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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 20. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,060.

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 05	11 05
7 00	12 34	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 00	11 02
7 08	12 42	7 18	FROSTBURG	10 12	4 52	10 54
7 25	12 59	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 29	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 23	10 28
7 37	1 11	7 47	Barrelville	9 38	4 15	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 13	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 08	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 06	10 13
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	3 53	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.

Jan 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 .	8:30 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

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
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express	7:43 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:35 p 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**
12:53 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

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		...1 30 a m
" 63—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
" 61—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, 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.

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, Frostburg, Md.

Oct 31

A POT

of gold is supposed to be concealrd at the

BOTTOM

of the rainbow. We are 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 hance!

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

THE CAREER OF PEGGY ANN

A ROMANCE OF PIKE COUNTY, PA., DESCRIBING THE ADVENTURES OF A TAME BRUIN AND HER FOSTER MOTHER.

"I don't suppose it has got noised around here yet about Jim Bonesett having to shoot his trained bear, Sassy Sam, has it?" asked an innocent looking man who had come in on the night train and had been listening to some reminiscences and experiences of different members of the Fairchild House Circle, which was sitting in informal session in Hammondsport.

"Not yet," replied Landlord Ross. "We don't hear much news of that kind any more since Stebbins got married and Jake Lapham went to New York. So Sassy Sam is dead, eh? Well, where did he live when he was alive?"

"Down my way," said the stranger. "Yes, Sassy Sam is dead. Jim had to shoot him. He got the big head, Sam did, and Jim had to put a bullet in it. He was an ungrateful cub, that bear was, but what a nice mother he had! His mother's name was Peggy Ann. She lived a number of years on Jim's farm, and if ever a bear had a romantic life Peggy Ann did. Ten years ago next spring a fine Berkshire sow belonging to Jim gave birth to nine coalblack pigs. This interesting pig family was in an inclosure out near the barn, and early one morning, when the pigs were about three weeks old, Jim heard a great squealing among them, and hurrying out he saw a bear getting out of the pen with one of the pigs under its arm. The mother of the kidnaped pig had made the fur fly out of the bear, and it seemed glad to get away without tarrying to capture more than one of the family. After that Jim moved the old sow and her pigs to a small building that had been used as a smokehouse, where he could shut them in and prevent further raids upon them by bears. Two or three days afterward Jim fed his pigs and started for his work and forgot to close the door of the smokehouse. When he came home at night his wife told him that early in the afternoon she heard the pigs squealing as if their little hearts were breaking, and going out found the mother gone and the pigs huddled together in one corner of the inclosure. The old sow hadn't returned to her family when Jim and his wife went to bed, and they were at a loss to understand her strange disappearance. As soon as he got up next morning Jim went out to take a look at the pigs. Everything was quiet, and when he got to the smokehouse he was rejoiced to see the old sow lying in her place as comfortable as ever, suckling her family. But what was Jim's astonishment to discover that the place at her maternal fount which had been made vacant by the heartless kidnaping raid of the bear was filled, and that a black and furry baby bear occupied the place. The thing was plain as day to Jim. The sow, smarting for revenge on the bear, had taken advantage of her first opportunity to get away, tracked the bear to its lair, and watching until the heartless marauder went away on some similar expedition, had kidnaped the bear's cub and brought it home with her.

"That cub thrived amazingly in charge of its strange foster mother, and grew up and away beyond its foster brothers and sisters. A feeling of undying affection seemed knit between the bear and Old Blacky, as the sow was called, and it grew stronger as one by one the pigs were taken away and fattened and killed. Jim named the bear Peggy Ann, it being that kind of a bear. At the age of 2 years she was a whopping big animal, and Jim trained her to work the churning machine, take the cows to pasture, turn the cider mill, drag the harrow, and make herself generally useful about the farm. She was as kind and gentle as a sheep, and when she wasn't at work spent most of her time cheering up her beloved foster mother, who was getting old and feeble. The first thing Peggy Ann would do when Jim appeared in the morning was to hurry to meet him and put up one of her great big paws to shake hands with him. She liked Jim next to her foster mother, and she was a favorite with the whole family.

"When Peggy Ann was 6 years old something happened that changed her whole life. The old sow, her foster mother, died. I have heard Jim tell about the frantic way in which Peggy Ann took on when she found that she was an orphan. Jim said her grief was enough to make an undertaker weep. They buried Old Blacky under a tree in the orchard, and for weeks Peggy Ann spent all her spare time at the grave mourning for her beloved foster parent. While she did not neglect her duties on the farm, Peggy Ann became listless and apparently discontented. It was noticed that she would stand for minutes at a time and gaze mournfully at the woods, and frequently was seen taking long walks along the edge of the fields where the woods began.

