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MINING JOURNAL.

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NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 43. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 979.

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 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

DANIEL AND THE DEVIL.

Daniel was a very wretched man. As he sat with his head bowed upon his desk that evening he made up his mind that his life had been a failure. "I have labored long and diligently," said he to himself, "and although I am known throughout the city as an industrious and shrewd business man, I am still a poor man, and shall probably continue so—unless——"

Here Daniel stopped and shivered. For a week or more he had been brooding over his unhappy lot. There seemed to be but one way out of his trouble, yet his soul revolted from taking that step. That was why he stopped and shivered.

"But," he argued, "I must do something! My nine children are growing up into big boys and girls. They must have those advantages which my limited means will not admit of! All my life so far has been pure, circumspect, and rigid: poverty has at last broken my spirit—I give up the fight—I am ready to sell my soul to the devil!"

"The determination is a wise one," said a voice at Daniel's elbow. Daniel looked up and beheld a grim visaged stranger in the chair beside him. The stranger, arrayed all in black, exhaled a distinct odor of sulphur.

"Am I to understand," asked the stranger, "that you are prepared to enter into a league with the devil?"

"Yes," said Daniel, firmly; and he set his teeth together after the fashion of a man who is not to be moved from his purpose.

"Then I am ready to treat with you."

"Are you the devil?" asked Daniel.

"No; but I am authorized to enter into contracts for him," explained the stranger. "My name is Beelzebub, and I am my master's most trusted agent."

"Sir," said Daniel, "you must pardon me, for I am loath to wound your feelings, but one of the rules governing my career as a business man has been to deal directly with principals, and never to trust to the offices of middlemen. The affair now in hand is one concerning the devil and myself, and between us two and by us two only can the preliminaries be adjusted."

"As it so happens," explained Beelzebub, "this is Friday—commonly called 'hangman's day'—and that is as busy a time in our particular locality as Monday is in a laundry or as the first day of the month is at a bookkeeper's desk. You can understand, perhaps, that this is the devil's busy day; therefore be content to make this deal with me, and you will find that my master will cheerfully accept any contract I may enter into as his agent and in his behalf."

But no—Daniel would not agree to this; with the devil himself, and only the devil himself, would he treat. So he bade Beelzebub go to the devil and make known his wishes. Beelzebub departed much chagrined. Presently back came the devil—and surely it was the devil this time—there could be no mistake about it, for he wore a scarlet cloak and had cloven feet and carried about with him as many suffocating smells as there are in a barrel of brimstone and assafœtida.

The two talked over all Daniel's miseries; the devil sympathized with Daniel, and ever and anon a malodorous, gummy tear would trickle down the devil's sinister nose and drop off on the carpet.

"What you want is money," said the devil. "That will give you the contentment you crave."

"Yes," said Daniel, "it will give me every opportunity to do good."

"To do good!" repeated the devil. "To do good, indeed! Yes, it's many a good time we shall have together, friend Daniel. Ha! ha! ha!" And the devil laughed uproariously. Nothing seemed more humorous than the prospect of "doing good" with the devil's money. But Daniel failed to see what the devil was so jolly about. Daniel was not a humorist; he was, as we have indicated, a plain business man.

It was finally agreed that Daniel should sell his soul to the devil upon condition that for the space of 24 years the devil should serve Daniel faithfully, should provide him with riches, and should do whatsoever he was commanded to do. Then at the end of the 24 years Daniel's soul was to pass into the possession of the devil, and was to remain there forever without recourse or benefit of clergy. Surely a more horrible contract was never entered into.

"You will have to sign your name to this contract," said the devil, producing a sheet of asbestos paper upon which all the terms of the diabolical treaty were set forth exactly.

"Certainly," replied Daniel. "I have been a business man long enough to know the propriety and necessity of written contracts. And as for you, you must of course give a bond for the faithful execution of your part of this business."

"That is something I have never done before."

