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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

$1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

23D YEAR—NO. 49. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,193.

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.		Stations.	Westward. 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			
6 30	12 08	6 22	Piedmont	11 00	5 30
6 40	12 18	6 32	Barton	10 40	5 14
6 52	12 29	6 43	Lonaconing	10 32	5 04
6 55	12 32	6 45	Midland	10 19	4 53
7 00	12 39	6 49	Ocean	10 16	4 49
7 08	12 47	6 57	Borden Shaft	10 10	4 44
7 25	1 04	7 14	FROSTBURG	10 02	4 36
7 32	1 11	7 21	Mornantown	9 44	4 19
7 37	1 16	7 26	Mount Savage	9 40	4 15
7 39	1 18	7 28	Barrelville	9 34	4 09
7 45	1 24	7 33	Patterson's	9 32	4 07
7 47	1 26	7 35	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 02
8 00	1 39	7 48	Mt. Sav'ge Jun	9 25	4 00
			Cumberland	9 15	3 50
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. 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 3:38 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, 7and 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

RUNNING A TIME-TABLE.

I have been a "railroad man" for a great many years—have, as the expression goes, grown gray in the service. I am certain, however, in all my experience I never saw a road that was the equal of the Valley Air Line upon which I was, at the time of the incident about to be related, a brakeman.

The engineer of our train—the Lightning Express—was one of the most sober, careful, thoughtful and industrious men that ever handled a throttle. He possessed more than the ordinary share of thoughtful prudence, of his class, and it was owing to this fact that so great degree of good fortune came to us.

A few moments before the train was to start one morning, Gardiner, the engineer, called me to his cab. He appeared unusually downcast that morning, though at the best he was by no means a "gay" fellow.

"Bob," said Gardiner, after a few seconds' talk about general matters, "Bob, I want you to be very careful to-day. I know you're a good fellow, and always do your duty well; but to-day I want you to do more. I want you to stand by your brake every second of the trip—not to leave it for a moment, and when I signal I want you to set them up as you never did before, and promptly, too. I know you will do it for me, won't you, Bob?"

I was too astounded to speak for a second, and then I asked:

"Why, what under the sun is the matter with you, Gardiner? You know the brakes are so nearly worn out that it is impossible to set them up, and you know, too——"

"I know it all, Bob, and that is the reason why I want you to be careful. I am going to try and make the time-table to-day; and, if possible, I will do so. I feel just as though something was going to happen, and I am more than half sorry that I promised; but I'll do it, though. Now promise me, Bob, and off to your brakes."

I promised, and took my post, not a little mystified at Gardiner's words, looks and actions.

We left the depot, and went rattling on over the iron. Passengers looked at each other in surprise, and wondered what under the sun was the matter with the Valley—if it had suddenly awakened from its long sleep, and now proposed to be a railroad in earnest.

When the conductor came through the train and came along to me, I asked:

"What is the matter with Gardiner this morning?"

"Oh," was the reply, "he and the old man have had a blowout this morning. You see our train never makes connections—passengers lay over, and, of course, they growl. This morning the old man called us into the office, and the whole thing was out. Gardiner talked like a father to them, and as he grew excited, he said that it was criminal running the road in the condition it was. He told them the time-table as made up was fast even for a first-class road, and if we undertook to run it a frightful accident could not be avoided. When Gardiner said it was criminal to run the road as it was, Superintendent Brown was very hot. He fairly boiled. He declared that there was no better road in the country, and that Gardiner was a coward who ought to go on to a gravel train, and if he didn't make time he'd have him there, too. The road was losing its business, and there had got to be a change. Brown also said that in Valley Creek, where he lived, he had noticed that the train always slowed and lost time enough there to lose the connections. Gardiner replied to this, that at the Creek there was a down grade, the bridge was unsafe, and he was obliged to slack up for safety. More than this, the track passed through the playground of the Creek school, which was not fenced in, and they could not go through at a rapid speed without danger to the children.

"Then Brown burst out with an oath that if parents did not want their children run over they must keep them off the track. It would be a good thing to run over one or two of them, as it would teach them a lesson. Of course, he didn't mean this, but he was 'hot,' you see, and did not know what he did say. He added, that Gardiner's family lived near the track, and that Gardiner's sole reason for slowing was to have a chat with them as he went through. This set Gardiner's anger on fire, and he then and there declared that he would make it, let the consequences be what they might, and if disaster happened Brown must assume the responsibility. You see, he is keeping his word, but the old fellow feels bad, though."

