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MINING JOURNAL.

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NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 35. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 971.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

May 11, 1890.

ON AND AFTER THE **above date** TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:50 a m
7:15 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:35 a m
8:10 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
9:35 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:55 a m
12:05 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:05 p m
1:15 p m	...No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
5:10 p m	....No. 46 Express....	5:20 p m
6:30 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
1:00 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
1:50 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:55 a m
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
9:15 a m	....No. 47 Express....	9:25 a m
11:00 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	11:05 a m
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:31 p m	....No. 1 Express....	7:50 p m

No. 13 does not go west of Keyser.
No.'s 46 and 47 will not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		1:10 a m
" 63—Cumberland "	"	7:50 a m
" 5—Mail	"	2:15 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives		2:40 a m
" 6—Mail	"	1:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp.	"	7:15 p m

May 16 R. M. SHEATS, Agent.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland....	7:15 a m	3:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	4:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	4:37 p m
" " Lonaconing .	8:30 a m	4:45 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave at 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	12:00 p m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	12:09 p m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	12:30 p m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	1:15 p m	6:15 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains from Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York arrive at 12:15 and 10:20 p. m.

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Feb 2 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.	Stations.	Westward.
Leave. No. 1.	No. 3.	*Arrive.* No. 2.	No. 4.
a. m.	*a. m.*	*a. m.*	*p. m.*
6:25	11:35	.....Piedmont.....	11:05	5:27
6:40	11:50	.....Barton.....	10:45	5:02
6:50	12:02	....Lonaconing.....	10:37	5:05
7:02	12:14	..... Midland.....	10:24	4:50
7:05	12:17	.....Ocean.....	10:21	4:47
7:10	12:24	....Borden Shaft....	10:15	4:40
7:18	12:32	....Frostburg.....	10:07	4:30
7:35	12:49	....Morantown.....	9:47	4:10
7:42	12:56	....Mount Savage....	9:41	4:04
7:47	1:01	.....Barrelville.....	9:35	3:56
7:49	1:03	.....Patterson's.....	9:33	3:54
7:55	1:09	...Kreigbaum's.....	9:25	3:45
7:57	1:11	.Mt. Savage junction.	9:23	3:43
8:10	1:24	.....Cumberland.....	9:10	3:30
a. m.	*p. m.*		*a. m.*	*p. m.*
Arrive.			*Leave.*

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.
P. L. BURWELL,
May 17 General Superintendent.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Save Your Money
BY BUYING YOUR
RAILROAD TICKETS
—FROM—
J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

—THE—
Latchstring Hangs on the Outside
—AND A—
Hearty Welcome
ON THE INSIDE

At my store-room for all in search of

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets and Oilcloths.

I HAVE returned from the markets the second time this spring with the finest line of CLOTHING at lower prices than at any season during my 36 years experience.

My Clothing comprises the handsomest styles, sewed and trimmed better than can be done by the "merchant tailors" around here, and prices much lower. Fit guaranteed in every case. My motto is:

No Misfit.

Every Man, Boy and Child I can suit and fit from a 24-year old boy to a 300-pounder fat man at strictly

One-Price Rates to All.

A FINE PLUSH ORNAMENT thrown in with every Man's Suit, and a BAT and BALL with every Boy's Suit.

I extend to all a call and examination, especially within the next thirty days, while the full assortment is in stock.

Very thankful for past custom, I am
Yours truly,

MARX WINELAND,
CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.
Wholesale and Retail.
May 3

DENTISTRY.
Dr. T. S. McELFISH.
Dental Office
OPPOSITE CENTRAL HOTEL, Main St., above Post Office, Frostburg, Md.
Dec 21

FORGOTTEN WORKERS.

They lived and they were useful; this we know,
Else in night be hide
No record of their name is left to show
Even soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band;
But they shall live in endless day, in the
Fair, shining land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had they wealth or gold?
No one can tell;
Only one thing is known of them—they faithful
Were and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer,
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God;
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And glad trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper and friend,
And in the joy of their ministry
Forgot and spend.

