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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 50. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,038.

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	Kreitzburn'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 low est 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 o. 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.

EQUITABLE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

MEETS **MONDAY EVENING** of every week at Law Office of the Secretary, on Broadway, east side.

Par value of shares, each.....$130
Entry fees, per share.....50 cents
Dues " " .....25 "

Borrowers pay legal interest—6 *per cent.*—each share per week..... .. 15 "

Profits divided *pro rata* annually—all stock, redeemed and unredeemed, participating.

Safe and profitable place of investment for capitalists of limited ability, and as a moneyed resort for men without sufficient means to buy or build themselves a home, it furnishes a method of easy re-payments unexampled in any other system of co-operation.

Conducted in the interest of its stockholders.

Loans secured by first mortgage on real estate only.

ALL INVITED TO JOIN.

☞$1,500 now wanted; can be invested at once.

JAMES KANE, President,
CLAYTON PURNELL, Secretary.
A. C. HAVERSTICK, Treasurer.

April 18

The SECOND NATIONAL BANK

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.

Designated United States Depository.

$100,000 Capital. $150,000 Surplus and other Undivided Profits.

Directors:

LLOYD LOWNDES.
L. M. SHEPHERD, O. C. GEPHART, WM. R. PERCY, | JAMES CLARK, A. HUNTER BOYD, DAVID SLOAN.

On hand and for sale:

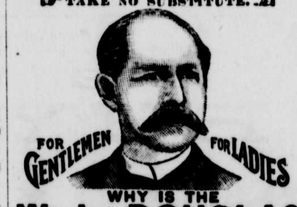
Cumberland City Water Refunding 4 *per cent* Bonds.
Cumberland City Consolidated Debt 5 *per cent* Bonds.
Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad first mortgage 5 *per cent.* 30-year gold bonds, endorsed by the Consolidation Coal Company. A firstclass investment.
Frostburg (Md.) 4½ *per cent.* Water Bonds, and other investment securities.

Price and other information given on application. D. ANNAN, Cashier.

May 23—tf

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes, if not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

☞TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.☜



WHY IS THE

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5. 00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4. 00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $8.00.

$3. 50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2. 50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2. 25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass

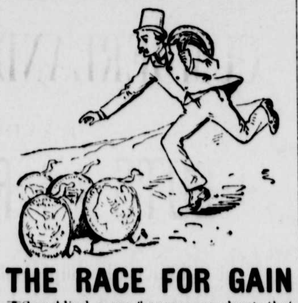
Sold by J. B. SHANNON & CO., FROSTBURG, MD.

July 4—5m

TIDDLEDY WINKS

TIDDLEDY WINKS, 10 and 25 cents; 5 cents extra by mail. Books. Stationery, Wedding and Birthday Gifts, Sporting Goods—Tennis, Baseball, Croquet, Walking Sticks, &c. JNO. A. FULTON & CO., Bookstore opposite postoffice, Cumberland, Md.

Feb 28



THE RACE FOR GAIN

IS so blind a one for some merchants that they have only one theory of doing business. That theory is to

PILE ON PROFIT

on goods they sell. Sometimes the load of profit gets too big, and goods don't move.

With us it is different. Our profits are small but active, and they help move the goods. This fact should

NOT GET AWAY

from you, and if you will trade at

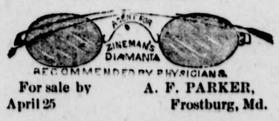
Parker's Drug Store,

your dollars will not be running away from you, but accumulating in a nice reserve fund.

A. F. PARKER,

The City Drug Store, Main St. Frostburg, Md

March 7



For sale by A. F. PARKER,
April 25 Frostburg, Md.

ARTIST AND MAN.

Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

If in thy too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labor or thy life, let men detect
Flaws in thy work! while their most searching gaze
Can fall on nothing which they may not praise
In thy well chiseled character. The Man
Should not be shadowed by the Artisan!

—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ONE PENNY.

BY EVA BEST.

Hailing the street car, I hurried on board, and, in another 10 seconds was being hauled, along with a carful of fellow suburbanites, over the gritty rails that led from the city's limits to its busy centers.

