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MINING JOURNAL.

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24TH YEAR—NO. 45. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,241.

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,
May 18 Ticket Agent.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 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	Kreitzbaum'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 10:35 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,
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

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.

A LOVE SONG.

My little leaves, why are you glad?
Answer, quivering little leaves,
Small clapping leaves, so freshly clad
In a green world that never grieves.
Answer me, for my heart is sad!
Love God, love God! they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

My little flowers, what's your delight?
Now answer, for my soul believes
In your sweet petals, pure and white,
Sweet purity no man deceives.
Answer, my flow'rets fair and bright.
Love God, love God! they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

Fresh blades of grass, you cheerful seem.
What is it that all grief relieves?
Thick ye upspring, a fair sunbeam
In your low stems its brightness weaves.
How do you keep that sunny gleam?
Love God, love God! they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

The flowers and grass make their reply,
With all the merry clapping leaves,
And echoing the holy cry
The drooping heart its joy retrieves.
All voices to their Maker fly.
Love God, love God! they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.
—Constance Hope in Good Words.

FIRST LOVE.

I have for years led a roving life and um most at home in railway carriages, waiting rooms, hotels and restaurants. On this account my reading has been of all kinds, and I have given up wishing to be dainty in my literary diet. Only German and French romances and novels by authors unknown to me, or writers whose style I do not enjoy, inspire me with an unconquerable respect.

Books by these authors I never venture to open, even in the greatest dearth of reading matter. Besides I eagerly welcome everything published by the latest journals and look through each weekly and monthly periodical that I come across in dining or waiting room.

That is why I have a succession of fragments of a considerable number of stories in my head, and as their classification does not especially interest me it thus happens that I occasionally join the end of one to the beginning of the other. Some of these dovetailed stories please me quite as well as the noted novels of famous authors.

This is a matter of taste, and I allow myself no criticism. Sometimes I finish for myself a story, the beginning of which I have read, or invent the first chapter for the conclusion of a romance which has fallen into my hands. Then, after a time, it is difficult to distinguish between what is mine and what is not mine. In most cases indeed I have of a morning when I leave a city forgotten what I have read there on the preceding evening. But when a story has pleased me I enjoy repeating it to myself in the railway carriage, and then it becomes fixed in my memory and recurs later, at irregular intervals, as something personally experienced or again invented by myself.

The following narrative is one of these tales. I have forgotten where I read it for the first time. Whether the tale was exactly as I now have it in my mind I do not any longer know. But the idea is not mine. I believe I found it in a Paris review. Then it must have been many years since, for several omnivorous readers among my French acquaintances, of whom I made inquiry regarding that easily recognized sketch, could not remember to have read it. It is also possible that I found it in Berlin or London. Should the owner at any time reclaim it, I will return his property with thanks. Here is the story as it has shaped itself little by little in my head:

The numerous guests of the countess had been slowly retiring since 11 o'clock, and about 12 there were only some half dozen people assembled in the salon, the very intimate friends of the house. The handsome Palamede had pronounced his verdict upon the notable toilets of the evening, Rene had recounted the last duel, Edmond the last steeplechase. The scandal of the day had been commented upon in the usual philanthropic fashion, and for the first time for half an hour the conversation had languished.

The countess turned to her neighbor, the quiet Gaston.

"You are making more noise than usual this evening," said she. "You have been sleeping this half hour with open eyes." The gentleman addressed, who had been sitting upon a low chair, earnestly engaged in keeping up a fire in the chimney, in which he had displayed the ability that, according to a French proverb, is a privilege of lovers and philosophers, turned slowly and made answer, "I am thinking of my first love."

"Gratitude does honor to the receiver and to the giver alike," said the countess. "Tell us the story of the first love that still makes you dream today."

Gaston slowly rubbed his thin hands, as was his habit, and without waiting for further urging began as follows:

"When I say my first love, I do not mean the very first. This indeed caused me in its time much pain and anxious joy, but that is long since forgotten. Many a time, when I now recall it, it seems as though I thought of another's love tale and not my own. I was at the time perhaps 12 or 13 years old, and she was the sister of my schoolfellow Jacques.

"I saw her for the first time upon our playground, where she appeared with her mother, during an intermission, to see her brother. It was winter. The yard was full of snow, and a fierce battle waged between the opposing factions into which the school was divided. At the moment when I saw her at the entrance to the playground, a harder snowball hit me on the head, so that I fell down unconscious. A few minutes after, when I again came to myself, I was sitting upon a chair in the porter's room, and both ladies, the mother and sister of my friend, stood near and regarded me anxiously.

