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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 16. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,004.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 16, 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
7:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:40 a m
8:10 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:30 p 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....	7:50 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, General Manager.
Aug 9

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.
a. m.	a. m.	a. m.
6:25	11:35.....Piedmont.....	11:05
6:40	11:50.....Barton.....	10:45
6:50	12:02.....Lonaconing.....	10:37
7:02	12:14.....Midland.....	10:24
7:05	12:17.....Ocean.....	10:21
7:10	12:24.....Borden Shaft.....	10:15
7:18	12:32.....Frostburg.....	10:07
7:35	12:49.....Morantown.....	9:47
7:42	12:56.....Mount Savage.....	9:41
7:47	1:01.....Barrelville.....	9:35
7:49	1:03.....Patterson's.....	9:33
7:55	1:09.....Kreigbaum's.....	9:25
7:57	1:11.Mt. Savage junction.	9:23
8:10	1:24.....Cumberland.....	9:10
a. m. p. m. Arrive.		a. m. p. m. Leave.

All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.

P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent.
May 17

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.

A RAINBOW FOUNDATION.

Once a spider built a cobweb on a rainbow bright and gay,
For she thought its brilliant colors would entice her lawful prey.
Unbeliever! The sun descended and the bright bow was no more,
And the weeping, webless spider was left homeless as before.
"After this," I heard her mutter to herself, "I'll be content
With foundations not so showy, but more firm and permanent!"

—[Amos R. Wells.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

The Gray Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English Company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck forward, and looking out across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He had a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard, and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty, and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and he had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, perhaps to do her some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say to her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Gray Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship, and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel, as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so; but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"

"Rosin?" cried Will, raising his head quickly and snuffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheel house. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep quiet!"

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, yet with a terrible fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian ocean, a fire was one of the most horrible things that could happen a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire you will know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir."

They had good cause for fear. The forehold was filled with rosin in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine.

Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as lightning he seized the foremost and hurled him back, crying.—

"Get back, you fools! Where are you making for?"

"Fire—in—the—forehold!" whispered the man, hoarsely.

"Suppose there is? Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back there, all of you. I will brain the man who dares flinch a hair now. Stand back, I say!"

The men cowered before his superior will, and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. When this was done a cloud of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way.

The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flames caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the ship was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most awful peril known at sea—fire? The women fainted, strong men trembled, and some ran wildly about the decks. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he cried. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me. I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl!"

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a great water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape, the company shall know that they have got a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her, you?"

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will, quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shrinking for; can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant, and they hurled the cask into the water, and assisted the men working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day, I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more—you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats and spoil our only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow!"

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young mate. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boats and pulled away from the gangway, under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young mate and captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats, young man," said Arthur Vane, hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," said Will, "you can come now."

Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them and they pushed off, leaving the captain and mate upon the doomed steamer, as long tongues of flame leaped out toward the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay."

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the column of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Gray Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

** ** ** **

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel; for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.

Iron Industry of Pennsylvania and the South.

One of the most noteworthy facts of the present census is the growth of the iron industry within the past ten years. In 1880 the total output of pig-iron was less than four million tons. In 1890 it had increased to over nine and a half million tons. Pennsylvania is credited with 4,712,511 tons of this product, or forty-nine and nineteen-hundredths per cent. of the whole. Ohio follows next on the list, and after her Alabama, which in ten years, as the Philadelphia Times points out, "has jumped from the tenth to the third place," while Missouri, which at one time was believed to be the coming rival of Pennsylvania, and whose iron mountain was thought to offer an inexhaustible supply of ore, has declined to the twelfth place. That Pennsylvania still produces nearly one-half of the total supply is owing to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances. Without the discovery of natural gas, which has enabled her materially to cheapen production, she could not at this day compete with the forges of the State of Alabama by reason of the fact that she is compelled to draw her ores for mixing from long distances, while the Southern furnaces have all the materials for making iron clustering closely about them. Their only drawback is the longer haul to a market. Even as it is, they have begun to make such inroads into the Eastern markets, where Pennsylvania had a monopoly, that the latter has been compelled to call upon the railroads to lower the rates of transportation, and to preserve this important traffic it is reported that the railroads have either agreed or are about to agree to make that important cession. The mere act of calling for cheaper transportation shows that the Pennsylvania iron masters are beginning to feel the increasing competition, and that although this competition is yet in its infancy, the South is destined within ten years to receive large orders from the East which are now filled from Pennsylvania forges. It is, moreover, a serious question as to how long the supply of natural gas will hold out. Already the Pennsylvania Natural Gas Company, which controls the larger part of the natural gas field in that State, have increased the price to private consumers, and the best experts declare that it is only a matter of time as to when the supply will be exhausted. It is true that there are other natural gas fields in Ohio and Indiana, but if the Pennsylvania supply were exhausted it would either force the iron masters to fall back on coal, or to remove their plant to the Ohio or Indiana gas fields or to the South, where the facilities are such that iron can be made there cheaper than anywhere else. From the number of new furnaces which have been put up within a few years in Virginia and in Alabama it is not without reason that many thoughtful men believe that the future seat of the iron industry is at the South, or that capitalists are buying coal and iron lands in that section in anticipation of the time when they will become immensely valuable. Taking into consideration the very short time during which the South has been actively producing iron—for even Virginia, while she was hampered for railroads, only produced iron in a languid sort of way—and considering that last year the Southern output was one million seven hundred and eighty-one thousand tons, it must be evident that the time is not far distant when the South will be running a race with Pennsylvania for supremacy in the production of iron, with a fair and almost certain prospect of ultimately surpassing her.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

