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MINING JOURNAL.

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NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 41. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 977.

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 24-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

MY GUEST.

At early dawn I woke,
I heard a robin and looked out;
Beneath my window, where the roses bloomed,
Love stood in blushing doubt.
His smile was very sweet,
But yet his lips did not his name disclose.
I knew him not; and soon he went away,
Bearing one crimson rose.

Beneath the high noontide
I met him by the shady garden wall;
We spoke of many things—he clasped my hand—
One kiss, and that was all.
Alas! I knew him not,
And yet he wore my rose upon his heart!
But still the perfume of his kiss remains,
Though I let Love depart.

The day wanes. Toward the west
I lift my eyes—and lo! he comes once more.
He comes a victor, for I know him now,
And open wide my door.
My rose is now his sword,
My will to conquer and my pride to slay;
But song and sunshine fill my happy heart,
For love has come to stay.

—[Kate Field's Washington.

SAVED BY A SWEETHEART.

I had been for two years chief engineer of the steamer Norma, that plied between New York and New Orleans.

Soon after our arrival in this city one day I was walking up Broadway, when I came face to face with an old sweetheart of mine named Fannie Forten, whom I had not seen for years.

In a few minutes' conversation I learned that she was married to a Mr. Frank Allison, who she informed me was of a decidedly jealous disposition, and that by a singular chance they had engaged passage to New Orleans on the Norma, which was to sail in a few days.

The day on which the Norma was to sail arrived. My place, of course, was in the engine room, until the vessel passed through the narrows—then I went on deck. I found Mrs. Allison standing near the cabin companionway alone.

"Well, Fanny," I said, "I'm glad you got aboard all right."

"Yes, Harry, but we nearly missed the steamer, for my husband—ah, here he is! Frank, this is Mr. Selinder, the chief engineer, an old acquaintance of mine."

Muttering something about being pleased to make my acquaintance, he seized his wife by the arm and led her down stairs, growling at the same time: "Fanny and Harry, eh? You seem to know each other pretty well. Where did you meet the fellow?"

I did not catch Mrs. Allison's reply, and soon after went to attend to my duties.

We had only about a dozen passengers with us that trip, and except Fanny and two or three of the masculines, I did not see any of them until dinner time, when I found that the steward had so arranged places at the saloon table that Fanny was my vis-a-vis, and alongside of me sat one of the most bewitching little damsels that ever caused a susceptible bachelor's heart to palpitate beneath an embroidered vest.

The captain addressed her as Miss Everett, and I soon discovered that she was journeying to New Orleans alone, her friends having placed her in charge of the skipper of the Norma.

As the weather was very fine Miss Everett spent a good deal of her time on the deck, and though it was usually my custom, when at sea, to devote the greater part of the watches during which I was off duty to reading and sleeping, this voyage I did not seem to have any desire to do aught but enact the part of shadow to the pretty passenger who had won her way so easily to my heart.

At length, one starlight night, as we sat together near the stern of the vessel, watching the white trail that marked our pathway over the somber waves, I summoned up sufficient courage to ask her if she would be content to share my destiny.

"Say you will be mine, darling!" I implored.

"Keep our engagement a secret until we arrive in port," she said an hour after as I kissed her good night.

Before I left the deck Mrs. Allison came up.

"I wish you joy, Harry! You'll marry a Fanny after all, you see," she said.

I thanked her, and then for the first time the similarity of Christian names between my old flame and my present betrothed struck me.

"Fanny was always my favorite name," I said.

"The deuce it was! I—hic—like that!" cried Mr. Allison, appearing suddenly.

Mrs. Allison led her husband below, and I went off to bed.

Next morning my betrothed was reported to be very sick.

At noontime she sent me a little note, however, begging me not to be anxious about her, and when I came off watch at 4 o'clock I wrote her a reply full of glowing expressions of endearment.

I ran upon deck and went down into the saloon. No one was around, so I tapped lightly at Mrs. Allison's door, and slipped the letter through the venetians.

"Give that to Fanny, please," I whispered.

I went down into the engine room, and, having seen that everything was in order, leaned my arms upon the guard rail, and indulged in a pleasant dream of future happiness with the dear girl who had consented to be my bride.

I heard somebody coming down the iron stairway that communicated with the deck, but thinking it was the oiler I did not even turn my head, until I found myself grasped in a pair of sinewy arms that held me with a vice like tenacity.

