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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 11. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER , 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 999.

Railroad Schedules, etc

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

Nov. 16, 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
7:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:40 a m
8:10 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:30 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1 35 p m
1:15 p m	...No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
6:35 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
1:03 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:08 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:00 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	11:05 a m
1:55 p m	....No. 11 Express....	
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

All trains daily except No.'s 15, 15, 71 and 72.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 5—Mail leaves....2:15 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives...2:40 a m
" 6—Mail " ...1:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday...7:15 p m

Nov 22 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. a. m.	a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. 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,
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 SALE.

I OFFER at PRIVATE SALE my HOUSE on Main street, adjoining Christ. Fisher's. For terms inquire of
June 7 MRS. MARY HARTMAN.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that 'round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

DEAN ADDISON.

It was a long stretch of Southern seacoast on which I gazed. Galveston Bay to the right, with the waves on the bar breaking one over the other, in curling crests of foam. I inherited much of my uncle Hasbrook's love for the queer and eccentric in architecture; and this odd old tower, with its high round room, lofty window, and splendid sea view, was my especial and never wearying delight. While I sat there one evening, dreaming as was my wont, the glimmer of a lamp shining from the upper window of a cottage on the headland arrested my attention.

Somehow, that little window had a singular fascination for me, and I wove many a wild romance about the tall inmate of that little room, whom I had once met on the beach, but only to notice that he was strikingly and strangely handsome; the one quick glance he gave me I could never quite forget, and his memory was the true secret of my interest in the cottage on the headland.

An hour went by without my heeding its departure, when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a gentle yet powerful hand, that fell on my shoulder as noiselessly as the touch of a spirit. The broad sheet of moonlight falling on the window ledge and half across the floor made the room almost as light as day, and standing close beside me, in the soft clear brightness of its rays, stood the tall stranger I had encountered on the beach. A sickening horror crept coldly to my heart. Insane! I read it in the strange unwavering stare of those large handsome troubled eyes, that were as blue as the sea at my feet, and as bright as the stars overhead. I read it in the weird smile that alternately lighted and darkened his face like a coming and going shadow. This was the secret the cottage had guarded so carefully. I could not speak nor stir, and sat there before him frozen into a statue of astonishment and fear. His hand fell from my shrinking shoulder to his side—a strong shapely hand as ever wielded pen or sword, and I breathed freer.

"Do you love the sea?"

I struggled to repress the shudder creeping over me from head to foot, and nodded an affirmative.

"I know you do." He smiled, and his voice was remarkably low and sweet, "I know you love the sea, and when I saw you watching from this high tower I fancied you might be waiting to catch a glimpse of those phantom ships which the poets sing about. I am waiting and watching for them, too, for they say they are freighted with wisdom, such as no man has ever known; and when I see the white sails afar out on the deep, I think it must be the richly laden ship of science coming royally into port bearing the unexplained wonder of the world's creation."

He sighed and looked wistfully at a group of stars shining beyond the silvery pathway of the moon, as if it were cruel of heaven to place them there, and refused him the key who so longed to unlock the mystery of their course.

In order to obtain a better view of the constellation he changed his position, leaving three feet of space between me and the door, my only possible way of escape, comparatively free. The wild determination to rush past him and gain the door was quickly put to flight by the triumphant self confident look he flashed upon me. I could not escape in that direction. The hope died utterly within me when he uttered my name—which heaven alone can tell how he came to know—in the familiar manner of one long accustomed to speaking it.

"No, no, Miss Margie Hasbrook; you can not run away, nor do anything to avoid me. Were you to call ever so loudly no one would hear you, or come to your assistance. You are in my power, and your life is mine, if I so choose to take it."

What he said was horribly true. My only chance for life was to conceal my terror and humor to the utmost his extravagant flights of fancy."

"Sit down," I said, pointing to a chair; "and, as you know so much concerning the stars, please tell me all you know about them. I am an ardent lover of the planets, and should delight in a little conversation regarding them with one, like yourself, learned in their history."

"Would you—would you, indeed?"

