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# MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 28. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,120.



*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. Rosenberger, M. D., 1 Ave., New York.

The Centaur Co., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17


*Railroad Schedules, etc.*

**Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.**

SCHEDULE.

| Eastward. | | Stations. | Westward. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Leave.* | | | *Arrive.* |
| No. 5. | No. 3. | No. 1. | 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 32 |
| 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 05 |
| 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 01 | 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 | 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. | 8:35 a m | 3:00 p m |

RETURNING TRAINS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Lonaconing..... | 10:50 a m | 5:00 p m |
| Arrive at Midland..... | 10:39 a m | 5:00 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 |
|---|---|---|
| 7:20 a m | ....No. 10 Express.... | 2:45 a m |
| 8:05 a m | ....No. 8 Express.... | 7:48 a m |
| 9:30 a m | No. 14 Accom'odation | 8:10 a m |
| 12:25 p m | ....No. 2 Express.... | 9:50 a m |
| | ....No. 6 Express.... | 12:30 p m |
| | ...No. 16 Passenger... | 2:50 p m |
| 6:40 p m | No. 72 Accom'odation | |
| 12 midn't | ....No. 4 Express.... | 12:15 a m |
| 12:10 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. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

June 18


*Railroad Tickets.*

**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


## THE GARNET RING.

Evelyn Ferguson had a new ring—chased gold set with three garnets; it was greatly admired by all her schoolmates, Doris Frisbie, especially, being enthusiastic over its beauties.

"How pretty it is!" she said. "A ring is the neatest piece of jewelry a girl can wear."

"I dare say you wish this one was yours," said Marcia Carter, ill-naturedly.

"Oh, no!" earnestly responded Doris. "I take more pleasure in seeing it on Eve's finger than on my own."

"Very likely!" sneered Marcia.

Marcia Carter was the spiteful girl of the school. She appeared to take a delight in saying disagreeable things. Yet her bold, independent manner was very attractive to girls of a gentler nature. But hers was only a temporary influence; their love was given to Doris Frisbie and Evelyn Ferguson.

Doris invariably passed her examinations creditably, stood high in deportment, and was of an exceedingly amiable disposition. Marcia was envious of her very excellence.

One Wednesday evening soon after, Mrs. Frisbie had a delightful surprise awaiting Doris on her return from school. She had purchased for her a ring so like Evelyn's that a casual observer could not have seen any difference in them.

"O mamma!" exclaimed Doris. "How did you know that I wanted a ring like Evie's?"

"From your manner when you told me about hers," said her mother, smiling.

"It was very kind of you, mamma dear. May I go over and show it to Evelyn?"

"Not this evening; it will soon be dark; you may go in the morning."

But when Doris went to see her friend she was told that Evelyn had gone to spend the day with her grandparents. So Doris had no opportunity of seeing her until Friday; and as she did not arrive at school until the bell was ringing for the opening exercises, Evelyn was the only one of the girls who had not seen Doris' new ring. It was her intention to show it to her at recess, but before that time Miss Waverly sent her on an errand, and she did not return until noon.

During recess Evelyn communicated to her companions the fact that she had lost her ring.

"I had it on my finger on Wednesday afternoon, and I did not miss it until I reached home. It was very careless of me, and I am so grieved about its loss."

They all expressed regret, and many were the exclamations of "Oh, it is too bad!" and "Oh, how sorry I am!" until they were interrupted by Marcia Carter.

"Evelyn, I do not think you lost your ring; it was stolen from you, and Doris Frisbie has it!"

Not one of the girls would have thought of casting the least suspicion on Doris. Marcia's words brought a flush of indignation to Evelyn's face as she replied:

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Marcia Carter, to speak so of my friend?"

"No, I am not. Every girl present can tell you that Doris came to school this morning wearing a garnet ring exactly like yours. She said her mother gave it to her. I believed her then, but now I know it was your ring."

"Do not say that again, Marcia; it is false and unjust. If Doris told you the ring was a gift from her mother I am sure she spoke the truth; it may not be exactly like mine, after all."

Evelyn glanced appealingly around the group, expecting some of the girls to agree with her, but several voices exclaimed:

"It may not be your ring, Evelyn, but it is certainly just like it."

