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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 41. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,029.

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	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	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	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 15	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge 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 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

May 30

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 10, 1891.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:40 a m
7:19 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:38 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:20 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:40 a m
12:30 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	..No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:35 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
1:00 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:05 a m
1:15 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:05 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
1:55 p m	.....No. 11 Mail.....	
3:45 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:50 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		1:25 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday		7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves		2:15 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "	1:30 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday	7:15 p m

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

May 16

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

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

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

Steamship Schedules.

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

THE most direct and cheapest route for STEERAGE PASSENGERS from the South and West wishing to visit their native country.

The most convenient line for parties wishing to send for relatives and friends left behind in the old country.

Steamship Nova Scotian. Capt. R. HUGHES
" Peruvian... Capt. J. G. STEPHEN
" Siberian..... Capt. R. P. MOORE
" Caspian... Capt. A. McDOUGALL

Baltimore to Liverpool and Queenstown, calling at Halifax each way.

These first-class screw Steamships will run regularly between the above points as follows:

From Baltimore and Liverpool
EVERY OTHER TUESDAY.

Steerage Passage

To or from Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast Londonderry, Bristol, Cardiff, or Glasgow Scandinavian and Continental points, at lowest rates.

Very Best Accommodations for Steerage and Intermediate Passengers.

An experienced Surgeon is attached to each vessel.

Intermediate and Steerage Stewardesses carried by each Steamer for the purpose of attending to the wants of females and children.

For further particulars or Passage Tickets apply to A. SCHUMACHER & CO., No. 5 South Gay street, Baltimore, Or in Frostburg to W. C. WRIGHT, at the office of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad company, Frostburg, Md.

Nov 1

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

NEW DENTIST IN TOWN.

Dr. J. C. PFEIFFER,

A RECENT GRADUATE of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, has opened his Dental Parlors on Broadway, in the office lately vacated by Dr. C. C. Jacobs.

All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

All in need of Dental work will do well to give him a call. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. [April 25

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

—THE—

First National Bank of Frostburg, Md.

THIS BANK, located in the Thomas building, near the Post Office, is now open and prepared to do a general banking business.

CAPITAL.....$50,000

L. M. GORSUCH, President.
DAVISSON ARMSTRONG, Vice-President.
A. E. KRUSE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
T. G. McCULLOH. | BERNARD STERN.
A. J. WILLISON. | D. ARMSTRONG.
L. M. GORSUCH.

Collections made and exchanges sold on all Eastern points. *Deposits solicited.*

Nov 16

OAK HALL Clothing House.

THE above is the name of the Finest, Cheapest, Largest and Best Lighted

Clothing House in the County.

And we take the lead also in

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NECKWEAR department is complete.
HATS—all shades and styles.
TRUNKS—over 100 to select from.
SHIRTS—all grades and styles.

"WE ARE IN IT"

For all the business is worth, and a call will satisfy you that this House leads in PRICES, STYLES AND WORKMANSHIP.

J. BEAR,

PROPRIETOR.

J. Jandorf Building, Frostburg, Md.

June 13

OUR

GENTLEMEN'S Furnishing Department

has become quite a feature of our growing

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

THERE ARE NO NICER DISPLAYS OF

Neckwear, White Shirts, Soft Summer Shirts, Underwear and Collars,

THAN WE MAKE.

IN UNDERWEAR for LADIES and CHILDREN we have every fabric that is made.

D. F. McMullen & Co. Iron Front.

May 23

Some are Wise

—AND—

Some are Otherwise

IF you will be wise and alive to your interests you will make an early call at my store, where you will find the

Largest and Finest Collection —OF—

CLOTHING

ever offered to the clothing-buying community of this region, consisting of

Men, Boys, Youths and Children's SUITS

of all sizes, grades, tailor-made, trimmed in best style and best workmanship in cut and make and the price of each article is marked extremely low. An inspection is all I ask, for none will leave my house without finding what they desire.

In addition to Clothing I pride myself on having the most extensive variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

in town. This stock consists of all kinds of Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Undershirts, Drawers, Neckwear, Suspenders, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, half Hose, Silk and Gloria Umbrellas and Jewelry.

My steadily increasing trade on these goods is the surest evidence that they are giving full satisfaction. There is nothing slow of sale in my annex salesroom, which is stocked with Beautiful Carpets, Mattings, floor Oilcloths, Rugs, Trunks and Satchels.

All of which are selling readily at rock-bottom prices. Everybody invited to call early and secure some of these bargains.

