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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 33. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,125.

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

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 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 06
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	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. 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
7:29 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:48 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:25 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:30 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12 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 LIGHT-HOUSE.

Oft shall heaven's sentries sleep
Lodged in cloudy donjon-keep;
Dark or bright yon starry host,
Still the Hesper of our coast
Watches over weltering miles
Set with treacherous reefy isles.
When the seaman on black nights
Has no cheer from heaven's lights,
He unblamed shall heed this ray
Constant thrown upon his way.
Earthly hands the beacon trim,
But it shall not fail to him.

What, if sailing from afar
Without grace of moon or star,
I at length withdraw mine eyes
From the masked, unmoved skies,
Turning from the blank above
Towards the star of Human Love,—
All the light the night vouchsafes
To the wild sea's driven waifs!

—Edith M. Thomas in Lippincott's Mag.

"KITTY'S FORTY."

It doesn't do men any good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boy's school in which there was not a tendency to rowdyism, and lumbermen, sailors, fishermen, and other men that live only with men, are proverbially a half-bear sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come—but I forgot myself; it is the story you want.

Burton and Jones lived in a shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, and, finding it hard to support his wife in a "down-east" village, he had emigrated to Northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under her father's roof until he should be able to "make a start." He and Burton had gone into partnership, and had "pre-empted" a town site of three hundred and twenty acres.

There were perhaps twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at the time my story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The partners had disagreed, quarrelled, and divided their interests. The land was all shared between them except one valuable forty-acre piece. Each of them claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high between them that the neighbors expected they would "shoot at sight." In fact, it was understood that Burton was on the forty-acre place determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out there and shoot Burton, when the fight was postponed by the unexpected arrival of Jones's wife and child.

Jone's shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the luxury of fighting his old partner in his exertions to make wife and baby comfortable for the night. For the winter sun was surrounded by "sun bugs." Instead of one sun there were four, an occurrence not uncommon in this latitude, but one which always bodes a terrible storm.

In his endeavor to care for wife and child, Jones was mollified a little, and half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was determined not to be backed down, and would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his two-year-old child, and dreaded that she should be left fatherless. Nevertheless, he wouldn't be backed down. He would shoot or be shot.

While the father was busy cutting wood, and the mother was busy otherwise, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open.

There was no latch as yet, and her prying little fingers easily swung it back. A gust of cold air almost took her breath away, but she caught sight of the brown grass without, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet would fain try and explore it.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down a path bordered by sere grass and the dead stalks of the wild flowers.

How often she had longed to escape from restraint, and paddle out into the world alone. So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above, and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went, and what was at the end of the world. What did she care if her nose was blue with cold, and her chubby hands red as beets? Now and then she paused to turn her head away from a rude blast, a forerunner of the storm, but, having gasped a moment she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great unknown.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the little pet out with him.

Jones, poor fellow, sure that the darling was safe within, chopped away until that awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by snow and half frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make sure of having enough to keep his wife and Kitty from freezing in the coming awfulness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones had fled none to soon.

When once the wood was stacked by the stove, Jones looked around for Kitty. He had no more than inquired for her when father and mother each read in the other's face the fact that she was lost in this wild, dashing snow.

So fast did the snow fall, and so dark was the night, that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in snowdrifts, and he soon lost himself.

He stumbled through the drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, but not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing, wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and, having rapped on the door, he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had returned to his own house in his bewilderment.

When we remember that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one, on account of his mortal quarrel with Burton, and now been beaten against an arctic hurricane, and tramping through treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we can not wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Happy for him that he did not fall bewildered on the prairie, as many another poor wayfarer did on that fatal night.

As it was, his wife must needs give up the vain little searches she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had now a sick husband, with frozen hands and feet and face, to care for.

Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat the little cook-stove in Jones's shanty could give would hardly keep them from freezing.

Burton had stayed upon that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones's wife, and he concluded that his enemy was a coward, and had left him in possession, or else he meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that impossible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman he must have perished there, within a furlong of his own house. But in endeavoring to keep the direction of the path he heard a smothered cry, and then saw something rise up covered with snow, and then fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it, when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human, that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward. It was a child!

He did not remember that there was such a child among all the settlers at Newton. But he did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself and child to a place of safety, or both would be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms, and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek, and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closer, and fought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then, when he got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," she said.

"Kitty," he said, "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.

