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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 40. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,132.

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.

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 30	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	Barrellville	9 38	4 44	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 42	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 45	Kreigbaum'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 39	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 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.

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. 116 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
11:20 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....	8:04 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

SELECT POETRY.

[Published by request.]

The Preacher's Vacation.

The old man went to meetin', for the day
was bright and fair.
Tho' his step was slow and totterin' and 'twas
hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged
the weary way.
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the
sun's hot, burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his
soul a holy place;
Then he paused and wiped the sweat-drops
from off his wrinkled face,
And he looked around bewildered, for the
old bell did not toll,
And the doors were shut and bolted, and he
did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his pilgrim-staff, and said,
"what does it mean?"
And he looked this and that way, till it seemed
to him a dream.
He had walked the dusty highway (and he
breathed a heavy sigh)
Just to go once more to meetin' ere the summons came to die.

Soon he saw a little notice tacked up on the
meetin' door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it
o'er and o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read
it o'er again,
And his limbs began to tremble and his eyes
were full of pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made
his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation—church is closed
till his return."
Then he staggered slowly backward and sat
him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he
thought his heart would sink.

So he moved along and wondered; to himself
soliloquised—
"I have lived till almost eighty, and wasn't
ever so surprised,
As I read that oldest notice stuck up on the
meetin' door;
'Pastor absent on vacation'—never he'rd the
like before!

"Why, when I first joined the meetin' very
many years ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat
and through the snow;
If they got clothes and vittals ('twas but little
cash they got,)
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were
happy in their lot.

"Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the
shepherd leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or
provide them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing'lar, when a man of
holy hands
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsakes his tender lambs.

Did St. Paul git such a notion? Did a Wesley or a Knox?
Did they in the heat of summer turn from
their needy flocks?
Did they shut up their meetin', just to go
and lounge about?
Why, surely, then, if thus they did, Satan
would raise a shout.

"Do the taverns close their doors, just to take
a little rest?
Why, 'twould be the height of nonsense, for
their trade would be distrest.
Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell—
Satan absent on vacation—and closed the
doors of hell?

"And shall the preachers of the gospel pack
their trunks and go away,
Leaving saints and dying sinners to get along
as best they may?
Are the souls of saints and sinners valued
less than selling beer?
Or do preachers tire quicker than the rest
of mortals here?

"Why it is I cannot answer, but my feelings
they are stirred;
Here I've dragged my tottering footsteps to
hear the gospel word;
But the preacher is a-travelin' and the meetin'
house is closed;
I confess it's very tryin'—hard indeed to keep
composed.

"Tell me, when I tread the valley, and go up
the shining height,
Will I hear no angels singin'—will I see no
gleamin' light?
Will the golden harps be silent? Will I meet
no welcome there?
Why, the thought is most distressing 'twould
be more than I could bear.

"Tell me, when I reach the city, over on the
other shore,
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the
golden door,
Telling me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in
words that cut and burn—
'Jesus absent on vacation—heaven closed till
H's return?'"

GENERAL ITEMS.

New Train Service.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, on Sunday, May 7th, added some important trains to their already excellent service, and travelers en route to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, or to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sioux Falls should note this fact:

The new train West is called the Rocky Mountain Limited, runs via Omaha and Lincoln, and leaves Chicago daily at 10:25 a. m., arriving at Denver next day at 6:40 p. m., Colorado Springs at 6:55 p. m., Pueblo at 8:35 p. m.

The new train to the Northwest is called the "Twin City," and leaves Chicago daily at 3:50 p. m., arriving at Minneapolis and St. Paul early next morning. Both these trains are vestibuled, carry Pullman's superb service, as well as the ever popular Rock Island Dining Car Service. Take the Great Rock Island Route. The Twin City Express leaving Chicago daily at 3:50 p. m., carries through sleepers to Kansas City, arriving there at 8:30 a. m. See advertisement elsewhere for address of General Passenger Agent.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

IN THE BERRY PATCH.

