msa_sc5130_scm12191-0177 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

WEEKLY.

J. B. ODER, Publisher.

Subscription.....$1.50 per annum
Extras, 5 cents, for sale at Geo. H. Wittig's confectionery store.

Frostburg, Md.....October 4, 1890.

THE BETROTHED.

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good chercot—
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space,
In the soft blue veil of the vapor musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown—
But I never could throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town.

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and old—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold.

And the light of days that have been, the dark of the days that are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket—
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counselors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, silence in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a Suttee's passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the shadows fall,

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick O'Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-month clear,
But I have been Priest of Partaga a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

—[Rudyard Kipling.

Literary Collaboration.

John L. Sullivan and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are to collaborate on a novel.—[Exchange.

Chapter I—The dainty ormolu clock on the mantel had just chimed 8 in silvery tones when Algernon Percy de Villeford came to time looking fresh as a daisy. The match was to be to a finish, for Ethel Vane had told him it was to be their last meeting. Ethel's father acted as timekeeper. She did not make a move. It was evidently her tactics to wait for Algernon to force the fighting while she played for his wind. Algernon was foxy from the first.

"Algernon," she said, after considerable feinting, "I love you. My soul throbs with the subtle magnetism of your presence. Oh, love, love, is it not a horrible thing? See how it transforms angels into monsters and monsters into angels. When I am with you there is no time, no eternity—nothing but you. The sun shines that it may beam upon your face. The stars glitter only that their light may kiss the path that you are treading. Do not turn your head away. Do you not hear me? Can you not feel the blood that rushes through my hands, tingling to the refrain 'I love you! I love you!'"

Algernon came up groggy.

He spoke in monosyllables, undertaking a series of short arm blows. She made a gallant lead, but he countered.

"Ah—I—am—so—poor," he said. "Were I rich—but think of your family."

"What is wealth or position to me?" she cried.

He reached for her with both hands for a mad embrace. He was playing for her neck, but she caught him with a stunner over the heart.

His breath came heavily; he was evidently pretty well winded.

"Will you consent to brave the future and be mine in spite of my poverty and humble position?"

"Oh, Algernon," she murmered.

She had knocked him clean over the ropes.

"Palace in the Wilderness."

The name of the present site of the District of Columbia or Capital of the Nation was formerly a long and heavy Indian appellation—Conococheague (or Roaring Brook). When our forefathers in Congress moved from Philadelphia in 1800 the Capitol, then building, was derisively styled by those who preferred New York or Philadelphia as the seat of government as the "Palace in the Wilderness."

SALT IS GOOD.

A FEW USES OF A VERY COMMON AND HANDY ARTICLE.

It Is a Medicine—It Will Answer as a Deodorizer and Styptic—It Beats the Best Hair Restoratives—Is Good for Toothache and Dyspepsia.

"Salt is good." It is the language of inspiration as well as of therapeutics. In all the range of the household materia medica there is no remedy half so valuable as common salt, both because of its real curative properties and of its immediate availability. And, moreover, it has this advantage over more pretentious remedies, that seldom in case of over zeal or mismanagement can it be made to do mischief. If it doesn't heal it won't kill, at any rate. Here are some of the things it is good for:

Heated dry and applied to the outer surface over the seat of inflammation or congestion it will give almost instant relief, while applications of a strong hot solution of salt in water or vinegar acts like magic upon toothache, earache, neuralgic headache, and all that brood of distressing ills.

For catarrhal affections and sore throat a spray of warm water and salt is almost a specific, and is one of the standard prescriptions of the "nose and throat" specialists. For hay fever and those other slighter forms of nasal sensitiveness that induce a constant sneezing there is no remedy more quickly palliative and often curative than the vapor of heated salt and alcohol.

Put both in a tin vessel and heat over a flame. When there is a good showing of vapor place the vessel underneath a covering that envelopes the head as well, and inhale the vapor through both nose and throat. For influenza and ordinary colds this treatment is also excellent. Salt water baths are an excellent tonic; taken warm they are delightfully refreshing when one is heated or tired, and taken cold they are the best preventive in all the world of too great susceptibility to colds. One delicate woman who used to insist that she "caught cold on coming into the world and had never been without one since" became as indifferent to damp and draughts as a sailor after a year's trial of salt baths.

