FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 46. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 982.

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. Leave. No. 1. a. m.	No. 3. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. a. m.	No. 4. 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. Arrive.	p. m.		a. m. Leave.	p. m

☞ 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., west of Post Office, Frostburg, Md.
Dec 21

A WORD.

I caught one word—one whisper low—
The word of a thousand meanings, "No."

Have you heard the organ's tone grow dim
At the closing of some grand old hymn,
While echoed and tossed from arch to stone
That sweet "Amen" when the hymn was done?

Have you heard the birds their carols sing
Till the whole wild forest seemed to ring,
As the golden sunlight swept the plain
After a day of mist and of rain?

Have you heard the bells at eventide
In the distance o'er the valley wide,
And then stopped to catch the minor plaint
Of Ora pro Nobis, sweet and faint?

As sweet as these came the answer "No,"
When he whispered softly, "Shall I go?"

—[Flaval Scott Mines.

PADRE VERDUGO'S CATS.

Padre Mateo Verdugo was the venerable priest in charge of an Indian mission near the coast of California. The mission is now a majestic ruin; but 60 years ago Padre Mateo was a busy man.

One morning, while the sacristan slept, Padre Mateo sat outside his door with a big book on his knees.

The padre had almost fallen asleep, when, hearing the patter of bare feet, he looked up to see dark skinned boys carrying a litter of kittens toward the creek.

"Que! Que!" cried the padre, rubbing his eyes. "Would you destroy the poor kittens?"

"Si, padre," replied one little Indian.

"Para que?" questioned the priest.

"They are too many, padre," answered the little Indian, poking his great toe in the dust.

"But wait! The pretty things! They have not yet beheld the light of day. Give them to me!" cried the benignant priest. "They shall not perish, for I will care for them myself. Are they not pretty, my worthy Guadaloupe? Open thine eyes for one instant."

Had the sacristan foreseen the consequences he would have made remonstrance before the padre's passion strengthened; but being sleepy and selfish, Guadaloupe settled himself for another nap.

At the end of the second year Padre Mateo's cats were the bane of the sacristan's life.

"Must I," thought he, with rising spleen, "I, who am 70 years old and have a stitch in my back—must I, besides dusting the altar and ringing four heavy bells and tending the padre's house—must I do obedience to yowling cats? Es vergonzoso, indeed!"

Had he not feared the padre's malediction he would have murdered the creatures without compunction. The cats flourished and the padre's fondness increased, and Guadaloupe was scolded more frequently than ever. "Heart of stone!" the priest would exclaim, "would you let them starve? I am sure you gave no milk to Carmina's new kittens this day! and well you know she has not nourishment enough for them all! You shall do penance for your iniquities!"

"But, your excellency," the sacristan would remonstrate with great humility, "I had no milk left after supplying the sick babe of the squaw who died last week. Surely the kittens can wait."

"Wait?" stormed the padre. "Are they not wailing from hunger even now? Their cries pierce my heart. How can I leave them to your charge, and go away for eight long days—and go I must!"

At these words hope sprang up anew in Guadaloupe's perfidious heart.

"Art thou going away, reverend padre?" he asked meekly. "Am I, indeed, to be left alone for eight days?"

"It is true," replied the priest sadly. "I must go. I am summoned to report to my superior at San Luis Rey; and the journey will require eight days. But how can I go? The Indians can get along well enough, to be sure, but what, I ask you, heart of wood, what will become of my cats?"

Next day, as Padre Mateo trudged slowly down the road, a sardonic smile came upon the countenance of the wicked sacristan.

It was nearing midday. Already Ignatius, the oldest and leanest and hungriest of the cats, had appeared, sniffing, to learn if dinner was being cooked.

"I will teach thee—villain!" muttered the sacristan, fiercely, as he busied himself building a fire. "I will teach thee to sit and glower at me while I work till my body shakes with weariness!"

