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MINING JOURNAL.

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NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 37. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 973.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

May 11, 1890.

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

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:50 a m
7:15 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:35 a m
8:10 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
9:35 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:55 a m
12:05 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:05 p m
1:15 p m	...No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
5:10 p m	....No. 46 Express....	5:20 p m
6:30 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
1:00 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
1:50 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:55 a m
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
9:15 a m	....No. 47 Express....	9:25 a m
11:00 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	11:05 a m
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:31 p m	....No. 1 Express....	7:50 p m

No. 13 does not go west of Keyser.
No.'s 46 and 47 will not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves....1:10 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " ....7:50 a m
" 5—Mail " " ....2:15 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:40 a m
" 6—Mail " " .. 1:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " .. 7:15 p m

May 16 R. M. SHEATS, Agent.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	3:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	4:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	4:37 p m
" " Lonaconing .	8:30 a m	4:45 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave at 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	12:00 p m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	12:09 p m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	12:30 p m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	1:15 p m	6:15 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains from Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York arrive at 12:15 and 10:20 p. m.

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Feb 2 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 1. a. m.	No. 3. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. a. m.	No. 4. p. m.
6:25	11:35..	....Piedmont.....	11:05	5:27
6:40	11:50....	..Barton...	10:45	5:02
6:50	12:02....	.Lonaconing....	10:37	5:05
7:02	12:14.....	.Midland.....	10:24	4:50
7:05	12:17....	.. .Ocean.....	10:21	4:47
7:10	12:24...	.Borden Shaft...	10:15	4:40
7:18	12:32....	.Frostburg..	10:07	4:30
7:35	12:49...	.Morantown....	9:47	4:10
7:42	12:56....	.Mount Savage....	9:41	4:04
7:47	1:01....	.Barrelville.....	9:35	3:56
7:49	1:03....	.Patterson's.	9:33	3:54
7:55	1:09...	..Kreigbaum's...	9:25	3:45
7:57	1:11.	Mt. Savage junction.	9:23	3:43
8:10	1:24.....	Cumberland.....	9:10	3:30
a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m
Arrive.			Leave.	

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.

P. L. BURWELL,
May 17 General Superintendent.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Save Your Money
BY BUYING YOUR
RAILROAD TICKETS
—FROM—
J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

—THE—
Latchstring Hangs on the Outside
—AND A—
Hearty Welcome
ON THE INSIDE

At my store-room for all in search of

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets and Oilcloths.

I HAVE returned from the markets the second time this spring with the finest line of CLOTHING at lower prices than at any season during my 36 years experience.

My Clothing comprises the handsomest styles, sewed and trimmed better than can be done by the "merchant tailors" around here, and prices much lower. Fit guaranteed in every case. My motto is:

No Misfit.

Every Man, Boy and Child I can suit and fit from a 2½-year old boy to a 300-pounder fat man at strictly

One-Price Rates to All.

A FINE PLUSH ORNAMENT thrown in with every Man's Suit, and a BAT and BALL with every Boy's Suit.

I extend to all a call and examination, especially within the next thirty days, while the full assortment is in stock.

Very thankful for past custom, I am
Yours truly,

MARX WINELAND,
CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.
Wholesale and Retail.
May 3

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. S. McELFISH.
Dental Office
OPPOSITE CENTRAL HOTEL, Main St., above Post Office, Frostburg, Md.
Dec 21

THE AUCTIONEER'S GIFT.

The auctioneer leaped on a chair, and bold and loud and clear,
He poured his cataract of words—just like an auctioneer.
An auction sale of furniture, where some hard mortgagee
Was bound to get his money back, and pay his lawyer's fee.

A humorist of wide renown, this doughty auctioneer,
His horse-play raised the loud guffaw, and brought the answering jeer.
He scattered round his jokes, like rain, on the unjust and the just;
Sam Sleeman said he "laffed so much he thought that he would bust."

He knocked down bureaus, beds, and stoves, and clocks and chandeliers,
And a grand piano, which he swore would "last a thousand years;"
He rattled out the crockery, and sold the silverware—
At last they passed him up, to sell, a little baby's chair.

