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MINING
JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., JULY 23, 1887.

LAY OF THE LAPSTONE.

CHAD. M'COY.

"Fair maid!" a cobbler plead one day,
"Come thou and be my loving bride;
I'll hide my leather all away
And think no more of leather hides."

"Ah no," she cried, "thy love's too quick
For me to hazard on the cast;
Such love may never last or stick
So you had best stick to your last."

"Alas!" he cried, "pray change thy views
And look with favor on my suit;
I'll make what style of boot you choose
And give you what you choose to boot."

But still she said, "You do not move
My heart to answer to your call;
Although you give me all your love,
I don't believe I love you awl."

"Farewell then if I may not win
My taking off may solve this doubt;
The soles I made by pegging in,
My soul shall leave by pegging out."

"Now hold your speech within control,
Don't be extravagant," she said;
"And let not Satan tread your soul—
Still that's the use of soles, to tread."

"Ah, ha! you joke; my death is due
To you and all your love denied:
'Tis useless by thy side I sue,"
And off he went to suicide.

SIXTY-ONE MILLIONS.

The Wonderful Increase in the Population of the Union.

An increase in immigration of 28,400 in May, and an increase of 133,600 in eleven months ending with May, make it plain that over half a million will be added to the population of the United States by immigration alone during the fiscal year now nearly closed. The number of immigrants officially reported for the eleven months of the year is 417,890, and the newcomers in June will swell the number to nearly if not quite half a million, while the official statement entirely omits all immigration from Canada and Mexico across the border, and the number of such immigrants is known to be considerable. In 1884-'85, the last year for which it was officially reported, this immigration was 38,614; with the general decline in immigration last year it may have fallen to 30,000, but with the general increase this year, it has probably risen to 40,000 or more.

The most accurate computation for the increase of population during twenty years ending with 1880 proves to be that which allows two per cent. yearly for increase by the excess of births over deaths, and then adds the immigration each year. At that rate the increase each year since July 1, 1880, would be as follows:

	Increase.	Immigration.
1880-'81	1,003,115	669,431
1881-'82	1,036,566	788,992
1882-'83	1,073,077	603,322
1883-'84	1,106,605	518,592
1884-'85	1,139,109	395,346
1885-'86	1,169,799	334,203
1886-'87	1,199,878	500,000
Total	7,728,149	3,809,886

In the statement of immigration for the last and the current year the official figures are followed, embracing no allowance for immigrants from Canada or Mexico. If 70,000 be added for these the aggregate population July 1, 1887, would be 61,763,818, unless the increase by excess of births over deaths has been smaller during the present than the preceding decades. Without any allowance for Canadian immigration the population July 1 would appear on this basis to be about 61,700,000. The fact that all Treasury estimates give lower figures is in the main explained by their failure to make separate allowance for the immigration, which has been larger during the recent than in any previous decade. As the table shows, the addition by immigration alone has exceeded 3,800,000 in seven years, and has been almost half the increase from all other sources.—*New York Tribune.*

COMPOSITE GIRLS.

The Latest Development of the Photographer's Work.

Composite photography is becoming every day more popular, says the New York *Mail.* This year's graduating class at Vassar gave me, the other day, a glance at what, perhaps, it would be fair enough to take of a type of the educated girl of twenty-two or twenty-three. Everything in the composite tones down and fades and blends until the resultant pictures give the average features of all who have posed before the camera. The combination of the Vassar faces gives a new one that is softened as all composites are, but in no way indistinct in its outlines. It is like no one of the graduates, and yet it represents thirty-seven. The senior face as brought out by the sunlight is a somewhat regular oval with straight nose, large eyes and rounded, girlish features, a little thoughtful, but not over grave. The forehead is rather high and the hair soft and smoothly drawn back, a little tendril or two escaping about the brows, but without the suspicion of a crimp or a bang. It is an interesting face, and one that '87 will carry home as a unique souvenir. A second composite, also of feminine faces, for which a sanitary science club of Boston sat, exhibits what one seldom sees in a composite, the decided predominance of one face, seeming, though a dozen or fifteen young women sat for it, a modified likeness of, perhaps, the most strongly marked set of features belonging to any member of the club. The process of taking a composite photograph is not difficult, and the art is practiced with success by quite a number of amateurs.