We dashed over the frail iron at a frightful speed. You could almost hear the bars crackle as we went. The cars surged from east to west, forcing passengers to fairly cling to their seats. Not for a second did I leave my brake.

We were nearly down to Valley Creek on time. As we approached the long stretch of down grade, I felt by the shaking that Gardiner had slackened up, as if the danger was really too great, and then, as if his promise had come fully upon his mind, had again carefully opened his throttle. Down the valley he went, our rapid speed startling the birds, the cattle, and even the staid old forest trees into new and strange ideas. I grasped the brake firmly; the engine whistled and screamed, warning all to keep clear of it. I held my breath, well knowing that if we left the track it would be to go to destruction.

Suddenly the whistle ceased, and then there came three unearthly yells from it; they pierced my ears and made them ache. How I set up the brake, for I felt there was danger ahead. I knew this when Gardiner suddenly reversed his engine. The shutting off, the reversing and the brakes set up so tight that I feared the chains would break, did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the train. On, on it went at its dangerously rapid speed. I stretched my neck out as far as possible, clinging nervously to the railing. I could see that that Brown was at his post, looking out as I did, and moving his hand energetically, while whistle and bell were uniting their protest.

What was the matter I could not conjecture, but was anxious to know. Springing upon the rail, I made my way to the top of the car, and the mystery was revealed. There on the track was a sight that sent a thrill of horror through me. Only a few feet ahead of us on the track stood a mere child—unconscious of its danger—paralyzed so that it could not move. Just clear of the track lay a woman, evidently helpless. I looked for Gardiner to see what he was doing, ere I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible sight. The poor fellow had not been idle. Plainly seeing that he could not drive the child from the track, and that its companion was helpless, he left his cab and climbed forward on the engine, on to the extreme end of the cowcatcher, leaned over, and while clinging with one hand, reached out with the other. There did not seem one chance in a million to save the child—not one—but anxiety overcame horror, and I looked, and shuddered as I looked.

How my heart leaped into my very throat as I saw the train dash on, but saw that as it did so Gardiner, with almost superhuman effort, raised the child by its arm from the track and clasped it to his bosom. Then he sank down upon the cowcatcher, faint and powerless. His fireman clambered out to his side, and you may rest assured I was not long in getting to their assistance. The unusual noise of the steam had brought every person in the village out to witness the sight, and as they realized it they shouted their joy until their throats must have been hoarse. The fireman and I clung to Gardiner; there was no need to hold the child, for though rigid and helpless, Gardiner held the little one to his breast with an iron grasp. Very soon we crossed the bridge and struck the up grade, where the train slowed, and finally came to a full stop, nearly in front of Gardiner's house. With the help of the villagers we took by force the child from Gardiner's arms, and carried the engineer into the house and laid him on the bed. As he sank down the little life in him seemed to come back, and he whispered, "Whose child is it?"

"Superintendent Brown's," said a neighbor, to my astonishment.

"Is it alive?" gasped Gardiner.

"It is alive and well—thanks to your bravery," I answered, and Gardiner sank back upon his pillow.

The child which Gardiner had so miraculously saved was a son and only child of our superintendent. It seemed singular that the morning talk of the two men should have so singular an ending, but so it was. The wife of the superintendent, with their only child, had been out for a walk. The little one, running on ahead, had strayed upon the track. Hearing the whistle, the mother called the child to her; but the child, happy in its freedom, ran on laughing and shouting, childlike, into the very jaws of danger. It was too much for the mother; she made an effort to save her darling, but before she could overtake the little one her strength failed her, and she fell.

Our engine was injured so that it was impossible to go on, and another was telegraphed for. We tried all we could to bring Gardiner back, but the physician said the excitement under which the noble fellow had labored had prostrated him, and it would require the greatest care and a long time to bring him back to life. He had that care, you may rest assured.

I was in Gardiner's house when Superintendent Brown came in that night. The "old man," as we called him, had lost all sign of anger, and he wept like a child as he looked upon the strong man prostrate before him. He visited the patient daily, and his very life seemed to hang upon Gardiner's recovery, and when the danger was passed, the long fever which ensued was broken, and the engineer began to recover, the superintendent was as happy as a child.

I may say, in conclusion, that the accident was not without its results, for at once the Valley road was thoroughly rebuilt in the best possible manner, newly stocked, and is to-day one of the best roads in the country, running its trains on time, and giving great delight to the traveling public, thanks to the energy and enterprise of Superintendent Gardiner, a kind-hearted, gray-headed gentleman who is ranked among the best railroad men in the country. I go down to see him twice a year, and we always talk about the day when he undertook to run his time-table, and the results thereof.

