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MINING JOURNAL.

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23D YEAR—NO. 45. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,189.

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. 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 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 30	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, 7 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

LIFE.

Life, like a marble block, is given to all.
A blank, inchoate mass of years and days,
Whence one with ardent chisel swift essays
Some shape of strength or symmetry to call;
One shatters it in bits to mend a wall;
One in a craftier hand the chisel lays,
And one to wake the mirth in Lesbia's gaze,
Carves it apace in toys fantastical.

But least is he who with enchanted eyes
Filled with high visions of fair shapes to be,
Muses which god he shall immortalize
In the proud pariah's perpetuity,
Till twilight warns him from the punctual skies
That the night cometh wherein no one shall see.
—Edith Wharton, in Scribner.

KITTY'S WARD.

"Your gown is very becoming, Kitty; no end becoming, in fact."

"No end becoming!" I retorted scornfully. "What a sentence! And besides, Jack——"

"Ah! Pardon, I'm sure," languidly; "it suits you a Merveille, Miss Delbert—down to the ground—anything you will."

"But Jack——"

"And your hat I like, too," critically. "Those gray plumes are so graceful and—er—droopy, you know, and——"

"Jack Vale Montague!" I interposed wrathfully. "I will not listen to your nonsense any longer. You are simply trying to gain time, Jack."

"Yes'm," meekly.

"Have you invited Maud Ellis for Thursday yet?"

"No'm," miserably.

"Do you intend to or not?"

"No'm," in a little weak voice.

"Jack!" I expostulated warmly, "this is outrageous. It's—it's very shabby of you besides."

"Well?"

"Well! Why can't you be obliging for once in your life?"

"Obliging! Ah!" burst out Jack. "Et tu, Brute? Do you deny that I walked two miles in the blazing sun of this same blessed August day for two yards of impossible lining and the Pillsbury mail? What do I want of the lining? What do I want of the mail—one copy of the Pillsbury Advocate, at best? You cannot deny that I did this thing. And if you cannot, dare you question my obligability?"

Here Mr. Montague paused a little, stunned by his last effort in Webstertian coinage, and I remarked calmly:

"That isn't at all what I was talking about. I said that there is no one to take Miss Ellis Thursday. If you don't throw yourself into the breach, I shall have to. I shall give up my escort to her—ask it of him, that is, as a special favor."

"Who is your escort, may I ask?"

"Mr. Beverly Donovan."

"Mr. Beverly Donovan be hanged!"

"If you are going to swear about it in that odious way, you are at liberty to do so, of course," I observed, coldly, "I am ashamed of you, Jack!"

"I dare say. Well, I'm not!" moodily. "And if you call that an odious way of swearing I can produce plenty of others. Why are you so wild to have her go—this Ellis person? Who is she, anyway?"

"Miss Ellis," I returned with dignity, "is a dear friend of mine, and because the one with whom she was going was called away suddenly no one was left to ask her. Every one else is invited, too."

"Every one but Jessie Wulls."

"Hasn't she been asked." I demanded, excitedly.

"Yes, she has."

"Well, what do you mean, then?"

"I mean to take her, of course, seeing I asked her to go."

"Jack! Why, that's different! Why didn't you say so hours before this? Any way, maybe—why, of course, Maud Ellis will go with her brother."

"I didn't say so before, because!" said Jack meekly. "I expected to do exactly as you told me, guardy!"

"Guardy!" I could hardly get used to it yet. This tall, handsome man, every line of whose features when in repose showed an indomitable will and self-reliance, to be addressing me, quite three years his junior, and a trifle above his shoulder, as guardian, and the law sanctioning the epithet. It was very ridiculous, and even now when I had known my "ward" six weeks, it sounded absurd. To be sure, Jack became twenty-one three years ago, and virtually assumed control of his own affairs. Nevertheless in name I was his guardian.

It had happened this way: Quite thirty years ago my mother and Jack's father had been sweethearts. They were distant cousins, and my mother's uncle, who was also her guardian, had approved of the match thoroughly and had made them joint heirs of his fortune, which was a large one. But one day there had been a quarrel, over what exactly I never knew, and they had separated, my mother in a fit of pique marrying another man, a good, kind man, who eventually became my father. But first they had adopted my dear aunt's child as their own. Meanwhile, Jack's father had married, too, and two years afterwards Jack was born.