A New Use for Cotton Batting.

Cotton batting has been considerably used the last year or two for tying up fruit jars in place of the patent top, and with considerable success. The fruit is cooked and poured hot into the jars, which are at once covered with white paper. Over that is placed a layer of cotton batting, just as it comes off the roll, and tied down securely with cotton twine. The philosophy of it is that the cotton prevents the entrance of bacteria, which are the cause of all ferments. One housewife says on an average one in ten molded, a proportion much less than with the patent top.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Almost Equal to American Jurymen.

South African jurymen are not always very wise. A girl was tried at the Riverside Circuit Court for administering poison to the family which she served. The first verdict returned was "Murder." "Impossible," said the judge; "no one has been killed!" The jury went back and returned a verdict of "Suicide." "But the girl is still alive!" expostulated the judge. On this the jury gave it up, and returned a verdict of "Not guilty."—*Natal Times.*

The Transpacific Cable.

The project to lay a transpacific cable, connecting Australia and Vancouver, British Columbia, will, if successful, according to a prime mover in the scheme, reduce the tariff between London, England, and Australia from sixty-five cents to twenty-seven cents per word. It is calculated that the total cost of the cable will be $10,000,000.

How Bobby Felt Just Then.

"Your papa and mamma know what's best for you, Bobby," said his mother; "don't tease me any more."

Bobby lay down on the rug and rolled over once or twice. Then he said from his recumbent position:

"Ma, do you know I feel like being an orphan?"—*New York Sun.*

Not What He Wanted.

Sympathetic Friend—Look here, Ned, you want to get something to help that cold of yours.

Ned—Not much! I want to get something to help me. The cold is too well helped already.—*Boston Budget.*

An Allowable Surmise.

"Trouble in the Choir" is the heading in a religious paper. Been trying some of that festival ice cream, we suppose.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE ARMY OF THIEVES

THEIR GRADES OF RANK AND THEIR METHODS OF WORK.

The "Bums" Who Harry Rural Neighborhoods—Tact, Skill and Ingenuity of the "Gopher"—The Ways of the Counterfeiter, Bank Sneak and Pickpocket.

Crime has its specialties just as honest industry. The approach of summer indicates the period when, as every shrewd detective knows, robberies of a certain character are perpetrated. Sometimes it is a postoffice along a railroad or on a turnpike; again it is a country store or dwelling; but in nine out of ten cases the robbery is the work of tramps. As they go from city to city they are sure to stop on the way to do one of these "jobs." If persons living outside of big cities would carefully read the newspapers of any large place they could readily understand how the acts are facilitated and learn how to frustrate them. This class of robbers is known as "bums." They go in "mobs" of two and three, and are familiar with the methods of one another. They have certain localities where they meet, in the vicinity of lime kilns, large factories, coke furnaces, smelting works and any other place where workmen congregate and where they are likely to secure a morsel of gossip which will put them in the way of accomplishing a robbery. Cunning fellows they are, careful not to address each save by nicknames, which invariably are the result of some peculiarity of habit, appearance or residence. "Baby-face Shorty," "Trenton Pete," "Slim Johnny," "Baltimore Jack" and "Greasy Joe" are only a few bona fide sobriquets of tramps known to the police of Philadelphia, Wilmington, Washington and Baltimore as desperate characters. Many of the terrible deeds which have horrified the readers of newspapers have been those of tramps. The country is their favorite field of action. They are the very lowest class of criminals.

