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MINING JOURNAL.

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

NINETEENTH YEAR—NO. 51. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 987.

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

CARPETS
—AND—
DRESS GOODS

WE have received from 20 to 25 NEW PIECES OF CARPETS for Fall trade. As stated, all are new patterns and as pretty as the looms can turn out. Prices of nearly all goods are going up, but we bought these early and will sell them at our same close figures. The way those

25-cent Striped Dress Goods

in the upper window melted away in the sunshine of a popular price proves that we

Know a Good Thing
WHEN WE SEE IT.

We have the best assortment of

Black DRESS GOODS
IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.

D. F. McMullen & Co.,
IRON FRONT,
Frostburg, Md.
Aug 16

DENTISTRY.
Dr. T. S. McELFISH.
Dental Office
OPPOSITE CENTRAL HOTEL, Main St., west of Post Office, Frostburg, Md.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

I fell in love with Phyllis Brown;
She was the nicest girl in town.
Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me; perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose!
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!
Such sylph-like elegance of pose!
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through!
Such golden bangs! Oh, every such
Was the superlative of much.

And educated! She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapeek,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch;
And every language born of Babel.
To read and speak them she was able.
So learned, pretty, rich besides;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Cresus would have graced;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair;
She met me half-way everywhere;
Accepted my civilities;
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I on parting held her hand
And felt that mute "You understand,"
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
I can not think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt!

One day I crossed the Rubicon;
I knew her father must have gone;
I rang her doorbell inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote:

"Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I've something else that I must do;
I'll see you later if we live."

I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give;
The servant shrewdly shook his head;
"She's busy, sir," he gravely said,
"Developing a negative!"
—[Nathan Haskell Dole.

DURSTON'S BURGLAR.

Richard Durston, bachelor, has always been afraid of burglars and susceptible of old maids. He could not remember the time when the dread of being robbed or sued for breach of promise was not upon him. In other respects he was quite courageous. He never seemed to feel nervous about dogs, lightning, or fire. He even dared to do right now and then. On the whole he was as plucky as the average man in spite of his conviction that the time would come when he would have trouble with a burglar and a suit at law with an old maid.

Durston, as you know, lives in a handsome house on an up town cross street. He has always held that the majority of burglaries are effected through the treachery of servants. He has, therefore, kept bachelor's hall for many years with the aid of only one assistant—an old woman—a kind of heirloom in his family. As he generally dines at his club he has managed to live very comfortably without keeping a boarding house for men and women who might be in league with robbers. His aged housekeeper is not ambitious. He feels confident that she will never sue him for breach of promise nor permit a burglar to make a breach in the house.

Durston's library and bedroom are on the second floor. The old woman sleeps in a back room on the floor above. She is very deaf, so when Durston wishes to call her he touches a button at the head of his bed. This sends a mild electric current through the reclining form of the housekeeper up stairs. She approves of this process in the belief that it tends to hold her rheumatism in check. It seems a very shocking way to treat an old woman, however. And then Durston must find it unpleasant to discharge a servant two or three times a day.

But revenons a nos burglar. One night last winter Durston reached home rather earlier than usual. As was his custom he examined the doors and windows in the lower part of the house and then went to the library. He found his smoking jacket and slippers in their accustomed place. A wood fire was crackling in the grate and a decanter of whisky and a box of cigars tempted him from the center table. Durston smiled contentedly as he drew an easy chair toward the fire. Life was very pleasant to him. He was one of those happy bachelors who have no regrets. Not that Durston lacked sentiment. Far from it. In fact, he was not at all what the world calls a practical man.

No; Durston was inclined to look at the romantic side of life, and as he smoked a perfecto and sipped his whisky and seltzer in front of the blaze that night he indulged in imaginings that would have shocked the hard headed housekeeper up stairs worse than did her private electric current the day the battery was overcharged.

Durston had for the moment forgotten all about old maids and burglars. He was in a condition of bodily and mental repose that drove into outer darkness all the unpleasant things of life. Finally the conviction came upon him slowly that it was time to go to bed. He fought hard against the proposition, but there was no escape for him. Looking at his watch he found that it was long after 1 o'clock. Turning out the lights in the library he entered his bedroom. He was still in a state of sleepy contentment. Just as he was about to put out the gas he was startled by a slight noise that seemed to come from the cellar. He listened intently. Five minutes passed, but there were no further sounds from below. Durston surrounded himself by perfect darkness and crawled into bed. But he could not sleep. That unlucky noise had rendered him feverish. The thought of burglars had destroyed his serenity of mind. His revolver lay on a chair by the bedside, and he kept his hand on it for some time. The weapon seemed to whisper to him: "Peace, Durston; go to sleep, my child. I will not go off until the burglar comes."