"Well, at noon I shall see it, and prove to you Marcia's error."

When Doris came Evelyn asked to see her ring.

"I am so sorry, Evie, but I lost it when I went home to luncheon, and in such a funny way. The dining-room carpet was up, and the ring slipped from my hand and rolled into a knot-hole in the floor. Papa was not at home, or he would have taken up the board."

Marcia began to laugh in a mocking manner. Her conduct touched the proud spirit of Doris and she resented it by asking sharply:

"What do you mean, Marcia? Why are you laughing?"

"I can't help it, Doris; do you think us so simple as to believe that story?"

"It is not a story, Marcia Carter!"

"Ah, Doris, Doris!" And Marcia shook her finger reprovingly at her.

"Your conduct is incomprehensible, Marcia; please explain it."

There was more anger in Doris' tone than she had ever before manifested.

"It is just this, Doris: Evelyn has lost her ring, and the one you wore this morning was so like it that we have drawn but one inference from the circumstance."

A moment of reflection, and then Doris in quick accents inquired:

"Marcia, do you mean that you suspect me of taking Evelyn's ring?"

For answer Marcia nodded. Doris glanced around and read doubt and suspicion on every face but that of Evelyn, who put her arm about her friend as she said:

"This is a cruel accusation, girls; I did not believe that one of you could be so easily influenced by a fancied resemblance. Until you apologize to Doris I shall not speak to any of you."

This was no mild threat, for Evelyn was always generous with her bonbons, and gave her schoolmates charming entertainments. To be deprived of her friendship would therefore be a loss to them. Some of the more calculating realized this, and were about to assure Doris of their faith in her statement when Marcia, who inwardly enjoyed Doris' humiliation, cried:

"Girls, you are cowards! Rather than be at enmity with Evelyn Ferguson you will excuse this wrong."

For the time Marcia's power over her mates checked their kindly intention; they remained silent, and Evelyn, with a look of scorn, drew Doris away.

"I know, Doris, that you did not take my ring. You believe me, do you not?"

"I am sure of it, Evie! I could not attribute to you the unkind spirit displayed by Marcia. You are too sweet and good."

With this assurance of their mutual trust they kissed each other lovingly. But as the day sped by they were full of trouble for Doris; her father had not returned; she could not bring her ring to testify for her, and Evelyn's was still missing.

Miss Waverly noticed there was something wrong among her pupils, but could gain no information as to the cause. Marcia had induced the girls to remain silent, and Evelyn and Doris had no desire to speak of the affair to their teacher.

True to her word, Evelyn studiously avoided her late companions, associating only with Doris; but that they were both unhappy no one could doubt. Doris brooded over the unjust accusation day and night, until she was in a fair way to make herself ill.

It was more than a week after Evelyn's ring was lost when, one morning, as Doris sat down to her rhetoric lesson, a sudden scream pierced the quiet of the study hour. Looking up from her book, she saw that Marcia Carter had been standing too near the red hot stove, and her print dress was aflame.

No one appeared to know what to do; even Miss Waverly was undecided. But Doris had not waited for them. She snatched a woollen shawl lying near, and bounding forward, wrapped it around Marcia, at the same time throwing her to the floor. A few vigorous rolls and the fire was extinguished. Marcia was unharmed, though very much frightened. But for the timely aid of Doris she would have been seriously burned.

When she realized what the heroic girl had done, she cried impulsively:

"Girls, Doris Frisbie did not take Evelyn's ring—but I did!"

The school was in such confusion now that Miss Waverly knew it would be useless to call order until Marcia's words were explained.

"Evelyn really lost her ring. On Wednesday afternoon while she was washing her hands it slid off her finger into the basin. She was in a hurry and did not observe her loss. I took it from out the soapy water and mischievously resolved to keep it until Friday. I thought it would be such fun. Then Doris bought her ring, so like Evelyn's, and I resolved to keep the one in my possession and accuse Doris of taking it."

