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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 11. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,103.

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 15	Piedmont	11 10	6 00	11 45
6 20	12 05	6 30	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 32
6 40	12 15	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 35	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 52	Midland	10 29	5 22	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55	Ocean	10 26	5 18	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 13	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 05	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 25	Morantown	9 52	4 45	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 37	Barrelville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 47	Mt. Savage jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 00	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.

Nov 19

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Aug 9

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 13, 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
7:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:48 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
12:25 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:30 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12 mndn't	....No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:10 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....	4:00 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. 44 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 64—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:40 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.. 7:30 p m
" 6—Express leaves..12:20 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.

PRINTING . . . . . BOOK-BINDING . . Blankbook Manufacturing

FRANK B. JENVEY,

Successor to Arthur Shriver & Co.,

The Leading Establishment of Western Maryland,

HAVING added greatly to its facilities, is better than ever prepared to promptly execute all orders for work in their lines.

The Finest PRINTING, The Most Elegant Book Binding, The Most Substantial BLANK BOOKS

NO CHEAP WORK.

28 South Centre Street,

Cumberland, Md.

Sept 10

EVERY DEMOCRAT

WHO wants to can go for the Postoffice, but for a

Cabinet Position

—BOTH—

DEMOCRATS and REPUBLICANS

CAN SECURE THE BEST AT

TOWLES'

Photographic Studio.

Nov 19

—AT THE—

IRON FRONT

IS the largest line of Mens, Ladies and Children's

UNDERWEAR

in the county.

Our Ladies and Children's

SHOE DEPARTMENT

is a decided success.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

is a special feature of our ever increasing business.

D. F.

McMullen & Co.

Nov 19

PURCHASE HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS,

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

The SECOND NATIONAL BANK

CUMBERLAND, MD.

Designated United States Depository

$100,000 Capital. $150,000 Surplus and other Undivided Profits.

Directors:

LLOYD LOWNDES.

L. M. SHEPHERD, O. C. GEPHART, WM. R. PEECY, JAMES CLARK, A. HUNTER BOYD, DAVID SLOAN.

Investment Securities for Sale.

Price and other information given on application.

D. ANNAN, Cashier.

May 28—tf

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.

WHAT IS BEYOND?

One summer day I walked abroad,
When all the world was fair to see;
Slowly the hillside path I trod,
And with me tripped my little Maud,
Hailing each flower with childish glee.

The summit reached, how fair the scene
Unfolds, with ve dure richly crowned;
Broad uplands slope to meadows green,
And woodlands weave a darkling screen
The mountain's rugged breast around.

Here might the Happy Valley lie:
With guardian hills and crystal streams
Nestingest vistas greet the eye.
Slumberous beneath the tranquil sky,
Like pictures wrought in happy dreams.

My little girl has ceased her play,
And with me scans the pleasing view;
Then pointing westward far away,
She asks me in her childish way:
"What is beyond those mountains blue?"

Ah! little Maud, like thine the quest
Of older mortals—wiser grown?—
That strangely thrills the human breast
With longings like the sea's unrest,
Along the sands of shores unknown.

That vaguely from the present flies,
As led by some enchanter's wand
To come fair land with cloudless skies,
That smiles afar, yet ever lies
The circling hills of life beyond.

—Alfred Cole.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"Yes," said old Mrs. Pounce, nodding her orange-colored cap strings, "they put me in—the house agency did—to take care of the house, with a bright-painted 'to let' stuck up in front of the area windows, and coal and house rent free. Which I don't deny, my dear, is an object to a lone female like me, with neither chick nor child and my own way to make in the world, with fine laundressing out of the question on account of rheumatism in the finger joints.

"'You look like a respectable person, Mrs. Pounce, that has seen better days,' was what the house agent said when he handed over the keys, 'and,' says he, 'I think we may trust you to take good care of our doorsteps and windows, show applicants over the house and answer all questions.'

"You may say so, sir," says I, with a courtesy; "there's many houses I've had charge of and never a fault has been found yet. And this shan't be the first one," says I.

