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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 6. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 994.

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

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.

P. L. BURWELL,
May 17 General Superintendent.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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

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

Everybody Safe.

THE TARIFF,

WHICH is now in effect, is no drawback to the people of Frostburg and vicinity for the reason that I have bought, without a doubt, the LARGEST

Stock of Clothing

of every description and all sizes for Men, Boys and Children ever shown in any store in Western Maryland. Also White, Dress, Flannel Cloth and Jersey

OVERSHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, NECKWEAR, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, UMBRELLAS, CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS

at the

Old Prices for the Spot Cash.

Consequently, I can and I will sell all these goods at the old prices—with not a single cent of advance FOR THE CASH ONLY so long as they last.

Now, Listen:

In order to save from 25 to 35 *per cent.* you will do well to come quickly. Bring your children with you and buy your goods, as the rush has already commenced, and at the rate goods are moving the stock, large as it is, will not last long.

Now, my speech in the interest of Clothing and Furnishing buyers is made. I have only to add—YOU AND ALL ARE INVITED.

MARX WINELAND,
CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.
Wholesale and Retail.

Oct 18

FOR RENT OR SALE.

THE STOREHOUSE

NOW occupied by Mrs. Mary Hartman as a Boot and Shoe store. In size and location it is one of the most desirable business stands in town. For all information inquire of MARX WINELAND,
Jan 21 Agent for C. W. ODER.

GOLDEN ROD.

The Wind Flower and the Violet, they perished long ago,
And the Briar Rose and the Orchis died amid the Summer glow;
But on the hill the Golden Rod, and the Aster in the wood,
And the yellow Sunflower by the brook in Autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade and glen.

—[Bryant.

TALK ON POSSUM RIDGE.

Possum Ridge society had no social distinctions to speak of, and though the members of the wealthiest families may have had their noses just a mite elevated over their less fortunate neighbors, whatever there was in the way of amusement, be it corn husking, log rolling, wool picking, hog killing or quilting, everybody was eligible to attend, from the postmaster and his wife down to Sam Gilley and his wife.

So it followed, as a matter of course, that when one day Mrs. Hawkins sent little Tommy around to invite the neighbor women to a wool picking on the morrow they all gladly accepted and came, for Mrs. Hawkins was an estimable 'ady, well worthy of assistance, and, besides, they all knew that she made it a point to serve an excellent dinner on such occasions.

When the hands of Hawkins' old clock pointed to the hour of 10 at least 30 women were seated around Hawkins' best room, all busily engaged in picking burrs out of the wool and faults out of other people's characters. Of course such important matters and branches of industry as garden and soap making and early chicken hatching were discussed and disposed of the first thing, after which came items of neighboring news and gossip.

Just at that time the Ridge people were in a state of considerable agitation regarding the new teacher who had lately come to "take up" the country school and was boarding down at the Widow Martin's. The Widow Martin was herself a comparatively new comer and though she and Jane, her 18 year old daughter, had been the theme of conversation at two or three of these social gatherings, they had not been entirely disposed of, and were still good for several hours' consideration in committees of the whole.

"Hev any uv ye ever seen the new teacher?" Surilda Smith asked in a sharp voice, when there came a little lull in the hum of conversation.

"Law, yes," Partheny Perkins replied. "He passes right by our house every day, an' once he said good mornin' to me," and Partheny tossed her head up with the air of one who knows she has a great advantage and duly appreciates its importance. The others acknowledged by their looks and actions that they realized Partheny's advantage over themselves, and were willing to accord her the post of honor, though they did envy her so much good fortune.

"They say he's rale han'some," Surilda went on, "an' dresses up to beat anything."

"Yes, he is good lookin'," Partheny admitted, "an' he does wear mighty good clothes, but I don't think he is nigh so han'some as my cousin Lige, who clerks in the store over at the Forks, an' I know he don't wear nigh as good clothes."

"They say," put in Tilda Brown, a sour tempered sharp nosed maiden lady of doubtful age, "that he is mighty sweet to Jane Martin, though why he should be is more than I kin tell, when there air so many young ladies as would make better wives," and Miss Tilda showed unmistakably, by her manner of expression, that she considered herself the most eligible young lady on the ridge.

