Such a card of samples if made up of the articles

themselves would cost somewhere be-

tween \$5 and \$8. The photographic

samples may be produced for a fifth The application of photography to the matter of mercantile samples has wrought a marvellous economy in scores of wholesale trades. The loss upon samples is millions of dollars annually. Hundreds of thousands of sample hats are sold at absurd prices in this city. A successful retail trade in shoes has been built up by a concern that began by buying samples brought in by commercial travellers at the end of each season. What is true of hats and shoes is equally true of 100 other articles of merchandise. The loss upon solid silverware sent out as samples has been very great, so great, indeed, that many houses now sell solely by photographic samples. When the actual pieces are sent out the salesman must hire a show room in each city he visits, and must pay for expressage, while the item of insurance is worth considering. Photography has made it possible to sell to advantage by samply bulky articles that cannot be carted all over the country by salesmen. Furniture, iron and brass work, massive clocks, and a hundred and one other such articles are thus sold. Cut

glass and china are among the samples most successfully photographed. If the dream of photographing in colors shall ever be realized, the application of photography to the matter of mercantile samples will be wider than ever. Fairly good work in colored photographic samples is already done. Young women, many of them technically educated at Cooper Institute, are usually the colorists employed in this work. Wages for such work have sometimes been as high as \$25 a week. but it was only women of much skill and industry who could earn so much. Most of the work is done at home, the photographic samples being intrusted to the colorists in large batches. Analine colors are used, so that the work usually lacks softness of tone.

The actual work of photographing samples is done at the photographer's, the shop, or factory. The art of commercial photography is one requiring considerable technical skill and in a certain way a knowledge of posing. The essential thing in the pose of a sample is that it shall result in producing a faithful picture of the original. and the chief advantage that photography has over many cheaper pictorial processes is its truthfulness. Photoengraving is a vastly cheaper process, since the first cost of the plate having been met the after expense is simply a matter of printing and paper. The costly chemicals used in photographic printing make it expensive.-New York

Where the Widow Sat.

"Yes," said the sorrowful looking man, "I've been through a cyclone and know all about their destructive powers. I was in one of those Mississippi cyclones this last spring, and shall have cause to remember it to my dy-"Wife and children killed?" asked

the woman in the seat opposite, as an expression of pity came to her eyes. "No'm; I am not a married man." "Relatives killed?" "No'm; I had no relatives in the

"Then it was the shock of seeing others maimed and killed?" persisted

"No'm. You see, it was this way. was in love with a widow of about your size and heft. In fact, we were engaged. I went over to see her of a Sunday evening, as usual, and unknown to us, the storm came up. The first thing I knew she was blown off my lap and out the window, and"-"She was what?" sharply demanded

"You see, it was this way, ma'am. She was sitting on my lap and I had my arm around her, and the first I

"Was the widow blown away?" 'Didn't you find her after the storm?' "Have you any hopes of ever finding

her, alive or dead?" "No'm; not a hope." "I'm just glad on it!" she said, as

she moved over to the window and began reading her book. I thought the sorrowful man winked at me as he got out his pipe and tobacco and started for the smoker, but it may have only been a tear in his eye .-Detroit Free Press.

Chicago Shoe Store Etiquette.

There is one society woman in Washington who came home from the World's Fair wiser in some things as to the ways of the Windy City than when she left the primitive capital of the nation, where the shoe store clerks still kneel down to try on their cusomers' shoes. The lady in question tells the story on herself, so there can be no harm in repeating it. It appears that, having worn out her

footgear in tramping around the Exposition grounds, she went into one of the fashionable shoe stores. After having a number of pairs of shoes brought out for inspection, she requested to have a pair tried on. The clerk coolly seated himself on the sofa on her right side, and reaching down with a dexterous movement brought the customer's left foot up across his knee and commenced unbuttoning the shoe. "Of course, I wasn't going to let, on that I was green to the ways of Chicago," said the victim of the incident

in relating it afterwards, "so I just sat there as though I had been used to having shoes tried on that way all my life, but I must say that the Chicago method is a little startling when applied without warning."-Washington