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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 11. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,051.

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	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	Kreighaum'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

BALTIMORE, RIDGE & 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

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 **Carthaginian**...Capt. J. FRANCE
Steamship **Polynesian**.Capt. A. McDOUGALL
Steamship **Circassian**....Capt. R. P. MOORE
Steamship **Sardinian**.Capt. W. RICHARDSON

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.

Nov 21

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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

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.

Lots for Sale.

TWO of the finest **BUILDING LOTS** in Frostburg; opposite the residence of Mr. James Dando; 50 by 150 feet; the best sites for homes in that section of town; cheap at $200 each, but can be bought for much less money, with reasonable time given on a portion of the purchase money; title guaranteed. Call at the MINING JOURNAL OFFICE,

Oct 31 Frostburg, Md.

LOOK OUT! IN!

"I STICK my head out of a car window and they say to me

LOOK OUT,

when all the time they mean for me to look in," says the Frenchman.

We ask you to *look out* for bargains, and in so doing you should not fail to *look in* our store.

LOOK OUT and not get cheated everywhere else.

LOOK IN every chance you get into our store

LOOK OUT for our frequent announcements.

RUBBER GOODS

—OF ALL KINDS.—

PRICES LOW

SPECIAL DRIVES IN

BOYS' PLUSH CAPS.

If you want to get at the pot of gold that is concealed at the bottom of the rainbow do yourself the favor of supplying yourself and family with the very best foot and head gear obtainalbe and

OUR STORE

is the place to get them.

M. RODDA & CO.

Nov 21

FOR SALE

THE VERY VALUABLE PROPERTY on South Broadway, owned and occupied by the undersigned, is for sale.

The Lot fronts 345 feet on Broadway, and extends along Frosts avenue and Loo street to Water street 205 feet.

House is a large, substantial structure, containing 13 rooms, kitchen, etc., all spacious apartments.

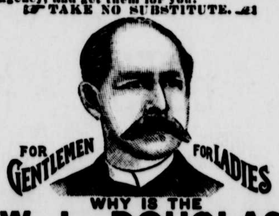
The entire property is easily capable of being made the handsomest in Frostburg, and is well worth the price asked.

For further particulars apply at once to

Aug 22 MRS. CATHARINE HAMILL.

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 imported shoes which cost from $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 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.,
July 4—5m FROSTBURG, MD.

HOLMES ON LOWELL'S DEATH.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem on the death of James Russell Lowell, in the *Atlantic* for October, contains the following lines:

This singer whom we long have held so dear
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong, and fair;

Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair,

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heiroom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the Nation's altar fires
Whose mourning children wreathe his funeral urn.

He loved New England—people, language, soil
Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade!
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;
Thy name shall live while Summers bloom and fade,
And grateful memory guard thy leafy shrine.

SAFETY IN EXPLOSIVES.

Terrific Energy in Forms That Can Be Handled Without Danger.

Nitroglycerine has served as the basis of most of the modern explosives of high power, but the transition from the unstable liquid that exploded on the slightest provocation to the present solid compounds, that can be subjected to the roughest usage without fear of explosion, has been no less remarkable than advantageous. For example, here is a new English explosive called ammonite, which has recently been subjected to some surprising tests.

Tested in a mortar a charge of 76.5 grains sent a 29 pound projectile a distance of 320 feet, as compared with 289 feet for dynamite and 136 feet for gunpowder. A weight of 59 pounds dropped from a height of five feet upon a cartridge of ammonite failed to cause an explosion, and the same result followed the ignition of a canister of gunpowder in the midst of a lot of ammonite cartridges. When a cartridge of the new explosive was thrown in a blazing fire it merely burned slowly with a black smoke.

Apparently the only means by which ammonite could be exploded was the use of small detonators of fulminate of mercury.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.

A Bill That Will Make Unmarried Georgians Warm.

A bill has passed the Georgia Legislature imposing a tax on bachelors. Under its terms it will cost a Georgian $25 annually to begin the bachelor business at 30 years of age, and on a rising scale of $25 for each five years a man of 60 will be put to the expense of $150 for the privilege of going without a wife.