"Whose Kitty are you?"

"Whose Kitty?" she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither take Kitty out or leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, and stuffed the stove with wood, and laughed at her droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day the storm subsided. It was forty degrees cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins, and, with much difficulty, reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only a frost-bite on his nose by the way.

"That child," said the woman, to whose house he had gone, "is Jones's; I seed 'em take her outen the wagon day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity. Then he rolled her up again and started out, "travelling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.

When he reached Jones's he found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief, and unable to move out of the house. Kitty they had given up as buried under a snow-mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in with his bundle of buffalo skins, they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it, and let out little Kitty, and said, "Here Jones, is this yer kitten?" Mrs. Jones could not think of anything better to do than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand, and said. "Burton, old fellow," and then choked up, and sat down and cried helplessly.

And Burton said, "Jones, old fellow, you may have that forty-acre patch. It came mighty near making me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."

"No, you shall take it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And Jones actually deeded his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

This is why this part of Newton is called "Kitty's Forty."

Chasing an Ancestor.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Brown-Jones, "I—or—think you ought to have a few family portraits."

"Good idea, my love," returned her husband. "I'll stop in to-morrow and have my photo——"

"Mr. Jones, you know I regard the question of family as sacred, and to jest——"

"Jest, my dear? If paying seven dollars a dozen for photographs is jesting, I do not wonder at the poverty of professional humorists."

"I think that a few ancestral portraits would be delightful."

"But our families are not limited; your mother was a Smith, and mine rejoiced in the name of Robinson. Now the late census shows——"

"Thomas, this is actually sacrilegious. Our ancestry is a noble, a proud one; and thus to laugh at it and provoke the spirits of those beings——"

"Pardon me, my dear; I forgot what legions I invoked. Well, we'll get some portraits. I think there is one of my great-grandmother at the old house."

"So? Who painted it?"

"I am not a connoisseur, my love, but, judging by appearances, I should say that my grandfather must have had a hand in it at the age of four. Time has been merciful, however—the frame is——"

"Then it is not worth much as a portrait?" Mrs. Brown-Jones asked sadly.

"Can't say; never saw the old lady."

"Wasn't her father Sir Thomas——"

"Give it up, sweetheart; never dabbled with family skeletons."

"Skeletons! You might think——"

"I might, my love, but I rarely do."

"You might think there was some hidden mystery."

"None apparent, so it must be hidden if there is any. But what good are ancestors?"

"What good? Why, Thomas Jones, what would we be without ancestors?"

"True, true. I never considered the question in that light. Why, we shouldn't be."

"And so I want a few portraits to prove that our family is a notable one."

"A directory would prove that."

"Now be serious. Can we get that picture to hang in the library?"

"We can get the picture, but as to hanging it in the library, I say no."

"I—I— think you are horrid. I—I——"

"Calm yourself. You can have the portrait, but I would warn you not to speak her name."

"Why, Thomas, why?"

"Because her name was Bridget Maloney, and my great-grandfather eloped with her from Dublin in 1797."

"Oh, why did I ever marry you? You never told me—you never——" (rises sobbing.)

"You never asked me. Do you want the picture?"

"Do I want it? No, sir! The idea! The Batchby-Pokedyes are English back to the Conquest. No, sir; it's absolutely vile in you." *Exit.*

"I wonder," mused Jones, "if I could have palmed off that thing of 'Midnight on Lake Como' for the old lady? Well, it's all right. I can't afford to have any modern painter go back a hundred years and pay annual interest."

The Rialto Bridge.

The bridge of the Rialto is a name to conjure with, but, honestly speaking, it is scarcely the gem of the composition. There are, of course, two ways of taking it—from the water or from the upper passage, where its small shops and booths abound in Venetian character; but it mainly counts as a feature of the canal when seen from the gondola or even from the awful *vaperetto*. The curve of its single arch is much to be commended, especially when, coming from the railway station, you see it frame with its sharp compass line the perfect reach of the canal on the other side. But the backs of the little shops make, from the water, a graceless collective hump, and the inside view is the diverting one.

The big arch of the bridge—like the arches of all the bridges is the boatman's friend in wet weather. The gondolas, when it rains, huddle beside the peopled barges, and the young ladies from the hotels, vaguely fidgeting, complain of the communication of insect life. Here indeed is a little of everything, and the jewellers of this celebrated precinct—they have their immemorial row—make almost as fine a show as the fruiterers. It is a universal market, and a fine place to study Venetian types. The produce of the islands is discharged there, and the fishmongers announce their presence.

