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MINING JOURNAL.

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25TH YEAR—NO. 2. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,250.

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.	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 3:38 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

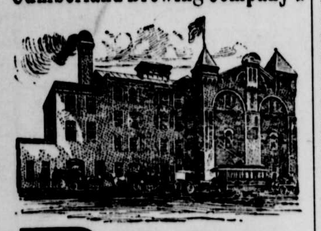
RETURNING TRAINS.

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.

—THE—
Cumberland Brewing Company's



Beer.

THIS delicious beverage is now on the market.
Orders for the same will receive prompt attention.
A large supply of
The Cumberland Brewing Co.'s
CELEBRATED BRANDS OF
Reingold and Erlanger
BEER
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Fred. Wehner, Ag't,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Sept 7

First Come, First Served

WE are now prepared to make contracts for
Filling Ice-Houses
DURING THE COMING WINTER.
Now is the time to make contracts. First applicants first accommodated. Get your ice-houses filled from first crop.
Sept 7] ALLEGANY CEMETERY CO.

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

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good, she had promised,
And so with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to bent,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet!
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE FOURTEENTH.

It has been said that it is always the unexpected that happens, and that to be prepared for emergencies one must be both a philosopher and a fatalist. As Professor Smythe, musician, piano tuner and general utility man—in a musical way—was going to the Globe theater, where he was to play a flute obligato with the regular orchestra, he would have been much surprised if any hint of a new calamity in his run down fortunes could have been then and there foretold. He certainly thought he had taxed the ingenuity of adverse fate to its utmost, and he had enough misery on hand to last a lifetime. But the misfortune awaiting him was of a grotesque turn and quite unlike the others, which were the commonplace ones of illness, poverty and bad luck in everything he undertook.

As he walked along in the shrinking, depressed fashion that had become natural to him through habitude with misfortune he was aware of the sudden opening of a door in a handsome residence he was passing and a flood of orange light beaming across his path. At the same time a man in evening dress ran lightly down the steps, seized him by the arm and said briskly:

"My dear sir, excuse me, but would you do me a great favor?"

Professor Smythe forgot to draw into his shell, so sudden was this attack. He stood still, like the wedding guest in the "Ancient Mariner," but finally stammered his need of haste and the occasion of it.

"I will pay you twice as much, and you will have nothing to do but make yourself agreeable. It will be a great accommodation, and I shall never forget it. I can see by your appearance that you are a gentleman. Consider me a friend and accept my offer."

"But what service is required of me?" asked the professor, who had a vague idea that a grand piano had suddenly gone wrong.

"Why, you see, I am giving a dinner to some friends. It is all on the table, and we have just discovered that there are 13 of us. That would never do at all. Now if you will dine with us, you shall be well paid for your services, and I dare say you will be in time for your flute solo at the theater, as you can be excused when you desire. You will come? Thanks!"

The professor followed his host in a state of absolute subjection, as if he might have been hypnotized, but the fact was that the poor man had not broken his fast since morning, and the delicious aroma of the dinner coming through the open door proved irresistible. He gave his name in a whisper, was handed over to a servant, who took him up stairs into a guest chamber, helped him remove his shabby overcoat and whisked off his best suit with a silver handled brush, taking its threadbare glint for dust. It was well he was engaged to play; otherwise he would not have been in evening dress. He was beginning to enjoy the little comedy in which he was himself an actor.

There was no introduction. His host motioned him to a seat between the maiden lady and a severe matron who turned her silken back on him to talk to her neighbor on the other side. The professor's pride did not once assert itself. He was masquerading—that was all.

But fate had not done with Professor Smythe.

The consomme had a dash of champagne in it, and new life was infused into the veins of this professional diner out. The fish and game and pate that followed were all triumphs of the culinary art, and the hungry man cloyed the edge of his appetite, not by the bare imagination of a feast, but by the feast itself. It was no feast of the Barmecede either, for the viands were actual, and the wine was not a pretense, but a delightful vintage, served in cut glass goblets. The poor professor felt like saying to his neighbor, "Pinch me!" for it was like a dream or an illusion rather than a reality.

But the striking of the clock reminded him that he had been there an hour, and as he had broken the spell of the unlucky 13 he ventured to excuse himself and rose stiffly from his place and bowed himself out of the room.

He was followed by a servant who handed him an envelope with the compliments of the gentleman with whom he had just dined. Not for worlds would he have opened it, though it was unsealed, before the man, but he accepted it graciously and went up stairs to get his hat and overcoat unattended.

