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MINING JOURNAL.

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23D YEAR—NO. 32. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1894. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,176.

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 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	Barrellville	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 30	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

TWENTY-ONE.

They were engaged. She came to him
With eyes that glowed as hot as hades
And said, with angry look and grim:
"I'm told, sir, you have kissed two ladies!"

"Why, darling, how absurd your rage!"
He, laughing, cried, "'Twas but in fun;
Together add both maidens' age
'Twould but amount to twenty-one!"

Her anger soon was laughed away;
She only thought of ten and eleven.
Her eyes again shone bright as day,
Reflecting there the lover's heaven.

Oh, rogue! Though what you said was true,
She did not know the truths between,
That one of them was only two,
The other temptress—sweet nineteen.

—Springfield Graphic.

LOVE ON A WALL

The little back yard presented a novel appearance. The frost was on the ground, and the one skeleton tree in the corner extended its leafless branches like gaunt arms in various directions.

A wooden post was stuck in the centre of the gravel square, its purpose vague; at a few yards distant stood a man practising at broadsword exercise.

Sergt. Major Boyne, pausing from his exertions, addressed some one sitting on the wall to his right.

"Are you cold, Mollie?"

"No, thanks; it is warming to watch you."

The Sergeant continued his evolutions.

"One—two—three—four; right! One—two—three—four; left!"

The girl clapped her hands. The Sergeant repeated the performance.

"How jolly you look, Cousin Jack!" Mollie cried as the cuts and thrusts whistled through the air.

"Do I?" the Sergeant queried, solemnly regarding the post in the middle of the ground.

"You know that you look nice," she said, severely. "Don't pretend."

He returned the weapon to its sheath and looked at the girl critically.

"You know that you look nice, Cousin Mollie," he said, with mock severity. "Don't pretend. You are the prettiest girl in Limbridge. All the men at the barracks say that of you."

"Do they?" she cried, with a gasp. "I am so glad."

"Glad? Silly girl! What is their opinion worth?"

"As much as yours I suppose," she answered.

"Oh, of course."

He leaned against the wall and refastened a buckle. She bit her lip and tapped the red bricks with her heels.

"Sergt. Travers came off worst among the men the other night, I heard."

"The odds were all against the one, as usual," she said. "Your barrack jokes are seldom funny."

He laughed. "Why do you care for him, Mollie?"

"I don't."

"All right, Mollie," he said in a tone that indicated "all wrong."

"It's getting late," she remarked "They are setting the tea tray."

"Shall I help you down?"

Her toes were on a level with his chest as he fronted her. She carefully scrutinized the height from the ground.

"No, thank you!"

"Oh, all right!" he responded, with the same dubious inflection.

She heard his spurs click over the frosty ground. She watched the patch of scarlet merge into the gloom and reappear in the lighted room of the house. Then the tears trickled down her cold cheek and froze there.

A boy was spinning a top in the next garden. She leaned towards him.

"Little boy," she whispered, "give me a push."

The little boy, mounting an inverted bucket, "pushed" and heard a muffled thud on the other side of the wall.

Every girl in the little garrison town who possessed an invitation to the non-commissioned officers' ball was preparing for the evening's festivity.

Mollie Henderson pirouetted around the small limit of her chamber, a gauzy being in white. The circumscribed mirror had been tilted up and tilted down, only a quarter of her form being visioned at one time.

The edge of her skirt and white satin slippers were undergoing reflection when her youngest brother shouted through the keyhole:

"You'll do, Mollie! You'll beat Georgina Webb hollow!"

"Oh, Bobby, darling, do you think so?" she cried, opening the door.

"Positive. Here are two boxes. Guess one's from the Sergeant."

Each box contained a spray of flowers. She held the red roses admiringly.

"Dear Mollie, please wear my flowers," was pencilled on a sheet of paper bearing the name of Sergt. Travers. The lilies of the valley were accompanied by a scrap of paper "From Jack."

"Which shall I wear, Bobby?" she asked excitedly, laying the roses and the lilies together against her bodice.