"We've a large business," said Mr. Eagle, "and if you give satisfaction, Mrs. Pounce," says he, as civil spoken as possible, "it's likely you will never be without a roof to your head!"

"Well, my dear, of all nice houses—and I've seen a number in my day—this was the nicest. Brown-stone front, with a bay-window and snug garden planted all in box-borders, hot and cold water all through, a little conservatory with an arched glass roof at the rear and the hall floor covered with real Minton tiles, as made you think you was walking on pictures; walls painted with Cupids and Venuses and garlands of flowers and dados of hardwood all throughout. Neighborhood most desirable; drainage and sewerage perfect, and churches conveniently near. Excuse me, my dear, if it sounds like an advertisement, but Mr. Eagle, the agent, wrote it down for me and I never rested until I committed it all to memory so I could speak it off easy like, without any stops or hitches. And this I will say, as can't be said of all advertisements, there wasn't a word in the agent's description but what the house bore out!

And the board hadn't been up twenty-four hours before there was a rush to look at the house. Young married couples as wanted to give up apartments; old married folks as wasn't suited with their location; boarding-house keepers as made believe they was private families as wanted to take a few select boarders. But the rent was put up to'erably high, and most of 'em dropped off after I'd named the sum.

"Never mind, Mrs. Pounce—never mind," says Mr. Eagle, rubbing his hands. "It's a house that there'll be no difficulty in letting without any reduction in rent. Just wait," says he, "until the Spring sets in."

But one day in trots an old gentleman with gold spectacles and a smooth-shaven face and "business" written in every wrinkle of his forehead.

"This house to let, ma'am?" says he.

"Yes, sir," says I.

"Can I look at it?" says he.

"Certainly, sir," says I. I began as smooth as oil, about the hot and cold water, the marble-floored bathroom and the Minton tiles, when all of a sudden, he put up both hands in a warning sort of a way.

"That'll do, ma'am," says he, "that'll do. I've eyes and I can see for myself."

"Certainly, sir," says I; but I won't deny as I was taken aback by that queer, dictatorial way of his.

"Any ghosts about this place, ma'am?" says he.

"Sir?" says I.

"Ghosts," says he, out loud and sharp. "Mysterious footsteps, lurking shadows, clanking chains, at midnight?"

"Mercy, no, sir," says I, beginning to feel my flesh creep all over.

"Rats?" says he.

"Certainly not," says I, "with solid cemented cellar floor and sealed boards."

"Beetles?" says he.

"Look for yourself, sir," says I, bridling up a little.

"I like the house," says he, after he had gone sniffing about the drain-pipes and peered into the coal-cellar and wine-vaults and sounded the copper boiler with his knuckles, just for all the world as if he was in the plumbing business. "You may tell the agent I'll take it if he and I can come to terms about the rent. When shall you see him?"

"Most likely this afternoon, sir."

"I'll drop in at his office to-morrow at 9," says he. "I'm going to be married," says he, as composed as if he were saying that he was going to take a blue pill. "And the house will suit my wife's ideas. She thinks we're going to board," says he, with an odd sort of chuckle in his throat, "and she's not a bit pleased with the idea. It'll be a pleasant surprise for her," says he.

Well, no sooner had he gone than in comes a stout, middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, rows of curls on either side of her face and cheeks as red as any cabbage rose.

"I have just come from Mr. Eagle's office," says she. "He has given me the refusal of this house in case it suits me."

"I don't know, ma'am," says I, "but it's let already."

"Let already," says she, with a sort of scream. "But that's impossible. Don't I tell you I have the refusal of it? Show me the premises at once."

Well, I was in a pretty puzzle, as you may believe; but I went all over the house with the curly lady and she declared that it met her fancy exactly.

"Possession on May 1, I suppose," says she.

"Yes, ma'am," says I, "if——"

"There's no 'if' in the question," says she, as short as pie-crust. "You may take down the 'To Let,' my good woman."

I courtesies very low, but I says to myself: "Not if I knows it ma'am; not without orders from the agent himself."