When the little girl my mother had adopted was almost five years old, four events occurred, one after another, which complicated matters afterwards. First, my uncle, with whom my mother had not corresponded for over a year, died, and left his fortune to my mother's heiress, until Jack should become of age, when it was to pass to him with its former owner as his guardian. Six months after this my father had died.

Only a few weeks after this my mother had followed him, leaving me, a week-old baby, as her legal heiress, instead of the adopted child; for she had left no will. Jack's father and mother were both dead, and he spent the last six years abroad, attaining his majority three years before I had ever seen him. So this summer a sister of my uncle's had invited us both to spend the summer with her at her country home. A stray cousin or two had run down from time to time, but I had stayed six consecutive weeks, and Jack had, too.

The much-talked of Thursday came at last. It was a soiree and dancing party given by Mrs. Paul Weatherby, who was, in her own eyes, at least, the flower of the aristocracy of the vicinity. But before we were ready to start Jack and his guardian had a battle—a distinct war of words, whose number in our series could almost be designated by two figures. It had begun when I had come into the tiny drawing room dressed to go. Jack looked at me calmly for a moment and then went back to the magazine he was reading; having exhibited about the interest a mummy might have expected. Not being a mummy, I rebelled.

"Well," I remarked sharply and suggestively.

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Still no remark.

"Do you like my dress?" I demanded point blank. "Is it pretty?"

I knew very well it was, and that pink was really becoming to me.

"Well, yes," said Jack, lazily. "It's very neat."

"Oh, well!" I said loftily, "it doesn't make the slightest difference to me whether you like it or not. I only asked for—for——"

"For instance," indolently, "where are the roses I sent up?"

"Upstairs," I answered indifferently, coolly ignoring the fact that they lay in my bouquet holder in the hall. "I prefer pink ones to the white."

"Pink on pink. Ah, yes!" said Jack, reflectively, "delightful contrast; striking one, too."

"Well, I don't suppose you care," I observed spitefully.

"I? Oh, no," he said, coolly, "not at all. Your hair looks better high than low, Kit."

"The exact reason why I did it low," I answered wrathfully, "I enjoy resembling an Esquimau."

"Yes? Wear their hair low, do they?" he inquired with interest. "The Japanese now, you know——" he paused suggestively.

"I don't like you a bit to-night," I said with delicious frankness. "And I shan't dance with you once to-night, Mr. Montague. I decided that long ago."

"No?" with a little mocking smile, hadn't considered that as yet, Kit."

"Well, I had," I answered vivaciously.

"And I won't be called Kit again, if you please."

"All right, Kittie."

"Nor Kittie by you," I went on. "My name is Catharine."

"Yes, so I understand," he said, lazily. "Or Kate. Now, I prefer Kate, do you know?" A name which he knew I detested.

"Jack Vale Montague, I hate you!" I observed, cordially, as I hurried out to throw his old white roses into the fire.

A tiny slip of white paper fell to the floor as I lifted them. On it read:

"For love is a full-blown rose, they say;
For new-born love one blown part away;
For friendship the buds I sent to day,
By evening let them bloom as they may."

"Let them bloom as they may!" And each one lay before me a full-blown rose. I buried my face in them suddenly, as I saw Beverly Donovan coming up the steps. How I disliked Beverly Donovan! Light people, as a class, appeared to me detestable then, for the gentleman was a decided blonde. Nevertheless, in another two hours, I was waltzing the length of Mrs. Paul Weatherby's ball room with him, and Jack's roses were in my hand and two in my hair. White ones did look better on pink, after all.

My card was filled except one number, a waltz, and when I was seated I saw Jack making his way towards me. Just at that moment Mr. Donovan was looking at my card.

"Have you a dance for me, Kittie?" asked Jack, as his glance rested just for a moment on his flowers in my hand.

"Have I?" I asked Mr. Donovan.

"Just one—a waltz," he said, "and I just on the point of claiming it," he added regretfully. "I have only three, you know."

"Only three?" I asked in as great surprise as if I had not thanked my lucky stars for it not five minutes before. "There, take that one, by all means. I am afraid," I said, sweetly, turning to Jack, "that I have none for you, Mr. Montague."

"As you please," he remarked indifferently, and walked away.

Some way it was not a very pleasant evening. Everything was lovely, everyone else declared; the ices were "poems in snow" one young lady remarked ecstatically, on the consumption of her third. Nobody tore my dress or spilled lemonade on it; my partners were good; the music was excellent; the orthodox requirements for a successful evening were fulfilled, and yet things did not seem right. I stood at length waiting for the last waltz, the "Home, Sweet Home," to begin, when the music suddenly stole through the room with one of Chopin's exquisite valses.

