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MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 49. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 985.

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 10:30 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,
Aug 9 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., west of Post Office, Frostburg, Md.
Dec 21

IN VAIN.

A bark, one radiant summer day,
Sailed joyfully out on a placid sea;
Lightly it danced on its glandsome way,
Like a thing of life so bright and free.
The sun shone bright in the azure sky,
Soft, fleecy clouds drifted calmly by;
The blue waves rippled and murmured low
Of peace and rest in their ceaseless flow;
And the bark sailed on.

A watcher stood on the lonely shore,
And smiled through the tears while she waved farewell
To the gallant craft, as from her it bore
One who was dearer than words could tell.
Still her sad eyes watched till sail and spar
Were lost beyond the horizon's bar;
Then she turned with a sigh to the world again,
While her poor heart throbbed with its anxious pain,
And the bark sailed on.

The sad waves grieved in the autumn gale,
And tossed their crests 'neath the wintry skies;
But the gleam of the white returning sail
Gladdened never the watcher's eyes.
And the summer sun looked brightly down
On the sloping roofs of the seaport town;
But the treacherous sea no token gave
Of the sailor's fate, or the restless grave
Where the bark went down.
—[Edith B. Maynard.

DAISY'S FARM.

Daisy was engaged, and her betrothed was receiving the merry congratulations of the family, consisting of her uncle, her aunt, and nearly a round dozen of cousins.

Wharton Hill, a young lawyer, slowly winning name and fame in his profession, was being vigorously handshaken and noisily welcomed by the Truemans when Ned exclaimed:

"Perhaps you didn't know that Daisy was an heiress, Wharton?"

"Ned—don't!" said Daisy, reproachfully.

"A landed proprietress," cried Tom. "I don't refer to the paltry six hundred a year she draws from her father's estate, but to her own property."

"Her farm, in fact!" cried Sue.

"Yes; her farm," echoed Ned, coming to the front once more. "When you are tired of the law you can start gentleman farming upon your country seat."

After they were all gone, having jested a long time on this subject, Wharton was surprised to see tears in Daisy's soft brown eyes.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"They don't mean to hurt my feelings," Daisy said gently, "but they will jest about my farm, and—and—I don't like it."

"Then you really own a farm?"

"It is not a valuable possession, as you will see when I tell you about it. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors advised my father to send me to the country for a change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had married a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm.

"Such a farm, Wharton! The house has only three rooms, and looks as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it is slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to receive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care.

"Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old, and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having no one in the world who claimed kindred with her—no one but me to love, Margaret loved me with her whole heart.

"Six years ago, after father died and I came here to live with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It has been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursling."

"Some time we will visit it. You have not told me its locality."

"It is in Pennsylvania, nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles from the railroad. But you can always hire a carriage at G—— to go over to Corn's Mill, and my farm is very near Corn's Mill."

After this explanation Wharton bore the jesting about Daisy's real estate with perfect good nature, and declared his intention of erecting a palatial country seat upon the place when he became a millionaire and a judge of the superior court.

Being people of moderate desires, and having an income of about $600 apiece, Wharton and Daisy saw no reason to delay their wedding, and were married with a large assemblage of true friends around them. They went to housekeeping in a little house, modestly furnished, and were a very fair couple of specimens of "love in a cottage."

But Wharton Hill was very ambitious. Having studied his profession under great difficulties, often going hungry to buy needful books, often losing his night's rest to pore over knotty points, he was both fond and proud of his life work, and strove to win a good position therein. His love for Daisy—true, honest love—was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession, and after he was married he attacked his studies with fresh ardor, spending his time in his office when not actually engaged in the business of the court room.

Little Daisy, whose life was affection, found time often hanging heavily upon her hands, as Wharton became more and more popular and the number of his clients increased. But she was always ready with loving welcome when he did come to his home, and she knew that much of his ambition and ardor was for her sake.

The third year of her married life was nearly over, and her only child, Tom Trueman Hill, was 18 months old, when Wharton, ever busy and full of energy, began to complain of racking pains in his head and loss of memory. Often in the midst of an argument the thread of his speech slipped from his mind and cost a great mental struggle to be resumed.