"Yankee Doodle" has stood the test of 135 years. In 1755 great exertions were made by the British ministry, at the head of which was the Earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry this object into effect, General Amherst was placed in command of the British army in Northwestern America, as it was then considered, and the British colonies in America were called on for assistance. They immediately responded to the call, contributing with alacrity their several quotas of men. In the summer of 1755 the British troops, under General Abercrombie, were encamped on the east bank of the Hudson River, a little south of Albany, on the old Van Rensselaer place, known in the early history of Rensselaerwyck as Fort Crailo, awaiting reenforcements of militia previous to marching to Ticonderoga. Early in June the Eastern troops began to pour in, company after company; and so motley an assemblage of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an exception be found in the ragged regiments of Sir John Falstaff. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the ancient streets of Albany to take their station on the left of the British army—some with long coats, some with short coats, and some with no coats at all, in colors as varied as those of the rainbow; some with their hair cropped like that of Cromwell's soldiers, and others with wigs, powdered and unpowdered, whose curls floated around their shoulders. Their march, their accouterments, and the whole arrangements of the troops furnished great source or amusement to the wits of the British army. The musicians played the airs of two centuries ago, and the tout ensemble exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that could not fail to excite their merriment.

Among the wits belonging to the British army was a surgeon of some distinction, a Dr. Richard Shackburg, who combined the talents of a musician with the science of his profession, and with his wit. One evening late in June, sitting beside the old well just at the rear of the Van Rensselaer house, still to be seen at Greenbush, with the air of "Kitty Fisher's Jig" ringing in his ears, Dr. Shackburg wrote the words of "Yankee Doodle," and presented words and music to the officers of the militia with great solemnity, commending the air as one of the most celebrated in martial music. The joke took well, to the great amusement of the British officers, and "Yankee Doodle" was at once known as the march and song of the militia. The tune was known in the time of Charles the First, and has even been said to be of classic origin, having been chanted in the days of Miletus, certainly in the days of Herodotus, and possibly in those of Homer! The words "Yankee Doodle" have been variously defined, and to enter into a full discussion of the subject would involve too much space. The general acceptation is that "Yankee" is from "Yankin," meaning in the vocabulary of early New York Dutch, to grumble, snarl, or yelp, and its derivative noun, "Yanker," meant a howling cur. It was not in use save among the lower classes, for reasons which to-day forbid slang being introduced into our homes; but it was a well known word. In the collision between the New Englanders, the New York Dutch, and the British, much ill feeling was aroused. The New Englanders despised the Dutch, and the Dutch despised the New Englanders, while the British ridiculed both. Hence the use of the word to indicate the contempt which existed.

Every circumstance points to its birth in this prevailing contemptuous feeling. To this day Yankees are looked upon with some distrust by the descendants of the real Dutchmen now outside of New England. The hit of Dr. Shackburg became known throughout the army, and the song was sung in a sort of contempt for the colonials. This contemptuous use of the song continued until after Lexington. In 1775 the British troops tarred and feathered one Thomas Ditson, in Boston, marching to the tune as the best means of heaping contempt on the Yankees. But this was changed at Lexington, and it was said that when the British commander was once asked after that how he liked the tune, he answered, "How they did make us dance to it!" "Doodle" was a Lancanshire word for trifler, and is thus referred to as early as 1622. There is an early version of the words in English, which runs:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni.

