

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

\$1.50 per annum-IN ADVANCE.

24TH YEAR-NO. 23.

FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,219.

Railroad Schedules, etc. Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE. Westward No. 2. No. 4. No. 6. No. 5. No. 8. No. 1.

In addition to above Train No. 7 leaves both trains stopping at all intermediate are sold by Agents to performance at theatre. leave Cumberiand at close of performance. stop at Hays street station, Cum-4. 7 and Sdaily except Sunday Tuesdays, Thursdays and Satu car will be hauled on trains

> Jan 6. 1 -115 ON AND AFTER THE above date ALLS Will dill.

. M. HAMILTON,

Latte of No. 72 America inflations ! WESTBOT NO Leave .. No. 7 Express No 9 Express No 3 Express 1 9.30 a II So Li vermi inlatum 4 05 pm | .. No 17 Passenger .. No 15 Piedm't & Way 4:05 pm No A Express 7:44 pm | No 1 Express.... |

Daily except Monday. Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND. No 9-Pittsburg Express leaves ...1:15 a n lv except Sunday 6:30 a n 11-Mail EARTBOUND. Vo 10-Baltimore Expressarrives. . 2:15 a n

61-Cumberland Exp. 46 and 47 still car y passengers. No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No 14 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way. T. T. ALLEN,

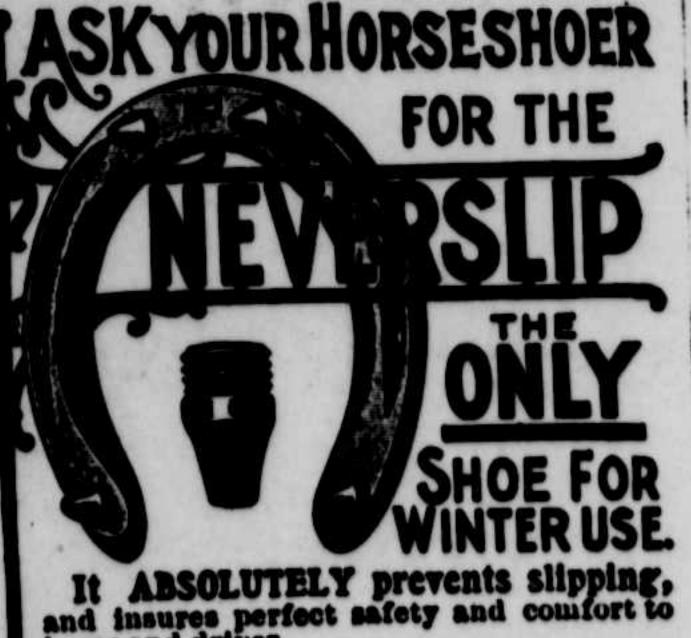
RAILROAD. AILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Istation, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS. Leave Cumberland..... | 7:15 a m | 1:30 p m Lonaconing . 8:30 a m 2:45 p 1 RETURNING TRAINS. Leave Lonaconing. | 10:30 a m | 44:5 p m Vale Summit | 11:00 a m | 5:15 p m Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a

m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:15 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLL, 10.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



borse and driver.

Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE, Steel-Centered and SELF-SHARPENING When worn out new Calks can be easily in-serted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the On receipt of postal will mail free our de-scriptive circular containing prices of Calked Shoes, ready to be nailed on, for trial, offered this winter at very low prices.

FRANK C. BEALL,

Sole Agent for Allegany and Garrett counties, Md., and Mineral county, West Va. Oot 18

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

I so, you want to place a policy on it to-You want the risk taken, too, by a standard mpany, such as D. P. MILLER, of Cumberesents. Any policy is good until a fire occurs, but then it is you want a pledge of indemnity worth its tace in gold. Rates not quite as low as wildcat figures, but the lowest consistent with certain and

perfect indemnity in event of loss. Apply to J. B. ODER. Dec 14 JOURNAL Office, Frostburg, Md.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse stands by the wave washed And sheds its light afar, While o'er the foam the ships sail home,

Where quiet havens are. The sea gulls cry, the storm runs high, The winds blow loud and free, And fog drops down on yonder town;

The lighthouse tower is stout and strong Amid the surging spray; It will stand the shock on its good rock, While years will glide away.