Not far from the Ohio River is a famous blackberry patch, where acre after acre of rolling land is covered with rows of finest cultivated bushes, and where, in the blackberry season, any one or every one can find employment. Farmer boys and girls, who only work to turn an honest penny for spending money; men and women of the poorer classes, for whom every nickel has a vital significance, and tramps and negroes from the four corners of the earth, work together in a motley crowd.

Jonas Parker, the owner, has made a neat little sum off this patch, and he pays each picker by the basket as it is brought in, and never scolds or hurries them nor cares particularly how many they eat, just so they put as many in the basket as they eat, which they always do. But one hot July afternoon, once upon a time, when the bushes were groaning beneath their loads, and the heat was so intense the baskets came in very slowly, Jonas was scolding and fuming at a heretofore unknown rate, for in the scurrying clouds was the warning of a coming storm, and, with good reason, Jonas feared the bushes would not be half cleaned. A cart came leisurely up the lane from the pike and stopped beside him.

"Good-day, Jonas!" said a good, deep young voice. "How are berries to-day—plenty?"

Jonas turned sharply and, upon seeing who it was who addressed him, touched his hat respectfully.

"Yes, Mr. George, they's just bushels 'n' bushels goin' to waste of they hain't picked before sundown, for they's goin' to be a blusterin' storm 'gainst midnight—jest see them bushes, will ye?"

Mr. George looked up and down the even rows, over battered "haystacks" and grotesque felt derbys, gingham sunbonnets and wide-brimmed hats, until he caught sight of a dainty blue sunbonnet. It was very different from the other bonnets, having a wonderfully coquettish little peak in the back and a great bow well towards the front, and all finished with a narrow edging of white. And it was bobbing up and down at a tremendous rate, as though its owner were picking berries for dear life. Mr. George gave a little start when he espied this pretty, busy blue sunbonnet.

"Yes," continued Jonas, gloomily, "I'm feared I'll be bound to lose like sixty. I've got thirty pickers in thar now, an' they's plenty work for twenty-odd more if I kin git 'em. Jest sent my boy Hiram to the crossin' to scare up all the pickers he kin. Here you!"—to a boy who was just going back with his nickel and an empty basket—"jest you tell that gang down thar to do more pickin' an less hollerin', and bring in them baskets a sight quicker, or I'll knock off a cent on every one—d'ye hear?"

"How much do you give for a basket?" asked Mr. George.

"I'm payin' this lot a nickel a basket, but I reckon I'll hev to give six cents to the new pickers—if I git 'em at all!"

"Supposing I pick for you from now until sundown?" suggested the young man half jokingly, but with his eyes passing the range of Jonas's astonished gaze and following the blue sunbonnet.

"You? You pick berries, Mr Haines! Well, now!" was the only reply the berryman could make.

Just then a battered straw hat and a pair of broad shoulders came suspiciously near the blue sunbonnet down in the berry patch.

"Why, certainly!" returned George Haines, leaping briskly out of the cart, "and I know I will pick more now before sundown than your very best pickers will have done all day long!"

"I'll warrant ye!" was Jonas's admiring response. For the tall, straight, dark young man was regarded as the neighborhood champion in all physical achievements.

After tying his horse, George took a basket and started straight towards the blue sunbonnet, while Jonas looked suddenly enlightened, and nodded wisely.

"Six cents a basket, you know, Jonas," he called back, "and I almost forgot it entirely, but mother wants you to send her half a dozen boxes of berries to-night."

The blue sunbonnet was chatting very pleasantly with the broad-shouldered boy, and neither was aware of the coming of the new picker.

"There's 'nother handful for ye, Gene," said the boy, coming closely beside her.

"Thank you, Bob," she answered, "but it is not right for me to take your berries. You should keep them for your own basket."

"Oh, no," returned the delighted Bob. "I'm only too glad to give 'em to ye—ye look so awful tired!"

Poor little girl! She was tired, indeed! She was slight and straight, and her hands were not brown and broad and hard, like those of the other pickers. Her eyes were large and gray, and the hair curling under the blue sunbonnet had more than a suspicion of red in its silky brown waves. Her face was now flushed with her exertions in the broiling sun, but she told Bob she was not tired at all, and chattered away about endless little nothings, while he lost his voice completely, and contented himself with slipping his every other handful of berries into her basket. Suddenly a hand was laid tenderly on her arm and then slipped on down to the handle of her basket.