He fought the symptoms bravely, but Daisy was full of terror at the change in him. He grew haggard and restless, oppressed with vague fears of loss of reason and really suffering great physical pain.

At last, much against his will, he allowed Daisy to call in the family physician, whose only advice was simple, but strongly urged, consisting of only two words, "perfect rest."

"The brain is overworked," he exclaimed, "and no medicine will avail while he persists in study and practice. Get him away if you can. H'm—this is May—a good time for a country trip. Take him to the country, Mrs. Hill."

Wharton rebelled. It was ruin to his office, where cases of importance were in his hands. He must work or they might all starve. He would decline some of the practice offered him; would take little trips during the summer; would, in short, temporize.

And then Daisy—little brown eyed Daisy—whose voice was as soft as a flute, who was scarcely larger than a well-grown child of 12, put her foot down! Such a mite of a foot! It was absurd to imagine that it had any weight in the world's machinery; but it was down, and Daisy kept it there. Tom was a lawyer, and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There was her farm—a poor place, to be sure, but at least a house, and with some furniture in it, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, possessing purest air and water. With $600 a year they would not starve, and there was a nest egg in the bank in case of an emergency.

Wharton pshawed! Wharton fumed. All in vain. Resolute little Daisy packed trunks, arranged the household, engaged a half grown girl to accompany them as child's nurse, and enlisted the entire Trueman family on her side.

And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained the various points at issue to Tom Trueman, and, accompanied by wife, child, and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickety old wagon containing the party and baggage entered an enclosure that had once been a fence, and the family took possession of Daisy's farm.

The prospect was not encouraging. The house had not improved in years of emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's brave heart sank as she looked at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, and shaky windows. But she only said, covering her dismay with a cheerful smile:

"We are here, and we must make the best of it!"

Jennie, the nurse, proved a treasure, and the women were soon busy putting things to rights, while Wharton took Tom on an exploring expedition over the estate.

There was a queer look in his eyes when he came back just in time for dinner, but he simply remarked:

"I can't quite trust my own head yet, Daisy; but isn't there a postoffice at Corn's Mill?"

"Yes; the mail goes out twice a week."

"Give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, like a dear."

"Now, Wharton, that is not resting."

"I'll only write a dozen lines, dear."

The dozen lines being written and posted Wharton seemed to find an unfailing source of amusement roving about the farm, poking holes in the ground with a short cane, often kneeling down to examine the earth so turned over. Daisy hinted at planting some vegetables, although she added, despondently:

"I don't suppose they will grow if we do."

"Never mind the pease and beans now, love; wait until we have an answer to my letter," replied her husband.

A week later, when June was young, the answer came in the person of two men—one white haired and absent minded, the other young and emphatically business like. Wharton gave them cordial welcome, and after partaking of a substantial luncheon the three men started out for a walk over the farm.

"Little Daisy, intensely happy in the knowledge that Wharton had not had one dizzy turn since their arrival on the farm, that he had the appetite of a ploughboy, and was cheerful and full of animation, was busy baking a batch of pies when the three gentlemen returned to the house. She could see them from the kitchen window as they came along the neglected path, and she noticed that Wharton's eyes were full of exultation, his face flushed, his carriage erect. He looked as if he had heard good tidings, and all three were talking earnestly and eagerly.

Daisy wondered a little, and scorched one of her pies. While she was carefully paring the burned edge of crust the kitchen door opened, and Wharton, heedless of her big apron and bare arms, ushered in the strangers.

"Mrs. Hill, accept my congratulations upon your good fortune," he said, bowing with great deference.

"In scorching my pies?" laughed Daisy.

"In owning 15 acres of coal land."

"I don't understand," faltered Daisy.

"This farm, my dear, your legacy from your old nurse, is one solid bed of coal, and there is no mine within nine miles of it. Nobody knows how much lies beyond your fences in the vacant land around us, but in my mind's eye I see this a colony of miners."

