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# MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 50. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 986.



*Railroad Schedules, etc.*

**Baltimore and Ohio**
RAILROAD.

May 11, 1890.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive 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 |
| 3:10 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 | 1:45 p m |
| Arrive at Vale Summit. | 8:00 a m | 2:30 p m |
| " " Midland..... | 8:22 a m | 2:52 p m |
| " " Lonaconing. | 8:30 a m | 3:00 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..... | 10:30 p m | 5:00 p m |
| Arrive at Midland..... | 10:39 p m | 5:09 p m |
| " " Vale Summit | 11:00 p m | 5:30 p m |
| " " Cumberland. | 11:45 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.
Aug 9

**Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.**

SCHEDULE.

| Eastward. | Stations. | Westward. |
|---|---|---|
| *Leave.* | | *Arrive.* |
| No. 1. No. 3. | | No. 2. No. 4. |
| *a. m. a. m.* | | *a. m. 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, 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


### SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

## THE CRICKET.

A perfectly formed little person, with hands and feet a duchess might envy, a miniature woman, with the fresh, but freckly complexion given by life in the open air, with two liquid black eyes, which made the hearts beat quicker of those on whom they rested—such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos.

A rickety old house built over the stream, quite alone in a forest of alders, leaning over on one side, the life of the old stones taken out of them by their veil of ivy, with huge piles underneath, which looked like crutches; resounding continually with a busy hum like a woman's constant clatter—such was Noeline's home, the mill of Espitos.

Although it was old, the mill had faithful customers; and although the miller was small, she had many admirers. Among them the most devoted were Aristide Lariensec, a big red faced fellow, son of a neighboring miller, and Jonanin Lacaze, a pale blonde, who was serving his apprenticeship in one of the most important shops of the town.

Aristide, the miller's son, hung about the mill, his pockets full of fruit for the young miller. They sat before the millstone and ate them, while the iron wheel sang its rythmic song as the water poured over it, and the flour fell white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin, the apprentice, was less fortunate. He could rarely see Noeline, except on Sunday after mass, when she went to the shop to buy needles and thread. Then indeed Jonanin was flushed with pleasure.

He spread out before the eyes of the young girl his whole store of thread and needles, and they were a long time in choosing, for sometimes their fingers met as they turned over the merchandise.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoon Jonanin had two hours to himself, and he went to fish in the stream of Espitos. He did not catch much, for the stream had fewer fish in it than any in the country, but Jonanin placed himself so that he could both watch the window of the mill and his float; he consoled himself for the immobility of the latter by what he saw through the former. At nightfall Noeline came to look for her ducks along the bank of the stream, and the pressure of hands which the lovers exchanged in the Sunday twilight was so sweet that Jonanin dreamed for nights about it.

The miller did not hesitate between her admirers. She preferred Jonanin. She hardly thought of any one else. When she was with him she was perfectly content.

Therefore the blonde Jonanin was authorized to pay his court to her. Noeline's mother invited him to come and eat chestnuts at the mill during the long autumn evenings. But the first time he went a strange thing happened. The cricket which always sang on the kitchen hearth was suddenly silent. "It is so singular," thought Noeline's mother, and the young girl turned pale.

And when the young man made his second visit the cricket did just the same. As soon as the young man opened the door the cricket ceased his song. Then Noeline's mother crossed herself and the young miller clasped her trembling hands under her apron.

And each time that Jonanin entered the house the hostile cricket was silent, and if they listened carefully they heard a strange noise, an inexplicable scratching in the chimney, like a protest of the little insect. Noeline wept abundantly; her mother was very unhappy.

Both of them, like most peasants, attached great importance to the song of their cricket. They knew that one of these insects singing in the house assures happiness and prosperity to its inmates. If it was silent when Jonanin came, it was because Jonanin brought ill luck. It was imperative that he should stay away.

