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MINING JOURNAL.

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24TH YEAR—NO. 50. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,246.

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
7.39 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 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 10:35 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.

VASSAR PIE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie,
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose,
So give me a gram of phosphate
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat,
And if the electric oven's cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine,
And the phosphate, too, for now I think
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

—Chicago News.

ANDREANO.

"Halt! Close up, there!"

The order rang out sharply, echoing from rock to rock, and seeming to die away in hollow murmurs up the precipitous and bleak sides of the hills. The little band of Italian soldiery closed up rapidly as their grizzled old captain spoke and faced him silently with their carbines grounded and the look of dull and apathetic discipline on their faces that is characteristic of their class.

"My men," said the weather beaten and gray headed leader, regarding them sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, "the wolf is driven to his last lair. All, or nearly all, of his people have been killed off during the weeks that we have been following them over these dreary hills. He—the bandit, the robber, the Andreano of the hills—cannot last out longer now. His hour is come, if we are but watchful. Up and up he has been driven, often nearly falling into our hands, yet as often escaping. Now, behind him rises the sheer straight line of the hills, on either side are two good companies of our men; we stand in the front. The great Andreano, terror of our hills"—the captain laughed softly in his throat—"is already as one dead. You know your orders; he is to be shot down like a dog by the first man who sights him. You understand?"

A low, deep murmur went up from the men, and then a single voice spoke; the speaker, who stood in the front rank, giving the salute rapidly.

"But, my captain, what of the child?"

The old man turned on him fiercely. "The child! What child?"

The soldier—a little, lithe, swarthy man, with gleaming white teeth shining under his brown mustache—saluted again.

"The child, my captain, he brought from Massafino, below there in the valley. The child of the woman who had loved him."

The captain, interested in spite of himself, knitted his brows and bade the soldier proceed.

"What of this child? You may speak."

Thus encouraged, the little man with the gleaming teeth saluted once more, and with many a gesture of fingers, shoulders and eyebrows rapidly told his story.

"'Twas but a year ago, my captain. The woman—I know not her name—had loved him in the days when he was a lad tilling the fields down there. She was alone. Her friends were dead or had left her. There was no one but the priest who could help her, and the priest was too poor. What would you?" with an appealing glance at his fellows and a rapid shrug of his shoulders. "She had been married—this woman who had loved the Andreano—and had a child, a girl child, but her man lay in the sandy graveyard over against the village church yonder, dead, a year before, of the fever. So she sent to Andreano."

He paused for a moment, spat quickly upon the ground and went on again.

"She sent a message to him up here in the hills, my captain, and he came to her. He came down in the night and saw her; came, armed to the teeth, and daring all or any to touch him. And in the morning, when the sun was coming up over the hills, he had gone, and the child with him, and the woman who had loved him lay dead, with a smile on her face. That is all, my captain."

The man saluted again and drew back.

"And the child—where is it now?" asked the captain slowly.

"The child is with him, my captain."

"What matters it?" muttered the captain. "Kill the child too. Kill off the whole brood. Come, we waste time. Forward!"

Yet for all that, as the captain marched at the head of his men with knitted brows, he was very silent and very thoughtful and might almost have been thought to have been in doubt. Once or twice he shook his head slowly and muttered something beneath his breath. He, too, had heard the strange story at an earlier time—had heard how this terrible and sin stained man, with a price upon his head, had gone down into the valley—into the midst of men ready and willing to sell him—carrying his life in his hand, to see a peasant woman who had sent for him; he had heard, too, how the robber had carried the child into the hills and had carefully tended it there ever since.

It was late in the afternoon when the little company drew near the end of its quest, and, with leveled carbines, crept silently on amid the rocks that lay strewn about the place. Suddenly one man—the little soldier with the gleaming teeth, who had spoken before—cried out sharply:

"See, my captain, he comes—with the child!"

It was true; even as they looked they saw an active, picturesque figure springing from rock to rock toward them, bearing on its shoulders a laughing, crowing, dark haired child. One hand of the man held the baby, the other grasped a carbine, and the late afternoon sun gleamed on the weapons in his belt. They saw, too, that the baby had, fastened lightly to one chubby fist, a fluttering white cloth. Seeing them, the man stood quite still watching them, only the white cloth fluttering in the wind.