"Are you sure, Wharton?"

"I suspected it the first day we came, but having no experience I wrote to one of my clients in Pottsville to send me an experienced hand to see if my suspicions were correct. These gentlemen confirm them."

"There is no doubt about the coal, madam, nor any about its lying so near the surface that it can soon be available," said the old gentleman.

"The question is whether you will sell out or open the mine yourself. I am authorized to make you an offer if you wish to dispose of the property," said the young stranger.

"Time enough for that," said Wharton. "I will return with you to Pottsville."

"Wharton—no business."

"Don't fear, Daisy; this kind of business will not injure me. You will let me decide in this matter?"

"Certainly!"

And the decision, after Wharton had spent a month in Pottsville, was to sell out to a company that was already buying up the vacant land surrounding the farm. The young lawyer knew nothing of mining and had no desire to learn, but he was no fool, and he made satisfactory terms for the sale of the estate, and Daisy returned home a wealthy woman.

A European trip restored health to the young lawyer, and he resumed practice a year after, with every prospect of one day realizing his vision of fame, while little Daisy, still rather dazed at her good fortune, entered upon domestic duties in a grand house, with servants, carriage, horses, plate, and jewels.

"It is like a fairy tale, Wharton," she said, "to think of that miserable place being worth so much. Poor Margaret little realized the fortune she was bestowing upon me when she left me all she possessed—her farm."

The Trueman cousins, sharing in all of generous Daisy's gifts and entertainments, no longer jest derisively, but speak in the most respectful terms of that precious legacy—Daisy's farm.

Wonders of the British Museum.

"Max O'Rell isn't coming to America this year," said Major J. B. Pond, "but Louis Fagan, the master of prints of the British Museum, and the only living man who can put his hand on every volume in that wonderful collection, is coming to tell the people on this side of the water about the treasures of the museum. I had heard it said," quoth the major, who is as brown as if he had been with Stanley in Africa, "that Mr. Fagan could, in just two minutes after demand made on him, produce or locate any treasure in his charge. It has also been said that everything worth keeping is kept under the roof below which he reigns supreme. When introduced to him I asked casually if he would let me look at a copy of the 'Vermont Farmers' Almanac,' a pamphlet I hadn't heard of since my boyhood, and which I didn't suppose any Vermont farmer even had ever preserved. 'Certainly,' said he, touching a bell and calling an old attendant, to whom he gave a slip of paper containing the name of the thing desired and its location. In just 110 seconds the old attendant came back with a complete file of that almanac."

He Stumped Out.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy; that's what I come for."

"You like her immensely, don't you?"

"Of course, I like her very much. Don't you think she's nice?"

"Well, I have to, cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight until I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it."

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh, nobody but sister!"

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?"

That young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.—[New York Ledger.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

A new fountain pen is called the Office-Holder. It doesn't work worth a cent.

When a hen makes a dead set for a family she gets it if she has half a chance.

A woman may refuse a man her hand, yet be perfectly willing to give him her arm.

Emile Zola is anxious to visit this country. No one will have any objection as long as he comes in the original French.

The claim that telephone business is conducted on sound principles seems plausible, but really it is supported merely by hearsay evidence.

When the boys on the schoolship Saratoga begin their first cruise the most pertinent order and one that won't be promptly obeyed will be, "Avast heaving!"

He—Miss Wayting, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you.

She (shyly)—You never tried.—[Burlington Free Press.

First Woman—Mrs. Gottim told me that she's going to celebrate her tin wedding soon.

Second Woman—Well, that's appropriate. You know she married for money.

"I regret to say, gents," said Mr. Johnson, stopping the dance in "partners to the center," "de ice cream man's here, but he won't leave de viand till he's paid, an' as all my cash uz los' in de nex' room on de dice, ef it is de wish of de company dat de ice cream be lef, it'll be my duty to collec' a small sum from each gent."

PASSING EVENTS.

Ninety-five cremations have taken place in the crematory at Cincinnati. The crematory has been built only two years.

