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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. $1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

25TH YEAR—NO. 11. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,259.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

October 20, 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
8:16 a m	....No. 2 Express....	8:22 a m
7 49 a m	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:35 a m
7:49 a m	....No. 8 Express....	8 00 a m
11:15 a m	..No. 14 Balto. & Way.	2:50 p m
	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
6 5: 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: 0 a m	....No. 7 Express....	12.55 a m
1:10 a m	....No. 9 Express....	1:20 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	4:10 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 ...1.20 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,
Oct 26 Ticket Agent.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5. No. 3.	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	Barrellville	9 34 4 09 10 22
7 39 1 18 7 45	Patterson's	9 32 4 07 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 50	Kreigbaum's	9 27 4 02 10 15
7 47 1 26 7 52	Mt. Sav'ge Jun	9 25 4 00 1 13
8 00 1 30 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

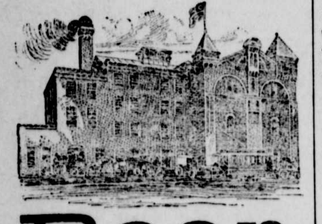
RETURNING TRAINS.

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.

—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.

WANTED.

EVERY SMOKER to send **14 one-cent stamps** to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail sample box of our **Non-Nicotine Midget Cigars.** Only one box to one address. Write to LANDIS & CO.,
March 16 Shippensburg, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Single Tax Education and Farm Reform.

SYKESVILLE, MD., Oct. 14 1895.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

I see in the JOURNAL of the 12th inst. that Col. William Camm, of Murrayville, Ill., comes to the front again with two of the usual Single Tax questions and the accompanying gratification perambulating his heart that "Livesey cannot answer them."

I think *I will let the Colonel enjoy himself.* The bull-dog that had wiped up a good many mastiffs as he went down the street can be amused at the escort he receives from the small dog that follows snapping at his heels. Let the Colonel and the small dog alike enjoy themselves in their way and let me be reminded that I can offer to the readers of the JOURNAL some *more interesting* news.

LIVE QUESTIONS FOR THE MASSES.

I am not in a frame of mind just at present to boast any further, however, of bull-dog performances with the Taxers, owing to a very honorable, high-minded and generous act of assistance to Farm Reform that has been presented to me though the instrumentality of Mr. Bolton Hall, of 111 Broadway, N. Y.—the millionaire Single Taxer and live man generally. He seems to be one of the promoters of "The American Live Question Bureau," of Odd Fellow's Building, St. Louis, Mo. He is at least published as one of the "Advisory Committee" and also as one of the "wellknown thinkers and writers" that may be expected to contribute articles to the Bureau. The Bureau expects to furnish stereotype plates to all of the 9,000 papers of the country that use plate matter and that may negotiate for those of the Bureau. This, of course, is a certain means of laying before the masses the live thought of the best minds and of educating the masses into a knowledge of the merits or demerits of all proposed reforms.

Mr. Hall's appreciative and appreciated act consisted in suggesting to the Bureau that its Secretary, Mr. S. L. Mosher, invite me to prepare an article on "Farm Reform."

I have done so.

PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Among the "well known thinkers and writers" whose names appear in the Bureau's circular are those of Henry George, William Lloyd Garrison, Hon. James G. Maguire and Rabbi J. L. Stern, among the Single Taxers, and the names and addresses of forty-three other writers are also given (among them my own,) who are prominently identified with every phase of social, economic and political reform. The circular states that "all articles will be prepared in an enquiring and scientific spirit, and will be free from artisan bias." This implies that there will be no discussion but merely a laying before the people the sterling merits of every theory and allowing the people to take their choice. "Vigor and simplicity of statement will be aimed at" also.

As I understand it, the object of the Bureau is a grand one, and it reverts one to my first intentions regarding Farm Reform, which were to devote as little time as possible in considering and antagonizing other proposed reforms, allowing all to mainly depend on their merits for recognition and acceptance. Of course, old, crumbling theories have to be antagonized, or there can be no reform.

