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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23D YEAR—NO. 2. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,146.

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 40	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 40	Lonaconing	10 42	5 30	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 38
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.

*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. 9 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

THE ROSE IS SUCH A LADY.

The rose is such a lady—
So stately, fresh and sweet;
It joys to hold her image—
The rain pool at her feet.

They look such common lasses,
Those red pinks in a line;
The rose is such a lady—
So dignified and fine.

The winds would wish to kiss her,
And yet they scarcely dare;
The rose is such a lady—
So courteous, pure and fair.

Here's one come from a garden
To die within this book—
See, in the faded features
The old lady-like look!

—Gertrude Hall, in McClure's Magazine.

BULL AND BICYCLE.

In the early autumn of 1892, C, and I were riding our good wheels through Evangeline's land. We were rolling lazily along a well-kept, level highway and blessing the efficient roadmakers of Nova Scotia. Ahead of us, across a wide, flashing water, the storied expanse of Minas, towered the blue-black bastion of Cape Blomidon, capped with rolling vapors. To our left and behind us rose fair, rounded hills, some thickly wooded, others with orchards and meadows on their slopes, while to our right lay far unrolled those rich diked lands which the vanished Acadian farmers of old won back from the sea.

Though another race now held these lovely regions, we felt that the landscape, through whatever vicissitudes, must lie changelessly under the spell of one enchantment, the touch of the beloved poet. We felt that something more than mere beauty of scene, however wonderful, was needed to explain the exalted mood which had taken possession of two hungry and athletic wheelmen like ourselves, and we acknowledged that additional something in the romance of history and song.

Presently we came to a stretch of road which had been treated to a generous top dressing of loose sand. Such ignorance of the principles of good roadmaking soon brought us down both from our lofty mood and from our laboring wheels. We trudged toilsomely for nearly half a mile, saying unkind things now of the Nova Scotian roadmakers and quite forgetting the melodious sorrows of the Acadian exiles.

Then we came to the village of Port Avon and were much solaced by the sight of the village inn.

In the porch of the unpretentious hostelry we found a fellow cycler in a sorely battered condition. Several strips of court-plaster, black and pink, distributed artistically about his forehead, nose and chin, gave a mightily grotesque appearance to his otherwise melancholy countenance. One of his stockings was rolled down about his ankle, and he was busy applying arnica to a badly bruised shin.

Against the bench on which he was sitting leaned a bicycle which looked as if it had been in collision with an earthquake.

The poor fellow's woebegone countenance brightened up as we entered, and we made ourselves acquainted. He was a solitary tourist from Eastport, Me., and a principal in the important case of Bull versus Bicycle, which had just been decided very much in the favor of Bull. We dined together, and as our appetites diminished our curiosity increased.

Presently Caldwell, as the woebegone cyclist called himself, detailed to us his misadventure as follows:

"It wasn't more than an hour before you fellows came that I got here myself. I was in a nice mess, I can tell you, but plenty of cold water and Mrs. Briggs's arnica and court-plaster have pulled me together a lot. I only hope we can do as much after dinner for that poor old wheel of mine!

"This morning I had a fine trip pretty nearly all the way from Hanston. Splendid weather, wasn't it? and a good, hard road most of the way, eh? You remember that long, smooth hill about two miles back from here and the road that crosses it at the fort nearly at right angles? Well, as I came coasting down that hill, happy as a clam, my feet over the handles, I almost ran into a party of men with ropes and a gun, moving along that crossroad.

"I stopped for a little talk with them and asked what they were up to. It appeared that a very dangerous bull had got loose from a farm up the river and had taken to the road. They were afraid it would gore somebody before they could recapture it. I asked them if they knew which way it had gone, and they told me the 'critter' was sure to make right for the dike lands where it used to pasture in its earlier and more amiable days.

"That crossroad was the way to the dikes, and they pursued it confidently. I took it into my head that it would be a lark to go along with them and see the capture of the obstreperous animal, but the men, who were intelligent fellows and knew what they were talking about, told me I should find the road too heavy and rough for my wheel. Rather reluctantly I bade them good-morning and continued my journey by the highway.

