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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

$1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

24TH YEAR—NO. 6. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,202.

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 20	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 30	7 48	Cumberland	9 15	3 50	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

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

*On theatre nights, when admission tickets are sold by Agents to performance at theatre, leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

May 26

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 20, 1893.

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

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

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

EASTBOUND.

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

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

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

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

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

RETURNING TRAINS.

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

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

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Jan 6

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NOTICE.

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

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

March 31

ORIGINAL STORY.

MAY.

BY N. C. MCKAY.

A tall, darkly handsome woman stood looking out over a wide, dreary Texan prairie. There were tears in the fine, bright eyes, for she was thinking of her eastern home and her loved friends so far away. It was not often she permitted herself to think sadly of them, for the thought of former associations was a bright spot in her lonely life.

"Willie will surely come by-and-by, for he has already been gone several hours longer than usual," she said, straining her eyes to catch a first glimpse of her husband's returning figure. For he had been gone two days after needed supplies, only to be gotten at a little town seven miles away. She, the brave wife, had staid alone at the little cabin, never fearing except that a storm might overtake Willie, for the season of those frightful Texan hurricanes was near at hand.

But now she saw him returning rapidly and a glad light came into the eyes lately so sad. As he rode up she stepped down from the low doorway and went forward to meet him.

He was a handsome man—so very handsome and tall, he did not seem to be so large and powerful as he really was.

"Well, brave little woman, how did you get on? Billy," their one other horse, "did not run away, did he, or did the barn burn up?" he inquired, laughing as he kissed her fondly and put the tired horse to rest in the tiny log stable.

"O, May," he began as soon as he came in, "I've the most delightful surprise for you," and as May held out her hands with a pleased look, he laid into them a large square envelope.

"A letter from home, O, Will!" and carefully she opened it.

Delightful it certainly was, for it contained the pleasing information that Katie Durtment, May's dearest Virginia friend, was coming to visit them—was even now on her way. The letter had lain for several days at the post-office at Puelo, so that by comparing dates they found she expected to arrive within two or three days.

Will. Henning was almost as much delighted as was his wife, for though he only remembered Katie as a shy girl in her teens, when on one of his short visits to Virginia he had met her, still she was May's dear friend, and as such would find warm welcome in the little cabin-home on the wide prairie.

May was in a bustle of cleaning up and preparing for her friend's visit. A dozen times a day she thought and talked of all she and Katie would do while the latter was there, until Will. declared he was quite jealous of this wonderful girl.

Bright and early Monday morning Will. harnessed his two horses to the rough wagon and drove off to meet Katie Durtment, leaving behind him a radiantly smiling and happy woman.

Late that night May, alert and listening, heard the faint rumble of wheels and, rushing out, stood impatiently awaiting the arrival of the travelers. If she had not been so agitated she would have noticed that the noise was certainly not that of Will's old wagon.

At that moment it stopped in front of the little home and May saw with horror two rough men descend from a rudely-made cart, drawn by an old rawboned horse. May was equal to the occasion, as she schooled herself to be out in those wilds.

"What do you want?" she said while her heart quaked with a terrible fear that perhaps these men had met her husband and Katie, and—but she would not allow herself to think of such a thing. Desperate ruffians often roamed those prairies she knew. Perhaps—but one of the strange visitors was addressing her, and her heart beat fast and her cheeks grew pale as he spoke, for he demanded in a hoarse, rough voice that May should give him the money in the cabin.

"Don't ye dare lie to me!" he cried fiercely; "don't ye say ye ain't got none! I know ye has. Get it, get it!" he commanded excitedly, seeing her stand perfectly still.

May was helpless. All alone in that vast wilderness, no possible aid could reach her. What *could* she do? She had not long to deliberate.

"Ain't ye goin' to get that cash?" fairly roared the man, "or has I got to help you?"

"I will get it for you, sir," said May calmly.

Walking quickly into the cabin, she reached the loaded gun from the shelf, but before she could turn and level it, the man, who had anticipated her purpose, struck it from her hand. It fell heavily to the floor and exploded.

"Didn't know it was loaded!" said the man with something like a smile on his cruel face.

May did not move.