Better Than Calomel.

Better than calomel for biliousness, and more efficient than the various cathartic waters sold, is, according to a physician, a glass of lemonade, without sugar, before going to bed, and another perhaps half an hour before breakfast the next morning. This treatment needs possibly two or three repetitions, at intervals of two or three days, to form an efficacious course.

Breaking It Gently.

Edgar—Miss Edith, I—ah—have something most important to ask you. May I—that is——

Edith (softly)—What is it, Edgar?

Edgar—May I—Edith, would you be willing to have our names printed in the papers, with a hyphen between?—Answers.

An Amusing Ti ' '.

Place a reel of white cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and then, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat; unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging, as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent amusement.—London Tit-Bits.

An Amusing Incident That Happened at Funter Bay.

Dick Willoughby relates an amusing incident that happened to him at Funter Bay.

Dick was driving a tunnel on a ledge back of his cabin, and was in the habit of leaving a stick of giant powder on a rock in a sunny place at the mouth of the tunnel to thaw out. On several occasions when he went to get his powder it had mysteriously disappeared, and he was at a loss to account for it. As it was considerable of an annoyance to have to go to the cabin and get more powder and wait for it to thaw, Dick concluded to watch proceedings and wait for the thief.

He laid the stick of powder in its usual place, and had waited but a short time when he saw a raven sail out of a tree and swoop down upon the explosive. The bird tore at the tough paper cover until it could get at the powder, then began to greedily devour it. Giant powder is made up of nitro-glycerine, sawdust, and grease and a whole stick of it makes a very hearty breakfast for a raven. The stick had nearly disappeared when Dick thought it time to avenge his loss and was in the act of raising his rifle when the raven gave a defiant cawk and arose in the air with the remainder of the stick of powder grasped in his claws. When up some distance the powder slipped from the bird's grasp and came tumbling to the ground. Dick saw the powder drop and dodged behind a boulder, fearing it would explode when it struck the rocks; however, it did not. The raven perched in a tree, and Dick drew a bead and let drive. Immediately following the report of the gun Dick was not a little startled at receiving quite a shock and heard a second and louder report, while the air was filled with small bits of raven meat and feathers.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away all that Dick could find of that raven was the bill and claws and a bunch of black feathers. The shock of the bullet passing through the bird's body had exploded the powder it had devoured.—Juneau News.

Has Something to do With It.

It was Johnson himself who said "The public has nothing to do with the misfortunes of authors," but the Scottish Review says:

We may read "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," with pleasure and profit, even though we do not know that the wonderful story was written by Johnson in extreme poverty for the purpose of gaining a small sum that he might give his mother a decent funeral; but surely our knowledge of that fact will supply additional interest in its persual, and lead us to esteem the man as well as the author. Nor will the immortal dictionary be less useful if we remember that the greater portion of the money which it brought to Johnson was expended in supporting the strangely incongruous household of pensioners which he had brought to his ark at Bolt Court—Levet, the ruined physician; Frank, the emancipated slave; Annie Williams, the blind termagant, and whose vagaries he endured uncomplainingly for many years.

"Waltz or Schottische."

It has no doubt often occurred to you while walking on the street that you have met a pedestrian going in the opposite direction, and, attempting to pass you, bob from one side to the other. The result is dodging two or three times from one side to the other before either gets by. The other day a young man well known in Mandan society met with that experience, and a gay young colored girl was the pedestrian coming in the opposite direction. After two or three doges each way in his endeavor to pass, the girl exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, honey, what is dis yere gwan to be—a waltz or schottische?"—Mandan Times.

English Insularism.

Dr. Johnson said "much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young." The bigotry that existed in England about Scotchmen in the middle of the last century is still evident to the observant American. One might imagine after centuries of union that the Englishman would regard in a fraternal way his fellow-citizens of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. As a matter of fact he does not, but considers the people of those countries as more or less foreigners, and a thrifty London Scotchmen ranks in the eyes of the English nobleman as well as the London cockney with the Hebrew pawnbroker.

A Question of Reach.

"Why was that man discharged?" demanded a walking delegate of the superintendent of the New York Third avenue cable line.

"Do you want to know for yourself or for the union?"

"For both," said the delegate, showing his authority.

"Well, we do not generally tell why we discharge our men," replied the super, "but in this instance I will simply say that the man wasn't tall enough."

