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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG

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22D YEAR—NO. 2. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,094.

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	11 10	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 05	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 32
6 40	12 15	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 40	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. Savage jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 30	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	
3:30 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
" 65—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. 14 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 low est 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

SEVERN'S TEMPTATION.

Arthur Severn raised his head from the book which he had been poring over the greater part of the afternoon and gazed despondently at the dingy walls of the room. Finally he rose, and, going to the window, peered out through the cracked and grimy panes of glass, now streaked with the rain which was driving violently from the east. From early morning the rain had been falling incessantly, and as darkness began to close around the village the wind blew more violently than ever and the rain fell in heavier torrents. A large brown patch appeared on the ceiling above and the water began to drip down and form little puddles on the uncarpeted floor. It was a melancholy day, and Severn felt that it accorded well with his own evil fortune. He occupied the only habitable room in a large, old, tumble-down house that stood off at one side of the village near the river and had been falling to decay for years.

Severn was striving to make his way through college, and when the landlord's agent suggested his taking a room in the "old Holloway house" at a much lower figure than he could obtain lodging for elsewhere, he felt constrained on account of his poverty to accept the offer. His parents were poor, and, moreover, averse to his taking a college course, so that he was unable to receive any aid from them. For sometime past he had found himself inextricably involved in financial embarrassment, and he had often been on the point of giving up the whole thing, but the letters which came from Mary Eldridge, full of encouragement and loving sympathy, always induced him to take a brighter view of the circumstances.

He had met Mary at the academy at Melville and a mutual admiration for each other's scholarly attainments had been the first step in the formation of a friendship that ripened into love. Mary had gone to Wellesley to complete her education and Severn was in his sophmore year at college. Miss Eldridge came of wealthy parents and had always been surrounded with the comforts of a well ordered home. Severn knew that her unselfish disposition would exact no conditions to their engagement, but he was fully determined never to let her share his lot until he had completed his education and secured a competent income.

During the last year a series of misfortunes had overtaken him. A friend, to whom he had loaned the money with which he expected to meet the bulk of his expenses, suddenly died, leaving his debts wholly unliquidated. Severn himself had undergone a severe illness during the Fall, and to satisfy his numerous obligations he secured a few hundred dollars from Mr. Holloway, who was always ready to make loans at usurious interest but remorseless in exacting his claims. Finally he began to receive letters from home urging him to return to the farm. "Unless he could give some aid they would lose the old place," his mother wrote.

If duty called him home he would go, but he felt that if he did his prospects were gone. An idea struck him. If he could induce Mr. Holloway to give him time on his loan and trust him for his rent until he could get to earning something, he would send the money home which he had been accumulating for the payment of his debt. He went to see Mr. Holloway, but the response was so chilly that he felt almost guilty of some heinous crime.

"It is not business," said Mr. Holloway, "not business. Would like to oblige you, but must have some method."

A dunning letter from the agent, following conspicuously close upon his visit to Mr. Holloway, filled his soul with bitterness. The way out of his difficulties seemed as dark as the day on which we find him brooding over his evil fortune in the "old Holloway house." The water fell in torrents and the river in the rear was so swollen by the rain that it had overflowed its banks and was washing the foundation stones of the shaky old structure. The room was chilly and wet, but he built no fire, and though darkness came on early he hardly observed the change, but sat pondering over the hopeless outlook without even the ghostly light from the seams in the rickety stove to reveal the outlines of the room. The wind continued to rise and the rain to fall faster, until the old shell quivered and quaked, but Severn paid no attention. His soul was shaken by storm also. There was as much darkness within as without. He knew his own disposition too well to attempt to study until he could quiet his nerves, so he sat in the darkness until long after midnight listening to the howling wind and the roar of the swollen river.

Suddenly there came a crash; there was a heavy fall of plastering, and for a minute Severn thought that the old house was about to give way. To have its walls fall upon him he knew would be almost certain death, but with a thrill of melancholy pleasure he hoped for a moment that it might happen. The old building creaked and strained, but there came a lull in the storm, and it finally settled back to its normal condition.

Severn lighted the lamp to see if his books had been damaged and to investigate the injury to the room. A large patch of plastering had fallen from the wall and lay scattered over the floor. After the investigation he felt calmer and went to bed for the night.

