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MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 38. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 974.

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	...Kreighaum'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

THE USED TO BE.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed me, with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shore eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words,
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded through long afternoons,
To serenading pantaloons—
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peeping up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thought,
And shining fields and shady spots
Of coolness, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots—
And all ye blooms that cunningly
Lift your faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me—
Sweeter than its melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dream of Used-to-be.

—[JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A CALL FROM A TIGER.

While at Katamand, in the Nepal district, with Captain White, the American tiger and serpent destroyer, a delegation came in from a village called Aliwar, thirty miles away, to get some of the English officers to go out and destroy a man-eater who had rendered himself a terror to a large district. Hearing of the presence of the American, they came to him instead. The government bounty on the head of a man-eater at that time was $60. The villagers offered to make up sixty additional, and to give the captain a cow and four goats. In ten minutes he had closed a bargain, and on the afternoon of the second day we reached Aliwar. It was situated on the Scindwala river, which is one of the tributaries of the Ganges, and within fifteen miles of the foothills of the Himalaya mountains. The country was badly broken and covered with heavy forest and jungle, and the captain pronounced it the finest tiger range in India. The village contained about 700 inhabitants, and had considerable commerce with points lower down on the stream. It was on the bank of the river strung out for half a mile, and the cleared space thus occupied, was not more than a quarter of a mile wide. A day's work on the part of the villagers would have been sufficient to have cleared away the cover under which the tiger approached, but not a move was made. The beast had appeared about three weeks previous, and the first intimation of his presence cost a woman her life. She was cooking at a fire on the north side of the village, not over ten feet from the door at which her husband and three children sat, when a tiger, who had come out of a ravine and kept the cover of some bushes, sprang upon her. This was just at sundown. The spring of the tiger knocked the woman into the fire. He seized her by the foot and drew her out, and, although her clothing was on fire, he took hold of her shoulder, gave his body a twist to throw the weight on his back, and was off at a run. The woman must have been killed by the blow of his paw as he sprung, as she made no cry.

In the four weeks which had elapsed since the man-eater appeared, he had carried off seven people, and for a distance of ten miles around, the people were in great terror. There were half a dozen old muskets in Aliwar, and those had been loaded and discharged at the ravine at high noon in hopes to scare the tiger away. Two nights previous to our arrival, the tiger had entered a hut through an open window, seized a boy 10 years of age, and made his exit by the door. The cries of the boy awoke every one in the village and could be heard a long way up the ravine. He had not come the night before, but was expected to show up on this, the night of our arrival. We reached the place about two hours before sundown, and as soon as the captain got the lay of the land he made his plans. Two huts on the northern edge of the village were abandoned to us. The captain and one of his men took one, and a second native and myself occupied the other. All had guns, and the plan was to watch for the tiger and pot him. The hut I had belonged to a storage merchant. It was a solid building made of small logs and a heavy thatch roof. The ground floor, which was the only one, occupied a space of about 16x24 feet. It had one door and two windows. The door and one window were in front and the other window at the rear. Sixteen feet from the door a bamboo partition ran across the room. In this rear room goods belonging to various parties were stowed at a fixed charge, while the family occupied the front room as a living room. The door in the partition slid up and down in grooves.

When we began our watch we fastened the door securely. The window beside it was an opening two feet square, protected only by a cloth curtain. The one at the rear had a wooden blind, and this was fastened on the outside.

It was a hot and sultry night, and we had a jar of water and brandy in the storeroom. The front window commanded a good view of the country over which the tiger was expected to approach, and for two hours I peered and listened and waited, but without reward. The native was stretched out on the floor and sound asleep. Weary with standing on my feet, and my throat very dry for the want of moisture, I quietly aroused my companion and told him to watch while I refreshed myself. I was behind the partition drinking from the jar when the native uttered a low cry of alarm and bounded in upon me and shut down the door. I had the jar yet in my hands when a heavy body dropped to the floor and I heard the snarl and saw the form of a tiger in the hut. This was what had happened: The tiger had approached the house from the opposite direction, and creeping softly around had sprung for the opening into the native's face. In his alarm the man had started back and dropped his gun, while mine was leaning against the door. He had shut the partition door, however, and that saved us. There we were, face to face with a full grown man-eater, with only a bamboo partition between us and his fangs, and I am frank to say that for a moment I was completely done for. The native flung himself down on his face without a word, and I knew that neither suggestions nor aid could be expected from him.