"A flag of truce!" grunted the captain, sharply calling a halt—he was too true a soldier not to regard such a sign. "What does he want, I wonder? Lower your arms there, men, there is plenty of time," he added grimly.

The robber came on again rapidly and finally halted a little distance above them, with the baby still perched upon his shoulder. Then he, too, lowered his carbine and stood there, with head upraised, looking at them defiantly.

"You have me!" he cried at last, his voice ringing out clearly through the still air. "You have tracked me up here—you, a hundred against one man. Yet, even now, you should not have taken me calmly thus, even though I stand alone—you should not have taken me thus, but for the little one."

He glanced up for a moment at the baby on his shoulder and drew one little hand down to his lips, and then faced the soldiery again, speaking directly for the first time to the old officer:

"You are a brave man, captain," he added almost appealingly, "and such men do not make war on infants. What do you do with the little one, my captain?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "The child is nothing, Andreano," he said sternly. "She may die with you."

With a bound the bandit had sprung back from them, and in an instant the child was off his shoulder and behind him, and he knelt there with his carbine leveled, fiercely facing them.

"Beasts!" he cried. "I come to you under the white flag, well knowing that I must die, and asking nothing for myself. I crave only that you should spare the innocent little one. Know this, then, since you will not—I will kill the child rather than she shall fall beneath your murderous blows, and will die such a death as few men have died, with a dozen coward souls to bear mine own to hell. Now, what say you?"

He knelt there quite calmly, with his carbine leveled and with the child thrust behind him. But the old captain had stepped forward and raised his hand.

"Stop, Andreano!" he cried. "You are right. We make not war on babes. This hunting down of one man is but little to my liking, and I will not foul it more. The child is safe."

The man rose and laid down his carbine and took up the child again.

"And the little one shall go with you down into the valley in safety?" he asked slowly.

"I have given my word. No harm shall come to the little one. Give it to me."

The robber kissed the baby's soft face passionately—once, twice, thrice—and then moved quickly toward the captain, down the rocks, and passed the child into his arms.

"I thank you, my captain," he said gravely. "And now you are to shoot me?"

"Such are our orders, Andreano."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "So be it," he said softly, "only cover the face of the little one that she may not see."

The captain passed the child into the hands of the little soldier of the swarthy face, and they took it quickly out of his sight. Then came an order rapidly given and another; a volley rang out startling the echoes on those lonely hills for a moment; there was a half sobbing cry and Andreano's course was run.

So it came about that when the soldiers marched down into the valley again one of them bore upon a light pole the head of the notorious bandit, for all the wide eyed peasantry to gape at, and, strangest sight of all, upon the front of the captain's saddle, with the captain's arm about her, sat a laughing, crowing, dark haired baby.—Firefly.

Bacteriology of the Sea.

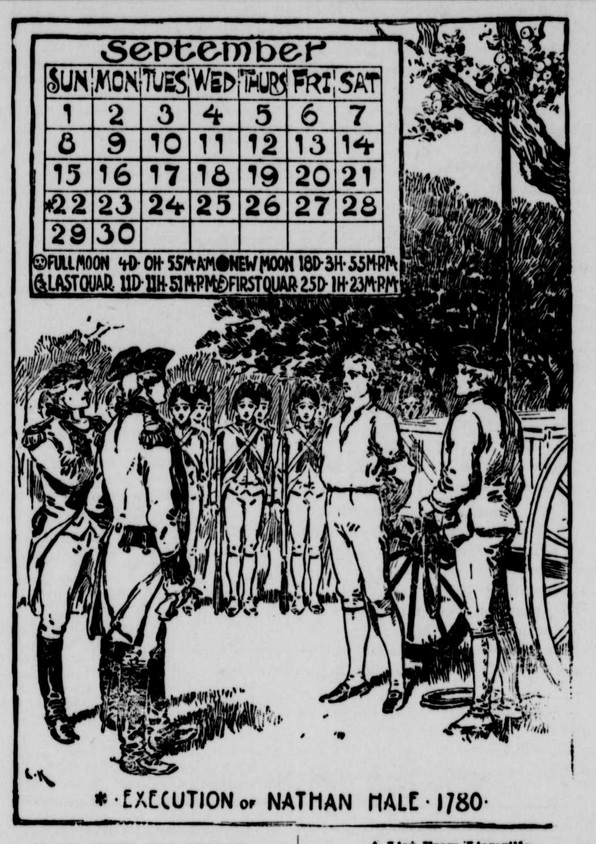
Dr. D. Fischer, bacteriologist of the 1894 Plankton expedition, in his report on the "Microbes of the Sea," says that microbes capable of germination are everywhere to be found in sea water except at great depths. They are more numerous in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than they are in either the Guinea or equatorial currents. They were not detected with certainty in the ooze of the ocean's bed, but were abundant at all depths shallower than 1,300, and some were found at a depth of 3,500 feet. Like the bacteria of the different diseases, those of the ocean are found in all shapes and forms, the spiral predominating. Nearly all were found provided with hooks or suckers, and one large family are reported as being phosphorescent.

