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MINING JOURNAL.

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NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 40. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 976.

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

WHAT WE WANT.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong armed nation shall take away
The weary burdens from backs that are aching
With maximum labor and minimum pay;
When no man is honored who hoards his millions;
When no man feasts on another's toil,
And God's poor suffering, striving billions
Shall share his riches of sun and soil.

There is gold for all in the earth's broad bosom,
There is food for all in the land's great store,
Enough is provided if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more.
Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard,
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches
And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth,
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.
Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage
Bought with the labor of half-paid men—
Men who are shut out of home and marriage
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Let the clarion voice of the nation wake him
To broader vision and fairer play,
Or let the hand of a just law shake him
Till his ill-gained dollars shall roll away.
Let no man dwell under a mountain of plunder,
Let no man suffer with want and cold;
We want right living, not mere alms-giving,
We want just dividing of labor and gold.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

"We really must economize somehow or other, Josie," said my husband, tugging wildly at his whiskers.

"Yes, indeed, we must," I said, wringing my hands. "But I am sure, my dear, we are neither of us extravagant. We must eat, we must drink, and we must live."

Then we sat and looked at each other in a sort of mild despair.

We had only been married six months, Obadiah and I. We were very young, and perhaps we had begun the world too early. Our relations told us we had no business to marry; but as their gratuitous opinions were all that they had ever given us, or ever intended to give us, we had not paid much attention to these utterances.

We had taken a little one story cottage, just on the high road, which was to let cheap, because there were only two rooms and a kitchen to it. But what did Obadiah and I want with more than two rooms and a kitchen? I had the furniture which Grandmother Newcomb had given me, and a rag carpet which my poor mother had woven the winter before she died. To be sure, our accommodations were not extensive, but we did not expect to hold fashionable receptions or to give large dinner parties.

Obadiah had plenty of work in the woolen factory, down by the depot, and I hung out my little sign, "Dressmaking and Millinery," and hoped that some one would see it, and come in and give me an order. But no one came. I had plenty of time after my housekeeping duties were over in the morning, and I couldn't be always beeswaxing the furniture, arranging the china cupboard, or polishing the windows.

"I wish I could get some dressmaking to do!" I said wistfully, and I did so long for a dollar or two of my own.

"Why don't you advertise in the village paper?" said old Mr. Meggs.

Obadiah burst out laughing.

"Advertise!" said he. "Why, what on earth do you take us for, Mr. Meggs? It costs a deal of money to advertise."

"It costs something certainly," said Mr. Meggs, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "but then it calls public attention to the particular sort of iron you have in the fire."

"A little local paper like that," said Obadiah, rather contemptuously.

"It's local custom that your wife wants, isn't it?" said Mr. Meggs.

"And I never did think much of newspapers," added Obadiah.

So that settled the question; and afterward, when the foreman of the woolen factory cut down the wages of the workmen 20 per cent., and coal went up, and the winter set in hard and cold, and we begun to consider the question of how and where we could economize, the local paper was almost the very first thing upon which my husband settled.

"That, at least, is an unnecessary extravagance," he said.

I winced a little. The Boggsville Herald had been my companion for more lonely evenings than I cared to remember.

"It's only $1.50 a year, Obadiah, and really it's a very interesting little paper," I said.

"Just $1.50 too much," said my husband curtly. "The subscription is just out. I'll tell them we won't renew it. If you care so much about it, Josie, you can easily borrow Mrs. Meggs's paper.

I was silent. I never could make Obadiah understand the deep rooted aversion to borrowing from any one, which I had inherited from my mother.

So we gave up the weekly paper, and left off using butter, and burned candles a penny a pound cheaper, and I sponged and cleaned and rebound and new buttoned Obadiah's great coat, instead of buying a new one, and left off going to church because my old cloak was so shabby and I couldn't afford anything better. And oh, how I did miss the Herald!

"If I could only get a little dressmaking to do," I said to myself, "I would subscribe again. But I can not bear to ask Obadiah for a cent of his hardearned money."

I was sitting by the window, sad and lonely, one freezing February day, trying to mend an old waistcoat of Obadiah's, so that it would last a few days longer, when a traveling peddler with a huge basket of china ornaments on one arm and a bundle on his shoulder knocked at the door. He nodded at me in an insinuating manner as I answered the summons.

