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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 32. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,020.

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	11 45	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	12 00	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	Mora Rowen	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	Barrellville	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	Kreighaum's	9 30	4 15	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Savage jun	9 28	4 13	10 13
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
" 64—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 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 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 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.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS.

Do you mind the Widow Martin's quiltin'?
Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing;
Always laughin' and flirtin' and jiltin',
An' wearin' this 'n an' t'other's ring.
She's dead this twenty year, poor creeter,
She had soft blue eyes an' a head of curls.
Seems like the maids an' the flowers were sweeter
When we were girls.

How it snowed that day, though 't was just November!
Was the quilt "Log Cabin" or "Irish Chain?"
I have forgot. But I well remember
The widow's nephew from down in Maine,
When we shook the cat, he set her yellin'
An' bounced her out in about three whirls.
They had many ways o' fortune-tellin'
When we were girls.

Don't you remember the spellin' battle—
'Twas summer then, and the weather fine—
When Polly Jenks spelt "c-a-t-l, cattle,"
An' Temp'rance Trimble 'v-i-g-n, vine?"
But what did it matter, word or letter?
They had cheeks like roses, teeth like pearls.
Men were the same—no worse, no better—
When we were girls.

'Twas the master himself that Polly married,
Why, Jane, what ails ye? What makes ye sigh?
You could not wed while the grandsire tarried;
So youth an' roses an' love went by.
They tell me Polly is fine an' haughty,
In boughten roses an' boughten pearls,
An' the master, just the same that taught ye
When we were girls.

Oh, the winter time, full o' rides an' dances!
The summer days when we sang an' spun!
The meetin'-house, and the stolen glances
Across the aisle when the prayer was done!
Fifty year since we two were twenty;
But it all comes back as the smoke upcurls—
The joy an' hope an' love an' plenty
When we were girls.

—[Harper's Bazar.

FOR LOISY AN' THE BOY.

He came up the mountain road at nightfall, urging his lean mustang forward wearily, and coughing now and then a heavy, hollow cough, that told its own story.

There were only two houses on the mesa, stretching shaggy and somber with greasewood from the base of the mountains to the valley below. Two unpainted red wood dwellings, with their clumps of trailing pepper trees and tattered bananas, mere specks of civilization against a stern background of mountain side. The traveler halted before one of them, bowing awkwardly as the master of the house came out.

"Mr. Brandt, I reckon."

Joel Brandt looked keenly into the stranger's face. Not a bad face certainly: sallow and drawn with suffering, one of those hopelessly pathetic faces, barely saved from the grotesque by a pair of dull, wistful eyes.

Not that Joel Brandt saw anything either grotesque or pathetic about the man.

"Another sickly looking stranger outside, Barbara, wants to try the air up here. Can you keep him? Or may be the Fox's 'll give him a berth."

Mrs. Brandt shook her head in wifely meditation.

"No, Mrs. Fox can't, that's certain. She has an asthma and two bronchitises there now. What's the matter with him, Joel?"

The stranger's harsh, resonant cough answered.

"Keep him? To be sure. You might know I'd keep him, Joel; the night air 's no place for a man with a cough like that. Bring him into the kitchen!"

The new comer spread his bony hands over Mrs. Brandt's cheery fire, and the soft, dull eyes followed her movements wistfully.

"The fire feels kind o' homey, ma'am; California ain't much of a place for fires, it 'pears."

"Been long on the coast, stranger?" Joel squared himself interrogatively.

"'Bout a week. I'm from Indianny. Brice 's my name—Posey Brice the boys 'n the glass mill called me. I was blowed up in a glass mill oncet."

The speaker turned to show an ugly scar on his neck.

"Didn't know where I wuz fur six weeks—thought I hadn't lit. When I come to there wuz Loisy potterin' over me; but I ain't been rugged sence."

"Married?"

The man's answer broke through the patient homeliness of his face at once.

He fumbled in his pocket silently, like one who has no common disclosure to make.

"What d'ye think o' them, stranger?"

