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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 5. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 993.

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 oods

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

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.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Could we but glance the future o'er,
Its hidden depths unveil,
Look on the blessings safe in store,
Whose mercies never fail—
Could we but see the happiness
A new year seeks to give
Our daily lives to cheer and bless,
How gladly we would live!

Could we behold the grief and care,
The painful toil and strife
Alloted as our rightful share,
In each new year of life—
Could we anticipate the thorns
That in our pathway lie,
Before another morning dawns,
How gladly we would die!

Yet innocent of each, we grope,
With blind persistence on,
Upheld by patient faith and hope,
Each daily duty won;
A future's burdens unconcealed,
Our faltering hearts benumb,
While sorrows, one by one revealed,
Are conquered as they come.

THE BROKEN LINK HANDICAP

There are more ways of running a horse to suit your book than pulling his head off in the straight. Some men forget this. Understand clearly that all racing is rotten, as everthing connected with losing money must be. Out here, in addition to its inherent rottenness it has the merit of being two-thirds sham; looking pretty on paper only. Everyone knows everyone else far too well for business purposes. How on earth can you rack and harry and post a man for his losings, when you are fond of his wife, and live in the same station with him? He says, "on the Monday following," "I can't settle just yet." You say, "all right, old man," and think yourself lucky if you pull off 900 out of a 2,000 rupee debt. Any way you look at it, Indian racing is immoral, and expensively immoral. Which is much worse. If a man wants your money, he ought to ask for it, or send around a subscription list, instead of juggling about the country with an Australian larrikin; a "brumby" with as much breed as the boy; a brace of chumars in gold laced caps; three or four ekka ponies with hogged manes, and a switch tailed demirep of a mare called Arab because she has a kink in her flag. Racing leads to the shroff quicker than anything else. But if you have no conscience, and no sentiments and good hands, and some knowledge of pace, and ten years' experience of horses, and several thousand rupees a month, I believe that you can occasionally contrive to pay your shoeing bills.

Did you ever know Shackles—p. w. g. 13-18—coarse loose mule like ears—barrel as long as a gate post—tough as a telegraph wire—and the queerest brute that ever looked through a bridle? He was of no brand, being one of an ear nicked mob taken into the Bucephalus at £4-10s. a head to make up freight, and sold raw and out of condition at Calcutta for Rs. 275. People who lost money on him called him a "brundy;" but if ever any horse had Harpoon's shoulders and the Gin's temper, Shackles was that horse. Two miles was his own particular distance. He trained himself, ran himself, and rode himself; and, if his jockey insulted him by giving him hints, he shut up at once and bucked the boy off. He objected to dictation. Two or three of his owners did not understand this, and lost money in consequence. At last he was bought by a man who discovered that, if a race was to be won, Shackles, and Shackles only, would win it in his own way, so long as his jockey sat still. This man had a riding boy called Brunt—a lad from Perth, West Australia—and he taught Brunt, with a trainer's whip, the hardest thing a jock can learn—to sit still, and to keep on sitting still. When Brunt fairly grasped this truth, Shackles devastated the country. No weight could stop him at his own distance; the fame of Shackles spread from Ajmir in the south to Chedputter in the north. There was no horse like Shackles so long as he was allowed to do his work in his own way. But he was beaten in the end; and the story of his fall is enough to make angels weep.

At the lower end of the Chedputter race course, just before the turn into the straight, the track passed close to a couple of old brick moulds inclosing a funnel shaped hollow. The big end of the funnel is not six feet from the railings on the off side. The astounding peculiarity of the course is that if you stand at one particular place about half a mile away, inside the course, and speak at ordinary pitch, your voice just hits the funnel of the brick mounds and makes a curious whining echo there. A man discovered this one morning by accident while out training with a friend. He marked the place to stand and speak from with a couple of bricks, and he kept his knowledge to himself. Every peculiarity of a course is worth remembering in a country where rats play the mischief with the elephant litter and Stewards build jumps to suit their own stables. This man ran a very fairish country bred, a long, racking high mare with the temper of a fiend, and the paces of an airy wandering seraph—a drifty, glidy stretch. The mare was, as a delicate tribute to Mrs. Reiver, called "The Lady Regula Baddun"—or, for short, Regula Baddun.

