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MINING JOURNAL.

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24TH YEAR—NO. 36. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,232.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May. 12, 1895.

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

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:15 a m
8:18 a m	....No. 2 Express....	8:23 a m
7.30 a m	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:35 a m
7:49 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:55 a m
12:10 p m	..No. 14 Balto. & Way.	2:50 p m
	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
6.53 p m	...No. 46 Express*...	7:03 p m
2.20 a m	....No. 4 Express....	2:30 a m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:40 a m	....No. 7 Express....	12:55 a m
1:35 a m	....No. 9 Express....	1:45 a m
4:47 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:57 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
8:45 a m	No. 47 Express*	8:55 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....	
8:02 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:07 p m

*Daily except Monday.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Pittsburg Express leaves ...1:45 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 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 " ..12:15 p m
" 14—Mail " ..12:50 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:35 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. Through tickets, east and west, for sale at Cumberland. M. C. CLARKE,
May 18 Ticket Agent.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.			Stations.			Westward.
Leave.						Arrive.
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 25	Piedmont	11 00	5 30	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 39	Barton	10 40	5 14	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 49	Lonaconing	10 32	5 04	11 22
6 50	12 29	7 00	Midland	10 19	4 53	11 09
6 55	12 33	7 02	Ocean	10 16	4 49	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 06	Borden Shaft	10 10	4 44	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 14	FROSTBURG	10 02	4 36	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 31	Morantown	9 44	4 19	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 38	Mount Savage	9 40	4 15	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 43	Barrelville	9 34	4 09	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 45	Patterson's	9 32	4 07	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 50	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 02	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 52	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 25	4 00	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 05	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 10:25 a. m., and Train No. 8, leaving Frostburg at 1:45 p. m., reaches Piedmont at 2:28 p. m., both trains stopping at all intermediate stations.

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

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

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

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON,
May 18 Superintendent.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

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

RETURNING TRAINS.

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

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

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Jan 6 General Manager.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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 there 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

Fast Selling Novelties.

SAMPLE, 10 cents. BOX 452,
April 13—tje8 Reading, 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.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

[The following lines were written on the back of a picture at Mount Vernon by Rev. William Day.]

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword no'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to freedom true.

There dwelt the Hero, who no'er killed for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.

There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.

And, O Columbia, by thy sons caressed
There dwell the Father of the realms he blessed;
Who no wish felt to make his might a praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

—"Beacon Lights of Patriotism."

HUMBLED.

Three centuries ago an old Latin city slept on the border of a great blue gulf over which the scattering sails floated like lazy birds, and in whose clear depths were mirrored the green hills crowned with half ruined temples of gleaming marble. The inscriptions of the conquering Cæsars were yet clear upon its massive walls, along which paced watchmen whose chanting cries mingling with the tolling of the monastery bells marked the flight of the hours between the darkness and the dawn. There were great aqueducts traversing the landscape and broken columns shining white through the foliage of venerable trees, telling of the faroff time when the gods reigned yet on Olympus and the city was in Aphrodite's keeping. Surrounded by olives and somber pines, clinging to the summit of a granite cliff high up where the eagles spread their mighty wings, the nine proud towers of the chateau of Pierrelouce pierced the sky.

But the place was sad since the day when its lord had departed to wage war upon his enemies and had given up his soul in a valiant but losing fight. He left to mourn him a maiden who was his widow without having been his wife, who had known no other caress than the kiss of adieu which he had pressed upon her forehead as he rode away.

This maiden was called Bathilde, and she was very beautiful. Her skin was white as the petals of a lily. Her eyes were blue, and the light in their profound depths was as changeful as the tints of clear evening skies in autumn. Sometimes they shone hard and cold, chilling the heart; then they would brighten magically and exert such subtle influences over those on whom they rested that the rustiest hearts would be drawn to her. Her neck was like a slender ivory column, and around it she wore a thread of gold whose ends were joined by a great amethyst. Her hair was dark and soft as a silken mesh, and there were coppery gleams in it where the sunlight fell. When uncoiled it hung almost to her slender feet, covering her like a splendid mantle.

