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MINING JOURNAL.

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21ST YEAR—NO. 37. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,077.

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 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. 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
" 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. Nos 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 F. S. DEEKENS. At the office of Union Mining Co.

Nov 21

THE ELDER'S SERMON.

Our elder told us yesterday we had not learned to live
Until we learned how blessed 'tis to pardon and forgive;
The dear, sweet, precious words he spake like heavenly manna fell;
The perfect peace they brought our hearts no human words can tell.

"Love brings millenial peace," he said; and though my lips were dumb,
I still kept shouting in my soul, "Amen, and let it come!"
"When men forgive all other men, the year of jubilee
Will dawn upon the world," he said, and I, "So let it be."

"So love your neighbor as yourself," he then began again,
And Silas Fitz, across the isle, he shouted out "Amen!"
What right had he to yell Amen, the low-toned, measly hound!
Who took my cow, my new milch cow, and locked her in the pound!

The low-down raw-boned, homely crank, a lunkhead and a lout,
Whose love and grace and heart and soul have all been rusted out,
To sit there in the sanctuary and holler out Amen!
If I could choke the rascal once he'd never shout again!

One day his dog came by my house, I called the brute inside,
Gave him a chunk of meat to eat, and he crawled off and died.
He just crawled off and died right then. Says I, "I'll let him see
No long-legged simpleton like him can get the best of me."

But, oh, that sermon! I would love to hear it preached again,
About forgiveness, charity, and love of fellow men.
I should have felt as if I basked in Heaven's especial smile,
If that blamed villian, Silas Fitz, hadn't sat across the aisle.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

LAMB AND VULTURE.

The pure white moonlight shone brightly in at the one small window of the attic where little Carl Glenn had slept every night since he came, a homesick, newly orphaned child, to live with his father's only sister, who, in accepting the trust, had promised her brother that his pretty, delicate boy should be lovingly cared for.

The moonlight not being under Aunt Jane's control, Carl was not denied the luxury of a bath in its pure whiteness, as he was denied all luxuries that it was in her power to withhold from him.

"I'll show you a boy without any nonsense in his bringing up," she was fond of saying to her friends and neighbors who ventured to suggest that a little more gentleness in dealing with the child might be better for him, delicate as he seemed.

Never a toy or plaything was seen about the house; plenty of them had been sent with his other belongings, but the trunk containing them had never been unpacked; it lay at the bottom of a heap of old rubbish in an old outbuilding.

Much of the time when he should have been playing out of doors in the woods and fields, he was made to sit up straight and quiet in one of Aunt Jane's hard wooden chairs, with a lesson book open before him.

"He ain't rich, he's got to work for a living, and so he's got to get his edication as young as he can, so as to go to work as soon as he's big enough. I tell you, there's no time to lose in this world if you want to be anybody and make money."

In Jane Hardy's opinion, one could not be anybody unless one could make money.

Carl's little sister lived with an uncle who was her dead mother's brother, and very near to the old farmhouse which Jane Hardy owned.

She was only 10, and Carl was two years younger, and often they looked at each other from a distance, longing to be together and spend a few of the bright summer hours in childish occupations, as they saw other brothers and sisters doing.

Lena's home was more pleasant than Carl's. It was not the fault of the uncle and aunt with whom she lived that she was kept from her brother. But they knew it would not do to go against Aunt Jane's wishes in anything concerning her charge of whom, in her way, she was jealously proud.

"I'll show you a strong, healthy man when he grows up. His father was spoiling him fast as he could. It's well I got hold of him in time."

So she talked to friends and neighbors, who looked at little Carl and doubtingly shook their heads.

For it became plain to those who saw the boy that he was wasting and pining for the natural liberty and delights of childhood. Pining in the very home of flowers and brooks and trees and sweet country breezes, for the happiness and strength they would give him if he had not been withheld from their enjoyment.

By some means Lena learned that Carl had no playthings, and her girl's wit was set at work to plan a little pleasure for him.

She knew that Aunt Jane went to bed very early and that her room was situated at a distance and far below Carl's attic room; so one night she went and stood under the window where she had seen his pale face, and threw pebbles thick and fast until she attracted his attention. Slowly the old window swung open on its rusty hinges, and Carl looked fearfully out.

The moon shone brightly—Lena had chosen such a night on purpose—and she saw the look of wonder on her brother's face.