This assurance on the part of the pistol quieted Durston somewhat, and he was beginning to feel very sleepy again when he heard a light step on the stairs. There was no mistake about it. After keeping sullenly aloof for years Durston's burglar had come at last. At first our bachelor felt a cold chill creeping up his spinal column. Then, as the burglar carefully stole through the hall and entered the library, Durston was astonished to realize that he was lying in bed with a pistol in his hand, a house breaker in the next room, and that he was beginning to enjoy the adventure. The thought flashed through his mind that even a breach of promise case might not be as horrible as he had imagined.

"The reckless fellow seems to think that there's nobody in the house," chuckled Durston as he heard his visitor light a burner in the library. Then getting out of bed and stepping gently to the door of his bedroom Durston pointed the revolver at a small dark rather well dressed man who stood in the center of the library looking about him eagerly.

"Put up your hands, or I'll send a ball through you," cried Durston sternly.

The dapper little burglar saw at a glance that his game was up.

"Don't do anything rash," he remarked calmly, helping himself to a stiff dose of Durston's whisky and then lighting one of his unwilling host's cigars.

Durston was astonished and amused. "Now that I've got my burglar after waiting for him so many years, I might as well make a little pleasure out of him," he said to himself. Then to the burglar:

"You're a cool one. I congratulate you on your nerve. You will pardon me, however, if I ask you to take the trouble to lay aside your cigar for a moment and step to the telephone."

The burglar looked sharply at Durston, who still covered him with the revolver. There was that in the bachelor's face that shook the coolness of the intruder. He walked quickly to the telephone.

"Take down that pamphlet there," continued Durston. "Now look up the 'call' for the —— precinct station house. Have you found it?"

"Yes."

"Ring up the central office."

The burglar sullenly turned the crank.

"You know what to do now. Go ahead."

A glance at the revolver was sufficient for the frightened little man. He briskly gave the required number to the operator.

"Is this the —— precinct station house?" he asked after a time. "All right. Wait a moment."

"Tell them you're a burglar and want a policeman sent here at once to arrest you," commanded Durston, smiling grimly.

"Will one policeman do? they ask," said the burglar.

"Use your own judgment in that matter," remarked Durston politely.

"Hello! hello! Yes; one will do very nicely. Hurry him up, please. Yes. Thank you. Good night."

"You did very well," commented our bachelor. "If you robbed as cleverly as you telephone you would not be where you are now. I must put you to the inconvenience of stepping into my bedroom for a moment. I want my housekeeper to see a nice little burglar who has ordered his own arrest."

Durston, with his pistol still in hand, touched the electric button at the head of his bed. A few moments later the housekeeper, en neglige, entered the library. With a cry of despair she clasped the burglar to her bosom.

"My son, my son, why are you here?"

Durston was amazed. He had not known that his housekeeper had a history.

"Is this one of your boys?" he yelled at her.

"My only son," she sobbed. "I have not seen him for twenty years, but I recognized him at once. Is he a friend of yours, Mr. Durston?"

Our bachelor knew not what to say. His housekeeper, as I have said, was an inheritance from his parents, and he had always been fond of her. She had taken good care of him all these years, and he hated to tell her that her son was a criminal.

"Yes," he shouted, "he dropped in to have a cigar with me. I knew you would like to see him, but he is obliged to go now. He wants to catch a train for Montreal. Kiss him farewell. He won't be back for some time."

"Thank you, sir," murmured the burglar. "You have a good heart."

A few minutes later Durston stood on the front steps of his residence and watched his housekeeper's son as he hurried down the street.

"What shall I say to the policeman?" was the problem vexing him.

You remember the mysterious item that appeared in the newspapers the next morning. Durston explained his telephone message on the ground that he had been suffering from nightmare. The above is the first public statement of the facts in the case. I hope Durston won't get into a scrape by this narration. As a good citizen he had no right to let the burglar escape.—[S. Van Zile.

STAGE TEMPTATIONS.

Helen Barry Says They Are as Few as Society's—Some Sharp Remarks.