"Couldn't I sell you anything this morning, ma'am?" he said, with a liberal display of very white and even teeth. "Anything in the way of elegant mantel vases, statuettes, decorated china, match-boxes—"

"I have no money, and I do not want any of your wares," I said spiritlessly.

"Ah, but you do not know what a splendid article I have here," he persisted, loosening the strap which passed across his shoulder, and lowering the precious, package to the floor. A pair of real Wedgewood faiences. Oh, don't shake your head ma'am; I shan't charge you anything for looking at them, you know. I'm certain you are an artist—all the ladies are born artists—and this is something quite out of the ordinary run."

And with a succession of nods and grins he unstrapped a pair of really very pretty blue vases, nearly 2 feet high, and ornamented with raised garlands in white.

"Only $6 a pair, ma'am," said he. "Dirt cheap. It's positively giving them away at that price."

"I have not $6 to spare," I replied indifferently.

"It is a great bargain, ma'am," he insisted.

"I do not want them," I said.

He was silent a few seconds.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said. "They'd be a great decoration for a house like this. But if you really won't buy, it would be doing me a great favor to allow them to remain here until to-morrow. I've a long tramp before me, and I'm not going to any place where I think they'd be likely to buy anything of this sort. I'll set them back by the chimney piece, ma'am, where they won't be in anybody's way. I'm very tired with carrying them."

I felt sorry for the poor jaded wretch—so I made no objection. And when he was gone the vases did make the room look wonderfully pretty. I could not but wish they were mine.

Obadiah perceived them at once when he came home to tea.

"Hello, what does this mean?" he asked.

So I told him, adding—

"I only wish that I could afford them—they are so handsome."

Obadiah walked around and around them, with his brows knit thoughtfully and his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, they're pretty," said he. "But they are not perfect."

"Not perfect!" I echoed.

"Not by any means. Don't you see that lengthwise crack down one? And the end of the little raised rosebud is chipped off on the other. I hope you didn't do it, Josie?" with a sudden glance of apprehension.

"I? Certainly not!" I cried. "Why, I haven't so much as touched the things!"

"Then I dare say it's all right," said Obadiah.

And we sat down to supper.

The next day, however, my friend, the china vender, came along, smiling and obsequious as ever.

"There are your vases," I said, "just where you left them."

But all at once he broke out into a storm of reproach and obloquy. They had been cracked and damaged in my care. They were perfect—absolutely perfect—when he left them there the day before. I had worked the mischief, and I was of course responsible for the value of the articles.

Of course I knew that the rascal was telling a falsehood; but what could I do? I was alone in the house and fairly terrified by the ferocity of the man.

"You must pay me for them," he reiterated again and again, "or I will have you arrested at once."

I burst into tears.

"How can I pay you?" I said. "The vases were damaged when you left them here. And, beside, I have not $5—no, nor $1—in the house." Which was true enough.

While I spoke he had been glancing furtively around.

"I don't want to be hard with you, ma'am," he said. "Of course a poor man like me has got to save himself from loss, and if you'll let me have that set of blue and white India china in the dresser, I'll leave the vases, and we'll say no more about it."

It went to my heart to part with the India ware, which had been a relic of my mother's housekeeping days, but I was so terrified by the man's bullying manner that I believe I would have given him the house over my head if he had asked for it, and he went away, leaving the beautiful vases on the floor.

How glad I was to see Mrs. Meggs come cheerfully in a half hour afterward!—a good motherly old soul, with silver spectacles, and an elderly dimple still lingering on her cheek.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she asked.

I told her all.

"But, my dear," she said, "how came you to be so taken in? There was an article in the paper last week warning everybody against this very impostor. Didn't you see it? It was called 'The Vase Swindler.'"

I colored deeply and hung my head.

"We have stopped taking the paper," I said. "Obadiah thought we couldn't afford ——"

"And your beautiful china, too!" said Mrs. Meggs. "Why, there was half a column in the paper, week before last, about the value of old china just now. And by what it stated your set of India ware must have been worth $20 at least."

Twenty dollars! And I had frittered them away for a pair of wretched, cracked, tawdry vases, of the very sight of which I was already sick.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meggs, "your ideas of economy are altogether misplaced. You should read the papers."

