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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Editor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 45. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 981.

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, General Manager.
Feb 2

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. Arrive.	p. m.		a. m. Leave.	p. m

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.
P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent.
May 17

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., west of Post Office, Frostburg, Md.
Dec 21

PASTURES GREEN.

Unto new fields and pastures green lead thou
Our wandering feet, sweet shepardess, where wells
Of living waters gush, and asphodels
Blow thick as stars, and ever on a bough
Letteth drop manna—aye, the pathway show
Unto the parapeted citadels,
Where choristered angels unto chiming bells
Swell anthems of the blessed. Even so
Lead thou me into darkness, where the light
Shineth and darkness comprehendeth not,
To some undream'd of subterraneous spot
Where truth's pure, shining light hath gone before him,
To see, thence issuing, some poor, palsied wight
Drop on his knees and rise, thro' faith, to adore him.

—[Atlanta Constitution.

LOOK! THE PHANTOM CHILD.

Brooks and I and another sat at midnight smoking by the fire, each with a tall drink at his elbow. We talked of Mr. Myers and psychical research, of spooks and vampires, of luminous shadows, and wandering wailing ghosts—when Brooks (who is a large red man with a soul attuned to tales of diablerie, and a fatal sympathy with things supernatural) told the following from his own intimate knowledge and experience:

My wife and I spent our honeymoon in the house of a friend of mine in a lonely but picturesque part of Sussex. We had the house to ourselves, not only because my friend desired not to intrude upon our first conjugal happiness, but also because he hated the house, and seldom lived in it. He had had some years before a great grief: his wife, a beautiful fragile creature, had died in child bed after a short period of perfect wedlock, leaving him the loneliest and most melancholy of men. He had made his ancestral home a treasure house of art to enshrine the crown and center of all—his bride, so that when she was gone its beauty and its interest were fled for him. We, with the selfishness of the newly married, forgot what the place meant for him, and reveled in its beauties within and without. It was called Silverladies because of a notable plantation of birches that protected the house from the bitter winds of the north and east, and that rustled and swung in the breeze with a plaintive grace and whiteness into fair slim ghosts in the moonlight. Within, the furniture, the rugs and carpets and tapestries, the pictures and pottery, the metal work and lacquerware, and the books, were constant springs of delight to us; and they were all so harmoniously and unobtrusively disposed throughout the house that every day, almost every waking hour, brought us a new discovery of beauty—beauty, but no mystery.

A year later we were there again with our first born. At the beginning of the last week of our stay our host joined us to receive some additional company, whom he felt compelled to treat with more ceremony than we required. He arrived just before dinner. He was courteous and kind; he tried to be cheerful and talkative, but frequently he lapsed into abstraction, and he retired to his room early.

When I withdrew I found my wife (not, as was her wont, snuggled into bed, for it was autumn time, but) sitting, rocking her elf by the bedroom fire, with her hands behind her head.

"Will," she said, when I stood before her, "you never told me that Mr. Clyde had a child."

"A child?" I said.

"I suppose," she continued, "he is a good father, and always takes her about with him. A lovely child!"

"I have heard," I said, "about one child he had."

"He must," said she, "take her about with him; for I never saw her before tonight. O, Will! the most delightful playmate for our darling!—the sweetest prettiest child in the world, with her long golden curling hair falling over her shoulders, and with nothing on but a dear night gown, and a black kitten trotting behind her, twining about her little legs till I thought she would be tripped up ever so many times!"

"Where did you see this child, my dear?"

"On the stairs as I came up to bed. She toddled on before me and went in at the door opposite ours."

"Which," said I, "is a room—the only room we have not been into; it is always locked."

"So it is!" said she.

"It's all right about the child, I suppose," said I, "but I did not know Clyde had a child living. The only child I ever heard he had died a mere infant, I believe before her mother."

"I shall be very sorry if that is true," said my wife, "I think a child would have done Mr. Clyde so much good; it would save him from his weary depression and loneliness. However, I shall find out in the morning what child it was."