No glory clusters around their name on earth:
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greater worth,
And there is given
A place for all who do the Master's work,
Though in the humble way;
And their lost names come forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

O, take why will the boom of fading fame;
I ask give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And amid the joys of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God resound
For all His grace.

THE JUGGLER'S WAGER.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

The boldest thing I ever saw done (said my Russian friend, Captain K——, as we sat over our coffee in the Hotel de l'Europe, at Tiflis, the capital of Caucasus), was done by a man whom I first met in this very room, two years ago. It's been a good joke with us ever since, but I don't think there's a man of the whole staff that would have cared to try it on himself—I know I should not, for one!

I was coming in here one morning to have my coffee and look through the papers, when one of the waiters met me at the door with a very important face, and told me that a great foreign juggler had just arrived and was staying in the house.

"And he's been doing such tricks, your honor," said the fellow, with a look of awe, "as no good Christian could ever do, I'm sure! If he hadn't paid his bill a week in advance, I'd have taken him for the Evil One himself! This morning, at breakfast, he pulled off a fine ring he wore and dropped it into his coffee, and then told me to take the coffee away and bring him a fresh roll instead. And when the roll came, he made me cut it open, and out tumbled the ring, as true as I stand here! I never got such a fright in my life, but when I went and told the master, and advised him to send the fellow away at once, he only laughed, and said I'd see queerer things than that before all was over."

Just then there came a noise of shouting and stamping from the coffee-room, as if a dozen men were all fighting at once. We both ran in together, and this is what we saw:

Near the door was an izvoshtchik (hackman) stamping and storming like a madman. Two or three waiters were standing a little way off, looking frightened out of their wits. Behind them stood the landlord himself, a great, fat, red-faced fellow, who seemed half scared and half amused. The central point of all this uproar appeared to be a quiet little man with a round, chubby face, who was sipping his coffee at the nearest table, as coolly as if the whole thing had been got up for his express amusement.

I stepped forward into the circle, and asked what was the matter; but, just at first, it was no easy thing to find out. The hackman kept on yelling like a scalded cat, and the waiters all spoke at once, and the landlord shouted and the little man laughed, till I really thought I should be deafened outright. But at last, when they'd fairly hallooed themselves out of breath, I managed to get at the right of the story.

It seemed that this little man, who was no other than the juggler in person (or, as he styled himself, "Herr Heinrich Wunder, Professor of Legerdemain"), had hired the hackman to drive him round the town, and the man had charged him five rubles ($3.75 American), which was just double the proper fare. However, the professor said nothing, but at once handed him a five-ruble banknote. The fellow had scarcely got to the door, when back he came like lightning, crying out that the note had disappeared, and that he wasn't going to be cheated in that way. Herr Wunder gave him another, and this time he got fairly outside the door with it; but the next moment he burst in once more, in a great rage, yelling that the money was gone again, and that he'd have the professor arrested as a sorcerer.

The waiters confirmed the story, while the professor himself went on sipping his coffee as quietly as if he had no concern with the matter at all.

"Now, my man," said he, when they'd all done talking, "just turn to me. Here's the landlord of this hotel, a respectable man; and here's this gentleman a British officer, who knows better than to give you a penny for any such nonsense about money disappearing in this place. Now, they are both willing that I've given you this five-ruble note; there's no trick about it, and that I can do what I like with my own. I'll give it again. It's no business of yours."

Out rushed the hackman the moment he got the note, tolled down into the kitchen, and off the banknote went in the same mysterious manner; and the last of the joke was that the cook at last refused to take it, thinking that it must be some infernal trick to offend him. [illegible] and laughed fit to kill himself, and so did I; while the little professor said, with a fat chuckle:

"I don't think that lad will try to cheat me again."

