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MINING FROSTBURG JOURNAL.

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23D YEAR—NO. 36. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,180.

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.

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 30	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 22	Barton			10 40	5 14	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 32	Lonaconing			10 32	5 04	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 43	Midland			10 19	4 53	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 45	Ocean			10 16	4 49	11 07
7 00	12 39	6 49	Borden Shaft			10 10	4 44	11 02
7 08	12 47	6 57	FROSTBURG			10 02	4 36	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 14	Morantown			9 44	4 19	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 21	Mount Savage			9 40	4 15	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 26	Barrellville			9 34	4 09	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 28	Patterson's			9 32	4 07	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 33	Kreigbaum's			9 27	4 02	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 35	Mt. Sav'ge Jun			9 25	4 00	10 13
8 00	1 39	7 48	Cumberland			9 15	3 50	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.				a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.						Leave.		

In addition to above Train No. 7 leaves Piedmont at 8:45 a. m.; arrives at Frostburg at 10:35 a. m., and Train No. 8, leaving Frostburg at 1:45 p. m., reaches Piedmont at 2:38 p. m., both trains stopping at all intermediate stations.

*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, 4, 5 and 8 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,
May 26 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 20, 1893.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m
9:18 a m	....No. 8 Express....	9:38 a m
8:05 a m	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:10 a m
	....No. 10 Express....	2:25 a m
7:33 a m	....No. 2 Express....	7:52 a m
12:10 p m	No. 14 Accom'odation	
	....No. 6 Express....	12:25 p m
	..No. 14 Balto. & Way..	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
12:35 p m	....No. 7 Express....	12:45 p m
1:05 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:10 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
	....No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	No. 15 Grafton & Way	4:03 p m
4:03 p m	.....No. 17 Way.....	
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Pittsburg Express leaves ...1:15 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....6:30 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....2:30 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited.. " ... 4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:15 a m
" 14—Mail " ..12:50 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves..12:15 p m

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

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.
M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent. [May 26]

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

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

John G. Dennison,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

ALL business entrusted to his care will be carefully and promptly attended to.

Pension Claims a Specialty.

Office on South Water street, opposite the English Lutheran Church. [March 25

OLD FRIENDS THE BEST.

Grandpa looked at his fine new chair,
On the twenty-sixth of December,
Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me!
He never fails to remember;
But my own armchair is the one for me;"
(And he settled himself in it nicely.)
"I hope he won't mind if I cling to it,
For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night,
He had plowed his way through the snow,
And the Christmas twinkle had left his eye,
And his step was tired and slow.
Warming for him his slippers lay,
The lovely, embroidered-in-gold ones,
That hung on the Christmas tree last night;
But he slipped his feet in the old ones.

And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came,
On the parlor rug they found her,
The long, dark lashes a-droop on her cheeks,
And her Christmas toys around her.
Neglected Angelique's waxen nose,
The fire had melted completely;
But her precious rag doll, Hannah Jane,
On her breast was resting sweetly.
—New York Independent.

PHEBE'S PLANNING.

Phebe Cantwell was spinning in the great bare, unfinished kitchen chamber. The heat would have been almost stifling without the addition of that which indicated from the kitchen chimney, in which a fire was roaring to cook the farm laborers' dinner.

There was a whole volume of spite in the jerk which broke her thread, and she tied it with an unnecessary tightness.

Presently a weary step came toiling up the narrow, winding stair. Phebe knew it, and the frown was displaced by a smile.

When she turned to meet the mistress of the house her smile made her beautiful, but it was with a fierce, uncanny beauty that repelled and startled the woman, so that she stood still for a moment beside the door.

Mrs. Lowe came forward and sank upon the only seat in the room.

"It seems so good to sit down here a minute and rest, away from the children and the work, that I nearly forgot what I came up to tell you. Squire Brainard's down stairs, and he says he wants a girl to keep house for him, and somebody recommended you to him. I should hate dreadfully to have you go away before all that's spun. I guess you'd better stay about two weeks longer, hadn't you? The Squire 'ill get along some way till then."

But before Mrs. Lowe concluded the above remarks Phebe was rapidly descending the stairs.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Lowe. "She'll go as sure as the world, and then what wil Sampson say?"

