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J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

25TH YEAR—NO. 6. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,254.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 12, 1895.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:15 a m
8:18 a m	....No. 2 Express....	8:23 a m
7:39 a m	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:35 a m
7:49 a m	....No. 8 Express ...	7:55 a m
12:10 p m	..No. 14 Balto. & Way.	2:50 p m
	.... No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
6:53 p m	...No. 46 Express*...	7:03 p m
2 20 a m	....No. 4 Express....	2:30 a m
6 40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:50 a m	....No. 7 Express....	12:55 a m
1:35 a m	....No. 9 Express....	1:45 a m
4:47 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:57 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
8:45 a m	No. 47 Express*	8:55 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:05 p m	...No. 17 Passenger..	
	No. 15 Piedm't & Way	4:05 p m
3.50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
8:02 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:07 p m

*Daily except Monday.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Pittsburg Express leaves ...1:45 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....2:30 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited.. " ... 4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:15 a m
" 6—Limited " " ..12:15 p m
" 14—Mail " ..12:50 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:35 p m

46 and 47 still carry 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. Through tickets, east and west, for sale at Cumberland.

M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent.
May 18

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5. p. m.	No. 3. a. m.	No. 1. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. a. m.	No. 4. p. m.	No. 6.* p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 25	Piedmont	11 00	5 30	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 39	Barton	10 40	5 14	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 49	Lonaconing	10 32	5 04	11 22
6 52	12 29	7 00	Midland	10 19	4 53	11 09
6.55	12 32	7 02	Ocean	10 16	4 49	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 05	Borden Shaft	10 10	4 44	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 14	FROSTBURG	10 02	4 36	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 31	Morantown	9 44	4 19	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 38	Mount Savage	9 40	4 15	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 43	Barrellville	9 34	4 09	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 45	Patterson's	9 32	4 07	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 50	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 02	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 52	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 25	4 00	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 05	Cumberland	9 15	3 50	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.						Leave.

In addition to above Train No. 7 leaves Piedmont at 8:45 a. m.; arrives at Frostburg at 10:35 a. m., and Train No. 8, leaving Frostburg at 1:45 p. m., reaches Piedmont at 2:38 p. m., both trains stopping at all intermediate stations.

*On theatre nights, when admission tickets are sold by Agents to performance at theatre, leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.
May 18

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:37 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	2:45 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

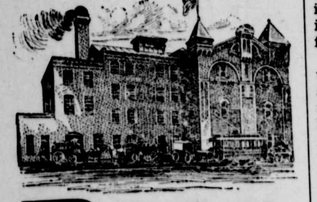
Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	44:5 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	4:54 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p m

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. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.
Jan 6

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

—THE—
Cumberland Brewing Company's



Beer.

THIS delicious beverage is now on the market.
Orders for the same will receive prompt attention.
A large supply of
The Cumberland Brewing Co.'s
CELEBRATED BRANDS OF
Reingold and Erlanger
BEER
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Fred. Wehner, Ag't,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Sept 7

First Come, First Served

WE are now prepared to make contracts for
Filling Ice-Houses
DURING THE COMING WINTER.
Now is the time to make contracts. First applicants first accommodated. Get your ice-houses filled from first crop.
Sept 7] ALLEGANY CEMETERY CO.

Salesmen Wanted

TO sell Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Salary or commission. Good side line. Samples free. Address LANDIS & CO., Shippensburg, Pa.
March 16

THE YOUNG WIFE.

They say her smile was sweetest when she lay
In that enthralling power whose guise is sleep,
And I remember now it was her way
To smile in slumber deep!

Yet when I pressed the hand that lay so still
And called her name and smoothed her pretty h.
She answered not, nor soothed with her sweet will
My fond heart's crushing care.

How softly lay the laces on her breast—
Methought she was so lovely in repose
That surely paradise was still more blessed
In claiming my sweet rose.

A rose that thrived in sunshine or in shade
Until at length death touched the tender bloom
And withered it just when it would have staid
To brighten in the gloom.

