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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 24. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,064.

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	Loneconing	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 07
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. Savage junn	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....	7:33 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	
" 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, 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 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.

FLINTSTONE

CANNED GOODS

Pack of 1891.

I INVITE the attention of the public to the superior quality of my "FLINTSTONE" brand of Canned Fruits and Vegetables, to be found on the shelves of all firstclass grocery stores in the county. My pack is as follows:

Cooking Tomatoes—Choice, fully ripe and superior flavor.

Extra Tomatoes—Finest whole Tomatoes, ready for slicing.

Dessert Apples—Selected varieties, packed in full syrup and ready to serve as dessert fruit.

Pie Peaches—Extra mountain Peaches, fine flavor, all full cans; nearly one-third more Peaches in can than Baltimore packed pie peaches.

Corn—Selected variety of Sugar Corn, packed when young and tender with utmost neatness and care.

My goods are sold to all merchants at moderate prices and will give full satisfaction in every particular.

Notice—All the corn packed at my Flintstone Canning House this season has on the label a *fac-simile* of my signature, thus:

B. L. Turner

Any can which does not bear my signature was not packed this season. [Jan 16]

WANTED TO BORROW.

TWO sums of $6,000 and $10,000, respectively, for 3 or 5 years on real estate, in either case worth more than double the sum desired. Payment semi-annually of interest at the rate of 6 *per cent. per annum* and repayment of principal at maturity fully guaranteed. Apply, by letter only, to

J. B. ODER, Frostburg, Md.

Apl 25

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 undamaged, 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

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Established 1870.

CUMBERLAND Steam Dye Works

—AND—

Dry-Cleaning Establishment,

21 NORTH LIBERTY ST.

Thomas Footer & Son,

PROPRIETORS.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING **cleaned and dyed Fast Colors** by recently improved methods.

Ladies' elaborately-made DRESSES can be done without ripping.

French Dry Cleaning

—OF—

Ladies' Dresses, Men's Clothing, Fine Costumes, Fine Rugs, Furs, etc.

LACE CURTAINS cleaned and beautifully finished.

BLANKETS cleaned or dyed.

GLOVES cleaned or dyed.

KID BOOTS, SLIPPERS, etc., cleaned.

OSTRICH FEATHERS cleaned, bleached and dyed all colors and shades.

☞ For price list, etc., call on

R. M. THOMAS,

Main street, opposite the Baptist church.

Agent for Frostburg.

Feb 6—6m

We've Got the Grip

—ON THE—

Tea Trade of George's Creek,

AND we intend to keep a firm hold on it by always striving to please our patrons in everything they buy from us, and give them money's worth every time.

We have built up a large trade here in less than one year, thanks to our numerous and intelligent customers, who know how to appreciate a genuine article when it is put before them.

To retain and increase that trade we intend to put forth every effort this year.

We have just received, therefore, a large quantity of NEW SEASON TEAS in

Formosa Oolong from.....50 cents up
Congos " .....40 " "

India, Ceylon and Japan TEAS in all grades.

We blend any TEAS to suit customers. Try us once and you will come again.

Do you want anything in the QUEENSWARE line? Come to our store and you can be suited.

We have on hand also a full line of Natural Leaf CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO and fine CIGARS.

☞ A call solicited.

AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Broadway, [Jan 30] **Frostburg, Md**

1892.

D. F. McMullen & Co.

Will be at their post on the top.

The leaders of best style and quality for this year

We will make greater effort than ever to increase our big business.

We will be complete House Furnishers the coming spring.

We have added Wall Paper to our already big stock of goods.

And we intend to undersell, as usual, all competitors in Carpets, Wall Paper, Lace Curtains, Poles, and all goods that go to make up tasteful, beautiful House Decoration.

D. F.

McMullen & Co.

