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MINING
JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., DEC. 10, 1887

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

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Walt Whitman and George Arnold were noted Bohemians when Bohemianism had a much greater influence on the New York press than it has to-day. One day, or rather late at night, early in the civil war, they met at Pfaff's, the favorite Bohemian resort, on Broadway, near Bleeker street. Walt Whitman was full of "patriotism," and Arnold was all for the South. A violent discussion took place; words grew hotter and hotter. Whitman warned Arnold to be more guarded in his secession sentiments. The latter became more violent in his remarks. Finally Whitman struck at Arnold right from the shoulder, who let the poet have a bottle of claret over his head. Pfaff made a jump and gave a wild yell: "Oh! mine Gots, mens, what you do for dis?" A general row followed and much coffee, beer and claret was spilled before the affair was amicably settled, and the two poets shook hands, astonished at their own folly. In those days, Walt Whitman dressed like a brigand and often acted like a cow-boy. His big shirt collar never knew starch. A black cravat, tied sailor-fashion, fell loosely under his collar. He wore a close-fitting jacket, and a large black slouch hat with an immense brim.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who was at one time the leading serial writer for the *Century*, has not contributed a story to that magazine for more than five years. Several explanations have been given of the cause of her long silence in the periodical which first brought her into prominence by publishing "That Lass o' Lowrie's." One was that she had decided not to write any more for the periodical press, that style of publication being beneath the dignity of a writer of her established reputation. Unfortunately for this view of the case, Mrs. Burnett has written within the last two years two stories for serial publication—"Much Ado" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mrs. Burnett must indeed have keenly felt the unwarranted liberty taken with her story, for she deliberately sacrificed a very handsome income which she made from contributions to the *Century*.

George Eliot maintained a self-respecting privacy during her life, which has not been respected since her death. She never allowed herself to be interviewed; she refused to be photographed. What was said of Madame de Stael that she was "consolingly ugly" applied even more truthfully to George Eliot, who was morbidly sensitive about her homely appearance. She rarely spoke of her works and never of herself. She was a most fascinating talker when in the company of those she loved, but she did not show off in general society.

Rhoda Broughton is thirty-nine years old. Her features are very attractive, and she has an intellectual expression. She is about the middle height, and has a very beautiful figure. Her rapidity in novel writing was at one time regarded as remarkable, but in this respect she has recently been eclipsed by Charlotte M. Braehme and the "Duchess," each of whom can run off a novel every week without taxing their minds one bit. Miss Broughton, although she has written many love stories, still lives a maiden, meditation fancy free.

Gustave Dore, the famous painter, was a man of medium size, but with a frame of an athlete and the head of a poet. Although he was very rich he was one of the worst-dressed men in Paris. He was so devoted to his art that even in society, when not napping or fiddling, he was making sketches. He was a true Frenchman, and although decorated with more foreign orders than any of his contemporaries, no triumph abroad gave him half the pleasure as the smallest success won at Paris.

Mathew Arnold, the boasted "apostle of culture," does not pay much attention to the cultivation of an attractive personal appearance. His badly fitting clothes do not show his large, ungraceful figure and harsh features to advantage. His manners are cold and distant, and the expression of his face is that of a cynical and disappointed man of the world. This is his "outside" appearance, for he is really a man of a warm and generous nature.

Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, has one of the largest collection of autographs in the United States. Among his treasures are the early Shakspeare with the reputed autograph of the immortal bard; the address of Chief Justice Chase at the Tobacco Exchange in Richmond, Va., May 20, 1869, written and corrected by the chief justice; a letter of Edgar A. Poe; autographic poems of Keats, Louise M. Alcott, etc.

George W. Childs has the most wonderful collection of clocks in the world. The gem of the collection is the famous Rittenhouse clock, which was made in 1767 by David Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, and sold for $640. When General Grant returned from his tour of the world he presented Mr. Childs with a large hall clock, which the owner prizes very highly on account of his friendship for the donor.

Miss Kate Field, so far from regretting her own want of personal beauty, has a sublime contempt for a woman whose only charm is a very pretty face. Miss Field is neither so ugly nor so gifted as Madame de Stael. Although several distinguished women have been ugly, all beautiful women are not deficient in mental charm, Madame Recamier and Madame Bonaparte, for instance.

Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, the Kentucky poetess, is one of the most fascinating women of the famous Blue Grass country. Her home is in Lexington, the garden spot of the State. Poetry has been for her the elegant amusement of her leisure hours—the few hours which the cares of a large family and the duties of society allow her to devote to literary pursuits.

