msa_sc5130_scm12191-0558 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG

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

21ST YEAR NO. 41. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,081.

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	Barrellville	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	Kreighbaum'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.

May 22, 1892.

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	
12 midn't	....No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:20 p m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 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
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	2:00 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	4:05 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.

June 18

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 offic Union Mining Co.

Nov 21

THE WIDOW'S SECRET.

"I don't think you treat him right," said the rosy little widow to the dressmaker who was fitting a silk dress of the shade called moon on the lake to her trim little figure.

Mrs. Fittem held her head a trifle to one side as her tears began to fall.

"You must be expert ma'am, seeing this is the fourth time you've tried 'em. Hollow in your back, as is natural to you—sets like a duck's foot in the mud."

The lady gave a short laugh as she answered in a manner to hide the sting under what she said:

"Men are good creatures when women know how to manage them. They seem to incline to some women more than to others."

"You never had a drinking husband, ma'am, I suppose."

"Bless you, no, never! I couldn't abide the breath."

"Going to be married a fourth time, not yet 40, and as plump and pretty as ever. I don't see how you manage."

"Oh, that's a secret."

Mrs. Fittem opened her eyes wide and slowly repeated:

"A secret!"

"Yes; I found it worked admirably with three husbands, and doubt not it will work just as well with the fourth."

"Bless my heart?" exclaimed the dressmaker, with ill disguised horror on her face.

"Oh, I didn't kill my three husbands. They were dotingly fond of me to the last, and left me well provided for."

"Do tell me your secret, ma'am," she said.

"It isn't much, Mrs. Fittem, and yet it is a secret, and its application has been, as it were, disastrous in my case. I am sure I never expected it."

"Dear me! Did they all die suddenly, poor critters?"

"Quite the contrary; they lived along as if loth to go."

"Poor critters! I should have thought you'd have felt bad."

"I did indeed," she said.

"Do tell me about it," persisted the other, with a look not sympathetic. "Your tears don't dim your handsome eyes."

"I don't know about that—I never thought much about it—but, Mrs. Fittem, first and last, I've cried a good deal."

"Perhaps you had a reason unknown to the world, ma'am. But I want dreadfully to know how you managed it."

Ours was a sort of Widow Wadman, easily beguiled to tears or smiles, as she began to perceive that the astute dressmaker had some latent design in thus questioning her which she did not object to gratify. Accordingly she assumed the narrative form while her auditor continued her work.

"My first husband was well to do, but not rich. He was what is called a model man. We went to church every Sunday, and dropped 25 cents each into the contribution box. I knit his stockings and made his shirts; he liked to see women industrious. We went to lectures, and now and then to a party—always at home and in bed at 10 o'clock. He was slow and automatic in movement. He had a way of looking into kettles and jars as if he expected to find them out of order; and he did so find them sometimes—it was a comfort to him. He poked over my bureau drawers and saw all my gloves and laces in a mess—and in the mildest way reprimanded me. This was a comfort to him also. He had not a vice, a fault, an inordinate desire. I used to wish he had."

"You wicked woman! You didn't know when you were well off!" exclaimed the dressmaker sharply.

"I know it—I didn't somehow grow good with such a man as I ought to have done, but when he was gone I saw it all, and almost cried my eyes out. You see a man is a good thing to have around the house, to lock doors and look after things. When a woman is once used to having one around she is sure to feel lonesome when he is gone. I learned to think a dull husband by no means undesirable as a husband. Now the second husband. I wore my weeds the conventional period, though several nice men were attentive to me, but I shut my eyes. I managed to keep them from proposing, for I rather liked my freedom, and somehow three fine men who had known my good husband were not to my mind. I am afraid I hated good men, wicked as it may seem to you."

The dressmaker groaned.

"How could you? I am sure such a husband must be beautiful."

"That is true, Mrs. Fittem, and he thought me beautiful. You see he was a model man, and he did his best to make me a model woman, but it was not in me. We women are naturally perverse and apt to think our way as good as any man's way."

"So it is, only a good deal better," muttered the other.

