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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

24TH YEAR—NO. 2. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,198.

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 39	1 18	7 28	Patterson's	9 32	4 07	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 33	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 02	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 35	Mt. Sav're 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,
May 26 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 20, 1893.

ON AND AFTER THE above date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

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

EASTBOUND.

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

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

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

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:37 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	2:45 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	44:5 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	4:54 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:15 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Jan 6 General Manager.

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,
March 31 Mining Superintendent.

SELECT POETRY.

Judge Not.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I see so much of sin and blot—
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Mortimer Montague's Fate.

CHAPTER I.

A bright, beautiful night—as the moon in her glory was riding on.

Mortimer Montague sat meditatively at the open window, viewing the grand landscape before him, and listening to the low moan of the wind in the gnarled and massive trees that stood beside and around the grand old mansion, and ever and anon, as if expecting to see weird and grotesque images, cast his eyes toward every corner of the gloomy, quiet room. No sound disturbed the stillness save a lonely cricket—sole occupant of the apartment. He had but recently returned from the frontier of Arizona, where, for five years, he had been engaged in wild, yet prosperous speculation, and whence, for some cause best known to himself, he had returned unexpectedly to his parents. The latter, however, about the middle of May had sailed for Europe.

"Father, mother and sister—all gone?" he said interrogatively to the old and faithful colored man and wife who had been entrusted with the keys and custody of the homestead. "I am very sorry I missed them. How long did they expect to be absent?"

"Two months, sir."

"Are all the persons living still who resided here when I was at home? Who is at the parsonage?"

"Mr. Bruce."

"Where is Mr. Carroll?"

"La, me, sir, he and his wife have been dead these three years and Miss May went 'way off with his sister after the funeral; never been back since, and she was a beauty, sir, I tell you. Poor thing, she was so grieved; but that is a debt we all got to pay."

Mortimer felt deeply all that was told him, but was silent. The Montagues were a high-minded, aristocratic, sectary people, and five years before Mortimer left home he found great happiness with May. The parsonage was on the end of his father's plantation. They were mere children, he going to college, and she also. But the germs of love had taken a firm hold, not to be uprooted by the trivial reverses of fortune. His mother remarked to him one day—

"Mortimer, would you not like to go round with me to see some nice young ladies? A young man should be very careful how he selects his lady acquaintances. Position is to be desired, and, remember, the Montagues are a proud old race."

He thought then she was alluding to May. That was enough; he made up his mind to leave at once. His parents remonstrated, but with no avail. He could not resist the temptation to visit May, and the wisest thing to do was to travel, which he did.

And now the main object for which he returned had failed; his heart's idol was shattered.

"O, miserable man that I am! If I could only see May once more! But in what part of the world to look for her I know not. I cannot remain long here alone, nor anywhere in the seclusion of the country. I believe I will go to the seashore and try to drive 'dull care away.'"

Go where he would, do what he might, her image was ever before him. Enshrined, as it had been in every thought from his earliest boyhood, could he now tear the image from his heart? No, no! he did not wish to do so.

After this reverie he left on the early train for the seashore.

CHAPTER II.

A myriad of lights streamed from cottage boarding-houses and hotels. Mortimer wended his way up to the best hotel and asked for a room, which was soon shown him. After a refreshing night's rest, he breakfasted and went out to view the surroundings. In looking around he observed far away, on a very high point, an ivied, time-worn castle. He turned to a colored man and asked—

"Who resides in the castle?"

At the instant an elderly gentleman passed and turned to see who had asked the question.

"A Scotchman resides there with his wife and daughter."

The husband had just passed.

Mortimer was tall, very graceful, handsome as could be, and would attract attention, even there.

"Can you give me his name?"

"Certainly; his name is Carroll."

"You are sure it is Carroll?"

"O, yes, sir; I know him. He has been here only a short time. They are very toney; his daughter is the belle of the place."

As the man left Mortimer said "the very name of May—even the name of Carroll—is dear to me."