Jan 16

300 MILES.

—TO—

A. F. Parker's Drug Store

300 FEET,

MORE OR LESS. It is the place you are looking for, however, if you are after Pure Drugs, fine Toilet Soaps, choice Candies, Cigars, Pipes, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Spectacles, Eyeglasses, new Wallpaper, Bishop's Bird Seed in all qualities.

☞ **Pure Medicines in Physicians' Prescriptions,** which are carefully compounded at all hours. Call at

A. F. Parker's City Drug Store.

Open weekdays from.....7 a. m. till 12 p. m.
" Sundays " .....9 a. m. till 11 p. m.

Feb 6

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

Something had been done or spoken,
Quite trivial, one would be broken—
Little matter what it was!
Fate designed it, and behind it
Lay, concealed, sufficient cause.

Sullenly the heavens lowered,
Angrily the shadows glowered
O'er the thirsting, sunburnt plain;
And the gloating wind went flouting
Through the dry and drooping rain.

Hoarse, ill-humored voices mumbled;
Louder, louder rolled and rumbled;
Shrieking winds in fury rose;
Blinding flashes, deaf'ning crashes,
Told the frenzy of the foes.

Hark! That bitter-sweet atoning!
Malison is turned to moaning.
And the loud contentions cease.
Love is calling, tears are falling—
Tears, the harbingers of peace.

Now the freshened field is laughing;
Now the thirsty plain is quaffing
Nature's sweet catholicon;
Earth is brighter, hearts are lighter,
Since the storm is come and gone.

—Willis B. Hawkins.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

When the farmers' wives in the neighborhood of Dalton, and the residents of the little country village, heard the clang of a cracked old hand bell and afterward the shrill, quavering notes of a cracked old voice singing some cheerful ditty, they smiled and said "Uncle Peter's coming." The notes of his song grew shriller and more strident as Uncle Peter drew near in his old fish cart with its canvas covering, on the sides of which was printed, "Peter B. Pillsbury, dealer in fish, oysters, clams, and other notions. No trust."

His bank account and other possessions were so great that there was really no necessity for Uncle Peter's peddling fish.

"Ye think I hadn't ought to do so no more, do ye?" he often said to friendly patrons who, with freedom of lifelong acquaintance, asked him why he did not give up his occupation and rest. "Ye reckon that I'd set round doin' nothin'?" he would ask. "Naw, sir; that ain't the Pillsbury style."

"We would miss you, uncle," his patrons always said heartily, "and we are always glad to see you."

The old man would smile like a pleased child.

Uncle Peter's wife had been dead some years. His daughter Dorinda, a spinster of 33, and Becky, a much younger daughter, kept house for him in the old home. Becky had had the advantage or disadvantage of attending a would be fashionable boarding school for about one year, where she had only learned that the society to which she had aspired could never tolerate the daughter of a fish peddling father, notwithstanding the fact that that father was one of the kindest and best and most honorable of men, and Becky had come home determined to close Uncle Peter's fish peddling career.

Dorinda had an idea that a store might prove more profitable than a fish notion wagon, and she was too thrifty to allow any opportunity to pass for increasing her father's account, which she expected to share with her brothers and sisters.

Uncle Peter had several married sons and daughters living near him, and all of them being thrifty like their sister kept their eyes fixed on their father's possessions, which aggregated several thousand dollars. They had even suggested to him the propriety of dividing the property among them before his demise and allowing them in return therefore to "take care of him" the remainder of his life.

But Uncle Peter was a firmer and wiser man than he seemed. He had a strong, dogged will, nowithstanding his childish manner and his smooth, round, effeminate, and ever smiling face. He met this suggestion with a smile, and dismissed it with a joke, but there was a look in his faded old blue eyes that forbade a recurrence of the subject. He came home from his rounds one day in the merriest mood. He had "cleaned out" his entire stock in trade and his cracked old voice sang "Annie Laurie" in a perfectly excruciating manner as he drove up the long lane leading to his house.

