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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 28. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,016.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	7 45	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	7 50	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 32	11 32
6 40	12 12	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 22	11 22
6 52	12 24	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 09	11 09
6 55	12 27	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 07	11 07
7 00	12 34	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 02	11 02
7 08	12 42	7 18	Frostburg	10 12	4 54	10 54
7 25	12 59	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 36	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 30	10 28
7 37	1 11	7 47	Barrelville	9 38	4 22	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 20	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 15	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Savage Jct	9 28	4 13	10 10
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 00	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.						Leave.

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

Feb 28

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
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
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.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Centre 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 8:2 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Bedford, Pittsburgh Philadelphia and New York.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:50 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:00 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a 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, General Manager.

Aug 9

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

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.

DOROTHY.

Dorothy is debonair;
Little count hath she or care;
All her gold is in her hair.

And the freshness of the spring
Round this old world seems to cling
When you hear her laugh or sing.

On her sunny way she goes;
Much she wonders—little knows
Love's as yet a folded rose.

All her smiles in dimples die;
Glad is she, nor knows she why
Just to live in ecstasy!

Lightly lie the chains, methinks,
That have daisies for their links:
Youth's the fount where Pleasure drinks.

* * * * * * *

Dorothy is debonair;
Little count hath she or care,
Sunshine in her heart and hair.

—[Chamber's Journal.

THE TREMOLO STOP.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

The old man's smile was the sunniest in Naples.

It began with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and ran down his cheeks in ripples, softening the wrinkles, and irradiating his swart face as apple blossoms light up an orchard.

This sunny smile was an outward expression of a cheery philosophy born of varied fortunes.

In his youth the old man had sung in the chorus of an opera company, and he looked back through the 40 intervening years with pleasure to the night when he had been permitted to sing solo. But disease had injured the delicate music box in his throat, and his hopes of becoming a famous tenor were crushed. Then he enlisted and fought with Garibaldi and left a leg on the battlefield.

On his 60th birthday he stood in the shade of an ilex tree in the city of Naples, the possessor of a long gray beard, a wooden leg, and a barrel organ.

The organ was a beautiful instrument, rich in tone, and ornamented with gilding. When the old man pulled aside the red silken curtain which hung on a brass rod in front of the organ, he displayed to the eyes of the children a number of little wooden figures, which danced and curtsied with the grace of courtiers. When he turned the handle of the organ out came the miserere song from 'La Trovatore,' followed by the jocund hilarity of 'Rory O'More,' the plaintive sweetness of 'Annie Laurie,' the inspiring strains of the 'Watch on the Rhine,' the warlike measures of 'Rule Britannia,' and, last, that most cosmopolitan of airs, 'Home, Sweet Home.' But the wonderful thing about the organ was the tremolo stop, which was a mechanical contrivance of the old man's invention. It was used only in connection with the song of home, and when he touched this stop it imparted a tremulous, wavering movement to the music. The old man found the tremolo stop to be very profitable, because it made travelers feel homesick, and so the home song brought him more pennies than all the other tunes in his organ. But as the summer wore away and the travelers became few in Naples, the sunlight in his smile faded and left an anxious look on the old man's face. For he had been carefully saving his pennies toward opening a cafe.

He reasoned that it would be easy to dish out macaroni when he could no longer carry around a heavy organ. One day two friends of his youth, who had just returned from America with what in his estimation were snug fortunes, met him. These friends were bootblacks. They were attracted by the tremolo stop, and knowing that Americans were always in search of a novelty, they advised the old man to go to America and assured him that he could return within a year with money enough to open a cafe.

The old man listened eagerly to the advice of his friends, but he hesitated about leaving his native land; besides, he was growing old, and all he desired was rest and comfort. But there was no prospect of realizing his hopes in Italy, and so, after counting his money carefully, and finding that he had a little more than enough to pay for his passage, he resolved to go to America.

Landed at Castle Garden, he was disappointed that his service with Garibaldi did not bring him a patriot's welcome among his countrymen. His success with his organ, however, was even greater than he had been led to expect. The native dignity of the old man, his infecting smile—into which as his fortunes rose and rose the sunlight had returned—and the tremolo stop, attracted attention, and the pennies came to him as easily as oats run out of a bin. The aptness with which the puppet who held out the little brass plate discriminated between pennies and pieces of coal was marvelous to the children, and their trials of its working was profitable to the old man. He frequented Mulberry street because there were so many children there. Once a tall, handsome man put a big silver dollar on the plate of the mannikin, who was so surprised at the magnitude of the gift that he could neither reject nor dump it into the box. The old man hoarded his money with jealous care, looking forward to the return to his sunny land.

