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# MINING JOURNAL.

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

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*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 |
|---|---|---|
| 7:15 a m | ....No. 10 Express.... | 2:50 a m |
| 8:10 a m | ....No. 8 Express.... | 7:35 a m |
| 9:35 a m | No. 14 Accom'odation | 8:15 a m |
| 12:05 p m | ....No. 2 Express.... | 9:55 a m |
| 1:15 p m | ....No. 6 Express.... | 12:05 p m |
| 5:10 p m | ...No. 16 Passenger... | 3:00 p m |
| 6:30 p m | ....No. 46 Express.... | 5:20 p m |
| 11:20 p m | No. 72 Accom'odation | |
| | ....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 24-year old boy to a 300-pounder fat man at strictly

**One-Price Rates to All.**

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

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

Very thankful for past custom, I am
Yours truly,

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

**DENTISTRY.**

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


### FAITH.

"Except ye be as a little child."

A thousand learned men, wild-eyed with thirst,
Stopped at a spring beside the burning road;
They would not bend to where the fountain burst
Because they could not see from whence it flowed;
Away they reeled upon their hopeless quest;
A little child, forgotten in the flight,
Drank and contentedly lay down to rest,
And flowers smiled, and softly fell the night.

There was a church built up of faith and love
And duty, lofty hope and noble deeds;
A light shone on it from a Will above
And consecrated it to human needs;
And men lived better for it, and they died
Trusting in what they deemed to be the truth—
The simple faith that on the farther side
Lost love is found again and lasting youth.

Then came unquiet schoolmen and their schools,
Where many asked and none could answer why;
Wise men they were, yet in their wisdom fools
Whose minds were keenest as their hearts were dry;
Their wistful gaze was strained to pierce the light;
It dazzled them until they could not see
Half that is open to the unquestioning sight
Of untaught youth or wiser infancy.

—[Thomas F. Watson.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

In January, 1877, the United States steamer Richmond, lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, Chili, received orders to proceed to the United States. We were to touch at all points on the way and get final orders at Hampton Roads. In addition to the Richmond the Omaha and the storeship Onward were looking after American interests in those waters. The harbor was crowded with ships the morning of our departure, and with high hopes we heard the order: "All hands up anchor." The capstan was soon manned, and to the stirring music of fiddle and fife the anchor was soon hanging at the cathead and our fine old ship steamed slowly through the long lines of shipping. The Omaha manned the rigging and sent us on our way with three hearty cheers; the Chilian flagship Valparaiso, an immence ironclad, dipped her flag and saluted us with 13 guns. She carried 6 35-ton guns, and their sharp deafening report almost lifted us off our feet, while from the band of the English flagship came the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home." We were soon clear of the harbor, 4 bells sounded full speed ahead, and we started on our long voyage to the land of the free. We touched at Conception Bay and Valdivia, and soon after entered Smith's Straits. This is a passage often taken by steamers bound through Magellan's Straits, as it is shorter than the outside passage and smooth water all the way. It extends from the Gulf of Penas to Magellan Straits, and is formed by islands so close together that the channel is more like a river than anything else. It contains some of the grandest scenery in the world. Mountains, valleys, volcanoes, and glaciers, deep canyons and beautiful lakes meet the eye as the vessel plows through the water. In places the channel widens out and is almost lost between hundreds of small islands; at others it flows through narrow passages between mountains whose sides, straight as the walls of a house, tower from 500 to 1,000 feet above the water. Such a place is the English Narrows, half a mile long, in no place more than 300 feet wide and in some places not more than 100. Every sound made is echoed from side to side dozens of times, and the report of a musket puts a war veteran in mind of Gettysburg. Some of the officers induced the captain to fire one of the heavy guns in the narrows, something no ship had ever done before, and I doubt if any officer present when that shot was fired will wish to try it again. By the advice of the navigator the gun was not fired until just as the ship passed out into the open water clear of the canyon. The order to fire was given just as the ship's bow swung into clear water. I was standing on the poop deck looking back as the gun was fired, and I shall never forget what followed: roar after roar, crash after crash as if the very mountains were being torn from their eternal resting places. Ten seconds after that gun was fired every gun in the ship could have been fired at once and a man with his eyes shut would not know it. But it was not the thundering echoes that transfixed every man on deck. Blanched faces and eyes filled with horror were fixed on a mass of rock twice the size of the ship on the edge of the cliff. It slowly toppled over, and then, with the speed of lightning seemed to fall straight down on us. I shook in every limb, unable to move, and the next moment the ship trembled as if struck by a cyclone. Tons of water rushed over the upper part of the ship, everyone aft was thrown off his feet, and the water poured down the open hatchway into the wardroom and after cabins. The immense mass of rock struck the water and disappeared not 30 feet from the ship's stern. All around us the water seemed to boil, and the swell was as heavy as on the ocean after a storm. At this time the awful roar of those unseen guns seemed to fill every valley and ravine for 10 miles around, getting fainter and then breaking forth with increased force, to finally die away far off in the mountains, in a succession of sharp unearthly cracks. Some of the men rushed for the boats and life rafts. Engineers and firemen ran up from below, thinking the ship had struck, and one poor fellow was carried against a gun by the water and had his leg broken.