A more ghastly piece of legislation could hardly be conceived, striking as it does at the very roots of personal liberty.

Government has quite as much right to fine a man for not wearing a beard as for not marrying. Government has also the same moral right to impose a tax on bachelors as it has to fine the poor for the benefit of the rich under the guise of a "protective" tariff.

"Government" is only all of us, and "all of us" can do as we please.—Pawtucket, (R. I.,) Tribune.

A HISTORIC KETTLE.

The Vicissitudes a Copper Utensil Went Through Years Ago.

A lady residing at Tribes Hill, N. Y., is in possession of a massive copper tea, kettle which dates back to the days of the Revolution and has an interesting history, says *Good Housekeeping*. It then belonged to Adam Fonda, whose father was tomahawked during Johnson's raid, in 1780, his house being burned at the same time.

Adam Fonda lives on the banks of the Cayadutta, and his house was also burned. One of the Tories who was engaged in this vandalism saw in this house a teakettle which was too good to be destroyed, and he took it and filled it with butter which had just been churned.

He then hid it under the Cayadutta Bridge, expecting to return that way, but he never came back for it, and not long afterward some children playing under the bridge discovered it. This kettle was the only article saved from the house.

ILL OMENED JANE.

All Royal Bearers of the Name Have Come to Grief.

Jane, as borne by the royal families of Europe, has always been a name of ill omen, says *American Notes and Queries*.

Lady Jane Gray was beheaded for treason; Jane Seymour was one of the victims of King Hal; Jane Beaufort, wife of James I, of Scotland, was savagely murdered; Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XII, was repudiated for her want of personal beauty; Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV, was poisoned by Catherine de Medici; Jane of Castle lost her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip the Handsome, archduke of Austria; Jane I, of Naples, caused her husband to be murdered and married his assassin, and Jane II, of Naples, was one of the most wanton of women.

Getting Acquainted.

"How are your new neighbors? Sociable?"

"Oh, yes. Very. They've borrowed four pounds of butter, 10 eggs, a stepladder, and 10 yards of hose inside of 24 hours."

India ink is made from fine lampblack compacted and cemented with glue. The finest black is derived from pork fat. The glue is made from buffalo hide.

How the Pyramids Were Built.

A moneyed man who was looking yesterday at the process of laying an artificial stone pavement in front of one of his many properties startled the friends who were standing about him by remarking: "I believe that the Egyptian pyramids were built in just that way." Pressed for an explanation, he said that while he had never been in Egypt he had read the works of all Egyptologists, including Brugsch and Piazzi Smyth, and had never found in any of them a theory which would satisfactorily account for the manner in which the pyramids were constructed. "Now," he said "you must remember that the pyramids are built of stone which bears no resemblance to anything found within 500 miles of their location. It is incredible that the Egyptians of 4,000 or 5,000 years ago should have possessed the mechanical ingenuity to move these enormous blocks of stone from the granite quarries of Abyssinia or Syria to the pyramids. Is it not much more natural to suppose that the ancient Egyptians possessed the secret os making artificial stone and that the pyramids were constructed by layer upon layer of Nile River mud, hardened by just such processes as we employ to make artificial stone? It is a much more plausible explanation of their construction than the laborious and unintelligent suppositions that the stones were carried across the desert to form the foundation and base of the pyramids. I firmly believe that the Egyptians of the ante-Christian era understood the manufacture of artificial stone and that they built the pyramids out of it."—Philadelphia Press.

An Aluminum Steamboat.