"L'impromptu extra!" called the prompter gayly, and—in a moment some one had passed his arm lightly about my waist and I was whirling, gliding through the dream measures of that perfect time with Jack!

It was the first time that I had ever waltzed with him. After the first moment of surprise I said nothing, thought of nothing except to dread the time when the music should cease and then——

"Kittie," murmured Jack's voice, "do you know—can you guess what you did when you wore my flowers to-night?"

"Yes. That I decided pink flowers not so pretty on pink as white ones," I answered slowly,

"No," he said passionately; "no, Kittie, not that. May I give my own meaning? Is it that their message is anything to you?"

One quick clasp of my hand upon his, one glance from my eyes to those above me; then the sweet wailing notes died away—and I had lost my ward.—Evening Wisconsin.

A Witty Reply.

Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said, as she quitted the room; "No 1 Chesterfield street."

"Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to foget Number One."

On This Occasion, at Least, the Insurance Agent Was Welcomed.

An insurance agent, albeit a useful and at times attractive person, is not always a welcome visitor, says the Detroit Free Press. To some people, indeed, he is a decided bore. One of this class owns a handsome residence, and even the thought of an agent provokes his ire. One evening recently he was enjoying his otium cum dig. when a man walked in on him very unceremoniously. The visitor was a total stranger to him, and before he had time to throw an inkstand at him or to ask him to sit down he began calmly and in a most business-like tone to talk.

"Have you any insurance on this house?" said he.

Well, Mr. Otium-cum-dig. was afire in a minute.

"What do you mean, sir," he stormed, "by breaking into my house, sir, in this manner—breaking into my house, with your infernal insurance business? It is no concern of yours, sir, whether this house is insured or not. Get out, or I'll throw you out."

The visitor was as calm as a May morning.

"It is no concern of mine, whatever," he replied, "but I thought——"

"You have no right to think about what doesn't concern you, sir," interrupted the house owner. "I want no insurance agents forcing themselves upon me, sir."

"I understand that perfectly, and I am no insurance agent. I was merely passing your house, and I observed that it was on fire in the rear, and it occurred to me that if you had no insurance on it, perhaps you did not wish it to burn down."

That's what the visitor said, but Mr. Otium-cum-dig. didn't hear it all; he had gone to the fire, and the visitor smiled and followed him.

Hibernation of Snails.

It is believed that all shell-bearing land mollusks either hibernate or aestivate according to conditions of climate. Most of the snails close the aperture with a membranous or coriaceous covering, consisting of lime and mucus, which is called an epiphragm. W. G. Binney has thus described the operation: "The animal being withdrawn into the shell, the collar is brought to a level with the aperture and a quantity of mucus is poured out and covers it. A small quantity of air is then emitted from the respiratory foramen, which detaches the mucus from the surface of the collar and projects it in a convex form like a bubble. At the same moment the animal retreats farther into the shell, leaving a vacuum between itself and the membrane, which is consequently pressed back by the external air to a level with the aperture or even farther, so as to form a concave surface, where, after becoming desiccated and hard, it remains fixed. These operations are nearly simultaneous, and occupy but an instant." As the winter advances the snail withdraws deeper and deeper, shutting itself out by other epiphragms, like a retreating army covering its front by breastworks as it retreats, until sometimes it has made no less than half a dozen, one within the other. With the snails such as ours, that inhabit moist wooded districts, this protecting wall is thin and nearly transparent, while in those of arid regions it is thicker and often calcareous. Some of the large helices of south Europe secrete a somewhat shelly epiphragm resembling the coating of a turtle's egg, convex externally, with the edge turned in and roughly cemented to the aperture of the shell. In this condition, if not resuscitated by moisture, the snails will remain alive for an indefinite period. —Popular Science Monthly.

Uses of Cotton-seed Oil.