In a short time we came to anchor in a little cove about a mile below. The steam pumps were started and the water pumped out, the deck cleared up, clothes-lines rigged and soon filled with clothes, carpets, and bedding. Next morning two boats were lowered and, filled with officers and men, pulled back to see how things looked. Each boat had lead and line for sounding up to 20 fathoms, but could get no bottom. A longer line was used afterward, and reached bottom at 110 fathoms.

In the afternoon several officers made a trip to the top of the cliff. The bed where the mass of rock had rested was so steep no one could go on it. By actual measurement it was 409 feet long. What the height of the rock had been no one could say. Although loosened and undermined by the rains of ages, it might have stood for 100 years more, but the vast rush of air driven up the side of the canyon by the discharge of the gun started the mass, with the results narrated.

In the Straits of Magellan we met the French man-of-war Villa de Paris and informed them what had occurred. We afterward heard that she fired her battery before venturing through, but did not bring down a piece as large as a man's hand. Soon after we reached Montevideo, only to find orders from Washington that detained us several months, and we did not reach Hampton Roads till August. From there we went to Boston, and were paid off September 28, 1877. WANDERER.

### 10,000 BABES TIED HAND AND FOOT.

**Scenes in a St. Petersburg Hospital—A Lady Doctor Who Smokes.**

My letter of introduction to a young Doctorina d'Aneroth led me to visit the Hospital Obicini. This is a free hospital and dispensary kept up by private donations. Dr. d'Aneroth is an oculist, and she alone treats 12,000 patients yearly, while the other departments are equally crowded.

The visit impresses one that every one in St. Petersburg is poor and every one distressed in body. My heart sickened at the sight. My friend treated, in my presence, the eyes of ten persons in fifteen minutes. Each was given some strong application that sent the patient away in agony. In the evening I met several lady physicians. One only could speak English. She interpreted for the rest.

A few years ago the medical college was open to women, and some 200 were graduated. But it is now closed to them, with little hope of its being reopened. The Doctorina Chebonwa who entertained us, was one of the first to graduate. She has made diseases of children a specialty, is physician-in-chief to a very, very large children's hospital, besides having a large private practice. She is exceedingly bright, and might be taken for a typical American lady doctor; but, alas! she smokes cigarettes. She must have smoked twenty during the evening.

We visited the Foundlings' Home founded by Catharine II., of which I had often read, writes Alice B. Stockham in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Here 10,000 babies are annually admitted. And these 10,000 babies are literally put into swaddling clothes, are rolled in two pieces of cloth, and tied so they can move neither hand nor foot. You can take one up much as you could a piece of board.

It is useless to try to express my indignation that anywhere on the globe in the nineteenth century babies would be thus treated. Each one has a wet nurse; the house is clean and orderly and many appliances are quite ingenious.

### BERMUDA NOT FERTILE.

**The Onion the Only Article That Is Raised in Abundance.**

Bermuda brings to the minds of most people a vision of tropical luxuriance, says "Templeton" in the Boston Herald. It is not a tropical island at all. It is only semi-tropical. The tropical trees and plants here, with the exception of the banana, live just as long as they are cherished and watched with careful culture. There is nothing spontaneous in their growth and they never spread to much extent, even under the aiding process. There are a limited number of palm trees of the different varieties, and a few handsome ones are among them. The palmetto and pawpaw are seen. The india rubber and the calabash tree are represented by a few specimens, and the former in one or two cases has grown to great size. But none of these trees looks as if it belonged in Bermuda. Their appearance is very much as if they were set out in one of our own gardens in the summer season. I scarcely saw an orange or lemon tree on the island. In fact, there is but one tree that seems indigenous to the soil of Bermuda. It is the cedar. This grows to a considerable size, and it grows spontaneously. If there is any other tree that does, it escaped my observation.