People from the same suburbs usually possess a passing acquaintanceship with those whom they meet daily in the public conveyances, and I had nodded to this, that, and the other fellow passengers and was about to open the ball of a subdued conversation with my next neighbor when the driver, just as we had entered the hither end of the long iron bridge that spans our historic river, gave the brakes a twist, and the car stopped in order to permit a richly dressed woman to enter and become one of us. We knew who the newcomer was, every one of us, but as it happened, we were none of us on speaking terms with this fair neighbor who had but recently made our suburbs her home. As the car again started on its way, she settled her rich and elegant draperies about her, and sank into a seat vacated for her comfort by a gentleman aboard.

A pocketbook of soft leather was opened by the perfectly gloved hands, and, from among a goodly store of gold and silver coins, a vulgar nickel was extracted and was about to be placed in the hand of a gentleman nearest the fare box, when there was the sound of a dropped piece of metal and a dingy little penny was seen to roll across the floor of the car, and, with that exasperating exhibition which cunning things inanimate have so often been known to manifest, hide itself quite from view.

To our astonishment, down went my lady's hands to grope for it upon the dirty floor—to grope for it in vain. With an expression upon her face that surprised us who had seen that it was but a penny that had dropped, and who knew that the loser of the coin paid larger taxes than any other woman in our pretty wealthy community, that she possessed houses and lands galore, and that her income was a notoriously splendid one, she begged that we would all stand up and allow her to see if, by any chance, the missing coin had rolled under our feet.

We women, with smiles that we took no particular pains to conceal, arose and, grasping the leathern straps above our heads, stood swaying backward and forward as the car pitched down the declivity leading from the pier, while the five gentlemen aboard assisted the fair bondholder to look for the penny.

After a lengthy search, a bumping of heads, a crushing of hats, and a soiling of clean digits in dusty corners, the gentlemen, red faced and perspiring, conscious of being slyly laughed at by all the members of the fair sex aboard—save and except the loser of the penny—gave up the search, and we all, with sighs of relief, resumed our seats upon the cushions.

"Never mind," said the cause of all our discomfort, "I shall go on to the car stables, and the driver can then turn the slats over. We shall be sure to find it. Thank you all so much."

It was difficult to reconcile the gentle, cultured voice speaking words of sincere courtesy with the evidence of so pitiful an exhibition of avarice as that we had just witnessed, and more than one of us, after the polite words were spoken, and we, to all intents and purposes, seemed to have been forgotten altogether, stole furtive glances at our wealthy fellow passenger, noting the elegance of her jeweled bonnet, the exquisite quality of the laces of her wrap, the beauty of the texture of her gown. But, more than all, we noticed the expressive features, that told us her thoughts were fixed upon the opper piece she had had the misfortune to drop, and since she ignored us utterly, smiles that were not the pleasantest to look upon wreathed the faces that her fellow passengers, now and again, turned toward her.

A disdainful uplifting of the delicate nostrils of one, the arching of the black brows of another, the scornful curl of a third person's lips, and amused glances from all showed with what contempt was held her exhibition of penuriousness.

One by one the passengers left the car as it gained the uptown streets. I, myself, being the last to leave our vexed friend to go upon her pilgrimage to the car stables, yet a good two miles away. It chanced, upon returning home, that I boarded the same car that had taken me into the city, and when we reached the bridge again and started to recross it I found myself its solitary occupant.

Naturally I grew to dwelling upon the lost penny, and, being intensely feminine, my curiosity mastered my every other emotion, and as the driver entered the car to lower a blind upon the sunny side of it, I ventured, with a smile which had for its ingredients equal parts of amusement and disdain, to ask our Jehu if the lady had found her penny.

Fully expecting to see a reflection of my grin upon his honest countenance, I awaited his reply. To my surprise he turned a serious face toward me, and the following was his answer, gravely given:

"Yes, ma'am, I found the penny for her. I turned over the slats as she asked me to do, and exactly under the place where the two floor slats come together I found it. She gave a queer sort of sound when she took it, more a cry than anything else, ma'am, and pressed the cent to her lips, while the tears ran down her face. Then seeing me looking at her a bit curiously—which I couldn't have helped doing to save me, ma'am—she sits right down here close to the open door where I were driving, and, as we started toward the city again, she tells me why this little copper was so precious to her. Seems it was the first penny her little son, who is dead, ever owned, and he gave it to her to keep for him, and—and—" with a little tremble in the gruff voice—"she's keeping it. She gave me this for finding it, ma'am," and the driver held up for my inspection a yellow disk I knew to be $5 in gold.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME VERY ANCIENT BATHS.

