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24TH YEAR—NO. 41. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,237.

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
12:50 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, Ticket Agent.

May 18

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5. p. m.	No. 3. a. m.	No. 1. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. a. m.	No. 4. p. m.	No. 6.* p. m.
6 15	11 52	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 52	12 29	7 00	Midland	10 19	4 53	11 09
6 55	12 32	7 02	Ocean	10 16	4 49	11 07
7 00	12 39	7 08	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	Barrellville	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. Arrive.	p. m. Leave.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.

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.

May 18

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 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

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today 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 face 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.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place,
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin?
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night,
Those who have gone before?
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

—New York Ledger.

THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR

His chief occupation in the daytime was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this, and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them, and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within, for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moaning and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impacted wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself more in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions.

With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all. With the latter he had nothing in common, for they were criminals, and he—he had blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night; that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left; that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came a blank. He waked to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away

When the officer put their hands upon him, he shook them off. When they did it again, he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure.

Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. That was the compromise effected. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not believe he had committed the crime. Robbery? He shrugged his shoulders at that. He insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion.

But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word that they had played cards again. Anger? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young Seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the courtroom hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes, and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know, and I don't know, who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent. How will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less these 20 years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my ten years."

He turned from them, and as he did so he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the courtroom with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a mocking sort of way. As he w[illegible] courtroom another woman [illegible] way to him in spite of the [illegible] It was the little chemist's wife, who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands.

He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabre. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious, for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the warders protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excitable, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of 20. He lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without. And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the courtroom haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived largely at the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself. He was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he rocked to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a warder heard him cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment, "O God, canst thou do everything but speak?" And again, "That hour, the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons, and he was doing this one day when the jailer came to him and said: "M. Converse, you are free. The governor has cut off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion and the little chemist and his wife and others more important—but he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the courtroom. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and the good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied.

"But that is no reason."

"I once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness.

"That's bad," he said. "Were you punished?"

She shook her head and answered, "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she said, an agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips, and his eyes were all afire, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said. "I remember I waked and saw you looking at me that night! Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

She nodded. He was silent for a moment.

"'The child still lives?" he asked. She nodded again. "Well, let it be so," he added. "But you owe me five years and a lost reputation."

"I wish to God I could give them back," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was for my child, he was so young!"

"It can't be helped now," he said, and he turned away from her.

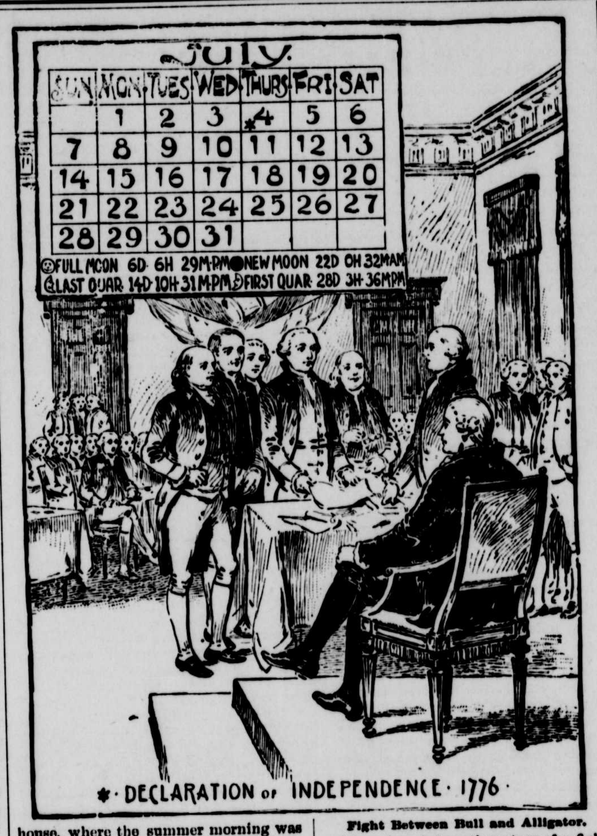
"Won't you forgive me?" she asked bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied meaningly.

"If the child did not need me, I would give my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him sorry. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud gone from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town looking neither to right nor left and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open window, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her as he had done when he went condemned to prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and entering sat down before the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.—Gilbert Parker in New York Herald.