Sir John Millais.

It is said of Sir John Millais, the artist, that, given a short brier wood pipe, a comfortable chair, and a pack of cards with which to play "patience," he is serenely satisfied with existence for the time being. Millais is one of the rare prodigies who attained distinction in later life. He won a medal for drawing when only 9, and at 11 he was a student of the Royal Academy of Arts. In the fullness of his fame he is a man of surprisingly simple tastes and habits.

In the year 1738 that master of theatrical art, Colley Cibber, wrote, "He that feels not himself the passion he would raise will talk to a sleeping audience."

In 764 the cold at Constantinople was so severe that the Black sea was frozen for 50 miles from shore.



MUST KNOW THE STREAM.

The Information a Western River Pilot Must Carry In His Head.

At the season of the year when the river excursion business is at its height and hundreds of boats are carrying thousands of people to and fro along the entire length of the Ohio river from Pittsburg to Cairo many persons who ordinarily never give the subject a thought are impressed with the wonderful way in which navigation on our beautiful stream is carried on. The first thing noticed generally is the accuracy with which the pilot handles the boat, avoiding the bars, which are near the surface of the water in the summer, going from one side of the river to the other, and finally, without a jar, landing them all safely at their destination. When the excursion business is over, these same men assume similar positions on packets and towboats, carrying hundreds of tons of freight and thousands of bushels of coal on every trip with the same accuracy with which they handled the excursion steamers during the summer.

A large number of the pilots running out of Cincinnati know the river from here to New Orleans, others from here to Memphis, and others still to points up the river as far as Pittsburg. "Know the river." This phrase means much. For instance, a man running from here to New Orleans must be able to take charge of the wheel of his boat at any hour of the day or night at any point on the river and on any stage of water. He must be able to tell at a glance exactly where the boat is at any point on this long stretch of 1,513 miles. He must know every bend and chute, and by day the different points by which to steer, such as houses, barns, trees, fences and even haystacks; by night every light placed by the government in conspicuous places as well as the hills and their shape. He must know exactly how long to hold the boat to one light or object before changing to another. When the Mississippi river is reached, a new feature presents itself in the shape of the constantly changing channel. To work here requires more skill and greater judgment probably than all the rest of the difficulties combined. Going down a boat may go on one side of the river. Coming back it doesn't go within two miles of that place. When these things are appreciated—and they are only a few of the things a pilot must know—then it is that the pilot gets credit for what he does.

Kipling's Mulvaney.

The statement published in various newspapers to the effect that the original of Mr. Kipling's inimitable Mulvaney is now living and talking in San Francisco under the name of McManus, has called out a pleasant letter from the author. It is addressed to the editor of The Book Buyer.

"In reply to your letter," Mr. Kipling writes, "I can only say that I know nothing of the Private McManus mentioned in the cutting you forward.

"At the same time, I should be loath to interfere with a fellow romancer's trade, and if there be such a person as Private McManus, and if he believes himself to be the original of Terence Mulvaney, and can tell tales to back his claim, we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific slope and wait developments.