—J. B. M. Wright in Good Housekeeping.

Mr. D. Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his household.

attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. society. He had his reasons for so doing, but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to

The ball was set down for the evening of the 29th. On the morning of that day N". Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his own residence. His attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle,

ascending the front steps of his house and ringing the doorbell. His perplexity was increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door

nstantly closed again. Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused. Should he linger and solve the mystery or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but without the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumer's establish-

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him and had hired a costume with a view of attending the

masquerade? He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a se-

The proprietor was a woman. He ac-"Madam, would you object to making

.12:50 pm \$5 in as many minutes?" The person addressed intimating that ly except Sunday .. 7:40 pm | she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you "I understand that, but I can prove

to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me." "Oh, well," said the woman, "I pre-" Midland..... 8:22 a m | 2:37 p m | sume it will be all right! The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes-just so," said Mr. Bashford. "The one that the young woman left at 54 -- street has a scarlet hood, has

"Yes, sir." "Very well. Here are your \$5." He made no allusion when he went home to his 5 o'clock dinner to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering

the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor: "As I told you would probably be the ase, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business tonight until late." "Oh, dear, I am sorry! It is so lonesome these long evenings when you are

obliged to be away." The "business" which was to detail him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office he proceeded to a costumer's establishment and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian.

This done, he ordered a carriage and gave directions to be driven to the place where the masquerade was to be held. Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian

chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered. He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the ball, gasing disdainfully on the giddy throng.

He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood. It was some time before be found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her those of his wife. There could be no

mistake about it. "Pooty squaw," be said in a guttur-"Noble Injun!" she replied. "Squaw dances?"

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles. After this ensued what appeared to lookers on a scene of desperate firtation, but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was, of course, no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his brees. at the thought of her accepting one

marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stran-However, the game must be played,

and he played it. Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confess to himself, for h wife—if it were she—was unwontedly

witty, vivacious and entertaining. But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. S conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner. This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford with jealousy. Finally he got a chance

to speak to her again. "Squaw must not leave her brave,"

But she only laughed tantalizingly. "I think I hear the pattering of rain-Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife frops," he said. "Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief." They approached to the doorway and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessforward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion round the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scream and you will be murdered," he muttered in her ear. He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent. She cowered down submissively, evi-

dently too terrified to speak, trembling ud panting violently. "What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter. "Hush!" he growled.

Still the carriage rattled on through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long. roundabout course.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors. "Here we are," he growled. "Not a

word from you, my beauty." He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night key, he rushed with her into the house.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood-her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with

horror-his wife! He halted in dire astonishment and to you if necessary that I have a right dismay, still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time

> "Louise!" he gasped. But his wife only gave vent to piercing shriek and retreated to the furthermost corner of the room.

"Don't you know me, Louise?" "What does all this mean?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her. "Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not. "Then who is this?" "That. How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's-oh, Dio, what under

the sun have you been doing? This is And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their

effect. Miss Burch sat upright and looked about her in a confused manner. "Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed, with a glad look and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, hor-

She caught a glimpse of the Indian. "There, there, never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only

"Dio, your husband, the one who kidnaped me? Oh, what does it all mean?" Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything. He did it with a very bad grace and

a good deal of stammering. When he had concluded, his wife said: "And so you thought the suit was for me when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to

think that you should have such little trust in me!" Mr. Bashford had not a word to say. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated. —Atlanta Constitution.

A Curious Coincidence.

Not so long since a stowaway was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the steamer left Liverpool and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep. "-Chicago Times.



HE EMPHASIZED THE LIE.

As Told by the Sporty Man the Yarn, While Tall, Was Incomplete. The boarders were sitting around the parlor. The landlady had just served one of her famous 6 o'clock dinners (35 cents apiece, or a quarter if you buy ten tickets at a time), and the partakers needed rest as much as anything unless

it was pepsin. The sporty young man, who had been there but a week, was telling a story about a friend of his who was in the theatrical business, advance agent or something of the kind. "It was this way," said the sporty boarder. "Jack always was quite a hand to play the horses, and that day he was particularly lucky. He went out to the track with a \$100 bill. He saw the card was an easy one, and he resolved to plug it. He picked a 6 to 1 shot in the first race, and it won. Then he went on, playing every race, and when the sport was over he had won just \$15,000."