Joel took the little, rusty black case in his hands reverently. A woman's face—not grand nor fair even—some bits of tawdry finery—making its plainness plainer—and beside it a round eyed boy plumped into a high chair, with two little feet sticking straight and sturdily out in Joel's face.

Mrs. Brandt looked over her husband's shoulder with kindly curiosity.

"The boy favors you amazingly about the mouth; but he's got his mother's eyes, and they're sharp, knowin' eyes, too. He's a bright one, I'll be bound."

"Yours, I reckon."

"Yes, that's Loisy an' the boy"—fighting the conscious pride in his voice like one who tries to wear his honors meekly.

He took the well worn case again, gazing into the two faces an instant with helpless yearning, and returned it to its place. The way he handled it was a caress, fastening the litte brass hook with scrupulous care.

"I'll be sendin' fur 'em when I git somewhat red o' this pesterin' cough."

A very quiet, unobtrusive guest Mrs. Brant found the man Brice; talking little save in a sudden gush of confidence, and always of his wife and child; choosing a quiet corner of the kitchen in the chill California nights, where he watched his hostess' deft movements with wistful admiration.

"Try huntin', Brice; the doctors say it's healthy."

And Brice tried hunting as Joel advised. Taking the gun from its crotch over the door after breakfast, and wandering for hours in the yellow, wine like air of the mesa, he came in at noon and nightfall always empty handed, yet no one derided his failure. There was something about the man that smothered derision.

"A sort o' thunderin' patience that knocks a fellow," Bert Fox put in.

Mrs. Brandt had always an encouraging word for the weary looking hunter.

"Greasewood 's bad for huntin'. Joel says it don't pay to look for quail in the brush when he does fetch 'em down."

"Like enough. I dunno, ma'am. Reckon I've had a good many shots at the little wild critters, but they allus turn their heads so kind o' innocent like. A man as has been blowed up oncet hisself ain't much at separatin' fam'lies. But I s'pose it ain't the shootin' that's healthy, mebbe."

And so the hunting came to an end without bloodshed. Whether the doctors were right or whether it was the mingled resin and honey of the sage and chaparral, no one cared to ask. Certain it is that the "pesterin' cough" yielded a little, and the bent form grew a trifle more erect.

"I think likely it's the lookin' up, ma'am. Mountains seem to straighten a fellow some way. 'Pears to me somebody writ oncet uv liftin' his eyes to the hills for help. Mebbe not, though. I ain't much at recollectin' verses. Loisy 's a powerful hand that way."

Perhaps the man was right. It was the looking up.

He followed Joel from the table one morning, stopping outside, his face full of patient eagerness.

"I'm gettin' rig t smart o' strength, neighbor. Ef there's odd jobs you could gi' me; I'd be slow, mebbe, but seems like most anything 'ud be better 'n this contin'al settin' round."

Joel scratched his head reflectively. The big, brawny fellow felt no disposition to smile at his weak brother.

"Fox and I was sayin' yesterday we'd like to put another man on the ditch; it'll be easy work for a week, till we strike rock again. Then there's the greasewood. It's always on hand. You might take it slow grubbin' when you was able. I guess we'll find you jobs enough, man."

The scarred, colorless face brightened.

"Thank ye, neighbor. Ef you'll be as kind, there's another little matter. I'll hev a trifle over when I've paid your woman for her trouble. I wuz thinkin' like enough you'd let me a run up a shanty on yer place here. Loisy wouldn't mind about style—just a roof to bring 'em to. It's for her and the boy, you know," watching Joel's face eagerly.

"Yes, yes, Brice, we'll make it all right. Just take things kind o' easy. I'll be goin' in with wood next week, and I'll fetch you out a load o' lumber. We'll make a day of it after 'while, and put up your house."

And so Brice went to work on the ditch, gently at first, spared from the heaviest work by strong arms and rough kindliness.

And so, ere long, another rude dwelling went up on the mesa, the blue smoke from its fireside curling slowly toward the pine pruned mountain tops.

The building fund, scanty enough at best, was unexpectedly swelled by a sudden and obstinate attack of forgetfulness which seized good Mrs. Brandt.