"I shall insist upon it," said Daniel, firmly. "This is no affair of sentiment; it is strictly and coldly business; you are to do certain service, and are to receive certain reward therefor——"

"Yes, your soul," cried the devil, rubbing his callous hands together. "Your soul in twenty-four years!"

"Yes," said Daniel. "Now, no contract is good unless there is a quid pro quo."

"That's so," said the devil, "so let's get a lawyer to draw up the paper for me to sign."

"Why a lawyer?" queried Daniel. "A contract is a simple instrument. I, as a business man, can frame one sufficiently binding."

"But I prefer to have a lawyer do it," urged the devil.

"And I prefer to do it myself," said Daniel.

When a business man once gets his mind set, not even an Archimedian lever can stir it. So Daniel drew up the bond for the devil to sign, and this bond specified that in case the devil failed at any time during the next twenty-four years to do whatsoever Daniel commanded him, then should the bond which the devil held against Daniel become null and void, and upon the same day should one thousand and one souls be released forever from the devil's dominion. The devil winced; he hated to sign this agreement, but he had to. An awful clap of thunder ratified the abominable treaty, and every black cat within a radius of 100 leagues straightway fell to frothing and to yowling grotesquely.

Presently Daniel began to prosper; the devil was a faithful slave, and he served Daniel so artfully that no person on earth suspected that Daniel had leagued with the evil one. Daniel had the finest house in the city, his wife dressed magnificently, and his children enjoyed every luxury that wealth could provide. Still Daniel was content to be known as a business man; he deported himself modestly and kindly; he pursued with all his old time diligence the trade which in earlier days he had found so unproductive of riches. His indifference to the pleasure which money put within his reach was strange, and it caused the devil vast uneasiness.

"Daniel," said the devil one day, "you're not getting out of this thing all the fun there is in it. You go poking along in the same old rut with never a suspicion that you have it in your power to enjoy every pleasure of human life. Why don't you break away from the old restraints? Why don't you avail yourself of the advantages at your command?"

"I know what you're driving at," said Daniel, shrewdly. "Politics!"

"No, not at all," remonstrated the devil. "What I mean is fun—gayety. Why not have a good time?"

"But I am having a good time," said Daniel. "My business is going along all right. I am rich. I've got a lovely home, my wife is happy, my children are healthy and contented, I am respected—what more could I ask? What better time could I demand?"

"You don't understand me," explained the devil. "What I mean by a good time is that which makes the heart merry and keeps the soul youthful and buoyant—wine, Daniel! Wine and the theater, and pretty girls, and fast horses, and all that sort of happy joyful life!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Daniel; "no more of that, sir! I sowed my wild oats in college. What right have I to think of such silly follies—I at 40 years of age?"

So not even the devil himself could persuade Daniel into a life of dissipation. All you who have made a study of the business man will agree that of all human beings he is the hardest to swerve from conservative methods. The devil groaned and began to wonder why he had tied up to a man like Dani l—a business man.

Pretty soon Daniel developed an ambition. He wanted reputation, and he told the devil so. The devil's eyes sparkled. "At last," murmured the devil with a sigh of relief, "at last!"

"Yes," said Daniel, "I want to be known far and wide. You must build a church for me."

"What!" shrieked the devil. And the devil's tail stiffened up like a sore thumb.

"Yes," said Daniel calmly, "you must build a church for me, and it must be the largest and handsomest church in the city. The sittings shall be free, and you shall provide funds for its support forever."

The devil frothed at his mouth and blue fire issued from his ears and nostrils. He was the maddest devil ever seen on earth.

"I won't do it!" roared the devil. "Do you suppose I'm going to spend my time in building churches and stultifying myself just for the sake of gratifying your idle whims? I won't do it—never!"

"Then the bond I gave is null and void," said Daniel.

"Take your old bond," said the devil, petulantly.

