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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 12. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,000.

Railroad Schedules, etc

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

Nov. 10, 1890.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
7:20 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:50 a m
8:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:40 a m
9:30 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
12:30 p m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1 35 p m
1:15 p m	...No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
6:35 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
1:03 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:08 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:00 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	11:05 a m
1:55 p m	....No. 11 Express....	
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....	7:30 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 5—Mail leaves....2:15 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives...2:40 a m
" 6—Mail " ...1:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday...7:15 p m

Nov 22 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. Leave. No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. 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.....Kreighbaum'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 SALE.

I OFFER at PRIVATE SALE my HOUSE on Main street, adjoining Christ. Fisher's. For terms inquire of
June 7 Mrs. MARY HARTMAN.

IN THE DUST STORM.

To-night God knows what thing shall tide
The earth is rackel and riled
Ex[illegible] sleepless men and
And we, who from the earth were made,
Thrill with our mother's pain
—[In Purgatorio.

No man will ever know the exact truth of the story, though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night, and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, can not assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong.

Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliment reaching the proper ears, and so preparing the way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterward, and you will find that you do yourself harm.

Saumarez knew this when he made up his mind to propose to the elder Miss Copleigh. Saumarez was a strange man, with few merits, so far as men could see, though he was popular with women, and carried enough conceit to stock a viceroy's council, and leave a little over for the commander in chief's staff. He was a civilian. Very many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterward. The elder Miss Copleigh was nice, plump, winning, and pretty. The younger was not pretty, and, from men disregarding the hint set forth above, her style was repellant and unattractive. Both girls had practically the same figure, and there was a strong likeness between them in look and voice, though no one could doubt for an instant which was the nicer of the two.

Saumarez made up his mind, as soon as they came into the station from Behar, to marry the elder one. At least we all made sure that he would, which comes to the same thing. She was 22 and he was 33, with pay and allowances of nearly 1,400 rupees a month. So the match, as we arranged it, was in every way a good one. Saumarez was his name, and summary his nature, as a man once said. Having drafted his resolution, he formed a select committee of one to sit upon it, and resolved to take his time. In our unpleasant slang, the Copleigh girls "hunted in couples." That is to say, you could do nothing with one without the other. They were very loving sisters; but their mutual affection was sometimes inconvenient. Saumarez held the balance hair true between them, and none but himself could have said to which side his heart inclined, though every one guessed. He rode with them a good deal, and danced with them, but he never succeeded in detatching them from each other for any length of time.

Women said that the two girls kept together through deep mistrust, each fearing that the other would steal a march on her. But that has nothing to do with a man. Saumarez was silent for good or bad, and as business likely attentive as he could be, having due regard to his work and his polo. Beyond doubt both girls were fond of him.

As the hot weather drew near and Saumarez made no sign women said that you could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls—that they were looking strained, anxious, and irritable. Men are quite blind in these matters, unless they have more of the woman than the man in their composition, in which case it does not matter what they say or think. I maintain it was the hot April days that took the color out of the Copleigh girls' cheeks. They should have been sent to the hills early. No one—man or woman—feels an angel when the hot weather is approaching. The younger sister grew more cynical—not to say acid—in her ways, and the winningness of the elder wore thin. There was more effort in it.

Now the station wherein all these things happened was, though not a little one, off the line of rail and suffered through want of attention. There were no gardens or bands or amusements worth speaking of, and it was nearly a day's journey to come into Lahore for a dance. People were grateful for small things to interest them.

About the beginning of May and just before the final exodus of hill goers, when the weather was very hot and there were not more than 20 people in the station, Saumarez gave a moonlight riding picnic at an old tomb six miles away, near the bed of the river. It was a "Noah's Ark" picnic, and there was to be the usual arrangement of quarter mile intervals between each couple on account of the dust.

Six couples came altogether, including chaperons. Moonlight picnics are useful just at the very end of the season, before all the girls go away to the hills. They lead to understandings, and should be encouraged by chaperons; especially those whose girls look sweetest in riding habits. I knew a case once. But that is another story. That picnic was called the "Great Pop picnic," because every one knew Saumarez would propose then to the eldest Miss Copleigh; and, besides his affair there was another which might possibly come to happiness. The social atmosphere was heavily charged and wanted clearing.