"No, Brice, you haven't made me a spark of trouble, not a spark. I'm sure you've paid your way twice over bringin' in wood, and grindin' coffee, and the like. Many a man 'd a asked wages for the half you've done, so I'm gettin' off easy to call it square." And the good lady stood her ground unflinchingly.

"You've been powerful good to me, ma'am. We'll be watchin' our chance to make it up to you—Loisy an' me. I'll be sendin' for Loisy direckly now."

"Yes, yes, man, and there'll be the bits o' furniture and things to get. Spread your money thin, and Mrs. Fox and me'll come in and put you to rights when you're lookin' for her."

He brought the money to Joel at last, a motley collection of gold and silver pieces.

"Ef ye'll be so kind as to send it to 'er, neighbor—Mrs. Loisy Brice, Plattsville, Indianny—I've writ the letter tellin' her how to come. There's enough fur the ticket and a trifle to spare. The boy's a master hand at scuffin' out shoes an' things. You'll not make any mistake sendin' it, will you?"

"No, no, Brice, it'll go straight as a rocket. Let me see now. The letter'll be a week, then 'lowing 'em a week to get started——"

"Loisy won't be a week startin', neighbor."

"Never you mind, man. Lowin' 'em a week to get off, that's two weeks; then them emigrant trains is slow, say 13 days on the road—that's about another fortnight—four weeks; this is the fifth, ain't it? Twenty-eight and five 's 33; that'll be the third o' next month say. Now mind what I tell you, Brice; don't look for 'em a minute before the third."

"'Pears like a long spell to wait, neighbor."

"I know it, man; but it'll seem a thunderin' sight longer after you begin to look for 'em."

"I reckon you're right. Say four weeks from to-day, then. Like enough you'd be goin' in."

"Yes, we'll hitch up and meet 'em at the train—you and me. The women 'll have things kind o' snug again we get home. Four weeks 'll soon slide along."

Joel went into the house smiling softly.

"I had to be almost savage with the fellow, Barbara. The anxious seat 's no place for a chap like him; it'd wear him to a toothpick in a week."

"But she might get here before that, you know, Joel."

"I'll fix that with the men at the depot. If she comes sooner we'll have her out here in a hurry. Wish to goodness she would."

The southern winter blossomed royally. Bees held high carnival in the nodding spikes of the white sage, and now and then a breath of perfume from the orange groves in the valley came up to mingle with the wild mountain odors. Brice worked every moment with great energy, and the pile of gnarled roots on the clearing grew steadily larger. With all her loveliness, Nature failed to woo him. What was the exquisite languor of those days to him but so many hours of patient waiting. The dull, hungry eyes saw nothing of the lavish beauty around them, looking through it all with restless yearning to where an emigrant train, with its dust, and dirt, and noisome breath crawled over miles of alkali, or hung from dizzy heights.

"To-morrow's the third, neighbor. I reckon she'll be 'long now direckly."

"That's a fact; what a rattler time is." The days had not been long to Joel. "We'll go in to-morrow, and if they don't come you can stay and watch the trains awhile. She won't know you, Brice, you've picked up amazingly."

"I think likely Loisey'll know me if she comes."

But she did not come. Joel returned the following night alone, having left Brice at cheap lodgings near the station. Numberless passers by must have noticed the patient watcher at the incoming trains, the homely pathos of his face deepening day by day. The dull eyes growing a shade duller, and the awkward form a trifle more stooped with each succeeding disappointment. It was two weeks before he reappeared on the mesa, walking wearily like a man under a load.

"I reckon there's something wrong, ma'am. I come out to see ef yer man 'ud write me a letter. I hadn't been long in Plattsville, but I worked a spell for a man named Yarnell; like enough he'd look it up a little. I ain't much at writin', an' I'd want it all writ out careful like, you know." The man's voice had the old, uncomplaining monotony.

Joel wrote the letter at once, making the most minute inquiries regarding Mrs. Brice, and giving every possible direction concerning her residence. Then Brice fell back into the old groove, working feverishly, in spite of Mrs. Brandt's kindly warnings.

"I can't stop, ma'am; the settin' round 'ud kill me."