Herman Melville, who more than forty years ago charmed all lovers of the wild and picturesque in writing, is still living in New York, although he has not written anything for thirty years. His hair is now white as snow, but his eyes are still as bright as when he wrote "Typee," "Omoo," "White Jacket" and other romances of the South sea.

STYLUS.

PREVENTING A WEDDING.

How a Priest Spoiled the Second Ceremony and Feast.

Rev. John S. Foley, pastor of St. Martin's Catholic Church, Fayette street and Fulton avenue, Baltimore, Md., is credited with having prevented a wedding feast recently. Among his parishioners was a young man who espoused a lady a non-Catholic. The couple were married several months ago by Rev. Mr. Foley at his residence, the bride afterward going on a visit to relatives in another city. The ceremony was kept so quiet that not even the immediate friends of the wedded pair knew of it. A few weeks ago the bride returned to Baltimore, and to please her the husband agreed to have another wedding ceremony celebrated at the residence of her parents without disclosing the previous marriage. Invitations to the event were printed and distributed among the acquaintances of both families. Rev. Mr. Foley learned of the purpose, and had a notice of the rite performed by him published in a daily newspaper. The announcement created a ripple of excitement, and of course put an end to the contemplated entertainment.

ON THE WABASH.

SHOOTING DUCKS DURING THEIR SOUTHERN FLIGHT.

The Paradise of Hunters and Fishermen in Days Gone by—An Old Resident's Sure Sign of the Coming Emigration—The Most Noted Haunts of That Region.

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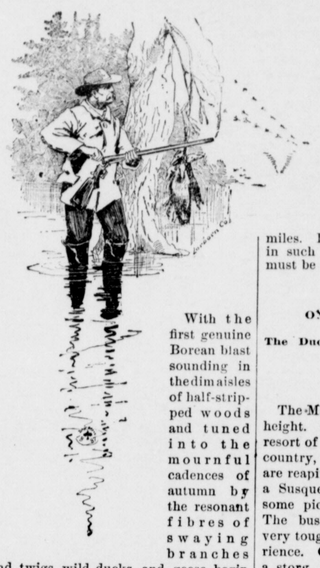
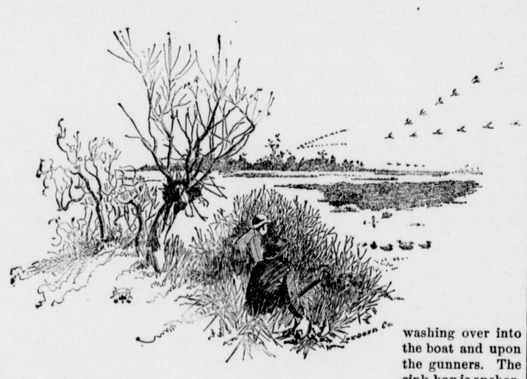


With the first genuine Borean blast sounding in the dim aisles of half-stripped woods and tuned into the mournful cadences of autumn by the resonant fibres of swaying branches and twigs, wild ducks and geese begin their flight southward along the winding course of the Wabash.

Even for days before this first invasion of a wintry wind, and before the first faint film of ice has formed at the edges of still pools and bayous, a few teal have been flitting about from haunt to haunt, rising no higher than the tall tree-tops and slanting quickly downward in long, gently-curving lines to the edge of some rippling shallow. Here half a dozen in a flock may be seen sitting with their bills under their wings sleeping in the warm sunshine and looking preposterously large by reason of their rounded and bunchy attitude, while far above in the very dome of the sky a faintly-outlined arrow-head of gray sand-hill cranes



is so still that the arrow may have pierced the target and be sticking there forever.

"Look out for a storm from the north. I h-yayrd the wile geese uh hollern las' night. I'm uh gittun my gun ready fur um, too," said an old hunter, who has lived fifty years on the banks of the Wabash—once the very paradise of hunters and fishers; now only occasionally good for purpose of pastime and relaxation.

Sure enough, the storm came along the following Sunday; in fact it began on Saturday evening. At intervals all night long could be heard the clattering cry of wild geese—flock after flock flitting southward on the very wings of the storm.

Now, if there should come a few cloudy days without much wind and a little intermittent and fitful drizzle—not enough to wet, but enough to set the ducks flying about from bayou to bayou and from pond to river—the duck shooting will be at its best.