It was a starlight night, but the small opening in the wall of the hut made the room pretty dark. I could just make out the outlines of the tiger as he moved to and fro, while his eyes were like two small lanterns. There was no floor in the hut, the ground being beaten hard instead, but I could feel a sort of jar as the tiger moved about. He made a thorough inspection of everything in the front room, and then turned his attention to me. My revolver was in my baggage, and so I was entirely destitute of weapons. I had seen the native wearing a long knife during the day, and I called to him to know if he had it with him. He was crying with fear, and would not answer me. I went over to him and found the knife in a sheath at his belt, and when I had it in my hand my courage came back in a moment. About that time the tiger had discovered that the only victims in the cabin were behind the partition, and he sounded against it right opposite me with a force that made everything crack. Left to himself he would have knocked it down in short order, but I was there to interfere. I hacked him with the knife, and from the way he snarled and spit I knew that I had cut him. He withdrew to the far end of the room, growling menacingly, and I could hear him lick the blood which the knife had drawn.

The general situation was far from pleasant. By knocking on the rear shutter and calling out I could make Captain White understand how matters were, but on second thought I felt that it would be to his risk. The tiger might go out at the opening any moment, and if he encountered any one outside a tragedy was certain. To alarm the village was to bring about the same thing. Even if I could get out of the rear window by forcing open the shutter the tiger had only to go out of the other window at the same time to pick me up. I felt that I was a pretty fair match for him with the knife in my hand, and, hoping that he would give up and leap out of the window after receiving another cut, I decided to wait. I could just make him out as he lay on the floor near the door, and I was standing close to the partition when he suddenly uttered a roar of anger and charged. He struck the sliding door with a great smash, and his right forepaw struck at me through one of the openings. I hacked at it and gave him a severe cut in the leg. This time he sent up such a dreadful roar of pain and rage that half the village was aroused by the noise. He drew back and ran along the partition, probably hoping to find a weak spot, and three several times he reared up on his hind legs, seizing the bamboo in his teeth, and shook them as you have seen a dog worry at a root when digging at the hole of some wild animal. Then he bounded toward the front and sought to go out of the window, but stuck in the opening, snarling and growling, and finally dropped back. He tried this three times and then gave up. As we afterward discovered, there was a huge sliver on the log at the top of the opening. This pointed inward. As the tiger crowded his bulk into the opening he pressed this sliver up against the log. When he undertook to go out the sliver diminished the size of the opening and stuck in his back like a dagger. The uproar he made alarmed Captain White, and he called out to know what was the matter.

"The tiger is in the front room and can't get out!" I answered.

"Why don't you shoot him?"

"The guns are in the room with him."

When I had fairly explained the situation he advised that I be on my guard and ready to use the knife, and that it would not be safe to make any new move until we had daylight to aid us. I did not know at that time that the tiger could not get out where he came in, or I could have forced the rear shutters and escaped from the hut. The beast slunk into a corner and lay there for a time whining and growling. Then he tried the opening again, and when he found himself a prisoner, he sat up on end and howled with fear. I believe I could have driven him about then with a stick.

As the tiger lost his ferocity, the native with me regained his courage, and by and by he got up and found a heavy stick among the bales of goods and stood ready to assist me in beating off any new attack. While the entire village was awake, no one moved out of his house, and all waited for the coming of daylight. At intervals of fifteen minutes Captain White sang out to us to know if we were all right, and about an hour before daylight he warned me that the beast would no doubt fly into a fury with the first signs of day. From midnight to 2 o'clock the tiger was not quiet over five minutes at a time. He would sit and snarl and whine and lick his wounded paws for a time, and then go circling around the room and growling in a way to make me shiver. As he passed along the partition, rubbing his head against it, his eyes had a glint in them which haunted me for months afterward.

Upon the approach of daybreak the man-eater began to grow more restless. It was time for him to be off to his lair, but he was a prisoner. Just as the first faint light came he tried the window again, and his efforts to get out were so determined that I thought he would succeed. When he finally drew back he was ripe for mischief. We could make him out plainly now, and as he dropped back to the floor the native gasped out:

"By my life, Sahib, he is the largest tiger in all India."