In other versions the second line runs, "Riding on a pony," and "Upon a little pony." The small plume worn by the militia in the front of their caps was called in derision "macaroni." There is a tradition in England that the original song was directed at Oliver Cromwell himself under the name of "Nankee Doodle." While no one, of course, will claim a high standard of excellence for either the tune or the words of "Yankee Doodle," all this is forgotten when we recall that it was the march that inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and that humbled Lord Cornwallis.—[Mary L. D. Ferris, in The New England Magazine.

Lord Coleridge on Future Speaking.—At a session of the Lonsdale Club, in the city of London, was opened with an address from Lord Coleridge.

He said such a dignified and scholarly language would always have its effect upon the masses of mankind, he would address a few remarks to them on public speaking. He would first, however, point out that fine language was worthless unless it was founded on thought, and thought had little value unless it was supported by knowledge and fact.

It is said that eloquence had left the bar, only lingered in parliament, and was almost leaving the pulpit. But he had listened at the bar to Sir Alexander Cockburn, to Bethell, to Lord Cairns, and to the greatest of all the advocates who in his time had adorned the profession and was supreme in the art of forensic speaking, Sir William Erle, and he had no doubt that all these great men would agree with him in dissenting from that proposition so far as the bar was concerned. Then it could hardly be said of a parliament which still numbered Mr. Gladstone among its members, and which but lately had, either in rapt silence, or amid tempestuous applause, listened to Disraeli and Bright, that eloquence had departed from its portals. He was fully convinced that eloquence had lost none of its power in the parliament of Great Britain. As to the pulpit, he had in past years, Sunday after Sunday, hung upon the almost inspired lips of the great cardinal whom all England the other day followed to his tomb. Although he had himself never heard the late Canon Liddon or the Bishop of Peterborough, their names alone proved that eloquence had not deserted our churches.

No doubt it was generally true that orators became great at the expense of their audiences, and that no general rules could be laid down for acquiring the art of public speaking. But much could be learned from the recorded experience and practice of the great orators of the past. It was well known that Demosthenes and Æschines learned every word of their speeches by heart. Cicero did so also, and said that the habit of so learning his set speeches, so far from incapacitating him from speaking without such previous toil, enabled him to join with greater efficiency in extemporaneous debates in which such preparation was impossible. Sheridan, Erskine, Bright, and Disraeli, all prepared their speeches ad unguem. So did the late Lord Derby, Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, and George Canning. But when the whole speech was not so learned, various degrees and kinds of preparation were resorted to. Some orators prepared their exordium; others their peroration. One orator—the Irish Lord Plunket—followed a singular method. He prepared eight or nine great passages for his speech, which he finished to the utmost, and then he trusted to the rush and fervor which they inspired to carry him over the level ground which was intermediate between them. A good friend of his own had told him that he never attempted to be eloquent, but simply put the most salient points of his case. He had found his friend's precept more instructive than his example.—[London Times.

Can Women Keep a Secret?

Every woman is not trusty any more than is every man; but quite as many women as men are so. In truth it may be doubted if there are not more trusty women than there are men. Secrets are seldom imparted to persons who do not inspire confidence; they who tell what they call secrets to dozens of persons, without knowing much about the persons, without forming any positive opinion of their discrimination or reticence, are not apt to have any secrets from the entire circle of their acquaintances. They are mere babblers, gossips, tattlers, who try to bestow some importance on their communications by declaring them to be secrets. Such communications are usually commonplace, or of so little consequence as to make no distinct impression on the mind; needing to be labelled private, lest they be thought to belong to the public. Besides, the communicators are prone to the habit of repeating their stories to every one they can persuade to listen to them, and then pronouncing them confidential. To many to whom they are thus disclosed the stories are already familiar, and politeness alone prevents the recipient from immediately saying as much. Candor and delicacy compel these, when informed of their confidential character, to acknowledge that they are by no means new. But the babblers—men for the most part—take no notice of this. They go their babbling round, and when they hear their current tale, they like to assume an injured air and to assert that some confounded woman has betrayed their confidence; that woman never can keep a secret. That woman should owe in any measure their false reputation to such a dunce is the best evidence of its falsity.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

The "barking sands" of the Hawaiian group, as described by a recent scientific investigator, are found in lunes and are apparently fragments of shell and coral, which, when disturbed, slide down the slopes of the dunes, emitting a deep bass note not unlike the buzz of a saw in a planing mill.

