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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23RD YEAR—NO. 6. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,150.

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.	No. 2.	No. 4.	Westward. Arrive. 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 20	12 08	6 20	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 05
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	
12:30 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	....	4:37 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	..	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "	..	1:45 p m
" 61—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 5 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 BRAVEST BATTLE.

To "Miriam."

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen—goes down!

O ye with banners and battle-shot
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God, as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

—Joaquin Miller.

AUNT PAULINE'S DEBUT.

I am thirty-eight years of age, and I am a young girl.

To-night I am to go to the first ball of my life. Just imagine my emotions!

You ask perhaps how it is that I have not earlier in my life become acquainted with the delicious sensation of a debutante in the great world of fashion.

Well, in the first place I lived with my grandmother among the meadows and woods of far Brittany, out of the way of all invitation to dances or dinners, and in the second place the brilliancy and excitement of a life of fashion had always had for me a sort of mimic terror. But now "Je suis Parisienne," I am in the gay metropolis of fashion, and I have learned how to be proud and dignified in the midst of it all and to carry myself as befits a young woman of the world. I live with my sister, and I go with my niece, a girl of seventeen, to the balls, parties and gay entertainments that are in vogue. My meditations have just been broken in upon by the irrepressible gayety of my youngest niece, Rose. She is dancing round me, throwing her arms and legs in the air a little more than decency allows, and she is shouting at the top of her voice:

"Aunt Pauline is going to the ball! What a joke! Aunt Pauline is going to the ball!"

"Are you really going to dance, auntie?" she asks me seriously. "Are you going with all the other girls?"

"Why not, indeed?" I answered. "I don't think I shall be out of place there."

A delicious feeling creeps over me. I feel a soft pressure, two strong arms around my neck, a soft cheek next mine and whispered words of love and flattery. Rose interrupts my meditations with:

"Auntie, dear, you will be the belle of the ball."

At length we are ready to start. Dressing had been successfully accomplished—but what tortures! I had to strangle myself to make my corset fit round my slender waist, and my dress was ever so much too narrow for my modest figure.

The result was that the blood rushed to my face until I began to look like a lobster. In vain I tried to cool myself off at an open window or to hide the crimson hue by powders and cosmetics. All remedies, natural or artificial, would have been useless to suppress or even lighten the ruddy glow of my cheeks.

Nevertheless, when I descended the stairs and joined the rest of our party in the dining-room a murmur of approbation greeted my entry.

"By Jove, Pauline," exclaimed my brother-in-law, "what shoulders!"

"Now, Roger, be quiet, will you? You are not serious when you say that."

"What have you got in your hair, auntie?" cries Rose. "Is it a paroquet?"

"No; it's an ostrich feather, dear," I answered calmly.

Violette, my eldest niece, certainly looked very fetching in her cloud of rose tulle, but she is so mignonne. I prefer a more majestic, dignified type of beauty—like my own—and so do the men.

Jasques looks awfully well in his evening dress. His shirt front is irreproachingly spotless, and his eyes are fairly sparkling with pleasure and excitement.

Roger takes us to the ball—you must not think for a moment that I chaperon my niece. The carriage rolls along, and at length we arrive. St. Vierge, how my heart goes toc! toc! Happily I am free from my rheumatism to-night. Violette is an extraordinary girl—she seems so quiet and at her ease.

"Violette," I whispered, "do you think we shall have lots of dancers?"

"Oh, yes, auntie. We shall have all those gentlemen that I meet at Mme. Beray's parties."

It seemed to me that she blushed a little.

"I suppose they are proper sort of men, Violette?"

"Oh, auntie! How can you?" she whispered back, with a wiggle of her beautiful shoulders.

I go upstairs to the ballroom as in a dream. As I shake hands with Mme. Moreno, our hostess, I could not help noticing how old she looked in her velvet gown, although we had been schoolgirls together. Horrors! Can it be possible?

Here we are, then, at last, sitting on our chairs and waiting. A waltz begins to play, and Violette is whipped away by a handsome young fellow. I still find myself in my chair.