I thought so too, and subsequent measurements astonished everybody. In most cases the man-eater is an old beast with most of his teeth gone. This tiger was full grown, not over 5 years old, and every tooth was perfect. When he dropped to the floor he spit like a mad cat, wheeled with a snarl, and at his second jump he struck the partition like a battering ram. He not only struck it, but he stood on his hind legs and pulled and shook, and it must have gone down had we not attacked him. The native dealt one of his paws a terrific blow with the stick, and I cut half way through the other with a blow of the knife. The beast let go and fell back. It was now broad day, and we could see him plainly. A photograph of his head and face would make a woman shiver. He backed off, laid his ears flat to his head and showed every tooth, and his eyes wandered up and down the partition looking for a weak spot. I expected a rush, but he was not quite ready. He made three circles of the room, and then, springing like a flash, he fastened to the bamboos again. If we had not been ready the partition could not have held him more than a minute. He used teeth and claws, and the whole hut was shaken with his exertions. I got in a savage cut on his hind leg, and stabbed him in the shoulder, and the native hit him an awful whack on the nose. When he let go this time he was done for. He retreated to a corner and howled and whined like a puppy, and Captain White now called out to know the situation. I explained that the tiger could not get out, as I could now see the sliver which obstructed, and he opened the rear shutter and passed me in a rifle. When I took aim at the tiger's head he was moaning and shivering and whimpering, and I almost felt ashamed to shoot him.

Not knowing whether the dead man-eater had a mate or not, we scoured the jungles for his lair, and found it in a ravine not more than half a mile away. He had not devoured any of his victims at the spot where he rested, but all had been eaten within a radius of a few rods. From what was discovered it was concluded that he was a "solitary," and as the village suffered no more, this must have been the case. In removing the skin we found a spot on the shoulder where the beast had been severely cut with a knife, the cut was fully four inches long and quite deep, and the hair had not grown out to cover the scar. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred the native who inflicted the wound had been eaten.—[New York Sun.

A Wonderful Discovery Made Respecting The Star Sirius.

By means of the spectroscope a very wonderful discovery has been made respecting Sirius. Astronomers had noticed that this star was in rapid motion through space, as it was found that year by year it was changing its position in the heavens, traversing in about 1500 years a space equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, at a velocity of not less than twenty miles per second. Of course, by actual observation, the only motion capable of being detected would be that which was square to the line of sight, so that although Sirius appears to us to move across the heaven, he may really be traveling in a slanting direction, either towards or from us. No one would ever have expected to be able to tell whether a star was approaching to or receding from us, yet even this seemingly insolvable problem has of late years been accomplished by the spectroscope. Dr. Huggins, our greatest authority on this subject, having identified certain lines in the spectrum of Sirius as those of hydrogen, found on comparison, that these were displaced in such a manner as to indicate that the star was receding from us. It is estimated that this recession, combined with the thwart motion of twenty miles per second, gives as the actual movement of Sirius in space a speed of of about thirty-three miles per second.

These, then, constitute some of the chief items of information about Sirius at present within our knowledge. There seems to be no reason to doubt that, in common with other suns, he has his system of planets circling round him after the manner of our own sun; and what a system! Vast as ours appears, it is dwarfed into insignificance compared with a system whose ruling orb is 5,000 times larger than that which does duty for us. There seems, also, no reason to doubt that the planets are intended to be the abode of life; it may be that at the present moment none of them present any signs of life, but I think we may safely infer without improbability that each one of these worlds has a destined period of its development, during which, life similar to that which now prevails on our planet, would be in existence. What a world such a one would be, in size, perhaps not inferior to that of our sun, himself a million times larger than our earth; and it may be that as this Sirius world is so vastly superior to ours in size, its inhabitants would be on a scale in proportion to its dimensions, a race of beings of such intellect and civilization compared with whom we are but savages.—[Chamber's Journal.

BOTANY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

It May Be Made a Profitable and Entertaining Study.

Many are under the impression that to study botany means simply to learn Latin names, and that the knowledge of these names is its own only end and aim. If this were true botany would indeed be a dry and not very useful study, although there would still be some benefit in being able to speak of plants exactly instead of inexactly, and to speak of any possible plant instead of a comparatively restricted number. But to learn Latin names is only the first step in learning to know the plants they represent—a needful step if one's knowledge is ever to amount to much, but in no sense an end or aim. When a simple handbook can be used so that the name of a plant can be found in it (the common name always appearing with the scientific), then all other facts about the plant can be read at a glance; and unless this can be done most of these facts will never be gathered. Knowing the name, we find the manner of the plant's growth, the regions where it is common or rare, the character of the spots where it may most hopefully be looked for, its seasons of blooming and fruiting, and its relationship to other species, with the facts upon which this relationship is founded, as well as those which make its own individuality clear. Is not all this worth knowing, even at the cost of dealing for the moment with the ugliest of Latin names. If a child finds a rosy Arethusa with twin blossoms, will not his pleasure in it and his desire to search for other flowers both be stimulated by the knowledge that his treasure is a very rare one? Or if he discovers that the pretty little Bunch-berry, which carpets some woody spot, is first cousin to some big Flowering Dogwood, and discovers, too, the reason why, will not his interest in it be increased? Let him learn why an Orchid is an Orchid, why the tiny Ladies' Tresses deserve the name as much as the gorgeous Cattleya or Oncidium of the greenhouse, and he has gained something which surely cannot decrease his enjoyment of the beauty of either.

