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# MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 47. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 983.


*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 | 1:45 p m |
| Arrive at Vale Summit. | 8:00 a m | 2:30 p m |
| " " Midland..... | 8:22 a m | 2:52 p m |
| " " Lonaconing. | 8:30 a m | 3:00 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..... | 10:30 p m | 5:00 p m |
| Arrive at Midland..... | 10:39 p m | 5:09 p m |
| " " Vale Summit | 11:00 p m | 5:30 p m |
| " " Cumberland. | 11:45 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, General Manager.
Aug 9

## 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, General Superintendent.
May 17


*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 CHILD'S LAUGH.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling waters' winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven, hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.
—[Algernon C. Swinburne.

## A UNIQUE CHARACTER.

We had taken a cottage for the summer in a small village on the south Jersey coast. The rusticity and seclusion of the place delighted us. John, whose pen has to earn our daily bread, was in a state of perpetual self congratulation. But our paradise had one drawback—there was no church, services, when there was any one to officiate, being held in the school house; and in less than a fortnight after we took possession of the cottage our cook packed her trunk and departed, declaring that the place was "too haythenish for any respectable person to live in."

In this emergency Ann Dorner was recommended to us. Her father, a 'longshoreman—"honest as the day and powerful religious," the neighbors told us—had brought up his family in a small cabin on the outskirts of the village, and Ann had never been 10 miles from home. She had a clean looking sensible face, with somewhat introspective eyes; her hair, which was pale brown, was brushed smoothly back from her low straight forehead, and hung in a loose mass down her shoulders, while her gown—it was literally a gown, a sort of pre-Mother Hubbard affair—was a dark blue calico, hanging unbelted from the yoke, and neither shoe nor stocking graced her substantial feet.

In every way she was so unlike the type of servant girl to which we had been accustomed that I hesitated to engage her. But her honest sensible face decided me. In time, no doubt, she could be persuaded to adopt a more civilized toilet.

But Ann, who had been brought up a Methodist of the Methodists of the "old school," had the courage of her convictions, and her ideas on dress were as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Like the Goddess of Liberty, she had but one style of costume and she wore it on all occasions; even on Sunday she refused to put on shoes and stockings. In vain we argued with her on the impropriety of going barefooted to church. Ann's firmness remained unshaken. At first I thought it was downright obstinacy; but that was before I knew Ann. In time I found that her rigid views concerning dress were rooted in a religious conscientiousness as sensitive and as narrow as that of John Ward.

"I've got shoes an' stockin's, ma'am," she said, in answer to my offer to advance the money for the purchase of these articles; "but maybe some other folks haven't, an' I don't think I've got a right to dress any better than the poorest person in the place can afford to, 'cause if I did, ma'am—don't you see?—they might be discouraged, an' say they wouldn't go to meetin' unless they could dress as good as Ann Dorner."

But having learned on careful inquiry that there was no one in the village so poor as to be obliged to go barefooted, we at last persuaded her to put on shoes. After a time she consented, too, to gather her flowing mane into a braid, and encouraged by these concessions, I ventured to suggest a change in her head gear. Ann took off her calico sun bonnet and surveyed it critically.

"It ain't handsome, that's a fact," she admitted, "but if I ain't too proud to wear it, ma'am, I don't think you'd ought to mind. It's clean an' whole, an' it's as good as anything ole Mis' Carson can afford to wear."

At last, however, she promised that if I would make her a perfectly plain black bonnet she would wear it on Sundays.

Ruching was being worn for face trimming at the time, and having covered a close fitting frame with black silk and added a few loops of black ribbon I ventured to put here and there in the ruche a tiny knot of narrow lavender velvet. Ann looked really pleased when she tried it on, and the next morning, catching a glimpse of her as she went out of the gate wearing the new bonnet, I quite congratulated myself on my success; but a few moments later, having occasion to go to the kitchen pantry, I found, laid carefully together, not only the knots of lavender velvet, but every loop and bow that had decorated the outside of the bonnet. Plain as I had thought it, she had divested it of everything except the ribbons that served for strings.