And then at this my heart fell crushed and blind.
I was but conscious of that vague unrest
And ceaseless yearning that doth fill the mind
When brooding death is guest.

Dear patient girl who was so loath to hear
A single word against my ruthless ways—
And who will guide me now with gentle fear
And who will speak my praise?

Oh, still she sleeps. * * * The jasmine blooms as then,
And nature bears its warm life from the deeps,
And summer birds sing lightly once again,
But still, alas! she sleeps!

—Omaha Bee.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

The rupture was all about a two acre field. Colonel Fairholme, J. P., wanted it to fill out a dent in his ring fence, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head.

"And you can consider your engagement at an end, sir," the colonel wrathfully informed his nephew and heir. "No daughter of that sneak's shall be mistress of Broadwater."

Then Evelyn and Dick held a council of war on a neutral stile.

"I've had similar instructions," said the girl. "They're very much incensed at present, but it won't last. Within six weeks somebody will be giving a reconciliation dinner party. I know the dear old things so well."

But before the month was out Colonel Fairholme was on his way to Australia.

During the first few weeks after his arrival in Melbourne he communicated regularly either with his maiden sister or with Dick. Then there was a gap for a couple of mails, and Dick was getting uneasy and meditating a cable of inquiry when the anxiously expected letter arrived.

MY DEAR BOY—I have a piece of news for you which, I dare say, will surprise you very much. After being a confirmed bachelor for nearly 60 years I have found my better half at last. I made her acquaintance at the table d'hote here and we were married last Monday. The lady is a great deal younger than myself, and I may say, without boasting, as charming in disposition as she is in appearance. You cannot fail to like her, and I am sure you will both be the best of friends.

We are leaving in a fortnight by the Ormuz, so you will know when to expect us.

HORACE FAIRHOLME.

P. S.—Please break the news gently as you can to your aunt. H. F.

A few days after the letter came a brief note for Dick:

"Just a few lines to catch the mail. There is a tiresome delay in the final arrangements, and I find that I cannot leave as soon as I hoped, as the berths are already booked for Ormuz. Adele will come on alone with her maid. Meet her at Southampton. I shall follow by next orient boat."

Dick wondered a little at the arrangement, but did not fail to meet his uncle's wife when the time arrived. She was a tall woman of 28 or 30, undeniably handsome and desirous of winning the good graces of her husband's nephew.

Nevertheless Dick did not take a fancy to her. In fact, she rather repelled him. However, she quite won Miss Fairholme's simple soul by complimenting her upon her housekeeping and refusing to interfere with such admirable management, also she professed great interest in the estate.

"I am so fond of the country," she told them, "and your English scenery is so picturesque and homelike. I promise myself a ramble every morning before breakfast."

But one day Dick saw something which gave him the curious notion that, after all, it was not the beauties of nature that attracted her. He saw Mrs. Fairholme walking briskly down the road outside to meet the postman—there was only one delivery in that part of the world—who was about to leave the Broadwater letters at the lodge. She stopped the man, and he gave her an envelope, which she opened and read on the spot.

"Hum!" he reflected. "So Mrs. Fairholme is so anxious about her correspondence that she takes the trouble to go out and meet it at half past 7 a. m."

That afternoon he was at the village postoffice, and the postmaster, who was also the grocer, happened to be serving himself.

"I saw a letter for you with the Melbourne postmark on it this morning, sir," he said, with the license of an old tenant. "I hope the colonel's well?"

William confirmed the statement emphatically, and furthermore volunteered the information that the new mistress of Broadwater had met him on the highway, near the lodge gates, and requested him to hand the letter over to her.

"Thanks," said Dick lightly. "Of course Mrs. Fairholme has forgotten to give it to me. I'll ask her about it."

Conscious of her duplicity, Dick could scarcely force himself to be civil to her. But she appeared not to notice his moroseness, and in the evening after dinner she rose from the piano suddenly, as though on impulse.