That day at dinner a young gentleman extended his hand, saying—

"Why, Montague, my dear fellow, how are you, and when did you arrive?"

"Yesterday."

"Have you left the frontier?"

"O, no—only for a short time. Where have you been, O'Donahue, may I ask? Well, as friends, I will be frank with you. I am in search of a wife. I am tired of living so lonely out there."

"But do you suppose such a lady as you would select would be willing to go to the frontier?"

"O, yes, if she loved me. I am disposed to try it—if I can find her."

"There is a lovely lady here; about 23; a perfect beauty; belle of the place; but she is of Scotch descent, and Scotch-Irish would not do. She is a blonde, with the clearest peach blow complexion; a liquid deep blue eye, and the loveliest rippling auburn hair you ever beheld. You must see her!"

"Do you think it is my fate to meet her?"

"Well, I must tell you that Madam Rumor says that she is in love, or engaged!"

"Well, let's take a drive and see what is most interesting in the country."

After smoking, Montague said—

"There is the team."

Seating themselves, they drove leisurely, thinking of little but themselves, as both were verging on the bachelors' list. Suddenly the horses shied to one side, and they came upon two persons—a lady and elderly gentleman, conversing in a subdued tone.

"But, pa, it is no use. I can never, never love again. All the argument you could advance in a lifetime could not cause me to love less, or more. So, I beg you to desist from these entreaties every day, for they are killing me."

Mortimer and his friend did not willingly hear this, as the horses were hard to control and they could not pass hurriedly. Montague remarked, after long meditation—

"That was sound doctrine, and it appears that I have heard that voice before. I wish I could have seen her. I cannot tell why, but her voice, low as it was, thrilled through me. Do you suppose it was she—the belle?"

"I really do not know. We will drive in another direction when we return; so you will have to wait another chance to see her."

They drove slowly and admired greatly the many handsome residences and objects of interest. Some portions of the road were circuitous, picturesque and lovely, but those features were lost on Mortimer. He felt almost like the "dove from out the ark—nowhere to rest his feet"—discontented, heartsick and weary; nothing, as yet, to satiate his longing desire and fulfil his fondly cherished dreams.

After supper they repaired to the parlor, but soon tired of that which did not interest them.

CHAPTER III.

June, with her long, hot, dusty days was nearly at a close.

As Mortimer and O'Donahue strode listlessly along the beach they beheld a travel-worn carriage approaching. Slowly it came, and as they passed someone from the window cried—

"O, there is brother!"

Mortimer turned and the next instant clasped to his breast his sister, father and mother, who on their return home were told where he was.

"Well, Mortimer, if you had only come before we left," said his mother, "you could have accompanied us. I am so regretful. You had to be at home by yourself. But I am happy we had a safe return to meet our boy."

"Allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Charles O'Donahue."

"I am very happy to meet you, sir," said Mr. Montague, senior.

Rose met his gaze and colored deeply, but he must be excused for beholding her so earnestly, for she also was a great beauty. Very fair; dark, lustrous eyes; a shapely mouth and teeth, and lovely chestnut-brown hair; about five feet, and symmetry itself in form. Attired in her olive-green, close-fitting traveling costume, she looked superb. So thought O'Donahue.

They repaired to the hotel. Mortimer soon procured a *suite* of rooms, and sat down, looked at them and remarked—

"Well, ma, this is the first ray of happiness I have seen since I parted with you five years ago."

"O, my darling!" was all the old lady could say, and burst into tears.

After a good night's rest all felt refreshed, and Mrs. Montague asked in regard to society.

"I cannot inform you much about it, as I have not sought any. There is a Mr. Carroll here—connection of the preacher?—I know not."

Several days after this conversation, Mr. Carroll called on Mr. Montague, having heard that he had known his brother. Mrs Montague invited him to bring Mrs. Carroll to see them, and in a short time they became very intimate.

But Montimer never could be induced to be presented to Miss Carroll, and his mother was so in love with her, for her beauty was enchanting, and her intelligence wonderfully engaging.