What an extraordinary state of things—not a single man asks me to dance.

No doubt it is my imposing air and manner which keeps them away. I have often been told that in evening dress I look quite intimidating! Besides, all the men here are mere schoolboys. It is positively absurd. They ought all to be sent to bed and let their places be taken by serious men of the world, who know a good thing when they see it.

Ah! Here comes Jacques! He brings with him a cavalier for me—a partner!

A tall, dark man, about thirty-five years old, wears a fine, silken beard, very pointed. His eyes look tired and reflective, and his high forehead has already lost something of its fresh youthfulness. He asks at once for the next dance—a set of lancers. As we dance his flow of conversation never ceases. He tells me that he has just danced with Violette, who has told him a great deal about me, and that for a long time past he has been most anxious to meet and know me.

He pays me a delicate compliment about my water colors he saw at Mme. Beray's. (I paint in my spare hours.) Altogether, what a charming partner, and how short that set of lancers seemed! But he asks for another dance—a polka. After the polka he asks me for a quadrille. I begin to get afraid that his marked attention may compromise me. But how am I to tell him so? Just now, when he was looking at me, his eyes were very soft and tender.

I wonder if the dancers are beginning to notice what a conquest I have made!

What an example for Violette, though, if she should ever know that I had in the slightest degree encouraged this man! It is certainly time to make him feel that his attentions have passed the limits of good taste. Just at this moment he comes up and asks me for a schottische.

"I am very tired, monsieur. I think I will rest a little," I answered firmly.

"Then, if you permit me, mademoiselle, I will keep you company."

Really this is assuming the proportions of a persecution. I look at him with a haughty air and answer not a word. But it is no use. He has already commenced the conversation. He talks about his childhood, of his life at college and of his present pupils. (My fine dancer's name is M. Artus, and he is a professor at Condorcet.)

It takes the form of a regular autobiography.

Jacques passes us at this moment, and I stop him.

"Jacques, my good friend, bring me a sandwich; I'm getting hungry."

It was not very polite. All the worse. It is a lesson for M. Artus, and in order to make it more complete I waltz with Jacques directly afterwards.

How delicious it is to dance with a really good dancer! As I look around the room and see all those poor mammas sitting like wallflowers in their chairs without a single man to talk to I really feel pity for them.

It is too horrible.

How does M. Artus take my rudeness? It seems he watches me sadly. Not a bit of it. The moment the waltz is over he comes up to me, and without any bitterness in his manner says: "I am delighted, mademoiselle, to see that your tiredness has left you."

It is nevertheless a fact that I am getting weary. Indeed, with the help of Jacques and M. Artus, I have scarcely missed a dance.

Voyons! let me get into this wide armed fauteuil and try to pull myself together again and look the situation in the face. I fear that there must be something wrong with my head. It not, how then is it possible that the wise and serious Pauline can be dancing here in a cloud of silks and satins, like any other frivolous little butterfly of society? How can I be receiving the homage of this young savant? For there is no contradicting that he has been paying me the most marked attention the whole evening. Just now, too, Violette passed me in his arms, and I heard them mention my name.

I am only a year or two older than he is, and I look much younger. I have such hair; such a complexion, too.

A professor!

Well, a professor would do for me. He would be serious, steady and domestic.

What foolish ideas, to be sure! How treacherous these balls are! Dear me! Dear me!

Ha! here comes the very object of these reflections. He seems to be strangely moved.

"Mademoiselle," he begins in a soft voice, "I should like to speak to you. My action may seem to you somewhat improper, but you are so good and sweet that I know you will forgive me. I have for a certain young girl here very much affection and respect. I want to make her my companion through life. Tell me that I can find in you a helper. Oh, tell me that you will not turn me away! (Here he takes my hand.)

"I know that it is not to you that I should speak in the first place, but to your brother-in-law, but you have so much influence in your family, you are so loved and respected, I wish to place my fate in your hands."

