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24TH YEAR—NO. 32. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,228.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Jan. 6, 1895.

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

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....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
	....No. 6 Express....	12:25 p m
6:18 p m	...No. 46 Express*...	6:28 p m
11:15 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 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....	
4:47 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:00 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
9:21 a m	No. 47 Express*	9:30 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:05 p m	...No. 17 Passenger..	
	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

*Daily except Monday.

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
" 6—Limited " ..12:20 p m
" 14—Mail " ..12:50 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:40 p m

46 and 47 still carry passengers.
No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 14 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. Nos. 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Agent.
Jan 12

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	Stations.	a. m.	p. m.	Westward. Arrive. p. m.
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
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 23
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	Kreighaum's	9 27	4 02	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 35	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 25	4 00	10 13
8 00	1 39	7 48	Cumberland	9 15	3 50	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

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

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

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

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

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.
Jan 12

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.

MOMENTS OF LEISURE.

MAKING BREAD is hard work—so hard, in fact, that all bakers employ men to do it. Yet there are hundreds of women who perform all this labor themselves. They forego many pleasures and "never have a moment to sit down."

They have an idea that to bake their own bread means economy, but here never was a bigger mistake.

Housewives who buy Bread of me not only save a little on each loaf, but they have moments of leisure like the lady in the above picture.

And get far better Bread.

☞ If you don't believe this, try my Bread for just one week.

R. E. BOYNS,

2 doors west of Shannon's store.
March 23

Salesmen Wanted

TO sell Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars. Salary or commission. Good side line. Samples free. Address LANDIS & CO.,
March 16 Shippensburg, Pa.

Store to Rent.

STORE and DWELLING of 5 ROOMS Best location for business in Frostburg Suitable for Barber Shop, etc., etc. Apply to JOSEPH BEAR,
Feb 16 Frostburg, Md.

A SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the flitting through the trees,
And the music of the voices that come upon the breeze!
Oh, the singing and the winging of the birds that come and go,
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro!

Oh, the ferns and mossy carpets, and the waters dark and cool
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unsullied pool!"
Oh, the trilling of the songsters
From the branches and the grass,
And the glancing of the sunlight
On the waters as we pass!

Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the waters clear,
And the singing of the thrushes, and the other songs we hear!
Oh, the boating and the floating on the waters of the lake,
And the ripples and the shadows that go dancing from our wake!
Oh, the breezy days of pleasure, and the pleasant nights to dream,
When the stars look down and twinkle, and the winged lanterns gleam!
Oh, the summers in the country,
Where the songsters nest and sing,
And the pleasure without measure
That the woods and waters bring!

—Frank H. Sweet in Donahoe's Magazine.

MARIE.

During the "reign of terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two women. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young, certainly not more than 16 or 18 years of age.

The other woman was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her, but any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

The first woman watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The woman in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd, but they did so at length, and then the first woman asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh, I'm called the beggar girl Marie!"

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street and then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other woman could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes, everybody knows Marie, the beggar girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you.

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you 1,000 francs, and when I come back I will give you 1,000 more. As security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me?"

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that won't be very difficult. Your hair and eyes and even your mouth are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie, the beggar girl of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but these laughs sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch!"

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this moment the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast, and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps.

Grasping her brother by the hand, she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die!"

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother?" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Marie; don't you know me?"

"The beggar girl?"

"Aye."

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face, and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him."

"Does Marie speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat, perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper and asked of her:

"Have you seen the woman before?"

"Yes, I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad."

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so, they both sought secure quarters after rewarding the beggar girl, as had been promised.

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan; he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so it was a deed of mercy and the only one that man ever did."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly imperiled her own life to save him by representing the beggar girl of Paris.—Pleasant Hours.

★ CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA 1775 ★

Hungry Pike.

One of my sons, aged 15, went with three other boys to bathe in Inglemere pond, near the Ascot race course. He walked into the water to about the depth of four feet, when he spread out his hands to attempt to swim.

At that instant a large fish came up and took his whole hand into its mouth, but finding itself unable to swallow it relinquished its hold, and the boy, turning round, prepared for a hasty retreat. His companions, who saw the fish, scrambled out of the pond as fast as possible.

My son had scarcely turned around before the fish came up behind him, and seizing his other hand crosswise inflicted some very deep wounds on the back of it. The boy raised his free hand, which was still bleeding, and struck the great fish a hard blow on the head, when it disappeared. The other boys assisted my son to dress, bound up his hand with their handkerchiefs and brought him home.

