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Poetical.

IN THE BEGINNING.

August, year unknown; time, Six o'clock in the morning;
Sate in a tree an Ape; irrational; eating an apple,
Raw; no cook as yet, no house, no shred of a garment;
Soul, a blank; taste, nil; a thumb but slowly beginning;
Warranted wholly an Ape, a great Jack-ape o' the forest,
Jabbering, hairy, grim, arboreal wholly in habits,
So he sate on till Noon, when, hushed in slumber around him,
Everything lay dead: all save the murmuring insect,
Whose small voice still spake, proclaiming silence.
Awaking
Suddenly then he rose, and thinking scorn of his fellows
Longed to be quit of them all, his Ape specially.
She, dear,
Knew no dream, no vision; her Apelet playing about her
All her thought, her care! At Four, he finally left her,
Went to live by himself, but felt a pang—'twas a conscience
Budding, in germ! yet went; then stopped to bathe in a fountain;
Wow! What an ugly phiz! He saw and shuddered; a Ruskin
Stirred in his breast. Taste born! the seed of a mighty Ideal,
Raffaelesque, Titianic! Erect he strode through the jungle,
Cleaving his way with a stick;—Art's rise. An implement maker.
Parent of Armstrong guns, steam rams, et cetera Still on
Plucking the fruits he went: felt pain, no matter the region;
Said it was not the apple, or crab, or cranberry, nor
Even the sloe. 'Twas a chill. He caught it there in the fountain,
Bathing, still in a heat, the water cold o' the coldest.
Glorious Ape!—Logician! not yet a perfect Induction,
But good step that way, as good as many among us!
So he went on till eve, when, reached the edge o' the forest,
Just where the opening paths slipped westward, then 't' the gloaming,
Mounting a rising knoll, he saw the sun in his glory
Set over flood and fell; and joining, as in embraces,
Earth to heaven draw near; he saw, and suddenly trembled;
Sudden his Apehood shrank as a robe, and fell from off him;
Sudden a soul was born. He owned a greater above him,
Near him, round him, far away in the splendor,
Having a right to rule, and he a duty to serve it.
And this happened at Eight—at Eight P. M. precisely—
On that August day; and if you cannot believe it,
Go to your Darwin; read how an Ape grew man; and a moment
Was when his soul was not, another, his soul was quickened.
And this must be true, or else—unhappy dilemma—
Men and monkeys both have souls, or flourish without them.
So farewell, Ape-man! Lo we, your progeny, greet you;
Thank you much for a soul, and—may we never forget it!

Regarding new students, reports are given as follows: Amherst, 102 Freshmen and 13 in higher classes; Yale, 142 Freshmen, which is below the average; Cornell, about 230; Hamilton, 44; Williams, 57; Brown, about 75; Princeton, 137 Freshmen, with a total of 173 applicants for admission; Union, 48; Wellesley, 115.

Eastern Proverbs.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

In every age and in all countries the observation of men has had a tendency, more or less strongly marked, to crystalize into a proverbial form. The experience of an individual is enough for his own guidance, but when successive generations discover, as they do, that in certain matters the experience of one is the experience of all, the results of their common observation are consolidated, and a proverb is the consequence. The proverb, therefore, always expresses a truth of the most general character, one that is perfectly well known to everybody and formulated for no other purpose than to act as a general reminder of something that every one ought to know. As the proverb expresses a general truth, it is always short and usually under the form of a metaphor; tells the whole story in the plainest possible way, with the singular feature that it sometimes says nothing about the principal truth, while appearing to tell something totally at variance, or not in any way connected with it.

Since the dawn of history the East has always been the favorite breeding-ground of proverbs. Proverbs are the natural language of a contemplative race, and the people of the East are, and always have been, contemplative to a marked degree. To the East, therefore, the student of this kind of literature must look for the best specimens, with the certainty of finding there a wealth, the abundance of which must be seen to be appreciated. But not alone in the East is there found a proverbial philosophy, for every nation to some extent grows its own proverbs as it raises the most necessary articles of daily use. Few nations import what they can raise at home, so few nations incorporate into the language of daily life forms of speech from foreign sources. The literature of a country may perish, but the proverbs never die, because they have in themselves a germ of life that renders them practically immortal. It is with the proverbs of a nation as with the proper names and the native flowers. Every kind of social, moral and political revolution may sweep over the land, the native languages may disappear, and the native people vanish before the sword of the destroyer, but the native names and the native flowers never perish, and the proverbs have an almost equal tenacity of life.

INDUSTRY AND APPEARANCES.

In all ages and countries the necessity of industry has been impressed upon the human mind by means of proverbs, and wherever the ant is known this insect has very generally served for an emblem. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," is but the representative of thousands of others quite as forcible, if not so generally known. Many proverbs, however, are drawn from animals and their habits. For example, "The crow, having no barns, yet provided for by God." The "swallow knows the time for migration, yet man knows not his Maker." Both for good and for bad proverbial purposes the dog is perhaps better known than any other animal. The need of industry in every land has emphasized the proverbs which have grown out of it, for they are

all of the same general mold. The Arabs say, "A well is not to be filled with dew;" while the Hebrews declare, "As rust on iron so grow the weeds on an unused field," and the Persians say, "Water long stagnant becomes putrid." The zeal of some people about useless matters is finely dwelt on by some, as the Telugu proverb has it, "Lame in the village, an antelope in the jungle," and the Talmud declares, "The horse opens his mouth when one says oats, and shuts it when one says bridle."

The deceitfulness of appearances is well illustrated by a large number of proverbs which are found so generally in every language as to indicate that the vice of hypocrisy is as widespread as the human family. In Bengal they ask: "How long will a dam of sand last?" An evident allusion to the well-known practice of irrigation in that country, and to the necessity of having a dam of more enduring material than sand, even though the outward appearance be not quite so attractive. The Persians express the same idea when they say, "The largest and loudest drum only contains the more wind," and the Russians declare that "The cow has a long tongue, but does not speak for all that." To the same purpose is the Turkish proverb when it says, "The vessel leans, but her course is straight," and also that of China in asserting, "You may draw a tiger's skin, but not his bones." That is to say, you may know a man's face, but not his heart. Many Eastern proverbs inculcate the necessity of avoiding even the appearance of evil. In Japan they say, "In a field of melons pull not off your shoe; under a palm tree adjust not your cap"—meaning that the action of stooping in a melon field might easily be misunderstood, as might also that of raising the hand to the head while under a tree filled with fruit. In Bengal the propriety of avoiding bad company is inculcated by the saying, "Even a holy cow, if in company with a stolen one, may be impounded." And the carefulness that ought to be exercised in one's actions is shadowed forth in the Telugu proverb, "Drink not milk under a palm tree," for the reason that the juice of the palm with very little preparation makes an intoxicating drink, and even the innocent man might be supposed to be a drunkard if seen under such circumstances.

NATURAL TRAITS.