The sod everywhere is thin, composed of a red loam, and it is not fertile. Instead of the luxuriant richness I expected I find the islands barren. They grow nothing in abundance but the onion. Not even grass is raised to any extent. The tomato comes to useful maturity, and a limited number of potatoes are raised, of which white and sweet are both good, but the islands import everything else.

**The International Boundary.**

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose. The fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake in the Woods and the base of the Rocky mountains. The British place one post every two miles and the United States one between each British post. The post are of cast iron, and cast on their faces are the words "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built projecting eight feet above high-water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a a space a rod wide.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Where Glasgow is Different.**

For the privilege of charging the citizens 60 cents a thousand feet for gas, the gas company of Glasgow, Scotland, lights all the streets and alleys of the city for nothing. This is where Glasgow differs greatly from American cities.

### BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

**Still Standing in New Haven—Some Reminiscences of the Traitor.**

The old Benedict Arnold house is still standing in the fifth ward, on Water street, near the corner of Olive street. It has fallen into decay, but there are some gray-haired citizens who remember it when it was one of the show places of the town. Its orchard was the largest and finest in New Haven, and the grounds were laid out in handsome terraces.

Arnold built the house soon after his return from Ticonderoga. He must have been a man of some wealth, for the house was well built and the grounds were ample. Arnold was not a popular man. He had a violent and irascible temper, and "would rather fight than eat," as has been said of him. He always found fault, and the ferrymen who took passengers across the mouth of the Quinnipiac river before the bridge was built dreaded to have him for a passenger, for he always swore at them for not rowing faster.

Nevertheless Arnold was a man of affairs. Besides his business as a druggist and bookseller, he, with Adam Babcock, owned three vessels engaged in the West India trade. They were the brigantine Fortune, 40 tons, the Charming Sally, 30 tons, and the Three Brothers, 28 tons. Arnold never took particular pains to see that all custom house dues were paid; in fact, he was very lax in this particular. It is related that once on a time a sailor on board one of his vessels reported some of these laxities to the collector of the port. The report was made on Sunday, and the collector refused to receive it, and told the sailor to come again on Monday. In the meantime Arnold had heard of the sailor's tale bearing. Before Monday came Arnold adopted a course of moral and physical suasion which compelled the sailor to leave town with his tale untold.

Arnold's laxity in regard to the customs laws was probably not much greater than that of his neighbors. Indeed, to evade the customs was a virtue rather than a fault, for it was regarded as a justifiable method of protest against taxation without representation.

Arnold's property was confiscated after his treachery at West Point was discovered. Pierpont Edwards acted on the government's administration and sold the property to Captain Isaac Prout. Captain Prout made only a partial payment, and was unable to meet the subsequent payments as they became due. In this way the property came into the hands of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and he lived there for some years, finally selling it to James Hunt, a West India merchant, who devised it to his daughter, wife of D. Goffe Phipps, of this city. The house still remains in Mrs. Phipps's possession, although it has been almost dismantled.

Betsey Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years after her brother's disgrace in Norwich on public charity. When she was 90 years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsey made a great how-de-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her brother's temper.—[New Haven Palladium.

**Duluth.**

Duluth is all that remains on this continent to perpetuate the name of one of the most devoted French missionaries who were sent over here in the seventeenth century. It is not likely that this daring Jesuit priest ever dreamed of any monument to commemorate his life on the lonely shores of Lake Superior, and least of all one in the form of a large and growing city built by English-speaking men.

Duluth, or, as the name would more properly be written, Du Lhut, occupied ground which was known to the French as Fond-du Lac—which we should call the Head-of-the-Lake. All the shores and islands of Superior were surveyed and mapped by the French at an early date. Du Lhut was among these explorers, but his name does not appear until 1678.

About this time the missionary explorer established a fort three or four miles up the river Kaministiquia, on the north shore of the lake. It was no doubt much more a trading-post than a fort, for the French had no rivals to fear toward the north. The spot was afterward the site of Fort William, and was the point from which the Hudson's Bay Company shipped furs over the lake.

