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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23D YEAR—NO. 23. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,167.

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**
12:38 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.			Stations.			Westward.
Leave.						Arrive.
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		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 o. cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

The Tariff on Coal.

FROSTBURG, MD., Feb. 3, 1894.

To the Shepherdstown *Register*.

The editorial with which you honor the MINING JOURNAL in your issue of the 1st inst., most probably designed to be fair, betrays a misapprehension of the situation so palpable that I must ask you to indulge me with this reply.

A paper that ventures upon any parallel between farming and mining, however well informed concerning either calling, ordains itself to error in vital particulars, for there is nothing synonymous in operation or results between them. The farmer's work is above, the miner's underground. To the farmer the earth yields its harvests year after year; to the miner once for all time. The farmer works in the sun, in the rain, even in the storm, in perfect safety compared with the peril which perpetually besets the toiler in the midnight, wet and falls of the mine.

Hence, nothing could have been more in apropos than your your questions:

How many of you (farmers) would agree to contribute money to cultivate a farm so poor that the crops raised on it would not pay for the labor necessary to raise them? And if you should do so for, say ten years, would the community be richer or poorer by reason of leaving that farm in cultivation at the end of that period?

Before your farmers answer they must first understand that the farm you describe is good only for one crop; that it is cultivated only one acre at a time, and that at the end of "ten years" it is not only not "in cultivation," but cultivation has absolutely destroyed it.

Upon these premises I join you in inviting your farmers to reply.

But your editorial suggests weightier matters for me to deal with. You say:

This demand is characterized by virgin modesty when compared with that of "coal barons," who plead for a duty on coal which is nearly double the wages paid to the miners.

This inference is not fairly drawn from your rendition of my statement—that in the George's Creek coal region of the 75 cents which the tariff adds to a ton of coal "at least 70 cents go to the labor which digs and places the coal on the cars for shipment; hence, 94 per cent. of the small protection afforded finds its way exactly where it belongs—into the pockets of the labor which produces it."

If 75 cents is nearly double 70 cents, you are right; if not, then you err when you regard the 75 cents as an addition to the cost of the coal. The 75 cents, as I shall show hereafter, constitutes no accumulation of cost of the coal, more especially to the people of Shepherdstown. It is simply and only a bar put up to continue to us the custom, not of Shepherdstown people, but of the manufacturers of New England, who otherwise threaten to go outside of the country entirely for fuel.

Now ask the farmers whose poor farms they prefer to patronize—those of the United States or those of Nova Scotia?

Again you force a dangerous deduction:

This is an admission that the consumer is forced by the tariff to pay the whole of the miner's wages; and that the mine owner gets his coal "f. o. b." with a vengeance; without one cent of expense to be paid out of the price which the coal will bring in the market, less the tariff duty!

To make a long matter short, will you name a single commodity in any line, developed or manufactured, for which the consumer does not eventually pay all the wages of development or fabrication? The whole realm of industry is submitted to your sweep of vision, including the farmer's bushel of wheat, and I challenge the citation of a single article whose purchase does not embody the whole of the factor's wages, whether the price of the article or the labor cost fluctuates or not. Once in the consumers hands, the wages which produced it, the transportation which moved it and the merchant's profits on all are paid by him.

Speaking further to your clientele you say:

You, Mr. Consumer, are forced to pay over and above the true value of the coal the whole wages of the men who dig and load it on the cars; and the mine owner and the railroad company pocket the whole value of the coal for all charges whatsoever!

What is "the value of coal?" As a close observer of the expense and danger of mining I regard it as incalculably high. But measured in dollars and cents coal, like wheat, is worth just what it will bring, and, in answer to the pretext set up against the tariff as "a subsidy to transportation," it gets cheaper proportionately the farther it is carried. Let me assure "Mr. Consumer," also, that if the tariff, which you say pays all labor costs above what you fancy is "the true value of coal," is removed, then he ("Mr. Consumer") will have those wages to pay himself under some other illusion. If the tariff pays the wages now, and he pays the tariff, he will then pay the wages without imagining that he is groaning under taxation. That may be some visionary comfort to "the artless innocence and childlike simplicity" of "Mr. Consumer," but no such dream of economy will amend the status quo of his pocketbook.