"Now, as a fact, that bull had no notion of going to the dikes. He had turned off the crossroad and sauntered along the highway, just where he could get most fun and see the most of life. But I'll venture to say he hadn't counted on meeting a bicycle.

"I hadn't gone more than half a mile, or perhaps less, when a little distance ahead of me I noticed some cattle feeding by the roadside. I thought nothing of that of course, but presently one of the cattle—a tremendous animal, almost pure white—stepped into the middle of the road and began to paw the mud. Certain anxious questionings arose within me.

"Then the animal put his great head to the earth and uttered a mighty bellow. With much perturbation of spirit I concluded that the angry bull had not betaken himself to the dikes after all.

"I felt very bitter towards those men for this mistake and for not having suffered me to go along with them on their futile errand. They wanted the bull and wouldn't find him. I, on the other hand, had found him, and I didn't want him at all.

"I checked my course, pedaling very slowly, uncertain what to do. The bull stood watching me. If I turned and made tracks, he would catch me on the hill or on the soft crossroad. If I took to the woods there was little to gain, for there were no fences behind which to take refuge, and if I should climb a tree I knew the beast would demolish my wheel.

"Straight ahead, however, as far as I could see, the road was level and good, and in the distance I saw farms and fences. I decided to keep right on.

"The road along there is wide and hard, as you know, and bordered with a deep ditch. I put on good speed, and the bull, as he saw me approaching, looked a little puzzled. He took the wheel and me, I presume, for some unheard of monster. I guessed his meditations and concluded he was getting frightened.

"But there I was mistaken. He was only getting in a rage. He suddenly concluded that it was his mission to rid the world of monsters, and with a roar he charged down to meet me.

"'Now,' thought I, 'for a trick, and then a race in which I will show a pretty speedy pair of heels!' I rode straight at the bull, who must have had strange misgivings, though he never flinched. At the last possible moment I swerved sharply aside and swept past the baffled animal in a fine, triumphant curve. Before he could stop himself and turn I was away down the road at a pace that I knew would try his mettle.

"But the brute had a most pernicious energy. He came thundering and pounding along my tracks at a rate that kept me quite busy. I staid ahead easily enough, but I did not do much more than that for fear of getting winded.

"There's where I made the mistake, I think. I ought to have done my utmost in order to discourage and distance my prusuer. I didn't allow for contingencies ahead, but just pedaled along gayly and enjoyed the situation. Of course I kept a sharp lookout in order that I shouldn't take a header over a stone, but I felt myself master of the situation.

"At last, and in an evil hour, I came to where they had been mending the road with all that abominable sand. Let us pass over my feelings at this sot. They were indescribable. My wheel almost came to a standstill. Then I called up fresh energies and bent forward and strained to the task. I went ahead, but it was like wading through a feather bed, and the bull began to draw nearer.

"A little in front the fences began. The first was a high board fence, with a gate in it and a hay road leading by a rough bridge into the highway. My whole effort now was to make that gate.

"The perspiration was rolling down my face, half blinding me. My mighty pursuer was getting closer and closer, and I was feeling pretty well pumped. It was as much as a bargain which would win the race. I dared not look behind, but my anxious ears kept me all too well informed.

"I reached the bridge and darted across it. Immediately I heard my pursuer's feet upon it. I had no time to dismount. I rode straight at the gate, ran upon it and shot over it head first in a magnificent header, landing in a heap of stones and brambles.

"In a glow of triumph, which at first prevented me feeling my wounds, I picked myself up—and beheld the furious beast in the act of trying to gore my unoffending bicycle.

"At first he had stopped in consternation, naturally amazed at seeing the monster divided into two parts. The portion which had shot over the gate he perceived to be very like a man, but the other part remained all the more mysterious. Presently he plunged his horns tentatively into the big wheel, whereupon my brave bicycle reared and struck him in the eye with a handle and set the little wheel crawling up his back.

"At this the bull was astonished and alarmed—so much so that he backed off a little way. Then seeing that the bicycle lay motionless on the ground he charged upon it again, maltreating it shamefully and tossing it up on his horns.

"This was too much for me. I ran up, reached over the gate and laid hold of my precious wheel. By strange good fortune I succeeded in detaching it from the brute's horns and hauling it over the gate. Then I pelted the animal with sticks and stones till he got disgusted and moved away.