"By the way," she said, "have you the key of the strongroom, Dick? I meant to ask you before and forgot. I should so much like to see the family jewels. Your uncle told me that he has some wonderful rubies which he brought from India. Bring them down, there's a dear boy!"

The "dear boy" obeyed without the best grace in the world, and Mrs. Fairholme admired the jewels and played with them all like a child with a new toy. But the rubies seemed especially to captivate her fancy.

"They are magnificent!" she said, and her eyes were almost as bright with excitement as the gems themselves. "I never saw anything like them. And the diamonds are fine too But those old fashioned settings are horrible. I shall have them all reset at once. Do you know the address of a good jeweler?"

"Linklater of Bond street is one of the best, I believe. But, if you will excuse me saying so, don't you think the matter will keep till the colonel's return? I'm not sure that he would care to have them altered."

"Oh, he won't object if it is my wish," she said sweetly. "I am going into the town early tomorrow. I shall wire myself to Linklater's to send one of their people to fetch them."

He quietly ran up to London in the morning and paid a visit to Mr. Linklater, to whom he explained the circumstances and then requested that the stones should not be unset until they heard from the colonel himself.

"But, my dear sir," the jeweler said, "I know nothing of these jewels. No such telegram as you mention has been received by us."

The September afternoon was waning when he got back to Broadwater, and Mrs. Fairholme, superb in a velvet dinner gown, swept across the hall to greet him.

"You tiresome fellow," she said playfully, "where have you been all day? The man from Linklater's has been here since 3 o'clock waiting for you to come home with the strongroom keys."

There was a moment's pause, wherein a dozen wild ideas flashed through Dick's brain. It was evident that Mrs. Fairholme had merely used the pretext of wishing the jewels reset in order to get them out of the house.

"Oh, of course. I forgot. He has come for the jewels, hasn't he? I'll fetch them."

But when he reappeared his hands were empty.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Fairholme," he said coolly, "but I've mislaid my keys. I hope I haven't dropped them out of doors."

"I don't think it will be much use searching for them," she replied, with an unpleasant laugh. "I shall have a locksmith down from London the first thing in the morning. And the jeweler's man shall wait."

Dick wrote out a telegram and gave it to a groom with a sovereign. "Send it off at once, Rogers. And keep a still tongue in your head."

The message ran as follows:

To Colonel Fairholme, on board the Australian mail steamer Oratava at Naples:
Return overland. Imperative business. Please don't fail. DICK.

If the colonel obeyed, he would be at home in three days—that is to say, four days before he would have arrived under ordinary circumstances—four days before he was expected by Mrs. Fairholme.

When the locksmith arrived, Dick had a little private conversation with him, and a bank note changed hands. As the result, the man told Mrs. Fairholme that the job was a long one, and that he could not undertake to accomplish it under three days.

The mysterious man, who was not from Bond street, went away, and on the third afternoon returned, but the strongroom door was not opened yet. The workman was awaiting instructions.

About 5 p. m. there was a rattle of wheels in the avenue, and somebody rang the front door bell.

The next moment the colonel, in traveling cap and ulster, stepped into the lamplight. She shrieked and sprang to her feet, overturning the bamboo table with a crash.

"Colonel Fairholme!" she gasped wildly. "Home already!"

"Mrs. Bellarmine! Bless me, what a remarkable thing! Why, I thought I had left you in Melbourne!"

"Then she's not your wife!" cried Dick aghast.

"My wife!" exclaimed his uncle, perplexed to irritability. "You know very well I have no wife, sir! I met this lady and her husband in Melbourne, and they very kindly nursed me through my bout of influenza. I told you so in my letters."

Of course the "man from Linklater's" was her husband, and the pair of adventurers, knowing the colonel's plans, had taken advantage of his illness to intercept his letters, forge substitutes to serve their own ends and make this bold attempt to steal the famous rubies.

The colonel beamed upon his nephew.

"And what shall I do for you, Dick, for saving my rubies?"