She loved no one.

She seemed as cold and passionless as a statue with folded hands carved upon a tomb. The poor people, the vassals who tilled the soil, the merchants of the city, the clerks and soldiers, all feared and hated her because she was inexorable in her unjust and wicked decrees, which made their lives a burden. She was proud as any pagan empress in her radiant, splendid beauty, so much so that she scarcely bowed her head during the elevation of the host, and not once had she accused herself of a fault or knelt as others did before the white robed monks who officiated in the chapel by the donjon.

And the angels who watch over the souls of mortals, and who traverse the trackless fields of air as lightly as some wandering strain of music mounts upward from the earth despaired, seeing her so deeply sunk in her sinful pride, blossoming like a pale rose in a gloomy desert place, and they resolved to chasten her.

Late one afternoon in the time of harvest, when the air was full of the drowsy hum of insects, and the wind was stilled, as the distant sea reflected the sunset glory of the sky before the postern of the chateau appeared a band of cavaliers with dusty armor and gleaming lances. At their head upon a charger which pawed the ground and neighed was he whom the courts of love had named Foulques the Fair.

Indeed, with his broad, powerful shoulders, his tall figure and godlike face and clustering golden curls framing his low forehead, the lord of the isles and of Theoule shone in the twilight beautiful as a rising star.

From a window, drawing aside a corner of one of the panes of colored vellum, Bathilde, trembling, fascinated, her hands pressed upon her loudly beating heart, regarded the unknown guest that the fates had sent her. What was this madness which pervaded all her being, which gave her an almost irresistible impulse to throw herself upon the broad bosom of this man, whom she had never seen before that sweet, resplendent summer evening, which made hungry for love her maiden heart? She blushed. For the first time she feared she was not beautiful enough in her somber robes of widowhood.

During his stay in the chateau she entertained him with as much magnificence and formal preparation as if he were king or pope. She regaled him with sumptuous banquets and made herself humble before him. For his amusement she would have burned the city and the ships straining at their mooring rings, and she used every art she knew to keep him with her and turn his thoughts from war and fill his heart with her increasing love.

And Foulques loved her in return as much as she worshiped him, suffering himself to listen to her voice, clear and vibrant as a violin, instead of to the call of duty, and dreamily gazing into the fathomless depths of her glorious eyes, where his image was reflected. He felt that he could not live without Bathilde, and she knew that she would die of grief if parted from him.

One day messengers came to him with tidings that the infidels ravaged once more in Provence, destroying the cities and fields and carrying the people into slavery. Then the lord of Theoule, without daring to turn his head, remounted his charger, and in silence and tears the lovers parted.

Long time, unweariedly, without vain lamentations, straining her poor eyes until they grew dim with watching from dawn till twilight the always empty road and changeless horizon, Bathilde awaited the return of her heart's lord.

Days and weeks went by, yet no tidings came. Seated at the window from which she had first seen him in the shadows of the summer evening, she wept in silence, and so many and bitter were her tears that twin furrows showed themselves in her cheeks. She slept no more, but wandered through the vast halls and the forest like an uneasy spirit. She became, little by little, so thin and pale that her garments hung fluttering upon her. She felt neither hunger nor thirst, and her brain held no other thought than that he loved her no more or was dead, and her heart grew lifeless under this double wound.

She ordered thrown into the sea all her mirrors of silver and of steel. The reflection of her face frightened her like that of a specter. She started at the least noise and grew faint with apprehension whenever a band of horsemen showed itself at the turning of the highway. In person she questioned every pilgrim and traveler and beggar that came to the castle gate. Kneeling upon the hard, cold flagstones of the church, she prayed to God and the Virgin and the saints with ardent fervor for the return of him she loved. She emptied her coffers in alms and pious donations to the abbeys and the monks. She arrayed the images of the Virgin in her robes of silk and brocade, giving with such feverish haste that she was soon reduced to clothe herself in coarse cloth and went as miserably clad as a beggar.