"Don't be afraid, Carlie; it is only me," she said. "I have come to let you play with my little tin horse and cart, and to visit you awhile. Aunty said I might if I would be very still."

"Oh!" gasped poor Carl, "I thought it was so funny that it hailed when the moon was shining bright; but I was sure it was hail, and I was afraid to open the window at first."

"Have you got any string in your pocket? Drop it down if you have, so I can tie this on," said Lena.

"There is no string at all, Lena. Aunty does not let me have it to waste," answered Carl soberly.

"Well, catch this stick, then; there is a string tied to it; and then you can draw up my horse. It is the only boy's plaything I have, and every night when the moon shines I will bring it over, if you like it."

"Oh, if Aunt Jane knew she would be very angry! Such things make me lazy, she says, and I must not have them. You know my big box of things, Lena? She has put them away in the old barn, and I can never have them again," said Carl, excitedly catching at the stick time after time, but missing it, though the window was not so very high up in the low, old fashioned house.

"Don't talk quite so loud, Carlie; she may hear you. There—now you've got it! Ain't it pretty? Play with it all you want to, and I'll wait for you. Roll the wheels on your bed, or she might hear them rattle on the floor. I'd leave it, only if she found it she might whip you. Does she ever whip you, Carlie?"

"Every time I'm naughty," replied Carl, disappearing inside to roll the shining toy softly over his hard bed. "I've done it! Lena," he said in a subdued tone. "It is very pretty. Oh, if I could keep it! Say, Lena, couldn't I come and stay with you, please? I don't believe Aunt Jane needs a little boy; she don't seem to love me at all—"

"Hush, Carlie, hush, or she will hear!" cautioned Lena, as the childish voice piped out loud in its eagerness. "No, I think she would not let you come. Never mind, though, you'll soon be a big man, and I will come to see you all the moonlight nights."

"It's such a pretty horse, Lena," said the child, leaning out at the window; "but I want to talk to you Don't you wish we could go back to where we lived once with papa? Did we ever have a mamma, like Jennie Daw's, who comes to work for Aunt Jane, I wonder? Oh, if you could only come here and let me touch your face, Lena!"

There was a sob in the boy's voice, and the sister looked up into the little face which even from that height she could plainly see was thinner and paler than usual.

"Are you sick, Carlie?" she asked.

"I guess so. My head is sore, and I can't walk much, I'm so tired, but I don't stay abed, only nights. I'm tired and sleepy now, but I can't bear to have you go away with the pretty plaything. How long has it been since I came here, do you know, Lena?"

"Two years, dear. It seems a good while, don't it? I'll be glad when we're grown up and then we'll go away and live by ourselves."

"Oh, yes! That will be so good!" sighed the weary child, with a half sob of joy.

The tin toy was lowered regretfully, at Lena's suggestion; she knew the child ought to be sleeping; beside, her own bedtime was near.

She looked back many times as she went down the short road and saw Carl's little form leaning half way out the window, watching her along the way to her home, with longing eyes and heart.

The visit was repeated several times, till at length, one night, Lena was not greeted joyfully by her brother's face in the old attic window. It was closed tight, and there was no response to the gravel thrown against the glass as on that first night.

Ah, if Lena could have seen within! And yet it would have been too cruel, and it was a mercy that she could not. Even while she walked slowly and reluctantly down the road Carl was gasping his last faint breath, and on the ground beneath the window lay his sister's brightest, newest toy, glistening in the moonlight, forgotten by her in her disappointment because of Carl's failure to appear.

Why is it that to such ignorant, inefficient beings as the Jane Hardy of this sketch delicate, beautiful children are so often bequeathed, and made to suffer from birth till an early death treatment which, while it may seem judicious and wise, is nevertheless directly the contrary, beside being cruel and wicked?

And yet "the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep," Carl is at rest and happy at last.—Mary S. Potter.

GEOGRAPHICAL ODDITIES.

Some Little Wonders of the Western World.

On Lummi Island, State of Washington, there is a mountain slope of white sandstone, 100 feet wide and 1,300 feet long, called the Devil's Slide. The strange thing about it is, that every few minutes a scale of sandstone comes shooting down the slide and is hurled into the waters of the bay. The unsolved mystery is this: What causes the scales to detach themselves in this unique fashion?

