

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

24TH YEAR-NO. 19.

FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

February

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

\$1.50 per annum-IN ADVANCE.

# Railroad Schedules, etc.

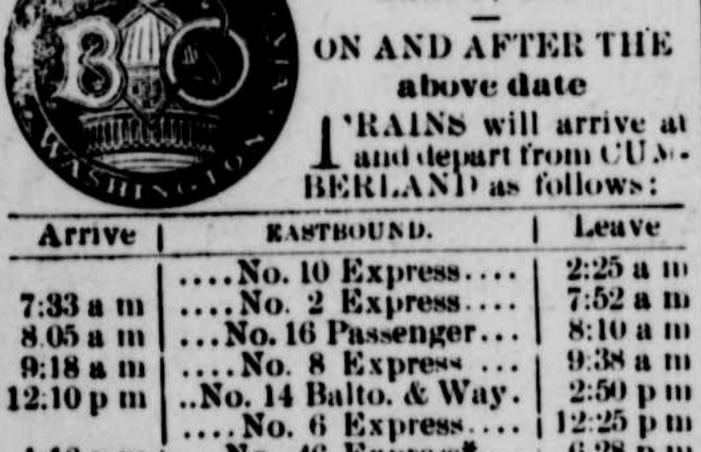
Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD. SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Static	ons. Westward.
Leave.	Arrive.
No. 5. No. 3. No. 1.	No. 2. No. 4. No. 6.
p. m. a. m. a. m. 6 15 11 53 6 08 Piedu 6 30 12 08 6 22 Bart 6 40 12 18 6 32 Lonaco 6 52 12 29 6 43 Midh 6 55 12 32 6 45 Oce 7 00 12 39 6 49 Borden 7 08 12 47 6 57 FROST 7 25 1 04 7 14 Moran 7 32 1 11 7 21 Mount 8 7 37 1 16 7 26 Barrel 7 39 1 18 7 28 Patter 7 45 1 24 7 33 Kreight 7 47 1 26 7 35 Mt. Sav 8 00 1 39 7 48 Cumbe p. m. p. m. a. m.	on 10 40 5 14 11 32 5 10 11 22 and 10 19 4 53 11 09 an 10 16 4 49 11 07 Shaft 10 10 4 44 11 02 BURG 10 02 4 36 10 54 town 9 44 4 19 10 36 Savage 9 40 4 15 10 25 11 ville 9 34 4 09 10 22 son's 9 32 4 07 10 20 aum's 9 27 4 02 10 15 'ge jun 9 25 4 00 10 13
Arrive.	Leave.

are sold by Agents to performance at theatre. leave Cumberland at close of performance. All trains stop at Hays street station, Cum-Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Satur-Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's und 6.

L. M. HAMILTON,

RAILROAD. Jan. 6, 1895.



	No. 10 Express	2:25 a m
7:33 a m	No. 2 Express	7:52 a m
8.05 a m	No. 16 Passenger	8:10 a m
9:18 a m	No. 8 Express	9:38 a m
12:10 p m	No. 14 Balto. & Way.	2:50 p m
12.10 p	No. 6 Express	12:25 p m
1:18 p m	No. 46 Express*	6.28 p m
CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF	No. 4 Express	11 30 p m
11:15 p m	No. 70 Agamaindation	
1:20 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:3 pm	No. 7 Express	12:45 p m
1:05 a m	No. 9 Express	
4:47 a m	No. 3 Express	5.00 a n.
****	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
9.21 a m	No 47 Express*	9.30 a m
	No. 13 Accom'odation	0.00 11 11
11:15 a m		
4:05 p m	No. 17 Passenger	4.05
	No. 15 Piedm't & Way	4:05 p m
3.50 p m	No. 5 Express	
7:44 p m	No. 1 Express	8:04 p m
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Pittsburg Division.

