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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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23RD YEAR—NO. 41. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,185.

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. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
Leave. p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		*Arrive.* 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	Barrelville	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	Kreitzbaum'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 30	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, Superintendent.

May 26

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.

M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent. T. T. ALLEN, Acting 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.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby warned against shooting, or trespassing for the purpose of shooting, on the meadows, pastures or cleared lands of the Consolidation Coal Company, except the rifle range of the Frostburg Rifle Association.

Persons disregarding this notice will be prosecuted. B. S. RANDOLPH, Mining Superintendent.

March 31

GOOD NIGHT.

God keep you safe, my love.
All through the night;
Rest close in His encircled arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray!
Good night! God keep you in His care alway!

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I close myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Rest secure and strong
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long.
I say with sobbing breath the fond old prayer:
Good night, sweet dreams, God keep you everywhere.
—Mary Hiaman.

A CLOSE CALL

"This is the place to make one feel small, and no mistake," said one of my comrades, emphatically. "We look no bigger, the whole eleven of us, than flies upon the side of a house!"

And well might he say so. We were making the ascent of Mont Blanc, and, although we had been tramping ever since sunrise, we were no higher than the skirts of the great mountain even now.

For hours we had been toiling over the seemingly endless expanse of the mighty glacier des Bossons—struggling through knee-deep masses of soft snow, leaping recklessly across yawning clefts, scrambling up razor-edged ridges, that cracked and splintered beneath our hasty steps, or scaling sheer walls of ice, in which a flight of steps grew up beneath the blows of our guide's ice-axe.

Ever and anon one of our party would disappear from sight, having plunged into a soft snow-drift or slipped bodily down a crevasse. But as we were all roped together and marched in single file, it did not take long to bring the missing man to the surface. Onward, ever onward, past pillared arcades of silver and dim depths of clouded steel, and dark blue pools of water sleeping in floating shadow, and bewildering mazes of bright points, rising lance beyond lance.

At length, just as the sun was beginning to sink, the vast black pyramid of the Grands Mulet Rock was seen looming dark against the snowy whiteness of the higher slopes, with its tiny plank hut perched in a hollow at the top of it, like a taper stuck in a candlestick.

This is our camping place for the night, before undertaking the most difficult part of the ascent, and the weaker members of our party brighten up at the sight of it. But they are not to get there so easily. The storm-clouds that have been rolling up around us for the past hour suddenly burst in a perfect torrent of rain, and now the strain of the work makes itself felt in earnest. We have indeed a rough time ere we reach the sheltering hut.

But, once there, all is soon put to rights. A cheery fire is lighted, our wet clothes are hung up to dry, and a full measure of hot coffee—made in a charcoal bucket with three shovelfuls of snow, and stirred up with a pick-axe—sets us all in a glow again.

The accommodation is certainly of the simplest, for the entire furniture consists of a table, a bench, a stove, and the charcoal bucket above mentioned, while the crazy planking of the walls lets in the keen, frosty air through countless chinks. But one cannot be very particular at ten thousand feet above the sea level, and, in any case, we have only a few hours to spend in this hermitage, the final start being usually made a little after midnight.

To sleep, however, was no easy matter, even after such a tramp; for all the planks of the floor were loose, and whenever any one stepped upon them they went up and down, like the keys of a piano, making us feel as if in a state of chronic earthquake.

Getting tired of this, I went outside and lay down behind a rock, wrapped in my plaid, to look down at a thunderstorm that was raging three thousand feet below me—the lightning zigzagging among the hills, and the rain sweeping like a torrent along the valley, while all around me was perfect stillness and cloudless moonlight.

I was dozing off to sleep when I saw the head guide, old Gaspard Simond, standing beside me with a very serious look on his weather-beaten face.

"Monsieur," he said, gravely, "I fear that English student will get us into trouble if we don't mind. He's not strong enough for work like this, and if he delays us on the upper ridges, where there's always risk of an avalanche, why, then——"

A significant sweep of his hand completed the sentence.

"Do avalanches fall so late in the season as this, then? I thought they came in the spring or early summer," I exclaimed, somewhat startled.

"So they do, but when there's so much snow as there is here, one can never be safe; they often come when you least expect them. Now if we should have to run for our lives, it would not do to have a helpless man among us. So I think we had better leave the student here, and pick him up on our way back."

I quite agreed with him; but the student pleaded so hard to be allowed to go with us to the summit, that Simond yielded against his better judgment.