Medical Lake is fifteen miles by rail from the city of Spokane Falls, State of Washington. The lake is two miles long, half a mile wide, and sixty feet deep. It is filled with a saline and alkaline water, having a slightly chalybeate admixture, and is a popular health resort for the people of the northwest.

Sour Lake is a small lake of acidulous mineral water, in Hardin county, Texas, forty-five miles by rail east of Houston. Its waters have a considerable local reputation in the treatment of various diseases.

There is said to be a canon on the slopes of Mount Baker (in the State of Washington), the walls of which are composed of a kind of volcanic glass.—Notes and Queries.

How good looking some of us would be could we only live up to the places [illegible] have reserved for us in the [illegible] Transcript.

THE COST OF SILKS.

How to Pick Out Good Pieces—Some of the Tricks of Manufacture.

Some silks sell for a dollar a yard, others sell for ten dollars, on account of two things, the quality of the silk thread and the amount of that silk. The raw silk as it comes from the cocoons is of very different kinds. Some of it is long and even and smooth, while inferior qualities are rough and brittle and in short lengths. The poor qualities do not stand wear so well as the best ones do, and, not being worth so much money, are utilized for the cheaper grades of silks. The long, glossy threads go into the best silks, and because in these beauty is sought before cheapness, a greater amount of silk thread is put into a yard—that is, the silk is heavier.

Another way in which the expense of a silk is decided is by the quality of the filling that is used in it. It is no secret that a large number of the medium-priced silks are filled with cotton or with linen. They give additional weight without commensurate expense. If the filling be of silk, the price of the silk is largely increased. One firm of American manufacturers has recently adopted the plan of using the waste silk, that is, the short rough threads, for filling, making an all-silk fabric that will not turn brown, as those that are filled with cotton do, and yet is not very expensive.

The cost of putting a brocaded figure to a plain background varies greatly with the material used for the brocade, the number of colors used in the figure, and the elaboration of the pattern. The simplest brocaded figure can be added to a piece of silk at a cost of about 15 cents a yard; it may add twenty times that sum to the cost of a yard, because it may be of silver or gold thread and be heavily jewelled.

To the natural query, "How may a woman be sure of getting a good piece of silk when she is buying?" a manufacturer's answer was: "She can't. The experts are not always able to tell, and even the manufacturers are often honestly puzzled as to why a piece of silk doesn't wear well. By twisting the piece of silk about her finger and then smoothing it out, a buyer can tell something about it. If it smooths out without creases, it is more likely to wear well than not. By touching a match to a small bit of it she can tell if there is cotton in it. If it is all silk, it will burn with difficulty; if there is cotton in it, it will light readily. But the best way a woman can do is to pick out a shop that has a reputation for honesty in silks and everything else, and then take the salesman's word for it. He is much more likely to know a good silk than she, and can make her believe a very dishonest piece is remarkably good if he chooses. No woman can be half way up in the tricks of the trade. There are more ways of cheating at silks than there are at cards. An expert has to carry a whole apothecary's shop in his pocket to make his test, and a powerful magnet besides, because one of the most common tricks of manufacture is to load up the silk in the dye with iron filings or lead dust to increase the weight. Soapstone, gumarabic, and rosin are also common adulterations in the process of manufacture."

Queer Facts about Eels.

Occasionally some one applies to the Fish Commission at Washington for a consignment of eels' eggs, to stock a pond or stream, and the request is invariably refused. This is not due to any intentional desire to be disobliging, but because nobody knows whether eels lay eggs or not.

As to breeding, the eel is the most mysterious animal in existence, and the question has been a puzzle to learned and unlearned for centuries.

Some authorities have contended that eels grow up from horsehairs, which, in some strange manner become vitalized. Others have held that they were generated spontaneously from slime, while others still have gravely advanced the belief that they came from the skins of old eels, or similar exuviæ of water snakes.

Most popular among people who get their living from the water, however, is the theory that eels are the progeny of various other fishes. The Sardinian fishermen assert that they are produced by a certain kind of water beetle, which for this reason is called mother of eels.

All this mystery about the eel, as science has learned in the last few years, is due to the fact that it lays its eggs in the sea, where no one has a chance to observe the process. Other fishes, like the shad, leave the ocean to spawn in fresh water streams, but this curious and slippery customer does precisely the reverse.