"As soon as he was safely off the scene I opened the gate and limped sorrowfully down to this place, dragging my wheel by my side. Do you think we can do anything with it?"

"The first thing necessary," said I, "is to have an examination and make a diagnosis of its injuries."

This we forthwith proceeded to do and found the matter pretty serious. After spending an hour in tinkering at the machine we had to give up the job. Then we set forth on a visit to the village blacksmith, who, after being regaled with a full account of Caldwell's misadventure, addressed himself to his task with vast good will.

He was a skillful man, and before nightfall the wheel was in better travelling shape than its unlucky owner. But Caldwell was good stuff and of a merry heart, so that when on the following day he became our travelling companion, we found that his scars and his lugubrious countenance only heightened the effect of his good fellowship.—Charles G. D. Roberts.

When Beards Were Taxed.

In the reign of Elizabeth every beard of a fortnight's growth was subject to a tax of 3s. 4d. Peter the Great, in 1705, imposed a tax upon the beards of the Russian nobles of 100 rubles, while the common people's beard tax amounted to one kopec. This tax caused much dissatisfaction, but in spite of this the impost was extended to St. Petersburg in 1714. The tax on beards was confirmed by Catherine I. in 1762. In France a beard tax was imposed upon the clergy. The celebrated Duprat, Lord High Chancellor of France, was the adviser of the measure, and a bull was published by the Pope enjoining the clergy to shave their chins, and then a tax was levied upon all who wished to be exempted from the harsh decree. The bishops and others who could afford the means paid the tax, but the poorer clergy were obliged to yield at the point of the razor.

An Admirable Enterprise Promoted by New York.

A very interesting public document is the ninth annual report of the Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara, an important body of which the Hon. Andrew H. Green is President.

This reservation includes the shore and islands of the Niagara River, and was obtained and set apart by the State that the region about the great falls might be protected against injurious invasion and preserved as a free and open park for all the people. When the Commissioners took charge of the property it was infested with harpies who preyed on visitors and gave an evil reputation throughout the world to one of the greatest of natural wonders. Even now this nuisance continues outside of the park, but within the reservation it is entirely abated. Hack drivers still seize on unsuspecting strangers, and drive them to places not under State control, where admission seems to be free, but out of which nobody can get without paying a fee, usually half a dollar. The signs announcing such charges are artfully arranged, so that visitors see them only when they are departing. In most cases the cab drivers receive one-half of the fee as a commission, and thus are made partners in the imposition.

The receipts of the reservation are derived from a nominal charge of five cents for a ride up and down an inclined railway, and rentals from the steamboat landing, the Cave of the Winds, and the carriage service. Admission to the park is absolutely free, and within its limits every visitor is protected against extortion.

The care and improvement of the State's property, too, are only a small charge on the people. Of the $20,000 appropriated for the purpose last year, nearly one-half was returned to the treasury from the receipts, the number of visitors having been 500,000 from whom about $7,500 was obtained for use of the inclined railway, or an average of only a cent and a half each. The saving to them is estimated by the superintendent at an average of one dollar apiece, and, besides, they are spared the far worse infliction of the imposition which formerly distinguished and disgraced the whole Niagara region and threatened to drive visitors from it.

With its small allowance of money the Commission has brought about astonishing improvement in the park. Both its economy and its good judgment have been remarkable. Every cent of the amount intrusted to it for expenditure seems to have been laid out to the best purpose. The number of its permanent employees is only ten, but they have been supplemented during the last year with a large number of laborers temporarily employed in executing the improvements. These have been the construction of new roads and conduits, grading, sodding, building, maccadamizing, and repairs and additions of various kinds. This necessary work has been going on steadily since the Commission took charge of the reservation, and the change produced since 1885 is described by visitors as little short of wonderful, considering that the annual appropriation for care and maintenance has only once exceeded $20,000, and then only by $5,000, and that the extra appropriations for large and special improvements have aggregated only $15,000 during the whole period of eight years.

It would be hard to find anywhere a public undertaking which has been conducted with such scrupulous fidelity to the public interests, with so great skill, and with an equally judicious economy.—New York Sun.