"You make love to my wife, you hound! You write her letters! Curse you, I'll kill you!" cried Mr. Allison, for it was he who had seized me.

It instantly flashed across my mind that I had only addressed the letter that I had slipped through the jalousies in his stateroom door to "Fanny," and his disordered brain had at once led him to conclude that an improper intimacy between his wife and myself existed.

I struggled to free myself; but I was like a child in the frenzied maniac's grasp. I cried aloud—I shrieked—as he endeavored to throw me over the guard rail down among the whirling machinery that would crush and mangle my body and grind out my life.

I gave utterance to a wild despairing cry; I seemed already to feel the ponderous pistons crushing out my life. Then a dark shadow flitted past, a blow was struck, and I sank, thoroughly exhausted, upon the prostrate writhing body of my antagonist.

"My darling, has that horrible man hurt you?"

It was Fanny Everett who spoke. She was bending over me, holding in one hand a "spanner"—the weapon with which she had relieved me from the grasp of the insensible Allison.

"Not much, my pet, thanks to your timely intervention," I replied.

Then I hallooed for the oiler and some firemen. They came up, wondering what was the matter, and surprise was vividly depicted upon their faces when they saw a beautiful girl and myself, panting, trembling, and exhausted, standing over the inanimate body of my late foe.

By my direction, however, they got a couple of stout "earrings," with them bound the legs and arms of Mr. Allison, and then carried him into the saloon.

I heard his wife calling to be released from her stateroom. With the steward's pass key I let her out.

"I'm so thankful he did not kill you, Mr. Selinder," she cried, when she saw the state of affairs. "Frank has got what he calls the 'jim jams,' and when he read that letter for Miss Everett which you passed through the jalousies, and which he thought was intended for me, he became furious, vowed he would slay you, and went out, locking me in as he did so."

"But how did you manage to come so opportunely to my rescue, Fanny?" I asked, addressing my betrothed.

"Having slept nearly all day, I was wakeful, so I dressed myself and was reading in my berth when I heard that terrible man threaten you, dear Harry, and fearing he might do you harm, I followed him down into the engine room. When I saw you struggling with him I grasped the first thing I saw, and my love for you gave me strength and courage to strike him with it."

One of the passengers was a medical man. He attended to Mr. Allison, giving him proper medicines, and finally brought him to his senses.

I accepted the apology Fanny's husband tendered me before we arrived at our destination, and a few months afterward he was an invited guest at the house of my father-in-law, on the occasion of my marriage with Miss Everett.

He is always very kind and attentive to my wife now—for he says she effectually cured him of getting "snakes in his boots" on the night that she saved her sweetheart from a terrible death.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Heaven made us agents, free to good or ill.—[Dryden.

Inhaling bad air is drinking in death. —[Dr. Davies.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; and he who does one should never remember it.—[Charron.

Be not angry that you can not make others as you wish them to be, since you can not make yourself what you wish to be.

An appointment is a contract, express or implied, and he who does not keep it breaks faith, as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character.—[Smiles.

Many a man has credit for good temper who never knew what it was to be provoked; while he who has retained his explosiveness by great effort nine times has the reputation of being a firey tempered man because the dynamite got the better of him on the tenth.

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well; acts nobly; angels could no more.
—[Young.

THE GERMANY OF THE WEST.

In Wisconsin the Foreign Born Outnumber the Natives by 40,000.

The discussion in Wisconsin over the Bennett law calls out interesting information as to the origin of the population of the State. The last census shows 189,469 foreign born voters to 149,463 natives. A great portion of the natives had alien born parents, though the number is not stated. Of the population 910,073 were natives and 405,425 of foreign birth, but 856,828 had both parents foreign born. This is a large majority of the entire population. Germany is very largely in the lead in Wisconsin. Those born in Germany or having German fathers number 630,960, but a trifle less than one-half the entire population. Those of Scandinavian blood count 168,803. Those of British origin, including the provinces, are 205,151; of Irish, 173,805. The native Yankee stock is of small numerical account. The State probably has the largest German element of any State in the Union in proportion to population.

Look Out for Poison Ivy.

During the summer season rhus toxicodendron (poison ivy) begins to thrive, and there are many persons who will take an interest in the statement that an immunity against this plant can be secured. At least it has been done in one instance, related by Dr. John Aulde in the New York Medical Journal. He says that Dr. George Kirkpatrick, of La Harpe, Ill., took by mistake a good swallow of the tincture, and in order to counteract the effect of the poison large doses of olive oil were administered, and along with it about 10 grains of carbonate of sodium. No immediate unpleasant effects were observed until the second day thereafter, when it was found that there was complete desquamation of the cuticle, and since that time he is proof against the poison of the plant.