A number of handsomely appointed chambers were on the upper hall, and the professor glanced into each as he passed on his way to the particular guest chamber where he had left his belongings. Perhaps he was a trifle overcome by sherry and other beverages, but he thought the room had been darkened and that he was right. He stood a moment in the doorway and looked cautiously in, peering about at the luxury, but at the same time noting that it was not the dressing room for which he was looking. Before he could step back and turn down the corridor again the unexpected happened. He received a sudden and violent push from behind, which flung him forward out of the doorway into the room, the door was instantly locked upon him, and he was a prisoner.

"Smythe luck!" said the poor man as he tried in vain to open the door and knew by the rumpus he could hear outside that the house was in a state of excitement. "I suppose they will think I was trying to steal something."

And to add to his terror he heard the alarmed household coming up stairs, and the next moment the door of his room was opened, and his host, backed by all the male guests, stood in the open doorway.

"What are you doing here?" was the first question his host propounded. "Tell the truth now as you would hope for mercy."

"I came here to get my hat and coat," said the professor, the dignity of all the Smythes since Mount Ararat in his thin, rasping tones.

"A likely story. Turn your pockets inside out," commanded the host.

"I refuse to do it."

"Then I will send for the police. I was willing to give you a chance, but if you refuse to be searched you are guilty."

"I am not a thief."

"I do not know. Your actions are very suspicious. You can explain matters to the chief of police. There must be reasons why you refuse to be searched. If you are honest, you can have nothing to conceal."

A hollow laugh rang through the room. Was it possible the bold intruder dared to laugh at them? It was the laugh of despair, and as such it smote upon the heart of the host, who looked troubled and perplexed. His enforced guest saw the look, and it suggested a line of action to him.

"Send these men away," he said, pointing to the group of alarmed guests crowding in at the door. He was glad the women had remained below stairs and not come to gaze upon his discomfiture. He did not know that they were locked up in fear and trembling in a distant parlor.

"We won't go," chorused the group. "He may want to murder you."

"I don't think he will," said the host, who was really soft hearted. "I'll trust him, and you fellows can go to the ladies. I'll call if I need help."

They went, rather glad to be out of it, and the two men, left together, eyed each other, one waiting for the other to speak. They were exactly opposite in appearance, one rosy and rubicund, the other thin and anxious—a meager travesty on a successful man.

"I refused to let you search me," said the professor slowly, "because—oh, my God, how can I acknowledge it—I am a thief!"

The other man started and moved toward the door. Then he waited.

"I have stolen from you—here, let me show you, and you will know why I could have died easier than to have these people gloating over me. See here—and—here and here."

He took the valuables out of his pocket one by one. They made a strange exhibit as he piled them up on the table in front of him. They were a roll of dinner bread, a pate, a sweetbread rolled in a leaf of lettuce, a chicken breast, a bit of toasted bread and a caviare sandwich. He brought them out to the last crumb, with the manner of one who lays his life on the altar of sacrifice.

"Great heavens, man, what does this mean?" asked the astonished host.

"It means," replied the other solemnly, "that my sick wife and my little children are starving, and that I pilfered from my share of food at your table to give them, for my rent is overdue, and the money I earned is already spent."

"But what did you eat yourself?"

"More than I have eaten for many a day. But now do with me what you will."

"Would you mind putting these things back into your pocket?" inquired his host vaguely. "Now come with me." He took him by the arm and led him down stairs and into the presence of the shaking guests. "I—I made a bad mistake, my friends," he said. "This gentleman has proved himself perfectly innocent of any attempt at crime, and I must beg you to remain silent as to the events of this evening. He is under my protection from this time, and you will all agree with me that we are extremely sorry that such a mistake should have occurred."

Of course they all agreed with the sentiments of their host, whatever they were, and Professor Smythe was allowed to take his leave amid profuse apologies.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.

Make Clothing For Dogs.

It is well known that there are dentists in London and in Paris whose specialty it is to fit lapdogs with a set of false teeth. It now appears from a Parisian monthly magazine of fashions that there are tailors and fashion plates for dogs. The list of garments includes mackintoshes, Jaeger vests, comforters and respirators, side pockets with a lace handkerchief inside, fur collars, small silk umbrellas, which dogs are taught to carry over the head.—Chicago Tribune.

HARD WOOD FLOORS.

INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND CARE.

Quartered White Oak Said to Be the Very Best Material—How to Wax and Polish. They Do These Things Better In England Than We Do In America.

