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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21st YEAR—NO. 50. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,090.

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 50	6 25	Piedmont	10 10	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 05	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 32
6 40	12 17	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 35	11 22
6 52	12 29	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 22	11 09
6 55	12 32	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 18	11 05
7 00	12 39	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 13	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 18	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 05	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 43	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 47	Barrelville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 08	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.

July 2

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 to F. S. DEEKENS. At the office of the Union Mining Co.

Nov 21

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Important Notice.

—THE—

Fidelity, Building, Loan and Investment Association.

CAPITAL STOCK, ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Central Office, 913—15 and 918 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS is one of the largest Associations in the eastern States, having at this time over twelve thousand shareholders of their instalment stock alone.

It is heartily endorsed by the leading papers throughout the country; also by R. G. Dun & Co.'s Commercial Agency.

The Association does a

Banking Business

in connection with its

Building and Loan

system and pays—

6 *per cent.* on deposits of 90 days standing and 10 " " " time deposits.

Instalment Shares of $200 each,

par value, are issued, payable $1 per month. Guaranteed profit.....$98

For further particulars apply to

Alex. Smith, Treasurer,

or to BROWN DAVIS, Superintendent, Frostburg, Md.

May 21

PURCHASE

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES,

CEMETERY RAILINGS,

MANTELS, POSTS, VASES,

GALVANIZED . . . . . RAILINGS,

TERRA-COTTA AND CHIMNEY PIPE,

LAWN RAILINGS

&c., &c., &c., FROM

J. B. WILLIAMS,

WHOSE work is the finest; materials the best, and PRICES THE CHEAPEST.

Feb 13

We've Got the rip

—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.

RESTAURANT.

Everything Seasonable and Fresh

Cuisine Unexcelled.

ELEGANT DINING ROOM for LADIES and GENTLEMEN on street floor. A pleasant home and place of refreshment for visitors stopping between trains.

C. Reichenbach,
RESTAURATEUR,

Nov 21 Frostburg, Md.

NEWS and BOOKS

WE sell BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, fine STATIONERY, POCKET BOOKS, outdoor GAMES of all kinds.

JNO. A. FULTON & CO., Bookstore opposite postoffice.

March 5 Cumberland, Md.

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today or to-morrow before you dine.

You want the risk taken, too, by a standard company, such as D. P. MILLER, of Cumberland, represents. Any policy is good until a fire occurs, but then it is you want a pledge of indemnity worth its face in gold.

Rates not quite as low as wildcat figures, but the lowest consistent with certain and perfect iddemnity in event of loss. Apply to

J. B. ODER,

Dec 14 JOURNAL Office, Frostburg, Md.

BACHELOR BARTON.

When we were first married we bought a little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden—a cottage that had just four rooms and a garret in all, but we wanted no more.

"Once the property of the late Miss Nancy Free," the real estate dealer said in his circular.

We did not think much about Miss Free, however, only that her old-fashioned furniture—just what every one was going wild over—went with the house, and that we could make it the prettiest little nest in the world. We were beginning the world. Why should we think of those who had done with it?

Why should Jack and Lottie Deane, just married, ask what had been the hopes and griefs of Nancy Free, spinster, some time dead? We live for ourselves in this world.

Jack bought the house we moved in. The place had been very carefully kept clean by the agent, and I began to arrange and rearrange, to tie ribbon bows on chairs, to loop fresh muslin curtains at the window panes, to fill the old china vases with flowers, thinking of Jack the while, as a bride would be apt to do, when looking out of the window I saw a quaint old figure coming up the road—that of a man very old in years, and who had not changed his garb with the fashions of the times.

His hat had a bell crown and rolling rim, his collar and coat and neckerchief were of the sort we see in our grandfather's portraits. I had had him pointed out to me as "Bachelor Barton," and been told that he was rich and of good old family, and had once been disappointed in love.