The impossibility of effecting any material change in one's nature is fully recognized by the proverb-makers everywhere, and is seen in scores of utterances. The Turks says, "In washing a negro the soap is lost," while the Yeman asks, "Can you wash a bear-skin white?" and the Tamul declares, "Though he wash three times a day the crow will not become a white crane." The advantages of knowledge over ignorance are no less prominent in the proverbial literature, the Afghan saying, "My friend is black, but so is molasses;" the Arab, "Thorny trees produce gum," and the Hebrew, "The bee is little among such as fly, but her fruit is the chief of sweet things." One of the Hindoo holy writings says, "A bad man, though decorated, is yet like manure, which, though fertilizing, is not pleasing." One of the Persian books inculcates the

same idea more elegantly by declaring, "The diamond fallen in the dust is not less precious, the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not less vile." The folly of anger, even when there is good cause for it, if a favorite topic. The Telugu expresses the idea when speaking of getting angry with a rat and setting the house on fire to burn it out, and to Bengal the same thought is couched in the words, "Cutting off one's nose to hinder another's journey." The Sanscrit says: "A good man's anger lasts an instant, a meddling man's for two hours, a base man's a day and a night, a great sinner's till his death." It is also the Sanscrit that declares, "Whoever treats a bad man kindly plows the sky, paints a picture on water, and bathes the wind." The same authority is given for the statement, "For everything there is a remedy; you can stop an elephant with a kick, but there is no cure for the headstrong." On the same topic another Eastern proverb is very forcible as well as graphic: "No man's disposition will alter, neither can a dog's tail be made straight; the stubborn woman will put her husband in a basket and sell him."

The busybody has received many proverbial punches of no little force. The Telugu compares him to a man holding a dog by the ears, whose time is lost while he holds it, and when he lets go it bites him at last. In Bengal they say: "Oil your own wheel first;" the Turk inculcates the same truth by the maxim: "One rushing between two camels is kicked by both;" and the Tamul by inquiring, "Why should a man meddle with a hatchet lying in the road and hurt his foot?" In China it is: "Let every man sweep the snow before his own doors; not busy himself with the frost on his neighbor's tiles;" while the Kurd advises: "When your house is of glass, do not throw stones at your neighbor's house;" a curious evidence of the antiquity of a proverb that some scholars try to originate in the reign of James II. in Malabar: "Anger is as a stone cast into a wasp's nest;" while the Cingalese brings out the same idea, by "Provocation is a stone cast at a cobra."

CONTENTMENT.

The scripture declare "Godliness with contentment is great gain;" but the same thought is brought out in thousands of Eastern proverbs, which not only inculcate the positive advantages of contentment, but the disadvantages of its opposite. In Malabar they say, "Though you dip in the sea, you receive only as much as your vessel will hold," while the Arab has a proverb, "The ass went seeking for hours and lost his ears;" the Telugu says, "If you are content with a girdle no poverty will distress you," and the Badaga, "He had nothing, and was content; he became rich, and is contented." Nevertheless, the importance of looking with equal care at all the phases of life is inculcated with no less exactness. The Syrian says, "Girl, look not at thy wedding-dress; see how much trouble lurks behind it;" in China the proverb is, "Look not at the thieves eating flesh, but see them suffering punishment;" and the Arab has a vivid picture in "The worst day for the cock is when his feet are washed," this being the common prepa-

ration for killing. Our English "No rose without its thorn" has a Persian antecedent, "No honey without a sting, no rose without a thorn," and in Bengal unusual advancement is satirized in the saying, "The actor's kingship lasts but two hours."

The evils of bad company are strongly emphasized everywhere in the East. The Arab saying, "When the crow is your guide he will only lead you to the corpse of a day," while in China they have "The stag and the tiger do not stroll together," and the Talmud says, "No man can remain with a snake in a cage;" in another place, "The fowl brought up with a pig will eat dirt;" and again, "To the wasp we must say: neither thy honey nor thy sting;" that is, with some people we must have nothing to do. The Afghan says, "Who lives with the blacksmith will at last go away with burnt clothes," and in Bengal the improving effects of good company are shown by "Blackness leaves the coal when the fire enters," while the evils of bad associations are shown in China by "Near rotten fish you will smell," and the Telugu says, "Among 100 crows what can one cuckoo do?" while the Sanscrit, everywhere wise, declares "A bad man, though adorned with learning, is to be shunned. A serpent, though adorned with gems, is still to be feared."

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

The difference between the man who is willing to promise and he who is ready to perform what he promises is frequently noted in the proverbs of the Orient. The Urdu says, "A lofty shop, but bad sweetmeats;" and the Turk, "To speak of honey will not make the mouth sweet." In Bengal the native observes, "By words he softens the minds, but words will not soften the rice;" the Galic proverb to the same effect being, "Nodding the head does not make the boat go," and the Chinese has it, "We do not cook rice by babbling." In decision of purpose is expressed by the Malay in the proverb, "Do not embark in two boats, or you will be spilt," while the Arab, who is not nautical, but equestrian, says: "Do not ride two horses at the same time," and the Turk, who is religious, declares that "He who hesitates between two mosques returns without prayer." The Russian proverb to the same effect is, "He hunted two hares and caught none;" and the modern Greek says, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," while the same nation is also the originator of its opposite, "A setting hen never gets fat." The meek man is often, in Scripture, compared to a dove, resembling this bird in four points, being harmless for evil, hating impure things, shunning evil men as the dove does birds of prey, and loving his home; but the advantages of a quiet, pleasing manner are vividly set forth in proverbial literature. The Turkish proverb is, "One drop of honey catches more bees than a ton of vinegar;" the Russian, "Good greeting softens a cat," and the Persian, "A pleasant voice brings a snake out of his hole."

It is often noticed that a thousand perfections may be spoiled by a single blemish, and the Chinese have two proverbs illustrating this truth: "No ease for the body when one tooth is aching," and "It is with law as with dikes—in whatever part one is broken the rest becomes useless." The Russian, to bring out the same truth, will say: "A spoonful of tar in a barrel of honey and all is spoiled," and the Kurd, "Sugar mixed with poison does not save your life;" while the importance of attending to the beginnings of evil is seen in the Tamil proverb, "Though the thorn in your foot be small, stop and pull it out," while the Hebrew declares "Of a spark of fire the heap of coals is kindled, and in Japan

they say "A very little twig will put out a very large eye."

PROVERBS ABOUT LIFE.

The comparison of human life to a flood has ever been a favorite figure in every literature, and the proverbs which deal with life and expound its problems under this figure are past numbering. In Japan the insignificance of man is forcibly put in the proverb, "As the stars, so man is little in the distance;" while the Persian says "The world is like an old building on the banks of a stream—is carried away piece by piece; in vain you stop it with a handful of earth." The passage of life is like the growth and decay of a flower, and this fact forms the burden of many proverbs. The Turks asks, "Have you ever seen a day which ends not in evening?" and the Arab answers, "Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history." The Afghan philosophically remarks, "Life is not such a mouthful that a man should gulp it down whole." The changing state of man is beautifully set forth in the Syrian proverb, "Happiness of life is like crystal—when its shines most it soon cracks," and a Japanese proverb pronounces life "Like a moth falling on a lighted candle"—an image to be compared only with that of Job, who pronounces life "a light before the wind."

The friendships of life are a fertile source of proverbs. The Urdu says, "The friendship of the base is a wall of sand," and the Arab relieves his mind in the same direction by observing, "A bad friend is like a smith, who, if he does not burn you with fire, will injure you with smoke." The Oriental origin of "Two souls with but a single thought," is doubtless the Turkish proverb, "Friends are one soul in two bodies," and the Talmud declares, "A man without a friend is a left hand without the right." The folly of forming friendships with some people is illustrated by the Afghan proverb, "The ass' friendship is kicking," while the Chinese affirm, "Without a friend a man cannot see his actions." But the Japanese correctly appreciate the situation when they say, "A friend at hand is better than all your relatives at a distance."

GRATITUDE.

