msa_sc5130_scm12191-0099 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 36. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 972.

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.		*Arrive.*
No. 1. No. 3.		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 2½-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

A HAUNTED ROOM.

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;
And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
On every object which her robes have fanned,
And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face.
But no, it shows my own face full of care,
And my heart is her beauty's dwelling-place.
—John Hay.

HAD I MY WISH.

Had I my wish, the world should
One nook enframed in fancy's mold;
One little spot where bud and vine
Made nature drunk with beauty's wine,
Where happy love could ne'er grow old.

And there in simple ways grown bold
We'd laugh at fame, nor sigh for gold;
Our lives should be a song divine,
Had I my wish.

And when each day's delights were told
And twilight came across the wold
I'd look into your face benign
And feel your lips pressed soft on mine,
While on and on the big earth rolled,
Had I my wish.
—[Kirke La Shelle.

THE SOUTH-BOUND TRAIN.

It was 9 o'clock, and Mabel Claire, the pretty, young telegraph operator, sat at the instrument, her hand on the key, waiting to send the last message before quitting the office for the night.

Mabel was very seldom detained as late, but an excursion train had gone down the road that morning, and was now waiting at Ewing's, below the turnout, till it received the signal that the way was clear. The south-bound express was due in twenty minutes. When that passed Mabel would signal the excursionists to come on.

It was a responsible and confining position for one so young and inexperienced, and Mabel, during the ten months she held the place, had proved herself bright and efficient, and not the slightest accident due to neglect on her part had ever occurred.

Now she kept looking at the clock, thinking the hands had never moved so slowly before. She was weary, sitting in the close little office all the long, hot hours of that summer day, and she wished for the train. Besides, there was some one on the train she wanted particularly to see.

"Frank will be on the lookout for me," she said, "and will wave his hand—perhaps kiss it in the darkness."

The thought made her smile and blush. She hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry at young Frank Ray's recent promotion to the responsible post of engineer on the south-bound. Every other day she saw him, but for two seconds, as the train whizzed by; the south-bound never stopped at the insignificant little station of Redding.

They had been engaged a long time, and now this promotion of the young man enabled them to see in the near future the consummation of their hopes.

At 9.30 the station-master would come in and the office would close for the night.

How still everything was. It had never seemed so lonesome before. It was a quiet, peaceful little station in among the Bald hills, as they were called; and, though often feeling the loneliness of the position, Mabel had never had the least fear.

Mabel at last stopped looking at the clock, and, with her finger idly moving at the key, became lost in one of those rosy dreams which youth, especially when in love, is prone to.

Not a sound broke the deep silence of the summer night but the rustle of a leaf in the breeze or the distant call of the whippoorwill.

Presently a slight noise behind her made the girl start and look around. There, just within the door, stood a tall, gaunt man, with wild, bloodshot eyes, long matted beard and hair, and torn, disordered garments, glaring wildly at her.

The scream froze upon Mabel's lips, and the blood seemed to congeal in her veins. Before she could utter a sound the apparition, without moving his eyes from her face, advanced towards her.

"Sit still," he commanded, as Mabel attempted to rise. "Move at your peril, utter a sound, and these hands will choke the breath out of you."

And he extended long, horny-tipped talons, which looked as if they could well execute such a threat.

Paralyzed with fright, Mabel did not stir, but gazed with terrified fascination at the intruder. He drew up a chair close to hers, and in front of the instrument.

"Move your hand, girl!" he said. "I shall manage this instrument to-night. It is a long time since I felt the key, but my right hand has not forgotten any of its cunning. No, nor my ear its quickness."

And his bony fingers commenced to manipulate the key.

All at once Mabel realized that she was in the presence of a madman, and personal fear was for the moment swallowed up in the still greater terror of the mischief which would be wrought by his control of the instrument. She withdrew her hand and found voice to expostulate.