"I don't know about that. I am apt to think a man is wiser about many things than we are; but, anyway, married people will quarrel as a rule, being so bent upon their own way. Now I never disputed a husband—never opposed him. But, as I was going to say, one of my admirers was of a different kind. He was bright, dashing, high spirited, and witty. He was not a model man, by any means, but he was intelligent, loved books, and had a fine taste for music. He had a mean opinion of women in general, and was sometimes furious with himself for loving me. He declared he would be master in spite of me, which was quite unnecessary, for I rather liked to have a master as saving trouble and responsibility. I hate disputes and fuss of any kind, and was thankful to let matters slide in the easiest manner possible."

"I should think you might be a little lazy," returned her auditor.

"Is that the name for it? Well, perhaps I am. He would get into a fury about his buttons, and because a door creaked or the coffee was poor, and storm about the house, and slam doors and kick over chairs, at which I only said, 'Softly, softly, dear,' which only made him worse."

"I believe you," said the dressmaker.

"He even called me a devil once, in a sort of a tender fit, and quoted Shakespeare: 'Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!' He said I would sit perfectly calm on a husband's coffin while he smothered beneath, but what is a woman to do but be quiet when a big, strong man is raging about nothing. In one of these spells he broke a blood vessel on the brain, and an autopsy showed a disease of the head which was pitiful to think about."

"I wonder he hadn't killed you," was the response of Mrs. Fittem.

"My third husband was all sentiment, and called me pet names that would have delighted Faunie Osgood, the poet. I took them all patiently."

"Patiently!" cried her hearer. "It must have been delightful!"

"Yes. When he called me pet I had an excuse for being girlish; if birdie, I might trill my notes; queeny might be cold and proud, so he had it all his own way. But your sentimental man wants a good deal of sentiment in return; must be indulged and coddled, and see everything in a sweet Arcadian light; wants his wife to dress in out of the way styles, quotes poetry.

"I went around mindless of the cestus of Venus, and had an excuse for showing my beautiful hair, and dawdled over Moore and Byron, feeling internally that I was a poor goose and sort of fraud, for too much sentiment is very tiresome."

"And he died like the rest?"

"Y-e-s." And the widow tapped a small boot on the carpet, musingly.

"It seems to me that your second husband understood you better than the others?" remarked the dressmaker.

"How so? No matter; but you must see that I am right in thinking that you do not know how to manage your husband, Mrs. Fittem."

"You have not yet told me the secret."

"Do you not guess it?"

"It seems to me that you let them have their own way."

"To be sure I did. It is fatal to man or to woman always to have their own way. A little contention is the passport of love. Nothing is more fatal than indifference."

"And you married three men and were indifferent to all!"

The widow reddened.

Perhaps I am naturally of that kind; while you, Mrs. Fittem, oppose, fret, and scold, and are not happy yourself, nor do not make him any the better man. Men are not easily turned about."

"What wou'd you do in a case like mine, where a man drinks?"

"I would manage just the same."

"But how, ma'am, how?"

"Well, well," muttered the widow, half to herself, "I can't find opinions and make annotations on them."

"Do tell your secret, now; I can not for my life guess what it is."

"Dear Mrs. Fittem, you are an admirable dressmaker; my silk, to use your own illustration, sets like a duck's foot in the mud; but you don't know how to manage a husband. You must come the morning I am to be married, and see that I am all right. Mr. Blank is fastidious. My hat is a perfect love of a hat, and makes me look charming; but let me advise you," laying at the same time a nicely gauntleted hand upon Mrs. Fittem's shoulder, "let your husband have his own way. And she whirled her limber little form out of the door, with a musical little laugh that did not crinkle her cheeks nor pucker her eyes.

Mrs. Fittem gave the moon upon the lake dress a somewhat vigorous kick and exclaimed:

"She's a devil, that's what she is, and that is the way she has made herself three times a widow."

"So are all women," hiccoughed a maudlin voice, just coming over the rear threshold. "Who are you contemplating, lovey? Who is it?"

The dressmaker eyed him for a moment scornfully, but the calling her "lovey" did the business for him; with mingled tears and smiles she patted his dusty shoulder, and replied:

"Dear, dear ducky, the nice little widow has been telling me how—how I might be a widow."

"She has? She understands the business, I should think." The idea had the effect to sober him. "What did she want you to do, lovey?"

"Well—it was dreadful."

"Well, well, what was it? I'll have a warrant out and arrest her; I'll have her shown up for what she is—the she Harry Tudor—the she Bluebeard that she is!" And he went so far as to kiss the cheek of his poor wife, who quite broke down under this unwonted tenderness, and threw herself into his arms.

