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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 16. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,056.

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	9 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	12 00	9 40	Barton	10 50	5 32	11 32
6 40	12 12	9 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. Savage jun	9 28	4 13	10 13
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 00	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of p[illegible] to mance.

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

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	8:35 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

Day's lock 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

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov 15, 1891.

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

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
7:24 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
8:05 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:43 a m
9:30 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	12:40 p m
	....No 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	....No. 16 Passenger....	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:10 p m	....No. 4 Express	11:20 p m
Arrive	**WESTBOUND**	**Leave**
12:55 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:20 a m	....No. 3 Express	4:25 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	....No. 15 Passenger....	4:25 p m
7:54 p m	....No. 1 Express	8:04 p m

A trains daily except Nos. 14, 15, 71 and 73. Trains Nos 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves.... 1:30 a m
" 64—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday.... 7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves.... 3:25 p m
" 5—Express leaves.... 4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:30 a m
" 12—Mail " " 1:25 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:25 p m
" 6—Express leaves.. 12:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

Nov 21

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

All information concerning rates, routes, through cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

Ocean 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 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 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.

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.

A POT

of gold is supposed to be concealrd at the

BOTTOM

of the rainbow. We all—everyone of us

AFTER IT.

PAUSE in your search, my friend, long enough to inspect our immense stock of

5 AND 10 CENT GOODS.

Begin to Get Rich

By Saving Big Money on Your Purchases.

☞ Parker's 5 and 10-cent Store is now open in the old Percy stand, one door east of Parker's Drug Store. You cannot afford to go home without seeing what numerous bargains you can buy for only one dime and a nickel each. The

5 and 10-Cent Store,

One door west of J. B. Shannon & Co.'s Boot and Shoe store, Main street,

Dec 5 FROSTBURG, MD.

A Rare Chance!

FURNITURE

At Cost!

OWING to the calamity which recently befel my store building, destroying the roof and third story, and not being able to get a place to remove my stock to keep it out of the weather, I am compelled to dispose of same at almost any price in order to save it from ruin by rain or snow, either of which is likely to occur at any time at this season of the year.

The stock comprises Walnut, Oak and Poplar Bed Room Suits; at least 25 Parlor Suits of the latest styles and upholstered in all kinds of Plushes, Brocatels, Tapestries, etc., ranging in price from $25 to $125; also a very fine lot of Upholstered and Rattan Easy Chairs, especially selected for the holiday trade, and a fine lot of Lounges, Bed Lounges, Side Boards, Hall Racks, Wardrobes, Extension Tables, all kinds of Mattresses, Springs, and, in fact, everything pertaining to a first class Furniture store. Some of this Furniture has been slightly damaged, but the bulk is yet uninjured, and that which has been damaged in any way will be sold exceedingly low. This is an opportunity to get

GOOD FURNITURE CHEAP

which no one in need of same can afford to miss.

Trusting that my friends and the public in general will avail themselves of this chance to get cheap Furniture, and at the same time assist me in a time of need, I am,

Respectfully,

C. F. NICKEL.

Nov 28

LILY'S DECISION.

The four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor they represented vastly different styles and characteristics. Mrs. Dalzell pale, faded, woful and wearied looking and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—proud, despite the plainness of her little house and the shabbiness of her widow's weeds.

Miriam Dalzell, the eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features and a complexion like unsunned snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy or haughtily questioning, with her wealth of blue black hair that crowned her like a coronet.

She had always been regarded as a beauty, and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived; but now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home and occupy a suit of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that, instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to use the closest economy to at all manage on the pitiable little sum that was left them—then Miriam's belleship fled from her and she took her beauty, her grace, her high toned, elegant tastes, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for her to be, unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which in Lily's case was of a different quality from Miriam's, a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty, exclusive, reticent, and vain, in Lily was dignity, strict womanly truthfulnesss, and elevation of character.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty; she was too slight, too petite.

She was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not noticeable for personal characteristic.

Her complexion was fair and soft as rose petals, her eyes were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable, and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown; but her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as a spray of moistened coral, with even, milkwhite teeth showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left cheek.