Away went the lady with the curly hair and the rosy red cheeks, and I was just putting on my hat to run round to the house-agency when in comes Mr. Eagle himself, all smiles.

"Well, Mrs. Pounce," said he, "so the house is let?"

"To my thinking, sir," said I, "it's let twice over."

And I up and told him about my old gentleman.

"Dear me," says he, "this is very perplexing. At what time was this personage here?"

"The clock struck 12, sir," said I, "just as he went away."

Mr. Eagle hit himself a blow over the forehead like a play actor.

"Confusion worse confounded!" says he. "It was 12 precisely when my customer left the office. We can't split the house in two, can we?" says he. "Well, we must tell your old gentleman just how it happened. I dare say he'll be reasonable about it."

But he wasn't reasonable Mr. Eagle to hear me afterward; he never saw any one in such a rage.

"I've taken the house," says he, "and I'll have it, cost what it may. Do you think that the rent is £200? I'll give you £200 down; if my claim and that of this lady are equally good, the question of price must settle it."

Well, we supposed—me and Mr. Eagle—as that was the end of the matter. But not a bit of it. The lady came that same afternoon with an upholsterer and a tape-measure to see about the carpets.

"Two hundred and fifty pounds, indeed!" says she, with a toss of the curls. "It will take more than a paltry £250 to unsettle my plans. I'll give £300 sooner than I'll lose the house!"

When my old gentleman hears this he grinds his teeth in a manner as was fearful to hear.

"It's my house," says he, "and I will have it. Three hundred and fifty pounds, Eagle."

"Come," says Mr. Eagle, "matters are getting lively. Real estate is looking up in the market," says he.

But you should have heard what a whistle he gave when I told him the very next day, that the curly lady authorized me to offer four hundred.

"I'll not stand this any longer," says Mr. Eagle, jumping up and sending the papers flying all over the office table. "I've got a conscience, if fate has made a real estate agent of me. Tell her to come round this afternoon and sign the lease. Four hundred pounds is twice what we have asked, and we asked all the property was worth to begin with."

So the curly lady had her own way after all.

The baldheaded old gentleman stamped about in a pretty rage when he heard as the house was let.

"I'll sue the agency," said he. "I'll have the house if it costs me all I'm worth."

"Oh, hush sir, hush!" says I, all in a tremble. "Here comes Miss Wix now!"

"Who?" says he.

"Miss Wix," says I. "The lady as has taken the house."

And I got behind the door, fully expecting a scene, after all that had come and gone. But to my surprise she gave a little shriek and flew into his arms.

"Dear Josiah!" says she.

"Dearest Barbara!" says he.

"How on earth came you here?" says she.

"I was looking for a desirable residence for you, my own angel," says he.

"You duck!" says she.

"And I thought that this would exactly suit you," says he.

"Oh!" says she, "it does. And I've taken it at £400 a year. It seems a good deal of money to pay, but I've been driven to it by a horrid old creature, who was determined to have the house at any price. However——"

"Barbara," says the old gentleman, with a little gasping sound in his throat, as if he was swallowing a lump, "that ceremonious was I!"

"You don't mean——" says she.

"That we've been building a nest each other," says the old gentleman. "Yes, we have."

"And I was going to give you a pleasant surprise," says she, pulling out her pocket-book.

"It is a surprise," says he. "But as for the pleasure of it—never mind. Barbara. Let's go in and agree for the carpets and curtains. Let bygones be bygones—but the next time we drive a bargain perhaps it might be as well to confide in each other. Two hundred pounds a year—on a five years' lease—is almost too much to pay for a pleasant surprise!"

So that settled the matter, my dear, said old Mrs. Pounce. They were married in a month and they came there to live. And of all my experience in houseletting this beat everything—and so everybody says, my dear, as hears the story.—Baltimore World.

REFORMED BY A FALL.

Singular Change in a Reprobate and His Explanation.

A case recorded by Plutarch would seem to support the theory that during periods of protracted insensibility the spirit of the sleeper, freed from the body, wanders away to realms and scenes not conceivable by the ordinary senses, says the *Yankee Blade*.