A cat at Tombstone, Arizona, is rearing three young wildcat kittens that were captured in the woods by her master. She takes the best of care of them.

John Charvous, a reformed cannibal from the Fiji Islands, is lecturing. He says he never did anything in his life that he regrets so keenly as the eating of his fellow men.

The largest single dock in the world was opened on March 12 last to the waters of Port Jackson in Sydney harbor, New South Wales. It has taken in one steamer of 6,990 tons and had room to spare.

Next summer, says the Toronto *Telegraph*, when the new Canadian Pacific Railway steamships are on the Pacific, a passenger may go around the world by way of that line and the Suez Canal in 53 days.

The King of Sweden recently received a letter from a young farmer who had been drafted for military service, begging his majesty to release him and let him join his relatives in America, who had just sent him a passage ticket. The king did so.

The late Herr Sigg, of Zurich, was in early life an acrobat. His performances so pleased the King of Siam that that monarch appointed him lord high somersault turner—or something of that sort—and afterward lord high chancellor of the kingdom.

The Apache Indian, when he gets a new plug hat, cuts out the top and lets his raven locks float out and dangle all around. At this the paleface cachinnates and makes many funny remarks. But did any paleface ever see a bald headed Apache?

A prominent Southern man recently confessed that he was never afraid of but two things. "One," he said, "was the Yankee army and the other is my wife." The army is disbanded, but he has his wife with him yet, so there is no fear of his being a rebel.

It is a fact that within a few years there has been a very notable increase in the number and varieties of song birds in the parts of New Jersey which are adjacent to Philadelphia. The fact is ascribed to the more strict enforcement of the game laws.

The sand along the banks of the Columbia River, in Oregon, is an obstacle to railway traffic, almost as difficult to overcome as the snow blockades during the winter. Nearly every train is delayed on account of the ever shifting sand hills covering the track.

Postage stamp dealers are in all large cities on the earth. J. B. Moeus, of Brussels, Belgium, is acknowledged to be the leading dealer and philatelist of the day. He has an immense establishment in the Galerie Bortlere of the Arcado Madelaine, and his investment in the business must be upward of a million francs.

A number of women at Washington, at the suggestion of Susan B. Anthony, have formed an organization called the Wimodaughsis, with a capital stock of $25,000 in $5 shares. Its object is the education of women in political science, in art, literature, and physical culture. A building is to be procured for the use of the association.

Thirty thousand pounds for a clock has just been paid by one of the Rothschilds. The clock was a beautiful specimen of the Louis XV period, which had been given as a wedding present to the Countess Fitzwilliam many generations ago, and had been kept as an heirloom at one of the family seats, Milton Hall, Northamptonshire.

J. H. Youngclas, of Duncombe, Iowa, has lost four young horses from hydrophobia within a short time. The animals seemed to suffer intensely, biting themselves and tearing their flesh in a terrible manner. One of the horses was bitten by a mad dog about a month ago, and had succeeded in biting the other three before the nature of the malady was discovered. The rabid canine was killed by a cow which he attacked but did not succeed in biting.

While fishing at Ormond, Fla., a fisherman hooked a 2-foot shark. Upon pulling him in he found that on the upper hook was the head of a small shovel nosed shark, and on the lower hook the aforesaid 2-footer. It appears that the larger shark found the smaller one hooked, devoured him up to the head, and then, taking the bait of the other hook, was in turn caught. The opening of the larger shark disclosed the above fact. The small one was about 16 inches long.

Bulls of a German Professor.

The prize medal for absent mindedness during lectures must be awarded to a German professor named Johannes Amer, who recently died in Vienna. One of his pupils had a list of his remarkable sayings, among them the following: "Julius Cæsar disguised as a slave, swam naked across the Tiber." "Alexander the Great was born in the absence of his parents." "The Swiss are a mountainous nation, but in Scotland the climate does not begin till October." "Hogs were invented in Asia Minor." "Thus arose a general war on page 94." "The third Tunic war would have been over much sooner had it commenced a little earlier." "Covered with countless wounds Cæsar fell dead near the statue of Pompey; with one hand he drew his toga over his face, while with the other he called for help."

