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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 3. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 991.

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,
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

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.
Dec 21

THERMOPYLÆ.

This is the place—the mountain bay
Is wild and stern and grand,
As when the Lion held the way
That barred his mother land.
Long years and change and earthquake shock
Have wrought upon the scene,
Where once the sea waves lapped the rock
Are meadow lands grown green;
But Oeta still looms vast and gray
To hide the setting sun,
And still the mountains bar the way,
And every way but one:
The sulphur springs still fume and flow
Along the rough hillside,
And far-off Othrys veiled in snow
Sees where the Spartan died.

There is a spirit haunts the place
Where mighty deeds were dared,
Though time and change have left no trace,
And not a grave be spared:
And climbing up the grassy hill
Where Sparta's lion stood,
The heart still answers to the thrill,
That marks the hero mood.
And as I read the page again,
That quickens from the dust
The tale of these three hundred men
Who died to keep their trust,
I knew the fire was not yet lost
That nerved my younger age—
The shadow of an eagle crossed,
And fell along my page!

—[Rennell Rodd.

THAT CUPBOARD.

When Aunt Mehitable died she left her niece Bessie a curious cabinet, so ugly, Bessie thought, that a few days before she married Victor Harper she packed it off to a storage warehouse. When the storehouse man died she received a letter from his widow informing her that the old cupboard had been loaned to a genteel boarding house keeper, where it would receive the best of care.

The lady who kept boarders unfortunately found it impossible to make financial ends meet, and at the end of a year gave up her clientele, and the next tenant put the old cupboard up into an unused room.

"It's a queer thing," said he, "but I suppose somebody'll call for it some day or other. And, as it don't eat nor drink, there it may stay."

There, accordingly, it remained until one day a long bearded æsthete penetrated into the deserted room where it stood against the wall, and, much edified by its decorations and age mellowed tints, straightaway brought other critics to see it.

"Bess," said Mr. Harper, as he smoked his cigar by the fireside one evening, "I've seen a treasure to-day—a perfect art treasure."

"Indeed?"

Bess was cl—ged now. Not less beautiful, but less provincial. She wore long clinging gowns of dull sage color, and sat on a madonna blue sofa, with her hair knotted low at the back of her head, while the carpet was of one shade of gray green and the curtains of another. There were no brilliant colors now to battle with each other, no gaudy tints, no startling effects; but only tender blending hues and soft shadows surrounding her like an aureole.

"A genuine Antwerp cabinet," said the artist. "I'd give a thousand dollars for it."

"Then why don't you buy it?" murmured Bess, who in this refined atmosphere was changed in voice and manner, as well as in dress.

"That's the worst of it," said Mr. Harper. It can't be bought."

"Not for a thousand dollars?" with upraised eyebrows.

"Not for any money."

"What is an Antwerp cabinet, anyway?" vaguely questioned Bess.

"It's a thing of beauty!" her husband answered enthusiastically. "A joy forever! A poem done in dark wood! A dream of mediæval art! I'll take you to see it to-morrow, Bess. It's in the old room above Varley's studio. All the fellows are raving over it. I don't think there's anything finer on this side of the water, unless it's that one in the Middlesohn collection in Philadelphia.

And then he relapsed into silence, staring at the fire and smoking harder than ever.

Bessie went with him the next day to "the old room above Varley's studio," to look at the "poem done in dark wood." She clasped her hands with a little cry.

"Oh, Victor," she cried, "it's mine!"

"Yours?"

Young Harper stared at her with eyes of wide open amazement.

"That old Aunt Mehitable Barlow left me," said Bessie, "in her will. And I—I didn't understand the value of such things as I do now. And I sent it to Malvina Perkins to be stored in her husband's warerooms, and she left it with Mrs. Duckworthy, who used to live here and keep boarders—at least this is the number—and when Mrs. Duckworthy failed she must have gone off and forgotten all about it. So this is an Antwerp cabinet, is it? Well, I do remember that Aunt Mehitable told me over and over again how Uncle Joe bought it from a merchant in Antwerp the last time but one that he ever sailed there. He was a sea captain, Uncle Joe was, and the house was full of—"

But Bessie's explanation was cut short by Victor's shout of triumph, as he waved his velvet cap in the air.