"Both," the boy replied, promptly.

"Oh, I can't. I think—I think the red looks better on the white. The lilies are a trifle insipid, and yet—oh, I must wear the roses; the red looks lovely!"

She turned from her brother's inspection, with the roses clustered at her breast.

"Stunning! Now stick the lilies in your hair."

"But they would look awful, Bobby."

"What's the odds? Cousin Jack might feel hipped if you don't stick 'em somewhere."

"Don't be so silly! The men have nothing to do with flowers."

She gathered her gloves and fan together and hastened out of Bobby's sight.

"Well," soliloquized the juvenile man, "I guess I'll keep my money in my pocket before I'm soft enough to waste it on the girls."

"Did you receive the lilies?" Sergt.-Major Boyne asked while he and his partner stood aside from the dancers for a moment.

"Yes; thank you very much."

"You are not wearing them!"

"These roses arrived at the same time. I—I thought their color was such a pretty contrast with my gown."

"It is very pretty."

"Are you annoyed, Cousin Jack?"

"Not at all. Shall we finish this valse?"

"Yes."

Later on Travers claimed Mollie for a dance.

"How good of you to wear my flowers," he murmured.

Many of the men lounging about the room envied the little Sergeant as he passed with his partner. Her face was flushed. Her dark eyes shone brilliantly.

"I am tired," Mollie said, suddenly. They went to the end of the room, where a portion was screened off. He took her fan, waiting it for her while they talked.

"I wish I were rich enough to marry you Mollie."

"Suppose the Colonel refused his consent?"

"Well, we could run away and get married."

"You daren't."

"Oh, yes, I dare, sweet little Mollie," he whispered. "I dare do anything for you."

"That is very brave of you. Will you fetch me an ice?"

The smile on Mollie's lips faded as Travers disappeared round the screen. She closed her eyes wearily.

"Mollie!" The Sergeant-Major was bending over her. "I have come to say good night, Mollie. One of the men who is down with the fever has sent for me."

"But you needn't go?"

"I must; he is dying."

As he leaned over the chair his hand lightly touched her hair. One of the roses had fallen from her breast and lay on the folds of her gown.

"May I have this?" he asked, taking it up gently.

"If you like." The freshness had gone from her voice. "But the other man gave it to me, Jack."

"Never mind; you have worn it."

He passed out of her sight as Travers came into it bearing the ice.

"Take it away," she said to him, petulantly; "I don't want it."

* * * * * *

Sergt.-Major Boyne was down with the fever. His comrades talked seriously together. Some of the men hung round the hospital to which he had been removed and begged constantly for the latest bulletin.

Near the group of soldiers stood Mollie Henderson. Every day she gathered news of her cousin from their fragmentary conversation.

"He's mortal bad," remarked one.

"Aye. Sinking fast, I heard."

"He's sticking to his colors to the last," spoke another. "They say he's calling out her name often."

"And she don't care a rap for him."

"She ain't good enough for our Sergeant-Major," they murmured together.

"P'raps she'll be sorry when——"

Some one pushed through the group. Each man fell aside as Mollie, her face white and strained, passed by them and obtained admittance into the hospital.

Presently one of them looked up at the Sergeant-Major's window.

"Let's hope she'll be in time, mates," he said huskily. * * *

The Sergeant-Major was convalescent.

In the little back yard he practised a broadsword exercise in the presence of Mollie Henderson.

"One—two—three—four; right! One—two—three—four; left!"

The girl sitting on the wall called out to him.

"That will do. Come here and rest a minute."

"You must be obeyed, Cousin Mollie," he said, gliding one hand into her muff.

"Of course. Haven't I sworn to take care of you, Cousin Jack?"

Their fingers interlaced inside the muff. She counted the branches of the skeleton tree; he reckoned up the notches in the wooden post.

"Cousin Mollie?"

"Cousin Jack?"

"Don't you think we might begin the new year——"

The two little dangling feet moved restlessly against the wall; the hand within the Sergeant's tightened its clasp. He looked up at the face above his own.