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Pittsburg and No 14 from Pittsburg to Cum- ance. berland. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way. Jan 12

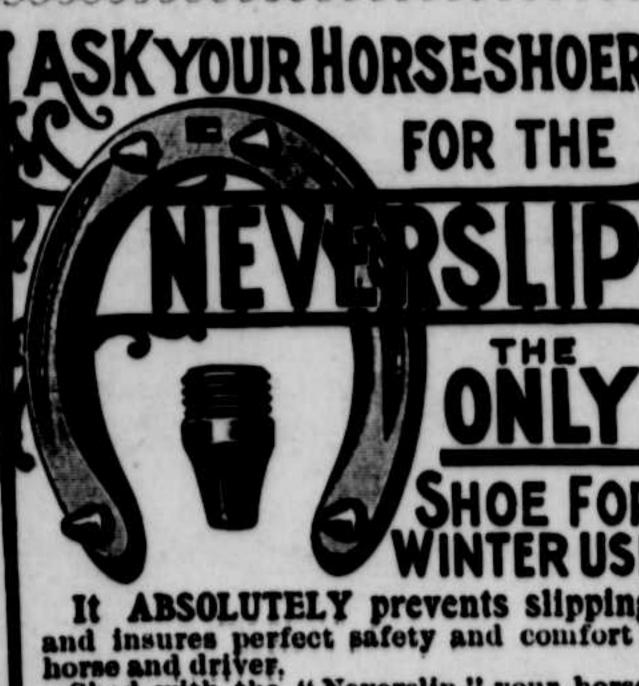
## GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAN RAILROAD.

All.Y, Sundays excepted, from Centia Distation, Cumberland. OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

		nberland	7:15 a m	
Arrive	at	Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	
4.		Midland	8:22 a m	2:37 p
**	**	Lonaconing .	8:30 a m	2:45 p
		RETURNING	TRAINS.	
Leave	Lo	naconing	10:30 a m	44:5 p
Arrive	at	Midland	10:39 a m	4:54 p
	**	Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p
		Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p

5:15 p. m. train at Vale Summit. JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



and insures perfect safety and comfort to horse and driver.

Shod with the "Neverslip," your horse's feet are always in good condition—kept so by not having to constantly remove the shoes for sharpening.

The CALKS are REMOVABLE,

Steel-Centered and SELF-SHARPENING When worn out new Calks can be easily in-serted without removing shoes, saving an immense amount of time usually lost at the On receipt of postal will mail free our de-scriptive circular containing prices of Calked Shoes, ready to be nailed on, for trial, offered this winter at very low prices.

FRANK C. BEALL,

FROSTBURG, MD., Sole Agent for Allegany and Garrett Oct 13

THAT IS NOT INSURED? I day or to-morrow before you dine. You want the risk taken, too, by a standard company, such as D. P. MILLER, of Cumberland. represents. Any policy is good until a fire occurs, but then it is you want a pledge of indemnity worth its tace in gold. Rates not quite as low as wildcat figures,

but the lowest consistent with certain and perfect indemnity in event of loss. Apply to J. B. ODER, Dec 14 JOURNAL Office, Frostburg, Md.

At the little dinner of three which Alec Bradford was giving I hadn't drunk more than three glasses of wine But I have been a temperate an throughout my life, and possibly ven this moderate indulgence made me nwontedly rash.

MY BET.

Perhaps my unstrung nerves had a ood deal to do with the matter as well. had fled from the home of a tyrannicstepfather here in New York about x years ago, when the merest boy, ust after my mother's death. Countss hardships had beset me since then, ut now I had gained in the far west t least a hopeful semblance of prospery. I had come back with only a single urpose—to fed my twin sister, Ruth mberley, and bring her to dwell out here in Kansas with myself and my eloved young wife.

Tearful, yet striving to smile through her tears, Clara had bidden me goodby. "It's dreadful to have you go alone, Frank," she faltered. "Still, you know, you owe it to your sister. You never wrote to tell her where you were for a long time after you'd driven your tent stakes here into Ashbyville."

