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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 7. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 995.

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
7:15 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:50 a m
8:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:35 a m
9:35 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
12:05 p m	....No. 2 Express....	9:55 a m
1:15 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:05 p m
5:10 p m	....No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
6:30 p m	....No. 46 Express....	5:20 p m
11:20 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
	....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.
Nos. 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	12:50.....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

Everybody Safe.

THE TARIFF,

WHICH is now in effect, is no drawback to the people of Frostburg and vicinity for the reason that I have bought, without a doubt, the LARGEST

Stock of Clothing

of every description and all sizes for Men, Boys and Children ever shown in any store in Western Maryland. Also White, Dress, Flannel Cloth and Jersey

OVERSHIRTS, UNDERWEAR,
NECKWEAR, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
SATCHELS, UMBRELLAS,
CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS
at the

Old Prices for the Spot Cash.

Consequently, I can and I will sell all these goods at the old prices—with not a single cent of advance FOR THE CASH ONLY so long as they last.

Now, Listen:

In order to save from 25 to 35 *per cent.* you will do well to come quickly. Bring your children with you and buy your goods, as the rush has already commenced, and at the rate goods are moving the stock, large as it is, will not last long.

Now, my speech in the interest of Clothing and Furnishing buyers is made. I have only to add—YOU AND ALL ARE INVITED.

MARX WINELAND,
CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.
Wholesale and Retail.

Oct 18

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.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Six men sat in the Gilsey House and smoked for an hour or so. Time seemed to hang heavy on their hands until at 11 o'clock a new arrival made his appearance. He was known to the six men, and his name was Joseph Lewis, a former Pinkerton detective, says the New York *World*.

"Tell us a story," said Harry Williams, one of the party.

"He doesn't know any," interrupted Louis Jackson, a grain broker.

"I'll take you all to Monmouth Park," remarked T. F. Sykes, advertising man for *Life*, "if Mr. Lewis will tell us something."

Mr. Lewis hesitated for a moment and said:

"I know no stories of my own, but here is one told me Sunday last by a man who was talking facts. I will use his own words." And the ex-detective told this story:

A pale faced man sat on the steps of a west side boarding house the other evening, talked of the hot weather, and in general comported himself like any other mortal. He was the new boarder, and therefore an object of interest to the residents of the house, whose occupations when not attending strictly to business down town consisted in trying to find out what they could up town of their fellow boarders' private lives.

"You are a lawyer, then?" ventured an old lady whose interest in the new arrival fairly overflowed her bump of discretion and whose perceptive qualities were so rampant as to manifest themselves every few moments.

"No, madam," said the pale faced young man. "I am a traveling man."

"In the dry goods line?" queried a sickly young man seated higher up on the steps.

"Something of that sort," indefinitely murmured the object of all this solicitude as he leaned back against the stoop railing and apparently went off in a doze.

In a short time the occupants of the steps had taken themselves off in different directions and nobody remained but the non-committal new boarder and a beardless youth, who was smoking a cigarette on the top step.

"Don't you find the traveling business monotonous and tiresome?" inquired the beardless youth—"a sort of routine between here and Chicago?" The pale boarder glanced quickly and curiously at his questioner.

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Don't you remember me?" went on the beardless youth. "You were working up the——case for so and so in 18—let me see—85, wasn't it? Your name is——"

"Hush," said the pale young man.

"Well," continued the youth, "Mr. Hush, I wish you would talk to me and tell me something, and I'll swear never to let a soul know who you are, or why you are stopping here."

"I am writing," he continued, a "treatise on detectives—their use and abuse—and if you will enlighten me a little I shall be obliged, and will in return—keep mum."

"It's a go," said the pale faced man, but not here. Come up to my room."

The beardless smiled and followed the new boarder up stairs. A leather trunk stood in one corner of the room, and a small satchel reposed on the bed, but otherwise there was nothing to attract attention.

"What I want is comparative facts," began the beardless.

"That's exactly what I propose to give you," said the pale young man, smiling, "and you must work rapidly, for I have an engagement to meet a man later on."

