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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 7. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,047.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.		Stations.	Westward.	
Leave.			*Arrive.*	
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	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	Barrelville	9 38	4 22	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 20	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 15	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. 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. MILLIGAN, General Manager.

Aug 9

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

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
" **Caspian**...Capt. R. CARRUTHERS.
" **Carthaginian**..Capt. J. FRANCE.

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 WEEK.

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 A. V. K. DEEKENS, At the office of the Consolidation Coal Co., Or in Mt. Savage to F. S. DEEKENS, At the office of the Union Mining Co.

Oct 31

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

REMOVAL.

Dr. J. C. PFEIFFER, DENTIST,

HAS removed his office to the well-known dental parlors over Mrs. E. Gross' store, opposite Central Hotel, Frostburg, where he can be found hereafter fully prepared to execute his profession in the best of style from 9 a. m., until 12 m.; from 1 until 5, and from 7 until 9 p. m.

All work promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. [Oct 3

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BEAUTY!

AN object of attraction at all times becomes doubly so when brought under the refining touches of artistic decoration and harmonious grouping of tastefully selected accessories. The place thus notable is that of

TOWLES, the PHOTOGRAPHER,

since he refitted the rooms lately occupied by Conrad, for he has beyond doubt the

Prettiest Rooms in the County,

veritable parlors, handsomely furnished and elegantly hung with works of art.

CALL & AND & SEE.

We are now fully prepared to make the very highest style of work, and having adopted all the latest processes, can guarantee all our work to give entire satisfaction. I especially invite all to call and see samples of the

New Style of Finish.

Crayons, Pastels, and all kinds of Large Work WILL RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

C. O. TOWLES, FROSTBURG, MD.

Oct 3 Conrad's Old Stand, Broadway.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0

COME AND SEE

Real Bargains

O

300 Pairs SCHOOL SHOES —FOR—

Boys or Girls, Button or Lace, Heel or Spring Sizes from 8 to 1.....80 cents

M. Rodda & Co

Oct 3

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

HOUSE and LOT. For particulars apply at once at the Jewelry store of D. J. BETZ, Frostburg, Md.

Aug 22

New Stock!

I HAVE added to my large stock of Men's and Boys' Shoes a fine line of

Ladies, Misses & Children's SHOES, AND ALSO Men's and Ladies' Gum Boots and Rubbers,

LOW PRICES

prevail at the Broadway Boot and Shoe store.

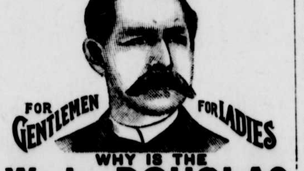
Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER in the finest style. REPAIRING neatly and promptly done.

HENRY N. SCHNEIDER, Leader of Low Prices, Broadway, between Hollé's old stand and Sadler's Confectionery.

Oct 17

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 $9.00.

$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 $6.00.

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

IN THE NEW GALLERY.

No. 34.—"Sponsa de Libano."

Awake, awake, thou bitter Northern wind;
And thou, O Southern zephyr, softly blow!
That spices in my garden forth may flow,
And my Beloved His pleasant fruits may find.
Ye both are needed—North, with blasts unkind;
And South, that flingest flowerets high and low—
To make the spikenard and the saffron grow,
And vine-leaves with the tender grapes entwined.
Breathe on mine orchard, harsh and gentle breeze!
Ere my Beloved come down to gather there
Red-hearted pomegranates, and lilies white
That fringe the streams beneath the cedar trees:
For Love and Sorrow only can make fair
For Him the garden of the Shulamite.

No. 190.—"Earth-rise from the Moon."

Is that our Earth—that pale and ghostly thing
Casting a feeble and reflected light
Across the dark abysses of the night,
Where weird, fantastic forms their shadows fling?
To Earth with fond and filial hearts we cling,
And vaunt unceasingly her children's might—
Thinking how wise we are, how great, how right,
And how omniscient in our reasoning;
Not dreaming that to other, higher spheres
This globe we prize as peerless—which we deem
The gem of Heaven's panoply unfurled—
Is but a pallid lamp, which spends the years
In lighting with a sickly, borrowed beam
The ruins of a long-forsaken world.