Some novel and interesting experiments have recently been made on the lake of Zurich with a steamboat built entirely of aluminum, which claims to be the first of its kind. The boat weighs only about half a ton—viz., about half the weight of an ordinary boat of the same size. It was built at the works of Escher, Wyss & Co., of Zurich, the metal having been furnished by the aluminum works of Shaffhausen, where it is obtained by an electrical process, the dynamos being driven, not by steam engines, but by turbines, which utilizes the water power of the celebrated falls of the Rhine, so that the boat claims to be exclusively the product of Swiss labor and power. It carries eight persons, and, with a petroleum engine of only two horse power, easily makes six miles an hour. Aluminum not being subject to rust, the permanent color of the boat is a beautiful dull white, while the chimney, being of polished aluminum, shines likes silver. The trial trips of the boat were eminently successful, and it is anticipated that the construction of aluminum steamers, having the same capacity and only half the weight of the iron ones now used on the Swiss lakes, has a great future before it.—London Standard.

Uses of the Toadstool.

Toadstools, in spite of their unattractive appearance, are among the most useful things that grow. Not long ago the writer was in a city drug store. Heaped high in a case on one of the counters were hundreds of odd shaped things that looked like pieces of chamois skin. It was odorless, and soft as velvet to the touch. "They are dried toadstools," the druggist informed a questioner. "Nobody should be without them. They make excellent dressing for certain kinds of wounds, are highly valued by surgeons, and are in big demand in hospitals. Germans use toadstools extensively as pipe lighters also. The dried fungus makes perfect tinder. It is cut in long strips, and these in turn are clipped at the edge in a sort of fringe and tipped with phosphorous and sulphur, just like match heads. By rubbing the fringe against any rough surface it ignites like a match and burns like punk. If you thrust a bit into the bowl of your pipe you can light the tobacco with ease in the highest wind, in the biggest storm. In fact, the harder it blows the better your pipe will light. Hunters and fishermen find this sort of match much preferable to any other. A dried toadstool makes a curiosity, too; it is astonishing how few people know what it is when they see it."

What Is a Horse Power?

When men first begin to become familiar with the methods of measuring mechanical power, says the *Rider and Driver*, they often speculate on where the breed of horses is to be found that can keep at work raising 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, or the equivalent, which is more familiar to some mechanics, of raising 330 pounds 100 feet per minute.

Since 33,000 pounds raised one foot per minute is called one horse power, it is natural that people should think the engineers who established that unit of measurement based it on what horses could really do.

But the horse that can do this work does not exist. The horse power unit was established by James Watt about a century ago, and the figures were fixed in a curious way. Watt found that the average horse of his district could raise 22,000 pounds one foot per minute.

At that time Watt was employed in the manufacture of engines, and customers were so hard to find that all kinds of artificial inducements were necessary to induce power users to buy steam engines.

As a method of encouraging them Watt offered to sell engines reckoning 33,000 foot pounds to a horse power. And thus he was the means of giving a false unit to one of the most important measurements in the world.

Women are not always deep thinkers, but they are generally clothes observers. —Texas Siftings.

The air of condescension never yet ventilated a poor tenement house.

ALASKAN INDIANS.

Queer and Picturesque Customs of the Hoonah Indians.

Looking out over Sitka Bay we saw five big canoes coming toward the rancherie, or that part of the town on the water's edge where the Indians live. We hurried down there, and were very much interested in the ceremonies attending the arrival of a large party of Hoonah Indians.

In times gone by a Hoonah had married a Sitka squaw, so the tribes are friendly, and continue to go in large bodies visiting at least once a year, though the man and woman that made the relationship have been dead for some time.

Indians are fond of bright colors, and the red, yellow, blue, and green of their costumes had a very brilliant kaleidoscopic effect as the men, women, and little children, about 80 in all, sat huddled together in the canoes. Above them floated the stars and stripes and a British flag used with an eye to decoration, and with no idea of sailing under false colors.

Hoonah, the place they came from, is 120 miles from Sitka; it takes over a week to come from there in a canoe. The visitors may have stopped to rest at different islands on their way, but even so, it must have been a hard trip for them. Indians become used to the cramped, uncomfortable position necessary in a canoe, yet I think it injures them, especially when they are young, and that it may be the reason why so many of them grow up bow legged pigeon toed, and otherwise deformed.

We thought these people would be in a great hurry to disembark, but there were many ceremonies to be gone through with first.