The next morning, contrary to his usual neatness, he left the broom in its corner and the room continued to present a very dilapidated appearance. In the afternoon after returning from class he seated himself in his chair and gazed listlessly at the heap of rubbish on the floor. Stooping forward he took up a bit of broken plastering and slowly picked it to pieces, thinking of Mary and wondering if the days would ever brighten.

He had been pursuing this aimless occupation for some time, when suddenly he observed that the face of the piece which he held in his hand was less discolored than that which surrounded the edge of the broken patch. He drew his chair closer to the wall, and in examining found that a hole had once been made through the lathing about a foot square. The pieces had afterward been spliced and a new coat of plastering overlaid. His curiosity was now excited to know the object of the opening, and so he brought a hammer from a chest and proceeded to draw the nails. After removing the pieces he reached in and began to explore. There was nothing to be found, however, so he washed his hands and began to clear away the debris.

As he was about to replace the pieces of lath he thought he saw a string hanging down into the cavity. He reached his hand again into the opening, took hold of the filament and pulled, but it promptly broke. He examined the fibers and discovered that it was an old piece of silk cord, now extremely rotten and discolored. He became more curious and resolved to trace the mystery to its source. He reached his hand into the cavity as far as he could, following the cord. Again he pulled, and this time it resisted and he felt something at the other end move slightly. He gave a stronger pull, but the cord broke, this time at the point of attachment.

He improvised a hook by driving a nail into the end of a piece of board, and with this succeeded in drawing something toward him. Finally he was able to reach the object. He drew it in front of the opening, and with both hands lifted an old mahogany box out upon the floor. For some time he sat staring at it in curious suspense.

"Well, you are a queer fish in queer waters," said Severn to himself with suppressed excitement. "I guess you must have lost your bearings or you would never have been swallowed by this shark of a wall. I'll find out what's inside of you at any rate," and taking up a hammer he struck the old lock a heavy blow. He struck it again and again, but finally it broke and the lid flew open.

Severn drew back in astonishment and wonder, for his eyes rested upon a large leathern bag and beside it were two bars of gold. With trembling hands he loosened the strings of the sack and opened it, to find it full of gold coins. There were several compartments in the chest. In one he found a sparkling row of rings, and as he held them up to the light he saw by their brilliancy that they were diamonds of rare value. He found some papers that purported possession of a large amount of English property in one Cyrus Holloway, great-grandfather of his present landlord. There was an inventory of the contents of the box and the amount counted up into the hundreds of thousands.

He was overwhelmed by the discovery and sat down to collect his thoughts. He remembered now of having once heard that Mr. Holloway had come of wealthy ancestry, but that during the revolutionary war the largest part of the property had been lost, and that the fortune of the present Mr. Holloway was mostly of his own acquisition. There could be no doubt that the box belonged by right to his landlord, but the temptation was terrible. There was no chance of discovery if he kept it himself, and besides it could add no material happiness to the legitimate owner, for he already had a sufficiency.

To Severn it represented all the comforts of life. He could pay all his debts, free his father's farm from the mortgage, complete his education and afterward provide a home for Mary.

The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead as he struggled against the tempter. Finally he arose and with compressed lips donned his hat, and locking the door behind him he turned his steps toward Mr. Holloway's.

"Of course it's mine, every cent of it," said Mr. Holloway, when an hour later he stood before the opened box. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he beheld the contents. He tucked the box under his coat and left the house, with an admonition to Severn to keep quiet for a few weeks.

Severn felt intensely relieved. "I have been saved from a worse fate than poverty," he thought, as he sat down to his book.

That evening Mr. Holloway's agent called to announce that Severn would be allowed time on his loan, and that he might have a much better room in one of his new houses, with unlimited time for the payment of rent.

Severn was overjoyed; he sent the money to his mother, moved into his new quarters and afterward, by mysterious good luck, secured lucrative work, by means of which he completed his course in college very comfortably. On the day of graduation Mr. Holloway met him at the door of the church, and, after grunting a congratulation, invited him to call the next morning at his office.

At the appointed time he was on hand. "I need an honest man to attend to my business, and if you wish to undertake the position I offer you will be able to earn what you owe me," said Mr. Holloway.

[illegible] Severn went away for a [illegible] and when he returned [illegible] Mr. Holloway [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible]

How it [illegible] Baltimore and Ohio [illegible] Whole Character.