Shackles' jockey, Brunt, was a quiet, well behaved boy, but his nerve had been shaken. He began his career by riding jump races in Melbourne, where a few Stewards want lynching, and was one of the jockeys who came through the awful butchery—perhaps you will recollect it—of the Maribyrnong Plate. The walls were colonial ramparts—logs of jarrah spiked into masonry—with wings as strong as church buttresses. Once in his stride a horse had to jump or fall. He could not run out. In the Maribyrnong Plate 12 horses were jammed at the second wall. Red Hat, leading, fell this side, and threw out The Glen, and the ruck came up behind and the space between wing and wing was one struggling, kicking shambles. Four jockeys were taken out dead; three were badly hurt, and Brunt was among the three. He told the story of the Maribyrnong Plate sometimes, and when he described how Whalley on Red Hat said, as the mare fell under him: "God ha' mercy, I'm done for!" and how, next instant, Sitting There and White Otter had crushed the life out of poor Whalley, and the dust hid a small hell of men and horses no one marvelled that Brunt had dropped jump races and Australia together. Regula Baddun's owner knew that story by heart. Brunt never varied it in the telling. He had no education.

Shackles came to the Chedputter autumn races one year, and his owner walked about insulting the sportsmen of Chedputter generally, till they went to the honorary secretary and said: "Appoint handicappers, and arrange a race which shall break Shackles and humble the pride of his owner." The districts rose against Shackles and sent up of their best: Ousel, who was supposed to be able to do his mile in 1.53; Petard, the stud bred, trained by a cavalry regiment who knew how to train; Gringalet, the ewe lamb of the 75th; Bobolink, the pride of Peshawar, and many others.

They called that race the Broken-Link handicap, because it was to smash Shackles; and the handicappers piled on the weights, and the fund gave 800 rupees, and the distance was "round the course for all horses." Shackles' owner said: "You can arrange the race with regard to Shackles only. So long as you don't bury him under weight cloths, I don't mind." Regula Baddun's owner said: "I throw in my mare to fret Ousel. Six furlongs is Regula's distance, and she will then lie down and die. So also will Ousel, for his jockey doesn't understand a waiting race." Now, this was a lie, for Regula had been in work for two months at Dedra, and her chances were good, always supposing that Shackles broke a blood vessel—or Brunt moved on him.

The plunging in the lotteries was fine. They filled 8,000 rupee lotteries on the Broken Link handicap, and the account in the *Pioneer* said that "favoritism was divided." In plain English, the various contingents were wild on their respective horses, for the handicappers had done their work well. The honorary secretary shouted himself hoarse through the din, and the smoke of the cheroots was like the smoke of battle, and the rattling of the dice boxes like the rattle of small arm fire.

Ten horses started—very level—and Regula Baddun's owner cantered out on his back to a place inside the circle of the course, where two bricks had been thrown. He faced toward the brick mounds at the lower end of the course and waited.

The story of the running is in the *Pioneer*. At the end of the first mile, Shackles crept out of the ruck, well on the outside, ready to get around the turn, lay hold of the bit, and spin up the straight before the others knew he had got away. Brunt was sitting still, perfectly happy, listening to the "drum, drum, drum," of the hoofs behind, and knowing that, in about 20 strides, Shackles would draw one deep breath, and go up the last half mile like the "Flying Dutchman." As Shackles went short to take the turn, and came abreast of the brick mound, Brunt heard, above the noise of the wind in his ears, a whining wailing voice on the offside saying—"God ha' mercy, I'm done for." In one stride, Brunt saw the whole seething smash of the Marlbyrnong Plate before him, started in his saddle and gave one yell of terror. The start brought the heels into Shackles' side, and the scream hurt Shackles' feelings. He couldn't stop dead; but he put out his feet and slid along for fifty yards, and then very gravely and judicially, bucked off Brunt—a shaking terror stricken lump, while Regula Baddun made a neck and neck race with Bobolink up to the straight, and won by a short head—Petard a bad third. Shackles' owner, in the stand, tried to think that his field glasses had gone wrong. Regula Baddun's owner, waiting by the two bricks, gave one deep sigh of relief, and cantered back to the stand. He had won, in lotteries and bets, about 15,000.