I hid myself behind the curtain and watched him curiously as he came on, wondering if he were once a handsome young fellow like my Jack, and if he had loved some one as Jack loved me, and how it was that youth could change to age and golden locks to gray, and why it need to be, when to my surprise he paused at the gate of my garden and entered.

Perhaps his old-fashioned politeness led him to call upon the "strangers," after the good old custom so rapidly dying out.

A moment more my little maid brought me his card, and with a glance at the mirror, I hurried down to greet him.

Close at hand Bachelor Barton was older than he had seemed from my upper window, and frailer, but his face had a sweet expression still.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said, "I saw the house open for the first time for years and could not restrain myself from approaching the door. I knew it well in bygone days, when Miss Nancy Free and her mother lived here. I came here often then. It was a very intimate friend. I wanted to see the dear old rooms once again. Miss Free was eighty when she died; I am eighty-five. But we were very young people when we first met—twenty-one and twenty-six. You think me an eccentric old creature no doubt, but I want to see the house once before I die, for old times' sake."

"Come in, sir," I said. "I shall be happy to show you every corner of it." I think I understand—"

"As young people understand such things," he said. "Happily they can not quite know how the old feel—not quite."

He held his quaint old hat in his hand as he spoke, and gave me a sad smile that drew his face into a hundred tiny crow's feet, and as I motioned the way he followed me into our little parlor and sat down.

"Nothing altered," he said. "This is old Mrs. Free's furniture, that had been her grandmother's in Revolutionary days. They say it is the fad of the time to buy it up or have imitations of it. The brass andirons, the shovels and tongs, the carved chairs, the escritoire—I remember them all. This is a Turkish carpet—there are hardly any of them to be found now. Yes, Mrs. Free sat here, and Nancy played the guitar, and I sang—you would not think that I sang—or, I remember, she worked at her tambour frame while I read aloud from the poets."

He moved his head slowly about, noting every detail—the peacock feather fans, the cut-glass decanters and glasses, the painted china in the corner cupboard, the footstool like a melon, the lamp mat like a rose. Nothing had worn out or grown shabby in the spinster's little home.

"Once," he said, "Miss Nancy sat for a miniature to a painter then well known. It was a speaking likeness. Does it by chance remain in the house?"

"I think it does," I said. "The heir, a nephew, a rich man, who lives in New Orleans, wrote orders that the house should be sold with all its belongings, and I think the miniature you mean is here."

I went to the escritoire and drew from one of the drawers the likeness of a lady painted on ivory and set in a narrow gold frame. I doubt if it really resembled any living being.

It was a beautiful doll, all pink and white, with blue eyes, little brown curls penciled on the forehead and a white frill about the neck, but as I put it into the hands of Bachelor Barton he gazed upon it with rapture.

"Miss Nancy's very self," he said, "as she appeared at twenty-two. There are no such women now." He paused, and with a low bow, added, "With the exception of the fair lady in whose presence I now stand."

I courtesied. I hope I did it properly. It seemed the only thing to do under the circumstances.

After this I begged the old gentleman to visit any portion of the house and grounds he pleased, and when he went away presented him with Miss Nancy's miniature, for which he kissed my hand, standing at a long distance and touching my fingers as though they were sacred relics.

We talked him over at tea time, Jack and I, and made up our minds that he had once been a suitor of Miss Nancy's. It was not a very difficult matter to guess that, and from that day he called frequently. He made me his confidante at last.

He had adored Miss Nancy, he told me, and she had returned his affection, and they had become engaged to each other with the consent of the mother, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, in some manner, he offended the object of his adoration.

I judge he made her jealous, having been in his day a beau of the first water and much admired by the ladies, but he was too modest to say so outright. But at all events she would not forgive him. She refused him the miniature which had been painted for him, she took back her lock of hair and sent him back his letters, and in all sorts of ways wrecked vengeance upon him for his evil doing. Yet I believe she intended to relent and forgive, and he also thought so, I am sure. He made every possible apology and overture, but she yielded not one inch.