Napoleon's Fatalism.

Napoleon I. was a fatalist, and among his superstitions was a firmly rooted notion that places and persons whose names began with the letter M possessed immense power over his fortunes for good or for evil. An ingenious Frenchman, evidently inclined to believe that there was some good ground for Napoleon's faith, makes up the following strange list of Ms: Six Marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat and Moncey—without counting twenty-six division Generals. Moreau betrayed him. Marseilles was the place where he encountered the greatest difficulties at the commencement of his career. Marboeuf was the first to suspect his genius and to shove him ahead. His most brilliant battles were Montenotte, Mantua, Millesimo, Mondovi, Marengo, Malta, Mont Thabor, Montmirvil, Mormons, Montereau, Mery, Montmartre (assault), Mont-Saint-Jean, the last at Waterloo. At the seige of Toulon his first point of attack was Fort Malbousquet. There he singled out Muiron, who covered him with his body on the bridge of Arsole. Milan was the capital of his new kingdom. Moscow was the last town that he took. Menon made him lose Egypt. Miollis was selected to capture Pius VII. Malet conspired against him. Metternich beat him diplomatically. Maret was his secretary and his confidant. Montalivet was his Minister, and Montesquin his first Chamberlain. In March, 1796, he married Josephine, and in March, 1810, he married Marie-Louise. In March, 1811, the King of Rome was born. Malmaison, a well-named unlucky house, was his last residence in France. He surrendered to Capt. Maitland. At Saint Helena, Mcholon was his companion in captivity and Marchand his valet de chambre. He died in May, 1821. The letter M also comes to the front in the career of Napoleon III. He married the Countess de Montijo. Morny is not forgotten. In the war of the Crimea we find Malakoff and Mamelon. In the Italian campaign we find Montepello, Marignon, Magenta, Milan, Mazzini Toward the close of his career Mexico appears with Maximilian, Meja and Miramon. In the war with Germany he pinned his faith upon the Mitrailleuse, and the names of Moltke and Metz are conspicuous enough in the history of that campaign.

To Prevent Discoloration.

If vaseline or butter be applied to the skin immediately after a blow of any kind there will be no discoloration. But to be effectual it must be used directly after the accident. The bruised feeling may be relieved by witch hazel.

USES OF CORNCOBS.

The Various Ways in Which They May Serve the Uses of Man.

Corncobs are useful to make pipes for the men, as stoppers to bottles that have mislaid their corks, to crowd into the bunghole of the cider barrel, to throw at the hens when they scratch the young onions, to curl hair on, to hold up windows, to ferrule the children with, to grease the griddle in place of the time-honored half of a turnip, to wind basting ravelings for future use, to stop up any kind of a chink, to drive away red ants and to found a fortune. The last two statements may seem to challenge remark, but they can bear the light of the best tallow dip ever run in a candle mould. One steps on corncobs when entering the pantry and joggles the cream into the pickle dish. On inquiry one finds that red ants don't like corncobs. I don't wonder. Neither do I. As for the fortune, a man who once lived not ten miles from Springfield laid the foundations of a fortune so large that though he died 12 years ago the lawyers have not yet done fighting over his will, solely by carrying loads of corncobs hither and yon and selling them for faboulous prices. The children find both fun and sorrow in corncobs. They make pretty dolls, to be sure, but if the masters of the Inquisition could have been provided with corncobs sufficient to allow one for the mouth of each prisoner, they would have abandoned all other modes of torture. It is a most enlightening sight to enter a "destrict" school and see a row of little culprits standing behind the stove, a corncob in each mouth and the silent tears of agony rolling down the chubby cheeks. A corncob smudge is said to give ham and bacon a most perfect and delicate flavor. A concob put on a pole, saturated with kerosene and set blazing, will destroy any worm's nest into which it is thrust during the early morning of June's rare days. A corncob slightly greased and set in the candlestick has been known to burn half an hour, and to save bringing in the lantern from the barn in order to light the children to bed. Without the grease it would, if very dry, burn slowly and perfume the air in a way that showed itself an excellent substitute for joss-sticks. The ancient nurse in the rural district uses them to purify the atmosphere of the sick-room, and considers that, together with woollen rags, they are far ahead of any disinfectant favored by the medical fraternity. The country damsel preparing for the social fray has been known to blacken her brows with a burnt cob. When children object too strenously to having their teeth scoured with soot from the teakettle, an indulgent parent may make a compromise on the black powder from a burnt cob. In many places the jetty stuff is supposed even to have medicinal power, and Miranda swallows a quantity in order have a sweet breath—ah, tell-tale plan—when Ferdinand comes a-wooing. You can black boots with corncobs. You can shell corn by rubbing cob on grain. A corncob makes an excellent scrubbing brush. A woman with a soul for ingenuity once hung out a large wash with clothespins manufactured from left corncobs.—Minneapolis Housekeeper