MARX WINELAND,

CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.

Wholesale and Retail.

May 9

ESTRAY.

A COW came to my place, in Blen Avon hollow, Monday, May 18. Owner requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take her away. WM. WHITEHEAD.

May 30

FOR SALE.

THE BRICK RESIDENCE belonging to Mrs. E. B. Taylor, adjoining property of Mr. James Kane, Main street. For terms apply to DR. C. C. JACOBS.

May 16—3m Frostburg, Md.

ASHES.

"Tell me, Age, life's greatest joy,"
Cried an eager, rosy boy.

"Is it Childhood's want of care,
Boyhood's dreams and visions rare,

Youth's first sip of passion's wine,
Manhood's stay at wisdom's shrine,

Or the calm at set of sun
When the heart repeats 'Well done?'"

"Ah," Age answered, "not in these
Life its sweetest pleasure sees.

But in memories of woe
That the heart no more can know."

—[George Horton.

TAGGART'S LITTLE WOMAN.

She stood in the doorway of our cabin looking in upon as rough a set of miners as ever bunked in one lot, an' we all stopped eatin' an' held our forks in the air to stare at her.

She was the peartest and prettiest thing our eyes had seen in six months, and she stood there barefoot and sunburned, with a tangle of gold hair hanging over her shoulders an' a color in her little face that shamed the wild roses.

"Please hev ye ennything to eat ye could lend us? Pap 'lowed he'd like to borry some bread an' tea an' he'd come here to sleep s' he wouldn't trubble ye to move the things an' pap 'lowed ef ye didn't wanter spare 'em we could sleep in the haystack and drink water from the spring."

She said it all in a breathless way like a lesson she had learned, and stood shamefacedly on one little foot waiten fur an answer.

"Cum in—fetch yer dad—of course ye're as welcome as roses in Janivery. But fust like—what's yer name, little lady? What might we call yer?"

"Pap calls me Taggart's little woman."

We had heard of Taggart, but not of his child. So he was her father, the oneriest, laziest loafer in the county, not vicious, but of no earthly account to himself nor anybody else.

An' now we were to have him saddled on us. The little woman had gone off on the run and we set out two extra tin plates kept for company and two shinin' new mugs and dished up some more of the squirrel stew and the last of the baked potatoes for our visitors.

They came in together, hand in hand, and we gave Taggart as cordial a welcome as we could, 'count of his child. For we were glad, every man of us, to install Taggart's little woman at our cabin table, and to endure her father for her sake.

An' we never repented of it either. Why, that little mite, bless her, was like a letter from home every day in the year. She was the light of our eyes afore she had been with us a month, and we coddled her good for nothin' dad jest 'cause he was her dad, and she loved him with all the power of her little heart. We all 'lowed that she was too good for him, but when we come to sift the evidence we found that he had cared for her ever since her mother died in a prairie schooner and she were a mite of a baby.

Now you wouldn't believe that any man would be so shiftless, but it air a fact. He had been seven years tryin' to earn enough money to take that young un back East to her grandmother. And here he was without a cent to his name. Liquor? No. He drank with the rest of us, but not more than the law allowed and the climate warranted.

He was just that unlucky that he could not seem to make a day's wages and live on them like anybody else. We hired him to wash our findings, and he lost the dust and saved the refuse, and then he stared, stupid like, when we talked to him, and acted queer.

One or twice he went to Miners' Town, and come home in that same way. There was two Chinamen come along one day, and we run them off lively, an' when we did Taggart he lit out without a word in the way they had gone as if he were crazy.

Then Green, one of our men, said in a low voice:

"I reckon I've got it!"

"Is it typhoid?" asked another of the gang.

"No," says Green; "it's opium."

"That's why he don't work."

"An' the reason he can't go East."

"Air ye talkin' about my pappy?"

It was the child's little voice at our elbows, and we all jumped like we'd been caught stealin'. So Green told her the story of the "Three Bears" and the "Cat That was a Princess," and when Taggart came shuffling in, with his hang dog look, she was laughin', and havin' the best kind o' time. But soon's she saw him she was anxious and worried, but he just ran his hand over her hair, and says he:

"How would Taggart's little woman like to go East and live in a fine house and hev lots of money and good clothes and edication?"

"Fust rate, pap," says the little woman, "and all them could come along," motionin' to us.

Bless her little heart! She was gettin' as fond of us as we was of her.

"I wonder if Taggart's little woman could make a rabbit pie," says Green one mornin'.

