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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 20. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY. FEBRUARY 7, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,008.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

Jan. 4, 1891.

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
4:15 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
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
" 11—Mail leaves....4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:40 a m
" 12—Mail " ..12:30 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:15 p m

Jan 10 R. M. SHEATS, Agent.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.
a. m.	a. m.	a. m.
6:25	11:45.....Piedmont.....	11:10
6:40	12:00.....Barton.....	10:50
6:50	12:12.....Lonaconing.....	10:42
7:02	12:24.....Midland.....	10:29
7:05	12:27.....Ocean.....	10:26
7:10	12:34....Borden Shaft....	10:20
7:18	12:42.....Frostburg.....	10:12
7:35	12:50.....Morantown.....	9:52
7:42	1:06.....Mount Savage.....	9:40
7:47	1:11.....Barrelville.....	9:38
7:49	1:13.....Patterson's.....	9:30
7:55	1:19.....Kreigbaum's.....	9:25
7:57	1:21.Mt. Savage junction.	9:28
8:10	1:34.....Cumberland.....	9:15
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.
Arrive.		Leave.

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.
P. L. BURWELL,
Jan 10 General Superintendent.

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.

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

LOOK HERE.

FOR Rock Drills, Well Borers and Prospectors, run by Hand, Horse or Steam Power, send for circulars, etc., to the MINING JOURNAL,
Nov 29 Frostburg, Md.

MY SHIPS.

I launched three ships with a happy heart,
In the golden days of youth;
Toward the Fortunate Isles I saw them start
For a cargo of love and truth.
As I waited there by the dark blue sea
I dreamed of the cargo they'd bring to me.

But one was wrecked ere it crossed the bar,
And I saw it sink from sight,
And one was lost on the ocean, far
From human help or might.
The third sailed grandly into the west,
Borne aloft on the billow's crest.

Years passed, and I grew so weary,
And I longed in vain for rest,
And I watched, though the days were weary,
For my ship that sailed to the west.
I waited long by the dark blue sea,
But never a ship came back to me.

At length when the sunset's glow was past,
I saw my ship in the bay,
Tossed and torn by many a blast,
There at anchor it lay:
And the cargo I'd waited for many a year
Was only the heart that you sent me, dear.

NICE PEOPLE.

H. C. BUNNER.

"They certainly are nice people," I assented to my wife's observation, using the colloquial phrase with a consciousness that it was anything but "nice" English, "and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than most of——"

"Two children," corrected my wife.

"Three, he told me."

"My dear, she said there were two."

"He said three."

"You've simply forgotten. I'm sure she told me they had only two—a boy and a girl."

"Well, I didn't enter into particulars."

"No, dear, and you couldn't have understood him. Two children."

"All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. As a near sighted man learns by enforced observation to recognize persons at a distance when the face is not visible to the normal eye, so the man with a bad memory learns, almost unconsciously, to listen carefully and report accurately. My memory is bad; but I had not had time to forget that Brewster Brede had told me that afternoon that he had three children, at present left in the care of his mother in law, while he and Mrs. Brede took their summer vacation.

"Two children," repeated my wife; "and they are staying with his Aunt Jenny."

"He told me with his mother in law," I put in. My wife looked at me with a serious expression. Men may not remember much of what they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother in law.

"But don't you think they are nice people?" asked my wife.

"Oh, certainly," I replied. "Only they seem to be a little mixed up about the children.

"That isn't a nice thing to say," returned my wife.

I could not deny it.

And yet, the next morning, when the Bredes came down and seated themselves opposite us at the table, beaming and smiling in their natural, pleasant, well bred fashion, I knew, to a social certainty, that they were "nice" people. He was a fine looking fellow in his neat tennis flannels, slim, graceful, 28 or 30 years old, with a Frenchy pointed beard. She was "nice" in all her pretty clothes, and she herself was pretty with that type of prettiness which outwears most other types—the prettiness that lies in a rounded figure, a dusky skin, plump, rosy cheeks, white teeth, and black eyes. She might have been 25; you guessed that she was prettier than she was at 20, and that she would be prettier still at 40.