An old Indian stood up in one of the canoes and extolled the virtues of the maiden who had married into their tribe. He told traditional stories of her goodness and perfection. If they were true, it was sad that she could not have lived forever as a bright and shining example. He kept on for fully 20 minutes, then sank down in the canoe overcome with grief, weeping as if the coffin lid had just closed over the dear departed.

Then up rose another aged warrior and in the most pathetic tones called out to the people on shore to take them in "We are cold—we are weary—we have traveled far."

The sad, entreating voice had seemingly no effect, though the words were repeated again and again. He next tried bribery. He held up new blankets and other gifts they had brought to entertain them. Even then there was no response. Then in a loud, wailing voice he made a personal appeal to those whose family names he knew:

"O, come out, Whale! Listen to me Crow! Hear my words, O Bear!"

This was evidently the cue for the next speaker. Midst the loud beating of drums, the door of one of the houses on shore opened, and on its threshold an old Indian called "Father of Rats" appeared dressed for the occasion. He had on three or four blankets that might once have been red, but had grown brown with usage. Over the blankets he wore a large robe made of eagles' breasts, handsome enough to make a tourist wild with envy; long yellow leggings, and a remarkably tall cone shaped hat completed his costume.

With a stealthy, catlike tread he went down to the beach and out on a big rock that was in the water. There he squatted, Indian fashion, swaying his body from side to side, occasionally flapping his arms as if about to take flight in his eagle plumage.

While he was going through these contortions another old Siwash came, and standing beside him welcomed the strangers in the canoes and invited them to land. Then at last the ceremony was over, and the poor people after being an hour and a half in the drizzling rain were allowed to find shelter and comfort. —Overland Monthly.

A HOME OF MILLIONAIRES.

People Not In the Swim Find It Very Uncomfortable at Newport.

Speaking of Newport, nothing impresses a visitor so strongly as the stupidity of ordinary excursionists trying to enjoy themselves in that summer city of the rich. It is surely no place for quiet folk seeking health and amusement at modest figures. The whole town is so dominated by the majesty of millions that no remotest corner is left for the well to do, even when flattened out and all gone to eyes and mouths to gape and stare while plutocracy grows jovial in gilded sunshine. Unless they go very early or late, before or after the butterfly toys through the season, mediocre prosperity had best stay at home and not attempt even the humblest rivalry. Newport is the focus for this country's extremest wealth and smartness. The millionaires made it famous, and they deeply resent any poaching on their preserves. A very tremendous belle and heiress put up her glass the other day while driving and inquired plaintively why some one did not arrest those shabby sightseers for spoiling the view. She was simply expressing the sentiments of her kind, who completely possess the place for a time, keep a succession of irreproachable equipages rolling over its smooth drives, support summer palaces on the right and the left of the green shaded avenues, and for three months flood the picturesque old city with beauty, the glamor of riches and ceaseless excitement. All over this broad land are spots almost equally lovely, and instead of hanging by their eyelids, foraging for fun at insurmountable disadvantages, or peering at society through sternly guarded peep holes, it would certainly be better sport to try the first in Brundisium plan for a while. It is the dullest place on earth for transient guests out of the swim when gayety is on.—Illustrated American.

An Old Miner's Story.

"The good old days are gone," sighed the Forty-niner, "and they'll never come again. Who is grateful for roast beef and potatoes when he has an appetite for terrapin and champagne? And yet once I had more money than I could have spent during my whole life."

"How was that?"

"In 1851 I was prospecting in California, and struck it rich. My partner and I located a claim that had millions in it, apparently. We didn't have capital enough to work it, and so we went up to 'Frisco to find a purchaser. We found him, too. His name was Moore, and he was a well known character on the coast. He had made a couple of million working a mine he had bought for $500. Well, we convinced him we had a good thing and he gave us $200,000 in gold coin for it. I was afraid to deposit my share anywhere, so I loaded it in flour bags on a cart and drove down to San Jose. In the hill back of the town was a cave I had discovered a year before. It was so situated that it couldn't be discovered except by accident.