Nevertheless Noeline knew that her suitor was good, honest, and laborious; she seemed to read promises of happiness in his tender gray eyes; but the cricket would not agree. It would perhaps be dangerous to despise its warning, and when the tired youth came, with a beating heart and a voice broken by emotion, to ask Noeline's mother for her hand, the mother was grave and the young miller could hardly keep from sobbing aloud behind her apron. Jonanin was refused. They did not give him the true reason. It would have pained him too much to learn that he would bring misfortune to any house he entered.

The mother found plausible reasons to give him, and Noeline went out to conceal her sorrow. She sat down near the mill stone in the dilapidated mill, listening to the drops of water as they fell on the big iron wheel, and when she heard Jonanin shut the door and pass out among the alders, and along the bank of the stream mourning to himself, it seemed to her that her heart had stopped beating, and she prayed to God aloud, as if she was afraid she should die.

The following week Jonanin left the country. With his clothes tied up in a little bundle he went away at dusk, when the last leaves were shivering on the trees. He went through the alder woods and along the bank of the little brook of Espitos. The young miller saw him come and she stood motionless before her mill.

"Good night, Noeline," he said slowly.

"Good night, Jonanin," she replied, dropping her eyes.

Then, as he went on, she ventured to ask:

"Are you leaving the country?"

He seemed to stagger on the leaf covered path.

"Yes, I have found a place at Orthez."

She said nothing. Her fingers played with the little silver cross which hung about her neck, and with troubled eyes she watched Jonanin until he disappeared among the deepening shadows of the silent forest.

A small, thin, pale person, with hands and feet like those of a skeleton, looking as if nature had begun to make a woman and failed, but with two big black eyes much younger than her face, such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos, twenty years after the departure of Jonanin Lacaze. Women in the south fade early. The mill, older by twenty years, and showing it, stood across the stream, keeping erect by the aid of some additional crutches, and its tic tac was just as joyous as when it was new.

Noeline had never married. After Jonanin went away no other lover could touch her heart. Aristide Lariensec, who had loved her with a passionate, jealous love, had been refused like the others. The young man, long inconsolable, had married at last. He never came to see Noeline except to sell his grain. They had doubtless both forgotten the fruit they used to eat beside the millstone while the flour fell white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin had never come back. Many and many a time Noeline had walked along the border of the stream with the hope of seeing him reappear. She thought of him every day; and every night when the cricket sang she dreamed melancholy dreams before her sad hearthstone until her rushlight died out.

Alas! Orthez was so far off. People from Espitos never went there. At the shop in the town they had no news of Jonanin. What had become of the youth with the blonde hair? Sometimes, when her old maid's soul was sadder than usual, Noeline prayed for him, but little by little the beating of her heart grew cold and monotonous.

One night Noeline, who was 42 years old, was waiting for Lariensec, the former rival of Jonanin. He was coming to discuss the price of the maize he wished to sell her. The miller had offered 12 francs 5 sous a sack. The farmer asked 10 sous more. It was nearly 9 o'clock. The shadows were warm; the moon threw its white light on the winding path through the alders. Noeline, standing on the threshold of the mill, saw some one coming.

"It is not Lariensec," she thought; "he would not come by that path."

The man had a wooden box on his back, he walked slowly, seemed tired, and looked at the stream and the trees and the mill as a stranger might.

"Good evening," he said, stopping. "Would you like to see Notre Dame de Lourdes?"

"He is a Bearnaise or a Bigourdan colporteur," thought Noeline. "One of those merchants from Pau or Bagnieres who, under the pretext of showing an image of the Virgin at the bottom of their box, sell chaplets and medals, thread and needles to the country people."

"My friend, it is rather dark to see your Virgin."

But as the merchant had a gentle voice, and as the intercession of the Virgin might induce Lariensec to sell his corn at 12 francs 5 sous the sack, Noeline said: "Come in; I will look at the Holy Virgin by the resin light."

