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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 45. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AGUUST 5, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,137.

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.	Arrive. No. 2.	No. 4.	Westward. 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 30	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 39	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 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....	9:45 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	...	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited..leaves	...	4:30 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	..	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "	..	1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday	..	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves	..	2:25 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

GENERAL ITEMS.

Half Rate Excursions to the World's Fair.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will run a series of special excursions to the World's Fair for which excursion tickets to Chicago will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip from Baltimore and all stations west of there as far as the Ohio River. The dates selected are Aug. 1st, 8th and 17th. The special trains will consist of first-class day coaches, equipped with lavatories and other toilet conveniences, and an experienced Tourist Agent and a train porter will accompany each train, to look after the comfort of passengers. Stops for meals will be made at meal stations en route. The tickets will be valid for the outjourney on the special trains only, excepting that from way points they will be honored on local trains to the nearest station at which the special trains are scheduled to stop. They will be valid for return journey in day coaches on all trains leaving Chicago within ten days, including date of sale.

Following is schedule of the special trains and rates from principal stations in this vicinity:

Leave	*p. m.*	*Rate.*
Cumberland	3:45	$15.00
Piedmont	4:25	14.50

Arrive Chicago next day at 1:15 p. m.

Remember the dates: August 1st, 8th and 17th.

Brevities.

One strong evidence of the entire unreasonableness of the public in times of panic or semi-panic is the fact that in the recent slump caused by the decline of silver the stocks of gold mining companies went down sharply in price and to almost the same extent of those of the silver mines. A little calm consideration would show that there is every reason why gold mining stocks should appreciate in value as the silverstocks depreciated, but no one seems to have stopped to think about the matter.—Engineering and Mining *Journal.*

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 Minneopolis, 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 a 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.

'Twill Be Ever Thus.

The Brooklyn politicians are making fools of themselves. Boss McLaughlin has ordered the ward division of the Kings county democratic committee to boycot one of the New York papers which has been exposing the rascalities of the Brooklyn machine. This is a decoration of honor. The Baltimore ring tried to throttle the *News* and failed, as will every attempt by the enemies of the people to curtail the liberty of the press.—Baltimore *News.*

Summer Excursion Tickets.

To all Northern and Eastern seaside, lakeside, and mountain resorts, to Deer Park and Oakland, the Virginia Springs, Niagara Falls, Luray Caverns, Gettysburg, and to all other points where people gather in search of health and pleasure, are now on sale at all Baltimore and Ohio ticket offices at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold from July 1 to September 30, and are valid for return passage until October 31. Before selecting your route or resort consult B. & O. summer excursion book, in which shortest routes and lowest rates, via "Picturesque B. & O." to all resorts are given from points on that road east of the Ohio River; profusely and artistically illustrated. This book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address with ten cents in stamps to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Call the Yaller Dog.

The intense heat of the last few days has melted the telegraph wires between here and Sang Run, and as a consequence we have no information from The Paralyzer man.—*Ledger.*

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 *per cent.* below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders one stopover privilege going and returning.

Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey.

For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

A Present Duty.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I ain't ner don't p'tend to be
Much posted on philosophy;
But there is times when, all alone,
I work out ideas of my own,
And of these same there is a few
I'd like to jest refer to you,
Pervidin' that you don't object
To listen clos't and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute;
No matter of his daily walk
Is subject for his neighbor's talk,
And critic minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all get up and go for him.

I knowed a feller onc't that had
The yaller janders mighty bad,
And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet
Would stop and give him some receet
For curin' of 'em. But he'd say
He kind o' thought they'd go away
Without no medicine, and boast
That'd get well without one doste.

He kept a yallern' on, and they
Predictin' that he'd die some day
Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed
The feller did, and lost his head,
And wandered in his mind a spell
Then rallied, and at last got well;
But ev'ry friend that said he'd die
Went back on him eternally.