"I buried the money in a corner of the cave and went gleefully back to San Jose. As soon as I got into town a party of Mexican bandits captured me, and informed me that if I didn't conduct them to my buried treasure I was a dead man Life was sweet to me at that time and I didn't hesitate. They dug up my $100,000, gave me $200 to keep me from want, and rode off to the southward. I never saw any of them again for 10 years, when I met one of the band in Los Angeles. We had a friendly conversation, in the course of which I asked him how he and his companions knew that I possessed that treasure they took from me."

"'You couldn't have seen me carry it to the cave,' I said, 'for if you had there would have been no need of taking me prisoner.'

"'No,' he replied, 'it was your hands.'

"'My hands?'

"'Yes. I was in a saloon where you were taking a drink, and I saw that your hands were all tarnished."

Out of His Latitude.

An ex-Governor of Wisconsin, famous as a story teller, is reported by the Chicago *Tribune* as having related an anecdote of his own experience with a man of dull, sour, and serious mien. The Governor was at a clambake in New Jersey, and after dinner was called upon for a speech.

I started off by saying that I had eaten so many of their low neck clams that I wasn't in the least sort of condition for speechmaking. At that moment a long faced old man directly across the table scowled at me and said in a stage whisper:

"Little neck clams, little necks—not low necks."

I paid no attention to him and went on with my remarks. After dinner he followed me out of the hall.

"You are from Wisconsin, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"You don't have many clams out there, I reckon?"

"Well," said I, "we have some, but it's a good ways to water, and in driving them across the country their feet get sore and they don't thrive very well."

He gave me a look that was worth a dollar and a half.

"Why, man alive!" said he, "clams ain't got no feet."

He turned away, and shortly afterward approached one of my friends.

"Is that fellow Governor of Wisconsin?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"W-a-l-l," said he, "he may be a smart man in Wisconsin, but he's a good deal of a fool at the seashore."

Pride in a Shopper.

She had a look on her face that said as plainly as look could say that she was a shopper from Shopperville, and the clerk had not yet been found who could get ahead of her on a bargain.

"How much is that mosquito netting a yard?" she asked.

"We don't sell it by the yard," replied the clerk; "we sell it by the piece."

"Well, that is not a full piece, is it? How much will you sell me that for?" she asked, picking up a remnant that was lying on the counter.

"I will find out, madam," said the clerk, and he went away. In a moment he came back and said she could have it for 15 cents.

"How many yards are there in it?" she asked.

"Fifteen cents, I said," replied the clerk.

"Will you be so good as to tell me how many yards?" she asked in her most freezing tone.

And then the clerk measured the netting and found that after all it was a full piece, and the woman who could have had it for 15 cents had she not been suspicious, took it for 30. But the extra 15 cents did not by any means represent the damage to her pride as a shopper.—New York Times.

A New Explosive.

Ecrasite, a new explosive, is the invention of two Austrian engineers named Siersch and Kubin. Its power is stated to be in relation to dynamite as 100 to 70, and the new explosive is said to be capable of being carried from place to place with perfect safety. It emits a thick, black smoke, and the detonating noise is louder than that of gunpowder, but shorter, sharper, and clearer. A bombshell loaded with it explodes with such terrible results that experiments against palisades representing 100, 250, and 500 men, at ranges of 300, 750, and 1,200 meters, are said to have recorded marks on every division of the palisade standing for a soldier. No details of the composition of this new explosive are known, as the secret of the invention is being closely guarded by the Austro-Hungarian war office.

SMUGGLERS' DEVICES.

Why the Poor Dock Man Went Limpety-Go-Pat.

Quaint and curious, says the *Strand*, are the devices smugglers employ to baffle the queen's officers, and, as often as not, extremely ingenious. Such smuggling as now goes on is almost entirely confined, as might be guessed, to tobacco, although spirits of eau de Cologne in small quantities sometimes successfully tempt.