And the merchant entered. When Noeline could see him she felt the blood rush to her thin cheeks, and when the colporteur had seen her face he seemed equally astonished. And in a plaintive voice he asked: "So you still live here, Noeline?"

"Ah! good God!" said the miller, feeling her heart beat as it had not done for years, "is it possible that it is you, Jonanin?"

And for a moment they were silent.

The water of the brook fell in noisy drops on the iron wheel, just as it did long ago, when Jonanin came to see her. And suddenly behind the warm hearthstone they heard the shrill chirp of a cricket. Noeline felt in her eyes a warm moisture like a gathering tear.

Jonanin told his story. He had been successful at Orthez. He had married, had children, had a shop of his own, was prosperous and happy. But after all those years the desire to see his old home had seized him, and for the sake of economy had come like a Bearnaise colporteur, selling needles and thread on his way.

"Oh, I was sure you would succeed, Jonanin," sighed Noeline.

The cricket in the chimney went on singing. The woman seemed almost overpowered by her increasing emotion.

"Then, why," stammered Jonanin, "will you tell me, Noeline, why you would not be my wife twenty years ago?"

At first she could not answer; she pointed to the chimney as if half ashamed, and would have been glad to hide her head in her apron, as she did when she was young.

"It was the fault of the cricket," she stammered.

"Of the cricket?"

"Yes! I was foolish. I thought you would bring me misfortune. The cricket stopped singing when you came to see me."

"He stopped singing! Why?"

Noeline shrugged her shoulders, in sign that she did not know. They both stood silent, dreaming, and they dared not look into each other's eyes by the light of the smoking resin.

Very soon Lariensec, the farmer, entered.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, after the peasant fashion, saluting as many times as there were persons in the company.

And when he had recognized the former shopkeeper——

"What, Jonanin! you here! What the devil are you doing here?"

"I come to talk over old times. It does one good at our age."

"Ah, yes, the old times?" said Lariensec. "I remember that you were to have been married, you and Noeline."

"Certainly!" replied the miller.

"And do you know what kept us apart?" asked the merchant. "A cricket."

"Bah!" exclaimed Lariensec. "In fact, I seem to remember——"

He burst into a loud laugh.

"Ah! It was too good!" said he, "too good!"

Then seriously.

"Bah! You are happy, are you not? Both happy? We are all happy here; so we may confess our little peccadilloes of other days! Ah! that was one too good. Do you know, Jonanin, why the cricket did not sing? We are all friends, you know, old fellow? Well, it was because I was watching you; I scratched in the chimney there, on the side next our field, when you came to pay your court. Ah! other people loved Noeline, too, and other people were furiously jealous!"

Then seeing that this revelation was coldly received, and that Noeline looked at him sadly, he resumed generously:

"That is not all; I come to tell you that I accept your price for the corn: 12 francs and 5 sous the sack. Does that suit you, Noeline?"

And Noeline in a low voice:

"That suits me, Lariensec."

Then the farmer bought some spools of thread from the merchant from Orthez for his wife and paid without bargaining.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, going out.

And the two old lovers were left alone.

They did not say much to each other. Jonanin slowly put up his merchandise. Noeline watched him, unconsciously turning over the little silver cross which she still wore with her bony fingers. For one despairing moment she was perhaps tempted to press her lips to Jonanin's hair, once blonde, now turning gray; but she restrained herself; her virgin lips were ignorant how to give such a kiss.

"Well, good night, Noeline," said the colporteur, lifting his box to his back.

"Good night, Jonanin!"

They awkwardly pressed each other's hands and parted.

He took the path through the woods on which the moonlight fell; she standing on her threshold watched him go, while in the chimney the cricket sung in the sad night, sung with a calm clear untiring voice, as if he wished to tell Noeline of all the happiness she might have had.—[The French of Jean Rameau.