A Model of Them Being Set Up at the Museum of Hygiene.

Dr. Wales is setting up at the Army Medical Museum, in Washington, a most interesting model of certain ancient Roman baths, the remains of which have recently been dug up at Bath, England, having been constructed at a period some little time before the birth of Christ. From a date so far back that history has no record of it the baths of Bath have been used for their medicinal effects. When the invaders from Rome came they built great structures on the spot, which for centuries have been buried beneath ruins. Lately the spade and the pickax have been set at work to dig out the remains, and most interesting relics have been exposed.

The model at the museum shows only a part of the original buildings, which are represented, so far as they have been unearthed, in the very middle part of the city of Bath, the present street crossing at a higher level. There is shown in the oldest built section a vast apartment that was heated by fires below, and in which the bathers of 20 centuries past enjoyed the pleasures of unlimited perspiration. Attached to this were warm plunges and a big cold plunge 60 feet in length.

Subsequently, as the building plans show, another great structure was added on, with a swimming tub 100 feet in length, wherein the bathers might disport themselves. Along both sides of this huge plunge bath were high couches of stone, upon which the swimmers might recline and be scraped with knives, in the old Roman fashion, by slaves.

Thus far the building described is prehistoric, but the next addition that was made to it is known to have been erected in the year 1627. It contains further provisions for bathing, of a similar nature, and to the whole has been added within the last few years a huge edifice that includes a "pump room," where people come to drink, and a number of single bath rooms, in which frequenters may find private quarters and tubs to themselves. Very interesting it is to observe the way in which these several parts of this ancient establishment have been added on, each one being at a higher elevation than the next of earlier date, because of the covering up of the old time buildings with the dust and ruins of centuries.

Grant and Sherman.

Like most silent men, General Grant was little given to witticisms. A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* relates an anecdote, however, which shows that he was not without ability to say bright things on occasion. Grant and Sherman were discussing the plans of a campaign, when a third general, a brigadier, entered the tent—a good soldier, but notorious for his carelessness as to his personal appearance.

The brigadier finished his errand and went out. General Grant pulled upon his cigar for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"Sherman, I wonder whom that man gets to wear his shirts the first week."

Grant and Sherman were diametrically opposite in temperament, but each believed fully in the other, and their mutual confidence and affection were never disturbed by any of the petty jealousies so distressingly common among army officers.

During the siege of Vicksburg Grant announced his determination to move to a point below the town. All the generals vigorously opposed the plan, and Sherman in particular gave it as his decided opinion that the movement would be fatal.

Grant had studied the situation thoroughly, and was not to be shaken in his resolve. At last Sherman drew up a formal protest, explained its contents to Grant, and asked him if he had any objections to sending it to General Halleck.

"Certainly not," replied the man of few words.

Grant's bold scheme was successful, as all the world knows, and after the capitulation of the city he said to Sherman:

"You remember that protest you wished me to have sent to the War Department?"

"Yes," answered Sherman.

"Well, here it is. I put it in my pocket. I thought any time would do. I'll send it now, or you may have it, just as you wish."

Sherman took it. Grant never referred to the matter again, and the circumstance was given publicity by Sherman himself.

One of the largest nuggets of virgin gold ever found in America is in the possession of Alfred Berke, of St. Louis. It came from an Arizona mine and weighs a trifle more than 37 ounces. There is very little alloy in the nugget, and it is valued at $600.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested.—Lowell.

He removes the greatest ornament of friendship who takes away from it respect.—Cicero.

THE YANKEE SKEWER.

Our British Cousins Like It Because It Doesn't Splinter Off.

Englishmen have some reason to feel aggrieved at the fact that so necessary an item of the domestic industry as skewers should be sent every year in immense quantities from America; and the advocates of fair trade may hold that the circumstance of our being mainly indebted for our supply of skewers to foreign imports, admitted free, is an additional argument in favor of some degree of protection. Putting, however, fiscal questions altogether on one side, it would seem to be entirely within the fitness of things that the Americans should be exceptionally skillful fabricators of skewers. It is not only that they have an abundant variety of hard woods in their forests; that one of their recent Presidents dwelt originally in a log cabin, and that Abraham Lincoln, the most illustrious of their Chief Magistrates since Washington, originally followed the useful but unpretending occupation of a rail splitter.