We met at the parade ground at 10; the night was fearfully hot. The horses sweated even at walking pace, but anything was better than sitting still in our own dark houses. When we moved off under the full moon we were four couples, one triplet, and Mr. Saumarez rode with the Copleigh girls, and I loitered at the tail of the procession wondering with whom Saumarez would ride home. Every one was happy and contented, but we all felt that things were going to happen. We rode slowly, and it was nearly midnight before we reached the old tomb facing the ruined tank in the decayed gardens, where we were going to eat and drink. I was late in coming up, and, before I went into the garden, I saw that the horizon to the north carried a faint dun colored feather. But no one would have thanked me for spoiling so well managed an entertainment as this picnic—and a dust storm, more or less, does no great harm.

We gathered by the tank. Some one had brought out a banjo—which is a most sentimental instrument—and three or four of us sang. You must not laugh at this. Our amusements in out of the way stations are very few indeed. Then we talked in groups on together, lying under the trees with the sun baked roses dropping their petals on our feet, until supper was ready. It was a beautiful [illegible] as cold and as iced as you could [illegible] we stayed long over it.

I had felt that the air was growing hotter and hotter, but nobody seemed to notice it until the moon went out and a burning hot wind began lashing the orange trees with a sound like the noise of the sea. Before we knew where we were the dust storm was on us and everything was roaring, whirling darkness. The supper table was blown bodily into the tank. We were afraid of staying anywhere near the old tomb for fear it might be blown down. So we felt our way to the orange trees where the horses were picketed and waited for the storm to blow over. Then the little light that was left vanished and you could not see your hand before your face.

The air was heavy with dust and sand from the bed of the river, that filled boots and pockets and drifted down necks and coated eyebrows and mustaches. It was one of the worst dust storms of the year. We were all huddled together close to the trembling horses, with the thunder clattering overhead and the lightning sparting like water from a sluice, all ways at once. There was no danger, of course, unless the horses broke loose.

I was standing with my head downward and my hair over my mouth, hearing the trees thrashing each other. I could not see who was next me till the flashes came. Then I found that I was packed near Saumarez and the eldest Miss Copleigh, because she had a pagri round her helmet and the younger had not. All the electricity in the air had gone into my body and I was quivering and tingling from head to foot—exactly as a corn shoots and tingles before rain. It was a grand storm. The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to the leeward in great heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground like the heat of the Day of Judgment.

The storm lulled slightly after the first half hour, and I heard a despairing little voice close to my ear, saying to itself, quietly and softly, as if some lost soul were flying about with the wind: "Oh! my God!" Then the younger Miss Copleigh stumbled into my arms, saying: "Where is my horse? Get my horse. I want to go home. Take me home."

I thought that the lightning and the black darkness had frightened her; so I said there was no danger, but she must wait till the storm blew over. She answered: "It is not that! It is not that! I want to go home! Oh, take me away from here!"

I said that she could not go till the light came; but I felt her brush past me and go away. It was too dark to see where. Then the whole sky was split open with one tremendous flash, as if the end of the world were coming, and all the women shrieked.

Almost directly after this I felt a man's hand on my shoulder and heard Saumarez bellowing in my ear. Through the rattling of the trees and howling of the wind I did not catch his words at once. At last I heard him say: "I've proposed to the wrong one! What shall I do?" Saumarez had no occasion to make this confidence to me. I was never a friend of his, nor am I now; but I fancy neither of us were ourselves just then. He was shaking as he stood with excitement, and I was feeling queer all over with the electricity. I could not think of anything to say except, "More fool for you proposing in a dust storm." But I did not see how that would improve the mistake.

Then he shouted: "Where's Edith—Edith Copleigh?" Edith was the younger sister. I answered out of my astonishment: "What do you want with her?" Would you believe it, for the next two hours he and I were shouting at each other like maniacs—he vowing that it was the younger sister he had meant to propose to all along, and I telling him till my throat was hoarse that he must have made a mistake! I can't account for this except, again, by the fact that we were neither of us ourselves. Everything seemed to me like a bad dream—from the stamping of the horses in the darkness to Saumarez telling me the story of his loving Edith Copleigh from the first. He was still clawing my shoulder and begging me to tell him where Edith Copleigh was, when another lull came and brought light with it, and we saw the dust cloud forming on the plain in front of us. So we knew the worst was over. The moon was low down, and there was just the glimmer of the false dawn that comes about an hour before the real one. But the light was very faint, and the dun cloud roared like a bull.