"But the bond you gave is operative," continued Daniel. "So release the thousand and one souls you owe me when you refuse to obey me."

"O Daniel!" whimpered the devil, "how can you treat me so? Haven't I always been good to you? Haven't I given you riches and prosperity? Does no sentiment of friendship——"

"Hush," said Daniel, interrupting him. "I have already told you a thousand times that our relations were simply those of one business man to another. It now behooves you to fulfil your part of our compact; eventually I shall fulfil mine. Come, now, to business! Will you or will you not keep your word and bond?"

The devil was sorely put to his trumps. But when it came to releasing a thousand and one souls from hell—ah, that staggered him! He had to build the church, and a noble one it was, too. Then he endowed the church, and finally he built a parsonage; altogether it was a stupendous work, and Daniel got all the credit for it. The preacher whom Daniel installed in this magnificent temple was severely orthodox, and one of the first things he did was to preach a series of sermons upon the personality of the devil, wherein he inveiged most bitterly against that person and his work.

By and by Daniel made the devil endow and build a number of hospitals, charity schools, free baths, libraries, and other institutions of similar character. Then he made him secure the election of honest men to office, and of upright judges to the bench. It almost broke the devil's heart to do it, but the devil was prepared to do almost anything rather than forfeit his bond, and give up the one thousand and one souls. By this time Daniel came to be known far and wide for his philanthropy and his piety. This gratified him, of course, but most of all he gloried in the circumstance that he was a business man.

"Have you anything for me to do today?" asked the devil one morning. He had grown to be a very meek and courteous devil; steady employment in righteous causes had chastened him to a degree and purged away somewhat of the violence of his nature. On this particular morning he looked haggard and ill—yes, and he looked, too, as blue as a whetstone.

"I am not feeling robust," explained the devil. "To tell the truth, I am somewhat ill."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Daniel, "but as I am not conducting a sanitarium I can do nothing further than express my regrets that you are ailing. Of course our business relations do not contemplate any interchange of sympathies; still, I'll go easy with you today. You may go up to the house and look after the children; see that they don't smoke cigarettes or quarrel, or tease the cat or do anything out of the way."

Now that was fine business for the devil to be in, but how could the devil help himself? He was wholly at Daniel's mercy. He went about the humiliating task.

The crash came at last. It was when the devil informed Daniel one day that he wasn't going to work for him any more.

"You have ruined my business," said the devil, wearily. "A committee of imps waited upon me last night and told me that unless I severed my connection with you a permanent suspension of my interests down yonder would be necessitated. While I have been running around doing your insane errands my personal business has gone to the dogs—I wouldn't be at all surprised if I were to have to get a new plant altogether. My reputation has suffered: I am no longer respected, and the number of my recruits is daily becoming smaller. I give up—I make no further sacrifice."

"Then you are prepared to forfeit your bond?" asked Daniel.

"Not by any means," replied the devil. "I propose to throw the matter into the courts."

"That will hardly be to your interest," said Daniel, "since, as you well know, we have recently elected honest men to the bench, and as I recollect, most of our judges are members in good standing of the church we built some years ago."

The devil howled with rage. Then, presently, he began to whimper.

"For the last time," expostulated Daniel, "let me remind you that sentiment does not enter into this affair at all. We are simply two business parties co-operating in a business scheme. Our respective duties are exactly defined in the bonds we hold. You keep your contract, and I'll keep mine. Let me see, I still have a margin of 13 years."

The devil groaned and writhed.

"They call me a dude," whimpered the devil.

"Who do?" asked Daniel.

"Beelzebub and the rest," said the devil. "I have been trotting around doing pious errands so long that I've lost all my sulphur and brimstone flavor, and now I smell like spikenard and myrrh."

"Pooh!" said Daniel.

"Well I do," insisted the devil. "You've humiliated me so that I haven't got any more ambition. Yes, Daniel, you've worked me shamefully hard!"