The ingenious and horny handed dockers comes limping out at the gateway. "What is the matter?" asks the constable; "take off your boot!" The dock man ruefully takes it off. The constable smells it. Ho! the thick sole is a huge plug of smuggled tobacco!

Dive down into the lowermost internals of some sailing vessel in the London dock. Here are coils of rope, not by ones, or tens, but by hundreds, all tarry, all smelly, all in confusion alike. But are they all rope? Not much. Jack knows how much is rope and how much is 'baccy.

Are those innocent looking fenders stuffed with oakum, as they should be? Ask Jack. He will give you a wink that means something.

Logs and billets of wood lie about promiscuously on deck and below. Cut open this one. What do we find? Only 300 and odd cigars and two pounds of cake tobacco.

The story of the Calais-Dover baby is pretty well known. It was always so unwell, poor little dear! and its face had to be kept heavily veiled from the cold wind. Notwithstanding this it was always being carried back and forth between England and France by the interesting young mother; never cried, and never, somehow, grew out of long clothes. The custom house officers finally tumbled to this baby. The sweet was found to be "chiefly tobacco, but largely lace."

Housekeeping in France.

Under the title of "The French Cook in Her Native Land," Fannie C. W. Barbour, in the *Chautauquan*, gives an interesting paper on housekeeping in France, from an actual experience of four years.

Two-thirds of the inhabitants of French towns live in furnished apartments.

You can enter such an apartment at a day's notice. The rooms are usually furnished with all necessaries, such as bed and table linen, silver, cutlery, down to the regulation six white and six blue aprons for the cook.

In selecting a cook you simply go to a first class agent, explain precisely what sort of a servant you desire, and in a few hours you are talking over the coming dinner with her.

This blue aproned, white capped, tidy person expects no day out, nor does she use her kitchen as a meeting place for friends

The wages of a cook vary from $8 to $12 a month. The latter price commands a person who can cook an elaborate dinner without outside assistance. A man cook receives from $12 to $50 a month in a private family.

There are a few privileges which the cook considers hers by right: Three and one-half quarts of wine a week must be provided. This costs from 75 cents to $1.50 per dozen bottles, and is most likely weakened by water, but not alcoholic.

A second privilege is her five per cent commission, granted ungrudgingly by all the tradesmen with whom her mistress deals.

The morning meal of the French domestic consists simply of black coffee with sugar, and bread without butter, but she insists upon having soup and salad of some kind for her dinner.

The salad she will make out of anything that is left over, such as a few slices of beef, the outside leaves of lettuce, cold boiled potatoes, or even a few dandelion leaves.

The French cook never wastes anything, and seasoning is her forte.

The washing and bread and cakemaking are done outside, but this is not so expensive as it seems, for the prices charged are extremely low, and vary according to the size of the article.

When Monday comes, and there are no cold dinners, no cross cooks or untidy waitresses, but all things running smoothly as on other days, one feels that the French could teach us something about housekeeping made easy.

Ancient Dentistry.

There was a great deal of interest felt among dentists some years ago when one of the royal mummies taken from the Egyptian catacombs was found to be fitted out with an upper set of artificial teeth. The plate was of wood, carved to fit the roof of the mouth, and the teeth were of brass, the natural shape of the tooth being quite closely imitated. It shows that some one of the Pharaohs felt the loss of his incisors and grinders and had the court tooth doctor do the best that could be done for him. Before this discovery it was commonly supposed that artificial teeth were a modern contrivance, but false teeth in ancient Egypt furnish convincing proof that there is nothing new under the sun.—Interview with a St. Louis Dentist.

Zola on War.

M. Zola writes to a Paris paper: War must come. War is life itself. Nothing exists in nature, nothing is born or grows or multiplies save by combat. The world can live only by eating and being eaten. And it is only the warlike nations that have prospered; a nation dies when it disarms. War is the school of discipline, sacrifice, and courage. We must wait for it gravely. Henceforward we have nothing more to fear. Germany, so proud for the last 20 years, is at the apogee of her power; but do we not already seem to hear the threatenings of disruption?