"It looked very nice, ma'am," she said, when I remonstrated with her, "but it was 'most too gay for a professor." And no amount of persuasion could induce her to have the trimmings put on again.

Her zeal for plainness did not confine itself to her own apparel.

"I rather think, ma'am, I'll have to get somebody else to do the fine ironin'," she said to me on Monday.

"But why, Ann?" I asked in surprise. "There are very few starched pieces."

"Yes, 'm, I know it," said Ann, "but they're trimmed, an' as I don't believe in folks wearin' trimmed things, I don't think it would be right for me to do 'em up for 'em."

"But don't you think, Ann," I said, "that a little trimming makes a pretty finish to a garment?"

"Oh, it's nice enough to look at, ma'am; I don't deny that; but it's all 'pride o' the eye an' lust o' the flesh,' and I don't think professors ought to indulge in such things. If everybody lived up to the Bible, ma'am, even the preachers wouldn't wear starched buzsoms."

And so rigid was she on this point, and so illogical as well, that every week she insisted on paying a woman out of her own wages to iron John's shirts and collars and all the trimmed underwear.

One day when I was making a dessert she suddenly asked, "Don't you think, ma'am, it'd be nice if people could live now as they did in Bible times?"

"In what way, Ann?" I inquired.

"Why, don't you know, ma'am, in those days they lived mostly on bread an' fish? It was bread an' fish that the Lord gave the multitude to eat in the wilderness, an' bread an' fish that He gave the disciples when He cooked breakfas' for 'em on the shore."

"But fish doesn't agree with every one, Ann," I argued, "and in inland places fish is not always to be had."

"Well, I don't s'pose it makes much difference, ma'am, whether it's bread an' fish or bread an' meat; but it seems to me that in eatin', the same as in dressin', people ought to be plain."

Having noticed that she seemed fond of reading, I one day offered her a story book. She took it eagerly, but before she had read a dozen pages she came to me with a grave face.

"Is this a true story, ma'am?" she asked.

"I can't say, Ann. It's very true to life, I think; but no doubt some parts of it are made up."

"Then I guess I don't care to read it, ma'am," she said, putting it back in its place. "It ain't worth while spendin' one's time readin' made up things. When I read I like to know that I'm readin' what's true." And shortly afterward I found her seated on the wood pile absorbed in her Bible.

She had a genuine reverence for scholarship, and took at first much interest in John's work as a writer. But one morning, when John had been reading to me a story that he had just finished, Ann, who once or twice during the reading had had occasion to pass through the room, asked, with a puzzled look on her face, "What does Mr. John write about, ma'am?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing and sometimes another," I said. "He writes mostly stories."

"True ones, ma'am?"

"True in some respects, Ann; but he makes them up largely out of his own imagination."

Ann sighed like one troubled in spirit.

"I don't see, ma'am, how he can make it seem right," she said, turning away, with disapproval written on every feature, and from that day it was very evident that John had fallen from the high place that he had hitherto held in the estimation of this honest soul.

During the summer a cousin from the city came to visit us. She was a dainty little lady, and her soft voice and pleasant ways soon won Ann's heart. She was just recovering from a severe illness, and for several days after her arrival she wore a close fitting princesse wrapper of some soft gray woolen goods, with no trimming except a double row of smoked pearl buttons down the front. The perfect plainness of the garment attracted Ann at once, and it was good to see the admiration with which she watched the slight trim figure.

But on Sunday Helen came down wearing a white muslin. For the style of dress then in vogue nothing could have been more simple; but the deep ruffle that bordered the skirt made Ann look at her askance.

"Is Miss Helen a professor, ma'am?" she asked that afternoon, as Helen, under the shade of a blue parasol, took John's arm for a stroll on the beach.