"I never will do it, ducky, never!"

"I am sure of it. I can trust you. You are not fit to be a poor lone widow. You need the protecting arm of some husband."

Mrs. Fittem drew herself up a bit at this, there was a rebellion in her look.

"Yes, she told me her secret," she said.

"What was it, lovey? I am sure you would not hurt a hair on the head of your poor, devoted—"

Here he broke down, from some cause or other, and staggered to one side.

"I told her about you drinking so, James, and how you spent my earnings and how I get out of patience and sometimes well nigh hate you." This was said with grave solemnity, and then she added briskly, "What do you think she told me to do?"

"Couldn't guess; but I'm very sure you won't do it."

"Never—you would not live a month."

"Do tell—do tell what it was."

"She told me to let you have your own way—think of that!"

The man's eyes twinkled with wicked mirth.

"That wasn't so bad, lovey."

"Not so bad! Why, you would drink yourself to death in a month or less, if I let you have your own way."

"Oh, no; I would be cautious for your dear dear sake—so unfit to be a widow! Let me have my own way, lovey; I'll take the risk."

And she did—she followed the widow's advice. Under the circumstances, the reader can easily divine why Mrs. Fittem became a widow.

GETS $25,000 A YEAR.

Method of Electing the Speakers of the House of Commons.

The election of Speaker is rather an interesting ceremony. The member proposed remains seated in the body of the House until the vote is declared, when, after the leaders of all the political parties have eulogized his character and expressed their desire to support his authority, he proceeds to the steps of the chair and submits himself to the House, begging them to consider well their choice before deciding. No dissentient voice being heard, he accepts the office and seats himself in the chair amid plaudits from all sides.

Some nominal business having been done, a short recess follows, after which the Speaker-elect reappears in court dress, black cloth coat, with lace frill and braided buttons, black kerseymere breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and over all a richly braided black silk gown with a long train, and a full-bottomed curled white wig falling on his shoulders. He is preceded by the sergent-at-arms, in full court dress and sword, bearing the gold mace, and followed by a retinue of ushers and other officials.

In the meantime word has been sent to the Queen of the election, and a few minutes later a royal messenger arrives conveying Her Majesty's pleasure that her "faithful Commons" should present their Speaker to her at a certain date and hour.

When the time comes the Speaker and his officers drive in state to the palace, followed by his proposer and seconder, and as many other members as choose to go. The party are ushered into the Queen's presence, and the Speaker, kneeling, claims for the House of Commons a renewal of their ancient privileges, and for himself free access to the sovereign and all rightful favors. The Queen greets him graciously, congratulates the members on their choice, promises to uphold and defend their rights, and dismisses them to their labors.

Thenceforward the speaker ceases to belong to any political party or to take any part in debates or divisions, unless compelled to exercise a casting vote, which he always gives on that side which allows of further consideration of the question. His duty is to preside over the proceedings of the House and to decide on all questions of order or procedure, and his authority in every case is final.

Of late years, his personal power and responsibility have been vastly increased by the rules of "closure," which authorize and require him to use his discretion in cutting short debate when willful obstruction takes place. He has the power to suspend members or even to commit them to prison for gross misconduct, and his warrant is all powerful for the punishment of persons found guilty of contempt of the House. On the other hand he is exempt from arrest, or any other legal process for acts done in his official capacity. At any time when he chooses to retire from the Speakership, or fails to secure a re-election, he receives a peerage with hereditary descent to his heirs male.

The Speaker receives a salary of $25,000 a year, and a retiring pension of $12,500 for life; and he has the control of patronage and expenditures, independently of the government, amounting to $150,000 a year. He has a very handsome residence and suite of offices at the House of Commons, and his official dinners and other entertainments are among the choicest festivities of London society.

He goes in procession with his sergeant, chaplain and ushers, the laced skirts of his long robe held up by trainbearers, to hear prayers, read and open the proceedings—a quaint little bit of mediævalism that visitors to London may well spend a few minutes in witnessing—and on all state or public occasions he comes immediately after the House of Lords and receives high honors and deference as the impersonation of the people of the United Kingdom.

Salt in the Air.