"Well, they may say what they please," said Sally Huff, who was the mother of two daughters, who had been a long time on the matrimonial market with no takers. "They may say what they please, but I'll warrant that teacher never marries Jane Martin."

"I think Mis' Huff's right," said Surilda, "an' if he is payin' her any 'tentions, he's just a-doin' of it to make a fool of her. That's my erpinion, anyway, and I don't think time'll gainsay it."

"I dar' say not, S'ridly. It's plain to my mind that a young man, havin' had ther advantages he's had, wouldn't go to payin' serious attentions to a gal no more likely nor Jane, when they's so likely, not that he might take his pick an' choice."

Partheny's little black eyes snapped in a way that said she meant more than she spoke, for she was a marriageable widow, and looked with no great favor on the ancient maidens who came in as rivals. Tilda Brown understood Partheney's meaning, and, straightening up with an air of offended dignity, she snapped back:

"An' it might be added that if none of the young ladies didn't come up to his standard he might go further, an' find a widder to his likin'."

"Now, come," commanded Surilda; "we hain't a-going to have no bad feelin's stirred up ermong us, so you two had as well quiet down. No matter who the teacher may or may not marry, it's plain to me he don't never intend to marry Jane Martin, an that he's jest makin' a fool of her, an' it ought not to be allowed."

"I'm o' your min', Surilda," Mrs. Hawkins said, coming in with a batch of dough in her hands, to have a word in the talk. "Only last night as Absalom was comin' home from the mill he seen the teacher an' Jane a-promenadin' in the orchard, and she was a-holdin' to his arm an' a-smilin' in his face jest as lovin' as could be. Then he sees them stop, an' the teacher breaks off some apple blossoms an' fastens them in her hair, an' then he stoops an' kisses her. An' she didn't seem to mind it one bit, but jest laughed at it, 'stid 'o haulin' off an' slappin' him over, as she ought to a done."

Up went 30 pairs of hands, and 30 mouths ejaculated "Oh!"

"Wall, it ain't no more'n I 'spected," Partheny said when she had sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock to be able to speak. "It's a dreful state o' things, an' shouldn't never be allowed to go on."

"That it shouldn't," said Tilda, "fer if it is what's ever to become of us innocent young ladies? I say it ought to be stopped."

"Yes, it ought, an' it's our duty to see that it is stopped. We owe it to the pertection of innocent young gals, an' we mustn't be afeered to do our duty."

"Can't nobody say that Partheny Perkins ever shunned her duty," Pertheny said, with a decisive nod of her small round head, "an' if t' ere is anything I do love to do better'n anything else it is to p'int out to peo le their failin's an' help 'em to get right."

"I can say the same," chimed in Mrs. Huff, "an' I'm ready to go this minute to do what's best toward Jane Martin. I know that somethin' ought to be done."

"An' me, too," Surilda said; "but I'm not settled in my own mind how'd be bes' to perceed."

"Wall," Mr. Hawkins remarked thoughtfully, "I reckon as good a way as any would be to see Mis' Martin an' talk to her about it. She's a curious sort o' critter, and flares up monstrous bad when anybody goes to her about her failin's, but I reckon we oughtn't to mind that so long as we feel easy in our own souls, an' know we're doing it fer her own good."

"She's powerful ungrateful, though," Partheny said, "for I remember the time a committee of us went to see her an' pint out to her that she was committin' uv a sin by not 'tendin' up to church, an' she flares right up an' says as how she knows her own business, an' thinks it ain't much worse to stay away from meetin' than it is to go pokin' er-bout meddlin' with things that don't consarn us."

"She was mighty friendly and mild, though," Surilda commented, "till we teched on the things we'd come for."

"Yes, she was. But that ain't neither here nor there. We must do somethin', an' as there ain't nothing better to do, s'pose we 'pint a committee to wait on Mis' Martin, an' warn her of the way Jane's carryin' on with the new teacher, an' tell her she'd best turn him off, an' let him hunt a new boardin' place."