"Tall enough? He's over six feet."

"Perhaps, but he wasn't able to ring up all the fares. He must have a short reach."

Lions Not "Domestic Animals."

Justices Cave and Wright, London, recently dismissed an appeal against the magisterial decision in the case of the Aquarian lions. The keeper of these lions was prosecuted for cruelly beating them, but the Westminster magistrate dismissed the case on the ground that the lions were not domestic animals. The court upheld this view and dismissed the appeal.

New Use for Women.

Yet another occupation has been found for women—that of acting as barometers. Weather Prophet Dunn is quoted as saying that one of the ways of telling whether the temperature was rising was to watch a girl's front hair. When it began to lose its curl and grow straight, it would be a sure sign of a change of temperature.

BOAS IN DEADLY COMBAT.

EXCITING DUEL FOR A MATE IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

Enormous Snakes Fight to the Death, and the Trees in the Neighborhood Are Filled With Chattering and Screeching Monkeys—Clever Sparring for an Opening.

"Brazil is the home of the most gigantic boa constrictors in the world," said Henry Closer, of Necropolis, O., the professional snake hunter and dealer, well known to circus and museum managers throughout the country. "On my last trip to Brazil after snakes I didn't meet with the success I expected to, but I brought back one of the best snake stories, I think, that ever came from the land of serpents.

"Boas, both male and female, often fight fiercely over prey that one snake has captured and which another one covets, and at certain seasons of the year deadly combats between male boas are frequent, the fight being over the possession of a female for a mate. It was a sight such as this that I witnessed one day in the depths of a Brazilian forest. I wasn't out after snakes that day, either. If I had gone prepared to capture boas on that occasion I should have bagged two of the biggest snakes that ever came from Brazil or any other land of snakes.

"I was out taking a business look around after some rare specimens of monkeys. I had chased a choice long-tailed fellow up a tree and was trying my wiles on him when I was startled by a loud hissing sound that came from another part of the forest like a gust of wind escaping from some narrow space. I looked in the direction of the sound, and, to my surprise, saw two enormous boas on the ground, locked together, and writhing and twisting in such a desperate struggle that big bunches of leaves were sent flying about in the air as if they had been disturbed and lifted by a whirlwind.

"There are many varieties of monkeys in the Brazilian forests, and every one of them is a toothsome morsel to the boa. Usually a person may know that one of these great reptiles has come to hunt in the woods by the wild scampering of all kinds of monkeys through the trees, flying from possible capture by the boa. At the same time, there must be a peculiar fascination to these monkeys in a fight between boas, for this particular battle had not been going on three minutes before the trees all around the spot were filled with monkeys, chattering and screaming enough to make a steam calliope player jealous.

"The fierce struggle on the ground lasted five minutes, and then the boas suddenly separated. One serpent glided to a large tree near by and went up its trunk like a spiral flash of lightning. The other snake flashed in the same way up into another tree fifteen feet distant from the first one. I feared that the fight had come to an end, because one of the snakes seemed to be afraid and the other one daresn't.

"But I soon saw that I was mistaken. The snakes had hardly settled themselves among the branches of their respective trees, when, the foliage of both trees began to shake and quiver as if a wind were passing through and agitating them.

"Suddenly each boa, coiling its tail around a branch high up in its tree, dropped like a plummet toward the ground and hung at full length, its head raised but a few inches above the ground. For a moment their great bodies swayed to and fro like slowly moving pendulums. Their eyes glittered like fire. Then each serpent drew itself quickly half its length above the ground. Like an arrow each head shot forward, and instantly the two enormous reptiles were locked in each other's coils like immense cables twisted together.

"Up and down, to and fro, the writhing mass moved in quick undulation, each serpent struggling for an opening that would place the other at a disadvantage. Their forked tongues darted in and out of their mouths like jets of flame, and their hissing was incessant.

"The troops of chattering monkey spectators had been joined by hundreds of harsh-voiced but brilliantly plumed birds, which flew frantically about, and added their excited cries to the deafening monkey chorus.

"The desperate mid-air struggle between the boas continued for several minutes, when they separated again as suddenly as they had rushed together, and each drew itself back among the branches of its tree. For two or three minutes the snakes lay quietly, each glaring at the other

"Suddenly in one of the trees a hiss like escaping steam was heard, and the boa in that tree shot his great length toward the ground again. The challenging hiss was answered by one still louder from the other boa, and it flashed down to its former position and confronted its foe. The boas did not rush together at once. One would strike at the other with the rapidity of lightning.