"Let me take your basket up for you, Gene," said George Haines, "I am one of the new pickers, and you finish my basket here, see?"

But whether Gene fully comprehended this arrangement or not she was too confused to make any objection. After gazing a moment in astonished disappointment Bob betook himself to other quarters. Far over the slope, at the other end of the berry patch, the negro gang were singing:

"Heah dem bells! Oh, doan yo' heah
dem bells!
Dey's a-ringin' fur de glory ob de
Lamb!"

Gene softly echoed the sweetly-droning melody, as she waited for George to come back. And how the berries leaped from bush to basket, so quickly did her trembling fingers work. It had been so long since she had last spoken to him—since his hand had touched hers! No wonder the sun-beaten, commonplace berry patch was transformed into a paradise!

Since her first day in the district school four years ago she had claimed him as her George. She had then been a pale, scrawny little creature, with great, owl-like eyes, and hair that the naughty boys had dubbed red. But from the very first George Haines, the rosy-cheeked, black-eyed, strong-limbed son of the richest man in the county, and the acknowledged leader of his mates, gave the timid little city girl his special favor and protection. In the winter he had always drawn her to school on his sled, and had brought her the finest, reddest, largest apples to be found in his father's well filled bins. But this last year or so, since he had left the district school, they had not often met, and when they had Gene was strangely silent and reserved. She was only a poor girl, who well knew what cold and hunger were, although no one knew of her privations besides herself and her widowed mother. In the summer time she "worked out" during the vacation, and in the winter she studied hard, hoping in time to secure a teacher's certificate.

There were rumors now of a fine young lady visitor at the Haines mansion, to whom it was said young George was very attentive, and knowing ones declared he was engaged to marry her. Gene had long since ceased to call him her George, and told herself such little romances always ended with the school days. But she was so sad and serious that even her mother noticed her, and was always cautioning her against studying too hard.

And now! Gene picked so fast that her basket, already two-thirds filled when he had given it to her, was heaping full when he returned. He slipped the change to her, at the same time giving her hand a little squeeze. Gene drew herself up proudly, and a flash of resentment came into the gray eyes under the sunbonnet. They were no longer schoolmates; she was nineteen now, and he was twenty-two, and said to be engaged to another girl.

"Excuse me, Gene!" he said, somewhat embarrassed. "But it—it has been a long time since I saw you!"

"I saw you, though, and just the other day, too!" returned Gene, a trifle tartly.

"Saw me? Where?"

"Rowing on the river with that black-haired girl from the city. You were having too delightful a time to see me by the bridge!"

"Gene!" But she had dived down under the bushes, where a beautiful bunch of great black berries were waiting to be picked.

"But how do you come to be here picking berries?" she asked suddenly after a long silence.

"Mother told me to drive down and order some berries, and I—well, I saw such a pretty sunbonnet here that I used to see at school, and Jonas said he was anxious for extra pickers. I always liked to pick berries, so I thought I might as well accommodate him and get a talk to a blue sunbonnet besides!"

"Oh!" And she relapsed into a silence it was impossible for him to bridge.

She could not tell just how it was managed, but every basket she filled herself was carried up by George, while the baskets she carried herself were always more than half full before she began to fill them. Suddenly George espied a pretty white wild-flower growing among the bushes, and asked her to fasten it in the laces of his blouse. And how could she refuse without looking silly? But he acted very solemn and funny, and when her trembling fingers unwittingly touched his neck he put his arm around her (they were apart from the other pickers, where the bushes were quite tall), and kissed her, anyhow!

"Oh, dear, then," said Gene, half-sighingly, as she sat in the cart with George, followed by a knowing look from Jonas, "you were not engaged to that other girl, after all!"

"No, indeed!" he returned, energetically. "Who ever said I was?"

"Why, everybody! And they said your father and hers were awful anxious for you to make a match."

"Well, everybody knew more than I did about it, it seems. She was visiting my sister, and we all like her, and so will you—that is all there is of it."

