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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 9. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890. | WHOLE NUMBER, 997.

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

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

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BARGAINS

TWO SECOND-HAND WAGONS FOR SALE:
1 one-horse Wagon.
1 two- " "
Apply to FRANK C. BEALL,
May 18 The Hardware and Stove Man.

THE TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
Oh, budding time!
Oh, love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
The bell made happy carrolines,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
Oh, pure eyed bride!
Oh, tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
Oh, solemn hour!
Oh, holden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
Oh, patient life!
Oh, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
Oh, voyage fast!
Oh, vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said "Once more!"
Oh, memories!
Oh, past that is!

—[George Eliot.

MRS. BURKE'S PUDDING.

It had always been the custom in Mrs. Capulet's day to bake one of her best plum puddings during Christmas week for the charwoman, Mrs. Burke, who was never likely to taste such a dainty at other seasons. "Why should we keep all the good things to ou selves," she used to ask; "eat plum pudding whenever we fancy it, and this poor hard working woman never knew the taste of such a morsel?" It was also the custom of the house "to build," as Harry Capulet used to say, several of these rich puddings at the same time; they would keep for weeks or months without spoiling, and there they were, at a moment's notice, if dinner company arrived unexpectedly on washing or ironing days, when it was inconvenient to concoct nice desserts. When Mrs. Harry Capulet took the management of affairs after his mother's death, her husband's cousin, who had been regent during the interregnum, said to her at Christmas time: "I hope, dear, you will continue Mrs. Burke's pudding; she has received it for so many years she will feel injured unless you do."

"Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Harry, who was of an economical turn of mind; "I shall give Mrs. Burke a pudding, but not one of these. What are you thinking about—waste all these delicacies on a charwoman?"

"Gingerbread pudding, with a few raisins added, will satisfy her quite as well," put in Mrs. Harry's sister.

"What they call a poor man's pudding?" asked Mrs. Harry.

"Yes, the very thing."

"But, my dear," expostulated Sue Capulet, "Mrs. Burke will know; she has been accustomed to the best. I have made it a principle to send her as good as I kept; I hate to scrimp her at Christmas time."

"Oh, you're to extravagant, Cousin Sue. Besides, you give an old ignorant charwoman credit for all your own virtues and tastes. I don't think it worth while to waste so much money upon her; a poor man's pudding is more appropriate for the circumstances."

"Noblesse oblige," insisted Sue. But Mrs. Harry laughed, and ordered a poor man's pudding to be baked the same size as her own plum pudding.

"I can hardly tell them apart, cook has given them all such a rich brown. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the baking as well as the eating."

But Sue sighed. "Mrs. Burke is English. You won't be able to deceive her about an English plum pudding."

"I'm not going to label it and she can take it or leave it. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, I've heard," cried Mrs. Harry, who couldn't keep her temper as well as she could keep other things.

"That was a pudding!" said Mrs. Burke, one morning after Christmas, having come in for some work. Mrs. Harry looked at Sue. "I think," continued Mrs. Burke, "they grow nicer every year, Mrs. Capulet. This one just melted in your mouth; it was too good for poor folks."

"There! cried Mrs. Capulet, as soon as Mrs. Burke's back was turned, "what did I tell you, Sue! After educating Mrs. Burke up to the English plum pudding! This is all the good it does to educate the lower classes, you see."

"I hope it isn't blarney in Mrs. Burke," hazarded Sue.

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

quoted Mrs. Harry.

After this, whenever Sue and Mrs. Harry disagreed, her sister would say, "Remember Mrs. Burke's pudding, Sue." However, the matter faded out of their minds in time, and perhaps they would never have thought of it again if Mr. Gus Blake hadn't happened to drop in upon them. Now, Mr. Blake was somebody worth while in Miss Lily's eyes. She had met him at germans, yachted with him, picnicked with him, lunched with him; once he had even sent her some flowers; she had some of them now, pressed in a book of love sonnets. He was one of those cordial people who shake hands as if they were making love. Miss Lily was more than fond of his society; she intended to marry him. But it was a pity that she should arrive on the only day in the week when they had a picked up dinner.