Half an hour after midnight, amid a silence in which even the whispered words of command sound unnaturally loud, we start once more up slope after slope of smooth, untrodden snow, bathed in the full splendor of the moonlight.

All around is dazzling white, all above is deep, rich blue, and round and up we go, passing under threatening ice-peaks, skirting dark crevasses, and seeming, with our spiked staves working carilke along the snow, and our line of march bending and winding with the ropes that link us together, very much like a gigantic centiped.

The student, feeling himself put upon his mettle by what the guide had said, bore up bravely for a time, but the labor of wading through knee-deep snow up a steep incline is too exhausting to be long sustained by any but a practiced mountaineer, and by two in the morning—just as we were half way along the Petite Plateau, a deep, well-like gorge between the main summit and the Dome du Gouter—he began to fail so utterly that we were forced to make a short halt lest he should faint outright.

"If one of those avalanches were to catch us right here, it would be very bad for us all," said one of our comrades, a stalwart young American from the hills of Vermont.

At that very moment, as if in answer to his ominous words, there was heard far overhead, amid the ghostly silence, a strange, unearthly whisper—somewhat like the passage of a gust of wind through the rustling leaves of a great forest. At the same instant one of our guides shouted, or rather screamed:

"Take care! To the left—quick!"

He darted toward the frozen ridge that towered on our left, just as the ghostly whispering above changed to a louder and sharper sound, not unlike the whirring of an enormous wheel. That the awful truth flashed upon me—we were in the track of an avalanche!

Quick as a flash Simond and I caught the helpless student between us, and literally tore our way through the waist-deep snowdrifts to the shelter of the overhanging ice-wall on the left.

We were not a moment too soon, for scarcely had we reached it when there came a deafening roar and a crash as if the earth were split asunder—the whole mountain side above us seemed to break loose at once, and to whirl itself into indistinct and bewildering motion—and then everything vanished in a storm of flying snow, and when the air cleared again, we saw that the spot where we had been standing a few seconds before was buried fathoms deep under a mighty mass of loose snow, upturn rocks, and huge blocks of ice.

"Close thing that; but a miss is as good as a mile, I reckon," said the Vermonter, coolly.

None of us, however, felt inclined to laugh when we learned that evening, on getting back to the little town below, after a very successful descent, that three men had been crushed to death at that very spot only a few months before, and I inwardly vowed never again to scale a mountain in company with an untried climber.

Farmer Presidents.

In those halcyon times for agriculture, ten Presidents of the United States were called from farms:

1. Washington, the land surveyor and farmer, from Mount Vernon.
2. John Adams, of Quincy, who, during the last year of his presidency, said: "I am weary, worn and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, make fences upon my poor little family. Alas! poor farm, and poorer family, what have you lost that your country might be free!"
3. Jefferson, farmer, philosopher and statesman from Monticello.
4. Madison, farmer and lawyer, of Montpelier, Va.
5. Monroe, from Oak Hill, Va.
6. John Quincy Adams, from the Quincy farm of 100 acres, near Boston. ("It is said that most of the trees were raised by John Quincy Adams, from the seeds which he was in the habit of picking up in his wanderings. The most peculiar interest attaches to a shellbark hickory which he planted more than fifty years previous to his death. In this tree he took a peculiar satisfaction, but he was an enthusiast in regard to all the trees of the forest, differing in this respect from his father, who was an agriculturist of the Cato stamp—was more inclined to lay the axe to them than to propagate them.")
7. Andrew Jackson, of the "Hermitage" in Tennessee, who, as farmer, soldier and lawyer, was a most excellent type of the best American sort.
8. Van Buren, of Kinderhook, N. Y., who was called to the presidency from his sheep and wool farm, although he was a lawyer of far above average acquirements and ability.
9. William Henry Harrison, from his farm in North Bend, Ohio.
10. Tyler, of Sherwood Forest farm, Virginia, where he subsequently died.
11. James K. Polk, of Duck River, Tenn., also came from the farm to the presidency.

This selection of presidents from rural homes—from among the farms of the country—illustrates the fact that in those days there was no profession or calling which held a more exalted position in public estimation than that of agriculture.—Secretary Morton in Forum.

A Dog's Tombstone.

The Westerly (R. I.) Granite Company is making a $650 tombstone for a dog. It will make the last resting place of the faithful companion of Robert E. Stone, of Lexington, Ky. The design is elaborate and artistic, and the inscription reads: "In loving memory of 'Don,' for sixteen years our silent brother and best friend. 'His faithful dog shall bear him company.'" It is safe to say that the dog had more sense than his owner.