At the gate he met Mrs. Harriet Gibbons, a woman from the village near by, whose highest earthly joy was felt when it was her privilege to be first in retailing a new bit of gossip of interest.

She was one of the few people on the face of the earth whom good old Uncle Peter did not like, but he had never given utterance to this dislike, and now he bobbed his head to and fro and greeted her with a cordial:

"Howdy do, Mis' Gibbons! Folks all well at home? They be? That's right. Can't ye stay to tea? It must be ready."

But Mrs. Gibbons declined the invitation somewhat stiffly.

When Uncle Peter went into the house he noted an unusually severe look on Rindy's always grim face, while Becky looked reproachfully toward him. His William, who lived in the village, happened to come in a moment later and was soon followed by his married daughter, Mrs. Gibson Downing.

Uncle Peter heard the whispering together as he stepped into his own little room for a scrap of paper to "figger some on." He had noted a peculiar coldness toward him on the part of all of them, and he stepped to the door and asked:

"What's going on here that ye all act so? Your old pa hurt yer some way?"

"Yes, you have done, or are going to do, something we can't help disliking, if all reports are true," said Miss Dorinda.

"Ye don't say!" said Uncle Peter, the smile still on his face. "Well, what is it? Out with it, an' see if poor old pa can't clear his skirts of anything so very 'eenyous."

Miss Dorinda came out with it flatly.

"It's the talk of the village and the whole county that you are going to marry Widder Newton."

Uncle Peter dropped in his old splint-bottomed rocking chair, his arms hanging limply by his side, and an expression of wildeyed and openmouthed amazement on his round, red face.

"Me?" he gasped, staring blankly first at one, then at the other of his four accusers as they stood before him. "Me—marry—the—Widder—Newton? Me, Peter B. Pillsbury, a-goin' to marry Callisty Newton?"

"It's in everybody's mouth," said Mrs Gibson Downing.

"They say you stop at her home half an hour at a time," said Dorinda.

"Oh, pa!" cried Miss Becky.

The son said nothing, but looked hard.

Uncle Peter stared at all of them for a moment, and said:

"You're hollerin' 'fore you're hurt children; that's what you're adoing; Mis' Newton ain't no more idee of marrying me than she has of marryin' the man in the moon. I ain't never mentioned marriage talk to any other woman on top of the earth but your dead an' gone ma an' she ain't on top of the earth now."

The fears of the children were at once allayed, for they knew their father to be an absolutely truthful man. Their faces brightened as he rose and turned to leave the room, and they didn't mind it much when he stopped at the door and said sternly:

"But don't you try to dictate to me, children; don't you ever try that again."

The injured look left his face soon after he reached the stable and he am rubbing old Billy down. He chuckled as he rubbed and patted the old horse.

"Me marry Callisty!" he said to himself. "Well, I'd like to know who in creation started that pack o' lies to goin'. Old Hat Gibbons, I'll be bound! Callisty wouldn't have me if I asked her, I bet she wouldn't. The idea of it!"

The Widow Newton was at that moment greatly perplexed and discouraged. She was a neat, comley woman of 50, and she lived alone in a cozy little old brown house with a few acres of ground around it. Her four married sons and daughters lived in houses of their own near by. Each of them had in turn invited and urged their mother to come and live with them, but she had persistently refused, although she was a gentle, mild faced woman of a somewhat yielding spirit.

"I want a home of my own," she would say. "I've been mistress of a home, such as it is, for more than 30 years, and I'd never be satisfied to have a home somebody else is mistress of."

When her husband died, three years before the time of our story begins, he had in his will left her his entire possessions with the exception of small bequests to each of his children, who had felt themselves greatly aggrieved thereby.

Mrs. Newton was sitting in her favorite rocking chair sewing carpet rags when her daughter, Mrs. Lucinda Evans, came in somewhat hurriedly, followed by another daughter, Mrs. Betty Higgins.