I was not surprised when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." The Hoogencamp-Biggles-Tabb-Halkit contingent never stirred off Jacobus's veranda, but we both felt that the Bredes would not profane that sacred scene. We strolled across the fields, passed through a little belt of woods, and as I heard Mrs Brede's little cry of startled rapture, I motioned to Brede to look up.

"By Jove!" he cried, "heaven!"

"And so that is your view?" asked Mrs. Brede, after a moment; "you are very generous to make it ours too."

Ah, how much better was this sort of talk than the chatter and gossip of the Tabb and the Hoogencamp—than the major's dissertations upon his everlasting circulars! My wife and I exchanged glances.

"Now, when I went up the Matterhorn," Mr. Brede began.

"Why, dear," interrupted his wife, "I didn't know you ever went up the Matterhorn."

"It—it was five years ago," said Mr. Brede hurriedly. "I—didn't tell you when I was on the other side, you know—it was rather dangerous—well, as I was saying, it looked—oh, it didn't look at all like this."

A cloud floated overhead, throwing its great shadow over the field where we lay. The shadow passed over the mountain's brow, and reappeared far below, a rapidly decreasing blot, flying eastward over the golden green. My wife and I exchanged glances once more.

Somehow, the shadow lingered over us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side along the narrow path, and my wife and I walked together.

"Should you think," she asked me, that a man would climb the Matterhorn the first year he was married?"

"I don't know, my dear," I answered evasively; "this isn't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I wouldn't climb it—not for a farm."

"You know what I mean," she said.

I did.

When we reached the boarding house Mr. Jacobus took me aside.

"You know," he began his discourse, "my wife she used to live in N' York!"

I didn't know, but I said yes.

"She says the numbers on the streets run criss cross, like. Thirty-four's on one side o' the street and 35 on t'other. How's that?"

"That is the invariable rule, I believe."

"Then—I say—these here new folks that you 'n' your wife seem so mighty taken with—I've know anything about 'em?"

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders, Mr. Jacobus," I replied, conscious of some irritability. "If I choose to associate with any of them——"

"Jess so—jess so," broke in Jacobus. "I hain't nothin' to say ag'inst yer so-sher bil'ty. But do ye know them?"

"Why, certainly not," I replied.

"Well—that was all I wuz askin' ye. Ye see, when he came here to take the rooms—you wasn't here then—he told my wife that he lived at number 34 in his street. An' yistiddy he told her that he lived at number 35. He said he lived in an apartment house. Now, there can be no apartment house on two sides o' the same street, kin they?"

"What street was it?" I inquire wearily.

"Hundred 'n Twenty-first street."

"May be," I replied, still more wearily, "that's Harlem. Nobody knows what people will do in Harlem."

I went to my wife's room.

"Don't you think it's queer?" she asked me.

"I think I'll have to talk with that young man to-night," I said, "and see if he can give some account of himself."

"But, my dear," my wife said gravely, "she doesn't know whether they've had the measles or not."

"Why, great Scott!" I exclaimed "they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stupid," said my wife. "I meant their children."

When I went up stairs that evening found my wife putting her hair to bed—I don't know how I can better describe an operation familiar to every married man. I waited until the last tress was coiled up and then I spoke.

"I've talked with Brede," I said, "and I didn't have to catechize him. He seemed to feel that some sort of an explanation was looked for, and he was very outspoken. You were right about the children—that is, I must have misunderstood him. There are only two. But the Matterhorn episode was simple enough. He didn't realize how dangerous it was until he had got so far into it that he couldn't back out; and he didn't tell her because he'd left her here, you see, and under the circumstances——"

"Left her here," cried my wife, "I've been sitting with her the whole afternoon, sewing, and she told me that I left her at Geneva, and came back and took her to Basle, and the baby was born there—now I'm sure, dear, because I asked her."

"Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought he said she was on this side," I suggested, with bitter, biting irony.

"You poor dear, did I abuse you?" said my wife. "But do you know, Mrs Tabb said that she didn't know how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee. Now that seems queer, doesn't it?"