"Do not touch the key, I entreat you," she said. "It is not time yet to signal Ewing's, and if a wrong message were sent a fearful collision might ensue."

The maniac laughed delightedly.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "'Tis the very thing I want to see! A grand, glorious sight, girl, to see those iron beasts lock horns, pawing and tearing up the earth, bellowing forth smoke and fire; see them rush through these long trains, scalding, burning, smashing the silly, simple folks that trusted in them. Hurrah! what a holocaust we'll witness! What rivers of blood will flow!"

His eyes glared at Mabel's with the expression of a demon's, and his large white teeth gleamed through his matted mustache.

The poor girl almost fainted as he drew the horrid picture.

"But he will not know how to call the station," she said to herself; "they will not heed him."

He turned to her with sudden intelligence.

"What is Ewing's call?" he asked, "and your signature? Quick—give it to me quick!"

A gleam of hope flashed over Mabel. "Ewing's is 'Z,'" she said, at random, "and I sign 'T. P.'"

But even as she spoke she saw the madman reading the station calls, which she had forgotten hung right over the instrument.

"Do you dare to tell me a lie?" he cried. "The call is 'B,' and Redding's is 'S,'" and calling up the station he quickly clicked off the message.

"Come on, come on, the track is clear," he cried, as he ticked the words.

He had cunning enough to stop there. Mabel glanced at the clock. The message had been sent ten minutes too soon. Oh! if they would only suspect something, and beg to have it repeated; but no—the answer came back: "O. K."

The train had left the turnout now, and if the south-bound was on time a disaster of some sort was inevitable.

Oh, if she could only rush out and call some one, or give one loud shriek! Oh, why did not the station-master drop in?

At her least movement the maniac, like the ancient mariner, fixed her with his glittering eye, and she became cold and rigid as stone, and could only dumbly pray. But stealthily, each time he turned away those fearful eyes, she moved her chair slightly, getting more to his back and near the door. Once outside the door, she might lose herself in the darkness while she ran for aid.

For the train must be warned. Oh, heavens! some one must be found, and quickly, quickly, to fly up the track, and with waving lantern stop the engine from rushing to its fate.

And who was on that engine? Oh, God! she had actually forgotten till that moment, so benumbed with a general feeling of horror were all her faculties.

Suddenly her acute ear caught the low rumble in the distance. The madman's was equally keen.

"They're coming!" he shouted. "They're coming! Come on! Come on! On to the grand battle of the iron steeds! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

And as he spoke the key clicked out the words. His eyes were turned away; his ear bent to his instrument.

Swifter than the wind, sudden as the lightning stroke, Mabel darted out the door. She did not run toward the station house to seek help, but straight up the railroad track she flew, right in the direction of the incoming train. She did not cry aloud; that would attract the madman to her; but on through the darkness, white, breathless, trembling in every nerve, she fled like a young deer; and as she ran she tore, with frantic hands, breadth after breadth of the light summer dress she wore.

"It is so dark they will not be able to see me till they are nearly on me," she thought; "not till I get in the blaze of the headlight. But if only they do see me in time. Oh, Frank, Frank, look out for me!"

Round a curve a couple of hundred yards away, the light of the bull's-eye streamed. It seemed horrible, the frail girl rushing on so desperately to meet this fiery-eyed monster. But on, on she flew, waving above her head the torn white dress.

Once she glanced behind. Gracious heavens! In the dim light she saw a tall, gigantic figure pursuing her with giant strides.

"I am lost!" she moaned. "But, oh! let the train be saved—let Frank be saved, and I am willing to die."

She stands still in the middle of the track as the glare of the headlight strikes her, enveloping girl and waving banner in a lurid light.

Frank has seen her. A shrill whistle to down brakes wakes the mountain echoes. The watchful engineer, with his hand upon the throttle and his head leaning far out, motions frantically to the girl to leave the track. She turns to do so. They have seen her. They are saved—they are saved! Thank God!