The fourth of this quartet was Mrs. Dalzell's brother Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life until when Mr. Dalzell had died he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

Then knowing her brother was very rich and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls—or both, for that matter—Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his proffer, with large hopes based on his coming.

And he had come and had seen to the settlement of his brother in law's affairs, and, now that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain little suit of rooms and Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect.

Miriam dropped her long lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Hiram went on:

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble, Miriam, you indorse that?"

And Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way.

"Good. Now, first of my suggestions is that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—saleswoman in one of your first class establishments."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled.

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, uncle!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips—perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful daughter, who had never done a day's work in her life—perhaps because of her offended pride.

"I hardly think Miriam suited to such occupation, Hiram. She has been brought up like a lady, you must remember."

Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be—not a lady!"

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands as if torn by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not affront this rich brother of hers, who might do such glorious things if he only would.

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages, her manner and appearance protest against it——"

Hiram gave almost a growl, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she would not do at all for the two other positions I have in mind—neither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a shop. Lily, my dear, I think I had better direct suggestions to you."

Lily laid down a strip of ruffling her deft fingers were hemming and drew her low hassock nearer her uncle's and listened for what he should propose.

He looked down at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize she was a Dalzell, and who had—somehow—taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself—that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living, can give you your choice of two situations. One is that of assistant forewoman in the factory on Edgehill street, and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you should ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—assistant to an elderly lady."

Miriam gave a little refined cry of horror, Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously

"Hiram, how can you?"

"Oh, uncle!"

Lily kept her bright eyes on his face.

"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it, I will take it."

Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming smile.

"Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff in you."

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy and her wages good. I know the old lady, and I'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily, what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence or rubbing on as you've been doing?"

"I'll go gladly, uncle. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and besides, only think how much help my wages will be at home! I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months, at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing, and her gray eyes deepened almost to black.

"You're the sort, Lily! Now can you be up and off early in the morning? Because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else after Hiram had gone to his hotel but bemoan Lily's want of pride and berate Mr. Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

"To think he should dare to offer to put you in such positions, when he himself rolls in riches, the stingy curmudgeon, if I must say it!"

And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew moist with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter invective.

"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's counter!"

But Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk, and the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new, untried position.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Hiram had taken for them at the station stopped before an imposing mansion on a wide, aristocratic looking avenue.

Lily looked up at the rows of plate glass windows hung with rich lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe came over her.

"Oh, uncle, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—never."

Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led her up a flight of stone steps.

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus, just show us into the reception room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here!"—for a tall, liveried footman had opened the door and bowed to Mr. Wingate respectfully.

It was a perfet little bijou of a room into which Lily was ushered—an octagonal room, with windows draped in blue satin and lace alternation, with a blue and white velvet carpet on the floor and furniture so odd and magnificent that Lily wondered if it was for actual use.

"Oh, uncle, it's just like fairy land, isn't it?"

Her delighted, awe struck whisper amused him and he was laughing to his heart's content when a stout, comfortable, elderly lady came into the room, with lovely gray puffs of hair and wearing a beautiful steely pearl silk dress.

"Hiram, my dear, I am so glad you're back again! And this is one of poor Mary's girl's, is it?"

"Marion, my dear, I am so glad to be home. Yes, this is Lily Dalzell, our niece. Lily, kiss your auntie, my dear."

And, bewildered, Lily obeyed, while Hiram laughed and explained it all.

"You see, I was determined I'd bring one of you home, and Marion and I arranged the little test before I went. We earned our money by hard work and economy, and we didn't want anybody to enjoy it who was too fine to follow our example. So, you see, Lily, my dear, the 'situation' is a pretty fair one, after all, eh? Five pounds a month to spend if you choose, and all the fine things you want, and your carriage to ride in. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be our adopted daughter, and come into all we've got after we die?"

And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake Mr. Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will rarely go, for she is the light of the old eyes whose home she makes so radiant with her presence.

A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Why Tears Came to the Eyes of a Locomotive Engineer.

Even in the life of the grimy railroad engineer, whose existence is one of almost constant danger, there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of human sunshine illuminates his smoky cab, penetrates his greasy blouse, and finds its way deep down into his breast.

