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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 37. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,129.

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., 1677 St. Marks Ave., New York.

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

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

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

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 53	6 15	Piedmont	11 00	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 30	Barton	10 50	5 49	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 40	Lonaconing	10 42	5 39	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 52	Midland	10 29	5 28	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55	Ocean	10 26	5 24	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 19	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 11	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 25	Morantown	9 52	4 54	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 50	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 37	Barrelville	9 38	4 44	10 22
7 50	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 42	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 45	Kreitzburn's	9 30	4 37	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 35	10 13
8 00	1 30	8 00	Cumberland	9 15	4 25	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.						Leave.

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performances.

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.

No baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

May 27

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 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
11:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 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
	....No. 6 Express....	2:45 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12:20 a m	...No. 4 Express	12:30 a m
12:30 p m	No. 1 6 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
11:30 p m	....No. 7 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:01 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 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—Chicago Limited.. leaves	....	4:05 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	..	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "	..	2:10 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday	..	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves	..	2:35 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

May 27

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

FOR THEE, LOVE, ONLY THEE.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
I'll brave Fate's sternest storm;
She can not daunt or chill the heart
That love keeps bold and warm:
And when her clouds are blackest, nought
But thy sweet self I'll see,
Nor hear amidst the tempest aught
But thee love, only thee.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
My fond heart would resign
The brightest cup that Pleasure fills,
And Fortune's wealthiest mine;
For Pleasure's smiles are vanity,
And fortunes fade or flee;
There's purity and constancy
In thee, love, only thee.

For thee, love, for thee, love,
Life's lonely vale I'll tread,
And aid thy steps the journey through,
Nor quit thee till I'm dead.
And even then round her I love
My shade shall hovering be,
And warble notes from heaven above
To thee, love, only thee.

A BOX OF BON BONS.

There never was a more tempting sight than that shop window. There were mimic castles, all of sugar, glittering like frost in the bright gas light, jars of candied fruit, and loaves of frosted bride-cake decorated with sugar flowers, one or two of the loaves cut to show the richness of their hearts; tumblers of jelly as yellow as sunlight, great clusters of purple and white grapes with a frosty bloom on them, a dish of bouncing yellow oranges, and another of apples as red as a country girl's cheeks, and looking as if they would break their plump sides open if they had tried to grow any bigger, and around and amidst everything, arranged in the most attractive way, though in seeming confusion, new bon bons of every kind. Bon bons in jars, and chocolate and cream bon bons, cordial drops and jelly drops, sugared almonds and kisses.

Dick stopped and looked in at the window with greedy eyes. He had had his first day's experience as a newsboy, and it had been a very discouraging one. The older newsboys jostled and pushed him out of the way, and screamed their wares so lustily that they completely drowned his weak, piping little voice. So in the whole day he had only sold three papers. If he had moderately good success, Dick had determined to buy a little candy that night. It was so long since he and Lena had had a taste of candy! For his mother was very poor; she had to support them by sewing, and as she was very often ill that was hard to do. If it had not been, she would not let Dick, so young as he was, go out into the streets to sell newspapers.

Dick had been wondering, for a week before hand, if it would be very extravagant for him to spend five cents for candy, provided he should make twelve cents on this, his first day's trade. This morning he had been so hopeful that he even decided exactly what he should buy; one stick of barley candy and an ounce of chocolate cream drops; Lena liked chocolate cream drops, and Johnny Riley had told him where they could be bought for four cents an ounce. But that did not matter to him now; he could not buy any, and his heart ached so with disappointment that he could not keep the tears back.

The store was crowed with people, and they all acted as if they had so much money that they didn't know what to do with it.

"Ain't you gone home yet, Dick Halstead?" called out Johnny Riley, pausing a moment in his screaming as he went by with a great bundle of papers under his arm. "You might as well; business is awful poor."

A gentleman who was just going into the store turned around and looked at Dick as Johnny Riley spoke.

"Is your name Dick Halstead?" he asked in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir," answered Dick, surprised also. "My real name is Richard, but they call me Dick."

"Well, wait here a minute, will you, my boy? I want to speak to you," the gentleman said, kindly.

He went into the store followed by a boy who was with him and who seemed to be an errand boy. Dick saw him buy a box of bon bons; one of those that were closed so that the beautiful pictures on the covers could be seen. And then he came out to the door.