The answer came at last, a business like epistle, addressed to Joel. Mrs. Brice had left Plattsville about the time designed. Several of her neighbors remembered that a stranger, a well dressed man, had been at the house for nearly a week before her departure, and the two had gone away together, taking the western train. The writer regretted his inability to give further information, and closed with kindly inquiries concerning his former employee's health and earnest commendation of him to Mr. Brandt.

Joel read the letter aloud, something—some sturdy uprightness of his own, no doubt—blinding him to its terrible significance.

"Will you read it agin, neighbor, for I'm not over quick, you know."

The man's voice was a revelation full of an unutterable hurt, like the cry of some dumb wounded thing.

And Joel read it again, choking with indignation now at every word.

"Thank ye, neighbor. I'll trouble you to write a line thankin' him; that's all."

He got up heavily, staggering a little as he crossed the floor, and went out into the yellow sunlight. There was the long, sun kissed slope, the huge pile of twisted roots, the rude shanty with its clambering vines. The humming of bees in the sage went on drowsily. Life, infinitely shrunken, was life still. A more cultured grief might have swooned or cried out. This man knew no such refuge; even the poor relief of indignation was denied him. None of the thousand wild impulses that come to men smitten like him flitted across his clouded brain. He only knew to take up his burden dumbly, and go on. If he had been wiser could he have known more?

No one spoke of the blow that had fallen upon him. The sympathy that met him came in the warmer clasp of hard hands and the softening of rough voices, none the worse certainly for its quietness.

Alone with her husband, however, good Mrs. Brandt's wrath bubbled incessantly.

"It's a crying, burning, blistering shame, Joel, that's what it is! I suppose it's the Lord's doings, but I can't see through it."

"If the Lord's up to that kind o' business, Barbara, I don't see no further use fur the devil," was the dry response. Joel's religion was as free from any theological timidity as a child's, and quite as simple.

These plain honest folk never dreamed of intruding upon their neighbor's grief with poor suggestions of requital. Away in the city across the mountains men babbled of remedies at law. But this man's hurt was beyond the jurisdiction of any court. Day by day the hollow cough grew more frequent, and the awkward step slower. Nobody asked him to quit his work now. Even Mrs. Brandt shrank from the patient misery of his face when idle. He came into her kitchen one evening, choosing the old quiet corner, and following her with his eyes silently.

"Is there anything lackin', Brice?" The woman came and stood beside him, the great wave of pity in her heart welling up to her voice and eyes.

"Nothin', ma'am, thank ye. I've been thinkin'," he went on, speaking more rapidly than was his wont, "an' I dunno. You've knowed uv people gittin' wrong in their minds, I s'pose. They wuz mostly smart, knowin' chaps, wuzn't they?" The low, monotonous voice growing almost sharp with eagerness. "I reckon you never knowed of any one not over bright gittin' out of his head, ma'am."

"I wouldn't think o' them things, Brice. Just go and do your best, and if there's any good or any right or any justice, you'll come out ahead; that's about all we know, but it's enough if we stick to it."

"I reckon you're right, ma'am. 'Pears sometimes though as if anything 'ud be better than thinkin'."

Happily, it all came to an end one afternoon. Brice was at work on the ditch again, preferring the cheerful companionship of Joel and Bert Fox to his own thoughts, and Mrs. Brandt was alone in her kitchen. Two shadows fell across the worn threshold, and a weak, questioning voice brought the good woman to her door instantly.

"Good day to you, ma'am. Is there a man named Brice livin' nigh here?"

It was a woman's voice, a woman with some bits of tawdry ornament about her, and a round eyed boy clinging bashfully to her skirts.

Mrs. Brandt brought them into the house, urging the stranger to rest a bit and get her breath.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'd like to be movin' on. Do you know of he's well—the man Brice? We're his wife an' boy."

The woman told her story presently, when Mrs. Brandt had induced her to wait there until the man came home—told it with no unnecessary words, and her listener made no comment.