Next and last you observe:

The MINING JOURNAL pleads for the retention of the duty in order that the "honest conduct of the employers" which characterizes that blessed Georges Creek region may not be interfered with! How can we sufficiently commend these employers because, in the innate goodness of their hearts, they have hitherto resisted all temptation to be otherwise than honest in their conduct, and amicable in their relations with the toilers whose whole product is handed over to them, without costing them one cent of wages beyond the tribute which is levied for that purpose on those who must use the coal?

I have no doubt that in your arguments against protection per se you have indulged the well-founded allegation that in many industries the employers have not paid their labor the bonus the tariff places in their hands for labor's benefit. Not only in many, but I fear in a vast majority of instances your plea is founded on fact.

But coal is not specially protected, nor are our employers the trustees of an express trust, yet, as I wrote to the Sun, nearly every cent of the incidental protection our industry enjoys is transmitted punctually and directly to the men to whom it belongs. It is a mistake, however, not to say an injustice, to impress your readers with the notion that we claim a continuance of the duty simply because our employers are honest. All that we demand is that we shall not be herded and slaughtered with those who have abused and betrayed the tariff's implied commission to employers to deal justly with their workers.

The tariff on coal is simply and solely designed to secure to us the New England market, endangered by the proximity of that great consuming section to a foreign source of supply. It exists for no other purpose. With the tariff removed, therefore, we will lose our best home market, but little else, for the further south Nova Scotia coal comes the more easily we can meet and beat it.

In New York we will grapple with it probably on nearly equal terms; in Philadelphia with some advantage, and in Baltimore we will shut it out. Moreover, the interior will be inaccessible to the foreign product.

Now let me ask your farmer readers what they are to gain by endorsing the notion and aiding the effort to take from us our best market? It is certain Nova Scotia can give them nothing in exchange for their liberality, and there is nothing in New Enland history or Plymouth Rock traditions warranting any return, even of reciprocal sentiment, from that quarter. Then, what are they to get? Cheaper coal? How are they to get it? How is a coal that cannot possibly meet ours at Shepherdstown going to make the latter cheaper at that point? Indeed, is it not far more probable that when the tariff on coal is removed that the price of that article will be raised to interior consumers? How else are the coal regions to obtain indemnity for the loss of the seaboard market? Is is not inevitable that with expenses ratably higher on reduced production they must exact enhanced prices for all the coal that Nova Scotia cannot furnish?

So far, therefore, as coal is concerned, I feel sure it will pay the Register, its readers and all interior interests favoring free coal, to revise their opinions and retrace whatever steps they have taken in that direction. I take the liberty of admonishing them at this point that the club that they are placing in foreign hands to avenge chimerical grievances at home may return to fall with crushing effect upon their own heads. They may ascertain when it is too late that the coal-consuming interests of the interior cannot give away the coal-producing interests without incurring at least half the loss. Be tariff reformers if you will, but remember that with you, as with New England, coal is a commodity of exceptional importance, but you are not in New England's position; that in almost any adjustment of any schedule New England's gain will be your loss, and that in coal she will harvest the richest fruitage of your hostility to the mining industry of your own State.

Coal is already a tariff-for-revenue commodity, and for the especial welfare of all interior interests it should remain so as long as a tariff is levied for any purpose whatever.

J. B. ODER.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Ten Days Trip to Washington.

Everybody expects to visit Washington some time; in fact it is a duty that every one owes to himself. What Rome was to every soldier of the Empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance, his estate—it belongs to him. All its magnificence, all its glory, all its fame, its public buildings, its paintings, its statuary, its monuments, its gardens, its libraries, its museums, its streets and its parks, and he ought once in a lifetime to take a look at the property. When do you expect to take a look at it?

The best train service of the B. & O. R. R. is at your service always, but not at reduced rates—they come seldom. The third select excursion to the National Capitol via the B. & O. is announced for March 8th, when reduced rate tickets will be sold from points on its lines between Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Parkersburg, Lexington and Hagerstown.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity showing time of trains and rate of fare:

	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	Rate
Piedmont.....	9:39	6:15	8:29	$5.40
Cumberland.....	10:45	7:52	9:40	4 55

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accomodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B & O Agent.

No Free Trade in Vessels.