"Why does Mortimer not wish to make her acquaintance? It is so strange!"

"May had so matured since she lived at the parsonage that Mrs. Carroll did not know her to be the same No matter now, they were friends, devoted to each other."

"I do admire Mr. O'Donahue so much," said Rose.

"I think he admires you also."

"O, I don't know, I have only met him a few times. He is so cultured and select; his father was an Irish earl."

"Indeed! but Rose, my dear, that title would not make you love his son more than you do."

"No, I think not; but it is nice to speak of. From the instant I beheld him I loved him. For real love is a true gift from an immortal hand. Time cannot rob me of this feeling."

May's confidence was not so easily obtained. She remained very reticent.

Just then there was a rap at the door. Rose said "come in."

The door was opened by a servant, tray in hand, with a card for Rose and the gentleman was waiting in the parlor. Turning to May—

"Will you excuse me a few moments."

"Certainly."

To the servant—

"Say I will be there directly."

As Rose entered the parlor Mr. O'Donahue was leaning against the mantle. He at once came forward and extended his hand, saying—

"I hope I see you well. I flattered myself that you would give me the pleasure of a drive with you this lovely morning."

"Thanks. I shall be most happy to comply."

After a few moments' conversation she went and excused herself to May, and told her mother not to let May leave until her return.

They admired the scenery very much; the road was well shaded and cool—all lovely—and inviting. After a short pause in the conversation O'Donahue remarked—

"Miss Rose, I have something to say to you of a matter which has been a great source of anxiety since I first saw you the day you arrived. Then my heart was yours. I have since hesitated to ask you to be mine, fearing you did not love me, but if you can reciprocate my attachment you will, I assure you, render me the happiest of men. Do you think, dear Rose, you can entrust your happiness in my keeping—to travel with me to Ireland, where I can offer my little girl (taking her hand in his) a palace—such, and no other, befits you?"

With a happy and modest manner she replied—

"I think I could."

"Well, my dear, you shall never regret it, and you have my heartfelt thanks for your frank avowal."

They were both supremely happy and drove home with much lighter hearts than when they left the hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

In a week after this ride, the day being fine, many on the beach and a great number bathing, Rose and May donned their costumes and were in the water, when Mr. and Mrs. Montague and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll arrived. Mrs. Carroll called to May not to venture too far, as she was by no means an expert swimmer.

All were so engaged that they did not observe a portentous looking cloud in the east, and almost before they were aware of it, small breakers were visible. All shouted—"come in!" Rose was not so far out as May and at once turned for the shore, taken by the hand and cared for, while May, drifted by every breeze and losing her strength, was failing rapidly. Mortimer, standing on the shore and taking in the situation, plunged in and swam vigorously to her rescue. Near—a little nearer, and he could touch her dress—if she sinks again, all will be over. Another breaker lashed her back a little. All on shore shouted—"God save them!" He at last caught her dress, passed his arm under her and supported her head. Their eyes met, and he exclaimed—

"O, May, my long-lost darling—May! How long I have searched, and now to find you almost in a watery grave! O, God, save her!"

She opened her eyes, saying—

"O, Mortimer! my own darling Mortimer! have we met at last?"

So metamorphosed as she was in her costume, none but the eyes of love could have recognized her. His struggle was great, but he regained the shore. As he sat upon the pebbly beach, her head resting upon his manly shoulder, waiting for restoratives, he chafed her hands and temples as though she had been an infant. She looked pure and lovely, like a fair lily drenched in a storm. Soon a carriage was brought. All were so anxious, her parents especially. He got up. All wished to assist, but he waved his hand to them not to disturb him, placed her in the carriage and got in; also Mrs. Carroll. Soon they arrived at the hotel. He took her in and carefully placed her on the bed and sat beside, still trying to soothe her.

The doctor thought May better, and it was agreed upon by all to leave as soon as May was able to travel. And now that it was known to Mrs. Montague that Rose was engaged, she wished to get home to make preparations for her marriage, still not knowing that it was May of the parsonage. She thought that Mortimer was enraptured at first sight.