A number of very striking figures on this subject are drawn from the Scriptures, the Hebrews, in proverbs, as in many other directions, excelling all other Eastern peoples. Praise, which is often the expression of gratitude, is called the fruit of the lips, and the use of many other expressions of this kind goes to show the high appreciation the Hebrews had of this cardinal virtue. Proverbs about gratitude are common in the Eastern languages. The Tamil says: "A benefit to the worthy is graven in stone; to the unkind is written in water;" "The physician who cured the tiger of his sickness became his prey;" "The scorpion stings him who helps it out of the fire;" the Talmud, "Do not throw a stone into the well out of which you have drank." The Malay proverb is, "The bean forgets its pod;" the Turkish, "The dinner ended, we have no use for the spoon," and the Persian, "He eats the salt and breaks the salt-cellar."

Good sense is shown in adapting the means to the end, and proverbial philosophy is abundant on this point. One Tulu-gu proverb says, "God gives food, but does he cook it?" and another, "Can your house be burned down with hot water?" and the Chinese have over a hundred on this subject, perhaps the curtest being, "A dry finger cannot lick up salt." The Afghan says, "Though God is mighty, he sends no rain from a clear sky," and the Turk, when the means cannot be adapted to the end, inquires, "What can a stout ox do with a

bad plow?" When the Telugu wishes to intimate that the remedy is worse than the disease, he says, "You are scratching your head with a firebrand," while the Urdu, to indicate the pretension of an ignorant person, says, "He has a bit of assafotida and has set up for a druggist."

AVOIDING EXTREMES.

The proverb of Scylla and Charybdis is but the type of many hundreds of Oriental sayings which inculcate the same general truth. The Arab has "In shunning the bear he fell in the pit" the Malay, "He ran from the tiger and the alligator caught him," and also "From fear of the ghost he embraced the corpse," the Russian, "He ran from the wolf and fell in with the bear," a saying very similar to the Chinese, "While chasing the tiger from the front the wolf comes in behind." Our "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire" is evidently a descendant of the Turkish, "Jump not into the fire to flee the smoke." The mote in the eye of another, and the pot calling the kettle black, are reproduced in the Russian. "A pig said to a horse, "Your feet are crooked and your hair is worthless," and in Bengal, by "The sieve said to the needle, "You have a hole in your head."

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

What They Should be Taught to Enable Them to Make Their Way in the World.

The girl has the best education who is the most thoroughly qualified to take care of herself in a hand to hand fight with the world; who has a basis of good judgment, practical knowledge and common sense, in which to start in her self-sustaining career; who is armed with the able weapon of a trade or profession with which she is familiar and whose conduct is governed by exacting principles of natural integrity. Such a girl possesses a fortune in her own right which no fluctuation of business circles can depreciate and who can never become a drag upon the opulent and unwilling relatives. With health and a fair start in the race for life she will reach every milestone of success, nor wear out nor grow discouraged by the way; and not infrequently she will outrun her vaunting brother, and even stop to lend him a helping hand.

The properly-balanced well-educated girl is aware that she can do one thing well, and she bends all her energies towards its accomplishment. She concentrates her forces, instead of scattering them, and has something to show for it. She is the best accountant, or the cleverest writer, or the most successful saleswoman, or the hardest worker in the sciences—music, physics, law—whatever her talent destines her for. She studies with an aim, and understands what she learns. Her mind is a storehouse not a sieve, and she endeavors to absorb quality rather than quantity, and comprehend to her own enlightenment what she studies. The wretched system of forced culture, in which a girl learned a little French and Latin, a smattering of mathematics, a little polite literature, and a great deal of poor piano playing, has been abandoned for a more sensible curriculum commensurate with her value as a co-worker with her brother.

Sensible German parents have always brought up their daughters to be producers as well as consumers in the domestic economy. It is only the American parent who made the kitchen unattractive to his daughter, and gave her no possibility of employing her talent except in the few lady-like departments sanctioned by conservative custom. The time is coming, nay, has already come, when a sign reading "Smith and Daughters" will merely indicate that all Mr. Smith's boys were girls,

and he had educated them as he would have done if they had been boys. And that Smith's girls, instead of dawdling around the paternal mansion until some young men could be found for husbands, have wisely gone into business with their father, and have never found time to be discontented with themselves.

When Edison, genius and inventor as he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York Elevated Railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what caused the noise, invented a remedy, which was patented, and she was paid the sum of \$10,000 and a royalty forever! Her name is Mrs. May Walton, and she lives in New York city. This is what she says of her education:

My father had no sons and believed in educating his daughters. He spared no pains or expenses to this end. My father's brother once said to him, "Why do you waste so much money on your girls?" To which my father replied, "My boys all turned out to be girls, and I am going to give them as good an education, that they may turn out to be as good as boys."

As good as boys is here used in a general sense; as good as some boys would be a very poor recommendation. Any girl who understands her own capabilities will do her work as well as it is possible to be done. No boy can do better than that. Work is without sex. Certain departments of labor are claimed exclusively by boys and men because they have a legendary right in them. No competition has entered the lists against them. If a woman can make a good horse shoe she can open a forge and make shoes. No one has a right to say she shall not. There are men who are milliners, dressmakers, and who sell dry goods, and they do these things so well no one disputes their right to them.

The girl who has educated herself to fill some niche in the mercantile world may marry and never carry her knowledge any further than her own nursery. What then? She is well fitted to teach her own sons and daughters the rudiments of commercial knowledge, to counsel and advise with her husband, and, if left a widow, to take care of her own estate. There is no vaster heritage of ignorance and uselessness than the array of thread-and-needle accomplishments which for generations has been considered the correct dower for a lady-like young person. Consider your girls as responsible fellow-citizens, and educate them accordingly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WOMEN IN COLLEGES.—According to Gen. Eaton, Commissioner of Education for the United States, there are 40,000 young women engaged in collegiate and scientific study; 29,000 of these are in 227 colleges exclusively for women; 152 of these institutions are authorized to confer degrees, so that nearly three-fourths of all the young women seeking what is usually called higher education have colleges exclusively for their own use.

A college professor, one of your precise men, who measures off sentences as a clerk does choice ribbons, while bathing got out of his depth and had gone down twice, without saying a word, when, appearing the third time, he rolled on his back, and, blowing like a porpoise, he exclaimed: "It is anticipated that some one will, without any unnecessary procrastination, extend me a rope."

A Monument.