"There is one of the Christmas puddings left, at any rate," said Mrs. Harry; "that will redeem the dinner."

Mr. Gus Blake was very affable as usual. He and Lily sang duets together before dinner; she had also to show him over the grounds, the view of the river, the eagle's nest; they hunted for four leaved clovers together and she told his name with a daisy. He was complimentary and gallant. Lily felt as if a crisis was at hand. They met Sue, with her hands full of wild flowers, coming from school.

"A neighbor?" he asked with his most indifferent manner, as she just nodded and hurried by.

"O no. That is Sue Capulet, Harry's cousin. She used to keep his house before he married."

"She is rather prim in her ways and opinionated, like all country people."

"Ah! she must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps; but one needs to live with her to find it out."

"And you live with her."

"Yes. She will live here, I suppose, till somebody marries her."

"Then she has a lover?"

"I never heard of one."

"And yet she is not precisely ugly," with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"No, not at all; only commonplace," conceded Lily.

The dinner progressed as far as the dessert. It was a picked up one, to be sure; but what could any one expect who came without announcing himself. Mrs. Harry assured herself. Mr. Blake was a famous diner out; he knew, moreover, how to make himself agreeable over a dinner of herbs, and then there was her English plum pudding to top off with. How plump and delicious it looked as it came upon the table, and what royal odor it emitted. She cut it with pride in her mien. She tasted and shot a quick glance at Mr. Blake, but said nothing. The guest was quietly nibbling at it and talking brilliantly. Presently Lily, who had been listening to him, attacked it. She turned pale, and gave her plate a little angry push. Then Mrs. Harry having helped everybody else, settled herself to the enjoyment of her pudding. Sue, regarding her, saw a look of consternation gather on her face. She uttered an exclamation as if she had been wounded.

"Sue," she cried angrily, "you carried the wrong pudding to Mrs. Blake. This is the poor man's pudding," regardless of her guest.

"I carried the pudding the cook gave me," returned Sue.

"No wonder Mrs. Burke thought it's too good for poor folks!" put in Lily, sourly.

Then both glowered at Sue. They were obliged to repress their wrath before their guest, but they were too full of indignation to talk rationally or coherently. If Mr. Blake guessed that there was thunder in the air, he was as facetious and anecdotal as usual, ignored the atmospheric changes, and did not hurry away. But when he was obliged to take his train at last, the thunderbolt burst about Sue's head.

"So you carried your point, after all my directions to the contrary," says Mrs. Harry; "Mrs. Burke had her English plum pudding in spite of me."

"I had nothing to do with it," returned Sue; "it was as much a surprise to me as to you."

"Pity Harry hadn't been here," said Miss Lily, ignoring Sue's version. "If his wife isn't to be mistress in his house, it is time he knew it. A poor man's pudding to set before Mr. Gus Blake, one of the most fastidious of men."

"I'm very sorry," said Sue, "it wasn't a nice pudding."

"Nor a nice thing for you to do in another's house."

"Mrs. Capulet, I had nothing whatever to do with it," protested Sue.

"Susan Capulet, I don't believe a word you say."

"And if I was sister, you or I would leave the house."

And so it happened that Sue packed her trunks, and Harry Capulet had such a version of Mrs. Burke's pudding that he did not dream of recalling her.

She went to a friend's house in the city, who had promised to find her a situation.

In the meantime Mrs. Capulet's servants confided the story of the plum pudding to Mrs. Burke herself, and Gus Blake's part in it. Mrs. Burke felt it her duty to write Mr. Blake and repeat the whole affair, and through him to help sweet Miss Sue, who would never hurt a fly, out of her trouble.

