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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 15. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,003.

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

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.

P. L. BURWELL,
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 RE 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.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart
One summer morning many a year ago;
"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy part
Of all the joys and feastings in the great world's show,
Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame and praise.
Thy place shall be with those who sit above;
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days,
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have love."
Thus, in the morning of my days I spake
Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"The world is all before us, we can make
Joy for ourselves, a never ebbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,
To seek for happiness—upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were glad
Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come;
God gave us fame and praise, a little sad
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum
Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear
Than near the rest, spake gentle words and sweet,
Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,
And happiness came on with flying feet,
Drew near—but passed. Alas! my heart and I
We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast.
One rose touch of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours; one precious look—the first, the last.
She will return, we said, with love's new birth,
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell
Sick; were sorrowful, found dreary ways.
We had our wealth, and none drew near to tell
Of comfort waiting us in better days.
Did we seek happiness? Alack! we find
She is not ours to beckon as we list;
We have no more magic spell wherewith to bind
This rare, bright visitant to earth. We missed
The royal road to happiness; but lo!
Something is saved us from the wreck of all;
We have content, though doubtful blessings go,
And peace entwined our crosses great and small.
We learn, my heart and I, the world's true worth,
And seek for happiness—but not on earth.

—[All the Year Round.

A QUEER MATCH.

BY CHARLES O STICKNEY.

"If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is 'known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours."

A neighbor of mine at Bridgton, in western Maine, while making a brief stay in a rural town in New York some years ago, became acquainted with a young married couple, from whom he obtained the following curious story of real life. He can vouch for the truth of it, as this couple were not only worthy, reliable persons but were themselves the parties concerned in the affair. I tell the tale substantially as 'twas told me, except for the substitution of fictitious names.

On the pleasant picturesque shore of Lake George stood the fine old mansion of Adam Belmont, an aged widower who, with a young housekeeper named Ruth Wilson, and her two brothers for hired men, were the sole occupants of his spacious, elegant abode.

By rigid industry and strict economy he had worked his way step by step up the ladder of fortune, until now, in the decline of life, he could rejoice in the possession of one of the finest, most fertile, and best located farms in Warren county, together with other property. His wife had been dead many years; and Thomas and George, his only children, wild, dissolute scamps, unwilling to submit to their father's staid authority, had left the paternal roof while yet in their teens, and gone to seek amid the vices and excitement of city life those pursuits most congenial to their depraved tastes. Then the old gentleman was left with none but strangers to care for him. These, however, he found much better company than his unruly, dissipated sons.

Every pleasant week day he would stroll about over his broad domain to look at the thriving crops, to direct his laborers, and to enjoy the warm sun and bracing air; then, when tired of this, his favorite exercise, he would slowly retrace his steps to the house, and taking a seat by the front window, sit looking out upon the delightful scenery—the lake and its romantic borders.

But by-and-by came the time when he could no longer enjoy his daily ramble. The iron constitution which had sustained him to a ripe old age was now yielding to the weight of years; and by a brief illness he became so reduced in strength that he could move about only by the aid of crutches.

His wayward sons heard of their father's illness with unfeigned joy.

"The old fellow will soon be out of the way," they said, "and then won't we go it!"

They hastened home. Nothing could exceed their expressions of concern for his health. They addressed him by every endearing title; they seemed unwilling to be absent a moment from his side. But skilled as they were in the practices of deception, they signally failed in this instance, for their parent, though old and feeble, was too shrewd and discerning a man not to discover their real motive, and an obstinate silence on his part was all the return they received for their duplicity. But as he recovered in a measure from his illness, instead of obligingly dying in order to gratify their base wishes, and, moreover, as there was no prospect of his immediate demise, the two worthies again departed, to await the time, which they hoped was not far distant, when they should be summoned to attend his funeral.

Mr. Belmont's housekeeper, Ruth Wilson, was one of the kindest, most cheerful, and withal most industrious beings that ever ministered to the wants of age or soothed the brow of the sufferer. From early morn to the late hours of evening her hands were busy; but though ever so deeply engaged, she would leave her work the instant she heard her employer's voice, and cheerfully hasten to do his bidding.

And now that he had become nearly helpless, her attention to him increased. A stranger, if present, would naturally have supposed she was his daughter and that her increasing assiduities were prompted by filial affection. But Ruth was in no way related to him, and as her wages were moderate—that is, about the same generally paid in that locality for like services—her conduct could be attributed to no such selfish motives. No, she was only obeying the natural impulses of her own heart.