A murmur of horror and disapproval was heard and Marcia said:

"I know it was a wicked thing to do, and I wish now that I could recall it. There was a slight difference in the rings. On either side of the garnets in Doris' there was a tiny blue enamel flower—a forget-me-not." Then addressing Doris directly, Marcia went on, "Can you ever forgive me, Doris? Whether you do or not, I shall strive to acquire the true charity that you have shown toward me."

There were tears in Marcia's eyes, and Doris, seeing this evidence of contrition, held out her hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Evelyn did the same. Then Marcia saw that Doris' delicate white fingers were blistered and burned, and expressed her heartfelt regrets.

"The burn is but slight and not very painful," said Doris. "I must go home and have it dressed. Miss Waverly, will you and a few of the girls accompany me?"

They complied with this rather strange request and upon reaching her home were enlightened as to her motive in making it. She was anxious to have the two rings compared in the presence of some of her schoolmates; she had seen her father pass the schoolhouse, and knew he would be at home. He immediately took up the board, and there lay the ring. When placed by the side of Evelyn's it was seen to be exactly similar, with the exception of the flowers.

"My dear pupils," said Miss Waverly, "let the memory of the injustice you have done Doris make you slow to accuse another of a misdeed unless you have proof of her guilt."—Waverly Magazine.

### A Man's Standard.

A lady reader writes that she has discovered the standard by which one man judges another, viz.: himself. Here are some of her definitions as she has heard man express them:

A rascal—one who owes him money.

Ditto—one to whom he owes money.

A dude—one who dresses better than he.

A miser—one who saves more money than he.

A spendthrift—one who spends more money than he.

A snob—one whose social position is better than his own.

An upstart—one whose social position is worse than his own.

A smart man—one who thinks as he does.

A fool—one who doesn't.

A crank—one whose theories differ from his.

### He Accepted the Situation.

The famous border thief, Scott of Harden, married his wife in this fashion: He had lifted the cattle of Murray of Elibank, and been trapped and driven, with his followers and the stolen animals, back to Elibank Castle. When Murray told his wife that he intended to hang the robber, she deferentially suggested that it would be a pity to hang so winsome a fellow when they had three such sorry girls pining in single blessedness at home. Murray caught at the idea, sent for Meg o' the Mouth, the ugliest and eldest of his three daughters, and presented her to the astonished prisoner, with the request that he would choose between the lady and a certain high tree which he pointed out. Scott swore vehemently, and finally refused to have her at any price; and it was not until he felt the noose tightening around his neck that he gave in, married the elderly, ugly daughter, and returned to Harden a sadder and wiser man, regretting the raid which had ended so disastrously.

In Lindisfarne the dying fire of a very old superstition is still fanned into a flame now and then by the ceremony known as the bestriding of the Peltingstone, once the socket-stone of a ponderous cross. Whenever a marriage takes place at the village church the bride steps up on the Peltingstone, and if she can not stride from one end to the other she knows that her matrimonial venture will result most disastrously. Such a fancied fore-knowledge as this is apt to—and, no doubt, very often does—work out its own fulfilment, as in the case of the widow who promised her husband on his death-bed that she would not marry again; but having, like many of us, a convenient memory, she forgot her promise when a lover came a-wooing. He led her to the altar and led her home again, when on returning to the drawing-room of her house the picture of her first husband fell on her shoulder and broke in the fall—an extraordinary warning which the newly-made wife, absolutely ignorant, no doubt, of the laws of causation, took as a supernatural warning that her promise-breaking would be avenged, and her second marriage prove an unfortunate one, and she herself made it so by dwelling constantly upon the incident and the death-bed scene which it called to mind.

### Extremes.

Unqualified censure is undesirable, for there is good in all things. On the other hand, unqualified praise is seldom justifiable. It awakens opposition in the minds of those who listen. When Brown tells Smith that Robinson is the finest fellow in the world, absolutely without flaw, Smith, who has seen another side of the over-praised man's character, naturally demurs, and under pressure of the occasion makes revelations which he afterward regrets. Thus harm is done which a judicious expression of opinion would have prevented. It is this overdoing of things that leads to difficulties, even as too much study may weaken your eyes or destroy your health, thus preventing for a time at least further acquirement of knowledge. In speech, also, superlatives are too often used, and they serve to awaken distrust. Absolute perfection is indeed rare, and exaggeration plays a great part in modern life. We think too much of our own importance, or talk too much of ourselves. We dwell too much upon our family or society, and lend a fictitious value to absolutely empty things. The use of superlative words very often tends to destroy the impression that we wish to convey, simply because we overdo things. A light curb, a little thought regarding things of this life, seems to accomplish the end much better than going to any extreme, however strongly you may feel.