SELF-TRAINING FOR ALL.

Physical Culture—Edwin Checkley's System—Deep Breathing.

A very rational writer on physical culture is Edwin Checkley, whose "Natural Method of Physical Training" has been published this year. Mr. Checkley's "method" consists in nothing more than the application of a few principles, which any man might discover for himself, and in the definite and orderly arrangement of a few facts which most men and all women persist in disregarding, if not denying. Mr. Checkley asserts that even the leaders and followers in the present athletic revival diregard them; and in his hostility to muscle-producing gymnastics as opposed to a true system of calisthenics he goes far. Mr. Checkley's advice, however, is worth taking for its sake. It is unfortunately true that lazy people of good constitution could turn deaf ears to every word he says and yet live in good health and die at a green old age; but to those who consider the development of their physical organization a proper subject for care and thought his pages will prove most interesting.

Mr. Checkley's main idea is that a man's physical education must comprehend his whole system, not special parts of it, and that the objects to be sought in physical education are grace, health, and related perfection, not simply expert proficiency in one department or another of exercise or sport. The body, Mr. Checkley reminds his readers, is a carefully-constructed machine, whose various parts have each a proper and distinct function. Unless this machine is correctly set in motion exercise will not thoroughly benefit it and disease will not be thoroughly warded off from it. Three things must be fully mastered before the highest development of which it is capable can be attained. We must first breathe correctly; next, stand and sit correctly, and, finally, learn to use all our muscles so that the ordinary movements of everyday life may be performed with the greatest advantage to every set of muscles employed.

"To learn to breathe," says Mr. Checkley, "is the A B C of physical health." The quickening of the circulation is of no less moment. Mr. Checkley is right enough in saying that much gymnasium work merely fixes men's minds on the increase and hardening of their muscles. At the same time, however, they learn instinctively to expand their lungs to the fullest limit, and this should be maintained not only while a man is at the weights and on the bars, but through every hour of the day and during sleep. Every return to the slipshod habit of taking in air with only the upper part of the lungs weakens their capacity, no matter how powerful may be the muscles which overlay the ribs, and consequently weakens the general strength. A very simple test will show a man whether he has fired his boilers properly. If until he is fifty years old he can not run up three flights of stairs with comparative comfort, he has himself and not old age to blame. This may sound ridiculous, and yet, by giving a very few minutes' daily attention to himself, any man of average strength of constitution can perfectly well preserve enough activity to climb Mount Washington at fifty, and smoke a cigar and drink a bottle of claret on its top beside.

Many men who aim at an erect carriage are apt to think they secure it when they thrust forward the chest and throw the back into a hollow curve. This is, no doubt, to be preferred to the common habit to be observed in nine out of ten pedestrians of sinking the stomach into the hips, the chest on the stomach, and the chin on the chest; but it is a very undesirable exaggeration of the true position, for which Mr. Checkley gives the formula as follows: "The lips, chin, chest and toes should come upon one line, with the feet turned at an angle of sixty degrees. The chest is given the greatest prominence, while the abdomen is carried more modestly than most people are inclined to carry it. The shoulder, hip, and ankle-joint are also kept upon one line. In such a position the body acquires its greatest ease, its greatest endurance and its greatest readiness." What he means by this he expounds at length.

"The bone structure of the body is not meant to perform all the work we thrust upon it. The muscles should hold the body in position. On them devolves the task of holding the trunk erect, of keeping the proper relation between the spine and the pelvis and the upper leg bones where they join the pelvis at the hip joint." To effect this wherever necessary muscles have fallen away through long-continued hereditary non-use, recourse must necessarily be had to exercise. But it is surprising what a little exercise will renew them and keep them in healthy vigor. They are developed in gymnasiums, by bicycle riding, and by rowing, but if so soon as the hour or half hour of exercise be over a man relapses into his bad habits of sitting and walking the good results are rendered almost worthless. It is like picking up pins with the teeth. A man who habitually did that would deserve to have no fingers.