"Jest you try me," came quick as a flash. "Stop some rabbits fur me an' see me cook 'em in pork an' seasonin'."

"There's a old gun in that loft that's got fine bird shot in it," said Green. "Ye kin hev that, Taggart, to hunt with. Ef ye air no better at shootin' rabbits than ye air at pannin' gold dust them rabbits will live to be Methusalums."

I was tied to my chair with a lame foot, so I watched the little woman gittin' the dough ready for the rabbit pie. She was a picture, with her bright eyes and pretty ways, and she had fixed her up with some things we bought at Miners' Town specially for her. As I looked at her I thought what a difference her being there made. I couldn't remember when any of us had used a swear word.

"Little woman, can yer read?" I asked.

"No, mister; but pappy can," was the answer. "An I'm goin' ter learn how soon's ever I go East ter my grannmaw."

"But s'pose we want yer to stay here?"

"Then I'll stay, if pap says so, 'cause I like you uns real well."

"May be we'll all go, little woman. It's time yer pap were here now with them rabbits."

"I'm goin' out to s'prise him," said the child, wipin' the flour from her hands and snatchin' her sunbonnet from its nail.

I heerd a shot after that, but strange to say, neither Taggart nor little woman showed up.

When the boys came in the pork was fryin' for the rabbit pie, and the crus' were baked an' in the dish, but that were all.

"What were the shot I heerd?" asked Jim Menden, an Ohio boy, who was one of us.

"That were Taggart out in the bush after rabbits."

"What gun did ye give him—mine?"

"Yes; Green give it to him 'cause it were loaded with bird shot."

"It weren't. It had a bullet for antelope."

"Then that was the shot we heerd," said Green. "I hope he ain't shot his own foolish head off."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before every man—himself among them—had left the cabin on the run. I cussed the lameness that kept me from going.

I warn't surprised when I heard them coming back, after such a long time, with slow and measured steps, carryin' some burden 'atween them. I knew it must be Taggart had hurt himself.

They came to the cabin door, and every man had his hat off, an' what they carried was small.

"Little woman!" I cried out the word. "Where's Taggart's little woman?"

Some one turned the coat from the sweet face and I saw her just as her father spoke up, with more dignity than I ever saw him hev before.

"There air Lynch law for murderers," he said, with his head drooping, "an' there air plenty here to see it done. Gentlemen, I don't keer to wait. I'm a murderer in deed but not in intent. Oh, my little woman! Her pap as wouldn't have harmed a ha'r o' her head—he did the deed, an' he will die for it like a man."

But Taggart's dying would not have brought her back. We went to Miners' Town and hed the authorities come out to investigate it, an' we give little woman such a funeral as a princess might envy, for we dug her grave with our own hands and blubbered over it.

But that was a lonely home coming when we left her for the last time out in the hills, and went back into the cabin where she had shed such light, an' saw her father sittin' there, bowed with his own trouble, which, after all, couldn't have been much worse than ourn. Only it was his stupid bungling that had killed her, when she went creeping along on her hands and knees in the brush to 'sprise him, and he had mistaken her for a rabbit.

We couldn't like the man before this, an' now it was hard not to hate him but for one fact—he was her father, the "pappy" that Taggart's little woman had loved. So we did our best fur him, but it wasn't fur long. One day we missed him, and looked for him at our general roundup—little woman's grave. Yes, he was there, but stretched out, cold and still, an' whether he died of a broken heart or an overdose of his drug we never knowed. There we buried him.

Green himself carved these words on the board at the head:

TAGGART'S LITTLE WOMAN AND HER PAPPY.

—[New York Recorder.

The Rum Habit Overcome.

"I read something the other day," said a jovial fellow, who is classed among the "good fellows," "about breaking off the drinking habit. I have been a drinking man for a number of years, drinking as much for the good fellowship of the thing as for anything else. And this kind of drinking, I want you to understand, is the worst way to drink. My wife is the most sensible woman in the world. She never tried to get me to give up the rum habit, but what she did say to me was this: 'Now, Frank, you are very likely to injure your health if you keep up this drinking habit. Why don't you limit yourself to so many drinks a day? Of course if you were to break off entirely you would feel disgusted with yourself when you really wanted to drink. But allow yourself so many a day, to go on and use those up as you see fit.' Of course my wife is always right in everything she advises, so I tried it. I allowed myself six drinks a day. Now here's the funny part of it. I was so afraid I would exhaust my six and then find that I wanted one that I hoarded them up until late in the day. The result was that I frequently came home with some of my drinks to my credit. 'Jen,' I said to my wife, 'your scheme works beautifully; only I find that my limit is too high. I seldom reach it now.' 'Well,' she said, 'try five then.' 'No,' I answered, 'I'll try four.' I tried four and generally had something coming to me, so I cut it down to two. Sometimes I do not take a drink at all. Meanwhile my wife smiles and tells me that I am a sensible man, and I begin to believe that I am."—[New York Tribune.

