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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 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	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	....	3:00 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

BY THE WATCH-FIRES.

One day, towards the end of September, I set out from Worthing with the intention of walking about ten miles east along the coast. The morning had been heavy and dull, with now and then streams of soft, moist, warm air, flowing up strongly from the southwest. A prudent man would have accepted the warnings hung out in the sky and turned back, but I kept on, hoping against the signs of the weather. A low, moaning sob and a gale from the southwest broke upon the coast, bringing with it first a heavy, penetrating mist, and then driving hissing sheets of rain, which made my face and hands smart, half blinded me and wet me to the skin.

When I was thoroughly soaked I came to a cross roads, and lo! a quiet, respectable little inn. The landlord was very civil and obliging. He found me a set of flannels, a large, warm dressing-gown, and a pair of roomy slippers. He also supplied the suggestion that a glass of rum punch by the fire in the bar was the best preventive medicine I could swallow.

I got off my wet things, and got on the things, warm and dry, and sat down by the fire. The buxom landlady set a steaming tumbler by my elbow. I lit my pipe and began to feel grateful to the storm which had driven me into such snug quarters. My comfort was made complete when the landlord, a burly, middle-aged man of ruddy face and genial manner, sat down opposite me with a steaming tumbler at his elbow and a long churchwarden between his thumb and finger.

"That's a still gale," said I.

"It will be worse presently," said he, crossing his legs luxuriously and looking gravely into the smoke which he blew from his lips into a shaggy cloud towards the high, wide fireplace.

"There will be a heavy sea on the outside if it grows any worse, and keeps at it?" said I, interrogatively.

"There will be as much sea on before morning as ever we have here, but, bless you, that's not much."

"Do you never have much sea here?"

"No; not to speak of. Why, there isn't enough water inshore for it. It's all sand and sand and sand—out pretty nigh as far as you can see. At low water a man can walk out a mile. A very different coast from the one I was brought up on."

"Where was that?"

"Mynhinbay, Cornwall. That's where you have a chance of getting a look at the sou'wester and what it can do. All cliffs and rocks and huge boulders, with the green water mounting fifty feet up the rocks, and the spray flying a hundred feet over the land. You don't know South Cornwall?"

"I can't say that I do."

"And never heard of the loss of the Unicorn in Mynhinbay?"

"No. Perhaps you would be good enough to tell me," said I, perceiving he had a story in mind. I was just in the humor to listen.

He settled himself in his big easy chair, took a pull at his glass, blew a few slow whiffs from his pipe and began:

"Mynhinbay faces sou'west. For miles the coast is bold, ironbound with no other break. Mynhinbay isn't more than a half a mile wide at the opening, but it expands inside. A mile from the mouth it stops a sandy strand. The full force of the Atlantic wallows into it in a heavy sou'wester, and no ship has a chance once she gets inside its jaws.

"You may ask what business a ship has inside its jaws. Well, none at all; for it is not a port, nor is there any port near for which it can be mistaken. But accidents happen, and once in fifty years or so an unfortunate craft gets swept in and then it is all over with her and long odds against her crew. A box of a sea carried away the rudder of the Unicorn and that's how she came into the bay.

"Half way in is a sand bank. The whole weight of the inrolling waves strikes this sand bank. In the gale there is always broken water on the bank, and when a vessel comes in she grounds there, the Unicorn was flung on its broadside to the sea with a list to the leeward. The sea made a clean breach over her, and tons of water rushed up her weather side and swept her decks.

"She was a large barque, and those on the shore soon saw she had more people aboard than a crew. She had twenty-five sailors and eighty passengers, and there she lay, keeling over more and more every sea that struck her, and hammering herself to pieces on the hard sand.

"Get out her boats? They might as well try to get out her main beam! She was smothered in water, and the first half dozen seas swept everything off her decks—boats, caboose, harness-casks, water butts and stove in a lot of her windward bulwarks.

"Was there no lifeboat ashore? Yes; and as fine a fisherman crew as ever pulled into the teeth of a gale. Three times that lifeboat was launched. Bless you, it was blown back like an empty bladder.

"They had a rocket apparatus ashore. Four rockets were fired. Two were bent back like a coachman's whip, and two fell half way. I tell you, 'tis a hard thing for strong and willing men to fold their arms while human beings are perishing before their eyes.