His face lighted up wonderfully, and the large azure eyes sparkled with rekindled enthusiasm. One might have taken him for an enraptured poet, but not a maniac, in his present quiet mood. For two long hours I listened to the expounding of his grave scientific theories, which, lunatic as he was, showed him to be a man of education, and one well versed in the study of astronomy. Perhaps he was only harmlessly mad, and a little kindly persuasion might induce him to depart without exciting his anger. I would try it, anyway; and, seizing a favorable pause in his narration, I cautiously made the attempt.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in calling, and hope you will come often. But my aunt would hardly allow you to visit me if she knew of it; and, as you were so thoughtful as to come unobserved, would it not be wise for you to retire in the same way?"

He shook his head dissentingly.

"No. I will not leave you—I will never leave you again. They brought me here to recover the something I have lost from my mind; and if I find it in you, have I not the right to claim it? I have been everywhere, among the rich and great all over the world, but I care only for you. And when I found you here by the sea, alone, I said: 'She is mine—mine for ever and ever!' There was a time when I meant to make the name of Dean Addison as famous as that of Newton; but reason failed me, and now——" He bent forward until his dark hair touched my cheek—"now they call me mad!"

I shuddered and drew back. The silver tongued clock on the mantel struck eleven, and with the last chime a light footstep flew along the passage, and a second after my cousin Lulu's dainty knock sounded on the door.

"Oh, Margie, let me in quick! I've something to tell you—something really important."

A gasp of joy broke from me. But the further effort I made to call for help was stifled by an iron hand upon my mouth, and a voice full of suppressed passion whispered close to my ear:

"Say you have retired, and do not wish to be disturbed. Say it now—instantly—or from this window you go, with me, to certain death!"

"Please let me in—just a minute," pleaded Lulu, from without the door, little dreaming of my utter inability to stir, scarcely to breathe, much less to grant her request.

"Speak as I have said, or we die together!" he hissed, and death it certainly was, if I disobeyed him.

I bit my lips to silence the cry of anguish rising stronger, as the blood curdling despair tore deeper into my heart, and by a superhuman effort uttered the lie that would send me from her, and leave me at the mercy of the madman, whose grasp was even then half smothering me.

"Keep your news until morning. I am too sleepy to hear it now. Please, Lu, go away. I—I can not let you in."

Lulu, rather offended, said no more, and I listened to her departing footsteps like one in an agonized dream.

A quarter of an hour passed in utter silence. I could not speak nor move, and sat staring at him in speechless terror. It was a ghastly kind of fear fraught stillness, and it was a positive relief when he said, pointing to a stately steamer, ploughing on her course afar beyond the line of breakers, the light at her masthead steadily gleaming high above the waves:

"I see a ship in the distance, Margie; perhaps it comes to bear us away—away to some beautiful land where you will learn to love me."

He kept leaning farther out in his cagerness to watch the rapidly receding light, and the thought suddenly occurred to me that now was the time to act. Gathering all my strength, nerved by desperation and despair, I made a quick dash forward, and pushed him headlong from the window. Down into the seething water he fell, hurled mad and unwarned into eternity. A whispered cry of "Margie! Margie!" as if for help or mercy, came back to me, and then all was still.

Shaking in every limb, I crawled to the window, and looked, shudderingly, over its granite ledge. I saw him battling with the waves. The briny waters were gurgling in his throat! A dark object floated amid the foam of the surf. I saw it whirl helplessly in the eddies, sink and rise, and sink again. Dean Addison had gone to his grave in the ocean, and it was I who had sent him there. Murder! It rang like a peal of thunder in my ears. Murderess! The room receded; I could not breathe; a chill, as of death, seemed to freeze my blood; the atmosphere felt heavy; it was dark and cool, the moon, the stars, and the sea suddenly disappeared, and I fell senseless to the floor. Hours afterward they found me raving in delirium, and for many weeks the burning fever consumed me, like a fire that knew no quenching. I awoke at last to consciousness, thin and pale, and feeble as an infant, but no one guessed the cause of my illness. When they would allow me to converse, I said to Lula:

"How long have I been sick?"

"Oh, a matter of six weeks. I thought it so strange of you not to let me in that night, and felt real cross about it, too; and after we found you I was so sorry, for you were just wild with brain fever, and that was the reason, I suppose, why your voice sounded so oddly," replied Cousin Lula, very penitently.

"And what was it you came to tell me that night?"