All this time I had been wondering why the professor had not advertised himself in our local papers before he arrived like everybody else; but I soon saw that what he had done already was both the best and the cheapest advertisement that he could possibly have had. The hackman told his story everywhere, and the waiter told his; and both the tales got into the newspapers (not without plenty of embellishments, you may be sure), and by the end of the week nothing was talked of but the foreign conjurer and his wonderful feats. Herr Wunder's first performance was crowded to the very doors, and so was his second; and then our general, Prince Mirski, got him to give a special one for the officers and ladies of the garrison. Then the Grand Duke Michael came back from Vladikavkaz, and he made him give another, and paid him well; so that, altogether, the worthy professor made a pretty good thing of it.

Well, one night two or three of us had asked him here to supper (for he was a pleasant little fellow, and told capital stories), and among the party was our junior ensign, a young fellow with more money than brains, who couldn't see a fly settle on a window without making a bet out of it. His right name was Anton Solovieff, but this fancy of his for betting upon everything had got him the nickname of "Pari" (Wager), and none of us ever called him anything else.

When supper was about half through, the professor told us that he was thinking of making a tour to Erivan, and some of our posts along the Persian border, and asked what sort of traveling he should find there.

"Well," said I, "you're all right so long as you keep on this side of the border; but I wouldn't advise you to cross it, for you'll find some pretty awkward bits there."

"Such, for instance, as the village of Kara-Dooz" (Black Eyes), said Lieutenant Kavelin; and everybody laughed.

"And what kind of a place may that be, pray?" asked the professor, quite innocently.

"It's a Persian village, about forty miles beyond the frontier," answered I, "said to be the worst place for robbers in the whole district. Indeed, the villagers themselves are quite proud of their reputation in that line, which is so notorious, that, when a man is seen going about with an 'out-at-elbows' kind of air, people always say: 'He has been at the village of Kara-Dooz!'"

"I've heard it said, however," put in Kavelin, "that one or two men have run the gauntlet, unhurt; but I can't vouch for it myself."

"I should think not!" cried Solovieff, "I'll bet five hundred rubles that no man living will go there and back without being robbed, unless he takes a pretty strong escort with him."

"Done," said the professor; "it's a bet."

At that we all stared, as well we might; for, really, to hear this quiet, smooth-faced little fellow, who looked as if one could blow him away with a sneeze, talk of venturing single-handed among the fiercest cut-throats on the whole Persian frontier, was enough to make any man open his eyes a bit.

"I see you think I'm joking, gentlemen," said the professor, quietly; "but I mean what I say. Here's my money, and I dare say Captain K——, as the senior officer present, will be good enough to hold the stakes for us."

He pulled out five hundred-ruble notes as he spoke, and slid them across the table to me.

"Come, come, Herr Wunder," cried I, pushing them back again, "you're far too sensible a man to go and get yourself killed, just because our friend 'Pari,' here, chooses to talk a little nonsense. Just put this money in your pocket again, and let us say no more about it. Remember, the Persians have got jugglers of their own, so you won't be able to frighten them with these feats of yours."

"Yes, that's true enough," said Kavelin; "and besides these fellows know that the cholera's abroad in Southern Russia and that'll make 'em all the more dangerous!"

"The cholera!" echoed the professor. "What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"Why, the common people in Persia have a superstition that there's always one man who carries the plague-spirit along with him, and destroys all around him, while remaining unhurt himself. Many's the foreigner they've killed upon suspicion of his being the 'bringer of the pest'; and that's just what they'll do with you, if you go."

But the professor was not to be moved.

"All this may be very true, gentlemen, and I owe you many thanks for your good advice; but I'm not fond of drawing back from anything that I've once undertaken. I believe this thing can be done, and, at all events I mean to try it."

So then, finding that there was no turning him, we all set about doing our best to help him along. Kavelin lent him a fine horse, which, as he said, rather pointedly, might be trusted with a man's life in case of need; and I got Prince Mirski to give him a special recommendation to the frontier commandants; and the others hunted him up a courier in the shape of a Greek fellow named Bulgarist, whom our general had employed a good deal as a spy among the border tribes, and who seemed just born for that kind of work. He was as great a rascal as ever breathed; but in point of sharpness he could overmatch any robber from Tiflis to Teheran.