Cotton oil ranks next to sperm oil and above lard oil for illuminating purposes, and it may be burned in any lamp used for either. Mixed with petroleum, it increases the freedom of burning, but this requires a change in the wick. As a lubricating oil cotton seed is useless, because it is half way between the drying and the non-drying. For the same reason it cannot be used for paints, for wood filling, or for leather dressing. It has some use as a substitute for vaseline and similar products. The oil enters into the production of laundry and fancy soaps for woolen mills. The American sardines, properly known as young shad and herring, are put up with this oil, and the use of it extends so far that nearly all the real sardines of Europe are now treated in the same way. The oil forms an emulsion in medicine and a substitute for cod liver oil. On the market the crude oil is known as either prime, or off quality, or cooking. There are also the white summer, the yellow winter, and the white winter. All these, except the crude, bring an average of about fifty cents a gallon in the wholesale market. After the oil has left the seeds, they become food for stock in the shape of oil cake, while the ashes from the hulls make a fertilizer for root crops.—Popular Science Monthly.

Cause of Admiral Farragut's Death.

The Rev. James J. Kane, chaplain of the Brooklyn navy yard, said in a recent lecture that the death of Admiral Farragut was due to the selfishness of a woman. The admiral and his wife were coming from California when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened the window. Admiral Farragut was ill and the strong draught of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said: "If I die that woman will be held accountable."

Signs of Summer.

The soda-water fountain and the pink shirt habit are again dimly discernible as features of life in the immediate future.—Chicago Record.

THE TUBERCLE BACILLUS.

CONSUMPTION IS A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

Caused by a Little Microscopic Plant—The Dangerous Sputum—How to Avoid Communicating the Disease — Not Hereditary.

That eminent physician, T. Mitchell Prudden, says that while it is commonly unwise for the people to think much about disease, yet such is the appalling prevalence of tuberculosis that the subject demands immediate attention. The doctor asserts that this disease in some form affects at least one-half of the human race and causes one-seventh of the death rate, killing one-third of those who pass away between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

Dr. Prudden declares that the disease is communicable. Up to 1880 the cause of the disease was not known, but most people are aware that since that year a new domain of life has been discovered and exposed. It has been learned that in earth and air and water there exists countless myriads of living things so minute as not to be visible without the aid of powerful microscopes. These are called germs, microbes or micro-organisms. An important group or class of germs are termed bacteria, and the germ which alone can cause tuberculosis is known as the tubercle bacillus. It does not exist in the body of men or animals in health. Dr. Prudden describes this germ as follows:

"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."

But this germ once within a body suited to its growth it multiplies slowly but surely, and while almost any part of the body may be affected tuberculosis of the lungs is by far the most common form of the disease, and it is this form to which the term "consumption" is applied by the laity.

The only way in which we can acquire consumption—let us adopt the commonly accepted term—is by getting into our bodies the tubercle germ from tubercular men or cattle. From the latter the germ comes to men through the use of either milk or meat. The danger from the use of uncooked meat or unboiled milk is real and serious, but not to be compared with another source—that of acquiring the disease from our fellow-men.

Neither the person nor the breath of a consumptive is a direct source of danger, even to a most constant attendant.

The great danger is from the sputum after its discharge from the mouth.

"If in any way the sputum becomes dried, on floors or walls or bedding, on handkerchiefs or towels, or on the person of the patient, it may soon become disseminated in the air as dust, and can then be breathed into the lungs of exposed persons. This germ-laden material floating in the air may be swallowed, and thus enter the recesses of the body through other portals than the lungs, but these are the most vulnerable and accessible organs.

"The wide distribution of tubercle bacilli in the air of living rooms, and in other dusty places where people go, is due partly to the frequency of the disease, and the large numbers of living bacilli which are cast off in the sputum (sometimes millions in a day), and partly to the fact that many of the victims of consumption go about among their fellows for purposes of business or pleasure for months or years. So each consumptive, if not intelligently careful, may year after year be to his fellow-men a source of active and serious and continual infection.

"This, then, the dried, uncared-for sputum of those suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, is the great source of danger; this the means so long concealed by which a large part of the human race prematurely perishes. Let but this discharged material be rendered harmless or destroyed before it dries in all cases, and the ravages of this scourge would largely cease. This is not a theoretic matter only, for again and again have the living and virulent germs been found clinging to the walls and furniture and bedding and handkerchiefs of consumptive persons, and in the dust of the rooms in which they dwell. A malady whose victims far outnumber those of all other infectious diseases put together, sparing neither rich nor poor, seizing upon life while it is as yet only a promise, but most inexorable in the fulness of its tide—this malady can be largely prevented by the universal and persistent practice of intelligent cleanliness."