In a few days all started; travel was pleasant, and all felt well, but May was was jaded and tired. After a few days' rest, however, she was herself again.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll were delighted with their visit, but thought in a week, at farthest, they would start for Scotland, as it was growing towards fall. The days flew fast to May and Mortimer, so happy as they were, and now the mystery must be explained.

Said Mr. Carroll to May—

"I must be away for a few days in New York to purchase your *trousseau*."

So great preparations were made for a double wedding, full dress in the parsonage of the church where her father had so long proclaimed the word of truth, and what joy it would be could he see her united to Mortimer, whom he loved nearly as his own child.

Mr. Carroll had returned and brought with him a large trunk filled with everything the nicest, and invited Mrs. Montague to be present at the unpacking. As soon as she came in Mr. Carroll remarked—

"My dear madam, we have played a great *ruse* on you. May is not our child, but my brother's, so much lamented by us. But she is an only heir to a clear $100,000, which, next Thursday, the day appointed for her marriage, will be hers."

Mrs. Montague threw her arms around May and kissed her, saying—

"Welcome, dearest May, as our daughter."

The day appointed dawned bright and lovely. Many invitations were out, and as the carriage drew up to the door, O'Donahue got out and appeared grandly in his full dress suit. May and Rose soon made their appearance—Rose in white corded silk, *en train;* orange flowers forming a coronet, from which hung a magnificent lace veil; pearl necklace and earrings; she held a boquet of Mareschal Niel buds in her hand. The pearls were the groom's gift; also a handsome watch and chain and many other costly presents. May was attired in white satin; point lace veil, caught on top with a diamond crescent; V-shaped neck; diamond necklace and earrings a present from Mortimer, and in her hand she held a bunch of nephetos rosebuds. She looked lovely and regal as she leaned so confidingly on noble Mortimer's arm. She had many presents—the first from her father, $100,000.

As they entered the church many exclamations of admiration were made, such as—

"O, my! they do look splendid! What a handsome gentleman Mr. O'Donahue is! and Rose, dear child, is too lovely! And Mortimer—how noble and handsome, and May looks like a real queen, and so beautiful she is."

The ceremony was short but very impressive. Mrs. Montague wept audibly. Both her children to leave her was a hard trial.

The congratulations having been given, they returned home to take refreshments and prepare for the long tour to Ireland and Scotland. The time for their departure soon came. As the carriage rolled up the avenue it was heart-rending to behold Rose and her mother. The latter remarked—

"But, my darling, you will come again soon."

"Certainly, ma," said Mortimer; "but now good-bye," throwing his arms around her.

"God bless you, my children!" said his father.

They drove slowly away, as if reluctantly, from the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Montague were alone.

And now we will await time's revealings—to see what "Fate" has farther in store for Mortimer.

FORINE DISMUCKES.

An Enormous Revolution in Warfare by the Use of Smokeless Powder.

The famous Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the wonderful machine gun that bears his name, is fond of Washington, says the Post, and was glad of the opportunity given him to spend a month at the capital by reason of the tests of his and other guns now in progress at Indian Head. The doctor carries his threescore and odd years well. He is a large man, white-haired, like a patriarch, and with an air of good-will toward mankind. He is never so happy as when talking about modern engines of destruction, which he believes are the greatest agencies for keeping the peace.

"People are not yet educated to appreciate the enormous revolution in future warfare, caused by the invention of smokeless powder," said he. "Already it has made obsolete between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 of muskets in Europe, that were built to shoot black powder, not to speak of the millions of cartridges, all of which the countries possessing would be willing to sell for a song. Here is a vast sum of wasted capital, but it is the inevitable result of progress. Our army guns in this country will soon be in the obsolete category, for to keep pace with the rest of the world we will have to adopt smokeless powder, too. A gun loaded with it will send a bullet just twice as far as the black powder does. Again, the new invention changes military tactics entirely for in the battles of the future troops will never display themselves en masse to the enemy. Open fighting, as has been customary through all the ages, is a thing of the past, for it would mean utter annihilation. If smokeless powder had been in use during the late civil strife the war between the States wouldn't have lasted ninety days.