When the time came for them to start there was quite a commotion in the regiment for we were all very fond of the little professor. Poor Solovieff who had been getting black looks from everybody, as the prime cause of the mischief, was chop-fallen, and actually offered to forfeit the money, if Herr Wunder would only change his mind. But Wunder wouldn't hear of it; so away they went.

Well, they got to Erivan all right and had a flourishing time among the frontier garrisons, for the professor's tricks were a new thing down there and took wonderfully. But all this while he never forgot Kara-Dooz. And one fine May morning he found himself across the border on his way to it.

Bulgaris was so much like a robber himself, that going among these rascals must have seemed to him just like getting home again. But even he confessed to having felt rather queer when one of the soldiers at the frontier post stood at ease and drew his hand across his throat, as the others noticed. But it was too late to back out then.

That night they camped in an old caravansary, the very look of which showed how little it had been traveled of late; and the next morning they reached the famous village, which seemed well worthy of its reputation. Just at that point the road went down into a deep, narrow, gloomy gorge, shut in by huge, black rocks, among which the houses of the village peered out here and there, being half hidden by clumps of thicket, as if they were lying in ambush as well as their masters.

The sight of a traveler coming out so boldly brought the Persians out at once, in considerable astonishment; but they were still more surprised when the professor coolly turned into the bridle path that led up the hillside, and riding straight in among them, called out, as if the whole place belonged to him:

"Where is your chief? Let him come before me, that I may see him!"

The whole band looked quite dumbfounded, as well they might. Some began to laugh, while others laid their hands on their daggers; and the only thing that saved him was their thinking that he must be mad, for they never touch a madman. But before any one could say a word, out came the worthy chief himself—a villainous old graybeard, with one eye, and with a face so scarred that it looked just like a railway map.

"Are you the chief of these sons of Shaitaun (Satan)?" asked Herr Wunder, sternly.

"I am," answered the brigand, looking quite as much puzzled as his men.

"You are the villains, then," exclaimed the professor, "who murder all helpless travelers, and trust in your strength and weapons to hear you harmless. But what are your weapons to mine? You slay your enemies with powder and bullet; I slay mine with the breath of my mouth. See here!"

He unslung his air-gun, aimed at a vulture on the nearest rock, and brought it down.

When they saw the bird fall dead without either smoke, flame or report, the rascals shook in their shoes. They could handle an ordinary gun with any man; but this was something new.

"Do ye still doubt my power?" said Wunder. "Well, then, let one of you lead this pistol, and fire straight at me; then shall ye know of what avail are weapons against me!"

The old chief accepted the challenge, and having loaded the pistol, aimed right at Wunder's head, evidently expecting him to flinch.

"Fire!" cried the professor, without the least hesitation; but the pistol only snapped, without going off. The chief tried another cartridge, and a third; till at last he fairly threw it down and slunk back among his men. The fact was that the pistol had a secret spring, which threw back the charge into the stock just as the trigger was pulled—the same trick with which Robert Houdin scared the Arabs in Algeria.

Then Wunder stepped forward, and unsetting the counteracting spring, fired the pistol with perfect ease. The rascals turned fairly blue with terror, and a muttering ran through the crowd, in which Herr Wunder's quick ear caught the word "pest."

"You have guessed it," shouted he, facing round upon them, as if he could blow them all away with a breath. "I am the messenger of the pest, which Heaven sends upon you for your misdeeds. Behold! in this flask I hold the cholera-spirit imprisoned, and the moment that cork is drawn, ye die, every man of you!"

In an instant the whole gang were groveling in the dust at his feet, howling and roaring for mercy, and making such faces that the professor himself could scarcely help laughing at them. They would forswear brigandage forever; they would do anything he liked, if he would only have pity on them, and not open that dreadful flask. It must have been a rich scene, those great hulking ruffians down on their knees in the dirt, and that little bit of a fellow standing over them as majestically as Julius Cæsar; I only wish I'd been there to see it.

"So be it," said he, at last, putting the flask back in his pocket. "For this once I spare you, but beware how you offend again!"