"At the same time I confess his seems to me rather a daring game to play, for Terence alone of living men knows the answer to the question, 'How did Dearsley come by the palanquin?' It is not one of the questions that agitate the civilized world, but for my own satisfaction I would give a good deal to have it answered. If Private McManus can answer it without evasions or reservations, he will prove that he has some small right to be regarded as Mulvaney's successor. Mulvaney he cannot be. There is but one Terence, and he has never set foot in America and never will."

A Liar From Liarsville.

A farmer living near Pulaski, while out walking across his farm one day last winter, shot a partridge, and on crossing the Shenango where the bird fell he stooped to pick it up, when something warm and of a mucilaginous consistency fell upon his head. This he soon found was honey, and examination discovered that the bullet from his gun had penetrated a bee tree after passing through the partridge. He returned to the house and secured three large tubs and two milk pails, all of which he filled with honey.

While securing the honey he noticed a peculiar movement of the tree, which seemed to expand and subside at intervals. Passing to the other side, a wide seam was apparent, and he learned that the tree was hollow. From this he succeeded in extracting 32 coons, which had taken up winter quarters therein, the peculiar movement of the tree having been caused by the united breathing of the coons.

Nor was this all of his remarkable adventure, for on attempting to cross the river the ice gave way, and he was obliged to swim for a short distance. When he arrived at his home, he had about 45 bass in his coat pockets, and a few had found lodgment in his boots.—New Wilmington (Pa.) Globe.

Man.

Bearing in mind that, as far as general configuration goes, the ground plans of the present continent have been about the same, only an occasional bit of land having been topped off, as in England, the question arises, Is man an animal of the old world or of the new? If we descend from some anthropoidal ape, then that Asiatic or African monkey must have had a fair hand, and, above all else, a working thumb. Baboons run on all fours, but the gibbons, who are arboreal and live on fruits, have nicely developed thumbs and can pick a nut and shell it neatly. An American monkey has not these exact capabilities He does not depend on his hands to cling to a branch. He uses a fifth limb, which is his prehensile tail. The true gibbon is not, however, utterly a nut or fruit eater. If confined to that diet alone, a strictly vegetarian one, he pines. He likes eggs and devours small insects. Vary his diet in a menagerie, making him slightly omnivorous, and his condition improves. If not, then, for these arboreal ancestors, who had hands, we might never have been. We may then trace our origin from the old rather than from the new one, but we really know but little about the particulars.—New York Times.

A Tattooed Snake.

The sailors of the gulf of Mexico and the equatorial regions of the Atlantic ocean amuse themselves and also turn an occasional honest penny by capturing both large and small snakes of the variety known as the lemon boa and covering their bodies with tattooed letters and designs. One of these living manuscripts was recently exhibited at Egyptian hall, London, which had the whole of the third chapter of Genesis and some pieces from Punch tattooed upon his back in indelible letters of various colors. Thousands of these tattooed snakes are annually disposed of at Rio de Janeiro. The buyers generally kill these snakes and either skin them or preserve the entire reptile in alcohol. Such specimens are highly prized by both European and North American collectors of curiosities.—St. Louis Republic.

In wealth Pennsylvania ranks next to New York, having an assessed valuation of $1,683,459,016, owing largely to the enormous manufactures carried on within the limits of this commonwealth.

The total acreage of all the farms in the United States is 623,218,619, of which 357,616,755 are improved or under cultivation, and 265,601,864 acres remain uncultivated.

REDHOT HAYMAKING.

One Amateur's Experience Was Complete and Satisfactory In One Day.

The hottest experience I ever met with in the country was the day I helped to make hay. The farmer began to call us shortly after midnight, and after a long siege of intermittent yelling he succeeded in his design of getting us out of bed several hours before it was necessary. It was then 3 a. m. About two hours later we had had our breakfasts and were entering the hayfield.

When one gets into trouble, the opening scenes are always alluring. A gorgeous sunrise was in full swing in the east. The dew lay on the grass, and the air was cool and invigorating. I could not but agree with the poets that the scent of the new mown hay was very inspiring. I felt like a colt and was keen to jump into the sport.

The first heat consisted in bunching the hay after the rake, which the farmer himself drove about the field with many loud "gees" and "haws," but few "whoas." The old rascal took a fiendish delight in crowding us. It began to look a little like work.