"My brother come a week afore we was leavin,' an' he helped us off an' come as far as Omaha. He'd done well out in Nebrasky, an' he give me right smart o' money when he left. I was took sick on the road—I disremember jest where—an' they left me at a town with a woman named Dixon. She took care o' me. I was out of my head a long time, an' when I come to I told 'em to write to Brice, an' they writ, an' I reckon they took the name uv the place frum the ticket. I was weak like fur a long spell, an' they kep a writin' an' no word come, an' then I recollected about the town—it was Los Angeles on the ticket—and then I couldn't think o' the place I'd sent the letters to before, an' the thinkin' worrited me, an' the doctor said I musn't try. So I jest waited, an' when I got to Los Angeles I kep' a askin' for a man named Brandt, till one day somebody said 'Brandt, Brandt, 'pears to me there's a Brandt away over beyond the Mission.' An' then it come to me at oncet that the place I'd writ to was San Gabriel Mission. An' I went there an' they showed me your house. Then a man give us a lift on his team part o' the way, an' we walked the rest. It didn't look very fur, but they say mountains is deceivin', makes everything pear' sort o' small."

Mrs. Brandt told Joel about it that evening.

"I just took the two of 'em up to the shanty, and opened the door, and you'd a cried to see how pleased she was with everything. And I told her to kindle a fire and I'd fetch up a bite o' supper. And when I'd carried it up an left it, I just come back and stood on the step till I saw Brice comin' home. He was walkin' slow, as if his feet was a dead weight, and when he took hold o' the door he stopped a minute, looking over the valley kind o' wishful an' hopeless. I guess she heard him come, for she opened the door, and I turned around and come in.

"'Barbara Brandt,' says I, 'you've seen your see. If God wants to look at that I suppose he has a right to; nobody else has, that's certain.'"—[Margaret Collier Graham, in the Argonaut.

A GOOD ACTIVE ENEMY.

A Relentless Foe the Best Means of Making a Man Brace Up.

"What shall I do?" wrote somebody to me not long ago. "I have a relentless and bitter enemy; what shall I do about it?" Cultivate him, is my answer. There is nothing better for the development of the brawn of your soul than a good, active, open enemy. Do you remember, if you ever lived on a farm, how the hoe acted on the corn hills and the pruning knife on the vines? A sure way to set the green tassels flying and the clusters ripening on the trellis is to call in the active and aggressive action of the cultivator and the pruner. I wouldn't give the snap of a sore finger for a person who never had an enemy. You might as well be dead. It is a sign that you are very actively alive if somebody hates you.

Did you ever see truant schoolboys clubbing scrub oaks for apples? No, sir; it is the fruit trees and the nut bearing trees that get the stones and the skakings every time, and the riper and sweeter the fruit and the more plentiful the nuts the more boys congregate and the more clubs are thrown. Never be afraid, then, of an enemy, providing he fights you according to the tactics of a white man, rather than an Indian. God pity you if your foe is a liar and shoots from an ambush. All the bravery and pluck in the world never availed a man when a savage laid for him behind a bush.—["Ambro," in Chicago Herald.

A Hint to Gentlemen.

If a coat is not drawn up close to the neck it bags or sets loosely in the back, and if drawn up too high in the neck it bags away at the waist. If not buttoned when made to be worn so it naturally presents an untidy appearance, and if in any way it is carelessly or indifferently put on it fails to look like the same coat as if donned with care and brought close to the body at the neck, at the waist, at the syce, etc. Before putting on an overcoat the undercoat should be first buttoned, then the overcoat drawn up closely to the neck, and the undercoat pulled well down. When sitting down the pantaloons should be drawn up to avoid bagging at the knee.—[Clothier and Tailor.

STANFORD ON CALIFORNIA.

The Farmer Senator Tells Some Big Fruit Stories.

"You say that California has had a profitable fruit crop this year?"

"I am almost afraid to quote what I have heard, because I do not like to be called a relater of California locums. When I related to some Eastern strangers in California that one of our graziers had spent $1,800 the previous year in ammunition to kill the wild geese which molested his crops, it suddenly occurred to me that the amount seemed large, and that I might not be believed; but, fortunately, at the table was a gentleman, an immediate neighbor of the person talked of, and I asked him if I was exaggerating; he said 'no;' on the contrary, it would cost him $2,600 for ammunition to shoot the wild geese. From what I hear, the fruit in Santa Claro county has yielded $4,500,000, and that of Fresno county $10,000,000" (or vice versa). "In short, our fruit product for the past year was $30,000,000. I can not tell you how many car loads we sent over our railroad."