"I do not think," said the distinguished actress, Helen Barry, to an interviewer recently, "that a woman on the stage is called upon to meet any more or greater temptation than a woman off the stage. If a woman is at all attractive she is bound to be brought face to face with temptation anywhere. She is sought after wherever she goes, whether it be shopping or attending social entertainments. So far as pretty women on the stage are concerned, it is more difficult to secure an introduction to them than it is to pretty women who are not connected with the theatrical profession at all.

"At all first class theaters a strict rule is enforced," she went on, "that no strangers are allowed on the stage, and managers of theaters do not introduce their friends to people on the other side of the footlights except under extraordinary circumstances. In fact, the nearest approach to anything of that sort with which I am acquainted is where the manager introduces to the company an author whose play he has accepted for production, or whose production he contemplates." She added: "I often have to laugh at the idea which people unacquainted with the theater have concerning the lives of the people connected with the stage. They are entirely ignorant of such matters, and their ideas are absurd in the extreme. To them it is all frolic and fun and pastime. The exact reverse is, of course, the condition of things. To an artist of position the life is as hard as it can be. It is all work, and when that work is finished I, for one, think of nothing but rest."—[New York Journal.

MARVELS OF SURGERY.

The Brain Probed With Steel and Hearing Restored to Mutes.

To open the skull and penetrate the brain is not so common a surgical fact that it has ceased to be a wonder. Indeed, such an operation performed at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, has attracted the attention of the entire medical profession.

The patient, who is a physician, was thrown from his carriage last fall, striking heavily upon his head. He was removed to his home, where, upon examination, no external evidence of fracture of the skull was found. Later paralysis of the entire right side of the body was developed, and with it a complete inability to express his thoughts. In the course of time the paralysis of the body gradually disappeared, until the patient could move it satisfactorily, but the paralysis of the arm persisted, as was the inability to speak. After several months, and while in this helpless and well nigh hopeless condition, the patient was brought to this city. The physicians who examined him concluded that the trouble was due to pressure on the brain, especially on that part of it which governs the faculty of speech, and that this pressure was probably caused by a clot of blood, resulting from the rupture of a blood vessel within the skull cavity at the time of the injury.

Acting upon this belief, it was decided to open the skull, lay bare the surface of the brain, and remove the cause of pressure, if possible. To determine from the outside of a man's head the precise spot in the brain which governs any particular faculty or function is obviously a difficult task. After carefully mapping out the head by the most delicate measurements, the spot corresponding to the center of speech in the brain was found. Then the patient, having been rendered unconscious by ether, the surgeon, after the preliminary incision of the scalp, removed by means of a trephine a round disk of bone immediately over the spot indicated, somewhat enlarging with cutting forceps the opening thus made. The outer delicate membrane covering the brain was now brought into view. Beneath it lay a large dark mass of clotted blood, extending down into the substance of the brain. The clot was carefully removed, when the effect of its pressure was clearly perceived in the impoverished circulation of the part. The wound was then dressed with every precaution, and the patient was permitted to recover from the operation. The following night, for the first time after his injury, the patient was able to say "Yes" and "No." The condition of his right arm was also improved, and it is believed that he will eventually recover.

As a rule mutes are born deaf, but sometimes severe diseases in infancy destroy completely the sense of hearing. Under these circumstances even a partial recovery of hearing is extremely rare. A girl who is now 19 completely lost her hearing when 3 years old through an attack of cerebro-spiral meningitis, and in consequence was brought up as a deaf mute, attending until recently the school of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Fordham. Coming to New York this spring, she was placed under treatment with slight hopes of benefit. Her physicians ascertained that the delicate nervous apparatus of the internal ear was still sound, else the case would have been hopeless. Under appropriate treatment, combined with dilatation of the middle ear by inflation, improvement was soon noticed. In a month the young woman heard the ticking of a watch held 20 inches away and conversation at a distance of 10 feet, and then she began learning how to talk. A month later she could hear a watch at a distance of 5 feet and conversation across the room.

PURE AIR FROM ABOVE.

Project to Draw a Supply Through a Pipe 1,200 Feet High.

Prometheus, according to the story of Greek mythology, stole fire from heaven and brought it down to earth. It appears, says the Newcastle *Chronicle*, that the performance of a somewhat analogous service is gravely contemplated by the promoters of the Watkin tower, not fire, but pure air, being the useful commodity which it is intended to convey from the lofty height to the lower level for the benefit of mankind. The tower is to be not less than 1,200 feet—considerably higher than its prototype in Paris.

