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# MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 2. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 990.



*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 | 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,
Aug 9 General Manager.

## Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

| Eastward. Leave. No. 1. 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

CARPETS
—AND—
DRESS GOODS

WE have received from 20 to 25 NEW PIECES OF CARPETS for Fall trade. As stated, all are new patterns and as pretty as the looms can turn out. Prices of nearly all goods are going up, but we bought these early and will sell them at our same close figures. The way those

25-cent Striped Dress Goods

in the upper window melted away in the sunshine of a popular price proves that we

Know a Good Thing
WHEN WE SEE IT.

We have the best assortment of

Black DRESS GOODS
IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.

D. F. McMullen & Co.,
IRON FRONT,
Frostburg, Md.
Aug 16

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


### GUILIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakspere's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge,—his frequent way,—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—[Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## A LONELY HEART.

A little old woman, wrinkled and bent, and dressed in rusty black, with a strip of limp crape dangling from her shabby bonnet, came into the office of a great daily paper.

"You're the editor, be you?" she asked of the man who looked up from his desk as she entered.

"Yes 'm," he replied briefly, but not unkindly. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I—I—I've brung a little piece I'd like to have printed in the paper. I writ it myself, and I don't know as you can make it all out, it's so long since I handled a pen, but I'd like mightily to have it printed. It's about my little grandson that—died."

Her voice died away to a whisper at the last word and she wiped her dim eyes on a corner of her shawl before she added:

"He took scarlet fever and didn't live but four days, and he'd never been sick a day before in his life, and he was the very picture of health. Here's a photograft I've got of him that ' wouldn't take the world for now."

She laid on the editor's desk a card photograph of a sunny faced smiling boy of about five years.

"That was taken a year ago, and it looks just as he always did, and he died with that same smile on his face—dear, dear little soul! I know he's better off, still, it's been awful hard to give him up. His pa and ma are most crazy. That's why I writ the piece; I thought it might mebbe be some comfort to 'em."

She laid several pages of cheap note paper covered with cramped and angular writing in blue ink on the desk.

"It's some po'try I made up 'bout him," she said. "It ain't very good, I know; some of the lines don't rhyme very good and lots of the words ain't spelled right, but I reckoned you could fix that up all right. I'd agree to take three extry copies of the paper if 't was published."

"I am very sorry," said the editor, as he looked at page after page of the verses, "but we don't publish anything more than the mere announcement of a death."

"Oh, don't you? I didn't know. I've seen po'try pieces about the dead in papers sometimes, 'though I don't know as I ever have in this one. I'd be willing to pay to have it printed, but I ain't got a cent in the world. I walked all the way here. I don't mind so much myself, but I know it 'd please his pa to see the piece in print; he was so wrapped up in Johnnie. But, then, all of us was, for that matter—the dear, dear little fellow!"

She drew a limp cotton handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes as she said:

"I'll take the piece and see if I can git it printed some place else—to please his pa, you know. He was the only child, and, unless you've laid away your own flesh an' blood, you've no idea how turrible it is to have a little life like that go out jist when its gittin' more precious and interestin' ev'ry day. Its ben mighty hard fer me, his old grandma, even when I know it won't be but a little while till I'll be with him ag'in.

"Well, I'll have to go now. I'm sorry 'bout the piece, but I ain't blamin' you none. Of course you have to go by the rules of the paper. No, thank ye, you needn't help me down stairs. I kin git down alone. But its kind in you to offer to help me. Yes, yes, I know you'd put the piece in the paper if you could. I ain't blamin' you none. It was silly in me, I know, but I never stopped to think but what ev'ry body'd be as interested in our dear little Johnny as we was. Good bye, sir!"

And she went slowly out, a weak pathetic little figure, her eyes blinded with tears and her heart aching with loneliness, longing for smiles and kisses and loving words of the little boy that died.
—[J. L. H.

### A Remarkable Canal.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helen's, in the north of England. It is 16 miles long and under ground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel are cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross bars on the roof.

### He Prayed With Fervor.

Sister Lizzie was to be married in a few months and she was putting in the interval of leisure from preparing for the ceremony in the way of dress by experimenting on her family in the cooking line.

Little John was going to bed, and went through his usual prayers up to the point of saying: "Give us this day our daily bread," when some depressing memory struck him, and he added:

"But don't let our Lizzie bake it."

## THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

### It Is Still Distinct and Serviceable in Western Kansas.

Travelers, in their reminiscences of the Kansas frontier, write as if the Denver trail can hardly be traced at the present time. This may be so in counties as far east as Ellsworth, but in the western part of the State it will remain for many years as a memorial of the brave men who carried the mail for the United States through an Indian infested district as far back as 1860. To-day, where the plow has not been, there are miles of the old trail in Gove county and westward, which are better to drive over now than when John Butterfield first laid it out.

How great an undertaking it was to carry the mail, summer and winter, day and night, from St. Joseph to San Francisco can be realized by those only who saw the plains in early days. The writer has often wondered if Messrs. Major, Wardell, and Russell kept any record of their experiences when they took the contract to work the route, and if so, whether any such record is still in existence. It would be interesting to the younger generation to read how the route was surveyed and the stations built, 10 or 12 miles apart, all along the line, and of the numberless exciting episodes which must have occurred.

It has been stated that the names of many of the depots on the Kansas Pacific Railroad were taken from the names given to the old stage stations. Characteristic names many of them were, Monotony, Mirage, Wind Horse, etc. Walker's Creek, tradition says, was named for a stage driver who was killed by Indians at that point. From there westward the writer is well acquainted with the old trail for many stages, each of which has its history. Fort Fletcher, established in 1866, stands (or used to stand) on the trail at the junction of North Fork and Big Creek. Here it was that the dashing Custer and his men were washed out one night by a cloud burst. Eight miles west was Big Creek station, which is said to have been utterly cleaned out one time by Indians, probably Cheyennes. Ten years after bullets could have been picked up by the dozen all round, showing that it was the scene of a hot fight. Twenty-six miles west is what is known as Threshing Machine Canyon, where the trail runs close beside the Smoky River. Here they say that eighteen men, taking a threshing machine to Colorado, were surprised while camped, and every man scalped and the machine burned up. Portions of the iron work lay around for many a year.

About 50 miles from Fort Fletcher the old earthworks of a small fort on Towner Creek are still plainly discernible, and again at about the same number of miles westward stood Fort Monument, near to Monument Rocks. Here stood a small stone building up to '80, almost every stone of which had a name of some traveler cut thereon. Some Swede has since pulled down the building and used the rock for a dugout, thereby destroying an interesting relic of the past and the handiwork of many a man who has doubtless before this gone over a still longer trail.

This brings us into the neighborhood of the Beaver, the scene of the last Indian fight in Kansas, in '78, when Captain Lewis was killed by the Cheyennes on their passage northward.

The story goes that one of the above mentioned mail contractors had an eye to the spiritual welfare of his men, and when a bull train was about to start would present a Testament to each of the teamsters, and that on a man applying one day for a job he asked, "Can you drive cattle?" "Yes," was the reply, "I can drive them to h—l." To this the contractor replied, "Thank you, young man; I do not require your services. I am not teaming to that point."—[W. B. F.

### Army Life Is Not an Easy One.

The supposition that army life is an easy one is the civilian's delusion. No occupation on earth is more exacting. The reveille is sounded at daylight, and the soldier must be up and ready. Between reveille in the morning and "taps", at 9.30 at night, he has to attend to the majority of 33 daily bugle calls, and be on his feet most of the time till "retreat" at sunset. The officers are busy at nearly all times over new military problems. They are called to mount and manage artillery that would have struck dire dismay into armies like those of Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander. To-day war is a science, requiring all the skill of the best navigators, the most able engineers, and the finest electricians. All the known means of defence and destruction are available, even down to the last electric triumph, the telephone. In future battles, according to the Baltimore *American*, the commanding generals will open their engagements with "Hello!" to their subordinates. If beaten they will either say "Good by!" or reserve the syllables of "Hello!"

### A Railroad on Tree Tops.

It may not be known outside of the neighborhood in which it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma county, Cal., there exists an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of the county named, near the coast, may be seen an actual railroad laid on tree tops. Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills, and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned two huge redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. These giants have been lopped off 75 feet above the bed of the creek. This natural tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for safety and security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.