But to do this, it may be objected, beautiful flowers must be pulled to pieces, and this will "deaden the sense of beauty." By no means. The truth is quite the other way. No one who has not once pulled a flower to pieces can realize in the great majority of cases, how beautiful it is. All its beauty is not in its larger features or on the outside of its cup. In the interior, in the hidden recesses where the great work of reproduction goes on in a myriad different ways, each more marvelous and admirable than the other—here resides a great part of the beauty of all flowers and the greater part of the beauty of not a few. Even if it led to nothing but a knowledge of Nature's delight in making the tiniest features of her productions lovely to our eyes, the close examination of floral structures would be well worth many hours of a busy man's time. Once this has been learned, we do not need always to see it. Seeing the flower as a whole, we not only know its name, habits and relationships, but remember its structure. The exterior suggests the interior, and a knowledge of the interior explains the lovely individuality of the envelope. Even the slightest smattering of botanical knowledge will greatly increase instead of lessening the enjoyment of any one who by nature has any love for flowers.

To learn enough to widen one's interest in nature's products in not a very difficult task. Indeed, there is no other science in which a beginning is so easily made or gives so large a return in pleasure. Materials for study are everywhere at hand; no traveling is needed, no great exertion and no outlay of money. The useful tools are as easily procured. A single handbook will give all requisite preliminary instruction, full descriptions of all plants within a very wide area, a glossary of terms to help out the weakest memory, a dictionary of common names. With a knife, a long pin, and a common magnifying glass the student has all he wants; and plants, even when withered and dissected, make a litter to which no mother would object, as she might to the materials of the boy who has a passion for flying and creeping things. A few weeks of work, with living plants to illustrate the printed text, will seem more like play than work, and will enable any young person to identify all the plants in the neighborhood of his home. Of all the sciences, this is the one whose study should meet with every encouragement as a happy and useful employment for our young folks' summer hours.—[Garden and Forest.

When Men Buy Bonnets.

A Wabash avenue saleswoman in a millinery store: I have been brought up in this business, and I never before knew of so many men buying hats and bonnets for women as there are this season. I can remember when a man would have no more thought of coming into a place like this, except as a looker-on, than a woman would think of going into a saloon. But for the last few seasons men have taken it into their heads to do much of the buying for their wives, sisters, or sweethearts. And I must say that I like the change. The average man can pick out a becoming hat or bonnet for a woman and not look over one-third of the store. As a general thing, a man knows better than a woman what is best suited for her. Very few hats or bonnets selected by men are ever returned. One of the most prominent lawyers in the city—he used to be a judge—drove up in his carriage the other day and brought in his wife's old bonnet and gave minute instructions as to how it should be trimmed. And I must say he had excellent taste. I was over to Paris a few weeks ago, and I found men doing a good deal of shopping in this line of goods.—[Chicago Tribune.

BISMARCK AT HOME.

The Daily Life at Frederick's Rest—A Modest Home in a Forest.

In my last letter, writes a correspondent of the New York Tribune, I told you I would write a description of Friedrichsruhe and the daily life of Bismarck in that residence, if the rumors about his resignation were confirmed. So they are now, and the greatest of all Germans will now live as a private citizen at his castle of Friedrichsruhe. "Frederick's rest," was originally a hunting rendezvous, built in 1763 by Count Frederick von Lippe Sternbery and Schwabenberg. Near by was an ancient hostelry, called Frascati by its proprietor, a retired valet of the Berlin princes.

When Emperor William, who owned the place in his quality of Duke of Lauenburg, made a present to Bismarck of the domain upon which Frascati stood, the Iron Chancellor remodeled the hotel and made it his country residence, to the great annoyance of the Hamburg bourgeois, who used to come there for picnics. There are no neighboring cottages around, and Bismarck is not disturbed on his estate. At some distance from the castle stands the inn of the locality in the midst of a few houses which form the village. There are no peasants, but only some forest-seekers, letter-carriers, railroad employes, the workmen of the saw mill owned by the prince, a blacksmith, a tailor, a miller, the landlord and the waiters of the hotel.