"Blessed be Aunt Mehitable's memory!" said he. "I wouldn't sell this cabinet for 1,000 golden guineas!"

The artists gathered around, congratulating, envious, loudly applauding by turns. Bessie looked in sweet eyed surprise from one to the other.

After all, what was there in an old Antwerp cabinet to kindle such a flame of enthusiasm.

"Harper's wife is very handsome," whispered the brotherhood of artists one to another, "but her mind must run in a very narrow groove. The idea of her not knowing the value of a treasure like that!"

Emperor Wilhelm of Germany keeps a personal supervision over even the museums. He spent a whole day not long ago in the Art Museum at Berlin indicating where some cartoons by Kaulbach, which he had lately purchased, should be placed.

A HINT FOR CHICAGO.

A Hundred Acres of Farm and Garden Under Glass.

Our means of obtaining from the soil whatever we want, under any climate and upon any soil, have been improved of late at such a rate that we can not even foresee what is the limit for the productivity of a few yards of land. The limit vanishes in proportion to our better study of the subject. Therefore, I should like to end with the suggestion made by a friend with whom I visited the Jersey green houses, and which I earnestly recommend to my American readers. Suppose that instead of building at the Chicago Exhibition an Eiffel tower 1,000 feet hig a number of intelligent men should cover with glass houses, say 100 acres or more. Suppose they devote 40 acres to art—I mean to flowers and to tropical vegetation—and the remaining 60 acres to the plainest vegetables and fruits, such as will be consumed by the ton during the exhibition. It will not cost one-tenth part of what the tower would cost, but it is sure to repay the expense. And what is infinitely more important—it will make a complete revolution in the ideas of mankind as to what the soil is, and how it must be treated. It will stimulate invention in a field where it is most required; and it will be a new departure for the coming century, a century which must be—humanity wills it—the reign of plenty. In such a case the Chicago Exhibition will have duly commemorated the centenary of the Republic, while in building its Tower of Babel it will simply have paid a tribute to modern profit mongering.—[Prince Kropotkin in the Forum.

Horses That Don't Lie Down.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear of horses that never lie down, night or day. The editor of *Sporting World* says it is a very suspicious symptom, and one that ought to be closely looked after by the person intending to purchase or swap for a horse. One of the first things he would make sure of would be that the horse slept well lying down to do it. The horse might be all right in appearance, and yet if he should happen to be one of the continually-stand-up sort the chances would stand largely in favor of his being all wrong. This disposition never to lie down is strongly indicative of a diseased condition of the respiratory organs—the lungs, perhaps. In inflammation of the lungs, no matter how slight, the horse persistently refuses to lie down, be he ever so weak and tired. He usually stands up all through the night, with his forelegs stiffly fixed and sloping outward like the legs of a rough stool. Apparently he is unwilling to move. He stretches out his head and neck so as to keep his windpipe as straight as possible, and lets the head rop low enough to put the weight on the strong ligament or cord, called the pack wax, and relieve the muscle from any exertion in supporting the head. If the case is a reasonably serious one his nostrils open wide, and their lining is a livid red, turning purple as the disease progresses. The breathing is quick, but not deep. As the blood can not get through the gorged lungs the circulation is impeded, the heart is struggling on arteries that have no outlet, so that the pulse is felt, if felt at all, as a mere feeble fruitless vibration. The ears and legs are apt to be unnaturally cold in the early stages of the disease, and very cold as the disease advances to a serious development.

The respiratory ailments are sometimes pronounced upon as some kind of stomach troubles, but this disposition to stand up continually will tell the tale. With stomach troubles (indigestion, perhaps) the horse evinces a disposition to lie down more than usual.

An Intelligent Pony.