I wondered where Edith Copleigh had gone; and as I was wondering I saw three things together: First Maud Copleigh's face come smiling out of the darkness and move toward Saumarez, who was standing by me. I heard the girl whisper, "George," and slide her arm through the arm that was not clawing my shoulder, and I saw that look on her face which only comes once or twice in a lifetime—when a woman is perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets and gorgeous colored fire and the earth turns into clouds because she loves and is loved. At the same time I saw Saumarez's face as he heard Maud Copleigh's voice, and five yards away from the clump of orange trees I saw a brown holland habit getting upon a horse.

It must have been my state of over excitement that made me so quick to meddle with what did not concern me. Saumarez was moving off to the habit, but I pushed him back and said: "Stop here and explain. I'll fetch her back!" And I ran out to get at my own horse. I had a perfect unnecessary notion that everything must be done decently and in order, and that Saumarez's first care [illegible] happy look on Maud Copleigh's face. All the time I was linking up the curb chain I wondered how he would do it.

I canered after Edith Copleigh, thinking to bring her back slowly on some pretense or another. But she galloped away as soon as she saw me, and I was forced to ride after her in earnest. She called back over her shoulder: "Go away! Ping-ping home. Oh, go away!" two or three times; but my business was to catch her first, and argue later.

The ride just fitted in with the rest of the evil dream. The ground was very bad, and now and again we rushed through the whirling choking "dust-devils" in the skirts of the flying storm. There was a burning hot wind blowing that brought up a stench of stale brick kilns with it; and through the half light, and through the dustdevils, across that desolate plain, flickered the brown holland habit on the gray horse.

She headed for the station at first. Then she wheeled around and set off for the river through beds of burnt down jungle grass, had even to ride pig over. In cold blood I should never have dreamed of going over such a country at night, but it seemed quite right and natural with the lightning crackling over head, and reek like the smell of the pit in my nostrils. I rode and shouted, but she bent forward and lashed her horse, and the aftermath of the dust storm came up and caught us both, and drove us downwind like pieces of paper.

I don't know how far we rode, but the drumming of the horses' hoofs and the roar of the wind and the race of the faint blood red moon through the yellow mist seemed to have gone on for years and years, and I was literally drenched, with sweat from my helmet to my gaiters when the gray stumbled, recovered himself and pulled up dead lame. My brute was used up altogether. Edith Copleigh was in a bad state, plastered with dust, her helmet off and crying bitterly. "Why can't you let me alone?" she said. "I only wanted to get away and go home. Oh, please let me go."

You have got to come back with me, Miss Copleigh. Saumarez has something to say to you."

It was a foolish way of putting it; but I hardly knew Miss Copleigh, and though I was playing Providence at the cost of my horse, I could not tell her in as many words what Saumarez had told me. I thought he could do that better himself. All her pretense about being tired and wanting to go home broke down, and she rocked herself to and fro in the saddle as she sobbed, and the hot wind blew her black hair leeward. I am not going to repeat what she said, because she was utterly unstrung.

This, if you please, was the cynical Miss Copleigh. Here was I, almost an utter stranger to her, trying to tell her that Saumarez loved her and she was to come back and hear him say so. I believe I made myself understood, for she gathered the gray together and made him hobble somehow, and we set off for the tomb, while the storm went thundering down to Umballa and a few big drops of warm rain fell. I found out that she had been standing close to Saumarez when he proposed to her sister, and had wanted to go home to cry in peace as an English girl should. She dabbed her eyes with her pocket handkerchief as we went along, and babbled to me out of sheer lightness of heart and hysteria. That was perfectly unnatural, and yet it seemed all right at the time and in the place. All the world was only the two Copleigh girls, Saumarez, and I, ringed in with the lightning and the dark; and the guidance of this misguided world seemed to lie in my hands.

When we returned to the tomb in the deep dead stillness that followed the storm, the dawn was just breaking and nobody had gone away. They were were waiting for our return, Saumarez most of all. His face was white and drawn. As Miss Copleigh and I limped up, he came forward to meet us, and, when he helped her down from her saddle, he kissed her before all the picnic. It was like a scene in a theater, and the likeness was heightened by all the dust-white, ghostly looking men and women under the orange trees, clapping their hands—as if they were watching a play at Saumarez's choice. I never knew anything so un-English in my life.

Lastly, Saumarez said we must all go home or the station would come out to look for us, and would I be good enough to ride home with Maud Copleigh? Nothing would give me greater pleasure, I said.

So we formed up, six couples in all, and went back two by two, Saumarez walking at the side of Edith Copleigh, who was riding his horse.