"Mollie, Mollie!" he cried softly, "may I hoist my colors in the new year?"

"Yes, Jack, yes"

The boy in the next yard looked up from spinning his top and remarked, upon the sudden disappearance of Mollie into the Sergeant-Major's arms, "I thought she wouldn't want shoving off the wall this time."—London Tit-Bits.

Belgian Marriage Certificates.

In Belgian it is the custom to give certificates of marriages in the form of little books with paper covers. These books, which are often produced in course of law proceedings, and are taken in evidence, are apt to become dirty and dog's-eared. The burgomaster of Brussels has, therefore, hit upon a new plan. Henceforth a charge will be made for the books, which will be neatly bound in morocco and gilt-edged. They will be something more than a mere certificate. A summary of Belgian law on the married state is given in them for the use of young couples, and among a mass of other miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerately affording space for twelve such entries. To poor persons the books will be issued free of charge. One of the town councilors was in favor of adding directions for obtaining a divorce, but it is needless to say his suggestion was not adopted.

Sad Sentiment.

"Ya-a-s," said Willie Whibb'es, with a smile, about which there lurked a shade of sadness, "I am swah that Miss Scrippins wegards me vewwy kindly; possibly even with affection."

"What makes you think so?"

"You know how fond she is of that poodle Jack Perkins gave her on her birthday?"

"Yes."

"Well, she told me lawst evening that I had ways that reminded her so much of that poodle."

Congressman English's Quarrel With the Author of "The Raven."

One of the oldest men in the House of Representatives is Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who represents the sixth (or Essex county) district of New Jersey, and who will be 75 years of age June 29, 1894. Long before he ever dreamed of becoming Congressman English, the gentleman from New Jersey acquired distinction as the author of "Ben Bolt." In addition to his fame as a poet Mr. English enjoyed the notoriety of having been at one time the chosen friend and boon companion of Edgar Allen Poe, author of "The Raven" and other poems. How this friendship terminated can best be described in the language of Mr. English.

"Up to 1845," said the New Jersey statesman, "Poe and myself were well nigh inseparable, both at Philadelphia and New York, where we afterward removed. While in the latter city Poe became involved in a controversy with a brother of Mrs. Ellet, a noted novelist half a century ago, relative to certain letters which Poe declared the lady had written to him. The dispute became very animated, and one day while I was discussing certain matters with a caller Poe burst into the room where we were talking and demanded the loan of my pistol. When I asked him what he wanted it for his reply was that he intended to shoot the brother of the woman whom he had calumniated. This was my opportunity and I did not neglect it. In the plainest language possible I told Poe that he was acting the part of a blackguard, and slandering and endeavoring to compromise an honest woman, and he knew it. 'Besides,' said I, you know, Poe, that you have no letters from Mrs. Ellet as well as I do."

"Blurting out that he did not propose to be talked to in such a manner before a stranger, Poe reiterated that he had very damaging letters from the lady in question. 'Then, in heaven's name, why don't you produce them?' was my query. This did not seem to be at all pleasant to the author of 'The Raven,' and he volunteered the information that I was poking my nose into his business too much. One word led to another, and from words we came to blows, my right fist ornamenting Poe's right eye in the most approved fashion. A series of punches followed, and before the scrimmage ended I had forced my unwelcome visitor down to the floor, and, taking him by both ears, and sides of his face, I proceeded to ram his face vigorously against the floor of my apartment. This encounter stirred up all the malevolence in Poe's nature; and when his disfigured countenance was commented up n a few minutes later he evaded an explanation by saying that he had run against a working man who was carelessly carrying a piece of lumber on his shoulder. Ever afterward he could not say things too mean about me, and this fisticuff ended all friendly relations between us up to the day of his death."—New York Tribune.

The Nerve of a Porch-Climber.