But the autumn passed away, and the weather grew cold. The children were kept indoors now; although he could see their noses flattened against the window panes, he missed their pennies. To buy coal and wood he had to spend the money he had laid away. Besides, the gilding upon the organ had become tarnished, the red silken curtain was faded and torn, the funny little figures refused to dance and curtsey with their old time ease, and the tremolo stop failed to impart melancholy sweetness to the home song. On bitter days the cold wind stole through his thin clothing and his teeth chattered. Rough policemen hustled him from the sidewalk, the boys threw snow balls at him, he lost his pennies in the snow, and the bleak winter wind froze his cheery smile into a look of despair. When he climbed the six flights of stairs leading to his room at the top of a big tenement the cisterns of his heart began to leak as he saw the vision of his cherished cafe fading away. One morning he could not get out of bed. Hunger, and fever, and disappointment had made him delirious. The kindly rays of the sun came in the window and did what they could to cheer him, but the grim fellow was buffeting him, and fever was drinking his blood. He raved in the night about his youth and the solo he had sung at the opera. He saw in his delirium the flaring camp fires of his early days, and raised his feeble hands to catch the gleaming dark lanterns of the fireflies which seemed dancing over his bed. On the evening of the third day the grim fellow relaxed his clutch about the old man's throat; he breathed easier and awoke out of his delirium.

Reaching his hand out from under the bedclothes, with trembling fingers he seized the handle of the organ. As he turned it there faltered out, broken and disjointed:

Ah! I have sighed to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave—

Then the rollicking revelry of 'Rory O'More' seemed to people the room with Irish lovers. His desire to reach the song of home quickened his waning strength as he conjured up the footfals of 'Annie Laurie.' Again he heard the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums as he feebly ground out the 'Watch on the Rhine' and 'Rule Britannia.' When he reached the home song his strength was almost gone. The plaintive tremor which had been lent to the tune in olden days by the tremolo stop was now imparted by his shaking hand. Slowly and feebly the song came out, but a shadow of its former self—like the emaciated player—flattered in failing cadences "through pleasures and palaces," and stopped.

The old man had gone to the sunny land.

The next morning the coroner came. Loosening the death clasp, he turned the handle of the organ, and the end, of the song came out into the room—

—no place like home."

THE RAVENS OF ALASKA.

They Are to the North What the Turkey Buzzards Are to the South.

The raven is a bird deserving of respectful attention. He is a bird of very ancient lineage, dating back to the Deluge, if not to Eden, and appearing in the history of England as the prominent figure on the banner of the hardy Viking devastators. In Europe and among the Mohammedans there is a widespread dislike to ravens; in fact, they are regarded as birds of ill omen and carrion feeders. But quite the reverse is thought of the bird in southeastern Alaska, where the natives regard it as a very unfortunate event should one be killed.

One of the officers of the United States revenue cutter service, who has paid several visits to the southeastern and other portions of the Territory of Alaska, mentioned to a *Chronicle* reporter the following facts about the raven of our Artic province:

"My first experience with ravens in Alaska was at Oonalaska. There the birds fly around the beach and village in large numbers. On the hilltops surrounding the harbor they breed unmolested, and were it not for their scavenger work the fish offal that lays around the shore and houses would soon engender disease. The Alaska raven is a fine looking bird, as large as a turkey, and upon closer acquaintance a real handsome fellow. His coat is indeed black, but of a black glossier and more rich than silk and softer than velvet, while in a semi shade the feathers are tinged with that peculiar color so often seen on well preserved blue black bronze.

"It is very funny to see these birds holding, as it were, a conclave. Ten or a dozen alight on the ground and walk to the meeting place with a stately, erect step, their every movement cool and assured. Then an old bird steps gravely into the middle, and the meeting begins with a series of guttural and harsh croaks, which gradually swell in volume until the entire lot of birds have joined in the debate. Along comes a dog, and for him they scatter, resuming their positions, when he passes, until the meeting again terminates and they fly off to the beach and hills. These birds are very seldom killed unless it be by some sailor in pure wantonness. If you examine the bills of these ravens the peculiar construction is remarkable. They are a combination of a chisel, scissors, dagger, and gimlet. The bill forms an important factor in the raven's existence, for he has to dig on the beach for clams, bore the hard shell by repeated chipping, and again in pure mischief he will tear and break anything that his bright and unerring eye lights upon.