A man named Thespius, he tells us, fell from a great height and was picked up to all appearances dead. There was no external wounds about him, but the physicians were satisfied of the fact of the decease.

Arrangements were made for his burial, but on the third day after his fall he revived, much to the consternation of his friends. In a short time it became quite evident that the whole tenor of the man's life had changed. Previously his character was that of a reprobate and a vicious man, but after his insensibility he ever followed after virtue.

On being asked the reason of the change, Thespius related that during his sleep his spirit had been liberated from his body and had soared away to a strange land, where it had joined a whole company of other spirits.

His past life was disclosed to him in all its hideousness, and the glorious capabilities which were before him were revealed in such a manner as to make him ambitious of attaining them.

A Noble Girl.

He lives in Evanston, and during the past two years has been paying his addresses to one of the most charming girls on the north side. Their engagement was announced almost a year ago.

Several weeks ago, while they were walking home from church Sunday, they ran across a cat that was wailing piteously on a doorstep.

"Do you hear that Jim?" she exclaimed, grasping his arm with a closer grip. "There's something the matter with that poor little pussy. I'm going to see what ails it."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Let's go on; the cat will take care of itself."

"No; let's see what is the trouble."

Without more ado the young woman ran up to the cat and was horrified to find that the animal had been run over by a wagon, as its spine was dislocated and it was barely able to crawl by dragging its hind legs.

"She's done for, sure enough," commented the Evanstonian. "She won't last long. Come on, now."

The girl suddenly straightened up to her full height.

"Do you mean to say that you would leave any animal to suffer like this? There is a drug store on the next corner. Run over there and buy an ounce of chloroform. Hurry, now, there's a dear!"

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I'm going into the business of doctoring sick cats on the streets, do you? Be sensible."

"And you don't suppose I'm going to let this cat suffer here, do you? Go and bring me a bottle of chloroform instantly."

"I won't do it."

"But I insist."

"You certainly can't be in earnest?"

"I certainly am. If you don't do it I will go after it myself."

"You want to make me appear ridiculous?"

"Hurry up, dear!"

For a moment the young man did not stir. The blood rushed to his face, and he began to grow angry, then he exclaimed:

"See here! This is carrying matters entirely too far. I will permit no woman to make a fool of me like this. I'll get your chloroform for you, if you really insist, but I warn you—I will never have anything to do with you again. Mark that!"

"Get the chloroform."

"If I do everything is over between us."

"All right, bring it."

Two minutes later a fine lace handkerchief saturated with the anæsthetic was applied by a fair, white hand to the nose of the suffering brute, and the wailing ceased.

Model Kitchens.

There is no reason why the kitchen may not be one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, if properly cared for. The Hollanders excel us in this respect. Their kitchens are marvels of neatness. The floor is paved with stone, marble, or granite, and is perfectly clean. The walls are covered with snow-white tiling, which shines like lamp reflectors. The ceiling is hard wood, painted and varnished, and it is as lustrous in its way as the walls. The stove is generally in a recess. Lace or snow-white linen is hung from this alcove. Imagine it—a kitchen stove behind lace or linen lambrequins! The kitchen utensils are in pantries which also have hangings of neat stuff of different kinds; the sinks, faucets, in fact all the metal work that is visible is so polished that it glows like burnished steel. Such habits naturally produce thrift. A lady told me she paid her cook ten florins (five dollars) a month, and out of this pittance she had managed to save enough to accumulate a neat little nest-egg at a bank to prepare a wedding outfit.

THE PARROT GOT EVEN.

Result of a Citizen's Effort to Teach It to Say "Father."

There is a gentleman living on West Adams street who has a parrot that is always set on having his own way, says the Chicago *News*. Each attempt that its owner has made to teach the unruly bird new tricks or new words has signally failed, unless Mr. Poll has been in particularly good humor.

A few days ago the gentleman made up his mind he'd train the parrot to address him by his proper title of "Father."

Taking the parrot from off his perch, the owner caressed him and said: "Now, Poll; cute Poll; call me 'Father!'"