### HE KNEW THE COMMODORE.

**A Glimpse Into the Character of the Elder Vanderbilt.**

One day when I was a boy I happened to be on the piazza of Gabe Case's old road house, watching the trotters, when old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt drove along in a small road wagon, with jaws set hard and his brows drawn together in a thoughtful scowl. As he came along an old horseman with a wisp of whiskers on his chin wandered out of the door of the hotel, and catching sight of the great railroad king, suddenly started forward and yelled:

"Hay, Corneel! come in here; I want t' see yer."

At the sight of him the commodore half reined in his horse, and losing all his look of worry and anxiety, cried:

"Hullo, Bill! When'd y'u come t' town? Can't stop now. Glad t' see——"

"Come on in here, I tell you," said the stranger.

Nearly everybody was abashed at any man addressing the greatest citizen of New York in that fashion, but the commodore seemed to think it was all right.

"I will stop a minute," he said.

The two men shook hands, but before the commodore could speak the old backwoods horseman said with glittering eye:

"You know the chestnut colt?"

"With the white stockings?"

"The same."

"Well?"

"Well," said the rural visitor, with a smile that spread all over his face, "he's only done 18, that's all. An' you put him out of yer stable."

"He ain't trotted in 18?" said the commodore excitedly.

"He's done that same."

"Bill," said the railroad magnate thoughtfully, but with an air of overwhelming conviction, "I must say that when it comes to a hoss, you're h——!"

The stranger accepted the great compliment modestly, and then the two men sat on a bench and talked about crossing different breeds for speed with the animation of school boys. The richest man in New York was absolutely oblivious to time and his surroundings, for it was 7 o'clock when he suddenly bounced up and started for home on the discovery that he was already an hour late for dinner.—[Philadelphia Times.

### TEN TIMES A BRIDE.

**The Census Up to Date of a Middle Aged Indiana Woman's Husbands.**

A woman living at Bourbon has probably had more experience upon the matrimonial sea in her short life than any woman living. Emma A. R. Lyon was born in Franklinsville, Cattaraugus county, New York, in 1836, and is now 54 years of age. At the age of 16 she removed to Lake Maxinkuckee, Ind., and there married Nelson Drake, a carpenter. Before her 18th birthday she was left a widow with one child, a daughter, who is now Mrs. Burke, of Peru, Ind. The next venture was an unsuccessful alliance, and the woman will not tell much about the man she married. He only counts as No. 2. His name was Roberts.

Early in 1856 she and Dr. Maryatte were married at Indianapolis. In that city she studied medicine with her husband and Professor Ballard. She finished her medical course in Cincinnati in 1858, and after that time continued to practice in Indianapolis with marked success for many years, devoting her talents to the treatment of chronic diseases. In 1860 Dr. Maryatte died while on a visit to Batavia, Ohio. Three children were the result of this marriage, only one of whom grew to womanhood.

After Dr. Maryatte came a man named Ballard, about whom nothing can be gleaned. Mrs. Ballard, after his death or disappearance, removed from Indianapolis to Kokomo, where in a short time she married Dr. Vaniden, who lived three years. He was killed in a railroad wreck. This marriage was a very happy one. After the death of Dr. Vaniden the woman was united in marriage to a man named Strawhacker. Two children, both of whom are now living, came of this union.

In 1876 Mrs. Strawhacker removed to Peru, Ind., and there married William Moore, a carpenter. They removed in 1880 to Plymouth, Ind., where she engaged in the practice of her profession. This union was a dismal failure from the start, and in 1883, on the ground of cruel treatment, Mrs. Moore secured a divorce. The seventh venture in this interesting panorama of matrimonial proceedings was with a man named Thomas, and it was a dead failure. The much married woman is reticent about the details of the affair. But in the fall of 1884 she married a retired farmer by the name of Cunningham. He was in good financial circumstances, but penurious as a miser, and refused to support his wife. She then appealed to the court for a separation, which was granted early in 1885. In July of the same year she married another retired farmer named Spencer, who was as gentlemanly as Cunningham was miserly. With him she lived happily at Bourbon, Ind., until his death in May, 1888. Mr. Spencer himself had had considerable experience in matrimonial affairs. Previous to his marriage with the fair divorcee he had bound himself to eight wives, only to be left a widower to find solace in the ex-wife of farmer Cunningham. His eight former wives all died, but the ninth and last Mrs. Spencer outlived him, and in 1889 made her last venture.