Squire Brainard sat beside the window of Mrs. Lowe's keeping room. He was tall, rather portly, somewhat bald, a well-to-do man of fifty, rich and indolent.

It was said that he had been ruled by his wife. But she had been dead now full three months, and the Squire was beginning to rebel against the household despotism of the Widow Plumly, whom Mrs. Brainard had appointed head of the domestic regime before her death.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I wished to see Phebe Cantwell, Mrs. Lowe's maid."

No wonder he made the mistake. The girl who stood before him, coarse though her garb had not one of the outward indications of servitude.

The courtly grace with which Squire Brainard rose and handed her a chair, and when she, with proud humility, refused to sit, remained standing near her, was an instinctive and involuntary homage to one of nature's born but uncrowned queens.

"I am Phebe Cantwell," she said.

"Is it possible?" said the Squire. "I had not expected—I—in short, I expected to find an—an older person. Mrs. Plumly, my housekeeper, is about to leave me. I wish to engage another person to fill her place. Could I prevail on you, Miss Cantwell to come? I would endeavor to make everything satisfactory as to—as to—salary and inducements."

"I will come, sir," said Phebe, "and I hope all allowance will be made for my youth and inexperience. I am not like Mrs. Plumly, sir."

"Indeed you're not," said the Squire, with a laugh. "But when can you come?"

"I can be ready in half an hour, sir."

"It is not necessary to be in a hurry," hastily rejoined the Squire as a thought of Mrs. Plumly, who was yet to be deposed, flashed across his bewildered mind. "Let me see. This is Friday. I will send for you on Monday morning. You will be ready then, say at nine o'clock."

Phebe laid aside her Sunday garb and went back to the hot kitchen. She was no longer impatient at her fate. She worked steadily, but not with the fierce haste which characterized the morning hours.

When the laborers came to their mid-day meal one of them was desired to harness the horse to the rockaway and convey Phebe to her home. Her preparations were completed, and on Monday morning she removed to her new home, the Squire himself, on pretense of some business in the village, coming to fetch her.

Phebe was an ignorant, but a shrewd and ambitious girl. She knew that she was beautiful and felt that her beauty unfitted her for the humble sphere to which poverty bound her.

She was shrewd enough to see the Squire's admiration of her beauty and her ambition immediately soared high. Long before the Monday morning that witnessed her installment at the Brainard mansion she had determined that she would yet be mistress where she entered as servant.

Her task was easier even than she had hoped. The servants, glad to be emancipated from Mrs. Plumly's tyranny, obeyed her promptly, the Squire honored her, and his eldest daughter, Mrs. Lee, then on a visit to her father, fell into ecstasies about Phebe's beauty.

She insisted on sending for a young artist from the city to paint Phebe's portrait, and as she hinted to fall in love with and marry one who would be such an excellent model for him.

Phebe had not the slightest idea of marrying a penniless young artist. She learned all she could from him and Mrs. Lee accepted the gifts they had heaped upon her and finally saw them depart with a sigh of relief.

She confined herself strictly to her avocations, spending all her leisure in her own apartment and resisting all the Squire's attempts to draw her into his society. So the summer passed and the early and late autumn.

And winter came at last and the Squire found himself very lonely in the long evenings when, tired of smoking his pipe and dozing over his newspaper, he fain would have exchanged his dreams of Phebe for her real presence.

One evening he drew her playfully to his parlor. She did not resist, for she thought it no longer necessary. She thought matters were verging toward a crisis, and was quite prepared.

Had she known how far her thoughts outstripped the Squire's she might have been less confident.

"Now, Phebe," said the Squire, "I want you to spend the evening here. I am lonely and I want your company. I wish you would come here always of evenings just as if you were my daughter. Why can't you be like a daughter to me? Won't you?"

"I can never be a daughter to you, Squire Brainard," she answered, at length.

"You must, you shall," he answered, half bewildered, wholly fascinated. "You must never leave me. I cannot part with you."

There was no answer.

"Are you going to be married, Phebe?" blurted out the Squire, with his eyes full of tears.

"No, sir. O, no," and a blush glowed over her brown cheek.

"Yes, you are—you are," and he fell upon his knees beside her. "You will marry me. You will be my wife. O! Phebe, will you not? You will love me a little in return for all the love I give you, Phebe, my darling."