Mr. Belmont was not unmindful of her worth. She had watched with him day and night; she had toiled hard to keep both his home and wardrobe clean and tidy; she had striven in every way to alleviate his distress. Of all this he thought as he sat, one afternoon, leaning back in his easy chair, and as he mused a new idea seized him.

Ruth had for some time been engaged to a young farmer of that town, Charles Edgeworth, who, although clever and industrious, had the misfortune, if we may so term it, to be poor. Though deeply attached to each other, the two mutually concluded to postpone marriage till they should have accumulated earnings sufficient to buy some cosy little cottage and furnish it in comfortable style. Mr. Edgeworth used frequently, when his day's work was done, to come over in his boat to Mr. Belmont's to spend the evening; and it was on one of these visits that he was made acquainted with what might well be termed a rather singular proposition.

It was at the close of a glorious summer day that Ruth, leaving her aged employer at his favorite seat by the window, stepped out at the front doorway and walked slowly a few rods down the gravelled walk leading to the water, when she paused, and leaning against a giant elm, stood gazing at the magnificent prospect.

The slumbering lake, unruffled by a breath of air, formed a perfect mirror, reflecting the bold rocks and overhanging foliage of its winding shores; the neighboring country, charmingly diversified with patches of woodland, pleasant farms, quite hamlets, and beautiful villas peeping up from amid the trees, with an occasional church spire, whose polished vane glittered brightly in the rays of the setting sun; while the busy hum of a distant mill, the silvery ringing voice of the whippoorwill in the adjacent copse, and the merry song of the boatman as it came floating across the water, blended harmoniously with the whole, and gave an enlivening air to the otherwise tranquil scene.

As she thus stood leaning in pensive attitude, a small skiff containing one person shot out from behind a little promontory of rocks and shrubbery about half a mile off, and propelled by the vigorous strokes of the oarsman advanced rapidly towards where she was standing. She knew that figure, though so far away. Charles Edgeworth was coming over to visit her. After stepping to the house and telling her employer she would be gone but a few moments, Ruth hastened down to the water.

Edgeworth soon reached the shore, when he briefly told Miss Wilson he had a little business to see to over at the mills, and then he would come back and pass the evening with her; saying which he again pushed off, and continued on his way to the place designated.

* * * * * * * * *

"Ruth! Come here, Ruth!" spoke Mr. Belmont, as his housekeeper, having finished her work in the kitchen, entered the room where the old gentleman was sitting.

"Well?" said she, inquiringly.

"Take a chair, please, and be seated by my side for I have something of special importance to say to you.

She complied, at the same time wondering what the "something" could be.

"Ruth," he continued, in a low, slightly tremulous voice, "you well know I am on the verge of eternity. A few short months and I shall be gone, and then Thomas and George will seize all of my property and squander it in riotous dissipation unless I otherwise dispose of it. You have been very, very kind to me, Ruth—an own child, if ever so dutiful, could not have been more so. But you shall be rewarded, that you shall, indeed. You are to marry Charles Edgeworth—may God bless you both! But it is truly hard for a young couple just setting out in life to struggle on in poverty, as you two must necessarily do for some years, if not for life. Now I have a proposition to make. Should you accept its terms it would gratify my earnest wish, reward you for your kindness to an infirm old man, and justly disappoint my wicked children of their expected patrimony—in short, render justice to all concerned. It is this: Ruth Wilson, I want you to marry me."

"Marry you?" and Ruth fairly sprang to her feet. "Marry you? Mr. Belmont, tell me what you mean! Surely you cannot mean what you say."

"Yes, I do mean it. I'm not surprised that you are astonished; but listen. By marriage I mean merely a legal transaction. I ask you to become my nominal wife, so that you can attend me in my last days, and then become the owner of all my property. Of course I might will it to charitable institutions, or otherwise dispose of it, but you see I've taken a notion for you to have it, and I also want you to bear my name when you come into possession. This is all. I shall soon be gone, you can then, when a proper time shall have elapsed, marry the man of your choice, and become, by will, legal possessor of this estate and my other property. I will see to it that my will be made so strong that nothing can break it. What say you—will you not accede to my proposition?"

Ruth mused awhile; there was a strange look in her eyes.

"You are very kind," she said; "but what will Charles say to such an arrangement? I must be guided by his decision. He will be here before long, and I will submit the questions to him." And so saying she left the room.