The soubrette opened her eyes and whistled. The ministerial looking man who sat over in the corner said, "Why | ble. don't you go on and finish the story?" "Finish the story?" asked the sporty boarder in surprise. "Why, what more is there to tell? What more is there to

"Pshaw," said the ministerial looking man, "you know as well as I do that your friend hurried back to town and won \$9,000 more before dark play-

ing croquet."-Buffalo Express. Mutilating Horses.

The United States Veterinary Medical association, at its thirty-first annual meeting, held in Philadelphia, adopted a resolution condemning the "docking" of horses' tails and calling attention to the fact that nature surely intended the tail as the animal's defense against the assaults of insects. There is nothing new in the announcement that the tail is a useful appendage, but those persons who are ever vigilant to avert cruelty to animals will be delighted to have the duly recorded support of such an authority as the Veterinary association. The practice of "docking" horses' tails is wholly indefensible. Some people try justify it on the ground that it improves the horse's appearance. It does not. It simply spoils the good looks of any horse so operated upon. - Washington Star.

How to Read.

We cannot too strongly impress every daughter with the fact that habits of are wonderfully powerful. Early learn to read only good books, own is of more value than a dozen that as he was in 1824. were begged, borrowed or stolen from some eminent man or woman. Many people regret that they were not early taught to consider the author's name a continually remarking, "Oh, I can't remember who wrote that book."-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

She Rides a Wheel. Queen Marguerite of Italy has yielded to the prevailing cyclomania. She rides two hours every day in the garden of the Quirinal and professes to be greatly enamored of the sport. Since the queen began to ride the wheel she has improved wonderfully in health, having acquired a hearty appetite that she never had before and being enabled to perform her pressing social duties with comparative case.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ranier, Shasta, Hood and Other Fine Mountains of the Far Northwest. About 50 miles south of Tacoma you get a view of the most beautiful mountain peak on the earth's surface, Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, and carry it with rectly from the tide level to a height of 14,444 feet, unhidden by intervening against the sky, the perfection of magnificence, dignity and power. It is two and one-half times as high as Mount peak in the world that rises, directly from a plain. It is known to us in the in honor of Admiral Ranier of the British navy, but here they call it Mount Tacoma, the old title given by the Siwash Indians before the white man came. The base is covered with a dense forest of ever living green. Above the timber line the snow is white and smooth and perpetual, and it looks as if

it were a solid block of the purest mar-Mount Tacoma is just two feet higher than Mount Shasta, 297 feet higher than Pike's peak and 400 feet higher than Gardiner's peak. The highest in the United States, Mount Crillon, Alaska, is over 16,000, but an exact meas urement has never been taken. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, is 15,327; Mount Whitney, California, is 15,088, and

Mount Williams, California, is 14,400. There are several other very beautiful peaks visible from the railway, including St. Helen, 9,750 feet, the patron saint of Portland, around whose head hangs a perpetual halo; Mount Hood, which is a shapely cone, 11,225 feet, which was named in honor of Lord Hood of the British admiralty, and Mount Baker, 10,800 feet, christened in honor of Joseph Baker, one of the lieutenants of Peter Puget, who discovered the sound. Theodore Winthrop has written lovingly about them, and they are the subject of the purest and choicest descriptions that exist in the classic prose of Washington Irving, although believe he was never nearer them than his home on the Hudson river, 3,000 miles away. - Chicago Record.

The Romance of a Watch. Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned,

has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, and read them critically and thought- so it was sent in the care of the tenor occasional exceptions to the general one fully. The purpose for which we read a Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroybook must not be mere pleasure. We ed in a fire. Plivee, the watchmaker, must aim to obtain and retain the au- thereupon made a second watch, the exthor's thought and meaning. Few good | act counterpart of the first, except that books do not have some particular ques- the diamonds were false, and Rossini, tion upon which they dwell strongly. who never discovered this pious fraud, A few well directed questions from fa- wore the trinket all his life. On his ther, mother or brother will help to death it passed to a relative, whose son bring this to light, and in addition will has just sold it. It is said to contain an enforce the fact that an opinion of one's excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini

A Dog's Palace. Baron Farnchetti, the father of the composer, has had a dog kennel erected portion of the title of his book and are in his palace at Venice, made throughout of marble. The ceiling is decorated with a splendid mosaic, entitled "The Chase of Diana." The eating and drinking vessels of the dogs are said to be of embossed silver. Of course the kennel

is lighted by electricity. - Familieu-Trades unions have existed in China for 4,000 years. The Celestial workman levies toll on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trades union and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper.