"How much? how much? come make a bid; is all your money spent?"
And then a cheap, facetious wag came up and bid, "One cent."
Just then a sad-faced woman, who stood in silence there,
Broke down and cried, "My baby's chair! My poor, dead baby's chair!"

"Here madam, take your baby's chair," said the softened auctioneer,
"I know its value all too well—my baby died last year—
And, if the owner of the chair, our friend, the mortgagee,
Objects to this proceeding, let him send the bill to me!"

Gone was the tone of raillery; the humorist auctioneer
Turned shame-faced from his audience, to brush away a tear;
The laughing crowd was awed and still, no fearless eye was there
When the weeping woman reached and took her little baby's chair.

—[S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

CAUGHT.

A number of burglaries had been committed in that part of the city in which the Beemans lived, and Mr. Beeman and the other members of his family sat at the tea-table one evening discussing the latest case, the breaking into the house next to their own.

Perhaps the most interested person at the tea-table was Mrs. Lucinda Drake, Mr. Beeman's old aunt, who had arrived on that very day to make a visit. Mrs. Drake was country born and bred. She loved the country, and detested the city and all its ways, and distrusted every dweller in a city whom she did not know to be good and honest. When she went to visit her nephew she was accustomed to bid her family a solemn farewell.

"Because," she would say, "there's no telling whether I'll ever get home alive; the city is such a wicked place."

The account of the burglaries referred to greatly excited Aunt Lucinda, and she at first declared that she would go directly home, as her life must be in constant danger if she remained in the neighborhood in which such rascalities were being committed.

Mr. Beeman had laughed at her fears, however, and had finally prevailed on her to forego her intention of returning home.

"Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place, Aunt Lucinda," he said, "and as the burglars have already visited our neighbors, and they know that we are all on the alert, they are not likely to come this way again soon."

"Well, it'll be the worst for them if they come near me," said Aunt Lucinda, and when one looked at her it seemed that her saying might be true.

She was a large, muscular woman, in perfect health, and was not lacking in courage, notwithstanding her seeming timidity.

"It's not that I'm afraid," she said, scornfully, "but I don't want to lose any of my things, and it isn't pleasant to wake up in the dead of night and find a burglar prowling around one's room."

"You'll not be troubled, auntie," said Mr. Beeman, confidently. "All our locks and bolts are in good condition, and I shall sleep with one eye open."

"I shall be likely to sleep with both of mine open," replied Aunt Lucinda.

Mr. Beeman attended an entertainment down town that night, and, at a few minutes before midnight, found himself on his own doorstep without his latch key.

"This is too provoking," he said, as he carefully searched his pockets without finding the missing key. "It was only this evening that Harriet told me that the bell wire was broken or twisted so the bell won't ring. All the family sleep upstairs, and I can't awaken anybody without screaming loud enough to rouse all the neighbors within a block. It's two miles to the nearest hotel, and no more horse-cars to-night. I must get in some way or other."

A little balcony projected over the front door. It was supported by two posts reaching to the front steps.

"I know what I'll do," said Mr. Beeman, mentally. "I'll climb up to that little balcony. The window in front of it opens into Aunt Lucinda's room. I'll rap gently until I awaken her, and ask her to raise the window and let me in."

It was not an easy thing to climb up the smooth, round posts, but Mr. Beeman finally succeeded in doing it, and scrambled over the balcony railing, in doing which he necessarily made not a little noise. Then he tapped gently on the window glass, and was about to call his aunt by name when, to his amazement, a water-pitcher came crashing through the window, and struck him with stunning force full in the face.

A washbowl followed the water pitcher, and Mr. Beeman fell to the balcony floor, not only astonished but alarmed by the volley of brushes, boots, soap-dishes, pillows and miscellaneous articles of every description that were showered upon him. He tried to call his aunt by name, but his cries were drowned by her prolonged shrieks of—

"Murder! Police! Help! Don't you dare come in here! John Beeman, come here! I've caught the burglar. Oh, I've got you!"