At this atmospheric point air, even in London, is declared to be absolutely pure; and it is proposed that by means of machinery specially devised for the purpose a supply of fresh air shall be drawn to the street level and thence distributed to houses and public buildings, as water and gas now are. The project, to the non-scientific mind at least, may look rather shadowy, albeit the object aimed at is so excellent and worthy that it is to be hoped that it may not be destined to remain in nubibus.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

HER PICTURE.

Thank God, no change or pain can ever come
To that fair pictured face on yonder wall,
With earnest eyes, and lips forever dumb,
That loved and trusted me through all in all.

Full many a time, when filled with deep unrest,
I watched it in the lamplight's quivering gleam
Until my soul with quiet was possessed,
And then it faded from me in a dream.

Sweet, gently curving mouth, that to me left
Its last smile in the last kiss that she gave.
Then closed, to leave me utterly bereft,
Until we meet again beyond the grave.

Soft eyes, within the firelight's fitful glow,
I scarce can see you, sorrowful and deep;
And yet, in darkness, as in light, I know
That never weary is the watch you keep.

Sweet eyes, brown eyes, so tender and so kind,
I doubt if living eyes could ever be
To all my faults and failures half so blind,
Or half so fond, or pitiful to me.

Time can not change those loving, earnest eyes,
So wishful for the love in mine they see;
Or watching o'er me in their sad surprise
And grieving for the grief that came to me.

Can you, then, blame me that I love this face,
That long ago became my dearest friend?
Or that I wish it, with its quiet grace,
To watch above me till I reach the end?
—[F. H. Curtis.

ODD CUSTOMS IN RIO.

Brazilians Behind the Times—Some Polite, Others Not.

It strikes the northern observer very forcibly, says a writer on Brazil in the New York Times, to see a house in course of erection and progress on the walls suspended while two men are ripping from great logs with a whipsaw the joists for the second floor. And yet for more than a month I have daily seen from the horse cars this old-time sawing going on, all construction on the building being meantime arrested. In fitting up an office for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which is establishing a branch here, the carpenter and cabinet work has all been done without the aid of wood-working machinery, the rough boards being ripped up by hand, and wrought with tools of the last century. The wood is exquisitely beautiful in grain, rosewood being employed for mouldings, and the workmanship is perfect, but the cost is excessive.

Recently the street car companies have put on baggage cars, which run at regular intervals, doing an express business along their routes. Singularly enough, this innovation has been appreciated, and has largely increased the revenues of the corporations. There is no system of delivering goods. If one buys anything the buyer has the porterage. Iron safes are carried by the porters. They charge so much for bringing it to one's place, and leave it at the door if one does not pay additional for putting it in position.

The Flumeneuses, as the people of Rio are called, are in some ways very polite and well bred; in others rude and vulgar. The men have a coarse habit of rudely staring at every lady that passes by, and a crowd on a street corner will never give way to let ladies pass through. If two or more Brazilians meet on the sidewalk and stop to talk they coolly obstruct the pavement and expect passers-by to take the roadway. The tram cars are not fit for a lady to ride in—the men all smoke, and usually very villiainous tobacco.

The Brazilian women are not pretty, and in the presence of gentlemen are usually shy. At a reception or soiree the gentlemen gather in knots and talk politics at the top of their voices, and the ladies sit around and talk—I know not what, for if a gentleman comes near they instantly stop short.

The men of native birth, as a rule, are low of stature and slender. But there are Brazilians of girth and commanding presence. The Brazilian women are dark, and not comparable to our northern beauties. They make good mothers, though rather indulgent; but social usage allows them no liberty, and their days are monotonous and without excitement. Their daughters are taught French. Music is a natural gift. They can embroider a little, but the world and what goes on in it is a sealed book to them. Until they are married they are never left alone in a gentleman's company. A young man can not call often and manifest any particular preference for a young lady without being asked if his intensions are serious. The mother has scarcely more liberty than the daughter. Her place is at home, and, be it said to the Brazilian's credit, the husbands, as a rule, are domestic in their habits. Their evenings are spent at home or at places of amusement with their wives and children.