The *Horse World* tells us of a pony that is owned by a gentleman near Buffalo, New York. Among the many wonderful things told of him are these: "As a general thing he will allow no one to pass him; but one day, as he was leisurely returning, a neighbor drove past. The young man had to go a short distance, turn a square corner, and then 100 yards would bring him to the barn. Knowing this the pony took advantage of a gap in the fence, and briskly trotted across lots. The man, chancing to turn his head, discovered the pony trotting over the meadow, and, divining his object, whipped up his horse, much amused at the turn of affairs. When the pony saw the other horse was gaining on him, he broke into a gallop, and, with the buggy behind him, brought up in front of the barn, the winner by several rods, and then stopped until the other horse came up, when, turning his head and neighing as if in triumph, he quickly walked around to the stable. It was the same pony who, one summer day, after his return from the depot, was taken to rake hay, a proceeding not at all to his liking. Consequently the next morning, on his way home, he stopped by the way in the shade of a beech tree, where we could see his white tail whisking the flies until he heard the noon bell, and then sedately came home to dinner. He is always willing to stand at the door fifteen or twenty minutes without hitching, but longer than that he thinks useless. One morning he waited as long as he considered proper, and went skimming up the road toward the depot without his passenger. A man chanced to be in the lane and stopped him, otherwise the owner would have had a morning walk, with his carriage gone ahead."

A Boy's Idea of His Father.

At 10 years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at 15 he knows as much as his father; at 20 he knows twice as much; at 30 he is willing to take his advice; at 40 he begins to think his father knows something after all; at 50 he begins to seek his advice, and at 60, after his father is dead, he thinks that he was the smartest man that ever lived.—[Atchison Globe.

SELL ME A KISS.

Sell me a kiss, my bonny doo,
An' I'll be sure to pay ye,
There maun be nectar on yer mou,
I hope ye'll no' gainsay me.
I've seen the cherry, ripe an' red,
When simmer days were cheery,
But cherries ne'er sic beauty shed
As yer twa lips, my dearie.

Sell me a kiss, my winsome lass,
An' set my heart a thrillin',
An' ere a twelvemonth come to pass
I'll settle, gin ye're willin'.
I'm no' ower rich in warl's gear,
But I hae something better—
Sell me just ane—ye needna fear
I'll no' be lang yer debtor.

"No' ae kiss, lad, though ye'd fill fou'
My lap wi' gowd an' heap it,
Gin it be worth sae much to you,
It's worth nae less to keep it.
I'm thinkin', lad, ye mak' ower free,
I'll nae sic thing consither,
Wha buys a kiss maun een buy me—
The twa maun gang thegither."

—[William Lyle.

Photographing a Wild Bear.

Henry H. Ragan, lecturer, was out in the Yosemite not long ago looking up material. Like the modern traveler, he carried his camera wherever he went. He concluded that he would like to photograph a wild bear. This wish was communicated to a hotel clerk, who, like his more easterly brother, signified his willingness to furnish the bear. Oberon, King of the Fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," boasted that he knew a bank, etc. The Yosemite hotel man, with equal felicity, said he knew a bear. It came down from the fastnesses at certain hours and approached civilization, gazed at it, and returned to his cave. Since the Government allows no hunting of game in the National Park, bruin roamed unmolested. But how to get the bear in position for a snap shot from the camera was the question. The clerk solved this. At a certain hour the clerk took a large portion of meat from the cook's box and left it at a point at which the bear was frequently seen. Ragan followed with his camera. In due time the bear came down from its retreat. The clerk was a safe distance away when the bear appeared, but Ragan stood his ground. The bear stood his ground until the odor of the meat was wafted his way. The bear made for the luncheon, picked it up greedily, and then, as if grateful for the feast, it reared on its haunches and remained in that attitude for a minute, a sufficient time for a "sitting." A moment later the bear turned in another position, as if it were trying to accommodate the artist, and the latter obtained another view. The bear then rolled away in the same direction whence it came. The artist in returning found the hotel clerk and a few guests secreted near his position, heavily armed, ready for a fray if the occasion had arisen.

A Good Story.

I always have an eye out for my trunk when I travel. After I have received a check and seen it dumped into the baggage car I am quite sure it will go a certain distance, but when that distance has been covered my anxiety is again aroused. When I changed railroads at Philadelphia the other day I realized that I had a contract by which my trunk ought to change with me, but nevertheless the fear that it would go astray and finally bring up in New Orleans or San Francisco, started me over to Camden at an early hour to watch the transfer, writes M. Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*. I expected to see my trunk come over at the last moment, and be left on the platform as I moved off, but a great surprise was in store for me. It came over an hour ahead of time, along with a big load of others, and I stood around to see it come off the wagon. A gentle word or a nickel cigar will sometimes have great influence with the men who are hired at so much per month to damage your trunks. They were dropped off, one by one, each one receiving more or less injury in the fall, and by and by the two fiends on the wagon came to my trunk. I had two cigars in my open palm, and was about to step forward with kindest smile when the depot baggageman suddenly sung out:

"Here, now, be mighty careful of that trunk!"