She had thrown up the sash while she screamed, and had reached out and grasped Mr. Beeman by the ankles. He was a small man and she was large and strong, and she had dragged him halfway over the window sill before the terrified members of his family came running with lamps and weapons of various kinds.

"Harriet!" Mr. Beeman finally gasped out to his wife, "can't you make her stop?"

"Why—John Beeman!" shrieked his wife.

"Why, it isn't—bless me if it isn't John Beeman!" screamed Aunt Lucinda, dropping down on her bed in a state of utter collapse.

"Why, pa!" cried his eldest daughter.

"I'd shot you in another second," was the cheerful remark of Tom Beeman, a boy of 16, as he displayed an evil-looking pistol, which he had kept under his pillow ever since the first burglary had been committed.

"Hello, over there! What's the matter?" called out the neighbor across the street, aroused by the sound of breaking glass, and Aunt Lucinda's terrific shriek.

"Anybody killed in there, Beeman?" asked the neighbor next door, thrusting his head out of a window in the darkness.

"Open this door or I'll bang it open!" came in a gruff voice from beneath the balcony as the policeman hammered the front door with his club.

"It's nothing, sir, nothing," called out Mr. Beeman.

"Well, a pretty rumpus this is to raise at midnight about nothing. It won't do, sir. Better come down here, and give a straighter account than that of the matter, or I'll ring for the patrol wagon."

Bruised and chagrined as he was, Mr. Beeman had to go down and explain the situation to the officer. The neighbors also had to be given a clearer understanding of the affair before they could feel sure that murder had not been committed.

Poor Aunt Lucinda was overcome with mortification at her mistake, but Mr. Beeman felt that the blame should all rest on him. All that was necessary to make his humiliation complete came the next morning, when he found the missing latch-key in the door, where he had left it the night before, when he ran back for his cane after starting to the entertainment.

Aphorisms.

Affectations in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—[Locke.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.—[Clarendon.

Compliments, which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.—[Goldsmith.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—[Pope.

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.—[Chesterfield.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—[Bolingbroke.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—[Witherspoon.

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—[Franklin.

He Fiddled and They Fit.

A Mill Creek miner thus winds up the story of a fight between 1,000 wolves that besieged his cabin one night recently in the mountains of that region, incited to frenzy by the notes of the aforesaid miner's fiddle:

"I fiddled and they fit and ate each other, till the band began to thin out. Every time I gave an extra rasp on the E string they howled louder and pitched in afresh. They kept it up for three hours, when there wasn't more than forty or fifty left, and they so blamed full that they could hardly waddle. But I fiddled and they fit for a second wind. When one threw up the sponge the others bolted him in a twinkling. By and by there wasn't more than a dozen left. But I fiddled and they fit and feasted.

"When they got down to three, each one laid hold of another's tail and chawed for glory. The ring kept getting smaller, but I fiddled and they chawed until there was only a bunch of hair left, and that blowed away down hill. The snow was all red with blood and trampled down ten feet. Heads and bones were strung all down the canon, and there was fur enough in sight to stuff a circus tent. It was the dandiest dog fight I ever saw."—[Virginia City Chronicle.

How English Ladies Dress.

Very few tastefully dressed women have I seen. The ladies here wear costly toilets of an evening, but they have an appearance as if their fine things had been shot onto them out of a cannon. They display their jewels with a generosity that is simply vulgar. It is not unusual to see ladies at the theatre with four or five diamond brooches up and down the front of their bodices. As a class the barmaids are splendid looking creatures—red-cheeked, ample-breasted and with magnificent hair. Among the house servants, too, fine specimens of physical beauty are frequently to be met with, but the women of the upper classes are disappointing in appearance, and in movement they are, contrary to tradition, awkward; the English woman either swaggers or shuffles.—[Chicago News' London letter.

GRIZZLY AND BISONS FIGHT.

It Was a Battle to the Death, and There Was No Survivor.

The following story was told us by a stalwart Indian, who, having been among the French half-breeds a good deal, had received from them the French name of Baptiste. He said:

"One summer, long ago, I was with a large party of Indians. We were making a long journey over the rolling prairies, from one place to another. That we might have plenty of meat to eat, two of us were appointed to keep about two days' journey ahead of the company to hunt and to kill all the game we could.