"What is the difference between a rapid firing gun and a machine gun?"

"A rapid firing gun doesn't begin to fire with the rapidity of a machine gun. The former is usually of one barrel and is loaded with shells. It is a great gun for torpedo boats, but fifteen times to the minute is pretty good time for one of them. A machine gun of the Gatling type has from six to twelve barrels, and with three men to operate, practically never ceases firing, one volley succeeding another at a speed of 1,200 discharges per minute. These three men can do more killing than a whole brigade armed with old-fashioned muskets. It is a machine gun, along with the smokeless powder, that is going to make war an impossibility."

A Mountain Experience.

A gentleman recalls a little experience he had last winter, while traveling away up in the Alleghany Mountains. "It was desperately cold and snowing fast, and the train had made such slow progress that every one was ravenously hungry and anxious for a way station of some sort. At last we did stop at a small place near Altoona. There seemed to be nothing but a dining room, but that was quite sufficient. Over the door was a sign, 'Dinner, fifty cents.' I read no further, but rushed in, and, planking my grip on the chair beside me, drew up to the table and prepared to satisfy a twenty-four hours' hunger. Finally I passed over a half-dollar to the waiting negro.

"'Beg pardon, sah, but this is not correct,' he said.

"'Not correct? How do you make that out?' I asked.

"'Dinner, fifty cents a chair, sah, the sign reads.'

"'So it does. What then? I occupied but one chair.'

"'To be sure, sah, but your satchel did another.'

"I looked at the negro aghast. He was calmly grinning.

"'You mean to charge me for that chair?'

"'Dem's orders, sah?'

"I looked at the satchel, then at the negro, then back to the satchel, when an idea occurred to me.

"'Well, old satchel,' I said, 'if I've got to pay for a dinner for you, you have got to eat one,' and with that I opened it wide, and swept into its space a full dinner from the table.

"The extra fifty cents was laid in the astounded negro's hand, while I hurriedly took my place in the waiting train. It was a good many more hours before we halted at another eating stand but I didn't go hungry in the meantime."

The Fit of Gowns in the Back.

The first thing I say to a woman, says an authority on physical culture, and its attendant ethics, when she comes to me for advice and suggestion, is, "Turn your back to me." It is remarkable how few women present a good-looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even, and no protuberant shoulder blades. In one of her stories, Mrs. Cruger makes a clever, fashionable woman, who is displaying a Worth gown to some friends, ask, anxiously, "Is the back right?" and when told that it is the perfection of elegant fit in the back, say, with relief, "Then I shall keep it." One has so many resources to conceal an ill-fitting front; one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon and the like, but the back is hopeless, and must be above reproach, or words of similar effect. Mrs. Cruger is quite right, and she might have gone further. The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women on the street, and you will be surprised to see how few will own one.

Congressional Whiskers.

A glance from the galleries at the heads of Congressmen reveals certain geographical laws in relation to hair. The chin beard, the cheeks being shaven, is characteristically Southern. From the great Northwest comes the beard without any mustache. Most of the members from the North and East wear the moustache and no other beard though an occasional Vandyke cut is seen. Long hair used to be the fashion among the Southerners in Congress, many of them having locks that fell upon their shoulders. That style has almost entirely gone out.

HEAT AS A POWER.

A French Engineer Wants to Use That Stored in the Center of the Earth.

