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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 24. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,116.

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 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., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to the ailments of children." Alexander Lee, M.D., 1057 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward Leave No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 1.	Stations	Westward Arrive No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
9 45	11 00	6 15	Piedmont	11 10	6 00	11 45
	11 20	6 30	Bayard	10 50	5 40	11 25
	11 35	6 45	Lonaconing	10 42	5 33	11 15
6 52	12 20	6 52	Midland	10 29	5 22	11 00
6 55	12 22	6 55	Ocean	10 26	5 18	11 05
7 00	12 32	7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 16	11 00
7 08	12 45	7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 05	10 54
7 25	1 01	7 25	Mount Savage	9 52	4 48	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 35	1 16	7 35	Barrellville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 40	1 18	7 40	Pattersons	9 35	4 25	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 45	Kreigbaums	9 30	4 20	10 15
7 50	1 31	7 50	Cat. Sav. Junction	9 28	4 14	10 13
8 00	1 40	8 00	Cumberland	9 15	4 00	10 00
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive				Leave		

* On Saturday nights leave Cumberland at close of business instead of 6 p. m.

Accommodation trains will stop at Hays Street station, Cumberland, only when flagged.

Sundays only except Sunday, Nov. 27, 1892, Passenger trains will run as follows:

E. M. HAMILTON, Supt. Transportation.

BEAVER & CURBERLAND RAILROAD.

Sundays excepted, from Cumberland.

WESTWARD TRAINS.

Cumberland	7:30 a m	1:45 p
Pinkney	8:00 a m	2:30 p
Lonaconing	8:22 a m	2:52 p
Barton	8:30 a m	3:00 p

EASTWARD TRAINS.

Barton	10:30 a m	5:00 p
Lonaconing	10:38 a m	5:08 p
Pinkney	11:00 a m	5:30 p
Cumberland	11:45 a m	

Passengers for points on the B. & C. R. R. will take the 7:30 train from Cumberland and return by the 5:00 train from Barton.

Stages at Vale Summit for Bloomington and points in Upper Georges Creek Valley.

E. M. HAMILTON, Jr., General Manager.

Aug 9

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Nov. 13, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THIS date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND	Leave
	...No. 10 Express....	2.45 a m
	...No. 8 Express....	7:48 a m
	...No. 14 Accomodation	8:10 a m
	No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	No. 6 Express....	12:30 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
	No. 12 Accomodation	
	No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:10 a m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	WESTBOUND	Leave
12:55 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. 11 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:00 p m	...No. 5 Express....	4:00 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:40 p m	...No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 11 3 Grafton & Way	2:00 p m

All trains daily except Nos. 14, 15, 11 and 12. Trains No. 11 and 4 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburgh Division.

WESTWARD.

12:55 a m	Afternoon Express leaves	1:30 a m
	Cumberland " " daily	
	except Sunday	7:40 a m
11	leaves	3:25 p m
	leaves	4:55 p m

EASTWARD.

	Baltimore Express arrives	1:30
12	"	1:20 p m
	Cumberland Exp. daily	
	except Sunday	7:30
6—Express	leaves	12:20 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland does 5 and 6 miles, stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

June 18

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

L. H. HITCHINS.

All information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

COPLEY'S LITTLE TRICK.

When Copley received six different invitations for the leap-year assembly from six different girls, he ascribed it more to his popularity than anything else. It was only when his friend, Huntington, dropped in later in the morning that he had the faintest idea that he was being sold.

"I dare say you are a very popular man," said Huntington, in his drawling fashion, "but no man would get so many invitations at the same time. They are clearly trying to sell you."

"They" referred to the girls who were getting up the dance. It was to be a leap-year affair. Each girl might invite a man, call for him in her carriage and take him to the dance.

"I don't see why they should sell me," said Copley, jumping up and pacing up and down the room. "I haven't done anything that I should be laid for in that way," he added, as he dodged the chandelier. Copley's six-feet-three were very inconvenient.

He sat down and opened a bottle of mineral water.

"See here, Hunt," said he presently, "I know what I'll do about it. I'll fix them if it is a sell." He thrust his hands into the pile of envelopes and paper.