One day, after she had given until she had nothing more left to bestow—neither ring nor golden belt nor sack of coins—a monk, escaped by a miracle from the Moors, told her that the lord of the isles, surprised in an ambuscade, as was of old the valiant Roland at Roncesvalles, alone against a hundred and weakened by ten wounds, had fallen into the hands of his eternal enemies, and that they demanded for his ransom a thousand golden pieces and ten boxes of precious stones.

What could she do? How could she gather so much gold and jewels? He lived, he pined for her. He felt but the one passion every hour, and she could not succor him. She could not find such a sum. After reflecting two days and nights, fasting alone like one who walks in sleep, Bathilde descended to the city.

It was Palm Sunday. The bells rang full peal. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the calm, blue sea. The pennons adorning the masts of ships fluttered joyously in the gentle breeze. In the city's streets and squares and along the harbor wall the fresh, bitter odor of broken olive and laurel branches and the scent of sweet marjoram floated upon the soft, warm air of the morning. Maidens were singing. The common people were in gala dress. But as the crowds came to the great open porch of the cathedral all—soldiers and priests, commoners and nobles alike—gathered about a single object.

Kneeling among the wretched mendicants, the crippled, the insane and the blind, into whose eyes no longer entered the blessed daylight, was a woman, pale as one who has been stricken dead with shame and horror. She held out her hands imploring alms in a voice broken with sobs, begging the ransom of Foulques the Fair.

All knew the supplicant. They elbowed each other to catch a glimpse of the haughty Countess Bathilde, who had been so hard and merciless, who had abused them as if they had been beasts, who had ruled over them as the proud towers of her castle seemed to over the land and sea.

Growing bold, believing her mad, they assailed her with insults and railing. They derided her as they threw in her face pieces of copper and bits of flint and burst into laughter at her figure bent in anguish, and her fevered, staring eyes, where the wells of tears had run dry.

But suddenly her features, her hair, her poor garments shone with a deified splendor, and there was a sound in the sky above her like the beat of mighty wings. The copper coins turned to broad pieces of shining gold, and the flints became flaming sapphires, rubies and amethysts. About her head blazed an aureole of dazzling splendor.

Then all the people cried out in wonder, and as she rose followed, singing and glorifying her as a saint. She had become more radiantly beautiful than when, with the lovelight in her eyes, she had first greeted him whom she adored, and with a sweet, grave gesture of adieu she passed from their sight, bearing in her tattered beggar's robe the ransom of Foulques the Fair.

It was thus that the Countess Bathilde saved from shame and death the lord of the isles.—From the French For Short Stories.

Philip I of France fell out with the queen, turned her out of doors and married the wife of a nobleman, giving the unique reason, "I like her better than I do my wife and can provide for her better than her husband can."

ENGLISH STATE TELEGRAPHS.

Messages Cost 12 1-2 Cents Each, and All Must Be Prepaid.

The telegraph service of Great Britain is undoubtedly quicker, more reliable and cheaper than that of the United States. I make this statement after proper allowance of the differences in distances. It costs 12½ cents for 12 words and 1 cent for every additional word. This for Great Britain and Ireland—a uniform rate.

It works admirably, as nearly all the postoffices are also telegraph offices. As a rule, the people are civil and obliging, and the delivery of messages more prompt than with us.

These postoffices, which include, as a rule, news stands and stationers' shops, are scattered all over the city, especially in London, and one has no such trouble in getting postoffice orders, postal notes, stamps, etc., as is too often the case in New York.

Another great advantage of the British system is that there is no such thing as sending messages "collect." You can prepay an answer to a telegram, and the boy brings up a blank with the telegram when an answer has been paid for.

Again, if you write to any one and want a telegraphic reply, merely inclose a blank with sixpenny postage stamps affixed. This saves the trouble of transmitting money or imposing on a friend for reply.