When a flash of lightning darts through the air it vaporizes any minute particles of floating matter that may be in its path. By examining the light of lightning with a spectroscope the nature of these vaporizing substances may be determined, because every known element in nature shows in its spectrum certain lines that belong to it alone. By studying the spectrum of lightning in this way, W. E Wood, of Washington, has recently been able to show that sodium, which is the element from which common salt is formed, exists in the air. He suggests various ways for accounting for the presence of sodium in the atmosphere, one of which is particularly interesting and that is, that it may have come there from intersteller space. It is known that meteoric dust is continually falling upon the globe from beyond the atmosphere, and if it should turn out that microscopic particles of sodium are included in this strange, unending shower with which the heavens salute the earth, it would only be another proof of the unity of composition that extends from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars.

No man can ever pay the debt he owes his mother.

WITCHCRAFT IN AMERICA.

A Firm Belief in It Still Lingers in Pennsylvania and in New England.

Witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States. The larger number of immigrants from the continent of Europe are more or less in fear of such powers. To these must be added no inconsiderable portion of the persons of English and Scotch descent; for a strong vein of superstition is discernible in many Irish, Scotch and some English, whose "folk-lore," diffused in nursery tales and neighborhood gossip, has entwined itself strongly about the fibres of spontaneous subconscious mental imagery. Among the more ignorant members of the church of every nationality the belief produces a mysterious dread, against which men and women cross themselves and resort to various rites supposed to be efficacious.

Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The interior of Pennsylvania affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale than any other State. It has been but two or three years since suit was brought by a man against his mother in one of the counties of Pennsylvania to recover damages for a dog which he charged her with having killed by witchcraft; and he not only brought suit but obtained judgment from a justice of the peace. Various witnesses testified to their experiences in witchcraft, and only one said that he had never had a friend or relative who was bewitched.

In divers villages in Pennsylvania, some of them in the Dunkard settlements, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewd enough not to apply their arts for strangers, but to those whom they know, as stated in a newspaper article some years ago, they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells of the enemies of applicants, force cows to give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family destroy beauty, separate man and wife and reunite estranged lovers.

In the interior parts of the Southern States, where a large proportion of the white population can not read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "witch doctors," who, assuming that all disease is caused by witches, secure thriving practice in counteracting their influence. The Philadelphia *Times*, on the authority of a reputable correspondent, who gives many facts to sustain his representations, says: "For generations the poor whites have believed in witches, and the belief is deep-seated and incurable."

The African population brought this belief from the Dark Continent, and it exists among them to this day, though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

I have recently noted in various parts of the United States more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who they claimed had bewitched them, but under existing laws the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.

During pedestrian tours in New England, in various parts of the West and in every Southern State I have frequently stayed for the night at the houses of poor farmers, laborers, fishermen and trappers. In such journeys I have invariably listened to the tales of the neighborhood, stimulating them by suggestion, and have found the belief in witchcraft cropping out in the oldest towns, in New England, sometimes within the very shadow of the buildings where a learned ministry has existed from the settlement of the country and public schools have furnished means of education to all classes. The horseshoes found in nearly every county, and often in every township, upon the houses of persons, suggested the old horseshoe beneath which Lord Nelson, who had long kept it nailed to the mast of the Victory, received his death wound at Trafalgar.

London's Sleuthhounds.

Of the London detective force the standing strength is about four hundred. At the head of it is the director of the criminal investigation department of New Scotland Yard. The staff attached to headquarters and in immediate contact with the director consists of one superintendent and about thirty subordinates. The rest of the men are distributed among the twenty-two divisions of the metropolitan police. Each division has thus a local staff of detectives consisting of one inspector and a number of sergeants, under the control of the divisional superintendent.

Every crime discovered is reported first to the nearest police station and then to the superintendent of the division, who immediately takes it in hand and issues such directions as he thinks necessary to the detective inspector of the division. At the same time he refers it to the criminal investigation department, either by way of his daily report or at once if the affair be very serious. Such report passes through a chief officer of the criminal investigation department, and then goes to the director; if urgent and out of hours it is telegraphed to his house. He can then act in several ways, according to the nature and severity of the case; he may leave it entirely in the hands of the superintendent, or he may issue instruction to direct the divisional inspector, in which case the latter will act in concert with the superintendent; or, again, he may instruct a member of his own staff, who, in turn, may act with the superintendent or independently. Not to weary the reader with detail, the main points of the system are the local distribution of the detective force and its interaction with the ordinary force through the superintendents. Everything, of course, depends on smooth working.