"Here are invitations from Miss Tillinghast, Kittie Ganesvoort, the Brookfield girls—of course it is a sell; two sisters in it. I'll accept every beastly one of them!"

Huntington laughed. "Make complications," he observed.

"Well, rather. That's what I want."

"How'll you get out of it?"

"How'll they get out of it?"

"They'll all know you've accepted them all."

"What do I care?" asked Copley recklessly. "They wanted some fun; I hope they'll get it."

Copley sat down and wrote for some time. "I guess that will fix them," he said, at length.

Huntington came up and took one of the sheets from the table:

"Mr. Copley presents his compliments to Miss Tillinghast, and has much pleasure in accepting her invitation for the leap-year assembly Dec. 1, at Hunnewell Hall."

"Um," commented Huntington, "very stiff."

"Had to be," said Copley. "Don't know her very well. How's this?"

"My dear Miss Ganesvoort," began the second, "I shall be delighted to accept your very kind invitation for the leap-year assembly. It is a pleasure that I never looked for, and it was most kind of you to ask me——"

"Let's see another," said Huntington.

"Here's the one to the eldest Miss Brookfield."

"Dear Miss Brookfield," read Huntington. "You are very kind. I shall have much pleasure in going to the assembly with you Dec. 1."

"Here's another," broke in Copley.

"My dear Miss Rensselaer," Huntington began. "I shall have much pleasure——"

"Bah!" he stopped, suddenly. "To tell you the truth, Copley, I think you will have a great deal of pleasure."

"Here is one for Bessie Brookfield."

"I've seen about enough," protested Huntington.

"I'm going to mail two of them today, and the rest in instalments," said Copley. "I rather think they will carry dismay into the enemy's camp."

"Yes," said Huntington, dryly.

Copley wondered how he was to get out of it when the night of the dance came. All of the girls had seen him, and each of them had said she was coming for him at 8.15, with the exception of Kittie Ganesvoort.

"I will be around for you, Mr. Copley," she said, "at a little after 8. You will be ready then, I suppose?"

"I don't know," laughed Copley, for a number of other girls were near at hand, and he wanted to make them think he was not nearly so rattled as he really was. "I suppose I may have the woman's privilege of prinking as long as I like. A girl once kept me waiting a half-hour, and I may take this opportunity for revenge."

"Please don't be very revengeful," said Kittie, as she looked up with her blue eyes. They were very pretty blue eyes, Copley thought, and there was a bit of mischief in them at the time.

He thought over this conversation as he was dressing, and he broke both shoe-laces, and struggled for about five minutes with a very refractory collar-button and a very copiously starched collar.

He had instructed his man to tell him the moment Miss Ganesvoort came for him, and he had planned to be dressed promptly at 8 o'clock.

There was an ominious sound of rolling wheels just then, and Copley drew back the curtains and peered cautiously out. Was it a a funeral procession?

Just turning in at the gate of the driveway was a carriage. Close behind it was a second. Up the road, following upon one another, were three more carriages.

Copley groaned. He rushed to his dressing case. The brandy was all gone. He looked in the glass and saw that his face was very pale. Then he sank down into a chair, regardless of the fact that he was crumpling the tails of a hitherto immaculate dress coat.

The pitiless thud of the horses' hoofs came up plainly from below. The sound of the wheels on the gravel was very evident.

Ding! went a ring at the bell. A pause. Ding! Another pause. Ding! ding!

Copley got up and staggered to the door. He opened it a crack. His man was just coming up the stairs.

"Miss Gansevoort is in the library, sir," said the man, with dignity.

"Yes," gasped Copley.

"The Misses Brookfield are waiting for you in the drawing room." The man's face was still imperturbable.

"Miss Tillinghast is waiting outside, and told me to ask that you come as quickly as possible."

Copley counted them off. "Four," he muttered. "What am I to do?"

"There's another of the ladies who waited outside in her carriage," said the man, and his face began to broaden.