The young eels, newly born or hatched leave the salt water, and make their way in armies up the rivers inland. Obstacles apparently insurmountable they use the utmost ingenuity in passing, even traveling considerable distance on dry land in order to get around an obstruction.

In the spring and summer any visitor at Niagara Falls, who descends beneath the great sheet of water at the foot of the falls, will see literally hundreds of cart-loads of small eels wriggling over the rocks and squirming over the whirlpools. Of course it is impossible for them to go over the falls, and thus it happens, that, although eels have always been plentiful in Lake Ontario, there were none in Lake Erie until they had been planted in the latter body of water artificially.

Inasmuch, therefore, as eels must go to the sea in order to propagate their species, they are found not to multiply at all when placed in ponds that are landlocked although in such places they will grow rapidly and be healthy. It costs so little to purchase young ones by the quantity that this is no great obstacle to the usefulness of stocking inland waters with these fish.

In all probability eels lay eggs, just as do nearly all other fishes. The only difference is that they deposit them in the sea instead of in fresh water.

SIR WM. THOMSON'S INVENTIONS.

Known and Used All Over the Civilized World.

If ever a peerage is the fit reward for scientific eminence, never was that distinction better bestowed than on Sir William Thomson, president of the Royal Society, on whom the British queen has just conferred the title The days are past when a man could say with Bacon: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"; nor is it now possible even to so take all science, but Sir William Thomson may justly claim to have taken all physical science as his province, and there are few who can rival him in any one branch of it. Go where you will, we find traces of his restless activity.

Every telegraph office is stocked with instruments of his invention; a large part of London is lighted by dynamo machines which are modifications of one of his, and in the test rooms of all the installations in the world the most accurate instruments are his also We go to sea, and we find the means of taking soundings without stopping the ship, designed by Sir William Thomson; we arrive in port, and find the height and time of the tides predicted by Sir William Thomson's tidal clock.

Perhaps we are interested in questions of speculative science—the age of the earth, the constitution of matter and the size of its ultimate molecules, the origin of life on the earth and its probable duration; none of these questions can be adequately discussed without mention of his name, and on some of them he is the only authority.

In collaboration with Professor Tait he has written what is generally accepted as the text book on natural philosophy, and some of the most brilliant mathematical investigations we have ever seen are due to him. When the history of science in the 19th century comes to be written, three names will stand out preeminent—those of Faraday, Darwin, and Sir William Thomson.—Builder.

Restrictions on the Use of Time.

Among these five factors, land, labor, capital, mental energy, and time, there is but one in which all men must share alike. All others are variable. One only is equal and constant, and that is time.

The hours of the day number 24. Whether a man be rich or poor, whether well endowed with mental energy or not, the one opportunity, the one element of property, which all must share alike, is time. Time is a common factor, and yet it is a separate factor, an element of individual property, with which every man may claim to deal according to his own will so far as he may not impair the rights of others to deal with their share of time at their own will.

It follows that any legal restrictions upon the free use of time impair personal liberty more than almost any other interference with the freedom of men that can be conceived. Such restrictions create inequality in that which in its nature must be shared by all alike.

Yet, step by step, and session by session the legislatures of almost every State are enacting statutes restricting the use of time, which, when enforced, create monopolies, establish privileged classes and inflict disabilities.

Under pretence of police ordinances, or under the pretext of maintaining the public welfare, these acts deprive great bodies of citizens of their right of free contract and of their free disposal of their own time according to their own will even in lawful and in innocuous pursuits in the conduct of which no harm can arise to any other person, although the man himself who chooses to do so may overwork himself.—Edward Atkinson.

The Efficient Left Hand.

Left handers are notably of more than the average strength and much more than the average accuracy of the eye. Leonardo da Vinci and Hans Holbein were left handed. Left handed batsmen are noted for hitting, left handed fielders for smartness and left handed bowlers are generally fast. We know a gentleman, not a straight bat, whose back play is a perpetual source of astonishment to the spectators. But now comes in a factor of unknown quantity. One would think that where conventional usage has obtained from the left handed one particular set of motions for the right hand, it would be one requiring but average skill. But is this so? The three arts of cricket are distributed among left handed people in the most arbitrary and apparently inconsistent manner; most of them bat left handed, but many bowl with the right, and some bat with the right and bowl with the left. No doubt it would be found that, on the whole, those actions requiring the utmost nicety and the greatest accord between eye and limb are allotted to the superior hand; again spontaneous gestures and unstudied actions would also be performed by the same hand.