At last her mother died. That great sorrow, it seemed to him, must bow her pride, and she must more than ever need a comforter, a consoler, a protector.

Allowing time for the first burst of grief, he wrote to her, asking her to reply, whatever her flat might be, begging her to forgive him and once more promise to be his wife.

"She never answered me," he said. "She never gave me one word in reply."

It was on my tongue to say she had been very vindictive, but I saw that that would not do. Miss Nancy was sainted in his memory and could be suspected of no wrong whatever.

"I erred beyond forgiveness, sweet angel," he said—"I erred beyond forgiveness;" and Bachelor Barton could not have been moved from this opinion by the whisper of an angel.

* * * * * * *

"Auntie," cried my little nephew, "there's something in the crow's nest."

I was sitting in the garden and the voice sounded above my head. I looked up with a start. In the road outside arose a tall pole, and from time immemorial a great crow's nest had crowned it. How little Billy had managed to reach its apex I cannot say, but there he was, and speechless with horror I could only implore him, in dumb show, to descend.

He answered me with a laugh, flung something to the ground and came sliding down after it.

"You naughty boy!" I cried, as I caught him in my arms.

"It's not a bit like a nest, auntie," he said. "It's all ugly and muddy. There were some feathers in it, black, and there was a dead bird, and there was that cap—a queer cap. I never saw such a funny thing."

He picked from the grass the object he had cast down. It looked like a crushed leather box, and had been melted by the sun and soaked by the rain until it was shapeless; but it certainly proved to be a queer, old-fashioned cap with a peak and lined with oiled silk, and as Billy tossed it about and turned it inside out, a square white package dropped from some secret spot beneath this lining, which had kept it from destruction adown the years.

Long years they must have been, for the letter had been written before the days when envelopes were used, was curiously folded and sealed with a large seal on which was the letter "F." It was addressed in a delicate, running hand, to "Alwyn Barton, Esq., The Oaks," etc. In fact, it had evidently been intended for the old gentleman we called Bachelor Barton, and to him I at once despatched it with a note of explanation.

His answer was a request that I and my husband would do him the honor of calling, as Mr. Barton was sick and there was much to explain. And of course we went.

Bachelor Barton, bolstered up with pillows, lay upon a lounge, pale as yellow wax, his eyes shining under his gray brows.

"Dear friends, you have told me that the letter you sent me was in the lining of an old leather cap in the crow's nest," he said. "I remember seeing the cap thrown away. Miss Free's little negro servant Cato wore it. A carpenter, who was mending the barn, had snatched it and flung it in the air. Apparently it never came down again. It was searched for, and I watched the search from the window, but never dreamed that it was in the nest. The cap was old. Cato had a new one, and that was the end of it. But now I remember that in that oiled silk lining the boy put any letters with which he was sent to the postoffice, in order to keep them clean. I think it was made with a sort of pocket on purpose, and in this lining this letter had started on its way to me when a rude jest ended my hopes of happiness for life. Cato forgot or never told the fact of its being undelivered.

"The letter, dear friends, was an answer to my prayer for Miss Nancy Free's pardon—a beautiful, forgiving, angelic reply. Had I received it I should have flown to her. She should have been my bride. These lonely years would have been gladsome. I might not have been the last leaf on a withered branch.

"It was fated not to be. I trust she did not suffer also. I—I fear that is possible. How discourteous she must have deemed me. I never dreamed she had written. I"——

He paused. Tears filled his eyes.

"I am sorry," I began.

"Don't say you are sorry you found it!" Bachelor Barton cried. "If I was foolish enough to faint when the truth burst upon me, I still rejoice. Up there I think she waits for me—there, where the truth is manifest without words; and I thank you—oh, so much!"

We staid with him a little longer, and he talked to us of Nancy and old times. When I left him he kissed my hand.

He died that night, and the letter and Miss Nancy's miniature repose upon his bosom.—Mary Kyle, in Saturday Night.