"It's most interesting, isn't it? I'm sick; I'm very ill. Go downstairs and tell them all I've got a headache; that I was suddenly taken with scarlet fever, mumps, measles, anything. Quick! Do you hear? What are you grinning at? Go down."

The man started away.

"Where are you going? No! Come back. I want a moment to think. Wait a minute. Ah! I have it. Tell Miss Ganesvoort I'll be down in a moment. Say to the Misses Brookfield that I am not quite ready. Tell Miss Tillinghast I will be out at once."

A moment later Copley appeared in the library.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Ganesvoort," he said. "It was awfully good of you to be so prompt. How are you? You are looking very well."

"I did not expect to see you so soon," was the reply. "Men are usually so behind hand, you know. And then they have so many engagements. You are a man of many engagements, are you not Mr. Copley?"

"I suppose so; yes, of course," said Copley, uneasily. The doorbell rang again, and he heard the voice of Miss Tillinghast.

"Ask Mr. Copley to please hurry," she said.

Copley shivered. There was a menace in the voice.

"I suppose you are all ready?" began Miss Ganesvoort.

"Er—excuse me just a moment. I have—er—forgotten a er—er—something. I'll just run upstairs. Wait here for me."

Copley went out of the room, giving Miss Ganesvoort an agonizing smile.

He rushed to the door. He saw the five carriages drawn up in the most imposing manner. In one of them near the window, was a figure of a girl.

"Good evening Mr. Copley," she said. "Here I am, you see. Jump in. We're rather late, you know." It was Miss Tillinghast.

"You are very well?" asked Copley. Then he added, in an idiotic way: "There seems to be a good many people going from our house. This is not a railway station or a cab office. I wonder what is going on."

"This is an attractive place, I dare say. Mr. Copley," said Miss Tillinghast. "But don't stand shivering there on the steps. Come in here."

Copley declined the invitation. He had forgotten a handkerchief. Would Miss Tillinghast excuse him?

He got back into his room somehow and threw himself down in a chair.

Copley swore under his breath at his shoestrings, which had delayed his dressing. He mentally denounced Kittie Ganesvoort for not coming on time so that he might have escaped with her and left the rest of his tormentors in the lurch, and he cursed himself for a fool for getting into this beastly mess, anyhow, and he felt that he was ill in reality.

Then he heard the sound of another carriage coming down the road. It was number six. He groaned again.

All his plans had gone wrong. He had hoped to get away with Kittie Ganesvoort, and then if the rest of the girls took him seriously and came down he would be safe. But Kittie Ganesvoort had ruined everything by being late.

Then he had gone out to see Miss Tillinghast and get away with her, but he found another girl had stayed out and if he had tried to get away there was no knowing what a row number five would have made.

He thought of backing down and asking all of them together in the drawing-room and frankly say he had made a mistake. He could also say that he had no idea they took him seriously; it was only a joke.

And all this time number six was coming. Who could it be? Ah, yes; little Bessie Van Rensselaer. He wondered whether she took it seriously. He even wondered whether she was in the plot at all. Then he had a sudden idea. The carriage was yet well up the road.

Up he jumped, rushed down the back stairs to the side door. He was just opening it when he heard a sweet voice: "Oh, Mr. Copley! Where are you going?" It was one of the Brookfield girls.

"Er—how do you do?" he said, his face flaming. "Back in a moment! Going out to the greenhouse for a boutonniere."

In an instant he was out. He dodged around the house and rushed down the driveway, leaving the long line of carriages in the rear. He reached the gate just at the same time Bessie Van Rensselaer's carriage did.

"It is late," he panted, breathlessly. "Saw you coming. Thought I might save you driving 'way up to the house."

"Oh, yes. Thanks so much, Mr. Copley. So good of you."

"Not at all," muttered Copley, as he stepped into the carriage.

"Why, what are all those carriages?" asked Bessie Van Rensselaer, seeing the line in front of the house. Some of them were moving, and two girls were standing on the steps.

"Oh, nothing," stammered Copley. "It's a funeral. Our cook's funeral—not her own funeral, you know, but her little baby's funeral, don't you understand?"

And as they were driving to the dance a carriage drove past rapidly, containing Miss Tillinghast.