My hand is still in his. I am lost in a dream of joy. "I beg of you, Miss Pauline, to say yes," he continued softly.

In a slow, painful voice I answered: "Monsieur, I am indeed surprised at your so sudden request. I really think that you ought first to speak to my brother-in-law."

"I see that you are of my opinion, my dear, dear Miss Pauline," he cried. "Tell me that you view my intentions altogether with a favorable eye—not only partially."

"Do not torment me so," I moaned. "If you wish it, then I consent."

"Oh, how good you are!" he cried joyfully, "and how happy I feel! It is true that our ages are somewhat disproportionate, but"——

Impertinent fellow! What can he mean?

"I am rather old for so charming a girl, but I do love her so, my own darling little Violette."

Good heavens!

Giddiness seizes me while the lover continues his litany. I feel as if I shall fall in a heap on the floor.

Two soft arms are around my neck caressingly (I have hidden myself in a retired and shadowy corner). A fresh young cheek is against my old one.

"Aunt, oh, aunt, how good you are! He has told me all. If you only knew how your little Violette loves you!"

So it was all a dream.

Never speak to me again of these devilish balls that can turn even the strongest heads.

I take a chair in the rear ranks of the patient wallflowers, and I pass the remainder of the evening in the land of dreams.

"And I have been asleep all the time."—Courier des Etats Unis.

When in haste avoid short cuts.

His Love for Chicago Made Him Sympathetic and Generous.

It was at the depot in Syracuse, and a number of us were waiting for our train, when a middle-aged man, who was lame and dilapidated, began to solicit alms. He told some sort of a story about sickness, death, and so on, and about the third man he struck replied to him:

"Look here, mister, I can put you in the way of making a couple of dollars in about five minutes."

"Heaven will bless you if you will," said the lame man.

"I don't want to be blessed. Do you see that chap down the platform, seated on his trunk?"

"I do."

"He's from St. Louis. Come over here in the corner and I'll tell you how to work him."

The two drew aside, and, after three or four minutes of "private and confidential" talk, the lame man limped off down the platform and half a dozen of us followed on to witness the performance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the lame man as he halted before the other, "but I am an unfortunate man."

"Yes, the woods are full of 'em," was the reply.

"It isn't my fault. I lent my brother $800 to go into business with in a place 'way out West somewhere, called Chi-Chi-Chicago. I think that is the name of the town. Ever hear of it?"

"I've heard there was such a place," replied the St. Louis man, "but it may have been a rumor. Here's a quarter to help you along."

"Many thanks, sir. I was going to tell you about my brother. Some one told him that Chicago was a growing village, and that they were going to move the county seat there. He went into the grocery business, and what d'ye think he did? Laid in a stock of $1,000 worth right on the start—a stock big enough for a town of 10,000 people."

"Did, eh? I guess I can spare you another quarter."

"He might possibly have pulled through, but it rained a good deal, and the farmers couldn't get into town for the mud, and most everybody was trading on store orders, and so the sheriff closed him out."

"But didn't you save anything from the wreck?"

"Not a dollar. That is, I haven't got anything out of it yet. I can't even get a letter to my brother there."

"Why not?"

"I've written no less than four, and they all came back marked 'Misdirected.' I've been trying for a month past to find out in what State Chicago is."

"Let's see," said the St. Louis man. "If there is such a town, and I am quite sure there is, it is in Indiana. No, I'm wrong—must be Illinois."

"Why, I have been directing to Kansas. It's in some county, of course?"

"Very likely. I think I can spare you another half."

"Thanks, sir. Did you ever hear the name of the county?"

"Let's see; let's see. They named a county up there somewhere after a St. Louis barber. It's Cook, I think."

"I put on 'Cook,' but as I didn't even get the State right it made no difference. Will you please write the address for me?'

"I won't guarantee that it will be correct," said the St. Louisan, "because these new villages spring up like mushrooms, are sometimes called by three or four names and none of the maps exactly locate them. If I was going to write a letter I should direct it 'Chicago, Cook County, Ill., U. S. A., via St. Louis, Mo.'"