Speaker Reed's favorite book is said to be Carlyle's "Revolution."

George Darling, brother of Grace Darling, the only surviving member of the family, is living at Sea Houses, North Sunderland, Eng. He is over 70 years of age. A public subscription has lately been made for him.

THE SHELL GAME.

"Just Guess Where the Little Green Pea Is, Gentlemen."

Familiar to every one who has ever visited the race track or attended a country fair is the shell game. The outfit is very simple, much more simple than almost any other outfit known to the art of gambling. There is a little table about a foot square set on three legs. The legs fold up into a cane, and the top of the table, being of cloth on a little frame, rolls up into a small cylinder like a black ruler.

When the police come, and they are always coming when the games are in progress, presto! the top of the table vanishes into an inside pocket and the legs go off in the shape of a walking stick.

The rest of the outfit consists of three empty walnut shells, or rather three half shells, and what looks like a green pea, but which is really a little green cube.

The game consists of juggling the pea under the shells and guessing under which shell it is. The juggling looks easy enough, and almost any bright eyed man would swear he could tell under which shell the pea is after the juggling is over. In fact, the shrewd juggler does his work in such a way that the eye can easily follow the pea and thus convince the beholder that he knows where to place his money.

But there is a trick. It comes in just after the man has made up his mind that he knows where the pea is and is reaching for his money. Quick as a flash the fakir changes the position of two of the shells.

When the man who knows where the pea is looks up he sees the shells in apparently just the same position they were before, and he antes his cash, and with a look of eager triumph indicates the chosen shell. The juggler lifts it from the board, and underneath there is—nothing.

Angry, hot, and excited at being beaten, he bets again and again, wins once or twice, but finally loses all and goes away disgusted. Sometimes he "catches on" to the trick and begins a regular run on the table. Here the juggler's confederate comes to the front, and when the sharp man bets $5 he bets $20. If the sharp man goes $15 he raises $20, till he crowds him out of the game, very much after the manner of the "bluff" in draw poker.—[New York World.

How She Brought Him Around.

Softly shone the subdued light of the solitary gas jet in the parlor of the Bilderback mansion on the avenue, and soft was the voice of the abashed young Erasmus Shackelford, who sat on the edge of his chair, mopped his heated face, and smiled with a kind of papier mache smile at the entrancing young woman in the dazzling aureole of whose auburn hair he had fluttered in agonizing captivity for months and months.

"Miss Viola," he said, clearing his throat and speaking with every inflection of a man about to say something, "you will not be surprised, I presume, if I—if I express the feeling, the—the opinion, as it were, that—that it's pretty hot this evening?"

Erasmus gave his face another frenzied swipe with his handkerchief and subsided into palpitating silence.

"No," replied Miss Viola, with a smile that brought a large and ecstatic lump of something or other up into his throat, "I am not surprised, Mr. Shackelford. You made the same observation earlier in the evening."

"Y-yes," he gasped. "I believe I did. It—it was not an entirely new remark. In fact, it was a kind of a—of a chestnut, I suppose."

The agitated youth made another effort to crush down the lump in his throat.

"And I—I feel, Miss Bil—Viola, as if I were a—a kind of—of observation myself that was getting tiresome. Haven't I been—been observed here a little too often? Do I seem to be a—a chestnut" —and as he moved his handkerchief over his glowing face in tremulous jabs, his voice took on a despairing sound—"a sort of—of roasted chestnut?"

"No, Erasmus," slowly answered the maiden. "When a chestnut is roasted it pops."

The conscientious historian is bound to record the fact that at this point Erasmus immediately popped. —[Chicago Tribune.

The Arab Woman.