Immigration.

Immigration for the past five months has fallen off one half as compared with preceding years. Let us be thankful, if it be true, that in the immense crowd attending the May night demonstration in Union Square, New York, not a word of English could be heard, and that the real English of the future metropolis was seen on the banners: "Children should go to school, but not in factories. Mens of thought, mens of action, clear the way."

Blind Bicycle Riders.

It is no uncommon thing to see blind men riding bicycles in England. Of course, they always have one man who has sight with them, to keep them out of any great danger, but they move along without help, as if by instinct. There is also said to be a blind girl who can distinguish the difference between colors by touching them. It is such things as these that enable us to understand the meaning of the word instinct.

How "Mad Jack" Fooled His Shore Loving Sailors.

Old sailors will remember Capt. Percival, known in our navy before the war as "Mad Jack." Capt. Percival was a consummate sailor, and as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Although noted for his eccentricity he was admired for his ability and determination.

When Mad Jack commanded a sloop-of-war on the Honolulu station just before our civil war, a number of midshipmen and petty officers incurred his displeasure by some riotous conduct ashore. Calling the delinquents before him, the captain administered a severe rebuke, and swore a mighty oath that not one of them should put foot on shore again during the cruise. The lads were rather inclined to laugh in their sleeves at getting off so cheaply, for the cruise was nearly up, and they were daily expecting "orders for home." But the business became serious when, soon after, news arrived of a diplomatic row, or a case of oppression, somewheres (we won't be too particular in the details), and the vessel received orders to sail in that direction and prolong her cruise for several months. The —— sailed for her destination, touching at several fine ports, and affording frequent opportunities to the senior officers and crew to indulge themselves ashore; but the midshipmen, with daily lengthened visages, were confined to the ship. Finally the —— dropped anchor in a port famed for its lively society, its lovely women, the beauty of its natural position, its walks, its drives, and the brilliancy of its places of amusement—in fact, the paradise of a naval officer. Here it was announced they were to remain some three months. All hands were rejoiced—except the midshipmen, who, as the days and weeks passed away and no permission reached them to go ashore, suffered all the horrors of Tantalus. The ship had been some two months in port when their sufferings reached the culminating point, and they held meeting to discuss their condition. They argued that when their punishment was pronounced this prolongation of their voyage was not anticipated, and as they had already been sufficiently punished by confinement on board when in port for a long period, surely Mad Jack would, on proper representation of the facts, relax his iron discipline in their behalf and annul the sentence against them. So it was resolved that they should proceed in a body to the captain and ask permission to go ashore. A spokesman was chosen, and they advanced, caps in hand, a melancholy procession, to the captain's cabin, and before that potentate they feelingly represented the hardship of their case, announced their deep contrition for past offenses, and wound up by a request to be allowed to go ashore.

"So, so! young gentleman—want to go ashore, do you?"

"Why yes, sir; we thought——"

"Humph! Yes! Well, I expected an application of this sort; but I'm afraid you'll misbehave yourselves."

"Oh, no, indeed, sir; we'll be very circumspect."

"And you won't get drunk?"

"Oh, no, sir! we won't drink a drop."

"And you won't go to any dance-houses, or low theatre's, or anything of that sort?"

"Certainly not, sir; we'll seek the very best society we can find."

"Yes, yes! humph! It might improve your health, too, you are looking rather thin; but I trust I shall hear no bad report of your conduct."

"You will not, indeed, sir."

"And you will be on board the ship again at an early hour?"

"Oh, yes, sir! we will be very punctual to any hour that you may fix."

"Humph! Yes! Well, young gentlemen, you can't go!"

Superstition of Turks.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof, or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beets (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against this illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passers-by will say: "Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are, of course, the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever, and can neither read nor write. Stamboul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American missionary was once asked: "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that they are generally honest, and always patient. They earn from about six to eight cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The tax-gatherer is their only grievance; they look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are contented, and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is, the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power, and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization, he deteriorates.—Century.

The Only Chance.

First actress—"It seems that I have tried hard and patiently, yet I cannot get my name prominently before the public——"

Second actress—"Have your diamonds been stolen?"

"No."

"Wardrobe burned?"

"Never!"

"Then the only chance I see is to refuse to marry Howard Gould!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Severe Schooling.

"You shouldn't be hard on the poets," said the sentimental man. "You know they learn in suffering what they teach in song."

"Yes," replied the soulless citizen; "and so does the public."—Washington Star.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.