They can do something else besides hewing, chopping, and splitting timber, or polishing planks of butternut or bird's eye maple into handsome panels for the embellishment of sleeping cars. They can "whittle." They have taken the noun substantive descriptive of the knife used by Gurth, the son of Beowulf, and turned it into a verb. When the "smart" American needs a little mental repose he bestows himself in a rocking chair, elevates his heels, if practicable, to an angle of 45 degrees above his head, lights a cigar, orders a mint julep or a brandy smash, according to the season, produces his clasp knife, and begins to "whittle." With exquisite neatness and dexterity he will pare and round and sharpen anything ligneous which is handy, from an oaken cudgel to an office ruler, from a bedpost to a bootjack, to the required form.

There was a champion wood attenuator once at Oshkosh, Wis., who would back himself heavily with a given number of minutes to whittle a walking stick down to a tooth pick. Such an achievement, however, must be looked upon as only a "fancy" one, and would involve the loss of much valuable timber. The majority of the wooden splints whittled by the Americans in their leisure moments intimately resemble those abominable little implements of boyish pastime and mischief employed in the popular but perilous English street game known as "tip cat." The transition from the diminutive projectile used as tip cat to a butcher's or poulterer's skewer is very easy, and may be extremely rapid, and it is far from improbable that some cutely speculative dealer in notions, struck with the large number of whittled splints which were produced and the few uses to which they were turned, determined to send a cargo of them as skewers to the British Isles.—London Telegraph.

The Country's Wood Products.

Among the special reports of the Census Bureau one of the latest is devoted to statistics of the wood production of the United States in 1890. The bulletin in question embraces nearly all the industries in which wood is the principal material. Of these industries there are 171 shingle factories, 86 cooperage establishments, and 168 in which materials for wagons and agricultural implements, chair legs, axles, chests, and other articles of wood are produced. Of the planing mills only such are, included in this bulletin as come in connection with the saw mills. Within this limitation the statistics show that of the wood products of the mills the value was $115,609,000; of wood products not worked in the mills, $30,426,194, and of products in more finished forms, $21,112,618—making a grand total of $167,237,816.

For the production of these values a capital of $270,152,102 is employed, with an army of 95,258 men and 104 women and children cutting timber in the woods, and aided by 32,491 draught animals. In the mills is required the labor of 87,939 men and 1,299 women and children. The bulletin gives full statistics of the steam and water power, machinery, and mechanical apparatus, railroads, and tramways employed in these industries. For wages and salaries the expenditure last year was $99,688,256. The report shows the growing tendency to concentration of the wood industries and economy of production by working the raw material into finished forms at points located as nearly as possible to the forests in which the lumber may be cut.

In the three greatest lumber States the increase of production within the last 10 years was: Wisconsin, 176 per cent; for Minnesota, 159.6 per cent, and for Michigan, 30 per cent. In portions of Michigan the forest supply of timber has been almost completely exhausted, while in other portions different kinds of timber in place of the vanished pines is worked into a great variety of products. The city of Menominee, in Michigan, shows the greatest increase in wood production in the last 10 years.

Petrified Walls of Houses.

A gentleman who has just returned from a visit to the mountains in the vicinity of Crawfish Springs, now Chickamauga, and who has devoted considerable time to the study of archæology, has much to say of the wonders and beauties of that section.

"Few are aware," says he, "that high up on Pigeon Mountain, which joins Lookout in making McLemore's Cove, there is a strange and beautiful formation of stone and rock strikingly resembling ancient buildings in process of decay. Many perfect petrifications are found on the mountains, and one can readily imagine that these stony, rigid remains, which the credulous mountaineers call the Rock City, are the petrified walls of houses which once echoed to the voice and tread of man—the simulacher of a ruined city."—[Atlanta Constitution.

A Finished Prayer.

The sick room was very still; the night-lamp burned low, and the watchers made fantastic shadows on the wall, but no one moved or spoke. The doctor said this was the turning point of the disease, and there was nothing to do but to wait—wait.