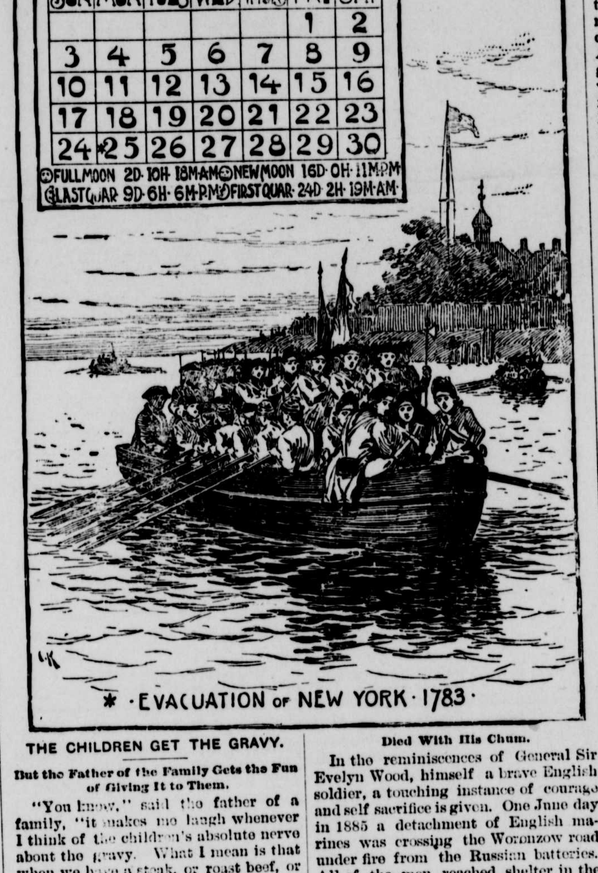
"You can repay me very easily if you like, sir. Call upon Sir George Warburton."

The colonel made a grimace. But he went. And within two months Evelyn's prophecy was fulfilled.—Answers.

Heat and the Eyes.

The fact appears that there is a very marked difference in the way temperature is borne by the eyes when it is below 2,000 degrees F. and when above that heat. Up to such a degree a man can look at the metal in a furnace with comparative ease, but before it reaches 3,000 degrees he is compelled to wear colored glasses.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to be the purest blooded red men in the country. They neither marry nor give in marriage outside their own tribe.



THE CHILDREN GET THE GRAVY.

But the Father of the Family Gets the Fun of Giving It to Them.

"You know," said the father of a family, "it makes me laugh whenever I think of the children's absolute nerve about the gravy. What I mean is that when we have a steak, or roast beef, or anything that has gravy with it, the children take it all, down to the last drop, without leaving a speck for their father and mother. And they're perfectly sound hearted, wholesome children, too, who would do anything they could for their parents. But about some things they haved a selfishness that appears to be perfectly natural to children, and that I suppose is bred in indulgence. They have all their lives been accustomed to having everything that their parents could give them, and so they come to expect it

"But I smile again as I recall the fact that when I was a boy I got all the gravy. Time and again I have seen my father tip the dish so that he might get for me the last drop, while he had none for himself. He was very fond of gravy, too, but he never said so. With grave courtesy he gave it all to me, as though I were entitled to it. When I grew a little older, I reproached myself sometimes for having taken it all. When I grew older still and came to know how gentle and affectionate and forbearing and generous he was, I came to know that he wouldn't for the world have marred my pleasure by so much as a word—that the simple fact was that it was a far greater pleasure to him to give me the gravy than it would have been to eat it himself.

"And now when the children pass their plates I gravely dish out the gravy down to the last drop, and I say nothing for fear that they will rob me of the selfish pleasure of giving it all to them. But I smile to myself once more as I think of what will happen when they come to have children of their own. I know what they'll do then. They'll give it all to the children, down to the last, last drop."—New York Sun.

FREE COFFEE AND CAKES.

Custom Now In Vogue on First Nights In London Playhouses.

"By the way," said a gentleman who arrived here from England a few days ago, "have you heard of the London theatrical managers' latest scheme to attract a crowd on first nights? Well, it's rather odd, and I wouldn't be surprised if the New Yorkers copied it before long, although the circumstances are somewhat different here.