But, as she turns, a grip like a lion's claw seizes her arm; she struggles madly to wrench herself free, or to drag her captor with her off the track. Her foot stumbles against the iron rail and both man and girl fall prostrate before the advancing engine.

As though the infernal regions had opened to engulf them, a glare, a scorching heat, a rush of escaping steam, one thrill of keenest pain, and Mabel knew no more.

Before the engine had fairly stopped Frank Ray was on the ground. He had recognized Mabel, and seen her fall in the grasp of the fierce-looking man.

Springing from the engine he dashed up to her as the pilot passed over the white, huddled heap. A shriek that might have waked the dead burst from his pallid lips.

"I have murdered her!" he moaned.

And with frantic efforts he seized her white dress. It was wedged in the wheels.

All was darkness and confusion.

The men brought their lanterns. Then they saw streams of blood flowing from under the engine, saturating the white dress and forming a rivulet by the side of the road. Strong men turned sick. Frank's brain reeled.

"Back the engine!" he called wildly; then staggered up to obey his own order.

Slowly the wheels made two revolutions, and again the engineer leaped down where his victims lay. The man had fallen nearest the engine. A wheel had passed over him. He was quite dead and horribly mangled.

Mabel—was she dead? Was she injured? The young engineer seized her with trembling hands, while his heart stood still.

"She breathes! She is not dead!" he cried, as, kneeling on the track, he clasped the blood-stained form to his bosom. "Some water! Quick!"

And as in a twinkling the water was brought, he bathed her face and held it to her lips.

With a low moan of pain, Mabel opened her eyes. The strange faces around, the lurid light from the engine, her own bloody garments, would have sent her back to unconsciousness, but the loved face bending so anxiously over her called her back to life.

"Are you hurt, my darling?" asked the agonized lover. "Oh, God! to think I came so near killing you!"

"My arm, Frank. I think it is broken; but, oh, you are saved! You all are saved, thank God!" looking around at the crowd of passengers.

"My little heroine," murmured Frank; and taking her in his arms he carried her into the sleeping-car.

The remains of the poor madman were gathered up and cared for, and the track being cleared of its horrible obstruction, the train proceeded to the station, where the excursion train, just arrived, had been stopped.

The unfortunate man was recognized as a lunatic who had escaped some days before from a neighboring asylum. He had once been an expert telegrapher, and it was thought that over-application and an unusually responsible and confining position had unsettled his mind.

"Mabel, you shall quit the business from this time forth forevermore," said Frank, when this man's history had been told them. "It might produce the same effect upon you, and I don't want a lunatic for a wife."

And Mabel—poor, wounded, unnerved little thing—readily promised.

At the wedding, which took place as soon as Mabel could take her arm out of a sling, the young couple were made happy by a check for $5,000, presented by the directors of the road; also a remembrance from the passengers on the south-bound train that ever-memorable night.—[Exchange.

Back to Her Side.

An old, dilapidated prairie schooner or camper's wagon came creaking through the December wind, bound westward. As it came nearer in its slow course across the plain I saw that the horses were thin and spiritless, and the driver, who sat on a rough board seat beneath the faded and torn canvas corner, was as woe-begone as they.

He had once been a good-looking man, but his sad face and unkempt clothing told too well the story of sorrow and disappointment.

"How far is it to the next town?" he asked as he came opposite to me.

"About five miles."

"How is the road? Can I get there before night?"

"I am afraid not, without hurrying."

The clouds were skimming across the sky and a storm seemed riding on the back of the north wind that blew fiercely over the prairie.

"Guess I'll go on, though," he ejaculated, after having considered a moment. Then he alighted from the wagon and commenced fixing a broken strap of the harness with some cord he drew from the wagon box.

"What's your hurry? Where are you bound for?" were my queries.

"I'm goin' to Smith county," he replied wearily, as he thought of the long trip, almost to the foot of the Rockies, "an' I must get there before the first of the month."