"With equal quickness that one would avoid the rush by dodging to one side or the other, and instantly make a counter-attack. This interesting sparring match lasted for at least five minutes, when one of the snakes drew itself two or three feet above the other and made a quick downward feint. Its antagonist ducked its head lower to avoid the stroke, and that movement was fatal. The upper boa darted on down, and so quickly was its deadly intention carried out that I was not aware it had been done until I saw the upper snake with three of its coils around the lower one.

"There was a dreadful crunching of bones and in the twinkling of an eye the victorious snake had drawn the vanquished one three folds further within its fearful embrace. There was more crunching of bones, and by degrees the tail of the defeated serpent uncoiled from its hold on the branch of the tree, and at last the great reptile dropped heavily to the ground, a crushed and lifeless mass. For a moment the victor held the vanquished in its coils and then released it. The victorious serpent glided from its tree moved rapidly several times around the crushed body of its lifeless foe with loud and angry hisses, shooting its red tongue in and out like a weaver's shuttle. Then it moved a few feet and stopped.

"Much to my surprise a third boa now appeared on the scene, a magnificent female specimen. She joined the conqueror in the late terrific battle. I then knew it was for her that the deadly duel had been fought, and she had been a witness of the combat from the seclusion of her boudoir in the tropical thicket. Her actions showed that she was pleased with the result, and she glided away with the massive winner of her favor and disappeared with him in the forest, their departure being followed with a deafening din of monkey chatterings and loud, discordant shrieks and screams of that assembly of many-hued Brazilian birds.

"I straightened the dead boa on the ground and measured him. From his nose to the tip of his tail he covered 34½ feet."

MAMMA'S SCHEME DIDN'T WORK.

The Jewelry Clerk Was Bound to Protect His Costomer.

It is not uncommon for brides-elect just after the election to resort to some sort of artifice to find out the intrinsic value of the glittering bauble that proclaims her to be his. A salesman in a Philadelphia jewelry store was approached by a woman of the fashionable world and her daughter a few days ago The latter looked somewhat embarrassed, and the experienced young man behind the counter thought he recognized the symptoms.

"I desire to get a ring for my daughter," said the woman. The salesman looked at the young lady. "Not this one; another daughter. It is to be a surprise."

She was shown case after case of diamond rings, but none seemed to suit her. Finally she said to her daughter: "Show him yours, dear." Blushingly the girl took off her glove and slipped a sparkling ring from her engagement finger.

"I want to get one exactly like that. How much will it cost?"

The salesman looked at the ring and the girl watched him as bravely as she could. He recognized it as one he had sold to Mr. Blank a few days before.

"Isn't she crafty?" he thought. "Well, I'll fix her this time." So he handed the ring back to the daughter and said:

"The cost of the ring, madame, was a confidential matter between Mr. Blank and myself. We haven't another like it in the house. I understood from his remarks that he thought the ring would not be valued at its intrinsic worth. However, if you wish to know its value, take it to some pawnshop and multiply what they will offer you by three and you will get pretty nearly the correct price."

The mother flounced out of the store in great wrath. Her daughter followed, almost in tears.—Philadelphia Press.

How Telescopes Differ.

A very pretty little experiment, which illustrates these two methods of forming an optical image, and, by way of corollary, illustrates the essential difference between refracting and reflecting telescopes, may be performed by any one who possesses a reading glass and a magnifying hand mirror. In a room that is not too brightly illuminated pin a sheet of white paper on the wall opposite to a window that, by preference, should face the north, or away from the position of the sun. Taking first the reading glass, hold it between the window and the wall parallel to the sheet of paper, and a foot or more distant from the latter. By moving it to and fro a little you will be able to find a distance, corresponding to a focal length of the lens, at which a picture of the window is formed on the paper. This picture, or image, will be upside down, because the rays of light cross at the focus. By moving the glass a little closer to the wall you will cause the picture of the window to become indistinct, while a beautiful image of the houses, trees or other objects of the outdoor world beyond, will be formed upon the paper. We thus learn that the distance of the image from the lens varies with the distance of the object whose image is formed. In precisely a similar manner an image is formed at the focus of the object glass of a refracting telescope.

Take next your magnifying or concave mirror, and detaching the sheet of paper from the wall, hold it nearly in front of the mirror between the latter and the window. When you have adjusted the distance to the focal length of the mirror, you will see an image of the window projected upon the paper, and by varying the distance, as before, you will be able to produce, at will, pictures of nearer or more remote objects. It is in this way that images are formed at the focus of the mirror of a reflecting telescope.—Popular Science Monthly.