"After a bit those on shore heard a sound like the report of distant cannon. Then they knew her back was broken. She burst in two amidships, the mainmast fell over the side to leeward and the foremast and mizzen began waving, one this way and the other that way, like a crazy man swinging his arms above his head.

"All on the shore knew what was going to happen now. The broken water, which had been white and boiling, grew black and heavy with human forms, and soon cargo and bodies began to come ashore.

"When this happened it was growing dusk. By night the wind had fallen to a breeze. Sixteen living and fifty-seven dead had come ashore. The living were taken up to the village and the dead, men, women and children, were laid out in one long, ghastly line on the beach above highwater. At each end of the line a fire was lighted. One young coastguard was set to tend the fires and watch the dead, while every other person old enough and strong enough was engaged in saving and securing the cargo.

"To his dying day that young coastguard who watched by the dead will never forget that night. As the clothes of the victims dried they began to stir in the breeze. Scores of times he thought he saw a leg, or an arm, or a head raised. Scores of times he thought he heard a cry. By midnight the young man was half dead with terror.

"After midnight the moon began to blink through the torn sky, and the young man thought he must have company or go mad. It was near low water, and the people working at the salvage were a good way off. He was at the fire furthest from the workers. He stopped and picked up a few pieces of wood, and mended the fire so that it might be all right while he was gone to fetch company. When finished with the fire and before rising from his crouching posture, he glanced over his shoulder down the long ghastly line of the dead. A change had taken place in that line. He turned his head further round and saw standing over him a human figure—the figure of a woman—the figure of one of the dead—the figure which had a minute ago lain nearest to the fire!

With a yell he rose and jumped back.

"'I am so cold,' said the figure. 'Oh, I am as cold as death.'

"The young man fled screaming to the crowd down by the water. As soon as he could speak he told what had happened. A dozen men ran back with him. They found the young girl dazed and shivering, kneeling on the ground with her white, wan face turned towards the fire.

"She was the only one of the fifty-seven who recovered. She had lost her father and mother in the Unicorn, and was alone in the world. Her father, a wheelwright, was on his way to America. The sixteen others saved went away from Mynhin in a few days. This young girl remained in the village, and three months after the young coastguard married her. Permit me to introduce myself to you as that coastguard, and, as the young girl who that night stood up over me by the fire, my wife."

I rose and bowed to the buxom landlady who sat knitting in the bar.

"I don't recollect anything from the time I was washed off the vessel," said the landlady, "until all the people were round me by the fire. I don't recollect seeing Tom at the fire."

"Well,' said the landlord, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "you can see Tom at the fire now, my dear, and Tom's glass is empty."—Richard Dowling.

Hypnotics Frauds Exposed.

In the Popular Science Monthly Dr. Hart discusses a subject which, whatever one may think of its merits, is certainly attracting wide attention. Of his exposure of certain frauds he says:

"Skeptic as I was, but willing to be convinced, I had purchased two rather pretty little sailor dolls, twin brothers of the navy, at a neighboring toy-shop. One of these she (Madame Vix) held until it was sufficiently 'charged with her sensitiveness' by contract. I then rapidly substituted the twin doll from my pocket, and put away the sensitivized doll for future service. To make the performance quite regular, I cut off a minute lock of her hair and pretended to affix it to the doll. To this proceeding, which I had seen Col. de Rochas gravely go through, she rather objected in her profound sleep, much to our quiet amusemnt. 'C'est trop, c'est trop,' she murmured, apparently thinking that I was taking too much hair for the money. I need not say that I did not affix it to the head of the doll, although I went through the motions of doing so. I have now, and shall preserve, the two little doll 'witnesses' and the valuable tress of hair as momentos of this interesting performance. It may take its place by the side of the famous tress cut from the locks of the spirit form of Katie King. We then produced, with the aid of the untouched doll, just unrolled from the tissue paper of the toy shop, all the phenomena of the envoutement of the sorcerers, of which so much has been heard lately and which have figured so largely in the pages of the great newspapers of England and France. She felt acutely when its imaginary lock was touched and pulled, whether by myself or by Dr. Sajous, by M. Cremiere, or by any one else in the room. She greatly resented its being pricked; she felt all sorts of indescribable and generalized heats and pains when the doll was touched in places of which she could not well make out the locality, owing to our backs being turned to her, and she was duly suffocated when we pretended to sit down on the doll. I am ashamed to say that the real doll was lying there all the time, cruelly stabbed by me to the heart with a stout pin, of which she was unconscious. Its maltreatment, which ought theoretically to have been fatal to her, produced no visible effect. These performances she went through three times."