But to be at its very best let one of those warm snow-storms come that sometimes favor the real hunter, the man who is willing to get wet and cold and hungry and tired for a season of actual sport—let such a storm come while the air and the ground are still so warm that the thick flakes melt and disappear almost as soon as they touch the fallen leaves that cover the earth with a gorgeous tapestry in every shade of crimson and yellow and purple and brown.

Then all the migratory birds of the air are flying low and clamoring noisily so that the hunter, blinded by the showering snow, is still amply warned of the approach of the heedless throngs of geese and ducks that, in spite of the dull and irregular booming of heavily-loaded guns, drive wildly on, scarcely swerving from their course more than to rise frantically in the air when fired upon, only to sink down again at once to the level of the tree-tops.

The Wabash bottoms are peculiarly fitted to be the temporary resting place of aquatic birds in their semi-annual migrations, because they are practically uninhabitable. "The first bottom," as the lower level next the river is called, is subject to annual floods that sweep away fences and small buildings so frequently and so certainly that fences and buildings in these wide first bottoms are not attempted save upon a few short "levees" and upon the few Indian mounds that are occasionally found in these situations. To all intents and purposes these wide first bottoms are a wilderness of woods and scattered dead trees and wide brown cornfields that, crossed by running streams and dotted with ponds and sloughs, make fine feeding grounds for wild water fowl of every description.

The hunter must wade and stand in the water thigh-deep in many places, for hours at a time. However, this practice hurts no man who is abstemious as to his eating. Let him put but a little in his haversack, and he will be safe enough. The hearty supper at night will have no other effect than to make him sleep soundly after his day's toil and adventure.

"No wonder the ducks and geese stay here," said a friend of mine, looking at Grassy pond and its surroundings. "They can see the human invader for ten miles in any direction. And then it's the most lonesome, dreary, desolate-looking, interminable brown, swampy plain I ever dreamed of! But if you want to shoot ducks and listen to the cries of wild geese, here's the place to sequester yourself." And I thought he had sufficiently described this whole game-haunted country.

Several small steamers are owned here in Terre Haute by different hunting clubs in the city. Every spring and fall they have a cruise up or down the river as circumstances direct. This fall, however, the water is so very low that the voyage down the river is impracticable; and that up the river can only extend a few miles. However, when the water falls in such an unusual degree the walking must be extraordinarily good.

H. W. TAYLOR.

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

The Ducking Season at its Height—A Bushwhacker's Tale.

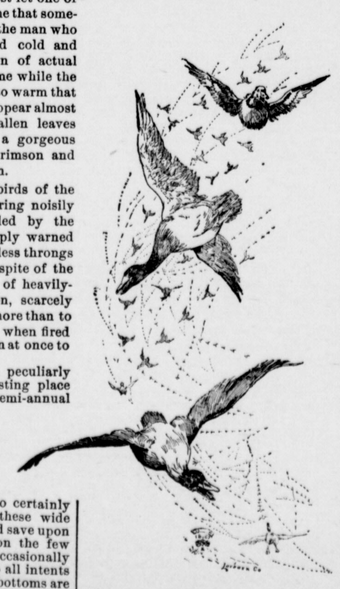
[*Special Correspondence.*]

The Maryland ducking season is at its height. The Susquehanna flats are the resort of gunners from all parts of the country, and the boatmen and duckers are reaping their harvest. A chat with a Susquehanna bushwhacker develops some picturesque phases of the sport. The bushwhacker can produce some very tough yarns from his varied experience. One of them the other day told a story, the truth of which he stoutly averred.

A bushwhacker is one who furnishes a flat-bottom skiff for a gunner, and sculls him about where the ducks are. His boat has a blind. There are a number of ways of killing the toothsome duck, but the shooting is mainly done from sink-boxes and bushwhack boats. A few ducks are also killed from behind a floating blind. A sink-box is a wooden boat about six feet and a-half long, and not wider than is absolutely necessary. It is shaped almost like a coffin. From its sides extend wide wings. These wings are made of muslin fastened to board-like slats. They lie flat on the water, and rise and fall with the waves. They are used to keep the water from

washing over into the boat and upon the gunners. The sink-box is anchored in a good position and surrounded by decoys. Not many years ago decoys consisted of a chunk of wood with a crooked root nailed on for a neck and head. Now they are lifelike as possible. They are fair representatives of living ducks. Some of the decoys are made so that they flap their wings, and also dive. They are worked with a string from cover.

