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Frostburg, Md.....January 17, 1890.

PERISHABLE BOOKS.

Few of Those Issued To-day Will Be in Existence a Century Hence.

The critics who cavil at the ephemeral nature of the books that are flooding the markets of the world may find comfort in one reflection. The literary quality of most of the stories that find their way into print is unworthy of preservation. If the great bulk of what is written is only deserving of passing attention, passing attention is all that it is likely to get in history. The certain destiny of ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the books published to-day is oblivion, and oblivion that will come about through very homely and material conditions. There is scarcely a book issued from the press in this country that is calculated to stand the wear and tear of a century's usage. Many will not endure 10 year's handling. Not a few are ready to go to pieces after passing through the hands of half a dozen readers. Pretty and tasty as modern bindings are, almost all of them are of cloth or paper, and while they present an extremely artistic appearance, and the books are generally printed in excellent type, and often on a heavy quality of paper, their bindings are flimsy and will not last. Now and then some rich book buyer treats all his books to a handsome leather binding, but the number of bibliophiles is small, and the books selected for this honor are apt to be very cautiously chosen.

It was different in olden times, when the number of published books was few, and people were not wont to write unless they had some special "call" to literature. A book was a precious possession then—something wrought out in deep thought and with strict exercise of all the mental faculties, not a passing whim or expression of opinion, tossed off on the spur of the occasion to amuse for a day. Printing was a long and costly process, and binding a high art, like the setting of a precious stone. A hundred years from now, could we be here to see, we might witness the curious spectacle of libraries in which there will be a gap of a hundred years or more. The old leather bindings of past centuries were made for all time, and will be as sound and beautiful several hundred years hence as they are now, but out of the present epoch of enormous literary production there will be only a volume now and then preserved. The froth and foam of intellectual activity which so worry the critics will have passed out of existence, like the fashion of an hour. —[San Francisco Examiner.

AZTEC MONUMENTS.

A Roadway Built by the Sun Worshipers 1,200 Feet Up a Mound.

You have asked me to give an account of the interesting mountain my friend Jesse D. Grant and myself saw during our trip through Mexico en route to this city, says C. J. Whimple in the San Francisco *Call*. Well, that mountain is at once one of the most gigantic exhibitions of man's handiwork and something almost beyond credence were we not already familiar with the works of the Aztecs.

Just imagine a valley 40 by 30 miles in area, and from its center rising a mound over 1,200 feet in height, then you can realize the first effect created upon our minds when we came before the hill I am to describe. My foreman was with us, and had partly prepared us for the surprise, but we had treated his story with incredulous remarks, and had by no means suspected he had but given a modest description of the mound.

We gazed to the top and allowed our eyes to follow the windings of a road down to the base. We went around the base and conjectured it was about one and a half miles in circumference. Then we started for the summit. The roadway was built of solid rock clear to the pinnacle, and was from 30 to 40 feet in width. A wall of solid rock formed a foundation and an inside wall at the same time. The outer edge of the road was unguarded. These stones weigh all the way up to a ton each and are not cemented. The roadway is as level as a floor and is covered with broken pieces of earthenware water vessels.

Half way up the mountain is an altar cut in solid rock; in the niche is a bowlder which must weigh at least six tons. The bowlder is of different stone from that used in the walls. The rocks in the walls are dressed by skilled workmen, but are not polished. We saw no inscriptions, but we had no time to spare in making a searching investigation. We did look for arrowheads or other warlike implements to satisfy ourselves that the mound had not been used for defensive or offensive purposes. Nor was there any evidence to prove that the roadway had been built for the purpose of witnessing bull fights and other sports in the valley. I could only conclude that the Aztec sun worshipers expended years of labor on the hill in order that they might have an appropriate place to celebrate their imposing festivals, inasmuch as the roadway was strewn with broken earthenware, and those scions of a bygone and notable race were known to carry at sunrise large quantities of water in earthenware jars to an eminence, and then pour out the liquid and smash the vessels.