"Yes," I said; "she is a member of Dr. ——'s church, and teaches in the Sunday school."

"And yet," said Ann, slowly, "she wears flounces!"

"It was very seldom that Ann asked for "a day out." Her father and mother were dead, and she had few acquaintances that she cared to visit; but she never seemed to feel the lack of companionship. If she chanced to have a few spare moments in the morning she was usually to be found seated on the wood pile, engaged either with her knitting work or in reading her Bible, choosing that prosaic spot evidently for the sake of being near the kitchen; but her favorite resort in fair weather, when work was over for the afternoon, was Owl Rock, an isolated bowlder just outside the garden fence, the garden sloping almost to the water's edge.

Ann was so plain and practical that we wondered at her fondness for this romantic outlook, but a neighbor one day gave us a possible clew to the mystery.

"A good girl, but a little queer," he said, tapping his forehead. "Her young man went off to sea two or three years ago, an' 'ain't never been heard from."

"To think of Ann Dorner's having loved and lost!" I said to John.

"It only proves," replied John, "that the humblest lives may have their romances and—their tragedies."

Whatever the motive was that took Ann so often to Owl Rock, whether she went to watch for the return of her lover or merely to read and meditate, promptly, as a rule, at 5 o'clock she came back to the kitchen to prepare supper. But one afternoon, for the first time, she was a little late; and I was on the point of starting out to call her when I saw her coming through the garden, attended by a broad shouldered, sturdy looking fellow, whose rolling gait at once revealed the fact that he was a sailor.

It was easy to see that Ann was happy, and sudd'nly I made the discovery that she was something more than pretty. In place of her sun bonnet she wore a three cornered handkerchief tied under her chin. The wind had roughened the hair about her forehead and her cheeks seemed to have caught their color from the red glow in the west. She carried her Bible in her hand, and with her shining face she looked at the moment, in her prim dark gown, like a sort of transfigured nun.

When they reached the door step the young man said good night and hurried back to the beach.

"It's Jason, ma'am," Ann explained, as she came into the house. "I hadn't seen him for most three years, an' that's what made me late. We used to be friends," she added, shyly.

Nearly every afternoon for the next fortnight Jason joined her at Owl Rock.

Ann during these days went about her work with a preoccupied air.

"Did you ever think, ma'am," she asked one morning, as she was dusting the dining room, "That you'd like to be a missionary?"

I confessed to having had in my younger days a vague aspiration in that direction.

"Oh, I think it would be beautiful!" said the girl. "Jason's been tellin' me about an island he's been to; they were shipwrecked there; that's why he was gone so long, an' the people are all heathen. I told Jason it was a shame somebody didn't go out there an' teach 'em. Do you 'spose a sailor's wife would have any chance to do that sort of work, ma'am? You know sometimes the ships stop there for water."

Before I could answer her John called to me from his sanctum, and the subject did not come up again, but guessing the trend of Ann's thoughts I began to school myself to the thought of losing her.

A day or two later, however, the girl came back from Owl Rock alone.

"He's gone, ma'am," she announced gravely.

"Gone!" I cried. "Why, Ann, I thought you were going to marry him."

Ann shook her head.

"No, 'm; I can't. He's too worldly minded. He smokes, an' always when he's ashore he wants to wear—starched buzsoms."

"But what of that, Ann, if you love him?" I said.

Ann's chin began to quiver. It was a pretty, sensitive chin. "That's just it, ma'am; I love him too well," she said brokenly. "I don't dare. I'm afraid he'd be a stumblin' block to me."

There was nothing more to be said. Jason had sailed that afternoon, and there the matter rested.

We had expected to go back to town in the fall, but John became so infatuated with this "calm retreat" that we decided to take the house for another year, and to our supreme satisfaction Ann agreed to remain with us.