Poll cocked his head to one side and blinked his eye, as much as to say: "Oh, come off! Don't try yer funny business on me."

A little nettled, but not to be defeated, the paterfamilias shook the bird and again commanded sternly: "Say 'Father'—say 'Father,' you wretched bird." But neither petting nor threats were sufficient to make the refractory pupil attempt in the least to do as bidden.

Several similar and fruitless trials were then gone through, and finally the owner became rather provoked himself, and taking the parrot by one foot and carrying him out into the yard just as one would a string of sausage, he declared to his wife:

"I'll fix him. I'll make him so ashamed he'll give in. He'll say 'Father,' or by thunder I'll wring his neck." And forthwith a chicken coop was tipped a little to one side and stubborn Poll was thrust in among a dozen chickens.

"There," said the man of Adams street, "now we'll see," and he went back into the house.

In an hour or so he pushed open the kitchen door, stepped out, and he did "see."

Upon the ground, inside of the coop, stood Mr. Parrot, lord of the manor. About him lay eleven dead chickens, and with his claw clasped on the neck of the twelfth, the parrot was squawking in his highest key: "Say 'Father,' say 'Father,' or by thunder I'll wring yer neck!"

Antiquity of Sport.

Boxing was a favorite sport among the ancient Hebrews. A Jewish greeting was a box on the ear. By the advance of a cultured humanity the roughness of the "ring" has also been humanized. King Solomon was a sportsman, but not a Nimrod. He was the first king in Israel who introduced in his country horse races. The Bible says that King Solomon was the owner of forty thousand stables. A respectable number—more even than the sport loving lords of England possess. As the country was divided into twelve military provinces corresponding to the settlement of the twelve tribes, each governed by a Nazib (governor), who had to provide for the king's wants and needs a month in the year, so it may be probable that the races were also arranged; that each month a race took place in the province under the patronage of that governor whose monthly service was on the list. Herod the Great was the first Jewish king who imported into his realm Roman modes of "society life." His theatres and arenas, after the Roman style, were not to the national taste in amusements. The favorite game at that time was the kadur, or ball. Whether it was played as a sort of lawn tennis or as national baseball is not recorded. That the game was not allowed by some rabbis to be played on the Sabbath is proof that it required skill and labor. Pigeons as letter carriers were employed at the time when Johoshua invaded Palestine, as mediums of communication between headquarters and camps in lands far off on the other side of the Jordan. At the time of the Talmud they were used in amusing games. The Talmud tells us that betting was indulged in at the pigeon play. The owner of the pigeon which reached first the point designated was the winner. Another play connected with the betting was the "kubya." Kuby means small pot (Arabic kubeia, small glass). The kubya was a little pot wherein dice were shaken and thrown upon the table. The dice were numbered as our modern ones are. Against these two games the Talmud was in arms, and their players were not allowed to appear as witnesses before the bar. I do not know if the Jews were the inventors of card playing, but credit in that matter is given to them by some researches, and I am sure that the ancient Hebrews were passionately fond of gambling.

In the Same Box.

At a country court, some time ago, a case of assault and battery was being heard, and the lawyer who was engaged for the defence took occasion several times during the cross-examination of a witness for the prosecution, a rather rough looking man, to refer to him ironically as a "gentleman." This went on for some time, and at last the witness appealed to the court for protection, saying that the lawyer only used the term ironically. "Come, now," said the legal luminary, with a contemptuous sneer, "do you swear that you are no gentleman?" "I do," replied the witness, in a nettled tone, "an' you may swear the same, my man, till ye're black in the face, an' I'm ready to take my oath that ye'll not be brought up for perjury." The cross-examination of that witness came to an abrupt conclusion, and the boisterous laughter of the auditory.

"Be careful of your use of the article, my son," said the grammarian to his boy. "Tell a man he is the stuff, and he loves you. Tell him he is a stuff and—well, he may thrash you."

PRETTY LITTLE PUGILIST.

He Shocks His Papa With His Story of "Doing Up" the Other Kid.