"Now, go right straight and get the money!" He raised his clenched hand, as if to strike her, but desisted, and again told her, with brutal words, to get him the money.

"O," cried the little woman's heart as she went slowly up the stairs—"this is all Willie and I have! Must I give it to this bad man?"

His gruff voice decided the cruel question for her. There were no other loaded firearms in the house. She could do nothing.

Going to a little table, she took out the parcel she had placed there so carefully and handed it to the man who had followed her up-stairs. He returned down the steps—rather the ladder, and going to the light, evidently with the intention of examining the package, when he caught the sound of wheels which May had thankfully heard some moments before.

Hastily slipping the parcel in his coat, with a muttered oath he turned his head to May, who was trembling now. Taking off his battered old hat, he said—

"You are a brave, true woman!"

Then springing into the cart, he and his companion rapidly disappeared in the darkness.

But May had caught a gleam of the ruffian's eye as he applauded her courage and faith which made her think he had not always been what he was.

But the wheels have stopped and she hears her husband's cheery voice crying to her and another voice—a voice which she has not heard for very, very long and—she feels giddy and faint, makes one effort to answer the gladsome call and falls on the floor in a swoon.

She slowly opens her eyes. As she does she sees a tall, graceful maid at her side, and hears a voice—that same old voice crying—

"May, O, darling May!" and is folded in a close, long embrace.

When she tells her story, which she does with difficulty, as Katie sits on one side and Will on the other, and they will persist in kissing and praising her so much—

When she has done she says—

"And O, darling, to think our money, with which we were to have built a home, is gone—all gone!"

And for the first time for long weeks May weeps unrestrainedly.

"Why, little woman, didn't you know I took it out of that parcel and put it in bank this evening?"

Katie Durtment's visit was one of great mutual pleasure, and when at length she returned home a new joy had gladdened the cabin. May does not stay wholly alone anymore. A baby boy now divides the time between her hopes, fears, duties and delights.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Why He Couldn't Pause.

A Sunday or two ago at a Methodist chapel in one of the pit districts of Staffordshire, a worthy "local" after preaching very earnestly for about three-quarters of an hour, had tired his audience and yet showed no sign of drawing his discourse to a close; indeed, he had just got past "secondly."

A number of the congregation had been sleeping for some time, but one brawny miner was wideawake and apparently in a state of great uneasiness.

After repeatedly looking at his watch and then at the preacher, the miner groped for his stick and hat and then proceeded to make his way out of the chapel.

The preacher just then had got warm and well into his subject. He had been advising his hearers to beware of the pitfalls by which they were surrounded. "Stop, sinner," he shouted. "Pause!"

"A' can't stop onny longer," exclaimed the miner, who had just got to the door. "Ye have preached well nigh an hour and if 'a stop our Poll will be kicking up a row when 'a gets whome."—London *Spare Moments.*

Blessing of Phrenology.

American Workman—The men in thot other factory has struck out av sympathy fur us.

Wife—An' how did yez get their sympathy so quick?

American Workingman—Sure, it was easy! We axed a phrenologist phwat par-r t of the head had the bump av sympathy—an' thin we wint at 'em wid clubs an' made th' bumps larger. —*Puck.*

He Sold Coal.

Wife—"I must go to the doctor; I fear I've got dropsy. I weigh 250 pounds."

Husband—"Where were you weighed?"

Wife—"On your coal scales."

Husband—"Then don't worry; your weight is normal."—*Truth.*

Wonderful!

"See, Mary, are not these flowers beautiful?"

"'Deed and they are, miss! Many a time have I seen just like 'em in bunnits! Ain't it wonderful how nat'ral the Lord can make things?"—Harlem *Life.*

Solitary Individual Who Expects to go to Heaven Alone.

The religious census of New South Wales, the results of which have just been published, contains a curious item. Among the one and a quarter million inhabitants of the colony there is 190 different creeds and sects. No less than fifty-nine religions have only one supporter apiece—a solitary individual who expects to go to heaven all alone, while all the rest of the nation falls with a thud into perdition.

A striking feature here is that in only six instances is the lonesome apostle a woman, and the six women who hold up six deserted creeds all by themselves appear to be mostly Scotch. Taking them all round, the religionists of New South Wales are a humorous gathering.