It is only a few years since advocates of the house beautiful began to preach in favor of hard floors, and there is now hardly a village in the country where this doctrine of health and beauty has not penetrated. Yet every one who has discarded carpets and adopted hard wood floors has found some drawbacks in the way. In nine cases out of ten the floor is simply shellacked, often without previous filling, and every scratch of the bootheel shows on its surface. The wood is soon laid bare and permanently stained, or perhaps the wood is oiled with clear oil which has not been properly rubbed in. The residue gums on the surface and collects dust and debris, and altogether the hard wood floor, which has been well laid by the carpenter, is a source of discomfort and disappointment.

European housekeepers suffer from none of these disadvantages because they try none of these experiments. The European floor is a floor of parquetry. It is made by gluing together thicknesses of hard wood on a pine backing, a method by which they obtain a stronger and more durable floor than when a thick floor of hard wood alone is used, for every builder knows that the best door is not one of solid hard wood, but one of two thicknesses of hard wood over a pine core. These doors are naturally more expensive, because they are more trouble to make. So the veneered floor is more durable, though a very excellent floor may be laid in hard wood seven-eighths thick over a rough floor of pine, providing the wood has been properly seasoned. Or a thinner floor may be laid over a perfectly level floor of pine.

Builders recommend quartered white oak as the very best material for floors. This is a western wood and costs about $100 a 1,000 feet in this state. Maple and birch, which are much cheaper woods, also make excellent floors. Native birch, which may be bought in this state as low as $40 a 1,000 feet, is a very hard, smooth wood, and makes a very durable kitchen floor which does not sliver up like Georgia pine. Narrow boards, measuring about two inches or less laid, make a most desirable floor. The skillful carpenter matches his joints with faultless precision, planes and scrapes his floor and polishes it down with hard wood shavings after it is laid, as well as finishing it before. When this is properly done, hardly a joint is visible, and it is then ready to be filled.

It is this process that is so often neglected and upon which so much depends. It should be a thoroughly trustworthy wood filler, purchased from a dealer whose name is a guarantee for his goods. These fillers usually come by the pound, often in paste form, and may be thinned to a proper consistency with turpentine. It is applied to the wood with a brush, and all that remains on the surface is polished off with hardwood shavings or excelsior. This filler is allowed to dry about 12 hours, when a coat of wax is applied, or of prepared oil if you prefer it. Where oil is used it should be thinned with a certain amount of "drier."

The best wax is a preparation of turpentine and beeswax, properly melted together, and is kept by all dealers in parquetry floors. The chief mistake that amateurs make is to apply this wax too generously. An expert in this matter says that a pound of wax ought to cover 300 feet of surface. After the wax is applied and rubbed in with a weighted brush it should be allowed to stand for awhile and a second coat applied before the floor is used.

A great many American families attempt to take care of a hardwood floor without a brush. This is a waste of much laborious energy. The work can be accomplished by the use of a brick wrapped in flannel and then in cotton, but it cannot be properly accomplished except by a strong man, while an ordinary servant can readily wield the 22 pound brush, which sells in our shops at from $3.50 to $4 and with care will last many years. It should be passed first across the grain of the wood. Then the floor should be vigorously polished with the grain of the wood.

Finally a piece of old carpet is laid down and the floor is polished under this. A properly cared for floor should be polished with the brush once a week. It should not be rewaxed oftener than once a month or once in two or three months, according to the amount of wear on it. After a certain period of time it may be necessary to scrape the floor and apply some kind of restorer, though this should be hardly required unless the floor has been improperly dressed.

Of course the best way of polishing such a floor is in the foreign fashion, with a brush attached to one foot of a robust man, who goes skating about until the surface gleams like marble. But this method is not often possible in this country except in those households where there are foreign menservants.—New York Tribune.

In a Hurry.

"It's a rapid age," said the big policeman thoughtfully. "A terribly rapid age. Everybody's in a hurry."

"What's the matter now?" inquired the man who was waiting for a street car.

"Why, we've got the trolley car, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"And the cable car fender?"

"To be sure."

"And the cigarettes?"

"Quite so."

"And yet you read in the papers every day about people so blamed impatient that they go and commit suicide."—Washington Star.

Porter or Porterage.

An officer being moved from one station to another sent in a bill, in which was an item for "porter." The item, after having exercised the intellects and received the indorsements of five successive officials at the war office, was disallowed on the ground that "porter" could only be allowed if taken under medical advice. The officer respectfully informed his superiors that the "porter" charged for was not drink, but the individual who had carried his baggage. The reply was that this should have been entered as "porterage," whereupon the officer ventured to inquire whether if he took a cab this should be put down as "cabbage."—Truth.