"You know, the little tea and coffee rooms in London that correspond to the New York coffee and cake saloon are much more numerous than here, and there is sure to be one near every theater.

"It is the custom there for great crowds to come to the pit and gallery entrances of the theaters long before the time of opening the doors. The pit is one of the best parts of the theater for seeing and hearing, and it costs only 60 cents, but there are no reserved seats, so those who come early get the good places.

"It is common, in the case of important first nights, for a long line of people to form at the pit doors before it is opened, and when the play is very successful and popular this may continue for an indefinite number of nights.

"It has now become the custom to admit those who care to pay sixpence extra for the privilege at 5:30. Then they get good seats, but they have to wait a prodigiously long time in their places before the play begins.

"This state of things recently inspired some ingenious manager with another happy thought. He hit on the plan of providing free coffee and cakes, from the nearest tea and coffee rooms, to the crowd waiting in the pit on the first night of his new play. It proved such a good arrangement that the others followed the example.'

GENERAL GORDON'S STORY.

A Romance Begun In the Thick of the Fight at Gettysburg.

"At Gettysburg, while the fight was the hottest," said General Gordon, "I noticed a handsome young Federal officer, whose bravery was conspicuous. After the battle had subsided I found this gallant soldier lying on the field. He was dying and begged me to send a message to the Union lines. His wife had decided to share with him the fortunes of war and was at the officers' quarters in the Federal army.

"I ordered my men to take the wounded officer to our camp and to make him as comfortable as possible. Then I sent some men with a flag of truce to the Union lines with the message from the dying officer to his wife.

"Late that night the party returned, and the meeting of the dying husband and his young wife was the most affecting scene which I have ever witnessed.

"I was compelled to go elsewhere, but before I left the sorrowing couple I ascertained that the name of the wounded officer was Major Barlow of New York. I often thought of the sad incident, which made upon me one of the most vivid impressions that I received in the war.

"Shortly afterward a cousin of mine whose name and initials were the same as mine was killed in battle.

"The war closed. Ten years afterward I was with a distinguished gentleman in New York who invited me to be present at a dinner he was to give that evening. Among the guests to whom I was introduced was a certain Major Barlow. I supposed that he was a cousin of the man whom I had left dying on the field at Gettysburg with his devoted wife beside him.

"'I once knew a Major Barlow,' I said to my new acquaintance.

"'I once knew a General Gordon,' he answered.

"'But the Major Barlow I knew is dead,' I added.

"'And the General Gordon whom I knew is also dead,' he answered.

"I started to tell him the story of the Major Barlow whom I had left dying on the field at Gettysburg when he interrupted me, exclaiming:

"'My God, General Gordon, I am that man! But you were killed at Antietam.'

"'And I know you died at Gettysburg,' said I, 'for I saw you.'

"Mutual explanations followed. It seems strange to me that the warmest friendship of my life should have begun in those awful scenes of blood and carnage at Gettysburg. The simple service that I performed that day when I sent for that dying soldier's wife has made Major Barlow and his wife the dearest friends I have on earth, notwithstanding I wore the gray and he the blue."—Philadelphia Press.

DEFYING ILL LUCK.

"The Order of the Opal" Organized by the Salt Spillers and Thirteen Club.

To the "Thirteen club" and the "Salt Spillers" comes the "Order of the Opal." This is an organization designed to challenge ill luck and show how easily it may be bullied when deliberately faced. The club has much of the same rites as other clubs of its kind. It meets on Friday. Its rooms are decorated with peacock feathers.

The members make a point of walking under ladders, eating 13 at table, going and coming on Friday and spilling salt. It is not said that they break mirrors with deliberation, but anybody who does break a mirror is held in great consideration by the other members. The opal is the badge of membership and is put forth on all occasions. It is urged, however, that all these efforts to overthrow superstition fail of their purpose, inasmuch as ill luck cannot be invited.