The air was clear, and little by little, as the sun rose, I felt we were all dropping back again into ordinary men and women, and that the "Great Pop Picnic" was a thing altogether apart and out of the world—never to happen again. It had gone with the dust storm and the tingle in the hot air.

I felt tired and limp and a good deal ashamed of myself as I went in for a bath and some sleep.

There is a woman's version of this story, but it will never be written * * * unless Maud Copleigh cares to try.

The assessment valuation of Spokane Falls, Wash., is $10,000,000 above that of last year.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Grandmother dotted, when she was a girl,
On backstitch and hemstitch and crosstitch and purl;
Was taught in her teens by her own careful mother
To make the fine shirts of her father and brother,
Blithely she sang over distaff and reel,
And merrily tripped back and forth at her wheel.

Grandmother's granddaughter runs a machine,
Paints like a Titian on panel and screen,
Runs over to Paris to buy a new dress,
And lectures and doctors and writes for the press.
Little she knows about distaff and reel,
But dotes—oh! so fondly—on grandmother's wheel;
She decks every spoke with a fresh satin bow,
And then sets it up in the parlor to show.

Patient and firm through her youth and her prime,
With precept on precept and line upon line,
Her hands full of work and her head full of cares,
Grandmother managed her household affairs;
Her closets and presses by prudent forethought
Filled with the work by her deft fingers wrought—
She married her husband for better or worse,
And in her whole life never thought of divorce.

From club to committee, from concert to play,
Grandmother's granddaughter hurries away.
To her church and her charities, culture and art,
She gives much of her time and a deal of her heart.
Her world is so busy, her work is so wide,
She can spare time and thought for but little beside.
Nor pauses to think in the hurry and strife
Of the peace and contentment of grandmother's life.

—[Cicily Corwin.

Expressions of the Eye.

Woman's weapon is her eye, and the latest importation is a code for the manipulation of that organ. Within a certain range the female of our species has an instinctive perception of the manner in which her optical apparatus should be employed upon her complementary creature in pantaloons, but science has reduced the subject to exact terms. Charts have been prepared—Washington girls are studying them—showing that the eye has 729 distinct expressions, conveying as many different shades of meaning.

The proper thing to do is to procure one of these charts and reproduce with your own eyes the 729 expressions before a mirror. When you have mastered them all, try them on other people and see how they work. It is popularly imagined that the eyeball itself is an expressive thing, but, as a matter of fact, the ball of the eye has scarce any expression at all. That all depends upon the lids and brows. The upper lid does the intellectual; its position is regulated by the sort of thinking you are doing. The lower lid expresses, by its drawing up or otherwise, the senses. The eyebrows are emotional, and so on.

All this, however, is only the beginning. Certainly it would appear that young ladies of the future, trained to make eyes on exact principles, will be much more seductive creatures than hitherto. But you must not be surprised if you find a Washington girl winking at you. It is ten to one that she is practicing the novel science of ocular expression.

Aniline Dyes as Antiseptics.

Commercial Agent Smyth, at Huddersfield, England, in a report to the State Department, calls attention to the discoveries made by Dr. Jacob Stitting, of Strasburg, to the usefulness of aniline dyes as antiseptics. "It has been known for some time to botanists," says Mr. Smith, "that various kinds of bacteria exhibit the power of sucking up aniline after the manner of a sponge, which results in the death of the bacteria." Dr. Stitting, he adds, has by many experiments confirmed this opinion. The group of colors which he designates as "methylviolets" has the power of arresting the development of bacteria in a concentration of 1 to 80,000, and in a solution of the strength of 1 to 2,000 impurity can not exist. A practical application of the solution was made in the first instance to the eyes of rabbits and guinea pigs, which had been artificially affected with disease. The beneficial results were so marked that Dr. Stitting felt himself justified in similarly treating a child afflicted with ulceration of the cornea. Improvement immediately followed, although the ordinary antiseptic means had been applied without any good result. Similar results were also obtained in other cases of serious eye disease, and in ulcerations and wounds remarkable cures are said to have been effected. Dr. Stitting thinks his discovery will prove of great use in surgical cases, and that it may be extended to the treatment of pleuritis and peritonitis.

The Art of Breathing.