When the meal was ready Guadaloupe went to the door. Come, Carlotta, dearest! Come, my Pedro! Come, Carlos!" he called tenderly. "Hasten within, for thy dinner waits! Be quick, then; all of you!"

When the cats were seated Guadaloupe, after tightly closing the doors, hurried to the chapel. From the altar he selected the largest crucifix, and, bearing this in the left hand, and a great whip behind him in his right hand, he returned to the padre's house.

Holding the crucifix before him, the sacristan entered the room where the cats were assembled. "Now wretches! brutes! villains!" he shouted—and at each word came a cut from the whip—"fiends! monsters! ungrateful beasts! Receive your punishment!"

The astonished creatures leaped from their seats and tore madly about the little room, but they could not get beyond the reach of Guadaloupe's whip. He lashed right and left, still holding the crucifix before him, till at last he could no longer wield the whip.

Thrice each day a similar scene was enacted, till at the sight of the crucifix the creatures would spring wildly from their seats and seek to escape.

Padre Mateo returned at night, and was welcomed cordially by the prefidious sacristan. In the morning Guadaloupe called the padre to the breakfast meal.

"But—where are the cats?" asked Padre Mateo.

Guadaloupe shrugged his shoulders, with a look of sadness: "Speak not of them, reverend padre!"

"But I want my cats!"

"Your excellency—I fear you have been befooled."

"Where are my cats?"

"Well, then, I will call them, venerable padre, but first let me speak. I fear the creatures are not mere common cats, else why did they conduct themselves so strangely in your absence?"

"Nonsense!" roared the padre. "Call my cats!"

"But wait, your reverence. As your reverence knows, it is my duty always, on a Thursday, to clean the candlesticks and the sacred crucifix on the altar. Your reverence well remembers that it is my custom always to bring them outside into the air that the dust may not soil the altar cloth. What will your reverence think when I reveal the wickedness of your reverence's cats? They are all devils, surely, else why should they run from the crucifix, as the evil one would flee?"

"Nonsense!" roared the padre. "Call my cats?"

So the sacristan did as he was bid.

"Now," said Padre Mateo, triumphantly, when all the cats were seated about the table, "we will test this thing! Bring in the crucifix!"

Without a word the wicked sacristan flew to the chapel, and returned holding the sacred emblem aloft before him. At its appearance the unhappy cats gave a discordant howl of despair and fled.

As the last swollen tail disappeared the padre gave a gasp and caught the sacristan's arm for support.

"Devils!" he wailed at last, wringing his trembling hands. "Things of evil! Alas! alas! How ye have deceived me! My worthy Guadaloupe, thou hast spoken truly—but—oh! how I have loved them!

"Get thy gun, my Guadaloupe. They are fiends! Get thy gun and rend their wicked hearts!"—[Amy Elizabeth Leigh.

Queer Things About Wild Ducks.

Charles B. Westcott, a well known authority in such matters, says that ducks are becoming fewer and fewer every year, especially coast ducks, and he attributes it to the destruction of the eggs by professional egg hunters more than to the shooting of the ducks.

There is a peculiarity about the flight of wild ducks which Mr. Westcott, in common with other observing duck hunters, has noticed. A flight of ducks coming south on one day, if followed by other flights in the same direction days or weeks afterward, will not vary to exceed 25 feet from the path of the ducks which have preceded them, and they will alight in almost the exact spot where preceding flights have settled. This is a coincidence of such continuous occurrence as to reasonably establish the theory that the lines to be pursued and the resting or feeding places have been a matter of prearrangement, but how the plans were intelligibly communicated and followed through the pathless air must remain a profound mystery until the hunters become as familiar with the duck language as they are with the habits of the fowls, for the monotonous quack of the duck must be as full of meaning to it as the Chinese gibberish is to the coffee colored children of the Orient.—[Savannah News.

An Iron King.