"You are to carry this to No. 35 Blank street, to Miss Lily Douglas—stay, I'll write the name on the wrapper," he said to the boy. "You may ring the bell and leave it on the steps. I don't want them to see you because I don't want them to know who sends it."

He went back into the store to finish his purchases, and the errand boy went up the street with the box.

A temptation assailed Dick, sudden, sharp and conquering. He ran after the boy, swiftly but slyly, dodging behind people, and now and then into a store door or an alley way, so that the boy need not by any chance see that he was following him. When they passed off the crowded thoroughfares into the more quiet streets where the private residences were he had to be more careful still. His heart beat so that he fancied the boy must hear it; but he was evidently in a hurry to get home, and had no thought but to get the box safely delivered.

He ran up the steps of an elegant house on one of the finest streets, set the box down carefully, jerked the bell furiously, and was off down the street like a deer.

Swiftly and noiselessly Dick stole up the steps, with his heart beating like a drum in his ears, caught the box, and was far down the street with it in his hands before the door opened.

He felt as if all the policemen in the city were in pursuit of him, and as if every distant sound he heard was a cry of "Thief! thief!" But gradually, as nothing happened to him and nobody seemed to notice him, he grew bolder.

He began to have a desire to see the contents of the box, and stopped under a lamp post in a retired street, where there were a few passers-by, took off the wrapper and opened the box.

Such a tempting array as there was in it! Enough to make one's mouth water to see it. Dick put his fingers in to take out a great delicious looking cream drop, when whisk! out flew bon bons in every direction, into his face and all over the sidewalk, and out popped the queerest, the most dreadful looking figure! A little old man, with a bushy white beard, and sharp black eyes glittering under his cocked hat. It would have given anybody a start, but it threw Dick, with his guilty conscience, into a panic of terror; he dropped the box and ran as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him.

Only a few squares, however, and then his senses, which had been almost entirely carried away by fright, began to come back to him. He remembered that he had once, a long time before, when his father was alive and they were not so poor, seen in a toy shop a box out of which a mouse would jump when the lid was raised; and of course this was one of the same kind, only the figure of the little man was covered with bon bons to make his appearance still more unexpected and startling. And in the indistinct light, and with his conscience making a coward of him, had been startling enough to poor Dick.

"What a goose I was!" he said to himself. "I wish I had never touched the box. But then," suggested his greedy little sweet tooth, "I may as well go back and pick up the candy."

Nobody was passing; the street for its whole length was almost entirely deserted. He went back to the spot where he had dropped the box and began to cram the scattered bon bons into his pocket.

He was so eager to find them all that he forgot his fears, and did not hear the sound of coming footsteps until a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Then he looked up with a cry of fright, and there was the gentleman who had bought the box standing beside him!

"Oh, don't tell my mother!" cried Dick, trembling and sobbing. "Take me to jail, or anywhere, only don't tell mother! It would kill her to know it."

"Tell your mother what, my boy?" said the gentleman; and then seeing the bon bon box, he seemed to understand the whole. "You heard me tell the boy to leave the box on the steps, and you followed him and took it; was that it?" he said, severely.

Dick hung his head and was silent.

"It can't be, then," the gentleman said, musingly. "Dick Halstead's son wouldn't have been a thief."

"I ain't a real thief," said Dick, humbly and chokingly. I never stole anything in my life before."

"Was your father's name Richard Halstead?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," answered Dick, hesitatingly.

He felt almost as if he would rather the gentleman would hand him over to a policeman at once than talk to him about his father and mother. It made him feel so badly to think of them now!

"Well, I am going home with you to see your mother," said the gentleman.

Then Dick was in despair. It would be too dreadful to have his mother know that he was a thief! He begged and prayed the gentleman not to tell her, and he at last promised that he would not, on condition that Dick should promise never again, as long as he lived, to take what was not his own. That promise Dick was ready enough to give.

And the gentleman went home with him, and it turned out that he was an old friend of Dick's father, and had tried often, unsuccessfully, to find his family, since he had heard of his death.

Oh, how Dick wished that he had resisted that dreadful temptation and waited at the store door, as the gentleman had asked him to do, and then he would not have felt ashamed to look him in the face.