Temporary Western Home.

The settler's first care is to provide himself with a house which can be built quickly and cheaply. Under these circumstances the first buildings erected are neither pretentious nor commodious Usually they contain a moderate sized room having one or two windows and a door. A shingle roof is seldom attainable. Sometimes roof and sides are sheathed with tar paper, which wind and rain soon penetrate. But the house suffices until a more comfortable dwelling can be constructed. Sod is used as a building material in the West. Strips are plowed in a spot thickly clothed with short grass. These strips are of a uniform thickness of three inches. When cut into pieces of a convenient length they are ready to be built like bricks into walls. Sometimes the soil is piled around an ordinary frame house, but the walls often consist only of sod without other support. Owing to the nature of the material, the walls must be very thick, and for that reason sod makes a warm house. The roof may be of shingles, or it may be of rough boards covered with a few inches of earth and sod. Houses built in this manner are a good protection from wind and weather when new, but unless they are plastered on the outside, they soon become comfortless enough. The soil is washed away from the window and door frames, leaving holes through which the rain pours in summer and the snow drifts in winter. The dugout is frequently seen, generally in a steep hillside. It consists essentially of a hole dug in the ground, and is as lowly as an ant-hill or the home of the prairie dog. The hill usually forms three sides of the house, while the fourth may be of sod or lumber In this fourth side are all the doors and windows the house contains. The roof is formed by laying beams or poles from wall to wall, and covering these with a layer of straw and earth. Sometimes a framework is built within this hole to keep the walls from tumbling in upon the occupants, and a floor is added; but these improvements are not always necessary. The inmates of these houses do not fear the fiercest winds that sweep across the prairies. Another kind of house that is peculiar to the West is half framé and half dugout. A hole is dug in the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and of the desired size. Over this a frame house is constructed to the height of four feet. Two or three half-length windows are put in the sides, steps are made leading to the floor, the earth taken from the hole is banked almost to the eaves, and the house is complete.

All He Had.

With needle, thread and bandages the surgeons patched up the wounds his caller had received a few minutes before in an encounter with a footpad, and his bill was $10.

"Here's half of it, doctor," said the victim, handing over a $5 greenback and writing a promissory note for the remainder, "and I see now that I'd be just $5 richer if I hadn't stood the other one off."—Chicago Tribune.

Literature Is Not What It Is Cracked Up to Be.

"Literature," said the sad-eyed, stoop-shouldered pilgrim, with the baggy trousers, "is an attractive and ennobling thing, but considered as a business it doesn't pay."

"You have had some experience in that line, perhaps," observed the comfortable-looking party in the new spring overcoat, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Yes," sighed the other.

"As a publisher or as a dealer in books?"

"Neither. As a writer. I have tasted the joys of authorship. I am the father of a successful novel. It went through eight or ten editions, and the papers all spoke well of it. And what do you suppose I made out of it? Seven hundred and fifty dollars. Three months' work, nine months' waiting, and $750! It may have netted the publishers more than that, but that's all I got out of it."

The sad-eyed pilgrim was silent, and the other ventured to ask:

"Are you still writing novels?"

"Oh, yes. I've got one or two on hand, but I am in no hurry to publish them. What's the use? There's more money in running a good grease-tank, only I don't know how to run a grease-tank."

"You are engaged in literary work of some kind, I presume?"