At one of the big city dinners a few weeks ago I sat opposite W. H. Preece, C. B., the engineer in chief and electrician of British Telegraphic Wonderland. He was greatly interested in the fact that we counted the population by the means of electricity, and of course knew exactly how it was done.

The increase in 25 years of messages alone from 6,500,000, when three private companies controlled the business, to 70,000,000 messages in 1894, tells its own story. That the number of offices has increased threefold, now numbering 9,000, and the miles of wire have increased from 60,000 to 200,000—surely this indicates that the public are well and cheaply served.

Financially the telegraph department is today paying expenses, but not the interest on the money invested. It is claimed, however, that the division of expenses between the postoffice branch and the telegraph branch was of such an artificial character that the two services should be looked at together financially. This would show a net annual surplus of from $13,750,000 to $15,000,000—a very handsome addition to the public revenues.

A uniform telegraph service, say, of 25 cents per message, is no more, in this advanced day of electrical appliances, than a uniform 2 cent letter rate was when adopted.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LION AND THE LAMB.

You Must Decide Which Was Lyin and Which the Young Sheep.

"Yes," said the lion of the evening, "I flatter myself that we African explorers get in some queer places."

The fair young girl at his side regarded him dreamily.

"I, too,"—her eyes brightened and she spoke quickly—"have been around a little. Let me see"—

He smiled superciliously.

"Around the world in 50 days; a winter in the arctics; two weeks in a balloon; on horseback through Asia Minor; six months in Patagonia; among the hill tribes of India; through the diamond fields of Kimberley; in the Australian bush; across the Great American desert; from Sweden to Siberia; two months in Alaska, and on foot through the Bitter Root mountains of Idaho. Yes"—

Again that dreamy look.

"We young lady reporters have to hustle round!"

And for the space of five minutes the African explorer sat silent and thought he was thinking.—New York World.

BOOTS HAVE HAD THEIR DAY.

The Trade Badly Affected by the Increased Wear of Shoes.

The diminished use of boots is a matter of concern to the manufacturers of them and to the producers of heavy leather and heavy calfskins. Twenty years ago the calf boot industry was a leading one in New England.

Whole towns were studded with factories which produced calf boots exclusively. For a decade the sale has been gradually falling off, and today it is of hardly any importance.

A few manufacturers of shoes include boots as a specialty, but the demand is too light to amount to much. When calf boots were more in vogue, manufacturers consulted the partialities of the cowboys, to whom price was a secondary consideration.

The legs were frequently corded with silk stitching. The star and crescent and other fanciful ornamentations were inlaid on the legs of the boots. The soles were inlaid with copper, zinc and brass nails. The cowboys no longer pay $15 or $20 for a pair of boots. They want substance instead of show. But they were not the only wearers of calf boots. They were extensively worn. Many men prefer them today, though the number is growing less. The old fashioned stoga boots were formerly sold in large quantities. They are well nigh obsolete. There followed a demand for a lighter and more stylish article. A kip boot of lighter texture was produced about equal in appearance to the best calf boot, but this, too, has fallen somewhat into disuse. Where there were 20 factories producing boots exclusively, there is now but one. Even the farmers are using heavy shoes instead of boots, and if it becomes a necessity to wear long legged boots they buy rubbers.

Twenty years ago the entire product of Salem and Peabody was heavy boots and brogan leather. Today there are less than half a dozen tanners making it. Brogans and plowshares are indispensable in many sections of country, but there are comparatively few exclusive manufacturers of these now.

The Creedmore, Dom Pedro, English ties and creole congress are supplanting them. The decline in the consumption of calf boots affects the tanners of calfskins. It is a question what is to be done with heavy skins. The tanners must necessarily buy more or less of them. They cannot select light and medium weights exclusively, and if they tan them they feel no certainty of being able to dispose of them in the finished state. There is nevertheless a use in this world for whatever is good for anything, and there will be some way of disposing of heavy calfskins, though for the moment it appears difficult to point out the direction into which they will be moved.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Bought the Ship That Brought Him.