Home-Made Shower Baths.

A home-made shower bath is not quite equal to the regular one, but it is not to be despised. A large tin pail or bucket should have the bottom pierced with small holes set quite closely together. A false bottom with no apertures should be fitted over this with a string attached to the centre. The pail full of water of the desired temperature should be hung over the bath-tub, and when the time arrives for the shower, the false bottom should be jerked by the string, and the water allowed to pour through.—New York World.

Hard to Explain.

"There is one thing about me that I don't understand," said Tommy, thoughtfully, "and that's why it is that making marks on wall paper is such lots of fun, and making 'em in copy books in school is such hard work."—Toronto Mail.

AN "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.

We are "so out of date," they say
Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom;"
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no women like his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through rosate glass;
Even if the prospect be not bright,
We hold it true
That heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But happy in their even flow
The years glide by;
We are behind the times, we know—
Ned and I.

—Exchange.

ELECTRICITY LAWYERS.

Whose Specialty Has Arisen With the Development of Electricity.

There has long been a marked tendency among lawyers to abandon the wide field of general practice and take up with "specialities," some devoting themselves to mercantile, others to accident, to corporation, to insurance and to criminal cases.

Within a comparatively short time there has sprung up in New York, if the term "sprung up" can be used in reference to anything connected with the red tape of the law, a class of practitioners known as "electricity lawyers." These are either young men who, coming to the bar, find the field of professional employment crowded, or men of middle age, who, retained in cases wherein electricity figures, have become experts on similar questions.

The field is a comparatively new one and there are few precedents to guide the lawyer. Electricity is, indeed, a practically new branch of law business, and, as the matters in dispute are generally important, this branch of legal practice is quite lucrative. At the beginning of the present year, it is computed, that no less than $1,000,000,000 was invested in the electrical industry of the United States.

This was divided as follows: Electrical light and power companies, $400,000,000; electric railroad companies, $200,000,000; telegraph companies, $150,000,000; electrical supply companies, $150,000,000, and telephone companies, $100,000,000.—New York Sun.

The Telegram.

A city broker whose home is in New Jersey was obliged by illness to lose a day from his business, so he sent word to his clerk at the office to let him know by telegram something of the day's transactions. The firm's private code was to be used.

The hours wore on, but no telegram appeared, and the broker began to be mystified, not to say provoked, at the unaccountable negligence of his faithful clerk. The telegraph office was a mile from his home, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the messenger, who didn't come.

Next morning the unhappy suburbanite stopped on his way to the station to make inquiries at the telegraph office for his missing telegram. The operator was an old town gossip, with an interest in everybody's affairs, and he greeted his visitor in neighborly fashion.

"Good morning, sir! All well, I hope?"

"Yes, all right. I say, didn't you get a telegram for me yesterday?"

"Telegram for you? Well, let me see. Why, yes; I believe I did. But I couldn't make nothing out of it, so I didn't think 'twas worth while to send it up!"—New York Tribune.

The Folly of It.

Notwithstanding Col. Bangs is only a militia colonel, and never had a title in his life until a year ago, he does not like to air his colonelcy on all occasions, and for some time he has looked with disfavor upon the cards of his wife, which read: "Mrs. Col. Bangs." The other day she told him to order her some more cards.

"Certainly, my dear," he responded, for the colonel is as gallant to his wife as most men are to other women, "but if I do, I shall have that 'Col.' omitted."

"Oh, no," she protested; "what do you want to do that for?"

"Because it shouldn't be there."

"Why not? It is only a designation of who I am, and you are Col. Bangs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then, why am I not Mrs. Col. Bangs?"

The colonel bowed.

"For the same reason, my dear," he responded, "that when I was Mr. Bangs you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs," and the colonel won a victory.—Detroit Free Press.

No Smoke.

The man who abolishes smoke will be one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Nothing else will so change the conditions of life in our great cities. Without saying that this result is already at hand, a great step toward it is made by the new invention in fireplaces, says London Truth. By this system a fire can undoubtedly be produced without smoke, and though at present a special fireplace must be employed for the purpose, there is no reason why every one who henceforth fits up a kitchen range or a furnace should not have a smokeless one. I expect to see the time when every householder as well as every manufacturer will be compelled to consume his own smoke. In the meantime, however, there is the strongest inducement, short of compulsion, for doing so, for the system, like all which are based on perfecting the combustion of the fuel, gives a largely increased heat for a reduced consumption of coal.