It did. It was a queer thing. But it looked queer. Very queer.

The next morning it was clear that war was declared against the Bredes. They came down to breakfast somewhat late, and as soon as they had arrived the Biggleses swooped upon the last fragments that remained on the plates, and made a stately march out of the dining room. Then Miss Hoogencamp arose and departed, leaving a whole fishball on her plate. Even Atalanta might have dropped an apple behind her to tempt her pursuer to check his speed, so Miss Hoogencamp left the fishball behind her, and between her maiden self and contamination.

We had finished our breakfast, my wife and I, before the Bredes appeared. We talked it over, and agreed that we were glad that we had not been obliged to take sides upon such insufficient testimony.

After breakfast it was the custom of the male half of the Jacobus household to go around the corner of the building and smoke their pipes and cigars where they would not annoy the ladies. We sat under a trellis covered with a grape vine that had borne no grapes in the memory of man. This vine, however, bore leaves, and these, on that pleasant summer morning, shielded us from the persons who were in earnest conversation in the struggling, half dead flower garden at the side of the house.

"I don't want," we heard Mr. Jacobus say, "to enter into no man's pry-vacy; but I do want to know who it may be, like, that I hev in my house. Now what I ask you, and I don't want you to take it in no ways personal, is—have you your marriage license with you?

"No," we heard the voice of Mr. Brede reply. "Have you yours?"

I think it was a chance shot; but it told all the same. The major (he was a widower) and Mr. Biggles and I looked at each other; and Mr. Jacobus, on the other side of the grape trellis, looked at—I don'. know what—and was as silent as we were.

Where is your marriage license, married reader? Do you know? Four men not including Mr. Brede, stood or sat on one side or the other of that grape trellis, and not one of them knew where his marriage license was. Each of us had had one—the major had had three. But where were they? Where is yours? Tucked in your best man's pocket; deposited in his desk, or washed to a pulp in his white waist coat (if white waist coats be the fashion of the hour) washed out of existence—can you tell where it is? Can you—unless you are one of those people who frame that interesting document and hang it upon their drawing room walls?

Mr. Brede's voice arose, after an awful stillness of what seemed five minutes, and was probably 30 seconds:

"Mr. Jacobus, will you make out your bill at once, and let me pay it? I shall leave by the 6 o'clock train. And will you also send the wagon for my trunks?"

"I hain't said I wanted to hev ye leave—" began Mr. Jacobus, but Brede cut him short.

"Bring me your bill."

"But," remonstrated Jacobus, "ef ye ain't——"

"Bring me your bill!" said Mr. Brede.

My wife and I went out for our morning's walk. But it seemed to us, when we looked at "our view," as if we could only see those invisible villages of which Brede had told us—that other side of the ridges and rises of which we catch no glimpse from lofty hills or from the heights of human self esteem. We meant to stay out until the Bredes had taken their departure, but we returned just in time to see Pete, the Jacobus darky, the blacker of boots, the brusher of coats, the general handy man of the house, loading the Brede trunks on the Jacobus wagon.

And as we stepped upon the veranda, down came Mrs. Brede, leaning on Mr. Brede's arm, as though she were ill; and it was clear that she had been crying. There were heavy rings about her pretty black eyes.

My wife took a step toward her.

"Look at that dress, dear," she whispered, "she never thought anything like this was going to happen when she put that on."

It was a pretty, delicate, dainty dress, graceful, narrow striped affair. Her hat was trimmed with a narrow ripped silk of the same colors—maroon and white—and in her hand she held a parasol that matched her dress.

"She had a new dress on twice a day," said my wife; "but that's the prettiest yet. Oh, somehow—I'm awfully sorry they're going!"

But going they were. They moved toward the steps. Mrs Brede looked toward my wife, and my wife moved toward Mrs. Brede. But the domineering woman, as though she felt the hopelessness of her position, turned sharply away, and opened her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun. A shower of rice—fell down over her pretty hat and pretty dress, and fell in a spattering circle on the floor, outlining her skirts—and there lay in a broad, uneven band, bright in the morning sun.