"Yes, sir. You have put me under great obligations."

"Don't mention it. Hope you'll get something out of the smash. You don't look well."

"And I'm not, sir."

"Well, here's another dollar to help you on your feet. Follow my directions when you write, and if there is such a town out there anywhere the postal authorities will probably look it up. Chicago! Chicago! Yes, it strikes me that I've heard the name somewhere this summer, but I can't just place it. It's in Illinois, I think, and was located on account of a stone quarry or something."

His Mirth Saved Him.

"There was a queer character out in Virginia City during the palmy days in the early sixties," said W. H. Barstow. "He was called Laughing Tom. He couldn't say a word without laughing and he usually prefaced what he had to say with a series of chuckles that were the most infectious things imaginable.

"There are hundreds of stories of which Tom is the hero, but one there is in particular which I have never seen printed. One day Tom began playing poker with a miner. The stakes were small, but they were big to the players themselves, as they represented all their earthly possessions. It was nip and tuck for awhile, and a pretty good jackpot was being built up, when the miner saw Tom slip a card. He said nothing until the laughing prodigy opened the jacker, bet off the limit and was about to gather in the pot, when the miner quietly told him he had seen him cheat.

"'All right,' said Tom, with his laugh; 'it was unintentional, I assure you, but take the pot and let's keep on playing.'

"The miner was agreeable and the play was continued until he caught Tom cheating again. It was the latter's deal and he slipped two cards into his lap while shuffling the cards.

"The miner was as mad as a hornet, not so much on account of Tom's cheating as because of the insult to his intelligence by the bungling style of Tom's work. Rising and drawing his pistol the miner said:

"'D——n you, Tom, I'm going to blow the top o' your head off.'

"Tom looked up into the gun's muzzle and laughed out: 'You wouldn't kill a feller before the draw, would you?'

"There was no tragedy that day."—Washington News.

What He Raised.

"You have a nice large yard, haven't you?" said the visitor. "Just the thing for raising poultry."

"Yes; I got some hens and some eggs last year."

"Raise anything?"

"Nothing but a disturbance."—Washington Star.

THE ART OF LEAVING.

A Graceful Way is Best, but Manage to Leave Anyhow.

Do cultivate the art of leaving promptly; even if you can't do it in an artistic way, learn to do it somehow, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe. Some people seem to be anchored in the parlor when they pay a call. To the flight of time and the near approach of her hostess's dinner hour this sort of caller pays no attention. Frequently she says, "Oh, I must go," gets up, sits down again and goes on talking. Presently she again says that she must go, gets up and continues to talk. She gets into the hall at length and talks there. Finally, the anxious visitee, who hears the baby crying upstairs, gets the door open for her guest, who makes a supplementary call upon the doorstep, exposing the other to pneumonia. At last she descends the steps, and the hostess precipitately retreats and shuts the door for fear she will think of something else to come back and say.

The writer once heard of a woman who, considerably chagrined at the announcement of a visitor whom she knew had these staying powers just as she was preparing to keep an important engagement, decided to go into the parlor with her bonnet on and explain her hurry. She even arranged with her husband to come into the room and "remind" her at the end of a quarter of an hour.

The guest did not take a hint from the bonnet beyond saying that she would only stay a few minutes, but when the reminder came she said: "Oh, then I must go, of course!" stood up and remained talking several minutes more, walked to the door and stopped again. At last Mrs. R. in desperation suggested that they should walk along together as far as they could. The visitor agreed, but even at the corner where they parted she stood talking long enough for Mrs. R. to lose her train and her appointment.

Shy and nervous young people have the hardest time in leaving, and are more to be pitied than blamed. Their suffering is often great. They are impressed with the idea that the bow is of more consequence than the what, and they keep trying and trying to lead the conversation up to what they think will be a graceful departure. They are wishing themselves away a great deal more desperately than any one else can. They watch for pauses in the conversation and clear their throats to introduce some variation upon Lemuel's "I guess I'd better be going." But they are never quick enough. Somebody else begins to speak and they resign themselves with sinking hearts to waiting another ten minutes.