The proposition was agreed to unanimously, and accordingly, after considerable further exchange of ideas, Surilda, Partheny, and Mrs. Gilley were selected as a committee to wait upon poor Mrs. Martin.

The next day was selected as the time for the committee to make their visit, for, as Mrs. Huff said, "there wasn't no time ter waste."

Accordingly, at an early hour the next morning, Partheny and Mrs. Gilley met Surilda at her own house, and together the three ladies started out on their mission of kindness and mercy. As they passed the Hawkins place Mrs. Hawkins came out and Mrs. Gilley stopped for a few words with her, while Surilda and Partheny walked leisurely on. They were no sooner out of hearing of Mrs. Gilley than Partheny said:

"I wish they'd left Mrs. Gilley outten the committe. I don't feel jest right a-goin' along with sich as her to talk to other folks about their shortcomings, do you, Surildy?"

"No, I don't, fer everybody knows that Sam Gilley ain't worth killin'; an' asides, a man as sells as many sheepskins as he does 'thout ever ownin' a sheep don't 'pear to me to be strictly honest, an' it might 'pear to Mis' Martin as how we're mighty hard off fer fittin' women to serve on a committee when sich likes as her is chosen."

Just then Mrs. Gilley came up, and the subject was changed; and, as the ladies walked on, they chatted as pleasantly as three honest souls ever did.

Mrs. Martin received them graciously, and invited them into the "best room," which was quite a dignity. Partheny was selected as spokeswoman, and, after a few commonplace remarks, she came to the point by saying:

"Mis' Martin, we've come on a errand of mercy, an' hope you won't feel cut up about nothin' we say, fer it's all fer the best and fer your own good. Yestidy up to Mis' Howkins' wool pickin', we fell to talkin' o' this an' that an' then we got to speakin' of ther new teacher, an' one thing led on to another till finally it came out that your darter wasn't behavin' jist right toward him, an' that people wus havin' room to talk, even if nothin' bad wusn't meant, so we thought you ought to know, an' we've come as er committee to worn you to be on your guard."

"Do I understand you to say that people are liable to talk about Jane's conduct toward Robert?"

"That's what I tried to say, Mis' Martin. You know he hasn't been here long an' they ain't enough acquainted to be so intimate."

"No, he hasn't been here long and neither have we, but you are mistaken if you think Jane is not acquainted tolerably well with her own brother," and Mrs. Martin looked at them with eyes that twinkled with merriment and exultation, while the committee stared with open mouths and felt smaller and smaller every moment. At last Surilda got command of her tongue long enough to gasp out:

"Her brother?"

"Yes, he is her brother."

"But his name is different," Parthena protested.

"That's natural enough, isn't it, when he is my son by a former marriage?"

The committee waited for no more words, rose to adjourn without delay, and as they trudged homeward they were as quiet as lambs, and not a sound broke from their lips, and though they said nothing, each of them felt terribly like blaming the whole business on the others. If there had been a convenient auger hole somewhere about it is probable that they might have attempted crawling into it.—[Yankee Blade.

MOUNT SHASTA.

A Description of It in Joaquin Miller's Most Picturesque Style.

As lone as God, and white as a winter moon, Mount Shasta starts up sudden and solitary from the heart of the great black forests of northern California, writes Joaquin Miller in "My Own Story."

You would hardly call Mount Shasta a part of the Sierras; you would say rather that it is the great white tower of some ancient and eternal wall, with nearly all of the white walls overthrown.

It has no rival! There is not even a snow crowned subject in sight of its dominion. A shining pyramid in mail of everlasting frosts and ice, the sailor sometimes, in a day of singular clearness, catches glimpses of it from the sea, a hundred miles away to the west; and it may be seen from the dome of the capitol, 340 miles distant. The immigrant coming from the east beholds the snowy, solitary pillar from afar out on the arid sage bush plains, and lifts his hands in silence as in answer to a sign.