"The reason why we kept so far apart was because we had dogs and babies and women in our party, and you know they will all make much noise, so they would scare the animals far away.

"Well, we two hunters kept well ahead. Some days we had good luck and killed a great deal, and then other days we did not kill much. What we got we cached, so that the party could easily find it by the sign we gave them when they came along. We always put it near the trail for them. Then we would push on, looking for more.

"In the rolling prairies the hills are like the great waves of the sea, only some of the hills are about a mile apart, with the valleys between. When we were coming to the top of one of these swells, or hills, we would creep up very carefully in the long grass and look over down in the valley on the other side. Sometimes we would see game to shoot and often there was nothing at all. When there was no sign of anything worth stopping to shoot, as we were after big game, having many mouths to feed, we would hurry across to the next hilltop and carefully look over into the next valley.

One day as we had passed several valleys and had seen nothing that was worth our stopping to shoot, we came to the top of a pretty large hill, and cautiously looked over. There was a sight that we shall never forget.

"Right down before us, within gunshot, was a very large grizzly bear and two big buffalo bulls. Well for us the wind was blowing from them to us. They were very angry-looking and were preparing for a big fight. The buffaloes seemed to know that the bear was an ugly customer, and he looked as if he did not know how to manage the two of them at once.

"For quite a while they kept up what you might call a pretense of battle. The bulls would paw the ground, and keep up a constant roaring. This only made the bear the more angry, and if there had only been one he would soon have got his big claws upon him, but there being two made him cautious.

"After a while both of the bulls suddenly lowered their heads and charged the bear. As they rushed at him he quickly arose upon his haunches, and, as they closed in upon him, he seized one of them by the head and neck, and, with a sudden jerk, so quickly broke his neck that he fell down as dead as a stone.

"The older buffalo, which had charged at the same time, gave the bear a fearful thrust with his sharp horns, one of which pierced him between the ribs, causing an ugly wound from which the blood soon began to flow. The bear, having killed the other buffalo, tried to sieze hold of this one also, but he, having given the bear the ugly wound, quickly sprang back out of his reach. He ran off for a little distance, but, as the bear did not follow him, he came back again. There they stood looking at each other, both very angry, but both very cautious. As they kept moving around it seemed to us as though the buffalo had so come round to the windward side of the bear that he caught the scent of the blood from the wound. The smell of blood always excites to fury these animals, and so, lowering his head, he furiously charged at his wounded yet still savage enemy. The bear rose upon his hind quarters to receive him, and, seizing him as he did the other, killed him on the spot.

"We saw him go from one buffalo to another and smell them both, but he did not offer to tear or eat either. We could see that he was very badly wounded from the way he kept twitching his side, from which the blood kept running. It was an ugly wound and he was a very sick bear, and so as he looked so cross we were not in a hurry to let him know anything about us.

"Imagine, if you can," said Baptiste, while his eyes flashed at the recollection of this royal battle, "how excited we were as we lay there in the long grass and watched this great fight.

"Then we thought: Now if we can only kill that wounded bear we will have plenty of meat for the whole camp for a good while. But, although we had our guns, we were none too anxious to begin the battle with such a bear as that one; so we crouched low and watched him. It was very fortunate that the wind, which was quite a breeze, blew as it did. He never seemed to suspect that other foes were near.

"After a while he went off a little distance and lay down in the long grass, which rose up so high around him that we could not see him. We waited long for him to get up, but as he did not, and we could not stay there all day, we prepared for a big fight with him. We put our knives where we could instantly draw them, and carefully examined our guns to see that they were all right. Then we began to crawl down carefully through the grass toward him.

"My! how our hearts did beat! and how every second we expected he would hear us, and the fight would begin for life or death.

"We got very close to him, although not near enough to see him. Then, as we heard no sound we made a little noise to attract his attention. And then we wanted him to get up, so we could have a better chance to shoot him. But he did not stir. So, with our fingers on the triggers of our guns, we called out: 'Mr. Bear, here are enemies ready for another battle!' Still there was no stir, and so we got up and went to him and found him as dead as the buffaloes. So without firing a shot we had a great quantity of meat."—[New York Leager.

