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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23RD YEAR—NO. 15. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,160.

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

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:37 p m
" " Lonaconing	8:30 a m	2:45 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	4:45 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	4:54 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:15 p m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Jan 6

Railroad Schedules, etc.

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 08	Piedmont	11 00	5 50	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 23	Barton	10 40	5 39	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 33	Lonaconing	10 32	5 29	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 45	Midland	10 19	5 18	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 48	Ocean	10 16	5 14	11 07
7 00	12 39	6 53	Borden Shaft	10 10	5 09	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 01	FROSTBURG	10 02	5 01	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 18	Morantown	9 44	4 44	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 25	Mount Savage	9 40	4 40	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 30	Barrelville	9 34	4 34	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 32	Patterson's	9 32	4 32	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 38	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 27	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 40	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 25	4 25	10 13
8 00	1 39	7 53	Cumberland	9 15	4 15	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

*On theatre nights, when admission tickets are sold by Agents to performance at theatre, 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.

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

Nov 25

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 19, 1893.

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
9:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	9:40 a m
1:00 p m	No. 14 Accom'odation	2:50 p m
7:33 a m	....No. 2 Express....	7:52 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	5:25 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:10 a m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
10 35 a m	No. 4 Express....	10:45 a m
	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:[illegible]8 a m	...No. 7 Express....	1:05 a m
1:20 a m	..No. 9 Express....	
6:25 a m	..No. 3 Express....	6:45 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No 13 Accom'odation	
4:15 p m	..No. 5 Express....	
	..No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	..No. 1 Express ..	8:04 p m
4:00 p m	No 113 Grafton & Way	

All trains daily except No.'s 16, 17, 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	....	7:30 a m
" 11—Mail leaves	....	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited..leaves	....	4:25 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives..		2:30 a m
" 12—Mail " " ..		2:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday..		7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves..		4:15 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.

Nov 25

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

TREASURE TROVE.

"I dreamed about that buried treasure again last night, Jack," said old skipper Maxwell, resting his oars a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather-beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

"Don't doubt it a bit, Uncle Sol," laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern sheets of the Whitehall boat, sandpapering some mackerel jigs to a proper degree of brightness.

"Oh, you can laugh," responded the old fisherman, locally known in Barmouth as Uncle Sol; "but there's more in dreams than folks think for, and everybody in Barmouth knows that Capt. Kidd hid more than one chist full of gold along on this here shore."

"I know some people say so," returned Jack, lightly.

But Uncle Sol, unheeding the words, resumed his rowing and went on:

"If you and I, now, could only be so lucky as to find it, Jack, think of the good the money would do us! I wouldn't have to fish for a living, and you could go ahead and finish your schooling just the same as though Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always calculated he would do."

Jack's face clouded a little.

"I never shall understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died, for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on my vacation," he said.

"You don't suppose, Jack," said the old skipper, involuntarily lowering his voice, "that Squire Belchers might have made one after all, and that scaly brother of his—Lawyer Belchers—got hold of it and hid it away"——

"Nonsense!" interrupted Jack, rather sharply. "Lawyer Belchers is too shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to state prison; no, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal oftener than in real life."

"I'd believe anything that's bad of Thurston Belchers, or of his boy either," the skipper returned persistently. "Remember how mad folks said he was when the Squire took you home after your pa and ma was lost at sea, and made no bones of telling here in Barmouth how he calculated to adopt you, which he finally did?"

"Yes, I remember hearing something about it," was the careless reply.

The boat having reached its destination just outside the harbor mouth, Skipper Maxwell drew in his oars and dropped the killock. A bucketful of chopped clams was used as bait, and very soon they were fingering a line in either hand, one at the bow and the other at the stern, awaiting a bite.

"There they be," muttered Uncle Sol, dropping one line and pulling the other with the swift hand over hand motion peculiar to the mackerel catcher.

"Me, too," exclaimed Jack and for a few moments the fishermen were busy enough pulling in mackerel as fast as their hands could fly.

"Struck off agin," observed the skipper, as once more the lines trended downward through the intense greenish-black water. "There's the Spray bearing down on us," he added.

Jack frowned involuntarily.