For those who have sensitive gums inclined to bleed on the slightest provocation, a mouth wash of salt and cold water used once or twice a day will harden the gums and prevent soreness. As salt is a styptic any slight bleeding may usually be checked by treating the part with salt and water. Persons who have tender feet will find them growing much less sensitive day by day if treated to a daily brisk rubbing with cold salt and water.

There is an old belief that salt water injures the hair, and a delightful old lady once explained to the writer the reason therefor.

"You see," she said, "the salt in the water is stronger than the hair in your head, and so the salt just draws the hair right out." Assuming this to be true, that salt water will draw the hair out of the head when it isn't otherwise specially inclined toward coming out, by good homeopathic reasoning we come to the conclusion that when the hair insists upon coming out of its own accord a vigorous treating with salt and water will put a stop to it. Whether the reasoning be true or not, the fact is. Not all the tonics you can buy at the hairdresser's will do your hair half the good, if it manifests a tendency toward falling out, that a daily scalp bath of strong salt and water will.

Besides all this, salt is good for the stomach. A pinch of it in hot water, taken either just before or just after a meal, is a valuable aid to digestion, and a cupful of very hot salt water will sometimes quiet the most persistent nausea.

Anything more that salt will do? Yes, the most grateful of all—cure the toothache sometimes. Will it really do that? A little girl who was told to put some in an aching tooth says so. "I just put in a little salt," she said, "and in a few minutes I felt the naughty aching nerve curl right down and go to sleep."

But there is one caution to offer. However beneficial the therapeutic action of salt may be, there is no question but salt taken into the system with the food in too great quantities is extremely harmful. It was the excessive use of salt, quite as much as the nervous strain of his campaign, that killed Horace Greeley, and there be those who declare that with many women the use of salt is a species of dissipation. Too much salt in the system dries up the blood and the healthy moisture of the membranous surfaces, and is evidenced by a dead yellow pallor of the skin, with a blanching of the lips and cheeks and a morbid craving for the condiment which nothing but its use in enormous quantities will satisfy.

Men of Weight and Wisdom.

The faces of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court fairly shine with good living, and upon each you see the writing that the owner has not a single care and that he has for life $10,000 a year. Justice Miller has received $280,000 in salaries from Uncle Sam, and Justice Field has carried in his inside pocket Uncle Sam's good drafts for $370,000. Bradley has received $300,000 from the Government, Harlan $130,000, Gray $90,000, and Blatchford's receipts have amounted to $80,000 in cold cash. Each will receive $10,000 more for every year that he lives, and he will get this whether he remains upon the bench or not. If he leaves it the Government will have to get a new $10,000 man to take his place, and Uncle Sam will be out $90,000 instead of $10,000 as long as he lives. There is no doubt that any one of these men can make more than this amount at the law and each is well worth the salary paid him.—[Philadelphia Press.

How It Affected Him.

Fogg—I don't believe in the beneficial results of ocean bathing. I had a friend who was seriously injured by salt water once.

Tenderly—How did it affect him?

Fogg—It drowned him.

Uses of Sawdust.

The uses of sawdust are daily becoming more varied. It has recently been utilized for the manufacture of paper pulp and sheathing paper. It has also been discovered that fine sawdust is unequaled for the dressing of wounds, and as a vehicle for medicaments or antiseptics. The sawdust, when freed from splinters and sharp bits of wood and used alone and dry, is a clean and pleasant dressing; it readily takes up and holds the discharges without packing or adhering, and is readily rendered antiseptic by any of the methods used in the preparation of antiseptic wool or cotton. It is suggested that the yellow pine sawdust, being rich in turpentine, would prove a valuable antiseptic application.

A Soft Answer.

We were married 37 years. In all that time my wife never gave me a cross word. I shall never forget the first time I chided her. It was on a Sunday morning, when we had been married about two years. I found a button off my shirt, and threw it across the room.

"Sew a button on," I said, in a brutal voice. She was a Christian. She got a button and sewed it on.

