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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 20. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,112.

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 30	12 05	6 30	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 22
6 40	12 17	6 40	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 43	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 37	Barrellville	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. Sav'ge 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...	2:30 p m
	No. 72 Accom'odation	
6:40 p m	...No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12 midn't		
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 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.		
No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday		....7:40 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 o. 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.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

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

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

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.

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today or tomorrow 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.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Attacking an Editor.

BY VIRGINIA WARREN.

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary."
—*Longfellow.*

These words could be well applied to the evening upon which our story opens. The wind blew cold and dreary, and the rainrops pattered against the window-pane with a dismal, monotonous sound.

The room in which Kate Linsday sat looked cozy and inviting, with its bright fire in the grate, and all the pretty little knick-knacks, so dear to the feminine heart, scattered here and there.

Miss Lindsay was a music teacher in Madame Delamayne's select school. I say "was," for that day Madame had, with profuse regrets, dismissed her to make room for a professor with a high-sounding Italian name—one more likely to draw pupils than plain "Miss Lindsay."

The expression upon her face as she sat before the fire was almost as gloomy as the weather. She thought of the long, weary search for pupils. How dreary it all seemed!

But suddenly the door opened and a figure, all wet and bedraggled, rushed into the room like a young hurricane.

"Why, Kittie, all in the dark?" cried a fresh voice. "Do light the gas and help me off with these wet duds!"

The newcomer was Mabel Dorsey, a compositor on one of the newspapers of the city. Mabel and Kate were firm friends, and shared the cozy little room, thus diminishing the expense to each.

"Hurry, Kittie," cried Mabel, "for I've got an idea, and I'm just dying to tell you about it."

"Well, dear," replied Kate, quietly, "you had better hold tight to it. An idea is something you don't often possess, you know."

Mabel laughed and proceeded to divest herself of her wet wraps. She was *petite*, with dark eyes and curly hair. Kate was taller and more stately-looking, with brown eyes and light hair—a combination not often seen. She was quiet and reserved, while Mabel was a regular jolly, fun-loving girl.

She turned to Kate, as she threw one overshoe under the sofa and the other into the corner.

"Why, Katie, what is the matter? You look as solemn as an owl."

"I've lost my place," replied Kate, with a sigh. "Madame was 'very sorry, *very* sorry, indeed, to dispense with Miss Lindsay's services, but she thought it would be an advantage to the school to employ 'Signor' (some unpronounceable name);' so here I am, a 'lady of leisure.'"

"Oh, goody!" cried Mabel, executing a *pirouette* in the middle of the room.

Kate looked surprised. Mabel laughed at her look of astonishment. Then she sat down on the sofa and pulled Miss Lindsay down beside her.

"Listen, Kate, and I'll tell you what a jolly plan I've got. To-day Mr. Warner, our foreman, received a letter from a friend in Colorado. This friend says there is a small paper for sale in a mining town out there. It can be bought cheap and is quite a bargain. He wants Mr. Warner to go out and buy it, but Mr. Warner does not care to leave here, as he is perfectly satisfied with the position he has."

"But what have *we* to do with the matter?" asked Miss Lindsay, with a bewildered look, as Mabel paused for breath.

"Well," resumed that young lady, "the paper can be bought for four hundred dollars, as it is quite small. I have that amount in bank. Oh, Katie, let's buy it. I'll furnish the capital and you supply the brains. I can 'set type,' and I am positive you can write perfectly lovely editorials. Just imagine! I can almost see the heading—'Martin's Camp *Echo*—Misses Lindsay and Dorsey, Editors and Proprietors.' And, of course, we're young and pretty, consequently everybody will patronize us. Come, Katie, what do you think of it?"

Kate was silent. She hardly knew what to say. The idea seemed inviting—but could they accomplish the undertaking? It was an important step—to go to Colorado, into a rough mining town, among strangers!

She thought at first that Mabel was joking, but that young lady soon convinced her that she was very much in earnest.