—The Speaker.

HE WAS AN EPICURE.

HIS DISAGREEMENT WITH THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF A BILL OF FARE.

A man who looked hungry, and with an air of dignity that ill comported with his misfit and well worn garb, sat down at a table in a high priced uptown restaurant one hot August day.

"Waiter," said he, in the tone and with the manner of a man who knew what was what and was determined to have that and nothing else, "fetch me a venison steak and have it fat and juicy!"

"I beg pardon, sir!" said the waiter, with elevated eyebrows.

"Venison steak, I said! fat and juicy!"

"Oh, sir!" said the waiter, "but the venison season hasn't come in yet, sir."

"Do you mean that you have no venison?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"This is a first class restaurant, ain't it?" said the man, looking about him as if he was afraid he had got in the wrong place.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And no venison?"

"Not out of season, sir!"

The hungry looking stranger again looked at his surroundings apprehensively.

"Well," said he, "perhaps you could accommodate me with half a dozen brook trout. I want them crisp, but not frizzled till they are chip dry. Half a dozen will do."

"I am sorrry, sir," said the waiter, with an apologetic shake of his head; but the brook trout season has just gone out."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "No brook trout, either?"

"All the fault of the law, sir. We can give you salmon, sir."

"If I had wanted salmon I'd have ordered salmon!" exclaimed the man. "I do my own ordering."

The waiter bowed meekly and said nothing. Finally, throwing himself back in his chair resignedly, the customer said:

"Well, fetch me a quail. Broiled, of course. On toast. It's funny a fellow can't get anything but quail in these so called wayup restaurants. Fetch me a quail. I'll have to put up with it, I suppose."

A look akin to pain spread over the waiter's face. He hated to disappoint this fastidious customer, but there was no way to avoid it.

"Very sorry, sir!" he said, again apologetically. "But it's the law again, sir. We positively could not serve you a quail before the close season is up on November 1, sir, but——"

"November!" exclaimed the customer, tapping nervously on the table with his knife. "Great Heaven! Does this establishment expect me to sit here for months waiting for it to broil me a quail? The longer you have to wait for your order to be served the higher toned the restaurant is, I am aware, but waiting for months for one is a little too high toned, it seems to me!"

The waiter wiped away the perspiration that began to gather on his brow and bowed again. Finally he plucked up courage to say:

"Woodcock are in season, sir."

"Well, who denied it?" rejoined the stranger. "I know that woodcock are in season! I have had nothing else but woodcock, woodcock, woodcock for two weeks! I am not asking for information, but for something to eat! Is it possible I've got to fall back on bear meat? It looks that way. But don't fetch me a piece one bit bigger than my hand. Fetch me just one little piece of bear steak, waiter, and have it well done. Rare bear is worse than raw liver. A piece no bigger than my hand, waiter, with brown gravy."

The waiter looked about him wearily. The perspiration trickled down his face. He attempted a smile as he turned to his customer again, but it was a wan and sickly one.

"I am afraid, sir," said he, "that it is hardly cold enough yet for bear."

"Hardly cold enough!" exclaimed the persistent customer. "You don't suppose I want cold bear, do you? You're afraid it's not cold enough for bear, eh? Well, what do I care what your fears are? They're nothing to me! Get me something to eat! That's all I ask of you! Do you mean to say that this establishment can't serve me any bear meat?"

The waiter, now in a state of almost utter collapse, mopped his face and stammered:

"I'm afraid—that is—I'm obliged to say, sir, that bear is not yet on our menu."

The customer bit his lip as if to suppress his indignation, and tapped the table still more nervously with his knife. The waiter seemed to be on the point of calling for help, when the customer said:

"You've got bluefish, of course?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied the waiter, brightening up and gaining strength.

"Certainly you have!" exclaimed the customer. "And bluefish are not fit to eat before October! Positively are not fit to eat before October!"

The waiter grew weak in the knees again and shed more perspiration.

"And I'll bet a dollar you can fetch me a sheepshead?" continued the customer.