"Wouldn't the man be glad if you didn't meet him?" inquired the beardless.

"Possibly," went on the new boarder, relaxing his features slightly and beginning to talk.

"The French, English, and American systems of espionage and secret police work are all radically different. In France the 'agents,' as they are called, are divided into two classes, the state and municipal force. A great deal of secrecy is used there among the agents themselves, and I suppose that not more than 40 of the state class are known to each other. These men are paid large salaries, and work only for the government in bond forgeries or fraud cases in which officials or others are robbing France. They are very clever and many of them are rich.

"The city detective, the Vidocq and Lecocq style of thief taker—is the cleverer of the two classes for the reason that the variety of his work gives him a more liberal education in the business. A great many people believe that the stories of wonderful disguises told of the French police are untrue, but I positively assure you that a detective there who is not clever enough to disguise himself utterly and thoroughly, could not hold his position for a moment. These 'changes' have to be made to stand the light of day, too—by the way, imagine our McGinnis, of the Central Office here, trying to fool anybody on his appearance.

"If any large robbery occurs—say in some big institutions—the police are summoned and the matter is kept quiet. A new clerk may appear, that's while in England a burly, red faced, pompous looking person would come in the bank—if such it were—and metaphorically be introduced to all the clerks. He would do his business in plain sight of every one. French detectives never work in pairs as they do here, although any number of men may be detailed on a case. Each one thinks he has the proper solution to the crime, and generally one of them is right.

"The use of decoys and spies among the criminal classes is more general in England than anywhere else. In spite of the 'honor among thieves' statement, there are many crooks who secretly convey news of the doings of their 'pals' to the police, and especially is this so in England. The women who consort with thieves and crooks are of excellent service to the 'Criminal Investigation Bureau,' as it is called, and John Shore, the chief inspector, gets credit for much of the attention at his office which is really the result of the information furnished by these women.

"Suppose a big jewel robbery takes place, and there is absolutely no clue to the perpetrator. 'Shore's pigeons' are turned loose. The first information is that Dolly So and So has paid her bills. Not much in that, you say. A great deal.

"Dolly is taken ill shortly afterward, and buys a first class ticket to India. She stays in Calcutta a week, receives no mail or message, and then takes passage to Java.

"The detective who has followed her has to rest here a week or two. He is young and good looking, and has a servant with him. He makes the lady's acquaintance, is sorry she is going away, and sees her off on a steamer for New South Wales. He doesn't go, but she is followed from Sydney on her arrival at Bathurst, a short distance inland, and there meets 'Handsome Jack.' Both are arrested and brought back, proof of their complicity having been found. Dolly tells who the rest were—secretly, of course—is tried and sentenced with them, but shipped to America the next day with $500 in her possession—the gift of the Bureau.

"The English are too open in their methods. Why, in Scotland Yard, where the Bureau is situated, and where the public can gaze all it wants to, is a case of photographs of all the detectives in the employ of the bureau. Think of a man with one of those "snap" cameras photographing the group and distributing the pictures.

"The success of the American detective is due to his intelligence and secrecy, and among the Pinkerton men especially the greatest secrecy is maintained. The office building is always possessed of several exits, and the 'operators,' as they are called, are all men of education, scarcely known to one another. Each carries credentials which request their immediate release if arrested.

"To show you how small things count in this business," went on the tale narrator, "I will tell you of a case which occurred in Chicago some years ago.

"Mr. X., a well known business man of that city, had been receiving a quantity of anonymous letters, written in the usual threatening style and containing the information that unless $5,000 was left at a certain cigar store at a certain time the writer would make it his business to see that that Mr. X speedily joined his fathers in a more or less celestial place.

"Very sensibly, the letters, three in number, were brought to police headquarters by the gentleman himself. I was assigned to the case and speedily discovered that the man was not only frightened, but was concealing something.

"'I think I know who sent the letters, he said, 'but can't you make him stop without punishing him? I'm afraid he'll keep his word if I don't give him the money, and yet, God knows, I can't spare it.'