STAMPEDE ON THE PLAINS.

Prayer Meeting Hymns Used to Stop the Frightened Cattle.

No one could tell what caused a stampede, any more than one can tell the reason of the strange panics that actuate human gatherings at times, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*. A flash of lightning, a crackling stick, a wolf's howl, little things in themselves, but in a moment every horned head was lifted, and the mass of hair and horns, with fierce frightened eyes gleaming like thousands of emeralds, was off. Recklessly, blindly, in whatever direction fancy led them, they went, over a bluff, into a morass, it mattered not, and fleet were the horses that could keep abreast of the leaders. But some could do it, and lashing their ponies to their best gait the cowboys followed at breakneck speed. Getting on one side of the leaders, the effort was to turn them, a little at first, then more and more, until the circumference of a great circle was being described. The cattle behind blindly followed, and soon the front and rear joined, and "milling" commenced. Like a mighty millstone, round and round the bewildered creatures raced until they were wearied out or recovered from their fright.

To stop the herd from milling, either after a stampede or when in the cattle yards at the end of the trip, was a necessary but difficult task. As in a stampede, it was death to an animal who failed to keep up with his comrades, for in a moment his carcass would be flattened by thousands of trampling hoofs. The human voice seemed the most powerful influence that could be used to affect the brutes, force being entirely out of the question. As soon as the "milling" began the cowboys began to sing. It mattered not what so long as there was music to it, and it was not uncommon to hear some profane and heartless bully doling out camp meeting hymns to soothe the ruffled spirits of a herd of Texas steers, a use which might have astonished the fathers and mothers of the churches "back in God's country," could they have known it.

Change of Scene.

One of the surest cures for nervous exhaustion and the "blues" is a change of scene. It need not be a change for the better; if we endure a few discomforts while away from home, we shall appreciate familiar blessings all the more on returning to them. Every family should go away once a year for a month's stay under different surroundings; if this is not possible, changes of a week at a time will probably save you a doctor's bill if you have become "run down" in health. If this week is not possible, an occasional quiet picnic with the family of a few neighbors out in a green grove or mountain or by some silvery lake will do wonders in reviving the spirits. Make as many such expeditions as you can during the summer; go once a week, and you will find them more efficacious to build up the strength than any tonic that can be administered. Procure different food for the family at such times than that which they are daily accustomed to, even if it is not so delicate. A change of food will often stimulate the jaded appetite. Vary the picnics by short walking tours. If by good chance you live within a few hours' journey of some picturesque spot visited by travelers and the haunt of many tourists, all the more delightful will be a tramp of a couple of days to nature's shrines. Put up over night at some convenient hotel; or, the place lacking such an accommodation, no hospitable resident of a Christian home can refuse a bed and breakfast. If the tramp is to last for a day only, let each walker carry his or her refreshments in a small basket slung to the back, of no perceptible weight in carrying, yet large enough to hold a solid meal. Sandwiches, bread and cheese, fruit, cold coffee and tea can all be carried in this way, though care must be taken not to make the pack too heavy. Luncheon may be served in some shady spot by the way; of course a fire should be built, to give things a gypsy look, to say nothing of warming the tea. How much enjoyment may be had from such a walking tour, when the members of the party are of kindred tastes and disposed to make the best of things, can hardly be imagined until one has tried it. And,ars merit! the expenses are almost *nil*.

Highly Spiced Food.

No doubt diet has much to do with the fact that American children are nervous. They are far too often allowed to sit at the same table with their elders, and, at a late dinner, permitted to use the same rich, highly spiced food, and to pour in the tender little stomachs tea and coffee; and the result, hysteria and irritability, is a source of wonder to their parents. "My children look well, and have excellent appetites," said a mother. "Yet they are almost always complaining of something." "Are you careful of their diet?" was asked. "Oh, no, they eat and drink anything that is on the table," was the reply. "I never could bear to deny them anything, but I never thought that it made much difference so that they had enough." The menu of this family included among other things hot bread, fried meats, beans, cabbage, and pastry. All these were given to the children; and when they were stricken down with gastric trouble, the mother wondered why they were so often ill!