Women are no doubt the worst offenders in this respect, and Mr. Checkley rightly says that the great injury done by corsets does not proceed from tight lacing, which is more or less a thing of the past, but from providing an artificial support to the trunk. Scarcely a woman, standing, sitting, or walking, does not drop into her stays, with the inevitable result that her muscles become flaccid, her sinews weaken, and the cartilages of her spine shrink. She loses strength, vigor, and power of resistance just where she needs them most. With the entire disuse of the abdominal muscles there comes in both men and women the ugly and perfectly unnecessary deposit of fat which is not only offensive to the eye, but weakening to the system. Even animals grow bulky and take on flesh as they age, though their activity continues; but did any one ever see any animal, except the barnyard pig, with a paunch? Man has been trained within the last century and a half to consider dirty hands a disgrace. Obesity should be ranked with uncleanliness, both being simply the mark of lazy habits.

In fine, to exercise the muscles and joints in such a manner as to give the body the full service of the levers and fulcrums which they supply is perfectly practicable. Nor is it necessary to become a professional gymnast to do so. We daily waste enough muscular energy to keep ourselves in almost first-class condition did we apply it rightly. Let alone our diet, we dribble out our blood to our limbs in shocking niggardliness. We strain our bones to save our muscles; we make joints in our spine when Nature meant us to move our hips; we drag one foot after another when we might walk briskly with equal comfort, and, altogether, we throw away physical and mental material at a rate which we should not tolerate if we were hiring our physical faculties from a syndicate. And the only way to correct this is by exercise, not necessarily violent or fatiguing, properly adjusted to the desired ends.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It Undoubtedly Raises the Standard of Marriage for Them.

In Cambridge, some ten years or so back, the regulations by which Fellowships were forfeited on marriage were relaxed and a considerable number of the younger Fellows shortly married. Quite recently a lady living in Cambridge and associating chiefly with precisely these husbands and wives said to me: "I can't say that I know one unhappy marriage among my friends here." But then in the majority of these cases the wives are highly cultivated women, in the truest sense the equals of their husbands. At this stage I may, perhaps, step a little out of the main line of my argument to point out in what way, as it appears to me, a high standard of education among women affects their position with regard to marriage. It makes them undoubtedly more independent of marriage, and at the same time raises their standard of marriage. It makes them unwilling to marry men distinctly inferior to them in education or understanding, and it also, I quite believe, makes them less attractive in the eyes of such men. In short, it diminishes slightly the probability of a woman's marrying at all, while it diminishes very greatly the probability of her marrying unsuitably. A student of a ladies' college, summing up the general results of her education, said to me: "I don't exactly see why learning Greek should make one feel it impossible to marry a man one did not respect, but it seems to amount to about that." I thought, for my part, that this whimsical testimony was the highest possible tribute to her collegiate training.—[Fortnightly Review.

AN EDITOR'S PASS.

All Is Not Sunshine In Being a Deadhead.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides $25 worth, and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half-blown deadbeat. He "puffs" a concert troupe $10 worth and gets $1 in complimentaries and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates and rarely gets a thank you for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor! He passes "free," you know.—[Printers' Ink.

A Victorious Turtle.

One of the most amusing fights that ever occurred in the neck of woods, and which was witnessed by two hunters, took place on the Warrior river, Ala., a few days ago between a blacksnake and a mud turtle. What the casus bellum was is not known, but the snake had wound itself around the turtle and was trying to make some impression on its back with its fangs.

The turtle took things good-naturedly, seemingly, and every once in a while would poke out his head to see if the snake was looking. If the snake's head was too close the turtle would draw himself back into the shell, and if the head was far enough away the turtle would seize his antagonist, and when the snake, mad with pain, tried to revenge himself, the turtle would go back in his shell. This strange warfare was kept up for several hours, when the turtle succeeded in getting his antagonist by the throat and nearly severed the head from the body. Then, with the snake still wrapped around it, the turtle reached the water and the dead snake floated off on the surface. The turtle had been victorious.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The first German Catholic church to be lighted electrically is the grand old cathedral at Strasbourg. Arc lights have been used outside with fine effect, and it is stated that many of the noble lines of the architecture are accentuated by night as they never have been by day. It was feared that the electric light would spoil the dim, religious effect of the interior, but the light of the incandescent lamps which are disposed around the piers and columns is described as soft and harmonious.

Old Legends Proved True.