Next morning my wife made it her business before the new company arrived to inquire concerning the child. The housekeeper (to whom she first referred) declared with emphasis that there was no child in the house except our own, which was certainly too young to be toddling about with a kitten. But (my wife said) the woman looked somewhat askance and was over emphatic: phenomena which her astute mind regarded as suspicious. She therefore went to the master of the house, whom she found walking in the sunshine on the terrace in front of the house.

"I am curious, Mr. Clyde," said she, "about the child I saw on the stairs last night."

He turned a shade paler than was his wont, and looked troubled. He made her wonder and shiver (she declared) by the strange suggestiveness of his reply.

"So, Mrs. Brooks," said he, "you, too, have seen it: I wondered if you would. I have never seen it."

"Do you mean," she asked, "that it is not a real child of flesh and blood?"

"That's what I mean," said he.

"But the cat?—the kitten?" exclaimed my wife. "Is that not real?"

"There has not to my knowledge," said he, "been a cat in the house for years."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed she.

He seemed on the point of explaining, when the approach of a carriage with baggage drew him away to receive his new guests.

"I'll tell you about it," he said, "by and by."

We met the new guests at luncheon—Mr. and Mrs. Vansittart, and two grown up daughters. Mrs. Vansittart was a good natured matronly person, clearly fond of taking charge of people. After lunch she took my wife's arm and led her away to have a look at the baby. This done, she sat down with my wife by the baby's cradle, and, her face full of concern, said—

"So I hear from my old friend, the housekeeper, that you, too, have seen the child. That gives us an exclusive interest in each other; for we are the only people in the house, or, for that matter, in Mr. Clyde's present circle of acquaintance, I believe, who have seen it. How much, may I ask, have you seen?"

"I saw the child on the stairs with a black kitten."

"No further than the stairs?"

"No further. It went in at a door on the right, and the door was closed as I passed; it is always closed."

"Not always. But never mind that; and—oh, my dear Mrs. Brooks, whatever you see, or whatever you do, don't go in! It would be the death of you, or of your lovely baby here! I went in once—followed the child—just a year ago, and never shall I forget it!"

"Just a year ago!" exclaimed my wife. "I was here just a year ago, and I saw nothing then."

"It is all very strange; when and to whom it appears. I saw it twice while poor Mrs. Clyde was alive; and Mrs. Clyde saw it once before her first child died, and once when she was about to be a mother again. A dreadful story that; but I can't tell it now. And then I saw it again last year. I saw nothing between those times, and no one besides saw anything, except, of course, Mrs. Clyde. Now you have seen it: but you did not see it last year. It is very strange."

"But who and what is the child?" my wife asked.

"Nobody seems quite to know. It is a peculiar possession of Silverladies, like the birch wood at the back, and it has been for generations. But what story is there to tell about it Mr. Clyde likes to tell himself," said she, with a smile; "he will not tell it to everybody, though I dare say he will tell it to you; you've seen it!"

My wife came to me a little while after that interview with Mrs. Vansittart, considerably affected. She told me what had passed, and then broke into a flood of tears. She had been turning all that was said over in her mind, and she had come to a sinister conclusion.

"I believe," she declared, "that Mrs. Vansittart meant to imply by what she told me about poor Mrs. Clyde that the apparition of this phantom child meant death to her children! And what if my seeing it meant death to my darling baby! O, Will! it makes me sick with dread!"

I tried to comfort her after the manner of husbands, and to dispel her fear. But she shook her head, and would not heed me. I then advised her to lay the whole matter—her dread included—before Clyde.