"I think one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve on the part of a burglar was shown by one who was captured in Philadelphia not very long ago," said J. H. Ivers to a St. Louis reporter. "The fellow was what is known as a 'porch-climber,' and one evening about eight o'clock he gained access to the sleeping apartments of a house in one of the best portions of the city. While engaged in ransacking the room he heard some one coming up the stairs, and not having time to escape he sought safety under the bed. The door opened and the lady of the house entered, and, after busying herself about the room for a few minutes, picked up a book and commenced to read. The bed under which the fellow was concealed was a very low one, and his cramped position was anything but comfortable. He did not dare to move for fear of betraying himself, but kept hoping she would leave the room for some reason or other and give him a chance to escape.

"She stayed on, however, and about ten o'clock was joined by her husband. After a few minutes' conversation they retired to the very bed under which the burglar lay concealed. In trying to shift his position a little the fellow under the bed made a slight noise, which immediately alarmed the woman. Calling her husband, she said: 'Tom, there is some one under the bed.' 'Nonsense,' he said; 'you are dreaming.' 'I tell you I heard some one,' she replied. 'It is only the dog,' he said. 'Here, I will prove it to you,' and with that he threw his arm over the edge and, snapping his fingers, called as he would to a dog. The fellow under the bed took in the situation in an instant, and realizing that he must act promptly, actually reached out his head to where the hand hung and licked the fingers with his tongue, as the dog might do. The act was performed so naturally that the man in bed was completely deceived, and, after saying to his wife, 'I told you so,' and telling her to go to sleep, he turned over and was soon lost in slumber. After waiting until convinced they were sound asleep, the burglar crawled out from under the bed, and, taking everything of value he could find in the room, made his escape."—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

The Girl of To-Day.

The modern girl is none the less beauful for all her ability. Her mouth is stronger than the dimple-circled rosebud of her grandmother; her chin sets firmer than that of the girl of two generations since; her eyes are bewitching and sweet with the knowledge that is made pure in them, and her voice—the loveliest thing in a woman—is deeper and comes from a larger heart than the heart of the child-woman of long ago. The old-time knight fought in the jousts for his lady love, and, having won her killed her with neglect; the modern girl is sure she can command devotion in a man before she consents to be won. The modern girl is better than any other girl in the world, or else progress is a delusion. She is the best product of what the world thinks the best century in all history.

A GOOD CRY.

Mrs. Billtops Seeks Light Upon a Familiar Household Phrase.

Mrs. Billtops had just said to Mr. Billtops that she felt like having a good cry.

"When does a woman feel like having a good cry?" said Mr. Billtops.

"Oh, lots of times," said Mrs. Billtops; "when things go all wrong and she's overworked and disappointed."

"Disappointed about what?"

"Why, about everything or anything, or something that she had in mind that she wanted to do and couldn't."

"Does this feeling indicate rage or sorrow or despair?"

"Well, hardly any of those. It indicates disappointment or overtiredness more than anything else."

"Does a man have any condition of mind corresponding to that?" asked Mr. Billtops.

"No," said Mrs. Billtops, "he couldn't have. He doesn't have anything to make him feel that way. It isn't the big troubles, but the little ones that bother. You know how it is with a man. He gets his breakfast and goes to his work and gets through at a certain time, and goes home. He has his bothers, of course, but when he gets through his work he is done; but a woman sometimes has so much to do that she doesn't know at which end to begin, and when she does begin everything goes crooked; or she may get up with a big day's work all planned out and have everything go wrong from the very minute she starts, and when the day is over, although she has been busy all day, she hasn't done anything that she had planned to do."

"Is there any real relief or comfort in a good cry?" said Mr. Billtops.

"There is, generally," said Mrs. Billtops. "People say there is always a relief in tears. It certainly takes away the feeling that you want to cry."

At first this seemed to Mr. Billtops like rather a vague conclusion; but the more he dwelt upon it the more philosophical and satisfactory it seemed to be. He did think that Mrs. Billtops took rather a narrow view of the troubles that men have, but then, he reflected, each of us is apt to look upon his own mountain of suffering as the highest in the range.—New York Sun.

Games and Sports.