The gentleman was rich and generous, and better days dawned for them. Dick and Lena were sent to school, and after awhile—not until he had fully proved his honesty, for people are always suspicious of one who has once yielded to temptation, you know—the gentleman took Dick into his counting-room. And I am happy to tell you that his trust was not misplaced.

Women and Baldness.

"Did you ever see a woman that was entirely bald? Would you marry a bald-headed woman?" were two questions fired at a *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "You haven't and you wouldn't, of course not. Then why is it that a woman will show an utter disregard for hair on a man's head and marry him if he has a top like a billiard ball when a man wouldn't recognize a bald-headed woman on the street even if she was his own mother? Why is it that one sex enjoys absolute immunity from baldness and the other is prone to it? If the causes of baldness attributed to men are correct, why shouldn't they apply to women as well? I am not a biologist and can't answer these questions, but I am interested in finding the man who has ever seen a woman that was entirely bald. And, then, when I find him I want to find the one who would marry a bald-headed woman. Then I'd like to know why they don't get bald."

Three things to be contended for—Honor, country, and friends.

Satisfied With the Change.

In the days when men sold their wives for a small money consideration, the woman in the case was not always dissatisfied with the changed order of things. Early in the month of March, 1766, an English carpenter named Higginson, went into an alehouse for his morning draught; there he met a fellow carpenter, and their conversation turned on wives. The carpenter, whose name history has not recorded, lamented that he had no wife. Higginson, on the other hand, lamented that he had, and expressed regret that there was no way except murder by which he could rid himself of her. The carpenter assured Higginson that there was a way—the old English custom had made it quite lawful for a husband to sell his own rib. "No one would be such a fool as to buy mine," sighed Higginson. "I would do so," the other promptly replied, "and think I had made a good bargain, too." The husband, just then in a mood to chafe against domestic restraint, clenched the bargain on the spot. Mrs. Higginson was duly claimed by her new lord, and went willingly enough and lived with him as his wife. In a few days, however, Higginson either grew tired of his matchless home or suspected that he had not done right, and went to the other carpenter's house, demanding his wife back. Mrs. Higginson strenuously refused to leave her new lord. "A sale is a sale," said she, "and not a joke." Higginson went again and again, but to no purpose, and after a week or two ceased calling. His wife had just begun to conclude that he had at last quietly resigned his claim, when she was cited to appear before a coroner's jury and identify her husband, who had settled the question by hanging himself. The price paid for the woman is not recorded.

Abe Lincoln's Poetry.

"Here is a doggerel verse which Abraham Lincoln wrote when a boy of 19," said T. J. McMinn, of San Antonio, according to the *Globe-Democrat*. "During a recent stumping tour I met an old friend who was born in Sangamon County, Ill. His name is Cabaniss.

"He told me that Lincoln worked for his father in 1832. At that time a great rise occurred in the Sangamon River, and a steamboat, taking advantage of the high water, came up the stream. My friend was then a child, and the whistling of the boat frightened him. Lincoln, then a tall, angular young man, took him in his arms and carried him aboard the boat. After the departure of the craft, Lincoln wrote some rhymes about the incident, one verse of which the Cabaniss family preserved. It runs thus:

The Illinois Suckers, green and raw,
Collected on the Sangamaw
To see a boat come up the stream,
They surely thought it was a dream.

"For this doggerel he invented a melody, and he and others sang it. The song never found its way into print. The elder Cabaniss always told his children that the amiable, kindly Lincoln would develop into a great man."

Dancing in the Streets.

To the stranger in London, one of the most curious features of street life is the dancing of a merry group of ragged girls to the music of a barrel organ. A close observer must, however, be struck with the singular fact that at each of the "pitches" in any one neighborhood where dancing is indulged in, the same three or four girls can always be seen taking part in the recreation, and following at some distance behind the organ when the latter journeys on to a fresh stand. "Oh, yes, that's easily explained," said an organ-grinder when questioned on the subject; "the girls are, in fact, part of the show, and share to some extent in the takings. Directly we begin to play they start dancing. Soon other girls follow, and a large crowd quickly collects, and our takings are then, of course, much greater. Why at a single 'pitch' in the north of London one evening I counted over forty couples of young girls dancing—at half past eleven, too—while there must have been at least some hundreds of people watching. Yes, that was a good night's work and altogether through our 'decoys,' as they might be called. We treat these girls fairly, and pay them according to our takings. Our best time is nine o'clock. Girls who must have been hard at work all day, join in as heartily as any of the younger ones, and would dance all night if I went on playing." People must often wonder where the children learn their steps, but in every neighborhood two or three girls have taken part in a Christmas pantomime, and these not only practice the steps they were taught there, but teach their friends also. Again, mothers who have danced when they were younger show their children how they used to do it. Some really fine dancers may often be seen amongst these children of the slums, many of whom go direct from the streets to the pantomime stage. There can be no doubt that the girls are all the healthier for this open-air amusement, which obliges them to leave for a time the narrow alleys in which they live and to seek more open spaces in order to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Furthermore, one has only to watch the faces of the dancers to be convinced of the cheering effect produced by what may now be reasonably considered a regular part of the life of the poorer classes in London.