Before dinner she inveigled Clyde into his study, and got from him the following story: "In the buccaneering days of the last century," said Clyde, "an ancestor of mine, the then second son of the house, was in the navy. He is said to have been a bold bad man, though his portrait (which I'll show you) presents only a rosy jolly sailor, who might, however, at times have an awful temper. His elder brother died childless, and he inherited and brought home presently a foreign wife, from heaven knows where. They had a daughter, it is said—a fair haired creature, whom the foreign woman hated with the hatred of the Pit. The child, too, had a favorite cat, and the foreign woman could not abide cats. What followed the story is not quite clear about. The child, however, died, either through constant ill treatment or by some immediate violence, and my ancestor took some terrible vengeance on his wife, so terrible that, it is said, she was ever after his trembling slave. You shall see her portrait, too, and note how the face seems impressed with a continual terror—a terror of which, it is said, she speedily died. But the strange thing is that in memory of these things it is not the ghost of the mother that visits the house, but the ghost of the child; and the only explanation I can offer is that the child, as is said, was passionately fond of her mother. The spirit of the child and of her kitten appear at singular and ominous intervals. The apparition is said to prognosticate an infant's death, and I must confess it has been strangely coincident with the two griefs of my life. My dear wife first saw it—I, as I have told you, have never seen it—just before the death of our little girl. She saw it, as you did, climbing the stairs, and at first she thought it was her own child, except that she did not understand the presence of the kitten. It entered the room you know of on the right, which was then her room, and she followed, overtaking it. She was surprised to find the door closed when she came to it, and still more surprised to see her own child asleep in her cot, and the strange child with the kitten sitting looking at the fire. She stood fixed for a little with a sense upon her of the evil unknown. Then she remembered the tradition she had heard that the apparition of the child with the black kitten foreboded death, and she turned and fled from the room. She came to find me. We returned to the room together—but the apparition was gone. She was terribly overcome with the dread of what was to ensue. She was sure our child was going to die, and she insisted on sending at once for the doctor to discover whether there was not in her some lurking ailment. He came and found nothing the matter, and tried to reason away my wife's fears, but without effect. Then I bethought me of the other tradition, and reminded her of it—that whoever, having seen the apparition, should discover and explain the mystery, would lay the ghost and save the threatened child. She caught at that with fervent hope. She prepared to see the childish ghost again. She waited a night or two in her room to receive it, but it did not come. Then another night she remained down stairs till her usual time for retiring, and then, when she withdrew, she saw as before the child climb the stairs before her, and disappear into her room. She entered after it, and saw it, as before, sit with the kitten before the fire. She could not see the face of either, though she had an unconquerable longing to do so. She sat down a long way off, and waited for what would happen. After a while there came—something happened too frightening and horrible for me to tell you—I should be afraid, Mrs. Brooks, for the effect upon you if I told you; but she could see and could think of no explanation, nor could I when she told me of it. Next night she tried again. She followed the little apparition up stairs, entered the room after it, and with nerves at cruel tension waited for the event. It happened as the night before, but still she could see and could think of no explanation. And then—then the next, the third night our child died, died of croup!

"That was a great trouble. But my wife would not leave that room. She was a woman of high spirit, and she was determined to get at the root of the mystery, and to lay the poor little death dealing ghost. She did not, however, see the creature again for about a year,—not until she lay expecting to be a mother again; I tried to prevail on her to quit that room; I pleaded with her to leave it for my sake, for the child's sake! But, no; she would remain there. She did remain; and at the critical time she declared that the apparition came into the room, and sat down by the fire, showing its face!—she died with a cry of agony on her lips."

Clyde, I suppose, had not, in his preoccupation with his own griefs, perceived how all that story of his pierced my wife's heart; how she was in that same condition of terror for her child as his wife had been in. She left him and came to me with her woe. She, also, like Clyde's wife, was a woman of resolute spirit, especially where her child was concerned; and she told me she was determined to explain the mystery, to lay the ghost, and so to save her threatened child. I said, "Very well;" if she was resolved, I would not balk her.

Immediately after dinner I went to the housekeeper (with whom, I may freely say, I was something of a favorite) and explained to her the taking my wife was in. "It's our child she is so alarmed about," said I.

"And well she may be, poor thing!" said the housekeeper. "Considering all that has come of seeing the poor little image on the stairs even in my time. There was dear Mrs. Clyde's two misfortunes, and Mrs. Vansittart's last year."

"Mrs. Vansittart's?" I said. "What was that?"

"She was telegraphed for home, 'cause her daughter's child was dead."