"I was greatly astounded at the old gentleman's statements.

"'Can it be possible,' I asked, 'that you know this rascal and don't want him punished?'

"'I'm afraid I do,' sobbed the old man, breaking down and burying his face in his hands. He handed me the letters, which were typewritten and which I found to be patterned on the usual model of letters of this sort.

"'Why do you come to the police,' I asked him, 'if you don't want this man arrested?'

"He only wanted to be protected, he said.

"'Nonsense,' I went on; 'pay no attention to these demands; they will soon cease.'

"I looked at the envelopes again and noted that the stamp of the post office showed that they were all three mailed at the same hour, viz, 9.15, on the three successive days.

"The old man went away and three days later came back again, apparently frightened to death. I told him to write to the cigar store to G. G., as the letter directed, and say that the money would be there. I went to the store and inquired for G. G. No such person was known, but lots of people had their mail addressed to the store and the proprietor handed out several letters. There were three addressed to J. Henry Wilson, as good a name as any—and each was highly scented and sported a gaudy monogram.

"I copied the monogram, and in 30 minutes found that the proprietress of a certain house was the owner. On my return to the cigar store the proprietor informed me that the J. Henry Wilson letters had been called for. I described the young man, and I then started to watch the woman's house. Later I saw a young man answering the description given me by the cigar man enter the house. In about an hour he emerged, and, walking to a mail box, dropped in a letter. It was time for the 10 o'clock mail, and on opening the box I found that the letter was typewritten and addressed to Mr. X.

"I hurried after Mr. Wilson, and arrested him. He took his arrest calmly, and said that he would not be prosecuted, and he was not. He proved to be a natural son of Mr. X., who had supported him in luxury. As Mr. X. had married, and had a grown up family, he couldn't afford to have his illegitimate son go to prison, for that enterprising youngster would have ruined him socially, as he had been trying to do financially for years.

"He was found dead shortly afterward in this woman's house, and the coroner was persuaded to keep quiet about a letter left by the youth in which he said that his father had driven him to the rash deed.

"It only shows," concluded the pale faced young man, "how a gaudy monogram and an obliging stationer aided me."

The beardless youth thanked him and went off to bed to wonder what the pale faced detective was after in the house, and didn't find out until the next day, when he discovered that he was missing, as was also a big burly man who occupied the best room and whose wrists were decorated with bangles, so the landlady said, when he got in the carriage with the pale man.

"I thought he was too masculine for that," she said, "but folks can never tell nowadays."

TALKING CANARIES.

Birds That Were Taught to Articulate Several Phrases.

In the year 1858 Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in a letter to Dr. Gray of the British Museum, described a remarkable talking canary. Its parents had reared many young ones, but three years before they hatched only one out of four eggs and neglected the chick, commencing at once the rebuilding of a nest on top of it. Upon this discovery the unfledged and forsaken bird, all but dead, was taken away and placed in flannel by the fire. After much attention it was restored and was then brought up by hand.

Treated in this way, and separated from all other birds, it became familiarized only with those who fed it, consequently its first singing notes were of a character totally different from those usual with the canary. From the beginning its mistress had been in the habit of talking to it, and when it was about three months old it astonished her by repeating some of her endearing terms, such as "Kissie, kissie," with its significant sounds.

From time to time it added to its vocabulary, until for hours together, except during the moulting season, it astonished listeners by ringing the changes according to its own fancy, and as plainly as any human voice could articulate them on the several words: "Dear sweet Zitchie"—its name—"kiss Minnie;" "kiss me then, dear Minnie;" "sweet pretty little Zitchie;" "kissie, kissie, kissie, dear Zitchie." At other times it would imitate the whistle with which its master would call the dog.

In 1839 a canary capable of distinct articulation was exhibited in Regent street. The following were some of its sentences: "Sweet pretty dear;" "sweet pretty dear Dicky;" "Mary;" "sweet pretty little Dicky dear;" and often in the course of the day, "sweet pretty queen."

The bird also imitated the jarring of a wire and the ringing of a bell. It was 8 years old at the time, and had been reared by a lady who never allowed it to be in the company of other birds.