Mrs. Brede was in my wife's arms, sobbing as if her young heart would break.

"Oh, you poor, dear, silly children!" my wife cried, as Mrs. Brede sobbed on her shoulder, "why didn't you tell us?"

"W-W-We didn't want to be mistaken for a bb-bb-bridal couple," sobbed Mrs. Brede; "and we did-didn't mean what awful lies we'd have to tell, and all the aw-aw-awful mixed-up-ness of it! Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Pete!" commanded Mr. Jacobus, "at back them trunks. These folks says here's long's they wants ter. Mr. Brede"—he held out a large hard hand—"I'd orter've known better," he said, and my last doubt of Mr. Brede vanished as he shook that grimy hand in manly fashion.

The two women were walking off toward Our View, each with an arm out the other's waist—touched by a sudden sisterhood of sympathy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Brede, addressing Jacobus, Biggles, the major, and me, "there is a hostelry down the street where they sell honest New Jersey beer. I recognize the obligation of the situation."

We five men filed down the street, the two women went toward the pleasant slope where the sunlight gilded the rehead of the great hill. On Mr. Jacobus's veranda lay a spattered circle of shining grains of rice. Two of Mr. Jacobus's pigeons flew down and picked up the shining grains, making graceful dives far down in their throats.

A WOMAN'S DARING.

Mrs. Mary French Sheldon Will Explore Africa on Her Own Hook.

Mrs. Mary French Sheldon announced that she would start in February next for Zanzibar, and from there go to Mozambique and thence make a journey into Central Africa. Her idea of going to Africa practically alone, or at least not accompanied but only attended, is to do something that no other woman has done and to bring back something that has never yet been brought out of Africa.

"Men," says Mrs. Sheldon, "lose sight of a great many things in going into a new country. They get the geography and topography of the country and of course something about the people. I shall go into new fields. I will learn of the home life of the savages. I shall bring back folk lore and legend and romance. I expect to take a phonograph and bring back some real African voices."

In telling of her proposed travels in her enthusiastic, earnest manner, Mrs. Sheldon said: "The expedition shall be entirely my own; the honors, if there be any, shall not be divided and the criticisms—and of course there may be many—must be aimed at me alone. I shall take my stenograph only to the starting point in Africa and from there on I shall be the only white woman in the party. I shall be attended, of course, by several black women. I will also have several Arab attendants and such military protection as I think necessary. I shall have special passports from Secretary of State Blaine, and also letters from Stanley. Stanley's name is like magic in Africa, and altogether I have little fear but that my little venture will be a comparatively safe one. I shall be in Africa three months." Mrs. Sheldon is a New York lady by birth. She is best known to fame as the authoress of the popular book, "Herbert Severance."

WHEN TIME IS DONE.

"Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."
—[As You Like It.

Now and again, amid the thronging street,
As hastening through our daily round we go,
Our pulses to unwonted measures beat,
To see some face of light,
Seen and then lost to sight,
Whereat we muse: "How fair a soul to know!"

Now and again, in quiet peaceful hours,
Some precious page will steal our hearts away,
The while we read we feel life's dormant powers;
"To touch that robe of white,
Live in that presence bright!
Why dwelt we not near that sweet saint?" we say.

Now and again the patient waiting faces
Of aged folk whose days are nearly run,
Gentle manhood, children's tender graces,
Bring wistful joy like pain.
Could these with us remain,
How different were life beneath our sun!

Once and forever, from beyond the sun,
Shall come the light to show all longing hearts
Their never-found, their loved and lost, each one;
And thus great promise give,
That all on earth who live,
Shall love and knowledge have when time is done.

JUST TOO LATE.

I walked over to the postoffice, two miles away, to see if there was any letter from Bert Phillips, a young New Yorker, whom I expected some day to marry. It was very slow in Boone mountain, and I don't know what I should have done for society if it had not been for Ed. Parsons, the handsome son of a farmer. It was so dark when I was half way home that I missed my road, and with visions of bears in my mind I climbed a tree to see where I was.