The nearest white neighbors that Du Lhut had were at the Jesuit mission of La Pointe, on the south shore of the lake, directly opposite the Apostles islands. This place is now known as Bayfield. It had been established in 1670, and remained the leading point of trade and of influence with the Indians until the fall of the French power in America in 1759.

Du Lhut is said to have been a great sufferer from gout, but this did not prevent him leading an active life. What explorations he may have made on his side of the lake we do not know; but there is a tradition connected with the man that shows how keenly jealous the French were of any interference with their trade or their management of the Indians.

It is probable that Du Luht was on his way to La Pointe by the western shore of the lake, and that he was somewhere near the site of the town that bears his name, when he heard from the Indians that white men had been seen on the Mississippi. He immediately suspected that the strangers were English explorers, so he took with him a posse of four men and went down the St Croix river until he reached the Mississippi. Here he fell in with Louis Hennepin, who had gone above the falls of St. Anthony, but had been taken prisoner and brought down the river by the Indians. It was then plain that Hennepin was the white man of whom Du Lhut had heard rumors on the shore of the lake.

It is reported that Du Lhut returned from his expedition by way of Lake Michigan. If this was the case then it may be supposed that he went down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin, up that river to Portage, across to the Fox river, and by that stream to Green bay. He had then a good many hundred miles of coasting along shores that were difficult of navigation in open canoes.

This following up by Du Lhut of a flying rumor of a white man seen somewhere on the upper waters of the Mississippi gives us a lively idea of the feeling with which neighbors would have been regarded, especially if those neighbors had chanced to be English people.

### A LONG-LOST SWORD FOUND.

**Given to a Courteous Southerner and Recovered After Years.**

Frederick Mather, superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, has recently had a peculiar and interesting experience. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, which was shortly afterward converted into twelve batteries of heavy or garrison artillery. These batteries were instructed in gun-drill at Washington, but when it became certain that there was little danger of the Confederates attacking the capital the regiment was ordered into the field as infantry. They, however, clung to their title of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, a designation they had received on being transformed into gunners.

On June 16, 1864, Lieutenant Mather was in command of L company, which was the color company of the regiment, and belonged to the first division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock. The command was moving on the enemy's works at Petersburg, Va. On the right was the Irish Legion, and the two bodies diverged. The Confederate forces rushed through the gap, and the right of the One Hundred and Thirteenth or Seventh New York Heavy Artillery were taken prisoners. To save the colors Lieutenant Mather determined to bury them. This he did, and he was in the act of burying his sword, a presentation from Battery I, on which his name was engraved, when a Southerner stepped up and said:

"Look here, Yankee, just drop that," and ordered him to move inside the enemy's trenches.

"I obeyed the order," said Captain Mather, "and was carrying my sword in its scabbard, and belt in my hand, when a man in plain clothes demanded it of me. I saw he was a civilian, who had only come out to have a shot at us, and I resisted. During our struggle, and just as the man was about to strike me with his fist, an officer came up and indignantly asked if he was about to strike a prisoner. The man fell back, and I handed my sword to the officer, who, thinking I was wounded, offered me hospitality, and I wrote his name and address on a New York Tribune that I had in my pocket. Nothing could have been kinder than the behavior of my captor. I was subsequently confined in prisons at Macon, Ga., Charleston, and Columbia, S. C., and lost the memoranda with the name of the man who had my sword. I had some idea he was a Georgia man, and in my travels in connection with fish-culture in the Southern States have always been trying to find some trace of him.

"A few years ago Captain L. Brewster, who had served in A Company, Tenth Alabama Regiment, during the war, died. A Southern paper published that among his property was a sword belonging to Lieutenant Mather. The item was copied into the National Tribune, and I saw it. I communicated with Captain Brewster's representatives, and the 1st of this month the old sword, scabbard, and belt once more came into my possession. The scabbard has an indentation, where a ball struck it in the battle. They are relics of a by-gone feud, but I prize them very dearly."—[New York Tribune.

### DO YOU RIZZLE?

**The New and Pleasant Method to Prolong Life.**

Do you rizzle every day? Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says that it is the most wonderful aid to perfect health. "I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family or friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is understood that I am going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study, and having darkened the room I light a cigar, sit down, and perform the operation. How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain. In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes, sometimes twenty. That is the condition most healthful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than that ten minutes rizzle every day."—[Chatter.