"Why, got some land there?"

"No, not exactly, but something better. I lived there two years ago—Mary and I. The hot winds came and the times grew hard for us. We worked night and day, but there wasn't no use—the sun jist dried up the ground an' we almost give up. Then Mary died; she was my wife, you know," he said, in half apologetic words. "She helped all she could, but her strength wouldn't hold out."

"And you were left alone?"

"Yes, so much alone that I buried her all by myself on our little claim an' then started for the old home back East to try and make a livin'. I lost my right to the claim," he went on, wearily, "but I don't care much except that she was there. Now I must go, though, an' see to it."

"Do you expect to get it back?"

"Not all of it; I don't want it. But they tell me the land is all being plowed up in that neighborhood an' I'm afraid they'll plow over her grave."

"And so you'll buy the land?"

"A little of it—that that holds her. I kin make a livin', I know, an' I'll stay by her side till the end. It seemed like the sun went out when she left me there."

He resisted all my efforts to induce him to remain for the night. He must hurry, he said.

And the last I saw of him he was urging the tired horses towards the angry sunset sky, eager to reach the grave of one he loved so well.

Humble in station though he was, crude though his surroundings, his lonely vigil on the far Western prairies, with the wide spreading sea of grass around and only the tiny mound of earth to attract his lonely heart has often seemed a picture worthy of a true artist's touch. —[Detroit Free Press.

Experts say, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch, that with natural gas and other advantages, steel rails can be turned out near that city for a less cost than they can be made in England.

The official announcement has been made that at last the White House has been entirely cleared of rats.

Worn out horses are shipped regularly from England to Germany and Belgium to be made into sausages.

Only about 60 per cent. of the passenger trains enter London on time.

THE SHAH'S HOME LIFE.

DOMESTIC SURROUNDINGS OF THE ASIAN RULER.

A Family of Forty Children in the Royal Anderun at Teheran—Curious Code of the Kajar Dynasty—The Young Heir to the Throne of Persia.

The domestic life of the Shah is shrouded in the mystery common to Musselman countries, says a Teheran letter to the London Times. The actual number of wives and concubines in the royal anderun is not accurately known, but it is reported to be about sixty. By these the Shah has had a family of about forty children, of whom nineteen are still living—viz., seven sons and twelve daughters, several of the latter being married to prominent subjects. His eldest-born son died thirty years ago at the age of 19 years; his youngest was born since his recent return to Teheran. The valiahd, or heir-apparent, is not his eldest surviving son, but his eldest son by a princess of royal blood.

In the old days the succession to the throne was decided by no definite rule, but by the caprice of the sovereign, the rank or origin of the mother being held of little moment. The Kajar dynasty, however, have instituted the blood-royal qualification, which is responsible for the selection of the present valiahd. His name is Mozaffur-ed-Din. He is now 36 years of age and has a large family, both of sons and daughters, some of whom are already married. In accordance with another fixed but most impolitic tradition of the Kajar dynasty the valiahd is appointed governor of the north-western province of Azerbaijan, with his capital and palace at Tabriz. He can not leave this province without the sanction of the Shah; and, immured there, he remains in total ignorance of the politics and statecraft of Teheran, of the ministers he may have to depend upon, the system he may have to administer, the people whom he may have to rule.

There seems to be an agreement that he is more or less under the influence of the Shaikhi sect, which may be described as a fanatical agency. Those, however, who are best entitled to speak, represent him as intelligent and amiable, and by no means destitute of individuality.

The third grown-up son of the Shah, by name Kamran Mirza, but more commonly called by his title of the naib-es-sultaneh, holds the posts of minister of war, commander-in-chief of the Persian army, and governor of Teheran. He is now 33 years of age, and is also unusually stout for his years. Though generally reputed to be the favorite son of the shah and a young man of amiable disposition, he is deficient in capacity or political influence, and, except for the importance attaching to his military rank, fills no part on the public stage. Alone among the Shah's sons, he speaks very tolerable French, and can converse without the aid of an interpreter. He is understood to be very much afraid of his elder brother, and to be on the reverse of friendly terms with him. The remaining sons of the shah are little boys of seven and eight years, and a few months of age, the off-spring of younger and later wives.