Obadiah went and subscribed for the Boggsville Herald that very evening. And in the first number he saw an advertisement for hands at a new steam factory in the neighborhood, which offered steady work and wages a third higher than he was now receiving. And I inserted a modest little "Dressmaking Wanted," and it was answered within a week, and I am now making my own snug little income, thank Heaven!

And if anybody tells us now that we can't afford to take a paper, we tell them, Obadiah and I, that we can't afford to do without one.

THE THREE LOVES.

An Allegory Which Contains Advice for Both Sexes.

Idly wandering along a summer lane bordered with sweet flowers, the young man arrived at a crossing where three paths spread out in different directions.

At the entrance to each path was a young girl.

The first was a blonde, the second was a brunette, and the tresses of the third were of the auburn of Titian.

The eyes of the first were blue; the eyes of the brunette were piercing black; those of the other were cold hazel-brown.

The first held in her hand some violets; the second wore at her waist a bunch of carnations; between the teeth of the third was a blood-red rose.

The first was slender; her lithe figure bespoke virgin grace; her expression was sweet and trusting, and her delicate skin was radiantly pure.

The second was of full form; her full stature was enticingly graceful. Her alluring glance and flushed cheek were indicative of voluptuous joy.

The third was slight; her sprightly figure was full of provoking grace; the penetrating expression of the eyes was capriciously varied with subtle glances of coquetry.

The first maiden spoke to the young man and said: "I am the one who will devotedly serve you, for my heart responds with love for you. Your glance causes me to to tremble, and I will blushingly surrender my life to you. I am the one who will ever live for thy caresses and thy love, for my soul is thine. I am the faithful companion of our indissoluble union. Young man, I will love thee always."

The second maiden spoke to the young man, and said:

"I am the one who curiously awaits you, for my idle heart feels somewhat pleased by your glances. I am the one to whom thy light thoughts turn and I will gayly abandon myself to thy caresses. I am the one who will shower love upon thee for a moment, for I am the free and light companion who will share thy pleasures while our transient union lasts.

"Young man, I will love thee for a while."

The third maiden spoke to the young man, and said: "I am the one who has not awaited for thee, for my heart has never felt the influence of love. I am the one who inspires interest in thy thoughts. I will feign love for thee, but will never be thy slave. I am the one who will unceasingly torture you with my cruelty, but thou wilt never move a single fiber in my soul. I am the perverse companion who will deceive thee always during our lamentable union. Young man, I will love thee never."

The young man looked successively at the three maidens.

The first seated herself by the roadside and burst into tears.

The second lightly shrugged her shoulders and slowly walked away.

The third burst into laughter and quickly fled, and the young man rushed off in pursuit of her.—[Herbert Field in America.

A Touching Incident.

It was a cold windy day in Boston. The air was full of snow-flakes, but it was too cold to snow in earnest. On a back street was an iron plate in the sidewalk, around which thin streams of steam arose. On this bit of warm surface cowered a morsel of a girl, not more than four or five years old, pinched with cold and hunger and most scantily dressed.

As she crouched over the warm plate an ill-looking cur came drifting down the street. He hesitated as he came into the circle of warm air and with a wistful whine looked up into the face of the girl. Instantly the little thing moved over to make room for her fellow-waif.

"Poor doggie!" said she, hugging her forlorn shawl closer about her. "Is' he cold, too?"

And the two comrades in misfortune shared together the hospitality of the iron plate in perfect good fellowship.—[Youth's Companion.

Ants Making Lemonade.

"Did you know that ants would make lemonade?" asked a Bridge street grocer the other day. "They will, for I have seen them do it several times. The other day I left a slice of lemon on the counter and there happened to be some sugar not far off and directly I noticed the ants carrying the sugar to the lemon juice. I thought it was rather queer, and to test the matter have tried it several times by putting a piece of lemon on the counter and placing some sugar near by, and the ants never fail to carry the sugar to the lemon."—[Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

"I Vex Me Not With Brooding."

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath; why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Oft times strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone. O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!
—[Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the Century.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

BROOMS AND HOW THEY ARE PRODUCED.

What It Costs to Manufacture Brooms—The Growth of the Industry—There is a Notable Trick in the Trade.

There is one industry in the country in which the small capitalists have been able to hold their own against the wealthiest men in it, and that is the industry of broom making. It is a business in which a journeyman of skill and prudence can hope to establish himself, if he wishes, within a very few years after he has learned his trade.