[illegible] probably [illegible] successful [illegible] have become a [illegible] of the curious. That [illegible] all. But, nevertheless, it is anything but agreeable to be haunted by a suspicion that one's intellect is fading away; or exhaling, without quite consciousness, like either out of a phial; so that, at every glance, you find a smaller and less volatile residuum. Of the fact, there could be no doubt; and examining myself and others, I was led to reflections, in reference to the effect of public office on the character, not very favorable to the mode of life in question. A custom house officer, of long continuance, can hardly be a very praiseworthy or respectable personage, for many reasons; one of these, the tenure by which he holds his situation, and another, the very nature of his business, which—though, I trust, an honest one—is of such a sort that he does not share in the united effort of mankind.

An effect—which I believe to be observable more or less in every individual who has occupied the position—is, that, while he leans on the mighty arm of the Republic, his own proper strength departs from him. He loses in an extent proportioned to the weakness or force of his original nature the capability of self-support. If he possesses an unusual share of native energy, or the enervating magic of place does not operate too long upon him, his forfeited powers may be redeemable. The ejected officer—fortunate in the unkindly shove that sends him forth betimes to struggle amid a struggling world—may return to himself and become all that he has ever been. But this seldom happens. He usually keeps his ground just long enough for his own ruin and is then thrust out, with sinews all unstrung, to totter along the difficult foot of life as he best may. Conscious of his own inferiority—that his tempered steel and electricity are lost—he forever afterward looks wistfully about him in quest of support external to himself. His pervading and continual hope—a hallucination which in the face of all discouragement and making light of impossibilities, haunts him while he lives, and I fancy, like the convulsive throes of the cholera, torments him for a brief space after death—is that finally, and in no long time, by some happy coincidence of circumstances, he shall be restored to office. This faith, more than anything else, steals the pith and availability out of whatever enterprise he may dream of undertaking. Why should he toil and moil, and be at so much trouble to pick himself up out of the mud, when, in a little while hence, the strong arm of his uncle will raise and support him? Why should he work for his living here, or go to dig gold in California, when he is so soon to be made happy, at monthly intervals, with a little pile of glittering coin out of his uncle's pocket? It is sadly curious to observe how slight a taste of office suffices to infect a poor fellow with this singular disease. Uncle Sam's gold—meaning no disrespect to the worthy old gentleman—has in this respect a quality of enchantment like that of the devil's wages. Whoever touches it should look well to himself, for he may find the bargain to go hard against him, involving, if not his soul, yet many of his better attributes—its sturdy force, its courage and constancy, its self-reliance, and all that gives the emphasis to manly character.—Hawthorne's Preface to the "Scarlet Letter."

The Mosquito.

Many people unwittingly invite the mosquito to take up its abode with them and to torment them. The mosquito, as soon as the season is sufficiently advanced, deposits her eggs in a boat-shaped mass, on the surface of some standing water, usually in a pond or rain water barrel. There they hatch out, and are known as "wrigglers." In this larval form they do a great deal of good, by clearing the water of impurities that, if allowed to remain, would in many cases have caused malaria. They remain in this and the pupa state about one month. In the latter form, under a thin waterproof covering, wings and legs have been developed. At the proper period the pupa case cracks open along the back, the mosquito straightens up, standing upon its spread mantle, floating like a fairy boat on the water, and when its wings are dried it flies away. The female mosquito does all the blood-sucking and singing, as the male mosquito is a very quiet fellow, his head decorated with two large, beautiful plumes. He spends most of his time in the woods, swamps, and the bushes and reeds along streams.

Carefully Educated.

A popular official in Washington once went fishing with a clergyman. Bites were plentiful, but the official seemed to get them all. The clergyman waited patiently, and at last was favored with a nibble. Then the line parted and his hopes and part of his fishing tackle vanished simultaneously. He said not a word for almost a minute, although he looked unutterable things; then turning to his friend he remarked:

"John, if my early education had been neglected, what do you suppose I should have said when that line broke?"

A Device for Finding Gold.

An electrical gold finder, designed for prospecting in alluvial deposits, is being made by an English firm. It consists of a steel tube carrying an inner rod which communicates by a wire with a portable battery. The rod is thrust into the ground, and, should it touch a piece of metal, an electrical alarm is sounded; the instrument being so delicate that contact with a metallic particle the size of a pin's head would be noted.

THERE are [illegible] people in China.