The principal personage of that small colony is the forest-keeper of the Sachsenwald, who is also mayor of Friedrichsruhe, and the manager of Schwarzenback, a small estate near Friedrichsruhe belonging to Bismarck, and of the farms and tilled lands of Silk and Schoenau, which also belong to the prince. The latter does not disdain to have frequent and friendly talks with his chief forest-keeper. Bismarck is fond of asking all sorts of practical questions, and he listens with pleasure to the progress made in wood-cutting and the profits to be expected therefrom.

Friedrichsruhe is as isolated as any solitary hermit could desire, though reached in one hour's time by express train from Hamburg. The forest called Sachsenwald (Saxons' wood) surrounded the estates entirely. The railroad passes from one end of it to the other. It is little frequented by hunters, and troops of deer are to be seen from the windows of the express train, quietly feeding on the very embankments of the railroad track. A small brook, the Au, flows across the forest under the foliage of the trees, and when it comes out from the wood it gives the motive power to the saw mill belonging to Bismarck. The fact is that the chancellor's home is the last place where affectation and posing are allowed.

It is quite a family home, without any pretense to dignity. Dolly and Bichette are the friendly nicknames given to Princesses Furstenberg and Radziwill, great friends of the house, and Madame Bismarck's aged friend is familiarly called Mother Boltzmann. The prince is never so happy as when he can afford to stay in the midst of his family, with his children around him.

The house at Friedrichruhe has only two stories, and is painted yellow. The first story is occupied by the chancellor, the second by his wife and daughter, the Countess von Rantzan, whenever she comes on a visit to her parents. It is not likely that Bismarck will change much in the daily routine of his life, with the exception that he will reside all the year round at Friedrichsruhe, and devote to his own private affairs the time he used to consecrate to those of the Empire. He begins the day by working at his desk, and afterwards takes a ride or a walk, which is never shorter than five miles. At the second breakfast all the members of the family appear, and sometimes there is a distinguished visitor. The afternoon is spent in working and in a short promenade. At 7 dinner is served, after which the prince retires to his smoking-room.

Dwellings of the Poor.

From Professor Richard T. Ely's important paper on "A Programme for Labor Reform," in the "Present-Day Papers" series, in the Century magazine, we quote the following: "Stricter sanitary laws are required, and a better organization of the sanitary administration of cities. Houses unfit for habitation should be torn down, and small parks provided to give breathing-places for the crowded sections. The beginning made in New York city deserves commendation. While not prepared to recommend at present the construction of houses by the municipality, we regard English experiments in this direction as worthy of study. Private philanthropy should concern itself more than heretofore with the dwellings of the poor and strive to make them fit for human beings. It is a sad commentary on our Christian civilization that when there is more than one man in New York city claiming to be a Christian who, alone and unaided, could reconstruct the entire tenement-house district or districts of the city, the unspeakable wretchedness and squalor of its slums continue almost unabated."

Releasing Felons on Probation.

New Zealand three years ago passed a law under which first offenders might be released on probation instead of being imprisoned. The official returns for the first year show that out of 121 persons so released 58 had so well conducted themselves as to be relieved from further supervision, 53 were still ungergoing supervision, 9 had failed to satisfy the conditions and were imprisoned, and one only had escaped from the knowledge of the authorities. The expenses of the system, so far as these offenders were concerned, were only one-tenth that of keeping them in prison. Queensland has already passed a similar act, and New South Wales and Victoria are expected to do so.

INSPIRATION.

He was a peasant toiling 'mid the sheaves
From dew to dew among the waving grain.
What time he went afield in early morn,
The stars still shone above the morning mists;
And when at eve he reached his cottage door,
He heard the plovers calling to the night.
One day, while 'neath his measured rythmic stroke
Fell swath on swath of precious golden grain,
She came across the fields—a vision rare—
The princess, good and pure and beautiful,
Who, smiling on him as she passed him by,
Knew not that she had filled his heart with love
And soul with music. Yet from that day forth
His fellow-workers heard his sweet sad song,
And wondered at their comrade as he sang.
Soon far beyond the rumble rustic town
His master-music touched the hearts of men,
Until the world had claimed him as her own,
And wreathed him poet with the laurel crown.
One day he found his wandering steps astray
Where he had seen the vision of his soul.
"If she," he thought, "had been a peasant maid,
And I a prince had seen her toiling there,
How happy now would be these weary days!"
At this he threw himself upon the sheaves
Until the length'ning shadows eastward thrown
Had blended with the gently deep'ning gloom—
Until across the misty star-lit meads
He heard the plovers calling to the night.
—[Sanborn Gove Tenney, in Harper's.