Of course her answer was yes, with due protestation and maiden timidity; and the Squire was transported with happiness.

He spent no more evenings alone and the pair were shortly after married, to the astonishment of nearly everybody, and the scandal of the remainder.

To the still further astonishment of everybody, Phebe made the Squire a most excellent wife. She easily adopted the habits of her new station and left behind those of the past. She was a good wife, an excellent mother, and even Mrs. Lee acknowledged her to be an admirable step-mother.

She was an exemplary widow also, when the Squire had gone to his last home.—Boston Globe.

He Took a Turkish Bath.

A solemn looking man came into an uptown Turkish bath the other afternoon and said he wanted to take a bath. He registered, gave up his valuables and undressed. The attendant took him in hand and he disappeared into the first hot room.

Two hours later he stalked into the reception room clad in a sheet. He asked the man at the desk for the proprietor.

"I am the proprietor," said the man.

"Well, how much is this thing going to cost me?"

"One dollar, if you don't want to give the rubber anything."

"One dollar?"

"Yes, sir."

The solemn-looking man grew agitated. He danced around a bit. "Say!" he shouted, "you don't intend to charge me a dollar for that swindle, do you?"

"Certainly, and it's not a swindle, either. That bath was worth a dollar of any man's money."

The solemn looking man danced around some more. "Not on your life," he said. "I am swindled."

"I don't see how. You went into the hot room, didn't you, and took a sweat?"

"Yes."

"And wet into the steam room and got a shower and a steam bath?"

"Yes."

"And had a rub and scrub?"

"Yes."

"And another shower?"

"Yes."

"And took the plunge and had a dry rub?'

"Yes."

"And had a place shown where you could lie down?"

"Yes."

"Well, what in blazes more do you want?"

"Now, see here," and the solemn looking man spoke earnestly, "this here is the first Turkish bath I ever took. All my life I bin reading of Turkish baths and the luxury and delicious languor that followed them. I bin told that when a man gets through with them operations you have been talking about he can lay down and have the pleasantest sort of thoughts I done all there was to do. I had reasons for wantin' pleasant thoughts. Did I get 'em? Nix. I couldn't think of a blamed thing but a note I got to meet to-morrow without no money to meet it with. Pleasant thoughts—rats! I could have thought of that sittin' on any old horse-block in town The bull thing is a fraud, and I won't pay but fifty cents.'

And he didn't.—Buffalo Express.

The Phonograph for Colleges.

Great are the uses of the phonograph when a college professor can "talk" his lecture into the device at his leisure, and the members of his class can suit their own convenience as to the time of hearing the disquisition. The fellow who is always asking questions in the recitation room will find his occupation gone under the phonograph room, but his classmates will not mind that fact the least bit.—Boston Globe.

Refuse for Fuel.

The results of a test made in England show that the steam producing power of town and city refuse is one-third that of ordinary coal. With specially built destructors all cities could realize from their refuse a large amount of power for electric lighting, or other purposes. It is estimated that the daily refuse of the town of Leeds, England, would give steam power equal to over 1,500 horse power for the entire twenty-four hours.—Power.

Everybody should be trained to tell the truth judiciously.

How Savages Are Influenced by Fireworks and Lanterns.

"If a Brock or a Pain with a ready wit were either to turn explorer, he would be most succesful in opening up new countries. Let his always be equipped with fireworks, and all Africa at present unexplored would be at his feet."

Such was the remark made to me by a prominent African explorer and hunter with whom I had some conversation the other day.

"It is my firm opinion," he went on, "that fireworks, the electric light, or the magic lantern, have done more toward creating a friendly feeling among native tribes than any amount of cold iron. Why, remember when I was out with Stanley that the chief of the expedition or one of his followers had only to blow a whistle, and the hostile Yambuya, who surrounded us by the hundreds, at once fled in fear. They knew the firing of the gun, and its deadly effect, but the novelty of the whistle, coming from the mouth of a man, produced an instantaneous effect upon them. That same feeling is seen in other natives when they witness a magic lantern entertainment or a fireworks display. In these cases, however, the feeling of fear is checked by the delight they at the same time experience."

"Have you ever used fireworks?"