At that time she was married to Judge Z. D. Boulton, an old resident of this city and a prominent attorney of the Marshall county bar. This union was not a happy one, and a legal separation was granted and confirmed at the present term of the Marshall circuit court. The decree was that Emma A. R. Boulton should be awarded a decree of divorce from Zebidee D. Boulton and her name changed to Emma A. R. Spencer.

Mrs. Dr. Spencer is a prepossessing lady, considerably above the medium size, intelligent and refined in her conversation and manners, and possessing great beauty for a woman of her age. During her many matrimonial ventures she has succeeded in accumulating considerable property, and is considered in fairly good circumstances.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

**A Glance at the Dictionaries of 1626.**

Many of the definitions in the English dictionary of 1626 are amusing, and some of them ludicrously absurd. The "pole" is described as "the end of the axletree whereon the heavens do move," a very primitive explanation. The "Hebridean wave" seems rather a poetical substitute for the Irish Sea; and a "badger" is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn merchant—"one that buys corne or other victual in one place to sell it in another." Still funnier are some of the natural history definitions. A "baboon" is said to be "a beast like an ape, but farre bigger;" a "lynx" is "a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, insomuch as it is said that it can see thorow a wall." The account of the "salamander" reads like an elaborate joke—"a small venomous beast with foure feet and a short taile; it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire." Turning to more general topics, we have the "alphabet" defined as the "cross rowe of letters," and "abecedarian" is "one who teaches the cross rowe." According to Cockeram, "an idiote" is "an unlearned asse;" a "labourer," a "swinker," and "a heretick" is sketched more roundaboutly, but with a clear assertion of the right of private opinion, as "he which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of religion he will believe and what he will not." Then from classic times the "Olympic games" are "solemn games of activity," and the "Amphitrite" is not.

**Strength of Rails.**

Experiments made in Sweden by M. Saneberg on the strength of iron rails during winter have shown that steel rails containing over four per cent. of carbon are apt to break in cold weather. In fact, the result of his investigations points to the use of rails having less carbon in countries as cold in winter as Norway and Sweden.

**Von Moltke's Idea.**

Old Field Marshal Von Moltke denies that he ever said beer was Germany's greatest enemy. "I am myself an abstainer," he says, "but I regard complete abstinence as neither desirable nor practical. But it is sinful to give stimulants to children or uncivilized races."

**Early Days in Deadwood.**

In recalling the memory of the early days at Deadwood Colonel Patrick said: "There will never again be another Deadwood. From every State and Territory of the Union thousands flocked to the spot, and yet it was the best natured crowd that I ever saw. At one season—it was during the campaign for county sheriff—it was customary every day from 11 to 3 o'clock to see from 3,000 to 7,000 men collected at one of the street corners, the main gathering place of the town. A platform made of cord wood was a permanent fixture of the spot, and behind it was a blackboard. Every day before noon somebody ascended the platform and wrote the names of 10 to 20 persons who would be expected to deliver addresses from the rostrum for the edification of the people. It mattered not whether a man could speak; no excuse was received, and if any victim attempted to escape he was seized and carried to the spot by main force. Once there he could advance any sentiments he liked, and was always accorded a respectful hearing until somebody began to think he had talked long enough. The first intimation he received of the fact was a blow from behind which sent him headlong from his perch. He was knocked down with an empty tea chest which was attached to a rope and drawn back into the store to be used on the next speaker. The crowd screamed with laughter at the odd appearance of the speaker as he fell forward and another victim was produced. I know whereof I speak," continued the colonel, "for I felt the weight of the tea chest myself."