It was the bushwhacker's first season. He was employed by a gentleman who had more money than knowledge of the sport, and they determined to get their game by quicker processes than those allowed by law. They obtained a sink-box with all its accessories and anchored in a desirable location. The bushwhacker and his patron well knew the shooting with a swivel gun was punishable by a fine of one to five hundred dollars, and that night shooting was prohibited, yet they wanted to make big records and so they were out on the grounds ready for slaughter at four o'clock, an hour earlier than the one fixed by law. With the swivel gun they expected to fetch down



a whole flock at a time. As they were both light in weight they occupied one sink-box. The big gun was fired in its carriage and sighted so as to rake the tops of the decoys. They had been ready for about half an hour, when a flock settled in large numbers right among the decoys. Now was the time. Bang! went the swivel. It had been charged with about six inches of powder, but in their fluster and anxiety they had forgotten to put in the remainder of the load. The kick of the gun was tremendous. The box was careened and began to sink. The water was not very deep, and they were swimmers. They made tracks for Havre-de-Grace. Wet clothes were changed for dry ones, and an hour later they started out to gather their decoys and try and raise the sink-box and its contents. According to the veracious narrator, they found a flock of ducks mixed up with the decoys. "You see," he said, "the explosion and the jar had jest knocked them silly, and all we had to do was to scull around, pick 'em up and twist their necks. Pretty good haul arter all, for we got forty of 'em."

There are various illegal modes of catching ducks. One extensively practiced this season is that of a patent net. These nets are laid out or anchored below the surface of the water, and ducks in diving for their food become entangled and are drowned or easily captured.

The famous wild celery that constitutes the daintiest food of the duck is known to botanists as *valisneria*. It is a long ribbon grass which grows so thick on the flats in summer that it is sometimes difficult to push a boat through it. In the winter the top dies and is carried off by the wind and tide. The white, toothsome root, about four or five inches long, is what the wild duck searches for. He dives for it and feeds upon it with the greatest delight.

There are many varieties of the duck family. The canvas-back is the king, and most highly prized by sportsmen, and mallard and red-heads come next. The canvas-back, the most delicious, is confined to the North American continent. It is found along the Atlantic sea coast down as far as South Carolina. In May and until the last of September it is in its breeding-places in the northern part of Canada. It begins its flight to the Chesapeake about the first part of November. The mallard is found in nearly all the States. The red-head is something like and next to the canvas-back. The teal is a river duck. The true sportsmanlike method of killing the canvas-back is by shooting it while flying, which, on account of the height and velocity of its flight, is difficult. The duck is about twenty-two inches in length. The shooting days are Monday, Wednesday and Friday until January 1, and after that Saturday is added. The season opens November 1 and closes March 1. [*Copyrighted.*]

GEO. A. MEEKINS.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

An Incident Which Shows That Matters Are not Always as Painted.

Battles are not always conducted with that extreme precision which is generally supposed to characterize military manœuvres. Confusion sometimes reigns, especially when the fighting is carried on in thick brush or continued after dusk. Here, for instance, is an extract from the history of a New York regiment:

Major Livingston's horse had been shot, and the major's hip injured by the fall. He was very anxious to change the retreat into an advance, and thus, on foot, swinging his sword, he ordered everybody to "Right about, face!" But his orders were unheeded.

At last, coming up to a regiment marching in tolerable order, in the same direction with the general current, and concluding that they were sufficiently strong at least to cover the retreat of the wounded and exhausted, he ordered them to halt and face to the front, giving emphasis to the command by earnest gesticulations with his sword, and insisting that it was a shame to see a whole regiment running away. At this juncture an officer demanded:

"Who are you, sir?"

"Major Livingston, of the Seventy-sixth."

"Seventy-sixth what?" asked the stranger.

"Seventy-sixth New York," replied the major.

"Well, then, you are my prisoner, for you are attempting to rally the Second Mississippi!"

There the major was taken to headquarters, but, fortunately for him, made his escape the next day.—*Exchange.*

CLASHING COLORS.

How Disagreements in This Large Family May be Overcome.