The Spray was the staunchest and handsomest boat in Barmouth harbor. Squire Belchers had her built for his adopted son only the year before. But after his death no will was found; so his brother Thurston, as next of kin, took out letters of administration, and coolly hinted to Jack that his room in the great old-fashioned house, so long his home, was better than his company.

Jack had spoken his mind very freely both to Mr. Belchers and his son Bradford—a young fellow about Jack's age. Then gathering up his clothing, books and personal belongings, Jack shook the dust off his feet, left the old house and took refuge for a few days with Uncle Sol Maxwell, who lived alone in a one-story house on the very edge of the shore.

Rather than be idle while he was laying plans for his future actions, Jack, dressed according to his work, accompanied Uncle Sol down the harbor in his trips to procure the fresh fish with which Uncle Sol supplied the hotels, just then full of visitors.

Bradford, or Brad, Belchers had at once taken possession of the Spray, and it was the sight of the young man in a flanned boating-suit steering the swiftly approaching boat, in which was a gay party, that called the quick frown to Jack's face.

"He's trying to show off his boat sailing," said the skipper, contemptuously, as, at the sight of the small boat, Brad hauled his wind and headed directly for them.

"Say, you two fellows, got any fish to sell?" shouted Brad, in his most patronizing tone and manner as soon as the Spray came within hail of them.

Jack bit his lip without replying. Suddenly old Maxwell sprang to his feet.

"Luff—luff, you thundering fool—do you want to run us down?" he roared.

But the warning came too late. The cutboat's sharp stem crashed through the side of the smaller skiff, whose occupants managed to scramble aboard the Spray, amid a chorus of screams from the young ladies of the party.

"I'll be even with you yet for sinking my boat, young fellow," wrathfully exclaimed Uncle Sol, turning to Brad, who looked rather ashamed for a moment.

"Why didn't you keep your old boat out of the way?" growled Brad.

Jack's eyes flashed with indignation, but nothing more was said or done till the Spray arrived at the wharf.

The loss of his boat was a serious matter for Uncle Sol. And it was in vain that he applied to Brad's father for redress. Mr. Belchers would not even listen to him.

"Now's the time some of Cap'n Kidd's buried gold would come in handy, eh, Jack?" remarked the old man, ruefully, on the following evening, as the two sat in the little porch in front of the house, looking out over the harbor and the sea, which were bathed in the sheen of moonlight.

"Some of the old Squire's would, too," returned poor Jack, who was feeling very heavy hearted.

It was not alone the loss of the fortune which should have been his. He had felt a deep affection for eccentric Squire Belchers, and it hurt Jack more than he cared to own that his adopted father had left no word or message even to show that he returned his regard.

Uncle Sol made no answer. Like many of his kind he was inclined to superstition. It was the full of the moon, and according to an old legend it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's Ledge, locating the place where a pot of gold was buried, was visible.

The skipper was thinking of this as, making some careless excuse, he rose, and strolling down to the shore, took his way among the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in gloomy meditations.

Just before reaching Kidd's Ledge, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear. Stopping and crouching low in the shadow of a great bowlder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were towards him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's Ledge—apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

"By the big horn spoon! somebody's found the place where the treasure's buried and is digging for it!" muttered the old skipper, excitedly.

The evening was calm and still, with only the gentle swash of the sea waves on the beach to break the silence. Hesitating a moment, Uncle Sol stole along to the further side of Kidd's Ledge and softly climbed upward till he reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge he peeped over.

"What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?" were the first intelligible words that reached the skipper's ear.

"No great risk about it," coolly returned the other. "No one knew that Uncle Josh had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers, I slipped it away and buried it here."

"Why here?" asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

"I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home," was the surly reply.

The skipper, who had listened with an amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still further forward, Uncle Sol craned his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of Japanned tin, which stood open on the sands. His father had taken out one of the papers, and lighting a match was reading the heading.

"Last will and testament of Joshua Belchers, Esquire," he read aloud. "Hum, well, I hardly know what to do about this."

It occurred to Uncle Sol that an honest man would know without studying such a question for a moment.

"Burn it, of course," tersely responded Brad.

"If I do it will only be to save you from the consequences of what you have done," said his father, slowly.