Repartee.

"I've more grit than you have," said the cake of chalk to the pound of sugar.

"That's all right," replied the sugar, "but you haven't as much sand."

GETTING MUST OUT OF THE HORSE

His Gait and Habits Can be Studied to Good Ends.

The art of getting the most out of horseflesh on the line of march is one which needs study and practice to every whit the same extent as do race riding or the haute ecole, and therefore these feats of endurance should form part of an officer's education, as well as those upon the tan or between the flags, says *The Saturday Review*.

To cover many miles with success a man must, first of all, study his own condition and while he makes his charger fit must not forget to render himself so, too. He should carefully watch how his horse takes its food and vary the amount of it, the time of feeding and the nature of forage, so as to insure that the animal derives the maximum amount of benefit from the nourishment it takes. Then he should endeavor by experiment to discover the pace which suits its conformation best, and the most judicious manner of varying it, so as to afford relief to the muscles and yet get over the ground. The particular pace that best suits the animal having been arrived at, it should be trained to go at that pace evenly and methodically and with the regularity of a machine. And care should be taken never to stretch the bow to the utmost, or the subsequent reaction will more than counterbalance the present gain. Thus it is that a man who will learn to watch the animal closely and sympathetically, will come to know by experience when he must check it, or when he may venture to press it forward. A careful, observant rider, like a good coachman, will note signs of fatigue or distress where another in his excitement will overlook them, while it is by the head rather than by the hand or leg that success in rapid marching is to be attained, and horse and man can be brought to their journey's end in such condition as will render them equal to renewed exertion on the morrow.

The Way Some Things Were Done in New Orleans.

All sentences, as were all general and special orders of interest to the people of New Orleans, were published the next day in the *Delta* newspaper, which having been printed in the interest of the secession, I had come to the conclusion should now be published in the interest of the United States, says the late Gen. Butler in his book.

By my proclamation I had made every owner of a building liable to have his building pulled down if any shot was fired at my soldiers from it. Therefore I sent for the occupant of the shoe store from which a shot had been fired which had killed a police officer, and for the owner of the building. I said to the owner:

"Sir, a police officer was wounded by a shot fired from your building during an attempt to riot a day or two ago. Show cause why the building should not come down."

"General," he said, "the shot was not fired from my building."

"Show that fact," I answered, "and your building is safe."

"Here is my tenant, the owner of the shoe store from which the man rushed into the street and fired the shot."

"Is this true?" I said, turning to the shop owner.

"Yes, General; the man rushed out and was on the sidewalk when he fired the shot: I saw him."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Yes; I know the man."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, General."

"Who was he?"

"I shan't tell."

"Very well," turning to the owner of the building, "your building is safe. But, Mr. Provost Marshal, put up a red flag and sell out the contents of this man's store at public auction tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, and advertise in the *Delta;* have the proceeds turned over to the civil fund."

"But," said the owner, "I will tell the name of the man."

"But you have chosen not to tell, and he has probably run away. I am going to punish somebody who had a hand in this thing."

The shop was seized, the contents sold and the money turned over.

I ordered weekly reports of the banks and was so certain of their solvency that I made the Citizens' Bank the place of deposit for all the funds that passed through my office, and used its bills in payment of all transactions.

Meanwhile my troops had been left unpaid. More than that, Farragut's fleet had not been paid at all, although if any men on earth deserved their pay it was his crew.

The Admiral called upon me, explaining the destitution of the fleet, and asked me in his simplicity of character to write to Washington stating the case.