"The next morning she caused inquiry to be made after my health through Jacques, and on the following Sunday I called upon her. I spoke no word. I ventured scarcely to raise my eyes, but I would willingly have thrown myself a thousand times into fire or water to again draw upon me the solicitous glance of the beautiful maiden.

"In the evening I invented for myself the most marvelous heroic deeds wherewith I would fain have aroused her astonishment and compelled her admiration. Anything else I neither desired nor expected. The unconscious dawn of love in the heart of youth belongs with its peculiarities only to pure childhood.

"The young heart is foolishly happy in sacrifice, quietly content and blindly conceited and vain. It cannot yet love, it needs but to be loved and admired; to bestow happiness is not its object, and the only joy it knows is a blissful unrest; its only need, to receive love without bestowing it. In after years one gives without receiving and is very well off with that. So everything in the world is arranged in the best manner, where there are people who find their joy in giving, and others who are happiest in receiving.

"But how short and sweet is the one time when one gives and receives, when one loves and is beloved! I have known it, but she who then made me so inexpressibly happy has now left me. How beautiful was the world when I saw it with her; how blue the heaven; how soft the air! We hastened, hand in hand, from place to place, and wherever we went, laughingly joy stepped forth to greet us, begging us to linger. We went laughing, singing, rejoicing along, assured of our good fortune everywhere.

"Sometimes our riotous delight, overstepping all bounds, startled sober people. But the stern glance softened when it rested upon us: 'They are young. Let them enjoy themselves,' said the old, and went along sorrowfully smiling. She clung so tightly to my arm, she nestled so closely to my side, that I thought I could never lose her. The idea of a possible change never came to me, never troubled me. Thus I lived a long time. Weeks, months, years flew by, and I heeded them not.

"One evening, after we had spent the day yet more madly and merrily than usual, she suddenly appeared to me discontented and cold. A terrible fear which I am not able to describe fell upon me. An icy coldness crept over me. 'She will leave you,' said I to myself, 'certainly, surely, she will leave you.' It occurred to me how little I had really concerned myself about her, how I perhaps had expected too much of her truth and constancy. For the first time I felt my trust in myself and in her waver, and anxiously I gazed into her eyes. But her glance turned wearily from me and gave me no answer.

"My rest was gone, my life no more the same. It is true she still pressed me impetuously to her bosom again and again, but the sweetness of her kiss had vanished. Often she pushed me coldly away, and I saw to my unutterable sorrow that my love wearied her. And when I once at a later hour returned home, tired and dejected, I found the room dark, cold and empty. She, my joy, my light, my all, had vanished.

"Now began a miserable existence for me. The loss that I had suffered gnawed at my heart, but my care was to conceal this loss from the world. I endeavored to show a cheerful, happy countenance. I sought the society of gay young people. I bestowed great and hitherto unknown and ridiculed care upon my person and toilet. My enemies said of me that I had for a long time rouged in order to hide the paleness of my cheeks. That is not true, but I may as well confess that I bought a little flask of newly invented tincture that was to restore the color of youth to my whitening hair.

"This hypocritical farce did not long continue. I was soon tired of the strife, and today the opinion of the world troubles me no more. I know that my darling has left me; that nothing will bring her back, and every one who knows me may perceive and recognize in my appearance the loss which I suffered. But I ever lament the lost one. She is wanting everywhere. Nothing, nothing can take her place to me, and I would willingly give everything I possess and every joy and happiness that is prepared for me to once again call her mine, to once more live through that beautiful, fleeting time, during which alone I was happy."

Gaston ceased, and stared fixedly into the dying fire, and fell to the characteristic, slow rubbing of his emaciated hands.

"What is the name of this wonderful being?" asked the countess.

"My youth," answered Gaston, without turning his eyes from the fire.—From the German For Short Stories.

Emerson For Woman Suffrage.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a Phi Beta Kappa oration on "The Progress of Culture," recounts the gains of the reform movement as follows:

Observe the marked ethical quality of the innovations urged or adopted. The new claim of woman to a political status is itself an honorable testimony to the civilization which has given her a civil status new in history. Now that by the increased humanity of law she controls her property she inevitably takes the next step to her share in power.

Again, in the "Essay on Civilization," he says:

Right position of woman in the state is another index. Place the sexes in the right relations of mutual respect, and a severe morality gives that essential charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic and self sacrificing; breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit, in her rough mate, so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women.