WHAT FARM REFORM REALLY ANTAGONIZES.

The plea has been made that Farm Reform can only prove a palliative. This would be so were the children of the thousands it inspires to go to the farm immediately re-educated, as at present, away from all inclination and ability to continue farming and necessitated to seek again city pursuits. Hence, Farm Reform calls aloud for a halt in that education, which is, truly, not education, but devastation. Yet, what do we see?

From the same voices that are shouting the power of christianity to redeem the nation, come the cry of additional horrors in the shape of "compulsory education" to that end. The minister in the christian pulpit shouts compulsory education, the anarchist shouts it, the Solialist shouts it, the Knight of Labor shouts it, the politician shouts it, but the press is beginning *not to shout* it. Educate people to what? To positions they can never get and consequently to idleness, to anarchy, to socialism and to the idea that "the world owes everybody a living," whether he works or not. The *brother of the pulpit* and the *brother of the bomb and the beer-keg* pull together. Both want exactly the same kind of cramming book "edekashun." Rev. Dr. D. B. Greigg, of the Twelfth Presbyterian church, of Baltimore, sermonized on the 13th inst. in favor of "compulsory education." All the anarchists should rent front pews in his church immediately, and what they would there hear would fittingly supplement what they discoursed upon the night before.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

GENERAL NEWS.

Why Schoolmarms are Old Maids.

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" a teacher was asked, according to a contemporary.

"Because school teachers are as a rule women of sense, and none of them will give up a $50 position for a $10 man," was the reply.

Side remark by the editor—and the woods are full of ten dollar men.—Oil City *Blizzard.*

A Surprising Spectacle.

If you see a man dodge around and dart up an alley as though a brick had been hurled at him you may know it is a Knight of Labor trying to get away from a national bank note that has been tendered him.

O MOONLIGHT!

O mellow moonlight warm,
Weave round my love a charm.
O countless starry eyes,
Watch from the holy skies.
O ever solemn night,
Shield her within thy might.
Watch her, my little one!
Shield her, my darling!

How my heart shrinks with fear,
Nightly to leave thee, dear,
Lonely and pure within
Vast glooms of woe and sin.
Our wealth of love and bliss
Too heavenly perfect is.
Good night, my little one!
God keep thee, darling!

—James Thompson.

A TASTE OF BLOOD.

It was in the Boer war of 1879. I was sent with a dispatch from Newcastle, on the Natal border, to Standerton, and had to ride through a country occupied by the enemy. We knew from experience that the Boers had parties out on all the roads to intercept messengers, but as I was pretty well acquainted with those parts and had a good horse I hoped to slip through, without being noticed, by a cross country route. I had got over more than half my journey when, just about dusk, I saw a solitary Boer riding in the distance. He disappeared almost immediately in a fold in the ground, and so, hoping that he had not in that brief moment discovered me, I stood where I was, behind a clump of rocks.

My horse and I were both in need of rest, so as darkness came on I moved down into a grass grown donga below the rocks, where the horse could graze and whence I could see any one approaching by his being defined against the sky line. I had had the misfortune during the day to lose one of my saddle-bags, thanks to a rotten strap, and found myself in consequence without food and without any more ammunition than the cartridge in my carbine and two spare ones in my pocket, and so, for more reasons than one, I looked forward to getting soon to my journey's end.

As the moon rose behind the rocks I began to think of starting on my way again, when suddenly my nerves were put on the qui vive by my horse chucking up his head and staring forward for a few moments with pricked ears. Then, without having stopped chewing, he dropped his muzzle back into the dewy grass and went on grazing as though dewy grass bred no such thing as "horse sickness." Following the direction of his stare I fancied I saw something moving in the shadow of the rocks, and a few seconds later the figure of a man loomed up clear and black against the moonlit sky, moving along the top of the "kopje" in a stealthy, stooping position. Hat, beard and rifle proclaimed him to be a Boer. Time, locality and posture told that he was searching for me. Mechanically I brought my carbine to the "ready." As I did so he stopped and slowly sank behind a stone. Either a glint of my weapon or a sound from my horse had caught his attention. I was in the deep shadow of an overhanging rock, and my horse was behind me, effectually concealed by a projecting corner of the bank. I never took my eye off the spot where the enemy had disappeared. The minutes dragged by like hours as I watched without seeing a sign.