Still it is not always the caller's fault that she does not go. Sometimes it is the hostess who is the fluent person, who ends every sentence with a rising inflection, indicating that it is only suspended, and that she is going right on. In such case it may appear to the caller as if it would be rude to interrupt her, though she may have heard the muffled tiptoeing of the rest of the family past the parlor door and the subdued clatter of china from somewhere, and have a painful sensation that dinner or tea is ready and they don't want to ring the bell. But there is one golden rule at least that the caller may stick to. When you once get up to go, never sit down again.

The Riches of Poverty.

I have often been deeply impressed and touched by the apparent contentment, even happiness, of the most destitute people, people with a rude shelter over their heads, it is true, yet toiling unceasingly, spending their lives in a constant struggle for a bare subsistence, and uncertain, from week to week, where or how their next supplies shall be obtained. In some cases the father is the only member of the family capable of earning a cent; in others the mother is the sole breadwinner for many little children. In still other instances I have known young girls and half grown boys to cheerfully bear the burden of supporting their widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters, the boys hauling wood and picking up odd jobs, the girls sewing, clerking, printing or doing any work that could be found. Under the roofs of many such people, in the bare, comfortless apartments they lovingly call "home," I have found as much genuine happiness as any palace could afford. I remember once going to see the occupants of a very humble home, and, knowing them to be in miserable circumstances, expected to be depressed by their sad faces and pitiful plaints. The middle-aged woman of the family was in bad health, but smilingly said she thought she would soon be better. The silver-haired grandmother knitting in the corner was as bright and cherry as if her dim eyes still beheld the glittering rainbow of hope, as if her long life had been one of ease and pleasure instead of toil, poverty and sorrow. The children were blessed with the same beautiful spirit of cheerful contentment, the same God-given capacity for enjoying to the utmost the few simple pleasures that came into their lives, and for accepting with patience their disappointments and deprivations. They capered around, showed me their treasures, a few broken toys and a kitten as happy and animated as its owners, then dragged me out to see their flowers, which though few in number, were thrifty and well cultivated and seemed to share the general cheerfulness. I think the spirit of contentment was contagious in that place, extending even to the birds in the trees and the flowers in the yard. So poor and yet so rich! Rich in all that makes life worth living. Truly such people are our best teachers; they are our philosophers in the highest sense of the word. From them the most cultivated and brilliant man or woman, with the world's treasury of books at command, might learn one of life's best lessons. To these patient, cheerful toilers, the rulers of men, the mighty of earth might turn for example and for words of wisdom. — P. R., in Detroit Free Press.

The editor who is constantly feeling the Pulse of the People is likely to become an expert on the subject of "beats."

John Sherman's Way of Calming an Excited Westerner in Early Days.

Years ago, as many as forty almost, John Sherman, of Ohio, now Senator, went out to Kansas as a commissioner, with others, to investigate certain lawless proceedings in that section, says the Detroit Free Press. In the course of the investigation one long-whiskered, bepistoled native who was before the commission began to express himself with a profane forcefulness that was not at all complimentary to the Government or its representatives, and Mr. Sherman asked the official stenographer to take down the remarks of the gentleman from Kansas. Mr. Sherman then let the angry citizen go on until he had had his say.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Sherman, "do you know you have been making yourself liable to prosecution by what you have said?"

The speaker didn't care a blankety blank if he had.

"Well, do you know what you have said?" inquired Mr. Sherman.

"No, I don't, and nobody else does, but I've said it and stand by it."

Mr. Sherman called on the stenographer to read his notes, and the stenographer did so. As the vile language rolled out the Kansan looked puzzled at first. Then, as it came back to him, and he began to realize that he had said those things, and the officers had them down in black and white against him, he became frightened.

"Let me see that," he asked, nervously.

The stenographer handed him the notes.

For a minute or more he gazed at the strange stenographic characters.