In less than an hour her lover came. Ushered into the presence of their would-be benefactor, the case was laid before him—the proposition repeated. At first he felt like resenting what he was pleased to term Ruth's perfidy; but soon he calmed down and seemed disposed to view the matter in a new light, making his beloved the one who was really the unselfish party, willing to become the target of sensational tattle for the community for the financial advantage of both. He listened—wavered—yielded.

And so Mr. Belmont and Ruth Wilson were wed. As a matter of course the event was the sensation of the town, and there was no end to gossip and small talk.

His sons heard the news, and didn't they storm, and curse and howl with rage? But they were impotent to change the irrevocable.

Mr. Belmont continued to decline. Never was wife more loyal and devoted than Ruth. During his last days she was ever by his side, attending to his wants, and striving to anticipate his every wish. The end soon came, and one day a large assemblage of neighbors and townspeople gathered at the Belmont mansion to pay their last tribute of respect to the man they had known so long and admired so much.

The will was duly probated, and Ruth Wilson Belmont found herself in full possession of all her husband's wealth except one dollar willed to each of the ingrate sons.

One year from the day of Mr. Belmont's death the house had a new master. His name was Charles Edgeworth, who was wedded to the woman he loved.

And in the elegant, richly furnished dwelling of their late benefactor they were "at home" to all their friends, thereabout or afar; and where, for aught we know to the contrary, they are yet living, in the full enjoyment of the ample wealth they so curiously obtained.

Buried Records of Ancient Civilization.

There is nothing which will more strongly mark the record of the nineteenth century when it shall be written than the patient research and intelligence which have unearthed the past, given it voice and utterance, and made the daily life of ancient Greeks, Egyptians, or Babylonians as plain to the people of to-day as are the habits of the English under Alfred or our own ancestors in the days of Cotton Mather. Just as the naturalist can from the single bone of some now extinct animal build up a complete structure, so from a fragment of pottery, from some rude hieroglyphics, or from the ruins of a building, the archæologist can bring a forgotten people before us, and make us acquainted with their creed, their commerce, their architecture, and their literature.

The explorations and discoveries of Layard at Nineveh first gave an impetus to the work of this character; and since that time new fields of research have constantly been opened. Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Troy stripped the Iliad and the Odyssey of much of their legendary character. Professor Lanciani's excavations in Rome, the story of which many Americans have heard from himself, revived the glories of the Augustan era; and now the excavations by Petrie, Sayce, and Conder in Palestine promise to throw new light on a period of history which has always been surrounded by much gloom, and the scant record of which has led to so much theorizing and speculation. For the only record extant of a very long period in the life of the East is the Bible; and, therefore, whether its history is to be verified or overthrown by discovery is, outside of any theological question, important not only to scholars and antiquarians, but to the whole of Christendom.

The discoveries made by Mr. Flinders Petrie have been the result of much labor, attended by obstacles of every nature, presented by the climate, Turkish officialism, and the ignorance and savagery of the Bedouin inhabitants of the country. These discoveries have now reached such a stage that it will soon be possible to know something of the life and architecture of the Israelites during the period of the kings, and to determine the age of the pottery and hewn stones which are met with in the country. One excavation discloses city piled upon city, the latest colonist being Greeks, whose settlement was itself swept away before the age of Alexander the Great. Going downward, the excavator comes face to face with the work of the earlier Jewish kings, probably executed by the same school of masons who built and adorned the temple of Solomon. As these discoveries continue, as the monuments of sculpture and inscription overthrown by Sennacherib shall be unearthed, and tablet after tablet deciphered, the former story of Palestine may be found indelibly impressed on the stone and clay which the soil still holds in its bosom. The study is fascinating; and it will have an important bearing on interpretation and criticism, and on the progress of a great portion of the human race.

At the Telephone.

The Queen of Belgium indulges her love of music to the extent of having a telephone connected with the principal theater fixed in her private room. During a rehearsal recently the exclamations of the conductor, enraged by a want of accuracy and tone on the part of the orchestra, produced a call at the telephone: "Pardon me, but the queen is listening. Can't the rehearsal go on without swearing?"

Asphalt Covering.

In Germany water pipes are being made of glass with asphalt covering, to prevent fracture. It is claimed that they give thorough protection against moisture in the earth, against the action of acids and alkalies, and that they can not be penetrated by gases. It is also believed that they will not become incrusted.

NO MORE POKER FOR HIM.

High Play and a Duel Cure the Passion for the Great American Game.

They were speaking of poker playing at the Chicago Club the other night, says the *Mail* of that city, and some pretty tall pronouncing about big hands and queer experiences had been told. A man from Louisville, who, of course, was called "Colonel," had listened in silence.