"My letter upon such a subject would be simply referred to the Secretary of the Navy, so your matter wouldn't go along any faster on that account. How much money do you want, Admiral?"

He said he needed $50,000 in gold.

"Well, I have six or seven millions of gold subject to my order; it is hard if this necessity of yours cannot be relieved. Tell your purser to draw on me for $50,000 and you indorse the draft for the payment of your crew, and I will answer the requisition."

"But," said the Admiral, "I can never pay this money, General."

"Never do you mind that, Admiral; I never expect you will, but it will be a voucher to me when I am called upon to settle my accounts with the Treasury Department that the money has gone for public service."

Iowa Has a Curiosity Which is Indeed Wonderful.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Mississippi Valley is a natural ice cave, which is located in the bluffs of the Iowa River within less than a mile of Decorah, the county seat of Winnesheik County, says the St. Louis *Republic*.

This unique curiosity is, indeed, a natural ice-house—a cavern in which great icicles may be found at any season of the year, being especially fine in summer, particularly when the weather is hot and dry outside. The bluff in which the cave is located is between 200 to 400 feet in height, it being necessary to climb about seventy-five feet up the side of the bluff to reach the mouth of the cave. The entrance is a fissure about 10 feet in width and between 15 and 20 feet in height, from which a constant current of cold air issues. Thirty feet from the mouth of the cave the passage turns to the left and downward towards the river bed. The slope is gradual, however, and the wall and roof are within easy reach all the while. After you have reached a spot 100 feet from the opening you entered it is noticed that the roof and walls are covered with frost. Twenty feet further a thin coating of ice is noticed, which increases in thickness as you go into the bluff.

An Incorrect Impression.

It has frequently been stated that every drop of water contains myriads of little creatures which are repulsive enough in appearance to destroy one's good opinion of nature's beverage for life. This assertion is incorrect. That water is the home of an infinite number of microscopic animals is true, but not that every drop is full of them. To find the microscopic pond-life you must go where it is, and look for it under conditions favorable to its development. These creatures are not found in the water of a gravel-bottomed stream or in that of a clear lake or pond. Nor are the animals when found either hideous or disgusting. On the contrary, they are graceful in shape and movement, and exquisitely tinted. Some take from their food a rich green or pale yellow color, while occasional pinks, blues and browns may be seen. No illustration can adequately portray either these dainty tints or graceful forms. The delicacy which makes them so wonderfully beautiful under the microscope is the insurmountable obstacle in the way of really satisfactory representation. Under a strong magnifying power the finest and most highly polished cambric needle that man can make will appear like a rough iron casting. The outline of a great many of these little creatures, fifty of which could pass at the same time through the eye of a needle, will show a smoother curve under the highest magnifying power than the needle does to the unaided eye. One curious thing about these microscopic organisms is the harmonious relations they bear each other. I have never yet seen any performance which could be regarded as a fight between individuals, either of the same or of different species. I have seen two of them simultaneously attack the same bit of food. One secures and eats it; while the other swims away in apparent content to forage elsewhere. Most of them appear to have nothing special to do, except to eat. Probably that is their life work, and they do that work faithfully. I have seen them engaged in what might be play—chasing each other through the water. I have seen the little rotifers attach themselves to some slender filament by their hooked toes, as a trapeze performer clings by his hands to the bar, and whirl themselves around in evident enjoyment. They are born, live, perpetuate their race and die; but it is not easy to ascertain just what part these little animals, one ten-thousandth of an inch in length, play in the plan of creation.

Chinese Laborers.

The wages paid to laborers are about 6d. per diem, with rations. The workers are easily contented, demanding only the plainest of food, while for housing they are satisfied in winter to creep all together under a long low mat shed with a solid back to the north wind. The severity of the weather, however, usually stops all such work before Christmas. What the men do when they retire to winter quarters I can not tell; but Chinamen have a curious hibernating faculty, whereby by abstaining from muscular exertion they are able to economize considerably in their eating. In times of scarcity, when wages fall below a certain range, poor people sometimes choose not to work, because they consider that they would have to take more food to repair the waste than the work done would produce.—Macmillan's.

Risky.

Irate Father—Young man! I am enraged, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her.

Stubbs (firmly)—Well, she doesn't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me, too.—Texas Siftings.

A Pleasant Shave.

Customer—What makes your hand jerk so with that razor?

Baber—Why, boss, I'se used to do fits.