The Heat of Our Clothes.

How hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees F., the temperature on the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 73.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.—Exchange.

Edison says there is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad. He thinks the greatest speed will come when electricity is obtained direct from coal.

"The pleasantest way to take cod liver oil," says an old gormand, "is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeons."

Muskegon, the name of a Michigan river, means "plenty of fish."

SAME OLD GAMES.

WE ARE PLAYING THOSE INVENTED BY THE ANCIENTS.

The American Indians Played Baseball, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Chess and Checkers Date From Away Back—Novelties In Games Rarely Catch On.

Few of the hundreds of new games that are invented every year become popular. They may be seen in any toy store by the score—lawn games and parlor games, games of cards and games of ball, games for young and for old. They are a melancholy sight, for not one of them will ever take the place of the old standbys of infancy and boyhood. Even the names of most of them will never be heard of by the majority of American boys and girls. This is the logic of history.

It seems an easy matter to invent a game. The best games are so simple, yet a popular game was never yet invented. Every one of them has grown, and the best of them have been growing for hundreds of years. Scientific men tell us that all sorts of queer creatures once lived on this earth—great lizards with wings; sea monsters, half whale, half seal, and rhinoceroses larger than elephants. All these have died away because they were not fitted to live, while those animals that were fit for life have gone on growing better and better, till some—the horse, for instance—we could not do without. It is just so with games. Those live that are fit to live, and the rest die.

Our best games form a sort of aristocracy. Their pedigrees run back to very ancient times, and no modern upstart can compete with them. Take baseball and cricket, for instance, probably the most popular outdoor games of modern times, the one in our own country, the other in England. They are first cousins, and their hold on American and English boys is in all probability due to the fact that they each unite two strong lines of descent—that of the bat and ball games—to which tennis, lacrosse, hockey, croquet and, more distantly, billiards also belong, and that of the goal games, such as tag, puss in the corner, I spy and dozens of others.

All the nations we know anything about had bat and ball games ages ago. Nobody invented the bat and ball. They grew up with our civilization from the time when little savages used to knock about a pebble or a fruit with a stick. So with the goal games—they have always been popular. Their name is still legion. The goal part—that is, the running from base to base—is a much more important part of the game in baseball than it is in cricket, and for this reason we Americans are justified in looking upon baseball as the better game, all other things being equal. To be sure, neither baseball nor cricket is the game it was 300 years ago, but both have grown, not changed.

Any one who chooses may trace the growth of cricket from the year 1300. It is not as easy to trace the pedigree of baseball, for, just as with a great many American families, there is a break in the record back in colonial times. It is known to have been played by the Indians. It is a thoroughly American game, and no one loves it less because some people claim rounders as its ancestor and others reject the claim with scorn.

As for indoor games, we may prove their nobility in just the same way. Chess comes down to us from the ancient Hindoos, by way of Persia. Checkers were played in Egypt, and then in Greece and Rome. Cards made their appearance in Europe in 1350, and the Chinese say that they used them two centuries earlier than this. Tenpins was certainly played in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. All these have grown, but they have not changed their nature.

Lawn tennis is only an offshoot of the old game of court tennis, said to have been brought into Gaul by Roman soldiers and still played. Again only a growth, not a new device. There is halma—only a variation of the old pyramid game of checkers. How about parchesi? The pompous title, "A Royal Game of India," inscribed on the old parchesi board, is often thought to have been only an advertising dodge, but it was quite true. Parchesi, called by the Hindoos pachisi, is widely played in Asiatic countries, and the Spanish explorers even found the Aztecs playing it under the name of patolli in Mexico, whither it may have been carried across the Pacific.

These and many other instances are worth thinking over deeply, for they teach a lesson. If any one is tired of the old games and wants something a little different, let him alter the old in the direction of growth rather than try to invent something quite different. The most successful inventors of games have followed this rule. Indeed it is more than a rule. It is a law of nature. You might as well try to please the human palate with food made out of sand and sawdust as to force boy or man to get enjoyment out of a game that does not contain the old, well tried game elements.—New York World.

Words Which Rhyme Not.

The number of English words which have no rhyme in the language is very large. Five or six thousand at least are without rhyme and consequently can be employed at the end of the verse only by transposing the accent, coupling them with an imperfect consonance or constructing an artificial rhyme out of two words. Among other words to which there are no rhymes may be mentioned month, silver, liquid, spirit, chimney, warmth, gulf, sylph, music, breadth, width, depth, honor, iron, echo.