Mr. Blake smiled at this letter. So they had made it hot for Miss Sue. He had suspected as much. He went to call on his friend, Mrs. Barnes, and request her co-operation. He was shown into the music room, and met Sue.

"So," he said, shaking hands, "this is the result of Mrs. Burke's pudding." And then Mrs. Barnes entered.

"I came," he said, "to consult you about the affairs of a friend of mine who has come to grief. Her case is even worse than that of the man in the South who burnt his mouth eating cold plum porridge."

The upshot of it was that Sue had a position a little later, where Mr. Blake was intimate enough to drop in at his pleasure, and carry the governess off to the opera, or a few hours' recreation in the park behind his house; and so it happened that one day Lily and Mrs. Capulet received the wedding cards of Miss Susan Capulet, and Mr. Gustavus Blake, which was owing to Mrs. Burke's pudding.—[Mary N. Prescott in Harper's Bazar.

Progress has its penalties. The use of steam as a motive power and heater has cost many thousands of lives. So has the use of gas as an illuminator. Electricity is now at the front for employment as power and light. It is doing some killing, but its victims are few as compared with those of steam. Doubtless it will be rendered less dangerous, but it must always contain capacity for evil as well as for good. We do not get unmixed good on this side of eternity.

HOW HOUSE FLIES DIE.

A Kind of Fungus That Makes Havoc With the Insects.

Like many other insects, house flies are subject to the attacks of a parasite fungus which destroys great numbers of them, especially toward the end of autumn.

We sometimes see the corpses of such as have met this fate clued to the window in the attitude of life, with legs widely spread and wings raised as if in preparation for flight, but with a white halo on the glass all around them and with bodies pale, unhealthy looking, and distended.

The spores of the fungus, which are excessively minute and are present in the air, are carried against the fly's body, and such as strike its under surface may become adherent, when each spore sends out a long tubular projection, which penetrates the skin and enters the body.

Once here, its host's doom is certain, says *Knowledge*, for it meets with suitable nourishment in the shape of the fluids of the fly's body, by the aid of which it will speedily propagate itself until its victim, drained of its life support, finally succumbs.

The thread like tube first produces a series of detached rounded bodies, something like the cells of the yeast plant. These cells, which have an indefinite power of self multiplication, are carried by the blood to all parts of the body, and thus the disease spreads.

They, in their turn, give rise to a number of branching tubular threads, similar to those of the earlier stage, which, in process of time, penetrate the skin. Each thread which thus makes its appearance outside gives rise to a sort of head, which contains spores like those with which the series started.

They are cast off with considerable force, and multitudes of them no doubt perish while others are ultimately wafted against the bodies of other flies to deal destruction among them as among their predecessors.

The particular species of fungus which makes havoc with the house flies is called empusa muscae, and is one of a group which are distinguished by their habit of subsisting upon living insects.

The maturation of the fungus involves the death of the fly, the fluids of whose body serve as food for the parasite.

Under its attack the fly becomes gradually feebler, and finally quite unable to move, and then the viscid secretions from the pads of the feet hardens and glues the insect to the surface to which it is clinging, while the fungus spreads round it and leaves some of its spores adhering so as to form the halo above described.

A Substitute.

"Julius," said the colonel, with a benevolent smile, "you probably know that I have a hundred acres of watermelons?"

"I—I—has yo' dun got dat much, sah?"

"Why, you live out there, Julius, and know all about it."

"'Deed I libs out dar, but I'se been so werry busy I hain't had time to inquar' around. What about dem wartermilyuns, kurnel?"

"Julius, suppose I should drug some of those melons?"

"Yes, sah."

"Put in something which would make the thief awfully sick?"

"I follers yo', sah."

"Do you think you could tell one of the drugged melons by feeling of it in the night?"

"Me? Me? What would I be doin' in yo' millyon patch at night, sah?"

"But suppose you went there?"

"Arter millyons?"

"Yes."

"Gwine ter steal 'em?"