We took him to the surgeon, who dressed seven wounds in one hand, and so great was the pain the next day that the lad fainted twice. The little finger was bitten through the nail, and it was more than six weeks before it was well. The nail came off, and the scar remains to this day.—Fishing.

Regardless of Punctuation.

The boy who sells the cheap songbooks in front of the variety theater is a wonder in his way. He talks at lightning speed and mixes the titles beautifully. Here is what you hear him say as the crowd is pouring out: "Take 'em along the songbooks here the latest and most popular songs the day all the songs sung in the show her golden hair was hanging down her back the fatal wedding Mollie Newell and Maggie Mooney I don't want to play in your yard if you won't be good to me O Mrs. O'Flaherty you sat down upon me hat still the dance goes on she's my sweetheart we kept it up till Sunday morning they're all the songs sung in the show words and music remember and there a dime 10 cents still his whiskers grew hit 'im again they're 10 cents."—Chicago Record.

Our Debt to Europe.

"Is it true," I asked a great thinker, "that England alone holds $2,500,000,000 of United States securities, bearing interest, including exchange, of 6 per cent payable in gold?"

"Yes, according to the public statements of London statisticians. The secretary of the treasury says there is no public record in this country showing the amount of foreign investments. We must therefore go to Europe to learn not only how much we are in debt to Great Britain, but that at least $500,000,000 additional of United States investments are held in France and Germany. This makes a total in three countries of $3,000,000,000, imposing an interest charge, including exchanges, of $180,000,000 per annum. A nice state of serfdom, isn't it?"—Kate Field's Washington.

Very Severe on Him.

Gus de Smith—Ah, Miss Birdie, I weally fear I fatigue you.

Birdie McGinnis—I would not be so rude, Mr. de Smith, as to contradict you.—Tammany Times.

The first watches, made at Nuremberg and called "Nuremberg eggs," commanded nearly $500.

An onyx seal ring, belonging to an ancient Athenian, was lately dug up near Athens.

SECRETS OF THE HEART.

Deep down 'neath the bosom of the ocean,
Unsounded by plummet or line,
At peace from the storm and commotion
That rages o'er its billows of brine,
There are secrets that time shall not fathom,
There are jewels unknown to earth's mart.
As deep, as true and as precious
Is the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

—Jessie Bartlett Davis.

SAWDUST VALUABLE.

Modern Discovery For the Utilization of a Heretofore Useless Offal.

One of the methods whereby profit has been made from sawdust is the manufacture from it of oxalic acid, which is a simple process, producing a material in wide commercial demand in the art of dyeing and other chemical arts. As intimated, the process is not only simple, but the outfit for conducting it does not involve a large investment. The principles involved are not complicated, and the process can be carried out by cheap labor under the superintendence of a fairly intelligent director.

Oxalic acid is frequently met with in the vegetable kingdom, especially in combination with gases which destroy its poisonous character. Oxalate of lime is found in considerable quantity in the rhubarb plant. Oxalate of potash is found in the sorrel, and oxalate of soda in salicornia and sal soda. Formerly the acid was obtained from the sorrel, Oxalis acetosella, but more recently from sugar by the action of nitric acid upon it. The nitric acid and sugar are boiled for some time, then evaporated to dryness, and the oxalic acid formed is purified by crystallization from water. A much cheaper material than sugar is sawdust. In this case an alkali must be employed instead of an acid, as well as at a higher temperature. The operation is conducted in an iron vessel of suitable size and shape, and either caustic soda or potash is employed, the yield being greater with the latter.

Some recent experiments made go to prove that a mixture of 40 parts of caustic potash to 60 parts of caustic soda will produce as large a yield as when potash alone is used, provided the operation be performed in shallow vessels with thin layers of the material, avoiding as far as possible the fusing of the mass. Soft woods, such as pine and fir, produce larger quantities of oxalic acid than hard wood like oak. The proportion of the wood to alkali should not exceed 75 to 100, and the temperature should be about 480 degrees F.—Philadelphia Press.

Might or Right.

I have often asked my radical friends what is to be done if, out of every hundred enlightened voters, two-thirds will give their votes one way, but are afraid to fight, and the remaining third will not only vote, but will fight, too, if the poll goes against them. Which has, then, the right to rule? I can tell them which will rule. The brave and resolute minority will rule. Plato says that if one man was stronger than all the rest of mankind he would rule all the rest of mankind. It must be so, because there is no appeal. The majority must be prepared to assert their divine right with their right hands, or it will go the way other divine rights have gone before.