There are four "Calithumpians" among them, and one sad and friendless person who puts himself down as an "Admirer of Nature," on "Pessimist," and three who record themselves as "Unprejudiced."

There is one—only one—"Believer in Facts," and one "Brotherhood of Man" individual, with nobody in all the rest of the list to be a brother to him; also one "Moralist," one "No Christian," and a single "Seeker," one "Philosopher," one "Bellamyite," and—sad, unfriended, melancholy, slow, at the tail-end of the list—a dejected "Fatalist."

Also there is one "Open Brethren," which is a cheerful thing in a land where most of the brethren seem to be shut fast; and along with these fancy and comic believers there are a lot of sectarians who put themselves down as "Ecclesiastes vi," only, "Ephesians ii., 8," "Gathered Unto Me," "Nurtured in the Admonition of the Lord," "Hardshell Baptist," "Be Good," "Saints," and one tough individual who defines himself as "Experience."

The St. Clair Tunnel.

The actual length of the tunnel, from portal to portal, is 6,020 feet. Of this, 2,310 feet is under the river, 1,982 feet under dry ground on the Canada side, and 1,734 feet under dry ground on the United States side. The open excavation to reach the ground level on the Canadian side is 3,061 feet, and on the United States side 2,461 feet. The grade is one in fifty, except under the river, where it is practically level, only sufficient incline—one-tenth per cent—being given toward the Canadian side to provide for drainage. The depth of the lowest part under the mean level of the river is 77.83 feet. The minimum depth between the top of the tube and the bottom of the river is fifteen feet, the average being twenty-one feet. It was necessary to place it as far down as possible in the clay, consistent with the grade, so as to overcome the tendency of a tube filled with air to rise to the surface in water or mud. The bottom is about nine feet above the rock which underlies the clay. On the Canada side the bottom is sixty feet below the surface of the ground at the portal, on the United States side it is eight feet less. The bottom of the tunnel at its lowest point is 100 feet below the railway track on the level, which indicates the total ascent and descent which trains have to make in passing through. Ventilation is secured by the motion of the trains, which is found to be ample for the purpose.

The trains are drawn through the tunnel by powerful locomotives belonging to the tunnel company, specially built for the purpose. They take eighteen loaded cars at a trip.

The track in the tube is supported on solid brickwork. It was at first proposed to build the tunnel wide enough for two tracks, but it was found that two single-track tunnels would be cheaper, and one of them would sooner be available for traffic. Experience has proven that a second tunnel will not be required for a long time. The largest number of freight cars passed through in twenty-four hours during the two years the tunnel has been in use was 1,015, while 2,500 could be handled if occasion required. The average number is 700 in winter and 500 in summer. This is in addition to passenger trains.—J. Jones Bell in Popular Science Monthly.

One on the Sultan.

A capital, and vouched for as true, incident comes from St. Louis: A large operator and speculator of that city, using the banks largely in many of his bold operations, and whose account with one friendly bank had been often temporarily overdrawn, wanted $10,000 at once for a certain deal, his balance in bank at the time being less than $100. The cashier, wishing to tide over his friend's difficulty, suggested that he should draw upon some party, not too near to St. Louis, for the amount. Smith said he did not know whom to draw upon.

"Oh, any one," said the obliging cashier, "as long as the party is far enough away—that will give you time to turn around."

Smith did so, and drew at sight for $10,000 on the Sultan of Turkey. The draft was duly forwarded by the bank, reaching New York, from whence it was sent to a London correspondent. It then came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to their Constantinople branch, where it was duly presented for payment to the Sultan's chamberlain, the latter bringing it for acceptance to His Highness.

"Who is this 'John Smith?'" said the Sultan.

"Don't know," replied the chamberlain.

"Do we owe him anything?"

"No," replied the other.

"Then I'll not pay it," replied his high mightiness.

"One moment, if I might advise," said the astute counselor. "This draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are seeking a two million loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?"

"Pay it," said the Sultan, and it was paid, and no one was more astonished than John Smith, of St. Louis, and his quick-witted cashier.