Bodily Weight at All Ages.

The average weight of the male infant at birth is 7 pounds; that of the female is not quite 6½ pounds. The maximum weight (140½) of the male is attained at the age of 40; that of the female (nearly 124 pounds) is not attained until 50, from which ages they both decline in weight, the male to an average of 127¾ pounds, the female to about 100. The full grown adult is nearly 20 times as heavy as the new born infant. In the first year the weight is tripled; afterward the growth proceeds in geometrical progression—so that if 50 infants in their first year weigh 1,000 pounds, in the second year they will weigh 1,210 pounds; the third 1,330 pounds; in the fourth 1,464 pounds—remaining very constant up to the ages of 11 and 12 in females and 13 and 14 in males, where it must be nearly doubled; afterward it may be continued and will be found nearly correct up to the ages of 18 and 19, when the growth proceeds very slowly. At an equality of age, the male is generally heavier than the female, except toward the age of 12, when the average weight in both sexes is about the same. The male attains the maximum weight at 40, and begins to loose it very sensibly about 60. About 80 he has lost about 13-2328 pounds, the stature having diminished about 2.756 inches. Females obtain their maximum weight at 50. The mean weight of a mature man is 104 pounds; of an average woman 94 pounds. In old age they lose 12 to 14 pounds. The mean weight of both sexes in old age is that which they had at the age of 19. Children lose weight during the first three days after birth; after the age of one week, there is a sensible increase; after one year, they triple their weight; then they require 6 years to double their weight again, and 12 to quadruple it. At maturity the full grown man is 3½ times taller and weighs 20 times more than he did the day of his birth.

The Chemical Analysis of Man.

An eminent physician and surgeon of London has lately analyzed a man for the benefit of his class in chemistry. The body operated upon weighed 154.4 pounds. The lecturer exhibited upon the platform 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 23.3 ounces of phosphates, and about one ounce each of sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium, and silicon. Besides this solid residuum, Dr. Lancaster, the analyst, estimated that there were 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen, weighing 21 pounds; 105,900 cubic feet of hydrogen, weighing 15.4 pounds, and 52 feet of nitrogen in the man's body. All of these elements combined in the following: 121 pounds of water, 16.5 pounds of gelatine, 1.32 pounds of fat, 8.8 pounds of fibrin and albumen, and 7.7 pounds of phosphate of lime and other minerals.

The Barefoot Cure.

A new "cure" has been invented in Germany, which may be adopted as a greater novelty than the mind cure or faith cure. Its basis is the hardening of the human organism, which has been disastrously enfeebled by civilization. The patients imitate the noble savage and the gypsy, and the system includes going barefoot as one part of the cure. One German parish contains 1,400 patients.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

An Ungallant Attack, but One Containing Just a Grain of Truth.

A contributor to one of the current magazines, with singular lack of gallantry, avers that the average woman is in public much more impolite than the average man. Starting with this assertion, he enlarges on the lack of consideration displayed by the women in shops, on the sidewalk, and in public conveyances, with such lucidity and cogency that the reader, however reluctant, is forced to the conclusion that he is right. Of course the accusation can apply to the average woman only, for everybody knows that a considerable portion of the sex are invariably as far out of the rights of others as they are of their own. This common heedlessness is not without its causes.

Men are to a great extent dependent on one another. Each of them knows that if he puts himself forward unduly at the expense of his neighbor the chances are that he will be made to pay for it sooner or later in a more or less disagreeable manner. Women, on the contrary, are dependent on their husbands and friends, but wholly independent of the crowd of strangers or acquaintances with whom they may happen to be thrown in their excursions abroad. Moreover, they have been taught to expect deference from all men, and when in the hurry of the moment this is neglected they feel unreasonably aggrieved. They are unable to distinguish between the business quarter of a town and their own drawing rooms.