"Snakes, by Gum!" he yelled, and, dropping the book, he bolted out of the place.

How Booth Prayed.

"Speaking of Edwin Booth," said an old lady, "reminds me of a story my husband used to tell of a memorable encounter with the elder Booth. He (my husband) was travelling on horseback through the South before our marriage, when stress of weather made him take refuge in the home of the great actor He was ensconced in the guest chamber for the night and was just dropping off to sleep as his unlocked door opened. He started up to see his host enter, bearing aloft a candle that cast a sickly ray across the bed. Advancing with measured tread, he asked in a low, deep voice:

"'Have you prayed to-night?'

"The guest admitted that his devotions had been missed.

"'Rise, kneel by that bedside and say the Lord's Prayer,' was the next speech. Impressed by his manner, my husband tumbled out of bed, fell on his knees and repeated the words of the prayer.

"'Is that all you make out of the grandest utterance in literature?' cried Booth.

"And he dropped upon his knees, put his palms together and then, my husband used to say, in a voice of surpassing strength and melody, began his supplication, giving to the familiar sentences such depths of eloquence and such richness of meaning as they had never possessed for him before."—New York Times.

Are we to Become Toeless.

That the civilized part of us is changing our physical structure in answer to the conditions under which we live is a fact to which the poor little toes in the corners of our boots might tearfully testify if we could consult them in the spirit. This member, which our prehistoric lady ancestors doubtless found aesthetically useful when, while grasping with the foot an article of food, they elegantly elevated the little toe from the others, as the little finger of the damsel from the teacup of today, has now so fallen from its high estate that in 36.25 per cent. of men and women the first joint of the little toe has been replaced by a solid, inflexible bone. It is to be supposed that if we continue for a few more aeons to walk with our junior toe doubled up like a leaf in a book we shall some day look all around our foot and find no little toe at all. As the process continues and each rushing cycle knocks off another toe we shall finally have in place of the present artistically befringed pediments a pair of solid pads, on which will rest five useless commemorative nails, like so many tombstones erected to those departed members which went to join the dodo rather than accept shoes that did not fit.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

And the Girl Laughed.

A certain allopathic physician, not more than a thousand miles from a given point in the city of Detroit, has a daughter whose steady companion is a pronounced homeopath and for reasons not at all professional the father doesn't admire his possible son-in-law, though the daughter does. Some time ago the old gentleman found the young man at his house, and thinking it a good time to settle matters he proceeded to speak his mind very freely to the youth.

"Well, have you said all you wanted to say?" inquired the suitor, when the father had made a series of uncomplimentary and seditious remarks.

"No, I haven't," exclaimed the allopath, getting his second wind; "I want to say that my advice to you is to get out of this house at once and never come back again."

The young man braced up and smiled.

"Well," he responded, "you may go to Jericho with your advice. I'm a homeopath, I am, and I don't allow any allopath in existence to prescribe for me. Good-evening," and the young man sat down so firmly that the old gentleman concluded he had made a mistake and left the house himself.

A Relief for Burns.

A free application of soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this covering dries hard, repeat the oil and flour dressing till a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries, allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have been formed where the skin was burned.

Defeat is the path to victory.

JUGGING BUMBLE BEES.

How a Farmer and His Boys Captured a Colony of the Insects.

While on a recent trip out into the country I saw a farmer rid himself of several nests of bumble bees in a very simple but effective manner. The particular field which was being plowed over for the fall sowing was especially infected with the troublesome insects, and a plowboy the day before had been badly stung. The farmer asked me to go with him and see the boys "jug the bees." A common brown jug half filled with water was taken along. One of the boys led the way to an especially large and dangerous looking nest lying on the stubble close to the ground. The jug was cautiously deposited by the side of the nest. Then, with a long branch of a tree, the nest was violently stirred and the lad fled for his life. In a perfect swarm the bees flew out to see who had dared assault their castle, and circled angrily about, buzzing violently all the time. From a safe distance the farmer and his boys threw clods of dirt and stones at the angry insects. They seemed to be looking for their enemy. Gradually their numbers grew less, and at last there were no bees to be seen.