"Yes."

"Wall, Kurnel Johnson, 'taint no use to argify dat p'int, kase I wouldn't go."

"Why not?"

"Kase I'd send one of the boys, yo' know."—[New York Press.

Found at Last.

Housekeeper (to pleasant faced girl at employment agency)—Have you any objections to the country?

Girl (politely)—None at all, madam.

Housekeeper—I have quite a large family.

Girl—The more the merrier.

Housekeeper—Seven children, two of them quite young.

Girl—I love little children.

Housekeeper—It will be necessary for you to bake bread, wash, and get the meals. I attend to the pastry and chamber work myself.

Girl—I will also make the pastry and do the rest, if you will allow me.

Housekeeper—I can not give you more than three afternoons off.

Girl—Two will be sufficient, perhaps more than I will want, as my plan is to give strict attention to my household duties and thus get the work done up promptly every day, so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times.

Housekeeper—I am delighted—

Stranger (suddenly entering)—Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are conversing with one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic Asylum.—[New York Weekly.

He Obeyed the Signal.

Maud—I'll never flirt again, if I live to be a hundred.

Annie—Why, dear. What's the matter?

Maud—Matter! I winked at a sweet young drug clerk down down to-day, and he put whisky in my soda.—[Light.

The Next Question.

"What are you reading, my dear?" asked a member of the Chicago Literary Society of her daughter.

"The autobiography of Thomas Jefferson, ma."

"Who wrote it?"—[New York Sun.

William I, of Germany, served in the army as a full private before he had attained his seventh year. At 17 he was in action.

A SONG OF COURAGE.

Be brave, my soul!
Though foes around thee fighting fast
Would drive thee from the field at last,
Be brave! the struggle soon is past,
And then—the promised goal!

My soul, be strong!
Though great temptations hover near
And hard may seem the cross to bear,
There is a jewel in each tear,
In every sigh a song!

My soul, be true!
Though on the shrine of truth the blaze
Sheds in the dark its dying rays,
Keep thou thy vigil! In the ways
The angel walks with you.

My soul, stand fast!
A little while with halting feet
To tread the thorn paths scorched with heat,
Where trampled hearts must bleed and beat!
A little while—and then the sweet
Rest of thy Lord at last!

—[F. L. Stanton.

COST OF YACHTING.

The Extravagant Sums Paid by Owners of Fancy Craft.

One authority in a position to know states that for a season of five months a steam launch 40 to 50 feet in length imposes an outlay of $2,500; a steamer from 75 to 100 feet in length will cost about $10,000, and one slightly larger, with flush decks, no less than $11,000. In the big steamers, with crews varying from 30 to 50 men, the monthly expenditure varies from $6,000 to $12,000, and in two yachts of this kind described by another writer, who gave the details, the annual cost was figured at $150,000 each, and in an isolated instance, where a steamer made the voyage around the world, the expense for the five months' cruise was said to have been something under $50,000. Leaving these extreme cases, and taking as a fair basis steamers belonging to the class which includes vessels measuring from 75 to 100 feet, we get the following fixed charges: Monthly wages, fireman, cook, steward, three deck hands, engineer and pilot, $380; coal, $200; repairs, deck stores, engine room supplies, uniforms, $540; and mess, $380; commissioning and laying up, $2,500; total for five months, $10,000. If to this be added what it costs for the cabin outfit, without the delusion that you are saving so much on your shore expenses—for in the long run you never do—it will be seen that it costs a pretty penny for the sport.