"Well," said Daniel, "I have a very distinct suspicion that when, 13 years hence, I fall into your hands, I shall not enjoy what might be called a sedentary life."

The devil plucked up at this suggestion. "Indeed you shall not," he muttered. "I'll make it hot for you!"

"But come; we waste time," said Daniel. "I am a man of business, and I can not fritter away the precious moments with you. To-morrow is Sunday. You are to see that all the saloons are closed."

"I shan't—I won't!" yelled the devil.

"But you must," said Daniel firmly.

"Do you really expect me to do that?" roared the devil. "Do you fancy that I am so arrant a fool as to shut off the very feeders whereby my hungry hell is supplied? That would be suicidal."

"I don't know anything about that," said Daniel. "I am a business man, and by this business arrangement of ours it is explicitly stipulated——"

"I don't care what the stipulations are!" shrieked the devil. "I'm through with you, and may I be consumed by my own fires if ever again I have anything to do with a business man!"

The upshot of it all was that the devil forfeited his bond, and by this act Daniel was released from every obligation unto the devil and one thousand and one souls were ransomed from the torture of the infernal fires.

Unobservant Man.

"The majority of people are not very observant in small matters," said a certain philosophical ticket agent the other day. "How many of your own friends do you think you could accurately describe if you should attempt it? Not many, I will warrant you. Why, there was a man in here the other day to purchase a ticket for his partner. When he came to fill out the description, he could not remember whether his partner wore side whiskers or a beard. He was brilliant, however, compared with another man who was here the other day. He actually did not know the color of his wife's eyes and had to telephone up to his house before he could get her ticket filled out."

Human Life.

The average of human life in Rome under Cæsar was 18 years; now it is 50. The average in France 50 years ago was 28; the mean duration in 1867 was 45½ years. In Geneva, during the 13th century, a generation played its part upon the stage and disappeared in 14 years; now the drama requires 40 years before the curtain falls.

Freshman—Is your father a cultivated man?

Sophomore—Yes; I work him.

TRUSTING.

Make of life the very most,
Stand the bolder at thy post,
When the angry billows' host
Thy light bark would overwhelm.
He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Is with both the great and small—
Trust Him, man, through dangers all,
He is by thee at the helm!

When the loved ones of thy heart,
At death's summons, shrinking start,
Quiver, pale, and from thee part,
Faded blossoms for the dust—
It is sweet for thee to know,
Resurrected, they will glow,
Brighter for this love below;
In the Mansion of the Just.

Troubles here are soonest o'er—
Storm and wave will rise no more,
If we steer straight for the shore—
For the shore of joy and rest.
There God's light will pierce the dark,
Shining beacons anchorage mark,
And the soul leap from its bark,
In the Harbor of the Blest!
—ID. Brainerd Williamson.

Horses, Their Care and Their Rights.

One of the members of the American Humane Educational Society, in which Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Charles Cleveland Dodge, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Post, and a large number of fashionable New York women are greatly interested, has compiled "A chapter on horses, their care and their rights," which will interest a large class of people.

Among other judicious observations the writer says: Always deal with every animal as you would like to be dealt with if you were that animal. Even in guiding a horse, it is better both for the animal and the man that the reins should be used as lightly as possible and the whip not at all. It can be done and is done not only in England, but in America. The horse wants to obey man. It only wishes to find out what are its driver's intentions and it will carry them out better if it is not kept in a state of constant terror and nearly constant pain, as is the case with most horses while they are at work.

Few persons think of the suffering caused to horses from the use of blinders. The horse's eyes are placed on the side of the head, but the blinders shutting off the side view compel him to look ahead, which is just as much cross-eyed for him as if we had a shield placed in front of our eyes, compelling us to look sidewise. Hence blinders must cause a constant strain, and besides, they act as reflectors and reflect the sun's glare into the animal's sensitive eyes.