The boy slept and his father kept his eyes fixed upon the thin, wasted features, and watched for what he hoped would prove a new lease of life. The mother had gone to lie down and rest. The nurse sat near and dozed. At last the sick child suddenly opened his large bright eyes and said in a clear voice:

"Papa."

"What, dear boy!" answered the father softly.

"Is it near morning?"

"Yes, dear boy!"

"And will I be well in the morning?"

"I—I hope so," sobbed the poor father, faintly.

There was a long silence, then the sick child moved restlessly on his pillows.

"I want to say my prayers," he murmured.

The father beckoned to the nurse and she brought the mother, who stole softly in and knelt on the other side of the bed.

"Lift me up," said the dying child in a full clear voice; "hold me, papa, while I say my prayers."

He clasped his little hands together and repeated like one who was dreaming:

"Our—Father—which art in heaven—hallowed—be—Thy—name—Thy kingdom—come—Thy kingdom—come——"

"Papa, I can't remember! I can't remember!"

"No matter, dear boy, you can finish it in the morning."

Again he lay among the pillows like a pale lily, and his eyes were open wide.

"I can't see you, papa," he murmured. "Will it soon be morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well then?"

The poor father could not answer. No one spoke, and a faint light soon stole into the room that drowned the flickering rays of the night lamp and shone rosy on the wall. Then suddenly a little voice filled the room. It was so sweet and clear that it sounded like a strain of music from celestial spheres. It was the dying boy finishing his prayer! When he came to the last clause he seemed groping in doubt.

"Forever and ever—forever and ever—" and with the words on his lips he drifted off to sleep again.

The rising sun shone into the room and lighted up its dim obscurity. It lay in golden bars on the white pillows, and touched the little face with a mocking glow of health and strength. Perhaps it wakened him, but in the valley of the shadow of death he could not discern, and with wide open eyes that saw not, he murmured plaintively:

"Is it nearly morning, papa?"

"It is morning now, dear boy."

A smile trembled on the closed lips—there was a flutter of breath that came and went as the child clasped his thin hands together:

"Forever and ever—Amen!"—Detroit Free Press.

Pneumatic Mail Tubes.

For nearly four years a company of capitalists and engineers has continued experiments with a more and more improved combination of pneumatic tubes and electric appliances intended to forward mail matter at a rate of speed far exceeding that of the fastest express trains. For short distances cylindrical boxes, holding about 200 letters apiece, can undoubtedly be shot along at the rate of 120 miles an hour, and by means of a system of quick transfer stations the transit time from New Orleans to Philadelphia could thus be shortened to ten or twelve hours. The establishment of an experimental line between Philadelphia and New York seems an assured fact, and the State of California would find it a profitable investment to spend a dozen millions in encouraging the invention. The expenses of a trip to the West coast of our continent and the irksomeness of a few days' confinement in a railway car are, after all, only minor considerations, and the circumstance deterring most East Americans from transferring their homes to the Pacific Slope is the delay in the mail communications with the Atlantic States. A line of pneumatic tubes from Baltimore to San Francisco would at once remove that objection.—Philadelphia Times.

Flexible Cast Iron.

W. J. Keep, of the Michigan Stove Company, of Detroit, Mich., who has been conducting extended experiments in the alloying of cast iron with manganese, gave elaborate details of his results at the meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in Cleveland, and exhibited some specimens of cast iron that possessed phenomenal qualities.

A strip of cast iron about one inch in width by three-sixteenths in thickness, containing a high percentage of manganese and silicon, was so intensely hard that it could not be cut cold by a chisel and sledge, but when passed between bending rolls it was curved to a radius of about 18 inches, and this curvature was rigidly maintained.

A bar of similar metal one-half inch square was also bent at its center, retaining its set like wrought iron.

Ordinary cast iron would break short under such tests.

A Maine Diversion.

People down in Maine are pulling hairs out of one another's heads and also out of horses' tails. When a hair is secured it is used to suspend a gold ring over half a glass of cold water. In a minute or two the ring begins to swing back and forth and does not stop until it has hit the side of the glass as many times as the original owner of the hair is years old. Several who have tried it declare that it never fails.—[Boston Herald.

A BOOK CANVASSER'S TALE.

How He "Worked" the Boston School Board for an Order.