"Finest in the market, sir!" replied the waiter, once more with hope.

"Any man who can eat a sheepshead after once seeing the countenance of one would eat his brother!" exclaimed the customer in a tone of disgust. "A fish with a set of teeth like a dentist's sign was never made to be eaten by man. Pah!"

Hope left the waiter again, and he resigned himself to his fate. He wiped away the perspiration and waited for the customer's next assault. The customer looked out of the window awhile, and then said:

"Have you any codfish?"

The waiter hesitated to acknowledge that a restaurant so first class as that served such an ordinary, everyday fish as cod, fearing its effect on this critical customer, but he at last acknowledged that codfish was to be had there. The stranger was silent a moment, and said:

"There is no better fish swims than the cod."

This was so unexpected by the waiter that it came near knocking him off his feet. But the big gleam of hope it revealed sustained him.

"I am glad you have codfish," said the customer. "You may fetch me some."

"Certainly, sir," said the waiter, now entirely himself and tickled to death. "How will you have it? Boiled with oyster sauce—baked, a la maitre——"

"Well—ahem!—I think I'll—er—that is—er-r-r—I want it in balls," interrupted the customer, and he seemed to have difficulty in making up his mind.

"Fishballs!" gasped the waiter, aghast at the thought of fishballs in that establishment.

"That's what I said," replied the customer. "Codfish balls."

"We never serve fishballs here, sir!" exclaimed the waiter, and he marched scornfully away. The customer tapped the table a moment with his knife and then said:

"I could overlook their not having venison and trout and quail and bear, but when they go broke on codfish balls I draw the line. This restaurant may be way up in G, but if it don't keep fishballs it can't catch any of my trade!"

And the customer walked out and turned his steps confidently toward a restaurant sign in 6th avenue.—Ed Mott.

Scaling Fish.

Even on the seashore not one person in a thousand knows the easiest way of taking scales from a fish without breaking the skin. This is perhaps less remarkable because the idea was suggested by a young farmer. He loved to fish, and, living on the shore of Lake Champlain, had plenty of fish. When they were caught they had to be cleaned. It is no fun to take the "pin feathers" from a two pound yellow perch. They are a little worse than any salt water fish I have ever attempted to take out of their clothes. One day my friend had made a big haul, and as there was a large party to eat, there had to be a good number of fish "picked." The knife did not work well, the spines stuck in his fingers, and there were only a few of the big pile finished. An idea came into his head. How would a currycomb work?

There was a new comb in the barn, and in about two minutes he had it in operation. It worked. The scales came off as easily as the skin from a boiled potato. No basket full of fish was ever before cleaned so quickly. The currycomb never went back to the stable. There was better use for it among the fishing tackle. Now everybody in that part of the country knows how to scale a fish in a hurry, and every fisherman has his currycomb as handy as his fishing pole. The firm teeth seem to take hold of each individual scale, leaving the skin uninjured. Not a scale escapes, and the rapidity with which it can be done is astonishing to one who has always used a knife for that purpose. Don't forget the currycomb the next time fish have to be cleaned in the house.

He Likes Nellie and Mamie.

We do not share the enthusiasm with which certain journals decry the American custom of giving pet names to the girls. We rather like the custom, and if it be purely American we shall certainly like it all the more.

When an American calls Ellen Nellie he obeys a noble, manly instinct; he loves to regard his mother as "little mother," his sister as "little sister," his sweetheart as "little sweetheart," his daughter as "little daughter," and this tender and beautiful sentiment he expresses when he employs the diminutives Nellie, Carrie, Susie, Mamie, etc.

A powerful argument in favor of the custom is the fact that the girls themselves approve it.

We believe in and we stand for everything that shall show to the world that our girls, our sweethearts, our wives, and our mothers are our pets and are petted.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

"What's a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I s'pose," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive, so that he may die rich."

BLOOD-HOUNDS OF MAN.

HOW AND WHERE THOSE "BLOOD-THIRSTY" ANIMALS ARE TRAINED.

Of the Ferocious Bloodhounds That Romance Has Painted Them—English Foxhounds Used in the Chase for Convicts—Some of Their Characteristics.