"Gammon!" sneered Brad. "You know you are as anxious to hold on to the property as I am. Burn it, I say."

Mr. Belchers pretended to hesitate. Then, drawing another match from his pocket, he struck it on a rock, as the two stood close together. Uncle Sol opened his mouth to yell, when suddenly he overbalanced himself, and down he went, the yell escaping as he pitched forward. Rolling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck heavily on Mr. Belcher's head and Brad's shoulders, throwing them both to the sands. Neither of them stopped there. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent position and took to their heels without so much as a glance behind.

"Ye couldn't see 'em for the sand they kicked up behind 'em," chuckled Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will and told his story with great gusto.

It is almost needless to say that the recovered will was entirely in Jack's favor. Everything was left to him without reservation, Lawyer Titcomb being appointed a trustee to hold the property till Jack came of age.

"I knew I'd get even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon," said old Uncle Sol; "and now, Jack, don't lose a minute, but hurry up to Lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint against them for lacenizing a man's will with intent to defraud, or whatever you call it."

"What for?" asked Jack.

"So as to have them both put in state prison, of course," returned Uncle Sol, with a bewildered stare.

"I'll think about it, Uncle Sol," replied Jack, quietly.

Taking with him the tin trunk, he made his way up to town. But instead of stopping at Lawyer Titcomb's, he kept on until he reached the old homestead, where Mr. Belchers and Brad had taken up their abode.

The lawyer and his son, having recovered from their fright, were about to return to the shore, when Jack appeared. At the sight of the trunk the two turned pale as ashes.

"I'll trouble you both to leave my premises," coolly observed Jack. "I happen to have here the will which you, Brad, stole and hid away, and you, Mr. Belchers, intended to burn," turning to the lawyer.

What could be said to such an accusation? Mr. Belchers stammered something about a mistake, and hurriedly departed.

"I suppose now you've got the whip hand you will pay us off in—in our own coin," doggedly remarked Bradford, who had lingered behind his father.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Why, shove us into state's prison."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," firmly returned Jack, "though you both richly deserve it. No one but Uncle Sol Maxwell and I know what you have done, and I don't intend any one shall."

"You ought to have your revenge on them, Jack," grumbled Uncle Sol, who no longer goes fishing for a living "You ought to for a fact—it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"I know one that don't," answered Jack.

"What one is that?"

"The golden rule," said Jack quietly; "'whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"—William S. Lawrence.

A Visitor Strangely Affected Until Behind Folded with a Woman's Skirt.

A gentleman and his wife, who later gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wherritt, of Covington, Ky., bought tickets for a ride around the wheel. It seems that the gentleman had hesitated about making the trip, as previous experiences in ascending to great heights had always affected him strangely. After the first sickening fainting sensation, he always became possessed of a desire to throw himself off into space. The doctors had told him that many people under the same circumstances were similarly disposed—in fact, that the desire sometimes became uncontrollable. They classed it as a distinct brain disease.

Mrs. Wherritt had, on a previous visit to the Fair, been up in the wheel, and she declared to her husband that the floors were so level and the ascension so gradual that it was hard for her to realize that she was going up. She also expatiated upon the loveliness of the scene from the windows and its extent, and advised that he try it.

So they both tried it. They obtained seats in the car and placidly moved along until the upper turn was reached, when Mr. Wherritt complained of feeling ill. He almost fainted, but there was no way of stopping the wheel. The car was half full of people, principally women. The man became crazed with excitement, and began to pace excitedly up and down the car, driving the women, whom he had no intention of hurting, before him like scared sheep.

He jumped up on the sides of the car repeatedly, and was so powerful in his paroxysms that he actually bent the iron bars. The attendant once goes round with every car—grappled with him, and assisted by two or three other men, attempted to hold him, but their strength proved inadequate, for he threw them off easily and made for the door, which fortunately is always locked. He shook it violently, but only succeeded in breaking some of the glass.

Mr. Wherritt continued unmanageable until the car had almost reached the landing, then he became calmer, and breaking down completely, laughed and sobbed convulsively.