"Let me see. Oh! it was about those people at the cottage. The secret is out now, and sad enough it was, I assure you. Mrs. Ansee's brother, Dean Addison, was, at one time, supposed to be hopelessly insane; and he was the invalid for whom a seaside residence was taken."

"Is—he dead?" I asked, under my breath.

"No, indeed; far from it; and, what is more, he has recovered his reason!"

The thankful tears crowded to my eyes and ran hot on the pillow.

"Tell me about it, Lu. How came the secret to be discovered?"

"Oh! that is the most singular part of it all. On the very night you were taken ill" this mad brother took it into his head to escape. Of course his relatives were much alarmed and immediately went in search of him. They came here and made anxious inquiries, but nobody had seen any thing of a crazy man, and the moment they were gone I ran to tell you, and you know the reception my good intention met with.

"Now for the denouement, which is certainly romantic, not to say miraculous; and in this part of the affair our poor old Peter shines forth conspicuously. He is always prowling around at night, not for any good, they say, although it happened to be in this instance. Peter declares he found Mr. Addison in the water under the tower window, and is willing to swear that he fell from the sky. At first he had his doubts about having anything to do with such a supernatural being, but finally conquered his fears and benevolently hauled the apparition, or whatever it might be, to land, and just as it was sinking for the third time. The object of Peter's superstition proved to be Dean Addison, who from that moment has been perfectly sane. Reason returned with sensibility, and his physician pronounces him to be completely and permanently cured. His mind became deranged from over study—astronomy, I think it was—something like a year ago; and he may have taken a trip to the moon, satisfied himself as to how matters are conducted there, and returned in the precipitate way Peter affirms, with his delight in the planets considerably diminished. At any rate he is well and gone away, and may joy and happiness go with him."

"Gone away!"

"Yes. The cottage is shut up and they have all gone to Europe."

"How long have they been gone?"

"Three days. Mr. Addison called several times to inquire how you were. I can't understand why he should be so mighty interested in your welfare, when you have not even seen him, unless it be due to the sympathy arising from the remarkable fact of your losing your wits the very night he recovered his."

I was very happy and turned my white face to to the wall, that Lulu might not see how glad I was that Mr. Addison was neither dead nor mad.

Three wild winters dashed their storms over the sea, and three balmy summers smiled their peace on its bosom, and brought no sign of him for whom my heart patiently waited.

As I strolled on the beach one golden September day, a shadow fell across my path, and I looked up to meet the calm kind eyes of Dean Addison.

"You are returned at last, and I—I"

"And you have no cause, thank God, to fear me now, Margie. You do not hate me, and you forgive me the pain and horror of that awful night, which came so near being the destruction of us both?"

He carried the two trembling hands I gave him to his lips, and my fingers grew wet, but not with the spray falling mistily on the sands. He gently put away the shells and sea weeds I had gathered, and stood beside me, strong and grave and handsome as ever woman's heart could wish, and said, in a voice low and musical as the murmur of the waves:

"We came yesterday. I so wanted to see you again that I could not rest anywhere, hoping against hope that love and happiness might come of it and that here where I regained reason I might find also my life's greatestble sing. Was the hope altogether vain, Margie? Was the dream madness, deeper and wilder than the old frenzy?"

And I replied, not caring to longer conceal the love I knew by right was his:

"The hope was not without its promise, and I am not at all afraid of this madness."

And in the years since I have been Dean Addison's wife I have never had cause to regret my answer.—[Elsie Leigh Whittlesey.

Daisy's Pure Cussedness.

Of course there is no limit of stories told of bright and mischievous children, and brightness and mischief al ways, somehow, seem to go together. I have two anecdotes of a little four year old, who was taken to the country in the spring to help leaven existence somewhat for her grandmother, and at the same time gather a few roses for her own dimpled cheeks. The second day after the little tot's arrival from the city the grandmother missed her great bunch of keys. Where could they be? Nobody knew. Strangely enough, nobody at first asked the youngster about them, and she played with her dolls during all the excitement of the general search, looking up occasionally in an interested way, but saying nothing. Finally someone suggested that Daisy might know where were the keys.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the child; "why didn't you ask me before?"

"Well, where are they?"

"Oh, I just throwed them in the rain barrel this morning."