"Why, I wonder where she is going?" said Copley, off his guard.

"Why, for the man she invited, of course," said Bessie Van Rensselaer, innocently. Four other carriages came out of Copley's yard.

"I wonder if they are going for their men, too," muttered Copley.

"Why, yes, of course, they are, now," replied Bessie Van Rensselaer, meaningly.—Boston Globe.

UNCLE SAM'S CLERKS

The Holders of Government Positions Generally Stick.

A large majority of the men who enter the governmental departments at Washington remain in the service unless dismissed, says the Washington *Post*. Many young men enter with the view of studying for a profession, and the short hours and regular salary offer ample opportunity for this. Some of them carry out their intention and occupy leisure hours reading law or medicine. Others lose all ambition for better things or become entangled in some love affair, marry, and then are dependent on a salary for maintenance and compelled to keep up the routine life.

Continued service in the departments has a tendency to make men timid, and many who quit and go out in the world find themselves unfitted to battle with the rude, rough demands, and return to the treadmill existence.

Each year more women are added to the department service, and in a few years they will monopolize the clerkships. The life of a department clerk has some attractions and many drawbacks. One thing is certain, his salary, and this is an important item.

Who Fired the Barn.

A barn had been burned in the suburbs, and a tramp had been arrested for setting fire to it, says the Detroit *Free Press*. After most of the testimony was in the prisoner was permitted to make a statement.

"Your Honor," he said, "if anybody set this barn afire it was the prosecuting attorney!"

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet in an instant, and the tramp held up his hands appealingly. "Let me go on," he said, and the Court let him go on.

"Didn't you," he said, addressing the prosecutor, "throw a man out of your second story window yesterday evening?"

The prosecuting attorney said he had caught a tramp in his house about 8 o'clock the evening before, and had fired him through a window.

"Thanks!" said the prisoner. "That was me. I went out on to a shed roof that broke my fall and almost broke my neck, and went on down, where I lit on the hired girl, and scared her so she made a break for the back yard, where she started a stray dog so that he made off with a howl for the street, running between a policeman's legs and upsetting him.

The policeman made a swipe at him with his club and hit a horse standing by the curb-stone, and he ran away, and up street he scattered a crowd of women and then scared a horse hitched to a milk wagon, and he broke for home and there scared a cow, and she ran over a cat in the stable yard watching a rat-hole, and the cat went into the barn where a lantern was hanging, and the lantern was turned over on to a pile of hay and set it afire, and the man that ought to have been there was downtown trying to catch the horse that scared the crowd that scared his horse that ran away and set the barn on fire. And that's how it happened," concluded the tramp, with a long breath of relief.

The Court was paralyzed. "And where were you all this time?" was the next inquiry.

"Me?" he asked innocently. "Oh! I was in the gentleman's kitchen eating the hired girl's supper while she was out trying to find the policeman the dog upset, so's he could come and see what had dropped on the hired girl."

The case isn't settled yet.

A zealous advocate of missions was pleading his cause before the inmates of a large lunatic asylum, says the *Churchman*. The patients heard him with great interest. He told how sad heathenism was in many ways—how sometimes parents cast their little children into the river to be eaten by crocodiles, and sometimes children cast out their aged parents. As he spoke, one man was moved to a flood of tears.

The function over, the speaker expressed a desire to see this person, and he was brought.

"You seemed much interested in my address."

"Yes, very much interested."

"And even a little touched by what I said."

"Very deeply touched," said the patient, sobbing.

"May I ask what it was that so came home to you, my friend?"

"I was thinking"—then the patient's utterance was arrested by violent emotion—"I was thinking"—again he sobbed heavily—"what a pity it was that your parents had not thrown you out to be eaten by a crocodile when you were an infant."

The Humorous Immigrant.

On arriving in the harbor of New York an immigrant saw the Statue of Liberty. He asked one of the crew "Is that the Statue of Liberty?"

"Yes, that is Liberty."

"Then give me death!" and he plunged overboard.—New York World.

EVENING COLORS.

A Beautiful Ceremony of Hauling Down the Ensign of the Navy.