"I've nevah played any pokah, gentlemen, since befo' the wah," he began. "I used to be, I reckon, one of the most incorrigible pokah playahs in the South. But I could afford it then, and everybody played. I was a young fellow of twenty-fo' or twenty-five, owned one of the finest plantations in Kentucky, and had a partnership in tobacco warehouses in Cincinnati and New Orleans. I've lost 'em all, or most all, since—lost all my property, in fact, with the cause. But at that time, the fall of '58 or the spring of '59, I was about as well fixed as any young man in the South.

"My business used to take me a great deal to Cincinnati and New Orleans, as you may suppose, and I always went by boat. There were some great vessels on the river then, too—the old Natchez, the Robert E. Lee, the Pensacola, and the old Hayes. They were floating palaces, and the biggest games of pokah I evah sat in or evah expect to see were played in the smoking rooms and saloons of those boats. There was a regular run of professional gamblers up and down the river, but they were gentlemen, generally squah, as quick to defend their honah as any gentleman, and generally friends of the captains, who, they say, stood in with their winnings.

"It was early in the fall of '58, I believe, that I left Cincinnati on one of the down river fliers at 3 one afternoon. There was a good passenger list and considerable merchandise aboard. Among the merchandise I had about twenty as likely mules as evah was foaled that I was going to carry to New Orleans an' sell. Among the passengers was an old gentleman from Vahginny with his daughter, a mighty fine lookin' girl of twenty, and her maid, a likely looking quadroon girl about the same age. I noticed 'em that night an' the next day, foh there wasn't any game till the folks sort of got acquainted along down about Cairo. The young lady was mighty fond of that nigger girl and the maid was mighty devoted to her.

The night after we left Cairo somebody proposed a little game, an' I an' the old man from Vahginny, who was a rich tobacco planter, as I found out, agreed to sit in. The other members of the party were one of the regular gamblers, a fellow known as Colonel Somers, an' a nigger trader from down river somewhars. I had about $2,000 on me, an' played with variable luck for an hour or so, till presently along come a jack pot an' broke me.

"Colonel Somers won it, an' he pinched the old man pretty hard, too. I was a goin' to quit, but he said: 'Stay in, sah. Yo' credit is good with me foh the value of that 20 head of mules on the lowah deck.' An' I stayed. My luck didn't turn, though, an' by 2 o'clock I had lost every one of those mules. I sat out an' watched the game. Presently the nigger trader begin to play some pretty hard kyards an' was gettin' into Somers's roll right smart. It run along that way awhile, an', his luck leavin' him, he laid back an' played 'em close, about $3,000 ahead of the game.

"The ole man from Vahginny had been a losin' steadily an' seemed all of a sudden to get sort of desperate. He says: "Gentlemen, I'm $4,000 into this game; I have no mo' money, but I have a mighty likely niggah gal aboard that I'll put up at $1,500 foh a few moh jack pots.

"They both consented, and the play got pretty hot. It was mighty mean of the ole man, I thought, bettin' his daughter's own maid, but he was a born gambler an' had that fiah in him that makes a man let go of his ovahcoat.

"It was 5 in the morning when that game broke up an' the old man didn't have a cent. The nigger tradah had been cashin' his papah an' had made good to Somers. We went on deck, the ole man an' I feelin' pretty blue, he especially bein' all gone to pieces. 'I doan kn[illegible] how I'll [illegible] money in New Orleans, but that don't heah, an' that niggah trader gets off at Memphis. I'll have to give him the wench, I reckon, but it'll break Georgia's heart to part with her.'

"Sure enough, at Memphis the trader demanded his property, an' there was an awful scene. The ole man pleaded with him to keep the girl thesh till he could raise the money an' come back, an' even pretty Miss Georgia begged of him. But, gentlemen, he wouldn't do it. He insisted on havin' the girl. I hadn't the money and couldn't raise it in Memphis, or I'd have offered it to him. But just as he was leadin' the poah crying thing off the gang plank up comes Somers, who bows to Miss Georgia an' says: 'Pahdon me, but if I can advance yo' father anything it's at his service.' The girl thanked him, an' turned to the ole gentleman. He hated to take it, but Somers insisted, an' called the trader back.

"'I'll give you yo' money foh that gal,' he says.

"'No, thanks, Cunnel; she about suits me, an' I reckon I'll keep her.'

"'She is this young lady's maid, an' she wants her,' urged Somers. 'I'll give you $2,000 foh her.'

"'Not foh twice that,' said the trader. 'She's mine, an' I'm going to keep her.'