Again and again in his book on horse training Mr. Rarey dwells upon the importance of being gentle with the horse; approaching him gently and deliberately, so as not to startle or excite him. He speaks of the necessity of having entire control over one's self, because the horse, being a timid animal, is easily bewildered and frightened, and is thus made the more unfit to understand what is required of him, and after such act of concession on the animal's part he is to be patted and caressed, and thus confidence, affection, and understanding are established between the pupil and the master.

"The horse is a curious being. It is at once the most timid and the most courageous of animals. A horse which will shy or balk at a feather blown by the wind will charge a battery without flinching, simply because it has been taught to face a cannon and the feather is strange to it."

Kindness will accomplish more than brutality; therefore do not use harsh language to your horse, nor lash, nor beat, nor kick him. Bear in mind that he is very intelligent and sensitive; a willing servant and deserving of your kindest treatment and thought.

Literary Clubs.

All over the far West there is a truly remarkable literary movement. It is shown by the great number of libraries, literary clubs, Shakespeare societies, Browning societies, and historical societies, that are coming into existence, not merely in the more central States, such as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, but in Oregon, Washington, Dakota, California, Texas, and Missouri. This movement was powerfully accelerated by the Chautauqua system, but has now acquired strength enough in many States to advance without external aid.

The smaller country colleges have been constantly widening the range of their enlightening influence. There are many such in Ohio, Indiana, and elsewhere, which go along in their quiet unnoticed way, helping young men to an education by simply being near where they live. Many a farmer's son can go to college if the institution is within half a day's ride of his father's house who could not enjoy this advantage if he had to make long and expensive journeys every year and live where he could not earn any part of his expenses. The vacations spent in the paternal fields at home may go some way toward making the college education a possibility.

But, besides this, each of these institutions is likely to have among its corps of instructors persons of genuine culture and nobility of mind. Around them the more liberal minds naturally gather, and all kinds of good influences are exerted. Clubs are formed, imitated, multiplied, and thus the benign modern spirit is fostered and diffused. Finally, too, societies are formed which unite persons who desire knowledge as well as literature, and societies that modestly discuss the living questions of the time.

Suppose the ladies of Indianapolis do style their literary club "The Indianapolis Propylaeum!" What was Athens when Pericles caused that magnificent portal to be placed at the entrance to the acropolis? A city containing a smaller population than that of Indianapolis, and not a tenth part as large as Chicago's mighty mass of human beings. Its public revenue was trifling indeed compared with that of a fourth-rate city of to-day.

Yet of all the cities that ever existed within the borders of Europe, Athens is the dearest to the civilized man, and it holds that place in the affection and pride of our race because a few men once lived there who loved that very culture which is now spreading through the western States. They packed no beef; they had no elevators; they were not enterprising. They loved wisdom, mental culture, and beauty.—[Exchange.

Impersonal Journalism.

Victor F. Lawson, the proprietor of the Chicago Daily News, which is considered, in many respects, to be the best edited newspaper in the United States, and which is certainly one of the most successful papers in the country, expresses the following views as to what should constitute a true newspaper: "I am a believer in impersonal journalism. Running a newspaper on that line is far more satisfactory and effective, I think, than with signed articles. Another thing I advocate is the complete divorce of the counting-room from the editorial department. The men in the editorial room should not know anything about the business relations of the paper with any firm or corporation, and the counting-room should not interfere in any way with the publication of news. By that system the paper becomes known as sincere and honest in news publications and editorial utterances, and gains the respect and confidence of the public."

Old Japan.