It has not infrequently been discovered of late that some of the statements of ancient writers, which we have regarded in our fancied wisdom as too marvelous to be believed, are nevertheless true. The geographer Ptolemy, for instance, wrote that the source of the Nile was in a mountain range known as the Mountains of the Moon, because of the snow upon them. Modern geographers scoffed at the idea that there could be such lofty mountains under the equator, but Stanley, in his now famous "march to the sea," skirted the foot range of snow-clad mountains, called by him Ruwenzori, from whose streams is formed the newly discovered Lake Albert Edward, the extremest source of the Nile.

So Herodotus, the father of history, repeatedly asserted that the Phonicians thought they originally came from the Erythræan sea or Persian gulf. This statement modern scholars have found very difficult to believe—the writers of the article Phonicia in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica style it "a mere blunder." An English traveler, however, has very recently made discoveries in the Bahrein islands in the Persian gulf which render it almost certain that the great historian was right.

The islands are a small group lying about 20 miles off the Arabian coast, and were formerly of great commercial importance. The inhabitants, besides possessing a pearl fishery which was noted in the days of Alexander the Great, and now produces the finest pearls in the world, carried on an important trade with Arabia and Persia. This they have almost entirely lost, but with the construction of the Euphrates railway it will doubtless spring up again.

One of the two principal towns has a singular water-supply in a spring which at high water is 6 feet below the surface of the sea. "Water is brought up either by divers who go down with skins, or by pushing a hollow bamboo down into it. At low tide there is very little water over it, and women with large amphoræ and goat-skins, which look very real and life-like though headless, wade out and fetch what water they require." The Arabs believe that this and several other similar springs on the coast come from the Euphrates, which they think flows beneath the Persian gulf in an underground channel, a legend as old as the days of Pliny.

In the northern part of the largest island, which is 27 miles long by 10 broad, there is a very remarkable collection of sepulchral mounds, covering an area of many miles. Some of these are elevated only a few feet above the level of the desert. Others are more than 40 feet high and about 400 feet in circumference. Several of these have recently been excavated by Mr. J. Theodore Bent, a well known English traveler, who has given an account of his discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society.

He says that they consist of two chambers, the one above the other, as is the case with some Phonician tombs just uncovered in ancient Carthage. In the upper chamber of one which he examined were the bones of an animal, presumably a horse, and innumerable fragments of ivory boxes, ornaments, bits of small small statues. Many of these fragments were ornamented with patterns which bear a close and unmistakable resemblance to ivories found in Phonician tombs on the Mediterranean. Our readers will doubtless remember that King Solomon got ivory by means of the ships of Hiram, the Phonician king of Tyre.

The lower chamber was more carefully constructed than the upper, and contained human bones together with the remains of drapery which had been hung around the walls, another Phonician custom. The ivory fragments have been deposited in the British museum, and an official has recently publicly said that "as far as the evidence went at present he thought the museum authorities were prepared to admit that the Bahrein islands probably represented a primitive site of the Phonician race."

This probable confirmation of the statement of Herodotus is certainly more satisfactory than the favorite occupation of some modern writers, the proving the falsity of stories which have always been confidently believed—such stories, for instance, as that of the Swiss hero, William Tell.

In the Treasury Attic.

Some of the queerest work of the Treasury Department is done in the attic and in the basement. You can have no idea of the varieties of business which are carried on inside these great walls. I stood for 10 minutes recently and watched about 50 women sewing on carpets in the top loft of the Treasury. The carpet was stretched on frames like carpenters' saw-horses, and the girls were having a kind of quilting bee in joining the widths together. All the carpets of the government departments the country over are sewed here, and if a custom house at Cleveland or New York wants a carpet it sends a diagram of its room to the Secretary of the Treasury, and the carpet is here made and shipped. —[Cleveland Leader.

James Whitcomb Riley.

From his appearance he would be taken for a farmer, a railroad man, or anything except a poet. He is of a highly nervous organization, and seems to find a deep pleasure in constant travel. Riley is a good illustration of the hard times that literary people undergo. He was a clever writer and versifier for many years, but did not make any great hit until a few years ago, when his composition, "When the Frost Is On the Pumpkin," took a firm hold on the popular heart. Before that time he experienced trouble in selling his short poems at such ridiculous prices as $3 and $4 each. Now he commands from $25 to $50 for the same work.—[New York Sun.

EDISON'S PRIVATE PHONOGRAPHS.

A Gladstone Cylinder That Will Be Worth the Weight of Its Wax in Gold.