After the rain barrel was emptied and the keys were recovered, "Daisy" was asked what on earth made her throw the keys in the barrel.

"I don't know," she replied, "unless it was just 'pure cussedness.'"

And now her pious parents wonder where she picked up this particularly apropos expression.

A few days later a package of brass headed tacks was missing. This time "Daisy" was called in at once and asked if she had seen them.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I took them out and fed them to the chickens."—[New York Star.

A Better Charm.

A boy was knocking the horse chestnuts off a tree on Cass avenue when a pedestrian observed:

"I suppose you think they will act as a charm to ward off rheumatism, but they won't."

"I didn't suppose they would," replied the lad.

"Then what do you want of them?"

"To act as a charm to ward off lickings. I know a boy who carried four of them in his pockets and didn't get licked in four straight weeks!"

FLYING LEAVES.

The sting of reproach is the truth of it.

Wanamaker, I. T., has a colored lady postmaster.

A woman in New York furnishes love letters at $1 apiece.

The Japanese revere woman and believe that she originally grew on a tree.

An offer to bet may be a fool's argument, but it makes the wise man shut up.—[Elmira Gazette.

He must be a dull fellow whom neither love, malice, nor necessity can inspire with wit.—[La Bruyere.

Blinks—Been traveling in Europe, eh? How did you find the hotels? Jinks—Hired a cab.—[Good News.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.
—[J. R. Lowell.

The New York *Tribune* says: "It is estimated that one rainy day costs the retail storekeepers of this city $100,000."

The projected elevated road in Boston will almost graze Old South and the old State House, and will cross over the ground of the Boston massacre.

A new shoe for women is cut low like a slipper in front, but runs up behind to the usual height, where it is fastened by a strap and buckle around the ankle.

If license holders in Bolton, England, refuse to supply bread and butter and a cup of tea when asked a renewal of their license will in future be denied.

Through the influence of the Women's Franchise League a bill is to be introduced into Parliament next session to check the public exhibitions of hypnotism which have become so common in Great Britain.

It is said there has been discovered on the west coast of Africa a bush, the seeds of which yield a yellowish fat of a very agreeable nutty flavor, which might be used as butter. It contains no acids to become rancid.

A smart young man in Savannah tried to pay his street car fare with a $100 bill. The conductor, stopping the car, went into a store and got the bill changed, giving the young man a shot bag full of silver, amounting to $99.95.

A New Yorker who recently spent some time near Hawarden, in England, says that Mr. Gladstone even at this time of his life, while hastening toward nonogenarianism, takes the deepest pleasure in all kinds of work in which he is constantly engaged.

"I see," said a man, entering a caterer's establishment, "that you advertise weddings furnished?" "Yes, sir," replied the caterer briskly. "I wish you'd send a couple to my house right away. I've two daughters I'd like to get off my hands."—[Harper's Bazar.

A Portland family had company one day, and little Mable was helping her mother in preparing supper. Her mother told her privately to spread the cloth on the table and be sure and have the neatest part at the lady visitor's side. After endeavoring to do as near as she was requested, she went to the lady visitor, childlike, and exclaimed: "Only think, mamma wanted me to give you the cleanest part of the tablecloth, and I can't find any clean part to it."—[Lewiston Journal.

Blondes are said to be disappearing, both in England and in America. Persons who can look back half a century unite in declaring that there is a marked change in this respect. For every red haired person seen now ten could have been met with twenty years back, and if the change continues at the same rate in another half century light haired people will have become so uncommon that a red headed lady will be an attractive addendum to the dime museum and the country show. In New England we are told that the blonde has well nigh disappeared.

Several years ago the residence of Cora Pearl in Paris was entered by thieves and robbed of $20,000. One of the robbers was captured and condemned to five years' imprisonment, but the property was not then recovered. On his liberation from prison lately he endeavored to raise a sum from a banker, with which he might go to Germany. The banker's suspicions were excited and the man was arrested, and has revealed the name of his accomplice. The great sum may be recovered, but too late to be of any value to Cora Pearl, who died in destitution, after having vainly endeavored to make a little money by publishing her memoirs.