When the hay was all bunched, the high ladder wagons were driven into the field. Being a novice, I was assigned the duty of loading. I stood upon the wagon and built the load as the hay was pitched to me theoretically, but on me actually. The first dose knocked all the poetry out of me.

The blazing sun had sucked up all the dewdrops and was now high in the east. He seemed to focus his scorching rays on the wagons, and the hay crackled and sizzled about me like frying fat. It was noon 20 times all at once. I thought I was becoming liquified. I sank to my neck in the hay and roasted in a concentrated oven of absorbed solar heat. Not a breeze stirred. No friendly cloud hovered near to screen the orb of fire. I vainly tried to fancy I was in the Arctic ocean and the wagon was a floating iceberg. The old pitchers, inured to the heat and the avocation, still fed on the hay.

We were jerked into the barn—from the frying pan into the fire—and I was there barbecued for half an hour in the hot beds of the mow.

Out we shot again into the broiling field. All day long this process of slow torture continued. It was a little drama from the snowless land inserted into real life, the farmer impersonating satan, the pitchers his archangels and myself Charon's lost passenger.

But, thank heaven, the farmer was no Joshua, and the sun at last completed his trip across the skies and disappeared beneath the mountain. The next day my place on the wagon was occupied by some other fool.—Philadelphia Press.

The Bank of Scotland.

The Bank of Scotland, now 200 years old, naturally sought to encourage Scottish industries, and this is shown in the manufacture of its paper for notes. The first large notes were made in 1696, 20 shilling notes, as they were termed, being only issued on April 7, 1704. In 1729 the bank's paper was manufactured at Giffordhall, near Haddington. Attendants had to be present in the bank's interest, and their account was paid by the bank. One item was "ale and bread furnished to the workmen, 10s.," and another for "drink money to servants, £4 17s. 6d." The items are suggestive, although it is possible they only represented drink money in name.

In 1735 the bank got its 20 shilling banknotes made at Collingtoun Miln (Colinton mill), and there is an "accompt for drink money" in connection with it. A barber came twice from Edinburgh to shave the officials and received 3s. for his professional attendance. Green tea must have cost at this time 24s. per pound, for in the bill a quarter pound sells for 6s. At this Colinton mill the bank appears to have kept all the employees in food during the time the paper was being manufactured. A man was engaged 12 days at the paper mill in dressing meat, and he cut up in that time 200 pounds of it. Meat and mutton cost only 2½d. per pound in those good old days. A hen is charged at 8d., a duck at 9d., one "sollan goose," 1s. 8d.; a dozen eggs, 3d.; six chickens, only 1s. 4d., and a wild fowl, 10d.; cheese cost 4d. per pound and bacon 8d. per pound. In 1769 the bank's note paper was made at Redhaugh Miln (Redhall mill).

A Poor Likeness.

Here is a good story illustrative of the prosaic nature on which art makes no impression:

In Westminster abbey there is a large marble tablet in memory of a famous bishop. It is a basrelief, representing the bishop—a portrait—in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the angel of death.

It is said that an aged couple from the country were being shown round the abbey, and pausing long before the tablet the old lady remarked to her husband:

"That's a good likness of the bishop, but," regarding the angelic personage attentively, "it's a very poor one of Mrs. ——. I knew her well, and she didn't look like that."—Boston Traveller.

The Fat's In the Fire.

"The fat's in the fire," indicating that an enterprise has suffered disaster, is found in very old English times. The metaphor is, of course, drawn from the sight, familiar enough at hog killing time, of lard being melted from the fat portions of the carcass, the upsetting of the vessel causing the loss of the melted fat. By a figure of speech, fat is supposed to indicate good luck or wealth, and the "fat's in the fire" was synonymous with the failure of a promising enterprise.

A HARVEST SONG.

Behind the scythes a trodden path,
Bind, bind the sheaves.
Wide and wider grows the swath.
Either side the bright corn heaves
Billows of gold.

Trees a glory of bronze and red,
Bind, bind the sheaves.
Misty sunshine overhead.
Through the chequer of thinning leaves
The air is cold.