Could he have slipped away from there altogether and perhaps be creeping down behind me somewhere? I dared not take my gaze off the place for a single moment, and the tension of waiting gradually became almost unbearable. My heart was thumping away all the while with suppressed excitement, almost drowning the only other sound audible in the surrounding dead stillness, the sound of my horse contentedly cropping the herbage. At last a movement by the stone I was watching, and I saw his head rise slowly and quietly peer about. It seemed almost like a bad dream to watch this specter so noiselessly exerting all his craft to find me in order to take my life.

How steadily he stared into my donga with his head only just above the stones! But he could not see me, his eyes could not pierce the darkness of my hiding place.

Seeing nothing, he gradually raised himself to gain a more extended view or to look into the ground more immediately under his position, and now I saw his head, shoulders and body clearly silhouetted against the sky, almost under the moon. Quickly I raised my carbine to my shoulder. The barrel shone like a bar of silver as I pointed it for his head. Slowly and steadily I lowered the fore end till the bar was diminished into a single spark shining against the lower part of the black figure. He never moved, and all the while my brain kept repeating those lines of Gordon's:

How strange that a man should miss
When his life depends on his aim!
How strange that a man should miss
When his life—

At the right moment hand and eye worked mechanically in unison, and through the roar and red blaze that followed I had a momentary vision of two hands thrown up against the sky and then blank darkness. My horse, startled by the report, first claimed my attention, and then, as I slipped in one of my two remaining cartridges, I wondered what next should be done.

Was the man dead or shamming? Had he friends near who would be attracted by the report? Should I stay where I was or make a bolt? I finally decided to wait a few minutes and watch.

Not a sound. Nothing moved. So carefully and quietly I crept up the donga, and by a detour made my way to the back of the pile of rocks. A movement in their shadow caused me to drop flat among the stones, till I saw that it was only the Boer's horse quietly grazing out into the moonlight. So the man was still there, but was he alive and waiting, or was he dead and safe? Cautiously I crept nearer and nearer, with my carbine ready. Still no sign. At last I see something. Is it a branch or a crevice? It is a rifle, and its shadow lying across the rocks. Enough! Even if alive he is in my power now. I walk boldly forward. There, near the rifle, down among the stones, is a huddled heap. It is the first man I have ever shot. I don't quite know what to do. I push him with my foot. No response. He is dead. How strange it seems! A few minutes ago this dead bundle was as full of life as I. Every muscle and nerve, every sensation in fullest working order, and now but one little act of mine, and the whole is thus collapsed.

Only now the moon was looking down on two human beings approaching each other over the wide veldt. A moment later she looks sadly down on one standing beside the crumpled remains of the other.

The two horses are still grazing peacefully on opposite sides of the rocks.

I roused myself from my musings and took up the dead man's rifle. It was a Martini-Henry. After appropriating its cartridge, I knocked out the block axis pin and threw the block away, so that it might no longer be of use to an enemy. And then I thought to replenish my own ammunition from the enemy's store and turned again to the corpse.

I felt a reluctance to touch the poor limp thing, but his haversack was partly underneath him and had to be got out. That done, I drew the cold hands down to the sides and straightened out the legs, but could not go so far as to turn the body on its back—I feared to see the face. In the haversack I found besides the cartridges a Bible and some rusks and "biltong" (sun dried meat). The cravings of hunger were reawakened by the sight of food and I was soon munching away at my newly acquired supply, while I still stood in a kind of fascination over the body of my victim.