In the family of colors there are agreements and disagreements, concords and dissonances, and what may be termed indifferentism, one or other of these qualities being apparent when any two approach each other. Often, as in numerous family quarrels, there must be the intervention of a third party before harmony is established between two colors. Thus, when orange and crimson appear together, or yellow and red, blue should be introduced; nor will blue and red consort well unless yellow is introduced. Yellow harmonizes with black, green, chestnut, brown, purple and crimson. Gold with crimson makes a rich harmony, and with green or blue is invariably pleasing; it is also a capital associate with purple, scarlet, lilac, brown and black. Blue agrees with scarlet, salmon color, orange, chocolate, stone color, drab, green, chestnut, purple, and is in concord with white and black. Orange and yellow have a good effect in artificial light; orange harmonizes with chestnut, purple, puce and green, and if associated with crimson requires the introduction of blue; orange and gold harmonize by analogy. Among disagreeable unions are purple with either lilac, slate color, brown, stone color, gray, pink, peach and chestnut; scarlet with brown, green, purple, pink, gray, peach, drab and stone color; blue with pink, peach, gray, green, blue and purple; orange with lilac, brown, drab, gray and chestnut; yellow with red, purple, scarlet, gray and lilac; red with green, blue-green, pink, buff and chestnut.—*Exchange.*

A BLACK DOG.

The Peculiar Dream of a Young Man and the Ensuing Trouble.

Blacksmith Theodore G. Roth, of Baltimore, Md., is in trouble and all because of a dream, which he made public for the first time recently, under the following circumstances: Captain B. W. Johnson was walking along a street, followed by a large black dog, when a boy excitedly stopped him and demanded the return of the animal, which he said was his. The captain thought the boy crazy and moved on. But the lad insisted so loudly that Policeman Smith interfered and escorted the three, man, boy and dog, to the station-house. Explanations being in order, Captain Johnson told the 'squire that the dog had either been stolen or had strayed from him, and had only returned within the past two weeks. The boy, who gave the name of August Flack, said that Theodore G. Roth, a blacksmith, had given his mother the dog a year ago. It was then that Roth was summoned to clear up the mystery, which he did by telling of a dream in which the dog figured very largely. He said one night about a year ago he dreamt that he was attacked by a large black dog. The following day, while along the Liberty road, he was attacked by the dog in dispute. He captured the aggressive canine and presented him to Mrs. Flack. There was a dubious smile in the little court-room when this remarkable dream was related. The captain triumphantly walked off with his dog, while Roth was being threatened with a charge of larceny. Nothing was seen of the boy after the decision of the 'squire was rendered.

THE MESSAGE.

A PRESIDENT TAKES BUT A SHORT TIME IN WRITING IT.

Various Matters Contained in it Carefully Discussed at the Cabinet Meetings—How it is Hid from the Public—Sent Under Strict Guard to Congress at the Capitol.

[*Special Correspondence.*]

It takes the President a very short time to really write his message. The mere manual labor could be done before lunch any day, because the document, at least the first part of it, is made up of liberal clippings and pastings from the reports of his Cabinet officers and department chiefs; but the President has to spend days going over these reports, and sometimes whole nights are passed in reading over the dry figures and harder facts. He has to digest much that is thrown away to be able to intelligently select what is needed.

At the Cabinet meetings, just before the message is given out, the various matters and recommendations are discussed, and the President's advisers thus help him in selecting matter which should be brought before Congress and the country. If the President is fortunate in having a clever secretary—and Mr. Cleveland seems to be eminently so in this respect—that important official may help him a great deal in the laborious part of writing the message.

For a few weeks before Congress assembles the President's private library or study is a strange-looking place. The desk is covered with books curiously printed and bound. These are the various reports from the several departments, and consist of what are called in printing offices "proofs," but are cut and bound together in the style of regular reports. When the President wishes to select any part of the report he can cut any page without fear of destroying the next, because it is only printed on one side. The reports having been gone over, clipped and pasted, are again prepared for inspection and reread and again clipped. Thus by carefully reading and "boiling"—to use a newspaper expression—the President gets about the materials he wants to use. Having reviewed the work of the departments and called attention to the recommendations, he then begins to work on the real part of the message. As soon as the pages are prepared for the printer they are sent to the government printing office, where the public printer has a select corps of men, who are put upon their honor, and the copy is given out to them. The public printer, or the foreman in charge of that particular department, usually cuts the message up into such small parts, and so deftly distributes it among the compositors, that no one man at one time is given enough of the "copy" to allow him to gain a satisfactory idea of what public question or subject the President is discussing. The matter, when set up, is collected at night and placed in the great safe under lock and key. Proofs are carefully taken and sent only to the White House, where the President revises them and returns them to the care of the public printer.