Canine Etiquette.

Conventional rules are most useful in intercourse with strangers, and this feeling, the result of deliberate reflection among men, seems quite as well understood by animals. The number of steps which a prince or embassador might advance to meet the other without derogating from his dignity, and the frequent halts and bows, find a parallel in the amusing form of canine etiquette, when one dog "spies a stranger" at a distance. The first dog stops short, then trots on a little, then crouches and finally lies flat down, with its nose on its paws, like a skirmisher ordered to open fire on the enemy. The other dog, which was less quick sighted, sometimes lies down, too, but more usually trots slowly up, with occasional halts.

The action of the first seems clearly to be a survival of a time when a dog naturally crouched in order to conceal itself the moment it saw any other creature which might hurt it or which, on the contrary, it might want to stalk. The sudden drop is something like that of a setter when "creeping" up on to the birds, but more like the crouch of the fox when it sees a hare or wants to conceal itself from persons whom it sees while it is still unseen. But now it is observed as pure convention, one which is obviously mere show, but to omit which would be a breach of canine etiquette which might and sometimes does lead to a fight.—London Spectator.

Begging an Industry.

There are numbers of villages in Russia in which begging is the staple industry. No one does anything else. It is stated in the labor commission report on that country that "nearly 3,000 out of the 3,500 persons in the districts of Insar and Saransk are beggars," and that the whole population of the village of Marinin live by means of begging. And these are by no means isolated cases. In many other districts precisely the same style of things prevails.

In a real beggars' village all the inhabitants, including even the starost, and other local dignitaries, are enrolled in a company, which is divided into parties. These parties go out in turn on begging picnics. The booty they bring back is regarded as common property, and the population depends upon it for their support.—Good Words.

The Word Cigar.

The word "cigar" is believed to come from the Spanish cigarra, meaning a grasshopper, and at first the significance and propriety of the term seem questionable. But in Spanish a garden was cigarral, or the place where the grasshopper sang. Tobacco was usually grown in a cigarral, and when the leaves were rolled up and brought to a guest the host, specially to recommend the product, was careful to state that it was grown in his own cigarral. Thus the word which means grasshopper came, in a modified form, to be applied to the habitat of the grasshopper, and finally to the cigar, whose material was grown there.

He Needed One.

Cholly Chumpleigh—Was out last night. Had a head on me this morning.

Miss Coldeal—If I were you, I'd stay out late every night.—New York Herald.

Many towns in Europe have local holidays commemorative of some important event in their history.

Fight Between Bull and Alligator.

I heard an interesting story of a fight between an alligator and a big bull on the shores of Lake Okeechobee. Alligators are quite numerous in that lake, and it is little visited by white men, though Seminole Indians fish and hunt there. Herds of cattle roam about through that section of the state, and the bull in question belonged to one of these herds. It was drinking at a small inlet on this lake when its nose was caught by an alligator. The bull managed to free itself by pulling the 'gator partly out of the water. It then lowered its horns and caught the 'gator, throwing it on the bank. When the bull made another attack, the alligator struck the bull with its tail and severely hurt it. The bull managed to tear a hole in the abdomen or soft spot of the 'gator, but on another charge the 'gator broke one of the legs of the bull by a blow from its tail. This disabled the bull, and the 'gator managed to break another leg in the same way, but the saurian soon bled to death, and the bull, when found with its two broken legs, had to be shot.—Florida Letter.

Some Explanations of the Ocean's Salt.

The Pythagoreans held that the sea was salt by reason of the tears shed by Kronos, father of Zeus. According to the old Hebraic tradition, the ocean was originally a great body of fresh water, but which was made salt by the abundant tears of the fallen angels. One sect of Buddhists believe that Lot's wife—that is to say, the "pillar of salt" which was once the wife of the humble gentleman named above—lies at the bottom of the ocean in a certain narrow strait, and that once each year the waters of all oceans flow through that narrow channel. The Talmudic writers say that it was never salt until Moses wept repentance after breaking the tables of stone.—St. Louis Republic.

Votes Not Worth Having.