It's nachural enough, I guess,
When some gits more and some gits less
For them 'uns on the slimmest side
To claim it ain't a fair divide;
And I've knowed some to lay and wait
And get up soon and get up late,
To ketch some fellow they could hate
For goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the world don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My docteren is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that count just the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LOYAL.

At the schoolroom window of a handsome house situated in the suburbs of Boston stood Marion Allyn; there was a pensive look upon her intelligent face while her expressive eyes gazed long and anxiously out upon a fast deepening April twilight.

With a sigh Marion turned as the rustle of a woman's dress reached her ear, and her cousin Lillian swept into the room, her silken skirts trailing over the carpet.

"I declare, Marion, it's too bad!" she pettishly exclaimed. "You promised to finish draping my skirt as soon as the children were through their lessons, and here it is almost dark and you are wasting your time staring out of the window!"

"Oh, Lillian, I am so sorry! I will go at once!"

"Yes, that is always the way; you are sorry when it is too late. Mamma said this afternoon that unless you changed for the better she should send you away to earn your own living."

"Very well, Lillian, I am ready to go at any moment; I have been thinking seriously of speaking to uncle about seeking employment elsewhere. For a year I have been an overworked servant in his house, without even the privilege of resting when I am tired. At the worst I can certainly earn enough to clothe myself, and that will save me the humiliation of wearing your castoff clothing."

As Marion left the room Lillian sank into a chair more astounded than she had ever been in her life.

"I am glad she is aroused at last," she thought. "Mamma must get rid of her at once, for I do not feel safe while she is in the house. What if she and Arnold should meet after all my scheming for the past year to keep them apart? Oh, it would be too cruel! It was a brilliant idea to suppress that letter. He certainly must have been crazy to think of marrying a penniless girl, and with his position, too! Well he is becoming very attentive, and if I manage right I shall be Mrs. Arnold Gray in the near future."

The draping finished, Marion helped her beautiful cousin to dress. She put the finishing touches to the elegant toilet, her hands trembling with weariness.

"Can I be of more assistance?" she asked. "If not I will go to my room. My head aches, and I am very tired."

"Yes, you can bring my fan and gloves down stairs. I may want you to fasten my cloak for me. While you are here you must make yourself useful."

In utter silence Marion followed her cousin down to the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where Mrs. Allyn awaited her daughter.

"My love, you look charming tonight," she said. "You will captivate hearts by the score." And mother and daughter swept from the room without one kind word for the patient girl who had served them so faithfully.

Lillian Allyn was the belle of the ball, and she certainly looked lovely enough to satisfy any man's idea of womanly beauty, or so Arnold Gray thought as he watched the graceful girl dressed in pink, with clusters of creamy roses at her corsage and in her waving golden hair. None knew of the craft and malice hidden under that fair exterior.

Making his way through the crowd he sought her side.

"Miss Allyn," he asked, "may I dare hope you have reserved one dance for me?"

Lillian started as the musical, winning tones fell upon her ear. Of all the men she had ever met this was the only one who had touched the spoiled, selfish girl's heart. A flush stained her cheeks as she coquettishly answered:

"I am not sure that you deserved to be remembered after remaining away until this late hour."

"I admit it. I deserve any punishment you choose to inflict. Now that I have suitably humbled myself, may I hope for forgiveness and favor?"

"Yes—but remember you are not to offend in the same manner again."

The dainty white hand resting upon Arnold's arm trembled slightly, the long lashes drooped over the pansy blue eyes as the young man gazed for one moment into the beautiful face raised so confiding to his. But with a deep sigh he thought:

"Strange that Marion has never informed her cousin of her whereabouts! Her treatment of me is surprising from one of her gentle nature. She must have received my letter, for she was at her uncle's when I wrote it. I have tried to forget her, but in vain; my heart still remains loyal to its first love. Poor child! Although she scorned me, I cannot rest until I know she is prosperous and happy."

* * * * * *

It was a balmy day in May. The spring flowers were in bloom, throwing out their odors upon the still air; birds twittered in the trees close to the spot where, prone upon the ground, the sunshine gently kissing her dark hair, lay Marion Allyn, sobbing heart brokenly.