Meanwhile Cousin Helen had made us another visit and Ann, though she still grieved that any one so good and lovable as Miss Helen should be guilty of wearing flounces, became again her ardent admirer. In fact, so great was Helen's influence over her that she eventually prevailed upon her to wear a white apron and a linen collar. The improvement made in her appearance by these simple adjuncts was a delight to the eye, and though at first she wore them evidently under protest, regarding them still as "vanities of the world," her love for Helen finally conquered all scruples, and the apron and collar came to be regarded as an indispensable part of her toilet.

Jason had gone on a ten month's cruise, and as the time drew near for the ship's return Ann grew restless and absent minded. She went oftener to Owl Rock, and more than once she became so absorbed in watching the far off sails as to forget when 5 o'clock came.

This went on for several weeks and then one morning she blushingly informed me that Jason was home again.

"But you ought not to let him keep on coming to see you, Ann," I said, "if you are not going to marry him."

"But perhaps I can do him some good, ma'am," said the girl, gravely. "He hasn't any folks of his own, you know, to help him."

Poor deluded Ann! A week or two later, with much hesitation and embarrassment, she succeeded in telling me that she had renewed her promise to Jason.

"And you are really going to marry him, Ann?" I exclaimed, sorry chiefly on my own account.

"Well, you see, ma'am, he's agreed to give up smokin' an'—an'——"

"And starched bosoms," I ventured to add, hoping to help her out.

"Well, no 'm," said Ann, in a wavering voice. "Maybe I've been too yieldin', but seein' I've taken to wearin' starched collars it don't seem more'n fair for me to give in to his wearin' starched buzsoms."

Consequently a few weeks later we lost our faithful Ann.

### Insurance of Babies.

One of the flourishing industries of New York is the insurance of babies. More than one company is engaged in the traffic, and it produces a lucrative income. The sum paid is usually 5 cents a week on each child, and collectors have to trot about in a lively fashion to make anything like a decent income. The system is productive of good in so far that it assures very poor people against being put to extremes in the event of a death in the family. On the other hand, the possible and even probable abuses are obvious, for it gives heartless parents a direct personal interest in the death of one who is entirely at their mercy.

### PLUMBER AND KING.

A plumber went forth to plumb
To a king's palace by the way,
And when his half-day's work was done
Presented his bill without delay.
The king brought for him his bags of gold,
His diamonds, and his jeweled crown;
The plumber credit gave for them—
And took a mortgage on the throne.

## SIDNEY'S SWAMP ANGEL.

*THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF A SIX POUND GUN.*

**It Was Purchased From the Russian Government With Alaska—A Salute Was Fired in Honor of Judge Burke Which Broke All the Windows in a Steamboat.**

The San Juan brought from Port Madison, by way of Seattle, a 6 pounder cannon to Sidney, says the Seattle *Press*, and it will be used occasionally to let people in out of the way places know that Sidney is at home, and able to shoot her own cannon. The gun in question, while being a good cannon of Russian manufacture, is in itself quite an interesting relic, and will be prized by Sydney people.

When the United States Government bought Alaska from the Russians in 1867 for $7,200,000, two gunboats came into our hands with the other personal effects acquired. The Politskofsky, one of the gunboats, was bought by George A. Meiggs, Esq., of Port Madison, on board of which were seven iron cannon, ranging in size from 6 pounders to 24 pounders. The cannon were stowed away in the warehouses at the mill and, except occasionally, have been little used.

One of the 24 pounders was trundled out onto the wharf to fire a salute to Judge Thomas Burke, when that gentleman spoke at Port Madison when he was running for delegate to Congress. Mr. Hoffman, an old artillerist, now clerking in the auditor's office, was installed gunner for the occasion, and he gathered up all the powder in Port Madison, amounting to 16 pounds, and put it all into one charge. He intended at first to turn the cannon onto the town, but knowing from experience the effect such a shot would have on the windows, dishes, etc., he pointed the gun out across the stream.