"La, girls," said their mother in a surprised tone, "I had no idea of seeing either of you on Tuesday—it's your regular ironing day. Sit down."

"I haven't got time," replied Betty coldly. "I just run over to find out if this story about you and old Peter Pillsbury is true."

"That's just what I come for," said Lucinda. "I come by brother Henry's home, and sister Hetty was there, and they're waiting for me to come back and tell them what you say. Is it true, ma?"

Mrs. Newton gave a shrill little scream and threw up both her hands, while her ball of rags fell to the floor.

"Cindy Evans!" gasped Mrs. Newton, "what are you and your sister Betty talking about? Are you crazy? Am I going to marry Uncle Peter Pillsbury? The land of the living!"

She threw her green and white gingham apron over her head and began to rock to and fro, half crying, half laughing. With her head still covered she finally said sharply:

"Go home, girls, go home, and stop and tell Hetty and Henry and everybody else you meet that I'm going to marry nobody till I've been asked, and I haven't been asked yet."

She fell to laughing hysterically, and Betty said sharply:

"Well, I think it would be a burning shame for you to marry anybody, even if you should be asked.

"Yes, and old Peter Pillsbury, of all men!" said Lucinda.

Mrs. Newton took her apron from her burning face and said firmly:

"You hush right up about Uncle Peter, Cindy Evans; he's as good and honest an old man as ever lived. Your father thought the world of him. But you can just set your minds at rest about him; he hain't no more idea of marrying than I have. The idea of it!"

The girls went home with greater peace of mind than they had known when coming to see their mother, since they now felt confident that their share of the $3,000 their mother had in the bank was not to be lessened by other claims.

The smile on Uncle Peter's face deepened the next day as he drew near the Widow Newton's house while making his daily rounds.

The Widow Newton heard him coming and blushes came to her plump cheeks.

"I shan't let on that I've heard anything of the scand'lous mess of stuff 'bout me and him," she said, as the sound of the rattling cartwheels came nearer and nearer; "I'll just go out and ask how the folks are at home and get me a pound of haddock and come right into the house so's the tongues of the gossips won't have nothing to wag about."

"Good morning, Callisty," Uncle Peter said, stepping briskly into the widow's kitchen and standing, his old hat in his hand, near the open door.

He had known her all her life. He had often carried her to school on his handsled when they were children, and he had always called her Calista, but somehow she blushed when he called her Calista to day. He went on calmly and directly:

"Calisty, you heard the yarns that's—

"I—I—yes, Peter."

She turned her burning face from him, fingering her apron corners.

"Did it make you mad when you heard 'em?"

"I—I didn't like it, Peter."

"I suppose not—not at first, no how. I was mad as a wet hen when I first heard 'em, but, Calisty, I was glad in the end; yes, sir, I jist was. Air you mad now as you was at first?"

"I—I—hardly know. They wa'n't true no how, Peter."

"No, they wa'n't Calisty, that's so; there wa'n't a word of truth in 'em."

He came nearer and caught one of her hands in his own as he said:

"Let's make 'em true, Calisty. From bein' mad at first I've come to wishin' and hopin' they might be true, that me and you was goin' to be married, that—"

A week later they drove quietly to a neighboring town and came home man and wife, Uncle Peter joyfully and boldly proclaiming the fact to all whom they chanced to meet.

They came back to the bride's cozy little brown house and settled down to a quiet and happy life, heedless of the flouts and sneers of their children, who, as a matter of course, soon came to accept the situation with some degree of good grace and to make gladly accepted overtures of peace.

"We owe 'em a good deal anyhow, Calisty," Uncle Peter said, "for if they hadn't raised such a fuss 'bout what wasn't so, what is so wouldn't of come to pass, and we wouldn't of thought of marrying, mebbe, at all."

SUICIDE NOT AN EASY THING.

The Curious Case of M. August Talloir, a Despondent Paris Husband.