The wheel always makes two revolutions before the occupants of any car are allowed to get out. The attendant thought that as the car went by the landing he would open the door quickly and shove Mr. Wherritt out, but the motion was too rapid, and the passengers prepared for another scene and struggle. Some of them said afterwards that Mr. Wherritt's terror was appalling when he realized that he was going up again. He implored that the car be stopped, and then begged that they throw him down and hold him. There was some hesitation in doing this, as the men in the car had had experience of his strength during the first trip. The three men grappled him, however, and strained every nerve before there was any occasion for force, while women huddled in a corner and looked at him.

The tops of the houses of Midway had hardly been skirted before he began to try to tear himself loose and dash against the bars. The men who were holding him, having exhausted themselves when he was peaceful, did not know now what to do. Just at this time a woman, who would not give her name, came to the rescue. Flinging modesty to the winds for the nonce, she unbuckled her skirt at the back, stepped out of it, and threw it over the crazy man's head. And she held it there until they were permitted to leave the car at the station. Under this treatment Mr. Wherritt became as quiet as an ostrich under similar handling.

The lady was allowed to put on her skirt in the car, and thus ended what might have been a tragedy.

Molasses.

Old-fashioned molasses, the genuine dark brown, saccharine, delicious adjunct of the corn pone and the slapjack, has become a scarce article of late years, and is likely to become scarcer still. In fact, the old-time molasses is scarcely produced nowadays, for, as sugar-making machinery is improved and the production of sugar increased, the quantity and quality of molasses decreases. Many planters can remember the days when, to separate the sugar from the molasses, the boiled cane juice was placed in barrels bored full of holes; the molasses drained out and the sugar remained in the barrel. The centrifugal machinery now in use separates the sugar so thoroughly that but little molasses, and that of poor quality, is left. The bounty on sugar has also operated greatly to reduce the production of molasses. The planters have made every effort during the past season or two to produce the greatest possible quantity of sugar for the sake of the bounty, and the molasses has been of so poor a quality at times as to be unmarketable. The most of the molasses made is now sold to refiners and rebollers, who manipulate it and place it on the market under a variety of names. Many of the West Indian planters do not market molasses at all now, but turn the product into the rum stills. Dealers say that the trade in molasses, for the country at large, has been decreasing greatly every year.—New York Sun.

For Blowing Up Invading Ships.

The United States Engineer's office stopped work for the season on the new torpedo casement in the western entrance to Narragansett Bay. A casemate is a large underground room out of range of an enemy's guns. In it is placed electrical apparatus for firing torpedo mines in the approaches when hostile ships are over them. Casemates are ordered for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco.

Luther's Scheme of Popular Education.

In 1528 Luther and Melanchthon drew up a scheme of popular education which was followed in Germany for seventy-five years. The first thing learned to read, write and sing; the second class studied Latin, grammar, music and the Scriptures; the third, arithmetic, Latin and rhetoric.

CRAMP'S GREAT SHIP YARD.

Extensive Additions to the Great Philadelphia Plant.

The magnitude of the improvements planned by the Cramp Shipbuilding Company becomes more apparent every day as the immense new buildings take shape under the hands of hundreds of workmen, and the time is not far distant when the firm will be able to practically construct the entire ship with materials manufactured at their own plant.

When the contemplated additions and improvements are completed the yard will be the most complete in existence, and its growth means much for the mechanics and laborers of Philadelphia.

Along the east line of Richmond street, as it will be when that thoroughfare is widened for the accommodation of the railroad companies' tracks, the big new foundry building is being erected. It already occupies an entire square, from Ball to York street, and is to be extended eastward along the latter street to Beach. The old Morris mill, which adjoins the new foundry, covers the balance of the square and will be utilized as the machine shop. Both here and abroad expensive machinery of the most improved type is being built and will be ready for use when the buildings are prepared for its reception. With this, much of the work done heretofore at the various mills throughout the country will be done at the yards.

In the foundry will be the largest casting pit in the country, and all of the immense steel forgings for the engines and all of the great castings necessary can readily be made. Just how far the firm will carry the work of perfecting their plant is not yet definitely known. Additions to the plan at first proposed are being constantly determined upon, and the limit will probably only be reached when every inch of available property is utilized.