Presently Lillian, with the latest novel in her hand, sauntered by. Giving one scornful glance at the prostrate form of her cousin she said:

"Marion, you know you are going tomorrow morning, and that I expect you to finish my travelling dress. Come into the house at once."

"Give me a few moments, Lillian. I want to think awhile."

"Very well; but take my advice and don't think about Arnold Gray. I saw you spying upon us last evening as we walked in the garden."

"Lillian, you are telling an untruth! I came into the grounds for air, and did not see you until you were almost upon me. I was not even aware that you and Mr. Gray were such good friends."

"And you are jealous, perhaps?"

"No; I have no right to interfere with Mr. Gray's movements."

"I should say not, indeed, after he so coolly threw you over when you lost your money. Oh, don't defend him, as I see you are about to do. It is hardly necessary for any one to vindicate Arnold to his promised wife." And with a laugh Lillian walked toward the house.

"His wife! And I loved him so!"

Marion buried her face deeper in the soft grass, feeling that the sun for her had ceased to shine. But a strong arm gently raised the drooping figure, and she was folded in a loving embrace.

"Arnold!" she gasped.

"Yes, darling, it is I. I heard what that girl said, but it is false, Marion! I now feel sure that she kept the letter I sent you the day after you became an inmate of your uncle's home. I never asked but one woman to be my wife, and I hold her to my heart. Darling, I know you love me, and am satisfied. If a doubt of you ever crossed my mind it went no deeper, for my heart was always loyal to my love."

Next morning Marion left her uncle's house forever. Three weeks later, the Allyns received cards for a reception to be held at Mrs. Gray's, in honor of a very dear relative who was staying with them for a few days.

"Oh, mamma, I wonder who she is!" cried Lillian, in swift alarm. "Arnold has not been here lately; suppose he has fallen in love with this person—"

"Never fear, my dear. Now that Marion is out of the way you are sure to win," said the self-satisfied mother. "And she is safe enough in Milldale, with the lady to whom your father recommended her."

As the mother and daughter entered the elegant drawing room Lillian whispered:

"I did not know it was going to be such a grand affair, mamma!"

"My dear, the Grays never do things by halves. Is not that Arnold with the lady in white?"

"Yes; who can she be? She looks strangely familiar."

Just then Mrs. Gray swept gracefully toward her guests, and in her charming way said:

"Have you been presented to my son's wife?"

"His wife?"

"Yes. I believe she is a relative of yours. Marion, my dear, have you welcomed your aunt and cousin?"

A mist swam before Lillian's eyes; she did not see the outstretched hand of Arnold Gray's bride—a hand extended in true forgiveness and love; she felt herself sinking and her mother's voice sounded at a distance as she said with the self-possession of a worldly woman:

"Marion! My love, I am so pleased! Your cousin is quite overcome by your good fortune! We must give a reception in your honor at once."

"Thank you," said Arnold, while Marion smiled her acknowledgments, "I have no doubt that my wife feels grateful to you for your kindness; but as we start to-morrow for a tour abroad it will be some time before Mrs. Gray will have the pleasure of visiting her relatives."—Waverley.

"I-o-way."

No resident of the state of Iowa accents the second syllable of its name, which should be pronounced "I-o-way," the first syllable accented. In fact, the name was sometimes spelled "Ioway" on old maps, noticeably one accompanying a report of Lewis and Clarke's expedition, published in 1814. In the body of the report the name is also spelled Ayauway, a French spelling of the same sound.

PROSAIC FACT.

a Lo ged-for Event Proves A Dissapointment When Witnessed.