Getting Down to Personalities.

Mr. Blivius—I see that Mr. Wanamaker contemplates improving the postal service.

Mrs. Blivius—I hope he has a scheme for facilitating the mailing of letters which wives give their husbands to post.—[Puck.

CELIBATE OR BENEDICT.

PECULIARITIES OF CHARACTER MEN DEVELOP AFTER THE KNOT IS TIED.

A Philosopher in Petticoats Dissects the Man Married and Exposes His Faults—Advice to Girls About to Take a Chance in the Matrimonial Lottery.

Trying to please everyone is not only a lost, but a deliberately thrown up art; different people having totally different tastes. The smile that dispatches one into the seventh heaven of delight will bring a contemptuous sneer over the countenance of a surlier neighbor. The man who can adapt his manners to suit two men of opposite tastes would, perhaps, make a good valet if his master could take time to watch him. There is only one thing more difficult in the world than to please a collection of mixed types of people, and that is to please one's husband.

As a rule—making allowances for the usual three, or several, exceptions—a married man is a discontented man, and often as selfish as only the higher animals can be. The lover who sighed "like a furnace" over his sweetheart's celestialness, after the fatal "leap in the dark," develops into a private groaner. The realization of his dreams is as disappointing as the first glimpse of the Niagara Falls, but as the grandeur of these mighty cataracts grows on one's mind, the resemblance most emphatically ends here. It is not the feeling of possession that sits so heavily on his soul; it is the feeling of being possessed by another. Now is the time to balance up and check over with himself his own virtues. Before marriage his leisure hours were taken up in keeping long lists of new beauties (about 60 to the minute) of that once only wonderful woman on record, whom marriage has diminished 100 per cent, more or less. The lover who had not the slightest doubt, was positively certain, that Mary was an improvement on the sex, when he makes his debut into the sea of matrimony straightway drifts into an architectural mood, and commences remodeling his wife on the plan of—any other woman, and verbally rehearses into his wife's ears specifications for her particular edification and improvement. The little peculiarties which he thought so attractive in the days of springtime and courtship are now thorns in his side. In company with his friends, he mentally hopes and prays that these now doubtfully charming mannerisms will not reflect against his untarnished refinement and good taste. If she makes a pleasant impression on his friends, and does not shock them or bore them, he perhaps makes up his mind to bestow on her a husbandly kiss as he gets the chance; or else, what is quite probable, an insane jealousy of his wife awakens with a renewal of confidence in his own judgment.

But any man would endure a limited amount of physical pain rather than incur the sympathy of his neighbors on his foolish draw in the lottery of lotteries.

For a few weeks after marriage there still may be noticed a few traces of the olden time compliments, which are always so dear to "them foolish wimin fok," but the interrogative note that accompanies them is responded to by a smothered little sigh in many a wife's heart.

What woman can smile sweetly as she listens to her husband's criticism of her, unless she has the happy faculty or knack of deafening her ears whenever she likes, and can recall, at a moment's notice, a vivid fancy picture or description of herself which her lover once dedicated in tears to her then superior highness, arousing in her sensations of delighted pride, second best to nothing in the world?

And now I would say to the women who recognize certain traits of their own husbands in this article, on the differences between the celibate and the married man, since to please your husbands alone is almost out of the question, the next best thing is to please him by pleasing yourselves. "How?" you will ask. A sensible woman must never make herself miserable by sitting down and brooding over the thought that she has left more love behind her than the present or the future will ever bring. She must steer against exaggerating her "wrongs" and always try to be cheerful. She must take for granted that life was never intended to be one long honeymoon for her. She must get quickly used to the "matrimonial dialogue," the husband's part of which is so frequently punctuated with exclamatory and declamatory addresses to the residents of the places above the earth and sometimes to the residents of the places beneath the earth, whichever the case may be. She must always tell herself—impress it thoroughly on her mind—that she still loves her husband. That is the secret of remaining a comparatively happy woman. A woman should not interpret every apparently disagreeable remark literally. She must not lose faith in the sweet thought that instead of having that undesirable possession, a grumbling husband, she is really only in the possession of a mild prevaricator. A woman must cultivate her capacity for making excuses for her husband, if she would be happy herself.