Column upon column of storm stained tamarack, strong, tossing pines and warlike looking firs have rallied here. They stand with their backs against this mountain, frowning down dark browed and confronting the face of the Saxon. They defy the advance of civilization into their ranks. What if these dark and splendid columns, 100 miles in depth, should be the last to go down in America! What if it should be the old guard gathered here, marshaled around their emperor in plumes and armor that may die, but not surrender!

Ascend this mountain, stand against the snow above the upper belt of pines, and take a glance below. Toward the sea nothing but the black and unbroken forest. Mountains, it is true, dip and divide and break the monotony as the waves break up the sea; yet it is still the sea, still the unbroken forest, black and magnificent. To the south the landscape sinks and declines gradually, but still maintains its columns of dark plumed grenadiers, till the Sacramento Valley is reached, nearly a hundred miles away. Silver rivers run here, the sweetest in the world. They wind and wind among the rocks and mossy roots, with California lilies, and the yew with scarlet berries dripping in the water, and trout idling in the eddies and cool places by the basketful. On the east the forest still keeps up unbroken rank till the Pitt River Valley is reached, and even there it surrounds the valley and locks it up tight in its black embrace. To the north, it is true, Shasta Valley makes quite a dimple in the sable sea, and men plow there and Mexicans drive their mules or herd their mustang ponies on the open plain. But the valley is limited, surrounded by the forest, confined and imprisoned.

Looking intently down among the black and rolling hills, 40 miles away to the west, and here and there you see a haze of cloud or smoke hung up above the trees; or, driven by the wind that is coming from the sea, it may drag and creep along as if tangled in the tops.

These are mining camps. Men are there, down in these dreadful canyons, out of the sight of the sun, swallowed up, buried in the impenetrable gloom of the forest toiling for gold. Each one of these camps is a world itself. History, romance, tragedy, poetry, in every one of them. They are connected together, and reach the outer world only by a narrow little pack trail, stretching through the timber, stringing round the mountains, barely wide enough to admit the footmen and little Mexican mules, with their apparajos, to pass in single file.

But now the natives of these forests. I lived with them for years. You do not see the smoke of their wigwams through the trees. They do not smite the mountain rocks for gold, nor fell the pines, nor roll up the waters and ruin them for the fishermen. All this magnificent forest is their estate. The great spirit made this mountain first of all, and gave it to them, they say, and they have possessed it ever since. They preserve the forest, keep out the fires, for it is the park of their deer.

Temperature of the Sea.

The thermometer has become a useful instrument in examining the basins into which the bottom of the sea is divided. The geography of the sea bottom is determined from the temperature of the water as readily as it would be by repeated soundings. When the Challenger cruised in the water east and southeast of China several years ago the geography of the different seas formed by the groups and chains of islands off that coast was made out in this way. In the open Pacific, and in all seas into which the oceanic currents flow, the temperature varies from the surface to the bottom. Of course the deeper water is the cooler. If a basin be cut off from this general flow up to within a certain depth from the surface, then the temperature will be found to lower just as in the ocean, until a depth is reached just even with the top of the inclosing bank or reef. From that point to the bottom the temperature is found to be uniform. Some observations in the waters named will make this intelligible. It was found that the temperature of the Celebes Sea varied until a depth of seven hundred fathoms was reached. From that depth down to more than twenty-five hundred fathoms there was no perceptible change.

The walls of its basin, then, toward the Pacific rise to within seven hundred fathoms of the surface. No colder water than that of the tropical Pacific at a depth of seven hundred fathoms was poured into this basin, and that was the temperature that the basin could preserve. In the Sulu Sea the temperature remained the same from a depth of four hundred fathoms to the bottom at more than twenty-five hundred fathoms. All this body of water was warmer than that of the Celebes, because the rim of its basin coming nearer the surface, not so cold water could flow in from the ocean. In the Molucca Passage the temperature of the water decreased gradually from the surface to the bottom. This proves that these waters are not cut off from the ocean currents by any ridge toward the Pacific.—[Youth's Companion.

The Art of Conversation.