ONE-THIRD OF IT MOUTH.

The Gillichthys is a Curious Fish, but Good to Eat.

"Two curious little fishes live in the mud," said Professor Theodore Gill to a Washington *Star* man lately. "One of them was only discovered recently. It was called after myself, by way of compliment, being named the 'Gillichthys.'

"My namesake is a sort of goby, from six to eight inches long. It digs a hole in the muddy bank of a tidal creek, at the bottom of which it sits and meditates, being kept wet by the percolation of the water through the surrounding mud. It feeds on small crustaceans largely.

"One remarkable thing about the Gillichthys is its mouth, which is about one-third the length of its body. It is good to eat, and the Chinamen in the neighborhood of San Francisco dig in the marshes for specimens.

"The other mud fish is a native of the South Sea islands, and is found on other tropical coasts. It hops about on the mud banks when the tide is out, being apparently as much at home on land as in the water. People call it the 'jumping fish.'

"Sometimes it will climb the roots of trees on the shore, making its way upward by means of its pectoral fins. Often it occupies the holes made by fiddler crabs. When it is hopping about on the mud it is usually in pursuit of crustaceans or a peculiar kind of slug that abounds its favorite diet."

Building a Home.

So many people are now building homes for themselves that a few hints on the subject may not come amiss. One of the first considerations is the location. A sunny slope is always one of the most desirable places to build a house, so that one may have the advantage of good drainage and the wholesomeness of a cheerful exposure. One can hardly have too much sun, in spite of the old-fashioned prejudice against it. The house should face the sun, and the southeast is considered the best exposure. This will bring the kitchen and pantries on the north side of the house, where they should be. If the house is to be heated by furnace, the cellar walls should be eight feet high, at least, to allow room to walk under the pipes which convey the heat to the floors above. A low-walled cellar is a mistake in any case, as a laundry or supplementary kitchen can otherwise be had on the ground floor, or a workshop for the man of the house. If the bay window usually found on the southern side of modern houses runs down to the cellar, here is an excellent place to winter geraniums, fuchsias, and other plants which have outgrown plant-stands or shelves. The kitchen proper should always be located a little one side of the main building, when it is on the same floor as the dining and living room, as it usually is in the country, so as to prevent a direct draught when the front doors are open and bring in the odors of cooking. Too little attention is paid to this one item in building, though it is essential to a health and agreeable atmosphere. Some houses are built in such a way that it is impossible not to perceive what has been the *menu* of the last meal on entering the front door, and there is a blending of all the past meals hanging about the rooms. Such an atmosphere as this must be unwholesome. The door which communicates between the kitchen and main house should have a strong spring on it, so that it cannot be left open through negligence. There should always be a ventilator in the kitchen window, which should be open at all times, and an abundance of windows for light and ventilation. The angle formed by the extension of the kitchen beyond the main house may be utilized either for a back piazza or a small conservatory; the latter costs little more to build than the former, and can be heated by means of hot water pipes attached to the furnace. The cellar should extend under the conservatory, an item of expense not necessary if a piazza is decided upon; but when building, a few additional dollars here and there are not grudged by the majority of people, particularly if a taste or hobby is to be gratified, and the flower lover who thus secures a long wished for conservatory will never regret what may seem at first sight an extravagance.

His Idea of Poetry.

A celebrated journalist once concluded an important leading article with a carefully composed and eloquent peroration. To his dismay, however, a printer's idiosyncrasy caused his peroration to appear to the world cut up in separate lines, and posing as a poetical quotation.

The irate journalist, conscious that some of his best work had been spoiled, rushed wildly into the editor's sanctum, and pointing to the printed muddle, excitedly exclaimed:

"Look at this! See what that fiendish printer has done. He has ruined—utterly ruined my work!"

The editor, with that serene composure and affability, which is so characteristic of his race, listened quietly to a recital of the printer's crime, and then gravely arose.

"I will see justice done, my good fellow," he murmured; and then, armed with a copy of the paper, strode into the composing room.

"Jenkins, did you set up this?"

A compositor of the good old school came forward.

"Yes, sir, that is some of my work."

"And very fine work it is, too," exclaimed the editor. "Do you know that this is some of Mr. S——'s finest prose, and you have been thickheaded enough to set it up for poetry?"