Arsède Dupignac was one of the prize pupils in 1882 when he was graduated from L'Ecole, Polytechnique, Paris, with distinguished honors. As a civil engineer in the French government service, he further distinguished himself in Algeria, where he had charge of one of the field parties in the reclamation of arid lands. Through his efforts the government was induced to spend considerable sums in sinking artesian wells in the El Fenoriz district, a barren, sunburnt waste, which now blossoms like a rose. Since the close of the World's Fair in Chicago Mr. Dupignac has traveled extensively in this country and Mexico, and he is now formulating his observations in a monograph to the French Academy of Sciences at his apartments on University place. He is frequently to be met at the Cafe Martin and other resorts of Frenchmen of the better class, and is an agreeable and polished gentleman. Like most scientific enthusiasts M. Dupignac has his hobby, and it is of such a novel and startling nature and opens up such vistas of endeavor to the imagination that is is worthy of notice. It is the utilization of the internal heat for economic and industrial purposes.

"The fact is indisputable," he said recently, "that the thermal ratio increases in a constant and calculable degree with the penetration of the earth's crust. What the causes of the internal heat may be, whether chemical or physical, is not the question. Only this we know—that at a certain depth of penetration is found an invariable temperature unaffected by surface conditions. The deeper we go the more intense is the heat, and the degree of temperature may be determined to absolute exactitude in advance. It is a mere mathematical problem. Some of the mining shafts, notably in Nevada and in Hungary, have already penetrated to a depth at which the heat is insupportable. At a depth of 3,200 feet in the Comstock mine my back was scalded by the water which dripped on me. At a depth of 4,000 metres (about 4,400 yards), which might easily be reached by modern engineering ingenuity, a thermal condition would be encountered of great intensity which would not vary calculably in a thousand years—and heat is the source of energy and of life.

"With such a factor at our free disposal, the remainder of the problem is a mere detail. Water could be introduced which would return to the surface in the form of superheated steam—potential in all those energies transmutable into light and power. But after all, the employment of steam is but an awkward expedient. Heat, light, motion, electricity—these are all controvertible terms, and by the law of correlation of force are interchangable. I am free to admit that while the truth of this theory is apparent to all scientific investigators, its practicable application lacks yet some mechanical solution.

"But, assumed such a source of power unvarying, regular, absolutely without cost (after the initial expense), how would it simplify industrial effort? There would be no cost except in the wear and tear of machinery, and the expense of fuel; light and power would be reduced to almost nothing. Human endeavor and comfort are constantly limited by the cost of power; the symbol used by engineers H. P. (horse power), is not only a measure of potentiality—it is in its restrictions also a measure of happiness. Modern civilization has passed the brutal stage of manual force—we must harness nature and make her do our work."

On his return to France M. Dupignac intends to put his theory to a practical test. He is actuated solely by devotion to science and a desire to improve the condition of humanity, as he is a man of independent means. He will have the enthusiastic co-operation of Prof. Berthelot and other eminent French scientists in his enterprise.

The English Schoolteacher.

The English village schoolteacher has a harder time of it than the American girl in a similar position. Her salary never exceeds $300 a year, and often about $200, and for this stipend she is required to teach an ungraded school, and frequently to keep the school house and its sanitary appointments clean and in order, as well as teach in the Sunday school and play the organ for church services. Her field of labor is often a barn which is too dilapidated for its original use, cold and penetrated by all the winds of heaven. And the young woman who is placed in the humiliating position is generally a college graduate of cultivation and refinement.

Objects to Black.

Lady Wilde objects to the wearing of so much black. She says: "English women seem to have a fatal predilection toward black, and having reached the middle term, the mezzo camino of life, generally retire into black alpaca for the remainder of their days. They ought to remember that variety of dress and the refreshing brightness of color is charming in all ages, and fills the house and home with a flush of gladness and joy which almost replaces flush of youth. If you want to show every month of your age with interest, persist in wearing black."

His Theory Illustrated.

"And you would prefer to have me visit you less frequently," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "Father objects to my receiving so much company."

"And you won't wear my engagement ring?"

"No. Father objects to my receiving presents from young men."

"And you decline to meet me occasionally at the front gate?"

"Yes. Father has just purchased a bulldog, you know."

His face took on a shadow of deep annoyance.

"It is as I feared," he muttered. "The country is going all wrong through too much paternalism."