So rare is the conversational talent that, for a hundred persons who write well, we find but one who talks well. Emerson, who seemed to believe that possession of the one gift precludes the other, wrote: "The conditions of literary success are almost destructive to the best social power, as they do not leave the frolic liberty which only can encounter a companion on the best terms." The author's habit of pausing for reflection before setting down his thoughts in black and white might well induce slowness of speech; but there is abundant evidence on both sides of the argument. Macauley's flow of conversation is proverbial. Sydney Smith called him "the greatest engine of social oppression in England." Motley, in one of his letters, described Macauley as holding the "ribands of conversation" in his own hands, and driving wherever it suited him. "I can imagine no better fun," he added, "than to have Carlyle and Macaulay meet at the same dinner table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at full speed. Both, I have no doubt, would be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. When we encounter one who really possesses the gift of speech, it is a well spring of refreshment to the mind. We can listen for any length of time without weariness; for infinite variety is one of the secrets of such a talker's charm. His mind falls from one supple posture into another. We have never a moment of anxiety lest he may not find the right word at the right instant. His thoughts are his own upon the spur of the moment, without hesitation, delighting the senses and inflaming the fancy of the listener.

Trapping the Muskrat.

The muskrat builds its house so that while it has a couple of stories high and dry on the ground, the entrance to it is always under water. This entrance is a long tunnel running from a point a foot or more beneath the water at low tide line to the ground floor of the house, which is always flooded. The muskrat's reason for having this subterranean entrance to his dwelling place is that thereby he has an exit or an entrance in time of danger that will not betray him to his enemies, either in his flight from home or in seeking refuge within its walls. But his instinct does not warn him against the trap his most cunning and persistent enemy places at this hidden entrance to his house, changing it from a way of safety into an avenue of certain death. This trap is a wooden box, three feet long, and six inches in width and depth. In each end is a wire door, hung on hinges at the top. These doors rise at the slightest push on the outside, but will not open from the inside. The trap is sunk in the water to the mouth of the muskrat's tunnel, and anchored there, and whether the muskrat is going out of his house or returning to it, he is sure to walk into the trap. If he had time, the captive rodent could gnaw his way out of the box, but before he can free himself he will drown. A whole family of muskrats may be taken in a single night in one of these traps, and as every trapper has out as many traps as he can attend to, the muskrat harvest which they reap every night is a very rich one.

To Protect Fruit Trees.

The experience of several years has indicated that a mixture of lime, cement, and paris green in skim milk or water is efficient for the protection of fruit trees from mice, rabbits, and woodchucks. The mixture made with skim milk adheres better than that made with water, and when water is used Portland cement adheres more firmly than Rosendale. The amount of paris green used is one tablespoonful to each two gallon pailfull of paint, mixed so as to easily apply with a paint brush.

Celtic Devotion.

Barrington tells some touching anecdotes in illustration of the devoted attachment of the Irish peasantry to the gentry—an attachment, however, which sometimes became embarrassing, as when a faithful game keeper hearing his mistress say of a gentleman she disliked, "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off!" took a few boys with him and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears in a large snuff box, which, with joy in his eye, he placed in the hands of his mistress.

The whirligig of time reverses some things completely. Thirty years ago, in this country, old masters sold their slaves at auction. Now we frequently see "old masters" advertised to be sold at auction.

GRASSHOPPER'S COMPLAINT.

My name is Grasshopper: high as I can
Here I hop, there I hop—little old man!
Look at my countenance, aged and thin;
Look at my crooked legs, all doubled in;
Is not my face long and sober and wan?
Do I not look like a little old man?
Yet all the summer I play in the grass,
Jump up and stick to whoever may pass.
Finger and thumb, then, they snap me away,
Though they must know how much rather I'd stay.
Nobody cares what becomes of poor me;
Flung out of window I'm certain to be,
E'en though the hen might be there with her brood!
A Grasshopper's feelings—they're not understood!

TREASURES OF THE YOSEMITE.

A Vivid Description of One of the Beauty Spots of the Earth.