Another view of free coal I would like to present to our New England friends: We shipped last year from Lambert's Point 1,063,283 tons of Pocahontas coal to that section. It was carried principally in New England vessels, because the navigation laws of the United States, which have kept the American flag afloat in our waters, prevent the use of foreign bottoms, and the hardy seamen of those rockbound coasts have wrested the commercial sceptre from their less venturesome neighbors; and, although New England ship owners complained bitterly of the low rates of freight, we paid $938,805 32 to have the coal carried from Lambert's Point in American vessels to New England.—*Col. William Lamb.*

On To Mexico.

A line of fast freight steamships will probably be established between Baltimore and Tampico, Mexico. A party of Baltimoreans who are interested in the proposed line are now in Mexico arranging details for terminal facilities at Tampico.

The products of the Maryland and West Virginia coal mines and coke ovens find a heavy sale in Mexico, and it is to develop this trade that the steamship line will be established.

A gentleman interested in the proposed enterprise said that the line would be established without regard to tariff legislation.

Lease or Sell Them.

The annual output of the oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries is between five and six million dollars, nearly double the value of the product of all the coal mines in the State at the mouth of the pit. The coal properties were formerly owned by the people, just as the oyster beds are now owned. They were granted to private individuals, and they are now supporting more people than the oyster beds, adding more to the wealth of the State, and are paying a large revenue to both State and county government.

A Pertinent Question.

A prominent eastern newspaper prints such matter as this:

The people of New England are very much pleased over the prospects of free coal, as foreshadowed by the Wilson bill. They have much to gain by it, while the Anthracite mining companies of Pennsylvania have little to lose, despite the hue and cry that has been raised against the proposed taking off of the tariff by some of the politicians.

What about the loss to the Southern producer sending his coal to New England.—Coal Trade *Journal*.

Defeat It.

Let the House defeat the Smith free book bill.—Westminster *Advocate*.

THE GATE AJAR.

'Tis sometimes given one to behold
A glimpse of the city whose streets of gold
St. John revealed in his vision rare,
In words which spoke it wondrous fair.
And so 'tis known that when things go wrong
A trusted officer shadows the throng
That dwell where gems in twinkling glee
Shed limpid light on the Jasper Sea.
St. Peter, grown so old and sere,
Mistrusts sit down in the armchair near,
And his poor old brain, for ages taxed,
Had often of late intermittent relaxed.
He could not, in brief, keep up with the pace
Of this galloping, breathless, half-frenzied race;
And so, 'tis no wonder, in his infirm speel,
He sent the man to heaven, the woman to hell.

At Satan's threshold she stood dejected;
A thin, worn wreck the furnace reflected;
Too weak to stand, too dazed to see
His royal Satanic majesty.
Then spake the Arch Fiend, with gesture queer,
"We want neither fools nor dead folks here.
Cast her forth whence she came; and let nature's economy
Relegate her from her present anatomy;"
Now we're told that those in the bottomless pit
May sometimes look where the patriarchs sit;
And Satan, having lived in heaven so long,
Knew just where to find in that happy throng
The man late accepted. His harp of gold
Lay listless by; his white wings volumes told;
For they closely folded a snoring saint,
So full of ambrosia it made one faint.
The angels played their best, but he
Could sleep through all eternity.
The Arch Fiend laughed, and with hypnotic hold
Led Gabriel to see he'd been shamefully sold.
Then watched, as his wont, when he's set things brewing,
And hoped soon to have that fat man stewing.
"Wake up!" said Gabriel; "no loafing here.
It's work, work, work, year after year;
That harp is to play on, those wings to fly
On errands of mercy, in the sweet by and bye."
But the man's dull gaze bespoke a shell
In which no spark of manhood could dwell.
And Gabriel saw that this wouldn't do,
And the woman had been most wronged of the two.