There is not a great difference, save for coal, in the running expenses of a steamer and sailing craft. Indeed, on similar displacements, the large schooners often cost more to keep up. So far as the smaller schooners and sloops go, it is an axiom that you always spend more than you have allowed. One owner of a sloop, whose experience is not exceptional, confesses that when he built his ship for $10,000 he hoped to get her into the water for $5,000 more, but by the time sails were bent and he was ready to cruise, his total expenditures reached $16,500. His first season cost him $8,000 more; but from his own accounts it is easy to see the cabin was run carelessly and too lavishly for comfort. In the next year he had his yacht hauled out by the ship builder for an examination, and though the sailing master had taken good care of her, his bill for a spike here and a graving piece there was nearly $1,000. A new mainsail and other sail making jobs cost another $1,000, and before he got the rigger out of the boat there was a hand spike and serving mallet account of $200. Altogether he found his running expenses for his second season, on a boat under 60 feet on the water line, averaged $50 per day, and it must be added that he was not a Johnny Raw either.—[Harper's Magazine.

ELECTRICITY AND MILK.

Acidulation Delayed by the Application of a Current.

The effect of thunder storms in turning milk sour is a matter of constant observation in every household. It is not certainly known to what element in the air this souring action on milk is to be directly attributed, and most people are content to ascribe it to "electricity in the air." An Italian savant, Professor G. Tolomei, has lately made some experiments with the view of elucidating this question. He found that the passage of an electric current directly through the milk not only did not hasten, but actually delayed acidulation, milk so treated not becoming sour until from the sixth to the ninth day, whereas milk not so electrified becomes markedly acid on the third day. When, however, the surface of a quantity of milk was brought close under the two balls of a Holtz machine the milk soon became sour, and this effect he attributes to the ozone generated, for when the discharge was silent the milk soured with greater rapidity than when the discharge was explosive, in the former case more ozone being formed than in the latter. The souring of milk is generally attributed to the growth of a ferment (bacterium) which converts the milk sugar into lactic acid. It is possible, then, that the presence of ozone in the air overlying the milk hastens the growth and multiplication of the bacterium. The first observation—namely, the retardation of souring by the passage of a current through the milk—may be a point of practical importance to milk traders. Any method of preserving milk from its first retrogressive changes, which does not involve the addition of extraneous substances (antiseptics) to the milk, and which is at the same time cheap, effective, and not likely to prove injurious to the consumer, is sure to be welcomed at a time when milk is sent long distances to market, and is often stored for a considerable time before it reaches the consumer.

A Use for Paper Bags.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. The hand can be slipped into one of these, and the brush handled just as well, and the hands will not be soiled.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

One Hundred and Thirteen Places in the United States Called After Him.

It may not be generally known, even to the man who thinks he hits the nail on the head when he says, "What's in a name," that the name of Wayne is the title or part of the title of more places in the United States than any other. Take the plain Wayne, first, without any embellishments. There is a Wayne county in Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and West Virginia.

In Illinois there are 17 townships that are called Wayne. There are 21 in Ohio, 12 in Pennsylvania, 17 in Indiana, 3 in Iowa, 2 in Missouri, 1 each in Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, Wisconsin, besides a station in New Jersey and a village in the State of New York.

There are two Wayne Centres, one in New York and one in Pennsylvania. There is a post hamlet in Illinois called Wayne City and a post village called Wayne Court House in West Virginia. In New York State there is a place called Wayne Four Corners, and a village in Tennessee that is fond of its title of Wayne Furnace. There is a Wayne Junction in Pennsylvania.

As for places called Waynesborough, there is one in Georgia, one in Mississippi, one in Tennessee, one in Virginia, and two in Pennsylvania. Waynesburg is the title of two places in Ohio, two in Pennsylvania, one in Indiana, and one in Kentucky, and there is a Waynesburg Junction in Pennsylvania.

Besides all these titles, not apparently on the wane anywhere, Waynesfield is the name of two parts of Ohio and of one of Georgia. Waynesville is the name of one place each in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, North Carolina, and Ohio. In one section of Indiana the people scratched their heads before they put Wayne's name into the title of their place, so as not to get the tail end like any other Wayne place in the United States, and so they named it Waynestown.

What "Burgoo" Is?