Dr. Prudden says that investigation has proven that consumption is not hereditary. This knowledge must bring comfort to many and is important, for it contradicts a long-prevalent tradition and belief which has been a source of sorrow and apprehension to thousands.

One would almost imagine that every living person would sooner or later acquire tuberculosis, but nature provides many means of escape, and what may be called natural cures. Investigation of this matter is comparatively in its infancy, and great progress may be expected, for trained intelligence the world over is directed to the entire range of this subject. Already it is known that a certain proportion of human beings seem to be endowed at birth with some, as yet unascertained, quality in the cells or fluids of the body which gives this fortunate class immunity from the disease.

"The degree of success which may attend our crusade against tuberculosis will largely depend upon the wide diffusion of the knowledge of its communicability by means of the sputum dried and powdered and floating in the air as dust, and the intelligent persistence with which the peccant material may be safely cared for at its sources. The resolute avoidance by consumptives of the not only filthy but dangerous practice of spitting upon floors or streets, or anywhere else except into proper receptacles; the use of receptacles which may be and are frequently and thoroughly cleaned, and, best of all, of water-proof paper cups, which with their contents may be burned; or, when circumstances require, the receiving of the dangerous material on cloths or Japanese paper napkins, which may be destroyed by fire, and not on more valuable handkerchiefs on which the sputum is allowed to dry while in use or before disinfection and washing; scrupulous care by others of the sputum of those too ill to care for it themselves—these are the comparatively simple means from which we may most confidently expect relief. The details of these precautions and their adaptation to the special circumstances of those suffering from the disease can be most wisely left to the physician, and though of paramount importance, need not further engage our attention here.

"To the consumptive himself these measures are not without a vital significance. For his chances of recovery may be in no small degree diminished if he be more or less constantly liable to a fresh infection from material which he has once got rid of, and which should have been destroyed.

"The great volumes of fresh moving air which we encounter out-of-doors in properly cleansed streets usually so greatly dilute the dust, of whatever kind, that little apprehension need be felt from its presence."

Dr. Prudden brings to a close his elaborate paper on tuberculosis with words of cheer and hope to those already under the influence of the dread disease. He is to be thanked for giving to the public so much valuable information as is contained in his article in the Harper's Monthly for March in such form as to be readily comprehended by the readers, and not filled with medical or obscure terms.

George Eliot.

Once, when a very young girl, writes Kate Field, I sat at the feet of Walter Savage Landor in Florence, reciting to him my Latin lesson. I stopped conjugating "amo, amas, amat," to ask how Wordsworth looked. "That reminds me of what Hazlitt said of Wordsworth," replied the grand old English lion. "'His face reminds me of a horse, sir. It is just like a horse, sir.' And Hazlitt was right. Wordsworth had the same length of jaw and high checked bones." Whenever I am asked how George Eliot looked, I think of Hazlitt's description of the Lake poet. She looked like a female Wadsworth. Every face is said to resemble the animal whose nature the human being's most closely resembles. George Eliot recalled the noblest of brutes.

There is but one portrait of George Eliot extant, a crayon sketch drawn by Samuel Lawrence for Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, her first publisher.

Now that the great woman and timid soul is dead, I hope Mr. Cross will allow this interesting head to be engraved. During her lifetime George Eliot studiously avoided having herself sketched or her features photographed, and her delicacy was respected. As to her work, it was finished, and we should not regret that she had passed away. She was not against going to engage in any literary work of great length, and Herbert Spencers philosophy was spoiling the clearness of her perceptions.

I first met the author of "Adam Bede" when I was very young, in Florence, Italy. She and G. H. Lewes were there on a two weeks' visit. I was charmed by her engaging confidence in me as she told me of experiences in her career as an author. Her eyes were a light blue, mouth sensitive; she had high cheek-bones and an ever-changing color; these, taken with her retiring manner, low stature and large frame, made her a person to be noted in a crowded room. Literary work was laborious; she worked out her characters with earnest and painful elaboration, and had no faith in herself until encouraged by her brilliant husband, who excelled as a critic. He was called a scientist among litterateurs, and a litterateur among scientists

When I asked George Eliot whether she enjoyed writing, she replied:

"I'm miserable when composing, but I'm still more miserable when I'm not." Let those who envy genius think of the price paid for it.