Flour has lately taken a rise, but the probability is that housewives will have to use as much yeast as ever.

AFRICA'S STRANGE PEOPLE.

Explorer Stanley Tells of Dark Continent's Secrets.

In his lecture now being delivered in this country, entitled "Equatorial Africa," Explorer Stanley opens with a graphic drawing of the great and gloomy forests through which his expedition marched for 160 days. He speaks of the great height of the trees, the growth of leafy vines. The forest, which was dark even at noonday, became dreadful in a storm. The forest, the tempest, and the darkness produced their effects on the minds of the people with him. He describes how rapturous the men were when they emerged from the great forests. But they stopped to scowl at the dense woods they had left.

There are many inhabitants in the region, but they could be classed into tall inhabitants and the pigmies. The tall natives occupy the clearings; the pigmies are found in caves.

The natives have for weapons spears, knives, battle axes, and often swords. The pigmies are nomadic. The large inhabitants build compact villages, with one principal street, which is generally filled with goats and fowl. They are, nevertheless, cannibals, but they do not feed on their relatives or friends. It is only when they make a capture from another tribe that they eat human flesh. He had seen a woman, who had been speared in the throat, laid on a bier ready to be cooked. She was sick, and had been left by a marauding party.

Another case had also been personally observed by him: During their journey they had captured hundreds of the natives, who assisted them in directing them to banana groves and other places for procuring food, but they released them after the expedition had passed beyond the territory of those they had captured, as they were thenceforth useless to them.

The pigmies, who reach about up to a full grown waist, have abundant food, as have also the larger natives. They have many kinds of fruits, some of them as large as watermelons. They catch elephants in pitfalls, and other animals and insects fit for food are abundant. He considered these people the lowest of the human race morally. Their gratitude is as short lived as a bulldog's.

One day they caught a beautiful young queen about 18 years of age, but a pigmy. She was about the color of yellow ivory. She had a narrow girdle at the waist, with iron rings on it that looked like washers. She had ivory rings on her arms and ankles. She was used by one of the party as a servant, and she became very docile and adept.

On another occasion their scouts fetched in a pigmy man and woman and a boy. The man was very proud, and strutted around with dignity. The woman carried a pack that would hold two bushels. The boy became a very industrious servant, a characteristic which is rare in Africa.

Mr. Stanley tells of the long lost Mountains of the Moons, which rose like two truncated cones, and the Snow Mountains, which had burst on their gaze and hung for three days in view in a most pellucid atmosphere. He traced the waters from the Snow Mountains to Lake Albert Edward, and from there to the White Nile. As they approached this lake they emerged from the forest and found a large grassy plain.

He passes rapidly over the journey to the coast at Zanzibar, but dwells on their subsequent difficulties there with Emin Pasha. It was not until they were approaching the coast that they learned of the rivalry between the English and Germans to curry favor with the Sultan of Zanzibar. Emin was a German and was influenced by his countrymen. They found that his gratitude was not very deep. He had embraced the members of their expedition at the banquet given him at the coast with apparent affection, and in going out fell over a balcony and was injured. They were not allowed to see him at the hospital. His subsequent incivility had been fanned into hospitality by his countrymen. Emin had been fourteen years absent in Africa.

Sleep for School Children.

We all know how much greater is the need of children for sleep than of grown persons, and how necessary for their good it is to be able fully to satisfy this need; but how great it is generally at any particular age of the child is very hard to define exactly. The amount varies under different climatic conditions. In Sweden we consider a sleep of 11 or 12 hours necessary for the younger school children, and of at least eight or nine hours for the older ones. Yet the investigations have shown that this requirement lacks much of being met in all the classes through the whole school. Boys in the higher classes get but little more than seven hours in bed; and as that is the average, it is easy to perceive that many of them must content themselves with still less sleep. It is also evident from the investigations that the sleeping time is diminished with the increase of the working hours from class to class, so that pupils of the same age enjoy less according as they are higher in their classes. In short, the prolongation of the working hours takes place for the most part at the cost of the time for sleep.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Music by Electricity.