From John La Farge's "An Artist's Letters from Japan" we quote as follows of the laws of Iyeyasu: "These laws, based on the old feudal habits, and influenced and directed by the great Chinese doctrines of relationships and duties, are not laws as we think of law, nor were they to be published. They were to be kept secret for the use of the Tokugawa house; to serve as rules for conduct in using their power, so as to secure justice, which is in return to secure power, that exists for its own end in the mind of rulers. These laws, some of which are reflections or moral maxims or references to the great man's experience, made out a sort of criminal code—the relations of the classes—matters of rank and etiquette, and a mechanism of government. They asserted the supremacy and at the same time destroyed the power of the mikado, and by strict rules of succession, residence, and continued possession bound up the feudal nobles. They reasserted the great individual virtues of filial piety and of feudal loyalty, and insisted on the traditions of military honor. 'The sword' was to be 'soul of Samurai,' and with it these have carried the national honor and intelligence in its peculiar expressions.

"Full recognition was given to the teaching, 'Thou shalt not lie beneath the same sky, nor tread on the same earth, with the murderer of thy lord.' The rights of the avenger of blood were admitted, even though he should pay the penalty of his life.

"Suicide, which had long been a Japanese development of chivalrous feeling and military honor, was still to be regarded as purifying of all stain, and, for the first time, allowed in mitigation of the death penalty.

"Indeed, half a century later, the forty-seven Ronin ('wave-people'—Samurai who had lost their natural lord and their rights) were to die in glorious suicide, carrying out the feudal ideal of fidelity.

"You know the story probably; at any rate you will find it in Mitford's tales of old Japan. It is a beautiful story, full of noble details, telling how, by the mean contrivance of a certain lord, the Prince of Ako was put in the wrong, and his condemnation to death and confiscation obtained. And how, then, forty-seven gentlemen, faithful vassals of the dead lord, swore to avenge the honor of their master, and for that purpose to put aside all that might stand in the way. For this end they put aside all else they cared for, even wife and children, and through every obstacle pursued their plan up to the favorable moment when they surprised, on a winter night, in his palace, among his guards, the object of their vengeance, whose suspicions had been allayed by long delay. And how his decapitated head was placed by them upon his victim's tomb, before the forty-seven surrendered themselves to justice, and were allowed to commit suicide by hara-kiri, and how they have since lived forever in the memory of Japan."

A Double Statue.

Among the curiosities at the Paris exposition was a statue representing the legendary German heroine Marguerite. Viewed from the front, it presented no unusual appearance, but when placed before a large mirror the reflection from the back of the statue showed the image of Marguerite's lover, Faust, standing, apparently, just behind her.

This remarkable effect was obtained by ingeniously carving the features and figure of Faust in the back of the original statue. The face was formed by the hair of the statue, and the same arms answered for both figures, in one case being held in front, and in the other crossed behind the back. The folds of the robe of Marguerite at the back were modelled so as to form the figure of Faust, and it is to be noted that the illusion was only perfect when viewed in a mirror. If the back of the statue was observed directly, the secondary figure was not so evident. The statue is a most remarkable example of the sculptor's art, and indicates an unusual amount of artistic and mechanical talent.

The Skating Record.

The fastest five-mile record for skaters is credited to Frank Dowd, of Chicago, in 17:17. He made this time at Montreal on April 3, 1885, on a twelve-lap track. The Clipper Almanac gives no five-mile time to either Paulsen or McCormack, but credits the latter with a six-mile record in 21:22 on the Crystal rink, Montreal, a twelve-lap track. McCormick says he can skate five miles in between seventeen and eighteen minutes, and Paulsen is confident he can make just as good time.

NEW HEAD FOR A DOLLAR.

CONGRESS HAS DECIDED TO CHANGE THE DESIGN.

A Chance for the Coin Artists—They Can Send in Their Ideas, and the Government May in Turn Reward Them.

Firm in the belief that the present is a period of advancement in art, and inspired by an overpowering ambition to elevate the esthetic tastes of the masses, the lawmakers at Washington have passed a bill authorizing the director of the mint to change the pattern and designs of all coins except those of gold, and this esthetic measure bids fair to become a law.