I will not believe the world to have been so ill constructed that there are rights which cannot be enforced. It appears to me that the true right to rule in any nation lies with those who are best and bravest, whether their numbers are large or small, and three centuries ago the best and bravest part of this English nation had determined, though they were but a third of it, that pope and Spaniard should be no masters of theirs.—Froude in Longman's Magazine.

No Cash.

"Why so glum?" asked his friend. "Aren't you doing a roaring business?"

"Yes, I am," admitted the basso, "but it is all on notes."

SPEED ON RAILWAYS.

THE FLIERS ON AMERICAN, GERMAN AND ENGLISH LINES.

Curves and Grade Crossings the Great Drawbacks In This Country—Limited Trains Do Not Pay Expenses, but They Benefit the Service In Other Ways.

The writer broached the subject of fast trains recently to one of the shrewdest civil engineers employed on one of the roads entering Washington. This employee has made railroading a life study, has inspected the railroads of Europe and speaks by the card. He said:

"If our railroads could spare the money to elevate their tracks in cities and at crossings, to say nothing of completing the work of straightening out curves, now going on, I, for one, will predict that we can make an average of 50 miles an hour between New York and Chicago. I say this with the Alleghany mountains almost staring me in the face. We might lose time going up that range, but engineers, as a rule, like to coast, and wouldn't they slide down the other side with a roadbed minus curves and grade crossings! In the matter of cost in making improvements, few people are aware of the expense attached thereto. In round numbers our road 'blew' in fully $5,000,000 in the latter part of 1892 and the beginning of 1893. That was before the financial depression set in. We are now resting on our oars. We cut one curve over a mile long, and the work cost us fully $500,000. Other roads have been doing likewise, and with the return of a prosperous period we will surprise the world, and especially the English, with the average speed our trains will attain.

"Many people will be surprised to learn that Germany and not this country or England furnishes the fastest train in the world. The United States comes second and England third. The German train runs from Berlin to Hamburg, a distance of 178 miles, in 204 minutes, an average outside speed—that is, not counting stops, of over 52 miles an hour. The Empire State express on the New York Central road runs from New York to Buffalo, a distance of 440 miles, in 520 minutes, and its outside speed average is nearly 51 miles an hour. The fastest English train, that comes third on the list, is called the 'west coast flier' and runs from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 400 miles, at an average outside speed of 50 miles an hour.

"The farther we go west the slower the train service becomes, a thing not looked for on account of the miles and miles of track traversing prairie land. The Burlington road's best train averages about 36 miles an hour. That on the Milwaukee road, the limited, can only reach an average of 34 miles an hour. The Denver limited, on the Northwestern road, has to hustle to score an average gait of 29 miles an hour.

"Very few of the fast limited trains in this country pay for the expense of running them, and it is an open secret that the limited between this city and New York, the limited between New York and Chicago and the Empire State express between New York and Buffalo and the Chicago limited on the New York Central road cost their respective roads a good deal more than they bring in, but they are great advertisers for their respective roads.

"The advantages of fast train service on well built and well equipped railroads are not confined to the carrying of passengers swiftly from one point to another. They are felt all through the operating department of a road and exercise an important disciplinary influence. The running of such extraordinary fast trains as the Congressional limited and the Empire State express has had a wonderful effect in increasing the vigilance and efficiency of all the trainhands. The schedules on which such trains are run require the most arbitrary enforcement, and they consequently keep the men all along the line traversed constantly on the alert. Each man is made to feel his full share of the burden of responsibility, and the never ceasing admonition to 'watch for the flier' reduces to a minimum personal inclinations to be slack or neglectful. The telegraph operators have a suspension of 30 days staring them in the face for the slightest delay to the limited, and similar penalties are imposed on other employees.

"Besides this stimulus to duty the fast trains serve as an incentive to the men to strive for promotion. Conductors, engineers, firemen and other hands on the limited get more pay than do the men employed on the trains of subordinate grade. That the 'flier,' in its generic sense, is actually an improving influence in railroading is evidenced by the remarkable careers of the Congressional, the Royal Blue and the Empire State express. These are the fastest trains in this country and have been running several years back, and, with one unimportant exception, have met with no mishap. These trains pass through year after year without a single mishap, and I believe it is all from the discipline put upon the employees by the fast service. The men take a pride in the fast trains."

The Difference Slight.

"What's this?" demanded the guest, pointing to one of the side dishes the waiter had brought.

"Sausages, sir," answered the waiter.

"I didn't order any."

"I thought you did, sir."