So they push and struggle and weary clerks in crowded shops, board crowded horse cars with the expectation that some man will yield up his seat, seek to be first served at the ticket offices of theaters and railway stations, block up sidewalks and passages along which others wish to pass, fail to keep engagements, and in a hundred different ways show that they are unmindful of the convenience of others. To crown all, they are continually on the lookout for fancied slights which they never fail to resent if it is possible to do so. Women in public show their worst side, and it is safe to say that not one in ten realizes the figure she cuts. If she did she would become as deferential as the most Chesterfieldian among her male relatives. It is mainly through ignorance that she errs, and doubtless a little wholesome agitation of the question will lead to an abatement of what does not fall far short of being a public nuisance.—[Albany Journal.

A Great Panther Hunter.

Bombonnel, a famous Algerian panther hunter, who died lately at an age which seemed to indicate that panther hunting was not so dangerous an occupation as some others, left behind him some curious studies into the nature of a hunter's sensation. According to his view, a great part of the hunter's excitement and emotion is in the anticipation of sport or danger. When the actual moment comes not much remains but to shoot, and the better hunter one is—the more deadly his aim and the more complete his knowledge of the game—the more certain he is to kill or wound fatally at the first shot. And then the "sport" is all over.

The hunter, for instance, fastens a kid to a tree or a stake, and, stationing himself under cover close by, awaits his lion, his tiger, or his panther. Possibly hours go by before the game appears. Meantime the hunter is anticipating its arrival. He notes that the wind has died down, and that his own position is favorable to escape the animal's scent. Will the game, not being hungry, scorn his bait, and blunder upon the hunter? Will he suspect treachery, and take to flight, leaving no chance for a shot?

Presently the hunter detects certain signs, in the cries of birds or the movement of other animals, that large game is near. His heart beats faster. Then come more positive calculations about the shot. From which direction will the game come? If it approaches from directly in front, head on to the hunter, what sort of a shot shall he give it? If the first shot misses——

Suddenly his reflections are interrupted. His heart thumps violently. The tiger is upon the bait. The time for thinking has gone by, and the time for action has come.

Crack! The rifle shot rings out, and the animal leaps into the air, to fall dead. It is all over, and the only danger was to the tiger. That is what one gets for being a dead shot!

According to M. Bombonnel, the chief danger in African or Asiatic hunting of large game is to the native assistants. He recounts several cases in which faithful Arabs have been killed or shockingly lacerated.

Arctic Exploration.

It will be remembered that Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, was wholly successful in his enterprise of leading a party across Greenland two years ago. They made the journey on skis, or snow runners, from the east coast to the Danish settlements on Baffin's Bay.

Now it is reported that the Norwegian National Assembly has voted an appropriation to fit out another expedition—this time for the North Pole. A specially constructed boat of 170 tons burthen is to be built, and manned by a crew of 10 or 12 men under the command of Dr. Nansen. Provisions and fuel enough for five years will be taken, although it is hoped that two years will be all that is needed for making the trip. It is proposed to leave Norway in February, 1892.

The general plan of the expedition is to find, at some point north of Europe or Asia, a current that shall carry the vessel through open water past the North Pole to the west coast of Greenland. It is believed that the currents and the open water will be found along the proposed line. This belief is founded chiefly upon recent observations.

Thinks He Is a Cat.

A story comes from San Francisco, says the Baltimore *Sun*, about Frank Souhadra, a Bohemian, who formerly lived in Baltimore and is well known in this city. Souhadra has been in an insane asylum there since April and his insanity has taken a peculiar phase. He imagines he is a cat. Mr. Vincent Jerabek, of San Francisco, has written to Mr. V. J. Shimek, 932 North Broadway, confirming the rumor of Souhadra's insanity and detailing some of the man's queer antics. Recently, while being examined by the commissioners of insanity, Souhadra broke out into cat cries that sounded all through the building and caused the physicians to request that the cat be put out of the room. At the same time the doctor turned around to speak to Souhadra, when that individual astonished the doctor by jumping on his back. Then he sprang over on one side with a loud cat like yell and then suddenly calmed down. One night, before the afflicted man was taken into custody, a policeman heard a caterwauling concert on the roof of a house, and looking up saw on the eaves a man rushing wildly about on his hands and feet and uttering imitations of the notes so familiar on the back sheds in the early hours of night. The officer rightly concluded that he had come across a crazy man, and after considerable trouble Souhadra was taken down, handcuffed, and conducted to the police station. Souhadra is about 26 years old and went to San Francisco in March. He lived in Baltimore about 14 years, his home being at 900 East Eager street with his mother and sister. They have been in Europe since April and are ignorant of their relative's affliction. Souhadra is a brass worker, and was employed at McShane's foundry for a long time. He is well educated, and is a good musician, and while in Baltimore was instructor of the singing section of the Bohemian Gymnastic Association. His father, who died about 20 years ago, was a colonel in the Austrian army. An intimate friend of Souhadra says Souhadra was bitten on the finger by a cat last February.