"Just as soon as the bright sunlight appears the ravens leave their roosting place on the hilltops for the beach line, and over the village and shores of the bay they fly and wander until sundown invites them to rest. The raven is a fine flyer. On the wind his movements are well under command. Withstanding decided beats he winnows the air fast or slow, never seeming in a hurry. But if occasion requires the raven can travel at express speed, and when it sees another bird feasting on some delicate morsel of offal down he comes from midair with his discordant caw, ready to share or steal the prize.

"The same characteristics are visible all along the southern coast of Alaska to Sitka. The natives from Yakutat Bay through the network of islands as far as British Columbia have an ancient legend that the raven was the bird that brought light from darkness when the world was created. On this account they venerate it, and the totem or raven is regarded as denoting the most illustrious descended family.

"The raven does not appear to migrate. All the residents all over that portion of Alaska where the birds are found state that they remain throughout the winter."—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Athletics and Diet.

Given a man whose life is devoted to a professional pursuit, and who draws chiefly on his mental energies, how shall he get the most and best out of himself, and reach his maximum limit of longevity? There are two seemingly opposite methods now on trial. The one is hearty food with plenty of athletics, the other is moderate diet, avoidance of excitement, and good air. The athletic type of health seeker eats hearty food and brings his digestive and alimentary organs into the fullest activity. In order to absorb it and dispose of the surplus of waste matter in the system he takes active physical exercise every day. In short, he keeps the physical mill hard at work constantly. The seeker of health through abstinence eats moderately, his purpose being to tax his alimentary organs no more than is necessary. If he can keep his organs healthy he does not need so much exercise, since there is less matter in the system to be assimilated and disposed of. He keeps himself as calm as possible and avoids friction, but insists upon fresh air and takes moderate out of door exercise. Which of these two health seekers is pursuing the best course, which will do in the aggregate most work, and which will wear out soonest? Immense attention is devoted to athletics, but far less is said of abstinence and the avoidance of useless friction. The wonderful feats of fasting during the past few years have created intense interest in the medical world, and certainly point to the possibility that the great mass of brain workers overburden their systems by eating too heavily of strong foods that properly belong to men engaged exclusively in bodily labor. Athletics are the natural supplement and corrective of such diet. But is it necessary? Possibly, as in other things, the middle line in these matters is the proper one. But, at all events, the two methods of getting the most out of ourselves are very interesting subjects of contemplation and study.

Hot Milk and Vichy.

"There are a great many men who are overworked and underfed," said an uptown physician; "they think they are too busy to eat lunch at midday, and resort to stimulants as a substitute for food. It only takes a minute to step into a barroom and take a drink. This makes them feel better for a time, but the effect soon passes away and another is taken to get rid of the empty feeling. The habit grows until it takes eight, ten, or more drinks a day to keep them going. Alcoholic stimulants are the worst thing in the world for an empty stomach, finally causing catarrh of the stomach, interfering with the secretions of the liver, destroying the ability to assimilate. When a man comes to me in this condition, the first thing I do is to cut off his whisky, or whatever form of stimulant he is addicted to, and substitute food for it. I can't substitute solid food, because his stomach won't retain it. I must get him to take something that it will. This is where hot milk and vichy comes in. Cold milk is too harsh. It shocks his weakened stomach. Hence I give it to him hot. Vichy lightens and livens it; makes it more easily digested. I tell him to take a glass, two-thirds milk, one-third vichy, twice a day; to order it over a bar, anywhere he can get it, and to let whisky and all stimulants severely alone. If he obeys the orders I will cure him and save his life.

"A good many men among my own patients, fast growing permaturely old, and bringing upon themselves a multitude of ills by the steady and excessive use of alcoholic stimulants instead of the nutritious food which they should take, have been reclaimed by the use of hot milk and vichy. If you find you are losing your appetite for food and correspondingly gaining that for alcoholic stimulants, try it. It will do you good."—[New York Sun.

Athletics and Sensualism.

"I have given up all interest," said an intelligent woman recently, "in the movement for the so called physical culture of women. It is not that I do not believe most heartily in the full and symmetrical development of the body powers, but the whole cult is being perverted to sensualism. The beauty teachers are devoting themselves, not to wholesome training for health, but to making 'visions of loveliness,' with direct regard to their effect on the other sex, and after as frank methods as could ever have been employed in fitting Circassians for the harem. A woman's first interest in physical culture is to fill out her neck so that she may look better in a decolette gown. It's all in a line with the manicure business which is making very ornamental but worse than useless hands! It all goes with our heaps of cushions and shaded lights and refinement of perfumes. It's the development of curves and the study of poses and the absolute deification of dainty sensualism. It would be a good plan to let in on the business a little wholesome sunshine and fresh air."