"I know-I know, Clara. It was my jealousy, I suppose"-"Jealousy of a stepfather! And of such a shocking despot as you paint him too! And how could Ruth have run away with you as you proposed in your madly boyish fashion? And as for her not answering the letters you've written her since remorse has begun to prick Land depart from CUM- you-why, there isn't a doubt that she never received them. Her stepfather's

> used to live, or it may be that he's died "That Ruth's dead, too," I broke in dismally, "or driven out into the bitter world by that same brute who drove

probably moved away from where he

me there!" I was destined to learn on my arrival in New York that my stepfather had died over two years ago. Concerning Ruth no one could tell me. Our former home held new tenants. I made countless inquiries and even put advertisements into newspapers. My stepfather had left all his money, I discovered (no great sum either), to certain relations in Baltimore. These, answering my letters regarding the whereabouts of Ruth, could only tell me that she had left her stepfather a good while before his death, and that they believed some kind of

quarrel had caused the separation. "Some kind of quarrel!" I forlornly mused. "Oh, how horrible to think that the sister I once so dearly cherished may be in want and suffering! But of one thing I am certain. Ruth could never go wrong, no matter what hateful crisis overtook her. She was and will always stay purity and refinement to her finger tips. Our dear dead mother taught her that and gave it to her as well as the strange and sweet sanctity of inherit-

I wrote to my wife several sad letters, and one was so desperately repentant in its tenor that she answered it with a kind of sweet savagery.

"How dare you say, Frank, that you feel as if you had killed Ruth?" ran her response. "If you want to make my loneliness, which I am trying to bear as bravely as I can, still more distressing to me, you will not write again in a mood both so morbid and so absurd." That evening, when I dined at the Brunswick with Alec Bradford and John Hathaway, two friends whom had made in the west, and who were i New York for commercial reasons, far different from my own, I felt far more wretchedly hopeless than I cared to re-

At the end of dinner, while we were drinking our coffee and smoking our my head. cigars, Bradford advanced his little theory, born of some converse we had held about the wickedness and depravity

of "darker New York." "I believe I could do inst what you say I can't," came my words after a little flurry of discussion. John Hathaway was rather flushed

with champagne. He knocked his fist against the table and said, merrily, yet seriously "Make him take your bet, then, Alec.

We'll all go 'slumming' together, as "The bet," I said, "gives me big odds. Ten dollars from myself to \$100 from Alec that nothing will happen to

us if I go with both of you wherever you shall direct and in each place make it known that I carry on my person the sum of \$5,000!" "Never mind," laughed Bradford in his breezy, staccato way. "I'll stick to

my bet," He turned to Hathaway. "Jack, you'll hold the stakes?" "Oh, yes," came Jack's reply. "We may all get ourselves murdered, so I propose to raise my courage with a

brandy and soda." While the waiter obeyed his orders Hathaway received my \$10 and Alec's \$100. Then two little paper rolls were constructed, each ensheathed in a greenback. These I was to carry in either inner breast pocket. The season was June, and the night a bland one; hence neither of us wore an overcoat. When counties, Md., and Mineral county, West Va. all was arranged, I resumed my argument about the safety of going unprotected into quarters of the lowest classes. But I did not tell why there had lately come upon me this boldness and security. I did not choose openly to avow that in seeking my poor lost sister

"everywhere" I had not neglected haunts of poverty and sorrow. Of course it was all a mad kind of venture. If Bradford and Hathaway had not both been in that devil may care mood which sometimes comes to visitors in a great city after dining rather too well, I would readily enough have thrown our whole plan to the

winds. But presently we had entered a cab, and in half an hour or so we were over in the east side of the town, among streets many of whose names I had scarcely heard. Then we dismissed our cab and went into a horrid flaring den of a place, with electrics in its windows and pictures of huge "schooners" from which the tawny beer prodigally over-

"Take nothing but seltzer water," I whispered to Bradford, but he laughingly refused and called for three glasses of

"Now begin," he rejoined, and in his twinkling eyes I read hints of in-

ebriety by no means pleasant. "Come," I said, while we were all three sipping our beer in presence of a great, blond, moon faced barkeeper and watched by a group of shabby loungers, "it's very plain, Bradford, that this whole scheme has been idiotic."