GLADNESS.

A warmth of gold, all summer stored,
The goldenrod gives up,
And filled from springtime's scantier hoard
Shines the sweet buttercup,
And from the singing of the breeze
And low, sweet sound of rain,
The little brook learns melodies
To sing them back again.

Forgotten all the cloudy sky
Of dark days overcast;
For flower hearts let gloom go by,
But hold the sunshine fast.
And all year long the little burn,
Though wintry boughs be wet,
Picks out the happy days to learn—
The sad ones to forget.
—Charles B. Going in St. Nicholas.

TWO LEAPS.

One Was For Liberty and the Other Was For a Life.

"In passing by the criminal court building the other day," said Luther Laflin Mills, "I recalled, among my memories somehow connected with it, that of a remarkable leap for liberty.

"About 15 years ago I prosecuted a young fellow for the crime of burglary. He was convicted and sentenced to prison for a term of six years. After sentence, as he was being conveyed by a deputy sheriff from the courtroom to the jail, across the passage connecting the two buidings, which I have often regarded as a 'Bridge of Sighs,' the young burglar suddenly sprang over the low hand railing, which was then the only protection of the bridge, landed on his feet 45 feet below, and, recovering himself, made a bold dash for liberty. He started on a run north on Dearborn avenue, pursued by deputy sheriffs and policemen, and was finally recaptured in a barn not far from Lincoln park. When they brought him back, his face flushed, his eyes flashing, his shirt collar thrown open, he looked like a young hero of romance. A few days later he was taken to state's prison, where he served his term.

"Passing over the Clark street bridge there recurred to me the memory of another leap—one for life. One evening about five years ago on approaching that bridge I found it open and a crowd of about 1,500 men and women in a state of excitement. A policeman informed me that a woman had fallen into the river. 'What's being done to save her?' I demanded. Before the officer had a chance to reply a young fellow rushed through the crowd, threw off his coat and vest, put his hands together and shot into the water. He caught the woman as she was going down the third time, struck out for the shore, and both he and she were landed in safety.

"I heard a man say to the rescuer, 'What's your name?' 'I have no name in which the public is interested,' he repled. 'But you're a hero,' urged the man, 'and your name deserves to be made known.' The young man shook his head and peremptorily refused to divulge his name. I happened to get a good look at the fellow, and there came to me a sudden flash of recognition. He was the same one who had made the leap for liberty from the Bridge of Sighs.

"Things went better with the young fellow after that," continued Mr. Mills. "He got on and prospered and is now a well to do commercial traveler."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Emotion of Grief In Animals.

Dutch was a brown retriever of advanced years. Curly was reputed to be a Scotch terrier, but his appearance suggested some uncertainty in his descent. Dutch was chained to her kennel, and Curly, who enjoyed his liberty, evinced his friendship by frequently taking bones and other canine delicacies to his less fortunate friend. One morning Curly presented himself at the house, evincing unmistakable signs of grief by his demeanor and his whines. A visit to the kennel, where poor Dutch was found lying dead, showed the occasion of Curly's unhappiness. We buried Dutch decorously under a vine in the garden and supposed that Curly would forget the incident, but we were touched to see him in the capacity of faithful mourner often revisit the spot where his old friend was laid, taking with him, by way of offering, choice bones, which he carefully buried by the grave. This practice Curly continued for two years, when we left the house.—Cor. London Spectator.

Photographing the Growth of Plants.

Photographing has lately been applied to record the movements of growing plants, and it is not necessary to add that some curious results have been obtained. A photograph of a growing hop vine, taken at intervals of 60 seconds, shows that the movements of the young stems consist of a succession of irregular circular and elliptical curves, which vary every minute, even as to direction. Photography has also proved, contrary to the old accepted idea, that plants grow continuously and uninterruptedly, even when asleep.—St. Louis Republic.

Bathing In the Sea.

Those who suffer from irritation of the skin, or skin diseases, should not bathe in the sea, and it is better for them not to have sea air, but to go to some inland holiday resort, and little children especially, when suffering from eczema, should not be allowed sea bathing.

A Gallant Inquiry.

She—I was in Cleveland for a week once and didn't see a single attractive thing during the whole time.

He (soulfully personal)—How could that be?—Don't they have mirrors in Cleveland?—Detroit Free Press.

Well Made Up.

"Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make it up," she said forgivingly.

"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think it wants any more making up!"—Figaro.