"Several times," was the reply. "I once made my way through a very hostile part of Central Africa chiefly by reason of the fireworks display I was able to give. In one case a native tribe wanted me to remain with them as their god. They were loath to let me go, and only did so on my promising, as their god, to aid the tribe in its conflict with the warriors of another. For two months I made my way without firing a shot in self-defense. De Brazza—the elder—made his famous progress up the middle Ogowe River solely through his taking the precaution to carry with him a large supply of fireworks. The Pahouin tribe to whom the country belonged, were a very fierce and warlike people. But De Brazza was diplomatist. When he reached the borders of the Pahouin country he sent word to the king that he had some presents to give to him. A large crowd came to meet the explorer, who gave them a number of presents to the chief of the tribe, and then asked them to retire a few yards.

"De Brazza and his men began their firework display, and completely fascinated the natives. The rockets caused them to shriek in astonishment, and many of them fled to escape the fire which they feared would fall upon them. The Roman candles and the wheels put the finishing touch to the performance. After that De Brazza had no trouble in exploring the country he had set his heart upon seeing. In my own case I shall never forget the terror which filled the minds of some Masai when I once threw a cracker in their midst. As the firework jumped about here and there, the natives made frantic attempts to escape it, and came up to me, and with their faces on the ground, begged that the evil spirit should be exorcised."

"And what is the effect of the magic lantern?"

"Simply marvellous. Several of the mission stations from Zanzibar inland now possess lanterns, and excellent use is made of them. Dr. Livingstone was one of the first to introduce the lantern, and I once remember his speaking of the excellent effect its use had produced. One curious thing I often noted. You will find the natives much more ready to go into ecstasies of delight at the picture of some street scene in New York, London or Paris, than at the views of any beauties of nature. They scream with delight at the sight of colored pictures."

"Do you find much use for musical instruments in your work of exploration?" I asked.

"A hand organ is almost as good as the lantern as a means of making friends with the natives. I remember once seeing King Mesa grinding out of a barrel organ the tunes of twenty years ago. He turned the handle somewhat erratically, and the tunes came out in spurts and gushes. His delight, and the delight of his wives, was a fine thing to watch. A concertina once went a long way toward allowing a party, of which I was one, to go inland on one occasion. One of our men could play the 'Hallelujah Chorus' with great gusto, and we frequently arranged a dance of natives to the music of the stirring chorus.

'From what I have told you, I think you will see that there are other means of opening up hitherto unexplored regions than by the use of the gun. Pierre de Brazza always prided himself on his having penetrated Africa without being compelled to fire a shot in self defense."

The Dower Chest.

In Holland the dower chest once formed a part of every bride's equipment. Less portable, but more sightly than the "Saratoga" trunk, it fulfilled its purpose with grace and dignity, passing down as an heirloom from generation to generation. The modern chest is an easy thing to secure, but these the up-to-date girl holds in disdain; her chest must be really antique, or carved oak of English or Flemish make, or elaborately inlaid with marquetrie of colored woods and dated or initialed with figures and characters eloquent of other times and manners. There are very few of the genuine old-fashioned "dower chests" to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. One of them in this city is a very massive affair, weighing several hundred pounds.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Simple Barometer.

About the simplest barometer that one can have—and, it is said, one of the most efficient—is made of two bottles and some water. One of them should be an ordinary wide-mouthed pickle-jar, filled with water to near the top. The other should be a long, slim flask, which will go into the neck of the jar. This should be inverted and plunged into the jar, so that it will not reach the bottom. This arrangement gives a complete barometer. In fine weather the water will raise into the neck of the flask higher than the mouth of the pickle-bottle. In wet or windy weather it will fall to within an inch of the mouth of the flask.

THE WOMEN OF EUROPE.

The Spanish Said to Be the Most Beautiful, the Germans Best Educated.

The celebrated man of letters, Paola Mattegazza, of Florence, in airing his opinions through a German newspaper on the women of Europe, gives the palm for beauty to the Spanish women, thereby showing keen discrimination and excellent taste. His praise is not, however, wholly unmixed.

"The Spanish woman," he says, "is bewitchingly beautiful. She has small hands and feet, and large eyes like the open windows of a sunburnt marble palace. A figure of grace and life, and long, wavy dark hair. She is very religious, very ignorant, very jealous, sensitive, idle and proud."