That, I must confess, impressed even me, and made me more than ever anxious to get to the end of the mystery. I declared to her my wife and I must follow the apparition that very night or whenever it appeared, and begged that she give me the key of the room.

"What?" she demanded, "do you expect to see it, too? They say that never has a man seen it, nor not all women; never have I seen it, but I must say I don't hold with ghosts of any sort, and it's a shame for them, whoever they are, to make a ghost of a poor little baby!" However, I begged she would entrust me with the key. She at first demurred, but at length said she might—the more easily, because Mr. Clyde had ordered fires to be kept up in the room every night during the cold season, and therefore she had the key to her hand.

The result was that when my wife withdrew I went with her. When she reached the bottom of the staircase she whispered to me, looking up with a fixed eye, "Do you see it?" I saw nothing. I followed silently, till she came to the fateful door through which (according to my wife) the apparition had disappeared. I tried the door. It was certainly locked, but I opened it with the key, and passed in with my wife. When we were quite within the room, and in the light of the flickering flame of the fire, my wife caught my arm, and whispered again, "Look! Do you see it?"

I saw nothing.

For the rest I had better tell directly what my wife saw; for I saw nothing—till the end, when there was something tangible to be seen. We sat down together a little way from the fire, she holding my hand, which she would catch at hard and hold on to, at, I suppose, poignant instants of her vision.

She saw the golden haired child sit on a footstool quite close to the fire, and the black kitten sit near her, both gazing intently, and, as it were, with content, at the flames. They sat, and the coals (assuring us of our touch with the real world) blew hissing jets of smoke, which would break into rushing flame illuminating all the room, and the cinders cracked and fell together, dropping fragments out upon the brass fender with a clatter that made us start—all that, of course, at intervals which seemed hours long. Then at length she saw a hand—nothing but a shapely ghostly hand and wrist—flash from the dark on the left hand side of the fire place, seize the black kitten by the neck, and catch it away; an instant after the same hand flashed down upon the child; the child fell forward against the fire, and with a piercing scream of agony disappeared!

My wife started forward with a scream; so that to this day it is impossible for me to decide for myself which I heard—the scream of my wife or the cry of the child—the sound of this world or of the other.

My wife had fainted; I carried her out of that room and locked the door. I thought it was not worth while to disturb the house; but when I had brought her to and heard all she had seen, she insisted that she could not rest that night till an attempt had been made to solve the mystery, and to lay the ghost.

I returned down stairs, found Clyde and old Vansittart, and told them what we had done. Clyde seemed a good deal put out; he believed nothing but trouble would come of this meddling; however, since we had gone so far, he was prepared to see us through with it. So we all went to the haunted room—women and all.

We all agreed that the ghostly hand was the center and origin of the whole machinery, so to say, of the apparition; and my wife and Mrs. Vansittart declared that the hand came from the left hand side of the fireplace. Now there (as all over the walls of the room) Clyde had fastened some greenish colored material of canvas texture as a background for his pictures, which were here as everywhere. Receiving his permission to undo that part of it, I drew the pins, and disclosed an old fashioned flock paper. He swore and declared he had instructed the workmen to strip the walls before putting his stuff up. Stripping away a piece of the flock paper, I disclosed first one common wall paper and then another, till I came to flat sound woodwork. Stripping everything freely away from that, I saw on close examination a small tight fitting cupboard door.

That discovered, I paused, and we all looked at each other. What strange secret of the house might be exposed by the opening of that door!

"Prise away!" said Clyde to me, handing a chisel with a malignant ferocity which startled me.

With some effort the door was forced open—and lo! a grisly sight that made the women scream! A skeleton hand—a right hand—with precious flashing rings slipping over the joint of one of the fingers hung by a loose silken cord from a hook, while below it on the floor of the cupboard lay a small complete skeleton of a four footed creature, which we determined could be none other than a kitten!