OUR INCOMPARABLE ICE CREAM.

Europeans Strive to Imitate It, but Their Efforts Have Been Vain.

Ice cream is pre-eminently an American specialty. All the Atlantic passenger steamers plying between this port and Europe take aboard in New York a sufficient supply of ice cream for the voyage back to New York as well as for the outward journey, despite the fact that the cost of the article is greater here than abroad, and that it is expensive stuff to keep. The round trip occupies at least three weeks, and the cream has to last that period, one week of which the ship is tied up in dock, with the cream eating up ice in the refrigerator at a prodigious rate. When the autumn rush homeward sets in and the steamers are crowded to the limit, the amount of ice cream thus carried from this port and kept at least two weeks for use on the return voyage is a big item in the provision account. Many kinds of provisions and supplies are cheaper in Europe than here, and of these the steamers lay in a double stock at the European ports. Ice cream, too, is cheaper in Europe, but it has the fatal disadvantage that it is not ice cream as the American regards the article.

Ice has come to be less of a novelty on the table in Europe in recent years, mainly, doubtless, because of the insistence of the thousands of Americans who make Europe their summer playground. Ice cream, too, you can get in most of the big cities, even in England. But it usually lacks the main, indefinable qualities that make it so attractive at home. Europeans may talk about the inimitable bouquet of their wines, but the bouquet of American ice cream is beyond them. This is not a matter of natural advantages and facilities, as is claimed for the wine and other things, for Switzerland is full of ice topped mountains, and her valleys are filed with cows.

A varied and recent experience with the ice creams of Europe induces the conclusion that only the "sorbetto" one gets on the Piazza of St. Mark's in Venice approaches the delicious perfection of the ordinary every day ice cream of America. Perhaps this is because the Venetians themselves eat ice cream, whereas in most other European cities it is regarded as an outlandish concoction, prepared only for the peculiar palate of the stranger. It is a far cry and a strange one, from St. Mark's to Madison square, but the delighted exclamation of a group of American girls, ordering ice cream there as they had done all the way down from London, "Ah, this is something like!" covered the distance in no time.—New York Sun.

A Unique Coat of Arms.

There was one Philadelphian who not only invented arms for himself, but new and republican arms, after discarding the ancestral arms of his family. This was Peter Brown, at one time an eminent citizen of Philadelphia.

In 1794 William Priest, an English musician, became attached to the theater in Philadelphia in his professional capacity. In 1802 Mr. Priest printed in London a book entitled "Priest's Travels In the United States," which is now exceedingly rare. The frontispiece to this book is a strange and curious design, entitled "Peter Brown's Arms." In explanation of this frontispiece Mr. Priest says: "Peter Brown, a blacksmith of this city, having made his fortune, set up his coach, but so far from being ashamed of the means by which he acquired his riches, he caused a large anvil to be painted on each side of his carriage, with two pairs of naked arms in the act of striking. The motto, 'By this I got ye.'"

"The Feast of Fools" was a name given by the monks to the Christian holiday which took the place of the Saturnalia.

Pembina, the Dakota city, is said to have an Indian name meaning red berry.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

A Slow Writer, and He Is Never Satisfied With His Work.

Alphonse Daudet thus describes his method of writing a book: "I write slowly, very slowly, and revise and revise. I am never satisfied with my work. My novels I always write myself. I never could dictate a novel. As to my plays, I used formerly to dictate them. I had a certain talent in my legs, just as Napoleon had a certain genius in the legs of his soldiers. My books go through many processes. To begin with, I fill my notebooks. Each note as it is used is scratched out in blue or red pencil. From these written notes and the tablets of my memory—'the deltoi of my memory'—I write out in copybooks the first copy of my novel.

"I write this first copy on alternate pages of my copybooks, and leave the opposite sheet blank. When the book is finished in its rough state, I rewrite it page by page on the blank sheets. The page on the right is the amended copy of the page on the left. Then my wife looks at this second copy and suggests to me what improvements might be made. I note these down.

"Then I rewrite the whole book again with the joy of a schoolboy who feels that a wearisome task is ended. So that, apart from my notes, I write each manuscript three times over, and if I could do so I would write it as many times more, for, as I have said, I am never satisfied with my work. But I am very irregular in my way of working. Sometimes I work 18 hours a day, and day by day."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

The Missing Birds.

The bluebirds, yellow birds and blackbirds seem to have disappeared from western New York this year. Reports from careful ornithologists in many counties show that these birds have not appeared this spring as usual. Walter Burke of Batavia writes: "Where are the blackbirds? These birds in past years congregated in large numbers in a little grove near my residence and filled the air with their melodious singing, but now it is all hushed and still."