A few minutes before sundown a bugle call sounded from the flagship, and the call was immediately repeated by the buglers of the other ships of the squadron, writes W. J. Henderson in *St. Nicholas*.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That's 'Stand by the colors,'" said one of the officers.

Two sailors came aft, cast off the ensign halyards, and stood by with their eyes on the flagship. In a few moments we heard bugles sounding again; for you must know that on board ship many of the commands are conveyed by a few musical notes upon the bugle.

A marine came aft, and, saluting, said:

"Haul down, sir?"

"All right," said the officer of the deck. "Stand off."

At that order the bugler of the Yantic blew the lovely call: "Evening colors."

The moment he sounded the first note the officers rose from their chairs, faced the colors, took off their caps and stood silent, in respectful attitudes, while the two seamen slowly hauled down the colors, bringing them in over the rail as the call came to an end.

When the colors reached the deck and were gathered in by the seamen, and the last note of the bugle died away, the officers put on their caps, resumed their seats, and went on with their conversation.

Removing the cap in honor of the colors is the common form of salute in the navy.

When an officer comes up from below he always lifts his cap in the direction of the quarter-deck, and all boys should remember, when visiting a man-of-war, that the proper thing to do when you go on board is to turn towards the stern of the ship, where the ensign always flies at the taffrail staff, and raise the hat.

If the officer of the deck sees you, he will return the salute; but whether any one is on the quarter-deck or not, always raise your hat when you go aboard.

The salute is to the flag, not to any person, and surely every American boy ought to be proud to lift his hat to the flag of his country.

Base Balls by the Million.

"How many base balls are used up in the United States in the course of a year?"

"How do you expect me to answer a question like that?" asked the base ball manager. "Up in the hundreds of thousands, I should think. Nearly all of them are made in Philadelphia and Natick, Massachusetts. Two great concerns in those cities turn them out and other firms buy from them, printing their own trademarks on the covers. All the league clubs get their balls for nothing, the advertisement they give to a brand by using it being considered an equivalent. This is an important item, inasmuch as half a dozen base balls are often destroyed in a single game."

"How are base balls made?"

"They are made by girls. If you will dissect a base ball you will find that its internal structure is quite elaborate. Around a spherical cone of the best rubber is carefully wrapped a certain amount of yarn. When the ball has thus grown to about two-thirds of the size it is to be, a leather cover is stitched on with a needle and waxed thread. Then more yarn is wound upon it until it is found to turn the scales at precisely the right point. Finally the outer cover of horse hide is sewn on, and the ball, after being stamped and again weighed to make sure that it is just five ounces, is wrapped in a tinfoil and put in a pasteboard box for market."

"There were no such base balls in the olden times."

"No; the base ball of to-day was not invented until 1875. And, by the way, the inventor never got a cent for his patent. Twenty years ago a ball was made with a core of leather strips one ounce in weight, wrapped with yarn and covered. This was found too lively, and so a little sphere of molded rubber of finest quality was substituted for a core. The trouble with a ball thus made was that it could not be depended on for any given degree of elasticity. No two balls would be just alike in this respect, however carefully they were constructed, and each particular ball varied from day to day, according as the weather was dry or damp. The inner cover now employed has the effect of regulating the elasticity of the ball, at the same time keeping it compact and in shape. Cheap base balls are made of poor yarn and rubber scraps pressed into a pulp, the lower grade being composed of nothing more than melted remnants of rubber shoes."

Germany a Land of Walkers.

Walking is the great German method of taking an outing. Even those who can afford a wheel or horse walk.

It may be because the compulsory military service of Germany makes a trained walker of every able-bodied son of the Vaterland, says Gustave Cobbe in the *Christian Union*. But I think it is because the German's simple tastes lead him to choose the most natural, and therefore the most healthful method of exercise.

This view is borne out by the fact that walking is the favorite exercise of school-boys and youths below the age for military service. It is naturally stimulated by the admirable condition of the roads and by the care taken by the proper authorities to preserve the beauty of the rural surroundings of towns and cities.

SELECTION OF WALL PAPER.