"What for?"

"Because I say so. Set it down as gently as if it were glass."

The trunk was lowered with the utmost care, and I approached the man and asked to what sentiment on his part I should attribute the great favor.

"Is that your trunk?" he bluntly demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Let's see your check."

I produced it. He compared the figures, and then called out in an awful voice:

"Get out o' this or I'll knock your blamed head off! I thought that trunk belonged to my sister."

Monkey and Parrot Sale.

A small crowd of Italians and wharf speculators hustled over the side of the bark Annunciation Fomento as soon as she was made fast, and in five minutes an unearthly chattering began between monkeys, parrots, buyers, and sellers. There were only a few monkeys, but plenty of parrots, which were sold at prices of from $1.50 to $4 each. The largest parrot, which brought the top price of $4, was a beauty of nearly twice the ordinary size, and his observations in Spanish created a great deal of amusement among the sailors, who had evidently been teaching him their parlance. The monkeys went at prices from $3 to $7. The sale lasted twenty minutes or so, at the end of which a queer procession of swarthy Italians, a dozen in number, who had been fortunate enough to purchase, came over the side of the vessel with their chattering and squirming possessions, and vanished ere the blue coated inspector had begun his work.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

When a man is short, he does not remain long at the races.

ABOUT THE HOLLYHOCK.

This Beautiful and Interesting Flower Has Been Known Since 1573.

Of all our summer flowers none can compare in stateliness with the hollyhock. If the rose is queen, then this dignified and commanding plant is her chief marshal in the border. Rising each year from its green base, it attains early in July a height of from 6 to 8 feet, and begins to open along its fine rosette stem the beautiful flowers which add so much to the brightness of our gardens. Their colors are very pure, ranging all the way from white to the darkest crimson, and including some fine shades of yellow. On the whole the single and half double ones are the most picturesque, as they are the most delicate, though the massive blossoms of the very double ones convey more fully the idea of masculine strength. When full grown, in strong soil, the plant will reach a height of 8 or 9 feet, and is of royal appearance, indeed.

The hollyhock, as every one knows, says the Boston *Transcript*, is one of the oldest inhabitants—our grandmothers knew it well. It has, in fact, been in use in Europe since 1573, when it was introduced to occidental gardens from its old home in China. Though, strictly speaking, a biennial, the hollyhock (althæ rosea) may, by attention to drainage, winter covering, etc., and especially by the division of the root, be made to continue indefinitely. It needs deep soil to do its best, for it is a strong feeder, and does not mind all the sunshine you can spare, so long as you keep its feet cool and moist. The greatest enjoyment of the flower comes probably to those who raise it from the seed of blooms fertilized and crossed by the bees in their own gardens.

The innumerable surprises which come from such seed are a source of interest which few perhaps comprehend who have not tried the experiment. Those proposing to do so should lay the foundation by sowing the best seed procurable—both single and double. Chater's strain of the latter is still unrivaled. Sown in garden loam in March or April, the young plants will be large enough to transfer into permanent positions by September. A shovelful of sand placed around them before winter closes in is of great benefit, preventing a tendency to rot about the stem in early spring. The plants will flower the second year from seed. The seeds from these first blooms, being carefully ripened and planted in the same way, will afford a great many novelties if the collection is at all numerous.

HE WAS NO SUICIDE.

A Young Man Tests the Poverty of Beggars.

Say, mister, give me some money to buy some supper with. I haven't had a bit to eat to-day. Can't you help me along?"

It was a street beggar accosting a sorrowful looking young man on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The young man stopped. "There's a nickel," said he, "it's the last I have, but take it. I shall soon be where they don't need money. I am tired of this life, so take it and good luck to you."

"Are you so much in need as that, partner?" asked the beggar.