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

Jumps at the conclusion—The sleepy man in church.

GREELEY MET GOOD SOCIETY.

When He was in Paris the Great Horace Was in Jail.

When Horace Greeley visited Paris in 1855 he was the victim of a mistake that caused him to spend a night behind the bars of the debtors' prison in the Rue de Clichy.

A French sculptor had sent a statue for exhibition to the World's Fair at New York, of which Mr. Greeley was one of the managers; the statue had been returned in an injured condition, and the sculptor took the method of causing Mr. Greeley's arrest to recover damages. A friend of Mr. Greeley's, Mr. Field, went to the prison the next morning. When he entered the large common room in which the prisoners and their friends were assembled he saw a singular scene. In one corner squatted a laboring man in his blouse, surrounded by his wife and children who had brought him some delicacies for his Sunday dinner. In another corner lounged a fashionably dressed young gentleman. The room was filled with the most strangely contrasted groups.

"Standing in the middle of it," says Mr. Field, wearing his old white overcoat, and with his hat on the back of his head, his countenance wreathed in smiles, flanked on either side by a United States minister, stood Horace Greeley. To refrain from laughing was impossible.

"'Field,' he exclaimed, 'this has been one of the most fortunate incidents in my life! Without it I doubt if I ever should have had the opportunity to see good society. You know I know nothing about it at home. I have never associated with the people who compose it there. I dare say they are very good people, but they are not my people.

"'Last evening at dinner we had a prince at the head of the table, and I was flanked on one side by a count and on the other side by a baron.'

"'If I only remain here long enough I shall not only learn the French language but good manners into the bargain.'"

Of course when the case came up for trial Mr. Greeley was released.—Youth's Companion.

The Thrifty Redskin.

It is said that the simple-minded Indian of the plains makes many an honest penny by manufacturing and selling to the curious and credulous "tenderfoot." During the last winter "the arrow that slew Custer" was twice sold to English travellers, although it is well known that Custer's body was untouched by arrows. Navajo blankets from Massachusetts and Indian pipes from Connecticut are common articles of sale. The tomtoms eagerly bought as relics are often nothing less than government cheese-boxes covered with sheepskin. Pipes which the Indians exhibit and sell in their tepees for seven and eight dollars may be bought at the post traders' for two dollars. The Apache no longer has any use for a spear, and there are few genuine ones to be found, but he still makes them out of long poles and boiler iron to sell to the tenderfoot. So also he now uses the Winchester in place of a bow and arrow, but he spends many a Sunday making bows for collections, which he disposes of for an extortionate sum as heirlooms that were formerly used in the chase by his father, Plenty Bear, or some other distinguished warrior.

The Safest Place.

A person, apprehensive of danger from lightning, happening, during the time of the thunder to be in a house not secured by conductors, would do well to avoid sitting near the chimney, near a looking-glass, or any gilt picture or wainscot, says the "Family Doctor." The safest place is in the middle of the room, so it be not under a metal lustre suspended by a chain, sitting on one chair and laying the feet up in another. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds in the middle of the room, and, folding them up double, place the chair upon them; for those not being so good conductors as the walls, the lightning will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding when it can go through a continued and better conductor—the wall. But, when it can be had, a hammock or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the wall on every side, and from the ceiling and floor above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever, and one which indeed may be deemed quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning.

Hops in Alaska.

Those who are accustomed to think of Alaska as a land of snow and ice will be surprised at the proposed plan of turning it into a large hop plantation. This enterprise is projected by a syndicate of Oregon hop dealers. They have bought considerable territory near Fort Wrangel, and expect it to be the coming hop market.