American Bulls for the Arenas of Spain.

A curious special from West Middlesex, Pa., in the New York *Times* is as follows: "James Gault, a stock dealer, received an order some time ago for a carload of savage bulls for the New York market. He was somewhat surprised to learn since that they were intended for shipment to Spain to be used in bull fights.

ETCHINGS:

AN ENTHUSIAST.

A distinguished pulmonary specialist of London was lately consulted by a skeleton in appearance. After an examination the doctor said: "I can do nothing for you; in a month you will be dead."

With the calmness of despair, the young man, aided by a servant, prepared to depart. As he was about to cross the threshold Dr. B. asked: "Are you rich?"

"A millionaire," replied the wretched man.

"Then order your coachman to drive you to the Victoria station, start for Dover by the 11 o'clock train, take passage on a steamer for Marseilles, and thence by rail for Nice. For six months—should God spare your life—eat neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat, neither drink wine, but eat cress and only cress. The cure is doubtful, but I offer it to a dying man."

* * * * * * *

Six months later a robust young man crossed the anteroom—where a number of patients were waiting—and entered the office of Dr. B. At sight of the famous physician he rushed up and embraced him.

"Are you crazy?" asked the doctor.

"No, no, I am sane, but I realize that you have saved my life. Don't you know me? I am P., the millionaire, whom you saved from an inevitable death by your wonderful treatment. My improvement was miraculous. I am now in excellent health." And, to verify his remarks, he beat his chest with his fist.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished physician, "you are the man upon whom I experimented with cress?"

"Yes, I am he," responded the young man.

The doctor signed to his assistant to retire, and then quickly drawing a small revolver he levelled it, and in an instant his patient fell dead at his feet.

Without a moment's delay he commenced to make a postmortem examination. When the police arrived he was carefully examining the lungs of his victim with a microscope and studying the effects of the cress upon the diseased parts. To the officers of the law he said: "I killed this man for an immediate autopsy, to discover a mystery which may be a boon to all mankind.—[Petit Journal.

A PHANTOM ENGINEER.

"Ye all know I took to firin' with Dave Griffin, an' all I know about er engine I learnt from him.

"You've all heard o' 'ole Six?' I run her when I was gettin' on in years. I knowed every rail and crosstie in the road, to say nothin' of bridges an' trestles an' culverts, an' could shet my eyes an' tell where I wus by the way 'ole Six' carried herself. Well, one night—it's the darkest night I ever saw; the moon an' stars seemed as if they'd gone out for good, an' the black, thick clouds set so close to the earth that yer could feel 'em as yer ploughed through 'em. By an' by it began to rain. The water came down like the bottom had fell out, an' in less 'n five minutes I could hear it roarin' in the ditches alongside the track.

"On we went, up hill an' down hill, 40 miles an hour an' no stops. We climbed the summit an' flashed on down the long grade toward the big trestle.

"My fireman had opened the furnace door an' stepped back in the tender for coal, when suddenly a big, white headed man got between me and the red light of the furnace fire an' leaned over toward the front o' the cab. One long arm reached out, an' taking hold o' the throttle shut off the steam. The other pulled three long blasts of the whistle, an' then caught the lever in both hands an' reversed her clean back to the lowest notch. The same long arm again reached the throttle an' pulled her wide open.

"'Ole Six's' drivers began to spin around backward an' the train began to slack up. Jumpin' up I made a lunge at the ole man, but instead of hittin' him I fell flat across the cab. I got up an' saw him still standin' there lookin' out ahead. I throwed my arms around him, but they passed right through his body an' fell at my side. He turned an' looked at me, an' I saw it was Dave—Dave Griffin, come back from the grave.

"When my senses came back the train was standin' still an' Dave was gone. I knowed there was somethin' wrong ahead, so I got out an' walked down the road. A hundred feet away I came to er great gap in the track—the big trestle was gone!"—[Philadelphia Item.

A Dog's Memory.

The following story was told by the owner of an Irish water spaniel, the only dog who would perform tricks and was good to shoot over at the same time. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in 1885, which set in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen milldam where the water was, of course, very deep, and accidentally let fall his snuff box through a small hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get it, but was obliged to go home with his owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two mouths afterward, when the frost had gone, the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the place where the snuff box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a few minutes, bounced around considerably as if whetting his courage for a great feat of prowess, then plunged in, dived to the bottom, and returned with the snuff box in his mouth.