When the boat with the worthy candidate and his friends rounded into the harbor and came abreast of the cannon, he turned her loose. The report was thunderous, and the concussion so great that not a light of glass was left in the boat. People on the boat fell over backward, and for a short time everybody on board was paralyzed; unless it was Judge Burke himself. It is pretty hard to paralyze a candidate. The effect of the discharge on the town was almost as hard as on the boat. Windows fell out, dishes fell out of the cupboards, battens came off the houses, shingles flew into the air—even whitewash came off the houses, fences, etc. Mr. Hoffman didn't shoot the cannon again, because there was no more powder in town, and to that reason is probably due the fact that the agonized citizens didn't turn out en masse and chase him out of town.

Mr. Meiggs sold the Sidney people one of the 6 pounders, out of good will, at a most reasonable price, and expressed the hope that no accident would occur to any of our citizens, and also hoped the cannon would do her duty to this part of the county.

Mr. E. O. Lee took charge of the cannon, and at the suggestion of Mr. Rockwell the name of "Swamp Angel" was engraved on her breech.

### The Confederate Note.

[The following poem has been widely printed as a waif without literary parentage. The latest story about it was that it was found in 1886 in Liberty county, in the State of Georgia, written on the back of a Confederate note. The real author is Major S. C. Jonas, of Mississippi, who has for several years been a confidential clerk to Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar. The poem was written in 1865, and is published in a collection of Southern verses.]

Representing nothing on God's earth, now,
And naught on the waters below it,
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friends, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear,
To the tale this trifle can tell,
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled by and the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still,
Coin was so rare that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it;
It gazed in our eye with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.

But our boys thought little of peace or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue,
We knew if it brought us our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of its dream to its last;
Modest, and borne of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

### A Well Read Senator.

Years ago—35 or more—Timothy O. Howe, who was afterward Postmaster General of the United States, was traveling up the Fox River of Wisconsin in a scow. In a corner of the boat he stumbled across a short thick set young man, who was reading a big calf bound book. The young man was dressed like a lumberman, in a hickory shirt, and with his corduroy breeches tucked in long thick soled boots. Mr. Howe paused in wonderment at the contrast between the book and the dress. "What are you reading there, young man?" he asked. The young man turned up the volume, and the astonished Mr. Howe read "Tacitus." It was many years before the two men met again in Washington, and then Mr. Howe was high in the Government and Thomas Witherell Palmer was a candidate for Senator from Michigan. But Mr. Howe remembered the lumberman in the risen and rising politician, and he said he didn't wonder. This is the sort of man who has taken the presidency of the Columbian Exposition commissioners. The lad who could read Tacitus on a Fox River scow is not likely to lose his studiousness in later years, and Senator Palmer can still read Tacitus and more with pleasure. He is a traveler, a man familiar with nations and their tongues, and he is a diplomat.—[Chicago Tribune.

### TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

As when the sudden tempest airs do sweep
The gallant bark her strength and staunchness shows—
So when we're called to sail through sorrows deep
The star of faithful friendship brightly glows.

### Snappy Snippings.

People always long for money when they're short.

Done to a turn—The three-card-monte victim.

A London shopkeeper refers to love as a popular hearticle.

If a bread trust is formed the monopolist will surely take the cake.

The difficulty of climbing the extinct volcano of Iztaccihuatl must be most pronounced.

The wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little juven-ile.

Many a person who claims to be stage-struck turns out after a trial to be only stage "truck."

A Canadian, being lowered into his grave, groaned in time to be saved. He must have been thinking of the undertaker's bill.

### Her Conscience at Rest.

Fashionable Pastor—I trust, madam, that while you are suffering from this influenza your conscience is at rest.

Fashionable Pietist—Entirely. I have rigorously performed all my religious duties, and was just executing the last when you called.

Fashionable Pastor—Ah! What was that?

Fashionable Pietist—I bought a box for the charity ball.—[New York Truth.