"Burgoo," explained Colonel James Orr, of Covington, "is one of the oldest Kentucky dishes we have. No one knows who first made 'burgoo' nor does any one know where or how it got its queer name. 'Burgoo' is an out of doors creation, and pots of 'burgoo' have simmered over a hot fire in the sun at every big political gathering in the state since Henry Clay was a boy, and years before that, too. It is not only an extremely palatable dish, if you can call it that, but it's very nourishing. 'Burgoo' is a cross between a stew and a soup. It is always made in the open air. The 'burgoo' the Blades of Grass ate to-day was very rich. How was it made? Well, I took a big cauldron, put some red pepper pods in the bottom, added some potatoes, tomatoes, and corn; then put in half a dozen prairie chickens, as many more tender 'yellow leg,' and a couple of dozen soft shell crabs. I'd have added some young squirrels, but they could not be obtained. When everything is in readiness there is enough water put into the cauldron to just make the contents float. Then it is put on the fire. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and must be stirred constantly with a hickory stick. A hickory stick is best and is always used, but another might do as well. When it is nearly done it may be flavored to suit the taste. It is 'done' when the meats are thoroughly shredded, not before. When it is done—Um!" and Colonel Orr's eyes sparkled at the prospect.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Soil Is Inexhaustible.

One foot in depth of a fairly good agricultural soil contains 4,000 pounds of phosphoric acid; 8,000 pounds of potash; 16,000 pounds of nitrogen and lime, magnesia, soda, chlorine, sulphur, and silica to afford food for all the crops which these three elements can feed per acre. After farmers by careful and skillful cultivation have exhausted all this great store of plant food in the uppermost foot of his soil, which will require several centuries, will the soil be exhausted? Not at all. As the land is gradually changed into vegetable growth, and the surface is removed as farm crops, it as gradually deepens, and the subsoil which contains the very same elements becomes fitted for plant food. And thus the imperishable nature of matter applies to the soil, which can never be exhausted during all the ages which are to come. All that mankind has to do is to use its arts under the instruction of science to develop this latent fertility of the soil, and to go on feeding the human race until the end, if an end ever shall come when the earth will no longer exist as a fit habitation for mankind.

Victoria's Love for Babies.

The queen's love for babies by no means diminishes with her ever increasing number of grandchildren. Indeed, the latest addition to the royal family always demands her special interest, and at the present moment it is the new baby of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, her majesty's latest great grandson, for whom she exhibits the greatest solicitude. A magnificent cradle has just been dispatched by his royal great grandmother to the infant, over whose outfit the queen and Empress Frederick spent many hours during the latter's sojourn here some weeks ago. By the earnest request of the queen, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta will bring the baby over to see the queen next month, and the Princess Sophie, mother like, is doubtless only too proud of the opportunity to display her treasure to her English relatives.—[Lady's Pictorial.

A petroleum engine has been introduced in a light house in Scotland for working the siren of the fog signal apparatus recently installed.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

Can human life but a mere bubble be,
Cast up by chance from the eternal sea,
To float an instant on the troubled wave,
Then in oblivion sink into its grave?

Why from the conscious temple of the heart
Like angels do our aspirations start,
And o'er the boundless skies so swiftly glide
Away from earthly scenes unsatisfied?

Why does the golden sun, with light divine,
Why the pale moon upon us softly shine,
Why gleaming stars around the heavenly throne
Unto our sight makes their bright presence known?

Why does the rainbow's variegated form
Entrance our vision at the ceasing storm?
Why do the lovely clouds their charms display,
To leave us musing as they roll away?

And why presented to admiring view
Are beauteous forms of life of every hue,
Which quickly vanish, leaving naught behind
Save pleasing images to cheer mankind?

This is the why. The human race was born
Some brighter, nobler region to adorn—
To meet again on the eternal shore
Where man dies not, where beauty fades no more.

A MAN WITH A NEW SKIN.

How He Suddenly Lost the Old and Slowly Grew the New.