INOCULATION IS HEALTH.

What Children of the Future Will Have to Contend With.

It is a dreadful point about microbes that the only way to avoid having them in a virulent form is to have them in an artificial or attenuated form, says the Hospital.

The children of the future will not run through the present gamut of infantile disease, but they will probably be subjected to inoculation with various microbes every few months.

First they will be vaccinated for small pox; when they have recovered from that they will be taken to a Pasteur institute to have a mild form of rabies.

Next they will be given a dose of the comma bacilli to prevent cholera, and so on through all the ever-growing series of disease microbes.

Oh! luckless child of the future! you will never be ill and never be well; your health will be awfully monotonous; you will never know the weariness of the first night of measles, when it was so nice to lie in mother's lap and feel her cool hand on your forehead; you will never know the joys of convalescence, when oranges were numerous and every one was kind to you because you were not well; and your end will be to die of debility.

How glad we are that we live in the present, with all its ups and downs of health to lend variety to life and to death.

Inventing the Phonograph.

The question is often raised as to what suggested the idea of the phonograph to its inventor. Mr. Lathrop, in his "Talks with Edison," gives the following as the true origin of the phonograph:

It grew out of a rough automatic recorder, invented by Edison to serve a temporary purpose.

While working as a telegraph operator—reading by sound—in Indianapolis, he found that he was unable to keep up with the operator in Cincinnati, one of the quickest despatchers in the business. The necessity of "taking" what that operator sent made Edison an inventor.

He arranged the old Morse registers in such a way that by running a strip of paper through them the dots and dashes were recorded on the first instrument as fast as the Cincinnati operator despatched them, and were transmitted to him through the other instrument at any desired rate of speed. The words would come on one instrument at the rate of forty a minute, while Edison would grind them out of the other at the rate of twenty-five—a number he could readily write out on "the manifold."

By this rude automatic recorder Edison was led to invent the phonograph. He had worked out an instrument which would repeat a message any number of times and at any rate of speed. While experimenting with the telephone, this idea occurred to him:

"If the indentations on paper could be made to give forth again the click of the instrument, why could not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced?"

He rigged up an instrument, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting, "Halloo!" A friend then pulled the paper through again, while Edison listened, and heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original "Halloo!"

His friend wagered a barrel of apples that he could not make the thing go. Edison made a drawing of a model, took it to an instrument-maker, and told him it was a talking machine. The man grinned, thinking it a joke, but soon had the model ready. Edison arranged some tin-foil on it, and spoke into the machine, the maker looking on increduously; but when Edison arranged the machine for transmission, and both men heard a distinct sound, the doubting instrument-maker nearly fell down from the shock, so frightened was he. Edison himself was a little scared, but he was glad to get the barrel of apples from his sceptical friend. This was Edison's first practical experiment on the phonograph.

Not the Last Decade.

People who think we have entered the last decade of the nineteenth century are in error. If the first decade of the Christian era began with the year one, then each succeeding century must begin with the year one, and the nineteenth century will not be completed until December 31, 1900. Hence the last decade of the nineteenth century does not commence until January 1, 1891.

Coarse Flannel Better than Fine.

It is better to use coarse flannel than fine for fomentations. There is more air in the interstices of the former, and for this reason it will keep warm longer, air being a bad conductor of heat.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitable to bring a rust upon men's understandings.

MADAME RACHEL'S FAN.

How She had a Famous Trinket Mended Before Her Eyes.