THIRTEEN PAIRS.

All of Them With Gold Buckles and the Bride's Initials.

Ladies will be interested to hear of the thirteen pairs of garters ordered for the Princess Sophia, of Prussia, the bride of the duke of Sparta, according to old Hohenzollern custom. These were not for wear, but for distribution as souvenirs of her marriage. In ruder times, says the Jeweller's Review, and even in less exalted ranks of life, the bride's garter was and is a kind of perquisite for the bridesmaids, to be cut up and shared among them to bring each young lady good fortune.

In Germany each bride of the Hohenzollerns gives a garter to be laid up in the museum in Berlin. The collection is beautiful and curious, some fifty or sixty in number, from the homeliest in quality to the richest embroidery on silk and dazzling with jewels. The thirteen pair of Princess Sophia's, are of pale blue silk and clasped with large diamond buckles. These are the historical garters sent back to her own country after the ceremony. Of the remaing twelve it is understood that she gave one to the reigning sovereign, and the other eleven to the Greek nobles of high rank who attended the bridegroom to the altar. All the thirteen pairs of garters have gold buckles with the bride's initials in diamonds, but the blue and white supposed to bring good fortune, which went to the museum, are the most beautiful and costly of the whole set.

Samoa Women.

After seven days we reached Samoa, says a New Orleans Times correspondent, and here we saw a race of people it was a delight to look upon. The men are grand—a bright copper color, with superb physical build.

The women are lovely—bright eyes, lovely forms, beautiful teeth and a very merry lot, singing gaily as their boats came up to our ship. They looked very picturesque, festooned with gay-colored wreaths of flowers and branches of the lime tree.

They wear barely any clothes, and the men are beautifully tattooed. They were selling limes, green cocoanuts, cat's eyes—a shell found there—also lovely fans and wood carving.

The children are very pretty. The passengers would throw a coin into the sea and they would dive down and fetch it up between their teeth. The men would drop from the highest part of the ship into the sea. After the ship had started I saw over thirty drop like this, one after the other.

The sharks never trouble a native. The island, as viewed from the ship, is indeed lovely.

His powder is the only thing a Kentuckian willingly keeps dry.—[Exchange.

HUMOR.

Aged Pauper (in New York)—Can you tell me the shortest way to the almshouse, sir? Broker—Wall street.

"What makes the tea so weak, Mrs. Brown?" "It's been listening to your jokes about the hash, I reckon," replied Mrs. Brown.

Bridget—Enjoy slape, is it! How could I? The minit I lay down, I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake, I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it?

"And what's all this I hear, Barbara, about your wanting to find some occupation?" "Well, you see it is so dull at home, uncle. I've no brothers or sisters—and papa's paralyzed—and mamma's going blind—so I want to be a hospital nurse."

Wife—Did you find out what ailed the clock last night after I told you it wouldn't run? Husband—No; I sat up till nearly midnight and took it all to pieces, and I saw nothing the matter with it. Wife—Well, I've thought what is the matter with it. I forgot to wind it.

A school boy, being examined in literature, wrote: "Enoch Arden was a simple sailor . . . a very simple sailor . . . ; he went away and thought his wife would be faithful, and when he came back he found a military-looking gentleman sitting in his favorite armchair."

"Owing to circumstances beyond our control, the debate upon the subject announced for this evening is indefinitely postponed," is the delicate way in which Jones, as president of the debating club, shut off debate at the last meeting, on the question, "Is marriage a failure?" Mrs. Jones and the two Misses Jones were there.

His First Letter.

