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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 18. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,006.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 1. No. 3. a. m. a. m.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2. No. 4. a. m. p. m.
6:25 11:45	Piedmont	11:10 5:45
6:40 12:00	Barton	10:50 5:30
6:50 12:12	Lonaconing	10:42 5:20
7:02 12:24	Midland	10:29 5:07
7:05 12:27	Ocean	10:26 5:05
7:10 12:34	Borden Shaft	10:20 5:00
7:18 12:42	Frostburg	10:12 4:52
7:35 12:59	Morantown	9:52 4:34
7:42 1:06	Mount Savage	9:40 4:28
7:47 1:11	Barrelville	9:38 4:23
7:49 1:13	Patterson's	9:30 4:21
7:55 1:19	Kreigbaum's	9:25 4:15
7:57 1:21	Mt. Savage junction	9:28 4:13
8:10 1:34	Cumberland	9:15 4:00
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.
Jan 10

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

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.

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.

THE STORY OF OMAR.

Long centuries ago three Persian boys,
Thinking upon their hopes of future joys
Between them—Omar, Abdul and Hassan—
A lasting compact made, and thus it ran:

Abdul and Omar and Hessan. These three,
Schoolmates and friends, do solemnly agree
That to which ever one success may come—
Honor or wealth—the hand of Allah from,
This one to each companion dear shall make
Some worthy offering for friendship's sake.

The years slipped by, and when good fortune came,
It brought to Abdul honor, wealth and fame,
Vizier the Sultan made him, and 'twas then
He thought of Omar and Hassan again.
And they, 'tis said, remembering the old
Agreement, came, their wishes to unfold.

First spoke Hassan: "Of thee, O, friend, my heart
Would crave of power to have some goodly part!"

But Omar said to Abdul: "It were well
With me, O friend, if I might ever dwell
Within the shadow of thy happiness,
And from life's grape the wine of wisdom press!"

To each was granted that for which he prayed;
The vow fulfilled, the promised debt was paid.

But soon Hassan, grown greedier, forgot
His love for Abdul, and began to plot
Against the Sultan and the kind Vizier
Whose hand had helped him to his high career;
And at his bidding did a rascal's knife
Undo the thread of gracious Abdul's life.

Now Omar, he in peace and comfort sought
Wisdom—a school boy still, by Allah taught;
Studied the course of planet and of star,
And for his Sultan made the calendar;
But most he loved, at the propitious time,
His gathered wisdom to record in rhyme.

To-day, of all these three 'tis he alone
Whose name is honored and whose work is known.
Modest he was, and being modest, wise!
Therein the moral of his story lies.

—[Harper's Young People.

A MAN AND HIS OWN WAY.

On a lovely afternoon, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully" because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual stroll up town, have a comfortable dinner at his hotel and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward; or to cross the river and take a train to his brother's place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the berries were ripe and that he really needed a little fresh air, etc.

But he knew a far better reason, if he would only have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it, too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's excess of fraternal affection; and little Nona Zabiski herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of berries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon, the country proved the most powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety, they were taken off again to clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of eyes could desire to see.

Everybody pretended to believe the story about the berries, and that, of course, gave him a chance to go with Nona to gather them.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the berries and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any berries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "peaches," now, when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the "peach" excuse did just as well as the "berries."

Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginia springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them. For, to tell the truth, he did wish she were a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Mabin did.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters acquire: a little present from the jeweler's, a modest check, "just for spending money," made his sister Cecelia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecile," he said; "all she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you like, Philip, why did you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, loving heart."

"It seems to me—" but here Cecile stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona understand his wishes and induce her to accept the invitation sent by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close that he had no fear of securing her attention if argument or persuasion was necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good," he said.