So much has been written of the noble Russian who, through no fault of his own, is cruelly persecuted and torn from home and friends, that travellers in Siberia desire to see something of the unhappy exiles. When, therefore, I was informed that a detachment was on its way from Tomsk, I took a conveyance and drove out to meet it. We had driven a considerable distance without seeing the slightest signs of life on the deserted highway, when suddenly on the crisp, frosty air I distinguished a faint, distant sound, so peculiar and weird that it at once attracted my attention, as it was evidently approaching us. It was not unlike the noise which would be produced by hundreds of small birds singing all at once, yet I could see nothing of any sort anywhere on the vast plain. As well as I could, with my limited Russian vocabulary, I drew my driver's attention to it. To him it was neither novel nor interesting; he knew what it was at once. "The prisoners are coming," he remarked briefly; and soon after, on ascending a rise in the road which had concealed them from our view, there came in sight a big body of men coming slowly along, and I discovered that the strange noise which had so impressed me was made by the heavy chains they wore. But then, alas! all preconceived illusions vanished, for it was a loathsome and depressing sight, rendered doubly so by the bright sunshine. There was about it absolutely nothing of the poetic, such as I had been led to expect. It was simply a huge crowd of what looked like—and probably was—the very scum of the earth, for all races seemed to be represented, making as villanous, and evil-looking a lot of men as one could possibly see.

Bird Courtship.

Sentimentality and love-making is not confined to human beings, as is shown in this diagnosis of bird courtship.

There is something about the matchmaking of birds that is not easily penetrated. The jealousies and rivalries of the males and the females are easily understood—it is quite human but those sudden rushes of several males, some of them already mated, after one female, with squeals and screams, and a great clatter of wings—what does it mean?

There is nothing human about that, unless it be illustrative of a trait that has at times cropped out in the earlier races, and which is still seen among the Esquimaux, where the male carries off the female by force. But in these sudden sallies among the birds the female, as far as I have observed, is never carried off.

One may see half a dozen sparrows engaged in what appears at first glance to be a general melee in the gutter or on the pavement; but if you look more closely you will see a single female in the midst of the mass, beating off the males, who, with plumage puffed out and screaming and chattering at the top of their squeaky voices, are all making a set at her.

She strikes right and left, and seems to be equally displeased with them all. But her anger may all be put on, and she may be giving the wink, all the time, to her favorite. The Esquimaux woman is said by Dr. Nansen to resist stoutly being carried off even by the man she is desperately in love with.

A Child's Philosophy.

"Spell toes," said the mother, who was teaching her little daughter, seven years old, to spell.

"T-o-z-e," answered the child.

"No, dear, that's not right. T-o-e-s spells toes."

"But it sounds like t-o-z-e."

"I know it, but you cannot go by the sound."

Then, in order to enforce this proposition the mother called on her daughter to spell froze.

"F-r-o-e-s," said the child.

"No, you're wrong again. This time we do use the z and spell the word f-r-o-z-e."

"Huh!" grunted the child.

"Now, spell rose," said the mother.

The child hesitated. Finally she said, "I don't know whether to say r-o-z-e or r-o-e-s, and really I don't know that either way would be right."

"Spell it r-o-s-e," said the mother, "though there is another word pronounced just like it that's spelled r-o-e-s. That word is the name of the spawn of fishes."

The poor little girl looked very miserable.

"Just one more word," said the mother; "Tell me how you spell blows."

"Well," said the child, who had had quite enough nonsense, as she viewed it, from her mother, and had suddenly made up her mind to pay back in kind, "I spell it three ways. I spell it b-l-o-s-e for breakfast, b-l-o-e-s for dinner, and b-l-o-z-e for supper."

"I spell it b-l-o-w-s all the time," said the mother.

The child said nothing for a minute or two. Then, looking up, she solemnly remarked:

"I think, mamma, that the English language was made for persons very, very well educated."

Cautious.

Alpine tourists are more daring than wise. An American in Switzerland was invited by an enthusiastic Englishman who was everlastingly climbing mountain peaks, to accompany him on one of these foolhardy trips. "No, I thank you," was the reply, "I stay away from places that a donkey can't climb."

Uncle Sam Reaps a Large Profit Through the Carelessness of the People.