"'That b'ar's b'ar natur's comin' back to her sence Old Blacky died,' Jim said to his wife one day, 'an I'm afeerd she'll go back to fust principles an' git to be a b'ar agin one o' these days.'

"One evening that fall Peggy Ann went out to Old Blacky's grave without eating her supper. When Jim went to bed that night she was mourning on the grave yet. He woke up in the night some time and still heard Peggy Ann's plaintive lamentations at her foster mother's grave. When Jim got up next morning Peggy Ann didn't come to greet him as usual, and she was nowhere to be found about the premises.

"'She's gone back to be a b'ar ag'in, poor old gal!' said Jim.

"There was great sorrow at Jim's farm over the going away of Peggy Ann, for she was not only a valuable piece of live stock, but she had endeared herself to the family by her cheerful and gentle ways. No effort was made to trace her and fetch her back, for, as Jim said, she had reasoned the whole matter out and knew what she thought was best for her to do. The backbone of winter was just about getting ready to be broken the next spring when Jim Bonesett almost fainted away one morning to see a big bear come running toward him in the yard. Jim was about to turn and leg it for the house when the bear stopped and lifted one fore paw. Then Jim recognized Peggy Ann, and they had a joyful time in the house when Jim hurried in with the news. And he had more news than the arrival of Peggy Ann to report, for at her side waddled a fluffy ball of coal black fur in the shape of a two weeks' old cub. Peggy Ann and her cub were given the best of quarters, and in a couple of weeks she fell into the harness again and buckled into her work just as of old. But she wasn't the same. She was listless and discontented, frequented Old Blacky's grave, and seemed unhappy. But she kept right on, and when her cub was old enough they broke him to do the work his mother had done so long, and he got to be as apt as she was, but not so willing nor cheerful. When the young bear got so he could do the work well Peggy Ann disappeared again.

"'I see it all!' said Jim. 'The poor ol' b'ar can't stand it to be around the farm without Old Blacky, and she didn't have the heart to leave us short of help. Soon as she got her son all broke into the harness she left the farm an' has gone back to the wilderness to die amongst her own folks.'

"That was Jim's theory of Peggy Ann's disappearances, and I'm not going to say he wasn't right. Well, nobody ever heard anything of the old bear, and three years or more passed. Last month Jim Bonesett thought he'd go out and kill a few pheasants. He was sneaking along through the woods, when he jumped a big bear out from the roots of a fallen tree. The bear went bang up against another tree in his hurry to get away, and evidently thinking that Jim was responsible for this bumping of his head he turned and made for Jim as mad as a hornet. Jim himself had started to run, but seeing that the bear would catch him from behind and have him at a disadvantage, he turned and gave bruin a charge of bird shot. The shot didn't stop the bear, and the next thing Jim knew the bear was upon him and had him down and clawing and chawing away at him at a fearful rate. Somehow, he doesn't know how, Jim managed to get out of the bear's grasp and to his feet. He backed away, and the bear came tearing at him again. Jim gave up then, and would more than likely have been a dead man within the next five minutes, when swish, swash, kerslosh came something through the brush, and before the bear got to Jim another big bear jumped on the scene.

"'Go 'way! go 'way!' Jim shouted, not knowing what he was at, he was so scared. 'Go 'way! One o' you can git away with me easy enough!'

"But the second bear just gave one look at Jim and then threw itself against the other bear like a locomotive. Jim said that it thrashed that first bear around so that as soon as it could get a chance it went limping and bleeding away as fast as its legs could carry it. Then the second bear turned toward Jim and, taking a few steps, raised its right forepaw.

"'Peggy Ann, by the great corkscrew!' yelled Jim, and the next second he and the bear that had saved his life were hugging one another, while Jim jumped for joy.

"Sure enough, the rescuing bear was old Peggy Ann, and Jim induced her to go back to the farm with him. She seemed glad to get back to the old place, and when Sassy Sam, as they called her son, came in from the back orchard, where he had been turning the cider mill, she rushed up to meet him. And what do you suppose the ungrateful young rascal did? He looked contemptuously at his old mother for a moment and then struck her alongside the head a blow that knocked her prostrate at his feet. Then he marched on, not even condescending to look around. Peggy Ann got up, looked sorrowfully after Sassy Sam, and then crept away to Old Blacky's grave in the orchard. She lay down by the grave of her foster mother and they didn't disturb her. Next morning she was there yet, and when Jim went out to fetch her in to give her some breakfast she was dead.