"And what did she say?" asked a little bristling woman, with snapping eyes.

"She said: 'Forgive me; I had a great deal to do yesterday, and forgot it.' Her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me."

THE NEW GAS GUN.

A Description of the New French Weapon for Infantry.

At headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles yesterday afternoon some interesting experiments were conducted with M. Paul Giffard's appliance for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive—or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. M. Paul Giffard's scientific reputation as inventor of the pneumatic tube and of the "Giffard injector," so largely used in connection with steam power, stands so high that any invention to which his name was attached would be worthy of attentive consideration.

The weapon now introduced by him, however, is something more than an ingenious appliance; it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gunmaker's art, but is applicable also to many other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future. The idea of using liquefied carbonic acid gas as a propulsive power is not new, but M. Giffard is the first who has turned it to practical account.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so far as one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism, in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a cartouche, is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smoothbore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas enough to discharge 220 shots, equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity to kill at 600 yards. There is no other explosive. The pellet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the loading is complete.

When the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no louder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke and no fouling of the barrel. In all these respects M. Giffard's gas gun seems to fulfill the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare, but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved. The inventor says there would be no difficulty in refilling the cylinders with gas on the battlefield, but it is obvious, even if that be the case, that reserve cylinders would have to be supplied to each man in order to make up the number of rounds now thought to be necessary, and, as the bullets would of necessity be carried in addition, the ammunition for a gas gun would weigh just as much as ordinary cartridges, weight for weight.

The charge of liquid liberated for each round is regulated by a milled screw, and each charge, as liberated, is contained in a special chamber, from which it is released by the pulling of a trigger. The bullet is dropped separately into an orifice in the breech lock. In the rifles shown the bullets were round, but elongated bullets can be used. When the guns were discharged a rush of vapor was seen issuing from the muzzles. But it instantly faded away, and the bullets flew with strict precision to the targets. Barrels which had been repeatedly discharged in the past two months were shown to have suffered no corrosion. The pressure of the gas and fluid in the above magazines was 500 pounds on the square inch, and this pressure is maintained up to the last drop of fluid. The preparation of the liquefied gas involves no mechanical power, but the needful pressure is got entirely by the chemical manipulation of ordinary substances, such as carbonate of soda.—[St. James Gazette.

JED TOMPKINS IN COURT.

How He Explained the Way He Came in Possession of a Sheep.

Near Fayetteville, Tenn., shortly after the recent cyclone which did so much damage in that State and Kentucky, old Jed Tompkins, colored, was hauled up before 'Squire Nason for stealing one of Colonel Ballentyne's sheep.

Before the trial the 'squire, the colonel, Jed, and several others were lounging in front of the 'squire's dingy office, all hands, with the exception of Jed, relating incidents of the terrible storm; the 'squire winding up with a tree on his farm from which the wind had stripped the bark, and the colonel "seeing" this with a brick wall on his place through which the tornado had driven a wheat straw.

On the trial the evidence was all against Jed, the colonel identifying the sheep which had been found hanging up on Jed's back porch.

"I'll have to hold you, old man, unless you can explain how that sheep came there," said the magistrate.

"Cain't 'splain, 'square," Jed answered. "W'en I got up in the mawnin' dat sheep was jes' lyin' dar."

"And you don't know who brought it there?"

"No, suh—'lesan de cyclome blowed it dar."

"Aha! 'Lesen de cyclone blowed it dar, eh? And did you ever see a cyclone that could skin a sheep?"

"No, suh, I cain't say as I has, 'lesan 'twar dat same cyclone what peeled 'Square Nason's tree and driv the straw throo Colonel Ballentyne's wall."

The 'squire pulled up his specs and took a long look at Jed, and the colonel arose and stated that he would not prosecute the case further, as this was the first cyclone that had ever blown any of his property into Jed's possession.—[Louisville Courier-Journal

Needs More Wings.

A German named Lilienthal, after experimenting for 23 years with artificial wings, has succeeded in raising himself, weighing 160 pounds with the aid of a counter weight, lifting 80 pounds. How to raise the other 80 pounds is still beyond him.