"'If you do it will be after I'm dead,' says Somers, an' he steps forward an' gives the trader a slap across the mouth. Everybody grabbed 'em and it was decided that the affair must be settled right. The trader stayed on the boat till we run to a woodyard six miles below Memphis. When we got there he an' Somers, the captain an' me went ashore. The old gentleman wasn't allowed to go, because he insisted on makin' the fight his own, an' as his daughter was alone except foh him we all couldn't permit it.

"Pistols were chosen, an' I dropped the hat. Both went off at the same moment, an' the trader dropped dead. Somers left his remains to be sent home on the up boat with $1,500 in notes, and a letter to his folks an' we all went aboard the boat again an' on to New Orleans.

"The old gentleman paid Somers there, and his daughter held both hands an' thanked him with tears in her eyes. The old man and I swore off poker playin' right there together, an' I've never played since.

"No, Somers didn't marry the girl, gentlemen; he had a wife in Cincinnati. He went back home, an' when the wah broke out went into the business of runnin' cotton past the blockade an' got rich. I've seen him several times since. He's a prominent merchant in New Orleans now, an' doesn't gamble. That game broke three of us of the habit—fo', in fact, foh the tradah nevah played kyards again."

Calling the Animals.

A correspondent recently asked the Boston *Transcript* to explain the origin and meaning of the ordinary calls used by farmers in summoning their cattle, horses, and sheep; and the inquiry has elicited some interesting responses.

The call "Boss, boss," to cattle, is pure Latin, apparently, since the Latin for "beef creature" is bos. It seems to have been in use among English speaking people for several generations, though "boss" and "bossy" are more often heard in America than in England.

The ordinary call for horses is "Co-jock! co-jock!" It is explained that many horses were formerly named John, which, in peasant English, is Jock. "Co-jock," then, simply means "Come, John." It is said that the use of the word "jockey," meaning a rider or driver of race horses, comes from the frequency with which horses were once named Jock, the word passing in time from the animal to the rider.

One writer in the *Transcript*, however, insists that the commonest name for a horse in America to day is Bill. "You will find," he says, "a horse named Bill in every stable, and the country pastures are full of Old Bills, retired on a pension of grass; but seldom is there a Jack or a Jock. Perhaps in the course of time the horse call will be changed to 'Co-Bill!'"

The call to sheep seems to vary a little in different parts of the United States. Throughout a good part of the country it sounds more like "Co-day! co-day!" than anything else. Elsewhere, and especially in some parts of New England, it is "Co-dan! co-dan!" Often it is "Co-nan!" and occasionally it is said to be "Co-dar! co-dar!"

"Co-day" is derived by one authority from "Come, Dick," Dick having been a name as much in vogue for a male sheep as Jock was for a horse. But "Co-dan" clearly may come very easily from "Come, Nan." Nan or Nanny is still a favorite name for a sheep, as well as for a goat. "Co-dan" would come by corruption from "Co-nan," and "Co-day" from that, in order to make it more explosive and easily heard at a distance.

"Co-dar" is said to be derived from "Come, Darby"—another name once often used for a sheep.

When the Western farmer goes out to call his pigs—in that part of the country the animals sometimes wander a long way from home—he generally is not content with calling "Pig! pig!"—a sound which could not be heard very far—but develops it into a shout by pronouncing it "poo-ig! poo-ig" The necessity of producing a sound that will "carry" seems to explain this; but one of the *Transcript's* correspondents says that "poo-ig" is derived from "poor pig," and that he has often heard the call pronounced in that way.

The call "Biddy! Biddy!" to hens and chickens is not explained. The dictionaries say that "biddy" is a childish name for a hen; but where did the child get the name? The other farm yard calls, such as "Chick! chick!" to the hens, "Turk! turk!" to the turkeys, and "Duck! duck!" to the ducks, seem to need no explanation.

The Ocean Cables of the World.

According to the latest report of the International Bureau of Telegraph Administrations, the submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable. Government administrations own 12,524 miles, while 107,546 are the property of private companies. The total cost of these cables is in the neighborhood of $200,000,000. The largest owner of submarine cables is the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,860 miles of cable. The Eastern Extension, which exploits the far East, has 12,958 miles more. Early in last year the system of West African cables, which started from Cadiz only six years ago, was completed to Cape Town, so that the dark continent is now completely encircled by submarine telegraph, touching at numerous points along the coast. More than 17,000 miles of cable have been required to do this, and several companies, with more or less aid from the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese governments, have participated in carrying out the work.