Strange and horrible! And what did it mean? I gave my guess then, as I give it now. The hand was the hand of the foreign woman who had hated her own child and hated cats, who had in that very room struck at her child through her child's kitten—had probably (as the vision seemed to signify) seized the cat, and in her passion had killed it and in her fear had hid it—and then had struck at her child, not with intent to kill, probably, but so rashly and violently that the child had fallen against the fire and had died of her injuries. The buccaneering husband with the rose of health in his cheek, but with the evil of hell in his eye, had somehow found out all that, and in a passion for revenge had cut off his wife's cruel right hand, and hung it up there in memorial of her cruelty!

If that be not the explanation, there is none.

"I think you must be right," said Clyde, "and in corroboration of your view I point to that portrait of the lady over there in the corner, in which, you will see, the right hand is as if hid under the mantle."

There are two or three curious points in the story which my attempted exposition of the original mystery does not explain—as, for instance, why the injured child and not the cruel mother appeared in complete ghostly guise, and why it appeared only to women, and among women only to mothers—but I have never yet seen or heard the theory that completely met and routed all difficulties in any set of supernatural events.

These things, however, I know: that we buried the bones found in the cupboard, that the phantom child ceased to climb the stairs at Silverladies, and that our baby is alive at this hour.—[J. M. Cobban.

The Coffee Tree.

The coffee tree is from 6 to 14 feet high, and the same tree bears for a number of years. The trunk is from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, and when fully grown much resembles our own apple tree of from 10 to 12 years' standing. Ordinarily the lower branches begin to bend as the tree grows old, the wood being very limber and pliable, and soon form themselves into the shape of a gigantic umbrella, many of the branches reaching the ground. The bark is whitish and rather tough; the leaves much resemble those of a citron tree. As it always grows in tropical latitudes it continues green throughout the year, never being entirely bare of leaves. Blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on the coffee tree at any season of the year. When the blossom falls off there remains in its place a small fruit, green at first, which becomes red as it ripens, not unlike a large cherry, and very good to eat. Under the flesh of this berry, instead of a stone, is found the seed we call coffee, wrapped in a fine thin skin. The bean is then soft and very unpalatable, but becomes harder as it ripens, and the dried up flesh or pulp, which was edible when young and tender, becomes a shell of a dark brown color, and the berry a waxy transparent green. Each shell contains one berry, which when separated forms two of the coffee grains of commerce.

HORSE FLESH IS ALL RIGHT.

So Says Carter Harrison, of Chicago, Who Has Eaten It.

Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, is an enthusiast on horse flesh as food. This is what he says on the subject:

"The aversion to horse flesh is merely a whim, as shallow as the superstition of a heathen about his religion. He cannot logically explain it, neither can the average citizen of Chicago explain why he would not rather eat horse meat than pork. Certain animals are tabooed as food on account of sanitary reasons, but surely no one can say that a horse is not much cleaner than a hog or a duck. In India the bovine species was made sacred years ago, for the simple reason that it was a hard thing to rear cattle in that climate, hence to preserve the species it was made sacred. The hog is nearly always infested with trichinæ microbes. It was tabooed by the Jews hundreds of years ago and has since remained on the taboo list. Carrion-eating animals of course are out of the question as an article of food. Now, what is the matter with the horse? Everybody knows what the animal eats and how clean he is. Look at the comparison—a nice, healthy horse and a dirty, puddling duck, that searches the gutters and sink holes for its food, which is everything from carrion to tin cans.

"In my travels I have found many people who like monkey flesh. I ate it in Ceylon, and the flesh is delicious. Bring such a dish before some of our Chicago 'four hundred' and they would flee from it like a grouse from a hunter. But why? The monkey, like the horse, is a clean animal. Simply because a great many monkeys resemble old men in appearance, and the resemblance would sicken the hungry man. I have eaten rattlesnake! If you can decapitate one before he thrusts his fangs into himself or your body you will find the flesh, when roasted, tender, palatable and of a flavor between young lamb and chicken. There is no use talking; horse meat is good, and the day is not far distant when this fact will be generally recognized and horse flesh will be for sale in all of our markets."

Willing to Pay for Good Advice.