WOMAN'S BRIGHTEST AGE.

Critics Disagree as to the Time of Life at Which She Is Most Charming.

At what age under the old regime a woman was considered passee it would be dangerous to say—presumably soon after she had quitted her teens. Swift wrote with cruel candor of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Recipe to Restore Her Lost Youth," at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic Dean at St. Patrick's wondering

"How angels look at thirty-six."

proves a sharp contrast to a more modern writer, Mr. Lewes, who, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of thirty-three as a fascinating period of a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body.

Such sentiment would once have been considered rank heresy, yet thirty-three was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte, and a Lili. Mr. Lewes' view seems to be based on the old and honorable position and limitations. No people, perhaps, appreciate more perfectly the innocent flower-like beauty of adolescence than the French.

Like the loveliness of childhood, it is to them a joy and delight to be made much of while it lasts, and like that period, it is expected to have its definite limits. The line between jeune fille and vieille fille is in that polite laud drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of that French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever known to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds, and even the hearts, of men by their wit and their wisdom, their vivacity and their grace.

It is impossible to read any description of salon life in Paris without realizing the immense power that such women as Mme. de Ramboullet, Mme. Deffand, who could tolerate everything but the commonplace; Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter; Mme. de Stael, and her cherished friend, Mme. d'Houdetot exercised in literary and political as in social matters.

Delightful Customs Abroad.

"I had rather a unique experience the first year I was in society," said a San Francisco girl, in the *New York Tribune*, "for I 'came out' in New York, Berlin, and afterward in London; and I am obliged to say that I found more kindliness and real courtesy in Germany than anywhere else, although many of the customs struck me as very curious. A stranger in either London or New York has a hard time of it in society unless she is exceptionally gifted with beauty or money; but in Germany every one is at least welcomed with cordiality, and the habit of universal introductions puts one at one's ease at once.

"Coming straight from New York where I must confess I had been received, if not with rudeness at least with the most uncomplimentary indifference, the contrast was most striking. The evening after my arrival I attended a little gathering where there was some dancing and more conversation; and to my surprise and gratification, every man in the room asked to be presented to me.

"This was indeed a pleasant change from New York, where I have felt myself forlorn and an alien, and I was none the less pleased with the kindly young officers to learn that these marks of civility were not personal at all, being merely the usual way of welcoming a stranger.

"Some of the German ways, however, struck me, as I have said, as being very queer indeed. I never quite became reconciled to the habit of hand-kissing. At first it gave me quite a shock when, after a dinner-party, the man took me in to dinner escorted me to the door, and with a low bow and a 'Gesegnete Mahlzeit Gnadigste,' 'A blessed meal, most gracious one,' kissed my hand.

"I am told that this formality is generally omitted now, but several years ago it was quite universal; but the hand-kissing still continues, I believe for partings, and greetings, and so on, ad libitum. A delightful little custom in Germany which is becoming more or less prevalent over here now, is that instead of having supper spread in one room where everyone is supposed to go in solemn procession, a posse of waiters bring in numero is small tables which are unfolded and placed in all the rooms for the guests, each one being arranged comfortably with plates, forks, knives, etc., in short all that is needed.

"This is a great improvement over our fashion of holding our plates in our laps, and putting our champagne glasses on the floor. In Germany, by the way, no girl ever gets 'stuck' (horrid word), a girl being returned to her chaperone directly after a dance as a matter of course. The said dance belongs to the man who has engaged it, and any one who begs for an 'extra tour' must ask the gentleman, not the lady, which always seemed to me rather odd."

Frankie's German Accent.

Fond Mother—I notice, Fraulein, that Master Frank's German accent has fallen off the last few days. German Governess—Ach, so? Zat is because his sore troat is better.

Be Meek, But Not Too Meek.

The man who shows too much of a Christian spirit is apt to get stepped on. —Yarmouth Register.

"I'll see you later," said the slangy young man. "No, George," she murmured, "don't say that. It's nearly twelve o'clock now."

SING CARE AWAY.