"Yes. I have been looking for work for two weeks, but it's no use and my money's all gone." For a while the beggar hesitated, then he pulled out a dollar. "Here," said he, "take this. You're worse off than I am."

"No," answered the young man firmly. "It won't do me any good—good bye," and he walked rapidly down the street.

A policeman overheard the remark and he followed and overtook the stranger.

"Look here," said he, "are you the fellow that's about to commit suicide?" A hearty laugh interrupted further questioning.

"That's all right, officer" said the would be suicide. "I am just trying a little game on these street beggars and that's the third one to-night who offered me money.—[Kansas City Globe.

The Hottest Place on Earth.

The hottest region on earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees, night or day, and too often run up as high as 128 degrees in the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the center of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200, or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from shore. The water from these springs is obtained by divers, who dive to the bottom and fill goatskin bags with the cooling liquid and sell it for a living. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be the green hills of Osman, some 500 to 600 miles away.

A Snow Plant From the Sierras.

One of the rarest plants known to botanists has been brought to this city by E. L. Swartz, and is now on exhibition in the windows of a down town florist. It is known as the snow plant, and was found by Mr. Swartz growing near snow banks in the Sierras, 6,500 feet above the sea level. The plant is indigenous to high and frozen altitudes, and is a variety. It grows to the height of 4 or 5 inches, and when it blooms, which is soon after the spring thaw, it bears the appearance of a dark reddish pine cone set upright on the ground. It emits an odor that is not unlike that of the honeysuckle. The value attached to it is on account of its rarity, and the plant secured by Mr. Swartz is doubtless the first ever brought to this city.—[San Francisco Examiner.

A RENUNCIATION.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Doctor's Names.

Something might be said in favor of the primitive practice of naming men after they were grown up, instead of while they were babies. Under the present system it often happens that a man's name is curiously out of keeping with his character or pursuits. The literary editor of the *Doctor* has lately been examing a new directory of physicians, and seems to have been greatly impressed by the singularity and inappropriateness of some of the names contained in it.

He thinks, for example, that Dr. Coffin might sound unpleasantly suggestive to a nervous patient, though less so, perhaps, than another name which follows it—Dr. Death. A timid person might object to Dr. Sexton also, and if one were very sick indeed, it would certainly seem ominous if Dr. Death, Dr. Coffin, and Dr. Sexton were to hold a consultation at his bedside.

Other names almost as bad as the foregoing are Dr. Butcher and Dr. Slaughter, though they occur several times each in the directory. There are two Dr. Cranks—fewer than might have been expected—and one Dr. Craze, who is perhaps in charge of an insane asylum.

Some of the names may be called inappropriately appropriate, such as Aiken, Carver, Cutter, Hash, Diet, Hurt, Mangle, Pellett, Pillmore, Tomb, and Toothaker. Dr. Ague and Dr. Shivers might very well be partners, and if a third man were wanted they could hardly do better than to call in Dr. Sweat.

Other names are anatomical or physiological: Dr. Bones, Dr. Nuckolls, Dr. Shinn, and Dr. Bowell, for example, not to mention Lungs, Livers, and Lights.

Dr. Salts is not a name to quarrel with, and the same may be said of Dr. Seltzer and Dr. Seidlitz. Dr. Tarwater, Dr. Rootes, and Dr. Bitters have an innocent sound, but what shall be said of Dr. Boozer, Dr. Dullard, Dr. Kilpatrick, Dr. Duffer, Dr. Hornblower, Dr. Lepper, and Dr. Swindell?

The list contains one Dr. Honesty, but it is doubtful whether he deserves that honorable title better than do several of his professional brethren who frankly call themselves Dr. Nostrum, Dr. Able, Dr. Good, and Dr. Noble, are perhaps not Pharisees, and Dr. Newbill. Dr. McAffee, and Dr. Dollar may not be more mercenary than Dr. Smith or Dr. Brown.

Hired to Bathe.

I learned this week of a new device on the part of a hotel keeper to draw trade. Noticing a large crowd collected about a bathing place, on which were situated the bath houses and pavilion of a very ordinary hotel, I journeyed thither to satisfy a not unreasonable curiosity. The crowd was engaged in looking at three young women who had just emerged from the water. The women were fairly handsome, and owned fine forms, which were somewhat fully exhibited. One had a full bathing costume of crimson, the second wore pale blue, and the other wore white. They displayed no embarrassment as they walked along with a multitude of eyes resting upon them. The young women, I was told, were employed by the hotel keeper for the purpose of attracting a crowd to his bathing houses and pavilion. They serve their purpose successfully, and their employer must be more ingenious than they are modest.—[Long Branch Letter.