BRILLIANT DAN DOUGHERTY.

A Pen Sketch of New York's Great Lawyer and Orator.

Have you ever seen Mr. Dougherty? Well, if you haven't it's a fact to be bewailed, and we New York sinners can then justly plume ourselves over the knowledge of a priceless possession. If you have not seen him, here is a faltering and unworthy portrait of the noblest of Romans. He is tall, a little over six feet, splendidly broad about the shoulders and straight as to leg, with a finely modeled head and a voice like a golden flute. Truly it was bitter for unassuming Philadelphia that when her worthiest son had reaped every reward she had to offer he should leave her for New York. Dougherty is surely a brilliant man; as a lawyer he stands preeminent and as a courtier he is unrivaled.

He left Philadelphia, for he found in our city not only a wider field for the exercise of his legal talents, but it must also be admitted, a more extended and appreciative circle of admirers. Though a man well on the wrong side of 50, with the crispest, snowiest side whiskers and hair, that give him the distinguished appearance of an elderly peer in the upper house, the fires of eloquence are not even diminished, nor has his voice lost one jot of its unrivaled sweetness of timbre. He is listened to with even more interest at political dinners and at the Press Club than Chauncey Depew himself, for the latter, though glib tongued and witty, does not know all the graces and smoothness of gesture and speech possessed in such a marked degree by Mr. Dougherty.

It is not on the rostrum and before masculine audiences that the genial Daniel finds his sole recreation. He loves to disport himself in drawing rooms, where his wit and the minor graces of manner show to perfection. Feminine admiration has not yet ceased to tickle his fancy. They, the literary women, find him wonderfully to their taste. They write him into their books, read him their manuscripts, and finally in honeyed tones he reads aloud their effusions at the Thursday Evening Club, and they are supremely happy. Mr. Dougherty looks exceedingly flattered, and, I doubt not, is often exceedingly amused.—[New York Letter in Chicago News.

A World Fair.

When will the earth have all the people upon it that it can accommodate? That is a question which some sober economists and sociologists have lately thought fit to take into serious consideration, bringing to bear upon it the light of statistical research.

Before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at its recent meeting, Mr. Ravenstein, a well known statistician, estimated that, whereas the total population of the earth is now a little less than 1,500,000,000, there is room on the earth for very nearly 6,000,000,000 of inhabitants.

That is to say, when the space on the earth available for the support of human beings is fully occupied, it will be found capable of maintaining 4,500,000,000 more of people than it now contains, or four times as many people as there are now in the world.

This seems, at first glance, to be very encouraging to the human race. But Mr. Ravenstein says it is not, because the race in increasing, in these days of civilization, security, and easy exchange among the nations, so very much faster than it ever increased before, that this margin will be exhausted and the world be full in a little over 180 years.

By the year 2072, according to Mr. Ravenstein's calculations, the earth will have the 6,000,000,000 of inhabitants who are all that there is room for, and must, as it were, hang out the sign, "Standing room only." Living room there will be none.

It is interesting to know that there were other men of science present at the meeting of the British Association, when these figures were given out, who did not at all agree with Mr. Ravenstein's conclusions. They insisted that it is impossible to calculate, at the present time, what the ratio of increase of the world's population will be a generation or two hence, or what are the earth's real capabilities for sustaining life. Not only may the ratio of increase be sensibly altered, but the nourishing capacity of the earth may be added to many fold.

The Peasant and His Son.

One day a peasant carried a basket of potatoes to the field and dug holes in the soil and planted them. His young son watched operations for a time and then inquired:

"Pop, why do you put those 'taters in the ground?"

"By so doing each one will bring me back ten," replied the father.

The boy went away, and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and asked:

"Sonny what are you seeking for?"

"Why, Pop, I have planted the clock, the bootjack, two umbrellas, the teapot, your Sunday hat, ma's shoes, and a table cloth, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young Idiot, come out and be paralyzed!" shouted the father; and he tanned that boy up and down, and crosswise and sidewise, until the supply of peach tree limbs gave out.

"Pop planted 'taters to get back ten," mused the boy as he sat down under the low shed to think, "but I planted clocks and hats and shoes to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil.

MORAL:

And the next fall, when the father cut down his corn stalks to save them, and the son cut down the current bushes for the same object, he got licked again.