IN THE COUNTRY.

He sat within his office in the city's busy mart
And thought this very happy thought: "To-morrow I'll depart
For quiet country places where the scenes that greet me here
And all the city noises shall be lost to eye and ear.
Away with all this ceaseless stir, I'm weary of the strife.
Oh, what a pleasure it would be to lead a farmer's life!
I'll spend my week's vacation in the country fresh and free,
Its verdant fields and solitudes are just the thing for me."

He climbed up in the old barn's mow to feed the horses hay,
And thought this very happy thought: To-morrow I'll away
From all this dull monotony and dreary stretch of green.
I'm going to the city where there's something to be seen.
Why must I all my weary days plod one prosaic round?
Oh, I would dwell where busy hands in multitudes abound!
I'll spend my week's vacation in the city's throbbing heart
Of which did fortune favor me I'd be an active part."

Each went to the desired place, but, very strange to say,
Each one before the week was up was glad to come away.
They found each other's joys of white were flecked with shades of black,
Though each was glad to go, yet both were gladder to get back.

—[Chicago Evening Post.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES.

Three Millions of Increase in Thirty-one Cities.

The present census will show a tremendous increase of population in the United States, but the greatest aggregate increase will be found to have been in the large centers of population. In the farming districts the general tendency has been gravitation toward the large cities, and the complaint has been that the young men who are reared as agriculturists no sooner secure their individual rights than they crowd into the towns and leave the "old folks" alone on the farms. The vast immigration of the past few years, while largely from agricultural districts, has found the cities more congenial as a rule. The morals of the large cities are very much lower than those of the country, and the ignorant and poor and vicious that have literally swarmed to the shores of free America have stuck to the cities like flies about the bung hole of a sirup barrel.

The following table has been carefully prepared from estimates formulated by many different newspapers, and may be accepted as correct. The figures show an unprecedented growth—an aggregate increase almost beyond belief; and showing a gain of 2,967,240 in 31 towns and cities for the 10 years just closed:

	Population.		
	1890.	1880.	Gain.
New York	1,627,227	1,206,299	421,928
Chicago	1,086,000	503,185	582,815
Philadelphia	1,050,499	847,170	193,329
Brooklyn	816,000	556,930	259,070
Baltimore	437,500	332,318	105,187
St. Louis	435,000	350,518	84,482
Boston	417,770	362,839	54,931
Cincinnati	315,000	255,139	59,861
San Francisco	300,000	233,959	64,041
Pittsburg	250,000	156,389	93,611
Buffalo	250,000	155,134	94,866
Cleveland	248,000	160,146	94,866
New Orleans	256,000	216,090	39,910
Milwaukee	235,000	115,587	19,413
Washington	229,796	177,624	52,173
Newark	200,000	136,508	63,492
Minneapolis	185,000	46,887	138,111
Louisville	180,000	123,758	56,242
Jersey City	162,317	120,722	42,595
St. Paul	140,694	41,743	99,127
Kansas City	140,000	55,785	85,215
Omaha	134,742	30,518	104,224
Allegheney City, Pa.	100,000	78,682	21,314
Scranton, Pa.	95,000	45,850	39,150
Atlanta, Ga.	65,200	37,409	27,791
Paterson, N. J.	78,300	51,031	27,269
New Haven, Conn.	83,000	62,882	20,118
Lincoln, Neb.	55,000	13,003	41,997
Salt Lake City	49,972	20,768	29,204
Duluth	30,000	3,943	26,357
Chattanooga, Tenn.	45,000	12,886	32,114

Big Timber in the Northwest.

Captain E. Farnham, the pioneer lumberman, speaking of big timber, said: "I think the biggest stick of timber ever cut on Puget Sound was gotten out at the Port Gamble mill ten years ago. It was 140 feet in length and 36 by 30 inches square. It was shipped to China, where it was cut up into spans for bridges. I was on board the vessel on which it was shipped. The timber protruded over both the bow and the stern."

"What was the idea in shipping such a stick?"

"Just simply to have the name of cutting the largest stick ever got out on Puget Sound."

"What is the largest stick of timber that you have ever seen?"