The railroad companies are rapidly preparing to transfer their tracks from Beach to Richmond street, and this work will soon be commenced. All of the property necessary for the widening of the latter street has been secured, with the exception of one small place. The tracks to the shipyards will be run from Richmond street, just south of the present line of Ball street.

Henry W. Cramp says that the company will soon be in a position to push the work on hand rapidly ahead. There are at present five of the big ships for the American line under contract, besides the battleship Iowa and the cruiser Brooklyn, enough to make it necessary for the entire yard to be called into use. With the exception of the armor plating for warships Mr. Cramp says the firm will be ready to supply about everything needed. This would also be made if sufficient quantities of it were needed to keep a plant for its manufacture running.—Philadelphia Record.

Better than Ham.

Hog and hominy is the popular dish in some portions of the South, just as pork and beans delight the palate of the New Englanders, and catfish and waffles appeal to the taste of Philadelphians. How dearly a Virginian loves ham may be inferred by the following conversation, reported by a home-coming commercial traveller:

While riding from an interior town in the stage, he fell into conversation with the driver. The talk finally turned upon hunting, the driver informing his fare that the woods thereabout abounded in game. Passing a stream the traveller asked if it contained fish.

"Lots of them," was the reply.

"What kind?"

"Mostly trout," said the driver. "All these mountain streams are full of trout."

"They must be fine eating," was the next remark.

"Fine eating," exclaimed the driver. "Well, I should say so. You just go up to the mountains and catch half a dozen trout, about ten or twelve inches long, clean 'em without washing 'em, rub in some salt, roll 'em in Indian meal and bake 'em in the ashes. Good eatin'! Why, stranger, they beat ham!"—New York Herald.

Wallapai Charley.

"An all-around no good" is what the Arizonians say of Wallapai Charley, and his own copper-skinned tribesmen, in compliment to his duplicity, say, "his tongue is forked." This chief of the Wallapai Apaches recently wrote a touching letter to President Cleveland telling the woes of his tribe and asking for rations. One of the business methods of this astute and preeminently lazy Indian is the precise line followed by Dickens's Noah Claypole and his faithful Charlotte. It is to persuade a stranger ignorant of the law to buy whiskey for him and then have his benefactor arrested for giving whiskey to an Indian. His own experience of the law includes a sojourn at Yuma Penitentiary, and in various Indian troubles of the past he has the reputation of having impartially betrayed both the whites and his own people.

Chauncey on the Midway.

"Who is that fine-looking man?" asked the manager of the ostrich farm as a stately looking fellow strode west on Midway.

"Why, that's Chauncey Depew," replied a man in a plug hat at the door way.

"Who's Depew?"

"Orator."

"Talk well?"

"Best in the world."

"What's his price?"

"For what?"

"Talking."

"He has none."

"Then he's just the man we are looking for. Flag him and we'll give him a job on this block."—Chicago Record.

The Course of Nature.

"John," said De Broot's wife, "I don't know what to do about the hired girl."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I have; but I can't get rid of her."

"H'm'm. I'll attend to that to-morrow morning."

"How?"

"I'll get up early and show her how to light the fire with kerosene. Then we'll let nature take its course.

The Immense Population That Lives Underground.

The worms know well that rapid heaving of the soil which betokens the approach of a mole to their innocent burrows, and the moment they feel it rush wildly to the surface, prepared rather to face the worst that lark or blackbird may bring upon them than to await the onslaught of their most ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy. If you dig a pointed stick into the ground and shake the earth a little by moving it from side to side you will find dozens of worms hurry up to the surface at once, under the mistaken impression that the petty earthquake is some mole's doing. For the senses of earth worms are extremely keen and their perception of danger most acute and vivid.

A person unaccustomed to the ways of worms might wonder that enough of them could be found in the comparatively small tract of land which each mole labors or occupies as his own to satisfy the needs of so voracious a creature. But, as a matter of fact, the worm population of England is something incredibly high, to be numbered no doubt by millions of millions. Every field on our downs is far more thickly populated underground than London is on the surface; every meadow is as dense with teeming thousands of worms as Lancashire is with men or an anthill with emmets. The soil swarms with life.

Vinegar kills worms, and where a barrel of vinegar has been accidentally spilled upon the ground the surface is sometimes positively covered before long by a thick layer of writhing creatures which have come up to die, as is the wont of their species. The abundance and ubiquity of the game explains the numbers and frequency of the hunters. Every mole eats daily many pounds of worms, and yet every field supports a whole villageful of them.

It is the entire drama of nature on a small scale underground—remorseless, self-centered, unfeeling as ever. Worms exist, and exist in thousands, because there are myriads and myriads of dead leaves for them to live upon. Almost every dead leaf that falls from tree or shrub or weed or herb, except in autumn twice in the supply all at once immensely outruns the demand, they carry underground and bury or devour with ceaseless industry. In doing so they create and keep up the layer of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth which alone makes plant life, and especially cultivation, possible.

Cultivated areas are, therefore, those where worms are most abundant. So far as they themselves are concerned, however, the worms eat only for their own appetites' sake and never suspect they are the friends of lordly man, whose fields and crofts they thus unconsciously fertilize.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Awful Pause.

"It is quite fatal to appear stupid and uninterested when you are out in society, you know," said a pretty girl to an amused listener to her prattle, "and I have discovered a capital recipe against looking dull which I will give you gratis. At Mrs. A.'s the other day I found myself at a big lunch on, with a lot of older people present, and on taking our places at the table I was dismayed to find that one of my neighbors was an elderly woman and a total stranger, who turned her shoulder to me during a greater part of the repast, and the other was Milly B., who is a dear girl, but has not an idea in her head. After the first few minutes had passed in total silence a bright idea struck me. 'Milly, I said, 'let's count; we will look just as if we were talking, and it's ever so much easier. When I leave off you begin.' And I began in my most vivacious manner, 'one, two, three, four, five, six, seven'—then I paused, and Milly, showing her little white teeth with bona fide merriment, went on, 'Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,' and we both ended with a burst of genuine laughter.

"'What a good time those girls are having!' I heard our vis-a-vis saying to her neighbor, rather enviously, I thought. 'I wonder what they are talking about.'"—Chicago Journal.

The Genesis of Kissing.

Prof. Lombroso, in the Nouville Revue, discusses somewhat learnedly the origin of kissing, which he declares was, till comparatively quite lately, an entirely maternal action, and not in any way peculiar to lovers. Homer, he points out, never mentions a kiss, except when speaking of the embrace of a father and son; Hector, in his scene with Andromache, does not kiss her, but squeezes her hand; neither do we find a kiss mentioned apropos of Venus and Mars, Ulysses and Calypso, or Ulysses and Circe. In the old Indian literature no mention is made of anything but the maternal embrace, but in the modern Hindu poems twelve kinds of kisses are registered.

Uses of Soapstone.

The Chinese, in utilizing soapstone, which is found in their country in large quantities, make of it trays for pens, slabs for rubbing ink, flower vases, incense boxes, sandal wood burners, flower baskets, candlesticks, chess men, cups, bowls and lamps, all sorts of emblems, animals, and the idols which the disciples of Confucius revere with so much fervor.—Hardware.

Relative Importance.

Mr. Skidds—It may seem to you an odd time to ask the question, but before we start to the theatre I want to know if you will marry me, Delia.

Delia—I, too, have a question to ask.

"Ask it."

"Is my hat on straight?"

"Yes. Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

The Wild Daisy.

It is said that the wild white daisy with which we are so familiar was never known in this country until after the Revolutionary war, their advent here being supposed to be due to the presence of their seeds in bundles of hay brought over from Germany for the Hessians to use in feeding their horses.—Demorest's.

They may talk of the devotion to the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love with herself.—Bulwer Lytton.

STRANGE CASE OF MR. BRADLEY.

Forsaking Home and Comfort, Late in Life for a Hard Incognito.

The strange disappearance of Milton Bradley from his home at El Dorado, Kan., three years ago, was a local sensation of the hour. His confession of identity and his death at Parsons recently revive the interest in the old story, though they do not solve the mystery of his disappearance.