General Fisk's Boomerang.

Major Ford H. Rogers tells an amusing anecdote of the late General Clinton B. Fisk. The general was addressing a Sunday school convention. One of the speakers had reminded the children that it was Washington's birthday.

"Children," said General Fisk, "you all know that Washington was a general. Perhaps you know that I am also a general. Now, can any one tell what was the difference between General Washington and myself?"

"I know, sir," piped a small boy in the back part of the room.

"Well, what was the difference?" said General Fisk, smiling at the lad's eagerness.

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir," cried the boy in exultant tones. Screams of laughter followed, in which the general joined as heartily as the rest. —[Detroit News.

Some Useful Facts.

High shoes cause nervous prostration.

The free use of lime is recommended by sanitarians.

The sick room should be sprayed with perfumed spirits, which both scents and cools the air.

Onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shallots possess medicinal value of a marked character, stimulating the masculatory system, and the consequent increase in the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion.

A scientist computes that with the aid of a machine constructed on the principle of the boring, drilling, and pumping apparatus of the mosquito, a hole could be bored to the center of the earth in less than a day.

Eight years ago it took a letter over 100 days to go around the globe. Now the circuit can be made in less than 80 days.

WHAT A FAMILY COSTS.

Statement of a Man Who Counted Expenses Twenty-six Years.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. He has entered the following statement in his diary. It might be a valuable statistical fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago to-day I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in the married state. Then all was anticipation. I and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received $15 a week, with a promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good, and my earnings constantly received. I now receive $30 a week, and we still own the homestead without any great additions to its wealth, except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have $3,500 now of assets; then I had perhaps $2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next week the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same schooling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be willing to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could buy would I go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars, the totals are these: In 25 years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, $40,900—or say $40,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about $3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken therefore about $10,000 to each man produced. This, of course, includes all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is yet to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and an increase of receipts, but there is no certainty about this. The employees are proud of their work, but don't want another job.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctors' bills (27 years), $2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, $7; next three, $9; remainder of the 26 years, $13 a week. For 10 years it has taken on an average one pair of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes. Only one thing approaches it—the high prices of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age, and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man not rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had it to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels, nor men are shod."—[Indianapolis News.

Thought He Was Swindled.

I had a very unpleasant experience just now with a miserable swindling umbrella man," complained an English tourist to J. Irving Pearce at the Sherman House.

"Indeed, I am sorry. Tell me about it and I will see to him," replied Mr. Pearce, his sympathetic nature beginning to steam.

"It was just this way," said the Englishman. "You know I lost my umbrella last night—that beautiful 50 cent one. Well, as I was walking along State street a little while ago I saw a sign which read, 'Umbrellas repaired and recovered.' 'Now,' thinks I, 'that's very clever. Just like an American. I'll go and get mine found.' So in I went and told the man, a low insolent fellow, that I had lost my umbrella and that I wanted him to find it for me.

"He looked at me a minute and asked me what I was giving him. I didn't know what he meant and I explained that I had seen his sign, and having lost my umbrella I wanted him to recover it for me.

"Well, instead of asking for a description of the lost article, he looked me over from top to toe, then opened the door and said, 'I haven't any time to fool with freaks. Just oblige me by chasing yourself around the block.' Now I fancy, Mr. Pearce, that that was an insult. What can be done?"

Mr. Pearce couldn't tell at once, but he said he'd think over it.—[Chicago Evening Post.

A Change of Opinion.

Slimdood—Now, Miss Vavassar, if you will select any flowers that you prefer, I should esteem it an honor.

Miss Vavassar—Oh, I must have some of those delightful yellow and white flowers. They are lovely and so becoming to me! Let me have those, please.

Clerk—They grow wild and are quite common in the woods just outside the city.

Miss Vavassar—Ah, well, if that's the case, I will have to have some La France roses, I suppose.