The element of chance is absolutely necessary to its success. An even worse element to be removed is the pride and pleasure most people take in their superstition. A superstition to an actress in the way of advertisement is only less valuable than the loss of her jewels. To other people superstitions are of importance in giving piquancy to biographical notices and sketches of character now so popular in current weeklies.—New York Advertiser.

Was So Grieved.

A little story is told of Sibyl Sanderson apropos of her debut at Paris. The next morning the papers teemed with the ravings of the critics, the "beaute de Sibyl," her voice and her costumes. There were also telegrams of congratulations, letters and cards. The young divette looked at them all carefully and then made a mono. "Not satisfied yet?" asked some one. "What is the matter?" "Ah, I am so disappointed," moaned the sad faced singer. "I had thought successful singers always got love letters from unknown admirers. There is not one for me!" It is to be supposed that time healed the sorrow.

Everything Goes.

Yabsley—Who was it that said, "Genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains?"

Wickwire—I don't know who said it, but if it be true my wife is a genius. She never reads a patent medicine almanac without at once taking all the symptoms it describes.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Brilliant Spirit of Repartee.

She—It is reported around town that we are engaged.

He—I have heard worse things than that.

She—I never have.—Texas Siftings.

A Knowing One.

"I don't gamble," said the cannibal as he took the lid off the sailor soup, "but I guess I'll open this jack pot."

Died With His Chum.

In the reminiscences of General Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a brave English soldier, a touching instance of courage and self sacrifice is given. One June day in 1885 a detachment of English marines was crossing the Woronzow road under fire from the Russian batteries. All of the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled:

"Look out! It is Whistling Dick!"

But at the moment Blewitt was struck by the enormous mass of iron on the knees and thrown to the ground. He called to his special chum:

"Oh, Welch, save me!"

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell tried to roll it off of his comrade.

It exploded with such terrific force that not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found. Even in that time when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

Burmese Girls.

In every household the daughter has her appointed work. In all but the richer merchants' houses the daughter's duty is to bring the water from the well evening and morning. It is the gossiping place of the village, this well, and as the sun sets there come running down all the girls of the village. As they fill their jars they lean over the curb and talk, and it is there that are told the latest news, the latest flirtation, the latest marriage, the little scandal of the place. Very few men come. Water carrying is not their duty, and there is a proper time and place for flirtation. So the girls have the well almost to themselves.

Almost every girl will weave. In every house there will be a loom, where the girls weave their dresses and those of their parents. And very many girls will have stalls in the bazaar; but of this I will speak later. Other duties are the husking of the rice and the making of cheroots. Of course in the richer households there will be servants to do all this, but even in them the daughter will frequently weave, either for herself or for her parents. Almost every girl will do something, if it be only to pass the time.—Blackwood's Magazine.

What She Saw.

Mme. De Cornuel went to Versailles to see the French court, when M. De Torcy and M. De Seignelay, both very young, had just been appointed ministers. She saw them as well as Mme. De Maintenon, who had then grown old. When she returned to Paris, some one asked her what remarkable things she had seen. "I have seen," she said, "what I never expected to see there. I have seen love in its tomb and the ministry in its cradle."

Choosing a Wife.

The plainest features become handsome unawares when associated only with kind feelings, and the loveliest face disagreeable when linked with ill humor or caprice. People should remember this when they are selecting a face which they are to see every morning across the breakfast table for the remainder of their lives.—N. P. Willis.

Sergeant O'Keefe, who spent five years in the observatory on Pike's peak, says that the lowest temperature observed was 50 degrees below zero, the highest 62 degrees above.

Some men do as much begrudge others a good name as they want one themselves, and perhaps that is the reason of it.—Penn.

A THEORY.

Why do the violins shudder so
When across them is drawn the bow,
Sob for anguish and wild despair?
Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins,
They are the souls of Philistines,
But the Philistines, row on row,
Soulless sit and they do not know.

But they brandish their eyeglasses,
Stare at each other's evening dress,
Scrutinize form or brilliant hue,
Say, "Is it rouge or is it true?"