M. August Talloir, of Rue Saint Jaques, Paris, lost his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Although he was only 38 years old, a great despair and disgust with life laid hold of him. He decided that he had enough of living and that it was high time for him to put an end to it.

But it seems that this thing of dying is not so easy as one might think. For in the course of his endeavors to put himself out of the world Mr. Talloir established a record for futile attempts at suicide which will not soon be broken. After casting about for the best method both as to certainty and painlessness, Mr. Talloir decided upon strangulation. He got him a stout rope, hied him to his apartment, and proceeded to hang himself. For moment or so everything went well, and the things of this world faded from his view. But just a moment too soon the rope broke, Mr. Talloir fell to the floor with a bang, and was resuscitated by his neighbor of the next apartment. Mr. Talloir was profuse in apologies and regrets, and his neighbor left him, feeling sure that the suicide would try no more.

But the next day Mr. Talloir was at it again. He had lost confidence in strangulation. He determined to fall back on that old and well established Parisian method, asphyxiation. He bought some charcoal, shut every door and window of his apartment, set the charcoal aburning, and lay down upon the bed where his wife had died. He had sunk into a slumber which might have had no wakening, when the same neighbor, who had an unpleasantly alert nose, smelled out the fumes, broke in the door, and once more brought Mr. Talloir to this evil world.

Mr. Talloir thanked his neighbor even more profusely than before. It is not known by what means he persuaded this neighbor that he was sincere. But after staying with him 24 hours the neighbor left him in a cheerful and hopeful frame of mind. But this jollity was mere deceit, for Mr. Talloir only waited 24 hours before sticking a knife into himself twice. He lost consciousness and fell from the lounge where he was lying to the floor. The neighbor, whose ears were trained to that sort of noises, was instantly in the apartment. Mr. Talloir was covered with blood, which was flowing from two wounds in the region of the heart. An ambulance was called and Mr. Talloir was soon in the hospital.

The wounds turned out not fatal, and in something like a week troublesome Mr. Talloir was back in his old apartment, a trifle pale and a good deal thinner, but just as much alive as though he had not resolved to die.

Two days afterward his neighbor was much incensed to hear groans as of one in intense pain coming from Mr. Talloir's direction. He rushed in, and Mr. Talloir explained that he had just taken a dose of phosphorus, which was making him groan in spite of his desire to die quietly. The neighbor had a doctor in at once, and once more Mr. Talloir came around. He had suffered so intensely, and was so evidently disgusted with the refusal of death to have him at any cost, that everybody felt that it was safe to leave him alone.

It took him a few days to get strength to leave his bed, and then he spent a few days in gaining strength to walk. On September 24 he went out and bought a compound of chloroform and bichloride of mercury. He locked himself in his apartment and, stretching himself out, took this last and final road to death.

They found him the next morning dead with an expression of great content upon his face. He had baffled his neighbor and had forced himself upon unwilling death. It is rarely that a person rescued from a first attempt at suicide is not well content to await the action of natural causes. This man, who was a person of education and intelligence, seems to have been perfectly sane. He evidently had the genuine fixed determination to deny the will to live.

All He Is Expected to Know.

Mrs. Fangle (to Professor Grubbs)—So you are a government chemist?

Professor Grubbs—Yes, madam.

"Do tell me; what is the latest in baking powders."

ALLIGATOR FARMS.

A New Southern Industry Due to Reckless Slaughter in the Past.

Within the past 10 years the alligators in Louisiana have been nearly exterminated. The demand for alligator leather and oil and the sport in shooting "gaters" have killed off this saurian in all except the lakes and bayous of southern Plaquemines, Lafourche, and Terrebonne. There is not one alligator in Louisiana today where there were 20 10 years ago, and the profession of alligator hunting which formerly gave employment to a large number of "swampers," is now followed by not over a score of people, and these are only temporarily employed during the dull season.