Our sports were molded by the life and customs of our people—indeed—we practised only what we expected to do when grown. Our games were feats with the bow and arrow, foot and pony races, wrestling, swimming and imitations of the customs and habits of our fathers. We had sham fights with mud balls and willow wands, we played lacrosse, made war upon bees, shot winter arrows (which were used only in that season) and coasted upon ribs of animals and buffalo robes.

Our games with bow and arrow were usually combined with hunting, as I shall take hunting for the subject of another letter. I will speak only of such as were purely plays.

No sooner did the boys get together than they divided into squads, and chose sides; then a leading arrow was shot at random into the air. Before it fell to the ground, a volley from the bows of the participants followed. Each player was quick to see the direction and speed of the leading arrow, and he tried to send his own with the same speed and at an equal height, so that when it fell it would be closer than any of the others to the first.

It was considered out of place to shoot an arrow by first sighting the object aimed at. This was usually impracticable, because the object was almost always in motion, while the hunter himself was often on the back of a pony in full gallop. Therefore, it was the offhand shot that the Indian boy sought to master. There was another game with arrows which was characterized by gambling and was generally confined to the men.

The races were an every-day occurrence. At noon the boys were usually gathered by some pleasant sheet of water, and as soon as the ponies were watered, they were allowed to graze for an hour or two, while the boys stripped for their noonday sports. Boys of all ages were paired for a "spin," and the little red men cheered on their favorites with spirit. As soon as this was ended, the pony races followed. All the speedy ponies were picked out, and riders chosen. If a boy said, "I cannot ride," what a shout went up! Such derision!

Last of all came the swimming. A little urchin would hang to his pony's long tail, while the latter held only his head above water and glided sportively along. Finally the animals were driven into a field of grass, and we turned our attention to other games.—Dr. Chas. A. Eastman in St. Nicholas.

What Causes Thunder?

"The generally accepted theory of the cause of thunder never satisfied me," said a well-known physician. "It seems to me that, instead of being caused by the vacuum produced by the electric bolt going through the atmosphere, it would be more plausible to a tribute it to reverse of contraction—to expansion. I mean that the facts attending the phenomenon of thunder are such as to warrant my putting forth the theory that the cause of it is the explosion of the oxygen produced by the action of the electricity upon the air. One of the arguments in favor of this theory is the great amount of ozone to be found in the atmosphere after a thunder storm. Then, if it was concussion of the air, rushing into the vacuum that caused the noise, heat would be produced, whereas after every peal of thunder you will notice a sheet of rain falls, showing that instead of heat being produced the atmosphere must get colder to produce the great condensation. I can not conceive how electricity passing through the atmosphere could create a vacuum great enough to make a noise like thunder. This theory came to me many years ago, before electricity was so generally used. Now, the fact of being able to transmit electricity through a solid iron without even heating it seems to justify my theory regarding the formation of a vacuum."

The Mysterious Migration of Birds and its Destuctive Effects.

Ornithologists for a long time past have been trying to discover some way of protecting birds from destruction by lighthouses. It is reckoned that along the Atlantic coast hundreds of thousands of feathered creatures annually are killed by flying against the structures which Uncle Sam has set up as a warning to mariners.

In a general way it may be said that timid and feeble-winged birds prefer the night for migration, while those which are strong-winged and bold, seeking no concealment, migrate by day. Swallows and snipe migrate by day; thrushes, warblers and fly-catchers by night. During storms—particularly in protracted eastern blows—great numbers of birds fly against the masts and smokestacks of steamers. Frequently from 200 to 300 are picked up in a night on the deck of these vessels. In one case the count of victims was over 700.

During a storm a lighthouse will often be surrounded by myriads of birds of many species. Having been so unfortunate as to start off in their migration on a falling barometer, they have got lost and flocked to the light, fluttering about the lantern, and dashing upon it or against the tower. One lightkeeper, describing such a phenomenon, says that, as far as he could see by the beam of the light, the air appeared to be a solid "mass of birds." When one considers the railroad speed at which a duck flies, it is not surprising that the impact of its weight against the plate glass should break it.