"Prose, is it, sir?" muttered the compositor. "Well, I looked at that passage, and I read it forwards and I read it backwards, and I read it upside down, but I couldn't make head nor tail nor common sense out of it, so I thought it must be poetry, and printed it as such."

CHINESE PATIENTS.

They Are Hard to Anæsthetize and Bear Suffering Patiently.

It takes a much larger dose of [illegible] form to anæsthetize the Chinaman, says the *Hospital*. He passes under its influence more slowly and rarely shows the excitement often characteristic of the initial stage of anæsthesia. Still more rarely does he suffer from sickness on his return to consciousness.

This greater apathy of nature helps to recovery from severe accidents and operations. For example: On November 28, 1880, a schoolgirl named Ng A Soo fell from the roof of a four storied house, a distance of sixty or seventy feet. Her skull was fractured in several places and the right parietal eminence was deeply depressed.

Enough to kill anybody, one would say, or at the best, to induce lifelong idiocy! Not a bit of it! In exactly six weeks Ng A Soo left the hospital, "seemingly," says the clinical report, "in no way the worse for her fractured skull."

In another case a patient was able to leave the hospital thirteen days after the removal of a tumor weighing sixty-four pounds.

They can not be very sensitive, these Chinese. One man, admitted into the hospital suffering from a large ulcer, which extended four inches upward and as much downward from the back of the knee joint, told how thirty years before he had received a burn there, and the wound, now become an ulcer, had never healed up.

Surely he would have another name for the "foreign devils" when after four months' careful treatment, involving five successive operations, he was at last discharged quite cured!

Horse-Car Etiquette.

The young man who has drilled himself and been drilled by his dancing-school teacher in the proper ways of entering and leaving a room when accompanied by a lady, frequently gets very much mixed up when he begins going about on horse-cars with a young woman.

Perhaps he has been the fortunate possessor of a mother or sister who has accompanied him often enough to give him points upon horse car etiquette. If he has not, he is more than likely to make some terrible blunders.

He usually gets the girl on the car all right. Sometimes, when the car is crowded, he is bold enough to request several wide spreading passengers to move closer together and "make a seat" for his companion. But the unsophisticated youth seldom ventures so far.

If there are plenty of seats, he is all right, however, although not once in fifty times does he think to seat himself on the side of his companion that is near the horses, so that in talking to him she will not have to turn her back toward them—a position that is disagreeable to many of them.

Then when he pays the fare he does not always have the change at hand, but he usually has to unbutton his overcoat and descend to the depths of his trousers pocket to find the needed coin. Meanwhile the girl, if she is young, looks the other way and tries to appear unconscious. If she is an older woman she does not care.

By-and-by the car fills up and some one is obliged to stand. The well trained young man has the knack of rising at the right moment, lifting his hat at the correct angle and yielding his seat with a manner that certainly ought to call forth an expression of thanks—though it doesn't always.

The untrained young man, on the other hand, sometimes keeps his seat because he does not know how to give it up, or perhaps he cherishes the boor's belief that it is not worth while to stand for the sake of a woman when its an even chance whether or not she thanks him.

Even if he rises, it is in a weary, perfunctory fashion. He nudges the woman to attract her attention, does not lift his hat to her words of acknowledgment, or to the salute of the man who accompanies her any more than he would uncover his head in response to the courtesy of a stranger who gave a seat to his companion. He does not mean to be rude, but he either knows no better or does not care to take the trouble to be civil.

There are several different ways in which a man signifies his desire to leave a horse-car. Sometimes he makes a mad rush for the door, stumbles over the feet and skirts of hapless and hopeless passengers, and waits on the platform holding the door open until the car comes to a standstill so that the woman with him may descend safely.

Again he signals the conductor from his seat, and when the car stops stands aside to let his companion make her way out and get off unassisted. It is a boon for which she thanks the gods when he notifies the conductor at the right moment, times his exit so as to reach the platform just as the car stops and gets to the ground in shape to aid her in her descent.

A Maple Sugar Miser.

A man living at Burke, Vt., has saved all the maple sugar he has made in the past fifty years, having now on hand a considerable quantity of the boiling of 1842 and his entire crop of every year since, the whole aggregating 10,000 pounds. It is all stirred sugar and has kept perfectly. Nobody knows why he hoards the sugar, and he offers no explanation.—Boston Traveller.