It Should Harmonize with the Furnishings of a Room.

In buying wall paper it is best to consider the purpose for which you wish to use it. If your room is to contain many plain pictures a plain paper of neutral tint will set them off to greatest advantage. White paper, with delicate rings and patterns of gold or silver, makes an admirable back-ground for water-colors or colored photographs. Figured or highly-decorated papers should be used only when one has few ornaments for the wall, in which case they form an ornament of themselves, says a writer in *Demorest's Monthly*.

In choosing paper for a room it is always well to consider what color predominates in the carpet and furniture; buy your paper to match or harmonize with the prevailing tint and you will be surprised at the beauty of the effect. Expensive papers are ugly if they are gaudy or not of the tone of the other furnishings of the room.

For a simply furnished room an inexpensive but harmonious covering will be most suitable. Avoid all gaudy patterns for sleeping-rooms, and let the tints be as soft and warm as possible; dark paper in a bedroom is likely to make the occupant gloomy and ill-tempered.

He Knew His Business.

A group of club loungers were exchanging reminiscences when the youngest of the group spoke up in a tone that promised a good story:

"I can tell you an experience I had when I was with an engineering party in Idaho a few years ago. A prominent man in the camp had suddenly disappeared, and it was generally believed that Murphy—or Desperado Jack, as he was familiarly called—was accountable for the disappearance. This Murphy was a typical Westerner, was born in the west, had roved in the west for years, and it goes without saying that he was an expert at "poker" and a crack shot.

"There were already eleven notches on the handle of his revolver when I met him. He was absolutely fearless and was regarded as the terror of the camp. Notwithstanding the suspicions that arose concerning the old colonel's disappearance, there was no positive evidence that Murphy was the murderer, and probably the right arm of the law would have proved a little weak anyway in a case in which Murphy was involved.

"I was playing poker one evening. I had a cinch, as I thought, on my opponent, and the chances were in favor of my becoming richer by about fifteen hundred dollars when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around for a few minutes, but finding nothing else to interest him he swaggered over to our table and watched the game. Seeing that I was about to win he insolently remarked to my companion:

"'Don't let that tenderfoot get the best of you. Put down that ten!'

"I fired up in a second and was ready to knock him down.

"'Stiddy, now, Billy—stiddy!' he said to me jeeringly.

"Of course I lost my temper, called him a murderer and accused him of killing Brown, and added that everybody knew it. Eyeing me coolly, he drew out a silver mounted derringer, with the remark:

"'Young man, I'll give you just one minute to take that back.'"

"You killed the scoundrel with his own gun, of course," remarked a listener in the tone of one who had anticipated the point of the story.

"Gentlemen," he remarked dryly, "I had just fifty-nine seconds to spare."

Shooting Stars.

The space between the planets of our system, which to us appears to be empty, is supposed to be filled with a vast number of small bodies, moving about the sun with unconceivable rapidity. Occasionally one of these bodies comes into the atmosphere of the earth, and then we have a meteor or shooting star. In the airless regions of space there is nothing to interfere with their rapid motion; but when they enter the earth's atmosphere, their flight is checked. The nearer they come to the earth, the denser is the air. The resistence to their progress heats them red-hot, then white-hot, then the small meteors vanish in vapor and the large ones plunge into the earth.

If these meteors could reach the earth unobstructed, our lives would be in constant danger, but the air acts as a cushion, which absorbs the great mass of them before they reach us, and robs the others of much of their destructive force. When we go out in the evening and see the stars shooting in the sky, we may know that the earth is visited by wandering messengers, perhaps from some other planet. Possibly they have been traveling about the great central sun all the ages since "the earth was without form and void," and the heavenly bodies as we now see them were formed out of chaos by the word of God.

English, You Know.

We have all become familiar by this time with the expression of one of our legislators who, when somewhat confused in the midst of his speech, said, "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?" An Englishman, visiting in this country, heard this phrase quoted several times facetiously, and said to a friend: "The grammar used here in America is very peculiar. I have heard a number of people say, 'Where am I at?' when of course they mean, 'Where *is my 'at*?'"

WONDERS OF CLIMATIC CHANGES.