### Neatly Finished.

Even a beauty can not afford to be negligent in the matter of dress—that is, if she values the opinion of her male friends. If girls only knew how quickly men notice any untidiness, and what a disagreeable impression lack of neatness in a woman produces, they would be more careful in looking themselves over after their toilet is completed. Now with a generally neat girl nothing is ever amiss; her skin, hair, hands, feet and dress are all carefully attended to, and, although she may not be pretty, she is more attractive to nine men out of ten than a beauty who oftens neglects essentials and gives all her attention to what she considers is most becoming to her face. A woman who is neatly finished off, whose gowns always fit well, whose hair is invariably well arranged, who can face wind and weather without becoming unkempt, who dispenses with superfluous ornament for the sake of having neat shoes and gloves—that is the girl for me, and most men would say the same.

### Stumbling Blocks.

No one knows how easy it is to misspell a word until he takes part in a spelling contest, and feels that the eye of the world is upon him. Eighty five public school teachers had a match the other day, to the great delight of their pupils, because some of them did not altogether cover themselves with glory. Of the eighty-five, only five spelled "Reusselaer" correctly, and seventy-four per cent of the whole number misspelled "acknowledgment." All of the following words were wrongly spelled by more than half of the teachers, and several of them by more than fifty: "Supersede," "resuscitative," "excellence," "benefited," "business," "medal," "maintenance," "milliner," "pretentious," "gaseous," and "concede." The name "Genesee" is said to have caught a good many victims.

## A DAINTY REPAST.

### Not Locusts and Wild Honey, But Grasshoppers and Butter.

"Ever eat any grasshoppers?" asked John Henry Blake of the Gastronomic Club of a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "You never did? Then you don't know what luxury is. Talk about your fricassed frogs, pate de foie gras, and all the rest o' your high falutin' French fixin's! They just ain't in it at all with a big fat Kansas hopper, done brown in fresh country butter. I was traveling from St. Joe to Wichita when the hoppers swooped down on Kansas in great swarms. When they finished feeding and bodded up on the barbed-wire fences to pick their teeth and talk it over the country looked like the burned district in Chicago after the big fire. I had a new green wagon with red wheels, and the hoppers ate every bit of paint off it and gnawed the woodwork. They ate all the blacking off my harness, the tails off my horses, and I had to keep my dog under a tarpaulin to prevent them devouring him raw. You never saw such appetites. They got into my commissary department and made away with everything but a stone jar of butter I had bought in St. Joe. I didn't have a cent, and it was two days' drive to Wichita. Couldn't live on butter, you know, so I concluded to play for even. I built a fire, put my skillet over it, and dropped in half a pound of the dyspepsia provoker. It was soon frying and sizzling away at a great rate, and the hoppers were hopping into it, sixty a second. I let 'em fry about a minute, then I removed 'em and sat down to give my stomach a surprise party. Well, sir, the hind legs were the finest meat I ever ate. They had an excellent game flavor, and tasted like mountain brook trout. I fared sumptuously after that and found the journey far too short. I had always been sorry for John, whose diet was locusts and wild honey, but I tell you, John knew his business. If a locust is anything like a Kansas hopper, the original pathfinder had no kick coming.'

### A Lesson in Civility.

The street car conductor was inclined to be disagreeable and unaccommodating, and only got what he deserved. He had some bills, but when the passenger tendered him a five-dollar bill, apologizing for so doing, he carefully sorted out four dollars and ninety-five cents in small coin and handed it over. There were two or three quarters, a few dimes, twenty-five or thirty pennies and any number of nickels.

Of course the passenger protested.

"I don't mind taking some of your small change," he said, "but I don't want it all. You have something larger."

"You can take that or nothing," retorted the conductor. "It's all you'll get."