"That one was. At the world's fair in London I had dinner in a house from the bark of a redwood tree, which was cut in California. The house was two stories in height, and 18 feet in circumference in the upper story."

"How large a stick do you think could be cut on Puget Sound?"

"I think that it might be possible to get out one perhaps 180 feet long and 30 by 30 inches square at the small end. Such a stick could not be found near the coast, however. One would have to go into the interior for it. A great deal of care would have to be exercised in cutting it, to prevent its breaking when it fell. If such a stick were cut I have no doubt it would be the largest stick of timber ever cut in the world.

"The largest tree in the world is in Mariposa, Cal. It is called the Father of the Forest, and is 450 feet in height. It is a fallen monarch, however, and it would be impossible to cut a stick of timber 150 feet in length from it, as it is partially decayed."—[Seattle Press.

A Substitute for Linseed Oil.

A very important discovery has been made by Adolph Sommer, of the department of chemistry in the University of California. It consists of a sulpho-chlorinated oleine compound, which is decidedly superior to linseed oil and can be made at a lower cost. In the language of the inventor: "While for general purposes of painting this oil is fully as good as linseed oil, it has this advantage over it, that on surfaces which are exposed to the weather it makes the paint wear more than twice as long as linseed oil. Neither the heat and dryness of summer, nor the cold and wet of winter, will cause the paint to scale off or 'chalk.' It preserves its elasticity and gloss better and longer than linseed oil and never blisters in the sun." A series of tests have recently been concluded by a board of experts in California, who also examined houses in Oakland that had been painted respectively 8, 20, and 28 months. The board was unanimous in its conclusions as to the superiority of the new oil over linseed oil.

Napoleon's grand army has dwindled to a small company. It has been ascertained that there are now only 112 men who wear the medal of St. Helena and whose names appear on the pension list of the Legion of Honor of 1890.

TOOTH GERMS.

Their Development One of the Most Interesting Phases of Growth.

The development of tooth germs, from infancy to mature life, is one of the most interesting phases of human growth. Pass the finger along the tiny jaw of the new comer. Not only is there nothing which presages future teeth, but the jaws themselves seem too delicate and frail ever to become the sockets for such hard working portions of the anatomy. Yet there are 52 tooth germs hidden there, waiting their time, though not all of them could be detected by the most skilful dissection, says a writer in *Good Housekeeping*. Twenty of these are for the temporary teeth, with which, in due time, the child will begin to gnaw or chew his way through life; the others include the permanent set and the molars, none of which begin to make their presence known till the child is about 6 years old, and the "wisdom" teeth do not usually appear till about 18.

The little pulp germ grows and develops till it approximates the shape of the tooth it is to become; then it begins to calcify, forming the dentine part of the crown, while the enamel is deposited by an independent process. The surface of the crown attains full size before the process of elongation commences. Then gradually it pushes its way outward through the gum, absorbing the tissue as it advances till the pure white enamel peeps out, to the mother's great delight. The first of the incisors usually appears at about the age of five months, and the temporary set of 20 is completed at about three years of age; but there is no uniformity or certainty in regard to the age or which of the four central incisors will first appear. The process of "teething" is almost invariably one of disturbance to the health of the child; he is liable to fret and worry, especially if the outer membrane or skin of the gum proves tenacious and does not readily absorb. In this case it should be lanced, an operation which is humane, in that it relieves the discomfort of the child, and entirely harmless, as there is seldom any hemorrhage worth the name, and if there should be a slight flow of blood it readily yields to simple treatment. The application of a dust of powdered alum is usually sufficient.

The Shah's Daughters.

The shah became a father at the age of 16 years, wherefore his eldest children are now well advanced in life. His eldest daughter is nearly 45 years old, and is called the Glory of Kings. She married the son of the master of the mint, one of the richest men in Persia. When the master died, however, the shah took possession of the bulk of his fortune. Naturally the son in law felt himself ill treated, and failing to obtain any redress, he left Persia and went to Paris. There he distinguished himself by the utter recklessness of his career, until his imperial father in law for very shame recalled him and gave him what was left of his inheritance. He had previously been married to the adopted daughter of Mme. Hadji Abbas, a clever French woman, whom Hadji Abbas, the court painter, married in Paris and took to Teheran, at the request of the ladies of the harem, to teach them the European fine art of millinery. The second daughter of the shah, called the Light of the Empire, is the wife of General Yusuf Khad. Numbers three and four, the Pride of the Empire and the Purity of the Empire, are married, the one to a high court official, the other to the chief priest of Teheran. All the eight grown up daughters of the shah, indeed, have made good matches.