The Livingston Republican says: "The absence of bluebirds has been commented on by several papers, and, come to think of it, we haven't noticed any bluebirds or yellow birds either, but the orioles are flashing through the foliage in considerable numbers and occasionally trilling a few bars of song."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Reserve In Death Notices.

One notices more and more with every year how the age is oftener and oftener dropped from death announcements. This is in strict accordance with the growing reserve of the individual who keeps his private affairs to himself more closely, even in matters of no direct importance. It is odd that such a private feeling should wax stronger side by side with the greater publicity of one's affairs through the wider notice taken of them in the press generally with society and other mention once undreamed of.—Philadelphia Press.

Uncongenial.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing." Very shortly the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."—London Tit-Bits.

It is supposed that the average value of furniture per house in the United Kingdom is about £160. This estimate includes the valuable pictures, plate, horses and carriages, which are appendages of the more pretentious establishments.

Lobelia, also called Indian tobacco, is known as a common herb, often growing as a weed in many parts of the United States.

THE STORY OF A BEAR.

The Truth Came Out In Spite of the $25. Paid to Suppress It.

"There used to be some good hunting up in Maine, about Rangeley lake," said Mr. T. L. Page. "A house that I managed in the little village of Phillips was the headquarters of a lot of Nimrods, who came up every season after big game. Of all the ardent sportsmen, two New Yorkers, chums and partners in business, Messrs. Buckley and Webb, were the keenest lovers of the chase. They were very successful hunters, too, and generally carried off the palm both as to quality and quantity of game.

"One season, however, they met with very poor luck, and after spending about a week in camp, with nothing to show for their labors, started to come to town, with the intention of going home. On their way in they overtook a countryman driving a farm wagon, in the bed of which lay one of the handsomest specimens of black bear that the New Yorkers had ever laid eyes on. The rustic stopped his team to let the city strangers admire his big take. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Buckley. 'What would you be willing to sell your bear for?' said he to the farmer.

"'Well, the state gives a bounty of $10 for every bear, and I reckon if you'll give me $10 more you can have him.'

"Buckley gave the old man his price, with $5 additional, first exacting from him a solemn promise that he would never breathe a syllable of the transaction to any one. Then he and Webb rode ahead, and on reaching the hotel told in most enthusiastic style how they had killed the biggest black bear that had ever came out of the Maine woods. They entered into details of the shooting, and every guest of the house was on the qui vive for a look at brain, that was coming on a little later. He was such a heavy beast that the mighty hunters were forced to hire an old farmer to bring him in town in a wagon. Pretty soon the wagon hove in sight and a big crowd gathered at the hotel entrance to see him unloaded. Exclamations of delight were heard on every side, and Buckley and Webb were the heroes of the hour.

"Down in the little village of Phillips Old Sol Mayberry, with a bigger wad of cash in his pocket than he had possessed for a long time, was getting very drunk on the proceeds of his sale, and after the third or fourth round of drinks he couldn't resist telling how, on that very morning, he had caught in a trap the finest bear he'd ever beheld, and how he had sold him to two chaps from the city. The facts leaked out in less than an hour, and the conspirators were forced to own that Old Sol had spoken the truth. Their bill for champagne that day was in three figures."—Washington Post.

Indoor Bicycle Riding.

Nowadays every one wants to ride a bicycle, but many do not attempt it because they dread the ordeal of learning. In the first place they dislike the idea of abrasions and bruises, and in the second they can hardly bring themselves to the sacrifice of dignity which the floundering of the beginner usually entail. They need no longer hesitate. The bicycle can now be learned indoors, safe from prying eyes and without fear of falls. A new appliance designed for this purpose consists of a small flywheel covered with rubber and two side wheels fitted with a simple arrangement by means of which it can be adjusted to any kind of cycle in two minutes. Its great advantage is that the rider experiences the same momentum as in a spin on a hard road, while the machine either remains stationary or moves so slowly that in traversing 15 feet the same amount of exercise is obtained as in a mile of ordinary traveling.

Practice can thus be carried on in a hall or room, and riders can gauge the rate of speed their exertions would have given them on the highway. For beginners, children and invalids needing physical exercise this invention is specially adapted, as it stands perfectly steady and enables the difficulties of mounting and dismounting to be thoroughly overcome without danger of falls or bruises. The appliance is collapsible, weighs 15 pounds and can be easily carried in the hand.—Exchange.