The process of broom making is simple, and yet it is such that machinery has never been devised for turning out a completed broom, and, beyond the sum necessary to erect such an establishment as will permit of a certain division of the labor, an abundance of capital is of no special advantage.

It is probably on this account that the industry is not carried on to so great an extent in this city at present as it was 25 years ago. The broom center of the country, however, is in New York State, the largest establishments and the best workmen being located in the Mohawk Valley. The time was when the Mohawk Valley was the great broom corn raising center of the country, too; but the less tough and stringy and more succulent and profitable cabbage has driven the wavy green tassels of broom corn from the flats which were once their favorite growing place. It was because of the prolific yield of corn there in former years that the trade of making brooms became so well established.

The growth of a broom factory is interesting. A young man of economical habits learns the trade, and, having learned it well, is able to do the equivalent of turning out from 100 to 125 or 150 complete brooms a day. As a matter of fact, in well regulated shops no man makes a complete broom, but only one part of it; but the journeyman having learned his trade well can do enough work usually at piece prices to earn from $2 to $3 a day. Out of this he ought to save $500 before starting in trade for himself. With this sum he can buy enough machinery (at a cost of $130) and stock to set from 3 to 5 men at work and keep them going until returns come in from the sales. That is a very modest capital; but since the machinery costs so little, men have started on $300, and even less, and made notable successes as the trade goes. Second hand tools can be had sometimes for $60 or $80, a couple of bales of corn would cost perhaps $35, 500 handles $6 50 more, and other supplies $25, and then the man is ready to set up shop and make all the brooms his neighbors can use, at least.

The trade in New York city calls for about 150,000 dozen brooms a year. The majority of them are made in Amsterdam and other towns along the Mohawk River. Many come from Jersey, however. The factories are unpretentious wooden buildings. Steam power in the larger factories is used in stitching the broom and in winding the wire around the corn where it is secured to the handle. The largest factory in the business, according to a New York dealer, turns out 1,000 dozen brooms a day, or twice as many as the New York city trade demands. In such a factory a man's work is equivalent to the making of from 200 to 250 brooms a day, according to the quality of the brooms.

Of the trade in the corn a dealer said: "The manufacturers buy their corn in the West. Kansas corn has the best reputation in this market, but Missouri, Nebraska, and Illinois raise a great deal. The crop was very small in Kansas this year, and Illinois did better than any other State. An ordinary crop is 300 to 400 pounds to the acre. If a farmer gets 500 pounds he pays off some of his mortgage, and when the crop reaches 600 pounds he buys a new silk dress for his wife and a piano for his daughter. And yet there is not such a terrible profit in it. It brings all the way from $80 to $160 a ton in New York, the ordinary brooms requiring stock that now sells for from $100 to $120 a ton. It costs $35 a ton to get it here from Kansas and $15 from Illinois. The middleman out there must have his commission, and so must the New York merchant. If a farmer receives $20 an acre for his crop he is doing well. Still that is better than wheat at 60 cents a bushel.

"The corn comes to this market in bales averaging 300 pounds each. The corn from the prairies is baled with lath and wire; but some Ohio corn comes here with very liberal chunks of wood to keep the bales from tumbling to pieces. The wood sells at the same price as the corn, if the buyer doesn't notice it. Sometimes the prairie farmer gets even with the Ohio man by dropping a sod or two into the bunch.

"The corn on the average will make 1,000 brooms to the ton, although in some fancy brands of extra heavy brooms as much as 50 pounds is used for a dozen brooms. In the parlor brooms sold at groceries 2 to 2½ pounds are used.

"Observing people have noticed that the grocer is always anxious to have his customer buy the best brooms, and people have come to believe that the best is cheapest in everything. This is generally true, but the dealer takes undue advantage of the belief. The grocer usually keeps two grades of brooms, which are sold at 25 and 35 cents apiece, respectively. He pays 17 cents each for the cheaper brooms and 21 cents, or $2.50 a dozen, for the one he sells at 35 cents, thus making 14 cents on what he calls the best and 8 on the cheaper article."