Directly opposed to them in personal habits and line of work are the bank burglars. These are the most accomplished class of thieves. The "bank man," or "gopher," is always a neatly-dressed fellow who lives well and spends his unlawful gains freely. He possesses fertility of mind, ingenuity of invention, mastery of mechanical knowledge, patience and keen foresight. His object is to get into the vault or safe of a bank. In one instance the vault must be penetrated from the top, as was attempted in the Eutaw Savings Bank building in Baltimore some years ago. The second floor of the structure was then occupied by a congregation of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. S. S. Rossell was pastor. Several services were held every Sunday, and on the majority of the nights in each week Bible classes and meetings were in session. One night burglars effected an entrance to the room, and directly in front of the pulpit cut the carpet, folded it back and loosened several boards in the floor over the top of the vault, which was on the first floor. The purpose was to cut through the ceiling of that story and reach the vault, then puncture it with drilled holes until a section could be lifted away. This done, it would be easy to secure the contents. Night after night for weeks the "gophers" plied tools, replacing with the greatest care on every occasion the flooring, carpet and even the scraps of dirt. Finally the vault was reached, but instead of encountering its uppermost part, an enormous slab of thick steel met them. They were unable to surmount that obstacle and abandoned the "job" on a Saturday night. The following day when the congregation came they were startled by the evidences of the robbers' activity.

The Third National Bank on South street, in the same city, was a loser to the extent of $50,000 by the operations of burglars, who rented a room in a store next door, put out a sign of commission merchants and cut through a wall to the side of the vault.

Besides the generalship required for such labor, originality must be a part of the plan. Science in the manufacture of intricate tools is needful. The inventions in this line are wonderful and so progressive that only the most impregnable vault, lined with plate upon plate of steel and closely guarded by a watchman, who in turn is watched by means of an indicator, not unlike a large-faced clock in appearance, is reasonably free from danger. Drills, wedges, "jimmies," clamps that can be bored into the outer plate of a safe door and as they enter will tear gradually the door from its fastenings, "picks," blow pipes, bellows to pump fresh air to a "gopher" when working in a small place, are but a few of the many articles in the kit of a well-equipped bank burglar. Chemicals to harden tools or soften the object of attack are now used as well as dynamite to burst asunder the stronghold under attack. The remuneration is large when success is achieved.

There are many expert bank burglars. At the head of them stands "Old Man" Jimmy Hope, who is the only exception to a poor "gopher." He has just finished "time" in the State prison for attempting to rob a bank in San Francisco, by the same method used in the Eutaw Savings Bank case. He was surprised in broad daylight, in a room he rented over the bank, drilling holes in the top of the vault. It is known that he is wealthy. Inspector Byrnes, of New York, has him now in Auburn prison in New York for complicity in the Manhattan Bank robbery several years ago, when $1,000,000 was stolen. Other noted burglars are George Mason, Charles Adams, Walter Sheridan and Langdon W. Moore. A "gopher mob" is thoroughly organized and comprises usually from four to seven men. Each does special work. They are by no means desperate men, and would sooner run any time than show fight. It is only as a last resort to save their lives that they will kill; even a term in the penitentiary is with them preferable to incurring the death penalty.

The next class in ability and intelligence are forgers and counterfeiters. They are an imitative set. As printers term it, they "follow copy." After a coin is "struck" or a note forged the ability to "shove the queer" on an unsuspecting person is the next requisite. Usually three men are in a counterfeiting "snap." The first chap obtains by purchase or stealth that which it is intended to counterfeit; the second one does the forging, and of this class Charles Brockway, now in the Rhode Island prison, is the king, and the third, the "shover," gets rid of it. Clever all-round forgers are Billy Ogle, George Bell, in the Maryland penitentiary; "Little" Joe Elliott, Daniel Noble, Al. Wilson and Charles Becker. The last-named was arrested a year ago in Chicago by Dectective James Mooney for counterfeiting Bank of France notes and sent to that country, where he was tried and convicted.