A Horse's Expression of Grief.

A horse not only shed tears under the emotion of grief, but in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish utters a most melancholy cry. In one of Cooper's Indian novels dramatic use is made of the scream of a wounded horse; and Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords upon the bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact. An eyewitness relates the following: "On the advance to the heights of Alma a battery of artillery became exposed to the fire of a concealed Russian battery, and in the course of a few minutes it was nearly destroyed, men and horses killed and wounded, guns dismounted, and limbers broken. On passing this wreck shortly afterward, I observed a single horse still attached and unhurt. By its side on the ground lay its late master, quite dead. The poor brute had turned around as far as possible toward him, with its head to the ground smelling the body, and there were copious tears flowing from its eyes. It looked so like a human being in dire distress that I could not forget the sad expression for several days."

De Cosmos, the Legislator of British Columbia, Spoke 26 Hours.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by Mr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending the passage of which would take from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority, says the *Pall Mall Budget*. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day, the act of confiscation would fail.

The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about 10 A. M., and began a speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came, and De Cosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill.

For awhile they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk, they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and, finally, they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy, no adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than wet his lips with water, no wandering from his subject, no sitting down.

Twilight darkened; the gas was lit; members slipped out to dinner in relays and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look wide-awake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It cannot be said that it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut and were bleared and bloodshot; his legs tottered under him, his blacked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands!

An Elephant's Intelligence.

In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with wellwater by means of a pump, and it is commonly an elephant that fills the trough. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend at his fine residence in India, a correspondent of a paper saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water.

"In passing," the writer says, "I noticed that one of the two tree trunks which supported the trough at either end had rolled from its place, so that the trough, still elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty itself as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground.

"I stopped to see if the elephant would discover anything wrong. Soon the water begun to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump.

"Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping, and three times he examined the trough. I was an absorbed looker-on, impatient to see what would be done.

"Soon a lively flapping of his ears indicated the dawning of light. He went and smelled of the tree trunk which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as I soon understood, the end which ran over that disturbed his mind, but the end which he found impossible to fill.

"Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump and completed the task."

"Lord Penn."

The first book of any kind published in Philadelphia was "Atkin's Almanack" for the year 1686. It was an unpaged pamphlet of ten leaves, only two copies of which are now known to be in existence. The first copy of the "Almanack" printed was sent to Col. Markham, Penn's deputy, who reported to the council that the book had erroneously declared Pennsylvania to have been founded by "Lord Penn." The council disproved any such high-sounding titles and directed the author and printer (William Bradford) to "forthwith and effectually blott out ye words 'Lord Penn.'" This had the effect of recalling the whole edition and the abolition of the obnoxious words.—Philadelphia Press.

Satisfactory.

Billy—Say, Chimmie, it's de boss play!

Chimmie—Why?

Billy—Dey's t'ree coppers in it, and dey gets it in de neck every act.—Puck.

BIGGER ARMIES AND NAVIES.

Europe's General Increase in the Forces of War.

Although the peoples of Europe murmur more and more in opposition, the burdens of militarism are growing. Leading statesmen of several of the great nations have lately expressed opinions and given semi-official intimation that the limit has been reached but there is no cessation in the activity and magnitude of preparation. The French military budget, the French marine budget, and the Austrian military budget for 1894 were communicated to the legislative bodies of the respective countries two weeks ago. In each case provision for increased armament was asked.

The budget of the French War Ministry demands credits amounting to 636,701,630 francs. It provides for 28,555 officers, which is 215 more than in the present year; for 526,048 men or 8,351 more than this year, and for 141,059 horses, 534 more than in 1893. The French marine budget for 1894 amounts to 267,000,000 francs. Of this amount 80,000,000 francs are to be devoted to the construction of new vessels. There will be put on the stocks this year, according to the programme presented in the budget, three 12,000 ton ironclads, two first-class cruisers, eight second-class cruisers, one torpedo despatch boat, and twenty-four torpedo boats. Provision is asked for the completion during 1894 of other vessels already in course of construction, as follows: Eleven ironclads, five armor-belted cruisers, one first-class cruiser, five second-class cruisers, and two third-class cruisers, in addition to torpedo, despatch, submarine, and other smaller boats. There will thus be, in 1894, about a hundred war vessels in course of construction or equipment for the French navy.