When we descended we brought with us a number of small seashells which had petrified, and if you look at these on my table you will see how they have been perforated by the Indians. We again took a long look at the mountain and saw it was oblong in shape, and that the upward road commenced on the eastern side. I have traveled on both sides of the mountains from British Columbia to Central America, and on either side of the Sierra Madres where the cliff dwellers have left such remarkable mementoes of their skill and customs, but I have never witnessed anything so wonderful and magnificent as the mound which I have been telling you about. The valley is about 600 feet above the sea level, and is about 70 miles from the coast. It is situated in Sonora, between the cities of Altar and Magdalena, and near the Magdalena River. We call the curiosity Palisade Mountain, and it is well named.

The German builds his railroad cars for men. He puts his cigar holders and match receivers into 19 compartments out of 20, the twentieth being nominally, not often actually, reserved for "nonsmokers."

GILPIN'S RAILROAD SCHEME.

Some of the Obstacles in the Way of an All Rail Route to Europe.

The project of ex Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, to build a line of railway through the wilds of Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales to connect with the Russian railroad system through Siberia, thus linking the old and the new worlds with a railroad, is a feasible one and the future will see it accomplished. But there is a giant obstacle in the way of one unbroken line connecting the two hemispheres, and this is Behring Straits. Mr. Gilpin's proposition is to bridge these straits, which is all well enough in theory, but quite a different thing in practice. At considerable expense the straits can undoubtedly be bridged, as an island lies about midway between the Asiatic and American shores; the distance is not great and the water shallow, the Government charts showing the greatest depth to be only 32 fathoms.

But could a bridge be built high enough to allow towering icebergs to pass under it? and with strength to withstand the great ice floes that are yearly swept down through the straits from the Artic Ocean? The current in sweeping through the narrow straits from one great sea into another is very swift and strong, and great icebergs would be borne against the bridge, its piers, and abutments with a force that neither steel stringers or mason work would stand against. Should the structure stand for a time it must ultimately give way before the great ice block, with the current of the Artic Ocean sweeping against it, that would follow any obstruction to its passage. The ice flow is the only difficulty in the way of bridging Behring Straits, and it is one that is insurmountable. A ship railway across the straits could run in the summer only, as the straits freeze over during the winter, and, as Captain Emory of the United States ship Thetis stated, the only practical means of crossing these straits at all seasons of the year is by tunnelling under them.

The character of the coast line of Alaska is such that railway building along it would encounter obstacles almost as great as the ice floes in Behring Straits. The mountains are rugged and precipitous in the extreme; they break in precipice sheer into the sea, and run back to altitudes of from 600 to 20,000 feet, and the crest of the range is capped with eternal snow and ice. Every canyon is an inlet from the sea which, octopus like, seems to cling with mighty arms to the mountains for support. Thus channels are navigable for the largest ships, and curious as it may seem glide up these narrow canyons, with barely passage on either side for miles, and come to anchor directly under the towering ice capped peaks, in the very heart of the coast range. Where the waters of the sea end in these canyons comes in the arms of a glacier, with a surface like an angry sea, and cracked and seamed in every direction. The glacial arms extend to the crest of the range, where they join the main glacier, which expands into a vast field of ice, as it were, the glacier reaching its long arms down, and the sea reaching up from below, and clasping hands half way upon the mountain side.

Late scientific investigations have proven that these glaciers move—that at the rate of from a fraction of an inch to a foot or two daily they are slipping down to the sea, and with a regularity that is remarkable hurl from their fronts acres of ice at a time into the waters. A difficulty in railway building across these ice fields would be that a break would float a whole train of cars out to sea.

Through the interior of Alaska, rather than along the coast, lies the route of Governor Gilpin's railroad, across the headwaters of the Stickeen and down the great valley of the Yukon.—[Rocky Mountain News.

On the Train.

"Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying," said Blossom to a drummer sitting by the open window in a railway train.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it," said the drummer.

"I wish you would close it, sir."

"Would like to accommodate you, but I can't," was the reply.

"Do you refuse to close that window, sir?"

"I certainly do."

"If you don't close it I will."

"I'll bet you won't."

"If I go over there I will."

"I'll give odds you won't."

"I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?"

"No, sir; I will no

"Then I will, sir," said Blossom, getting on his feet.

"I would like to see you do it."

"I'll show you whether I will or not, sir," placing his hands on the objectionable window.

"Why don't you close it?" said the drummer, as Blossom tugged at the window.