Ten thousand dollars is now the highest recorded price for a violin. The Alard Stradivarius has passed from France to England for that sum, to go into the collection of a Scotchman. It is dated 1716. It is described in the catalogue of the South Kensington exhibition of 1872 as one in a condition of perfect preservation. It was bought in 1760 by an Italian amateur, Count Cosio di Salabue, after whose death it was purchased in 1824 by a famous collector, Luigi Tarisio. Tarisio hid away, refusing to let any one see it till his death in 1854. A year later it was purchased by Vuillauma. Its condition of preservation led to the belief that it had scarcely been played upon during the whole 150 years of its existence. Vuillauma left it on his death to his son in law, Alard, who has just sold it.

Rules for a Long Life.

A Canadian clergyman, who is hale and hearty at 78 years of age, gives these rules which have governed his life:

The use of plain food with plenty of fruit.

Personal cleanliness by frequent ablutions from the head to foot.

Flannel next the skin the year round, graduated according to season.

Open air exercise every day.

Ventilation of sleeping room summer and winter.

Eight hours' sleep each day.

WHY NOT BUY BERMUDA?

General Hastings, of Ohio, a Resident of the Island, Has Views.

General Hastings, of Cleveland, the gallant colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, now a resident of the island of Bermuda, is on a visit to his native country.

"I went to Bermuda about fifteen years ago for my health," he said, "with the most satisfactory results. The climate is the nearest perfection, I imagine, that could be found on this planet. It never goes below 50 degrees, while 86 degrees is the highest. The island contains only 12,000 acres and has 15,000 inhabitants, all English save myself.

"Few people in the United States have any conception of what a stronghold the English have in Bermuda. They have there the largest dock in the world, machinery for the most extensive repairs of ships, enormous quantities of coal, and a fleet of fifteen vessels winter in the harbor every year. Now, what need has Great Britain for such a strongly equipped naval station as this? It is 1,500 miles distant from her nearest possessions in the West Indies.

"I will tell you the reason of her maintenance of all this show of maratime strength: It is intended as a perpetual menace to the United States. In the event of trouble between the two countries her men of war could steam out from Bermuda and utterly demolish New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and as many other coast cities as they pleased. If eventually forced to retreat or if needing repairs the enemy could return to the island, get within the reef, which is protected by the heaviest guns, and from a place of utter security bid the United States defiance. This of course is not very likely to come about, but if the conditions were to prevail the results would be as I have indicated.

"Bermuda can be regarded in no other light than a standing threat from John Bull. What are we to do about it? Buy the island, of course. It might be had for a reasonable price. Or, when Canada is annexed, why not annex Bermuda at the same time?"

"This Hand Never Struck Me."

We recently heard the following touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in a cold lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through the tears of affliction and love, and said, "Mother, this hand never struck me." What could be more touching and lovely?—[Presbyterian.

The Cabbage.

The Greeks held the cabbage in such high esteem that they deduced its origin from the father of the gods. The Saxons named February "Sprout Kale," in honor of this vegetable, so that it is appropriate to make it our February vegetable.

Chemically, according to Schrader, cabbage contains starch, vegetable albumen, resin, gum extract, and some salts. Sir Humphrey Davy estimates that its nutritive matter is about 73 in one thousand parts, while Boussingault calculates that 1,446 parts of white cabbage are equivalent in nutritive powers to 191 of wheat. It must be well cooked, if cooked at all, or it is less digestible than when eaten as a slaw or salad.

Phillips says that "the ancient Romans banished physicians from their territory, and preserved their health 600 years by the use of cabbage." It is frequently used in long voyages to prevent scurvy, and would be more effective for this purpose if cooked and eaten without pork.

Admired It.

Mabel—What a perfectly exquisite new bonnet, dearest!

Ethel—Oh, I'm so glad you like it! I was so afraid you wouldn't! Are you sure you like it?

Mabel—Sure? Oh, perfectly? I always did adore the shape. Why, I had three just like it—when it was in fashion.—[Lowell Mail.

How They Smoke.

If a man smokes his cigar only to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it out of his mouth to watch the curl of the smoke in the air, set him down as an easy going man. Beware of the man who never releases his grip on the cigar and is indifferent whether it burns or not; he is cool, calculating, and exacting. The man that smokes a bit, rests a bit, and fumbles the cigar more or less is easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently, the smoker has a whole souled disposition, is a "hale fellow well met," with a lively brain, glib tongue, and generally a fund of capital anecdotes. A nervous man who fumbles his cigar a great deal is a sort of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally and not caring if it be lighted at all are the characteristics of men who have the tenacity of bulldogs. The fop stands his cigar on end, and an experienced smoker points it straight ahead or almost at right angles with his course.—[El Pouvenir.