The press dispatches recently gave the particulars of a serious accident to Wesley Kellar, of Indianapolis, Ind. Kellar became known as "the man who was skinned alive," and he is now well, with a whole skin, and is going about his work as usual.

His case is curious. As an illustration of the nice powers of modern surgery it will be talked about from one end of the country to the other.

Kellar fell into a steam vat at the Indianapolis Veneer Works. He was taken out as quickly as possible, but he had been scalded from the soles of his feet to the middle of his chest. One arm was all right, but the other was blistered to the shoulder. Huge blisters puffed up all over the man's body, and the fluid which had exuded from the flesh to fill them had been cooked to a jelly. In removing his clothes great strips of the outside or scarf skin came off, leaving exposed the true skin underneath, cooked until it looked like a parboiled lobster. His toes and ankles were so blistered and swollen as to lose nearly all resemblance to human members.

As soon as his fellow workmen got Kellar out of the vat they telephoned for the company's surgeon, Dr. Ralph Perry. "There is, perhaps, one chance in a thousand of saving this man," said the surgeon when he looked at the burns. He set to work, however, and greased Kellar from top to toe with a mixture of linseed oil and lime water. Then he swathed the body in cotton wadding, from which all possible impurities and disease germs had been removed by chemicals.

For two days and nights the case hung without loss or gain. A teaspoonful of brandy was given every few hours. Then a change came. Kellar seemed to be choking. The throat became swollen, but this swelling was checked. The man's temperature rose a little. Fever set in. This gave great hope. The next morning Kellar asked for something to eat, and actually ate a piece of pie and drank some coffee. The news of this shocked the surgeon at first; but he said:

"I guess we'll win this fight, for a man who can eat pie with no skin on him has life enough left to grow a new one."

When suppuration began great care was taken to let out the pus at every point. The first dressing took three hours; the second still longer. Five days were consumed in taking off the bits of old skin, four hours each day being spent with the forceps, scissors, and scalpel removing the skin layer by layer. Not a piece as big as a dime was forced. Kellar's pluck was marvelous. The raw surfaces were dressed with an idoform mixture and bandaged with soft stuffs.

Meanwhile the swamps of South Bend were being scoured for two pound frogs. A bushel basket of these were cleaned with a germicide mixture and fed on pure food. The raw surfaces of Kellar's body were tenderly washed with clean warm water, then with peroxide of hydrogen, which destroys pus. The utmost cleanliness and wholesomeness was insisted upon. Just before applying the frog skin the raw surface was washed with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate. Everything ready, the first frog was brought out. With a quick snip of the scissors its spinal cord was severed at the back of the neck. Then the loose pearly white skin from over the abdomen was quickly taken out and thrust into a dish of water which had been boiled, but which was now merely warm.

In the water had been dropped a little of the corrosive sublimate solution. Being cleansed, the skin was cut up into bits about a tenth of an inch square and applied to Kellar's body—inside in, outside out. Powdered iodoform was dusted over the graft, which was sealed tightly from impurities.

Dr. Perry made grafts on 42 occasions. Thirty-two operations were unsatisfactory; 10 were satisfactory. From each of the 10 centers healthy skin radiated, until now Kellar is "as good as new."

So Kellar went back to work—the only man in the world who has been boiled and skinned alive, and who has frog skin where he once wore his own.

Rev. Dr. Beecher's Gas.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., tells the following story on himself: "Some years ago a young man named Plympton came to Elmira to take charge of a paper. I was in the habit of publishing my church notes in the paper, and one Saturday night the gas gave out and gave promise of staying out for a day or two. So I ran over to Plympton and said: 'Just say, Services as usual, excepting the gas.' 'Shall I publish it just that way?' said Plympton. 'Certainly,' said I, and I left him. He did publish it that way, and on the following day narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered at the hands of a committe of my deacons who thought he was ridiculing me."