All one's senses, indeed, are vigorously attacked, the whole place is violently hot and bright, and odorous and noisy. The churning of the *vaporetto* mingles with the sounds—not indeed that this offensive note is confined to one part of the canal. But just here the little piers of the resented steamer are particularly near together, and it seems, somehow, to be always kicking up the water.

An Excellent Recommendation

"Will this goods wear well?" asked the Chicago maiden, who was selecting a wedding dress.

"Yes, indeed!" replied the dealer earnestly. "I'll guarantee that you can get married a dozen times in a dress made from that material."—Judge.

PEARL FISHING.

WHERE AND HOW THE PRECIOUS ORNAMENTS ARE OBTAINED.

Remarkable Success Attended the Efforts of an Adventurous Mariner Who Jumped Overboard in the Night to Escape From a Brutal Skipper.

"Twenty-three years ago," said Robert J. Holloway, who is a pearl fisher at Thursday Island, on the other side of the Pacific, to a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter, "I was an apprentice on board an English ship trading in the Polynesian archipelago, and used to envy the pearlers and inter-island traders their free and careless life among the beautiful tropical islands. As is often the case, I had a brutal skipper and this helped me to resolve to run away from the vessel and throw in my lot with the pearl fishers.

"One dark night when we were at Batavia I dropped over the side and went ashore. Here I had no difficulty in getting employment on one of the small luggers which was to sail at daybreak.

"I spent two years on this little vessel and saved what I earned, and having by that time what I thought sufficient experience I started in a small way for myself, pearling and trading in beche de mer with the natives. Sometimes we had trouble with the savages; but, taken all through, the risks incurred were well compensated for by the large profits in the trade.

"In 1875 I had become the owner of a fine lugger, and I employed eight divers, all Kanakas, who used no diving apparatus whatever, and can remain under water several minutes at a time. This season I was operating in the Bay of Carpenteria and was extremely fortunate in getting pearls, although I lost three of my men by sharks. These men take great risks, seeming to have no fear of the swarms of sharks that infest the water. The divers have a large stone attached by a cord to the boat. With this weight in their hands they dive overboard and sink rapidly to the bottom. Then grabbing all the shells within reach they fill the network bag hung around their necks and come to the surface with their cargo."

"What percentage of the shells contains pearls?" asked the reporter.

"Well, there is no rule," explained Mr. Holloway. "Sometimes we don't get a decent pearl in a boat load, and again we may make a rich haul in a handful of them. The small opaque pearl is common enough, and of really little value. One good big pearl is worth a pail full of them.

"After fishing on the coast of West Australia for a couple of years I tried the New Guinea fisheries. Here I was very successful, and in '79 I settled down at Thursday Island, determined to make that my headquarters while my boats went in different directions. By this time I had three large pearling vessels and employed about fifty men. At the present time I run eleven boats and pay about a hundred men. Of course, all the vessels are not equally successful, some of them often running me into loss for the year.

"Pearls are very fashionable in Europe, and there is a great demand for the best sorts. I do most of my business with Amsterdam, and I have it on authority of my agents there that three of the finest pearls in a necklace worn by the Princess of Wales are from my fisheries.

GIRLS DON'T ALWAYS KNOW.

Sometimes Reject the Most Brilliant and Best of Suitors.

Rejected lovers may find consolation from the knowledge that some of the cleverest and handsomest men have been refused, and that they have nevertheless managed to live on and win fame and fortune, says the Brandon *Buckshaw*. Shakespeare is generally credited with considerable knowledge of humanity and its ways, and he describes Romeo, the prince of lovers, as being rejected by the fair Rosalind only just before Juliet fell in love with him.

A certain John Scott once proposed to a Miss Allgood. While smarting under her disdain he happened to enter a village church during divine service, and there for the first time he saw the pretty Miss Surtees. He wooed her and as the father would have nothing to say to him, he induced her to elope, and this though three wealthy suitors were already at her feet. John Scott lived to be the Earl of Eldon and Lord High Chancellor and never regretted the day Miss Allgood rejected him.