"Yes; I write an occasional newspaper 'special,' have had articles accepted by the magazines which I hope to see in print if I live long enough, and I assist in keeping the books during the busy season at one of the big book stores. Altogether I manage to make a living for myself and family of six children, but that's about all."

"My experience," said the man in the spring overcoat, "is somewhat different from yours, and I am in the same line of business, too. I make about $5,000 a year with my pen."

"Writing books?"

"Writing books! Great Scott, no! I do these nice little newspaper stories that turn out to be puffs for patent medicines after you've begun to get interested in them."

Like All the Rest of Them.

"I must leave," she said, as she presented herself before the mistress of the house. "I am sorry, for you have been as kind to me as I could have expected, but I can't stay any longer."

She was a pleasant-looking young woman—a girl almost—neatly dressed and modest in her demeanor.

"I am sorry, too," said the mistress, looking up in surprise. "You have been very satisfactory. Where are you going, may I ask?"

"Back to the factory," was the reply.

"Back to the factory?" exclaimed the mistress. "Why, what did you leave it for?"

"I thought it would be better," she said. "I could barely live there before, but here I could get as good or better wages and had nothing to pay for board. It seemed better, especially as my mother, before she died, had taught me to do housekeeping work. She took great pride in it, and I thought—I thought"——

"You thought what?"

"I thought I could do better, and I tried, but the girls I used to know laugh at me and will hardly recognize me."

"But aren't you doing better than they?"

"Yes; I can dress better than I could, and save up a little money, too."

"And aren't you more comfortable than you were in your boarding place?"

"Yes, indeed. That was nothing but an attic."

"Is the work here harder?"

"It is not so hard, and it is much pleasanter."

"And yet you are going back to the factory?"

"I must; I'm losing the respect of all my friends. They all say that domestic work is degrading, and—and I won't stand being looked down upon."

She went back to her attic and the factory because she was ashamed to do the work that her mother had done and had taught her to do. And her companions said she had shown spirit and independence. They said nothing about sense.—Chicago Tribune.

How Vermillion is Made.

The interesting process of preparing that peculiar substance in commerce and art, vermillion, consists, according to the Rea de Chimie Industrielle, in having a wooden bath one metre in diameter and two metres high, with circular shelves about six inches wide, on which is placed metallic mercury about one-half inch deep, and these shelves are attached to the negative pole of a dynamo. At the bottom of the vat is a plate of steel-plated copper connected with the negative pole, the solution containing 8 per cent. of nitrate of ammonia and the same of nitrate of soda; through a perforated worm placed in the bath sulphuretted hydrogen is introduced, and the bath also contains agitators. On passing the current, a precipitate of sulphide of mercury—that is, vermillion—is formed. Still another method for the production of this singular material consists, briefly, in the employment of a bath containing one hundred litres of water, four kilograms each of nitrate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, sulphide of sodium, and sulphur—in this case sulphur and mercury being added instead of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Increasing Weight of Rails.

The statement is made that the weight of the rail used on the American roads has been increasing steadily during the last twenty years, and this notwithstanding the abundance of timber available for ties, the fact in question being due solely, it appears, to the increasing weight of rolling stock, cars of every description being much heavier than they were formerly and their capacity greater. The figures given show that twenty years ago the maximum capacity of a freight car was from 20,000 to 24,000 pounds, while at present it is from 60,000 to 80,000, some cars, in fact, having been constructed with a freight-carrying capacity of 100,000 pounds. In regard to engines, one of thirty tons was some years ago regarded as of fair size, but they are now built of sixty, seventy and eighty tons' weight. Until the last ten or twelve years or so, the average weight of rails was fifty-six pounds to the yard.

SOCIAL ANIMALS.

Those That Show the Social Instinct Alone Survive.

When we observe the different species of animals we perceive a very significant fact: the prosperous species, those highest in the animal kingdom, are the ones best adapted to living in society. To go still further, their prosperity is proportional to the development of that quality. According to the article by M. Houssay in the Revue Scientifique, this is a law which applies equally to man, to ants, bees, dogs, cattle, sheep and fowls. In evidence of this, most of the great wild beasts have disappeared; and this notwithstanding their bodies were so well constructed for triumph both in violence and subtlety. Take, for instance, lions and sheep. Which of the two are best fitted to survive? As a matter of course the lions, so admirably armed for the battle of life. Now the ferocious carnivora are disappearing, while the poor sheep, which is neither protected by its quickness, subtlety, courage nor fecundity, has multiplied, because it is fitted for a social life, inclined to have numerous allies of its own or different kinds, as dogs cattle horses and men.