"I ordered sauce. Can't you tell the difference between sauce and sausages?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, gathering up the rejected dish with unruffled dignity. "Between sauce and sausages there is merely a difference of ages. Wish coffee, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

THE BELLS OF LIFE.

The birth bells are ringing a joyous chime
For a white soul laid in the lap of love,
A spirit flower from the fields above,
To bloom for a day on the shores of time.

The wedding bells swing to their gladdest notes,
Proclaiming the good that the full years bring
In the circling band of the marriage ring,
From the brazen depths of their giant throats.

In the belfry of time the death bells toll
The entrance to heaven, the end of earth,
The death that is only a grander birth,
As life's bondage falls from the passing soul.

Birth bells, marriage bells, death bells, you have rung
The story of life since the world was young.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Detroit Free Press.

MET A BAD MAN IN TEXAS.

An Army Officer's Experience, Which Included a Drink of Poor Whisky.

"Only on one occasion in my life have I felt the need of a weapon," said an officer of the United States army. "I have never carried a gun, but it has sometimes occurred to me that no man ought ever to be without one. One cannot be sure but that some time the weapon would save one's life. For instance, I will recite to you a little experience of my own. It was in a wild mountain region of Texas. I was riding along a lonely path, mounted on a government mule. Not a thing did I have on my person which could have been regarded by the most impoverished citizen as of value. Whistling as I went, I approached a large rock, about which the path ran to avoid a sharp ascent. Just as I reached it a fierce looking man rose out of the bushes and cried 'Halt!'

"What could I do? Perhaps you will say that I ought to have charged upon him with my government mule, overpowered him, taken away his arms and demanded why he should thus obstruct what was the best substitute available for a public highway. I did nothing of the kind. The only reason I can allege is that I was afraid. Such a method of dealing with highwaymen does well enough in story books, but in real life it is dangerous. Accordingly I obeyed the suggestion of the bold bandit and halted. For a moment my heart jumped into my throat as I saw him thrust a hand into his hip pocket. He drew from it something and pointed it at me point blank. I perceived that the something was not a pistol; it was a bottle—a large black bottle. Said the highwayman, 'Drink!'

"I held out my hand and grasped the bottle with more than ordinary eagerness. I drank. It was the worst whisky I ever tasted, and that is saying a good deal, for I had lived in the wilds of the west for a number of years. But to me it was a grateful draft. I handed the bottle back to the highwayman, and as he went his way with a benevolent smile upon his countenance I resumed, with a thankful heart, my journey upon my government mule. I had meant to offer him that mule, but would hardly have had the nerve perhaps, for he might have regarded the proffer of such an obviously valueless gift as an insult."—Washington Star.

New England's Lonely Cabins.

One house, bigger, barer and uglier than the others, was the voluntary prison of an old woman, who for five years had not allowed a human being to cross the threshold. Nobody thought her conduct odd or remarkable. I saw her once at the gate, and she poured out a flood of meaningless babble in delight at the possession of a listener. Her words were inarticulate, just as sour beer runs, choking itself, escaping from an uncorked cask.

"I've seen you passin before. There's nobody ever passes but Len Moles goin to his lobster pots twicet a week. I locked my doors six year ago come July. The folks tramped on my kitchen floor, and I can't scrub it but once a day. The year afore that I spent at my married da'ater's on the cape. She didn't charge nothin for my keep. To be sure, I chored round an knitted reg'lar. But I took it kind in 'Liza, not chargin nothin. No board all winter."

"Do children here usually charge their mothers for board?" I asked.

"No," with a scared look; "they send them to the house."

"You must be lonely."

"Me? No. I've got my cleanin to do. An Len Moles goes by reg'lar."

In the old days solitude, fasting and praying for five years no doubt brought many a hermit very near to God or the devil, but a solitude of five years of scrubbing and watching for Len Moles!—Century.

What Comes After Death.

A good thing is told in connection with the lectures on theosophy in this city. The lecturer, in the midst of a learned discourse, asked in stentorian tones:

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated, with vehemence, "Again, I say, what comes after death?"

Just at that moment the door opened, and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to a seat. The coincidence was too much for the audience.—Bangor Commercial.

A Curious Custom.

There is found in Cheshire, England, a curious survival of the ancient Saturnalia. During Christmas week the servants all flock to the towns, having received their year's wages, and for seven days they refuse to work. Engagements are made for the ensuing year at this season, but the engagement does not begin until New Year's day, the week being spent in jollity.

All Saints' day, Nov. 1, is said to have been begun by Pope Boniface IV about 607 and was established by Gregory IV about 830.