The angelic guard stood musing long;
Then said: "My friend, on earth no song
Ere 'scaped your lips to cheer a soul.
You smoked and swore and played the role
Of fatuous gourmand; your shining bowl
Bears witness, and she, perforce, must howl
And pray for very pity of it. Now swear,
By this bright sword, by Michael there,
By yonder reeking pit, that she, your wife,
Ne'er tore from your scalp a hair in her life.
And swear, for I know it, she could cook without books;
For your stomach is puffed past the bounds of good looks;
And honestly own that your genial smile
Oft passed through her heart, like a rusty file.
If she snubbed you at length, who brought it to pass?
You started all right with your bonnie lass,
But you lost your nerve, grew sluggish, too,
And as your hair shed her beardlet grew.
And last, but worst, when your poor wife felt
That her summons had come, she came and knelt
With you. Knave! with you; and and tried her best
To pass you in to heavenly rest.
But when the imp led her away,
And you were ushered into endless day,
No backward glance, no pleading word
For her lost soul from you was heard.
Now if you'd have said, as you passed through,
My dear old Peter, let her come, too;
And if she can't sit quite as high as I
'Tis better than sending her there to fry;
I'd have saved you—but now you must go,
Shivering, quivering, down below;
And unless some fate arrest your doom
You're booked henceforth for a living tomb."

* * * * * * *

The sun was gilding vale and rill
As a man and his wife climbed Zion's hill.
He—cast from heaven, she—driven from hell,
Had met once more the old story to tell.
Her face was fair, her voice so low
The husband scarce knew if 'twere she or no.
And his manly grace and martial air
Stamped them anew, a well-matched pair.
And so the Scriptures had come to pass;
"The last shall be first and the first shall be last."—Mrs. Edwin G. Reynolds.

DRAMA OF TWO WOMEN.

In a room, half-study, half-bedroom, two women were talking. They were both young, both moderately good-looking, and both, in a different way, had intelligent bright eyes that observed much and betrayed little. One woman was a small, passionate person with a delicate mouth, and she was called Isabel.

The other woman was a small, passionate person, with full, pale lips and an aggressive chin. She was called Lillian.

It was a cool summer evening, after dinner, but the room seemed hot to both of them, owing to the point in discussion.

Isabel spoke:

"Yes, I have done with him altogether. Are you really surprised?"

"No, not in the least. I was surprised at the beginning of your friendship, but I was quite prepared for the end. You never understood each other."

"That is just it, and in consequence continually quarrelled. And continual argument is so tiresome. I assure you for months I have felt quite worn out."

"And he"—

"Oh, he." The woman's face softened. "I am very sorry, but I fear I must have been a trial, Lillian. I alternated between trying to act up to his idea of me and ruthlessly tearing it down. The curious fact is that he never had any instinctive recognition of my real self."

"Were you"—Lillian straightened her small person and arched the pretty pert chin—"were you ever really engaged, Isabel?"

The other answered rapidly:

"Oh, no! How could we be? I am so poor, and he earns very little. Now, if it had been you, with all your money, it might have been different. Still, I did look forward to marriage, when he would be jealous no longer, and I should be all his. And then I was jealous, too."

"You! Who were you jealous of, dear?"

"Wasn't it absurd, Lillian?—of you—and—of others."

"Well, I did know him long before you."

"Yes, and you were very great friends."

"Oh, he consulted me about everything."

Isabel trembling a little: "About me?"

"Well, yes, about you—sometimes."

"How horrid of him."

There was a pause. Isabel paced the room, and large tears appeared in her gray eyes, which she did not allow to fall. Lillian had two malicious dimples at the corners of her mouth, and in distinct contradiction to their presence she sighed.

"You see, Isabel, dear, you were not suited."

"How could we be?" broke out the other passionately. "In all his love for me, he had no trust; in all my love for him, there was a certain amount of fear. I am morbidly sensitive, and he wounded me day by day. He is sensitive, too, in a different way; and my wish to have him all to myself, to rob him from his numerous lady friends, seemed absurd in his thinking. He refused to believe in the depths of my feelings, because I was timid in expressing them. I wanted him to understand me by instinct, and a man so often lacks that."

"He is very clever and has plenty of tact."

Isabel stopped short and faced her companion. "Tact is an elastic thing In his case it was one-sided and only applied to his dealings with certain natures. As I said, he made a mistake about mine."

"Well" Lillian smiled and then sighed again. "It's all over now."

"And I remember," continued the other, as if she had not heard, "the first time I saw him. I remember the curious thrill, the curious certainty that came over me that he would play some large part in my life. I wonder if he remembers, too. I wonder if he remembers his first impression of me. I was horribly shy—and I knew he thought me pretty."