A Young Woman of Observation Says That Such Solecisms Are Common.

MEN'S ERRORS IN DRESS.

"It is surprising," said a young woman of observation, "how near some of you men fellows come to being properly dressed and don't quite get there. heard a good deal of talk and read a good deal of writing about the fine art of dressing well, but my idea is that it's just a question of the preservation of the entities. It's just like apple sauce with roast pork and current jelly with canvasback duck—the proper thing goes with the proper thing. Yet a man may be letter perfect in his condiments, or may have a fit at seeing a water color in a velvet frame, and still wear a silk hat and a sack coat. Oh, you needn't laugh. I've seen it, not only on Broadway on a Saturday night, but I have seen it on Fifth avenue on a Sunday morning. Yes, and worse than that. I saw one young fellow going to church with two swell girls, he wearing a black silk

hat and a brown sack suit. Now, do you know I call that impious. "There are two other sins of attire that men are often guilty of-one a sin of commission, wearing an overcoat with a straw hat, and the other a sin of omission, wearing an overcoat and no gloves. These things are done all, the time in their season, and yet you sinners in costume think it a good joke to see a woman in white gloves and a

mackintosh—and so it is. "There's another thing you men get woefully mixed up over-spats and gaiters. Any fool girl knows that the gaiter is used for warmth, and therefore is a part of a winter costume, while the spat was designed as an article for summer attire to keep the bottom of the light trousers from being soiled by black shoes. It is quite as awful a solecism to wear spats with dark trousers as it is to wear a gaiter over a tan shoe, yet both are committed constantly here in New York, and by men who ought to be ashamed of themselves for not knowin

or not doing better. "And, talking of tan shoes, you never will convince me that it's either correct or convenient to wear tan shoes in winter or in stormy weather. That's the time for rubbers, and goloshes over tan shoes are an incongruity that gives me the horrors. It's the same sort of de you for three or four hours. It rises di- based taste that leads a man to peril his soft palate by using a cigar holde or that leads him to outrage decency ranges or foothills, and stands squarely sticking a cravat pin in a sailor's known And don't think for one instant that a the rest of us don't observe these things just as I do. If a man's dress is trig and Washington, and I believe the highest trim from top to toe we admire him, even if he's as homely as sin—that is, as sin is supposed to be-but if he mixes east as Mount Ranier and was so called the seasons or falls down in the nicer details of completeness we have our little sneer at him after he's gone, even though he's as good looking as you'd like to be. "-New York Sun.

THE JUDGE'S MENTAL SPREE.

Lurid Indian and Detective Novels as a Means of Mild Dissipation. The sale of 5 cent novels, descriptive of the improbable adventures of Indian fighters or the superhuman sagacity and adventure of impossible detectives, is by no means confined to the small boys of New York. A reporter loitering in a Park row book exchange was surprised to observe one of the most eminent jurists of the day overhauling a pile of this trash. He had laid aside "Broken Plume's Last Shot," "Old Cap Collier Among the White Caps," "The Boy Magician In Madagascar," "The Young Nihilist" and "Frank and the

Aztec Treasure. "What are you going to do with that a "note" entitled "The Odor of Flowstuff, judge?" the reporter asked. ers," which will give many curious "Going to read it all. It is my way points in that branch of botanical of going on a spree. When I get actual ly worn out and run down over the study of abstruse legal problems and reach that stage when I carry my professional labor into my dreams, I just knock off for a day or two, lay in a lot of this kind of rubbish, run down to my Long Island home and just lie back and reve in the absurdities of this class of literature. It requires no mental effort whatever to peruse them, and the amusement afforded is unbounded. I get clear away from the world of deeds, mortgages, bonds, partitions, trusts and other vexations and simply allow my mind to go off on a little spree. No bad effects follow this mild form of dissipation. fact, I am really rested by it. Try it yourself some time." - New York

Chinese Pawnbrokers. Among the Canton houses there are

storied or low constructions. Some these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a wore on her bonnet the stuffed remains pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.-Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in

A Case of Necessity. Gothamite—I hear you have a Vassar graduate for a cook. Isn't it rather ex-

Harlemite-Not very. She works for her board and clothes. Gothamite-Why, how doss she come

to do that? Harlemite-Got to. She's my wife. -Harlem Life.