"Aha!" giggled Alec, "you're backing out! I thought you would!" He called for three more glasses of beer, having drank his own, and the barkeeper, with great alacrity, whisked all the glasses away and supplied us with

Hathaway slipped in between Bradford and myself. "Yes, Alec," he anxiously whispered, "Frank is backing out, and very sensibly. The idea of three sane men like ourselves attempting this bravado game of silliness in five different places! We might regret it all our lives. Come, now, let's go up town and call the bet off." But Bradford tossed his head stub-

even in limited supply, had the ugly trick of demoralizing him. "Not a bit of it," he muttered. "The bet isn't off at all. Frank Amberley's got to begin." Then he loudened his voice so it could be heard in every corner of the big, vulgar gilded tavern. "How much money, Frank, did you say

bornly. He was the best fellow in the

world at ordinary times, but drink,

you had about you tonight?" "Alec," pleaded Hathaway's low voice, "look at that gang of rowdies over there! We'd best all concede that we've behaved like fools. Do pull yourself together, old fellow, and"-"How much, Frank?" cried Bradford,

with an obstinate smile and a saucy shoulder shrug. Something in his tones challenged my reckless anger. I spoke as loudly as he did and at once began to act out my

prearranged part. "Five thousand dollars," I said. Then from one pocket I drew one roll of sham bank notes and from another the "Twenty-five hundred dollars in each of those little packages!" Here I lifted them both and gave to each a little ostentatious flourish. Then I replaced them, adding, still in tones clear and high, "It makes me feel kind of nervous, but still I don't doubt I'll

get home all right." "Oh, Jack and I will see you safely home!" cried Bradford, with a glance across his shoulder at the listening group of loafers.

Just then something touched my arm. A young woman, who must have en tered the place but a few minutes ago, stood at my side. Some trick of the garish light left her face in partial shadow, but I could see that it was very pale and hollow cheeked as if from

"Oh, sir!" she said to me in a trembling voice, "if you've got all that money, perhaps you'll spare me just a few coins! I've never (I swear it to you) been in such a place as this before. But I was so sick that I lost my chance of work in the big shirt factory not far off, and tonight my landlady has turned me into the streets, and, oh, sir''-"Frank, what's the matter?" flew

from Alec Bradford's lips as he saw me reel a little and put my hand dizzily to "Good God, Ruth! It's you!"

I caught her to my breast and showcred kisses on her poor wasted face. My two friends got us a carriage before long. I learned afterward that Ruth behaved like the strong, brave little creature she had always been, though the tears streamed down her shrunken cheeks, but that I babbled in the silliest way and narrowly escaped being dragged to prison as a disorderly

Ruth is at home with Clara and myself now, and we are both very happy in her company, though the return of healthful bloom to her cheeks often makes us believe that one admirer out of a half dozen whom we know may

soon partially rob us of her. Bradford would never accept my money, but insisted on calling the bet And, by the way, as he lives not far from our Kansas town, and accompanied me with my sister back into the west, I should not be greatly surprised if-