"The fits?"

"Yes, boss, but don't be scart; it is ten minutes befor' dey come on. Jes' you res' easy; dat's de symptoms."

To be good is to do good.

THE UMBRELLA

REPRESENTATIONS OF THEM ARE FOUND IN NINEVEH RUINS.

Its Ancient Origin as an Emblem of High Rank Peculiar Uses to Which it Was Put in Early Times—Introduced Into England in the Fourteenth Century.

The word umbrella is a diminutive from the Latin *umbra*, and signifies "a little shade." Representations of them are found in the ruins of Nineveh and on the monuments of Egypt. As an emblem of high rank it is of very ancient origin. The king of Burmah has for one of his titles, "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." In China and India its use is very ancient, and it had also apparently some religious signification. In the fifth incarnation of Vishnu, the god is spoken of as going down to the infernal regions bearing an umbrella in his hand. The princes of the blood in India have two gilt umbrellas with handles ten or fifteen feet in length borne over their heads, the other officers of state but one. The umbrella of the king was of white silk. In the middle ages it was used as an emblem of rank in the church. The cardinals and bishops were allowed to have them borne over their heads in solemn processions. All the large churches, especially the cathedral churches, owned an umbrella to be used in the processions.

Kersey's English Dictionary (1708) defines the umbrella as "a screen commonly used by women to keep off rain." The umbrella was probably introduced into England about the fourteenth century. The Harleian Ms. No. 603, has a drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman walking out, with a servant behind him carrying an umbrella over his head, with a handle that slopes backward. Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson refer to their use. They were at first kept in halls of great houses, and coffee-houses, to be used in passing from the door to the carriage, but Jonas Hanway, an eccentric traveller and philosopher, is believed to have been the first man of note who carried one in the streets. He encountered a great deal of ridicule for so doing.

In Greece the umbrella and parasol were more used by women of rank. In Rome its use was confined to women and effeminate men. DeFoe, in his Robinson Crusoe, described an umbrella made by Robinson, and covered with skins. The Chinese had adopted it at a very early date of their history, and were the only people who did not confine its use to the king and the princes of the blood, with whom, however, the man who was privileged must be a man of wealth and position. The common people made their hats broad, and of a shape so similar to the umbrella, that with their cloak of rushes they were alike protected from the sun and rain. The Japanese have used them ever since they established themselves in their island empire.

The Taming of Animals.

There are few benefits which we owe to our forefathers greater than the endless skill and patience with which they tamed those animals which we call at the present day "domestic." It must have required a steady perseverance, extending through countless generations, to have succeeded in inducing such essentially wild and mistrustful animals as cats to lay aside their timidity and suspicion, and to become the faithful friends of man.

The people who accomplished this great benefit for posterity had more leisure than their restless and hard-worked descendants; they were generally speaking, members of slave States, in which the food supply was plentiful, and in which we may suppose that both masters and slaves had plenty of time on their hands. In some cases the obvious utility of the animals caused them to be tamed; in some cases this very utility came to invest them with a special sanctity, which, as in the case of the cat in Egypt and the cow in India, afforded an additional guarantee for their preservation.

The ancients seem to have tamed almost all the existing animals known to them that were worth taming; had they known the American bison, they might have added him to the list of draught animals we possess; possibly, too, the weasel, stoat, and polecat might have been reclaimed and employed as a useful foe to vermin. It is certain that some animals which were once tamed have been allowed to relapse into a wild state, such as hawks, monkeys and crocodiles in Egypt, and weasels in Greece and Rome.

Ready-Made Happiness.

We spend so much time getting ready to be happy! The party to-night, the picnic to-morrow, the journey next week, the preparation now; the fulfilment of our desire to-morrow, and the frequent disappointments of our expectations, day after day! This is the true history of many days, is it not?

Suppose you try for just one day to be happy in the little things that come without anticipation or preparation. Suppose you take note of your mother's smile and father's "Good-morning," and baby's eager chuckle as you appear. Suppose you abandon yourself to a frolic without anxious care for the good time to-morrow. Suppose you give yourself up to the sunshine, and the out-of-doors, and the new book, and the helping father and mother for their sake purely. Suppose you talk with your friends about the pleasant things already yours, and let those of the future wait. Oh, you don't think that "Take no thought for the morrow" means you? But it does.