When D. K. Tenney was admitted to the bar he was one of the "boys," says the Milwaukee Wisconsin. He enjoyed a good time as well as any one and many good stories are told about him. It is said that on one occasion he went to a country dance near Madison and became smitten with one of the country girls. He danced with her nearly all the evening, regardless of the fact that a certain six-footer in the room kept watching him threateningly. Finally a friend approached.

"Dan," he said, "do you see that big fellow on the other side of the room?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's going to lick the life out of you."

"What for?" asked Tenney.

"You've been dancing with his girl all the evening."

"I didn't know it. What shall I do?"

"Well, if I were you I'd put on my coat and make a sneak for home. I'd get away from here just as quick as I could."

The embryo lawyer said never a word but reached down in his pocket and got out a $3 bill.

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Take it."

"I don't want any money."

"Take it," repeated Tenney. "I've taken $5 for a blamed sight worse advice than that."

Winters Growing Warmer.

"We have sure proof that the average cold of the winter is not so great or extended over so long period as it was twenty years ago," remarked a hardware dealer who had been in business since 1850. "It is true we do not sell half as many pairs of skates as in my early years. It won't do to attribute the decrease to the fashion of roller skating nor to say that young people and adults have given up the notion of gliding over the ice. If we had the ice this generation would be as quick to take it as their predecessors were. Carry your mind back twenty years and you will recall that there were a dozen ice rinks in and about the city, the largest and best of which was that in old Eastwick park. Men rented the grounds, flooded them, put up restaurants and dressing rooms, and then made money, because there was scarcely a winter when the ice was not good week after week. Climatic conditions have changed so that the man who would go into it now would be bankruped. Freezing weather doesn't last long enough to insure any profit for the venture. We hardly sell one pair of skates in the holiday season now where we sold a dozen in the old days of frozen streams and ponds."—[Philadelphia Record.

The Queen of Spain.

Several weeks ago we had the pleasure of seeing ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, in one of the shops here, says a Munich correspondent. She was accompanied by her daughter, who married one of the sons of the Prince Regent. No one was allowed in the same aisle with them, but we happened to be standing in the next aisle, and had a good opportunity of seeing her. She is a fat old lady, rather short and not at all queenly in manner or appearance. She was dressed very dowdily, and wore a false "wave." They say she is very poor and has sold all her jewels. She stopped only a short time in Munich, visiting her daughter, and from here went on to Paris. The daughter and family live at Nymphenberg (so called from the many marble nymphs placed about the private garden), a castle delightfully situated in a natural park through which a stream of water flows.

At Argentine, Kan., by actual count, 500 houses were built last year. That town also claims that one-fifth of the smelting done in the United States is done there.

THE SOUL.

The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—[Addison.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA.

Recent Satistics Regarding the Catholic Population.

Hoffman's Catholic Directory for 1890 gives the satistics of the Catholic church in the United States. The figures have been furnished by the diocesan chancellors. The catholic population is estimated at 8,801,367, and the number of priests is placed at 8,463—2,126 regulars and 7,337 seculars. They attend 7,420 churces, 2,718 stations and 1,539 chapels. There are 208 orphan asylums, caring for, it is estimated, 22,761 orphans. There are thirty theological seminaries, with 1,631 students, 125 colleges and 632 academies, and 3,209 parochial schools, with 654,838 pupils. Chicago has the largest number of pupils in its parochial schools—43,000—more than twice as many, proportionately to population, as New York. Brooklyn has the largest number of orphans, excepting Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, each of these exceeding it by one, but Brooklyn, in its nine orphan asylums, cares for nearly as many orphans as these archdioceses, the number being 2,932.

There are thirteen archdioceses in the United States, with sixty-six suffragan sees, five vicariates apostolic and one prefecture apostolic. These are governed by thirteen archbishops and seventy-seven bishops, a few of the latter being coadjutors, who, with the vicars, have titular sees in infidel countries.