**Victim of an Umbrella.**

In the hands of some people an umbrella is a deadly weapon. One day just before nightfall, when suburban folk rush home from the city in crowds, an intelligent looking young woman joined the throng headed for the station. Her umbrella was open in her hand, and the way she handled it straightway attreated notice on all sides. Somehow she managed to knock nearly every umbrella she met from its owner's hand, until, having reached the entrance steps, she suddenly closed her own, much to the detriment of the bonnet of another lady who happened to be at her side. She then began fumbling for her purse, holding the umbrella in the meanwhile in the hand she was moving, so that the ferrule described an arc of about 40 degrees. Having found a dime, she marched to the ticket office, and then, while slowly gathering up her change, stood with the umbrella tucked under her arm and protruding across the passage, thus obstructing all movements for others. At last the ticket was safe in her purse, and she passed on. With that umbrella still tucked under her arm she walked leisurely along, while a man behind her dodged the umbrella's ferrule as well as he could. Suddenly she stepped on her dress and stopped. Of course the umbrella jabbed the man in the face. With a sweet "I beg your pardon," she shifted it so that it stuck out sidewise and tripped up a man who was hurrying past her. Finally, with no other mishap than catching the handle of the umbrella in a little girl's hair, the lady seated herself in the car, the umbrella protruding just enough to trip up every unwary man who passed her.

**The Speed of Naval Ships.**

The speed of English naval vessels is generally determined by a run over a measured mile. This is as if a sprint runner were allowed to take a flying start, and as if the speed he attained by spurting 100 yards on a good track were assumed to be the speed he could make in chasing a pickpocket in the street. It is notorious that these vessels rarely, if ever, attain in actual service the speed with which they are credited. It will therefore be understood how much more accurate was the test imposed upon the new cruiser Philadelphia when she was made to run 40 miles and back along the coast of Long Island. The record she made was of course materially aided by the work of the most skillful engineers and stokers employed by the Cramps, and by the use of picked coal, but there seems to be little reason for doubting her ability to run 20 knots an hour in actual service.

**Kossuth in His Decline.**

Some Italian journalists have interviewed Kossuth at Superga. He is afflicted with slowly progressing cataract, but he himself believes that death will arrive sooner than blindness. He lives in retirement. He declines to see visitors, saying that having retired from the world the world ought to forget him. But he still writes, working regularly till midnight. He walks on the hills in the morning and dines alone at noon. He intends, if possible, to live in future at Naples, where he expects to be next autumn.

**Where They Smoke Cigars.**

The Burmese girls are very bright, and good beggars, too, and when one steps up to you with a six inch cigar in her mouth and her comely person swathed in garments, the colors of which would rival Joseph's coat, and offers you her wares, the only thing for a man to do is to buy and buy at once. The girls are noted for their independence, and they walk about the streets and through the bazaars and around the pagodas with big cigars in their mouths with as much freedom as do the men in most countries.

### IRY AN' BILLY AN' JO.

Iry an' Billy an' Jo!—
Iry and Billy's the boys,
An' Jo's their dog, you know—
Their pictur's took all in a row,
Bet they kin kick up a noise—
Iry an' Billy, the boys,
An' that-air little dog Jo!

Iry's the one 'at stands
Up there a-loookin' so mild
An' meek, with his hat in his hands
Like sich a 'bediant child—
(Sakes alive!) An' Billy he sets
In the cheer an' holds onto Jo, an' sweats
Hisse'f a-lookin' so good! Ho! ho!
Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

Yit the way them boys, you know,
They usen to jes turn in
An' fight over that dog Jo
Was a burnin'-shame-an'-a-sin!—
Iry he'd argy 'at, by gee-whizz!
That-air little Jo-dog was his—
An' Billy he'd claim it wasn't so—
'Cause the dog was his'n!—An' at it they'd go,
Nip-an'-tugg, tooth-an'-toenail, you know—
Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

But their Pa—(he was the Marshal then)—
He 'tended like 'at he jerked 'em up,
An' got a jury 'o brickyard men,
An' held a trial about the pup;
An' he says he jes like to a-died
When the rest o' us town-boys testified—
Regardin', you know,
Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

'Cause we all knowed, when the Gypsies they
Camped down here by the crick last Fall,
They brung Jo with 'em, an' give him away
To Iry an' Billy fer nothin' at all!
So the jury made the verdick so
Joe hain't neither o' theirn fer shore—
He's both their dog, an' jes no more!
An' so
They've quit quarrelin' long ago,
Iry an' Billy an' Jo!