When things in the world about you
Seem someway going wrong,
And clouds shut out life's sunshine,
Then sing some cheerful song.
Some blithesome and happy measure
Will lighten life of care,
And give us strength for the burdens
That all of us have to bear.

Sing, and your weary neighbor
Will hear the cheerful strain,
And his heavy heart grow lighter
As the fields grow glad from rain.
In the spell of the music's magic
His lips repeat the song,
And so men help each other,
And make the weak ones strong.

Sing, and forget, my brother,
The cares that fill the day,
There's help in a song, believe it,
And prove it, as you may.
There's nothing gained by sighing,
It's ever the wisest plan
To sing away one's trouble
And be happy, if we can.

—Eben E. Rexford.

THE CLOCK'S SECRET.

It was hard work to build up a doctor's practice in such an out of the way Southern town, but I held on and hoped for the best. Annie taught in the public school there, and said she was content to wait if it was for 10 years until we should be able to marry.

I was just beginning to despair, when I heard of my uncle's death in the North. He had left me nothing, however, but his old manor near the town where I lived—a moldy old structure, inhabited by an old darkey caretaker, and for many years the upper floors had never been occupied.

On Saturday I took Annie down to look over the place, for after all it was something to own a house and be free from rent when we were married.

"Ef I was you," said the old negress, when we explained the reason of our visit, "I wouldn't go up them windin' stairs. The upper floors is full of ghosts and ghostesses. Why, my brudder went up one day, and he was found nigh dead the next mawn."

I only laughed at her superstitions, and started up the fatal stairs. When about half way up the most horrible sounds greeted us. It was as the old woman had said, as though a whole host of demons were groaning and gnashing their teeth, and the sounds seemed to envelop us. They were horrible, and enough to make the stoutest heart quail, for they seemed to increase after they had once commenced.

I turned to Annie as quickly as I could and, seeing by her face that she was likely to faint, put my arm about her to support her as I seated her on a lower step, for the sound ceased as we stepped back.

"Do you mind waiting for me down stairs?" I asked, "while I examine into this, or would you prefer to have me wait and come out another time?"

"No, I am going up stairs with you," she said bravely, "I am ashamed of my want of nerve just now."

As she spoke she leaned back and rested one elbow on the step behind her. Instantly the horrible sounds were heard again, but as Annie moved forward again they suddenly ceased.

"You had better let me take you down," I said quickly, as I saw her face lose color again.

"No," she said in a half subdued voice, "I felt something give way just then, Tom. See what it is."

It did not take me many minutes to remove the carpet, but in doing it I found that I could, at will, render the horrible sounds audible or inaudible Annie became as much interested and excited as I, and when I raised the loose plank that seemed to cause it all she peered with as much interest as I into the cavity it revealed.

"I am not afraid of anything now," she had said when I hesitated to remove it. "I must see what it is, Tom."

What we did see was a mass of machinery. There were wheels, so put together that they grated frightfully when touched.

"What do you suppose this was for?" asked Annie.

"I do not know, unless my uncle used it as a sort of watchdog to keep from being molested while upstairs. He surrounded himself with mystery to make himself and everything about him a terror to both black and white during the war."

We examined the machinery and its connection, and found that each step above it was connected with some part of it, so that the sounds kept increasing as one proceeded up the stairs; but, just as I was about to restore the plank to its place, she stopped me, and drawing out a slip of yellow paper, read:

"Behind the clock on the stairs."

Above us, still and silent, stood the old clock on the landing. Slowly, and with a feeling of awe, we went to it and moved it, wondering what new mystery was about to be explained; but apparently there was nothing unusual; examined the clock itself and then the wall, having some visionary ideas of secret panels, but all of no avail, and we were about to give up the search when the sun came out again, and, shining through a broken shutter, showed a solitary speck in the oldfashioned paper that glittered like a diamond. Eagerly we worked at it, until we could understand the working of it, and then—yes, there was our secret panel, and there was my dead and gone uncle's money box.

Taking it into an adjoining room and examining it, we found papers and money amounting to $5,000, which had been hidden during the war for safe keeping. As the money was all in gold, it would have been a godsend to some one had not my uncle, by his eccentricities and mysteries kept every one at bay. Unfortunately he did not live to enjoy it himself, and it was left for me to inherit and make the most of. Annie and I decided immediately to make our home there, and it is a very happy one, for the winding stairs send forth none but happy sounds now.