A few lucky persons who have come to know some of Mr. Edison's trusted lieutenants have heard the phonograph perform in a way that would astonish the general public. Many cylinders are stored away with marvelously interesting records upon their waxen surfaces. The Gladstone cylinder is exhibited only on rare occasions and to distinguished guests. It is already an extremely valuable record, and at Gladstone's death it will probably be worth $1,000. A cylinder containing a few sentences by old General Von Moltke, now 90 years of age, is occasionally set going. A less valuable but no less curious cylinder gives the choking sobs of a German infant, whose wails were caught in Berlin last December. Funny stories by Eli Perkins, songs by well known singers, short passages from current plays, and like things, are all on storage in phonograph cylinders and brought out now and then. These cylinders lose nothing in clearness and volume from lapse of years, but of course may be worn out by use. Mr. Edison believes that a record taken today and carefully preserved can be reproduced 250 years hence.—[Pittsburg Post.

Raising Kids.

The raising of kids for their skins is a leading industry among the French mountaineers, who obtain no small part of their subsistence from this source. Softness, delicacy of texture, and freedom from blemish are principal factors in the value of kid skins; and to secure these essentials great pains are taken.

As soon as the young animal begins to eat grass the value of its skin declines, for with a grass diet its skin immediately begins to grow coarser and harder in texture, and its chief merit vanishes. It it therefore kept closely penned, not only to prevent it from eating grass, but also to secure its skin from accidental injury from scratches or bruises, which impair its value.

When the kids have reached a certain age, at which the skins are in the best condition for the use of the glover, they are killed, and the hides are sold to traveling hawkers, through whom they reach the great centers of the tanning industry at Annonay, Milan, Paris, and Grenoble.

The superior quality of these kid skins, due somewhat to climatic causes, is what has given France the supremacy in the manufacture of the finest grades of real kid gloves—a supremacy that will doubtless be long maintained, inasmuch as foreign manufacturers must in general rest content with second-rate skins, unless they maintain agents on the ground, a policy that some English and American houses have found to be necessary.

Kossuth at Eighty-Six.

Kossuth, the ex-Dictator of Hungary and the indirect cause of the withdrawal from the Magyar Premiership of Koloman Tisza, resides at Turin in a house on the Via dei Mille. He is now in his 87th year, but, notwithstanding his advanced age, has retained the most surprising mental and physical vigor. This is possibly due to his regular mode of life. After his bath he takes a walk of 1 or 2 hours' duration, returning between 12 and 1 to luncheon. All the afternoon he reads and works in his cabinet, a lofty room with vaulted and painted ceiling and papered in a warm red color. He writes seated at a huge flat desk placed between the two windows, with his back to the light. The desk is covered with papers mostly tied with red tape and carefully docketed for reference. On the wall are several good pictures, and facing the desk is an admirable full-length portrait of the general himself. Beneath, on a table, is the gift of the workingmen of England—a complete edition of Shakespeare's works, inclosed in a case which is a miniature fac-simile of the poet's house at Stratford-on-Avon. He dines at 7, and after the meal, notwithstanding the 8 or 10 miles which he has walked during the day, he is good for an hour's game of billiards. At 9 he usually takes tea, and retires to bed at about 11.

The Grave of Augustine Washington.

Augustine Washington, the father of General George Washington, died April 12, 1743, in Stafford county, Va., and his body was deposited in the vault at Wakefield, near Bridges Creek, in Westmoreland county, where his first wife (Jane Butler) had been buried in November, 1728. The burial ground occupies a space 50 or 60 feet square. The arch of the vault fell in many years ago, and the excavation is nearly filled with debris. Near by are two gravestones, one 1696, marking the grave of two children (John and Mildred) of Lawrence Washington, the grandfather of General George Washington. The other is over the grave of Jane, the first wife of Augustine Washington, the father of the general, with the date of November 24, 1728. There are other fragments of gravestones lying around. The whole place is overgrown with vines and burdocks.

Labor and Wealth.

Professor Huxley says: "The seven and a half million of workers of England, with the present means of labor, can produce as much in six months as would have required 100 years ago the entire working force of the world one year to equal. The same spirit which has brought us to this is still moving forward with added momentum to new advances and conquest. Gladstone has carefully estimated that the production of wealth in Great Britain since 1800 up to 1870 equals the aggregate acquired during the entire period from the landing of Julius Cæsar, fifty years before the birth of Christ, up to 1800; also, that the wealth produced from 1850 to 1870 equals the amount produced during the fifty preceding years."