Now that didn't tend to make the passenger feel kindly toward the conductor, but he apparently had no redress except to report him for incivility. A moment later, however, he recalled that the road sold tickets, and he smiled.

The conductor didn't wish to sell any tickets to this particular passenger, but he had to. He hesitated, but a prompt threat to report him induced him to sell twelve tickets for twenty-five pennies and five nickels.

Then a man sitting next to the passenger leaned over and said:

"I need some tickets. I'll give you half a dollar for those."

He got them, and then the conductor was called back.

"I want some more tickets," said the passenger.

The conductor grew red in the face as he saw every one in the car smiling, but he gave twelve tickets for ten nickels and then hurried to the rear platform.

"I'll take those tickets," said a man across the aisle to the passenger with the small change.

He got them and the conductor was called back again.

Every one in the car was much interested by this time, and some even laughed aloud at the conductor's discomfiture. Moreover, they took the tickets off the passenger's hands as fast as he bought them from the conductor.

When the latter had sold four dollars' worth he swore that he had no more, but under threat of being reported he discovered enough to exchange for the remainder of the change he had given the passenger.

He was mad, so mad that he added to his discomfiture by making a mistake in ringing up fares, but he had afforded the passengers some amusement, and—well, he had learned to be more obliging.

### Fire-Proof Houses.

They build fire-proof houses in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo without thinking of it, and while using all the wood they can afford to; and they use neither iron nor the arch. Trees are scarce in the neighborhood, and timber has to be brought down from the upper waters in hard woods. Being dear, a little of it is made to go as far as possible. The floors and the roofs are supported by joists of hard wood, as among us; across these are laid flat rails of the same, and the spaces between these are bridged over by thin bricks thirteen inches and a half long, with their ends resting on the rails; another layer of bricks is then laid with lime, and generally on this a layer of flat tiles. The doors and windows have no boxes, but simply frames, which are set up when the walls are going up and built in. There is no lathing or wainscot, or skirting at the bottom of the walls. A house thus built can not be burned.

### Links in the Chain.

The blasts that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

A cloud bursts; a rain-drop filled the acorn cup.

A robbin, wearied by the sultry heat of an autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of graceful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I owe my song to the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not the acorn cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied: "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making His mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown and unsuspected channels, and bringing, in due time, by His own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm cloud."

### "Home Beautiful."

If you are buying or building a home, see to it that in some room there is an open fireplace, about which the family may gather on winter evenings, to enjoy the rest and comfort which seems to spring from the glow of the fire. In these days, when the artistic can be had at so small a cost, the hearth should be the center from which radiate the comfort and beauty of the whole apartment. Above the mantel should be hung the choicest engraving; in its nooks and corners should be placed our favorite ornaments. For this purpose cunningly devised shelves and recesses should be built, quaint little cubbyholes to delight and surprise, fantastically shaped mirrors should be set here and there to add brilliancy, the whole to be fashioned with harmony, fitness, and above all, individuality. A pretty idea, which we offer merely as a suggestion to be improved upon, is to have the mantel in the general sitting-room built of some natural wood to match the panelling. Above the mirror, which if large can be cut across by a narrow band of steel, have tiers of shelves irregularly partitioned off, holding a variety of graceful ornaments. If the room serves also as the library, a few shelves can be built on each side of the chimneypiece to hold the favorite volumes, from which can be drawn silk hangings of some bright color. Add to this the glow of the fire, the warm tones of the Persian rug, the comfortable chairs drawn up to the blaze, the kettle singing on the "trivet," and we have a picture that will repay us.

### What Saxons Called the Months.

January was expressed by a Saxon word, signifying wolf-month, because in that month wolves were most mischievous, owing to the extremity of cold and snow.

February was called by a word signifying colewort, or springwort, because then the worts began to sprout.

March was called the lengthening month, because then the days in length do exceed the nights.

April was signified by a word implying the Easter month, because their Easter generally fell in April.

May was called three milkings, because they milked their cattle three times a day during that month.

June was called the meadow month, because they then turned their cattle out to feed in the meadow.

July was called the hay month, because they then generally cut their hay.