In the Southern States hundreds of criminals who would otherwise escape are captured and brought to justice by the aid of keen scented hounds. There are plenty of man hunting dogs in the South to-day, but they are not bloodhounds. The dogs taught to trail men, instead of being fierce brutes that will tear a man to pieces, are only ordinary foxhounds of such little courage that a small boy or a pugnacious rat terrier could put a whole pack of them to flight.

Some of the rich English gentlemen who settled in Virginia before the Revolution brought over with them some pure blooded foxhounds. When these gentlemen and their sons and grandsons became the owners of hundreds of slaves they found it necessary to devise some way to capture those who were constantly running away. In this emergency the idea of turning the keen scent of their foxhounds to a valuable use occurred to them. Pups were taken away from the kennels and never allowed to join in the practice chase after a fox skin dragged through the fields by a colored boy.

Instead, they were taught to follow the trail of the boy without the fox skin. In this way they learned that the only game they were expected to run to earth was the runaway slave. These trained slave hunters were found to be very valuable, and the business of breeding and training them grew until it extended all over the slave holding States. The man hunting dogs of to-day are descended from these English foxhounds. They are small and slender, with keen limbs and long ears. In color they are mostly red, black, and white, the three colors being about equally divided, usually in small, but sometimes in large spots.

In most of the Southern States the State and county convicts are leased or hired to contractors for various kinds of work outside the walls of the prisons. The contractors are bound by heavy penalties to prevent their escape. As they are often moved from one place to another, the contractors can not afford the expense of building strong prisons, so trust to the watchfulness of guards to prevent escapes, and keep a few trained dogs to trail down the few prisoners who do succeed in eluding the vigilance of their keepers.

At the Pratt coal mines, near Birmingham, Ala., 1,500 to 2,000 State convicts are worked by the company operating the mines. This company has the largest and best trained pack of man hunting dogs to be found in the United States. The big kennel is located near the wooden prison, and a reliable and experienced man is paid a large salary to devote his entire time and attention to the care and training of the dogs. While they are kept to hunt convicts only, the officers of the company never refuse to loan the dogs to the local authorities to trail down desperate criminals.

The method of training the dogs is a simple one, but they require constant and careful attention. The most important part of their training is never to allow them to run at large where there is any chance for them to scent four footed game. A convict who can be trusted not to take advantage of the temporary liberty is used in the process of training. A number of pups are taken out of the kennels with one or more old dogs to lead them. The liberated convict is then started off on a run while the pups are held back until he is out of sight. Then they are released, and with the old dog to find the trail and lead them, they are off at full cry. The chase continues until the convict is tired out.

He then stops, the pups come up with him, followed by the keepers, and by giving them some extra nice food they are made to understand that they have done their duty. This is kept up until the pups are at least a year old before they are ever put in a regular chase with the old dogs. Every time they are taken out for a trial run the start given the convict is increased until the pups learn to find and follow a cold trail. A start of three or four hours is successfully followed up before the young dogs can be depended on for real work. Any ambitious young pup caught running off on the trail of a rabbit or other game is at once called in and flogged.

When a dog is well trained he will never under any circumstances follow any except the human trail. Instead of being fierce creatures taught to tear their game to pieces, these dogs when they overtake a runaway simply run around him in a circle, keeping at a safe distance until the guards come up. As soon as the prisoner is secured they lie down and take no further interest in the game they have trailed so persistently. No matter how large the pack may be they never attack a man, but keep up an incessant baying that tells the pursuing guards that the chase is ended.

The keen scent of these dogs is wonderful. If the ground is damp and the atmosphere moist they can follow a trail 10 or 12 hours old. If it is dry or raining a trail four to seven hours old is all they can be depended on to follow. Once started on the right trail they never make a mistake, unless the fugitive takes to water and follows it for a great distance. In this way he may throw them off the scent, but in no other. They will follow a man for hours through the crowded streets of a city, into house after house, across the tracks of thousands of other men, and never lose the original trail.

Once started on the track of a criminal they are a veritable Nemesis that can not be shaken off. Various means of getting them started on the right track have been adopted. If any article of clothing worn by the escaped convict can be found it is held to the nose of every dog in the pack. They are then released at the place where he was last seen and told to go. For a few moments they will circle about with their noses close to the ground, and then a short, sharp bark is a signal that they have found the scent. Again they are given the word to go, and in a moment they are off at full cry, if the trail is fresh. If the trail is a cold one they move very slowly at first, keeping their heads close to the ground.

When the trail grows warm they increase their speed to a swinging gallop, run with heads well up, and then give full vent to the cry that stirs the blood in the veins of every true huntsman. Where no clothing or article belonging to the escaped prisoner can be obtained the keepers must find his tracks if possible. If that can not be done the only thing to do is to take the dogs to the spot where he escaped or was seen last, give them the word to go, and trust to them to find the right trail. These are the facts about the man hunting dogs of the South. They are small and harmless foxhounds, carefully trained to follow only the trail of men.—Chicago Herald.

He Was a Sea Dog.

An old admiral, whose long sea service had given his legs a decided outward curvature once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pains in teaching him to jump. A man, standing up, would put one foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his leap through. The dog always jumped through the aperture readily, though if his trainer's legs happened to be short it was sometimes a rather tight squeeze.

One day the admiral came aboard from the flagship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes conversing with the officer who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog. Nep stood a moment surveying the admiral's bowlegs. Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs and a mad leap through the tempting gap.

In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the admiral whirled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore" and jumped again.

Once more the admiral turned, and again the dog jumped. The bewildered face of the admiral and the serious attention of Nep to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the bystanders, and, forgetting the respect due to rank, they all roared with laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to break from the crowd and catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and as he did so Nep seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to such spirited efforts.

The excited admiral got but an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a kind of circus hoop by a forecastle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery to him.

Three Shots at a Bust.

Lawyer A. S. Trude was explaining over a cup of coffee at the Leland the presence of the work of art which adorns his private office.

"The bust of Douglas I keep on my desk not only to remind me of what I might have been, but in memory of the experience of a bust of Douglas in St. Louis. It was on the desk of Editor Hyde, one of the most popular, daring, and trenchant journalists in that city.

"Hyde was a bit of a crank in his way and had no use for new fangled inventions, particularly for gas and electric lights. He preferred his oil lamp and he kept it. One night he was called away to confer with some politicians. When he returned his lamp had gone out. Approaching his desk he lit a match. As he did so he saw before him a tall man with a hat on. Suspecting foul play, Hyde in a jiffy dropped on his knees, pulling his gun as he did so.

"'Hands up!' he cried. 'Quick, or I fire.' And bang! bang! bang! went three shots between the time a man could have held up his hands and the time it would have taken him to draw his gun. The shots brought the staff into Hyde's office, and bullets testified to the expertness of his aim.

"One had torn out the eye of the man, another had bored a hole through his forehead, and a third had knocked off a piece of his cheek. But the man remained in his upright position. He had to, for he was Douglas on a bust on top of Hyde's desk and crowned with one of Hyde's hats."—Chicago Post.

Rather Rough on Him.

It was a pretty little country girl who rode down in a Madison avenue car yesterday. The city bred youth who escorted her was evidently proud of his charming companion, but there was a shade of embarrassment because she frequently betrayed her verdancy. You could not have told that she was a country girl by her manner. The city was new to her, and everything she did not understand she asked about.

As the car passed the Tombs she cried delightedly:

"Oh, there is that lovely museum I read about. So they keep it open on Sundays, do they?"

"Yes," replied the young man dryly, "they keep it open Sundays."

"I remember you wrote and told me you were there twice."

There was a ripple of laughter in the car.—New York World.

CHICKEN OR DUCK.

I see the chicken in the tree
When day has faded blue and sped,
And there she sits contentedly
Among the apples red.

I see the white duck down the hill
A waddling till the pond is found,
And diving 'neath its bosom still,
And splashing round and round.

The duck yearns not to mount the tree
And perch upon the cradled limb,
The hen cares not to plunge in glee
Into the pond to swim.

Tho' each contented seems to me
And more than happy with her luck,
I don't know which I'd rather be
A chicken or a duck.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

A CURIOUS COIN.

Confederate One Cent Pieces Made in Philadelphia Bring Big Premiums.

The commission which has just completed the counting of Superintendent Boobyshell's millions in Philadelphia in examining the curious coins in the mint museum came across a 1 cent piece with a rare history. It is a coin struck from the only complete dies made for the coining of money for the late Confederate government, and these dies were made in Philadelphia in 1861.

Investigation discloses the fact that the die is in the possession of J. Calvin Randall, the coin collector of this city. There were only 86 pieces struck from the dies, after which they were defaced. The dies were made by a Mr. Lovett in Philadelphia, who says that they were ordered in 1861 from the South and were to be for 1 cent copper coins.

After manufacturing the dies he was not able to get them out of the city, and becoming alarmed, hid them away, after striking off 12 nickel pieces. No one in the North, except himself, knew of the existence of either dies or coins until 1873, when Mr. Randall and John W. Haseltine discovered their existence by accident.

Mr. Lovett had been carrying one of the pieces as a pocket piece, and one evening, by an oversight, passed it in a restaurant. The proprietor, knowing Mr. Haseltine as a collector, sent the piece to him. The latter, recognizing the head of Liberty as Mr. Lovett's work, succeeded, jointly with Mr. Randall, in negotiating the purchase of the dies.

The two gentlemen then agreed to strike off 55 pieces in copper, 12 in silver, and seven in gold. This accomplished, they mutilated the dies and held the struck coins for sale to collectors. The following is a description of the coin:

Obverse, 1861; head of liberty; inscription, "Confederate States of America;" reverse, a wreath of ears of corn and wheat, with a cotton bale at the bottom; in the center the words, "1 Cent."

This was the only coinage ever contemplated by direct authority of the Confederate government, and the original nickel pennies and the restruck pieces are now very valuable. In 1874, when Messrs. Randall and Haseltine offered them for sale to collectors, they asked $30 each for the gold, $15 for the silver, $4 for the copper, and $20 for the nickel coin, they having bought from Lovett what he had left of the last struck in 1861. The coins are now very rare, and are worth much more than the prices asked in 1874.

The only other coin issued in the South during the war was a half dollar. This was coined at the United States mint at New Orleans in 1861, and for its obverse the United States die for the half dollar was used, being a seated figure of Liberty that still appears upon our coins. For the reverse a die was cut, the design of which consisted of a shield surmounted by a liberty cap, and surrounded by a cotton and sugar cane wreath. The legend was: "Confederate States of America Half Dol." A number of these were afterward restruck and the die destroyed. Single pieces have been sold for $25.—Philadelphia Record.

LUCK IN OLD SHOES.

Superstitions Which Various Nations Attach to Footgear.

The Chinese value a pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe. The casual putting on the left shoe on the right foot, pulling it on unevenly or crosswise, bursting the shoe latch or tie, lacing it wrong, and losing a button, are all bad signs.

A Yorkshireman will spit in his right shoe before putting it on, when going out on important business, to bring luck, and many an English girl has been known to hang her boots out of the window on St. Valentine's night for love luck.

Professor Black tells of a singular superstition existing in England, which insists that if the youngest daughter of a family marries first her sisters must dance at her wedding without shoes, so as to insure husbands for themselves.

Old shoe throwing is done for many purposes. In Ireland the election of a person to almost any office is concluded by throwing an old shoe over his head.

The gypsies say:

"Hurle after an old shoe,
I'll be merry what yere I doe."

In the Isle of Man an old shoe is always thrown after the bride, as well as the groom, when leaving their homes, and in the South the oldest person on the plantation, white or black, always throws an old shoe after anyone starting on a long journey.

It is said that Mme. Patti and other women of high standing on the stage preserve most carefully the boots they wore at their debut, which they consider lucky to wear on the first night of engagements forever after.

A Missouri farmer filled out the census blank requiring the cause of his farm mortgage with the simple statement, "Mortgaged to buy negroes." Before the war he had placed an incumbrance on his farm in order to add to his stock of negroes. He has never been able to lift it.