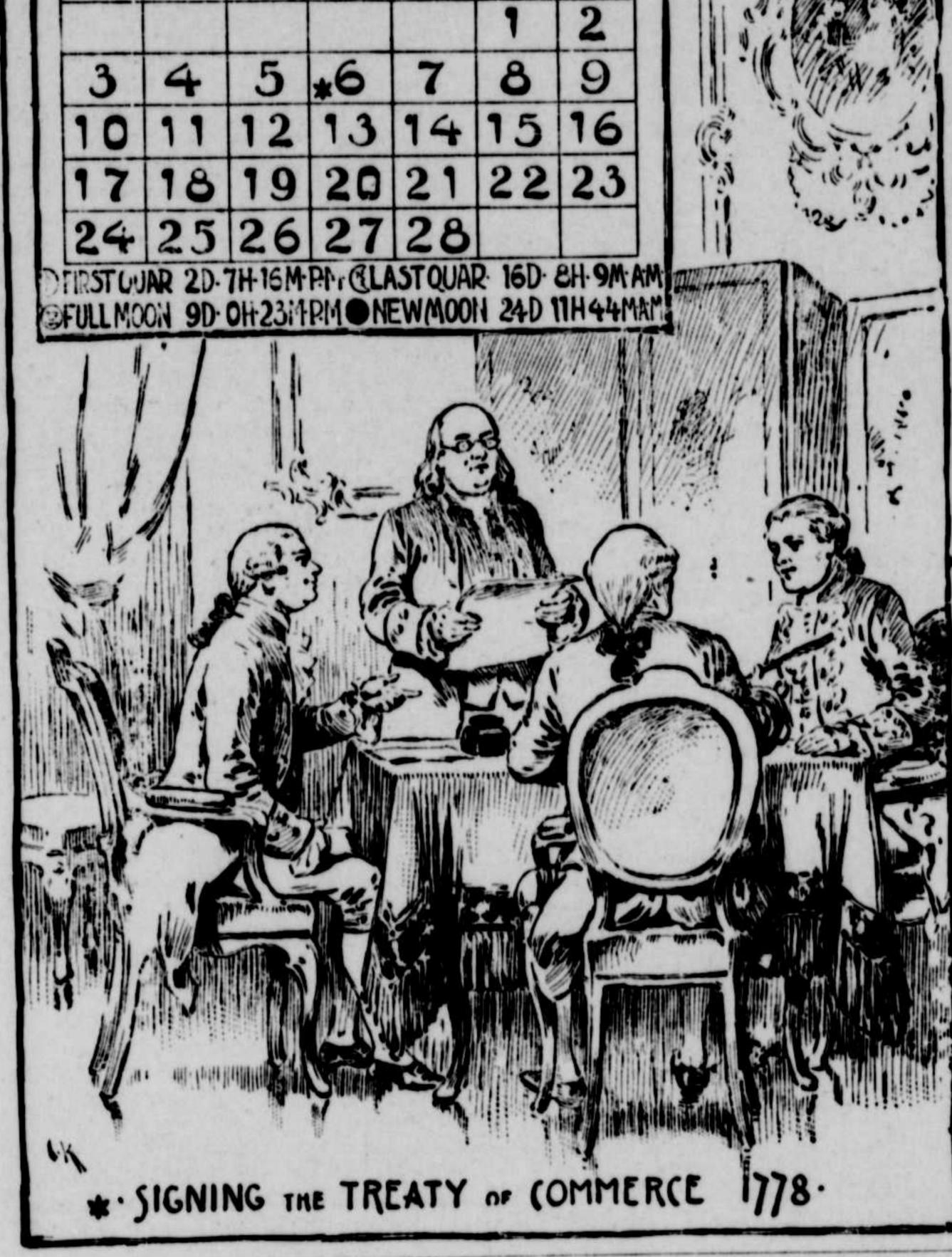
But perhaps, as their mutual affairs are still quite unsettled, sister Ruth might object to further details on that rather delicate point. - Edgar Fawcett

The Onion.

Treat the onion coarsely, writes Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, and he will be coarse with you in turn, but handle him with tact, with consideration, as if you loved him, and you will be repaid a thousandfold. With neither garlio nor saffron nor the onion where would be the glories of southern France, the bouillabaisse and the brandade?

In England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy their relative numbers (per 1,000 women and 1,000 men) are 136 and 60, in France 130 and 73, in Germany 130.5 and 50, in Australia 121 and 44.