Breath of the coming frost is there,
Bind, bind the sheaves.
Vines that cling to the house grow bare.
Swallows leave their nests in the eaves
Empty and old.

Apple globes, crimson and white,
Bind, bind the sheaves.
Winnowed grain, sunnily bright
(Glittering gold that want relieves),
The wide bins hold.

Fill the flagon up to the brim,
Bind, bind the sheaves,
Until the foam runs over the rim.
(It mellowed long where the spider weaves
In dusk and mold.)

Fill and drink the cider clear,
Bind, bind the sheaves.
Bid farewell to the passing year,
Close the book with blotted leaves.
Their tale is told.

—Neith Boyce in Outing.

ADVENTURE WITH A MUMMY.

The Archæologist Lost His Treasure, but Escaped With His Life.

A French archæologist traveling among the Andes in search of knowledge and specimens had a great desire to explore some caves in the sides of the precipices. They were doubtless ancient tombs and would probably yield him a treasure. He selected a favorable spot, therefore, rigged a sort of chair or seat between two leather cords and engaged two Indians to let him down from the brow of the precipice. "A descent of 300 feet made in this way," he tells us, "is extraordinarily long."

However, he reached the cave in safety, and on forcing a passage into it was rewarded by finding two skulls and a mummy, "thoroughly dry," he says, "and pretty solid." He passed a string through the eyeholes of the skulls and attached them to his belt. Then he took the mummy in his arms and signaled to the Indians to draw him up. With his heels he defended himself against the jutting rocks, and in a few minutes was almost on an even with the top. The Indians knew nothing about his load. Just then the yellow skull of one of their ancestors appeared before their eyes, and the idiots gave a start of surprise. The Frenchman thought they must have let go the cord.

"It was the affair of a second," he writes. "What passes in the brain of a man at such an instant is indescribable. I did not drop a yard, but I experienced all the horror of a man in rapidly falling through space. My hands let go the mummy, and while, covered with a cold sweat, I was helped over the edge of the cliff by the Indians, the mummy bounded from rock to rock and landed in bits at the bottom of the chasm."

He overwhelmed the Indians with invective, but to no purpose. Such dead men, they assured him, if disturbed in their sepulcher, had the habit of kissing the Indians, who perished infallibly under their deadly breath. One of the two declared that his own father had died in that way.

The other assured the Frenchman that at the moment when the head of the mummy showed above the edge of the rocks it opened its mouth. If it had not luckily fallen into the abyss, it would have cursed them forever.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Origin of "Linger."

A correspondent sends the following derivation of the term "linger:" "Early in the forties there moved from Vermont to one of the then flourishing cotton manufacturing villages of New Hampshire a man with a large family of children, to keep one of the corporation boarding houses. He was a tall, lank dyspeptic. There was but one shoe store in the village; in the rear of the store was a room for making and repairing shoes. Here was a Frenchman, and a lover of mischief. One day the tavern keeper entered the shop and said: 'Hello! Are you a shoemaker?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and linger at it.' The Frenchman caught on, and in a day or two there was hung outside the building, with other store goods, probably the most uncouth, bunglingly made pair of shoes ever seen on the continent, labeled 'Lingers.' There they hung until every man, woman and child in the village had looked them over. From that day the members of the dyspeptic's family were known as 'lingers.' And the word was applied to everything as a superlative, to a fine yoke of oxen or a big fish."—Boston Journal.

The Thoughtful Chauncey.

A good story is told on Chauncey Depew. He received a letter from a young married friend in Albany asking for a pass for his mother-in-law, who was coming to make him a visit, and closing with the delicate hint, "Don't forget to have the return coupon attached." Mr. Depew is nothing if not worldly wise and sympathetic, and in sending the pass he wrote, "I have not neglected the return coupon and have limited it to three days."—Minneapolis Journal.

Valley Forge's Lone Gravestone.

Only one grave, that of John Watterman of Rhode Island, marked with a rudely carved sandstone, has been identified of all who died at Valley Forge during that perilous winter of 1778. "J. W., 1778," are all the marks that are on the stone, but the records show whose grave it is. All the other graves have been plowed over for more than a century.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Housatonic in Connecticut was called by the Indians Wussiadenex, the "stream beyond the mountains."