A writer in the Christian Union gives an amusing account of the first letter written to his wife by a certain old gentleman. The couple had never been separated in all the years of their married life until "Pa," at the age of 70, concluded to visit some relatives in Boston.

When he was preparing to start on his memorable trip his wife, who was to remain at home, said:

"Pa, you never writ me a letter in your life, an' I do hope when you git safely there you'll write me a line and let me know how you bore the journey. I'll buy a sheet of paper and put in a wafer, so you won't have no trouble about that."

Pa was absent a week, and, faithful to his promise, he sent a letter. It read thus:

"RESPECTED LADY:

"I got here safe, and I am very well, and I hope you are the same. I shall be glad to git home, for the pride of the airth that I see here is enough to ruin the nation. Gad! the women folks are too lazy to set up in their carriages. They loll back and look as if they was goin' to sleep, and I don't s'pose one of 'em could milk a cow or feed a pig.

"Nephew Abijah has a proper dairy of horses, an' I have rid all over Boston. There wa'n't no need o' puttin' them boughten buttons on my coat, for nobody noticed 'em. I am

"YOUR RESPECTED HUSBAND."

Mr. Parnell's Misquotation.

In the new number of the Review of Reviews a story is told about Mr. Parnell which goes to prove that he has not much of an ear for the melody of harmonious verse, however quick his ear may be to hear the murmur of a nation's discontent:

"Once and once only has Mr. Parnell been known to quote poetry in a speech. Working up towards his peroration, he declared that he would never rest until they had made their country realize the poet's dream:

"'First flower of the earth, first jewel of the sea.'

"'Gem, gem!' said a friend at his elbow. 'Oh, yes,' replied Mr. Parnell, 'but jewel is a better word.'"

I believe the friend who was scandalized at his leader's rendering of the familiar line was Mr. Dillon.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Profits of Authorship.

I caught one of our best-known authors in a confidential mood recently, and his comments on the revenue of authorship, which he gave me permission afterwards to print, carry interest with them. I may add that the name of this author is one of the most widely known in American literature to-day. "Seven years ago I chose between law and literature. I had every opportunity to succeed at the bar, for, through hard study and my connections, a lucrative practice seemed open to me. But I turned to authorship. To-day I am what the world calls a successful author. My last novel was bid for by three publishers, and my royalties, I am told by my publishers, are higher than those of the majority of their writers. I have the pleasure of hearing my books and name hawked on the trains when I am traveling, the newspapers give me from a quarter of a column to a column and a half reviews. But what has literature brought me in money? Let me open my vest pocket to you. Here is my actual revenue for 1889, and includes, as you see, royalties on six of my novels, magazine articles, etc., and everything is collected. Here is the total—$2,170.40. Compare these actual figures to the paragraph recently circulated in which I am reputed to earn $10,000 from my pen. Is it any wonder that the unsophisticated enter literature with false hopes? Yes, print these facts if you wish; only, of course, withhold my name and identity." I reproduce here the facts and figures as they were given to me. I only wish it were possible, for the sake of those who think at literature is a bed of roses, to give this author's name.—[Philadelphia Press.

TIRED.

We are so tired, my heart and I,
Sweet is the swell of the poet's sigh:
Sweet is the ring of the minor chords;
Sweet is the chime of the measured words,
But, oh! when life is so hard and dull,
We miss the joy of the beautiful,
And echo it back like a bitter cry—
"We are so tired, my heart and I."

Tired of sowing the barren grains,
Tired of taking the useless pains
Of the futile faith, and unheeded word,
And the weary sickness of hope deferred;
While the counted sands drop fast away,
Through the feverish night and the restless day,
And the reeds we lean on break, one by one,
And the sad, ungranted prayers go on.

The winds sweep over the cowering plain,
Through the creeping mist sobs the ceaseless rain;
The chill and heaviness all around,
Like a chain and aching temples bound:
Dream, fancy, sacrifice—what is it all?
Climbing, struggling, slip and fall,
Over the sea hangs the dull, gray sky:—
We are so tired, my heart and I.