It was a Broken-link Handicap with a vengeance. It broke nearly all the men concerned, and nearly broke the heart of Shackles' owner. He went down to interview Brunt. The boy lay, livid and gasping with fright, where he had tumbled off. The sin of losing the race never seemed to strike him. All he knew was that Whalley had "called" him, that the "call" was a warning; and, were he cut in two for it, he would never get up again. His nerve had gone altogether, and he only asked his master to give hive him a good thrashing, and let him go. He was fit for nothing, he said. He got his dismissal, and crept up to the paddock, white as chalk, with blue lips, his knees giving way under him. People said nasty things in the paddock; but Brunt never heeded. He changed into tweeds, took his stick and went down the road, still shaking with fright, and muttering over and over again: "God ha' mercy, I'm done for!" To the best of my knowledge and belief he spoke the truth.

So now you know how the Broken link Handicap was run and won. Of course you don't believe it. You would credit anything about Russia's designs on India, or the recommendations of the currency commission; but a little bit of sober fact is more than you can stand! —[Rudyard Kipling.

Ten men with drills operated by electricity, it is said, can take out as much ore, and tunnel as far as 100 men with picks, shovels, and blasting material, besides which the buildings can be lighted, and a great saving of insurance and oil made thereby.

Nothing about a mule occupies less space than his hind foot and makes less noise.

THE NEW MAP OF AFRICA.

White Supremacy in the Dark Continent Fully Established.

The division of Africa has been completed with the virtual decision of the Anglo-French and Anglo-Portuguese agreements as to the allotment of territory in that country. Just as America was divided three centuries ago, the continent which was the home of Egyptian civilization is allotted in 1890. One of the parties to the American division—Spain—has no share in the spoils of Africa, and Portugal, while retaining an extensive territory, holds but a secondary place. England is the most important gainer; and France and Germany acquire a colonial standing superior to any occupied by either of these powers since France was driven out of North America.

Even in the Niger region England has the lion's share, while leaving to France the privilege of making the Sahara Desert passable, just as France was permitted by Great Britain to establish the Suez highway to India, which England afterward appropriated. The French appear to have a very indistinct idea of what they have gained in West Africa. One of their papers, the *Siecle*, speaks of "Kong" as if it were a river, whereas Kong is a town of some importance. Substantially, however, the whole of the Senegal is French, as well as the Sahara between the Senegal and Algeria. The British Royal Niger Company control an extensive region adjoining the Niger, and are carrying on a flourishing trade. The Soudan states are rather within British influence than French.

An interesting fact about these arrangements is that the natives are not consulted, even when they have ancient and fairly civilized governments, like Madagascar and Sokoto, and Borgu. The natives and owners of the soil, who perhaps have never seen a European, are dubbed "rebels" if they fail to recognize their self appointed masters. There will, however, have to be a sharp reckoning with some of the African people, if all accounts are true, before the whites establish unquestioned supremacy. As indicated in a recent dispatch, the powerful nation of Matabeles, in South Africa, are with difficulty restrained by their king, Lobengula, from hostile resistance to the advance of the British toward their territory. When an English emissary told Lobengula, in the presence of his chieftains, that if an Englishman should be slain another would spring up for every drop of blood, the chieftains only said: "Let us kill those who are here, and see what will happen."

The king, however, dissuaded them, and remains apparently friendly with the Europeans, while at the same time refusing to retain for himself any present from the British. News may arrive at any moment that Lobengula has failed to restrain the impetuosity of his warriors, and that another war, worse than that against the Zulus, has begun. Altogether, it may prove one matter to divide Africa in European cabinets, and another to take possession according to the arrangements.

Rube's Obituary.

Ten o'clock in the building of the big city paper. The electric lights are burning, and the whirl of presses and click of types make a busy scene. Editors, reporters, proof readers are busy preparing the day's doings for the morrow.

The door of the chief's office is pushed carefully open, and a blue eyed flaxen haired maiden of six summers and as many winters enters. Nobody knows how she got there. Nobody saw her climb the stairs. She is ragged, dirty, and has been crying.

"Is you the editor man?"

"Yes, little one; what can I do for you?"

"Rube is dead, an' I thought maybe you'd like to tell about it."

"Who is Rube?"

"Why, didn't you ever hear of Rube?"

"You see there are so many people that I can't know them all." The big bearded man was actually ashamed of his ignorance.

"But Rube wasn't people—he was my brother. He sold papers, and blacked boots, and all that. He wasn't very rich, an' ma said the city man would bury him, but he was good to me."

"Did you sell papers, too?"

"No, I stayed home, but Rube brought me candy dogs an' candy roosters, and licked bad boys that made me cry. An' if you'd tell folks how good he was——"

"What do you want me to say, little one?"