Electricity has not been practically applied in the art of music heretofore, except, perhaps, in the operating mechanism of church organs. George Breed, of the United States navy has devised a method by which the passage of a broken current over a conductor in a magnetic field produces musical tones of varying pitch and volume.

One of the pensioners of the war of 1812, in Maine, was not born until nearly a year after her late husband had served in that war.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Brete Harte has forsworn social pleasures for the present, while finishing his literary engagements.

Stephen H. Tyng, the once popular New York pastor, is doing life insurance business in Paris.

Richard W. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, has been in politics since 1834. He is 82 years old.

Duchess D'Uzes is still a millionaire, despite the fact that she has spent millions in the French royalist cause.

General Boulanger is working hard on his book, entitled "Les Vraies Coulisses." It is a defence of the general's political methods.

The Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, will shortly leave his regiment and devote himself entirely to public functions.

Dr. Grace Davenport, one of the five women physicians of Texas, has been appointed first assistant of the insane asylum at Terrell, in that State.

Professor Metschinkow, an eminent zoologist of Odessa, has gone to Paris to take charge of the Pasteur Institute there, under the direction of its founder.

Sir Robert Herbert, permanent under secretary at the British colonial office, is about to resign from a position that pays him $12,500 a year, and which he has held for twenty years.

James Pease, who acted as General Fremont's guide in 1846, was drowned recently near Redwood City, Cal. He was 98 years of age and the oldest resident of San Mateo county.

Miss Emma S. Trapper made an investigation, and found that out of 50 New York hotels visited, in 18 of them female servants were required to sleep in rooms under the ground.

Dom Pedro has arrived at Cologne. He is a pathetic figure, feeble, unhappy, continually accompanied by an attendant, and muttering at intervals in conversation: "Brazil, oh, dear Brazil!"

Mrs. John A. Logan is very fond of her duties as an editor. She told a Pittsburg reporter the other day that her paper had made a hit and that she was delighted with her success in the journalistic world.

What Mustaches Tell.

There is a great deal of character in the mustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self reliance, manliness, vanity, and other qualities that give self control, the mustache is connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse.

When the mustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache, there is a tendency to ambition, vanity, and display. When the curl turns upward there is geniality combined with love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not accompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good natured men will, in playing with the mustache invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—[Northwest Magazine.

A New Building Material.

A combination of sawdust and some stuffs, subjected to a pressure of about a ton to the square inch, is thereby squeezed into a cake or plate which possesses some remarkable properties. It is not a fire conductor, and only chars in the immediate vicinity of the flame of a Bunsen burner. It can not be bored into with a gimlet nor penetrated by a nail, but can be worked with some other tools. The method of producing the material was discovered several years ago, but it is only within the last 13 months that an attempt has been made to manufacture it on a large scale. It is now being made in Germany at a rate sufficient to meet an extensive demand, and its use is expected to become popular, especially as it has a great resistive capacity against weather action. This new process may soon be adopted for using up to advantage the immense piles of sawdust made each day in our lumber districts, though that is not now the waste product it was thought to be up to a few years ago, as the lumbermen now use it for fuel.

The Magnet and Hypnotism.

A curious fact, says the London *Court Journal*, is that if the hypnotized subject, in a state of lethargy, grasps the north pole of a magnet he is filled with intense joy, and sees beautiful flames issuing from the end of the magnet; if, however, he is connected with the south pole he is profoundly miserable, and usually flings the magnet away in horror. If the north pole is placed in his right hand and the south in his left, he becomes entirely passive, the two currents prodecing entire indifference to anything. The overexcitability of the nervous system is such in the hypnotized person that you can bring about all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine if a small quantity of the poison in a sealed glass tube is placed on the skin in front of the neck. A tube containing brandy will produce all the signs of drunkenness, and a tube of opium will bring about all the symptoms of a man under the influence of that potent drug.

Our Big Cities.

According to the eleventh census tables there are 35 cities in the United States, headed by New York and tailing down to Memphis, containing over 75,000 inhabitants each. The aggregate population of these 35 cities is 10,316,518 or 16½ per cent of that of the whole country. The same cities contained 7,113,623 in 1880, so their increase has been 47 per cent against only 26 per cent for the whole country during the same period.