"But maybe—perhaps your folks will not like me so well—I am poor and—"

"Now, Gene," returned her lover, very decidedly, "I do not want you to ever say that again! Money is a mighty small item in such affairs, and I am sure I have plenty and to spare for us both. Nobody could help being pleased with you! Besides—but here is Jonas's storm on hand just in time for me to stop and have a talk with your mother. Do you think she will allow me to come in?"

And as the storm broke he threw his arm around the little berry-picker

[illegible]

presence of her astonished mother.—Chicago News.

FORMER ROMAN CENSORSHIP.

It Was Absurdly Severe—Many Things Prohibited.

The laws of political and ecclesiastical censure had come again into force in Italy and actors had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and the ridiculous substitutions which the censors made in their lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," monsignor," "priest" were forbidden, says an Italian actor writing in *The Century Religion*. "Republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot," were equally in the index.

The colors green, white, and red were prohibited; yellow and black, and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of these colors prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress, another who wore red ribbons must not come near her.

If we transgressed we were not punished with simple warnings but with so many days of arrest and with fines, which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offense.

I remember well one night when I played the captain in Goldoni's "Sposa Sagace," I was fined 10 scudi for wearing a blue uniform with red facings and white ornaments, for the excellent reason that the blue looked green by artificial light.

Another time our leading actress was playing Marie Stuart and had to receive the dying David Rizzio in her arms and to kiss him on the forehead just as he drew his last breath. I had to pay 20 scudi for the kiss I had received without being aware of it! The priests plainly knew their own minds and they did not falter in chastising the erring. The reader can well imagine the effect upon art of all this interference and torment. Art indeed was treated as a culprit. Nevertheless the public continued to fill our house, to applaud and to be entertained, and it had then a much truer feeling for artistic beauty than it has to-day.

"Maud."

Among the Tennysons' neighbors at Freshwater was Mrs. Julia Cameron, the photographic artist, many of whose best works are connected with Tennyson, and whose son—a professional photographer—has taken many interesting portraits of the poet and views of his surroundings.

Mrs. Cameron's husband was a distinguished Indian civilian, and on his retirement from the service the family settled at Freshwater. Having many mutual friends, they speedily made the Tennysons' acquaintance, and a warm friendship sprang up and continued between the two families.

Mrs. Cameron had taken up photography as a "fad," and by accident, but she rapidly became a genuine artist in it. Her work is probably best known to the public from the character-portraits she made to illustrate the poet's creations—such as "The Day-Dream," "Maud," and "Œnone."

The history of her selection of models for these characters is interesting. "Maud" was a starving Irish girl who served her both as model and waiting-maid. The story of her Œnone is this:

Mrs. Cameron was at Oxford on one occasion. While walking in the "High," she passed a very beautiful girl. Going up to her, she asked excitedly:

"Oh, who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Donkin's cook," replied the blushing maid.

Mrs. Cameron got her address, called on Mrs. Donkin, and obtained permission to take the girl to Freshwater for a time as a model. She is Œnone.

The sequel to the story of Mrs. Cameron's "Maud" is too pretty not to be given. When Mrs. Cameron held her exhibition in London, Maud was sent up with a chaperon to explain the pictures to the public. A gentleman came in one day, and after having asked several questions, left. A year or two afterward he passed into the Indian Civil Service, but, before starting for the East, he went down to Freshwater and knocked at Mrs. Cameron's door, begging for "Maud's" hand.

The beautiful "Maud" was willing, so they were married, and, like the people of the fairy-story, they lived happily ever afterward.

His Reason.

Mrs. J.—John, what time is it?

John (half asleep)—Ugh?

Mrs. J. (twenty minutes later)—John, what time is it?

John—Ugh?

Mrs. J. (one hour later)—John, what time is it?

John—Seven o'clock.

Mrs. J.—Well, why couldn't you have said so an hour ago?

John—Because it wasn't 7 o'clock then.—Harper's Bazar.

"Mamma," inquired little Frances, "is it wight to put glass in your mouf?"

"Oh, no, baby, it isn't," replied mamma, earnestly.

"Why isn't it?"

"You might swallow it, and it would kill you if you did."

"But a little boy at the kindergarten put glass in his mouf dis morning."