"And, Katie, if we *do* fail in our newspaper scheme, only think what a jolly trip we will have anyway. Just imagine! A whole summer among the mountains, away from this hot, stifling city! Wont it be delightful? You are worn out and need a rest from trying to teach a set of ignoramuses—with no more idea of music than a chair, how to run the scale, and the eternal 'one, two, three,'—ugh! It makes my head ache to even think of it! I'd be a raving maniac in a week!"

So they discussed the matter *pro* and *con* until both fell asleep that night, and dreamed of newspapers and printing offices.

The result was the next week found them *en route* for Martin's Camp.

They reached the little town in the early morning, just as Old Sol was peeping above the hills. Though tired and travel-worn, the fresh, bracing air seemed to invigorate them.

Going to the best hotel the place afforded, they ate a hearty breakfast, and then set out upon a tour of exploration.

They had completed all transactions regarding the sale by letter the previous week, so that all they need do was find the office and take possession.

What a dirty, forsaken little place it looked, but our two heroines set to work bravely and soon brought "order out of chaos."

The days passed quickly. As Mabel predicted, they had all the work they could do. They hired a boy to do the roughest part. Kate fulfilled Mabel's prophecy as a writer also. Mabel herself was not lacking in her duties.

They had been at Martin's Camp several weeks when, one day, a party from a neighboring town paid the little town a visit, and proceeded, as they termed it, to "paint the town red." The next issue of the *Echo* contained a scathing criticism of their conduct.

Ned Travers read it as he sat upon the hotel porch. He jumped to his feet.

"Blame my pictures, if I don't take some of the conceit out of that tarnal cuss!" cried he.

"What is it, Ned?" asked one of his companions.

Ned picked up the paper and read the article aloud, sprinkling it liberally with adjectives of his own.

"Did you ever hear the like?" he cried. "'A set of ruffians!' Why, I'll make that fellow eat his blasted old paper!"

As may be seen, Mr. Travers thought the editor was a man. He stamped up and down the porch in a fury. He ordered his horse and when it was brought around jumped into the saddle with—

"Come on, boys, and see me pay that fellow for his impudence!"

Two or three followed.

When they reached the little office Ned alighted and, taking his heavy whip, stalked in.

Miss Lindsay looked up from her desk as they entered, and, seeing they were strangers, rose to meet them.

Ned's amazement can better be imagined than described. He was not prepared to be confronted by a young lady, and very pretty Kate looked in her tight-fitting blue dress.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said she, pleasantly.

Ned's face flushed crimson, and he was too confused to reply. A suppressed chuckle behind him did not tend to lessen his confusion, either. He stood speechless.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" Kate asked again.

"I—I—yes, miss—I—I—only wanted to subscribe for your paper," stammered poor Ned, in agony.

His companions had slipped out, leaving him to "face the music" alone, but he knew they were close enough to see and hear all. He quickly paid his money and lost no time in getting out.

What a shout greeted him!

"Ha, ha! Ned made that editor 'eat his paper,' didn't he?" laughed one.

"Poor Ned, he was 'not dead, but spacheless,'" cried another.

"Boys, who'd have thought he was a woman?" said Ned, making matters worse.

A prolonged shout of laughter answered his last bewildered speech.

"I don't wonder, old fellow, at your confusion," said Rob. Gardner, the third one. "She's a daisy. But the little one took my eye."

Poor Ned! They teased him unmercifully, but he stood it bravely.

The next day he went over to Martin's Camp and found out the names of the young ladies. Then he set securing an introduction.

What a change there was in him! How particular he became about his personal appearance, and the boys nagged him mercilessly about his recently acquired "dudishness." But he bore it all good-naturedly.

The summer passed and when the trees put on their Autumn dress there was a double wedding in the little church at Martin's Camp. Kate and Mabel were the brides, and two fairer ones the sun never shone upon. Ned and Rob. were as proud and happy as they could be.