TENNESSEE'S FIRST STAKE RACE.

Polly Medley Beat Andrew Jackson's Mare and the Preacher's Filly.

Judge Thomas Barry, of Gallatin, Tenn., who has passed his three score and ten, and is a walking encyclopedia on turf matters, tells of the first stake race ever run in Summer county, and possibly the first in the State of Tennessee. The race was run in 1804, before Judge Barry was born, but he heard his father, Redman Barry, tell often of the incidents of that august occasion. The judge says the track was located where now stands the Louisville and Nashville railroad depot. In those days they had no $10,000 jockeys sporting silks and satins, and stable boys were put up and given instructions how to ride their respective steeds. The handicapper never had his say either, and the horses carried as much or as little weight as was contained in the avoirdupois of his rider. There were no pencilers or auction pools where you could come and "back 'em," but bets were made, always the favorite against the field. Wagers of gold, land, negroes, and cotton were made, and it was no uncommon thing to bet one horse against the other.

The first stake race was for two miles and repeat, for two-year-olds. A great crowd was in attendance, and people came for hundreds of miles in covered wagons, camping out on the way, to the races. There were seven starters in this great stake race, and among the number was Indian Queen, raced and owned by Andrew Jackson; Polly Medley, owned by Dr. Redman Barry, father of Judge Thomas Barry, and Grand Turk, owned by James Cryer, father of the Rev. Hardy Cryer, who was also a great lover of horses, and used to race his thoroughbreds and also preach the Gospel. The race was won in straight heats by Dr. Redman Barry's Polly Medley; by Gray Medley, with President Jackson's Indian Queen finishing second in both heats, Cryer's entry bringing up the rear. The track was knee deep in mud, and time was no question. They had no split second watches in those days, and it was no concern whether the race was run in 3:33—3:33½—record time, or four or five minutes, just so it was run. The winner was crowned "Queen of the Turf," and she was given a great ovation.

The night of the race, as was the custom, a grand infair was given at the country residence of Dr. Barry, and everybody was invited, horse owners, jockeys and spectators. Upon this occasion President Andrew Jackson and his lady were present, and toasts were drank, the old Virginia reel was danced and the night spent in general hilarity. Polly was likened unto that great horse Bell Air, whom the Rev. Mr. Rivers, the old Virgina minister, preached about in his pulpit when he said to his congregation: "My friends, if you don't repent, you are as certain to go to hell as Bell Air is the best four-mile horse in the world."

The winner, Polly Medley, was got by Dr. Redman Barry's Gray Medley, the first thoroughbred stallion ever brought this side of the Allegheny mountains. He was purchased in 1800 by Dr. Barry from Governor Ben Williams, governor of North Carolina. He was foaled in 1781, bred by Beckwith Butler, by Gray Diomed; first dam by True Wing; second dam by Circe by Ariel. The grand old horse was in Virginia, and was purchased by letter. Barry sent his servant, named Altmont, after him, Barry going to Kentucky to read law with that great old juror John Breckinridge. The country being wild and travel so uncertain, Barry heard nothing from his servant or horse for several months. The horse was intended for stud duty in Tennessee, and the negro was given instruction where he would make the season, before Barry left for Kentucky. On his return from Virginia the negro fell in with a party of Ohio men in East Tennessee, and it was thought by Barry that he had turned rascal and gone over into Ohio to get his freedom. After several months Barry returned to Tennessee, and accidentlly ran across the negro at Nashville, Tenn., and asked him of his horse and learned that the negro had him doing stud duty at Edgefield Junction at Mr. Donelson's farm, where he had realized $2,400 in service fees. The negro handed over the money and told his old master of his trip with Gray Medley; of how the wildcats, panthers and catamounts troubled them on their way, and of how he slept on the ground at night, holding the bridle of Gray Medley in his hand all the while.—[Courier Journal.

Mechanics Earn More than Novelists.

It is said that if ten American novelist whose books sell readily are selected, and ten mechanics who earn $2.50 per day, at the end of ten years the mechanics will have earned the most money.