The English woman, he thinks, is beauty itself. "'Her hair is like gold. She has heavenly eyes, a peach-like complexion, a delicately formed nose and good teeth. She is reserved, a little hypochondraical, very active and generally a slave to etiquette." But the French woman is "a cat and a serpent, a palm and a violet and even when she is not pretty she is charming. She is amiable, a dreadful coquette and generally false." The women of Germany are not graceful as a race, but are strong and withstand the ravages of time. They are "blond, blue-eyed, with white skins and are more suited to play the part of wives than lovers. They are naive, good-natured and industrious and make splendid housekeepers and mothers. They are, on the whole, the best educated women in Europe."

The Russian woman is an oriental type which has been prematurely transplanted to Europe. "In her are combined the extraordinary charms of a savage and a highly civilized woman." The Italian woman is generally ignorant and is often false. Two important points in forming the character of the women of different nations are, according to Mattegazza the religion and the amount of freedom they enjoy. The more freedom allowed, the more virtue.

The Ermine.

The ermine is a queer animal. It is one thing in winter and another thing in summer. This is a strange statement, but it is true, for in winter the animal's fur is as white as snow and is called ermine. In summer its fur turns reddish brown on the upper part of the body, and a light yellow on the lower par; the animal is then known as the stoat.

This change is quite familiar to naturalists but not to unscientific people and the ermine and the stoat are, therefore, generally regarded as distinct animals.

The fur of the ermine is much values and is in great request. At one time it was a mark of great royalty, and the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with it as an emblem of purity.

The ermine is so cunning in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep." In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home and then strew mud in its pathway. When he dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud is strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than smirch one of its snow-white hairs.—Philadelphia Times.

On the Train.

To write while traveling by rail is a difficult matter under ordinary circumstances, but it can be greatly assisted by the use of a pillow. This may either be held on the lap or placed on a table. The pad of paper and the arm which guides the pen or pencil should both rest on the pillow. In this manner it will be found possible to write legibly and with comfort in an express train flying at full speed. The explanation depends upon the fact that the pillow tends to equalize the motion of the pen and paper. If one attempts to write on a table in a fast-moving car, the pen is driven in every direction except the desired one, because the constant jarring does not produce the same motions simultaneously in the table and the pen. But the pillow, being pliable, and inelastic, not only deadens the shocks communicated from the car, but brings the inevitable motions of the paper and the hand holding the pen into comparatively close accord, so that the tendency to drive the letters into an unrecognizable scrawl is reduced to a minimum.

He Got His Grindstone.

Old Capt. Irving, who owns an old canal boat which lies at the Water side, has a pretty good story which he can tell nowadays about a grindstone he had on his boat for some time. One morning it was missing. Some one had stolen it. The old captain had told the story to Missionary Allen about having lost it, and Mr. Allen thought it a good illustration to point out the all-seeing power of Providence, which he spoke about at one of his meetings last week. Mr. Allen said that if a man should be walking along by a dock, there being no one in sight, and should see an old grindstone lying on an old canal boat and should take it, although there should be no one to see him, God would see him do it. It came to the time where testimonies are given by the converts and others, and a man who sat in one corner of the room rose and said: "I stole that grinds one, but I'll bring it back." No one had looked for the culprit there, but he evidently thought that he had been detected in the act.—Stamford Advocate.

How Washington Tells the Time.

The crying of papers in Washington is a little peculiar. In a city made up so largely of people who belong elsewhere there is a demand for morning papers from neighboring cities, and by paying a little attention to the hours when these arrive you can get along very well without a watch at hand until 12 o'clock. During the early hours Morning Post" alone is heard. About breakfast time the cry is "Baltimore and Washington papes," a little later "Philadelphia" takes its place before "Baltimore," and finally when you begin to hear "N' Yauk papes" from every busy corner, you know it is time to be thinking of luncheon.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Watch That Received a Bullet That Might Have Caused Death.

Walter French has a curious relic of the war. It is a watch with a bullet firmly imbedded in one side of the case. The watch belongs to Capt. McGunnigle, who was a member of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, and now lives in East Boston. In 1864, at the battle of Laurel Hill, during the battles of the Wilderness, Capt. McGunnigle was carrying the watch in his breast pocket when he was struck by a bullet. The bullet could not penetrate the watch, and his life was saved.