Myrtles Grew in Greenland, and Switzerland Has Felt African Heat.

The changes of terrestrial climate have been many and various. Myrtles and tree ferns once flourished in Greenland; coral insects built on the shores of Melville Island; nautiluses sailed over what must then have been the tepid seas about Spitzbergen. But with the lapse of ages the scene changed and worse than Arctic rigors spread into regions now enjoying temperate climate, possibly not for the first time. The Permian was certainly an inclement age, according to the Edinburgh *Review*, and its inclemency seems to have reached the point of glaciation in the west of England and Ireland, yet it was preceded and succeeded by a long prevalence of tropical conditions. These assuredly reigned without interruption in north temperate and polar regions throughout the vast expanse of tertiary time. Palms and cycads then sprang up in the room of oaks and beeches in England; turtles and crocodiles haunted English rivers and estuaries; lions, elephants and hyenas roamed at large over the English dry land.

In Switzerland a mean temperature equal to that of North Africa at the present time is shown by its fossil flora to have prevailed during the miocene or middle tertiary epoch. Anthropoid apes lived in Germany and France; figs and cinnamon trees flourished at Dantzic; in Greenland, up to 70 degress of latitude, magnolias bloomed and vines ripened their fruit, while in Spitzbergen and even in Grinnell Land, within little more than 8 degrees of the pole, the swamp cypresses and walnuts, cedars, limes, planes and poplars grew freely, water lilies covered over standing pools and irises lifted their tall heads by the margins of streams and rivers.

Costly Perfumes.

Only dealers in precious stones carry more valuable stock in a small space than the dealers in essential oils and the perfumes that go with such oils. One dealer showed an acquaintance a moderate sized safe containing stock valued at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Attar of roses, musk, civet and ambergris are among the precious articles of such a dealer's stock. Attar of roses wholesales at about eight dollars an ounce, civet at about twelve dollars an ounce, ambergris at thirty and musk at forty dollars. The retail price of all these is much greater, but they are usually sold to the so-called consumer in highly diluted form.

The whale that secretes ambergris has become so scarce now that little of the perfume is found, and it is hard to obtain in this market at any price. Ambergis is sometimes found floating at sea in regions frequented by the whale that secretes the material. A newly established wholesale drug firm made a large profit on a fortunate purchase of ambergris. A ship came into port with several barrels, and the ship master had no clear notion of its value. The druggist bought it at two dollars and a half an ounce, about one-tenth of its value, and sold it in small quantities at a great advance.

Musk in the raw looks a good deal like axle grease, and smells worse. The popular notion that the musk of commerce is obtained from the muskrat is a mistake. Negroes in the South do obtain a somewhat similar perfume from the muskrat, but most of the supply comes from the musk deer, a creature that is carefully reared in India for the sake of the secretion. The secretion is shipped in the crude state, and is used not only in the manufacture of the liquid perfume sold as musk, but also in very small quantities to give strength and staying power to many perfumes made from essential oils of flowers. Curiously enough, the blossoms of two native plants have a noticeable musky odor.

One is the small yellow blossom of a creeping vine known as the musk plant. Its odor is marked, and it is counterfeited in the commercial perfume called musk. The other is the blood root. The pure white blossom of that early spring plant has a distinct though delicate musky odor. A bean known as the musk bean is a cheap substitute for animal musk. Civet is a greasy and intensely strong secretion of the animal of that name. As sold by the dealers in essential oils, it is yellow in color, and of about the consistency of honey. Like musk, it is not used at its full strength, but is diluted and dissolved in alcohol or used as an auxiliary to other perfumes.

They Kill, But Do Not Smoke.

The average Kaluli does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country, and he therefore regards the matter of the taking off of a friend most philosophically.

"There is nothing to worry about; he is dead and I killed him," he will tell you if you should inquire about a companion with whom he was on the best of terms the preceding winter.

I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It caused him as little concern, this contemplated crime, as if he had said, "Shall kill a chicken, if God so wills it, to-morrow for my pillau."

And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike other Mohammedans, they do not observe the Koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink, for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke.