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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23rd YEAR—NO. 19. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,163.

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.

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 p m	....No. 4 Express....	10:45 a m
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
12:58 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:05 p 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. 15 Grafton & Way	8:04 p m
4:00 p m	.....No. 17 Way.....	

All trains daily except No.'s 16, 17, 71 and 72.

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
" 14—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. Through tickets for all points east and west for sale at Cumberland.

T. T. ALLEN, General Acting Agent.
M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent. [Jan 13]

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	44:5 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

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 30	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 33	Lonaconing	10 32	5 20	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

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

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Bob and May were sweethearts.

Of course they were; that's what they had been learning ever since Bob, a stripling of twenty, had come out from Tennessee to the Texas Panhandle with the family.

In those days May was a bright-haired, high-strung little girl of fourteen whom Bob never called nor thought of as "red-headed."

Bob was a strong, good-humored boy, not a bit afraid of work; and he had a way with him that gave him command of men and creatures. He rose rapidly in old man Love's employ from simple cow puncher to wagon boss, then foreman, and when he was only twenty-five went, with the approval and good-will of his employer, to take the position of ranch manager for a Boston company.

All the world loves a lover. Bob was such a whole-hearted one, his state of mind was so patent, he took such delight in it, wore his chains with such open pride and enthusiasm, that all the Panhandle felt with and for him.

Besides being a fellow that a girl could love without any difficulty, anybody—with a daughter to spare—might have been pleased with Bob for a son-in-law.

And old man Love was pleased enough with the match, and greatly given to bragging of Bob as a coming adjunct to the Love greatness, until the tragedy of the one-horned brindle cow, which tore things all up generally, threatened to sever two loving hearts and darken forever Bod's and May's happy horizon.

This old cow—worth perhaps $7—bobbed up at one of the round-ups sporting, in addition to the B N of the Boston National, which was facetiously known as the "Bean" brand, old man Love's (XXX).

Though very uncommon, such accidents may occur in the haste and confusion of branding, without necessarily implying dishonesty on some one's part. While they do sometimes result in fights and killings, they are easily enough adjusted between reasonable people, since any clever cattleman can readily tell which brand is of the longer standing.

But any cowboy on the range would have told you that while old man Love was square enough himself, he was a crazy crank about the sacredness of his brand. His long suite was to jump up and down and swear that it never yet was on anything that wasn't his own. He invariably claimed an animal that bore it in addition to another brand (as did this old cow), however plainly it showed as the newer of the two, though as a matter of fact his branding irons were handled by just as many careless cowboys as any others.

If Bob had known what that aged and damaged brindle cow was going to cost him he might perhaps have blinked his obvious duty, and let old man Love have her—in the face of right and reason.

But he was not the man to be backed down by any one, and he dared the worst—and got it!

He held the cow for his company, after a fierce contest, and old man Love went home raging, to give his distorted version of the affair, issue orders that no member of his family was to speak to, or of, Bob from that time forth, and to remark significantly that he had far rather see a child of his married to a horse thief than to a person capable of such behavior.

Communication between the lovers had since been managed, once or twice, by the utmost stealth and secrecy. Having, by this means, been assured of his sweetheart's steadfastness and readiness, Bob sent her word by one of her father's cowboys to ride a good horse past the half-way branding pen, armed himself with a license and hung around the Triple X ranch for a week.

When May finally found the opportunity to slip away in the most careless manner, with one of the men's sombreros on and in the face of threatening weather, she received a rapturous welcome from the long-banished Bob, and they promptly headed their ponies for 'Squire Wiley's, just the other side of Roaring Creek, who was supposed to be holding himself in readiness for their visit.

What Mexican, or other paid spy, or what unfriendly or envious hand carried the news to old man Love will not be known, but he burst into one of his near cow camps at dinner, shortly after Bob and May's departure, like a roaring South African lion with mustard in his eye.

"The boys"—who knew well enough what was afoot, and what would be asked of them—dropped their tin cups and plates, jumped on their waiting ponies and were out of hailing distance before he fairly lit in their midst.

But old Hank Pearsall, the cook, was a new man, not long from southwest Texas, neither knowing of nor caring particularly for Bob Holly and his love affairs. So he stood at his official post, at the tail end of the chuck wagon, and gave amiable attention to the impassioned harangue and singular antics of this new and entertaining employer.

Being commanded to come along and assist in dispersing Bob and rescuing May, he mounted a serious appearing but fitful tempered buckskin-colored pony, with one white eye and much symmetry of bone—as much of a character in its way as Hank was in his—and started, with considerable interest and curiosity.

They rode hard and were near overhauling the lovers within a mile of Roaring Creek. But while pursuer and pursued pushed on at their utmost pace, another factor was coming with a hundred times greater speed to take a hand in the game.

The dry bed of Roaring Creek was just before them, beyond that a tiny rise, then an arroyo, and beyond that again the roof of the justice's house, just in sight. As Bob and May clattered over the creek bed and scrambled up onto the rise beyond, both looked back and their ponies stopped, tossing their heads, pricking their ears and snorting at a curious humming sound that suddenly seemed to fill all the air about.

"Hurry up, darling," cried Bob, throwing out a hand to catch May; "'t's a big storm coming from above." But before they could descend the slope to cross the dry arroyo in front it was running from bank to bank and brimming over with a sudden flood of red, muddy water.

And even above the noise of the flood before them they heard a sound like the angry shouting of furious multitudes. Looking backward and up the creek whence the sounds came they saw a great, tumbling, shuddering wall—pushing before it and bearing upon its crest all imaginable sorts of debris—advancing down the dry creek bed with such a thunderous onslaught that the little mound on which they stood shook and seemed fairly to lower under their feet.

They looked about them. The arroyo ran into the creek below. Above, both it and the creek had flooded out until they joined. Their little mound was an island, momentarily growing smaller, surrounded on every side by raging torrents, in which were driven and whirled whole trees, full grown cattle, with sometimes a fence post whose trailing wires had caught in their barbs all manner of ghastly wreckage.

Up came the water about them; down fell the big hail.

"It's a cloudburst above, darling," said Bob. "It won't last long—the water won't cover this rise."

"I'm not afraid, Bob," said May, with very white lips; "I'm glad I came, anyhow. If we've got to die we'll die together; and the way I've felt for the last three weeks I'm sure that's a heap better than living apart."

Bob jumped off his pony and lifted May from hers. The hail was coming bigger and beat cruelly upon them. He wrapped his slicker about her, pushed the ponies close together and sheltered her with them and his own body as best he could.

"We won't die," he said; "but, poor little girl, what an awful storm I've dragged you out into!"

Just then, from the farther bank of the creek, above the awful howling of the storm, came this intelligent command in old man Love's ear-splitting tones:

"May Love! You come here to me this minute!" And May laughed hysterically.

"Well, he can't get at us, anyway—but the hail can. O, look at your poor hands! O, Bob, I can't bear it—put the slicker back on!"

"Why, honey," said Bob, as the tears came in earnest now, "I'd get pounded just the same, anyhow; and you must let me have the comfort of keeping some of it off you—it ain't a patchin' on the way your pa would do me if he could get me right now."

While the storm raged and the water rose nearly to their feet, Hank Pearsall had the almost exclusive benefit of old man Love's remarks, since only his wildest shrieks reached the young couple, who were too much absorbed in each other to heed either him or the storm very much.

These remarks disagreed with Mr. Pearsall, who was notoriously a man of judgment and observation.

"What's the matter with that young feller?" he queried angrily; "watch him a standin' to the north'ard uv his gal, a keepin' the hail offen her! He ain't no chump! If he keeps that lick up right through he'll make a better husband 'n what you ever did!"

About this time, the hail ceasing, the expectant justice came down to the further bank of the arroyo. The water was going down visibly, but its roar was still considerable.

"Ho, Bob!" yelled the justice above its sound, "got your license?"

Bob took it out and waved it above his head.

Old man Love could not from where he stood hear a word, but he surmised what had been said, and the sight of the document was like a red rag to the bull.

"I dare ye to marry 'em," he screamed. "I dare ye to do it!" And in an ecstacy of rage and anxiety he forced his pony down into the foaming creek among the whirling drift, where he was promptly pitched off by the terrified creature, which instantly returned. Pearsall, at the risk of his own life, had to fish him out, receiving plenty of abuse for his pains and returning it with bitter irony.

In two minutes' time the shallower arroyo was fordable, though the creek, down which big drift continued to come, was not. Bob set May on her pony, mounted his own, and prepared to ride out. The sight of the justice—a plains cupid, with boots, slicker and cowboy hat—preparing to take charge of the pair was too much for old man Love, and, dismounted as he was, he plunged, in a delirium of rage, into the creek, spluttering and yelling:

"Stop! Hold on! You just dare!"

May hesitated, frightened; but old Hank Pearsall yanked her father out again and set him on dry land, snorting:

"Doggone ye! I pulled y' out onct before! What fur cain't ye stay out! Huh?

"When ye try buckin' agin a boy like that, backed by a Texas norther, you're a-goin' to git left—don't ye know it? That kid's got a double cinche on Proverdunce! But ye had this hyer storm staked out!

"Go it feller! Go it gal! I'm with ye ever time—I'm for ye! Yer the right sort! I wouldn't hender ye fer all the durned old snake-bit fools in Texas! I'll jist gether up the scraps o' this ole ecjit, an' tote 'em back to the ranch."

And as May and Bob rode off, tattered, beaten, draggled, but obliviously blissful and jaunty, a faint hail followed them:

"Good-by, kids—wish yer joy! Come on, ole calamity!"—Alice MacGowan.

Not Incurable.

"Yes, doctor, he's very bad. He was ailing when he came home last night, and"——

"What is his trouble like?"

"Seems to be his brain. When I asked him this morning what he'd have for breakfast he glared at me in a way that frightened me and yelled, 'Greenhalge! Jackson! McKin—rah! rah! Yeo-oo-p!' and flourished his money as though he wanted to bet."

"I fear, ma'am, it is a case of poll fever. It is very violent, but not dangerous. Give him this powder and a couple of quarts of soup in about two hours."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Pedestrian—Out walking for your health? Second Pedestrian—Yes; I'm going for the doctor.—Truth.

Outwitted.

Fouche, the famous French chief of police, was an educated man, and commenced life as a lawyer, but developed a natural taste for intrigue, which made him almost a match for Richelieu himself. He rendered such important services to Napoleon that he gave him the title of Duke of Otrando.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity than Fouche, Duke of Otrando, in exercising all his famous faculties of intrigue to accomplish his purpose. To this end he finally obtained an interview with the King, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied:

"You have occupied under Napoleon a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining insight into the characters of men in public life which could not occur to many individuals. Were I to decide to attach you to my person, I should expect you to first inform me frankly what were the measures and whom were the men whom you employed in those days to obtain your information."

"Sire," replied Fouche, "every day the motions of your Majesty were duly made known to me."

"Eh? What? All my movements?" said the King, with apparent surprise.

"Even so, sire. I was but performing my duty in spying upon you."

"Surrounded as I was at Hartwell by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me?"

"Will your Majesty excuse me upon the point?" said the really disconcerted Fouche.

"I insist upon your naming him immediately," said the King, promptly.

"If you command it, then I must own, sire, that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aamont, who was my agent."

"The man who possessed my entire confidence?" asked the King.

"Sire, it was he."

"Well, I must acknowledge," replied Louis, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many expenses; and living is very dear in England."

"True, your Majesty."

"But still, M. Fouche, it was I who dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and he gave me nine out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted in order to obtain an exact account of what was passing in my family."

The astonished Fouche blushed like a woman, but still he was afterwards employed by the King.

The First Traitor.

While Arnold was the most conspicuous traitor in the Revolutionary era, the first man detected in an attempt to betray his country was Dr. Benjamin Church, of Raynham, Mass. He was a graduate of Harvard University, studied medicine in London and became eminent as a surgeon. He lived a bachelor, extravagantly, in a mansion, in 1768. For several years preceding the Revolution he was conspicuous among the leading Whigs of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress and was an active member. At the same time he was trusted as an ardent patriot. Church was evidently the secret enemy of the Republicans. So early as 1774 he wrote parodies of his own popular songs in favor of liberty for the Tory newspapers; and in September, 1775, an intercepted letter, written by him in cipher to Major Cain in Boston, which had passed through the hands of the mistress of Church, was decipiered and the woman confessed he was the author. The case was laid before the Continental Congress, and he was dismissed from the general directorship of the hospital. He was arrested and tried by a court-martial at Cambridge on a charge of holding a criminal correspondence with the enemy. He was convicted October 3 and imprisoned at Cambridge. On the 6th of November the Congress ordered him to be "close confined without the use of pen, ink or paper, and that no person be allowed to converse with him, except in the presence and hearing of a magistrate of the town, or the sheriff of the county where he shall be confined, and in the English language, until further orders from this or a future Congress." He was so confined in the jail at Norwich, Conn. In May, 1776, he was released on account of failing health, and sailed for the West Indies in a merchant vessel. He and the vessel were never heard of afterwards.

He Loved Children.

A man with three children entered a restaurant in a German town, and after they were all seated he said: "Now, children, are you hungry?"

"Yes."

"Would you like some sausages?"

"Yes, yes."

"Waitress, bring three sausages—two for myself—that makes five. Ah, I have forgotten the bread. Waitress, some bread. Now eat away."

There was a solemn jingling of knives and forks, the sausages were demolished and the children's faces were all over smiles.

"Enjoy it, eh?"

"Yes."

"Like some more sausages?"

"Yes, yes."

"Waitress, two or three more sausages."

The use, too, vanished. The guest ordered some beer, having drunk which he took his hat and stick and said to the children:

"Now, you must be very good and quiet. I shall be back directly. I am only going to get some cigars."

"All right!"

Five minutes passed, a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Then the landlord said to the children:

"Your father is a long time in coming."

"He is not our father! We were playing outside when the man came up to us and asked us if we would like some sausages. We all shouted 'Yes,' and then the man brought us in here!"

Not In.

She—Was woman made in vain?

He—No, not quite so much as that; only vain.—Detroit Free Press.

One has helped the world some if he has only varied the monotony.—Dallas News.

QUEEN OF THE ISLAND.

The Cow That Had Become Leader of the Wild Isle.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his interesting "Idle Days in Patagonia," has a pretty story of a cow and some pigs. A pretty story we call it, but as will be seen, the conclusion of it is anything but pretty, and the reader will no doubt find himself in full sympathy with Mr. Hudson's indignant comment at the end. He is describing his life in the valley of the Rio Negro.

Close to the mouth of the river is a low, flat island, about a mile in length, covered in most part by a dense growth of coarse grass and rushes. It is inhabited by a herd of swine; and although they do not increase they have been able to maintain their existence for a long period, in spite of the occasional great tides that flood the whole island, and of multitudes of hungry eagles and caranchos always on the watch for stray sucklings.

Many years ago, while some guachos were driving a troop of half wild cows near the shore on the neighboring mainland, a heifer took to the water and succeeded in swimming to the island, where she was lost to her owner. About a year later she was seen by a man who had gone to the island to cut rushes for thatching purposes.

The cow and the pigs, to the number of about twenty-five, were lying fast asleep in a small grassy hollow, the cow stretched out at full length on the ground, and the pigs grouped, or rather heaped, round her; for they were all apparently ambitious to rest with their heads pillowed on her, so that she was almost concealed under them.

Presently one of the drove became aware of the man's presence and gave the alarm, whereupon they started up like one animal and vanished into a rush-bed.

The cow, thus doomed to live "alone, yet not alone," was subsequently seen on several occasions by the rush-cutters, always with her fierce followers grouped around her like a bodyguard.

This continued for some years, and the fame of the cow that had become the leader and queen of the wild isle and pigs was spread abroad in the valley; then a human being, who was not a "sentimentalist," betook himself to her little kingdom with a musket loaded with ball and succeeded in finding and shooting her.

In spite of what we have been taught it is sometimes borne in on us that man is a little lower than the brutes.

Explanation All Around.

There is a Washington young woman who, in addition to having sensitive nerves, is intensely devoted to Browning. Much of her time she applies to the discovery of new mysticisms and much more to worrying over them. Not long ago she was quite ill. A friend called on her and said consolingly:

"Never mind, dear; this illeness will make you enjoy life all the more when you are about again."

"I don't know," sighed the patient; "perhaps I will not get well."

"Oh, you don't think of such things as that, do you?"

"Yes."

"You take it rather cheerfully."

"Oh, I don't mind at all. Perhaps I shall meet Mr. Browning in the next world, and we shall have such a good time explaining his works to each other."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Sitting Duck Waited in by Bees.

Not very long ago, at the farm of G. W. Hutchins, seven miles from Maryville, a bee tree was found near the east bank of Feather River, which was cut to obtain the honey. After the tree was cut down to the ground an investigation was instituted and the honey located in a hollow half way between where it was cut and the top. On cutting open the body of the tree they secured about eighty pounds of honey, eleven duck eggs, and a dead duck. It appears that a wood duck had formed a cavity through a hole that was originally large enough to admit her body After laying eleven eggs she had commenced sitting to hatch them, and while doing so the bees had filled the hole with comb so that she could not get out, and she died on the nest.—Red Bluff Democrat.

Writing Material.

The Patent Office at Washington has a collection of pens that illustrates the difficulties with which men had to contend before they found a suitable instrument with which to write. There are the styluses used by the ancient; the instruments for writing on wax tablets, one end sharp like an awl, the other flat like a paper cutter. There are the brushes used by the Japanese and Chinese of the present day, and quills of every variety, together with an infinite number of steel pens. But the most curious are some quill pens with steel points. They were made in an effort to do away with the constant necessity for the mending of the pen, a process that few could perform properly and that everybody hated. The effort was very ingenious, but unsuccessful, because the points could not be made to stay.

Great Expectations.

Six or seven bootblacks were shooting craps on the sidewalk in front of a business house the other evening when the manager of the establishment came along.

"Boys," he said, "this will never do. You'll have to move away from here."

"Please don't break up de game jist now, mister," pleaded the businesslike urchin with the muffler about his neck. "Dere's only one kid wot ain't broke!"—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Negros Turning White.

A familiar figure around town is a colored man who is gradually becoming white. It will probably not be long before he is as white as most Caucasians, and already there are white splotches on his face and body as large as one's hand. The dark skin seems to be peeling off, leaving the underskin ruddy. There are a number of such colored people in this city, one of them being a janitor of a large church on Fourth avenue.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mighty few people go to heaven on an empty stomach.

Last Days of a Great Beauty of Louis Philippe's Time.

Mlle. Humbert, a woman whose life was shrouded in much mystery for many years, has died in a veritable garret in the Rue des Martyrs, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. In her district the old dame passed as a mendicant, owing to the shabbiness of her attire, and people, struck by her miserable appearance, sometimes spontaneously offered her alms in the streets. She never refused the money, but was in the habit, after receiving it, of telling her benefactors to keep away from the side of her dress in which she kept her purse. This extraordinary conduct was usually set down by good Samaritans to craziness.

Surprise was great when it was discovered lately that Mlle. Humbert had left a sum of several thousand pounds in bonds and banknotes sewn up in an old mattress; and that, moreover, she had a valuable collection of paintings by old and modern masters in her garret. It has since come to light that the apparent mendicant and female imitator of Daniel Dancer was a great beauty in the days when Louis Philippe was King, and that the money and the pictures were the gifts of her admirers, one of whom was a prominent supporter of the Second Empire. The ex-demi-mondaine's property now passes to a relative, who is naturally overjoyed at the unexpected and welcome windfall.—Paris Letter to the London Telegraph.

A Smart Japanese.

Once upon a time, many moons ago, I met a delightful exponent of the Eastern world, a Japanese from Tokio, Issa Tanamura by name, who had studied first at Yale and afterwards took a law course at Dickinson College. He was then returning to Japan, but told me that he should come back to America to the Fair. I found him here in charge of the entire Japanese exhibit. I owe to his fine courtesy, which was as exquisite as the priceless fabrics and gold lacques and bronzes which made his environment, a visit to the little Japanese parlors, dainty as flowers, but heaped with the treasures of an Aladdin palace. The ceilings were panelled, and upon each space in gold embroidery was the coat of arms of some noble family, and the lamps and rugs and chairs—"for," he said, "sometimes we sit in chairs"—and the vases and musical instruments all spoke of a race to which their American friends must still appear as barbarous. Mr. Tanamura ran his slight, delicate fingers over the strings of an instrument which responded in gentlest harmonies. His hand was the fine and delicate hand of a high-bred woman, but there was a nervous force, a virility, a capability, in fact, about it, that showed it was a masculine hand after all. He said that the grain of rice upon which was drawn an entire landscape, which required a microscope to bring it out, was put away so securely that he could not just then find it to show to me—that the grain of corn similarly decorated had been stolen. As I stood talking to him a half dozen people, all women, came up and made a circle around us, and listened intently to every word with their faces almost thrust between us.

"Mr. Tanamura," said the Other One, "what is the difference between the lawyers in your country and ours?"

"Just the same," he answered cheerfully, laughing, "all tricky."

"Why, do you keep those broken things?" she said, turning to a heap of broken china.

"Because we don't have to pay duty on anything that was broken coming over, but we can mend them and sell them just the same. That pagoda," he added, pointing to a beautiful, airy structure in silver, "we scarcely expected to find a purchaser for at all, but it was one of the first things sold. A prince of India bought it for $3,500."—Detroit Free Press.

Wrote Sermons While Asleep.

One of the most remarkable and puzzling cases of somnambulism is one told by the Bishop of Bordeaux. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at the seminary. The Bishop was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The Bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulistic sermons and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes the Bishop put a card under his chin in such a manner as to prevent him seeing the paper on the table before him, but he still continued to write. Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the Bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds at different times. He always perceived the change, because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted, he used it and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those on his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a ruler. The clefs, the flats and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterwards blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this he erased them all and wrote them over again.

Chinese Discipline.

British husbands, when their dinner parties turn out failures, are apt to grumble at their wives for the cook's misdemeanors, but they abstain from the practical style of rebuking practiced by the Celestials. Recently the Chinese professor at a university gave a national banquet to fellow-professors and was much put out because the cookery was not to his taste. After a time he got up, bowed solemnly, said, "Go lickee wife," and departed, returning presently, smiling as blandly as usual, after having administered judicious chastisement to his better half.

HUSH-A-BY, SWEET.

Hush-a-by, Sweet,
Dewdrops are falling,
Gathering lightly on bush and tree;
Little Bopeep her sheep is calling,
And my wee lamb must sheltered be.

Hush-a-by, Sweet,
Angels are watching,
Thy infant slumbers with loving eye,
While over all the stars are marching
Silver and blue in a cloudless sky.

Hush-a-by, Sweet,
In rosy splendor
The baby moon sinks low in the west;
And my wee queen, with kisses tender,
Closes her eyes and sleeps on my breast.

—Mrs. Annie Douglas Bell.

HUNTING WILDCATS AT NIGHT.

The Way They Carry on the Sport in the South Carolina Woods.

I was sitting on a log at the foot of a hill in a clump of woods in upper South Carolina, waiting for my companions, with whom I had arranged a wildcat hunt. They said it was not the right season, but, as cats frequently dgstroyed young lambs and pigs, we agreed to try a night's hunt any way. Suddenly my horse pricked his ears and listened attentively, and soon I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming up the road. It proved to be my companions, who were very tardy. We now lost no time, and were soon mounted and cantering briskly towards the mountains.

Arriving at the foot of the mountains we dismounted, and leading our horses to a sheltered spot some distance from the road, fettered them securely and set out. A loud blast from the horn resounded through the mountain solitudes, the hounds dashed away, and the hunt began.

After about an hour of waiting the deep baying of a hound about a half mile away told us that a cat had been scented. The other dogs hurried to the spot, and soon all were going at full tilt on the trail. We had some pretty brisk running and walking to keep within hearing distance of the pack. After about three hours of running, walking, crawling, climbing and falling over mountain, crag, gorge and glen we heard all the hounds barking furiously, apparently in one spot, and our leader, a gigantic mountaineer of six feet two, decided that they had bayed him. But there was a mile of the roughest land imaginable between us and our game. We stumbled over rocks, logs, brush and gullies until we came to the tree up which his catship had climbed.

One of the party had brought along some "torch pine" for the purpose of "shining his eyes." This was soon lighted, and after much walking around the tree, craning of necks and straining of eyes, the glare of the torch was reflected by two bright green balls in the top of the tree, which rolled around very defiantly.

"Here she air, boys; jist look at 'er eyes," exclaimed our knight of the torch.

"Jes' lemme hev half a show at 'im with this here old musket an' his eyes won't shine thar much longer," said our marksman. Placing the gun barrel on the torchman's shoulder, he took careful aim by the torchlight and fired. The shining eyes disappeared, but the cat did not fall. Soon, however, we heard something falling on the leaves which our hunters declared to be blood, and so it proved to be, for in about five minutes our game came tumbling down and struck the ground heavily. All rushed up to see what sort of game we had.

It proved to be only a medium-sized cat. It was the first one I had ever seen. Its long, agile body was covered with a thick coat of yellow and white fur, with now and then a black spot. The legs were short and heavy, with large feet armed with long and powerful claws. The head was large and round like that of an ordinary house cat. His bristling "moustache" added a great deal to the look of ferocity which pervaded his catship's "features." The greatest dissimilarity I observed between a wildcat and an ordinary house cat or "tabby cat," as our hunters called them, except in size, was the extreme brevity of the former's tail. After flaying our cat, the skin being all that is worth preserving, the horn was blown, and off we started again.

The next trail we struck was after about half an hour's travel, and the hounds dashed away again. We followed as fast as we could, keeping up on the highest peaks as much as possible, so as to keep within hearing of the hounds. Perhaps an hour passed before they treed again. This time it proved to be an immense catamount, which is simply a large species of the wildcat. He was as large as an ordinary dog, and had a very thick coat of yellow fur, which was pied here and there with glossy brown spots and stripes. He had disdained to climb more than twenty feet, where he sat defiantly growling and glaring at his pursuers. Our gunner again raised his piece, and with the report of the gun his catship fell lifeless to the ground. As all of us were weary, we stopped and built a fire of some brushwood, for at that altitude the air becomes crisp towards morning, even at this season of the year. As the fire crackled and sputtered many were the tales of former hunts and reminiscences of how good hunting was "befo' the war" and "befo' the railroad come thro' this kentry."—Atlanta Constitution.

Tramps May Ride Free.

Vice-President Crocker, of the Southern Pacific, has announced that his company does not propose to make any fight against the hordes of tramps who are beating their way westward on freight trains. He has arrived at the conclusion that it is useless to unload the ticketless tourists, because they get aboard again in sufficient numbers to overpower the trainmen. Therefore Mr. Crocker believes that time can be saved and bloodshed averted by allowing the tramps to ride so long as they are peaceable. No proclamation to that effect has been issued from the company headquarters, but it is to be mutually understood that the trainmen are not to molest the "hobos," except in self-defense.

It is likely that the other lines extending from the Rockies to the Pacific will follow the Southern's example in this respect, if they have not already done so in a quiet way.—Oregonian.