Economy and retrenchment in military matters have been talked in Austria lately, but the Austrian military estimates for 1894 provide for a "necessary expansion" of the army. The number of officers will be increased, additional horses will be purchased, and the artillery will be "reorganized" on a broad scale. Seven hundred and thirteen additional officers will be gazetted to infantry regiments during 1894. A like increase of officers is projected for the rifle battalions, and a few will be added to the cavalry, artillery and medical corps; but these reforms will extend over several years. A brigade of artillery will be added, making sixteen instead of fifteen, and a total of sixty-four regiments of field artillery. Additions will also be made to the fortress artillery. A telephone corps is to be attached to each army corps.

There has been an enormous increase in the strength of European navies during the past year or so, and the Austrian Naval Minister calls attention to the fact that during last year Great Britain added to her fleet more vessels and a greater tonnage than that of the whole of the Austro-Hungarian navy put together. Twenty-one ships, representing 141,000 tons displacement, was England's addition to her navy in 1892. Russia approached most nearly to Great Britain in adding to her fleet during that year, and most of the great powers notably increased their naval strength. The report of the Naval Minister says there was an almost feverish activity in building during 1892, which strained the resources of many State yards, as well as of numerous private firms. If, as some wise men argue, the armament of the nations is the best guarantee of peace, the millennium would seem to be at hand.

All the vessels launched last year by the more important countries were armored ships of the line, with protected hulls and decks, with a displacement between 10,000 and 14,000 tons, the former being more general. The armor consisted mainly of steel or compound plates, and in a few cases of nickel steel. Nickel steel was also used to some extent for naval guns. The most notable innovation in machinery was the use of three screws in some of the larger vessels. The use of petroleum has been abandoned on war ships, on account mainly of the risk of fire. The big guns of 100 to 110 tons continue to give way to those of lighter calibre, the new guns being, at the most, not more than sixty-eight tons in weight, with a calibre of thirty-four centimetres, against forty-five centimetres in the big guns. Many experts consider this reduction in calibre as premature, in view of the recent improvements in ships' armor. There was a great increase in the number of quick-firing guns of medium calibre up to sixteen centimetres. The general use of smokeless powder, for guns of all calibre, is considered by the compilers of the Austrian report to be only a question of a short time. The Whitehead and the Schwarzkopf torpedoes are the only ones yet adopted for offensive operations. The experiments with submarine boats are noted as not being very encouraging, and that form of vessel is not considered to be a serious factor in naval construction as yet.

Or Why a Maiden Remained a Maiden All Her Days.

A maiden of four-and-forty was telling "a young thing" about her first and only true love affair. She said: "It was when I was twenty-seven. I was never a beautiful girl, and, as there were none too many young men in our town, I had not met any one whom I could truly love. Not that I didn't have attention, for I did. But one day an artist came to the village and got lodgings at the hotel. He was a handsome fellow, tall, lithe and with blue eyes and red cheeks. I met him in the fields and we became friends. Time passed on and we became more than friends. In two months he had told me that he loved me, and I had promised to be his wife. We were foolish and romantic. We planned to elope. The night came. My lover whistled beneath my window. I was waiting for him, and stole out on the veranda and down the ladder. In an upper room my mother slumbered on, unconscious of the fact that she was losing her daughter. Then a terrible thing happened"—and the elderly person began to sob. "What was it?" asked the young thing, feverishly. "My father threw out my trunk from the second story. It struck my lover on the arm, and he refused to have anything more to do with me."

Something About the Ammunition Used on Big Ships.

All men-of-war are provided with magazines and shell-rooms. They are situated under the water-line, and can be quickly filled with water by opening the flood valves. Each charge of powder is kept in a separate bag, and each bag in a separate can, which is composed of copper and hermetically sealed. Well kept magazines can be flooded scores of times without injuring the powder. Powder that had been submerged for months in the sunken American men-of-war at Samoa was found, upon its recovery, to be as perfect in every respect as on the day it was put aboard those ships.