In each respiration an adult inhales 1 pint of air. A healthy man respires 16 to 20 times a minute, or 20,000 times a day; a child, 25 to 35 times a minute. While standing the adult respiration is 22 times per minute; while lying down, 13. The superficial surface of the lungs, i. e., of their alveolar space, is 200 square yards. The amount of air respired every 24 hours is about 10,000 quarts. The amount of oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is 500 litres (about 744 grams). The amount of carbonic acid expired in the same time is 400 litres (911.5 grams). Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is absorbed during the night hours, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.; three-fifths of the total is thrown off during the day. The pulmonary surface gives off 150 grams of water daily in the state of vapor. An adult must have at least 300 liters of air in an hour. The heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 5,000 daily. The duration of inspiration is five-twelfths of expiration, seven-twelfths of the whole respiratory act. During sleep inspiration occupies ten-twelfths of the respiratory period.—[St. Louis Republic.

LIONS FOR HIS STEEDS.

An Odd Middle Ages' Legend About the King of Beasts.

At Niblo's, New York, during the coming production of the great Roman spectacle "Caudius Nero" three full grown royal lions will be hitched to a Roman chariot and will be driven full tilt around the stage during the arena scene.

This feat was first successfully performed by the Roman emperor Heliogabalus, who created a decided sensation as he took the air along the Appian Way drawn by erstwhile fierce Numidian lions.

The first lion tamer was Hanna, the Carthagenian. He took a cub and trained it so that when full grown it followed him around the streets of Carthage like a big dog. His fellow citizens did not look with favor on his act, but on the contrary considered it a crime and banished him and his lion from the city, asserting that "the republic had to fear the worst consequences from a man who had been able to subdue so much ferocity." They evidently anticipated the latter dry proverb, "A hungry lion is a true devil and fears nothing in the world," for they wanted nothing to do with a man who could make a lion, even a well fed one, obey him.

There was a curious legend in the Middle Ages that a lion's whelp was born dead and had only first aroused to or received life at the expiration of three days by the roar of its sire, or by being breathed on by him.

Probably the man in this city who knows most about lions and wild animals in general is Mr. W. A. Conklin, of the Central Park zoological collection. He has spent years studying them and their habits, and he is an authority on them. Said he yesterday: "There is no animal that I know of that can not be tamed by man, though some of them are well nigh intractable. There have been some very eminent lion tamers in this country, notably Herr Dreisbach and Van Amburgh.

"It requires a particular knack on the part of a man to become a tamer of animals. He has to have great patience and great courage. In the case of lions they are taken when cubs. No one but their keeper must ever feed them and they must be shown over and over again what they are to do, until at last they get to understand what they are to do and when to do it.

"Even then it takes a full year to teach them simple tricks, and by that time they have grown to be large and powerful animals to handle. A lion attains its full size in three years, though it takes four to fully mature it. They usually live ten or twelve years, though I have heard of one perfectly accredited case where one lived to be 50 years old; but that was an exceptional case, the same as we occasionally see among horses.

"A full grown lion is fed once a day, and then given about 14 pounds of raw meat. We feed ours here in the garden every afternoon about 2.30 o'clock, and they can tell when feeding time comes as well as you can with your watch. We feed them every day but Sunday. We give them nothing to eat that day in order that their stomachs and digestive apparatus may have rest.

"In its wild state a lion when it kills a kid or an antelope or any other prey sits down and gorges itself. Then it goes off to its den and sleeps until it digests its meal and becomes hungry again, when it starts out in search of another meal. In captivity it is fed every week day, but it knows perfectly when Sunday comes and never expects any food on that day. As a proof of this you can come here and hear them roar for their food on week days, but they never do this Sundays. They seem to know that they won't get it and their systems require rest from food."

Speaking of the virulence of lion bites, Mr. Conklin was of the opinion that they were due to the fact that lions were fed on raw meat, and a good deal of the small fragments remained about the teeth and jaws, where they partially putrefied. This caused blood poisoning. Mr. Conklin believes that the bad results of a good many dog bites were due to the same causes. If a lion's or a dog's teeth could be cleaned off with water and a brush after its meals there would be no fear of poisoning from its bite.—[New York World.

A BUSY PLACE.

A Station Where the Inhabitants Pass Their Time Watching Trains.

"Why are the depot platforms crowded down in this country?" asked a passenger of a Memphis conductor on a south bound train that was speeding along through the Ozark region of lower Missouri.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the official, "but the people always turn out here in good shape every time the train goes by."

At a little place a few miles north of the Arkansas line the curious passenger got off and addressed several of the natives.

"What brings all these people down to the station?" he asked.

"'Tain't nothin'," was the response. "Jest same as this ev'ry day. People ain't got nothin' ter do down hyar 'cept haul in er little cotton, an' watch th' 'keers go by."

"But why do they all put on their best clothes and come down to the depot?"