But Ned did not tell Kate for several years that he started out to horsewhip an editor and was mortally wounded in the attempt.

LOCAL NEWS.

To an Ex-Subscriber.

If we should die tonight
And you should come to our cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er our lifeless clay—
If we should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say—"Here's that $10 that I owe!"
We might arise in our large white cravat
And ask—"What's that?"
If we should die tonight
And you should come to our cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping our bier to show the grief you feel—
If we should die tonight
And you should come to us and there and then
Just even hint 'bout paying us that ten—
We might rise the while,
But we'd drop dead again!
—Adapted from the Chicago *Mail.*

SEMI-LOCAL NEWS.

An Editor Airs His Woes.

An exchange tells what editing a paper is in the following language:

Editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it.

If it contains much political matter people won't have it.

If the type is large is doesn't contain much reading matter.

If the type is small, it hurts folks' eyes.

If we publish telegraphic reports folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.

If we write many editorials, they say we are conceited and want to air our opinions.

If we give way to other writers and news items, we are ignorant and can't run a paper.

If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.

If we omit jokes, folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections.

If we give selections, people say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial.

If we don't, both hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous, and *vice versa.*

If we attend church they say it is for effect.

If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business.

If we ask for dues they get mad and say stop my paper.

COUNTY NEWS.

The latest news from the New York market is gleaned as follows:

The success of the anthracite combine has stimulated efforts to control the output of soft coal. As is perfectly natural, these efforts begin on a small scale, just to see how it will work before very large sums of money are jeopardized. The combination that was to take in the seaboard coal has not yet been fully worked out, but it is only a question of time when the details will be filled in and the structure opened for business. In Ohio the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is said to be endeavoring to secure control of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railway. This is perhaps the most important of Ohio roads, connecting the Hocking coal mines with the Lakes, and transporting a large part of the coal raised in Ohio.

A bill has been introduced in the Ohio Legislature to forbid the consolidation of any two roads that enter the same union depot, and as the Pan Handle (controlled by the Pennsylvania) and the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo roads enter the same depot at Columbus, the effect of the bill would be to prevent their consolidation. But if there is no more of prohibition in the bill than the clause referred to, it is singularly inoffensive to man or beast.

To prohibit the consolidation of two roads that enter the same union depot in the expectation that this will prevent control of the output of coal is much like prohibiting the wearing of silk hats as a preventive against baldness.—Engineering and Mining *Journal.*

GENERAL ITEMS.

This is Correct.

There is talk of forming another county out of Allegany and Garrett counties, Md., the new county to take in Grantsville, New Germany and all the Georges Creek towns. Frostburg would likely be the county-seat. A division would be a great benefit and convenience to a large part of Garrett county.—Salisbury (Pa.) *Star.*

Cheap Trip to California.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company announces a special trip to San Francisco and other Pacific Coast points, *via* St. Louis, on February 14th next. This trip has been especially arranged for the accommodation of persons desiring to settle in the west, and should be largely patronized by them. All comforts necessary for a trans-continental trip. Apply to B. F. Bond, Division Passenger Agent, or Daniel Bride, Passenger Agent, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., for full information as to rates to all points west, and time of train from various stations on B. & O. lines.

Business Locals.

About Teeth.—Do you know that Drs. P. P. Ritter & Bro. extract teeth without pain by the use of the latest local anaesthetic, known to the profession, and insert Artificial Teeth that cannot be detected from the natural organs. Office opposite Central Hotel.

TRAPPING RABBITS.

How the Little Animals are Caught for the English Markets.

Every town-dweller who has strolled through the poultry market and seen the rows and festoons of rabbits depending from the front of the stalls has probably wondered whence the stock of English rabbits is obtained, and how the supply is kept up, says London *Tid-Bits.* They are in demand for the table all the year round, but from September to April is considered the rabbit season by the venders, and during those months hundreds of persons are daily employed in catching rabbits for the markets. The trade is so lucrative at the present time that many farmers renting land which barely pays for cultivation are turning their attention to the breeding of ground game.