"'Her heart was jist broke!' said Jim.

"The knocking down of his mother by Sassy Sam seemed to put it in his head that he was the boss of things on the farm, and he went to running them, and so Jim took him in hand the other day and put a ball through him.

"I didn't hardly suppose the news of it had got noised around up here yet," the stranger added, "but it's all the talk down my way."

"And where is that, stranger, if I may ask?" Landlord Ross inquired.

"Pike County, Pa.," replied the innocent looking man, and he went up to bed, while the Fairchild House circle went into executive session and took it hot.—Ed. Mott, in New York Sun.

Big Telegraphic Message.

The longest telegraphic message ever sent across the continent is supposed to have been the press dispatch sent from Salem, Mass., to San Francisco, containing a full report of a day's testimony in the famous Searles will case. The dispatch contained 17,520 words, and was first sent to Chicago and repeated from there to the Pacific coast. It went through in two hours and 10 minutes, and cost $525.60.

The coldest known spot on the earth's surface is near Werkhojansk, Siberia—81 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

GOOD STORIES WELL TOLD.

In One of Which a Great Man's Genius for Method Is Hinted at.

The parents of a young soldier who was a private in a Prussian cavalry regiment during the Franco Prussian war became terribly anxious about him. Several battles had been fought, and they had received no news of their boy. After some hesitation the father went to see General von Moltke, who was understood to receive visitors at a certain hour in the early morning.

Strange to say, the father was admitted to see the great field marshal.

"What is your business?" said Moltke. "Use as few words as possible."

The visitor explained that he wished to learn the fate of his son, a private in a certain regiment. Moltke smiled, but not unkindly, and drew from his pocket a square of cardboard covered with dots, lines, and crosses of various colors.

"This line," he said, "indicates the line of march of your son's regiment The dots seen here mark the distances of each forced march. Tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock the regiment must be at this point here. Take note of the situation.

He said no more, and the interview ended. Long before the appointed time the father was at the point indicated on the map. Just before 7 o'clock the trumpets of the advance guard were heard in the distance, and precisely at the hour the father saw his son.

A Gallant Southern Colonel.

Here, from the Atlanta *Constitution*, is a true story on the Hon. Tom Clifton. When he was in Atlanta the other day he went with a friend to a restaurant for dinner. They lingered over the duck and celery for three-quarters of an hour. The urbane "war horse" from Chatham had noticed a lady sitting quietly at a table when he entered, and from time to time as he glanced in her direction observed that she had not been served. Finally he grew very impatient, and, calling a waiter, sharply reprimanded him for not bringing the lady's dinner.

"What, dat lady, kurnel?"

"Yes, you ought to be discharged. She has been sitting there an hour and has not had a single thing to eat."

"Haw, haw, kurnel. Dat lady is the cashier."

Napoleon's Passions.

Napoleon's passions were strong, and recall those of Italians at the time when his ancestors quitted Italy for Corsica. One day, at Paris, when he was about to make his concordat with the pope, he said to Volney, 'France wishes for a religion!' Volney replied dryly, 'France wishes for the Bourbons!' Thereupon he suddenly kicked Volney in the abdomen with such force as to make him fall and lose consciousness. He had to be carried home, and remained ill in bed for several days."

He was a magnificent beast of prey let loose among domestic herds.

Savage's Ordeal at a Christening.

Dr David Morton tells a good war story on Dr. Savage, of the American Bible Society, who was a strong Union man.

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage was at one of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a sturdy Southern matron brought her four children to the altar. "Name this child," said the Union preacher, laying his hand on the boy's head. "Simon Boliver Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation, but the brave preacher went on with his duty. "Name this child," taking the next in order. "Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard," and the smile grew into a snigger, while Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the great engineer-soldier and went on with the ceremony. "Name this child," he gasped, reaching for the third. "Albert Sidney Johnston," came the answer. The smile became audible and the preacher apoplectic. Heaving a sigh of relief he took the fourth child, a little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic reproduction, and said: "Name this child." "Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came a response that set the congregation in a roar, while the Union parson thought he had held in his arms the whole Southern Confederacy.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mildly Rebuking a Plagiarist.