How strange to be eating the food prepared for one who had no need for it! To be tasting the flavor, which somehow I did not altogether like, that possibly he would have been tasting now had not all power of taste suddenly gone out of him forever! Then his Bible lying there reminded me that we were both practically of the same belief. Two Christians, whose religion told them to love one another, meeting in the midst of a heathen land—strangers to each other on earth, but brothers in spirit. We meet—to greet each other with peace and good-will? No, but without even a word of anger one to kill the other.

And a great remorse comes over me. What right had I to take his life? By killing him, in what torrent of grief and ruin may I not have involved a wife and bairns? Did I not fire before there was need for it? In vain I tell myself that had I not killed him he would have gathered me.

All feeling of animosity is drowned in that of pity. At any rate if his comrades find him they shall know that we "Rooi-batchers" bear no grudge, but have some good feeling in us. May it help to dispose them more peaceably toward us!

So, after a very short meal, I stow the ammunition and the remainder of the food into my pocket. Then I drag the body from where it lies, leaving only a black, shining blotch among the stones, into a shallow cleft between the rocks. Here I turn it on to its back and see the pale, dead face, the paler for the contrast with its black beard in the clear moonlight. I close the glassy, staring eyes and compose the limbs in their narrow bed, and then, with large bowlders, I overbridge the grave and fill up every crevice well with stones. Little now is left to do. On the highest rock, just above the grave, I build a cairn of stones, in which I firmly plant the rifle upright. I take his Bible, which has writing in its cover that may tell his name, and fasten it, inside his hat, to the muzzle of the rifle, and to the cleaning rod I tie my handkerchief, to serve at once as a scare to beasts and an attracting sign to men. And then I turn and leave the spot.

I reached Standerton all safely with my two horses soon after daybreak and delivered my dispatches. When I emptied my pockets, daylight showed me that what was left of the biltong and rusk was all besmeared with blood.—Sketch.

The Obedient Dog.

Here is a dog story by a Putnam chronicler: "One of the most interesting and at the same time truthful dog stories we have heard for some time is that told by Victor Peloquin, who keeps a confectionery store on Bridge street. Last winter he went to Canada and brought back with him a little black and tan dog, the gift of his father. All went well for about a month, when he had occasion to reprove him for some trivial offense, telling him in French to 'go home.' He saw no more of his dog and was greatly surprised recently to receive a letter from his father in Canada, informing him that the dog had returned. He was three months in making the journey."—Hartford Courant.

Chancellor Ale.

At Oxford there is what is called "chancellor ale," brewed out of 16 bushels of malt to the barrel, and so strong that two wineglassfuls will intoxicate most people. It is kept in oak, bell shaped casks, and is never tapped until it is two years old. Some of the casks have been in use for half a century, but "chancellor ale" is only used at high table, when a man takes very high honors.

Untold Forces of Nature.

Mr. David H. Wyckoff recently wrote that 1,000,000 horsepower could not produce the effect that a single flash of lightning has been known to accomplish. He believed that we have as yet hardly begun to utilize the forces of nature.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ATTIC.

Quaint Combination of Greenery and Hennery Above the City.

One of the queerest places in New York can be found in what looks, from the street, to be a funny little gable roofed house perched jauntily on one corner of the roof of the Windermere, on Fifty-seventh street. It is a conservatory and observatory in one, a miniature roof garden, the den of an attic philosopher, Henry S. Goodale, whose somewhat celebrated daughters, Elaine and Dora, evidently got from him their poetic strain.

The attic is reached by a steep nautical flight of steps leading up through a small square hatchway straight into a wonderful greenery of bloom, a snuggery of comfort, likewise a hennery, consisting of one fine brown Leghorn fowl and a single fluffy, yellow chick, and a dovecot, where there are softly whirring wings. It is a charming bit of Arcadia, high above the ceaseless roar and heartbeat of a great city, which under its potent spell seems unreal and evanescent, like the undulating, elliptical rings of smoke that float past the "attic" windows. The attic is all windows, except the floor, roof and the simple matched board dado. The little room is a symphony in green; the floor is carpeted with dull green denim; the gabled roof is covered with burlaps of the same hue; a green wicker couch is cushioned in green yachting cloth; a broad green and white striped awning shades the sunny sides of the little house; all the carelessly strewn cushions, though of varying designs and materials, are of the same general hue, and green figured denim draperies on slender brass rods hang ready to exclude the whole outside world if it is desired.