From my breezy station I could look down through a moving network of boughs and sprays and see something dark pausing at the foot of the tree, and presently it settled down among the dead leaves there, as if with the full intention of placing me in a state of siege.

My heart stood still. How long was this to last? How far could I calculate on my own strength and persistence? I closed my eyes and a feeling of dizziness came over me. I opened them again and there was the horrible thing still crouching stealthily at the foot of the tree. I had never fainted in my life, but now I comprehended how people might feel when sense and consciousness deserted them and left them at the mercy of the Great Beyond.

Hush! A clear, sweet whistle! Surely that was Ned Parsons whistling his favorite air of "My Ain Countree" down the mountain side. I summoned up all my courage and shouted aloud:

"Help! Help! Help!"

A loud halloo answered me; there was the sound of footsteps plunging through brambles, springing over fallen logs.

"Nelly! Where are you, Nelly? In the name of all possessed, what are you doing up there?" cried Ned, coming to a stand-still half a dozen yards or so from my haven of refuge.

"Oh, be careful, Ned!" I shrieked. "The bear! the bear!"

"What bear? Where?"

"Close to the foot of the tree. Don't you see him?" I gasped.

"But it isn't a bear," said Ned, after a few seconds of careful investigation. "Do you suppose a bear will stand still like this when he sees a man and a rifle approaching him? It's Nick, the dog; I missed him five minutes ago. He is waiting for me here."

To this day I am not prepared to answer, on oath, as to how I came down out of that tree—whether I fell out of it, whether I jumped, or whether I climbed down after the regulation fashion; but I certainly came down and in another second I was clasping old Nick about his shaggy neck, and laughing in a wild way that was nearly akin to tears.

"To think," I cried out, "that I've taken old Nick for a bear! To think that he frightened me so!"

I walked home, leaning on Ned Parsons's arm. He had never seemed so manly a man to me before. He did not laugh at me, as he might have done. He did not make fun of my ridiculous blunder; but he was as tender and gentle to me as if I had been a frightened child.

And then and there I made up my mind that Ned Parsons was more worthy of a woman's love than Bertie Phillips, down in New York. I resolved to play the coquette no longer. I determined to abandon my role of a modern Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

No, I would not—

Break a country heart
For pastime, ere I went to town.

"How can I ever thank you?" I whispered as we parted at the foot of the winding wooden stairway.

"I am already thanked," he said courteously.

Mrs. Parsons was much edified when she heard of my adventures, for I told her the whole story as I sat warming my chilled feet before the fire, while she was frying the chickens for supper.

"Well, I do declare!" said she. "To think that Edward shou'd happen along so handy. And he don't generally get back so early from Black Valley. But she ain't to hum just now. She's gone to New York to get her weddin' fixin's."

"Who isn't at home?" said I. "Who has gone to New York?"

"Why, Fanny Bolton, to be sure. The minister's second darter."

"But who is Fanny Bolton?"

"Don't you know? The girl our Edward is engaged to!"

Engaged! My eyelids fell; a sudden rush of crimson suffused my face.

"Oh," said I. "I—I hope they'll be very happy, I'm sure."

And so it happens that Bert Phillips is yet without a rival in my list of suitors. I had not been in any danger of becoming a Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

THE EVENING BELLS.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

"Those evening bells! I love them, for they bring vividly to me the memory of dear old times," said our host, a busy, practical man, one whom we had not suspected of indulging in sentiment.

About the cheery fire in the grate we had gathered at the twilight hour, the mother holding close to her heart the baby. She, too, loved the music of those evening bells.

"Tell us of Mrs. Glenn, Paul," said Mrs. Vail, softly.

"The good that people do lives after them. All that I am to-day I owe to a sweet, pure woman who reached out and drew just such neglected waifs as myself into the sacred home circle where she planted in our souls the desire to grow up into good men and women."

"'A puny creeter and drag to her farmer husband,' the strong-armed women of Poplar Valley called Mrs. Glenn, who was an invalid and unfitted for hard labor, but she was a tower of strength in her household.