Never insist upon the irrefutability of the proofs of your opinions as against his if you do not want a sore head for your husband, and at the same time help to develop in him qualities which are sure to make him a most uncomfortable partner in the government of domestic life. A woman who can prove facts to be facts is neither a desirable nor a companionable wife to live with. At least this is the silent verdict of most men, though they would all strenuously deny that they were not open to conviction from any source, and, of course, etc., etc. All wives have heard these declarations of an entire freedom from all prejudices whatsoever.

There is one fault which I am afraid I must confess is common to both sexes, and I can not refrain from remarking right here that this is the queerest world of men and women I ever knew. Incidentally I may also add I have never known any other world but this. Many people have the habit of speaking in glowing terms of their friends and relatives, this excessive admiration always being aroused after one has "been and gone and done it;" before marriage they detested all their relatives, and only comparison brings out their attractive qualities. The woman, who, after reading this article, intends to start out on the expedition of pleasing herself in the way above referred to, must sacrifice this little pet fault; and by acquiescing in her husband's views, whether they are consistent or not, never failing to appear agreeable and cheerful, in time will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has become so reconciled to his "chains" that he will miss you when she is gone.—[Grace Helen Eaton, in Detroit Free Press.

Japanese Children.

Of all the charming surprises that await the globe trotting traveler in Japan, the quaintest, the most picturesque, the most captivating will be found in the by streets, where, the little kimonoed children romp and play as children must all the world over. Here we find them playing games varying but little from those we see in our streets at home—battledore and shuttlecock, bounce ball, hop scotch, etc. The games are familiar enough. But the children! Nothing short of actual acquaintance can convey any correct idea of the charm attached to them.

No doubt at first much of this charm is connected with their picturesque costume, with the variety of coloring in their flyaway kimonos and broad obis or sashes, and it may, perhaps, lie in the fact—and it strikes one humorously at first—that each child is in appearance a miniature adult; for, with the trifling exception of the broad tucks at the shoulders, its dress is the same as that of a grown person. And it is odd and delightfully quaint to see these chubby little men and women, many with still smaller and chubbier samples of humanity on their backs, frolicking in the hearty enjoyment of children's fun.

But there is also a charm in the little creatures themselves, apart from their butterfly sleeves and little pitter patter clogs; their plump cheeks show a ruddy glow beneath the olive skin—a striking contrast to the sallow Chinese. Their mouths are almost invariably well shaped, often exaggerating the admired Cupid's bow, and their flashing black eyes, sparkling under the peculiarly sharp fold of the upper lid, give a delicious piquancy to the baby face. The masses of black hair are often elaborately arranged, and ornamented with wisps of spangled colored crepe and sprigs of artificial flowers, when they adorn the heads of little girls; while the boys are either shaved as fancifully as any poodle, or trimmed to something like a mop. Their little faces are brimming over with fun and good temper. The Japanese are said to be the most childish of the human race. I am sure the Japanese boys and girls are the most childlike of all children; and how surprisingly good they are! Naughtiness is almost unknown. I have spent hours watching them in the streets, in school, at work, or at play, and very rarely have I seen a quarrel. Some dissension may arise, and for a moment one expects chubby fists to come in contact with chubby heads; but an innate sense of humor is with them a stronger passion than pugnacity, and the threatening thunder clouds burst in a rain of laughter.

By what golden spell do the Japanese parents control their children? By what magic do they command the willing obedience which is a notable characteristic in these little people? Certainly not by coercion nor by punishment. I have been "slumming" for over a year in all parts of Japan, and never once have I seen a child slapped or shaken, and I have been told by European teachers in native schools that punishments are very rare and discipline very easy to maintain.

Rapidly, cheap German clothing is driving away the classic kimono. Imported boots are cramping the little toes which through generations have known no further constraint than the padded cords of sandle or clog. And, worse than all, the little round heads, which for thousands of years have required only an oiled paper parasol to protect them from sunshine and shower, are now thrust into every variety of European cap and hat, from the hard felt "bowler" to the unadorned straw shape.—[Century.

It Was Granted.

A citizen of Brush street was called to his door at 10 o'clock the other evening by a stranger, who inquired:

"Is your name ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were down in the Buhl Block this forenoon?"

"I was."

"In coming down stairs you ran against a man?"

"I remember now that such a thing happened."

"Well, I am the man."

"Yes."