Wood Paving.

A nonslipping wood pavement has been recently devised which is claimed to be simple, inexpensive and efficient. It consists in preparing the wooden blocks before they are laid by boring a few holes in them and filling the same with a hard setting substance composed of crushed stone, bitumen and Portland cement. The compound is cleared off even with the surface, and when they are laid the roadway is thus covered with a series of rough spots which arrest the foot of the horse in all conditions of weather, and prevent the animal from slipping. Wood paving is extensively used in England and France.—Northeastern Lumberman.

Division of the Sexes.

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freudenthal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men, and the left one to the women of the congregation.—Berlin Letter.

Right He Was.

"Now," began the orator, "in considering the money question, let us avoid false issues."

"Right you air," shouted Mr. Fallwheat. "I thort I was buyin $3,000 of 'em once, and it turned out to be sawdust."—Indianapolis Journal.

A COMEDY.

They parted with clasped hands
And kisses and burning tears.
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years—

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smiling, tranquil eyed,
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life,
She in a Gainsborough hat
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt, it appears,
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A BUSINESS ROMANCE.

It Is the True Story of the Rise of a Humble Young Man.

A young man who was working as clerk in an importing house had occasion frequently in the course of business to call at a certain large manufacturing establishment. The head of the concern took a fancy to him. One day he asked the young man what salary he was getting, what his chances of promotion were and so on. He was told and then said to the young man that he thought there was a better opportunity for him in his office than in the house where he was then employed.

The young man replied that he should of course like to better himself, but that his engagement would not permit him to leave for some time to come. The head of the house said he thought he might induce his employer to let him go. He accordingly wrote a note to the senior partner of the importing house, with whom he was on intimate terms, saying that he had formed a liking for the young man, that he believed there was a better opening for him in his office and asking that he be released. The next day the young man came back with a letter in which his employer, while expressing regret at losing his services, said that he recognized the larger opportunity offered him, and, as he didn't want to stand in his way, released him. The clerk went to work in his new position and so confirmed his employer's good impressions that his promotion was rapid. He went from one responsible position to another until he was next to the manager of the house. A short time ago the manager died, and "our hero," now no longer a young man of course, but still in the prime of life, took his place at a salary very nearly if not quite as large as that of the president of the United States.—New York Recorder.

Customs of Polish Women.

In Poland princesses and peasants wear around the throat several rows of huge coral beads which are supposed to be lucky—the bigger the beads the greater the luck—and the dingy looking merchants of the "Zwierjenetz" (Jewish quarter of the town), at Cracow, realize small fortunes from the sale of these coral necklaces, for a Pole of the lower classes will almost sooner go without food or without her beloved "vodki" (brandy) than forego this cherished ornament. The "grande dame" is so loath to separate from her lucky beads that, when donning evening dress with its paraphernalia of pearls and diamonds, she carries them in her pocket or in the inside of her corsage.

While on the subject of Poland, I may add that the orthodox Jewesses there—with whom the country literally swarms—are easily distinguished, apart from any physical mark of race, by the silken wigs which they are forced to adopt on the morrow of their wedding day. Their religion exacts that on the wedding night the tresses should fall under the bites of a pair of silver scissors, and the massacre is so complete that, shorn close to the scalp, they conceal the skull under a hideous construction of coarse silken strands, highly ornamented in most cases with bands of black velvet sewed with small pearls and turquoises.—New York Tribune.

Montrond.

Raikes asked Montrond once if it were true that Louis Philippe gave him a pension. He answered, "Yes, 20,000 francs a year for speaking well of him in the clubs and in England." Montrond before his death went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him, "You probably in old times uttered many pleasantries against religion?" "No," said he coldly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my lifetime of many vices. I have never been accused of being an imbecile."

Montrond was an inveterate gambler. One day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew to Talleyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window?" "I have always advised you," said Talleyrand very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Elevator Girls.

There are three buildings in Philadelphia in which the elevators are exclusively run by girls. They are the Woman's Christian association's big building, at Eighteenth and Arch streets, the Girls' High school and the Normal school. In the first building all the employees are women except the engineer and fireman.

Woolens.

Never put away for the summer a woolen garment of any kind that is spotted with grease or soiled with mud. Grease is astonishingly attractive to moths, and all the unbrushed clothes "age" rapidly. Ammonia for all black goods, and a delicate mixture of ether, ammonia and castile soap for colored ones, may be advised.—Philadelphia Ledger.