Neversink, the name of a New York river, is a corruption of Ne-wa-sink, an Indian word meaning "Mad river."



WHAT THE MOON SAW.

A little blue eyed innocent Out in the yards at play Had chased, without a thought of wrong,

A mother hen away. Her father spoke in earnest tones, And grave the words he said, While she, sad for her thoughtlessness, Went to her little bed.

Again at night she sought the yards, Fearless of ghosts or owis, Where, upon parch or nest or tree,

Slumbered the precious fowls. When they with terrifying noise Flew out an lo?, all wild,

The moster sought to know the cause And met his panting & ld. Father, I came to kiss the hen," She said in her sweet way, And teli her I was sorry 'cause

I scared her yesterday. The father clasped her in his arms In happiest embrace. "And I, too," said the gentle moon, "I kissed the dear, sweet face." -Agnes E. Mitchel

KEEP A STIFF LOWER LIP.

It Is the Telltale One, and the Upper Li

Can Take Care of Itself. "I can't understand," said a young lady of observation, "why you men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase, 'Keep a stiff upper lip.' You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose

and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two. It is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a mustache-I refer, of course, to the male upper lip-and conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese joss, it's a harmless creature and can be safely let

"It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controlled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support, by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in this same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him, and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply, I mean feels sorrow, not affects it, it is in the tremulousness of the under that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The pout begins in the lower lip and is really confined to it, for the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't pout with your upper

"In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expressionful character of the lip goes it is as if you had lost a feature. "If you want to keep back a smile,

it's the lower lip that you must look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of downfall. It is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it. And let me tell you something, please, for the benefit of my sisters who have not had the advan-1 mean the experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thickly that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say goodby. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man."-New York

Some of the Evils of Tight Shoes and How to Cure Them.

A man who has made the human foot an object of research and study declares that short stockings are very nearly as injurious as short shoes. Hose of insufficient length press the knuckles of the toes upward, and when the shoe forces them down the natural result is a painful excrescence that vulgar folks desig-

nate as a corn. "But surely you don't consider an ill fitting stocking the cause of bunions, do

you?" I inquired. "One of them," he replied. "Corns are the result of pressure. You see, the blood is forced from the sebaceous glands; therefore an excessive or unnatural quantity of oil is thrown off. This diseases the blood, and the oil forces its way to the surface of the toe. As it reaches the cuticle it evaporates, leaving the top layer hard. Layer upon layer of oil forms downward and deepens until it presses on the nerves. Corns have no roots. That idea is fallacious. But they cannot be cured until an in strument goes beneath all those layers of diseased oil and removes them.

soft corn is more easily treated and is largely the result of acid in the blood. "After a corn has been removed fine out literally where the shoe pinches, then bathe the feet in cold water every morning upon arising and rub the part

with prepared chalk." My informant added that for dry feet always use ice cold water; for moist feet inclined to perspire freely, the water as hot as the skin can stand it, and bathe just before retiring. If the feet swell after much walking, put a little vinegar in the hot water; if they ache, use a few drops of ammonia or borax. Rest the feet often. To do this change

the shoes as frequently as possible. Even from an old to a new shoe is a rest The muscles of the foot tire of one position, no matter how easy the leather or last may be. Four or five times day, if it is convenient, are none too often to take this trouble, and its benefits are astonishing. Ingrowing nails are the result of the

corners being cut too close, allowing the And I can always tell if a man is lying shoe to press against them. This again requires skilled treatment. The pedicure's patronage is becoming as extensive as that of the manicure, for, apart from the treatment of painful excrescences, beautifying the foot is greatly of death. in vogue. Preparations to whiten the skin are in use, and all the art of the manicure is called upon to assist that of the pedicure. Some society women can now present as well kept foot as hand, the nails rounded and polished with equal daintiness. - New York Recorder. The "Wandering Stones."