"I hope you will never put glass in your mouth, will you, Frances?"

"But, mamma!"

"Well?"

"The little boy at the kindergarten put glass in his mouf so he could dwink out of it."

France exports candy to England.

In a Dynamite Factory.

Manufacturers of dynamite must feel the insecurity of life even more keenly than other men. They absolutely court death. The factory usually consists of a number of large houses, widely separated from each other, and of a number of small huts away in the distance, half-buried in the ground, and used for the purpose of storing the nitro-glycerine, the essential principle of dynamite. Each process in the scheme of manufacture has a house for itself, and each has a chief skilled in proportion to the danger which is encountered. Let us enter the great house wherein the first process is going on. Here we find a workman felted and standing before a tank in which are many tons of nitro-glycerine in actual process of manufacture. The great tank is full of glycerine, while the acid is dripping slowly into it from the pipe above. The mixture of pure glycerine, nitric acid, and oil of vitrol produces nitro-glycerine, the most deadly explosive in the world, so deadly that an ounce of it compressed would blow you into atoms, and so liable to explode that the least detonation or jar will instantly fire it. It is positively the most awful stuff to deal with that man has ever discovered. No one really seems to know when he is going off; sometimes it will stand a good shake, at others the veriest jostle will produce a disaster. And there in the tank before which I stood was enough of the fearful compound to destroy a city! I was anything but happy; I could not help thinking, "What if this stuff, which often explodes by spontaneous combustion, should go off while I am here?" The foreman kindly told me that if such a thing did happen no man would find a hair of my head or a fraction of my limbs. He seemed perfectly unconcerned as he told the tale, and then he showed me a thermometer dipped in the mixture. "If the heat of this mass goes up six or seven degrees," he said, "the stuff would explode. I keep my eye constantly on that glass, and if a fast rise in temperature took place I should open the tap at the bottom of the tank and let the nitro-glycerine run through an aqueduct to a point. If I were in time enough, well and good, but if not—ah!" I echoed his exclamation, and suggested that a walk to the other sheds would be a change. On the way to them I asked my guide if there had ever been a case where that shed had been blown up, and he said "once," but he told me that the mass is often run off from the tank, and nearly always without trouble, as the record proves. With all this I can imagine no more dreadful life than that of the man who stands daily before the cistern of death, and has but a few degrees of temperature between himself and utter annihilation. The other sheds are bad enough, but this one is appalling, and I breathed quite freely when we entered the apartment where the nitro-glycerine is washed, and where they told me all about the elaborate processes needed for its purification.

Adherence to Old Fashions.

Among the most uncomfortable articles of masculine dress is the cylinder of sable which has been the proper head coverings for a hundred years, despite its numerous disadvantages. Though intolerable in sunshine; so sensitive to raindrops that an umbrella must be carried for its special shelter; inconvenient in traveling, it cannot be forgotten or neglected. This curious affair has not even a serious name. The tenacity with which it clings to the scheme of costume is accounted for by the desire of short men to look tall, by which, although they are not taller, they look taller. Jealousy of superior physical advantage has brought about many of the ugliest fashions. In woman's dress this is noticeable; no sooner is there delight in a simple becoming fashion, than there is contrived some mock deformity, and every woman of spirit hastens to adopt it. The most pleasing outlines of the figure are concealed by every ingenuity. It is vain for man to prepare unanswerable arguments against the fashions of the day; they change before he can assail them, and our folly chases another from the memory. It cannot be hoping too much that in the fullness of time the fast flying fashions will discard all the ludicrous, hideous, and hurtful ones, and faultless models be adopted.

Bismarck's Aphorisms.

The fact that Bismarck, in his pensive moments, has been a forger of sententious aphorisms is brought to mind by a translation of his "Note-Book of Youth." This work dates from the great man's nineteenth year, and it is full of solemn remarks. For example: "Love is blind; friendship shuts the eyes" (which is not bad by the way). Again, "You often hear the rich man saying to the poor man, 'I have no money.' A great mind in certain fashionable gatherings says as much by its silence." "In the tete-a-tete," says Bismarck, "a woman speaks aloud to the man who is indifferent to her, low to the man she is near loving, and keeps silence with the man she loves."