An interesting anecdote is told of the late Captain Theodore Julius. Some time ago Captain Julius went over to a shipyard in Camden to take a look at the old packetship Tonawanda, which was being converted into a coal barge. The captain took a particular interest in the old ship, because of his having served as mate aboard her in the early sixties. While he stood watching the old vessel, a tall stranger approached him and asked, "Isn't your name Julius?" The captain replied in the affirmative. "You were a mate on that ship in the summer of 1863?" "Yes," said the captain. "You don't remember me," continued the stranger, "but I remember you very well. I was a steerage passenger on the Tonawanda at that time, being on my way to this country. I've been pretty prosperous, and I've just bought the old ship and am going to make a coal barge of her. Strange, isn't it, that I should come to own the ship that brought me, practically penniless, to this country?"—Philadelphia Record

SCHOOLBOY KNOWLEDGE.

Some of the Funny Blunders of Which Pupils Are Capable.

The roll of our naval heroes is still increasing, for a schoolteacher has recently learned from her pupils that "Shakespeare became a French and Milton a Dutch admiral." Mussulmans, however, was not, of course, "the name given to French soldiers," nor does suffrage mean "hunger," though sometimes it is not remotely connected with thirst.

There is something solemn in the statement that "Becket—his grave was made a pilgrim," and a false etymology possibly suggested that "guerrillas were men who saw to the guillotine," and that Doomsday Book was so called "because it was to last till the crack of doom." And, lastly, here are the two most recent contributions to general history: "Nelson lived in the reign of Victoria and defeated the French under Blucher at Waterloo," and, again, "the battle of Trafalgar was fought at Waterloo, when Napoleon commanded the Prussians and Nelson was shot for going on deck." In geography also the answers are somewhat at variance with preconceived notions. It appears that "Derby is noted for races, Sheffield for Sheffield ponies and Bolton for its abbey." Honolulu is "a palace in the capital of Spain" and Helvellyn "a large volcano in Scotland." A crater is "a straight line which is very hot," and the chief foods of India are "tea, coffee, rice and raw silk." Possibly few people know what dikes are. It is this way: "When a country is below the sea, dikes are big sticks to hold up the water." We are glad to know, on one authority, that "the Albert Nyanza is so called because it was discovered by Prince Albert," but it suggests painful thoughts to be informed that "Livingstone went on exploring till his boots were quite worn out." There is, however, a certain element of truth in the statement that "Panama is noted for yellow mud, which sticks to the fingers of those who make it."

The English language itself is a fertile source of error. Such spellings as "bearheaded" are not uncommon. The masculine of goose is duck, and the feminine of horse is cow. The plural of lady is gentleman, and the masculine of vixen is brute. Abstract nouns are "things you cannot see, such as gas and thunder," or—as one boy put it with a delicate vein of irony—"a thing you cannot feel—namely, conscience."—Providence Journal.

The Origin of Point Lace.

A little known example of inventive genius in woman is that afforded by Barbara Uttman of Saxony and her point lace so long in fashionable use all over the world. She invented the process and apparatus for manufacturing this beautiful handiwork, which has since given employment to millions of operators, and which, in its line, has never been excelled. The apparatus looks like a long pincushion bristling with pins arranged to outline the pattern or design. The operator manages from 10 to 50 peculiar spools, allowing the thread to feed over the pins alternately until the design is completed. The spools or bobbins are purposely of different colors, so as to be easily distinguishable. The process is slow and difficult to learn. Miss Uttman founded schools, where thousands learned it. Since her time, when inventive ability was rare, even among men, her ideas have been incorporated in the construction of machinery by which the lace is produced at wonderful lower rates, and yet Barbara Uttman's lace still surpasses all.—London Lady.

Seamanship Past and Present.

In the past seamanship was the chief thing. In the present seamanship, in the old and strict sense of the world, holds a very subsidiary place. When the winds and the waves and the tides could not be forced and had to be humored, the mystery of dealing with these elements was a worthy study for a whole life. But today we force the winds, the waves and the tides, and humor them very little. The seaman is in process of becoming the engineer. Every year he becomes more and more the engineer, and I am certain that a much briefer experience of the sea than was formerly needed is now required toward the formation of the good officer.—National Review.