"It—appears—to be stuck," said Blossom, getting red in the face.

"Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in."

Electroplating the Dead.

The old notion of electroplating the human body after death crops up now and again in some form or other. Its latest development hails from Paris, where a physician wants to introduce the art of electroplating the dead with copper. His process is said to consist in first embalming the body which is to be preserved, and then placing it in a bath of concentrated solution of nitrate of silver, from which, having undergone intermediate operations, it emerges the color of polished silver. A very thin layer of copper is then deposited on the features, which are afterward varnished, the preservation of the resemblance to the original being carefully insured throughout the whole process. The Parisian doctor has a nicely graduated scale of prices, from $60 to $80 for the coppering of an infant to $600 and $800 for a grown person. As a concession to the æsthetic tastes of his customers he adds that the body can be silvered or gilded, as desired.

A Maine Man's Unique Fence.

A man at Small Point is to have a fence next summer that would please Rider Haggard. It will not be made of elephants' tusks, but of the swords of swordfish. The man, Mr. Sylvanus Wallace of the life saving station, has enough of these swords, gathered fishing, to build a picket fence 40 feet in length.—[Bath Times.

Parrott—Algy, my boy, why have you such an air of deep dejection and weariness?

Baboony—Aw—haw—it's good fawm, ye know!—[Life.

POSTOFFICE NAMES.

Only in America Could Such Curiosities of Nomenclature Be Found.

When the antiquarian of the year 6890 digs through the superimposed strata of clay pipes, beer barrels, and false teeth to the remains of the year 1890 or 1900 one of the most interesting relics that he will find will be the "United States Official Postal Guide." In this volume the archæologist will find much food for reflection and the foundations for all sorts of scientific theories regarding the manners and customs of this age. If such a name as "A B C" in Tennessee will puzzle him, what will he think of U Bet, Baptist, and Calf Killer, of Skull Bone and Mouse Tail in the same State? When he finds that there was an Ai in North Carolina, one in Ohio, and a third in Tennessee, will he not think that the people of these places were slothful? After finding that Indiana had a Big Foot, an Ark, Mud Lick, Potato Creek, No Go, Soon Over, and Toll Gate he will naturally look for Blocks of Five and Grandpa's Hat. Maine has a Number One, and by 1900 she may have a JingoJim. Georgia is the proud possessor of a Buzzard's Roost, South Carolina of a Cora Cob, Vermont of a Bread Loaf, and Virginia of a Negro Foot. The Old Dominion used to have a Non Intervention and a Hell's Corner, but she got rid of them. New York rejoices in a Promised Land, where it hoped to have the World's Fair.

True to the instincts of Quay and some of her other citizens, Pennsylvania has a Bird in Hand and Good Interest. West Virginia has a Left Hand, Maryland a Gunpowder, and the religious feeling of Virginia is shown in Old Hundred. North Carolina, among other virtues, has Charity, and having this it naturally has Prosperity. Georgia has a Dirt Town, an Alligator, and Cold Water, though from all accounts the last isn't used much in the State, which may be explained by the fact that the State has also a Cut Off. The people in a part of Hert county, Georgia, are constantly reminded to Pay Up, but by going to Scott county, Minnesota, they can find a Credit River. There can be little doubt that a schoolmaster founded Correctionville, Iowa. Texas begins by bidding Adieu to the stranger within her gates, then changes her mind and offers Benzine, the favorite beverage in the Lone Star State. Highland Mary has left Scotland and gone into the postoffice business in Colorado, and associated with her are Troublesome, Tin Cup, and Hygiene. But she is in the same State with Ayr and Kit Carson, while in Chaffee county there is a Monarch and a Prospect in Gunnison county. The Centennial State has also a Stunner, Rye, a Powderhorn, a Rifle, and Scissors, to say nothing of Wagon Wheel Gap. Arizona is never without an American Flag and a Flagstaff, of course, and with these there is a Big Bug, a Bumble Bee, a Lost Basin, Skull Valley, Tip Top, and a Total Wreck, with a Tombstone. The only Barber in Arkansas is in Scott county. Rob Roy has come to Arkansas, and Shamrock now blooms in Calhoun county. There is a Sub Ro a office in Franklin county, Sweet Home in Pulaski, and the State has also an Umpire, an Eye, an Era, and a Stranger's Home. Ben Lomond is now in Santa Cruz county, California, while Byron is in Contra Costa. There is much interesting matter in the postoffice guide.—[Chicago Herald.