There are many beautiful customs which we owe to the ages of idol-worship, but there is none more beautiful than that of erecting monuments to the deserving. When a great Roman general returned from an expedition he entered the city in great pomp and glory. Before him marched men laden down with rich jewels and gems, which had bedecked the head of royalty in some far clime. Behind him, chained to his chariot, walked a string of noble captives, to whom this ignominy was worse by far than death. But even this glorious march must come to a stand still. Then should this great event be forgotten? Should this glorious expedition become a myth of the past, with no vouchers for its truth other than the tongue of a garrulous old man? The Romans evidently did not think it should. How, then, should its memory be preserved? By a monument. Therefore, when the victor came home laden with spoils the blocks were prepared and a noble structure was reared. In after years, when the man in whose honor it was erected, when that "creature of a day" had quit this earth, this proof of his deeds remained, and, as the grain of musk fills the surrounding air with particles of its own body, and is not diminished by the gift, so this structure enlightens the mind of every beholder, and yet loses nothing of its significance. But there are far nobler monuments than those structures which are capable of no other use than the lauding of what has been. Do you ask what they are? I will answer. Look at Girard College; look at the professorships in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan; look in the records of almost any of our colleges, and you will see where living monuments are being constantly erected to the memory of noble men and women who have made bequests for their benefit. People of exalted minds see the necessity of education, and aid the cause by word and deed. There is no more worthy old age than that acquired in the cause of education; no head more reverence-inspiring than that of an aged instructor, whose locks were deprived of their color in the promotion of his calling. Dr. J. T. Ward, the President of Western Md. College, demands undying reverence from the students and friends of this institution. Untiringly and ceaselessly he has persevered in his efforts to place W. M. C. in the foremost rank of colleges. It has been the object of his life and warmest devotions for the last seventeen years. In its hours of sickness, when the way was not clear and the mire of ill-success threatened to stop its progress, he put his shoulder to the wheel and strained every faculty for its progression. When it moved along the smooth road to success, his heart was light and he was filled with pride and joy. And to-day it is due to his untiring energy that we are what we are. A few years ago he conceived an idea of erecting a new building to accommodate our increasing number of students. Taking the project at his own risk and expense, he began his noble work. Letter upon letter was sent to persons in every state, until the number of missives ranged in the thousands. His faith in human nature was implicit, and it was rewarded. Donation after donation came pouring in; small, to be sure, but still increasing the whole sum, until to-day we have completed the half of Ward Hall, filled with every comfort. Now every apartment in either building is filled; there is no more room. Who will aid him and us to complete the structure? Surely the College has proven itself worthy of aid. Almost entirely without outside aid it has kept its place in the ranks, while other in-

stitutions on every side, buoyed up as they were by friendly aids, could scarcely drag their lagging footsteps. Who will aid us? What man, what lady will make the gift that will repay her a thousand-fold? There can be no safer investment than that which will bring you satisfaction of mind. There can be no greater, grander monument than that which will act as a lighthouse in the sea of life, guiding boys and girls to the safe harbor of the city of developed intellect.

The Dual Part of a Man.

In this money-getting and so-called very practical age of ours we are too prone to look only on the very practical and merely bread-and-butter side of education. But, remembering that education is a preparation for life, we must not forget that it is many-sided and that living is something more, far wider, higher and nobler than money-making only. Of course among our higher educational institutions the practical part of the preparation for life should not be neglected, as in many of our colleges, it too often is; but, besides this work, the students should leave with higher ideals than mere success in money-getting. There is a spiritual and intellectual part of every one's nature, which should be cultivated and developed by a true collegiate training. Without this love for the true, the beautiful and intellectual being cultivated within them, the college life is a failure, and it may be strongly suspected that their *alma mater* has failed in its duty.

But it is more especially in regard to the intellectual life of college graduates, after entering the world, that these remarks were intended. The graduates leave the quiet and intellectual surroundings of their college and rush into the busy world outside. There many, shut off from these influences, finding that men are too ready to measure each other by a monetary standard, they yield soon to this influence. They then begin to look back on their college life as rather time wasted, when, in fact, they forget, and almost entirely discount, the training they received there, which is the cause of their present success.

Some will so immerse themselves in the merely sordid gain of the busy world as to be hardly recognizable from those who were deprived of the higher educational advantages. Indeed, but for the initial impulse and training given them, college training has done little for them.

Again, there are other graduates who compare their former intellectual activity in college life with their present sluggishness, and with a sigh wish they had more time. Do they forget the many spare hours that might have been thus applied? They have brought some of their old textbooks along with them from college, perhaps, and they are afraid to look into them for fear of the ignorance a perusal would reveal. But is there any business so confining, or so sordid, that cannot yield a little spare time to study and to intellectual cultivation?

Then there are a few, too often, too few, whose life's work lies outside the intellectual pursuits, who still follow and develop the intellectual impulses received at college. Some of these are successful in money-getting, others only moderately so; but it will be found to be generally the case that it is those who wield an influence in a neighborhood and community. And many often wonder, what is the cause of this influence? they may not have so much money, but still they have and exercise it.

But it is forgotten they are men of full intellectual stature, and this power gives them the right. Still in another way, even more powerfully for good, does study and

intellectual culture influence men. The pursuit of a subject, literary or scientific, during leisure hours, protects young men especially from the grosser forms of temptation. For the leisure hours and the mind are occupied, which might be otherwise engaged. Again, when worried by the anxieties of business, a pursuit of this kind is a haven for the mind, where after business hours the mind can throw aside its load and find pleasure and strength in a favorable study. It is often not idleness that a tired mind craves, but the rest gotten from change. Then, when a man has passed through the busy and toilsome years of this life, and craves for rest, and reclines from the moral active life, what occupation is there to fill the now vacant hours? Then, if the person has not cultivated the higher part of his nature, it is too late; culture, with her gifts so long refused an entrance, had winged her flight long ago. So, even if the will would will it, the mind refuses to obey.

How many instances is it the fortune of any observer to see, of millionaires, with time and money and all that heart could wish, utterly miserable because all higher and intellectual pleasures were impossible to them. Indeed, there is no business so humble or so exacting that a few spare moments cannot be found every day which cannot be offered at the shrine of culture, and however humble or little these offerings be, they are acceptable. Accordingly, every young man should take with him from college into the world those habits of study and thought, and the love of the beautiful, the true; and then if it should happen that most of the millionaires, railroad kings and monopolists were so styled self-made men, the colleges and higher institutions need not feel that they have failed of their duty, if they have sent into the busy world as their graduates true, honorable and cultivated gentlemen. This is what we mean by a *Dual Life*.

A Mysterious Ambassador.

One of the most remarkable historical mysteries on record, rivaling that of the identity of the man in the iron mask, is that of the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, who was French envoy to England in 1761. He acted as private agent to Louis XV. and lived in London for fourteen years. He was a handsome man, of a rather effeminate appearance, and was noticed to be very shy of the ladies, and to avoid general society. While he was there the story got about that he was a woman, and the scandal thus aroused caused King Louis to recall his ambassador and order him to assume his proper dress, that of a woman. This she did, and was always afterward known as Mme. d'Eon. A life of this remarkable personage stated that she assumed the dress of a youth in order to secure higher educational opportunities, and thus entered the College Mazarin at Paris, and afterwards became doctor of laws, was the author of several learned volumes, and was introduced by Prince de Conti to the King. It was said that the King knew the secret of her sex; but for her remarkable talents selected her to undertake a secret mission to Russia, which was so well performed that she was afterwards sent to London. During the French revolution Mme. d'Eon went again to England, where she died in 1810. After her death it was asserted that the character of a woman was a disguise, and that Mme. d'Eon was a man, after all. But the fact in the case are not regarded as proven either way. This curious personage, it might be remarked, never contracted a marriage in the character of either sex.—*Whitehall Review*.

A Hair's Thickness.

From the *Washington Post*.

A curious little machine in the office of the Chief of the Stamp Bureau of the Post-Office Department is the cause of the cancellation of the contract of the New England firm with the Government for furnishing envelopes to the Post-Office Department. It is a queer-looking contrivance, a cross between a set of butchers' scales and ordinary grocers' scales, or rather a combination of the two. There is a larger dial, like the face of a clock, with the little hand that flies around the face pointing to the figures at the side, which are arranged like the figures on the clock face, with little dots between. "You see three dots?" said the gentleman in charge, inquiringly. "Well, the space between these indicates one-sixteenth-thousandth of an inch. Getting it down pretty fine, isn't it? You see this movable piece of iron here which comes down with a smooth surface upon this other solid surface? Well, the rising or lowering of that moves the pointer which runs round the dial. To test the thickness of a sheet of paper we simply place it between the movable piece and the solid surface below, and when the movable piece of iron comes down upon the paper the hand registers the true thickness of the paper. Delicate instrument? Well, I should think so. Just give me a hair from your head, will you?"