IRELAND'S ANCIENT MONKS.

They Formed One of The Most Interesting of Old Religious Communities.

The ancient Irish monks raised from the soil all that was needful. Their corn was always ground in their own mills; they obtained milk, cheese and butter from their own herds; they kept their own sheep and made their own garments from the wool which they combed and spun themselves; they cut the turf and quarried the stone on their own lands; they made their own simple furniture and kitchen utensils. When they died they were buried without pomp or delay in the monastic habit, with the cowl drawn over the face. They were no burden to the community; food, clothing, shelter they provided for themselves—even the soil they tilled. The community afforded them protection, though it owed them everything.

They taught the children, developed the land, dried the swamps, irrigated the fields, felled the forests, bridged the rivers. They schooled the eye and the ear and the hand of the child, who learned from them the thousand mysteries of colors and sounds, and how to use the tools of the sculptor and the painter and the architect. They kept alive the respect for law in an age of general lawlessness, the memory of civil order and peace in the midst of anarchy, the reminiscences of Hellenic culture in a rough and barbarous society.

The handwriting in the ancient Irish books is marvellously beautiful. It is of two kinds, the unical and the cursive. The latter is a neat, firm, running hand, used for quick transcription and for books of common value. It is usually faultless and strikes the eye by the elegance and the delicacy of execution. In the former, which was used for the Scriptures and the mass books, the letters are larger, separate from one another, and the words neatly spaced. Every letter is a perfect study. There is a softness of contour and a symmetry about them which charm the eye. The swing of the strokes is regular, strong, unswerving, page after page, almost as perfect as the finest capital print, and infinitely more artistic. The lines are infallibly equidistant, the letters of even height, the shading alternately gentle and massive, but ever firm and distinct.

The eye rests on these stained parchment pages, the jetsam and flotsam from the shipwreck of an ancient and glorious literature, with infinite pleasure not unmixed with melancholy. They were no ordinary men who, day after day, wrote with that bold, steady sweep, but men of decision, of clear, positive convictions and nerves of steel. Their souls were of the same hardy temper as those who scoured the western seas in search of unknown lands, or those who swept up and over the breastworks of Fontenoy and Fredericksburg.

They were only a race of humble scholars, but they transformed the face of society, and they deserve the admiration and gratitude of all who believe that the spirit is greater than matter, man than the beast, the things of the immortal intellect above the perishable things of heart.—Donohue's Magazine.

Paper Carpets.

We have had a great variety of carpet materials, first and last, and a good many uses have been made of paper, but the two have never before been identified. Now, however, we are informed that carpets are being made of paper, and the following description of the process is made public:

The stock used must be of long fiber, in order to give strength to the paper. All such as are to be colored must be dyed in the pulp to obtain uniform color throughout. Colors must be fast.

Every lot of the same color must match to shade, as it cannot be changed when once done. The paper must be of uniform thickness throughout the width and length of the roll, for, though color may be right, coarse yarn will not shade alike. As the yarn is twisted on a ring frame, the utmost cleanliness must be observed not to stain the yarn with oil or dirty fingers, for, while unlike the other yarn, it is not cleansed, hence, if dirty, and is not discovered by subsequent handling, it goes into the carpet and to the consumer.

When rolls of cut paper are the desired height, the shaft is taken out, the knot removed and the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from the other by a knife for that purpose. After separation these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, when it is ready for the spinning frame, and it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops and is then ready for the loom.—Paper World.

"The Golden Rule."

It is not really known when this title was first applied to that familiar passage in the Bible found in Matthew vii., 12, viz.: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There is no mention made of the expression in the writings of the early fathers that would show a use of it in their day. There are some, though, who confound it with the "golden maxim" of Confucius. But this is evidently a mistake, for the Chinese sage, while dealing with somewhat the same idea, breathes into his maxim the spirit of selfishness, thus making it mere human philosophy. For instance, here is his passage: "What you would not wish done to yourself, that do not to others." It is generally agreed that the "Golden Rule" is an expression of comparatively modern date.

India's Wheat Crop.