When the watch was shown to O'Ferrall, of Virginia, he became interested at once, and told how, during the war, he was carrying an old-fashioned daguerreotype of his sweetheart in his pocket, and a bullet struck it and glanced off, saving his life. It was the picture of a Baltimore girl, but the end of the romance was out of the ordinary run. When the war ended and O'Ferrall looked her up, he found her married to another man, and thus she lost the chance of becoming the wife of the governor of Virginia.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Seward and Napoleon III.

Then you were in France before you were Secretary of State, were you not, Mr. Seward?"

"Yes," he replied, "being in the Senate, and a member of the committee on foreign relations, I came to Europe in 1859 to study the strength and disposition of the nations with whom we had important questions, and, in a possible contingency, might have critical ones."

"Whom did you see in Paris?"

"I met and saw much of Count Walewski and other members of the imperial government."

"Walewski had charge of foreign affairs at that time, did he not?"

"Yes; I first saw him on his day for giving audiences to the ambassadors of foreign powers. We were shown into a fine hall embellished with pictures and statuary peculiar to the Empire. Over the mantel was a very large picture commemorating the Treaty of Paris, which closed the Russian war.

"I recognized at once the British minister, Lord Clarendon. The most important figure was, however, that of the French Secretary of State. I saw at once that it was the likeness of the first Napoleon, softened and made agreeable. When I asked who that was I was surprised by the answer that it was Count Walewski. I remarked the strange resemblance to the Napoleon head. The answer was, that Walewski was the son of a Polish lady, with no acknowledged father and that he was usually believed to be the natural son of Napoleon I. He was a very intelligent and engaging man. He conversed freely and I learned the imperial dynasty at that time had no special fear of England's policy. It was feeling very strong. I was introduced there to Lord Cowley and all the foreign ministers, and found the state of Europe was the subject of much anxiety. Lord Cowley spoke of his sister, Lady Bulwer, whom we had known in Washington, when Sir Edward Bulwer was the British minister there."

"When was it that you saw the Emperor?"

"Some time after he invited me to visit him at Compiegne, and I spent a day there."

"Pray tell us of that visit."

"I arrived at the palace about ten o'clock, and was ushered into the ante chamber, filled with clerks writing and recording orders for the special departments of Paris. Presently an officer came to say that the Emperor would receive me in his private room.

"It was a chilly morning, and he was warming himself before an open fire. He sat down immediately, after shaking hands with me, and expressed himself glad to see me in France."—Frederick W. Seward in Godey's.

To Arrange Flowers.

One principle must be recognized in the arrangement of floral decorations, which is that every spray of leaves or blade of grass put in to fill up should be graceful. The accidents and freaks of nature have no place in decoration. If flowers are scarce buds and leaves may be used in flat low decorations, to be looked down upon. In their season large leaves with autumn tints may be effectively used with small flowers. There must be contrast of form as well as contrast of color. There should be one large flower in every bouquet as a general rule. The arrangement of several kinds of flowers in one bouquet is looked upon as a monstrosity by some oriental nations. This idea has great influence now, and where the leaf and stem are decorative in form and color only the flowers and leaves of the same kind of plant are placed in the same vase. The selection of the beautiful, placing it where it will give pleasure, is the artistic side of home life.—Philadelphia Times.

Promptly Answered.

An eminent lawyer of whom many stories are told was once defending a man who was accused of stealing cattle—"beasts," they called them. "Now, my man," said the lawyer, "you say that you saw thus and so; how far can you see a beast to know it?" "Just as far off as I am from you," promptly returned the witness. In another case a thief showed both wit and sound logic. He had been convicted of stealing a horse. "Yours is a very serious offense," said the judge, sternly; "fifty years ago it was a hanging matter." "Well," replied the prisoner, "and fifty years hence it mayn't be a crime at all."

No Further Danger.

Mrs. Blank—My husband has always had a great liking for Mrs. Pugwash, has always raved over her poems, you know, and at last he has seen her. I hope he will not become infatuated with her.

Mrs. Blink—My dear, if your husband has seen Mrs. Pugwash he is perfectly safe. I have seen women who write poetry myself. — Boston Transcript.

CONSUMPTION.

Medical Science Now Asserts the Disease is Not Hereditary.