A little incident happened down at the mole the other evening after the arrival of the overland train, which, though of a simple nature, will long be remembered by a certain C. P. engineer. The great iron monster attached to the train was throbbing and puffing after the long and sinuous trip over mountain sides and rocky defiles, trembling trestles and marshy stretches. The din in the depot was deafening, but out of the chaos of sounds a sweet, girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden haired beauty, scarcely 6 years of age, with a quick, intelligent eye and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her fond parents back. At last they took her by the hand and proceeded toward the waiting ferry boat. As they passed by the engine belonging to the train the little one broke away, ran up to the big black machine, and patted the driving wheels affectionately with her little white hands. Looking up at the smokestack, she said: "You good, big old iron horse, you have brought back my papa and mamma safe over the fearful mountains to their little girl, and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me because I am so little, and you, too," she continued, turning her face wistfully toward the grimy engineer who was leaning out of the cab window. "I love you both." Then she kissed her hand to him and was gone like a ray of sunshine.

Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down into the Golden Gate came stealing through a chink in the depot and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant, and all at once the depot was dark and lonesome. When he turned his head into the cab there were two light spots on the cheeks of his dust begrimed face.

MRS. FREMONT'S NEW HOME.

She Occupies the House Given to Her by California Ladies.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, have taken possession of the beautiful home at the corner of Hoover and 28th streets presented to them by a committee of ladies. Lieutenant Fremont, his wife, and child are members of the household for the present. There is also a trusted servant, who has faithfully followed the fortunes of the family for 26 years.

The valuation of the house and lot is about $5,000; of the dwelling alone $3,500. There still remains upon the property an incumbrance of from $500 to $700, and contributions will be thankfully received by the committee. Mrs. Senator Hearst and Mrs. C. P. Huntington made donations of $500 each, and several other ladies gave $100 each. The location of the estate is exceedingly pleasant, in the midst of an orange grove, and the neighborhood is one of the most desirable in the city. Mrs. Fremont and her daughter are very happy in their new surroundings. The same may be said of little Francis Townsend Benton Fremont, son of the lieutenant, about 3 years of age, a handsome and intelligent child.

Mrs. Fremont has another son, who for many years has been in the naval service. At present he is on duty aboard the Philadelphia. The lieutenant, who is now in this city, is attached to the 3d Infantry. For 24 years his regiment has been on outpost duty. Shortly before the recent Indian hostilities this regiment was ordered to Fort Snelling. Los Angeles has reason to be proud of a family so honorably connected with the military history of the country.—Los Angeles Express.

Blue Monday.

An explanation of the much dreaded "blueness" of Monday has been afforded by an erudite French observer. He gives it as the result of extended observation that the only nation in which Monday is a day of poor lessons, headaches, scratchy penmanship, and "that tired feeling" generally is the United States. Here he notices that people accustomed to great regularity in eating and other physical habits during the week, make a practice of eating a late and unusually large dinner on Sunday and in lounging lazily around the house a great portion of the day instead of taking necessary exercise. This, of course, leads to temporary dyspepsia on Monday. The theory is ingenious.

Childish Logic.

Miss Birdie McGinnis complains of headache. Her little sister Mollie has toothache. Miss Birdie says:

"Molly, you must have that tooth pulled if it aches. It is hollow inside."

"Sister Birdie, don't your head ache?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have your head pulled. It's hollow inside."

Another Pocahontas.

The troubles between the National Government and the Sioux Indians recall to the memory of a correspondent a pathetic incident which occurred in that tribe 65 or 70 years ago, and which she believes has never been in print. She is not positive as to dates, but the events are actual, and can be vouched for, she says, by other persons now living, some of them children and grandchildren of the heroine of the story.

About the date I have given a Scotchman named Laidlaw, belonging to one of the great American fur companies, traded extensively with the Northwestern Indian tribes. On one of his expeditions his headquarters were for several weeks among the Sioux. During that time a few men of the tribe, for some fancied injury, or in consequence of some actual disagreement, became mortally offended with him and determined to take his life. One man, a skillful archer, was to steal up to the tepee, and while Laidlaw was busy with his accounts send an arrow into his heart.