Andrew Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer, is thus described [illegible] spondent: "Mr. Carnegie is ra[illegible] physically, about the height of President Harrison, with a close-cropped beard, almost white. His face is shrewd for the Scotch, but pleasant, and his eyes beam with good humor and kindliness. You would not pick him out for a ten millionaire and an iron king any more than you would pick out Charles Cramp for a big shipbuilder. He was plainly dressed, and so was Mrs. Carnegie, except for her good looks, as she is a beautiful woman. The four-in-hand was not at the door, and the ironmaster and his wife in a very democratic way walked through the wet streets down to the Seward house, rang the bell, and, when the door opened, walked in and paid a neighborly call on Secretary Blaine and his family.

Customs of the Eskimo.

Like the Indians the Eskimos often kill the old. Often the old are tired of life and beg to be dispatched. If food is scarce they are turned out to starve, whether they like it or not. The superfluous women are also disposed of in this way. Barbarism shows itself in their treatment of the dead. The body of a favorite wife or child is sometimes protected through the winter and decently buried in the spring, but as a general rule corpses are dragged a short distance from the village and abandoned to the dogs. The savages have no idea of the marriage relation. Women are treated as chattels. The number of wives a man may have is regulated not by his possessions, as among the Mormons, but by his ability to manage women. One infers from this that polygamy is not carried on to any great extent.

Great Improvement in Watches.

Foreign watchmakers have recently made remarkable impr[illegible] watches and clocks, which [illegible] will bring about a complete revolution [illegible] horology. A journeyman [illegible] the neighborhood of Lyons has invented a method of making a [illegible] without being wound up fo[illegible] a man's watch during three years [illegible] pendulum of middling size [illegible] and a public clock for [illegible] years.

He manufactures watches of [illegible] a size that they ar[illegible] taking the place of a [illegible] winding but once in [illegible] course you have [illegible] of the [illegible] worn by the Empress Marie [illegible] the fore[illegible] of [illegible] was a rare jewel [illegible] cost 250,000 fra[illegible] buy one like it now.

THE ANCIENT SLOT.

Even This Financial Automaton Is Not a Novelty.

A gentleman writing from Sheffield, England, says: "In a grimy little inn of this place I found the landlord quietly smoking his pipe. I wanted to smoke, but had neither pipe nor tobacco, but that mattered not. The good landlord brought from his collection a pipe of the 'church warden' variety, so long that, the stem once in my mouth, I had to slip forward a yard or so to reach the bowl. For tobacco he placed a tin box on the table. It was about a foot long, eight inches wide, and perhaps six deep. There was a slit in the cover. Into this the landlord dropped a big English penny, whereupon the lock was released with a click, and, having raised the cover, we filled our pipes with the tobacco lying loose inside. It was a crude but effective example of the nickel-in-the-slot machine. 'This box,' said the landlord, 'is always in the smoking-room for the convenience of the guests who are out of tobacco, and the pennies dropped in to secure a pipeful just about pay for keeping the supply undiminished.' 'I should think,' I suggested, 'that the box, once opened, all the tobacco might be extracted by some conscienceless vagabond. Your box isn't modern. It ought to be so contrived that only a limited supply could be obtained for each penny.' 'I don't think,' he responded, 'that the box has suffered much from dishonest users, and as for being modern, of course it isn't. That box has been in use in this hotel for more than one hundred and fifty years, and is probably the forerunner of all the penny-in-the-slot machines now so common all over England and America, too, as I understand.' The box was certainly battered and dusty enough to have been in use that length of time, and there seems to be no reason to doubt the landlord's statement with regard to it."—[Inventive Age.

The Atchison Philosopher.

A man dislikes to admit that his best is his best.

Everybody is patient with a man the first day he is sick.

Every one who will stand it can expect to be imposed upon.

The trouble is that the meanest people have the longest memories.

The man who compels himself to like the things he has to do is a genius.

Everybody thinks that everybody else's misfortune is a punishment.