They have, perhaps, made better matches than their husbands. For it is not altogether profitable to be a son in law of the shah. A princess spends much, and her carriages and runner, her many servants, and the lavish entertainments she is obliged to give to other princesses generally cost much more than the $10,000 per annum which the shah gives as a dowry. The shah, too, is more apt to take anything from a son in law than from a stranger or a person not related to him, and another drawback is that the husband of the shah's daughter loses more or less of his liberty, can not take other wives, and must do as his wife pleases. The only one, perhaps, of the shah's sons in law who has kept his liberty is the chief priest of Teheran. He is able to bring religion to bear on the subject; can possibly justify anything he does by the Koran and traditions, and has the clergy with their enormous influence to back him up.

Josh Billings Philosophy.

It is dreadful eazy tew mistake what we think for what we know; this iz the way that most ov the lies git born that are traveling around loose.

Ambishun iz like a tread wheel; it knows no limits; yu no sooner git tew the end ov it then you begin again.

We are never in more danger of being laft at than when we are laffing at others.

Free living leads tew free thinking, free thinking leads tew free loving, and free loving leads tew the devil.

It iz az hard work to make a weak man upright az it iz an empty bag.

Good breeding seems tew be the art ov being superior tew most people, and equal tew all, without letting them know it.

Children are like vines; tu will klimb the pole yu set up for them, be it krooked or strate.—[New York Weekly.

A Bird Hospital.

There is a bird's home and hospital in Oxford street, London, where people can take their pets to be nursed and cared for. The proprietor says birds suffer chiefly from consumption and asthma, diseases brought on by the birds being placed in draughty windows. Consumption is helped on by the birds being indiscriminately fed on all sorts of things that are unsuitable as food. Birds are very fond of luxuries, and the more you give them the more they will eat. When a bird is going off into a consumption it is always eating. He pointed to one and said: "He is in a consumption, and he will be like a ball of down to-morrow—all puffed out. Physic will sometimes arrest the disease."

Take Care of the Pennies.

The Detroit Savings Bank has adopted a plan which is novel in this country, but is in use in the postal savings system in Europe, for gathering little savings and bringing the advantages of the bank within easy reach of everybody. Agencies are selected in various parts of the city, such as drug stores, groceries, and other reputable places, where adhesive labels of different denominations and colors, resembling postage stamps, will be sold. Cards corresponding in color with the labels will be furnished, upon which the depositor will affix the labels as they are purchased until the 20 spaces on the cards are filled. For instance, suppose that a depositor determines to save 5 cents per week. He is furnished with a card corresponding in color with the 5-cent labels. He purchases the label weekly at the nearest agency and affixes it to the card. When the card is full it is worth $1, and is then sent to the savings bank for deposit, when the amount is entered upon the usual deposit book. Labels will be for various convenient denominations, making the cards when filled even amounts, as $1, $2, $5, and so on. It is expected that the agents will do the work as a labor of love and public benefit, though small commissions may be paid. This system brings the savings bank to the people who need it most. We have 5-cent savings banks now, but comparatively few people will take the trouble to go to the bank to deposit a few cents. It will be a very easy matter, however, to go to the nearest drug store or grocery and purchase the label, and the method involves no risk, except that of keeping the deposit card safe till it is filled.—[Springfield Union.

The Express Train of the Future.

Dr. Louis Bell says the electric express train of the near future will in all probability contain one or more powerful motors on the axis of its drivers, and aggregating perhaps 1,000 horse power as a normal output. It will be lighted and heated by electricity. The track over which it will run will be straight and smooth, like the great English trunk lines of to-day. The train will start smoothly into motion, fly along the track at the rate of 100 miles an hour or more, and stop quickly and easily by applying its electric brakes. An automatic block system will be used that will secure perfect control of the trains and almost absolute immunity from collisions.