* * * * *

The next day Professor Wunder rode back across the frontier, escorted part of the way by a round dozen of the brigands, and with his saddle bags crammed with valuables of every kind. The story reached Tiflis before him, and when he arrived, we feted him as if he had been the viceroy himself—which, I'm sure, was no more than he deserved.—[David Kek.

What is the Matter With the Custard?

In a recent speech Chauncey M. Depew told a story of the Chicago man who was a guest at the Eagle Hotel in Poughkeepsie. After the dinner was over he said: "What have you got for dessert?" The waiter said: "Pie." "What kind?" "Mince, apple, lemon, custard and pumpkin." "Well," said the Chicago man, "bring me mince, lemon, apple and pumpkin." The waiter: "What in thunder is the matter with the custard?"

Literary Work.

Competition never ceases with the literary man; his greatest competitors are dead, but their works live; he is judged by a standard established centuries ago, and which he cannot hope to reach. When he fails, the critics and more thoughtful readers speak contemptuously of his work as trash. Yet he may be cleverer than his readers or his critics, and the same amount of ability put into some other calling, with a more restricted field of action, might win him a distinguished position in his own locality. Few writers are fortunate enough to make a hit at the start; flashes of inspiration are not reliable producers of daily bread and meat. No young man, let him be ever so gifted, should for a moment expect to support himself as a writer of books, or as a contributor to magazines. It takes at least six months to write a good novel or a good biography, and supposing its author succeeds in getting a publisher, he may consider himself lucky if he gets four or five hundred dollars for it. As for magazine articles, even could he dispose of two or three a month—an impossibility, by the way—at the average rate of payment, his income would be meager enough. Most famous writers have made their way by writing perseveringly for years, without compensation of any kind; others have worked at literature for half a lifetime only to gain barren fame. If a writer succeeds in having his first efforts published at all, he may be well content. A gentleman, now well known as a writer, once said to a young lady, who had some little success in magazine work, "Get your name made familiar to the public as soon as you can. Every time your name is mentioned in a leading journal, it is worth five dollars to you." This, you see, is one of the tricks of the trade. But getting known by good work is far better. And here we come to another branch of the subject. It sometimes happens that a tyro may have a good conception of a capital story, but cannot clothe his ideas in fitting words. Fortunate for him if friendly critic or editor performs that good office, and gives the result to the world in a readable form. An instance is told of this kind, where some original plot was found in a story with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but it would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there, but nothing more. As the "reader" predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. To-day it is one of the best known novels in the literary world, and the author whose name appears on the title page, has not only gained fame, but a lesson in the art of writing which was obtainable in no other way.

It's Good Enough.

"There, I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I can get the store swept in about five minutes, I can finish my story before anyone comes."

The store was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was good enough. The story was finished, and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John.

"Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will be just in time for the 9 o'clock train. Come right back."

John hurried to the office, as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, saw no more reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked:

"Well, John, I have almost learned my lesson."

John stared.

"What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis.

The next morning John's work was done as speedily, and no better, than the day before.

Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone, the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought nobody would see. When he returned Mr. Willis said:

"John, I told you yesterday that I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you longer than this week."

Didn't Appreciate the Compliment.

I overhead a remark by a lady a few evenings since at a reception. The lady in question is in the neighborhood of 40, still charming in face, figure and repartee. A gentleman, who had not seen her for twenty years, approached her and said: "Is this Mrs. A?" "It is!" "I knew you once," the gentleman answered. "I have not seen you for twenty years and you look just the same now as you did when a girl." "Gracious!" replied the lady, "you don't say so. What an old-looking girl I must have been."

The Etiquette of Cards.

Visiting cards play so large a part in the social life of our cities that it is well to understand their use.

It is not a crime to turn down wrong corners of visiting cards, but it is at least better to turn them rightly. A young girl from a Western city, making a visit to a lady in Boston, sent up her card with the corner turned down—a thing that should never be done when the person called upon is at home. This mistake, made by a refined young lady, suggests the desirableness of a little technical information for girls brought up in parts of the country where card etiquette is less understood than in our large cities.