An Indian maiden overheard the men discussing their diabolical scheme, and determined to save the Scotchman's life. She crept quietly to the tepee; but just as she reached it and before she could warn him, she saw the Indian at the opening of the tent with bow already drawn.

Quick as thought she threw herself before Laidlaw's breast, and the arrow went through one of her arms. The Indian fled, leaving the suffering girl to her fate. Laidlaw, surprised and shocked by the suddenness and horror of the affair, knew not what to do, but the girl's fortitude and presence of mind did not forsake her.

She told him to assist her in removing the arrow, which he did by cutting the stem in two, and gently pulling it out. They then sought her parents, who applied their crude remedies to the wound.

After the maiden's recovery Laidlaw, in gratitude for her heroism, married her and brought her to Clay county, Mo., where she died about 23 years ago.

Mr. Laidlaw built an elegant house, with spacious and lovely grounds, and kept a retinue of servants. His place was visited by sightseers and thronged with guests. He had, I think, eight children, whom he sent to the best academies for education. The daughters were fine looking, though showing in a marked degree their Indian blood. The mother told me that only the two sons had pretty blue eyes like their father.

The mansion was provided abundantly with comforts and luxuries, but while the children enjoyed them to the full, Mrs. Laidlaw seemed to prefer solitude and simple food and clothes.

For many years of her widowed life she lived with one of her daughters, a kind neighbor of mine. I often visited her, and she talked of her husband, her parents, and her tribe with so much feeling that I was often moved to tears. She told me that after she had been married 16 years a Sioux chief, passing through Missouri, heard of her and came to see her; but she could not talk to him, for she had forgotten her native language.

She said it broke her heart. There was so much she wanted to ask him about her people, whom she still loved so dearly, and so many messages she would have liked to send to her old friends and kindred.

In her last days, even when partially blind, she wandered every day through the woods, dejected and alone. Though she had kind friends and affectionate children, she seemed to shun companionship, and her stately figure, but little bent with age, coming slowly through the woods, was a sight touching in the extreme.

The Old Lights of London.

The history of lighting London is a subject of much interest. In remote times the city must have presented a very curious aspect; there was no method of street lighting at all; the narrow, unpaved streets were deserted when darkness fell except by the thieves, who found in the want of artificial illumination a splendid confrere to help them in their nocturnal undertakings. Notwithstanding the ringing of the curfew bell, and the order that all lights and fires were to be extinguished when its sound was heard, it was found that a city could not conclude all its business at precisely 8 o'clock in summer or at dark in winter. Kindly disposed citizens as early as the 14th century began to hang outside their door a common candle made of rushes and coarse grease, and these gave a faint glimmer on dark nights. We find that in 1416, in the reign of Henry V, the citizens were called upon as a duty to light the streets; and although some obeyed the injunction the duty was very inadequately performed. It was the custom then for the ancient watchmen to carry lanterns containing candles placed at the top of a long pole, thus lighting in a small way the streets over which they perambulated. It was in the reign of Elizabeth that the fear of a Spanish invasion drew attention to the dangerous condition of the highways at night. The darkness might hide foul conspirators; consequently an order in council commanded every householder to do his part in lighting the city on pain of death by the common hangman. This order seems to have excited some attention, for at the present day there are to be seen in the museum under the Guildhall Library several of the candlesticks said to have been used at that period for street illumination. The candlesticks consists of a rude bar of iron, having at its back a rack and a catch by which the socket holding the candle can be lowered or raised.

Much to Answer For.

A New York clergyman has married 12,000 couples and received over $60,000 wedding fees.

OLD TIMES IN GEORGIA.

Old times in Georgy—them's the times for me!
No times now like them times, and nevermore will be;
Long before the railroads an' steamers blowin' free;
How I like to dream o' them—dear old times to me!

Old times in Georgy—them's the times that make
My old eyes shine like sunlight on some sweet mountain lake;
And sometimes, too, they kinder bring feelin's full o' pain,
An' make my eyes run over like rivers swelled by rain!

Old times in Georgy—I can't forget 'em quite,
Suns that made the daytime, stars that made the night;
Wasn't they just splendid—didn't they shine bright?
All the world was love then, all the world was light!