Telegraph wires across the line of migration on the prairies kill great numbers of birds, woodcock, especially, because they fly low. But all sorts of feathered creatures, from sparrows to swans, fall victims to this human device. Amongst them snipe also are conspicuous. It has been noticed that when a telegraph line has been newly established a great many birds are slain in this way, whereas after two or three seasons comparatively few suffer. This indicates that birds learn by experience.

On the Pacific Coast, not far from San Francisco, is a stretch of beach on which after a storm great numbers of ducks and divers, and even many albatrosses, may be picked up, as well as petrels, cormorants, and other birds. Some of them, as the petrels, flying low, are struck by big waves, and thrown upon the shore. Others, like the cormorants and surf-ducks, are dashed upon the beach while swimming near shore. Elsewhere along that part of the coast, there are only rocks, and the waterfowl dashed upon them are not stranded, but float off again, to land eventually on the strip of beach above mentioned.

Vessels coasting off shore from ten to 100 miles are often visited by birds which have been swept off the land by winds. If at a great distance from the land, they invariably die from exhaustion after reaching the ships. Sometimes hundreds are seen to fall dying into the water within a few minutes, being unable to sustain flight any longer. In fact, the ocean annually proves a burial place for vast numbers of feathered creatures. Likewise, immense numbers are lost in the great lakes, being blown off shore by winds, or becoming exhausted in trying to cross those sheets of water.

There is no truth in the popular notion that birds are possessed of a faculty which enables them to foretell weather and time their movements accordingly.

One of the fastest birds is the falcon, known as the duck hawk, the flight of which is so rapid that the eye is sometimes unable to follow it. It is able easily to overtake any duck. But it is thought that swifts and humming birds are even quicker travelers.

The migration of birds have long been regarded as mysterious in many ways. Nevertheless, science has elucidated the problem to a considerable extent. The fact is, that these animals have definite routes of travel. They are guided by such geographical features as coast lines, rivers, valleys, and mountain ranges. From the height at which they fly, the surface of the earth presents the appearance of a map, on which, at night, in the light of moon and stars, the hills, plains, lakes, etc., are more or less distinctly outlined for 100 miles or more in every direction. Any one who has spent a clear night on the summit of a mountain will not question this statement. The older birds which lead the flights have no difficulty, guided by these landmarks, in following paths which they have repeatedly traversed before. Points along the route constitute stations. At such places—ordinarily promonotories extending into the sea, edges of forest bordering extensive plains, or ex remities of mountain ranges—the migatory tide hesitates and halts before venturing on the dangerous stage head. This pause allows the stragglers to come up. Oceanic birds doubtless find their way to their breeding grounds over the pathless seas by using coast lines and sea islands as guides.

One of the Barber's Secrets.

One of the well-known barbers of the city remarked the other day to an Indianapolis Journal man, while rapidly going over a customer's face with a keen-edged razor, that few people gave a thought as to how easy it seemed to cut a face during the operation of shaving, and yet how comparatively seldom such a thing happened. He said that where the face was kept wet the danger of cutting was reduced to a minimum, as the razor would slide along in the hands of the average barber, and do its work all right. If, however, the face was somewhat dry, the chances of slashing a man were increased vastly. The secret of immunity from unpleasant accidents of this sort is, therefore, to use plenty of lather and plenty of water in going over the face. A "dry shave" is a dangerous undertaking.

Ferdinand Ward Married.

Geneseo, March 22.—The wedding of Ferdinand Ward and Miss Belle Storer of Staten Island took place in this village at 7 o'clock last evening. The Rev. Dr. George Ward, of Danville, officiated.

INDIANS AS MARKSMEN.

They Can't Shoot Rifles at All Well, but Can Handle Revolvers.

One of the delusions long cherished by readers of Indian stories, and by believers in the prowess of the Indian in war, is that the Indian is a sharpshooter of the most unfailing and deadly description, and that white men are but infants in the use of firearms as compared with the red men of the plain and the forest.