"A little sister and myself were taken from the county poor-farm and bound out to people who fed and clothed our bodies, and starved us mentally and morally. For the good folk of Poplar Valley had almost a contempt for education and refinement, counting the man, woman, and child a failure, who was unable to 'turn off a lot of work.'

"My master did not wish me to spend the Sabbath afternoons with the Glenn family, fearing 'Mis' Glenn might spile me by puttin' notions in my head, unfittin' for a workhouse brat. But he gave a reluctant consent to my doing so, nevertheless.

"Sister Mary's mistress dared not offend the Glenn family by refusing to allow her to go, but thought it her duty to warn her against 'takin' up with that crazy creetur's notions.'

"In the home-like parlor there was a small spindle-legged piano, upon which Mrs. Glenn played wonderful music, and soon we boys and girls sang lustily to the tinkling accompaniment, 'Billy Boy,' 'My Willie's on the Dark Blue Sea,' 'Rosalie, the Prairie Flower,' and other favorites.

"After a time we began to love the sweet, sacred songs which she sang on Sunday. After a particularly hard week, we pauper brats, whose hearts were sore from grieving and longing, found sweet comfort in the good old hymns.

"Mrs. Glenn talked to us so kindly when we carried to her our sorrows, that we felt wonderfully helped. She always advised more love and patience. If we felt injured or ill-treated, we were made to see that by striving to do better we could right things.

Mary's mistress, a hard, driving woman, often said,—

"With all her soft, triflin' ways, I'll own that Mis' Glenn never sets the pauper children agin' their masters."

"We must have been a sorry looking group, and there were at least eight of us, poor and ignorant young people who literally didn't know that the world was wide and round, and a bigger place than Poplar Valley.

"Mrs. Glenn in time managed to teach us many things in the weekly talks which were to us rich treats. With the Bible we became familiar, consulting it oftener than we should have done if we had had a larger library to select from.

"A little treat was always provided for us, usually apples, or a slice of gingerbread, perhaps a saucer of baked beans, Mrs. Glenn being a New England woman, far from home in Poplar Valley.

"Her husband, an old sailor, who had in his youth been around the world, had wonderful tales of adventure to relate of foreign ports and towns, which were enjoyed by even the smallest of his auditors.

"Time brought changes and separated old friends; before many years had gone I found myself in a large city among temptations sore and thick. My way to manhood was not an easy one. Friendless, with no one to care whether I did right or wrong, I have often been tempted to do that which would have grieved a mother, had I had one.

"But unrestrained as I was, and utterly uncared for, there was an influence that held me back from falling into evil ways. The sound of church bells always brought before me the sweet, white face of the one friend who did love me.

"While a young lad I had a friend who loved the gaming-table, and had long been trying to induce me to join him in a game of chance. One evening I consented to go with him. While we yet stood at the door the bells began to ring softly. Instantly I seemed to hear the dear voice of Mrs. Glenn. The bells sounded a warning. Their clang, clang, said 'don't! don't!' Impulsively I cried 'I will not—I never will!' and a wonderful content and peace came to me.

"'Eh, what, Vail? Come on, and don't hang back,' grumbled my companion.

"'I will never enter a gambling den while I live! Come with me to that house across the street,' was my response.

"'That? That's a church,' sneered Harvey.

"Then I told him of Mrs. Glenn and the bells. After a little thought he turned about, saying, resolutely,—

"'I'm going with you.'

"'That is well!' I said.

"We found kind friends who sang with us the old familiar hymns, and from that evening my wild young friend was a changed youth.

"In a year or more I was able to go back to Poplar Valley for Sister Mary, who was glad to keep my little home for me. I found Mrs. Glenn still engaged in the old work of gathering about her children from the poor-farm who loved to learn at her feet.

"Truly the good we do lives after us."

All grumbling and hard speeches and tale bearing is doing the devil's work. All disorder and laziness is doing the devil's work. All cruelty and brutality is doing the devil's work.—[Kingsley.

HEROIC DAVY CROCKETT.

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF A MOST REMARKABLE MAN.

A Characteristic Speech in Opposition to A Private Pension Bill—The Siege of the Alamo—His Record of the Stirring Events Which Occurred There.