It is remarkable that with the majority of people the neglected left hand is not in mere strength inferior to the right We have heard truly right handed people actually declare that their left hand is the stronger, and from the present writer's own experience he knows this to be the case. This may be from the mechanical advantage and better balancing of the body, the right side being heavier, or it may be due to the large muscles of the unused arm being less hampered by the development of other muscles. It is difficult in these cases to say which is the "right" hand, for the fact that the unused arm is the stronger does not imply ambidexterity, nor can we justly give the precedence to strength over dexterity.—Boston Transcript.

ANIMALS CHEW TOBACCO.

A Mare Contracts the Habit and Her Colt Inherits It.

The claims set forth from time immemorial by tobacco haters that no animal would touch the weed, that even the hog felt above it, seems destined to receive a serious setback. Eugene Russell, a farmer living on the Post Bay Road, near Lake Ontario, is the owner of a mare and colt that are extremely fond of tobacco. The mare formed a habit long before the birth of the colt, and in the case of the youngster the habit seems to have been inherited.

Three years ago Mr. Russell decided that he would cure the mare of the habit, and to do so he gave her two pounds of fine cut, which she devoured with relish. This not fazing her a bit, he tried leaf tobacco, of which he is a producer in a small way. After stowing away a quantity of this she showed symptoms of distress.

She was dizzy, and wanted to lie down and think over her sins, about as a small boy might have wanted to do under similar circumstances. This settled her as far as plain leaf was concerned. She has never touched it since, though fine cut touches the spot the same as ever it did.

This was not long previous to the birth of the colt, and the little fellow exhibited almost from the first the "hankering" for a chew. It was bestowed while he was yet at nurse, and from that day to this both animals will follow any stranger all over the lot who has the smell of tobacco about his clothes.

The colt, strange to say, was not affected by the mother's aversion to natural leaf, but loves that even better than fine cut, and masticates all of either that is forthcoming. Both animals are beauties, and no healthier are to be found in horseflesh in these parts. Mr. Russell says he thinks the use of tobacco has kept them from having intestinal worms, which so often distress horses and injure their digestion. The mare is now 11 years old and the colt is over 2.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Position During Sleep.

Man is, when standing erect, the only animal that has the thigh in a line with the axis of the vertebral column, and among his nearest congeners in the animal world the flexed state of the femoral articulation is natural and constant. As we go down the scale the angle between the thighs and trunk diminishes until it reaches the right angle characteristic of most quadrupeds. I speak here of the attitude adopted when the animal is at rest upon its legs, for during sleep there is in many cases a curious reversion to the position occupied in embryonic life. Thus we see that a bird roosting with its head "under its wing" and the legs drawn up close to the body offers a decided resemblance to the chick in the egg.

I have noticed that young children, when old enough to shift their limbs, very seldom sleep in any but the curled up position, and that as often as not, when unhampered by clothing or other artificial restraints, they sleep in the same attitude as do many quadrupeds, viz., with the abdomen downward and the limbs flexed beneath them. I am told that negro mothers and nurses in the West Indies invariably lay their charges down to sleep on their stomachs, and that this custom is also common in various parts of the world. Adult man is, I believe, the only animal who ever elects to sleep upon his back. Some of the lower savages seem to sleep comfortably on occasion in a crouching position, with the head bent down upon the knees, just as all the common tribes of monkeys do.

Among the quodrumana it is when we come to the platform building anthropoid types that we find a recumbent position habitually taken during sleep. The young orangs and chimpanzees that they have had at the zoological gardens slept with the body semi-prone and with the limbs, or all except one arm, which was used as a pillow, curled under them. This is exactly the position voluntarily adopted by 80 per cent of children between 10 and 20 months old which I have had opportunities of watching. I was told by the attendants at the zoological gardens that no ape will sleep flat on his back, as adult man often does.