When a call is made with the hope to see the person called upon, inquiry should be made at the door if the lady is at home, and if so, a card should be sent up, that there may be no mistake as to the visitor's name.

When it is a regular reception day, on which the lady of the house has given out that she will stay at home to see her friends, no card should be sent up to her but the visitor should leave one upon the hall table.

When the person visited is not at home, either the whole right-hand end, or the upper right-hand corner, of the card may be turned down, as a token that the visitor had called in person. The best way to make what the French call the "visit of digestion," after a dinner, or the call after an evening party, is—except in cases of real intimacy—to leave a turned-down card, as it would be too great a tax on the time of a hostess if she were compelled to receive each guest again, separately.

Cards may be sent by post on arriving at a place, to notify friends of one's presence in town, and may also be sent on departure, marked "P. P. C."—pour prendre conge—to take leave.

A married lady who is strictly punctilious about social observance leaves her husband's card with her own. The English style of gentlemen's cards, which is being widely adopted in America, is a small card, not much more than half the size of a lady's. But a Frenchman still uses cards as large as his wife's, as was formerly the American custom.

It is much better never to turn a card down than to turn it down not according to rule, not to do it is of no consequence, while, for instance, to send a turned-down card to a lady who is at home does betray ignorance of the social conveniances one is attempting to observe.

Leghorn Straw Farming.

What is known as Leghorn straw is raised on the hills which rise on each side of the rivers Pisa and Elsa, south of Florence, Italy. Its adaptability to the uses to which it is destined depends principally on the soil on which it is sown, which soil, to all appearances, exists only in this small district, out of the bounds of which the industry is unknown. Any variety of wheat which has a hollow, flexible stem can be used for seed. The soil must be tilled and prepared very much as if it is for corn, but the seed is sown five times as thick as is usual for other purposes; this is done in the month of December or February. When the straw is full grown, and before the grain begins to form itself in the ear, it is uprooted and firmly tied in sheaves the size of a handful. Each sheaf or menata, as it is called, is spread out in the shape of a fan to dry in the sun for three days, after which it is stowed away in barns. The harvest being over and the fields empty, it is again spread out to catch the heavy summer dews and to bleach in the sun, during which time it is carefully turned until all sides are equally white.

A Mere Blind.

A commercial traveller not long ago produced in the writer's presence a plethoric pocketbook apparently filled with greenbacks. On my remonstrating with him for carrying so much money, he said in the first place it was necessary for him to carry large sums when he travelled; but he added in a very mysterious way that if he had no more money than was contained in his portemonnaie he would be destitute indeed. Upon being cross-examined he stated that the bills he had shown me were "green goods"—outlawed bank bills of antebellum times; that he carried them as means of escaping robbery. He had a special pocket made for his genuine money and carried the outlawed bank bills where they could easily be found in case any attempt were made to rob him. He stated that the idea was not original with him, but had been in quite common use for some time, and that it was the best means of protection against pickpockets, footpads and train robbers that had been invented.

Mice in Her Hair.

Mrs. Madison, a handsome young married woman, said: "One of the strangest things happened a few nights ago. My husband has been very sick, you know, and I have been sitting up with him, so I sleep like a top when my eyes close. Now there are these two white mice, the loviest things in the world, but what do you think? The other night they actually chewed a hole in the top of my tidy cap while I was resting, gnawed my hair, which you can see is abundant, and made a splendid nest right on the top of my head. How they did it without awaking me I can't explain, but my husband, sick as he is, suggests that I wear some sort of a helmet at night."—[Exchange.

Naming Ships of War.

The naming of vessels of the navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first class are required to be named after States, those of the second after rivers, those of the third after principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the President may direct. The law is not always observed as closely as it ought to be, but in the main it governs naval nomenclature to-day.

THE RUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS.

When the Czarina Wears them She is a Vision of Unmatched Gorgeousness.

No woman in the world wears so many jewels as the Czarina. Even her sister, who when she comes to the English throne will wear the Kohinoor, will not have such jewels or wear so many of them at one time.