We seem to have heard something like this before; but when the prince compares wise men to stem-winding watches, which have attached to themselves the machinery for regulating them, and other men to old-fashioned watches, which need a separate key, he is entirely original. Let us conclude with the following, which is worthy of the author of "Three Men in a Boat": "Reading a medical book one fancies one has all the maladies it describes; similarly when reading the work of a moralist one discovers all the faults he points out—in others."

SAM MARTIN'S DREAM.

It Was Too Much of a Reality for His Associates in Camp.

There is one lumber camp—Hatfield's, on North Fork—where dreams have suddenly become unpopular. The gang had cloyed on stories, true and made up, songs had worn out, and "Old Smith's" fiddling had become detestable. How to while away the evening hours was a question. Finally some one proposed dreams—every man to tell his dreams; and from that on dreams abounded—dreams short and dreams long, dreams tragical and dreams comical.

Thus a fortnight passed, when one day a couple of partridges were caught in a thicket, where a diet of dried berries had kept them uncommonly fat.

Now, any kind of fresh meat is a great treat in a lumber camp, where for weeks the men have eaten only corned beef and salt pork. Hence the partridges were hailed with eager palates. After supper the birds were dressed, broiled, and put away for breakfast, as the mornings were too short for such cooking before breakfast. But now the fact was suggested that two partridges are only a fair meal for one hungry lumberman.

Who, then, should eat the partridges? After several methods of deciding had been rejected, at length it was agreed that the man who had the best dream to tell in the morning should eat them. All were to arise early enough to give time for telling the dreams before breakfast. Bright and early the gang gathered about the fire to hear and decide. A droll occasion was that dream seance in the great woods. Some had funny dreams and some solemn; some were silly and some were worth hearing.

Finally, they reached the last man of the gang; "little Sam Martin," the smallest man, but the largest eater in the camp.

"Wal," said he, "I dreamt that I got up about midnight an' 'et up the pa'tridges; an' then I woke up and fulfilled my dream. I got up an' 'et 'em, an' judgin' by the taste o' the fowls, my dream was the best o' the night."

Sure enough, the birds had disappeared down Sam Martin's throat.

Spaniards and Buccaneers.

As a rule, the Spanish-American merchantmen were formidable floating castles. They might carry one hundred and fifty of a crew, with a company or two of soldiers. They mounted many guns of heavy metal. The "musketeers" were freely furnished with those bell-mouthed trabucos which belched out bullets by the quarter bushel, and were excessively disagreeable at close quarters; and they were clothed in cuirasses or buff, which would turn a ball. The poop and the forecastle were solid forts, and the former was furnished with semicircular galleries, from which the defenders could fire with commanding precision. There were boarding nettings to be triced to the rigging; and even at the waist, where the sides were the lowest, boarding must have been like scrambling up the side of a house.

If we turn, on the other hand, to the light buccaneering craft, it would seem there was no sort of equality. They were generally schooners or brigantines of small burden, with tall but tapering spars, carrying a tremendous weight of canvas. Their guns were necessarily few, though one or two were formidable. The men at the most could not be numerous, although packed away above and below like herrings in a barrel.

Where they excelled was in seamanship and dexterous manœuvring. In certain light winds they had it all their own way. If their luck was good, the enemy's gunners would fire wide of the small and shifting mark. Their very audacity often saved them disaster, for at the closest quarters it was impossible to depress the guns so as to do them serious damage. When they did board there was no need to give the watch-word—death or victory. They were fighting not only with ropes round their necks but with thumbscrews and hot gridirons in the more remote prospective. That accounts for the animation they threw into the attack, but we confess we are still mystified by the triumphs that crowned their audacity. For even the buccaneers never denied the Spanish pluck, and the Spaniards were likewise fighting for existence.

Taking Cold.

A person in good health with fair play easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual assumes the form of a cold or pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of all cases of "cold," probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady "doing the season," and overfed children with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of the cold.

Luxury is favorable to the chill taking; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds, create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrh.

It is not, after all, the cold that is so much to be feared as the antecedent condition that gives the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst colds happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to change of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits, preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.