"He is a great admirer of female beauty, certainly," admitted Lillian dryly.

"Will you—shall you see him much now?"

"Surely, my dear Isabel, you can't expect me to give up an old friend just because you have quarrelled with him."

"But, still, he might talk of me."

"I don't think so. And if he did I can decline to discuss the subject."

The other suddenly knelt down beside her friend. In her small face, in her gray eyes, there was a hungry, wistful expression that Lillian could not be blind to and it gave her an uneasy pang.

"Lil, dear. Tell me. Do you think I have been very unwise?"

"No. Why?"

"Because my heart is aching till I can scarcely breathe. Because I am longing just to know what he is doing not to be wholly shut out of his life. Because I—I am miserable."

"Oh! This is only for to-night. You will soon get over it."

With childlike submission the other asked simply: "Shall I?"

"Of course you will."

"Lil, do you think I shou'd be very stupid if I tried to make it up?"

Her friend laughed harshly and a little nervously. "Quite mad," she said.

"Do you? I am not sure. I am so terribly lonely. He seemed my destiny. I miss him every hour of the day, and his letters by every post."

"You are quite maudlin, Isabel"

"What!" The woman sprang to her feet. "What did you say?"

"I meant that you are too ridiculous over this man, who didn't love you and who never will; who never understood you and who was never appreciated by you in return. The sooner you forget him the better."

"I can't forget him."

"You must."

There was another pause. Isabel walked to the window, drew back the curtain and threw it open.

"I am suffocating!" she cried.

The other rose and stealthily seized her cloak from the bed.

"I can't forget him," Isabel repeated. "I love him. I want him now—always. I must write to him at once. I must—Lillian, what is the matter?"

"You are a little fool. The man is sick of you. You can't have him back."

"Why, how do you know? What do you mean? How dare you"—

"I mean that he proposed to me to-day and I accepted him."

She slipped on her cloak and tripped down stairs, and the other woman, who had been her friend, knelt silently by the open window with a face that seemed to be slowly growing old.—Black and White.

Veterans in Congress.

Less than 10 per cent. of the members of the House of Representatives have served more than ten years. Of the 356 members, 137 are serving their first term. Only 32 in all have been in Congress ten years or upward. An idea largely prevails that the Southern States have returned their members for continual service more generally than the Northern. This is not borne out by the records. On the contrary, the Northern States have been more generous to their representatives in that respect than the Southern. Of the number returned in the Northern section, Illinois is represented by 4; New York, 3; Pennsylvania, 3; Maine, 3; Missouri, 3; Michigan, 1; Kansas, 1; Vermont, 1; Iowa, 1; Indiana, 1; total, 21. In the Southern section Mississippi is represented by 2; Alabama, 2; Georgia, 2; Louisiana, 1; Arkansas, 1; Texas, 1; Tennessee, 1; Virginia, 1; total, 11. Grand total, 32.—Providence Journal.

Virtues of an Emetic.

There was a great deal of wisdom in the old practice of giving emetics, such as ipecac. It did a great deal of good. It might not be very pleasant, but it was effective. Now, if you had a real, first-class case of malaria, I don't know that I could do better than to advise a trip to Europe; or, if you should not be able to go to Europe, then a little ocean trip, out of sight of land, and the swell of the waves. There's nothing like an unloading, and you would soon feel very much better. In all these ills you get your stomach overloaded, your digestion fails, and you retain your food in your system. After a good emetic or an ocean trip has done its work you will wonder how you got along with such a vinegar factory inside of you.—Interview with a Doctor.

MRS. Blount, the ex-minister's wife, says that some of the native women she met in Honolulu were as cultivated and refined as any women she ever saw.

How a New York Lawyer Captured Old Bushy-Tail.

J. R. Van Etten, an Ellenville, N. Y., lawyer, says that while he was fox hunting recently near that place he had a remarkable experience. He sent his dogs on the trail of the fox and then stood alongside of a stone wall, ready to blaze away when the animal came near him. After waiting some time he began thinking about the Hawaiian question and the fox passed out of his mind.