The extent to which the extermination has been carried is well shown in the fact that young alligators as pets and the mounted or stuffed alligators formerly sold in such large numbers to Northern tourists at 25 cents apiece have grown so scarce of late that it is almost impossible to get them at any price.

An attempt is now being made on Bayou Morris in that State to supply the deficiency by artificially hatching and raising alligators for the Northern market. The animal is easily reared and domesticated, although treacherous and liable to prove ugly when made angry, at which time its bite seems to be poisonous. That it can be raised in confinement has been clearly demonstrated by the large number of pet alligators kept in New Orleans at private residences, as well as in public places. All that seems to be needed for them is a little mud and water and fish.

The Terrebonne plan, however, looks to raising the alligator not as pets or for amusement, but in large quantities for the market. The alligator field is fenced in. Within this field the alligators are imprisoned, having access to a bayou or pond, where they can refresh themselves! The eggs are hatched in a neighboring sandbar. As soon as the young alligators make their appearance they are removed to the pond and brought up by hand, care being taken to keep the small separated from the large ones, who otherwise will devour them. The alligator farms offer to buy all the small saurians that can be captured, which are then placed within the enclosure until they grow to a proper size for killing and skinning, when the skins will bring from $1.25 to $2, according to size and quality. The expenses of carrying on this new industry are small, nothing beyond the original cost of the eggs or the young alligators and fencing in the field. The experiment is too young yet to pronounce it a success or a failure, but those who have embarked in it, and who have studied the question, say that there is money to be made in the business.

A Fisherman's Perplexity.

He sat in the hotel office all by himself, apparently in the brownest kind of a brown study, and he did not respond for several moments after a friend had taken a chair by his side and slapped him on the leg. When he did speak, he said:

"Ever happen to go along the river where the wholesale fish dealers are?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times," answered the other man.

"You've seen those fish cars there? Hold a ton apiece, don't they?"

"More'n that, some of 'em."

"How many of those cars do you suppose come into Detroit every day, full of fish?"

"Oh, there's probably 50. I don't know but more."

"That's a hundred thousand pounds of fish."

"Yes."

"Whew! Toledo has 'em the same way, eh?"

"Yes, and Cleveland and Buffalo and Sandusky—Sandusky has more'n all the rest—and Milwaukee gets 'em and Chicago. Why, good gracious, they come into every town on the lakes."

"Millions and millions and millions of pounds of fish. All kinds of fish, too, I s'pose."

"Yes, all kinds."

"Does seem as if the water must fairly swarm with 'em, doesn't it?"

"Then how is it"—the thoughtful man straightened up and shifted round so as to look the other man square in the face—"How is it that I go out fishing, sit all day from the first streak o' dawn till the evening shadows fall, and catch just one three pound bass? Yes, and by thunder, get called a liar when I tell of that! How is it, I say?"

He continued to glare at the other man for a moment, but receiving no answer he lit a cigar and relapsed into a brown study.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bohemian.

We often read of some person who "leads a Bohemian life." What does it mean? Quite a history is suggested by the word Bohemian. The first gypsies who reached Paris 500 years ago or so came from Bohemia. They wandered around without settled residences, and in time any man or woman who seemed to have no regular way of living was called a Bohemian. A Bohemian nowadays is a person who doesn't do things the way everyone else does them. For instance, the man who eats many 50 cent table d'hote dinners is considered a Bohemian; a woman who smokes a cigarette is dreadfully Bohemian; all newspaper men are Bohemians, because they never get to bed until daylight, and take breakfast in the afternoon. And, furthermore, no Bohemian calls himself so, any more than a newspaper man calls himself a journalist.—New York Sun.

The University of Berlin, with its 6,000 students and scores of famous professors, has a capital of but $750,000. Its largest endowment, that of the Countess Bose, is only $150,000. Nevertheless, it is the seat of the highest German learning, and claims to have the ablest corps of instructors of all the world's schools.