Byron was refused several times. He proposed to Miss Millbanke, a great heiress, and was rejected, though the lady expressed a wish to correspond with him. He then proposed to another lady, and his suit was rejected, too. Nothing daunted he renewed his proposal to Miss Millbanke, and this time received a very flattering acceptance. They lived together, however, very unhappily.

One of the most persistent suitors who ever proposed and was rejected was the eccentric Cruden, compiler of the Concordance to the Bible. Miss Abney, who had inherited a large fortune, was the subject of his attentions. For months and months he pestered her with calls and letters. When she left home he had papers printed, which he distributed in various places of worship, asking the congregation to pray for her safe return, and when she returned home he issued others asking the worshippers to return thanks. Mrs. Abney never became Mrs. Cruden.

Follies of Wise Men.

The characters of many men who are deservedly famous exhibit contradictions which never cease to puzzle the student of human nature. The wonderful logic of Bacon dissipated the errors of two thousand years of wrong reasoning, and it is not too much to say that he first taught the average man to think correctly. Yet while he was shaping the future thought of the world, he stooped to the most contemptible sycophancy to flatter the "learned fool" whose hand could bestow the sordid favors he sought. Avaricious in the extreme, he could yet see his servants pilfer the odd money he left about the house, and only say: "Ay, ay, poor knaves; it is their portion." Modest as the greatest scholar of his day, he was also one of the most ostentatious of James' courtiers. On one occasion, during a royal progress to Newmarket, this "meanest of mankind," as Pope described him, gave a peasant ten pounds for bringing him some fruit. This, by the way, was too much for the penurious "Jamie," who promptly reproved the extravagance with "My laird, this seems the way till the Beggar's Bush."

The great Kepler, while making astronomy possible as a science, not only accepted all the absurdities of astrology, but believed that the earth and the planets were huge live animals moving through space by muscular force and that men and the brute creation were parasites upon them. Of a more innocent and pleasant, but still curious nature, are the intellectual peculiarities of such men as Descartes, Newton, Doctor Johnson, Sir James Stewart, Goldsmith, Blair and Adam Smith. It is on record that Sir Isaac Newton once asked a friend to dine off the fowl that had been brought for his own dinner, forgot all about it, and then believed that he had himself dined when he afterward found the bones lying on the dish. Doctor Johnson, in most things a thorough materialist, implicitly believed in second sight, always began to walk with the same foot, and never would step on the line between two paving stones. Sir James Stewart, the father of political economy, made a compact with a very dear friend to the effect that whichever died first should try to revisit the ether at a certain spot and hour, and, after twenty years of exile, went to that spot every day to the end of his life, expecting the engagement to be kept.

Riding a Camel.

There is something inexpressibly repelling in the *supercilium triste* of a camel as he looks scornfully at you with his nose in the air. But I overcame my repugnance and mounted one, after receiving careful instructions how to retain my seat while the brute is getting up.

It was well enough while he walked; but when he began to trot at a brisk pace I devoutly wished myself astride on an humbler animal. But how was I to stop him? There was no bridle, only a rope attached to the left side of the brute's mouth. At that rope I tugged, with the effect merely of making my camel trot off to the left.

I had been told that if I wished to make him go to the right that I must hit him on the left side of the head with a very short stick with which I had been provided for the purpose. But that was more easily said than done. How was I, from my giddy perch, to reach the creature's head across that long stretch of neck?

I tried it and nearly lost my balance for my pains—no joke at a height of some ten feet above the pebbly sand. One of the officers, however, saw my plight, stopped, uttered some gurgling sound, and then the camel, exposing its teeth and protesting viciously, knelt down and I dismounted, silently vowing that never again would I chose that mode of locomotion.

My deliverer, who exchanged his donkey for my camel, laughed heartily at my discomfiture. But I had my revenge speedily, for in the exuberance of his gayety he allowed the camel to rise unexpectedly, and was pitched head over heels to the ground. He was not hurt, and he joined in the laugh against himself as heartily as he had laughed at me.

An Erroneous Idea.

Allspice is not, as many suppose, a mixture of several kinds of spice. It is the fruit of a single tree, the pimento, and the name is derived from the fact that the berry forms a singular combination of the odors of cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves. The island of Jamaica produces nearly all the allspice that grows. The pimento tree is evergreen and the flowers grow in dense clusters; these develop into small, green, aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen they become pulpy and lose some of their purgency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun and afterward packed in bags and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles.