**A New Carriage Motor.**

A Munich firm has made a carriage which is propelled by gas generated from benzine or analagous material. The motor, which is not visible from the outside, is placed in the rear of a 3-wheeled carriage over the main axle, and the benzine used in its propulsion is carried in a closed copper receptacle secured under the seat, from which it passes, drop by drop, to the generator. The speed of the motor is absolutely under control, and can be regulated by pressing a lever. A speed of about 10 miles an hour can be attained.

## HERE'S COLD AIR ON TAP.

*CAPITALISTS WILL DISTRIBUTE FRIGIDITY THROUGH MAINS.*

**The Latest Triumph of the Century's Progress—It Will Revolutionize Society—Refrigerators to be Discarded. What an Expert Says.**

Philadelphia capitalists are preparing to serve cold air about the city as gas or water is now served. Chilled air is at the present time furnished from a certain manufactory to customers within a few blocks, but it is intended to nurse this little nucleus until a large and profitable system is hatched.

It is proposed by laying the pipes deep and coating them with a non-conducting substance, to force cold air from the central factory into market-houses, abattoirs, stores, and even private residences. In market-houses and many stores it is expected that the proposed convenience will be particularly welcome, and in private residences it will be cordially received if, as is claimed, it will do away with refrigerators.

For cooling private residences throughout, or only in one room, the proposed system is intended to be the ne plus ultra. A hostess will be able to cool her reception-room by opening a cold-air duct, a sleeping apartment can be tempered in the summer to suit the queen's taste, and dispel the necessity of lying in the middle of the floor all night covered with mosquito netting. Nay, the maiden even will have it in her power to cool the parlor to a frigid degree on Sunday night if she wishes. The process of cooling the air at the central pumping station will be that employed in manufacturing ice, by the use of ammonia, probably.

A gentleman who is perhaps the leader in the new enterprise said that the cold air would be distributed just as gas is. He has been securing patents, and getting capital for the last few months, and stated that the company he is organizing will immediately put its plants into effect in this city. The home company will reserve the rights for Pennsylvania and New Jersey. "People may laugh at us," he added, "but before we are done they will be thanking us, and no house will have all modern conveniences without cold aid. No more hot work-rooms, no more hot offices and sweltering toilers underground. Next summer it will be possible to advise: 'Go turn the spigot and cool off.'"

Of course the laying of mains for the system is the biggest item of expense, but they will be put down only as fast as the list of consumers grows, and the company expects to have no trouble in keeping the pipes filled, at a proper pressure, with air at a very low temperature. Customers will not be charged and detected by meters. The privilege of using such and such a cold-air spigot will cost a certain sum per month or quarter.

Samuel P. Sadtler, professor of industrial chemistry at the university of Pennsylvania, has been considering the idea of manufacturing and distributing cold air in cities. "It is feasible," he said yesterday, "and very desirable. The mechanical difficulties may seem great, but they are not insurmountable. Very nearly perfect non-conducting covers for pipes are now made near Philadelphia, and the manufacture of the cold air is unquestionably possible. Many refrigerators now used in private houses are a nuisance, and cold air would be a big improvement over them. It ought to be much less expensive, too, especially when ice is $10 a ton.

"The expansion process, cooling air by rarifying it, is used exclusively on ocean steamships, and the machinery for this process has been brought to a very high degree of perfection. All chilled meats which are shipped from Australia and America to England are kept during the voyage in chambers cooled by expanded air. But I think the ammonia process is the best on land, where no danger arises of causing leaks at air-tight joints by the rocking of a ship.

"Steam is now sent about New York in mains, and I feel certain that before long there will be two new things legitimately on tap in Philadelphia—steam and cold air."—[Philadelphia Record.

**The American Queen.**

Max O'Rell has the following to say about the women of America, England, and France: There is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as in France. In England the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attentions of all sorts, but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of woman in France, in England, and in America? Go to a hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining room. In France you will see them arrive together, walk abreast toward the seat assigned to them, very often arm in arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America behold the dignified, nay, majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a queen going toward her throne, and Jonathan behind!