Everybody who was given the chance feted George Eliot and George Lewes in London at their own house, the Priory, North Bank, Regent's park. Sunday afternoon was their reception time. The cleverest men and women in England, and visitors from all lands, were honored in being received by this woman of great gifts and her brilliant husband. She visited no one; she went to private views of art in all forms, and to classical concerts, being herself a fine musician. She was dressed on all occasions with marked plainness, and appeared, while in public, to be utterly oblivious to persons about her. Of all her books, I think "Romola," with its valuable sketch of Savonarola and its Florentine pictures, is the least appreciated. Florentines have expressed surprise and admiration at its realism.

More Easily Done.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion—I must change it.

He—More expense? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me!

She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.—Puck.

Want a Pet?

A recent advertisement in a Long Island paper read thus: "or sale—A bull terrier dog, two years old; will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."—Retail Liquor Dealer.

WOMEN CRIMINALS.

The Record They Have Made as Murderers Is a Bad One.

Continuing his discussion of the increase in the number of female criminals in Europe and America, Dr. Hugo Muench, the eminent Berlin sociologist, said to a St. Louis reporter: "The woman who captivated more men in a given time and spent more money in better style than any other in Paris was Miss Sutherland, a New York girl. Josie Mansfield was almost as notorious in the French capital as in the American metropolis. It was an American beauty, Miss Blackford, who captivated the Russian Grand Duke and held him in abject slavery for many months. And, go where you will throughout Europe, you will find the greatest swath in the way of high class crime is being cut by American women. Investigation has shown me that the number of adventuresses in New York is something startling—most of them made so by the necessities of American high pressure life.

"In the more serious class of crimes women are on an equality with men. In one line of iniquity of the blackest description, poisoning, they surpass men. Poisoning has ever been a woman's crime, both in ancient and modern times. Jocasta, Catherine de Medici, Lucretia Borgia, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers are familiar examples in point. And in this country, out of seventy-two cases of poisoning, of which count has been kept during the last nineteen years, fifty-eight have been attempted by women. To such an extent has poisoning by women been carried that in a case of so-called mysterious poisoning the detectives turn to look for a female, and seldom turn in vain.

"As murderers, women have in the nineteenth century been making a bloody record. Account for it as philosophers or moralists may, the facts seem to show that since woman has asserted her rights to struggle for herself with the world on the same terms as man she has likewise struggled violently, and often murderously, with men and women. The number of murderesses in the nineteenth century has been as great as the number of heroines. Nor have the murderesses been confined to the under class, outside, as it were, of the restraints of civilization. On the contrary, there have been more murders or killings committed by women in large cities, or civilized communities, than on the frontiers or border lands. Women know very well that in America, at least, there is a sentimental prejudice against hanging one of their sex, and, with their characteristic cunning, they are taking advantage of this fact."

Sham Knowledge.

It is easy enough to learn what the gypsies would call the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard; or he may criticize a picture, with the proper reference to "foreshortening," "highlights," "middle-distance," and the rest of it.

"It is a fine poem; yes, a very fine poem," said a would-be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily; and afterwards a common friend said to him:

"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully, Fred"

"Bless you!" said he, "that isn't criticism, but 't amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has nineteen lines."

Agassiz was once asked what he thought of an attack made on his scientific position by a certain scholar and thinker who had a book knowledge of the different theories advocated by the representatives of science, and decided that Agassiz must be ranked in the second or third class. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, just think of it," he said, "he undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not a zoologist himself. Why, he has never even been an observer!"

It often happens that the men who really know a subject from beginning to end, so far as a human being may, are those who have least time to talk about it. So there are long silences to be filled by the people who are conceited with seeming to know, and few of them have the self-control to resist the temptation.

Old Time Extravagance.

So many complaints are made of the extravagance of nineteenth century women, and its deterrent effect upon marriageable young men; that it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Phraser's gown, made in the year 1676, which cost $1,676, and of which it is thus recorded: "14 frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes." Every story repeats itself in time. There is nothing new under the sun; but not for centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medicis queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 2,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last cycle has been arrayed so resplendently as Madame de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival "a gown of gold on gold, broidered in gold, bordered with gold, and over that gold frieze stitched with a gold thread, which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined?"

How Could it be Warm.

The Publisher—You say you are aspiring to be a realistic novelist and report things as they are?

The Author—Yes, certainly.

The Publisher—Then what do you mean by saying "the beautiful Boston hostess gave her guests a warm reception?"—Chicago Record.

Beware.

Lady—Of course, you are always looking for work?

Tramp—Certainly. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.