Break through the clouds, O Easter light!
Wake up, brave sense of truth and right;
Lay on the shrine of our risen Lord,
The useless talent, the broken sword;
Lay there doubts, griefs, and wants and cares,
And the erring darlings of many prayers;
From the cross on earth the crown on high,
Let us look together, my heart and I.
NEWELL LOVEJOY.

ONLY FIFTEEN PRINTERS THEN.

How the Government's Work Was Done When Peter Force Began It.

Two thousand five hundred men and women—young, middle-aged and old—toil for Uncle Samuel in the Government Printing Office. An enormous building, remarkable alike for its dimensions and its frailty, is devoted exclusively to the work of printing for the uses of this Government. What a contrast between the Government Printing Office of to-day and the little affair Congress depended upon in 1815. Peter Force told the story of the antique in a letter which he wrote regretting his inability to be present at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Columbia Typographical Society. The letter reads:

"It may not be improper, however, to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me to speak of the public printing in this city in the year 1815. I arrived here, an entire stranger, on Thursday, the 23d of November of that year, charged with the printing for the Fourteenth Congress, the contract for it having been obtained by Mr. William A. Davis of New York. When I came not a type, nor a press, nor a sheet of paper had been received. Neither of the vessels with the entire outfit from New York reached Georgetown until Wednesday, the 29th of November, but when Congress met on the succeeding Monday, December 4, the office was in complete order and the printing was commenced at once.

"To look back to that time it seems almost incredible that, considering the vast establishment the printing for Congress now requires, it could then have been accomplished by one comparatively so small. In the management of it I had no assistant, no foreman, no proof-reader, no clerk, nor was any necessary. I was able to do it all myself.

"Less than fifteen compositors, with four Ramage presses, did all the work. Mr. Michael Caton of this city had one of the presses, and I frequently, when there was a hurry in the morning, worked off the House numbers with him, for he was generally employed at half-press. The whole printing establishment was in the second and third stories of the house next west of the Indian Queen Tavern, now the Metropolitan Hotel. The composing room was in the second story, the press room in the third, and the bindery and the paper wareroom in the garret. Such was the Congressional printing office for the Fourteenth Congress."

ACROSS SAHARA BY RAIL.

A Proposition to Build an Iron Highway Across the Desert.

At the last meeting of the French Academie des Sciences, M. George Rolland, a well-known engineer, read a paper upon the subject of the railway across Sahara. After pointing out that it was time for France to make up her mind as to the part she intended taking in the economic conquest of the interior of Africa, he defined what were the regions of the Western and Central Soudan upon which French commerce could reasonably reckon, his conclusion being that nothing durable or really useful could be effected in the Soudan without the assistance of Algeria, while in order to take any effective action in Algeria that colony would need to be connected with the Soudan by means of a railway across the Sahara.

Dwelling upon the necessity of a trans-Sahara railway from a strategic, political and commercial point of view, he asserted that the route from Algeria to the Soudan, although it might be the longest, might be made the most expeditious if proper influence was gained over the Touaregs, who hold in their hands all the trade between the Mediterranean and the Western and Central Soudan. In this view he warmly supported a proposal made by General Phillibert to send a column of 200 men to the Touaregs, with the essential pacific mission of creating a French post at Timassinin, while a second post should be established at Amguid, which would give a political and commercial command over the whole of Central Sahara. He combatted the idea of first sending a column to In-Salah, upon the ground that it would give rise to great difficulties, which would solve themselves once the Touaregs were gained over. His conclusion, therefore, was that the only practical and speedy method of opening up the Sahara was to construct a light railway of the Decauville type by way of Quargia and Amguid.—[London Times.

Prince Bismarck speaks English with a German accent and a rather old-fashioned pronunciation, but his mastery of the language is complete and his knowledge of the literature is very great.