Bradley was a prominent man in Butler County. He was wealthy, owning several farms, and when elected County Treasurer moved to El Dorado, the county seat, where he lived and served two or three terms. When he left the farm he developed a great passion for fishing. He, with State Senator Murdock, and M. M. Murdock, of the Wichita Eagle, and four or five cronies in the little country town, were on the Walnut all the time fishing for bass, which are found abundantly in the clear, green, rock-bottomed river. One day Bradley hitched up his covered spring wagon, put a small tent and some cooking utensils in the wagon, with his fishing pole, shot gun and rations, and started for a three weeks' outing trip. After he left the bridge across the Walnut at El Dorado he was never seen there again. The very ravines of the Walnut might have swallowed him up, so far as any clue as to his whereabouts was concerned. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and that organization spent several thousand dollars trying to find him. The "flint hills," twenty miles east of El Dorado—a wild stretch of country wherein there is a "dead man's gulch" and all sorts of cairns and gulleys—were searched. The Walnut River was dragged for his body. But wagon, gun, tent, man and dog were completely obliterated, it seemed.

The newspapers contained detailed descriptions of the lost man. A wandering man was found in Arkansas—the usual Arkansas wild man of the woods—but he was not identified as Bradley by the searching party from El Dorado that treed the crazy man near Bentonville. Another wild man turned up in Arizona. The County Commissioners of Butler County sent Mrs. Bradley down there with the Sheriff, but the trip was useless. Every little while photographs of some strange man would appear at El Dorado to be identified as Bradley, but none of them tallied.

As the months wore by into years the matter was dropped, and Bradley was given up for dead. His estate was probated, and, though he held thousands of dollars in trust for others, every cent was accounted for and no one suffered the loss of a penny. His son and daughter and his wife mourned him as dead. And as such the community accepted him.

As such he was to his former life, after he left the bridge on the Walnut. From that moment he began another existence. He went to Parsons, where he began life anew as a farm hand. He was then a man of nearly sixty years, but manual labor, though he had not been used to it for twelve years, did not discourage him. He did not breathe of his identity, of his social position and his political influence in Butler County, but persisted in his new life. He read the story of his own disappearance, of the search for him, of the mistakes of his friends, of the grief of his wife and children, and was silent.

A few moments before he died he revealed himself to his new-found friends. But he did not explain his departure. That was his secret, and, being always a silent man, he died with it unspoken. His wife identified the remains, and they were interred in the bleak little graveyard on the wind-swept hill overlooking the little town where the people who knew him wonder and surmise and gossip about the cause of the strange deed which marked his latter days.—Kansas City Star.

A Queer Craft.

Capt. ——, an old river man, created quite a sensation by the peculiarity of the craft in which he once navigated the Missouri River, says the Kansas City Times. He was quite a sportsman, and on one of his hunting excursions his skiff was stolen or got adrift, leaving him near a small town about twenty miles above his home. He disliked to walk that distance and concluded to make a raft and float down. He lashed together four small logs five or six feet long in the form of a square, laid a piece of plank across, and then placed a discarded nail keg in the middle; then he got a newspaper, and, lighting his pipe, shoved off into the stream.

Floating swiftly along he passed in front of a negro cabin. The old negro stood on the bank and hailed him:

"Whar' yo' goin', cap'n, on dat rig?"

"Goin' to St. Louis!"

"Goin' on dat kag?"

"Yes!"

"Fo' Gord!" was all the astonished negro could say.

The Captain, rather wondering at the negro, looked at his feet and found that on account of his weight and the water-soaked condition of the logs they had disappeared beneath the surface of the water, leaving nothing but the keg to show upon what he was riding. Not at all disconcerted, however, he continued his voyage and arrived home in safety.

A Fresh Translation.

The small boy had been irritating his father with many vexatious questions about a psalm he was studying for Sunday-school next day.

"Father, what does Selah mean?" was the latest.

"Shut up!" said paterfamilias.

The boy said nothing; but in Sunday-school the psalm was under discussion.

"Who knows what the word Selah means?" asked the young superintendent.

The small boy's hands went up and he was half way out of his seat.

No one else raised a hand.

"Well?" said the superintendent.

"Shut up!" said the small boy. And seeing the look on the teacher's face, added, "It is; I asked papa and he said 'shut up!'"

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—Macaulay.