A man ought to be as good as he advises others to be; but somehow it's different.

If a woman knows she is pretty, it is not because any other woman told her so.

The time that a woman devotes to saying her prayers a man devotes to scratching.

Those who themselves have the least need of forgiveness are the quickest to forgive.

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.

The world is full of people who knew something was going to happen after it has happened.

People don't care what your father has been, but they are mighty particular about your mother.

Every man believes that if the woman who is a man-hater knew him, she would be a man-hater no longer.

Every loafer imagines that if he worked as hard as his industrious neighbor he would succeed much better.

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.

If you ever had occasion to make a presentation speech, how much of it did you mean? But if any one ever made you one, how true and appropriate all he said!—[Atchison Globe.

A Dress of Rattlesnake Skins.

We promised a description of the "rattlesnake dress" to-day. Mrs. Donaldson, who is making the dress, is really an artist in her line of business, such as you seldom find in a place of this size. The dress is Eiffel shade, a rich shade of brown, fine and beautiful in texture. It is a tailor-made gown, strictly on the severe English style; a perfectly plain skirt, with a panel about seven inches wide of the tanned skin of the rattle-snake. The skin is a beautiful specimen of its kind. A polonaise, also severely plain, closed at the sides with straps of snakeskin and buckles. A vest, V-shape, of the skin, and collar and cuffs of the same. With it will be worn a helmet-shaped hat, trimmed with material to match the dress, but the visor will be covered with snakeskin. The shoes, the uppers made of material the same as the dress and tipped with snakeskin, complete this unique costume. It will be wonderfully pretty and effective, and an object of envy to some of our fair dames who delight in original and charming costumes. The lady for whom the costume is made is from Ocala, and came to Tampa especially to secure Mrs. Donaldson's work for her dressmaking.—[Tampa (Fla.) News.

AN ANCESTRAL HALL.

Lord Lovell came over the billowy sea
To win an American maid,
He possessed a remarkable ancestral tree,
'Twas all that he had, I'm afraid.
Miss Bullion was fair and had ducats a hoard,
And servants to come at her call.
She was suited exactly, she captured the lord,
And also his ancestral hall.

Lord Lovell grinned broadly, as over the sea
He sailed with his beautiful bride.
He knew 'twas not he, but his long pedigree,
That had won her w[illegible] "Yes" she replied.
Her shekels were welcome as blossoms in spring
Or new overcoats in the fall.
He knew perfectly well he had struck a good thing
And had made quite an ancestral haul.

—America.

IN TWENTY-SIX HOURS.

The Time in Which a Russian Inventor Hopes to Cross the Atlantic.

While a number of American inventors are working on the problem of producing a four-day Liverpool packet, and are spending sums of money said to amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars in their experiments, a Russian inventor is at work on a plan by which he hopes to cross the Atlantic from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in twenty-six hours. To nautical men the proposition sounds absurd, but since things quite as wonderful as that have come to pass, the plan is worth consideration. Perhaps, if not a good Liverpool packet, his ship might make a good torpedo boat.

The name of the inventor is Leonie Apostoloff, a Cossack engineer in the regular Russian army. Having explained his plans to the War Department, he was allowed to take a vacation of three years in which to perfect his invention. He thereupon went to Marsailles, where the climate favors nautical experiments more than it does in St. Petersburg. Here he is building his boat. He calls it the Bateau Plongeur. Its model is that of a spindle, sharp at both ends. It is twenty-eight metres long, and three and a half metres in diameter in the middle. It consists essentially of an inner and outer shell, the outer shell revolving around the inner one on journals fitted at each end of a horizontal shaft that runs through the axis of the spindle.

