

REPAIRING.

BRING your repairing to us if you desire expert workmanship, prompt attention and moderate charges. Watches and clocks cleaned, repaired, regulated and put in order in the most skillful manner. We make a specialty of caring for valuable time-pieces of all kinds. Jewelry and all small wares repaired, cleaned and polished in the most workmanlike style. We invite your patronage, guaranteeing satisfaction on everything entrusted to us, and will make prices as low as first-class work can be done.

TEACUP LORE.

Here are a few old women's signs which may be read from a cup of tea: If anybody happens to have two spoons in their cup, it is a sign that they will figure prominently at a wedding before the year is out. If milk or cream is put in your cup before the sugar, it will "cross your love." A tea stalk floating on top of the tea is called a "stranger." When this happens to unmarried ladies they should stir the tea around briskly, and then place the spoon in the centre of the cup, holding it quite still. If the "stranger" in its gyrations is attracted to the spoon, the "stranger" will come that evening; should it, however, cling to the sides, he will not come at all. We may observe that it really depends on the state of the atmosphere as to whether the stalk goes to the middle or not. It is a sign of fair weather if the clusters of small air bubbles, which usually rise after the sugar has been put in, collect themselves and remain in the centre of the cup. If, on the contrary, they struggle to the sides, it is a sign that it will certainly rain in a few hours. This cluster of bubbles is also called a "kiss," and portends that the owner will be thus saluted during the course of the day. A cluster of tea-leaves with a few stragglers at the front at the bottom of the cup, signifies a hearse or a funeral, while the couple of tea-leaves at the bottom, if close together, signify a wedding—and so on to the end of the chapter.

DECEIVED IN HIMSELF. Visitor (to prisoner): "What brought you here?"
 Prisoner: "Misplaced confidence."
 Visitor: "How was that?"
 Prisoner: "I thought I could run faster than I could."



SILVERWARE

SILVERWARE. There is no more satisfactory and desirable present for the holidays than some article of silverware. The styles and patterns of our goods in this line are graceful and modern, and our stock is so varied and complete that every taste and every pocket-book can be readily suited. We aim to give the best value and the best goods. An inspection of our stock will satisfy you that it is first-class in artistic design, fine workmanship and honest quality.

NICE PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN. We make a feature of small jewelry suited to the wants of the gentlemen, and a complete assortment of cuff buttons, collar buttons, studs, scarf pins, charms, rings and the like may be found at our store. We can certainly suit you in price, if you can be suited in these goods, and we guarantee to submit articles that are of modern workmanship and the best of their grade.

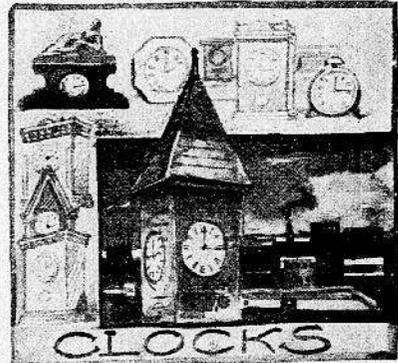
FOGG'S FAILING.—"No," said Fogg, who had failed to find out until the dealer had mentioned it the next day, that the latter had overpaid him in making change; "no, I never was good at arithmetic. There was my sister, for instance; when we were children, she was five years older than I, but now she is six years younger. And yet the same number of years have passed over both our heads. I can't understand it at all; no, sir, I never was good at arithmetic."

POOR LITTLE CUB.—"Poor little fellow!" said the sympathetic lady to the archlin who was trudging along with books and slate under his arm. "haven't you sorry to have to go back to school? Still, I suppose you manage to have a great many good times."
 "Yes'm," was the reply, "I do. I put a lizard in the teacher's desk, and muddle in her ink, and dropped my slate on Johnny Flynn's sore toe, and put limburger cheese in the pump—and school ain't really opened yet, either."

POTATO PARTIES.

A unique entertainment was given in a private parlor at a leading Cape May hotel the other evening. It was a potato party, and under the direction of young hostesses four rows of potatoes, four in a row, were laid the length of the long room, and the sport began. The names of two couples were called, and the four, two ladies and two gentlemen, stationed themselves at the potato lines, and at the signal of a bell began the difficult feat of lifting the first potato on a coffee spoon. This accomplished, it is to be borne in safely to the umpire's table at the extreme end of the room, and the task repeated until the four potatoes were safely brought into harbor. The game continued until the steadiness of hand of all was tested, and great amusement was created. The prizes were very handsome. They were awarded to those lifting and carrying the potatoes in the shortest space of time. Potato parties are a reigning fad in Washington, and promise to be one of the winter amusements in the East.

RINGS. We have a wonderful assortment of finger rings, plain, chased and with settings, so desirable and low in price that we cannot fail to suit you. This is a popular line at the holidays, and you will do well to make an early selection from our splendid stock.



CLOCKS

CLOCKS. One of the best and most satisfactory gifts that can be made to a person in need of such an article is a reliable clock. We are especially well prepared to meet the wants of the Holiday season in this line. We keep a very complete assortment of clocks both large and small, plain and ornamental, expensive or inexpensive; in fact, can supply you with just the clock you want, of any grade and price. Remember we are waiting to show you a splendid line of good time-pieces at most reasonable prices.

A BABY'S FAITH.

In the Cincinnati post office, in the general deposit of mail gathered one day recently, was a much-thumbed and tear-stained postal card. The writing upon it was in a child's hand, trembling and uncertain. The address was, "My dear mamma in heaven." The letter was as follows:

"home"
 "dear mamma—I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you, the time seems so long, you said I could come to you, Mrs. Clark is kind to me but not like you. you sho this to God and send for me sure, my arm hurts me so and you said it would be well in heaven. I send you a kiss, from me, little Dora."

Cold, indeed, must be the heart that does not moisten the eye that looks upon that touching and pathetic letter, with its baby love and unquestioning faith and illustrations of the love between child and mother that passeth understanding. The whole world of pathos is in the little one's cry. "Mrs. Clark is kind to me but she is not like you." No, little one, nobody could be to you what your mother was.



A HOLIDAY SLEIGH RIDE.