Some people's notions of Hodge's ideas of politics are illustrated by the soliloquy of a laborer on his way to the poll: "Yes, yes, Gladstone was a great man, but I main think he was too cute for us poor folk. When wotes was worth a fi'pun note, he kep un all to hisself, and now, when they ain't wuth a farden, we all has un! Ah, he was main too clever for us!" So he marches in and votes for the squire.—London Star.

Avoided the Subject.

Winks—Did McKick have much to say on the subject of railroad monopoly while you were there?

Minks—Well, no. You see, just after I called, a cartman drove up with a box for him. The railroad freight on it for 100 miles was a quarter; the cartman's charge for hauling it six blocks was 50 cents.—New York Weekly.

"Scots, Wha Hae," was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is "Hey Tuttie Taittie," an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

He Got It.

Mrs. Magun—I came across one of your old letters today, George, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself.

Mr. Magun—Well, my dear, I got my wish.—London Tit-Bits.

An Inference.

"You have saved my daughter, at the risk of your own life, from a watery grave, young man. May I infer from this that you have the means to establish a household of your own?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Partial Intimacy.

Caller—Are you intimate with Mrs. Firstfloor?

Mrs. Thirdfloor—Well—er—our servant girls hang our clothes on the same roof.—New York Weekly.

A Roman military saddle cost $6; a whip, 24 cents; a bridle cost $1.60.

A SINFUL WASTE.

Good Food Allowed to Decay a Feature of American Households.

There are few households in the land but have a periodical recrudescence of economy in the matter of food supply. A big grocer's or butcher's bill immediately suggests that there should be some economy practiced "somewhere."

The present activity in the field of dietetics should spread valuable knowledge into every kitchen. It is already showing benefits in the matter of nutritious food versus medicine.

Housewives do not always realize that they have a prominent part to play in this grave question of the day, the "disposal of garbage." That responsibility lies within the domestic threshold, and to consign the collection of waste to the scavenger is not the limit of her power nor a self satisfying conclusion. What she consigns does not concern her, and this "bete noir" found in every part of the land, a subject fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties to those whose business it is to find a healthful and quick disposal of garbage, is far more the business of the housekeeper than she is willing to acknowledge. We must go back of the garbage can to find the cause. American extravagance is proverbial the world over. We provide with a lavish hand. Unskilled and indifferent help waste accordingly. Expenditure for food in a large percentage of the middle and lower classes is estimated to take very often fully three-fourths of the income. Actual consumption and benefit derived from quantity supplied is notably small in the wealthier families.

Convincing proof is found in the overflowing garbage can. Lack of robustness among a certain class and the amount of debility afflicting a majority of people prove to investigators a want of proper nutriment to build up the overwrought body, which must endure somehow the strain and stress of American life and climate.

The unintelligent methods of poor servants, unskilled in handling food, is one cause of the effect. It is considered their prerogative to waste what does not suit their fancy. "Leavings" which may be the best portions from the mistresses' table are not palatable to their taste, and so good material is speedily hidden from sight, more is called for, and a haphazard supply to keep Bridget good natured furnishes her with an abundance to overflow ash cans, clog pipes, choke traps, fill cesspools, draw vermin and offer culture as a medium for the ubiquitous microbe. Noxious odors offend nostrils and dangerous effluvia jeopardize health and obstruct sanitary measures.

It is just this waste in the world that has been the cause of plagues, pestilences and diseases. It is wasted time, strength, money, happiness and, too often, life.—Baltimore American.

The Novel of Religion.

I heard long ago of an enterprising tradesman who desired to have the Old Testament at least broken into a series of romances. By others, very likely much less pious men, no version of these narratives can be tolerated except the ancient original versions. Yet many readers or hearers are so familiar with these, or think themselves so familiar (they would probably break down under examination), that something more "spicy" is required by them. I have read an American novel about the love affairs of Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. It did not interest me, I own, but it did make me laugh. Probably a more pious student would have been edified. There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps no Biblical novel has ever won critical applause or been reckoned a piece of literature. But such novels hit a large class of readers whose tastes in other matters is not always bad.

It would be interesting to know what the wits and critics of the restoration thought and said about "The Pilgrim's Progress." Probably they never looked into the cheap little book at all, the book which has outlived Etherege and Sedley and Rochester and the rest of them. Of course it does not by any means follow that every religious novel read by the people who do read such things and neglected by critics is on a level with Bunyan's masterpiece.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

What Is an Edition?