### Smith's Stroke of Fortune.

Lawyer—Are you the brother of John Smith, of Nebraska, sir?

Smith—I am, but I haven't heard anything from him for years.

"Well, he died last month."

"Indeed! Did he leave anything?"

"Yes; he left everything he had in the world to you."

"Thank heaven! How much?"

"Eight children and the mortgage on the farm."—[Burlington Free Press.

### Felt Like a Faded Leaf.

Miss Oldun—No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies.

Hollings, '93—Oh, don't say that, Miss Oldun.

Miss Oldun—Why, I feel like a faded leaf among all these young buds. Do you ever press autumn leaves, Mr. Hollings? (Great embarrassment from '93.)—[Harvard Lampoon.

### Punishment Deserved.

"What are you whipping Jack for?"

"You know there was half a pie left in the pantry?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm whipping him for disturbing the piece."

### A New Marine Signal Shell.

A new shell, to take the place of all distress signals now used in marine signalling, such as rockets and firing of minute guns, which involve the loss of much valuable time, has lately appeared. It is intended that the shells shall be distributed about a ship, but particularly kept on the bridge within easy reach of the captain. When he desires to give a signal of distress, instead of losing time in loading and firing a cannon or touching off a rocket, he seizes a shell, pulls the cap off the detonator, scratches the fulminate with the rough edge of the cap, and throws the shell overboard. In twenty-five seconds there is an explosion, and a loud booming report is heard, while a column of water, flame and smoke shoots up for at least one hundred feet in the air. An extra appliance of a rocket is attached to the shell used at night, and this is thrown to a great height by the explosion, and itself explodes in the air. The tin cylinders of the shell then float about the water, and as they have the name of the ship stamped on them, they serve in time of disaster to tell of the ship they came from.

### An Old Instinct Asserted Itself.

With radiant smile and bewitching blush the young heiress placed her hand in that of the ardent young nobleman who knelt at her feet.

"I am yours, count," came softly from her lovely lips.

The count sprang to his feet in ecstasy.

"Zis ees ze happiest day off my life!" he exclaimed in the charming accent that so delights the ear of the romantic maiden of America, when uttered by a titled foreigner.

"My lofe," he said, drawing a ring from his pocket and slipping it on her tapering finger, "permeet me to present you zees leetle tokane off our enkachment."

And he tenderly jabbed a kiss upon it.

"Dear count," replied the blushing girl, "I will wear it forever. And now, in return, I know you will accept this ring from me and wear it on your little finger."

The count took it. As he turned it about in his hand and inspected it, a dreamy abstracted look settled on his face, and he murmured absent-mindedly:

"Meez, I couldn't possibly let you haff more zan feefty cents on zis piece off chewelry!"

### Will Help the Self-Helpful.

Newsboy—Please, mister, will you give me two cents to get a night's lodging?

Minister—But two cents won't pay for that, my little friend.

Newsboy—No, sir. But if I had two cents I could pitch with the other boys, and perhaps win a pile.

### THE TALE IS OLD.

'The tale is as old as the oldest hills,
'Twas old when the earth was young,
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills
Love's song wherever it's sung.
'Tis nothing but this: That a woman loves
As a river flows down to the sea,
And a man—see how old oceans moves!
Man copies him faithfully.

The sea is as bold as the wind and tide
May choose, and it shakes the shore;
As it cuts a swath in the sands so wide
With a boastful surging roar.
But over the bar the waves are less,
Where old ocean salutes the river,
And she gives her all—and he, ah, yes?
What does old ocean give her?