"Nothin' ter do, I told you."

"But how do they find the time to get away?"

"From what?"

"Why, their business, of course."

"Lawd, man, how many more times I'll tell yer that thar ain't nothin' ter do down hyar."

The train moved on through this modern Utopia, leaving the people standing on the platform with "nothin' ter do" but watch the disappearing cars, and wait for the up bound passenger.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the cases might be,
White man, or colored, or bondman, or free,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created then all.

Out of earth's elements mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
Born by the law that compels men to be,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his state,
Was trusted and honored, noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan
And never once dreamt that his soul was his own.
Robert great honor and glory received
For zeal in preaching what no one believed;
Paul of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
Giving his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men in passing away
From earth and its conflicts died the same day.
John—mourned through the length and breadth of the land;
Lashed Peter fell 'neath a merciless hand;
Robert with praise of the Lord on his tongue;
Paul on conviction of murder was hung.
John and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
Life's purpose was thus fulfilled in the all.

Of John the statesman—"How noble and brave!"
Men said; of Peter, "Ah! only a slave!"
Of Robert—"'Tis well with his soul, 'tis well;"
While Paul they consigned to torments of hell.
Born by one law through all nature the same
What made them differ? and who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that beauteous region of light
Where the black man's soul is pure as the white,
Out where the spirits through sorrow made wise,
No more resorts to deception and lies,
Out where the flesh can no longer control
Freedom and faith of the God-given soul,
Who shall determine what change may befall
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in virtue and wisdom increase,
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace,
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in spirit and less in the word;
And Paul may be blest with holier birth
Than the passions of man gave him on earth;
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God sure in His wisdom cares for them all.

A SONG WRITER'S DREAM FACE.

How the Author of "Marguerite" Found His Ideal.

A woman of extraordinary personal beauty came to New York the other day on board the steamer Albany, of the Hudson River Day Line.

A band on the lower deck was playing "Marguerite" when a tall elderly gentleman approached a man who was sitting near the young lady.

"Excuse me, sir," said the elderly gentleman, "but did you ever see a more beautiful woman than the one yonder?"

A benignant smile was the only reply.

"Yes," continued the first speaker enthusiastically, "I should like to dedicate to her my song 'Marguerite' when the band has just finished playing."

The man addressed looked up in surprise.

"What!" he exclaimed; "are you C. A. White, the author of that song?"

"That is my name," said the composer, taking out his card. "Have you the honor of the young lady's acquaintance?"

"I happen to be her father," said the other, as a bland smile passed over his face.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. White, starting back in surprise. "And do you think she would permit me to dedicate my song to her?"

"That you must ask the young lady yourself," said the father, who presented the musician to Miss Bertha Rose Barnitz.

The young lady is the daughter of Brevet Colonel Albert Barnitz, of the Seventh Cavalry, United States Army, who is now living in retirement in this city, and who fought with distinction under General Custer.

This incident was the closing chapter of a series of romantic events connected with the song "Marguerite."

The death of Mr. White's wife occurred about a year ago, and the composer was released from active business relations with his Boston firm, and took a long vacation to recuperate his health. Mr. White has spent the past year in visiting the Western and Southern States.

Thousands of singers have no doubt wondered why the title page of "Marguerite" bore no dedication like all the other famous works written by this author. The reason for this omission was that Mr. White had in his mind an ideal picture of a woman corresponding in all feminine graces with his musical picture of the ideal Marguerite. The composer determined that when he met a living woman who should approach his ideal conception he would dedicate his song to her. During his sojourn in the South, and while stopping at Atlanta, Ga., he caught on the hotel piazza, while hurrying to catch a train, a fleeting glimpse of a face and figure which were almost the exact counterpart of his dreams. The vision remained with him, and wherever he went Mr. White was unable to shake off his sentimental fancy.

Several months later, while in Cleveland, he again caught a glimpse in the street of the ideal of his dreams.

Miss Bertha Rose Barnitz is a blonde, above the medium height, with hair, which, when unloosed, touches the ground. Her form is almost faultless. In addition to her physical gifts she has a remarkable talent for sculpture and painting. She was born in Leavenworth, Kan. Her mother, who is a woman of more than ordinary accomplishments and striking beauty, is a warm friend of the poet, Whittier, to whom she has paid frequent visits of late. Her father, Colonel Barnitz, is a gentleman of pronounced literary gifts.

Hereafter the title page of the song "Marguerite" will contain the dedication to Mr. White's newly found ideal with a portrait.—[New York World.