The germ called the tubercle is the germ which causes and which alone can cause tuberculosis. It does not exist in the body of men or animals in health. Without the entrance of this particular germ into the human body from without, tuberculosis cannot develop in it. Without the transmission of this germ in some way or other in a living condition from the sick to the well, tuberculosis cannot spread. In the life story of this tiny germ lie both the potency for mischief which we deplore and the secret of our release from its bondage. The tubercle bacillus is a little colorless rodlike plant, so small that even many thousands of them piled together would make a heap still far too small to be visible to the naked eye. It cannot move about, nor can it grow without moisture, nor at a temperature much above or much below that of the human body. The material on which it feeds must be very nicely adapted to its requirements, and it has no lurking or growing places in nature outside of the bodies of men and a few warm-blooded animals. It can be cultivated artificially in the laboratory, and we know more about its life and peculiarities than about almost any other germ. While it can remain alive in a dried state for many weeks, it is readily killed by heat, by sunlight and by many of those chemical substances which we call disinfectants. It does not flourish equally well in the bodies of all human beings.

When once it gains lodgment in a body suited to its growth it multiplies slowly, each germ dividing and subdividing, taking from the tissues material for its growth, and returning to them certain subtle poisons, which it sets free. The action of the tubercle bacillus is peculiar in that it stimulates the cells of the body, wherever it may lodge and grow, to the formation of little masses of new tissue, which we call tubercles. These tubercles are, as a rule, short-lived, and if the disease progresses, tend to disintegrate. If the tubercles have grown in such situations as make this possible as in the intestinal canal or the lungs, the disintegrated and broken-down material, often containing myriads of the living germs, may be cast off from the body. In tuberculosis of the lungs, or consumption, this waste material is thrown off with the sputum. While almost any part of the body may be affected, tuberculosis of the lungs is by far the most common form of the disease. It follows from what has been said that the only way in which we can acquire tuberculosis is by getting into our bodies tubercle bacilli from tubercular men or animals. The only animals liable to convey the disease to man are tubercular cattle, and these through the use of either meat or milk. The danger from the use of uncooked meat or the unboiled milk from tubercular cattle is real and serious.

We have learned in the past few years one fact about tuberculosis which of incalculable comfort to many, and that is that the disease is not hereditary. What has been through all these years regarded as the strongest proof of the hereditary transmission of tuberculosis—namely, the occurrence of the disease in several members of the same household—is, in the new light, limply the result of household infection—the breathing of air especially liable to contain the noxious germs, or their entrance in some other way into the bodies of persons especially sensitive to their presence. I do not mean to imply that under no conditions can the tubercle bacillus be transmitted from the mother of the child before its birth. In a few instances this is believed to have happened. But its occurrence is so extremely infrequent that it may be regarded as accidental, and of no serious importance from our present point of view.—Dr. T. Prudden Mitchell, in Harper's Magazine.

Which Was the Bill?

There is an old story about an artist who got down to his last dollar. There is nothing unusual in the story so far, as all artists are aware, but he made a unique disposal of the greenback. He put a coat of paint and sizing on a board, laid the bill down and turned up a corner or two, pressed it firmly down and gave the whole a couple of coats of varnish. He then placed it on exhibition for a nominal sum in some store, and finally disposed of the wonderful "painting" for a good round sum.

The idler was reminded of this legend by the exhibition last week in a Washington street cigar store window. It was a slab of wood, on which appeared, one above the other, apparently two one-dollar bills. Above them is a legend running: "There is only one bill. Which is it?" The most careful scrutiny failed to detect the real from the painted.—Boston Post.

Sam's Cunning.

An old Chicago lady who was making jam was called upon by a neighbor.

"Sam, you rascal," she said to her negro servant, "you'll be eating my jam pie when I'm away."

Sam protested he would die first but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily toward the bubbling crimson.

"See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chalk your lips, and on my return I'll know if you've eaten any."

So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lips if the darkey holding the chalk in the palm of her hand and not letting it touch him.

When she came back she did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.—Philadelphia Post.

Strange, Indeed.

In view of the fact, brought out in the tariff debate, that there are manufactured in the United States between 40,000,000 and 47,000,000 packs of playing cards every year besides those imported, it does seem strange that a man sometimes fails altogether to find the single little ace he needs to sing first tenor in a blithe and frolicsome quartet.—Boston Globe.