The celebrated French tragedienne Rachel Felix was in her day also well known on the German stage, where she enjoyed many triumphs as an actress. Among her treasures she possessed an equally remarkable and costly fan, which she took about with her on all her professional tours, as a sort of talisman. It even accompanied her to the dressing room of the theater. The frame was of solid gold relieved by beautiful ivory staves, artistically carved in the form of creeping foliage and ending in delicate points like the fir cones of a Bacchus staff. In place of parchment painted a la Watteau, there was a magnificent black lace ground, with exquisite floral pattern on which gold stars glittered, the new moon appeared in one corner, and lightning worked in gold thread darted across the starry firmament, its zigzag rays being imitated to perfection. When Mademoiselle Rachel was acting in Dresden, between thirty and forty years ago, her sister showed this original and splendid fan to Fraulein Bertha Heyse, head wardrobe keeper in the Royal theatre, who of course stood in business communication with the French theatrical company. The sister then related that the fan was said to have once been the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and after passing through many hands had at last fallen into the possesion of a broker, of the same race of Mdlle. Rachel, who obtained it from him at a tolerably high price. Perhaps the actress of tragedy felt a secret spell in the remembrance that the fan was once valued and toyed with by hands that had carried the unfortunate scepter of France and with it taken part in one of the saddest tragedies of modern history. However, the historical treasure was also doomed to misfortune during the actress's stay in Dresden, brought about, too, by herself. Mdlle. Rachel was very passsionate and altogether of as excitable a disposition as many of a like arduous profession. One evening she was greatly annoyed at the awkwardness of her dresser who was about to attire her in the garments of Pauline in "Polieucte". The elegant case with theater requirements, daggers, fans and such things stood near, and in her rage Mdle. Rachel inadvertantly took up her precious fan and broke it in striking her servant a heavy blow with it. As soon as the mischief was done she saw her mistake, and was beside herself with vexation. She stormed, cursed the German stage in general, and declared the play should be stopped. But that was impossible, and it was equally difficult to get up a German representation in a moment. So the lady was obliged to appear before the public in an excited frame of mind. The manager of the Court theater had meanwhile succeeded in partially consoling her by examining the broken treasure and assuring her a clever workman would be able to repair it. All the supposed fan-makers and menders of the town were summoned, but none was found willing to undertake the complicated needful repairs. They all declared it to be a goldsmith's work; and the goldsmiths shirked the responsibility by saying they were not fan menders. At last a German was found, who united both avocations in his skillful fingers. He had been a goldsmith, and during a long residence in Paris had been chiefly employed in repairing elegant and costly ornaments. The very fact of his having worked for the first Paris firms dealing in such articles-de-luxe, and the high recommendations with which he was provided, filled the artiste's mind with hope and confidence. Still he made most extraordinary demands, and as the fan mender was about to take the broken fan to his workshop she refused to trust him with it lest he should replace the gold frame by baser metal. Now it was the man's turn to be insulted; he got into a passion, made use of many not over choice terms he had learned in Paris, and finished by declaring he would not patch such a "silly thing". The French rudenesses seemed to have had due effect on Mdlle. Rachel; she suddenly veered round, offered to pay a high price for the repairs, and begged the man to bring his tools to the hotel and mend the darling fan in her presence. The fan doctor agreed, the high price was sufficient balm to his wounded feelings, all the more that Mdlle. Rachel was noted for her avarice. So tools and heating apparatus were brought to the hotel, and the workman succeded admirably in the discharge of his arduous task.

Whenever Mdlle. Rachel afterwards spoke of the affair she invariably added, "Such things could only happen in Germany," for, be it remarked, she had been disappointed in a pecuniary sense during her stay in that country.

A Thousand Acres of Natural Suds.

At an hour's journey from Spokane Falls is Medical Lake, in the city of Middlebaugh. Within a very short time a considerable settlement has been established on the borders of this lake. The town has wide streets, excellent shops, and many neat dwellings. The alleged curative properties of the waters of the lake have been the incentive to this remarkable growth. The lake covers an extent of over 1,000 acres and is encircled by low wooded hills. The waters are said to hold in solution salts of sodium, potassium, lithium, calcium, magnesium, iron, and aluminum, also sulphur and borax. A great variety of ailments have been reported cured by bathing in the lake, chief among them being rheumatism and certain diseases of the skin. One of the properties of the water is that it forms a lather whenever it is agitated violently or rubbed quickly on the hands or the surface of the body. No fish or other living thing can be found within these waters, and the lake itself is rather repulsive and muddy in appearance. Factories have been established for evaporating the water and packing the salts obtained.—[Medical Journal.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance:
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!