Then he took a hair and slipped it deftly between the movable pieces. The hand on the dial followed the motions of the screw until it stopped at the figures twenty. "Just 20 16-1000ths of an inch in diameter," he said. "Now let me try a hair from your moustache. They are generally much larger, especially if you have been in the habit of shaving." He took up a pair of scissors and clipped off a hair from the moustache and placed it in position. The hand stopped at 50. "Fifty-sixteen-thousandths of an inch thick," he said. "That shows the effect of shaving. I measured a hair from the hand of a gentleman a few minutes ago which was 40 16-1000ths thick, but those in his moustache were precisely the same thickness, the reason being that he had never shaved. Yes, that is the machine that proved that the firm making our envelopes was not fulfilling its contract," he said, as he fell back admiringly.

"By this dial we can see just the thickness. By this lever, which is very much like a pair of grocer's scales, we can tell just what pressure the paper will stand. You see we have two other movable pieces of iron here, with a hole entirely through both, and a plunger which passes through the hole. Well, we put the paper between those pieces, which, when they are pressed tightly together by this lever, hold it firmly. The plunger, which passes through the opening in the two pieces of iron, encounters this paper thus firmly held. To know what the pressure is we have the plunger attached to a scale lever with a weight attached like an ordinary pair of scales, and by moving his weight out along the lever until the paper breaks, of course we can see what the weight is that makes it break. See? Very simple after you understand. Well, that is what the paper-makers thought after they had lost an \$80,000 contract by it. It was a new thing to them, but they acknowledged that they were beaten when they saw it."

This delicate instrument, only recently invented, is a companion piece to the scales in the Assayer's Office of the Treasury, by which the weight of a hair is accurately tested.

Rev. Wm. K. Hill has been chosen Prof. of Natural Sciences in Carthage College.

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BROWN & GROW, - - - EDITORS.

WESTMINSTER, MD., OCT., 1884.

Our readers will—it is doubtless—notice the change made in the editorial staff caused by the resignation of Mr. Willison. The cause assigned for his resignation was that his pressing engagements in certain matters pertaining to school life—best known to himself—preventing him from doing full justice either to the paper or to himself. We regret very much the loss of his able and efficient management and fear that the absence of his active direction will be appreciably noticeable in this issue, for having been identified in some way with this paper ever since his entrance in this institution as a student, nearly four years ago, and for the past year having held the office of editor, he, by experience is far more capable of managing a paper than we, the new editor, who enters upon our duty with much misgiving and fear, for in accepting this position we are fully aware that we have entered upon an arduous task and one that needs a great deal of experience, *that of catering to the wants of the public in good literature.* We therefore humbly beg the kind indulgence of our readers and patrons for a short time until we can gather up a little of that experience.

The subject of the establishment of a gymnasium at this College has been agitating the minds of our Faculty and students for some time, it has been a want long felt and the only thing that seems to prevent the speedy erection of a suitable building and the stocking of it with necessary apparatus, is the want of sufficient means. The College has been at a great deal of expense this summer in fitting up Ward Hall and making additions and repairs to the College in order to accommodate the large number of students we have this year, and cannot possibly advance anything at present. In another column we make an appeal to the generosity of our friends and former students for aid and sincerely hope that all will take an interest in their old *alma mater* and respond generously and promptly. It will take only one or two hundred dollars to put us up a very good frame, and as our pavilion is very old and unsafe, a part indeed having fallen down. We think it would be a very good idea to tear it down and put up a higher and stronger one and use it as a gymnasium in conjunction with our literary excises and thus save additional expense. We are sure that if our friends will help, the students themselves will lend all their aid in stock-

ing it, and before many months we may be enjoying the benefits of a well appointed gymnasium.

There was among the ancient Germans a class of men whose chief characteristic was their scorn of anything belonging to themselves. They were however very free with anything which belonged to another. The above custom with a slight alteration might be attributed to a class in our College. If asked to subscribe for the GAZETTE they deny all interest in it, but still as soon as it is issued they will borrow, beg or otherwise obtain it before the subscriber has had time to more than glance at it. Come now boys is that fair? Is that honorable? Come out like men, and if you wish the GAZETTE, subscribe for it. Do not impose upon good nature.

The Faculty have decided to devote more time and attention to the subject of elocution. The whole of Friday afternoon has been set apart for that purpose. And they hope to bring it to a more successful issue, by allowing the ladies and gentlemen to recite together. Thus causing rivalry, and consequently, more enthusiasm.

We call the attention of our readers to an omission in our last issue. The name E. J. Wilson in the list of officers of the Webster Literary Society should have appeared as president.

Complimentary to our Professor.

The following is from the June issue of the "Pennsylvania Monthly," published at Gettysburg, Pa.:

Wednesday, 3 p. m.—Just as the audience assembled this afternoon to hear the address before the literary societies, it began to rain and continued during the evening. The attendance at the church was not very large, but those who were present felt well rewarded for coming out. After music by the orchestra, Rev. J. Swartz, D. D., offered prayer, and, after music again, Rev. H. W. Kuhns, D. D., introduced the speaker, Rev. Prof. J. W. Reese, Ph. D., of Westminster, Md.

Dr. Reese began by expressing his grounds of attachment for Pennsylvania College, having had two brothers and other relatives among its former students, and stated why he felt constrained to accept the invitation of the Philomatheans to address them, when he would have declined to go elsewhere. He took as his subject "An Ideal Life," showing in the beginning that there was nothing dreamy about it, but everything real and practical. He then illustrated his views in the different professions of educated men, taking in order, medicine, law, theology, journalism, literature and science. We wish we had space for the whole lecture. It is one of the best that has ever been delivered before the literary societies, and Philo can be congratulated on securing Dr. Reese as their speaker. It showed culture from beginning to end, and was rich in thought and suggestiveness, a rare treat throughout.

Wm. Bittinger, Esq., of Abbottstown, Pa., is considering the building of a hall to cost \$35,000 or \$40,000 at Pennsylvania College, or the endowment of a professorship in the same with \$20,000, the gift to be made as a memorial in honor of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Rev. Eberly.

LOCALS.

Chestnuts.

A whole pail-full.

"Come to the window, Maud."

Why wouldn't she accept your chestnuts, Cholly?

Mr. "Lon." Miles, '83, paid us a flying visit a short time ago. We are glad to see our ex-active looking so well.

Our V. P. the other night, while strolling through the campus puffing at a big cigar, was kindly informed by a "preocious Prep." that all he needed now was a bell and a whistle to be a first-class locomotive, as he could see that he had the head-light and smoke-stack already.

Prof. Benson has delivered several very interesting lectures to the Junior Class on Rhetoric. His lectures show a perfect acquaintance with the subject, and what makes them so enjoyable is that they are delivered without any previous preparation on his part and *during recitation period.*

For pure, unadulterated gall, we refer you to one of our Freshies, who, going up to a farm-house, asked the lady to give him some apples. After she had given him a few he had the cheek to ask for a "couple more to make up an even half dozen," and even after she had complied with his wish for the second time, he wanted to know if he couldn't go out into the orchard and help himself.