A Dream of Science.

Recent discoveries in chemistry seem to render simple and practical all the absurd dreams of the early alchemists touching the transmutation of substances one into another. The experiments of Mendelejeff, Meyer, and Newlands seem to show that in the ultimate analysis all our so-called elements are compounds and all matter is reducible to two forms of atoms. The difference between one substance and another appears to be nothing more than a difference in the geometrical grouping of atoms. More startling still is the fact that we are apparently upon the eve of discovering how to change that grouping, converting any substance into any other at will. If this seeming promise is fulfilled the transmutation of the baser metals into gold—which the alchemists so long and painfully labored for—will be a commonplace of the laboratory, and a writer in the *North American Review* is at pains to show that in that case gold would become one of the baser metals, so far as the value is concerned. But the world has learned much since the alchemists broke their alembics. Our chemists would not now bother themselves with the useless task of making gold if the power of transmutation were theirs. They would seek real wealth in the conversion of worthless, inorganic matter into life sustaining food with which to supplement the products of the field. In such a discovery would lie the supreme achievement of science and its highest possible ministration to the welfare of mankind. It would eliminate hunger from the world and render want impossible.—[New York World.

The Aspiring Girl of To-Day.

She is bright and ambitious; she looks out at the workers in the world and thinks that if she were among them she would make a great success, and that reward of fame—money—would come to her in plenty.

But, ought you to go? May not the life work for you be in the home? May not the reward of industry be a sense of duty done, and the love of those around you? We are all too prone to accept these rewards as commonplace, and only what should come to us, whereas they are, my dear girls, the brightest jewels that shine in the crown of woman. Look at home. On the work that is waiting for you there. Do not underestimate its value. Whatever it is, do it with a willing heart and a quick hand. Think it your pleasure to do it well. Make it your delight to be so successful that the home people will praise you. And if sometimes you give a thought to the big gay world, where each is for herself and God for all, be ashamed of the sigh that you give, remembering that you are working where God thinks it best for you to do so; and that you only merit displeasure when you scorn your work, or do it as do those who think eye service of value. Don't, don't, dear girl, rush away from your home. Think it all out first and see where mother needs you. Then, after all, you get a better reward than any other worker, for you receive the blessing of God and the loving thanks of a mother.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

Risks in Raising Hops.

"Hop raising is the height of gambling in the agricultural line," remarked Mr. J. D. Iler, the well known brewer. "I have seen hops sell for 8 cents a pound and I have seen them sell for $1 50 per pound. Some hop raisers have made $2,000 and $3,000 per acre; others have lost about as much. It is about as risky as horse racing or poker playing, and hop raising hasn't half the elements of fun that can be found in these popular sports. This year hops are bringing about 35 cents per pound and are still going up."—[Kansas City Times.

UNCLE RUBEN'S LOST LOVE.

My uncle, Ruben Van Note fell in love with Priscilla Jan the very first time, and as he was not the kind of a man to waste much time in courting, he chose this way of proposing.

Priscilla wore a gown of muslin, and at the belt hung two scarlet pockets, as was the custom in those days.

Ruben having penned a declaration one afternoon, took the opportunity (for he was a timid man) of slipping the note into one of these trim little pockets when she was not looking.