India threatens a 250,000,000-bushel crop of wheat this season, against 230,000,000 bushels in 1893 and an average crop of 200,000,000 bushels for some years. In view of the very small stocks left from last year's crop, India is likely to occupy a way-back seat as an exporter this year.—Milling World.

NEARLY TEN MILLION MEN.

The Army From Which Uncle Sam May Draw Should Occasion Require.

An army of 9,000,000 men! How Napoleon's legions dwindle beside this, and the hosts which Grant, Sherman and Sheridan led shrink to pigmies, says the Boston Journal.

This enormous figure represents the number of able-bodied men in the United States available for military service. But of course no such swarm of fighters could ever be mobilized in this or any other country. It would overtax even American energy and resource to clothe and feed and arm them and maintain them in idleness. The figures have no practical military value, but as a suggestion of the mighty war potentialities of the young republic they are not without interest to the world.

But when we come to enumerate the men actually under arms in the United States as trained and disciplined soldiers we realize our present military significance. Besides the little regular army of 25,000 men there is a more or less thoroughly organized and equipped force of 112,190 men in the National Guard and militia. That is, only about one man in a hundred of those of our citizens liable to bear arms is regularly engaged in mastering the rudiments of the soldier's profession.

New York, as might be expected, has the largest military organization—737 officers and 12,073 men. Pennsylvania has 8,614 officers and men; Ohio 6,125. Then comes Massachusetts well up in the list with 5,966. Fiery South Carolina, with 5,440 officers and men, has an armed force out of all proportion to its wealth and population. The New England States outside Massachusetts have respectable little armies, ranging from Vermont's 784 to Connecticut's 2,761.

The Southern States have large militia organizations, as a whole; the Western States very small ones. But the National Guard is steadily growing everywhere in numbers as in efficiency. It is fulfilling in a satisfactory way its purpose of perpetuating a knowledge of military art, and it would be found to be a respectable nucleus for a host of volunteers to rally on in an emergency.

The Smuggled Garter.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet an incoming steamer from Europe, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable trouble would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady, and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to bring only two trunks. These were found, and an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the backs, and we started off. We went up town and made for a good restaurant. The interesting small talk of travelers filled in the time until we three were seated at a table and the order given for luncheon. The lady sat next to the wall.

"I suppose everything is all right, Jule?" asked my friend.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, smiling triumphantly.

"I promised to show this gentleman something," he said. "There's no danger that anybody will catch on, so, if you have no objection——"

He paused. She blushed furiously, and replied: "Well, I don't know that I care; but it's unusual."

Then she reached down toward the floor on the side next the wall, and of course I don't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it toward me, saying, "Open both hands, and be careful."

I did as she told me, and she laid upon my palms a garter fairly blazed with diamonds. I took one look, and whispered, "Smuggled?" She nodded vigorously, while her companion smiled approval, and remarked, "I shall keep that interesting piece of ribbon. It saves me several thousand dollars in duties."

"There's another like it," said the fair cousin, "but I guess I won't take that off." The other, of course, was on the side not next to the wall. "You have to get a cab now, for your curiosity," she added, "for that article was worn for use, as well as profit, and if I walk—well, it might come down, and that wouldn't be pleasant."

And after luncheon the happy smugglers went away in a cab.

A Petticoated Admiral.

The Queen of Greece is said to be the only "petticoated admiral" in Europe, and the title is not an empty one. The Queen passed the regular examination and is able to navigate both sailing vessels and steamships with the greatest ease.—Westminster Gazette.

Mosquito's Bill.

A mosquito's bill is an elaborative contrivance, and consists of two sharp saws and a lance enclosed in a sheath, which is also employed as a pump. The saws are bony, but flexible; and the teeth are near the end, which is pointed. The lance is perhaps the most perfect instrument known in the world of minute things. It is first thrust into the flesh, and the opening is enlarged by the saws, which play beside it until the sheath can be inserted. The sawing is what causes irritation when a mosquito is biting.

Saving Sugar.

When a sugar refinery wharf needs a new floor, the old one is not thrown away or sold to a junkdealer, but carted into the refinery and boiled. The planks are saturated with sugar, molasses and a variety of other things not usually deemed edible. The refinery process, however, separates the absorbed sugar from the impurities, and the refiners make a very handsome saving by boiling up the old floor.