It has always been considered a great journalistic feat to secure the message in advance. Enterprising newspaper men have tried over and over again to secure proofs, or some idea of what the President is to report to Congress. Oftentimes ideas of what is going to be in the document leak out through Cabinet officers or prominent men who have been consulted by the President, and these find their way into the papers. When it is unusually dull in Washington, and it is time when the President should be at work on his annual message, stories of what he will say and recommend find their way into the Washington correspondence with great diversity. Anyone who has followed the course of events, and has watched the development of public affairs, can very easily give the people some idea of what the President will say in his message. Oftentimes this information is quite correct, but it is more likely that while it has been enlarged upon in the press, it appears as a very small item in the message.

There have only been two or three occasions when the message has been stolen outright and published before it was handed to Congress. President Hayes was one of the unfortunate men in this respect. His message was in a newspaper the morning it went to Congress, and the senators and congressmen on their way down town read it at least several hours before it was placed upon their desks in the halls of the national legislature.

The day Congress assembles great bundles of messages are sent to the Capitol, and are placed under guard, so as not to be disturbed before the document officially reaches the two bodies. The message in writing is placed in a large official envelope at the White House and given in charge of Assistant Secretary Pruden, who, when notified that Congress has assembled, gets into the White House buggy and is driven rapidly to the Capitol. The carriage makes its way from the north portal of the White House down to the avenue, and thence by Fifteenth street past the treasury to the avenue proper. Taking the south side, which is less frequented, the coachman drives at a rapid rate down the broad boulevard, up through the Capitol grounds, and under the portal to the Senate entrance. The message is taken to the Senate, and Mr. Pruden, entering the door, is met by Captain Bassett, the old assistant doorkeeper of the Senate. This official is ever on the lookout for the arrival of the message, and when he sees Mr. Pruden, or any messenger from the White House, he hastily hobbles up the main aisle and takes his position facing the President of the Senate.

Captain Bassett is a peculiar old man with long white hair and long white beard. When he catches the eye of the President he makes an automatic low bow, and announces in set terms, "A message from the President of the United States." Mr. Pruden then steps forward and says: "I am directed by the President of the United States to present a message in writing." He then hands over the valuable document into the hands of the old doorkeeper, who takes it at once to the Senate President's desk. Instantly, as if the breaking of the seal liberated the messages locked up so long, the pages of the Senate enter, and a shower of books seems to fall upon the senators. Several copies of the message are placed upon each desk, and eagerly the members glance over the pages.

The same procedure is carried on in the House. When the time comes for the message to be read the scenes in both Senate and House are peculiar. The galleries are always crowded, and people are willing to pay for seats to hear the document read; but there seems to be a sudden desire among the representatives, and the senators, too, for that matter, to leave the place and find some secluded spot in a cloak or committee-room where they can read the message undisturbed. The reading clerk begins his task in a monotonous voice, and drags along through his duty in the most mechanical way. After the reading of the message it is ordered to be printed, but this is merely a matter of form, because the public printer already has a large number printed, but this resolution carries out the law. The message is ordered to be divided among the various committees, and then it becomes the work of Congress to do what they think proper in carrying out the recommendations of the President.

Mr. Cleveland, as has already been shown by the length of time he has been in the White House, is very fond of writing. His messages have been lengthy documents, and have been noted for the odd and, at times, curious phrases which he has coined. Writing seems to be no labor to him, and once he gets a pen in his hand he seems to delight in filling page after page with ink. His handwriting is small and even, and he has written in his own handwriting nearly all the documents that have gone to Congress from the executive mansion. He does not care to trust the clerks at the White House with this manual labor, but seems to delight in studying out and writing for himself his official papers. He manages also to find time to write a number of private letters, and he says it is one of his amusements to read a large portion of his mail and answer them himself. One of the things, however, he does not like is to see his private letters, or those of his wife, in the newspapers.

The publication of many of his letters of thanks for favors done, or in acknowledgment of the naming of a child for him, has stopped to a certain extent his correspondence in this respect. He has turned a good deal of this particular kind of writing over to his clerks, and now contents himself with either writing letters which he knows will not be published except when directed, and to inditing his public messages. [*Copyrighted.*]

IN A SWARM OF BEES.

An Exciting Encounter With One on the White Nile.