The general statistics of the Catholic church in the United States compared with the figures given in the directory for 1889 show the following increase: Population, 143,691; priests, 345; churches, sixty-seven; chapels, fifty-nine; orphan asylums, three; colleges, one; academies, eighty-three; parochical schools, 410; pupils attending parochial schools, 57,644.

One hundred years ago, when the Catholic heirarchy was established in the United States, the Catholic population of the country nmbered 44,500. The figures at that time were collected for the holy see, and the division was announced as follows:

There are in New England about 600; New York and New Jersey, 1,700; Pennsylvania and Delaware 7,700; Maryland—freeman, 12,000; slaves, 8,000—20,000; at the Illinois, at Kaskaskis, and several other establishments, purely French, on the Mississippi, 12,000.

The catholic population is divided among the different sees at present as follows: Province of Baltimore—Baltimore, 220,000; Charleston, S. C., 8,000; Richmond, 18,000; St. Augustine, 15,000; Savannah, 20,000; Wheeling, 20,000; Wilmington Del., 18,000; and vicariate of North Carolina, 3,000. Province of Boston — Boston, 510,000; Burlington, 46,000; Hartford, 200,000; Manchester, 70,000; Portland, 71,100; Providence, 195,000, and Springfield, 710,000. Province of Chicago—Chicago, 460,000; Alton, 75,000; Belleville, 50,000, and Peoria, 100,000. Province of Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 189,500; Cleveland 250,000; Columbus 54,000; Covington, 44,000; Detroit, 125,000; Fort Wayne, 64,000; Grand Rapids, 85,000; Louisville, 135,000; Nashville, 18,000, and Vincennes, 86,188. Province of Milwaukee — Milwaukee, 108,000; Green Bay, 100,000; La Crosse, 67,000, and Marquette, 40,000. Province of New Orleans—New Orleans, 300,000; Galveston, 41,000; Little Rock, 9,000: Mobile, 19,000; Natchez, 15,397; Natchitoches, 35,000; San Antonia, 59,000; vicariate of Brownsville, 45,000, and perfecture apostolic of Indian territory, 5,000. Province of New York — New York, 800,000; Albany, 100,000; Brooklyn, 230,000; Buffalo, 132,500; Newark, 166,000; Ogdensburg, 65,396; Rochester, 77,000; Syracuse, 100,000, and Trenton 58,600. Province of Oregon — Oregon, 17,000; Helena, 25,000; Nesqually, 40,000; Vancouver's Island, 1,500, and vicariate of Idaho, 7,100. Province of Philadelphia — Philadelphia, 400,000; Erie, 60,000; Harrisburgh, 36,420; Pittsburgh, 175,000, and Scranton, 95,000. Province of St. Louis—St. Louis 280,000; Cheyenne, 2,100; Concordia, Kansas, 14,500; Davenport, 25,000; Dubuque, 100,000; Kansas City, 24,431; St. Joseph, 17,591; Leavenworth, 60,000; Lincoln, 20,000; Omaha, 53,000, and Wichita, 8,000. Province of St. Paul—St. Paul, 225,000; Duluth, 24,500; Jamestown 32,000; St. Cloud, 30,000; Sioux Falls, 48,000. The population of the archdiocese of St. Paul includes that of the new diocese of Winona and seperate figures are not given in the directory for the latter. Province of San Francisco—San Francisco, 200,000; Monterey and Los Angeles, 4,000; Scramento, 25,000, and vicariate of Utah, 5,500. Province of Santa Fe—Santa Fe, 128,000; Denver, 50,000. and Arizona, 35,000.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

The Governor of New Hampshire seems to be a Goodell of a Prohibitionist.

Serpa Pinto is only forty-four years of age. He has been acting like sixty, however.

Lord Athlumney, of England, has been declared a bankrupt. It is a curious how thoroughly devoted these British peers are to the customs of their caste.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent three hairs from the beard of the prophet to the town of Aleppo. Nobody knows where he got them, but it is rumored that he found them in the butter.

The new Prince of Monaco is personally opposed to gambling. He never indulges in games of chance, but cannot pass by the chance to make $250,000 a year from other peoples chancing.