In the west of England, particularly on the borders of Dartmoor and Exmoor, there are speculators who earn considerable incomes by rabbit-catching. A middle-man, who bought up all the rabbits in a district on the eastern side of Dartmoor and sent them to dealers in the Midlands and London, earned in a few years a sufficiently large sum to enable him to retire and live in a house of his own building. Others following this avocation have found it highly remunerative, and in several instances land has been acquired at a fair rental for the sole purpose of trapping and shooting rabbits.

Those who devote their whole time to the trade in rabbits frequently offer tempting prices for the trapping rights on a number of farms within a radius of twelve miles. The writer has known an outlay of £15 for the right of taking rabbits on a moorland farm of 139 acres to result in a profit of nearly 100 per cent. Three-days' trapping brought a return of the investment, and the rest of the season—deducting the cost of a professional trapper's services and the carriage to market—yielded clear gain to the investor. At wholesale prices rabbits fetch from seven to eleven shillings a dozen.

Trapped rabbits, being uninjured by shot, have always a better appearance on the poulterer's stalls than those killed by the gun, and for this reason the breechloader and the ferret have been abandoned by most speculators. Strange as it seems the increase of trapping has effected a great multiplication of rabbits in parts where they were formerly scarce. There has been at the same time a steady decrease in the number of hares, besides a diminution of partridges.

A Moment of Peril.

"I had one tiger hunt in India, but I can not say that I enjoyed it," said Theodore Cruikshank to the writer. "I went out there on a business trip for our London house some years ago and fell in with a British major with whom I had gone to school. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, a crack shot and had killed a half dozen man-eaters. He got up a tiger hunt to give me a taste of genuine excitement, he said. We heard that a man-eater had been playing havoc in the neighborhood of an Indian village called Ski, and we hastened thither, hoping to round him up. We found the natives terror-stricken. They declared that the tiger was as large as an ox and bore a charmed life. He had been repeatedly shot at, but every day some hapless victim was sacrificed to his appetite for fresh meat. He had entered the village at noon the day before and carried off a child. They hung about our knees and begged us to rid them of the bloodthirsty brute. The major was in ecstacies, but I managed to restrain my joy with but a trifling exertion.

"It was arranged that a dozen of the boldest villagers, well armed, should accompany our little party the next day on a hunt for his tigership, and then we turned in for a siesta. I was awakened in half an hour by the most hideous pandemonium imaginable. The tiger had made another descent and was carrying off a half-grown girl. We had not unpacked our rifles, and our only available weapon was a miserable little 6-shooter that would scarcely extinguish a house cat. Without realizing my danger I rushed out and began blazing away with the pistol. At the same time two or three natives opened fire on the tiger with some rusty old parodies of firearms. He made a sudden turn, dropped his burden, and quick as a flash was upon me. He sent me sprawling upon my back and stood over me, lashing his sides with his tail and 'spitting' furiously. The major called to me to lie perfectly still and I did so. The natives had all fled, and he had to unpack our gun cases to get a weapon. One of the tiger's huge claws had torn my face when he sprang upon me, and the wound was bleeding profusely. Finding himself master of the situation he surveyed with none to dispute his claims he deigned to notice me and began licking my bloody face, his rank breath producing a feeling of nausea, compared to which seasickness were a trifle. I expected every moment that he would finish me. I wanted to shriek to the major to hurry, but dared not. Suddenly he lifted his head with a vicious growl, a stream of fire shot into his face, there was a deafening report and he leaped into the air, his brains scattering over me. The major had shot him with an elephant gun at a distance of a dozen yards. He raised me up, which was a beauty, but I [illegible] this year I wear sufficient reminder of the day when I tackled the [illegible] got scored."

[illegible] "make" a [illegible] for [illegible] mother, my [illegible] the man? Tow[illegible] are [illegible] getting romantic [illegible] sir.—[illegible]

DUELLIST'S REVENGE.