Just at present the indications are that the new law will give general satisfaction. For a long time people engaged in the rather pleasant occupation of handling coins have insisted that irrespective of their purchasable value the coins of the nation should possess claims to artistic excellence. Furthermore, it is claimed and not denied that from a purely esthetic point of view the American coin will not bear comparison with its foreign rivals, and that even the penny of despised Canada outclasses "Uncle Sam's" in size, weight, and beauty.

The proposed act requires the Secretary of the Treasury and the director of the mint to see that the designs on all coins, with the exception of the double eagle gold piece, be changed at least once in every 25 years. Any American citizen, irrespective of color, age, or politics, is allowed to furnish the authorities at Washington with original designs for the new coin. All native designers, professional or otherwise, are then given a chance to make a bid for glory and a money prize. The amount of this prize is to be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury. The Secretary and the director of the mint are to constitute the board of award. They are to pass judgment on all the designs offered, and their decision is to be final. In other words, these two gentleman are given the power to transform the outlandish looking eagle into a mild mannered gamecock, or put one of the imported gayety dancers in the position now occupied by the young woman in the flowing drapery.

Colonel Bosbyshell, the superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint, talked entertainingly of the features of the proposed law. "I suppose," said the colonel, "that, considered from a purely artistic standpoint, the proposed changes in the designs of our coins are necessary. The designs for coins in England, France, and other countries are often changed, and as a natural sequence the coins of these countries are masterpieces of the stampers' art. On the contrary, our coins are antique and commonplace in the matter of design. Although the bill is not as yet a law, and it will be something less than a year before the new dies are cut and ready for use, we are daily receiving letters and draughts of proposed designs from people ambitious to have a finger in the proposed changes. I don't know what financial inducements the Government intends offering to these amateur coin builders, but I do know that there are a great many contestants who seem content to strive for the glory alone.

"Yes, there have been some novel ideas offered already. One man, an architect, with an office on Arch street, Philadelphia, has a scheme for a combination gold and silver coin. His idea is to put a gold medalion on the face of a silver piece, and grade the amount of gold used to the face value of the coin in question. For instance, there would be just 10 cents worth of gold and silver in a dime, and a dollar's value of metal in a silver dollar. The architect hasn't given me the details of his scheme as yet, but I must confess that it bears the merit of novelty. A great many people who imagine they know a great deal about coins lose sight of the fact that a design that looks remarkably well on paper is practically worthless for our purposes. A coin engraver—and there are only three in this country—is the sole judge of what can be done in the way of reducing designs. Unlike the medal engraver the coin man must give you a design with only an apparent relief, whereas the medal man has to deal only with positive and absolute reliefs. The three coin engravers in this country are in the employ of the Government, and they average in wages $3,000 apiece. It is very fair pay, but they earn their money. After the Washington officials have selected the designs it will take a year or more to sink the dies and get them working properly."

The head on the standard dollar was the work of a Philadelphia artist, Mr. Thomas Eakins, and the foundation for the design was the profile of Miss Nannie Williams, who is at present or was recently a Philadelphia school teacher.

His Pride.

A gentleman who once made a tour of the Tennessee mountain district says that the lameness of his horse compelled him to stay all day at the rude home of one of the mountaineers, who, in a shiftless, half hearted way, cultivated a few acres of corn land in the valley.

During the day the man's son, a long, leathery, bony young fellow about 20 years old and at least 6 feet and 2 inches tall, was told to go to the "settlemint," 3 miles distant, for some coffee.

His costume consisted of a "hick'ry" shirt and a pair of cotton trousers rolled to the knees above his bare feet. Before starting he went into the cabin for a moment, and when he came out he had added a paper collar and a huge brass breast pin to his attire, whereupon his father said, partly to his son and partly to the stranger:

"Thar ye air agin, rigged out in all that thar finery! I tell ye, mister, that thar boy's pride is bound ter be the ruination of 'im yit. All he thinks of is finery. Fust thing he knows he'll be gittin' tew proud tew go tew meetin' bar-footed."