Statistics do not always tell the truth, observes the New York Times, but some recent figures tell more truth about the ability of the Indian to shoot than the old tradition is prepared to meet.

They have had some small arms competitions out West, and in the course of the competition the Indians who have been enlisted in the army of the Colorado have had a chance to show what they could do side by side with white men.

The best that can be said of them in the report is that they have made progress since being enlisted, but it also says that the sights on the rifles are still incomprehensible to them, and that much patience has been necessary on the part of the officers to bring them to any understanding at all of the principles of marksmanship.

Troop L of the Second Cavalry, that being an Indian company, showed an individual average figure of merit of 42.22, while the average figure of merit of the company was 78.88.

In collective firing the Indian average was 31.57, while the men of the other troops made an average of 62.70.

The Indians in the Eleventh Infantry made for their company (I) the average individual figure of merit of 25.05, while the figure of the other troops was 62.87.

At pistol firing the Indians do better. There is a separate report on this sort of firing for the same troops, and L of the Second Cavalry, being composed exclusively of Indians, made a record of which the men should be proud, if they ever learn about it.

At dismounted practice they made an average of 73.88, as compared with the general average for the command of 66.70; at mounted practice their average was far ahead of the white troops, and their average per cent for all firing was 65.72, as compared with 59.48 for the whole command.

There were some other interesting statistics obtained by this practice. The natives of the United States stood eleventh in order of merit among nationalities. Norway, Austria, Switzerland, Ireland, France, Denmark, Scotland, Germany, Canada and Belgium coming in order before the United States.

The men of six feet in height and over were also highest in order of merit as sharpshooters, and the shortest men were the lowest. The men of light blue eyes were the best marksmen, with those of dark blue next. Even the light-blue eyed men were the best marksmen among the negroes.

Dispossession of Land.

Lawyers of a later day have experienced no little difficulty in appreciating that Britton, St. Germain, and others of our earliest legal writers spoke advisedly when they defined a freehold interest in land (which bore to our early law the relation occupied in modern law by the word ownership as meaning the "possession of the soil." Yet the accuracy of this definition at the date of its origin finds the most ample and varied attestation in our authentic legal history. The word "owner" was unknown to our early land law. That one who wrongfully dispossessed another of his land, to succeed in the estate or interest in the land, was one of the most deeply rooted doctrines of the common law from the time when the idea of an estate in lands was first conceived. The dispossessor acquired that which he could sell and transfer, and that which upon his death would descend to his heirs. On the other hand, the person dispossessed had nothing left which any one could buy or which in the event of his death his heirs could inherit. It was almost the middle of the present century before in England this ceased to be the law. The natural effect of this doctrine, as the reader will no doubt be prepared to believe, was to make the law of the dispossession one of the most interesting and prolific branches of our earlier jurisprudence. It became directly and indirectly the subject matter of a surprisingly large proportion of judicial decisions, and of a correspondingly large part of the early legal commentaries, and, of course, continued to be expounded and developed in its detailed applications long after the disappearance of the mental and social conditions that gave it birth.—W. W. Billson in Popular Science Monthly.

A Word for Girl Babies.

It was a man governor, who said recently in a lecture, after describing the power of Joseph Jefferson to amuse: "I would rather possess the power to remove dull care than to be president of the United States, afflicted with the Sherman law and disappointed with two girl babies." It was a woman editor who answered: "Girl babies are at premium. Their sex furnishes but a very small fraction of the paupers and criminals of the country and much less than half the idiots. They are quite as likely to be carrying off the honors at the universities and going into partnership with their fathers in business."—New York World.

A Laugh on the Girls.

A good joke was played on the girls of Marion recently by the young men of that town. The boys had been rather remiss in their attentions to the young ladies and had been "stagging" it to the theatre, parties, etc., until the girls got tired of being left in the cold, and decided to show their independence. Consequently fifteen of the girls hired a box at the theatre and made a very charming party. The play was, "Wanted; A Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the wicked boys had taken one of the largest flaring posters: "Wanted; A Husband," and fastened it around the box so that all the audience might read.