The Making of Beads.

Most of the world's beads are Venetian. In the Island of Murano a thousand workmen are devoted to this branch. The first process is to draw the glass into tubes of the diameter of the proposed bead. For this purpose the glass-house at Murano has a kind of a rope-walk gallery 150 feet long. By gathering different colors from different pots, and twisting them into one mass, many combinations of colors are made. The tubes are carefully sorted by diameters, and chipped into fragments of uniform size. These pieces are stirred in a mixture of sand and ashes, which fills the holes and prevents the sides from closing together when they are heated. They are next placed in a kind of a frying pan, and constantly stirred over a fire until the edges are rounded into a globular form. When cool they are shaken in one set of sieves until the ashes are separated, and in another series of sieves until they are perfectly sorted by sizes. Then they are threaded by childen, tied in bundles, and exported to the ends of the earth.

France has long produced the "pearl beads," which in the finer forms are close imitations of pearls. They are said to have been invented by M. Jaquin in 1656. The common variety threaded for ornament is blown from glass tubes. An expert workman can blow 5,000 or 6,000 globules in a day. They are lined with powdered fish scales and filled with wax. It takes 16,000 fish to make a pound of the scaly essence of pearls. Until recently the heirs of Jaquin still carried on a large factory of these mock pearls. The best of them are blown irregular, to counterfeit nature, some in pear shape, others like olives, and they easily pass for genuine.

Imitation gems formerly employed the chief attention of the highest artificers in glass. They are still the chief idea of ornamental glass in China. In the ancient and middle ages they circulated everywhere without much danger of discovery, and the formulas were held as precious secrets. Blancourt first published their composition in 1696. Now they are common property, and with the growth of science in the past century an expert knowledge has become widely disseminated, which easily detects the paste from the real jewel, particularly as the modern false stones are less successful copies than the old glass makers produced. More study is now given to artificial gems, which are true gems, being composed of the same materials as the genuine ones, but manufactured.

A Good Business Head.

Farmer's Wife—Couldn't you sell the potatoes, Hiram?

Farmer—Naw; the grocers said they wan't good fer nothin'.

Farmer's Wife—Well, I wouldn't ha' brought 'em home when you owe the editor $7 for his paper.—[Judge.

The successful man, as a rule, is one who knows the trick of doing the right thing at the right time; and the trick is not one which comes from inspiration, but from trained habits and thought.

A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy in the field. —[Chapin.

NATALIE.

I sit beside the singing stream,
And watch the laughing ripples play,
And as I dream youth's golden dream
I hearken to the words they say;
For ever sing they unto me
In joyous cadence, "Natalie."

Hid deep within the leafy tree
The thrush is singing to his mate,
And well I know the melody
Which thrills his happy soul elate;
For e'er he warbles in his glee
One sweet name only, "Natalie."

I wander in the grove alone
And breathe the fullness of the spring,
And every tree responsive grown
To my heart's throb is whispering
Within my ear—full soft, full free—
That one dear name of "Natalie."

And ever more, where'er I be,
A fairy presence draweth near;
She fills my soul with ecstasy,
And each sweet sound that greets my ear
Doth guess my heart's felicity
And answer fondly, "Natalie."

—[Howell Sround England.

THE CITY OF JUGGERNAUT.

Something About Its Great Temple, the Chariot, and the Idols.

Juggernaut, besides being the name of the idol representing Vishnu, is also the name of a town or city in the Province Orissa in Bengal, British India, the city having taken its name from Juggernaut's car and idol enshrined within its walls. The ground upon which the town is built is considered holy, and is held by the community as common property, no tribute being exacted from any resident, other than that he perform certain rights in and about the temple, thus proving himself a Hindoo and a firm believer in Vishnu in his manifold forms. The city of Juggernaut has about 30,000 inhabitants, but as there is a religious festival held there once every month the population constantly within its borders falls but little short of 150,000.