Lately an electrical apparatus has been introduced for stopping elevators, engines, and other machines and motors instantaneously.

AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

It stands beside the winding way
Where countless flowers smile
Time-toned into a silver gray,
An ancient shingled pile.

Beside the gate a lilac fair
Is bright with May-rain pearls,
And from the chimney in the air
A smoke skein softly curls.

A willow ripples like the sea
In musical unrest,
And cradles in its drapery
An ashen hornet's nest.

Bright tulips at the doorway set
Their airy fragrance spill.
A jar of creamy mignonette
Is on the window sill.

There is a straggling hedge of box
Beneath the drowsy trees,
The air is rich with rose and phlox
And murmurous with bees.

The happy insects drone and hum
'Mid daisies white as curds,
And in the swaying pear and plum
Ripple the songs of birds.

The garden pathway wanders through
The quiet shades until
Beneath an elm it falls into
A cressy crystal rill.

The dusty road begins to wind,
And all the balmy scene
Melts softly from my view behind
A cedar's billowy green.

—[Youth's Companion.

The Noble Turkey.

The chroniclers and ballad makers record many anecdotes of the geniality and readiness of adaptation to circumstances which made Henri Quatre so popular among his subjects. Not long before the great battle of Ivry he was lodging in a country house in the character of an inferior officer. The lady of the house was without provisions, but informed her guest that a neighbor of hers rejoiced in the possession of a noble turkey, which he would probably sacrifice as a roast if asked to assist in demolishing it.

"Is he a good comrade?" asked the officer.

"Yes, indeed," said the lady, "he is a capital fellow."

So the turkey was obtained, and its owner invited; and the lady and her two companions devoured the plump and savory bird from the head to the tail. Fast and furious was the fun, the genial king's jokes being capped by those of his bourgeois companion, and digestion was assisted by peals of merry laughter. At last the subject intimated that he had recognized his sovereign from the first — and assuredly the marked features of Henri Quatre, when once seen, were not readily forgotten—and expressed a hope that the king would not object to ennoble the humble individual who had the good fortune to share his dinner with his sovereign. Henri laughed with characteristic good humor.

"And what arms will your lordship be pleased to assume?"

"I will emblazon the turkey, to which I owe so much."

"By Saint Gris!" cried Henri; "gentleman you shall be, as you wish, and carry your bird on your shield!"

And thus, in a good dinner off a turkey originated the noble house of the Comtes Morel d'Inde.

A Child's Sense of Justice.

Nothing seems to burn into the memory and heart of a child, says *Harper's Bazar*, as an undeserved punishment, however trifling the matter may seem to the adult inflicter. In some children of the sunny, hopeful type the wave of indignation and helpless, unspoken protest against unjust correction passes away and leaves apparently no trace. To other children, with more sensitive natures or more rebellious dispositions, unjust words of reproof kindle fires of rage, which smoulder with sullen persistence under the ashes of seeming forgetfulness, ready to burst out violently and unexpectedly. If this seems an overdrawn picture one has only to think backward to one's own childish days and to recall the time when careless treatment by an elder first taught us to be bitter, unforgiving, resentful.

A child's sense of justice is as keen as his heart is tender, and this is one of the qualities most necessary to a noble character, a quality that must be blended with truth and honor and self sacrifice to give the right balance to dispositions which would otherwise work harm. A child's justice is always tempered with mercy to those he loves, and when in the home he is justly and tenderly dealt with he learns little by little that high sense of justice toward all with whom he comes in contact. When his own small rights are carelessly and continually thrust aside he, too, learns to play the brigand, to invent devices to achieve the might which he has learned makes right.

In the Hands of His Friends.

Mrs. Rambo (from an upper window)—Absalom, is that you?

Mr. Rambo (climbing the front steps with the assistance of two or three well wishers)—Yesh, Nanshy, it'sh me.

"You said you were only going to attend a business meeting down town."

"Th-that'sh right, Nanshy. Plitical b-business. I was right there."

"Oh, Absalom, why can't you let politics alone? You are not a candidate for anything."

"I don't know, Nanshy; I don't know. I'm—shteady, now—in the hands of m' friends, Nanshy."—[Chicago Times.

Pretty Poem—Millions in It.

A million little diamonds sparkled on the trees,
And all the pretty maidens cried, "A jewel, if you please."
But when they held their hands outstretched to catch the gems so gay,
A million little sunbeams came and stole them all away.

—[Lowell Citizen.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace remains,
These are the main springs after all.