Oh, hazy days of royal tint, a sweet celestial Impurples all the fading world and folds its

About my soul till substance seems a weird. illusive thing. and only vapory visions of enchantment round

The rugged road and duty's load are blurred

The priestess of a blissful realm, where peace -George E. Bowen in Chicago Inter Ocean.

IN A MEXICAN MARKET.

Parrots, Pupples, Scrap Iron and Boiled Grasshoppers For Sale. The articles seen in the market I will here give as they were written down during a Sunday morning visit, says a writer in the New York Advertiser. One department is under cover and is filled with assorted fruits, including oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, pears, peaches, plums, bananas, quinces, alligator pears, cocoanuts and many other tropical fruits, most of which, owing to the high market tax and costly transportation, sell at about New York prices. The streets and sidewalks in the vicinity are lined with men, women and children, who are seated on the ground surrounded by their market products, which include, besides the ordinary vegetable market product, parrots, pigeons, unweaned puppies, game chickens, pet lambs, haltered pigs and kids. Then there are heaps of old iron, birdcages, cheap calico, brass jewelry, boiled corn, potatoes, stewed pumpkins, beans, pepper, cooked and raw pigs' feet, sheep heads, hearts, lights and entrails. There are also flints and tinder for starting fires, metal mounted stone for grinding corn, roots, bark and medical herbs and dye woods. Close by we see fried shrimp and grasshoppers. Each are cooked whole and eaten so. The latter are about the size of our common grasshopper, but are entirely red, but as to looks I would just as soon try to go the common "hopper" of the north. Besides these the natives gather the eggs of the swamp fly and boil them into a paste and eat them with salt, chili (pepper) and tortillas. The fly and its eggs are each sold in the market. The former is somewhat smaller than the house fly while the eggs are about the size and color of a hayseed. In fact, everything is eaten here that the human stomach will digest or anything that is capable

of being converted into soup.

Odorless Flowers. One who has taken a walk through Shaw's garden will hardly believe the assertion that the majority of the flowers of the world are without odor, but such is the case. Take the flora of Europe as an illustration. Four thousand and two hundred species and varieties of flowers have been named and classified by the botanists of that country, and it has been found that less than 10 per cent of the whole give forth distinguishable odors or have perceptible colors. The very commonest flowers of the world are white, colorless varieties predominating by at least one-third, and only one-sixth of that class are odoriferous. In Europe there are 1, 194 species of white flowers, only 200 of which are fragrant. In the same country they have 951 kinds of yellow flowers, of which number only 77 are odoriferous. Out of 823 varieties of red flowers they only have 84 that give forth odor, and in 9 of these "the smell is far from being fragrant." Of the 594 blue species only 84 are fragrant and of the 808 violet blues only 13. Next week we will give

knowledge.—St. Louis Republic. Three Suns and an Inverted Rainbow. The following is taken literally word for word from a rare copy of the Brighton (England) Advertiser of June 6, 1797: "A rare phenomenon is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between the hours of 4 and 5, three perfect suns were seen all in a row above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time, and there was no one who saw the unusual sight that believes it to have been a mirage or other atmospheric illusion. The central seemed more brilliant than his two luminous attendants, and between the three there seemed to be a communication in the shape of waves of light composed of all the prismatic colors. At about the same time a rainbow made its appearance at a short distance above the central sun, upside down-that is to say, the two ends pointed toward the senith and the bow's neck toward the

To Whom It May Interest. A middle aged lady dressed in a brown silk entered a crowded cable car on the

A young man in a corduroy suit half rose, glanced at her and sat down again. Should this meet the eye of the middle aged lady dressed in the brown silk she will be interested in learning that

the young man in the corduroy suit is a lover of birds. And she will recall the fact that she

-Chicago Tribune. Public executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses commanding the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution and then at once sending word

to the persons who have hired the room. Norwegians give cods' heads mixed with marine plants to their cows to increase the yield of milk.