Louis Philippe and Soult.

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power, and that his fall would be bitter to him. But when the time came the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuileries, while in the next room Louis Philippe broke the news to Soult. The interview took a long time, and the new ministers were not without some apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen. Just a little patience—we are weeping together."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Looking Forward.

"Young man," said the female physician, "you are in a bad way. I'll continue to call on you."

The sufferer raised himself on his elbow, looked at her tenderly and said, "I've no objection, but I would advise you first to see papa."—Adams (Mass.) Freeman.

His Ruling Passion.

"There's one good thing to be said about Thompkins. He is perfectly truthful."

"Of course he is. He is too stingy to make an extravagant statement."—Iowa Falls Citizen.

DEAR DISCIPLINE.

Imprisoned in an absence drear
By Jailer Time
For unknown crime,
Resigned, I sigh in narrow sphere.

But laughing Love, who locks disdains,
To me brings in
For discipline
A presence which my soul enchains.

Now sweet is my captivity
When solitude
Does thus include
The one who is most dear to me.

So Pyramus, as I have heard,
His Thisbe dear,
So far, though near,
Could woo, though neither spoke a word.

—Kate Field's Washington.

SAD LIFE OF A BEAUTY.

The Countess of Dudley a Devoted Wife to a Repulsive Husband.

Georgina, countess of Dudley, enjoys the well deserved reputation of being not only one of the most beautiful matrons in London society, but also one of the kindest and most warm hearted of the great ladies of Mayfair. She is a devoted mother and deserves a great amount of credit for the manner in which she has brought up her children and for the devoted care and loyalty which she manifested to her eccentric husband. Until his death her existence was little better than a martyrdom, which she bore with the most exemplary patience and fortitude. The late earl was many years her senior and the reverse of handsome, in addition to which he in many matters was entirely insane, having inherited his madness from his father. All this would have caused many a mother to hesitate before even permitting her daughter to wed such a man, but Lady Dudley's mother, Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, dazzled by the earl's income of over $3,000,000 a year, forced her lovely daughter to bind herself to him.

The contrast between the beautiful woman and the almost repulsive looking husband who was her constant companion was so startling that it drew forth the hackneyed exclamation of "beauty and the beast" wherever they went. Had Lord Dudley been less wealthy he would inevitably have been confined in a madhouse, but even during the closing years of his life Lady Dudley never permitted him to be considered as insane, although he seldom experienced lucid moments. Lady Dudley was the second wife of the late earl and has seven children, six sons and one daughter.—Philadelphia Press.

A Tough Manxman.

I'm a Manxman, and I have inherited a rugged constitution. I seldom wear gloves even in your winters, and much of the time I go without an overcoat. For many years I followed the sea, and I had one adventure that few would have lived to tell of. It was a midnight of December when I was ordered aloft to stow the main royal, and before I knew what I was about I fell from the yardarm into the sea. No one on deck had noticed my fall, and apparently no one had heard my cry, for the ship kept right on. There I was, with heavy boots and a heavy coat, alone amid the waves of the Atlantic. You may not believe me, but I did not feel greatly alarmed. I managed to get out of my boots and coat, and then I began to swim to keep myself afloat. Somehow I felt that I should be saved. We had passed a vessel about sunset, and I thought she'd come along and pick me up. I had been a good swimmer all my life, and I kept afloat till daybreak, when that other vessel did come along and fish me out, four hours after I fell in. We got into New York three days after my ship arrived, and when I came aboard, as she lay at her wharf, my mates took me for a ghost.—New York Sun.

Truthful.

"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public or private life. He was not only truthful himself, but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the president did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the president is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and I don't want any one to lie for me!"

A Scrap of Paper.

Not long ago, says a writer in The Realm, I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleugh taught me to do that," he said as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground."

Sheridan and Waterloo.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did General Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a —— good place for a fight.'"