Suddenly, however, he felt something brush against the inside of one of his legs and he mechanically closed them. Upon looking down he found he had caught as in a vise a fine, lively fox. "It seems that I had been standing by a hole in the wall," said the lawyer, "and the fox had cautiously followed along the wall without seeing me, and, finding the opening, had popped through and was caught as I have stated. It did not take kindly to its capture, for it bit me in the leg, but I finally overcame it and took it along home with me. It is the first time I ever knew a human body to be turned into a fox trap."

The Lady was Not His Wife.

The man got into a street car comfortably filled and crowded into a seat next to a sharp-faced woman in the corner. He squeezed her up against the end of the car, took out a newspaper and shoving it half across her face began to read. She stood it for about five minutes.

"Excuse me," she said then, "are you a married man?"

He dropped his paper and looked at her.

"Yes," he replied curtly.

"I thought so," she went on. "Ain't your wife a little woman that won't say her soul's her own and lets you impose on her all you want to?"

"I don't impose on her, madam," he said stiffly.

"You don't let her impose on you much, I guess."

The man tried to read his paper again.

"I suppose she carries in the coal, builds the fires, gets your slippers, does the marketing, mends your clothes, tends to the children, submits like a lamb when you find fault, and is generally an excellent wife, ain't she?"

"Madam"— he began.

"Don't say a word," she interrupted. "I'm not your wife, am I?"

"No, and I'm —"

"That's all right. And as I'm not I don't propose to have you sitting down on me and crowding me up in this corner till I can't breathe without wheezing like a steam engine. Why don't you get out and walk?" and the passengers snickered so that he did.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clinching Argument.

At a certain boarding-house the other evening a discussion arose between a clerk and a young lady as to the injustice of paying a woman less money than a man for the same work. "There is no reason," contended the young lady, "why a girl should not be entitled to the same pay as a man." "You forget," responded the clerk, "that we men spend a great deal more money than you girls. Why, if it wasn't that you put so much money in your wardrobes you would have more than you would know what to do with." The argument up to this time had been confined to the two principals, the others present taking no part, enjoying the controversy. At this point a great, big fellow who had been sitting listening broke in: "You can say what you please about girls putting all their money on the outside; but if men wouldn't put so much inside they would be considerably better off, though saloon-keepers might suffer."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Glass Cloth.

So much has been written about the crystal gown of the Princess Eulalie that its expense and appearance are matters of interest. Glass cloth is from $40 to $75 a yard, and its width that of silk. Although made from seemingly a brittle and frail substance, it is exceedingly durable and can be sponged with soap and water without the least injury. It looks like a heavy, glistening, shimmering silk, its surface taking up the light in a marvellous way.

Not for the toilets of fair women, however, is this great discovery most suitable and valued. It properly belongs to house decoration, its rich folds being especially adapted to curtains, portieres and wall drapings. Housewives will delight to know that neither moth, dust nor sun can harm these nettings that catch and hold rainbows, and yet a dip in cold water will at once restore their pristine freshness and beauty. A great field for this new industry.—New York Herald.

Caught a Dude Snake.

While at play during recess at the primary school on Sierra street recently, Dr. Bergstein's young son noticed a white snake at the margin of a hedge, and, grabbing him by the tail, pulled him out. Although the little fellow was bitten on the hand, he clung to his prize, shifted his hold to the neck of the snake, ran home with him and imprisoned him, as he supposed, securely in a can in the cellar. Later, however, the reptile was missing, and it was feared that a valuable curiosity was lost. Later a woman who lives a block west of the doctor was frightened by what proved to be the same snake, and a boy killed it, to the sorrow of snake fanciers. It is about three feet long, with pink eyes and white belly. From the tip of the tail for six inches towards the head the back is covered with very delicate blue and pink alternating bands. The balance of the back is covered with light pink spots, with a few blue ones interspersed.—Reno Gazette.

An Outrage.

Reggy—I was fwightfully insulted by a bahtendah in there, just now.

Chollie—What did the bwute say?

Reggy—I ahsked foh some beah, and the wetch said, "Wheah's youah pitchah, sonny?"—Puck.

TWO KINDS OF COURTSHIP.

That Which is Conducted in the Office Leads to Better Results.

It is an actual fact that the workingwoman has nine chances out of ten of being happy in her married life where the girl who lives at home has one. Think a minute. The latter sees men at dances, theatres and social gatherings generally, where they are on their best behavior, in their best clothes, and in their best tempers.