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

**Care of the Eyes.**

It is a point of the first importance that any weakness, defect, or uneasiness of the eyes should not be neglected, but that the oculist should be at once consulted. Headaches which come on after sewing, reading, watching a play, or otherwise using the visual organs in a special direction for a period of time are usually the direct results of ocular defects. Neuralgia, dizziness, mental depression, melancholia, St. Vitus's dance, and even epilepsy have been shown to be directly dependent in certain cases upon refractive errors for their causation. Out of nine cases of epilepsy in which there were optical defects, recently experimented upon, four cases were positively cured by correction of the defects. Two of the cases were entirely relieved for periods of four and six months, respectively; in another case the fits were greatly reduced in number during a given period of time after the application of proper spectacles; while two cases were not influenced by glasses. Recurring stys are not infrequently due to some optical defect, and when thus occasioned they are to be cured, not by pulling out the lashes, but by having the defect corrected. To some people glasses are a revelation, revealing powers and beauties of vision never before known to exist. Glasses not only increase the power of vision and greatly relieve the work of the eye, but they actually prevent the occurrence of certain diseases of the eye and of reflex affections in other parts of the body, and effect the preservation of good vision throughout life.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

### MISSING LINKS.

"I don't wonder at the girls loving flowers as they do, when even horses are affected by their beauty," said a man to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter. "What horse? Where?" "I saw a young lady while waiting for a car yesterday hold her bouquet to the nose of a poor laborer's horse. The heat worried brute actually for a moment seemed to inhale its fragrance with as much pleasure as its pretty owner. It was a bit of poetic sentiment that only a maiden's heart could conceive, and while she was looking around to see if anybody was noticing her artless innocence the noble steed ate the bouquet."

Hamilton, Ohio, has a mysterious visitor. He is a man of about 45, and during the several weeks he has spent about the town no one has been able to get a single word from him. He carries a bundle, to which he clings all the time, using it at night as a pillow. What it contains no one knows. He sleeps in an open wheat field. He has never entered a door, never asked for food or been given a mouthful of food, and puts in the day walking up and down the pike. He visits a spring, where he drinks copiously; but what he lives on outside of water, where he came from, or what his name is no one has been able to ascertain.

The board of education of New Haven, Conn., is examining the case of Principal John G. Lewis, of the Webster School, who is accused of whipping little Paul Gebhard to death. Much has been said of the principal's whipping methods. Louis Meyer, a 14-year-old boy living at 247 Davenport avenue, testified: "Two years ago I was strapped to a desk by Mr. Lewis and punished. He strapped my legs to the legs of the desk, and then he strapped my hands to the top of the desk. Then he had a revolving pole with four or five straps in it, all with knots in the ends. This flew around by pulling a string, and the straps hit me all over."

A few days ago an interesting catacomb was discovered at Kertch, in the neighborhood of the Tahtar quarter. The catacomb in question lies about 15 feet under the surface, and is divided into three compartments. It is decorated with frescoes representing Hermes surrounded by winged genii, and also with scenes taken from domestic life. The most interesting discovery of all was an inscription, part of which forcibly reminds the reader of the one over Shakespeare's ashes. It runs: "Sorak, who never threw away the bone of the poor, has raised for himself this sanctuary, and adjures all people that his bones were not robbed and defiled." This adjuration to posterity has been without effect, for the catacomb was already found to have been plundered.