The typical book canvasser is generally a seedy looking individual with a $5-a-week-and-lucky-if-you-get-it air about him. He appeals to your sympathy rather that your judgment; he looks so hungry, so weary, so forlorn. It is a mistake, however, to think that all men in his line of business are like him. The princes among book canvassers, who make large sales and realize handsome commissions, it may not be generally known, deal principally in school books, encyclopedias, and high class art publications. A canvasser connected with one of the largest school book publishing houses in this country related to a reporter the following story, illustrating his methods of transacting business:

"Our house had just published an important work of reference in several volumes, especially adapted for school libraries. We had done well with it in New York, but in order to have it sell in New England it was necessary to have it placed in the school libraries of Boston. I was delegated to accomplish this. When I arrived I put up at one of the best hotels and spent several days in apparent idleness. All this time, however, I was looking about for some means of introduction to the most influential members of the board of education. I knew that any rash proposition on my part would greatly imperil my chances of success, and was prepared to employ stratagem. I finally succeeded in getting acquainted with a member of the board, and made myself so agreeable to him that I had no difficulty in gaining his support.

"You will easily place your work in our school libraries,' he said, 'if you can get Mr. B—— to recommend it. He has supreme influence in such matters, but unfortunately he is just now very much opposed to spending any more of the public funds for books of reference.'

"My acquaintance gave me a card of introduction, and the next day I called on Mr. B—— at his office. He was not in a very good humor, and addressed me brusquely.

"'Well, young man,' he said, 'please state your business briefly. I am a man of affairs, and my time is worth a dollar a minute.'

"'If that is the case,' I answered suavely, 'I shall certainly pay you at that rate for whatever time I take.' At this he appeared to be somewhat surprised and even pleased, I thought. At all events he gave me sufficient time to expatiate on the merits of the work I had to sell, and to persuade him to grant me a longer interview at his home that evening. I drove up to his door in a carriage and entered his library in full evening dress. I concealed my anxiety to gain his good will, talking on general topics until he himself introduced the subject of our interview. Then I affected indifference, telling him that it made very little difference to our house whether the work was taken by the schools of Boston then or later, as it certainly would be when its great merit was more widely known. This was a master stroke on my part, for Mr. B—— was intensely jealous of his reputation as a man of judgment, and could not tolerate the thought that a work rejected by him might afterward be adopted by his successors. He asked me to send him the volumes for his inspection, and so our interview ended. At the next meeting of the board of education, which occurred soon afterward, Mr. B—— recommended the purchase of the work for the Boston schools, and it was unanimously adopted. The sum involved was considerable over $1,000, but this amounted to little when compared to the prestige gained for the work throughout New England "—New York News.

Heathen Rites.

The corner of Jackson and Dupont streets witnessed as heathenish a scene yesterday morning as any four corners in Chinatown ever presented.

It was about 10.30 o'clock and the narrow thoroughfare was crowded, but the crowd made no difference to the Mongols who gathered there to perform their heathenish rites. First a bonfire was built in the middle of the street, then a big golden idol fully three feet tall was carried out and placed in the center of the flames. Twenty-four bowls of rice were laid out in a circle about the fire; six bowls of fat came next and then four roasted chickens.

A crowd of Chinese gathered with uncovered heads. First one salaamed to the idol, then another, then another. A tom tom was sounded until those in the distance thought a boiler factory had started up near by.

The big idol grinned and grinned and grinned, and did nothing but grin, albeit the flames were fast consuming his godly person. And as the idol grinned the heathen worshippers grinned, until it became a grinning match all around.

"Him bad luckee," said Tin Chum, who was asked to explain the queer performances. It seems that the family of Bod Ding Lee were consuming an old patron idol of the family because he brought ill fortune on the house. Last week Bod Chee was locked up as a vagrant and on Wednesday Bod Lung fell ill and died. So on Friday the patron idol was burned alive.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Honeymoon Photos.

"The mistakes made by most bridal couples when sitting for a photo," said a talkative photographer, "is that they insist on wearing white gloves. White on a dark background always shows much larger in proportion than it should, so the young man who stands beside his bride is astonished to find that his photograph represents him with hands the size of a five pound ham. The moral is: Don't wear white, but black, gloves, while the camera is eyeing you."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.