How He Treated an Adversary Who Doubted His Courage.

A most vindictive duel was fought during the reign of Louis XVI. by a Colonel of the French guards, says the *Yankee Blade.* This gentleman was boasting of never having been obliged to fight a duel. Another officer expressed his surprise with some indirect allusions to the Colonel's lack of courage, observing:

"How do you avoid fighting when insulted?"

The Colonel answered that he had never given offense, and no one had ever presumed to insult him. Moreover, that on such an occasion he would consider the character of the person who had presumed to insult him ere he demanded satisfaction. Upon this statement his interlocutor, in the most insolent manner, struck him in the face with his glove, saying: "Perhaps, sir, you will not consider this an insult?"

The Colonel calmly put on his hat and walked out of the room. The following morning he sent a challenge to his aggressor. When they came to the ground the Colonel wore a patch of court plaster of the size of a crown piece on the cheek which had received the blow. At the very first lunge he wounded his antagonist in the sword arm, when, taking off the plaster, he cut off an edge of it with a pair of scissors, and, replacing it on his face, took leave of his adversary, very politely requesting he would do him the honor of letting him know when he recovered from his wound.

So soon as he heard he was able to hold a sword the Colonel called him out again and wounded him a second time, cutting off another portion of the patch. In like manner he called him out, fought and wounded him until the plaster was reduced to the size of a three-penny bit, when the Colonel yet once more challenged him and run him through the body. Then calmly contemplating the corpse with an evil smile, he observed: "I now take off my plaster."

Dynamite.

Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put. To the French belongs the honor of its discovery and its first practical use.

Nitro-glycerine is the force of all high explosives. Dynamite is the name most usually given to these explosives, though other names are sometimes used.

Dynamite is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients. Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing sulphuric and nitric acid with sweet glycerine, the same that is used by the ladies to prevent chapped hands. Mixing the acids and glycerine is where the great danger lies in the making of nitro glycerine. The mixing tank, or agitator, as it is called by dynamite makers, is a large steel tank, filled inside with many coils of lead pipe, through which, while the mixing is in progress, a constant flow of ice-water is maintained. This flow of ice-water is used to keep the temperature of the mix below eighty-five degrees, as above that point it would explode, and a hole in the ground would mark where the factory had been. The nitro-glycerine is stored in large earthenware tanks, which are usually sunk in the ground to guard against blows or severe concussions.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chili, carbonate of magnesia, and wood pulp.

Dynamite is put in paper shells usually one and a fourth inches in diameter and eight inches in length, and weighs about one half pound to each shell or cartridge. It has largely taken the place of black powder for blasting, as it is many hundred times stronger and consequently more economical. It is used chiefly in mining all kinds of ores, coal and rock, and submarine blasting and railroad building.

Dynamite will not explode from any ordinary fall or jar; it will not burn without explosion, and freezes at forty-two degrees, ten degrees above ordinary freezing point. The bomb of the anarchist is made of metal or glass and filled with pure nitro-glycerine arranged so as to explode by severe contact with any hard object. These bombs are, of course, never made by a reputable dynamite factory.

Five or six millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of dynamite in the United States, and its use is constantly on the increase. The fumes of nitro-glycerine produce intense headache, which can be cured by taking a very small dose of it internally.

He Knew Him.

The tailor never did know how he managed to get the young man to pay his bill, but it came to pass in two or three years that he did, and one day, perhaps a month after that happy event, the young man came to see him.

"What will you charge me," he inquired, confidently, "for a suit of clothes? Something real nice, don't you know?"

The tailor calculated for a minute or so.

"Well," he said, "I guess about three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"What?" and the young man's mouth flew open.

"About three hundred and seventy-five dollars," repeated the tailor, calmly.

The young man leaned up against a pile of cloth to regain his composure.

"How much for cash?" he inquired in a subdued tone.

The tailor brightened up.

"Oh, about forty or fifty dollars," he said, cheerfully, and the young man walked out.