The Biologist Finds That Life Must Proceed From Divine Cause.

The biologist may trace living bodies back to one single cell having both these properties—of receiving impressions from without and of generating force from within; but having done this, he has reached the limit of his power, and, so far as his experiments have extended, he has not found that this living object originates spontaneously or comes out of what is called "dead matter." His experiments have never found any origin of life which to his perception has not proceeded from pre-existent life, and biology, in order to complete itself, stands in need of the scriptural declaration that the voice and touch and breath of the living God produces life, and that he maintains life. In respect to the account of the creation of man in Genesis, if one looks upon that record as being like a painting—a picture, portraying the process of creation—then there certainly is conflict between that which science teaches and that which is set forth in the Scripture. But if that account in Genesis is what all language, to a greater or less degree, must be, a symbalic setting forth of truth, a setting forth of truth in a form adapted to the mind which is to receive the truth, then there is no conflict between that which science has discovered and that which Scripture teaches. In an old Bible in one of the State departments at Washington city, I saw a picture of the creation of Eve representing Adam lying upon the ground, and the Almighty manufacturing the person of Eve out of the rib, and the creation had progressed about half way.

Now with that conception of the account given in Genesis, of course there is conflict with science. God is continually creating trees, but no tree is to-day created save from some primal germ by process of development. God is continually producing living bodies, but no body, from that of the ant to the elephant, is produced save by some process of development from an original germ. God is a spirit, and a spirit never works mechanically, but always vitally, from within outward, and we have therefore every reason to believe that the method of the Spirit and the method God uses now must be analogous to that which he used in the beginning. Science, if we adopt the evolutionary hypothesis which will serve as an illustration, at any rate, teaches that if we go back far enough we find one original germ which, in process of development, is divided and becomes separated into others and into male and female; that man comes by this process. Now, as a matter of fact, in the lowest forms of life there is unity. There is no separate sex. Multiplication is by division, by separation, and after separation has progressed to a certain extent, then sex takes place, and the two sexes, male and female, constitute the unit. Therefore, that which science teaches would be that originally there is a germ; originally, multiplication is by division; there comes to be in this process sexual relation and separation, and the two sexes constitute the unit.

Now, what do we find, as a matter of fact, in the Bible? We find the statement that man is made of dust; that there is breathed into man a spirit—that is, he is a thinking, intelligent creature; that originally he is one; that ultimately the one becomes two, and that the two sexes, male and female, constitute the true unit. There can be no conflict, therefore, between the facts of Scripture and the facts of biological science. Biological science to-day must say that men exist as male and female; that the male and female together constitute the unit, and make possible the perpetuation of the race; the man is a spirit, intelligent and self-acting, and that man is dust, and the facts which Scripture teach us, if we set aside the form in which they are presented, are simply these same facts, that God made man of dust; made him a spirit; made him who was originally one as an essence, to be two, male and female, and that these constitute the unit. So that there is harmony in the facts of biological science, and in the facts of creation as stated in the Scriptures.—Rev. Dr. W. W. McLane in Christian Thought.

The Sweet Tooth.

In most cases, then, where we find considerable quantities of sugar conspicuously massed in any part of a plant organism, the sweet juice is placed there on purpose to be eaten. In comparatively small masses, it is stored in flowers or elsewhere for the use of insects. In larger amounts, it is stored in fruits for the use of birds and mammals. And it is these conspicuous storehouses of native sugar that man in the first instance began to seize upon for his own purposes. Himself a descendant of the fruit-eating monkeys, he has always remained to a great extent a fruit eater.

In the tropics, to this day, he subsists largely upon plantains, bananas, mangoes, breadfruit and cocoanuts, though he also depends to no small degree upon subterranean storehouses of starch or sugar, such as yams and sweet potatoes. In temperate climates, on the other hand, he derives his food more from seeds than from fruits; wheat, rye, maize, barley, oats, rice and millets form the staple of his diet, while his principal subterranean food, the potato, is starchy, not sugary. Accordingly, his inherited sweet tooth feels the need for sugar—a need which he has endeavored from all time to satisfy, especially in youth, with dried fruits, figs, raisins and other like devices.

Asking the Impossible.

Mistress—Our style of living is very simple. For breakfast, at this season, we usually have buckwheat cakes and——

New Girl—And I'm to bake 'em as fast as you want 'em?

"Certainly."

"Is any of your children boys?"

"One is a boy."

"Healthy."

"Yes, indeed."