The reasons which encourage the syndicate to hope for success are many: The summer, though short, is almost tropically hot, and it is believed the season is long enough for ripening the hops; land is very cheap, to be had almost for the asking; labor costs but a trifle; the soil requires little preparation; the hops could be gathered for half the price paid in Oregon; the freightage would all be in sailing vessels, which is cheapness itself. These are strong inducements, and if the first is true, the prospect, certainly, has everything in its favor. Hop growers will watch the new experiment with interest.

"What is the baby's name, Ada?" was asked a bright little girl. "George Henry Thompson." "Why, I thought you were going to name him for your father." "We did, Thompson," was the convincing reply.—Youth's Companion.

MILES AND MILES OF SALT.

The Saline Incrustation of the Famous Persian Desert.

One of the natural curiosities of Asia is the Great Salt Desert of Persia, which covers a large territory about 70 miles south of Teheran. C. E. Biddulph, who recently visited this place, says that Darya-i-Namak is an extensive tract of ground, sloping on all sides toward the center, covered with an incrustation of solid salt several feet thick in most places, while in some parts it is of unknown depth. As he saw it from the mountain top it stretched away for many miles, appearing like a vast frozen lake. It extended as far as the eye could reach toward the south and west, and glistened in the sun like a sheet of glass.

His party finally approached the margin of the salt plain and decided to cross it. They found swampy ground for a mile or so and then entered upon the sheet of salt itself. Near the edge the incrustation was thin and the salt sheet was soft, sloppy and mixed with earth. At a distance of three or four miles from the edge the salt looked like solid ice as it is seen on any pond in northern latitudes during the winter. The surface was not quite level, but resembled that of ice which had partially thawed and then frozen again after a slight fall of snow. Of the solidity of this incrustation there could be no doubt, for camels, horses and mules were traveling over it without a vibration of any kind being perceptible.

After marching for about eight miles upon this unusual surface the party halted to examine its composition. They tried, by means of a hammer and an iron tent-peg, to break off a block of salt to carry away as a specimen. The salt, however, was so very hard that they could make no impression upon it. They managed at last in another place to chip off a lot of fragments which were of the purest white. In two or three days they had absorbed so much moisture that they became soft and slaty-blue in color.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Foreign Paper Money.

The Bank of England note is five inches by eight in dimensions and is printed in black ink on Irish linen, water-lined paper, plaid white, with ragged edges.

The notes of the Banque de France are made of white, water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures and running in denominations from the twenty-franc note to the one thousand franc.

South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and that Spanish and Portugese are the languages engraved on the face.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from five to one thousand marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom.

Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lire notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely-engraved vignette of King Humbert.

The one-hundred rouble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center, in bold relief, stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

The Australian bill is printed on light-colored, thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometric lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.

Animals' Lack of Sense.

Some animals exhibit a queer lack of sense, says a man who has observed them. Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square, and it is as much a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either can not or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so. Again, take a common bumble bee and put it into a goblet. It will remain a prisoner for hours, trying to escape through the sides, without even thinking of escaping from the top. So also a bat can not rise from a perfectly level surface. Although it is remarkably nimble in its flight when once on the wing, and can fly for many hours at a time without taking the least rest, if placed on the floor or on flat ground it is absolutely unable to use its wings. The only thing it can do is to shuffle helplessly and painfully along until it reaches some trifling elevation, from which it can throw itself into the air, when at once it is off like a flash.

Green Roses.

Green roses have been known in the vicinity of Philadelphia for probably a century. There is no difference theoretically between the petals of a rose and a rose leaf, and the transformation of one to the other is very easily accomplished. A green rose, therefore, is nothing more than a rose in which, in forming the flower, the rose has persistently refused to allow its leaves to be transformed to petals—they still continue as leaves. The petals of the green rose are, therefore, nothing more than green leaves. Outside of its interest as showing the relation between leaves and flowers, there is no interest in the green rose. Certainly it has no beauty.