Felix Pyat says: "Like father, like son, says the proverb—an error. Like mother, like son—that is the truth. Washington's mother was worthy; Bonaparte's mother was base. A wise law of nature which seeks variety in human unity, and in the absence of which the world would always be one and the same."

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

Music in America.

Americans who love music for harmony's sake rather than for art's sake will be pleased with what Rubinstein has recently said regarding music and musicians in the United States. The great composer and artist says that he has never known such an appreciation of good music as he found in this country, and that the amateur musicians of the United States are ahead of those of any other country. The musical talent that American girls have is, says Rubinstein, something wonderful. There has been a very general idea that music in this country has not reached beyond the first stages of the formative process. It has been known that the United States was the greatest market for pianos in the world, but the impression has been quite general, we imagine, that the piano playing of our girls was about on the plane of the "Maiden's Prayer," with, perhaps, an occasional daring venture to the higher level of the "Shower of Pearls" or even the "Carnival of Venice." Then, too, there have been some courageous maidens, it has been understood, who have executed Chopin in more senses than one and to whom other modern composers have not been wholly a sealed book; but it must be admitted that as a rule we ourselves have thought very poorly of the standing of our American musicians, especially the amateur. The musician, like the poet, is born, not made, and the proportion of students of music who attain to eminence is and always must be small. This, however, should not weigh in the balance at all. Playing the piano, which may be taken as a type for illustration's sake, has a double function. It is, or should be, a source of pleasure to the player and to the hearer. Inasmuch as not more than one in 20 of an average audience can appreciate or understand the so called classical music, it is evident that popular music must remain popular, at least until the American ear has become more highly cultivated and the American taste more refined.

Our amateurs, then, who play Rubinstein and others of his school, must learn not to scorn the humble and despised tune. They may play classical music for their pleasure, but they must play tunes for the pleasure of others. The greater includes the less, and every great musical artist the world has ever seen has recognized the force and value of harmony. Even Richard Wagner, with all his originality and his peculiar ideas of music, has not scorned the sweet concourse of sounds which falls so gratefully on the unskilled ear. Liszt delights in simple melodies, about which he weaves and twines the golden threads of his musical imagination until the fabric is transformed, but the groundwork is still the simple arrangement of a few notes. The music which goes to the heart and brings the tear to the eye is the true classical music, whether it were written yesterday or centuries ago. Anton Rubinstein is right in praising our musical amateurs. There has been a great growth in music in America within the past few years, and we have outgrown the alphabet of music. In time it is natural to expect another and higher stage, that of musical composition of high rank, and the composers, we venture to believe, will spring from the ranks of the amateurs. Certainly there is nothing to discourage us in the outlook for music in America. As a people we must mellow and ripen before we can accomplish that which is most desirable in any branch of art, and the process must take time.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

How to Wash Boys.

There is a large board school in London in which the managers have devised a very ingenious mode of washing the dirtiest of boys very expeditiously and effectually. Each boy stands upright in a small box, from the sides of which numerous sprays of warm water play upon all parts of his body. Three minutes are allowed him for throughly soaping himself, the sprays of water closely following the soap. At the end of that time he steps forth to rub himself with the usual coarse dry towels. In this way it is found that each scholar in a school of 300 boys can have a thorough cleansing once a week. Altogether there is reported to be a marked improvement of late in the cleanliness of the school children, at least as regards their persons. The cleanliness of their clothing, unfortunately, is not equally marked; the "blacks" of the London atmosphere are "the despair of parents."

"Nostrilized."

"Are these mackerel quite fresh?" asked a lady of a ragged but pompous old colored fish peddler who came to her door.

"Oh, yes, lady, puffeckly so, puffeckly so!" was the reply. "Jess nostrilize them and see."

"'Nostrilize' them? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, lady," said the peddler, with a look indicative of pity for her ignorance, "smell 'em! smell 'em!"

The Chinese endure change of climate better than any other race.