There is one thing about a house which seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

The idea of burning garbage is not a new one; lots of fellows smoke cheap domestic cigars.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

It Was What Was Wanted, but the Negro Thought Otherwise.

A party of gentlemen were about starting on a hunting trip out in Maryland. They had arranged to go in a large wagon, take their own provisions with them, and rough it among the hills for a week or so in approved style, says the Washington *Post*. When everything was put in place, and a start about to be made, one of the party, who is considerable of a gourmet, suddenly discovered that he had forgotten to procure some of his favorite Roquefort cheese.

His companions were equally fastidious in their taste, and a halt was ordered until the article could be procured. The man Friday of the expedition was despatched to a leading grocer with a note stating what was wanted, and followed the clerk who took it to the cheese counter. His education in matters of refined cuisine had been sadly neglected, and when he saw the clerk cutting in half a tinfoil-covered disk, whose interior appeared anything but desirable to him, from an edible point of view, he inquired:

"Mistah, what is you er doin'?"

"I'm getting the cheese Mr. M—— sent you for," was the reply.

The negro youth's eyes expanded. "I—is you g-g-gwine ter sen Marse Will dat ar' green-lookin' stuff?" he gasped.

"Why, certainly," responded the clerk.

"Den you gotter sen' it by some udder pusson 'sides me. Ef I war to take Marse Will enny ole rotten cheese like dat ar' he'd beat me mos' nyarly ter death."

And he refused point-blank to take it, in spite of all explanations.

"You des sen' sumbuddy else. You ain't goin' to get my back broke wid none of yo' foolishness. Catch myse'f takin' Marse Will enny stuff like that! No, sah!"

Old Flint, Steel and Lights.

We fail to realize the boon conferred upon us by the invention of lucifer matches, not perfected until the present generation. The old strike-a-light, still manufactured at Brandon, in Suffolk, required a flint, a steel, and a tinder box. In Buchan the steel was called the fleurish or fleerish. Many still living have seen the flint, steel and awn (alum) paper used by the stane-knapper at the roadside to get a light for his pipe. For domestic purposes the tinder was kept in its box, which was in two parts—a box to hold the tinder and a lid to extinguish it, the latter sometimes arranged to serve as a candlestick. An improvement on the awn paper was the spunk, or brimstone match, tipped with sulphur, and used to get a flame from the tinder. This was universal from 1800 to 1850.

In the olden days candles were taxed articles, and it was the duty of Burns, as an excise officer, to see that the tax was not evaded. He generally looked the other way, however, as when, passing through the kitchen one night at William Lorrimer's, of Kennishall, where the gude wife was busy making candles, he merely remarked:

"Faith, madam, ye're thrang the nicht," and passed into the parlor.

There were two substitutes for candles. The one was the ancient oil lamp, the croosie (*creuset*) a triangular metal saucer with an upright hook at the base to be hung up by. There was an inner saucer, to graduate the use of the oil. At the apex of the angle was the flame, coming from a wick made of the pitch of rushes, which must be cut at full moon, as the flame was supposed to wax and wane with the moon if cut at any other time. The other substitute for the candle was the bog can'l. It was made by splitting up the resinous logs of the primeval firs that are found imbedded in the bogs. They were left to dry at the fireside, over the cruck or chain that held up the pot over the fire. The candlestick, called the peer-man, was a stone with a hole in its centre, into which was fixed a pillar of wood about four feet high and tipped with a cleft piece of iron, into which the candle fitted. The nose of the candle was always turned to the door.

A Convenient Brother.

It is a serious offence for a German soldier to appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must always wear it.

A certain Lieut. Schmidt, who was engaged in some adventure or other dressed up as a civilian, was having a fine time of it, when on turning a corner he unexpectedly met his colonel. Lieutenant Schmidt, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but in a changed voice inquired:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country, and am paying him a visit."

The colonel gave the desired information, and Lieutenant Schmidt hurried home and got into uniform as soon as possible. He thought he had deceived his superior officer, but next day when he met the colonel the latter said:

"Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit, I'll have him placed in close confinement for thirty days."

When four-year-old Carl saw waffles for the first time, he cried out, "Oh, mamma, look at the cut-glass pancakes!" And nothing could more accurately describe the peculiar indentations which the waffle irons leave.

The largest needle manufactory in the world is in Ridditch, Worcester England. Over 70,000,000 are made weekly.