But it is the window gardens that give the greatest charm to the place. Long, deep boxes of country earth and loam give sustenance to thick, tangled clumps of spicy pinks, old fashioned rose bushes and honeysuckle vines, clambering over wire network trellises, which metaphorically kill two birds with one stone by literally preserving the birds—that is, the hen and her chick—from disaster and upholding the lacy green drapery of the vines.

Of course the hen is not allowed the liberty of this garden in the air, though she keeps a vigilant and determined eye out for opportunities to maraud outside her own domain, which is quite spacious enough to keep her hale and hearty, apparently contented with her lot and graciously disposed in the matter of eggs. Dame Attica Hennica—which is the hen's classical name—evidently belongs to a fine old Latin race of fowls, and her neighbors, the doves, are on the most amicable terms.—New York Press.

WANTED FRESH AIR.

The King of Anam Broke a Custom and Created a Panic.

Not long ago there was terrible excitement at the royal court of Anam. The king, Thanah-Tai, who was then 14 years old, was missing. Etiquette requires that the Anamese king shall never leave the royal grounds. He is a knightly prisoner. But the young potentate was not hard to find. Though he was a king, he was a boy, and it is natural for a boy, when he has some money in his pocket, to want to get out and spend it.

That was exactly what the king of Anam had done. Entirely alone he had started on a "shopping" expedition through the streets of Hue. Of course no one knew him because he had never shown his face in public. He was simply a boy, like any other boy, and this was exactly what he wanted.

But he was treated with great respect by the shopkeepers, because he seemed to have plenty of money. Curiously enough, the thing which seemed to attract him most was a head shearing machine, or hair clipper, and when the frightened nobles of the court discovered him at last it was with this singular implement in his possession.

He had already begun an attempt to experiment with it on the heads of several small street boys, who were proving rebellious subjects, when the courtiers approached him, prostrating themselves upon the ground and making alarmed outcries.

The king no longer goes out shopping, but he retains his hair clipper as a souvenir of a happy day of freedom with the street boys.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Submarine Detector.

When the sinker trailed at the bottom of the sea approaches a mass of metal—a lost anchor, a parted iron chain, a broken telegraph cable; still more, a sunken ironclad—the electric indicator in the mahogany case on shipboard sounds more or less loudly, according to the nearness of the sinker to the submerged mass, and so the position of the latter can be pretty accurately ascertained before divers are sent down.

Much time wasted in painful gropings in the dark by the divers under the special difficulties of their condition may thus be avoided. The submarine detector was primarily designed to enable warships to discover anchored torpedoes, and the connection established by the sinker was intended also to serve as a means of firing in safety a torpedo discovered by the "detector."—Chambers' Journal.

Condemned.

"Here is a cigar," said the dealer, "that I would like you to give a trial."

"All right," said Watts. "Hand it over."

It was handed over.

"What do you think of it?" asked the dealer.

"It doesn't deserve a trial," said Watts. "It ought to be lynched."—Indianapolis Journal.

CAUGHT WITH GOLD.

BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK $45,000 OF THE BAIT.

The Ex-Diver's Story of an Adventure in the "Great Days"—Silence Smeared Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 30 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could lay my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldfings had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was $45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaulin sadly.

Fin de Siecle Logic.

Grandma—My dears, I should like to reward you for all your kindness, but you must take the will for the deed.

Mazie—Well, if that's all the same to you, grandma, we prefer the deed. Wills are so easily broken nowadays, you know.—B., K. & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.

THE WITCH WIFE'S CHARMS.