"Why, that he was 12 years old an' was helpin mother, an'—oh, I don't know—but 'member he was always good to me."

Before the little mourner had left she was the recipient of a handful of coins donated by "the boys," and the big editor ordered the janitor to accompany her home.

Thus it happened that the readers of the great paper were mildly astonished to read in the morning:

"Died—Yesterday, Rube, the newsboy, aged 12 years. He was the support of his widowed mother, and loved his little sister better than life almost. He was buried in the potter's field last night.—[Detroit Free Press.

Hints for the Children.

Never be late at meal hours.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

Never call to persons up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.

When you are told to do or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.

A CHILD OF SEVEN.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together:
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, warm weather;
One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chimes be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong, and loud and light,
Very round and very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
Where the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.
Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold,
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden crested wren
Were a nightingale—why then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.
—[Algernon C. Swinburne.

SEEKING A CONSUMPTION CURE.

Latest Theories and Discoveries of Medical Science.

At the late medical congress in Berlin Professor Koch, a celebrated German physician, read a paper stating that he had found a chemical which rendered guinea pigs impervious to tuberculosis, and that he had been experimenting for a year past. On this Dr. Grancher, of Paris, read a paper before the Academy of Science in Paris, announcing that he and an associate in the profession have been experimenting for five years past, with the same end in view, on rabbits. To a New York *Herald* reporter Dr. Grancher gave the following as the result of the experiments so far:

"We have inoculated rabbits with the bacilli tuberculosis in quantity sufficient to make a fatal result a certainty. Then, with our treatment—which, of course, we must keep secret until we are assured of its value—we have kept those rabbits alive from 200 to 300 days. On examining them after death we have found the spleen small and liver healthy, without any trace of tubercular bacilli. Rabbits which we have inoculated with an exactly similar quantity of microbes, and which we have not treated, have died within a few days of the inoculation with all the symptoms of injected disease.

"Two hundred days in the life of a rabbit would represent several years in the existence of a man, as you suggest; but we are not content with analogies; we want facts scientifically demonstrated beyond all possibility of controversion. On that account we have taken the precaution of injecting the maximum amount of bacilli, injecting it, furthermore, into the veins of the ear, whence it is certain to at once enter into the whole system.

Dr. Grancher expects to soon experiment with monkeys, and, if this succeeds, to apply the tests to human beings.

HIS ONE WISH.

He Got What He Wanted and Gave It to a Dying Enemy.

Governor Curtin tells the following: "Riding over the field just after the battle of Spottsylvania, I came across a wounded Pennsylvania soldier. He was leaning against a stump, holding a bloody leg. I dismounted and asked him how he was.

"'Is the bone broken?' I inquired, as he explained his injury.

"'No,' said he, cheerfully, 'only a bullet through the flesh.' Still, he was faint and thirsty.

"'What would you rather have just now, my man?' said I—'if you had but one wish.' I was thinking of his home in the Pennsylvania hills.

"'I would like to have a good drink of Pennsylvania whisky,' he replied, with a smile.

"'Then here it is,' I replied, extending my flask. You shall have it.'

"He took the flask, held it in his hands a second, then pointed to a dying Confederate soldier near by. 'Better give it to him,' he said, 'he needs it more than I do, poor fellow. Yes, give it to him.'

"We turned to the latter. For all we knew it might have been the very man who shot him. But we propped him up and attempted to pour some of the liquor down his parched throat. He heard every word and seemed to understand the situation thoroughly. It was too late. With a grateful look in his eyes as he turned them a moment on the wounded Pennsylvania soldier, he sighed deeply and fell back dead.

"I have seen that Pennsylvania soldier since the war. He had nothing to begin life anew with. On the strength of that deed to an enemy at such a time I indorsed him for a sum of money. He prospered. He now owns two mills and a couple of farms, and he deserves all he has."

What Would They Say to Mount Blanc?

"Is the salad nice, dear?"

"Lovely! Perfectly superb! And yours?"

"Heavenly!"

These were the words that met my ear in a restaurant to-day, and as I looked at the two enthusiasts I tried to imagine what their speech would be, for instance, were they looking on Lake Como in a silver moonrise or upon the shimmer of a sunrise tinted sea, or upon a flock of ruby clouds driven by a lazy wind across a daffodil sky, or upon Mount Blanc with a storm flag unfurled from its hoary battlements and purple in the shadow of descending night. If a salad is "lovely," if a compound of hard boiled egg and oil, with a dash of pepper and a pinch of celery, is "grand," what is left for nature, or what can be said in behalf of heroism, courage, faithfulness, and love? Verily the wasted adjective and the superabundant simile make the heart tired.—[Chicago Herald.