Old times in Georgy—they was sweet to know—
Old fren's that loved us, fren's that we loved so!
Seem to lost my way, now—aint much left to see—
Them dear old times in Georgy is all life has for me!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Wrasslin' With Bill.

I had been staying with a Tennessee mountaineer for three or four days, while I waited for mail and to get my shoes repaired, and was invited to go with the family down to a farmers' picnic. Before leaving home the old man took his son Bill, who was a young man of 20, aside for a talk, and I noticed that Bill looked thoughtful all the way down.

There were about 100 families gathered at the grove, and it seemed to me as if I had never seen a more pleasant and good natured crowd. Lunch was over and everybody was still enjoying himself, when the old man winked me out of a knot of people, beckoned me into the bushes and there stopped to say:

"Kurnel, I want yo' to go and wrassle with Bill right away."

"But I'm no wrestler," I protested.

"I dun doan' mean for yous to take hold o' him, but to argefy. He won't listen to me, but he's sorter took to you, and he'll believe what you say."

"What's the matter with Bill?"

"Why he's dun bound to git up a jumpin' match."

"Well, let him jump if he wants to."

"Kurnel, yo' doan' consider the configuration. If Bill gits up a jumpin' match he's bound to spread hisself and jump nine feet. Thar's all the Hawkins boys yere and some of 'em ar' gwine to jump 10 feet or bust. Thar's all the Dunbar crowd yere, and some of 'em ar' gwine to make it 10 feet 6 or break both legs."

"Well?"

"Wall, do yo' reckon my Bill is gwine to stand that! No, sah! When he finds hisself knocked out on the jumpin' bizness he's gwine to pull that ole pistol o' his and begin to bang, and the next thing yo' know yo'll think another war has broke out! Go 'n wrassle with him, kurnel, and wrassle fur all yer wuth, fur thar' hain't five minits between us an' the riproariest old shootin' scrape yo' ever heard of!"

I found Bill just as he had taken off his coat to jump. It was tough "wrasslin'" to get him away and induce him to give up his program, but he finally consented. On the way home he said to me:

"Kurnel, I reckon yo' was right about that yere fussin'."

"Yes, I think so."

"'Cause I dun looked at my pistol after I had promised, and what do you reckon? Why, she hadn't a durned cartridge in her, and them Hawkins crowd would a made a b'ar meat o' me afore I could er hollered twice."—New York World.

Street Driving in Paris.

The noise of the streets in Paris would cause an American to fancy himself at home on the Fourth of July. The average Parisian is no more to be trusted with a whip than he is with a locomotive whistle. From dawn till dawn the cracking of cabmen's whips makes the air tremulous with resonant agitation. Every man who drives a horse carries a long whiplash, and cracks it incessantly. Crack, spat, spatter, spatter, crack, crack, crack, go the whips in a never ending chorus around you wherever you walk, and apparently in your apartment when you try to sleep. If you want to imagine what it sounds like, just fancy every third or fifth man in New York going about firing giant torpedoes all day and night. These terrible inflictions, the drivers, are quite picturesque. They wear red waistcoats as a rule, and invariably sport tall hats of some shiny material that looks like patent leather. Their hat bands are often of metal silvered or gilded. They are a pestiferous lot, as noisy with their mouths as with their whiplashes, and though I had no quarrel with any I heard of or saw quarrels between them and their fares on all sides. They have no silly scruples against a battle of tongues with a woman, and the American ladies in Paris were often quite terrorized by these noisy malcontents.

There are few, if any, hansoms in Paris, the small open barouche being the favored public conveyance. To see a myriad of these flitting about at night is like looking at a festival of lanterns. In places Paris is brilliantly lighted by masses of lights, always gaslights; but in the open places, like parts of the Champs Elysees, where the foliage flings dense shadows, the lamps of the cabs produce a beautiful effect. 'Buses are plenty, but lest the driver should fail to make the necessary amount of noise with his whip and voice, he is reenforced by the use of a horn fixed beneath his footboard, and worked by a sort of bellows process. An expert driver is therefore able to make three sorts of noises at once. In Paris the public vehicles are too few and too slow. Paris is as far behind London in means of public conveyance as London is behind New York.