Bank sneaks form the next grade of criminals. They travel never less than three in number. One keeps a close lookout for a policeman, and on his approach will give an agreed warning; the second goes into a bank, attracts the attention of a man who may be counting his money, by dropping a few paper dollars on the floor and then calling the attention of the victim to them with a polite "You have dropped some of your money, sir!" The dupe looks up, sees a nice-looking, well-dressed person at his side and stoops to pick up the notes, when the third fellow, who has been waiting for this chance, seizes the money the victim has left on the counter and glides away. If there are not too many clerks around an attempt will be made to slip into the vault. The attention of the employees will be engaged in changing notes for the confederates while one of the "mob" sneaks inside the vault and grabs what he finds in cash lying within easy reach. "Little" Horace Hoven, Billy Burk, who was caught in the safe of the Baltimore Savings Bank in 1880; George Carson, who worked the Metropolitan Bank in Washington five months ago; Joe McCloskey, now in the Maryland penitentiary under the name of Andrew L. Hand, for grabbing a pile of greenbacks in the National Mechanics' Bank of Baltimore, and Charles Fisher, are well-known bank sneaks.

Beyond these grades it is difficult to rate the standing of thieves. Possibly the "pennyweight" man comes next. He victimizes the proprietors of jewelry stores by pretending to want to buy a scarf-pin, watch-charm or rings, and while looking over trays slips one of these articles into his pocket at the time his chum enters and with a loud inquiry gets the eye of the man behind the counter for an instant. There are "budgers"—fellows who sneak into a store and hide until the persons who lock up are gone, when they let in their accomplices and rob the place; "anglers," or thieves who, with a hook on the end of a cane, steal from shop windows or counters. "Kirk-buzzers" pick pockets in churches. "Bulk and file" are two pickpockets operating together. The "bulk" jostles the person to be robbed, and the "file" snatches the watch. "Histers," are shop-lifters, who have huge pockets into which they throw the stolen articles. "Bludgeis," are female thieves who entice countrymen to dance houses to rob them. "Amusers" throw snuff or pepper into the eyes of the pedestrian; a "companion" pretends to help the blind man and robs him. This was successfully done only a short time ago near the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York. A "moll buzzer" is common enough around country fairs; he picks the pockets of women only. The old-time "Groaners" are not so numerous now. They were so named because they went to churches during service and exchanged bad hats for good ones. Occasionally they work a barber shop. In the country it is a great game for a "duffer," a chap in sailor's clothes, to go from farm-house to farm-house, selling good with much mystery and many intimations that they are smuggled, when in reality they are not worth one-third the money asked for them. The "saw-dust" fellows prey upon the cupidity of not too scrupulous people. They advertise schemes which it is announced will lead to the fortune of any one who answers the advertisement. A reply is sent and a correspondence is struck up. After a few cautiously worded epistles the "saw-dust" man states that he is in the "green goods" business; in other words, has counterfeit money he would sell at a low price on every $100 worth. A meeting is arranged in a city and the dupe goes there. He is met by the town sharper, conducted to the place where the game is practiced, and shown a satchel filled with money. The temptation overpowers him; he buys and is handed a satchel which in the meanwhile has been deftly substituted for the one he first saw, and which on examination contains only trash. One of the foremost "saw-dust" men, The. Davis, was shot dead in New York last summer in trying this game by a Texan who had come on to meet him.

"Confidence men" are persuasive fellows who wheedle money from their victims in all sorts of ways. The most brazen of this sort are the "bunco steerers."

One of the gang will accost a stranger in a most pleasant manner, offer his hand and exclaim, "Why, how do you do, Mr. Brown? You don't know me, eh?" "No, sir, I am not acquainted with you," is the natural answer of the rural person. Besides, my name is not Brown; it is Smith." "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were from Squeedeek," placidly says the "pigeon." "No, I am from Poketown," innocently continues the prospective dupe. The city chap, after a few pleasant words, bows himself away and gives to an accomplice, who has been waiting for him, the information received from the countryman. Then the "steerer" gets in his work. He accosts the stranger by his right name, mentions the latter's town, worms himself into his confidence and finally entices him into some swindling game by which the stranger is relieved of his ready cash.