If you want to make your ice cream soda at home, stir in equal quantities of fruit syrup and cream, add double the amount of shaved ice, pour in a bottle of soda water and it is ready for your enjoyment.

Designing men—Architects.

SIGNS OF DEATH.

Why Even Cowards Die Game—Death is Easy After All.

A striking fact in connection with the phenomena of death is that dying persons as a rule have no fear, even though they fully comprehend that dissolution is fast taking place. This we notice even in executions, where the hanged are almost invariably reported as having "died game." Physicians and surgeons in general have decided that death following disease or injury is seldom accompanied with fear. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the situation may not be fully comprehended in all cases; or, again, the patient may be suffering terrible pain and may look upon death as a relief. It is generally believed now by psychologists, surgeons, physicians and others who have given the subject attention, that nature, by a kind provision, has prepared the body and mind for the flight of the spirit. It is well known that as the hold upon life grows weaker the desire to live grows gradually less, and that there is, comparatively speaking, scarcely a recorded instance where the dying person has not at last yielded up life without seeming reluctance or fear. Of course the various physical phenomena which usually accompany the act of dying vary considerably in the early stages with the causes which are producing death. To one schooled in death scenes, the physiognomy which the grim destroyer presents is one not easy mistaken. Among the many signs of death that are unmistakable are the failing pulse, the coldness of the extremities, the change in the countenance as the venous blood courses the arteries; the skin grows clammy as the various vessels refuse to longer perform their functions; the eyes glaze; the jaw drops; fluid accumulates in the windpipe, causing the "death rattle," and finally, the breathing ceases altogether.

Many of the old-time hallucinations of the dying have lately been explained upon purely natural causes.—St. Louis Republic.

Family Anniversaries.

As a people we pay far too little attention to birthdays and other family anniversaries. Too much cannot be done to make home attractive, so that our boys and girls will prefer it to all other places.

"This has been the nicest day I ever knew," said a boy to his mother, one evening. "The birds have all been singing, and the sun has shone every minute, and everything has been so lovely, just for your birthday, mamma, and I'm so glad!" and he emphasized his gladness with a hearty hug and kiss. For weeks the boy had been looking forward to this day, planning and making a little birthday gift as a surprise, and when the time came, his whole mind was given to making his mother happy.

"But it's so much trouble to celebrate birthdays," complain some mothers, "and in large families they come so often."

Yes, it is some trouble; but how can we keep our children contented and happy at home without taking trouble? And no mother regrets the trouble when she sees her children regarding their home as the very best place in the whole world. Try to celebrate the birthdays one year, and see if it does not "pay" in the enjoyment of the whole family. Let no one be forgotten, from father to baby, and try to have each one interested in all the others, planning, if possible, some little birthday gift. No matter how simple or trifling it may be, the love and thoughtfulness that go with it will make it precious.

What the Millennium Will be Like.

The Rev. Mr. Hemphill, in one of his logical and forceful "West Coast sermons," pictures what he thinks the millennium will be. The advent and personal reign of God, he thinks, will be after the millennial epoch. It will be characterized by greatly improved physical conditions of the human race. Sin will be an outcast and pain and suffering of every description will be a thing of the past. The physical conditions vastly improved and sin and travail banished; man's lease of life will increase as if by magic. When that glorious time comes men will live as long as did the old patriarchs before the flood. Healthy bodies will beget healthy minds and for a full thousand years the two will be yoke-fellows together. During that thousand years Mr. Hemphill believes that one universal language will prevail, for, through the Tower of Babel (Sin), the various languages were brought about, and with the casting out of sin they will go. The astonishing progress English language has made in the last century causes the reverend gentleman to predict that it will be the one used by the millenarians. He has given the subject a great deal of study, but finds nothing to warrant him in setting any date for the opening of that "period of peace."

He Wasn't Afraid to Die.

It would be well if we were all as faithful to duty as the old English carpenter, on his deathbed, who was asked if he was prepared to die. "Why not?" he answered. "I've worked at my trade 50 years, and never druv a screw without greasin' it."

The Oldest Oil Painting.

The oldest oil painting extant is probably a picture of a Madonna and child. The date of its production is marked upon it, 886, about the time of Charlemagne. It is the property of France.

"The Editor's Easy Chair."

Editor—We can't use your poems now.

Poet—Why should you always delight in sitting on me in preference to others?

Editor—When I sit on a poet, of course I prefer a Spring poet.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.