It is estimated that one per cent. of the money issued by the United States Government is lost or destroyed by accident. Pigs, cows and goats seem to swallow a considerable amount of money during the course of a year. Mice are particularly fond of chewing it up and making their nests with it. Babies are addicted to eating it. With them the case is more hopeless than with the goat or cow, because it is not usually practicable to cut the infant open and recover the sum swallowed. Intoxicated men often light their cigars with five or ten dollar notes for no other purpose than to exhibit their indifference to wealth. Subsequently they try to get the remains redeemed, if there be any. Cash in this shape is oft-times buried under the cellar floor, where it rots away. However, the most effective agent for the destruction of small hoards of money is the parlor stove. Many people who have no faith in banks consider their cash secure when it is stowed away in this household appurtenance for the summer. Autumn comes, the fire is lighted, and up goes the family wad in smoke. Just about a hundred such cases are reported to the United States Treasury every fall by victims of this peculiar form of imprudence. Usually they have nothing left to show for the amount lost but a few ashes. Much of the paper money destroyed is burned during transmission by rail. Fire almost invariably follows a collision; the express car is involved in the conflagration and the safe which it carries suffers. Express safes are commonly of the portable kind and not fire proof. Under such circumstances they are sent unopened to Washington, where their contents are examined. Accidents of this sort occur almost every day. As a rule, but a small portion of the charred mass can be identified and redeemed. Copper coins are lost in such enormous numbers that the government is obliged to keep on coining cents at the rate of several millions of them every month. They change hands so often as to be subject to a multitude of accidents, and owing to their small value, they are not taken care of. Many are no doubt in the hands of numismatists. All lost money, whether metal or paper, enters importantly into the financial calculations of the government. A few years ago it was reckoned by a congressional committee that of the unredeemed fractional currency outstanding, eight million dollars' worth has been lost or destroyed. It is now believed by Treasury experts that not more than an eighth part of that amount has permanently disappeared. The balance is in the hands of the people who hold the notes as curiosities. Many are owned by collectors, but there are hundreds of thousands of individuals who have retained specimens "just for fun." However, only a few dollars' worth of them are handed in to the Treasury every year, and Uncle Sam will doubtless remain just so far ahead.

Loving Spirit in a Canary Bird.

A Philadelphia gentleman has a canary that he calls Noah. He allows Noah an occasional free flight in the garden. One day when time was up the bird declined to come into the house or be taken in, but when approached flew off a space. He would then fly back, still declining to be taken in. At last his performance induced his owner to go out and follow. At once he burst into a joyful song and flew away, keeping a few feet ahead and looking back coaxingly.

I followed, and he led me to a rosebush at the other end of the garden, but I could not see what brought him until, with a series of loud staccato notes, he flew down beside a heap of yellow leaves. Then I saw laying there what I took to be a dead canary, but when I stooped and took it in my hand it feebly stirred. It had evidently been out all night and was nearly frozen. Noah was delighted, and would fly from me to the invalid in his bed of coarse cotton twenty times a minute, trilling his prettiest song and chirping as if to say, "How are you feeling now, brother?" Here is this sweet spirit of helpful love of others without desire of gain, such as would honor any human character.

Origin of "Getting the Mitten."

An old-time New England expression, "getting the mitten," meaning getting your offer of marriage rejected by your "best girl," has an origin in the customs of the earlier days. One hundred years ago gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man, going home from singing-school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would "get the mitten," but would not get the hand.

Mere Words.

Few men can impress their wives with the false idea of their own importance. "My dear, look down below," said Mr. Grandiose, as he stood on the bridge with his wife, and gazed at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life; the tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. Grandiose, acridly, "the tug does all the blowing, and the barges bear all the burden."

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—Swift.

VERSE MAKING.

Some Contrary Words which Refuse to Be Happily Mated.

There are many problems which the rhyming dictionary has failed to solve for versifiers. Did you ever try to find a rhyme for window, silver, chimney, Mephistopheles or Timbuctoo, for example? No poet has yet succeeded in unearthing a perfect, and at the same time a reasonable, rhyme for the word orange or the word month. I emphasize the perfect and reasonable, for attempts have certainly been made to get these words mated. But if there is rhyme in the following, there is assuredly very little reason:

"From the Indus to the Blorenge
Came the Rajah in a month;
Eating now and then an orange,
Conning all the day his Grunth."