"Weeders" steal pocketbooks from coats in billiard-rooms, sleeping apartments or any other place they can get a chance. The game is to take only a portion of the money secured and return the remainder to divert suspicion. "Flim-flam" fellows are persons who go into stores, make a small purchase, offer a comparatively big bill of money, and after receiving the change suddenly ask for a return of the original note, and proffer a smaller one in payment for their purchase, receive the change and are gone before the shopkeeper realizes he has been swindled out of the sum he first gave to the man after deducting the price of his purchase. A "panel thief" is one who fits up a room so that an entrance may be gained to it by a hidden door secreted behind a wardrobe and robs men decoyed there by women confederates. A "ill-tapper" robs money drawers; "garroters" are fellows who rob by choking their victims; "dog-nippers" steal dogs and return them to their owners after a reward has been offered; "hall thieves" steal hats, coats, umbrellas, etc., from hallways. These are only some of the names by which different classes of thieves are known.

Equally as diversified is the slang of robbers, many of whose expressions can be traced to the roving gypsy bands in Europe.

FELIX BARNLEY

Improving on the Poets.

The Boston *Journal of Education* quotes Mr. De Baggs, a Chicago Sunday-school teacher, as remarking to his scholars:

"You, yourselves, when you grow older in years and experience, will learn how true the lines of Shakspeare are:

"'The mills of the gods grinds slowly,
But they get there just the same.'"

It must have been a near blood relation of De Baggs who concluded an address:

"Fortitude, fortitude, my hearers, is one of the greatest of the virtues. You cannot cultivate it too assiduously. Remember Longfellow's lines:

"'Know how sublime a thing it is
To grin and bear it.'"

—*New York Tribune.*

The sparkle of repentant tears reache Heaven.

ELK HUNTING.

SHOOTING AT NOBLE GAME IN THE NEEDLE MOUNTAINS.

A Natural Park in the Colorado Forests—Lying in Ambush for a Herd of Elk—A Fine Shot at a Big Buck—Plenty of Sport After Very Hard Traveling.

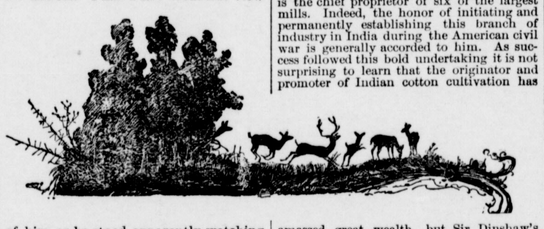
[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

During a hunting trip some years ago in the mountainous country about the headwaters of the Rio Grande river in Colorado, I had some fine sport hunting elk, which, alas! cannot be repeated nowadays so rapid has been the extinction of game even in the far West.

I went with a party of friends from the town of Del Norte to the hunting grounds deep in the recesses of the Needle mountains. We finally reached a place where a number of springs were set like diamonds in emerald in a charming park surrounded by the high mountains of this neighborhood. We stationed ourselves in different covers to await the approach of our mighty game. It is their habit to come out from the dense

cover of the forest, where they have lain and slept during the day, at about sundown, generally selecting some such spot as we were watching. We felt certain of getting a shot at one or more, for their "sign" was plentiful in the vicinity, showing it to be a favorite resort.

As the sun was sinking to his evening's rest a large gray wolf came out of the timber into the park, and I was strongly tempted to shoot, but I knew if I did it would be good-bye to all chances for what we were after, so I forbore. He did not stay long, however, but simply lapped a drink of the crystal spring, and then sauntered slowly off again into the darkness of the pines. The sun sank lower and lower, and I was beginning to make up my mind for a bitter disappointment, when a noise broke on my ear like the tramping and plunging of a herd of horses. I trembled with excitement as twenty big elk playfully gamboled into the little park. How large they appeared! My comrades were evidently waiting for me to take the initiative, so I threw my rifle over a log in front of me, took careful aim and cracked away at the buck with the largest antlers. I had a fair broadside view



of him as he stood apparently watching some of the younger members of his herd playing. With a spring into the air he came down on his feet and was off like a pigeon, while the crack, crack, crack of the other rifles were sounding in my ears. I banged away as best I could into the disappearing herd, only certain of my first shot. I knew the buck had it through the heart and that we would find him dead within a couple of hundred yards. Jumping out of my cover the same as did the others, we found four dead on the ground. The boys seemed to think that the buck was not hit very hard, but I was certain of the accuracy of my shot, so we followed his course through the timber, finding him, as I had expected, stone dead at a distance of about 150 yards. He was a magnificent specimen of beautiful strength, with a spread of antlers of nearly five feet.