The principal street of the city runs north and south for two and three-fourth miles—both sides being formed by an almost unbroken line of Hindoo temples, all of which are overshadowed by the great Temple of Juggernaut, which stands at the southern extremity of the main street. The "great temple" rises to a height of nearly 300 feet and is surmounted by a bronze covered dome, the point of which reaches 160 feet higher. The wall which surrounds this gigantic pagoda is a square, with sides 650 feet in length; is 18 feet thick at the bottom, and nearly 40 feet high.

Besides the great pagoda in honor of Juggernaut, the inclosure contains temples and idols dedicated to dozens of other Hindoo deities. All of the idols are monstrous in design and frightful looking in appearance. That to Krishna (another name for Juggernaut) is painted blue, and has a face hideous in the extreme. According to Hindoo legend Krishna was killed by a hunter. His bones were found under a tree and brought before King Indradyumna, who was directed by one of the gods to form an image of Jaganath, and place Krishna's bones inside. Visvakarma, a divine architect and sculptor, undertook to make the image, but, being hurried by the king, left off in anger. So Jaganath was left without hands or feet. In compensation, Brahma gave the image eyes and a soul. It may be seen by the legend that it was originally on account of the saintly bones within it that the image was venerated.

Besides Krishna or Juggernaut, two others of the idols are provided with immense cars or chariots. The car of Juggernaut is thought to be the largest wheeled vehicle that has yet been made in the world. It is 34½ feet square at the base and 43½ feet in height, mounted on sixteen wheels, each 6½ feet in diameter. Once each year, at the great annual March festival, Juggernaut, mounted on the apex of his stately car, is taken to a house about one mile and a half in the country, where a female image is supposed to be waiting to become his bride. The removal of the chariot from the shrine to the country house being a proceeding holy in the extreme, no animals are used for drawing the chariot, men, women, and children only being permitted to perform such religious services. On this occasion either five or seven long ropes are attached to the front end of the car, the middle one having been twisted from hair cut from the heads of female devotees. It was long a cherished belief in Christian countries that many pilgrims sacrificed themselves upon these gala days by falling prone before the car and allowing the ponderous wheels to pass over their bodies. It is probable that the accounts of these self sacrifices have been too highly colored, and that the great loss of life upon such occasions, when thousands of frantic devotees are congregated together, comes more from accident than from a desire to start for heaven from directly underneath the wheels of the holy car.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE TOMB OF EVE.

Some Further Information Regarding Our Ancestress.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof (a curiosity which is of itself the wonder of the Orient) is supposed to mark the last resting place of the first woman.

According to Arabian tradition, Eve measured over 200 feet in height, which strangely coincides with an account of our first parents written by a member of the French Academy of Science a few years ago, who also claimed a height of over 200 feet for both of the tenants of the Garden of Eden.

Eve's tomb, which is in a graveyard surrounded with high white walls, and which has not been opened for a single interment for over a thousand years, is the shrine of thousands of devoted Ishmaelites, who make a pilgrimage to the spot once every seven years. It is hemmed in on all sides by the tombs of departed shiekhs and other worthies who have lived out their days in that region of scorching sun and burning sands.

Once each year, on June 3, which is, according to Arabian legends, the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple which forms a canopy over this supposed tomb of our first mother remain open all night, in spite of the keeper's efforts to close them.

Terrible cries of anguish are said to emit from them, as though the memory of the first known tragedy still haunted the remains which blind superstition believes to be deposited there.

The writer heard of many of the interesting legends and superstitions connected with this celebrated burying ground, none of which he cared to take the time to investigate, as cholera of a violent type was raging at Jiddah and many other Mediterranean seaports at the time these things were being investigated in July and August, 1882.—[St. Louis Republic.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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Absolutely Pure.

THE purest, strongest and most perfect Cream of Tartar Baking Powder made. Each can guaranteed to contain full net weight of powder and to be absolutely the best.
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Respectfully,
Oct 25 CHARLES W. BRENGLE.

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Teeth extracted for.....25 cents
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Teeth Filled Without Pain.
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WHERE you will always find the Largest Stock, Lowest Prices, Latest Styles of
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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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In order to place at least

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Not a solitary article spared.

The price of everything cut to pieces.

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Fine Shoes for Men,
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Nov 15 C. W. BRENGLE.