The Russian crown jewels are something simply fabulous. It is to be doubted whether any one outside of that country has any definite conception of the extent of the Romanoff possessions in the way of precious stones. The Russians still retain their barbaric love of splendor, and when the empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs who still make a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions.

Most of the European queens and Empresses content themselves with a tiara; even the queen Victoria, on the occasion of her jubilee levees, wears only one of the diamond tiaras, such as may be seen on the heads of women in the boxes of the Metropolitan opera house. Mrs. Astor used to wear a very handsome one of the same sort. But the Czarina wears a real crown. There are several she uses, but the favorite one is that made and worn by the great Elizabeth of Russia, and which she loaded with gems of great price. The pearls alone are said to be valued at something like 50,000 rubles.

When the empress danced recently with the Austrian embassador, she was arrayed in a fashion of which Solomon never dreamed nor Balkis ever saw. On her head was the Elizabethian crown. Her gown was of heavy white watered silk, with a white velvet train, embroidered heavily with gold, and hung about all the edges with gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral, set in diamonds, and fastened at intervals to the dress. The necklace she wore contained over a thousand stones and reached nearly from neck to waist—a mass of rubies, sapphires and diamonds—a veritable breast-plate of gems.

Besides this, she wore on her breast about half of her orders—she has over forty in all—and they, too, were flashing with precious stones. Her rings, bracelets and earrings were all equally magnificent, and when she danced it was like the northern lights of a misty sky, a myriad flashing rays of all hues, glittering and changing with every moment.

Cures for Sleeplessness.

A clergyman who is afflicted with insomnia finds that "to walk even one mile in the day is a great thing" in the way of a remedy. At the moment, he says, the best thing one can do is to get up, drink half a glass of water, and walk around the room. The slight alternation of cold and warmth has a soporific effect. For a permanent result: "Live healthy. Avoid too little and too much exercise and food, particularly wine. Dine lightly, eating very little meat. Bathe an hour before dinner, not before going to bed. Avoid exciting occupation during the evening. A journalist, when suffering from an over-excited brain, and finding his eyes in constant movement, although the lids are closed, resolutely fixes the gaze downward—says, to the foot of the bed—while the lids are kept closed. "A most wretched lier-awake" of thirty-five years' standing, who had for ten years thought himself happy if he could get twenty minutes' sleep in the twenty-four hours, took hot water—"a pint, comfortably hot, one hour before each of my three meals, and one the last thing at night—naturally, unmixed with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours on end, turned round, and slept again till morning. I have faithfully continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened, and went away; the shattered nerves became calm and strong, and instead of each night being one long misery spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy."

Unhappy Mothers.

Not long ago, the lamentations of a mother over the conviction of her son in court drove the judge from the bench and drew tears from old and experienced lawyers. There is something infinitely sad about the devotion of a mother, and the human heart can never resist a throb of sympathy when that mother's love asserts itself. Courts and bailiffs, judges and lawyers, court rules and stern decrees, all yield for a moment to the overwhelming power of woman's love. All bow in reverence and all sorrow in sympathy. But it is only for a moment. From his mother's arms the one who is ever a boy to her but a man in the eye of the law, is dragged by inexorable justice to the punishment he has merited. And then we wonder why that mother's love, which appeals to all humanity with irresistible power, was not strong enough to keep that boy from evil ways and evil acts. She would have given her life to spare him at any time. All she asked in return was for him to be true to himself. Yet he was not. The sin which wrong-doers commit against society is very small compared with that which they commit against their mothers. But they never think of that; and the very unselfishness of maternal love seems to rob it of the power to restrain.

An Automatic Seat.

A new automatic chair recently on view has a spring seat, and that seat is held rigidly to the back, and cannot be pulled down to a sitting position until a penny is dropped into the slot at the side. The seat of the chair is then released, and the occupier is free to use it as long as he pleases. When he rises he must place an umbrella or other article on the seat to prevent its flying back again to its normal position, or he will have another penny to pay before he can again use it.