A market wagon comes up the college avenue. Three young ladies come in the opposite direction all demure, but no sooner had the wagon got past than there was a sudden change in their demeanor, there were three stealthy steps back to the wagon, three hurried peeps and then three looks of undisguised disgust, for they were only sweet potatoes, and not fruit as they had fondly imagined.

Why that solemn procession? What causes that gloom and sorrow? Why those tearful eyes? Abimilech is dead! "And who is Abimilech," you ask? What! not heard of Abimilech the college pet, a bob-tailed chipmunk, for whom the boys risked their lives and the young ladies ran the chance of being demerited? Yes he is dead! some say he died of *cholera infantum*, others that too much fondling cut off his interesting career, but no matter what he died of suffice it to say he is dead. We laid him to rest in grief and a pasteboard box, under the wide spreading shade of a cedar, and scattered over his grave a loving tribute of flowers. Peace be to his ashes.

Student to farmer—"Say mister! will you let us have a few apples, please?"

Farmer—"Certainly, go help yourselves."

A half hour afterwards the farmer coming out into the yard sees three students staggering across the fields each with a large pillow-case full of apples on his shoulder.

Farmer, with a look of disgust—"Hi, there! Dod blast ye! I didn't say that you could have the whole dog-goned orchard." But the Junior gently waved his hand and then stalked serenely on.

Mr. J. W. E. says he is *H(e)art* broken. Mr. J. B. E. says he *Burroughs* for his treasure. Mr. K. says his heart is like a stove, it is *Coulburn*(ing). Mr. S. wants a *Constable* to guard his property. Mr. St.—is trying to win a "heart of *Stone*," and Harry wants to know if it *Wilso(n)* be parlor night.

Mr. George O. Garey, for several years a student of this institution, being a member of the Class of '78, and now editor of "The Star," published at North-East, Md., was recently married to Miss Addie Alexander, of Oxford, Pa., daughter of Wm. D. Alexander, Esq. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. W. Bamford, assisted

by Rev. R. W. Todd. He has our best wishes for his future happiness.—[Eds.]

Who was it when the secretary requested the students to answer to the church roll called out present.

Lady Senior N.—appeared a little late at breakfast a few mornings ago, attired in a new morning wrapper. Her devoted took cognizance of the fact, smiled a sweet expressive smile, blushed and looked toward his father, who remarked, "What's the matter son, does it break your heart?"

We would advise one of our lady teachers to consult her dictionary and not write *oblidge* again in the future.

One of our "Freshies" wishing to display his knowledge of Astronomy, the other day, spoke of the strange phenomenon often noticeable in the Northern hemisphere, as being the "*Roly boly Alice*."

The following is the heading and conclusion of a letter found on the campus and submitted to our astonished gaze, which for fervent expression of undying devotion, we think cannot be beaten:

My Only Darling:

* * * * *
With love, yours forever,
"BESS."

If the owner will inquire at our sanctum perhaps we can assist him in finding his lost epistle.

The lithographer has been to see us during the past week, and taken various sketches of our College buildings and campus, preparatory to taking an engraving which is to be inserted in our catalogue. From what we hear the engraving is to be a fine steel plate, and will supply a much-needed want in rendering attractive our catalogue.

Dyott, one of our Theologues, while displaying his muscular development by playing ball with a twenty-five pound dumb-bell, a few evenings ago, let it slip through his hand and fall upon his foot crushing it severely.

Miss Emma Benson, the Vice-President's niece, is again visiting her cousin, Miss Leida Benson, at College. Miss Benson was up to see us during the past scholastic year, and the renewal of her visit can only be taken as a compliment to the pleasure experienced during her former visit.

Prof. Merrill has been suffering intensely during the past week with a swelling and irritation of the face and hands, produced by coming in contact with some poisonous plants, while out hunting wild-flowers some weeks ago. The professor was confined to his room for a few days, but he is now recovering rapidly and is able to resume his duties in the class-room.

A certain light-haired Sophomore in discussing the pugilistic attainments of a higher classman, was heard to exclaim in his enthusiasm, "Oh, he's a *sluggard*."

Henrico under the window softly calling, "Andromeda, Oh Andromeda."

Andromeda—(from window) "Is't thou my Henrico? Yes! 'tis he."

Henrico—"Yes darling, give me thy hand that I may scale this wall, for I would fain sit on the window ledge and chat with thee."

Andromeda—Be careful my Henrico, the preceptress may perchance hear thy voice. (Gives Henrico her hand.)

Henrico—(gaining window sill) Andromeda love, me thinks 'twere much worth to risk the vigilance of thy watchful preceptress for one of thy tender smiles, dost remember the adage "stolen fruits taste sweetest;" love if 'twere not for thy bright eyes and kindly presence 'twould set me mad an'—"

Andromeda—"Quit thee, good sir! I will none of thy flattery. But hist! me-

thinks I hear a foot-fall, quick hie the hence, for should'st thou be caught thou'lt surely be heavily demerited. I will hide myself under the sofa until the Breeze goes by." the door creaks, Henrico dives into a lot of flower pots, smashes a window, and makes his escape. Andromeda turns and confronts the scowling face of——an empty void. Andromeda says some naughty words and goes to bed. Henrico finds it out next day and slips silently around a corner and kicks himself.

Mr. G. W. Gooch, A. B., who has only recently been added to W. M. C.'s Faculty, in the capacity of Assistant Tutor in the Preparatory Department, was born in Granville county, N. C. He pursued a course of instruction at Yadkin College, of which Professor S. Simpson, of our Physical Science Chair, was then President, and graduated at that institution in the year 1882, having the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred upon him. He was then elected Principal of the Oakdale Academy, in Allamance county, N. C., which position he resigned to connect himself with our College. Mr. Gooch is along with tutor's duties, taking a course of instruction in Natural and Physical Science under Professor Simpson, preparatory to his entrance into Johns Hopkins University. He comes highly recommended and has already gained great favor with the students whom he instructs.

A new music room has been opened directly opposite the Editor's sanctum. It is, we have no doubt, a source of endless enjoyment to the young ladies, but to us it is a source of endless annoyance, for the ceaseless bang, bang, bang, is going on all through our recitation periods and disturbs us in our studies and writing, for when a lady goes to the piano we have to look up to see who "in the dickens" is making such a racket, then we have to look again to see if she is looking at us—for we editors are handsome fellows—and before we know it the bell rings and our lessons are minus.

Nearly all the young lady students went chestnutting last Saturday, (18th), and although they had two Professors, and two big, strapping gentlemen students with them, they did not succeed in getting a handful apiece. While one of ye "Eds." together with two of his chums brought home nearly half a bushel of fine big fellows. They ought to have taken us with them, we are not afraid to climb trees before the girls as were the dandy "Sophs!"

Boquets, apples, pies, cakes, peanuts, and even back pay for subscriptions thankfully received at this office.—Eds.

One of our Seniors, just after a desperate but fruitless effort to discover what Socrates was driving at in his "Apology," was seen to make a hurried toilet and take the next train for Baltimore. On the day following this worthy personage returned, but not empty-handed. Under his arm nearest his heart could be seen something closely wrapped and closely guarded. A lower classman approached respectfully and innocently inquired what it was. But all further interrogation was forever hushed when the Senior, with a look of wild ferocity, answered—"It is a *life-preserver*, you booby; now shut up!"

Query—What causes that look of unalloyed bliss which has since taken possession of our brother's dark eyes.

Who was that seen passing around gratuitously three for a quarter smiles wrapped up in tin foil.