Near the little village of San Jose, Peru, on the shores of the great lake of Titicaca, the most lofty lake in the whole known world, are three pillars of stone of unequal height. On one of these huge blocks the rude features of a human being have been cut, and the other two are covered with designs of various kinds, all believed to have some mysterious reference to sun worship. Who the engraver of these monoliths was or at what age of the world the engraving was done is not known, but it is highly probable that it was done long before the Americas had ever been seen by any white men. The stones are so large as to preclude the idea of their having been erected by human beings, the best explanation being that they were deposited by glaciers where they stand. That the natives have some legend to this effect is proved by the fact that they call them "wandering stones."-St. Louis

But Perhaps He Does.

A Chicago photographer has eloped with another man's wife. He can hardly expect the abandoned husband to look pleasant. - Washington Post.

RUN TO EARTH.

How the Great Detectives Easily Seize Upon the Evildoers. "Officer Sleuth," said the great chief of the western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?" Sleuth-Arrested a woman and locked

"Ah, good. Any clews?" "Took a file of officers in and told her

her husband had given the whole thing "Ah, ha! Did she show any confu-

"Yes, indeed. Said she was confused to know what he gave away, whom he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it"-"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had only \$4 in her pocket, but if we wanted that''-"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business." "Was he startled?" "Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away"-

"Was he confused?" "Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stingy to give any-

thing away."
"Well?" "We told him she had confessed that be murdered the man"-"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess "Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pigheaded lot of idiots be had ever "And you learned nothing from either

about the murder?" "Nothing." "Not the faintest clew?" "Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you doing now?" "We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion." "Good! Keep a close watch on them.

We are on the right track. Make them confess if possible." And the sun, piercing the shadows of the prairie bunch grass, was not more

vigilant than was the march of Sleuth, -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER DISTINCTION. It Is That of a Man Who Was Once Swal-

lowed by an Alligator. Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Rowland owes his

When a boy, his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found in

any place else in Florida. At the time mentioned, it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over 15 feet in

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. Johns river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge gator emerged from small lake and started toward a creek, coming immediately past the place where the boy was seated on the bank, kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling fell head first im mediately in front of the reptile, which

swallowed him at once. Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball, fortunately, striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the ther succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles. -Rome Hustler.

Eye Treatment of Epilepsy. Scarcely any discovery of modern medical science is more valuable than that treatment of the eye may lead to the cure of epilepsy. In the New York Medical Journal Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney gives full details of the treatment of the eye which he has adopted with 25 patients. The correction of the eye nuscles has led to the cessation of the epileptic seizures. Most of these patients had been drugged with bromides for years without any cure. Some of the cases treated were of long standing. One patient had suffered for 24 years from epilepsy. Seven years have now passed since his eyes were treated, and he has had no return. Another patient had such violent paroxysms that he had to be confined in a padded room while they lasted. He is now cured. A third has been in perfect health and a partner in a large business for three years.

Comical Names of Great Men. Calderon de la Barca has quite an imposing sound, yet literally translated it reads Ship's Copper; Torquato Tasso means Chained Badger; Dante stands for Stag's Hide; Giovanni Boccaccio, Jack Bigmouth; Bramante, the famous architect, despite his melodious appellation, appears in the character of a Whiner, and Max Piccolomini is noth-

"WHAT IT ALL MEANS." Each eve she meets me at the gate. Her brow has roses on it, And for one kiss she gives me eight.

(That means a summer bonnet.)

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,215.

The table has upon it, And "Dear, try this, and this," she cries. (That means a summer bonnet.)

Each dish that most delights my eyes

My slippers always are in sight.

My smoking cap, I don it.

She strckes my hair, "You're tired to (That means a summer bonnet.)

Buch kind attentions! Never saw The like! Heaven's blessing on it! God bless both wife and mother-in-law. (That means a summer bonnet.) -Ethel Kerr in Home and Country.