"Let us look in the jug," said the farmer, as he led the way. It was picked up and its contents poured out on to the ground with difficulty, as 154 bumble bees, by actual count, had flown into the jug in a vain effort to find the destroyer of their home and had drowned. I walked back with one of the boys to a spring to fill the jug with clear water, preparatory to an attack upon another colony of bees. As we trudged over the sunny fields the berry-brown lad remarked: "I'd rather jug bees any day than plow, wouldn't you?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Soft-Shell Lobster.

"Never seed a soft-shelled lobster? Well, that's not surprisin'. You see, they never get to market. They're so good that they always get ate first."

The grizzled old fisherman wrung the salt water out of his whiskers as he talked, having just landed through the surf in his boat with a fine cargo of fresh-caught lobsters.

"A soft-shell lobster does not turn up every day, even at this season," he went on. "When I catch one my wife cooks it for our own dinner. Good? Well, you can bet. Fried in boiling lard, just like a newly-shed crab, it's the finest thing on earth in the way of provender. Something like a crab, you know, but a great deal more delicious. Delmonico would give $10 a dozen for 'em, only that they can't be got for any price.

"You see, when the lobsters are shedding they hunt for holes among the rocks to hide in. Until they get their new coats they don't usually walk abroad, but stay quietly in dark crannies where no enemy is likely to find them. At such times they are not apt to be looking for food and they don't get into the pots on that account. There isn't any animal that is braver than a lobster when he is in fighting trim, but without his armor he is flabby and helpless, and it can't be expected that he should take any extra risk. It's only a foolish one now and then that strays into one of the traps.

"Suppose you had to take off your skin every now and then and wait for a new one to grow. P'r'aps you'd feel a trifle sensitive and retirin'. That's just the way it is with a lobster. His coat is of plate mail. It doesn't expand as he develops. So the time comes when he must swell or b'ust. He b'usts, and, when he comes out of his shell, he is bigger by a considerable than he was before. The process is a great strain on his health, and sometimes he dies in getting through with it. He has to do the same thing a good many times before he gets his full growth, but after that he doesn't shed any more.

"This is the season when lobsters shed. Most of those we catch are b'usters. That is what we call those that are on the point of changing their coats. To do it they go 'way out to sea, so that just now we have to go twenty miles from land to catch them. It doesn't take much skill. You see, we find them wherever there is rocky bottom. Out where we go to look for them there are great reefs of rocks outcropping, at a depth of nearly 100 feet. There the lobsters make their home in summer, shedding their coats as people shed their clothes to go in bathing along this shore in the hot months."—Washington Star.

Ran into Whitney's Cab.

Ex-Secretary Whitney is always kindly thought of by Washingtonians. Of the many charms he possesses none surpass that refined and impressive manner he has of making every one feel comfortable under all circumstances, says the Washington News. This trait he displayed to excellent advantage recently in New York, when a cable car crashed into a cab going in the same direction on Broadway. The car was full of passengers. There was a shower of broken glass from two of the forward windows as the gripman shut the brakes down hard. He jumped off the car and seized the cab horse by the head. Meantime the conductor and a public officer rushed to the window of the cab and demanded the name of the occupant.

"My name is Whitney," calmly replied a gentleman, who sat with his cap off, mopping perspiration from his brow.

"Your full name?" insisted the conductor, whipping out his memorandum book.

"William C.," responded the man. "Just send the bill in to me," he added, as he glanced at the smashed car windows.

The conductor was much disconcerted on learning that the man who spoke was the ex-Secretary of the Navy and one of his employers whom he had so savagely addressed, and began to apologize.

"That's all right, my boy; you are but doing your duty," said Mr. Whitney, smiling at the conductor's discomfiture. "There ought to be room on Broadway for carriages, but it seems there isn't for mine," he added, as he drove away.

Being lucky consists of the conviction that there is no such thing.—Atchison Globe.