There is quite an export trade in broom corn in ordinary times and in brooms in other times. With low prices on the corn the corn is shipped, but when the broom makers have a spurt, as they sometimes do, and flood the market, no broom trust having yet been formed, brooms are sold so low as to enable merchants to send them to Cuba and South America. Very little broom corn is ordinarily sent to Europe, the fields of southern France and of Italy supplying the European market.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

What Did the Fifteen Years Mean to Both.

"I plead guilty to a good deal of curiosity," said an old man with a rather florid face, kindly twinkling eyes, and friendly good natured lines around his mouth. "I would give a good deal to know all the circumstances of an unusual meeting which I saw the other day. I was in an elevated train, and on the cross-seat opposite me sat a little woman, who must have been about forty years old. She was still very pretty, although her blue eyes were a little faded. She was the kind of a woman who, when a girl, must have been plump, but who had not grown stout with years. Her complexion was as clear and soft as a girl's and the curves of her lips were very gently fashioned. I was studying over the top of my paper the graceful lines of her slender hands, when a man seated himself by my side. I saw two spots of color suddenly appear in her cheeks and then she quickly turned her head and looked steadily out of the window.

"I could not resist the temptation to take a good look at my near neighbor. He was tall and dark and in his black hair was a fine sprinkling of gray. His face was smooth-shaven save for a moustache, which, like his hair, was grizzled. Fine lines were traced beneath his eyes, and the eyes had rather a far-away expression, as if they were searching for something which had been lost. Apparently he saw nothing around him.

"Finally his dark eye rested on the little woman before him, and he looked hurriedly around him as if he intended to leave his seat. The blue eyes across the way were still looking out of the window, and the pink spot had not yet faded from the one cheek which was turned toward me. The man moved uneasily in his seat."

"And then," one of the story-teller's hearers broke in, "two lovers met after long years, etc."

"No," said the story-teller, "I have not said so."

"They were divorced and this was their first meeting in a long time," ventured another with a laugh.

"Bosh!" said the narrator, with an impatient wave of his hand.

"Sister and brother parted in early youth by a cruel fate," cried a third, determined not to be outdone in suggestions.

"Wrong again, so far as I know," declared the first speaker.

"Well, the story, then," in chorus.

"Good. She shot a glance at my neighbor and their eyes met. He leaned forward and took her hand, while her face blushed like a schoolgirl's. He moved over and took a seat next to her. 'Fifteen years, Mamie,' I heard him say, and then she blushed again.

"My station was at fifty-ninth street, but I rode past two more stations just to watch them. What was the romance? I'll give a dinner to the man who satisfies my curiosity."

"Love-match, broken off by a quarrel," insisted Interpreter No. 1.

"The fifteen years spoils my divorce theory," said No. 2, in disappointed tones.

"Sister and brother," repeated No. 3, with deep conviction.

"I wish I knew," said the inquisitive man, plaintively.—[New York Tribune.

THE YOUNG MAUD S.

How Her First Owner Considered Her a Good.

It is pretty generally known that Captain George N. Stone, of Cincinnati, was the original owner of the famous mare Maud S. The following incident, showing that it was a mere chance which made her his property, may not be so familiar:

Captain Stone and a fellow-townsman, Mr. H——, decided to go down into the Kentucky blue grass region and see what they could pick up in the way of fine yearling colts. They each wanted one. Now Mr. H—— was a man noted for his shrewdness and ability to get the best of everything for the least money. After skirmishing around among the stock farms, two such animals as they were looking for were obtained and shipped to the Ohio river, to be sent to Cincinnati on the steamboat. It was a curious coincidence that the two horses cost the same, and moreover, resembled each other very strongly.

The two gentlemen went back to Cincinnati by rail and were present on the arrival of the boat which brought their purchases. As the horses were brought down the gang-plank, the first one appeared with its coat in good condition and spirits way up. The second was rather rough-coated from rubbing against the stall and came meekly along. Mr. H—— sized up these appearances and said he guessed he'd take his colt up himself, at the same time reaching forward for the halter of the first horse. Captain Stone said, "H——, I think that one is mine."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Stone," replied H——, "I remember mine had a smooth coat of hair."

"Well, all right," remarked the accommodating Stone, "I guess there's not much difference. The horses cost the same and are the same age. Trot her off."

Captain Stone took his colt home, and when his daughter saw the meek little animal she immediately took a fancy to it and made a pet of it. So her father called it after her name, "Maud S." It is perhaps needless to say that H——'s colt has never been heard from.—[Chatter.