"I don't wan't the place. Good-day mum."—Good News.

The Life of a Flagman is a Hard One.

No one knows better than a practical railroader that a flagman's life is not the roosiest, and the responsibility of his position only seems to dawn upon travelers when he has neglected his duty and loss of life has resulted.

It is his duty to look after the rear end of the train, and if any mishap occurs the flagman is the man who has to answer for it. It is not the most gratifying thing in the world to be stirred up from a snug corner in a warm caboose on a cold night and sent back for perhaps a mile in the storm to flag a train. Yet this is done nightly, and not unfrequently the flagman has to stand anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour and a half, unprotected, until the welcome blast from the engine calls him in.

There is a peculiar code of signals, familiar to all flagmen, but not understood by the mass of travelers. For instance, a freight train leaves this city going east, and is followed by a second section. When the first train reaches B——, the freight conductor receives orders to hold his train. He doesn't know why. It isn't necessary. He has the order and carries it out. He then dispatches his flagman back to prevent the approach of the train following.

If it is in daylight the flagman takes with him a flag for the purpose, and by means of which warns the engineer of the approaching train. If at night, he carries a lantern, and by a peculiar swing accomplishes the same result. If the trains are running fast and close together, and the stop order to the first train is unexpected, the flagman has to hustle to prevent the rear train from crashing into the train ahead.

Very often the trains are running far apart, or again there may be danger of a passenger train overtaking the freight. In such case the flagman may have to wait for quite a while until it approaches. If the train ahead should receive further orders to proceed, and the flagman is out of sight and hearing, the engineer gives four long blasts on the whistle, which is a signal for him to return.

If the train were going west, four long and one short blasts would be given. If up to the time that the flagman is called in, the rear train has not approached, he then places on the track one or two torpedoes, according to the circumstances. These are exploded by the engine following. One torpedo indicates a full stop, while two simply mean that caution is to be exercised.—Pittsburg Post.

Vaccination Scars and Bows.

The doctors who are examining the public school children of Brooklyn expected to find that many of the girls had been vaccinated on their legs, in deference to the future exigencies of low-necked and sort-sleeved gowns. But they were surprised to find that many boys were vaccinated on other parts of the body than their arms. "The women run everything in Brooklyn," said one of the doctors, "and they supposed that, since women object to scars on their arms, boys would share the same feeling when they reach manhood. The fact is the objection is wholly feminine and has to do with the exposure of the arms in evening gowns. The more scars a boy has the better he likes himself. Though the majority in this country try to keep their faces intact, there are plenty of European-bred men whose slashed cheeks, cut while fencing and dueling, are the proudest trophies they bear. The little fellows who have been vaccinated on the legs always show the marks shame-facedly and are jealous of the boys who proudly roll up their sleeves and show a bunch of scars on their sturdy little arms."

A queer outgrowth of the smallpox scare in Brooklyn is the wearing of red bows by the girls who have been vaccinated. In one of the great private schools every such girl displays a red bowknot as a warning that she is wounded and no one must go near her right arm. The rumor of the fashion lies in the fact that it is not on their arms that they wear the scars of the lancets.—New York Sun.

The Compliment Chilled.

There is an awfully bright woman in this town, who has a great, big, good-natured and fairly good-looking husband, who dotes upon her. So far as his personal attractions go he never gives them a thought, but she delights in giving him credit for being the most conceited mortal on the face of the earth. The other night she took two friends to the theatre—a mother and daughter—the former of whom has a great admiration for the husband in question. Business prevented his accompanying the trio, but he proposed to get to the theater in time to escort the ladies home. The old lady looked around the house, endeavoring to discover the young man, as the performance drew toward a close, but her search was unavailing. "No," she said, when she gave it up, "he is not here, and I haven't seen a man as good-looking as he is here, either."

This delighted the wife, and when she reached home she told her husband, when he arrived a few minutes later.

"That was very kind," he remarked, on hearing of the compliment; and he added, "Did Mrs. B.'s daughter say the same thing?"

"Oh, no," returned his spouse quickly, "she is younger than her mother, and has better eyesight."—Washington Star.

Killed by a Wire.

While Freddie Burk, of St. Louis, was playing with a small wire attached to a spool, the wire was thrown over the trolley wire of the electric company, and, twisting around Burk's neck, shocked him to death. The wire burned a circle two inches in depth.

Who Would Have Thought It?

Brown—Jones is a queer fellow. His wife gave him a letter to post the other day, and what do you suppose he did with it?

Smith—I can't imagine.