Beginning at a point near the bow and winding twice around the outter shell is a blade perpendicular to the axis of the spindle, very much like the thread of a screw. As the outer shell revolves, this screw thread will worm the craft through the water. To drive the craft he uses an electric motor, with a storage system of his own. Electricity will, of course, light the craft. At each end of the boat and around the center are belts and bull's-eyes through which the light will shine, but for what purpose is not evident. That the glass would be useful when on the surface is plain enough. The boat is steered with fishtail rudders—horizontal and vertical. To a correspondent who asked him about his invention Mr. Apostoloff said:

"My boat will travel from eighty to 120 knots an hour—eighty on the surface of the sea, and 120 at full speed under water. I have applied to navigation the spiral principal, that is all. The value of this principal is seen in many places. Why does a snake swim faster than any fish? Because it twists itself through the water. Force by force, a screw is driven into a piece of wood quicker than a nail. The projectile of an old smooth bore musket traveled perhaps a hundred yards with a certain trajectory. The modern rifle sends a projectile twisting through the air to ten times the distance.

Victorious Bees.

A party of hunters near Centerville, Md., were pursuing a fox, when the hard-pressed creature took refuge in a hollow tree. Axes were procured and the tree felled, when the hunters were surprised to find that the fox had been stung to death by bees while they were felling the tree. Pulling the fox out, the bees attacked and routed the hunters, some of them being badly stung.

Guarding the Czar When He Travels.

When the czar travels, a little vanguard is sent in advance, consisting of two locksmiths, two carpenters and two masons, all of them being married men, born in the imperial service and devotedly attached to their august master. Their duties are to examine walls, doors, chimneys and fireplaces, locks and furniture in every room occupied by the czar. The chimneys in particular are the objects of special attention, in order that no infernal machine shall be concealed in them.

PERSONAL AMD GENERAL.

President Carnot, of France, is a close student of English, but is better acquainted with the English of Spenser and Shakespeare than with the modern tongue.

Mrs. Edward H. Rollins has given to the Warwick Club, of Concord, N. H., a valuable edition of Shakespeare's work as a memorial of her husband, the late Senator Rollins, who was president of the club.

The rise of the price of ivory may be described by the statement that the great cutlery firm in Sheffield, Rodgers & Sons, used to pay £600 a ton, but they have lately paid £1,280, and in some special cases as high as £2,000.

Russia is increasing her field artillery. Hitherto each brigade had six batteries of eight guns each, but now each brigade will have eight batteries of eight guns, or a total of sixty-four guns, instead of forty-eight as hitherto.

Russian officials have decided that the telephone is "dangerous to the State." In Warsaw orders have been given that telephones be removed from all restaurants, coffee houses, and liquor saloons. Similar orders have been issued in all large Polish towns.

Oscar Wilde says Whistler, the American painter who lives in London, is an "ignorant and ill-read fellow." He has never liked Whistler since the latter asked him once at a party: "I say, Oscar, did you invent Du Maurier [the artist of Punch who started the Bunthrone craze] or did Du Maurier invent you?"

There were altogether about 300 distinct epidemics of influenza in Europe between 1510, when the disease was first noted at Malta, and 1850. In 1829 the whole of Europe suffered severely. According to statistics published by the Novoe Vremya, the disease caused 908 deaths in London in one week, and in Vienna 60,000 persons were affected. In 1737, and 1743, there were further outbreaks, and the deaths in London, for one week, amounted to 1,000. In 1875 domestic animals were first attacked by it. In 1782 40,000 persons fell ill of it in St. Petersburgh in twenty-four hours. In St. Petersbnrgh quinine is now served out daily to the troops, mixed with volka.

WOMEN BLACKSMITHS.

Hard Lot of the Female Toilers at the Anvil in England.

From Birmingham, says Mrs. Leonora Barry, in the Pittsburg Commercial, I went on about 15 miles to Dudley, or what is known as the Black Country, and it is rightly named. Both in appearance and the conditions of its people a blacker, more dreary life could not be conceived. It is the property of Lord Dudley. The ill-fated Johnstown, of Pennsylvania, did not present a more pitiful appearance after its fearful disaster than does this landed property of a lord. The country is divided into little hamlets bearing such burlesque names as Thibbett's Gardens, Cinder Bank, Primrose Hill, Netherton Ruins (very appropriate), Crodley-Heath, etc.