Hard, indeed, is the way of the plagiarist in the realm of Afghanistan. According to recent reports from that country, a certain Mirza Ahmad was brought before the Emir, charged with misappropriation of public funds. In the course of the trial it was discovered that the defendant had been guilty of writing poetry which did not possess the virtue of originality. This fact enraged the Emir.

"The accusation of purloining public money," declared his majesty in the decision, "has not been proved. For that I can not punish you. But I can not excuse the theft of the ideas of Laadi and Haffiz, the old poets. As a penalty I order your tongue pierced by long, thick needles."

The poor writer was supjected to the torture, and the Emir has little fear that Mirza will again attempt to force his hexameters upon an "indulgent" monarch.—St. Louis Republic.

A man's purpose of life should be like a river, which was born of a thousand little rills in the mountains; and when at last it has reached its manhood in the plain all its mighty current flows changeless to the sea.

All that is great comes through work; and civilization is its product.

Nothing Is Certain but the Unforeseen.

Colonel Thomas F. Fisher tells a story which is a good one. Among the first railroads built in the United States was a little line about 20 miles in length. In the course of time a big tunnel line was constructed through the same country. The original line became merely a branch. For many years it was run in a cheap way, with one locomotive, one engineer, and two or three freight cars.

Finally, a new general manager was appointed. He had not been in office but a week when he sent for the one lone conductor who had held the position ever since the road was built.

"I would like to have your resignation," said the general manager when the conductor appeared.

"My resignation?" inquired the conductor, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; yours."

"What for, pray?"

"Well, I want to make some changes and get new blood in the line," was the general manager's reply.

"I won't resign," answered the conductor.

"Then I shall be compelled to discharge you—a step which, for your sake, I had hoped I would be saved from taking."

"Young man, you will not discharge me. I own a controlling interest in the stock of this railroad, and elect the president and board of directors. I shall have you fired."

The old conductor did really own the majority of the stock, and, as he said, put in his own board of directors and president.

A Cry of Despair.

"Some time ago," says a Missouri man, "a powerful poor family came to our town. There was a widow and three daughters, two of them about grown. They took up their quarters in an old, deserted house, and it wasn't long until we heard that they hadn't anything to eat.

"Well, a lot of us went out to the old house, and, sure enough, there they were, mighty nigh starved to death. Right there, sir, we raised $8, and told the widow we'd see that she didn't go hungry. The grateful woman gave the money to her daughter, and said: 'Lou, you and the children run right away down town and get something with this money.'

"Well, off the girl put, and we waited to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them satisfy their hunger. They came back after a while, and now, what do you reckon they had bought?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, sir, they bought four finger rings and a quart of molasses."

"The miserable fools. The poor mother must have been indignant."

"You bet she was."

"And what did she say?"

"Why, she said: 'Lou, I'd like to know what in common sense made you get so many of these here blamed molasses.'"—New York Tribune.

Shadows of Venus.

Purkinja discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the retina, with all its veins and blood vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the arborescent figure, from its likeness to a many branched tree, and is produced in the following manner:

In a dark room at night move a candle backward and forward before the eyes, these being firmly fixed on the wall beyond. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides.

The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye, and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadow onto it, and we are enabled to see them, as we see any other object, externally.—Chambers's Journal.

Absentminded.

A very absentminded man was Lord X——, who prided himself upon being very indulgent and considerate to his servants. His coachman had been suffering from a light attack of lung fever, but returned to work during the prevalence of some rough weather.

"Do you think, James," said Lord X——, "that you are well enough to drive me to-day?"

"Oh, yes, your lordship, if I wrap myself well."

"Ah! Well, I will tell you what I will do, James. I intended to go out in the victoria to-day, but, in order that you may escape the exposure, I will go in the coupe instead!"

So he drove out in the coupe, which, although it was a covered vehicle for himself, left the unfortunate coachman as much out in the rain as if he had been driving the victoria.

But Lord X—— had the complacent air, as he drove, of doing a very kind and merciful thing.—Youth's Companion.

A Different Dose.

Customer (in Kansas dru store)—I should like a small vial of sporotrichum gobuliferum.

Druggist (in hissing whisper)—Sh-h-h-h! That's old Waters, the Prohibitionist, back there by the prescription case. You can't fool him.

Customer—What do you mean? I merely asked for some of the fungus used to kill chinch bugs.

Druggist—Oh! I thought you were trying to ask for whisky in a roundabout way!—Puck.