We have then under consideration a special aptitude, sociability, which has allowed certain animals to partake of the fortunes of men, while contributing to them, and this sociability is an anterior habit, common to all domestic animals, which are social in the highest degree. Even in the savage state sheep, horses, cattle, dogs are always found in herds. Man himself owes the origin of his success to this habit of sociability. This it is which makes the chasm between the chimpanzees and gorillas and the miserable human tribes of Africa and Australia otherwise almost indistinguishable.

Isolated buffaloes would be an easy prey for the tiger; in herds they vigorously defend themselves against it, toss it from their horns and quickly kill it. Horses also are able to repulse carnivora which, individually, they would scarcely be able to resist. The closer the association, the more evident the results. Take, for example, the marvelous association of a swarm of bees, and notice all the advantages which the different members draw from it. The ants heap up provisions, a fact so well known that it is scarcely necessary to recall it. Thus, the habit of living with others is generally profitable to those who possess it; it establishes a sort of balance, according to the nature of each participant.

Man and the domestic animals now form the most powerful of societies. At first, one might be impressed with the privileges of the chief of this association; but, on reflection, it is easy to see that he has bought this by the aid which he furnishes his allies. Man makes provision for the animals, he gives them shelter from the inclemency of the weather, he defends them from sickness and protects them from the attacks of wild beasts.—Dr. A. Neuville.

An Act of Providence.

"I didn't leave my job of my own accord," said the ex-train dispatcher as he settled himself down to his yarn, "and my being bounced was a mean piece of business. If Providence was ever on the side of an overworked and underpaid railroad employe it was with me that last night, and the superintendent ought to have realized the fact. It was on an Ohio railroad, and the headquarters were in Cincinnati. We'd had a strike, two or three accidents and a row at headquarters, and I'd been doing two men's work for ten nights past. On this last night I was clean played out and asked for a relief, but nobody was to be had. When the line is working all right and a man is feeling good, train dispatching is as easy as rolling off a log. You can locate every train on the rails within a hundred rods, and unless some pig-headed conductor refuses to obey instructions there's no chance for an accident.

"That night I had four through passenger trains, two locals, a Blue Line and two or three regular freights to look after. Everything was all right up to about midnight. At that hour the western express would reach Kingsville and sidetrack for the limited going east and due at 12.10. I gave the customary order, as I thought, and it was 12.30 before it suddenly flashed across me that I had made a mix of it. For thirty seconds I was as cold as ice from head to heels, and then a hot wave seemed to strike me, and I came near fainting away. I had ordered the express to run to Diamonddale, where I meant it for the Blue Line. She'd meet the limited head-on about four miles west of Kingsville, and both trains had a full complement of passengers. It was too late for me to stop either one, and I was just about to order out a wrecking train, telegraph the company doctors and rouse out the superintendent, when I got a call from Robert's Crossing. This was a milk station, but a telegraph operator had been put there only the day before. He had been routed out of bed at a farmhouse near by to communicate with me.

"You may doubt my statement, but you wouldn't if you'd been on either of those trains. They were flying for each other like cyclones, when the engine on the limited collapsed a flue and was brought to a standstill within a hundred feet of the station, with engineer and fireman badly scalded. At the same time the express struck a cow standing on the track, and though not derailed, was brought to a stop scarcely a hundred feet on the other side. There they were, headed for each other with only one chance in a thousand of escaping an awful calamity, and yet Providence gave me that chance. The officials ought to have given me another show, but I got the bounce, and have stayed bounced ever since. I'm selling a patent washing machine now, and not taking any chances."

Was it a Sample.

"Is this strawberry shortcake?" said the man in the restaurant, pointing to something that looked like a water cracker with three red warts on it.

"Yes," said the waiter.

"Well," said the man, with vulgar emphasis, "I don't eat my dessert in courses. Bring the rest of it on."—Chicago Record.