Colonel David Crockett was a most remarkable character, a man far in advance of the times in which he lived. Reared in the humble walks of life, but endowed with a strong will power, an unremitting perseverance, and a brave heart, he rose to distinction and renown.

He was born at Limestone, on the Nolachucky River, in eastern Tennessee, on August 17, 1786. His father, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, was the owner of a tavern on the road from Abingdon to Knoxville, where David passed his boyhood. Colonel Crockett's education consisted of exactly two months and four days' schooling, he being otherwise self educated. In the Creek war of 1813–14 he was found fighting in the ranks as a private soldier under General Jackson. When peace was declared he settled on Shoal Creek, a desolate region of the State. A community of reckless characters having flocked together at this place, it was necessary to establish a temporary government, and Colonel Crockett was elected a magistrate. He was soon afterward a candidate for the legislature, and made a successful race by shooting at matches and reciting amusing stories.

He was twice reelected, but devoted himself principally to bear hunting, until, in the year 1827, when he was elected to Congress by the party of Andrew Jackson. At Washington he obtained a notoriety for the eccentricity of his manners and language. Of his life while at the capital many amusing stories are told.

On one occasion he was in conversa- with a fellow member from Massachusetts, when a drove of mules were seen to pass.

"There goes some of your constituents," remarked his companion. "Yes," replied Colonel Crockett, "they are going to Massachusetts to teach school."

This incident is typical of the man. Gifted with an exhaustless fund of humor, he was always ready to turn a joke to his own account.

In 1829 he was again elected to Congress, but soon afterward changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration.

For this course he encountered the most bitter opposition from the administration in his next race, but in spite of all honorable means and the dishonorable method of gerrymandering he was triumphantly reelected in 1831.

The dime novelist and catch penny writers have so exaggerated the doings and sayings of Colonel Crockett that great numbers of people have come to regard him more as a mythical than a real character. But their statements have been entirely misleading, and it is only necessary to read his public utterances in order to be convinced that he was a man of marked ability.

During Colonel Crockett's term in the House a bill was brought forward appropriating several thousand dollars for the benefit of a widow of a certain naval officer. There seemed to be a unanimous opinion in favor of the measure, and the Speaker was about to put the question when Crockett arose. Every one expected to hear one of his characteristic speeches in support of the bill. He commenced:

"Mr. Speaker—I have as much respect for the memory of the deceased, and as much sympathy for the sufferings of the living, as any man in this House, but we must not permit our respect for the dead, nor our sympathy for a part of the living, to lead us to an act of injustice to the balance of the living. Mr. Speaker, the deceased lived long after the close of the war; he was in office to the day of his death, and I have never heard that this Government was in arrears to him. This Government can owe no debts but for services rendered, and at a stipulated price. If it is a debt, how much is it? If it is a debt, we owe more than we can ever hope to pay for. We owe the widow of every soldier who fought in the war of 1812 precisely the same amount. There is a woman in my neighborhood, the widow of as gallant a soldier as ever shouldered a musket. He fell in battle. She is as good in every respect as this lady, and just as poor. She is earning her daily bread by her daily labor, and if I were to introduce a bill to appropriate $5,000 or $10,000 for her benefit I should be laughed at, and my bill would not get five votes in this House. There are thousands of widows in this country just such as the one I have spoken of, but we never hear of these large debts that we owe them.

"We can not, without the grossest corruption, appropriate this money as the payment of a debt. We have not the semblance of authority to appropriate it as a charity. Mr. Speaker, I have said that we have the right to give as much money of our own as we please. I am the poorest man on this floor. I can not vote on this bill, but I will give one week's pay to the object, and if every member will do the same it will amount to more than the bill asks."

The bill was lost by a large majority. After finishing his third term in Congress Crockett sought a new life and career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and it was at the sublime defense of the Alamo that he met his death.

The story of that dreadful siege is too familiar to need any repetition. Not a defender lived to tell the tale of that terrible battle.

Neither ancient nor modern history affords a grander exhibition than was shown on that crimson day, when the blood of the Spartan band became the seed from which sprung Texan independence.