"You begged my pardon."

"Very likely."

"I was somewhat confused and did not reply. I have now called to say that you were perfectly excusable, and that my pardon is granted."

"You—you ——!"

"Perfectly excusable—don't mention it—good night!"

And he stalked off in the darkness, leaving the householder too mad to even rip and tear.—[Detroit Free Press.

More land is owned by railroad companies (211,000,000 acres) than would make six States as large as Iowa. Since 1861 no less than 181,000,000 acres of land have been given to railroad companies.

MAN AND WIFE ARE TWO.

JUDGE ARNOLD SHATTERS THE OLD MARRIAGE LAW.

A Decision of Interest—The Man and Woman Are United, but They Are Not Welded as of Old—An American Decision Similar to English Procedure.

If the opinion of Judge Arnold, of the court of common pleas No. 4 of Pennsylvania, is correct, the old idea that man and wife are one is likely to be overthrown in our jurisprudence. In an opinion just handed down the judge, in treating upon the rights existing between husband and wife under the marriage law, takes occasion to distinctly throw down the old idea in the following words:

"The plaintiff claims witness' fees for his wife, the defendant objects; and hence the appeal. The question is new, because the law admitting husband and wife to testify for but not against each other is new. But in the few cases in which a party may be excluded from testifying his wife is also excluded. This is not because of any supposed unity of husband and wife, for it is manifest that as witnesses they are two in number, but because of their identity of interest and the policy of the law. A husband joined for conformity in a suit by his wife prior to the married person's property act of June 3, 1887, can not recover witness' fees, because he is a party. No one who is a party can have witness' fees, whether he has an interest in the suit or not.

"The law now regards the unity of husband and wife as an obsolete legal fiction, and it has accommodated itself to that fact. The old rule of law that on a gift to a man and his wife and a third person, the man and wife together took only half the property, and the third person took the other half, is abolished by the modern legislation in regard to married persons. Each takes a third now. Statute laws recognize that husband and wife are two persons in substantial matters. The act of June 3, 1887, recognizes the customs and habits of the people, and declares these customs to be lawful. The common law was the customary law of the people, declared by the judges. It was the best statesmanship, the faculty to observe what was needed and then to grant it.

"There was a time when husband and wife were one in the eye of the law. The husband on marriage took all his wife's horses, cattle, sheep, and oxen. He could chastise her—moderately, say the books—but if he does it now he will be punished as a wife beater. A wife was a helpmate indeed. She spun yarn, wove cloth, made frocks and breeches, and was generally merged into her husband's pocket, if not into his person. Women who bring out the spinning wheels of their ancestors, or buy them if they have them not, exhibit a badge of woman's bondage. Now husband and wife wear clothes made and bought in stores. In olden time there were no bazaars and grand depots and establishments of smaller size in which all that is worn by man or woman can be bought.

"Formerly married women were under an actual disability to buy goods and make contracts; now they are not, except that the law of this State, in its transition state, still puts the burden on the storekeeper to prove and for judges and juries to decide that the articles sold by him to women were necessary for her, overlooking the fact that the best judge of what is necessary for a woman, sound in mind, body and estate, is herself. Her disability in this respect is changed into a privilege to get and keep all she can, with an immunity from liability except for necessaries. The next legislation will change this, no doubt, as it has been changed in England and nearly all the States.

"As there is no policy of law violated by allowing witness fees to a wife in a suit by her husband if she is a material witness, we think the allowance of her fees by the Prothonotary is proper in this case. Whether she was a material witness is a question for the taxing officer to determine. The affidavit of a party that a witness is material is not conclusive, but it may be overcome by proof. The materiality of testimony is always open to inquiry. Appeal dismissed."

Gladstone Wisdom.

Here is a message from Mr. Gladstone to young men: "Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with you to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success; which, indeed, too easily won and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Be thorough in all you do. Work onward and work upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors."

A New Æsop Fable.

A chicken only a few days old found an earth worm—fat, crinkly, and shining, and much longer than himself. After spending a long time and tiring himself all out in running about to find a corner where he could enjoy his prize alone, but continually tripped up by stepping upon his wriggling victim, he at last stepped upon it once too often, broke it in two, and had the greater part of it snapped up by another chicken. Hæc fabula docet—a reasonable amount of wealth is better than too much.

The artistic and fashionable Mme. Lierre (Lady Granville), dressmaker and milliner, of London, thus speaks of her American patrons: "They are easy to please, pay their bills promptly, and never dispute prices; in short, they are my best customers."