The north Atlantic is spanned by no less than eleven cables, all laid since 1870, though I think not all are working at the present time; five companies are engaged in forwarding telegrams between North America and Europe, and the total length of the cables owned by them, including coast connections, is over 30,000 nautical miles.—[Herbert Laws Webb, in Scribner.

CARICATURE IN OLDEN TIMES.

The Ancient Egyptian by No Means Devoid of Humor.

Caricature was known from a very early period, a little broad sometimes and full of satire, but telling and original. In a papyrus of the nineteenth dynasty, now in the Turin Museum, amusing scenes are depicted in the love affairs of a shaven priest and a songstress of the Temple of Ammon; while in the same papyrus are sketched comic groups of animal life. In the first scene a lion, a crocodile, and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed, and sceptred like Pharaoh; with majestic swagger, he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. A lion and gazelle are playing at draughts, a hippopotamus is perched in a tree, and a hawk has climbed into the tree by means of a ladder and tries to dislodge him. A Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a chariot by prancing greyhounds, is proceeding to storm a fortress garrisoned by cats, the latter having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle axes, shields, and bows and arrows. The artist's idea seems to have been the defeat of the cats by the animals upon which they prey; or, if we look for a deeper meaning, the successful revolt of the oppressed upon the oppressor. In a papyrus in the British Museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat, and a herd of goats by two wolves, with crooks and wallet; one of the wolves is playing a double flute. A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents (quite in the Caldecott style) a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion, seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl, and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject looking tom cat with his tail between his legs. On the walls of a tomb at Thebes belonging to a priest of Ammon the love of caricature is indulged in, even in the sacred subject of a funeral. One of the boats following in the mournful procession across the Nile to the sacred necropolis has grounded, and, in being pushed off the bank, strikes a smaller one laden with sacerdotal offerings of cakes, fruit, etc. The table on which these dainties are arranged has upset, and the good things are falling like a hail storm on the heads of the astonished rowers underneath. The more we learn of the habits of the ancient Egyptians the less we cherish the old impression of their being a gloomy people of serious character. Human nature 5,000 years ago was much the same as it is to-day, altered simply by climate and custom, and the oldest papyrus in the world, now in the National Library in Paris, written 3350 B. C., contains a series of maxims which we of to day might take to heart.

NOT A POPULAR CURRENCY.

Why Gold Is Not Received at the Banks Without Delay.

"Do you know that gold is the most unwieldy of all the different kinds of money now in circulation?" said a prominent Washington banker to a reporter.

"Why so?" was asked.

"Because it is not bankable without careful scrutiny."

"How is that?"

"Simply this: Take a greenback, a silver certificate, a gold certificate, or a national bank note to your bank, and it is received and placed to your credit without a moment's delay. Not so with gold. A few days ago a gentleman brought to our bank upward of $3,000 in gold of different denominations, and was much provoked because we would not receive it forthwith and give him credit for the amount the faces of the coin represented. This we could not do, because the law requires that gold shall be redeemed only at its actual value. Coins carried in the pocket for any length of time naturally lose something in weight by abrasion—probably but a fractional part of a cent on a ten dollar coin—but it is a loss nevertheless, and therefore bankers can not give credit for gold deposits until the coin shall have been weighed.

"In the case in point my friend took his gold to the Treasury Department, and was compelled to wait there nearly an hour before he could get notes for it. Every coin had to be passed through the scales, and after the weighing process had been completed three coins—two $5 pieces and one $10 piece—were returned to him as short in weight. Before returning short weight coins the department stamps on the face of each a cross. The owner is left to either send the coins to the United States mint for redemption or to again put them in circulation. Eventually the coins with crosses on their faces will go to the mint and be redeemed at their actual value. In many instances there may not be more than several cents shortage on $50 worth of coin. Business men, however, naturally object to the inconvenience, and get rid of their gold as soon as possible."

Recognized.

Brakeman (on Boston bound train)—Ther station's Brox zykskylooffiullawalla? Ch'caarsf'r Skcotchyskobuskyfookley!

Member of Volapuk Convention (to companion) — Hooray! Success! The brakemen even have begun to speak our language.—[Lawrence American.

A Practical Suggestion.

She (daughter of wealthy man)—I don't want the people in this hotel to think we are newly married.

He (a poor clerk)—Don't you? Then you pay the bill.

A Wise Father.

Minister—You ought to whip your boy for fishing on the Sabbath.

Deacon—I intend to, sir; but I thought I'd let him clean them first.