The Cure of Consumption.

The Boston *Herald* recently mentioned the case of the father of a highly respected Boston physician who, at a somewhat late stage of consumption, when so weak as to be hardly able to walk, took his horse and chaise, and with a friend as a companion, journeyed from place to place for several weeks, and returned practically cured.

What was the secret of that cure? Clearly not medical drugs. Yet it is just these that the consumptive generally relies on almost exclusively, taking the prescription daily in his cushioned chair, until he is lifted to his bed, to wear out the little remnant of his life.

From first to last his medicines have merely, or mainly, made him feel more comfortable, while the disease has steadily progressed to the fatal end.

In the case of the wiser man mentioned above, pure air was the chief element of cure; and the pure air was kept pure, for, while his own breathing tended to infect it, he was constantly leaving the infection behind him. To the consumptive pure air is always the first requisite, and the main value of winter resorts is in their allowing the patient to spend so large a part of his time out of doors.

A distinguished physician once said that if he were attacked with consumption he would build a shed to his house and sleep in it. Thus, through the free circulation, he would avoid the constant re-breathing of his own infected breath.

But in the case under consideration the breathing of pure air was not the only advantage of the course pursued. The man's daily travel gave him a gentle exercise suited to his condition. Disease can be thrown off only by the activity of the various life processes—digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, and the many chemical and vital changes.

Now, it is an established fact that a certain amount of physical exercise is essential to such activity of the vital processes. In the case of the sick it is especially essential, since the system must be daily ridding itself of morbid matter and be making unwonted draughts on its recuperative power.

In some cases a horse's back would be better than the chaise; but the exercise must be suited to the particular case. It must never be fatiguing.

Another element of the cure was the change of scene. It is a great help to have the mind diverted from one's symptoms, and pleasantly taken up with new surroundings, as far as possible removed from ordinary business cares and the accustomed routine of thought.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

The Western Empire.

We of the East scarcely realize our great empire of the Pacific. California, Oregon, and Washington have an area of 323,570 square miles—greater than New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina combined. It is great, also, in its resources, embracing every element of wealth to be found in the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, and the Southern might be added, with the exception of rice, cotton, and sugar, for California grows all the tropical fruits. California is the great fruit State, but also grows considerable wheat. Oregon has lumber and extensive agricultural lands. Washington has more lumber and more agricultural lands, and far more coal and iron, than either of the others. It more resembles Pennsylvania, and may properly be called the Pennsylvania of the Pacific. The wheat lands of California and largely of Oregon are cultivated in large tracts of several thousand acres owned by one person, and the work is done chiefly by machinery. There are only two brief seasons of work—plowing and reaping. Cattle and hogs roam over the fields and fatten the rest of the year. It requires large capital and a big ranch to make this kind of farming profitable. It is no place for farmers of limited means or for small farms. A thrifty farmer must have work the year round. He wants to have his garden, his fruit orchard, and his cows and pigs, as well as the grain and stock he raises for market. Eastern Washington is the better place for such a farmer.—[Pittsburg Commercial.

How Girls Cheapen Themselves.

Girls do not know how much they cheapen themselves in the eyes of all men when they permit and indulge in a familiarity of speech and manner. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is an old saw that holds the concrete wisdom of more generations than our young people have lived minutes, and, like all other maxims based upon the facts of human experience, it will be true until the race of Adam is extinct. It is as easy to have good manners as to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make you courteous abroad, and to be esteemed well bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to acquire it.

Six Million Dead Letters.

There were more than 6,000,000 letters received at the dead letter office last year. Five hundred thousand were never called for at the post offices to which they were addressed, 150,000 were sent in by hotel keepers because their departing guests failed to leave their new addresses, 120,000 were insufficiently prepaid for mileage, 400,000 were erroneously or illegibly addressed, while 17,000 bore no subscriptions whatever. Eighteen thousand contained money amounting to $35,000 in all, and 22,000 contained drafts, checks, etc., ing to $1,600,000.

It Was Strange.

Fangle—Why does Van Dauber paint all his angels blonde?

Fadman—Can't imagine. Van Dauber's own wife is a brunette, too.

INFLUENCE.