We skinned the carcasses and packed the hides and quarters with the head and antlers of the buck on the horses and then started to our camp for the night. We hoisted our game into the trees, took

supper and retired early. Through the night we were annoyed by the howling of mountain lions, but none approached us very near.

The next day, however, while we were away from camp the lions or wolves invaded it and made havoc among our supplies.

The country abounded in game and we had a surfeit of deer shooting. At last, tired of sport, we started back for Del Norte. The pack animals were terribly loaded down, and even then we left two quarters of the elk behind for the beasts to prey upon in our absence. Nothing of any particular interest occurred on our homeward trip, barring a few tumbles with attendant mishaps that always make a rough mountain trail enjoyable from its continual variety. Sometimes it was as much as one could do to keep from going over the horse's head as he plunged down some steep descent; then again we had to hold for dear life to the mane to keep from sliding over the horse's tail as he climbed up nearly perpendicularly. We reached Del Norte at last, and thus ended my hunting experience in the finest region for game that I have ever visited.

PANG.

BOY GAMBLERS IN NEW YORK.

Youngsters Who Strive to Imitate the Ways of Experienced Gamesters.

"Now, gents, putcher money down. I'll pay either way, under or over seven, and three times for the seven. Putcher money dawn. All down? Well, under seven wins." or, "it's my turn now, an' I rake it in."

Pushing into this Sabbath gathering you find the gentleman with the brassy face stands in front of a strip of oilcloth bearing a number of figures and lines stretched on a board resting on the top of an inverted barrel. The "dealer" has his left hand full of small change, and in his right rattles dice with a leather box. A boy about twelve years of age stands on his left, and a great hulking fellow on his right. These are the two chief gamblers, though others now and then place a nickel or a dime on the board to await the turn of the dice. The little boy wins and the hulking fellow curses; then the boy loses and his opponent chuckles and boasts. Again the little boy changes his tactics and drops his nickel on the "7" time after time, only winning very occasionally. His soiled little fingers indicate that he is a boy who works six days a week. His hand trembles every time his fingers slip into his vest pocket. At last, however, he was "broke," as he said, and applied to a bigger boy to "loan us a quarter, Billy." Billy refused, and the child gambler edged out and lit a cigarette with all the feigned coolness of an experienced gamester. But his little lips were very white, and his hand shook.

"How much did you lose, bub?" he was asked.

"Oh, only about sixty cents."

"And you haven't got any more?"

"Naw."

"Have to work for it?"

Blank stare. "Course."

"Did you ever win?"

"Say so. Come out 'bout four an' a arf ahead last year."

"How old are you?"

"Fif—— watcher you wanter know fur?"

Then he walked off toward Third avenue.

The above is a fairly typical case. Men with the "sweatboards" may be found surrounded by boys and youths at every town between the city line and Dyker's beach, about a mile beyond Fort Hamilton. In one case a swell nobleman, fashionably dressed, had a "lay-out" rigged up on an old fish-basket under one of Uncle Sam's guns on the fort. The sentry walked to and fro solemnly and majestically above, and looking down to see how the game was going.—*New York Herald.*

THE PARSEE PEABODY.

A Bombay Philanthropist Who Has Given Away Over $750,000.