**A Confederate Shoe.**

A Georgia editor has an old Confederate shoe manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strip of rawhide running entirely around the shoe, the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

### ARTIFICIAL ICE.

**A Simple Explanation of How It Is Manufactured.**

Making artificial ice is an industry that has been carried on in the South for many years. At the North it has not been necessary, because nature generally gives us a very liberal supply at a very moderate price. During the past winter, however, the weather was so mild that the supply is short, and artificial ice will no doubt be made this season in immense quantities.

Few persons understand what the process is. Here is a very simple explanation of it, taken from Harper's Weekly.

The apparatus required for making artificial ice includes a powerful engine for driving the pumps, great iron retorts for holding the aqua ammonia, a long system of coil-pipes, and extensive vats to contain the ice-cans.

The process depends upon the capacity of a substance that is expanding, after great condensation, to absorb heat. The substance used in this case is ammonia. Mixed with water it is placed in one or more of the great cylinders or retorts, which contain coils of pipes. Into these pipes steam is sent, heating the contents of the retorts until the ammonia is separated from the water and sent into another retort, where it is subjected to great pressure, under which it liquefies.

In another room, provided with double doors and walls like those of a refrigerator, are several vats, in which are suspended cans of galvanized iron. Some of these cans are calculated to hold 200 pounds of ice and others are still larger. Between these cans pass lines of iron pipes, connected with the retorts outside, and the entire vat, in which cans and pipes are contained, is filled with brine.

In the great condensation to which the ammonia gas has been subjected to liquefy it, it has parted with all of its heat, and the large pipes that carry it to the vat are so cold as to be covered with frost.

When ice is to be made, the cans are filled with distilled water and covered with thick caps. The ammonia is then admitted to the coils, running through the brine of the vat. As soon as the tremendous pressure is relieved by turning the stopcocks, the ammonia expands into gas, resumes the amount of heat with which it parted when undergoing condensation, and of course extracts it from the surrounding brine. This in turn extracts heat from the distilled water, which freezes, as the brine itself would do, were it not saline and kept in motion by means of pumps.

In a few hours each can contains a mass of solid ice, and is then hoisted from the vat, dropping for a moment in hot water to loosen the ice, and upset. The block of ice slides out, and is either stored or placed in front of a circular saw and divided into small blocks.

After the ammonia gas has done its work, it is returned to a retort, conducted to its starting place, and reabsorbed by water. It can then be used over again, and this process goes on continuously, with some slight waste.

### NEW YORK WOMEN.

**A Sensible Physician Explodes Some Silly Stories.**

"Is it true that New York women are learning to outsmoke and outdrink the men?" asked a woman of a well-known physician yesterday.

"No, it is not true," he said, emphatically bringing his hand down on the table with a ringing thump that did the soul of his listener good. "It is not true and it is time somebody who knows said so. I know. I've known the woman of New York for forty years as the physician alone can know them. I know their faults, their follies, their goodness, and their strength. And I am tired of all this surface talk about the wickedness of the average New York woman. New York is a great city and one can find in it just what suits one's nature, and no doubt there are women who find out and follow all the evil ways of men, and the open wrongdoing of one of these may sometimes lend color to such assertions, but I tell you the average New York women, the women who keep our homes and teach our children or do the work of men in the world, are the sanest, sweetest, healthiest, both in morals and in body, of any women in the world. They do not smoke, they do not tipple, they do not gamble, they do not keep late hours nor questionable companions, and they don't know all the wickedness there is in the world to know. They are earnest, simple, devout women. They instinctively turn from anything that is unworthy of their best womanhood. They have their little follies and sometimes they suffer through them—who of us does not? but they are still the best product evolution has to show. They are such women as a man may be proud to win as a wife and honor as the mother of his children. They are this and they are nothing else, and I want you to say that I said so."

Nor is the society young woman of New York anything of the frivolous, idle young creature she is represented to be, spending in society the hours she ought to be in bed and passing in bed the hours she ought to be up and doing. The society girl—even the typical one—has a round of busy activities and plenty of earnest work outside of her society life. She was not reared in ignorance and she will be found keeping up her studies—her music, her French, even sometimes her mathematics—during the morning hours. There is one young woman in the inner circle of New York society who spends an hour each day solving the most difficult quadratic equations, just because she likes it. Then she has her mission work, her charities, her lectures, her little round of duties in the family life and among her friends. She has her own share of the serious work of life to do; she does it well and worthily, and she is as heartily and seriously in earnest about it as the woman to whom it means daily bread.