WHERE TEAK WOOD GROWS.

The Coming of the White Man Meant a Nation's Fall. In the heart of untrodden jungles, on thick wooded hillsides, leaning over the brinks of precipices, where tropical creepers twist like snakes choking the life out of younger growths, where orchids flaunt aloft and strange vines bloom, there the teak wood grows. Against its corrugated bark tigers and leopards sharpen their claws, and under

its thick shade strange beasts rest by That atom of animate destruction, the white ant, has passed it by. Other growths have reared their heads out of the jungle around it, have grown, have lived their day, died and rotted back to the roots which supplied them with life. In comparison man has been a midget, a mote in the sun, hunting his fellow animals with flint headed arrows and stone axes, flitting, passing, gone, but the great oaks have grown, have spread their arms benignantly over the dust of tiny shapes beneath, and planted in dignity have stood as emblems of strength and power in meditations lasting one, two, three, five and six hundred years. They have secreted the units of time in their hearts as a maiden hides the thoughts of her first love. Days have come as thick as the snows that fall on Kunchinjunga or as the waves crowding one another to the shores of the Bengal sea. And then, as if to give color to the superstition of the hill man long since gone with his tribe to the land where shadows fall deeper than those cast by the teak tree in the jungle, out of these emblems of strength has grown a weakness that has overthrown

a nation. The first oak of Burma to be felled by a white man was symbolic of the nation's fall, and when the visitor to Mandalay is shown the king's palace and reads the inscription on one side of a bungalowlike veranda, "King Thebaw sat in this opening with his two queens and the queen mother when he gave himself up to General Prendergast on the 30th day of November, 1885," if he cares to continue the fancy, he will notice that on each side of this opening the oaken carvings are broken and defaced, as if the events which changed a dynasty had leaned upon the teak wood and it had fallen beneath the

weight. - Century. THE CITY OF NIZAM.

Where Turk, Hindoo and Afghan Jostle the Mohammedan and Hadji. In the densely thronged streets of Nizam the scantily clad negro, with a scarlet "tarboosh" perched on his woolly

locks, jostles the dignified Mohammedan, true lord of the soil, in snowy turban and flowing robes; the long haired, eagle featured Afghan strides alongside of the fanatical Hadji, whose green headgear shows that he has accomplished the sacred pilgrimage to distant Mecca, and martial Rajputs dash past on fiery chargers, dispersing a gossiping group of Sidis leaning like ebony statues against the marble basin of the great fountain which faces the Char Minar. A devout son of the prophet laves his

face in the silver spray before spreading out his prayer carpet for the noonday orisons, as the turbaned head of the muezzin appears on the gallery of every minaret, and the cry "La Allah il Allah" rings across the city. A Robilla chieftain, with a jeweled dagger thrust through a dark blue caftan, swings the heavy blunderbuss described in native parlance as "the tiger's child" and pushes aside a barbaric looking Pathan, with a leather shield, apparently sported as the insignia of full dress, like a sword in a ballroom.

Olive skinned Hindoos glide stealthily through the crowd, as though shrinking from contact with the motley assemblage. Solemn Turks sit cross legged beside their coffee stalls, and keen faced Parsees, with sloping oilskin hats, are engrossed with the arithmeticalcalculations so successfully mastered by these astute descendants of the aucient Persians, in their modern charac-

ter of "the Jews of India." A few Parsee ladies, with silken "saris" of cherry color lilae or apple green, thrown back from white headbands inscribed with sacred texts, drive through the bazaars, but the absence of women from the crowded thoroughfares results from the cloistered seclusion of the "purdah," which imprisons the majority of the fair sex. -All the Year

Who Made This Neat Puzzle? We should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle and

- old woman with - intent Put on her — and to market went.

"\_\_," said she, "give me, I pray, The wherewithal to - this day." Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters, and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi" and "live." We repeat that we are curious to learn the name of the author of this ingenious anagram puzzle.—Chicago