What is an edition? Does it consist of 1,000 volumes or of 500 or 50 or 5? The word is not a technical term like "gross" or "dozen" or any like expression bearing a fixed numerical significance, and there is, of course, no reason why it should not mean anything from the lowest to the highest of these numbers, according to the taste and fancy, or it may be the tactics, of the particular publisher who employs it. Only now that that enterprising person shows himself so anxious to keep the public regularly informed as to the sales of the works issuing from his house it might be as well to come to some understanding on this point. We know what is meant when we read that Miss Ahenea Daring's new novel is "in its twentieth thousand," whereas the statement that it is "in its forty-fifth edition," conveys to us simply no information at all.—London Graphic.

No Tick Here.

"Why don't you wind that clock and set it going?" asked a bad customer at a country grocery store.

"That clock is a sign," said the grocer, and the customer studied it out for himself before he left the store.

Peter the Great of Russia is said to have known by name every officer and soldier in his bodyguard of 1,000 men.

The genuine Damascus blades that could be bent into a circle cost from $500 to $1,000.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Her father was a merchant bold
Who o'er the wild Biscayan water
Still brought back the good red gold
To richly dower his only daughter.
Radiant she as rose on tree;
But, though full many a gallant sought her,
No, no, no! on all their woe
Frowned back the merchant's daughter.

Until, effulgent from the fight
That shook the shores from France to Flanders,
Shone upon her patriot sight
The kingliest of our sea commanders,
Looked her through, and from her view
Vanished smiling, on the morrow.
Ah! but she her laughing glee
Forsook for sighing sorrow.

"Fair blows the wind; the skies are blue.
Wilt sail with me, my winsome daughter?"
"That will I! Dear friends, adieu!"
And o'er the wave her sire has caught her.
Southward far, by sun and star,
His good ship fleets the ocean over,
When, alack! across her track
There strikes a Salee rover.

But as the pirate pressed them sore,
And deck and hold ran red with slaughter,
Sudden round the headland hoar
A noble warship sweeps the water.
Heavens above! 'tis her true love
That hath this great deliverance wrought her.
Grief, farewell! wake, marriage bell,
For our blest merchant's daughter!

—Alfred Perceval Graves in Athenæum.

AN ELEPHANT'S TENDER CARE.

When Left to Watch Children He Will Faithfully Protect Them.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water or to get wood or material to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant, but most people who have lived a life in the jungle know how very possible it is for a jackal or wolf to carry off a baby when lying in a hut when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become familiar with him and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black child about 2 feet high standing on the elephant's bare back and taking it down to the water to bathe, shouting all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above the water, on which the small child stands and yells and yells all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts themselves.—Omaha World-Herald.

Fortune's Freaks.

Twenty years ago a young man married one of the smartest young ladies anywhere round, and the young couple seemed to start in life with every prospect of happiness. But the girl was ambitious to be rich, and because she was not was very much dissatisfied. After keeping her husband in a peck of trouble for a time she left him and got a divorce. He went into bankruptcy, and she very soon married a wealthy man and rode behind a span in a elegant carriage. Today the former bankrupt is wealthy and prosperous, has a new wife and a happy home. Every comfort surrounds them. His wife of other days now lives in poverty and has to scrub for the bread she eats. Her husband's wealth, under poor management, shrank to worse than nothing. The roses have gone from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. It's as complete a turn around as one ever saw.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Not Sensitive.

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?

Pauline (who doesn't know of the engagement)—Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by 14 girls within six months and gets fat on it cannot be sensitive. Why, Sophy, what's the matter?

She had fainted.—London Tit-Bits.

A Humble Part.

Theodorus—I always read the parliamentary reports very carefully, but have never come across any speech of yours yet.

Bernard (M. P.)—How is that? Have you never noticed the words, "Cheers and hear, hear?" That's where I come in.—Stuivers Blad.

To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be an Americanism. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Bronte and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.

Bulwer-Lytton knew all the odes and other poems of Horace by heart. He translated large portions of Horace's poems into English verse.

The greatest celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles was held B. C. 1004 at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

Roman ladies had safety pins closely resembling the modern article.

The straw of rye is often of far more value than the grain.