"I am going to tell you something which will seem like a California story. We are using machines in California to cut our grain which reaps a swarth 42 feet wide, threshes the wheat as it goes along, puts it in bags, which men stitch up and drop in the field, and the same machine rakes the straw in and burns it for fuel upon that reaper; now, if you could only apply water to a condition of things like that you would have perpetual motion."

"Who got up such a machine as that?"

"The basis of it was, of course, the McCormick patents, but it was matured according to our needs in California, where we are getting along in the mechanical arts very well. Our Mr. Scott and others are building war ships, and very good ones."

"Nevertheless, you have not much commerce under the American flag on the Pacific."

"No, not much. We looked into that question fully when we desired to run steamship lines to Asia and Australia, and we found that for two-thirds of the money required here we could buy ships in Europe."

The Governor again remarked: "Hear another California yarn!"

"In 1880 we had 80,000 persons enumerated in the agricultural class; that would mean 16,000 adult males or laborers, as I suppose. This year we have raised 13,000,000 tons of wheat in California, of which it is computed that we shall export 11,000,000 tons, or enough to feed 11,000,000 of people, besides our own 1,200,000, which is the population of California. Can I, therefore, be wrong in saying that knowledge and industry will make the earth yield enough for every soul? When I went to California we thought we could not raise wheat at all, now 28,000 laborers feed 12,000,000 of mankind."—[Interview by George Alfred Townsend.

LADIES AS JOURNALISTS.

One Whose Copy Was More Interesting Than Her Item.

The writer is tempted to tell a story at the expense of a lovely and gifted lady who began a few years ago a career as a society reporter. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from the printer's point of view. But any little suggestion she wanted to make, she ran it along with the article in the following fashion: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Smyth gave on Monday an elegant blue dinner of 14 covers. [For goodness sake, spell her name Smy—last week it went in Smi, and she was as mad as hops about it]. Mrs. Indigo Blueblood has sent out cards for a ball, at which she will introduce into society her lovely daughter. [This is all right. This Mrs. Blueblood has some sense and doesn't in the least mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs. Blueblood we had the fuss with]. Mrs. Uptown gives a pink tea as soon as Lent is over. [Don't stick her down at the tail end of the column, whatever you do. I want to please her anyhow, because last week she just went in as one of the 'many others']."

If it had not been for the discriminating editorial blue pencil that fashion and society column would have been very delicious reading on Sunday morning—since a printer follows copy, and a parenthesis on the paragraph's brim a plain parenthesis is to him, and it is nothing more.—[Baltimore American.

Feminine Reasoning.

They are always in the right, aren't they, these women who blind their various wrongnesses into their own sweet, feminine selves?

"Why do you try your eyes," said a "sensible" woman to a fluttering little flurry and feathery creature, "with that spotted veil?"

"But you don't wear any veil at all, do you?"

"N—ot very often."

"And your boots have thick soles and low heels?"

"Yes, but——"

"You don't carry any muff, I suppose?"

"No, I couldn't walk with my arms in any such cramped position; but how do——"

"And in summer you don't use a parasol?"

"Parasols are nuisances; but who told——"

"And you have a pocket where you can get at it, and you don't carry your purse in your hand, and you wouldn't use face power for anything, and you dont wear a yellow garter nor a shoulder cape, and you aren't afraid of a mouse, and you can indorse a check, and——"

"But you never saw me until yesterday——"

"And when you were a little girl you never played with dolls!"

GOOD ENOUGH.

Dear boys, I want to give you
A motto safe and good,
'Twill make your lives successful,
If you heed it as you should.
Obey it in the spirit,
Obey it in the letter—
Don't say a thing is "good enough"
Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,
Or at your daily work,
Don't be a half way dabbler—
Don't slip, and slide, and shirk,
And think it doesn't matter
That such talk is "trash" and "stuff"—
For until your task is perfect,
It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school room,
Make every lesson tell;
No matter what you mean to be,
Build your foundation well.
Every knotty point and problem,
That you bravely master now
Will increase your skill to labor
With the pen or with the plow.