The Yosemite Valley, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada, is a noble mark for the traveler, whether tourist, botanist, geologist, or lover of wilderness pure and simple. But those who are free may find the journey a long one, not because of the miles, for they are not so many—only about 250 from San Francisco, and passed over by rail and carriage roads in a day or two—but the way is so beautiful that one is beguiled at every step, and the great golden days and weeks and months go by uncounted. How vividly my own first journey to Yosemite comes to my mind, though made more than a score of years ago, writes John Muir in the *Century*. I set out afoot from Oakland, on the bay of San Francisco, in April. It was the bloom time of the year over all the lowlands and ranges of the coast; the landscape was fairly drenched with sunshine, the larks were singing and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. Slow indeed was my progress through these glorious gardens, the first of the California flora I had seen. Cattle and cultivation were making few scars as yet, and I wandered enchanted in long wavering curves, aware now and then that Yosemite lay to the eastward and that some time I should find it.

One shining morning, at the head of the Pacheco Pass, a landscape was displayed that, after all my wanderings, still appears as the most divinely beautiful and sublime I have ever beheld. There at my feet lay the great central plain of California, level as a lake, 30 or 40 miles wide, 400 long, one rich furred bed of golden compositæ. And along the eastern shore of this lake of gold rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, in massive, tranquil grandeur, so gloriously colored and so radiant that it seemed not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top, and extending a good way down, was a rich pearl gray belt of snow; then a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and stretching along the base of the range a broad belt of rose purple, where lay the miners' gold and the open foothill gardens—all the colors smoothly blending, making a wall of light clear as crystal and ineffably fine, yet firm as adamant. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after 10 years in the midst of it, rejoicing and wondering, seeing the glorious floods of light that fill it—the sunbursts of morning among the mountain peaks, the broad, noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of irised spray—it still seems to me a range of light. But no terrestrial beauty may endure forever. The glory of wildness has already departed from the great central plain. Its bloom is shed, and so in part is the bloom of the mountains. In Yosemite, even under the protection of the Government, all that is perishable is vanishing space.

Originality Versus Plagiarism.

The writer or thinker who puts an old idea into a new and impressive form is fully as much of a public benefactor as the man who invents a new idea. The man with an absolutely novel idea is a phenomenon not often seen in history or literature. All of us are borrowers. If ideas were refused recognition because something similar had been proposed before, there would be a pretty outlook for progress in civilization. This is as true in literature as in history. The just criterion of a literary idea is not whether it is new, but whether it is ably put and forcibly developed. Plenty of people before Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's day had reflected upon man's dual nature; but "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was none the less original for that; indeed, one of the highest tributes which the public can pay to a literary man is the confession that he has put into clear expression the ideas which were not original, but which had floated vaguely in the human mind ever since man began to think. Who in the long succession of philosophers and sages ever propounded a really new idea?

"There is nothing new under the sun," said the Preacher. The originality of history, philosophy, and literature has consisted in putting old truths and aspirations into new forms.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Bacilli on a Bald Head.

Dr. Saymonne claims to have isolated a bacillus, called by him "bacillus crinivorax," which is the cause of alopecia. It is, he says, found only on the scalp of man, other hirsute parts of the body and also the fur of animals being free from it. The bacilli invade the hair follicles and make the hair very brittle, so that they break off to the skin. Then the roots themselves are attacked. If the microbes can be destroyed early in the disease the vitality of the hairs may be preserved, but after the follicles are invaded and all their structures injured the baldness is incurable. The following is Dr. Saymonne's remedy to prevent baldness: Ten parts crude cod liver oil, ten parts of the expressed juice of onions, and five parts of mucilage or the yelk of an egg are thoroughly shaken together and the mixture applied to the scalp and well rubbed in once a week. This, he asserts, will certainly bring back the hair if the roots are not already destroyed, but the application of the remedy must be very distressing to the patient's friends and neighbors.—[Medical Record.

He Didn't Object.

She—Albert, I have come to the conclusion that I love George better than I love you, and——

He—What about that engagement ring I gave you to wear?

"Oh, that's all right. George says he won't object if I wear it."

THE WAITER GIRL.