BIG THINGS EUROPE HAS.

AMERICA CAN'T BOAST OF BEATING IN EVERYTHING.

The 61,000-Ton Ship France—Krupp's Monster Gun Factory at Essen—A 32-Pound Flower—Russia's Royal Ruby—A Telescope Larger than the Lick.

Liverpool must be awarded the somewhat doubtful distinction of having the biggest workhouse in the world, says Chatter. This huge institution has ample accommodation for 5,000 inmates, which, happily, is scarcely ever needed at one time.

The biggest workshop in the world is said to be that of Herr Krupp, the famous gunmaker of Essen. The growth of this vast establishment has been wonderful. In 1833 it employed nine workmen; in 1848, seventy-four; in July, 1888, 20,960 men were employed, and the families of the workmen numbered 73,769 souls. Of these 24,193 reside in dwellings provided by the firm.

There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, 92 steam-hammers of from 200 to 100,000 pounds, 370 steam-engines, with a total of 27,000 horse-power, 1,824 different machines, and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke 2,735 tons are used daily, and 11 high furnaces of the latest construction produce 600 tons of iron every day.

The largest sailing-ship in the world is said to be in the possession of France. Her name is the "France." She is a vessel with five masts, on four of which square-sail is carried. The length is 344 feet, with a beam of 49 feet. The cargo which the France could carry is no less than 61,000 tons. The ship is built of steel, her masts and yards being of the same material. She is at present trading between France and the Pacific.

The biggest ruby in the world is found in the Czar of Russia's crown, which has the distinction of being the finest ever worn by any sovereign. In shape it resembles a bishop's miter, and on its crest is a cross composed of five superb diamonds, which support the "biggest" ruby. A foliated arch, composed of eleven magnificent diamonds, supports this cross, and on each side of the arch is a hoop of thirty-eight pearls, than which there are none handsomer in the world.

The biggest flower in the world was recently discovered by Dr. Alexander Schadenberg. It was found on Mount Parag, which is situated on one of the southeastern Philippine islands. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called the flower "bolo."

The bolo, in bloom, is a five-petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage-wheel. A single flower weighed over 22 pounds. The five petals of the immense flower are oval and creamy white, and grow around a center filled with countless long violet-hued stamens.

The biggest telescope in the world, erected at Ealing, in England, has just been made single-handed by Mr. Common, the astronomer. Its whole mass weighs nearly twenty tons. The enormous iron cylinder which forms the tube is 20 feet long and 8 feet in diameter, resembling the ordinary boiler of a stationary engine.

Inside this is delicately distributed some ten tons of pig iron, the whole instrument going to form the most wonderful machine which the planet possesses. Through Mr. Common's telescope it will be easy to see no fewer than 50,000,000 stars.

CONCH SHELL BUTTONS.

A Story of Washington and an Italian Peddler.

The story is told of General Washington that one day, while walking alone in the streets of Philadelphia, he was accosted by a poor Italian, who, ignorant of the personality addressed, continued to follow and importune him to buy some of the conch shells which he carried in a basket on his arm and which he persisted were the only things that he had in the world to dispose of.

"But, my good man," remonstrated General Washington, "what would I do with your conch shells? I have no use for them."

"Oh, yes, you have," came the ready rejoinder. "You might have them made into buttons for your coat."

Smiling at his prompt reply, Washington not only purchased the shells, but, the better to further the advice, took them at once to his tailor, and, directing them to be riveted, ordered a brown velvet coat that their especial usefulness might be straightway demonstrated.—[The Century.

Happy Men.

The old Persians, who had many authors of singular penetration, gave the world the following proverb:

"There are two men in the world who are perfectly happy; two men whose minds may be at rest. The first is the wholly ignorant man, who is happy because he thinks that he knows everything.

"The second is the really learned man, who is happy because he knows that there will always be something for him to learn."

This proverb suggests certain maxims which were the favorites of a Massachusetts clergyman, now dead, and which were as follows:

When a man knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool; shun him.

When a man knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple; teach him.

When a man knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep; wake him.

When a man knows and knows that he knows, he is wise; follow him.

It is said another daughter of the Prince of Wales is to marry outside of royalty.

In a driving storm the clouds do not hold the rain.—[Exchange.