As I came down the budding lane,
The birds a-singing free,
There came along an old witch wife,
And shrilly called to me.

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"Oh, buy a charm of me,
To chain thy sweetheart to thy side
Though he is on the sea."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If false at heart he be,
I'd rather have a charm to keep
His face afar from me!"

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"Oh, buy a charm of me,
To break the curse of foes of thine
Who might work ill to thee."

"I will not do it, dame," I said,
"If foul of heart they be,
A deeper curse is laid on them
Than aught they lay on me."

"Oh, buy a charm, young maid!" she said,
"A potent charm of me,
To bind the strong heart of thy friend
In love and loyalty."

"I will not do it, dame!" I laughed,
"The charm could never be
Could make or break the chain that binds
My friend's strong heart to me!"

—Margaret G. George in Youth's Companion.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA.

It Stands as the Masterpiece of Byzantine Architecture and Construction.

Materials were brought from far and near, Egypt and Greece uniting with Asia Minor and the islands, each contiguous to the capital, in supplying their quota of marble for the columns and walls of the church of St. Sophia. For nearly six years the work went on with unabated energy. Many difficulties were overcome and many experiments were tried and found successful, and at length, on the 26th of December, 537, the church was dedicated amid the acclamations of the populace, and the emperor exclaimed in the fullness of his pride: "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work. I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

The emperor's joy in his church was, however, destined to receive a rude shock some 20 years later, when the apse and part of the dome were thrown down by an earthquake, but the same energy which was shown in the building of the church again asserted itself. The damage was repaired—the dome being heightened 20 feet to give it additional security—and the church was reconsecrated on the 24th of December, 563, 5½ years after the disaster.

The church of St. Sophia has never been surpassed in the unity and completeness of its design and in the daring nature of its construction. In this building the arch and dome assert themselves and dominate everything, and we have a lightness, a spaciousness and a grandeur that had never been reached in the finest of the basilicas and has never been surpassed since. During all the centuries which have elapsed since its erection, it has maintained its supremacy as the masterpiece of Byzantine architecture and construction, and it fixed generally the type on which most of the later churches in the east were based, but it has never been surpassed by any of them.—Scottish Review.

Hints to Book Canvassers.

A good story is told of one of the canvassers of a leading publishing firm in London. He found his way into the parlor of a branch bank, and saw the manager, who, as soon as he learned his business, ordered him out. Very quietly he said:

"I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of the week that I can afford to meet a snob occasionally," and took his departure.

Next day he called at the bank again, and wished to open an account. He was again shown in to the manager, and gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited £270. The manager could not do less than apologize for his rudeness on the day preceding, and ordered a copy of the work, an expensive one, and allowed access to the clerks, several of whom did the same. Two days afterward every farthing was drawn out.—London Tit-Bits.

Cellulose Products.

It is now stated that by subjecting pure cellulose to the action of caustic soda and afterward treating the same with carbon bisulphide, which has been practiced in England, a product possessing remarkable industrial value is the result. Dissolved in water an insoluble coagulum is produced, which, when washed and removed from the water, becomes hard and compact, in which condition it is found available for tool handles, buttons and other articles, or if the material, while still in solution, has alcohol added to it there is obtained a mass which may be stamped into a variety of objects, may be used as a medium for pigments in printing cotton goods, applied to cloth as a facing or used as a substitute for leather. It is also stated that cloth having a coating of this solution is flexible in washing, but stiffens when ironed, so that shirt bosoms, collars, cuffs and table linen may be made from it advantageously.—New York Sun.

Order In the Ranks.

Captain—Sergeant, note down Private Grasgrun—three days on bread and water for slovenly turnout on parade.

Sergeant—Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him. He's a vegetarian!

Captain—What? Then put him for three days on meat and soup!—London Answers.

One Good Deed.

Mrs. De Ruffe—If you ever did any good in this wide world, I'd like to know what it is.

Mr. De Ruffle—Well, for one thing, I saved you from dying an old maid.—London Quiver.