It would be very interesting to get exact observations as to the habits of all the lower tribes of men with regard to sleeping, for it is a point upon which a good deal would seem to depend, if, as Taylor and most of our anthropologists believe, man's first ideas of a spirit world arose from dreams. We know that most of our domestic animals dream, as is proved by their movements while asleep, and the same thing has also been observed in monkeys. The effect of the position of the body during sleep upon the character of our dreams is too well known to require comment, for probably every one of my readers has experienced the very disagreeable results of sleeping on the back.—Nineteenth Century.

THE GUDEWIFE.

My gudewife—she that is tae be—
O she shall seeme sang-sweete tae me
As her sin croon tuned wi' the chiel's
Or spinnin'-wheel's.
An' faire sheel be an' saft an' light
An' muslin bright
As her speck apron, jimpy laced
Tie-round her waiste—
Yet aye as rosy sall she bloome
Intil the roome.
(The where alike baith bake an' dine)
As a full-fine
Ripe rose, lang rinset wi' the raine,
Sun-kist againe:
Sall scate meat her table-spread,
White as her bread—
Where I, sae kissen her for grace,
Sall see her face
Smudged, yet aye sweeter, for the bit
O' floure on it.
Whiles, witless, she sall sip wi' me
Luve's tapmaist-bubblin' ecstasy.

James Whitcomb Riley, in Lippincott's.

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke his mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson; "On! and on!"

—Joaquin Miller in the Argonaut.

DO SHARKS BITE?

Assertions That They Will Not Attack a Swimmer.

On the question whether sharks will attack men when swimming, a correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes as follows:

I was on a Pacific mail steamer in the Bay of Champerico. The water was clear and we counted seven sharks, ranging from about seven to eleven feet in length. We got out a shark hook and line and baited it with pork.

Our principal assistant was a little chap who had just finished his time in the navy. While we were at luncheon a shark took a bite at the bait. The young seaman was too hasty, and as a result the big fish was badly hooked and dropped off when hauled about a foot out of the water.

However, our young friend seemed to know a lot about shark fishing and sharks, the result of his many cruises, and when stories were told of men bitten by sharks he scoffed and put it to the test of experiments. To the consternation of nearly everybody he dived from the gangway and swam around to the spot where the sharks were awaiting the kitchen refuse. In every instance where one of them happened to see him it acted as if scared, and moved rapidly in another direction. It was the same in the bay at St. Jose, Guatemala.

At that place there is a big spotted shark whom tourists easily recognize as an old friend, and call "Joe." The little sailor chap swam after him, and he swam in front of him and in front of others. Several sharks must have seen the boy, but none showed the slightest inclination to attack. He said the same thing had been tried before many a time, and that nobody in the navy now believed that there was any danger of attack from sharks when swimming, although it was possible that they might take a snap at a dead floating body.

Keep Growing.

Life ought to be, for every healthy nature, one quenchless thirst for achievement, experience and expansion. No limits are set to the human soul, although time keeps a strong registry against the human form. In this century some of the greatest things have been done by old men—men who have declined to stop and step out of the ranks, and who have gone on adding strength to strength and service to service until old age has become the fruitful harvester of October, and not the bleak barrenness of December. Physical infirmities are not to be warded off by an effort of will, but no man need decline because his body diminishes in force. Growth takes on many forms, and it can still persist when the senses have begun to fail.

It is a great gain to banish from our thoughts the ideal of life which fixes its best period at the beginning. It is a great thing to look forward to ever-increasing gain, to think always of leading and advancing, never of retiring and retreating. The charming old woman who began to study painting after she was sixty years old is a capital illustration of the spirit in which we ought all to take hold of life. There are few who, like the great Doge of Venice, beyond the age of ninety, can climb the wall of a besieged city at the head of an attacking force, but there is no one who need settle down to decline and decay because youth is past. Life has no limits for those who know how to live, and the joy of it lies in moving with the tide and keeping at the front until the time comes when there is a greater and a higher opportunity elsewhere.—Christian Union.

Facts About the Devil.

Without Calvary it would be impossible to know just how black the devil is.

If you want to know what the devil is, look about you and see what he is doing.

If the devil gets a man's ear, he is pretty sure to get both his hands before he leaves him.

When the devil wants to get help in a hurry, it never takes him long to recruit an army of gamblers and growlers.

If all the betrayers of Christ on earth were to commit suicide, the devil's work would suddenly come to a standstill.

No matter who the man is, if he is willing to talk to the devil by telephone, he will soon be sisting down, face to face, and making a bargain with him.