All implements used in the handling of powder on warships are composed of copper. Persons entering a magazine are compelled to don a suit of clothes and slippers especially made for the purpose. All fires are hauled under the gallery stoves, and no smoking is allowed about the decks when the powder is being put aboard. Gunpowder is composed of three ingredients—charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur. The proportions of the ingredients vary considerably, according to the use for which the composition is intended.

The charge of powder for a cannon varies from one-fourth to one-third the weight of the projectile. With the old-fashioned smooth-bore guns, firing the round shot, it is sometimes as high as one-third, but in modern guns it has been demonstrated that the velocity is not much increased when the charge is greater than one-fourth.

The intensity of the force of gunpowder is highly variable at different portions of the path along the bore, being very great near the seat of the shot and rapidly declining towards the muzzle. Equal velocities will be imparted only when at different points in the path along the bore the respective intensities are proportional to the columns of metal.

The size of grain in gunpowder is one of the most important points to be considered as modifying the explosiveness of powder. Although a charge of powder appears to explode instantaneously, yet both ignition and combustion are comparatively gradual; the flame is communicated from one grain to another, and each burns in concentric layers until it is consumed, so that the combustion of the grains is not simultaneous.

For each gun, or charge of gunpowder, there is a size of grain which produces a maximum velocity with a minimum initial strain. But as each kind of powder has to be employed in more than one piece of ordnance, it is necessary to select that size which will best suit all of them.

Do Dogs Understand Words?

While dogs generally do not really know the meaning of one-half the words that their masters think they know, they certainly do learn to discriminate between certain words with the sound of which they have been made familiar. They are, however, much better mind-readers than word-readers, says Youth's Companion.

It is a common thing to hear people say of a dog, "He understands everything that is said." I do not believe that this was ever true of any dog, nor anywhere near true. Intelligent dogs know their names and generally recognize the meaning of some half dozen other words. But they are so wonderfully quick in the use of their instinctive perceptions—so much quicker than civilized human beings ever are—that people who see them exercise these perceptions often unreasoningly assume that they understand the words upon which, rather than upon instinctive perceptions, human beings base their actions. I will illustrate what I mean.

I once had a Newfoundland that was regarded as a marvel of intelligence. In the evening, when I made to him some cush wordy speech as this, "In my opinion, the hour has arrived when every well-regulated canine citizen should retire for the night," he would, to the great wonder of strangers, pick himself up from the rug reluctantly, stretch, look furtively at me, and then go away to his sleeping-place in the shed.

But if, at the right time and in the accustomed way, I repeated a phrase from the Scriptures or quoted a line of poetry in a foreign language, the dog would retire in precisely the same way. It was the understood wish, not the speech, that he obeyed.

Often the best-trained dog seems to fail to understand an accustomed command. Every one who is familiar with dogs knows that these cases often happen, and that when they do the command must be repeated until the animal somehow catches it.

Noah's Tomb.

On the great plain of Ararat stands the ancient city of Nakhtchevan, scarcely more than a village when compared with some of the modern cities of either Asia, Europe or America, but celebrated the world over on account of a wonderful relic which is within its limits—nothing less than the tomb of Noah, the builder of the ark! The burial place of the old patriarch is situated at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress in the midst of a vast plain which is literally covered with the remains of bygone glories, which now lie half buried in the drifting sands. The tomb itself is a small, round cell, the interior forming an octagon 10 or 12 feet in diameter, which, until quite lately, was half filled with old lamps, broken pots and vases, residuary grease and other mementoes of the piety of the faithful visitors at the shrine. Formerly the tomb was visited by the pilgrims of all faiths—Russians, Americans, Persians, Jews, Turkomans, Mohammedans, Budhists, fire worshippers, etc.—all of whom seemed bent on doing reverence to our common post-deluvian father. The view on both sides of this ancient structure is very fine, commanding an extensive prospect of the plains of Armenia and the two peaks of Ararat, the only two peaks in the world for which it can be claimed that they were once inhabited by all the living human beings on the globe.—St. Louis Republic.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

ITS POWER EFFECTUAL IN REMEDYING NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Patients at Randall's Island, Under the Influence of Music, Show Various Changes of Medical Condition The Medical Musical Society Interested.