## DE LINE OF MODERN FICTION.

### The Modern Newspaper a More Serious Influence and Power.

Nearly twenty years ago, speaking to the editors of Indiana, I undertook to demonstrate that the age of imaginative literature was gone by, and that the drama and novel, as vehicles of thought and mirrors of nature, would be succeeded by the newspaper, which, as a serious influence and power would henceforth monopolize the higher functions of both. The suggestion encountered a good deal of journalistic joking. In proof of its correctness, however, behold the plenitude of the press, the poverty of the stage, the sterility of romance and poetry, ever since, and now, within the last two decades, what have we had outside of the theatric psychologies of Zola, and the studies in realism of Tourgeneff and Tolstoi, except, what I call "the acrobatic" in this peculiar line; such as the ingenious tales of Jules Verne and Ryder Haggard; and Balzac, condensed and warmed over by Daudet, and all the methods of all the novelists adapted by the James and Howells tribe of photographers in England and America?

If Tennyson should die, who is there, deserving the name of poet, to take his place as laureate? What stage production has lasted more than a season or two, though the theater has had Irving Terry, Booth, Anderson, Jefferson, Modjeska, Bernhardt, Wyndham, Coquelin, Barrett, and Toole, and a host of scene painters and upholsterers to sustain it? In truth, the world of fancy has nothing more to give us. Bret Harte was, and Rudyard Kipling is, in a sense, striking, if not original; but the one soon used up California, as the other will soon use up British India, and both are the merest sketchers, dealing in charcoal and water colors.

The newspaper, imperfect as it is, more and more absorbs the public interest. People more and more require and demand the realistic, and even Zola and Tolstoi can not compete with the actual romance of modern life set forth by the Dickens, Dumas, and Macaulays of journalism. In the mad effort to do so, they are driven to excesses like this "Kreutzer Sonata," which the postal authorities of the United States outlaw, which, for all its flabby coarseness, has not a particle of spirit or flavor, and is as poor a bit of trash as might be found in the goody goody library of milk and water itself.—[Henry Watterson.

## IN BED WITH ELECTRICITY.

### The Idaho Way of Keeping Warm on Cold Nights.

"We can give a point to New York people about getting their money's worth out of these little movable electric bulb lights," said a visiting Idahoan the other day. "Out our way we take them to bed with us. For keeping one comfortable on a cold night they are as good as a roaring fire in a room. Rubber bags, tin boilers, and other devices for holding hot water get cold.

"With the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, as we often have it in Idaho for long stretches at a time, these old fashioned arrangements would freeze before morning. But the electric bulbs keep one snug and warm all the time. When I begin to get ready for bed I put the light between the sheets. By shifting it about every little while it takes the chill from the bed by the time I am undressed. As I slide in I push the light down with my feet, and usually fall asleep with it there.

"It is proof against any blast of cold in the night. I never knew its warmth to fail. It doesn't cost me any more to burn it all night than if I turned it off at bedtime, and if I burned a cord of wood every month in my bedroom and could keep the fire blazing all night I could not be made as comfortable as by this little bulb."—[New York Times.

### Lesson in Politeness.

The late Professor Morren related once in our hearing a rebuke which he gave to a high strung Beacon Hill damsel, which is worth repeating for the moral it carries, says the Boston *Courier*. The young lady was one of his pupils and made herself particularly obnoxious by her haughty and even insolent bearing, displaying her contempt for all about her so markedly that it became at last unbearable.

"I knew her mother in France," said the professor, whose broken English there is no need of producing here, "and she was a most exquisitely modest and unassuming woman. But the daughter was so insolent that she had to have a lesson; so I said to her:

"'Will you be so good as to remain after the lesson? I have something to tell you.'

"'She stayed, and in her haughtiest manner she said: 'You wish to speak to me?'

"'Yes. You are Miss So and So?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you live at No.— Beacon street?'

"'Yes.'

"'And your father is Mr. So and So?'

"'Yes.'

"'And your mother is the lovely and sweet Mrs. So and So I have met in France?'

"'Well?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'you are sure there is no mistake?'

"'No mistake! What do you mean?'

"'I am exceedingly surprised that you come of such a family and so well born.'

"'Sir!'

"'I am much surprised. I have been sure you came of a new rich family, some parvenue'——

"'Sir!'

"'You think, mademoiselle,' I said, softening my manner, 'that haughtiness is aristocratic? Now, you will pardon an old man if I remind you that the contrary is true. I have known your mother so long that I dare to be frank with you. You have been very insolent in the class.'

"'Insolent, monsieur?'

"'Yes, mademoiselle. You have mistaken this for a mark of aristocracy. You would much better copy your mother, your gentle lady mother.'

"And I made her my best bow, and left her to think about it. And she was a good girl afterward; a very good girl."