The Parsees of Bombay have long been famous for their charitable munificence, and the example of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, who was known throughout the civilized world for his liberality, is being worthily emulated at the present day by another Parsee, Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, sheriff of Bombay. He has just offered the government of Bombay $75,000 for the purpose of establishing a female college in that city. These donations, following on to others aggregating not less than fifteen lakhs, or $750,000, given during the last twenty years, reveal a remarkable generosity of character, and explain the feeling of gratification raised among his compatriots on finding his name included among those selected for the honor of knighthood in the Jubilee *Indian Gazette.* The career of Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, who is now sixty-four years of age, is identified with the development of the cotton industry of the Western Presidency, and he is the chief proprietor of the largest mills. Indeed, the honor of initiating and permanently establishing this branch of industry in India during the American civil war is generally accorded to him. As success followed this bold undertaking it is not surprising to learn that the originator and promoter of Indian cotton cultivation has amassed great wealth, but Sir Dinshaw's chief claim to consideration consists in his manner of dispensing what Providence has bestowed upon him. He may justly be called the Parsee Peabody, and his benefactions are the more praiseworthy because they are not restricted to one class, race or religion.

RUSSIAN ROYALTY.

A Melancholy Condition of Affairs in the Imperial Family.

I hear from St. Petersburg that the slight improvement which recently took place in the Czarina's health has not been sustained. The Empress is a prey to deep melancholy, and so pronounced was this some weeks ago, that the Czar, in alarm, called in Dr. Bukowitz, whom, however, the Empress refused to see. The journey to the Don Cossack country somewhat aroused the Empress from her sadness, but now that she is back in Gatschina, the old depression is again asserting itself. The fact is that the Czarina lives in a state of constant terror, which is all the more oppressive because of the necessity of hiding it from the Czar. Then the young Czarewitch gives cause for no little anxiety. I have it upon undoubted authority that the heir apparent to the Russian throne has been pronounced by physicians to be within a measurable distance of sheer lunacy. Nor is his physical health much better than his mental condition. Of all women in the world the Czarina of Russia is most to be pitied. Her husband is in daily peril of assassination and her eldest son is on the verge of lunacy.—*St. Stephen's Review.*

Inoculation vs. "Yellow Jack."

In 1885 and 1886, 6,524 persons submitted themselves to the protective vaccination against yellow fever in Rio Janeiro. During these two years, 1,675 persons died from the disease; and of that number 1,667 were unvaccinated, eight only of those who had received the treatment having died. This statement was made by Freire and others to the Academy of Science. These gentlemen state that, taking as the basis of their calculation the population exposed to the contagion, the percentage of deaths for the whole number was one per cent., whereas for those who had been subjected to preventive inoculations it was only one per thousand.

Two Old Laws.

In 1723 Maryland passed a law against Sabbath-breakers, providing that men "should not labor or profane the day by gaming, fishing, hunting, or other unlawful pastimes or recreations under fine of 200 pounds of tobacco." This law was unrepealed when the District of Columbia was ceded to the United States, has never been repealed by Congress, and is therefore, it is said, a law in the national capital. There is a Virginia law, passed many years ago, but still extant, which imposes a fine of fifty pounds of tobacco on a man absenting himself from church one month without valid excuse.

The American Girl Got There.

The most exclusive of all the exclusive sets of European courts is the inner circles at Vienna. No American lady outside the diplomatic corps ever set foot therein; that is, saving one. The fair one is from Baltimore. Accompanied by her husband she came, saw and "took the town." Archdukes touched elbows at her receptions, and although the Austrian ladies frowned at first on their dangerous American rival, they, too, soon yielded to the charm, and are now as loud in her praise as the whiskerando-lords. The Emperor and Empress are said to be delighted with Mrs. Padelford.

IN A TIGER'S JAWS.

How a Plucky English Officer Escaped Being Devoured.

An incident in the career of Sir Edward Bradford, the newly-appointed political secretary at the Indian office, is told as follows by the *St. Stephen's Review*, by way of showing the cool determination of the man:

"As a young officer, doing duty with a Madras cavalry regiment, Sir Edward was a keen sportsman. One day when tiger shooting he 'missed his mark,' and soon found himself in a tiger's clutches. It was an anxious moment, few of his friends being at hand. As a sportsman of experience, Sir Edward knew well that his best course was to lie quietly and sham death. The tiger surveyed his prey, looked around, and, thinking all was safe, set steadily to work to make its meal. Taking the young officers' hand in his mouth it was steadily disposed of, and the arm eaten to the elbow before Sir Edward's companions came up and released him. The cool resolution of the man in feigning death had been the means of saving what has since proved to be a most valuable life, for, as Sir Edward says when telling the story, had he moved, or uttered even a groan, the tiger would have put an end to his existence before going on with his repast. Of course, the shattered arm had to be removed from the shoulder. It may be imagined what the suffering was which the victim endured while lying, quite unconscious, in the power of a voracious man-eater."