A description of one of these places will suffice for all. Thibbett's Gardens is a miserable, grimy, dirty path, with little hovels built along its one foul-smelling street, over which all sewage matter from roof and kitchen has cut little ditches. At the back of every dwelling, and included as a part of the rent, is a forge with fireplace sufficient for one or more anvils. Here, at these anvils, the women and children of this poverty-stricken locality stand day after day, until months roll into years, and years into a lifetime, swinging hammer and tongs, welding into every link of chain their health, comfort, and happiness. The doleful sound of the hammer and anvil used by the mothers is welded into every nerve and fiber of the unborn babe, and after its birth it is lulled to sleep by the same mournful cadence, and its little body rests on the big bellows or swings in the rude cradle that hangs from the rafters.

Nails, such as are used in the bottoms of ships, hobnails for heels and soles of shoes, and chains of different sizes. Nos. ¼, ⅜, and ⅝ are the sizes made by these women, some of whom are 60 years old. The iron rod is brought from the factories in coils, and the women have to straighten it out preparatory to using. They get 112 pounds of iron rod at a batch. They are allowed 8 pounds for waste, and must be accountable for the balance.

Chainmakers, by working steadily, make 18 pence per day, which equals 36 cents American money. The rent of a house of 2 rooms, with forge and 2 anvils, is 2 shillings 9 pence per week (66 cents). One good woman, of whom the clergyman who accompanied us spoke very highly, said she had lived in one house and worked at one forge for 17 years, and in that time no repairs had been made, except such as were paid out of her own earnings. The husbands and fathers of these chain and nail making women are miners, working for such a miserable pittance that it is absolutely necessary for the mother, wife, and daughter to live this cruel life.

Labrador in Winter.

If there be anything like a social or home life in Labrador it exists exclusively in the long frozen night of the winter. Then the entire inhabitants retire from the howling coast to winter quarters within the trifling shelter of spruce forests and protecting river crags, and from their burrows of sod and huts of ice sally forth in their sledges or cometiques to "visit" each other in their storm-swept settlements for distances of hundreds of miles. These trips are made over the glistening snow at the rate of sixty to one hundred miles a day, by the aid of their gaunt and ferocious dogs, which are kept in submission by that cruellest and deadliest of all drivers' scourges, the Esquimau whip. Its handle is not a foot long, but its lash is often 40 feet in length, and the drivers are so skilled in its use that a piece can be struck out of a "leader" or "guide" dog's ear at a distance of from thirty to forty feet.

These dogs, fully 150 of which I saw at Hopedale, are simply a species of partly domesticated wolves. They are fed on fish once each day. In the summer they are sources of endless terror about the coast settlements; but life would be impossible here without their use in winter. These visiting tours are marked by the most prodigal hospitality; and a good deal of rude pleasure, indeed, all these far-away humans in any manner secure, is enjoyed. But Labradorian life is an endless round of inane sodden fruitlessness at best. The summer is passed in a scourging effort for winter's provision. Winter brings its struggle to prevent death by cold and hunger. These human animals seem simply born to exist, be robbed, and to die. One turns from the slightest glimpse of land and people heartsick from irrevocability of the hopelessness of both. Labrador can never be else than what Jacques Cartier truly termed it in 1534, "the land given to Cain."—[Edgar L. Wakeman.

Style in Montevideo.