She comes, she comes upon my yearning sight,
Like friendly beacon shining thro' the night.
What tho' thy hands and feet be large—thy head
And countenance alike be fiery red;
My joy at seeing you is past control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to learn my lightest whim or wish,
And murmurs—
"Souporfish?"

Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways;
Perchance my meal you'll bring some of these days.
Oh, why procrastinate? Why, why so slow?
Art waiting for the ham-and-eggs to grow?
At length she comes again upon the scene,
And beams upon me with a smile serene,
Like champagne bottle popping out its cork,
She shouts out—
"Beeforpork?"

Oh, fair one, tho' no drinking man am I,
I fain some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but athirst;
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
Oh, for ice water, milk or lemonade,
Some cool drink bring me, oh, thou lovely maid!
At last she sees my signal and far off—
Shouts at me—
"Teaorcoff?"

Come, come, thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal—
Have I come to the end of this, my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
Must famine's tooth forever at me gnaw?
You think I've had enough—not so, not so!
Ah, little of a boarder's wants you know!
If you'd but listen—if you only would!
She answers—
"Pieorpud?"

—[Light.

Completion of the St. Clair Tunnel.

Canadian engineering skill, enterprise, and capital have just succeeded in constructing a new line between the United States and Canada, a railway tunnel under the St. Clair River from Sarnia to Port Huron. The work marks a distinct advance in engineering science owing to novel and successful methods applied in the construction. The tunnel is 28,000 feet long from the beginning of one approach to the end of the approach on the opposite side, more than five miles. Of this distance only 6,000 feet, a little more than a mile, are wholly under ground, and of this only 2,310 feet, less than half a mile, are under the river. There are 2,390 feet of tunnel under Michigan soil and 2,160 feet under ground on the opposite side of the river. The following sentences outline fairly the marvelous character of the tunnel: "No brick or stone was used in its construction, and when fully ready for use it will be simply an iron tube made of plates; 6,000 feet long and 20 feet in diameter, perfectly round, and water tight; as dry as a street in summer time, lighted by electric light, ventilated by air engines, and kept at the right temperature with steam pipes." The tunnel was formally opened on August 25: its cost will be an excess of $2,000,000, and although owned by an independent company "it is to all intents and purposes a portion of the railway system of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, yet no other railway company," says the Toronto *Empire*, "will be debarred from its use."—[Bradstreet's.

How the Apostles Died.

1. Peter was crucified in Rome, with his head down, on a cross similar to that used in the execution of Jesus.
2. Andrew was bound to a cross and left to die from exhaustion.
3. St. James the Great was beheaded by order of Herod, at Jerusalem.
4. St. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club.
5. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar.
6. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king.
7. St. Matthew was killed with a halbert.
8. St. Thomas was shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer and afterward run through the body with a lance.
9. St. Simon was crucified after the manner of Jesus.
10. St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria and he expired.
11. St. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece.
12. St. John died a natural death.
13. St. Paul was beheaded by command of Nero.
14. Judas "fell and his bowels gushed out."
15. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews.

Useful Hints.

It is not generally known that the easiest way to clean shoes or rubber overshoes which have become muddy is with vaseline.

Keep nickle, silver ornaments, and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

To drive away ants, scrub the shelves or drawers that they frequent with strong carbolic soap, after which sprinkle red pepper in every crevice.

To renovate scratched furniture, dissolve beeswax in turpentine, making it of the consistency of molasses; apply with a woolen cloth, then rub briskly with a dry piece of flannel. The improvement is wonderful.

To Render Tobacco Harmless.

According to the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Gautrelet, of Vichy, claims to have discovered a method of rendering tobacco harmless to mouth, heart, and nerves without detriment to its aroma. According to him, a piece of cotton well steeped in a 5 to 10 per cent. solution of pyrogallic acid inserted in the pipe or cigar holder will neutralize any possible ill effects of the nicotine. In this way not only may the generally admitted evils of smoking be prevented, but cirrhosis of the liver, which is Dr. Gautrelet's experience, is sometimes caused by tobacco, and such lighter penalties of over indulgence as headache and furring of the tongue, may be avoided.