Yellow.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* tells a characteristic story of the famous Mrs. Fletcher, of Tancrigg, whose beautiful face the readers of her autobiography will remember as immortalized at the age of 80 by the elder Richmond.

She had been very ill, but was recovering, when she heard that Mazzini, the Italian patriot, was in London, and against the counsel of her friends, who feared the journey and the excitement for her, she determined, notwithstanding her age, to go up to London and be present at a public breakfast to be given in his honor.

"But you have no bonnet; you can not appear in that hood," they urged.

"I will have a bonnet for the occasion," was her reply; and straightway word was dispatched to a milliner in London to have a bonnet, "suitable for an old lady of 80," made and forwarded to Eustis Station to meet her on her arrival by the night train. The bonnet was made and dispatched, and the brave old lady, whose heart never grew old, traveled up to town to find her bonnet in waiting.

"And," said Mrs. Fletcher, "what do you think, my dear, I found when I opened the bonnet box? A bright yellow satin bonnet, with a yellow lancer's plume in it! I was determined not to miss Mazzini, so I put it on, never looked in the glass, went to the breakfast, and forgot all about my bonnet for the time being; but after breakfast I drove straight to the milliner's, and said, I dare say a little angrily:

"'How could you send me such a thing as this? I asked for a bonnet for an old lady of 80!'

"'Madam,' replied the milliner, 'we have no old ladies of 80 in London.'"

Emancipation in Zanzibar.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has decreed that there shall be no more slavery throughout his dominions. The decree, which has been placarded under the sultan's seal in Arabic and English, provides in detail that the exchange, sale, or purchase of slaves, domestic or otherwise, is absolutely prohibited. Houses hitherto kept for this purpose are forever closed. All slave brokers exercising their occupation are liable to severe punishment and deportation. Any Arab found trafficking in domestic slaves will be liable to similar punishment. Any houses used in future for such traffic will be forfeited. On the death of their present owners slaves shall, ipso facto, be free, unless the deceased leave lawful children, who may inherit them. Slaves can not be willed away or sold after the death of their owner. Any Zanzibar subject marrying or married to a person under British jurisdiction is henceforth disabled from holding slaves. All slaves of such persons are now declared free. No freed slaves are in any circumstances to possess a slave. Every slave is to have the absolute right henceforth to purchase his freedom at a reasonable price. The sultan binds himself to accord special protection to such slaves and to all slaves freed under the decree or otherwise. Every slave is to have the same rights as the Arabs to prosecute complaints and claims in courts of justice.

As It Should Be.

An Alabama correspondent sends to the *Youths' Companion* a school incident:

A class of boys had this sentence given to them for correction:

"We saw a marble bust of Sir Walter Scott entering the vestibule."

One of the boys handed in the following version, which bears internal evidence of having been made in springtime:

"Entering the vestibule, we saw Sir Walter Scott bust a marble."

IN OLD MADRID.

Long years ago, in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar,
Two sparkling eyes a lattice hid—
Two eyes as darkly bright as love's own star.

There on the casement ledge when day was o'er
A tiny hand was lightly laid;
A face looked out as from the river shore
There stole a tender serenade.

Rang the lover's happy song,
Light and low from shore to shore—
But, ah, the river flow'd along
Between them evermore!

Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, Love is sighing;
Come, for thee a heart is pining—
Here alone I wait for thee.

Far, far away from old Madrid
Her lover fell, long years ago, for Spain;
A convent veil those sweet eyes hid;
And all the vows that love had sigh'd were vain.

But still, between the dusk and night, 'tis said,
Her white hand opens the lattice wide,
The faint sweet echo of that serenade
Floats weirdly o'er the misty tide,

Still she lists her lover's song,
Still he sings upon the shore,
Though flows a stream than all more strong
Between them evermore.