All thoughts of business and worry are put aside, and pleasure is the one thing aimed for.

Men see that a girl is popular, and wish to add to their own consequence by being seen on friendly terms with her.

They put into a half hour's conversation all the brightness and wit of which they are capable and show themselves delightful companions. They visit the girl in her own home; they find her prettily dressed, anxious to entertain them. Is it not natural that only one side, and that the brightest of their nature, should be shown?

The girl is charmed with what she sees, and naturally enough fancies it is all like this. She thinks Jack so much more gentle and clever than her own brothers, and marries him without any more real knowledge of his character than has the French girl, who never sits in a room alone with a man till after marriage.

The girl who works, say in an office where men are employed, sees a totally different phase of her Jack's character. She sees him on Monday mornings, when he comes back to work after a day off. She sees how he acts when he is tired and things go wrong. She sees his manner to superiors and subordinates, to wealthy visitors and the man who peddles pencils.

She notes that he finds time, amid all the hurry of business, to pay her some of those little attentions women love, and that he heads off the man who swears and tells broad stories. She sees more of the real man in a week than does her sister uptown in a whole season of parties, and when she marries Jack there will be fewer hard discoveries to make as a wife.

The rule works both ways. The girl clerk shows her real nature every day of her life. The routine of office or store work brings out every phase of her character, as the light in which she works shows off her complexion.

She shows involuntarily if she is quick, neat, conscientious and amiable or the reverse. Jack sees how she bears troubles, great and small, and above all how she guards her womanliness under the tests of the semi-public life she lives.

The girl who is seen only in her parlor of an evening, or at an entertainment, is not the girl a man lives with after marriage. She is only a small part of her. She is the one who will head his table at a dinner party, but it is a question whether she will be there when the servant leaves or the baby cries all night.

We often hear that the first year of marriage life is the hardest. That is because the young people are only getting acquainted with each other, and, after vowing to spend their lives together, are finding out whether it will be possible to do so with any comfort. Society would think any more intimate acquaintance than that of the ballroom and parlor both unnecessary and unseemly.

So the wedded strangers, in nine cases out of ten, have a bad time of it, while the office companions, who have metaphorically summered and wintered each other into perfect knowledge, have only to discover how much nicer each one is in his home life.—Jessie M. Burgoyne, in January Donahoe's.

Deacon White's Excellent Motto.

Deacon S. V. White, the well-known Wall street man, has suffered several vicissitudes of fortune, but has always managed to right himself, settling all claims against him, dollar for dollar, with interest.

This well-known trait has made Mr. White extremely popular with bankers and brokers, and in speaking of it recently an operator remarked that the "integrity of the man is not to be wondered at, seeing that he lives in accordance with an excellent motto."

Inquiry revealed the fact that the man did not speak ill advisedly. Mr. White has a motto, and a very good one it is. It is displayed in his private office, and reads as follows:

"I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness to show or any good thing I can do to my fellow-beings, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it. I shall pass this way but once."—New York Herald.

A European Dwarf Tribe.

Little more than half a day's journey from Toulouse, in the valley of Ribas, and on the Col de Tosa, dwell the remnants of a race now rapidly disappearing averaging a little more than one yard in height, copper-colored, woolly-headed, and with broad, flat noses. They are not intelligent, and make themselves understood with difficulty, but they are active, and chiefly employed as shepards. They are known as "enanos" in the Pyrenees.

The flat-faced, under-sized peasants with mahogany complexions with woolly hair, that have been observed in the market-place are not true "enanos," but a race that was discovered in the sixteenth century, natives of Los Hurdes, and they remain in a condition of absolute savagery.

These Pyrenean dwarfs are human documents of extreme interest for the ethnologist. In every part of the world mountain regions have preserved for us the debris of forgotten races and languages, and these may be the last surviving relics of nations which inhabited Europe anterior to Basque, Celt, or Skipetar.

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lushly's wife; "just think of it." "Just think of what?" asked Lushly. "This newspaper states that in Belgium there are 150,000 saloons and 5,000 schools." Lushly was silent in thought. "What do you think of that?" asked his wife. "Why-er-ain't that a good many schools for such a small country?"—Washington Star.