If you sweep a store or stable,
Be sure you go behind
Every box and bale and counter;
It will pay, you'll always find.
To be careful, patient, thorough,
Though the work be hard and rough;
And when you've done your very best,
'Twill then be "good enough."

So you'd better take my motto,
If you ever mean to work
To any station higher
Than a stable boy or clerk.
It will make you independent,
It will make you no man's debtor;
Then never say "it's good enough"
Till it can be no better.

—[M. E. Sandford, in Golden Days.

Sidney Cooper's Pencils.

Some of the earliest sketches of the veteran artist, Sidney Cooper, R. A., were made with pencils, given to him by a stranger (whom in later years he met as a fellow member of the Royal Academy), and sharpened by no less a person than the head of the English Church. The young artist was more interested, at the time, in the important fact that he had fine new sketching materials, than in the identity of his two friends. Years later, however, by a pleasing coincidence he and the giver of the pencils discovered each other.

Cooper passed his boyhood in Canterbury. He very early showed a taste for art, and nothing delighted him more than to sketch the cathedral. One afternoon he was drawing the central tower on a slate, when a gentleman who was sketching the cathedral noticed his work, and gave him a bundle of pencils and some drawing paper.

"Years later," writes Mr. Cooper in "My Life," "in 1836, at a social meeting in London, I met Stanfield, Roberts, Cattermole, one of the Landseers, Frank Stone, Patrick Nugent, and some others, and a proposition was made that each of us should tell some anecdote of his early life. I related the incident of the slate. As I finished, Cattermole jumped up and cried out:

"Why, Sidney, are you the slate? Then know that I am the pencils! I really am the very man who gave you the pencils in the courtyard of Canterbury Cathedral; and are you verily the man who was the boy then?"

"But though he now had pencils, he had no knife, and had to ask a stranger to sharpen them for him.

"One day a very serious looking man sauntered by, with his hands clasped behind his back. I said to myself, 'That is a priest.' In those days the boys called all the parsons priests, and I could see that he was a clergyman of some sort.

"When he had got a few yards away I gained courage and ran after him, calling out, 'Sir, sir!'

"He turned round and said, 'What, my boy?'

"'Please, sir, have you a knife?'

"'Yes, my little man,' said he, 'what do you want?'

"I told him, and he cut all my pencils—12—and then, coming up to the coping where I was established, he looked at my drawing. 'Very good, my boy,' he said, and passed on.

"Immediately a door opened near me, and out came a little man with powdered hair, and attired in nankeen breeches and a blue velvet coat with metal buttons, and poking his little nose through the railing, asked me what that gentleman had said to me.

"'Nothing,' I answered.

"'Then what did you say to him?'

"'I asked him to cut my pencils.'

"'And did he?'

"'Yes, he cut them all?'

"'Do you know who that was?'

"'No.'

"'That was the Archbishop of Canterbury.'"

Profits of Slot Machines.

It is in this absence of salaries which makes the slot machines valuable. The average cost of a good machine is said to be less than $25. If such a machine is put in a barroom with the agreement that the proprietor of the barroom is to receive half the money that comes in, experience proves that such a machine will be used upon an average 150 times a week. I am speaking only of the one cent machines. This gives 75 cents to the barroom and 75 cents to the owner of the machine. Weighing machines are more profitable than others because they get out of order less easily. If a man can put out 250 such machines it is evident that the average receipts will be $187, after paying the percentages due to the proprietors of barrooms and other places. The capital involved will be about $6,000 and one skilled mechanic would be required to keep the machines in order. Thus it may be seen that the business is far from a bad one.—[Chicago Journal.

Mme. Belle Cole, the American contralto, has the finest turnout in London. An experienced and daring horsewoman, she is to be seen every afternoon whirling in her stylish phaeton through Hyde Park, the admiration of lords and ladies, who gape in dumb astonishment at the prowess with which the famous singer puts her splended bay through his paces.