The women of Montevideo evidently think that life would not be worth living if they were compelled to live outside the pale of fashion. An observant traveler informs us that they wear short dresses in the streets, thus affording a liberal display of small and high heeled French boots, with hats, but without wraps. The extreme of fashion is apparent in the bustle, accompanied with great puffs calculated to make a poor little Jap girl die of envy. Our traveler declares he has frequently seen the bustle projecting quite two feet from the body, and wondered why they were not utilized as parcel carriers. But then every country has its own standard of taste and fashion. In Valparaiso and Santiago it is the spray of feathers and top-knot of artificial vegetation which marks the best society; in Montevideo it is the bustle, which, by its greater or lesser superficial area, distinguishes the patrician from the plebeian. The graceful lace mantilla, with the dignified black embroidered crepe or silk shawl is all unknown, the most extravagant French fashions having taken its place. The men show no better taste. Just at this period it is a question whether they are endeavoring to trim their shoes or their beards to the sharpest point.

Doing the Right Thing.

The train was just pulling out of Weston, Mo., for St. Joe, says the New York Sun, when one of the passengers in the smoker put his head so far out of the window that a man near him felt it his duty to utter a note of warning.

"Yes, it is a little risky," replied the man, as he pulled his head in and sat down, "but I was looking for a grave in that field. Reckon it has been plowed under and forgotten."

"How did they happen to bury him there?"

"It's a sad story gentleman—very sad. It was just ten years this month, and I was living here then. A stranger came in from the west with three horses to sell, and he acted so queerly that we clapped him in jail. He never denied that he stole 'em, and one night the boys turned out and hung him to a tree back there. That used to be our way of discouraging the business, and I believe it is still practiced farther west. We buried him near the tree, and it was his grave I was looking for."

"Never denied it, eh?" queried one of the listeners.

"Never did, although we gave him every chance. Just a week from the time he was hung we found out that he was an honest, honorable farmer, living about forty miles below us. While he hadn't stolen the horses, he had killed a man, and he no doubt believed that we were hanging him for that. We felt mean enough when we discovered that he was no horse thief, and that all that he had done was to pop a man over, and a Kansas man at that, and he must have been sadly puzzled over our conduct. We made such reparation as we could, however."

"In what way?"

"Oh, we rounded up the grave, passed resolutions of sympathy for his wife, sent the horses home, and a few months later I went up and married the widow. She's in the next car behind."

The Harm in Dancing.

It's all very well to say there is no harm in dancing. There isn't. But there is harm in having about you, a sweet, pure girl, kept as much as possible from the wickedness of the world, the arm of a man who may be a profligate, and not possess the first instincts of a gentleman. He may, as you say, dance divinely, but even for a partner in a round dance more than that is necessary. My little girl, dancing indiscriminately will teach you to forget how to blush, and with that knowledge departs one of your greatest charms. Dance, sing, and be merry, but remember not only does the world judge us by the company we keep, but just as you and I are made better and nobler by being with those who are true and good, so we are insensibly made meaner and poorer in heart and brain when we consort with those of less degree in morals.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

When Your Sweetheart Comes.

When your sweetheart comes to see you don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then, the few minutes he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people, and will see that as you make a small part in one home you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another. Never say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It's vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

The Germans Trying to Produce Artificial Sugar on a Larger Scale.

It is pretty generally known that chemists can produce in their laboratory from rags a substance very similar to sugar and having the same sweetening properties, says the St. Louis Republic. The Germans are hard at work trying to produce artificial sugar on a large scale, and although its production for practical purposes has not yet been realized considerable advancement has been made and many steps taken toward ultimate success.

Herr Emil Fischer has succeeded in obtaining true sugar, which will undergo alcoholic fermentation when yeast is applied, just like ordinary sugar. There is only one thing wanting in this new chemical product, otherwise it does not differ from the natural product, and that is that it is optically inactive—it will not rotate a single beam of polarized light either to the right or left.

Glycerine, that sweet anchor of so many recent investigations, is the starting point in the preparation of "acrose," as the new product is called, and which must not be confounded with saccharine, which is not a sugar and can never take the place of sugar as an article of diet. The discoverers of acrose are sanguine of making a perfect sugar at no distant day, and their work is being watched with interest not only by the scientific world but by the industrial and commercial world as well.