Several New York medical men are investigating music as an auxiliary in the treatment and management of certain nervous complaints, and one of them, Sebastian J. Wimmer, President of the Medical Musical Society, has gone so far as to suggest a place for "the soothing language" in the materia medica because, he says, it is a remedy for such complaints as neurasthenia, insomnia and nervous prostration. Dr. Wimmer can explain the action of music on the human body scientifically, and he is able to demonstrate its power on the development and functional play of the moral and intellectual faculties.

His conclusions are as follows: (1) That there is a music which has a special action on the intelligence and on the motor nerves. (2) That there is a music which influences particularly the nerves of sensibility and the sentiments. (3) That there is a music which acts all at once on the motor nerves and on the sensitive nerves, on the intelligence and on the sentiments. He further believes that between the effects of music and those of the ailments which modify the nervous system there are such analogies that the laws which regulate the one and the other may be arranged in the same terms.

Slow, monotonous music, explains Dr. Wimmer, provided it is not too sluggish, has a calming influence over the individual, because it is then in harmony with the nerve habit of the person who listens. It is essential to the ultimate success of any endeavor to bring the brain under control that the music should first arrest the attention either by its power or sweetness, and then gradually conduct the organism into harmony with itself. Unless a measured cadence begins with a powerful appeal to the brain in a key which accords with that in which the cerebrum is at the moment itself working a negative result will ensue, and instead of allaying irritation the irritation is more likely to be augmented. To arouse the spirits by music plaintive sound is required, and this must be in the key of melancholy which blends in harmony with the brain state of the patient.

Some curious experiments were made among the insane patients at Randall's Island the other day. Four hundred women were congregated in the entertainment hall of the institution and subjected to a strain of piano music for half an hour. The general effects were noted as follows: The pulse was raised, the patients became restless and there was a marked desire to keep time with the music. Every patient was susceptible to the rhythm, and its effect was decidedly stimulating. Melody without any very decided or certain tempo was without effect except in those cases where the force of association was still active.

In a case of chronic melancholia the playing of "Home, Sweet Home," invariably brought the patient to her knees, where she began to recite the Lord's Prayer in an apparent ecstasy of devotion. In another case—one of acute mania—the patient's pulse was elevated from 78 to 106 beats, the patient not showing any other signs of excitation save the involuntary twitching of the facial muscles. Cantabile music seemed to have an effect in the worst cases similar to that which it exercises upon certain animals, the person being disposed to lie down and go to sleep under its influence.

The results of all these experiments were markedly beneficial. Many of the patients showed great improvement. The effects in almost every instance of the pronounced rhythm were involuntary, the movements of the limbs and facial muscles being attributed to reflex action.

Whether or not music deserves to have an official place in the materia medica as a medicine, it certainly stamps itself upon the sensitive nerve organism of the individual, refreshing and stimulating it, and thus paving the way to mollifying the effects of many complaints.

The English Language.

Professor Vambery has been lecturing on the "Fashion of Languages" before the Buda-Pest English Club. English, he said, may now be called the most fashionable language in all the five parts of the world. It began to spread in the first decades of the century through English literature, and in Asia by means of accelerated communication. Steamers were the wings of the English language in the far East, and its spreading from India and the Straits Settlements to China and Japan is simply miraculous.

There is no exaggeration in saying that the number of English-speaking Asiatics amounts today to 3,000,000; that of Europeans to more than 1,000,000, and these, added to 126,000,000 Anglo-Saxons, give a total of English-speaking men and women of 130,000,000. Should the increase continue in the same proportion, the middle of next century will have 200,000,000 English-speaking persons and the English will have no rival in the world beside the Chinese.

Phonetically English is unsuitable for the foreigner, and the lecturer declares he always suffer pain in the jaws when speaking publicly in England and trying to imitate genuine English. The phonetic difficulties are, however, amply rewarded through the expressiveness, the rare precision, vigor and exactness in which English surpasses all other European tongues.—London News.

Overheard at a Reception.

Mrs. Clacker—Is that gentleman standing by the door a friend of yours?

Mrs. Whacker—Oh, no, indeed. That's my husband.—Life.