And yet Rio de Janeiro has the reputation of being awfully wicked. While it is not a Sodom or Gomorrah, it is like Paris, London and New York in more ways than one. The young men are libidinous, and the lazar houses are filled with recruits from Paris, Bordeaux, Genoa, and Marseilles.

Drinking Too Much Ice Water.

"What a pity Mr. Blank drinks so," said a well-known West Philadelphia physician in the hearing of a friend of the former.

"Why, doctor, you astonish me," said the listener. "I have known Mr. Blank for twenty years and I never saw him take a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life."

"I don't suppose anyone else ever did, for I never knew him to either," replied the doctor.

"Then you were joking?"

"I was never more in earnest. Unless he changes his habit he will drink himself to death in six months."

"Now, doctor, drop your paradox. What do you mean?"

"I mean that he is killing himself with ice water. He drinks six or eight glasses of it every day in spite of my protests and it is killing him. The lining of his stomach has become so much affected that he cannot properly digest his food. He has lost his appetite and makes up for loss of food by swallowing more ice water. He complains of neuralgia and insomnia. I give him medicine, but insist on his drinking no water. He will agree to it when I see him, but he don't keep his promise. He says he cannot, and I almost believe him. I have treated many confirmed drunkards, but I never knew one more addicted to rum than Blank is to ice water. Before long he will be unable to digest any food; he will become dropsical, and death must ensue. I cannot make him believe his peril. He laughs at me, and I can do nothing in the matter. I am now trying to get him off on an ocean trip, in the hope that he will get seasick and have a terrible time of it. While he is recovering his appetite may return to him."

"Well, doctor, is this an isolated case?"

"By no means. There are not many cases so serious as this, but the harm done by drinking ice water is beyond expression. I do not wish to be construed as favoring alcoholic stimulants, but I state candidly that ice water is doing as much injury, if not more, than all the liquors that are drunk. It is the vice of the American people, and it must be suppressed. I sometimes wish there were not such a thing as ice in the country."

PAYING THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The American People Make an Unparalleled Record.

A statement of the debt extinguishment of our country since the war never ceases to be impressive. It reflects not only the growth, but the patriotism and prosperity of our people as no other statistical exhibit does. The mere fact is startling that 25 years ago, less than a generation, the public debt was $2,756,000,000, entailing an annual interest charge of $151,000,000, and it is now only $921,000,000, and the interest charge is but $29,500,000. The face of the debt has decreased to one-third its maximum size, while the interest charge has decreased to one-fifth its highest amount, owing to refunding at the constantly declining rates of interest. In the past 10 years a large proportion of the debt has been extinguished. At the time of the 1880 census the public debt was $1,919,000,000, and the interest charge was $79,500,000, so that in a decade the debt has been reduced $998,000,000, or say $1,000,000,000.

It will thus be seen that if the country remains prosperous and continues to be well governed it will be entirely possible to extinguish the entire remaining public debt in the next 10 years, so that the people of the United States could, if they choose, enter upon the twentieth century with a net surplus in the treasury. It has been the historic fiscal policy of our country to pay off its debt; we presume it will continue to be.

The present census will show 65,000,000 people in the United States, in all probability, and this will figure a debt at the present time of only $14 per inhabitant, which is small, while the interest charge of $29,417,603 entails a tax of less than 50 cents per year per inhabitant. Our readers will see from this how slight a burden the national debt is in comparison with the real taxation of the people, which is local taxation, ranging all the way from $9 to $19 per 1,000. The problems which confront this generation of Americans are not those of poverty, certainly.—[Boston Advertiser.

FASHIONABLE TIPPLING.

Other Ways of Getting Tipsy Besides Draining the Decanter.

The world knows the besotted creature at a glance, but the secret of the idle, aimless society leader is shared only by the physician and druggist. She does not go to the decanter for the nerve bracing tonic. It is not the wine merchant who profits by the tippling of fashion, but the uptown chemists, who fill the vinaigrettes of silver and crystal with the medicated lotions and stimulating salts; who supply the fragrant Egyptian cigarettes and the aromatic Turkish tobacco, and who concentrate into infinitesimal form the insidious cocaine, morphia, and chloral, and the pungent sal volatile, that sets the blood pumping through the veins, fires the fancies, and brightens the wits of the habitual patron.

The dilettante inebriate has her eau de vin, as well as her cologne and Florentine waters; she has her red lavender, medicated camphor ice; she has spirits of cardamons, opium pills, and, when everything else is exhausted, spirits of laudanum to produce the exquisite brain reeling that steals away the senses and veils the world with the hazy mist of intoxication.