Brown—Why, posted it, of course.—Answers.

SPORTS AMONG ANTS.

They Have Their Games and Races the Same as Men.

The partisans of athletic sports (who have been discouraged by President Eliot's strictures on college athletics) may be cheered to learn that the ant whose brain is larger, comparatively speaking, than that of other known creatures, spends his leisure hours in wrestling, running and other athletic sports. Pierre Huber, son of Francis Huber, the celebrated "blind naturalist," tells the following remarkable story concerning sports among ants: "I approached one day to the formicary of some wood ants, exposed to the sun and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, appearing to enjoy the temperature of the surface of the nest. None of them were at work, and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in a state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without great difficulty, but when I examined the conduct of each ant I saw that they were approaching each other each moving his antennae with astonishing rapidity, each patting the cheek of one of his fellows. After these preliminaries, which very much resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by mandible, foot or antennae, and then immediately relax their hold, only to renew the attack again in a moment. They would fasten to each other's shoulders, embrace and wrestle, overthrow each other, and then raise themselves by turns, each taking revenge without producing serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as they do in real combats, nor retain their hold upon their opponents with such obstinacy. I have seen some so eager in their exercises that they would pursue and vanquish several in succession, only struggling with each a few seconds. In one place two ants appeared to be gamboling about a stalk of straw, turning alternately to avoid or seize each other, which forcibly brought to my recollection the sport and pastime of young dogs, when they are observed to rise on their hind legs attempting to bite, overthrow or seize each other, without once closing their teeth." Mr. Huber tells of other queer habits of ants, such as their running races, carrying each other upon their backs, etc., characteristics which certainly prove that they are endowed with a very high degree of intelligence.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Bath.

Every now and then come a decree from a physician, "Don't bathe every day. A daily bath is weakening"—this in substance. But the daily bathers know that to miss, for one day, an entire ablution of the person is a discomfort, a something missed for all the waking twenty-four hours. Father Kneipp, the famous water-cure practitioner in Bavaria, whose hygienic code has for its chief point to harden and strengthen the body, tolerates no warm baths, save the remedial, medicated ones, but will have his patients to take cold baths very swiftly, putting on their garments while the body is dripping wet, and getting warm and dry by immediate active exercise. A bath tub is by no means a necessity. A basin, a pitcher of water, a piece of oil cloth or a fragment of worn carpet or blanket, or an extra Turkish towel to stand on, another Turkish towel for drying and a pair of bath mittens, or a square of flannel, or even the bare hands and a warm room, if possible—these are the chief needs. A soap bath once or twice a week is desirable for cleanliness, and even the soap scrubbing need not take over eight minutes. No better soap can be used than a pure white castile.—New York World.

Why He Married.

Speaking of the capacity of young women of whatever station to look out for themselves, Ward McAllister recalls an instance of a very wealthy friend of his in Boston who was seeking a wife. He wanted no society belle, but a practical, hard-working girl as a helpmate, one who would have a proper regard for his position and influence. Catching sight of a comely looking young woman sweeping the stoop of her mother's house one morning, he felt that in her he had found the woman he was seeking. So he wooed and won the damsel. As a wife she led him a dance. She was a worker with a vengeance. She fully appreciated the value of his money, which she spent more lavishly than any princess. She hurried him through life with railroad velocity, and when he arrived panting at the end of his journey he bemoaned the fate that had thrown her and her broom across his path. Happily, no names are mentioned by Mr. McAllister in this connection, but the moral is just as plain.

One Crop Good.

"I was in southwestern Kansas not long ago,' said one of the Colorado Representatives recently. "The outlook was gloomy. Lots of soil, but little cultivation. The people looked hungry and appeared to be waiting for something to turn up in the shape of a benevolent providence to snatch them from their destiny. I got into conversation with an old fellow who seemed to have sprung out of that sterile soil ages ago, and asked him:

"'What in the name of all blessings do the people manage to live upon in this section?'

"The old fellow never took his hands out of his pockets as he slowly and in perfect good faith replied:

"'Oh! mostly on pensions.'"—Washington Post.

Confederate Generals.

There were nineteen Lieutenant-Generals in the Confederate Army, and of these all are dead save four—Wade Hampton, Joseph Wheeler, James Longstreet and John B. Gordon. Of the eight full Generals, Albert Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk and Stonewall Jackson were killed in battle, while Robert E. Lee, Braxton Bragg, E. Kirby Smith, Beauregard and Samuel Cooper have died since the close of the war.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.