Come, my love, the stars are shining,
Time is flying, Love is sighing;
Come, for thee a heart is pining—
Here alone I wait for thee;
Alone I wait, I wait for thee,
My love, I wait for thee.
O come, my love, I wait for thee;
I wait for thee, my love, for thee.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

KEYSTONE
BAKING POWDER.
PUREST ♦ AND ♦ BEST.
MANUFACTURED FROM
Pure CREAM of TARTAR and SODA only.
100 per cent. Pure
FOR SALE BY
C. F. BETZ,
Frostburg, Md.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
Keystone Baking Powder Co.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.
June 28

You are Saved
FROM
Serious Errors and Consequences
IN THE COMPOUNDING OF
DRUGS AND PRESCRIPTIONS
BY BUYING YOUR DRUGS AT
Colborn's Drug Store
THE ONLY PLACE IN FROSTBURG *where a Graduate in Pharmacy prepares all Prescriptions and Medicines.*
Purest Goods and Lowest Prices.
☞ The finest and most complete line of
Toilet Articles
IN THE CITY.
Kindly favor me with a call and be assured of best attention.
ROBERT G. COLBORN.
THE "POPULAR DRUG STORE."
Sept 21

FOR RENT OR SALE.
THE STOREHOUSE
NOW occupied by Mrs. Mary Hartman as a Boot and Shoe store. In size and location it is one of the most desirable business stands in town. For all information inquire of
MARX WINELAND,
Jan 21 Agent for C. W. Oder.

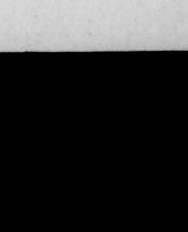
BASE BALL.
ALL the new Double-Seam Balls, Bats, Gloves, Belts, Caps and Masks for 1890. TENNIS, CROQUET, Hammocks, Archery Swings, Clubs and Dumbbells.
JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice,
May 24 Cumberland, Md.

Money to Lend
On First Mortgage.
Mrs. E. B. TAYLOR,
April 5—4t Frostburg, Md.

—MY—
CLOTHING STORE
IS CROWDED WITH
New Fall Goods
JUST PURCHASED.
IN MY
Tailoring Department
I have the finest selection of
Imported and Domestic Suitings
AND
PANTALOON PATTERNS
EVER displayed in this section, and my cutter, Mr. Hiller, can give you the boss fit.
JOE BEAR,
Leading Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
Sept 13 Next door to the Bank.

JOHN CHAMBERS,
—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
Queensware, Woodware. Tinware.
Canned and Fresh
Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.
March 29

"Seeing is Believing."



And the best lamp ever made, like Aladdin's of old, a "wonderful lamp!" A lamp absolutely non-explosive and unbreakable, which gives a clear, soft, brilliant white light of 85 *candle power!* Purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light, more cheerful than either! That lamp is

"The Rochester."

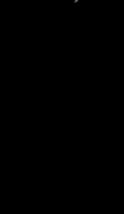
And with it there is no smoke, no smell, *no broken chimneys*, no flickering, no sweating, no climbing up of the flame, no "tantrums" nor annoyance of any kind and it never needs trimming. Its founts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as *safe as a tallow candle.*

Only five years old, and *over a million and a half in use.* It must be a GOOD lamp to make such a telling success. Indeed it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! We make over 2 000 artistic varieties,—Hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Study, Vase and Piano Lamps,—every Kind, in Bronze, Porcelain, Brass, Nickel and Black Wrought Iron.

Ask the lamp dealer for it. Look for the trade-mark stamp, "The Rochester." If he hasn't the *genuine* Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp-store is near, send to us for free illustrated catalogue (and reduced price-list), and we will box and send you any lamp safely by express, right to your door.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.,
42 Park Place, New York.
The Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.

Press the Button, It Opens and Lights.



The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. No toy nor jim-crack, but a real genuine lamp in *nickel case*, size of rocket match safe, burns one hour; quickly re-filled. $5—One live agent wanted in every town. *Somebody will make* $1000 *a week with it.* Sam lo and outfit and 1000 extra lighters sent pre-aid for $3. If you write and mention this paper will tell you how to get one for nothing. Address Retail Department of Rochester Lamp Co., 37 Barclay Street, New York.