These devices, it must be remembered, are not common, for the reason that it costs money to get drunk on extracts of chypre, white lilac or jasmine, that costs $1.25 a bottle, or $6 per pint.

Another resource to which the fashionable tippler is driven is the alcoholic vapor bath. Still another unhealthy form of fashionable dissipation is to be found in the bonbon tray. There are brandy cherries, five of which will suffice to make the average woman giddy, and a quarter of a pound completely destroy her senses. The "drop" candy used to contain wine, and resembled a cherry in size. Now the most powerful liqueurs are used, and the sugar plums flavored with absinthe, maraschino, or kirsch that an ordinary bonbonniere will hold are as "solacing" as anything in the line of "tonics" or "sedatives."

THE HOODED SEAL.

One of the Curious Residents of the Greenland Coast.

An interesting denizen of the ice fields off the Greenland and Labrador coasts is the stemmatopus, or hooded seal. This is an ungainly beast, often larger than an ox. He lies in a great heap on the ice, and is much the color of soot. On days when the sun is strong, as the spring advances, the oil [illegible] glistening skin. I have sometimes seen him lying so still, and bathed in his perspiration of oil, that I imagined him dead, and "rendering" out in the heat. The seal hunters call him the "dog hood," because he has a huge hood or membrane, consisting of blubber and a tough tissue several inches thick, which in the twinkling of an eye he can draw over his head. He is then safe from all ordinary assault, being shielded all over the body by several inches thick of blubber or fat, through which the heavy shot of the seal hunters' guns can not reach vital parts. The greenhorn delights to capture the pelt of a dog hood, but the experienced hunter is just as content to let the ugly brute alone.

A Hint to Stage Struck Girls.

A Washington street merchant says: I had a postal card this morning from a Chicago girl who had her head turned by the stage. No argument of her mother or friends could dissuade her from trying to become an actress. She ran away from home. She met with disappointment right at the start. Her postal card to me contains a volume. It is brief:

"I am sick, without friends, and have not tasted food for three days, because I can't get it."

I dare not tell her mother this news, for the dear old soul is already overloaded with grief. I have sent money to bring her home. Maybe this little story, if printed, will be the means of causing stage struck girls to do some thinking before it is too late.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT OATHS.

How People Swear and Where the Cuss Words Came From.

"You need not have looked severe because I said that I didn't care a dam," said a gruff old Senator in Washington. "That is not swearing. The expression has a very different meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in India is the smallest piece of money known, and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn,' from the Latin verb meaning to 'condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough, it seems almost invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallic writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it. 'People of that nation,' he remarked, 'have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go any where in England if you know that.'

"A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression. 'Go to the deuce.' People generally suppose that 'deuce' means 'devil,' whereas as a matter of fact it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'—'God.' So, when any one tells you to go to the deuce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare.

"Speaking of Latin reminds me that among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually swear by. Some swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules and Castor and Pollux, were also made use of in the way of oaths. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the 'Twins'—'By Gemini!'—the phrase whence we get our exclamation 'By Jiminy.' It was thought very improper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry 'Mecastor!'—'By Castor!' The Greeks swore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart his 'petit chou' or 'little cabbage.' 'By jingo' is from 'Jincoa,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tetedieu,' and so on. There chanced to belong to one of the ladies of the court a small dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of by the Deity, and hence came the pardieus and corbleus of later times. Pythagoras had a favorite oath which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four, which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection."

When Do Babies Become Intelligible?

The Listner may mention the case of a fond mother of his acquaintance who has a remarkable baby who, the mother insists, says "Mamma's little girl!" so distinctly that anybody in the world could make it out. And this is the way, exactly, that the baby pronounces it:

"Lubble, lubble, lubble!"

This is not nearly such plain English as a friend of the Listner's, now a man, and an honest and able one, who, when he was 2 years old, mystified the members of his family by calling out in the imperative mood:

"Bixit, baxit, cloxit!"

All gathered around and tried hard to make out what the youngster meant, but the most definite statement that they could get out of him was "Bixit, baxit, cloxit." At last, by dint of a good deal of pantomine, the child got them into the pantry, and indicated a particular place in it, and then his remark translated itself to them. What he meant to say was, "I want a biscuit, in the basket, in the closet!"—[Boston Transcript.