August was called the barn month, for they generally filled their barns during that month.

September was called the grist month for in this month they carried their new corn to the mill.

October was called the wine month, for then the ripe grapes were generally pressed to make wines.

November was called the windy month because of the high winds that commonly happened in that month.

December was called the winter month, on account of the intense cold, and afterward the holy month on account of the nativity of our Lord.

### Electrical Fireworks.

An electrician says that the day is not so far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise all the modern pyrotechnical effects.

### Skins of the Kid.

Kid gloves are of great antiquity. They are mentioned in the sixteenth verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, where Rebekah, after arraying her son Jacob in neat attire thus completed his toilet: "And she put the skins of the kids of the goats upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck."

## NO ONE CROWDED IN TEXAS.

### Staggering Figures Regarding the Area of the Lone Star State.

That the Western States of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that through various manipulations tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of the magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi.

Of the vast area of the larger Western States people who have not visited them and travelled over them have no comprehensible idea. Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader, says *Kate Field's Washington*, these figures mean but very little; they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than fifty four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg State, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return there should be as many persons in the State as there were before the train left with its cargo, and if each were placed upon an acre of ground upon his arrival in Texas the train would be obliged to make 224 trips, or to depopulate Connecticut 224 times, before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 703,808 empty acres.

It may be of passing interest to know that such a train, made up of coaches twenty feet long, capable of accommodating fifty passengers each, would extend over the distance of more than three six miles.

If the entire State of Texas were planted with corn and the hills were two feet apart and the rows were three feet apart, and if every man, woman and child in the State of Connecticut were set to work in the field to hoe the corn, and each person were able to and did hoe two hills in five minutes, it would take this army of laborers 7 years, 280 days and 7 hours to hoe every hill of corn in the State, laboring continuously day and night 365 days each year.

To those persons who have never stopped to consider how great a country they are living in these figures may be of interest. The man who fears that he could not elbow his way around in the crowded West without chafing the nap of his coat sleeves may gather some solace from the statement that the entire living population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain 50,000,000 vacant family lots.

### The Story of a Revolver.

I was walking on the dock one afternoon when I ran into a tramp who was fumbling over a heap of rubbish in an ash barrel. He fished out an old revolver; barely had his hand touched the weapon when he threw the pistol to the ground. Turning to me he said:

"I should like very much to take that iron with me."

"Well, there it is."

"Not for worlds."

"You are crazy."

"I am not. How do I know what may have been done with that revolver?"

The man puzzled me.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Might not this thing have been used in some killing scrape?"

"Nonsense! Put it in your pocket. It won't hurt you."

"You know it's a superstition among thieves and murderers to throw away their shooting irons. It is considered bad luck to the man who holds 'em."

"Why so?"

"Oh, there's no telling. Now, this revolver," he said, "might have taken a man's life for all I know. There are rust stains on the handle. See for yourself."

I looked closely. There were dull stains there which might have been caused by human blood. But only a microscope could determine that definitely now.

"Maybe the man who fell before this gun was robbed for his money; maybe he had a home and family; maybe it was some atrocious midnight surprise."

As the tramp said this he looked intently at the engine of death in a reflective fashion. Then with a sudden movement he threw it far out into the tide.

I thought no more of the incident. Four or five months later my business took me to a small town in Connecticut.

"You are just in time," said a friend.

"For what?" I asked.

"Lots of sport here to-day."

"How so?"

"Well, we're to have a hanging bee. We are going to make a man swing for a bloody crime. Here is his picture in the paper."

I looked and started with surprise. It was the face of my tramp.

### Cleverly Parried.

A bright woman who has said good-by to youth, but who is making out extremely well on the aftermath, has successfully solved the problem of quenching other women's inquiries with regard to her age. "Whenever a woman has the assurance to ask me what my age is," she explained, "I always beam upon her and immediately exclaim, 'Oh, my dear girl, I am a great deal older than you are—a whole year at least.' And then, before she can find time or breath for another question, I add, 'And, by the way, what is your exact age, my dear?' The woman, taken by surprise, lies heroically, of course, and consequently makes me out at least five years younger than I would have dared to make myself."