Then he took his leave, and waited anxiously but very patiently for an answer. But none ever came.

Poor Ruben was not one to risk his fate a second time, and he ceased his visits to the home of the Jans. After a while he went away to England, and Newport knew him no more. He became rather celebrated as a scientific man. The bashfulness of youth gone by, he became a grave, gallant gentleman of the old school, and he had his admirers even among our sex, but he never fell in love, and he never married.

At 65 years of age he took it into his head to see Newport before he died. In those years it had become a fashionable watering place. There were one or two great hotels and plenty of cottages. The sea view was as fine, the sea air as bracing, the girls as pretty as of yore, but they did not wear painted muslins with poppies on them, nor outside pockets of handsomely embroidered silk.

Ruben Van Note strolled along the beach and looked at the old tower and sighed over the past a little. Then he strolled up the street to the house of the Jan family. It looked very much as formerly, only the trees were larger and the ivy vine quite covered the brick stable with the pigeon houses on the roof. All its windows were open and a woman was dusting the shutters. When she came out upon the porch to shake a cloth he spoke to her.

"Does the Jan family live here yet?" he asked.

The woman gave a long shake of the head and said:

"The last of the Jan family died three days ago—Miss Priscilla Jan. I was her maid. She was getting on in life—60 years old—and a delicate body always; but I think she would have lived a long while yet if she hadn't had an accident. Her carriage was upset by a tipsy coachman and she was hurt and shaken. The shock to her nerves killed her, the doctor said. That's her miniature when she was a girl, over the mantel, if you'd step in and look."

Ruben stepped in and saw Priscilla, in white and red, smiling at him from the chimney piece. It was a good likeness. Could she really be dead? He staggered back and seated himself on the sofa.

"And she never married?" he said, speaking aloud unconsciously.

"No, sir," said the maid, believing herself addressed. "She never married. Such a pretty girl, you'd not believe it. She had offers, but they did not suit her. Once she told me, sitting just there, sir, where you sit, the Christmas after her parents died, why she did not. She was fond of a young gentleman once, but he came and went and never said a word, and, as she believed, never cared for her. She cried and cried of nights, but told no one, and she lived single until she was 40. Then one day, when she was up in the garret, she found a pair of red silk pockets in an old box. She had missed the pockets. They used to wear 'em outside, sir, which seems funny now. She had missed them, and never guessed where they had gone, but somehow they'd been dropped into the box that was carried up garret that very night. She'd not seen them for 20 years, and she took them out and turned them over, and a letter fell into her lap.

"It was sealed, and it had her name on it, and when she read it she found it was an offer from this young gentleman. An offer, sir, that she would have said yes to, and thankful.

"She knew then, that being bashful, he had slipped it into her pocket, and it had been lost with it.

"'I cried at first, Martha,' she said, 'but afterward I was glad, for I knew how we had loved each other. It was too late to answer it, even if I knew where he was; but I hoped some time he might come back and know the truth. He never will know now, Martha,' she said, 'unless we meet in heaven.'

"And I put the little pockets, with the letter in them, under her head in the coffin, as she bade me. Sort of like a story, isn't it, sir?"

"It is very like a story," said my great uncle.

He sat looking at the picture for a while, and the girl went on. The property was left to a charity, all but a legacy to herself, and there was to be an auction next day, and she was cleaning up for it. And then she begged him to rest himself as long as he pleased, and went about her work.

When she had gone Ruben Van Note took the miniature of poor Priscilla Jan from the mantlepiece and put it into his bosom, and walked away.

Doubtless the maid wondered long whether that respectable old gentleman could have been the thief, or whether some other had come in at the open door in her absence.

But Priscilla's pretty face lay against Ruben's heart until it ceased to beat; and I have no doubt that if lovers renew their vows in heaven, these two hearts have met there; these two whom the treacherous buckle of the scarlet pockets parted forever on earth.—[Hartford Courant.

The Small Brother's Suggestion.

"I am so happy," she said. "Ever since my engagement to Charles the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull prosaic New Jersey, but in——"

"Lapland?" suggested the small brother.