He is only five years old, and he came clattering up the back stairs with muddy boots, marched right up to my study door and rattled the door knob with his dirty little red hand, for the door was was locked, writes J. L. Harbour, in the Detroit *Free Press*.

"Papa," he says, "I want to come in."

He knows that he is not allowed in my study at that hour, but boys of five never stand in awe of fathers who love them, and my Johnnie isn't a bit afraid of me.

"Please let me in a minute, papa; please."

Well, I finally let him in and he exclaims triumphantly:

"I've had a fight, papa."

"A fight, Johnnie?"

"Yes, a real fight. I fighted with Jack Brewer."

"Why, Johnnie, I'm so sorry."

"But I licked him, papa, and he's three months older'n me."

"What made you fight Jack?"

"Oh, he got too smart and said he could lick me with one hand, but he didn't!"

"You didn't really hurt Jack?"

"I guess I did. We fighted hard. I just give it to him."

"I am very, very sorry. Johnnie, papa never wants to hear of you fighting again."

"But I've got to 'fend myself, papa, and I think it good fun to fight. I tell you I'm going to be a big fighter when I'm a man. The boys said I done Jack up good and——"

"Johnnie!"

"Oh, they did, papa. What's that mean, papa? Does that mean that I licked him? 'Cause I did."

"Yes, and your face is scratched up until I am ashamed to look at you, and——"

"Jack's face is scratched, too, papa, and he cried and I didn't. He ran home like a calf and said he'd never speak to me no more, and I guessed I didn't care, and—oh, there's Jack coming into our yard. He's got his sled. Can't I take mine and go out to slide with him, papa? I can? Oh, goody! I'll kiss you, papa! Jack! Jack! Oh, Jack! I'm coming! I'll be right out! Wait a minute, Jack! Wait till I get my sled. Won't we have fun, Jack!"

Maritime Superstitions.

Sailors are now as always a superstitious lot. It is said that much dissatisfaction is expressed in the navy when a married woman is selected to christen a war ship. Maritime traditions declare that the ceremony shall be performed by a maiden, if it is to carry with it happy auguries for the future career of the craft. About such matters old salts are particular, and young sailors inherit the beliefs that come down from tarry generations that have long rested in Davy Jones' locker. Despite the great changes in ships, sailors continue to be pretty much the same as they used to be. They may not dance hornpipes; they certainly do not drink grog in the old drunken fashion, but the belief in certain superstitions is still the test of orthodoxy with them. The sailor of to-day thinks it a bad sign if a cat deserts the ship; and there is almost a panic if the rats follow suit. A shark persistently following the ship makes the sailors nervous with apprehension of disaster to come. Superstition makes its way aft, somewhat refined and weakened when it reaches the ward-room, but still superstition. Nor does steam affect it. There is a steamer coming regularly to this port which has a bad name with sailors. The cats have left her at the wharf, and other cats were stolen by the sailors, and were kept on board with great difficulty until she sailed. On another occasion the rats ran squeaking up from below, and took refuge in the piling of the dock; and everything short of shipwreck and mutiny has happened to the vessel, whose crew is kept together only by the exertions and persuasions of the officers. Marryatt, Chamier and Cooper have made us familiar with the superstitions of the sailors of their time. Their time is not far off, after all, and many modern captains could, if they would, relate instances of the force of omens and superstitions.

English in Japan.

"The Japanese," says Eli Perkins, "have a mania for putting up English signs, and they flood your rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! The Japanese have no imperative mood, and they generally express an idea negatively that we express positively. One day I said to the waiter:

"'Kishi, the rolls are cold.'

"'Yes,' he said; 'a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good.'

"A conspicuous notice at the Kioto Hotel reads:

"'On the dining time, nobody shall be enter to the dining and drawing-room without the guests allow.'

"One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads:

"'Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package.'

"A Tokio dentist's circular reads:

"'Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore, when it is attack by disease or injury, artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose.'

"The printed label on the bottle of claret at Nikko reads:

"'Weak man who is not so hard of his stomach takes notice of his health ever must use this wine usually.'"