Harvey G. Jordan, one of our day students, living near Linwood, along the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, met with what might have been a serious accident a few evenings ago as he was returning from school. In his gallantry to assist

a lady, with several packages, from the train, he forgot his satchel, being reminded of it, he returned to the car in search of the missing article; in the mean time the train had started and was fairly under way, when he endeavored to jump from the platform, which he did, unfortunately however, the result being a badly cut face, a bruised knee, and a general shaking up of the body.

Two dignified Juniors, a pompous Sophomore and a haughty Freshman, all bent on seeing the last game of base ball for the season, marched nobly to the Association grounds, watch when the gate keeper turns his back, then jump over the fence.

Personal.

Prof. J. W. Reese, Ph. D., of this college, has been elected an honorary member of the Philo Society at Pennsylvania College.

Mr. E. H. Norman has been appointed Professor of Accounts at Bryant, Stratton & Sadler's business college, in Baltimore. We can earnestly say that we feel certain that Ed. will fill the chair most satisfactorily. For two years he attended W. M. C., and was undoubtedly the most popular young man that ever came among us. He was one of the prime agitators in the movement of starting the GAZETTE. After it was fully decided that the paper should be established, he was put on a committee appointed to solicit advertisements and subscriptions, and to his untiring efforts is due the successful commencement of the career of IRVING LITERARY GAZETTE. He was an earnest member of IRVING SOCIETY, conscientiously filling all his positions and offices with the greatest promptness. He showed a special aptness for business, and was nearly always appointed on committees which were to deal with outside parties. Feeling certain that he will give the highest satisfaction, we bid him God-speed.

We have received a copy of Sadler's Inductive arithmetic. It is undoubtedly the most complete work we have ever examined. It is a book to begin with, to continue the study with and above all to be referred to after school days are over. Everything is arranged in a condensed form but it is not so condensed as to omit important articles. It is a book for to-day. Dropping all the old useless catch questions it has replaced them with those which we meet in active business life. In conclusion of the preface the authors say:—"To all progressive teachers who wish to elevate their profession from the dull routine and mechanical processes of the 'old school' to the high plane demanded by this intensely practical age, this book is confidently submitted."

R. L. Linthicum, class of '83, is attending lectures at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following are the names of new students who have entered since our last issue.

Miss Sadie Abbott, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Carrie L. Mourer, Westminster, Md.
Miss Blanche Pillsbury, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Alice W. Virgie, Claremont, Surry county, Va.

Mr. Harvey G. Jordan, Linwood, Carroll co., Md.

Mr. James H. Steele, Jr., Watersville, Md.

Mr. John C. C. Snyder, Washington, D. C.

By the will of Mrs. Stroup, of Bloomsburg, Pa., the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg is made the residuary legatee of his estate after the death of his widow. The Seminary will get about \$60,000.

Cinderella Revised.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER V.

Cindy hastened up the steps to the entrance of the castle. Her little heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird as she closed the great door. Now she was in a worse plight than ever. Not only was her beautiful new slipper still lost, but some great monsters were moving around in the castle gardens. Finally, when she had partly recovered from her terror, she returned to the chapel and implored the fairies to aid her. They took pity on her, and getting one of the guardian spirits of the place, went merrily out to vanquish the monster. Long and patiently they searched, but in vain. At last they sent for the fairy queen of the castle, gifted with all-seeing eyes, but even she was at fault. Sadly they returned leading the tearful Cindy in front. She wept a bitter weep as she ascended the steps, and at the door turned and cast one last sad look in hope that the sight of her misery might soften the heart of the wicked genie; but alas! it was in vain.

VI.

Near the great castle in which Cindy was imprisoned dwelt a company of mischievous gnomes. The company were called the White Demons, and at their head was a handsome master spirit, called the Great Ghoul. They were jolly elves, but were prohibited the castle on account of their proclivities for mischief. Many were the times they would lie shielded by the darkness of night and watch for chances to tease or scare the timid inhabitants of the castle. The Great Ghoul had often seen beautiful little Cinderella, and now he gazed upon her with wistful eye and wished he might dare address her. Now, one night he and his happy elves were disporting themselves in the grape arbor, when suddenly there arose upon the air the sweet sounds of fairy music, and above all, clear and pure, rose the voice of Cinderella. With one accord the Demons quit their sport and drew near the castle to drink in the heavenly music. Just as they approached they heard Cindy's cry of distress, and no longer bound by the entrancing music, the spirit of mischief characteristic to them once more took possession, and their whole thought became how to secure the slipper to tantalize the owner. There was a scramble toward the spot, and the next moment the gnomes were on their knees searching the ground. Before they found it Cindy appeared, and fearing lest she might find it, one of the Demons changed himself into a great black bear, and gave utterance to the sounds which so terrified poor Cindy. Then securing the slipper, they withdrew to a distance and laughed in their sleeves as they saw the fruitless search of the fairies.

VII.

When the Great Ghoul saw the distressed look on Cindy's face as she entered the castle his heart smote him, and then and there he vowed he would make reparation. From time to time he thought he would return it, but when he gazed upon the tiny treasure he returned it to his secret closet and quieted his conscience by promises for the future.

At last he could conjure up no more excuses, and so decided to return it. Going to the gardener of fairyland, who was his friend, he asked him to fill the slipper with the rarest floral gems of fairyland.

VIII.

It was a custom of the fairies to celebrate the last Saturday night in each month by receiving callers. On that evening the whole community would don their most beautiful magic robes and smile their most

charming smiles for the benefit of the privileged mortals who were favored with invitations.

On the last Saturday of September, 1884, they were assembled in the parlors. Fairies and mortals were making each other supremely happy and a flood of witty sallies kept care and gravity driving on so fast that their presence was not felt. All at once the door opens and the elfish usher appears, followed by a most note worthy monstrosity. It was one of those forsaken misshapen creatures called editors. All were at first at a loss to account for his presence, but a second glance explained all. In his hand he bore that wonderful slipper covered with a profusion of Flora's richest treasures. Advancing across the sumptuous apartments, he bowed on lowly knee before the beautiful owner, and explaining that he was the chosen messenger of the Great Ghoul, begged her to accept her property. Cindy was charmed with the flowers and overjoyed at the recovery of her precious slipper, but she was disgusted that his majesty, the Great Ghoul, should choose so unworthy a representative. However, she accepted the offering, and as the delighted audience expressed its approval the blushes chased each other in quick succession over her soft cheek as the floods of reflected sunlight sweeping along the horizon at dewy eve. Finis.

"Too Late."

When kind words to our friends
Would their aching hearts elate,
We never think until alas
We find it is too late.

When the insensible and crumbling bones of John Howard Payne, the author of that sweetest and most expressive of American songs, "Home, sweet home," were carried in state across the ocean, and borne to their last resting place amid the pealing of music and the singing of requiems, the whole nation looking on with reverence and love, it was impossible not to remember how much the life of the poor poet, who in his loveliness never knew the blessings of a home, would have been warmed and brightened by a very little of this late appreciation and honor.

If instead of the universal laudation which has been given to the dead Poe, the gifted and talented though intemperate author of the Raven, a hearty, genuine effort of one or two of his friends had been made to keep him from ruin, he might have lived happily for many years, but it seems that after a man has taken his first steps down hill every body enjoys giving him a kick to send him farther down. I read some time ago in the biography of Poe, that, "He was hated by some, despised by others, and avoided by almost all respectable men." Now these same respectable men, I have no doubt, united, after his death, in praising his genius and admiring his works, and were sorry that they had not raised helping hands to save him from disgrace and death. But it is a characteristic of the human race always to speak and act *too late* in such matters. We cannot always tell what aggregation of circumstances in a man's life cause him to fall, and it is not for us to pass sentence upon him. This life, at best, is full of troubles, temptations and pitfalls, and it behooves us always to try to make its path as easy to travel as possible, and to lend a helping hand wherever it is needed.