Schweinfurth gives the following description of a painful encounter which he and his men once had on the White Nile with some very small but powerful enemies. The boat was being towed by the crew. As the rope was drawn along through the grass on the banks, it happened that it disturbed a swarm of bees. In a moment, like a great cloud, they burst upon the men who were dragging; every one of them threw himself headlong into the water, and hurried to regain the boat. The swarm followed at their heels, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. What a scene of confusion ensued may readily be imagined.

Without any foreboding of ill, I was arranging my plants in my cabin, when I heard all around me a scampering, which I took at first to be merely the frolics of my people.

I called out to inquire the meaning of the noise, but only got excited gestures and reproachful looks in answer. The cry of "Bees! bees!" soon broke upon my ear, and I proceeded to light a pipe.

My attempt was entirely in vain; in an instant bees in thousands are about me, and I am mercilessly stung all over my face and hands. To no purpose do I try to protect my face with a handkerchief, and the more violently I fling my hands about, so much the more violent becomes the impetuosity of the irritated insects. The maddening pain is now on my cheek, now in my eye, now in my hair. The dogs from under my bed burst out frantically, overturning everything in their way.

Losing well nigh all control over myself, I fling myself in despair into the river; I dive down, but all in vain, for the stings rain down still upon my head. Not heeding the warnings of my people, I creep through the reedy grass to the swampy bank. The grass lacerates my hands, and I try to gain the mainland, hoping to find shelter in the woods.

All at once four powerful arms seize me, and drag me back with such force that I think I must be choked in the mud. I am compelled to go back on board, and flight is not to be thought of.

In the cooling moisture I had so far recovered my self-possession that it occurred to me to drag out a sheet in which to envelop myself, and this measure at last gave me some protection, but I had first gradually to crush the bees which I had inclosed with me within this covering. Cowering down convulsively, I lingered out thus three full hours, whilst the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated periodically through the linen.

Meantime, by great self-denial and courage on the part of my people, my large dog was brought on board to me and covered with cloths; the other was unfortunately lost—in all likelihood was stung to death.

By degrees every one became equally passive as myself; at length perfect silence reigned on board; the bees subsided into quietness.

That evening, and for the next few days, I felt ready for an encounter with half a score of buffaloes, or a brace of lions, rather than have anything more to do with bees, and this was a sentiment in which all the ship's company heartily concurred.—*Youth's Companion.*

GOOD OLD AGE.

Few Things More Inspiring Than an Undaunted Spirit.

Few things are more inspiring than a cheerful and undaunted spirit in the aged. Monsieur Chevreul, the French chemist, whose hundredth birthday was last year celebrated, continues to devote himself as a matter of course to his official and professional duties.

He has recently presided at meetings of several scientific societies, and in answer to constant congratulations upon his continued good health, is always ready with some charming repartee full of wit and humor.

He has often been asked how he has succeeded in living to such an advanced age in good health, and with no change in his great intellect.

"I do not drink wine," he invariably replies, but the answer is at best an evasive one, leaving much to the imagination, for it is actually true that he has lived a severely moral life, in obedience to the laws of health and right.

On his one hundred and first birthday an old servant asked him if he did not feel fatigued by the day's festivities, advising him to spare himself on account of his age.

"Indeed," answered Monsieur Chevreul, in his humorous way, "I am beginning to get a little old, and shall take some precautions."

Imagine the delight of possessing so fine a physique that one need only to begin to take extraordinary precautions at the age of one hundred and one.—*Ex.*

A BIG SUIT.

Brought to Recover Valuable Land in the City of Baltimore.

The suit of the heirs of one Zeinsz, who gave the Zion Church property and other lots on Gay and Holliday streets, between Orange alley and Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md., to the use of the German Lutheran denomination in perpetuity, against the present owners promises to become the most celebrated of its kind in the history of litigation in that city. The ground was deeded for its original purpose in 1798 by Zeinsz to trustees of the church to be held by them for the use specified. They sold parcels of it seventy-five years ago. A young lawyer there, R. B. Tippett, made the discovery and after a year of hard work located all the living heirs of Zeinsz, some of whom reside in York, Pa. He told them of what is alleged to be a legal violation of the instructions of the original deed and was authorized to enter suit for all of them against the mayor and City Council, who own the colored public school on Holliday street, which is on a part of the land, and other owners, claiming large damages and a return of the property.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barreiville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "
—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barreiville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland. P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent.

Professional Cards.

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CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

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