It is not very intelligent, is it? No; it is pretty far-fetched, for the Blorenge is a hill in Abergavenny, and the Grunth, I believe, is the Bible of the Sikhs. Mr. Skeat, the famous philologist, has tried his hand on both words, with what result let the readers judge. Here is the outcome of his struggle with the word month:

"Search through the works of Thackeray—
you'll find a rhyme to month;
He tells us of Phil Fogarty—of the fighting
onety-oneth."

But this rhyme must be put out of court as not being sanctioned by the dictionary. With the word orange he does rather better, but the difficulty of rhyming certainly vanishes to some extent if one is allowed to use compound words, as here:

"I gave my darling child a lemon,
That lately grew its fragrant stem on;
And next, to give her pleasure more range,
I offered her a juicy orange
And nuts—she cracked them in the door-
hinge."

This can hardly be accepted as satisfactory; but it is probably the best that can be done for the crusty bachelor of a word. It is at least as good as Byron's:

"But, oh! ye lords and ladies intellectual,
Come, tell the truth—have they not henpecked you all?"

Pope was tolerably successful in rhyming the names of his contemporaries in sarcastic attacks upon them. When Swift sought to do the same to Bettesworth, the latter boasted it would be impossible to find a rhyme for his name. But accident was kind in supplying the dean with what he wanted. An Irish porter, disgusted at the remuneration offered him by Swift for carrying a heavy parcel, exclaimed: "Sure, your reverence, my *sweat is worth* more than that." "It is," cried the satirist, delighted, for he had found his rhyme. Names were a perpetual worry to the old epitaph rhymester. On the tombstone of a Newcastle architect were inscribed the lines:

"Here lies Edward Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up."

In other cases the Gordian knot was cut entirely, as in the following effort of doggerel skill:

"Here lies John Bunn, who was killed by a
gun;
His name wasn't Bunn, his real name was
Wood;
But as Wood didn't rhyme with gun, I
thought Bunn would."

Some amusing effects are obtained by rhyming to the eye as well as to the ear, as in this example:

"There was an old witch of Malacca,
Who smoked such atrocious tabacca.
When tigers came near
They trembled with fear,
And didn't attempt to attacca."

Water Clocks in China.

In the history of the Tang dynasty it is stated that in Persia at the same period there was a clepsydra on a terrace near the palace, formed of a balance containing twelve metal balls, one of which fell every hour on a bell and thus struck the hours correctly. It is deemed not unlikely that this instrument was identical with the celebrated one which the King of Persia sent in 807 to Charlemagne.

In 898 the astronomer Tsiang produced an improvement on all former instruments—a machine arranged on a sort of miniature terrace ten feet high and divided into three stories, the works being in the middle. Twelve images of men, one for every hour, appeared in turn before an opening in the terrace. Another set of automata struck the hours and eighths of hours. These figures occupied the lowest story. The upper story was devoted to astronomy, containing an orrery in motion. Very complex machinery must have been required. As to the nature of the mechanism nothing is known except that it was kept going by falling water.

In as much as the Arabs had reached China by sea at the close of the eighth century, some assistance may have been derived from them in the construction of this complicated instrument, but in all probability it was wholly Chinese.

Prison Poetry.

Probably the mass of prison poetry which has been written on stools and bed-posts and scratched on prison walls far exceeds that which has found expression on paper, and many a "mute, inglorious Milton" has begun and finished his poetical career with the "lost-to-sight" productions.

There is in existence a short poem, said to have been scratched by a maniac on the wall of his cell, which runs thus:

Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the world of parchment made,
Were every reed on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God alone
Would drain that ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The authenticity of this being the work of a maniac has often been questioned, because of the beauty of its expression and its sound reason, but the story stands.—All the Year Round.