The practice of "cold sawing" of steel and iron is being generally adopted.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

Curled up and sitting on her feet,
Within the window's deep embrasure,
Is Lydia; and across the street,
A lad with eyes of roguish azure,
Watches her buried in her book.
In vain he tries to win a look,
And from the trellis over there
Blows sundry kisses through the air,
Which miss the mark and fall unseen,
Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

My lad, if you, without abuse,
Will take advice from one who's wiser,
And put your wisdom to more use
Than ever yet did your adviser;
If you will let, as none will do,
Another's heartbreak serve for two,
You'll have a care some four years hence,
How you lounge there by yonder fence,
And blow those kisses through that screen,
For Lydia will be seventeen!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN AMERICA.

Some of the Minor Denominations That the Public Knows Little About.

Census Bulletin No. 131 will possess a peculiar attraction for those who are interested in a study of creeds, differences of doctrinal opinions, and similar questions. It contains statistics of 28 churches or religious denominations in the United States of which comparatively little is known, in some instances the figures never before having been given to the public.

Among these are the twelve branches of the Mennonites, the Dunkards, several African branches of the Methodist Church, Independent Churches of Christ, Temple Society, Church of God, Latter Day Saints, Shakers, etc. The Mennonites are amog the oldest religious bodies on this continent. The church was founded by Menno Simons, of Holland, born the year America was discovered and educated for a Roman Catholic priest. Attracted by the accounts of Penn's colony, a party of Mennonites crossed the ocean in 1683 and settled at Germantown, Pa. All Mennonites accept the confession of faith adopted in Holland in 1632.

The doctrines of the church, however, are traced back through the Waldensians of the 12th century, and the same faith is followed to the earliest ages of the Christian era. They have divided and subdivided over minor questions into 12 denominations. The total number of churches is 550, the number of communicants 41,541. They represent a class of old religious peculiarities which are slowly but surely passing away.

The Dunkards, Tunkers, or German Baptists trace their origin back for nearly 200 years to the province of Witgenstein, Germany. They have subdivided into Progressive, Conservatives, and Old Order Brethern, and number less than 1,000 churches, with about 72,000 members. The Independent Church of Christ came into existence during the war, and had its origin among an element who objected to "political preaching." It claims to be non-partisan, non-sectarian, and non-denominational, is found in 17 States, and has 294 churches and a membership of 18,214.

The Temple Society of "Friends of Jerusalem" was founded in Wurtembourg, Germany, in 1853. They believe that Christ will return and set up His kingdom in Jerusalem. They have one church in Kansas and three in New York, with 340 members. The Church of God was founded by Elder John Winebrenner in Harrisburg, Pa., in 1830. It is an offshoot of the German Reformed, and has 479 churches and 25,511 members, who oppose creeds and sects.

The reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, or non-polygamous Mormons, claims to have been founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith. They deny the revelation of polygamy to Brigham Young and disclaim all connection with the Utah branch. They have 431 organizations and a membership of 21,773 in 36 States and three Territories. There are 15 communities of Shakers, with a membership of 1,728, which statistics show is decreasing. There are three Amana societies, or "True Inspiration Congregations," in Iowa.

SUGAR WASN'T NECESSARY.

A Lodge Banquet Where the Guests Were Unduly Surprised.

A man about New York tells a story that is more or less "on himself." Yesterday, in a "Bohemian" crowd up near Daly's Theater he was relating it, cheered by much rather elusive "laugh effects."

"I don't go to a banquet once a year, but last week I attended one, a sort of lodge dinner. It was a chilly affair. I'll warrant that not six of those attending had ever dined in like manner before. Each felt as though the dignity of the whole affair depended solely upon his own austerity.

"Well, there had been engaged for the occasion the services of a fashionable caterer. In due time the guests were seated at dinner, and every fellow there felt that he was sitting on a chair that had no bottom to it.

"The first course was in order. There were placed in front of each guest a tiny teacup and saucer. Then the waiter passed along and filled these with tea served from what looked like a real silver teapot.

"It occurred to each one that tea was an odd sort of first course, but of course it occurred promptly to each one to keep his mouth shut about the matter, and not to appear that it was a new experience for him.

"Some one started the sugar bowl and tongs down the line, and each one deposited a lump of sugar in his cup.

"Then we all pleasantly sipped our tea. A curious look was on each countenance, but the ice was yet whole, and it remained for me to break it. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'there is a mistake here. This teasome and teaenvironed substance is soup. It is bouillon, and it isn't good with sugar in it.'"

The history of the past is a mere puppet show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again.