Why She is Superstitious.

The only foundation for the current report that Mrs. Cleveland is strongly superstitious seems to be the fact that she likes to find a four-leaf clover and doesn't like to start on a journey on a Friday morning if it looks like bad weather.—*New York Sun.*

TOASTED OR DRIED LEAVES.

A gentleman was asked by a young lady: "Pray, Mr. Blank, what is your business?" His reply was: "I am an importer of dried leaves." The answer puzzled the young lady, but, not desiring to show her ignorance, she dropped the subject. Now, this facetious Mr. Blank was really an importer of teas, and when he stated that he dealt in "dried leaves" he was correct, for the tea in its pure state is nothing more or less than dried leaves, or rather was until the Chinaman, under orders from his European customers, began to face, polish and color each particular leaf with Gypsum, Indigo and Prussian Blue. Who can say for this treatment that tea is simply dried leaves? But the trouble is the consumer has become so used to associating a fine appearance with a good quality that when the "dried leaves" in their natural state are offered to him they are rejected because of their homely appearance.

It was, therefore, an innovation of old customs when Messrs. Martin Gillet & Co., ten years ago, attempted to introduce tea in its natural condition and without the usual adulterations. They called it He-No, that all may recognize it, and packed it in packages conveniently small for household uses and started it a lonely traveler on a new road. What has been the result? At first laughed at by competitors in business, and now that success is assured and it is an established fact that the people really prefer a pure tea, hundreds of imitators crowd the way with imitations more in name than in reality, but which in themselves are strong evidences of the great popularity that He-No Tea has gained; for who would imitate anything but the best?

Therefore we say that "He-No has done some good" even if it has only opened the eyes of the public to the abuses, for even these imitations are better than the old style of Prussian Blue and Gypsum.

Mark Twain says in "Roughing It:" "Only give the editor a subject, and his work is done; it is no trouble to write it up, but fancy how you would feel if you had to pump your brains dry every day in the week fifty-two weeks in the year. It makes one low-spirited to think of it."

Unlike Mr. Twain, we have but one subject, and to continually write upon this one subject to make it sufficiently interesting for you to read it is no easy matter, and if you do not read it it does not pay us to publish the advertisement, and when we think that we have "pumped" ourselves out, as Mark Twain says, we will stop, but tea gives us so great an incentive to write that we do not think that the end is yet.

We want you to try a particular kind of tea in which we are very much interested, for we believe if we succeed in interesting you and converting you by telling you the truth a large business will follow, a business that will not require the expensive means of carrying it on that other teas demand; in a word, if you like He-No Tea, you will like it so well that you will insist upon your grocer keeping it in stock for you. Thus He-No Tea will be a silent drummer that costs nothing.

We have been telling you a great many things about He-No Tea, hoping that curiosity or some other motive would induce you to buy one package—there we stop. These advertisements are intended for the unconverted. If He-No Tea is not good our telling you so after you have tried it will not make you like it. We therefore urge you to investigate for yourself, and you may have reason to thank us one day for the truths we have told.

HOW TO GET HE-NO TEA.

If you are a DEALER, write to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., and they will send you trade prices and terms.

If you are a CONSUMER, and your dealer or grocer does not keep it, then send to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., in postage stamps or otherwise, 75 cents for 1-lb. package, 40 cents for ½-lb. package, or 20 cents for ¼-lb. package. This is the retail price, and they will send you, prepaid by mail, the quantity ordered, with full instructions.

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THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
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Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.

THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
Nice Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction.
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SIMS HOUSE
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J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

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ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
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FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
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And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates. east Number of Changes.
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A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
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Doing business in this country
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Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
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who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
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