## THE GOVERNMENT OF JAPAN.

### A Liberal Monarchy, With an Upper and Lower House.

The present government of Japan is one of the most ancient in the world, having existed since nearly 1,000 years before the Christian era. But in late years it has passed through a number of crucial changes in quick succession. America first opened the island empire to the outer world. In 1868 the Tycoons were overthrown and the Mikado made supreme. In 1871 feudalism was altogether swept away and the era of reform was begun. For the first time politics became a matter of popular interest, and definite parties were formed. In 1881 the constitution was promised, and in 1889 it was actually granted. Now the first election has taken place, and in November the first parliament will meet. Japan will then be a limited and liberal constitutional monarchy. Concerning parliament it may be stated that the upper house consists of members of the imperial family, who hold office for life; noblemen of high rank, chosen by their peers, who hold office for seven years; men specially recommended by the emperor on account of their great learning or services to the state, who are also elected for life by popular vote, and men chosen one from each municipality by the 15 highest tax payers therein, who hold office for five years. All members of the lower house are chosen for four years by popular vote, and are apportioned to cities and provinces according to population.

The form of procedure in parliament will be simple and practical. Parliament will meet for three months each year, and both houses must be in session together. Each house shall have a president, with a salary of $4,200 a year, and a vice president with a salary of $2,100. One-third of a house is a quorum, but a vote can only be carried by an absolute majority. The meetings will generally be public, but may be made private whenever a house so votes. Most of the details of business are like those in the British parliament. But there are some original features. If a member does not attend the session within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled; but then if he be re-elected by his constituents the house can not again expel him. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave can not be for more than a week. The house may vote to extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule will render the member liable to expulsion.

### How Some Theatrical Managers Began.

Henry E. Abbey, the boldest of all men in theatrical business, began his career as a cornet player in the orchestra of the theater in Akron, Ohio, his native place; Dan Frohman, the manager of the Lyceum Theater, started as an errand boy in the counting room of the New York *Tribune;* Augustin Daly, the leading stock manager in America, was originally a newspaper reporter; John Stetson, the Boston magnate, was a professional athlete, and had few equals as a sprinter; A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square and Palmer's theaters, was employed in a public library and afterward dabbled in local politics. It was from the latter occupation that Sheridan Shook took him to give him a place in the Union Square Theater. John B. Schoeffel, Henry Abbey's partner, was a jeweler in Rochester; Tony Pastor was a clown in a circus; J. M. Hill got his start from a Chicago oyster house; R. M. Hooley, of Chicago, was a negro minstrel; Theodore Moss laid the foundation of his fortune as a ticket seller in Wallack's old theater; E. G. Gilmore, one of the richest of managers, was a bartender; Rudolph Aronson was connected with a music publishing concern; Frank W. Sanger, of the Broadway Theater, was an actor; J. Wesley Rosenquest got his start from his brother in law, Samuel Colville; Proctor, of the Twenty-third Street Theater, was an acrobat; Harry Miner was a policeman; Hammerstein, of Harlem, was a cigar maker; T. Henry French, as a boy, tended his father's little book store in Nassau street; Hyde and Behman were a variety team, and Colonel Sinn, another Brooklyn manager, originally ran a variety theater in Baltimore; Edwin Price, of Price & Berger, was a prize fighter, but is now a lawyer as well as a manager. There are few men in the profession, by the way, who are more polished or more genteel than this same Mr. Price.

### Old Exception.

In Atlanta, Ga., said a reporter of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* on his return from a trip through the South, there is an old business man, with snow white beard and hair, whom everybody calls "Old Exception." When Sherman's army invested Atlanta Sherman issued an order that all non-combative Confederates should leave the city within 24 hours. This man, who was a founder, called at Sherman's headquarters. "I want," he said, "to remain in Atlanta. I am a business man, and had no hand in the hostilities." "Didn't you cast guns for the rebels in your foundry?" General Sherman inquired. "Yes," was the reply, "I did, but I had to do it. I have large interests here, general, and I wish you would make me an exception; I'd like to stay to look after my property." "Yes," said Sherman grimly, "I'll make an exception in your case." The Atlanta man's face brightened, and he started to tell a story. "Orderly," General Sherman called, "I've concluded to make an exception in this man's case. The orders are that all citizens shall leave here within 24 hours. This man must leave here within an hour. If he doesn't, shoot him." Ever since the war this old man has been called "Old Exception," and the reporter said that it was a perilous thing to ask him what he thought of General Sherman.