A note so low that none but Echo heard,
Was sung into the world one Summer day;
The singer died,—the song went on its way,
At first as faint as call of sleeping bird,
While Echo carried it in rhythmic word
From rock to rock, until it went astray
Into the outer space, where Freedom lay,
And all the world then listened and was stirred.

And none could name or trace its humble birth,
Not even Echo, who had simply known
It as a broken note of little worth;—
So many voices now had swelled the tone,
It floated far beyond the bounds of earth
And blended with the songs around the Throne.

A ROMANTIC FRENCHMAN.

HE WILL BUILD A FEUDAL CASTLE IN THIS COUNTRY.

A Modern Don Quixote—The Days of Chivalry to Be Revived—A Stronghold to Perch Above Narragansett Bay.

Ernest Grammont, of France, has recently arrived in this country. His object is to purchase suitable lands for the erection of a feudal castle, in which he proposes to lead the life and follow the pursuits of a baron of the middle ages. He is a very wealthy man and is fully able to spend a million dollars on any caprice.

Mr. Grammont is an American by birth, but was taken to France when he was a few months old, and this is his first visit to the United States, of which he knows little. His original purpose was to carry out his quaint whim by erecting his feudal fortress on the soil of France, and on an estate near the German frontier he began and almost completed the erection of one, but was compelled to stop operations because the French government disliked the idea of having a fortified place which in time of war might be occupied by Germans, since the castle was in that section of the frontier along which France, by the terms of her treaty, has had to dismantle her forts.

"I am fully satisfied," said Mr. Grammont, "that America is the only place in which I can put my project into practice without causing alarm on the part of the government. I am told that already some of your wealthy men have constructed castle like dwellings along the banks of the Hudson. My idea is to improve upon theirs and to plant right in the heart of a land of industry a castle such as only the age of feudalism produced. It will be a costly caprice, and I suppose I shall be regarded by the press as the legitimate successor to George Francis Train; but no amount of ridicule will turn me from my purpose."

Mr. Grammont said that he first selected the South for his castle because he had an idea that among her sons he could find some knightly fellows for a garrison, but when told he would get none but colored men to take service under his banner he changed his plans and concluded to secure a site overlooking Narragansett Bay.

He wants a commanding position, as high above the sea level as possible, with good approaches and with land enough to dig a moat. He intends to play the feudal baron to the top of his bent, and will have in his service a body of retainers in the capacity of knights, esquires, pages, men at arms, etc.

The castle will be turreted and pierced for archers, after the style of the twelfth century, with sallyports, posterns, and portcullis, battlements, keep, and all the mediæval specialties. The banquet hall will be like those in which feudal barons dined with all their servants and vassals, and if Mr. Grammont is as good as his word the welkin will ring as often as his neighbors choose to lay siege to his fortress, for he will be as hospitable as those whom he will imitate; but he will not replenish his larder by incursions among the fat beeves and bucks of his brother barons. His establishment will contain troubadours for the revival of minstrelsy. The men at arms will be uniformed according to the style that prevailed during the time of Charles the Bold, the Burgundian costume being the most picturesque, according to Mr. Grammont's thinking.

What land remains unused for castle purposes he will divide into holdings and distribute among the knights, who will hold them in fief from him, subject to forfeiture for any unknightly deed or transgression of the laws of chivalry. The knight's fee will be $1 a day, but he will have his spurs hacked from his heels if he is caught wassailing when on duty. Esquires will receive 75 cents a day, and pages 50 cents, with subsistence according to their degree. Falconry will be included among the pleasures of the chase, and hooded hawks will be seen on the wrists of dames who come down from the castle to hunt their quarry.

Within the castle everything will be on a war footing, and the banner of Grammont will be unfurled to the breeze every day except when the Governor of the State is a guest, in which case the banner will give place to the standard of his excellency, the overlord.

"And how much do you expect to pay annually for this fun?" inquired the reporter.

"I shall spend probably $50,000 a year, and I shall get the worth of my money out of it."

"Have you any heirs?"

"I have, seven or eight."

"Living in this country?"

"No; in Germany; why?"

"Lure them over here as soon as your castle is completed, and secure them in its deepest dungeons; for if you do not they will run you down when they hear of your feudal fancies, and any court in Rhode Island would sign an order for your committal to an insane asylum."

"I'll take my chances on that," replied Mr. Grammont. "A man may possess odd whims without being a lunatic. The towers of my castle will pierce the sky before you are a year older."