The Arab woman, save in rare and pleasant exceptions, is hardly what the poets and painters have shown us. If she be graceful or beautiful it is extremely difficult to discover it; and she possesses neither of these attractions after she is 25, for she is a "wife" at from 12 to 14 years of age, whatever that station or condition means among the Arabs. All there is about this being to become ecstatic over is that subtle prompting of the poetic fancy which ever, to the male mind peculiarly, blooms like the rose in any soil of apparent coyishness and mystery in the gentler sex. The Arab woman is simply a vacuous, insensate, voiceless, and dreamless human animal, sheeted like the dead in the streets, and dead to the world when within the four windowless walls where the majestic being who owns her keeps her penned. You can make nothing more or less of her.—[Boston Transcript.

More Than One Way.

"How much be them pants, anyway?" asked the farmer.

"Three seventy-five," answered the clerk.

"Yes, same old price. 'Taters worth half what they uster be, corn 'way down to nothin'; oats way down, butter down, eggs down—I'd like to know, by golly what keeps pants 'way up, bub?"

"Suspenders, perhaps," suggests the funny clerk, and the old man went out, muttering something about he guessed 't was safety pins, p'r'aps, in some cases.

A COMPARISON.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bum'l bees,
A-knowin' that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I really don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun'
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down,
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The flowers, the birds and the bum'l bees,
An' a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease, an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me, 't ain't half as tough
As livin' in the city.
—[James Whitcomb Riley.

AUBREY'S FAMOUS RIDE.

A Feat That Has Few Parallels in Physical Endurance and Bravery.

"The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country," said John F. Graham to a Denver *News* reporter, "was the ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly 800 miles through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert.

"It was about the year 1851 that Aubrey gave his wonderful test of human endurance before which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short heavy set man, 38 years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trail and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horseman, and although there were great riders in those days none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey. On a wager of $1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was 39 years ago that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent a half dozen of the swiftest horses ahead to be stationed at different points for use in the ride. He left Santa Fe in a sweeping gallop, and that was the pace he kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his foam covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep up with the rider, and he would have killed every horse in the West rather than to have failed in the undertaking. It took him just five days and nineteen hours to perform the feat, and it cost the lives of several of his best horses. After being carried into a room at the old hotel in Independence Aubrey lay for 48 hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was unanimously regarded by Western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains."

"What became of Aubrey afterward?"

"After his ride he became the lion of the West and was dined and feted at St. Louis as though he had been a conquering hero. He finally met his death at the hand of a friend. One day in 1854, in an altercation with Major Richard H. Weightman, the great rider was stabbed to the heart and dropped dead in a Santa Fe saloon. He was buried in an unknown grave, and all that is remembered of Aubrey is his remarkable ride. Weightman was tried upon the charge of murder, but was acquitted, and joining the Confederate army was shot at Wilson's Creek while leading his brigade into battle."

Live and Dead Ivory.

There is ivory and ivory, as I learned while talking with William Cooper, who spent two years on the Congo River. The so called "live" ivory is the quality most sought after, because it retains an elasticity which is not common to the "dead" ivory. The distinction between them is that the latter is taken from skeletons of elephants who have died a natural death, leaving their bones to bleach in the elements. Either is valuable enough, a single tusk of ivory on exhibition in 14th street, New York, being worth $800. It weighs something over 100 pounds. For ornaments the dead ivory answers as well as the other, so that it is at a discount of only 20 or 25 per cent. For billiard balls the dead ivory will not answer at all, because it lacks elastic qualities. Mr. Cooper says that Africa is full of dead ivory, because up to the present time traders have confined themselves to buying live ivory, as it costs them no more, and would bring a higher price; but he predicts that as the supply of tusks that have been taken from freshly killed beasts becomes less dead ivory will become a great and profitable African commodity.

Superficial Thought.

If it can not be said of any human being that he does not think at all, it can be said of very few that they think deeply, truly, and earnestly. While thought is a privilege so dear that none would be willing to forego it, it is strange that so many of us are content to partake so sparingly of it. Most of us skim over its waves without ever attempting to sound its depths. We think about many things, but seldom through anything. Yet the evils of this habit of superficial thinking are serious, though seldom brought into notice. One of these is the arrogance and self sufficiency which it frequently engenders. The old proverb: "A little learning is a dangerous thing," may be quite as pertinently applied to shallow