PRESIDENT PERIER'S LEAD.

He Wears no Beard and All France Will Follow Him.

M. Casimer-Perier is already setting one fashion, at least, in Paris. Unlike most of his countrymen, and very much against the prevailing fashion in France, the President of the Republic wears no beard, but prefers a somewhat English-looking mustache. But another thing which does not meet with the hairdresser's manner of wearing his hair, for while the majority of Frenchmen "arrange" their hair a la brosse, which is a euphemistic way of saying that they wear it in short, upstanding bristles, M. Casimir-Perier wears his hair a little longer, again a l'Anglais, as his compatriots say.

Another peculiarity of the new President is his want of appreciation of "the weed." He never smokes at all, and if he is occasionally obliged to light a cigar in society, he gives a puff or two and then throws it away. This, say the oracles, will either lead to an increase or a decrease in the cigarette trade in France; for such is the imitative tendency in France that many men will either cease to smoke because the President is a non-smoker, or they will smoke a la President, and throw the cigarette away as soon as they have lit it, which would mean that men much addicted to cigarettes would use about 20 or 30 times as many as before.—Westminster Gazette.

The Washington Monument.

"A famous living sculptor of ours," declares Novelist F. Marion Crawford, "has given us his opinion in condemnation of the Washington Monument. To the present writer it seems not too much to say that in certain light the Obelisk is the most imposing simple object of great dimensions in the whole world. Go to it at evening, when the suset lights have faded and the full moon is rising. It is impossible not to see its beauty then. The enormous proportions are touched then with a profound mystery; the solidity of the symbol disappears, the greatness of the thought remains, the mending vastness of the idea is overwhelming. Block upon block, line by line it was built up with granite from many states, a union of many into one simple whole, a true symbol of what we Americans are trying to make of ourselves, of our country, and of our beliefs. Tehre is the solid foundation proved and tried, which we know of and trust in. There is the dark and shadowy present, through which the grand straight lines are felt rather than seen. And there, high in the still air, points the gleaming future, perfect in all points, lofty as all but heaven itself."

Tea Drinking.

The London Hospital has been sounding a note of alarm regarding the extent to which the habit of tea-drinking is indulged, no less a quantity than 207,055,679 pounds having been consumed in Great Britain last year. This paper states that "not only are we yielding, with all the weakness of an inebriate, to the diseases of nerve and stomach which excessive tea-drinking brings in its train," but, after instituting a comparison between teas of Chinese and Indian growth, it continues: "We drink more tea than our parents. We take it oftener, stronger and of coarser quality. The results are less obvious than those of alcoholic intoxication, but not less serious."

They Could See in the Dark.

"The 'moon-eyed boy' of Louisville," writes a correspondent, "is, as you say, a very rare example of abnormal vision, but it is not without precedent. There is a case recorded near Lyons in 1867, of a girl, who not only was unable to see in the daytime, but had to be kept in a dark room, so painful was the light to her eyes. She was taken out for exercise every night, and displayed a power of vision that was almost telescopic. She was able to distinguish moving figures on a road, when persons beside her with good sight could see nothing but the blackness of night. The ignorant French peasantry thought the child bewitched and an attempt was made to poison her. The parents became alarmed and fled to Paris, taking the girl with them. She was taken to a hospital, where she came into the notice of Dr. Pallie, the famous oculist, and he paid the parents for the privilege of lecturing on the phenomenon. The girl eventually died insane, but retained her power of seeing at night in the dark until the last moment.

"I knew of a moon-eyed man in Georgia during the war. He traded on his affliction and made a great deal of money out of the ignorant blacks. He believed he possessed some occult power."—New York Mail and Express.

Bismarck's Best Smoke.

"The value of a good cigar," said Prince Bismarck in conversation with some friends, "is best understood when it is the last you possess and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser guards his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockest and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay, I had still my cherished cigar. I lighted it for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

Not Over-Sensitive.

Willie—An' what did Clawence do when Bob Slugard kicked him?

Algy—He simply said: "Clwean men are not subject to switcism," and walked away.—Judge.

Berlin has 1,600 telephones.