"Some one was flat a semitone,
And how stout the soprano's grown!
Isn't the bass a dear? And, oh,
Do look at Mrs. So-and-so!"

Still the musicians play serene,
As though Philistines had not been,
But their souls in the violins
Mourn on bitterly for their sins.

Call them wildly and call in pain,
Call them with longing deep and vain,
And with infinite tenderness,
Since they can give them no redress.

Since not one of them is aware
Here is he and his soul is there,
In the music's divinest chord,
Making melody to the Lord.

So how often in life and art
Soul and body must dwell apart—
Great is the master's soul, no doubt—
Twenty Philistines go without.

Are we body or are we soul?
Little matter upon the whole.
Human soul in the violin,
Save me at last, a Philistine!

—May Kendall.

SPOONING PARTIES.

How These Commendable Aids to Matrimony Should Be Conducted.

"Spooning" parties are popular in some quarters. They take their name from a good old English word which was intended to ridicule the alleged fantastic actions of a young man or a young woman who is in love. For some reason, which no one ever could explain, everybody pokes fun at the lover. In fact, that unhappy character is never heroic in real life, no matter what great gobs of heroism are piled about him on the stage, and in all the romantic story books. The girl in love and the boy in love are said to be "spoony."

When a "spooning" party is given, the committee in charge of the event receives a spoon from each person who attends, or else presents each guest with a spoon. These spoons are fancifully dressed in male and female attire, and are mated either by the similarity of costume or by a distinguishing ribbon. The girls and boys whose spoons are mates are expected to take care of each other during the continuance of the social gathering.

Of course the distribution of the spoons is made with the greatest possible carefulness, the aim being to so place them as to properly fit the case of the young people to whom they are presented. The parties are usually given by the young people of some neighborhood where the personal preference of each spoony is well known, and they are the source of no end of fun. It is possible also that they serve as aids to matrimony as well, and are therefore commendable, since an avowal is made more easy to a diffident swain after he feels that his passion is not a secret, but that his weakness for a "spoony" maiden is known to his friends and enemies on the committee which dispenses the spoons. It may be mentioned that after the spoons have been distributed among the guests, each couple retires for consultation regarding the reasons which caused the award of mated spoons in their case. This consultation is known by the name of "spooning."—St. Louis Republic.

A Clever Way to Get a Dinner.

I happened to be one of a party of six dining the other night at an up town restaurant. Most of us were strangers to each other, having met only in the afternoon in the course of business. There were a banker, a politician, a lawyer, a theatrical manager and a something else, I do not yet know what, in the company. The something else made himself exceedingly agreeable. He was, in fact, the life of the party. He was politeness itself, and his wit and epigrams were fetching. After dinner he rather suddenly and mysteriously dropped out of sight and was missed.

"Who was the gentleman?" I asked of the theatrical manager.

"I'm sure I don't know," he replied. "I thought he was a friend of yours."

"No, I never saw him before. I supposed he was a friend of yours," I said. Then I put the same question to each of the others and found that the man was unknown to any of the party. He had simply invited himself to dine with us, behaved like a jolly good fellow and disappeared at the right moment. The only thing we have against him is that he forgot to pay his bill.—New York Press.

Shakespeare's Name.

It has often been a puzzle to students of Shakespeare why his name is spelled in so many different ways. Shakespeare himself is said to have signed his name on different occasions "Shakspeare" and "Shakespere," and learned disquisitions have been written to prove which is the proper spelling. None perhaps was more amusing than the "weather" reason given in 1851 by Albert Smith, who averred that he had found it in the Harleian MSS. It was as follows:

How dyd Shakespeare spell hys name?
Ye weatherre mayde ye change, we saye,
So write it as ye please;
When ye sonne shone he mayde hys A,
When wette he took hys E'es.

Gave It Up.

Mrs. Urban—So you feared to remain in the country any longer? Were you afraid of tramps?

Mrs. Lawnville—No, I was afraid of the terrible dogs we had to have to scare tramps.—New York Weekly.

In many parts of the West Indies shark oil is used in the lamps.