The tale is as old as the oldest hills,
'Twas old when the earth was young,
The gloom of it—aye! the joy of it fills
Love's song wherever it's sung.
'Tis nothing but this: That a river flows
As a woman lives for her lover;
And the sea? Who watcheth the water knows
The likeness he shall discover.
—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

### MRS. HAYES' FATAL PRESENTMENT.

**A Pathetic Story Which is Vouched for by the Ex-President.**

A pathetic story of the late Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, and one that is said to be vouched for by the ex-President, is printed in the January number of the Ladies' Home Magazine. It is as follows:

Some of her nearest relatives had died of paralysis and she had a premonition that she, too, would pass away with the same disorder. She had a long talk with her husband on the subject about three years ago. He endeavored to chase away her fears with light and kindly words. Early last autumn, just about the time of the anniversary of the death of her brother, who had passed away in paralysis, she spoke of her premonitions again. Her fears now amounted to an absolute conviction, and she spoke of her end by paralysis as an event certain to take place. None of the endeavors of her husband to turn her thoughts to a more cheerful subject could avail. She quietly insisted on arranging with him her business and other affairs. She put her house in perfect order.

"And now," she finally said, "if I be stricken with paralysis, as I believe I shall be, I will not, as you know, be able to speak. But perhaps I still may be able to hear. You may ask me then whether my mind is serene and clear, whether I am at ease and free from pain. For the answer yes to these questions I shall press your hand. If I cannot truthfully reply in the affirmative, my hand will not clasp yours."

Three days after this what she feared would happen came to pass. She was suddenly stricken down with paralysis. Her organs of speech were benumbed. She could not utter a word. Then all she had said came sadly back to the memory of her devoted husband. Looking down into her shining eyes, he took her hand in his and asked the questions which days before she had suggested:

"Wife, dear, are you at ease? Is your mind serene and clear and are you free from pain?"

Slowly the poor white fingers closed on his hand, giving a gentle reassuring pressure. The next day the brave and loving wife was dead.

### NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

The preacher forgets to pray,
When the people forget to pay.

Sunday School Teacher—What caused the death of Lot's wife? Tommy Jones—Salt Rheum, I guess.

"Well, cook, and what did you think of it?" "Lor', mum, she sang beautiful—just as if she was a gargling."

Jones—I say, Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call? Brown—Oh, just luck.

"Hans, did you see the doctor about your headache?" "Yes; he said that I must not drink any spirituous liquors." "Not schnapps?" "I forgot to ask him about it. Perhaps he would let me take that."—[Fliegende Blatter.

The Law Invoked.—First Doctor—Say, there's an unlicensed physician in town curing people right and left." Second Doctor—Curing people? Good gracions! We must have him arrested."—[New York Weekly.

Result of the Carpenter Strike.—Friend (to Chicago carpenter)—You won the day, I understand. Striking Carpenter—Yes, indeed. The bosses had to come down to 8 hours. Friend—Any immediate result? Striking Carpenter—Well, yes. Friend—What is it? Striking Carpenter—Landlords have raised the rent on us.—[Texas Siftings.

Knew the Sex.—Good Minister—I am exceedingly gratified at the wonderful increase in the attendance of men at our Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evening prayer meetings. For the past three weeks the church has been thronged with men. His Wife—It's house cleaning time.—[New York Weekly.

Great Dailies of the Future.—Editor Great Daily (a few years hence)—Did you succeed in hiring that man who is so good at getting up questions for people to answer—'What Would You Do if You were Governor?' 'How Would You Like to be Rich?' etc. Business Manager—Yes; got him under contract yesterday; also the man who makes puzzles and diagrams. Great Editor—Good! How about the colored supplements and chromos? Manager—Got them all fixed, too. We'll have a ton for to-morrow's edition, and I have arranged with a syndicate for 20 columns of illustrated clippings from old books and magazines every day, and 40 columns on Sunday. Great Editor—Glorious! Go notify the editorial and reportorial staffs that we will have no further use for their services.—[New York Weekly.

### An Oversight.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Prohibitionist—Ah, yes; I had meant to give you a copy of the *Voice*. Here you are, sir.

Jean Ingelow, although nearly sixty years of age, looks still quite young.