## CLEVER WRENS.

### A Pair of Them Euchre Two Bluebirds Out of a Nesting Place.

On Farmer Harvey M. Van Sickle's place, in Silver Lake township, Pa., a two-story stone milk house has been standing for more than 50 years. When the masons built it they knocked the mouth from an old earthen jug and cemented the jug into the solid wall toward the peak, leaving the open end on the outside of the wall. The kind hearted workmen put the jug there for a purpose, and every summer since then wrens have nested in it.

This season a pair of bluebirds got there a few hours before the wrens did, took possession of the jug without any ceremony, and began to carry bits of straw and dried grass into it at intervals of 15 or 20 minutes. Toward noon a pair of wrens flitted into the yard and sailed around the milk house two or three times. Then they made a dive for the opening in the old jug, darted into it, and soon flew out, squalling spitefully. The reason why they did this was because they had found one of the bluebirds fixing things up inside.

The surprised bluebird sailed out in the wren's wake, and then a feathered warfare was begun that lasted for two hours. Finding a stranger in a home that had been occupied by wrens for half a century made the little wrens mad all over. They pitched into the bluebird and tried to drive it away, giving vent to angry pipes and squalls as they fought. For a time the bluebird gave battle to the wrens, but the two were more than a match for it, and it retired to a tree. While it was perched there the wrens flew into the jug and started to drag out the straw and stuff the bluebirds had carried in.

The wrens were busy cleaning out the jug when the bluebird on the tree was joined by its mate. All at once they took a bee line for the jug. They darted into it like a flash, and in a second the wrens came out as though they had been fired. They hadn't been cowed down by the larger birds by a long sight, for they immediately turned, darted into the jug, and drove the bluebirds out. Then the four feathered combatants had it back and forth among the trees for half an hour, neither party entering the jug while the battle lasted.

Finally they stopped fighting, and each side began to carry things into the jug. The wrens made two trips while the bluebirds made one, and late in the afternoon the wrens had filled the hole so full of twigs that the bluebirds couldn't get in. There was room for the wrens to go in and out, and they held the fort against their bigger foes, who made several attempts to tear the barrier of twigs away, but without success. Toward sundown the bluebirds sailed away and never came back, and the wrens have had possession of the old jug ever since.

### When There Were No Christian Names.

Everybody must have noticed that there were no "English" Christian names, as we would call them nowadays, anywhere in English history before the battle of Hastings. John, Robert, Henry, Thomas, Richard, Roger, Guy, and Peter—in fact, the common assemblage of English society generally—all came over, as might naturally have been expected, from gentlemen of such high respectability, with William the Conqueror. Before the conquest the true born Englishmen bore, without exception, those uncouth and unpronounceable crack jaw names which we now condescendingly describe as Anglo-Saxon. To be sure these are the only true English names in existence—the only ones formed directly from English roots and smacking of the soil, where those roots that grow as naturally as dandelions or daisies, while all the rest that we bear nowadays are in the lump High German, or else Hebrew by origin, as much aliens in the land as the Carolines and Augustuses, the Alexanders and Dagmars, that have come over in later times with Teutonic or Scandinavian princes and princesses. Most of these true old English names were ugly enough in all conscience. Take Ælfthryth, for example, as a charming title for the heroine of a novel, or Godgifu as the original of our modern Lady Godiva. But, pretty or ugly, they all went down together as soon as the Normans came. The native Englishman, with genuine British snobbery, no sooner felt the heel of the Williams and the Henrys pressed firm upon his neck than he took his revenge—how? Why, by christening his own ignoble Saxon brats William and Henry, just like their Norman overlords. Even so the despiser of our bloated aristocracy in the East End at the present day sends Percy and Bertie to the board school around the corner, while Gwendoline takes out Leopold in the broken go cart, and Gladys stops at home in the general living room to mind Algernon and peel the potatoes.—[The Cornhill Magazine.

### Success in Celestial Photograph.

Professor W. H. Pickering reports that the South American party now engaged in celestial photography in connection with the "Draper Memorial" work have succeeded in getting a number of photographs of the planet Mars. They were taken on two evenings, April 9 and 10, seven negatives on each occasion, and at times so chosen that the planet presented the same face in corresponding pictures on the two evenings. The pictures show the spots and markings on the surface of the planet very clearly. The most interesting thing, however, is that the negatives of April 10 show the southern snow cap distinctly larger than those taken the evening before. There can hardly be a possibility of mistake in the case, because all the seven pictures of each evening tell the same story. There must have been a heavy snow storm on that part of the planet between the two dates.