But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of hea enly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God annointed him;
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamantine heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspecting sand.
The dross men toil for often stains the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!

This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, this
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O, ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

—[T. B. Aldrich, in the Atlantic Monthly.

DOWN THE GRAND CANON.

Proposed Railroad Down in the Bowels of the Rocky Mountains.

Chief Engineer Robert B. Stanton has just finished a preliminary survey for the Denver, Colorado Canon and Pacific railway from Grand Junction to the Gulf of California through the Grand Canon of Colorado river. Mr. Stanton and his party are the first men who passed through this dangerous canon since Major Powell made the trip in 1869. In conversation he said the construction of the railway through the canon was perfectly feasible and that from Grand Junction, Col., to The Needle, a distance of 900 miles, the grade need not at any place exceed 20 feet per mile and for the greater part the distance would not be more than from five to ten feet per mile, while curvature, contrary to general expectation, he believes will be slight. The results were much better than he anticipated. Mr. Stanton had gathered considerable data upon the resources of the country adjacent to the canon, but as yet the greater part is undeveloped and it will be a difficult matter to put them into any definite shape. Between the head of the Colorado river and the end of the Grand Canon he passed over 520 rapids. He graphically describes his passage over rapid No. 465 below Peach Springs, during which one of his boats was damaged by a collision with the rocks and he was washed overboard by a wave, thrown into a whirlpool suck and drawn downward into what seemed to be a bottomless river. He finally came to the surface 50 feet from where he went down and was quickly rescued by his men. These rapids are many times more dangerous than the one where President Brown and two men lost their lives last summer, but, on account of the present party being supplied with life preservers, no man during the whole trip has been in danger of drowning. He considers this canon, from Peach Springs to the Grand Wash, to be the grandest and most wonderful of the whole canon, the scenery surpassing anything in America, even the Grand Canon of Arkansas and Black Canon of Gunnison. He spoke in the highest terms of the bravery and faithfulness of the men who accompanied him on this dangerous journey.

PALESTINE EXPLORATIONS.

A Report That the Prophet Isaiah's Tomb May be Found.

The quarterly statement of the Palestine exploration fund, which has just been issued, although it does not record any extraordinary discovery, yet describes much interesting work that is in progress. Two cisterns have been discovered near the Damascus gate, the smaller of which would contain about 2,000 skins of water. It is entirely hewn in the rock, and before it was made into a cistern was a rock-cut Jewish tomb. The rock ceiling is a square 13 by 13 feet, very nicely worked, with a kind of cornice round it exactly as in the tombs of the kings.

By the excavations made on the eastern brow of Zion it has been found that there were in ancient times caves and dwellings excavated in the rock, which in later times were converted into cisterns. Herr Schick describes a church which has been discovered in the village of Silwan, which has been hewn in the rock, and which contains a Greek inscription in which the name of the Prophet Isaiah is mentioned. Herr Schick thinks it probable that Isaiah's tomb may be under this chapel, and hopes by further digging to find an entrance to the cave which is under the rocky court and is at present full of earth, and to discover rock-cut tombs. He thinks that the rock-cut chambers of the church were Jewish tombs before the Christian era and that afterward they were converted into chapels by the Christians.—[Jewish Chronicle.

Herr Bismarck's Boots.

Prince Bismarck taught a Berlin shoemaker, who was proverbial for making promises which he did not keep, how to be punctual. The man after making many promises, had failed to keep them. When this again occurred, the shoemaker was aroused at 6 o'clock the next morning by a messenger with the simple question:

"Are Herr Bismarck's boots ready yet?"

When the shoemaker said "No," he retired; but in ten minutes another messenger arrived. Loud rang the bell.

"Are Herr Bismarck's boots ready yet?" was the inquiry.

"No," was the reply.

And so it went on every ten minutes until the boots were ready in the evening. The shoemaker was more cautious in making promises after that.—[Harper's Young People.

"Krupp turns out the biggest guns in the world, does he not?" "He did, until William turned Bismarck out."