It has always been the habit of the world to neglect its heroes and leaders while they are living and to heap honors and praise on them as soon as they are deaf and blind to both. If a little encouragement had been given more beautiful scintillations of genius might have shed their light for our benefit. "Bailiffs," sang poor Moore (to whom the bailiff was well known), "may

sieze his last blanket to day, whose pall will be held up by nobles to-morrow. Instance the following lines; they prove the truth that we never see the worth of a man until he is dead.

"Seven cities claimed the Homer dead
Thro' which the living Homer begged his bread."

When Ben Johnson lay dying in poverty and hunger, Charles I., who had long known of his want, sent him a small sum, without any kindly message. "I will have none of his alms," said the poet. "He sends it to me because I live in an alley. Take it back and tell him his soul lives in an alley." Thousands of years ago the proverb was old, "Better be a living dog than a dead lion." Let me add this proviso, that the living dog is not starved by his friends in food or praise or love. The living man hears and appreciates what is told him; but there is always the terrible possibility that the dead do not know. Americans are usually too crowded and hurried by the incessant struggle of life to cordially cheer and encourage each other. Detraction and fault-finding followed Lincoln and Garfield to the very moment they were struck down, when they became popular demigods.

Look at the political agitation now over-spreading our country. How the opposing factions heap vituperation on the heads of each other's leader; but, should either of them die suddenly, all would be forgotten. Some of our public men might be tempted to wish for assassination, as good fortune compared with the perpetual lashes of the knout of public opinion. Even in our individual lives we are too apt to keep back the expression of our admiration and love from our living friend to lavish it upon him when he is dead. Sisters and brothers, even husbands and wives and parents, treat each other with petulance and selfish coldness for years, until death comes, when they sob out on the coffin, "He knows not how I loved him!" Alas, he may never know!

Our Country.

What is it that constitutes our country? It is not the the East, with her hills capped with lofty pines and oaks, towering their heads in proud ecstasy toward the heavens; with her valleys washed by peaceful rivers, decked by countless vessels, with outstretched sails fanned by the wings of the wind, employed in transporting the rich produce from one section of territory to another; and the rocky ramparts of her shore washed by the wild waves from the ocean. It is not the North, with her great lumber regions resounding with the steady but earnest stroke of the industrious lumberman; with her frontier of lake and ocean. It is not the West, with her vast open plains spreading out into almost innumerable miles of extent, with scarcely anything visible but the wild prairie weed to break the monotony which one experiences in traveling those plains; with her Rocky Mountains, rich in mines of gold and silver, many of which are yet unknown to man, and her snow-capped peaks, each trying, as it seems, to be superior in height and beauty, as they glitter in the sun as spears of steel highly polished; with the beautiful Mississippi and verdant Missouri coursing through her territory, seeking their way among her hills and down her valleys until they are finally lost, intermingled with the waters of the ocean. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow-white fields of cotton; with her rich plantations of rustling cane, and golden robes of the rice field; with her famous orange groves, laden with the delicious fruit, looking like balls of gold. It is all these sister families, as it were, of one greater, better, holier family; joined together

like the links in a chain, with the motto "*E pluribus unum*" at her head, as a guide to cheer her on to victory. That constitutes *our country*. And we, as Americans, should feel proud of our country, knowing the troubles and difficulties she has gone through in gaining her independence; how bravely her sons fought in defence of their rights when oppressed by England, and yet she withstood this attack nobly, although inferior in wealth and population to her opponent, she proved herself not to be conquered. And, since her independence, she has been increasing in population, in riches, in enterprise and renown, more rapidly than any other nation of the earth. Her religious, literary and political institutions will bear a proud comparison with those of England, France and Germany. Judging from the rapid increase of the past, we may fairly infer that America is destined at no far distant period to take a more elevated and important stand among the nations of the earth. If she is but true to herself, she can never retrograde. She must ever prosper, gathering strength and stability as she advances. She is based upon a firm constitution and supported by pillars of strength that suffer no decay, and that bid defiance to the hand of the oppressor. Her voice is swelling to a louder note in other lands, and wherever the star-spangled banner sweeps the free air of heaven, there will her influence be felt, and the fame of her doings create a flame and arouse a spirit which rivers cannot quench nor armed multitudes subdue.

The American Flag.

"When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there."

This noble flag was first unfurled in Boston, amid scenes unparalleled in the history of the United States.

The most prominent position it held was at Bunker Hill, where it waved over the gallant and brave, who fought long and well, under its streaming folds, and who were driven back only when there was no longer any possibility of success, and then the noble flag was borne away from the field by its sorrowful followers, who left many a noble companion behind, who fell in cold blood, fighting for his country's freedom. Among the most illustrious was Gen. Warren, who fought nobly until the end, for his flag and country. Oh, who can give praise sufficiently worthy of such men who thus sacrificed their lives!

I have often looked upon the stars and stripes with the deepest reverence, wishing that I had been able to have fought under its folds with Washington, Gates, Green, Lafayette, and all those noble patriots of the revolution. A war which drew men from their families, and from those most dear to them, to fight for their country and to die under the old flag in the cause of liberty. Lafayette, the most distinguished foreigner who took sides with the Americans, left all the pleasures and comforts of his home, and under the penalty of the French law, which prohibited all of that nation from taking part in the American Rebellion; but the character of Lafayette, that his hands clenched and his feelings rose with righteous indignation at the unjust demands of Great Britain, and he left his own country under the penalty of death, hiding by day and traveling by night, never considering himself safe until aboard an American vessel; and all this he did in order that he might fight with Washington in the cause of liberty under the Star Spangled Banner. He fought bravely throughout the war, enduring hardships along with the Americans, but none rejoiced more than he at the surrender of

Cornwallis at Yorktown, which was a glorious victory for the Americans.

In naval engagements, how gloriously has been the death of many a brave soldier, who having been separated from all that is near and dear to him, and now about to breathe his final breath, having been wounded fighting for his country's cause, his last pleasure is to see his native flag still waving. How beautiful are the lines thus addressed to the American flag:

"The dying wanderer on the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee;
And smile to see thy glories fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye."

In traveling down the history of our country we see the noble flag waving in triumph over Great Britain and Mexico, and the American eagle bearing palms of victory in its talons.

But further on down we see a mist collecting, and it becomes darker and darker, until darkness prevails over the entire country, and the glorious old flag is separated in two parts—the one bears the stars and stripes, while the other bears a single star. But after a time they are again united, seeing that in union there is strength and trusting that justice and liberty shall reign forever and that the dark chasm may soon be closed by time, and all join hands in exclaiming that the

"Star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Train the Boys to Business.

There is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households boys' lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact having nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on till school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experience have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline. How the boy without this great advantage fails is thus fairly described by the *Scientific American*:

He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, or do errands,—in short to become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness and his department, and were in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds task-masters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become very numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtasked and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of children.

What is wanted, is for every boy to have something to do; to have something to do at a definite hour; to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be

fortified with the habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

Rev. G. S. Hawley, Class of '68, has been chosen Professor of Metaphysics in Union College.

Cornell has just received \$50,000 to endow a chair of Moral Philosophy.

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