### Hint to the Susceptible Young Man.

It is perfectly proper for a young man to marry for love; but where a young man falls in love with every young woman he meets—and it is out of the question that he should marry them all—perhaps the easiest way out of the difficulty is to take the one handicapped by a fortune.—[Boston Transcript.

## NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF.

### Wiggins Says the World Can Not End for Billions of Years.

Prof. Wiggins, the weather prophet, who is now at a small Canadian village near Ottawa, was interviewed the other day by a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent. "Will this world ever have an end?" was asked. "No," said the astronomer; "this world will never have an end. The universe, or immensity, so far as revealed to us in the telescope, is made up of star bunches, or nebulæ, placed at immense distances from each other. Our sun belongs to the nebula which we call the milky way. Who would think of one nebula blotted from existence without all the others meeting a similar fate? But if our earth ever does have an end it can not be for many billions of years yet.

The first planet of the solar system that will be snuffed out is Neptune, for it is the farthest from the sun and the oldest. Uranus will then follow, then Saturn, then great Jupiter, then Mars. Twenty millions of years after we see Mars fall out of the sky we may prepare for oblivion, but not till then. You see, as the planets grow they recede from the sun and shift their axes. And as they recede from the sun, or the center of gravity, they swell or enlarge. Life on Mars is much preferable to that on the earth, for the people there have smaller bones, because the attraction is less, and they need less muscular exertion for locomotion. They have more mental energy, therefore, for study, and hence are much wiser and longer lived than we are. We may infer, also, that they are not subject to disease, and their mental energy may be so great that they renew their bodies by sinking into a sort of chrysalis state, and without the agency of death, so that their lives may be eternal.

"You think, then, that Mars is inhabited?"

"I know it is, for all the land surface is carved up by canals, evidently for the purpose of travel and irrigation. Along the banks of these canals forests are planted, for the trees supply moisture to the air, and this probably becomes dew, which then promotes vegetation. When the earth's orbit becomes as great as that of Mars our planet will probably be a hundredth part larger than now, our oceans will become more shallow, all mountains will be worn down, and we will have nothing to condense the moisture in the air, if, indeed, we have any moisture to condense. Canals will then everywhere be a prime necessity."

## THE GRAPE FRUIT.

### The New Fruit Pomelo Is Rapidly Making Itself Known.

The cultivation of the pomelo, or grape fruit, is extending rapidly in the South, and it is becoming a first class marketable fruit, very valuable in the spring and early summer, after oranges are about gone, and by many people esteemed equal to the orange. When it becomes better known it will be a popular fruit during the spring months.

It is prepared for the table by removing the bitter white membranes and sprinkling the pulp with sugar. In warm weather, after it has been iced, the melting pulp and juice from between the membranes are deliciously refreshing. The pomelo can be grown more easily than the orange, and it yields more to the tree than any other member of the citrus family.

The fruit grows in clusters, two, three, or four hanging together from one stem, from which peculiarity the name of grape fruit was given to it. The trees are beautiful objects, covered with rank glossy dark green foliage, and loaded with thousands of bright pendent, yellow globes. A twig no larger than the little finger will have five or six pomelos hanging from it. A comparatively small tree will often bear as many as 2,000 at a time.

California also produces these fruits, but most of them come from Florida. They are sold on fruit stands according to size at from five cents apiece to fifteen cents apiece for very large ones. They vary in quality as much as oranges do, while the good ones are very good, the bad ones, if green, are very bad. Those with smooth white skins are the best, and a little rust on them will not hurt their flavor or juciness.

The fruit is always cut from the tree, as the orange, is wrapped in tissue paper and packed carefully in barrels rather than boxes. They are not sized as oranges are, but are sent North with the number of pomelos in each barrel marked on the outside.

It has been said by more than one Southern fruit grower that a fortune was waiting the man who had the courage to plant a grove of grape fruit trees, and depend on them for a living. If properly treated their yield would be much larger than it is to-day, and a good profit could be made from them.

Dr. Norvin Green, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, looks about 60, is tall and ungainly, with grizzled whiskers, a face like parchment, and a general gnarled and knotty air. He is difficult of approach and goes around seldom speaking to or noticing any one.