And then he stooped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I am going to please you, Philip, for I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh, I don't mean about your health, you little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment and that kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice:

"I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and, upon the whole, I am glad you have never understood, so far; but when we are married, we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose, flowing hair and short dresses and white aprons; your frank ways, all so perfectly charming here, would cause unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as stylish and fashionable as—as—well, as Miss Jessie Mabin, for instance."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purport, mingled truly with compliments and kisses, was said; but it did not deceive the wounded woman's heart; for Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood both all Philip said and all that it inferred.

Philip thought he had managed cleverly, and when he next saw Nona, in a most perfectly appointed traveling suit, he congratulated himself on his tact and wisdom. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged he was to come at intervals for a few days, and be regularly refreshed and comforted by plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any word from Nona. Still he was not much troubled, for he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays, in his own proper person, could not fail to make. This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain: First, that her interest was "pretended;" and, second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly gave him the tips of her gloved fingers, with a pretty little assurance of being "glad to see Mr. Hays," and the information that Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecile!" he said reproachfully. "And you, too, Nona?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One honor at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half hour he tried to assume his right to position with his betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change. I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know she is really the belle? Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know; very first families, and all that kind of thing; upon my word, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter, and mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all; very far from it, indeed. That night at the hop, Nona looked grand enough for a queen; her golden hair was done up in some picturesque style; yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and jewels flashing from her throat and wrists. But all in vain Philip pleaded for a dance; Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast; and she reminded him, rather maliciously, of the necessity of observing the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

But he was not the victor, and it hurt him sorely to be dragged at the chariot wheels, when he should have been holding the reins. Before the world, however, Nona's behavior was perfectly irreproachable. Not even his mother suspected any estrangement; for Nona was respectful, kind, always mindful of the proprieties—but she took marvelous care never to be left alone with him.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York and see Nona no more until he could do so in her own country home. Perhaps there he could regain his lost ground; but even this determination was very humiliating to the proud young man who only one month ago had himself dictated the very course which was making him so wretched.

He could not help blaming himself, and he did it very thoroughly and repentantly. Philip Hays was not the first man who has been sorry for not "letting well alone." However, he bade his mother and Cecile "good-bye," and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity, and gave him many kind wishes for his journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, he did not expect to see the ladies again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned, and for a moment a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder.

He turned rapidly, all the great passion which had grown to a higher and deeper intensity in his suffering, burst out in one imploring whisper of—

"Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl, whose worth he had not realized until he thought her lost. Tangled curls, short dresses and ruffled apron never again looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona becoming fashionable; and Nona to this day, when Philip is in opposition, blandly reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way, even if he got it. And so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he could do.

Purely Physical.

According to the theory expounded by the physicians of a certain insane asylum, the uncomfortable individuals known as cranks are caused by irregularities in the circulation of the blood. They are the result of the artificiality and pressure of modern life, causing an anatomical change of the human heart. Among the changes are cited those by which the diameters of the heart are becoming greater, its walls thinner, its strength less, its beats more frequent. From these changes is produced irregularity of the quantity of blood through the weakened channels that irrigate the garden of the brain. As the circulation is not normal, some parts of the brain receive too much blood and other parts not enough, causing irregular growths, and mental obliquity, and cranks. A general adoption of this will undoubtedly produce a change in the public mind regarding cranks. Instead of looking upon these eccentric individuals as the products of natural perversity and waywardness, responsible for their own actions, society will tolerate them with compassion. If a crank is particularly cranky, it will be known that too much blood is irrigating a certain portion of the garden of his brain. Umbrella cranks, for example, are simply victims of the action of the heart which stimulates with too much blood the idea of appropriating somebody else's umbrella. Base ball cranks are suffering from irregular growth of the gray matter of the brain. It is not their fault but their misfortune that their brain is mapped out like a base ball field, irrigated and kept fresh by a constant supply of heart's blood. The cranks that are always borrowing; the cranks who want to know "whether this is hot enough for you;" all kinds of social and political cranks are simply the results of peculiar arterial circulation. As they are the results of the development of society and are innocent victims of our social system, the injustice of making them the butts of satire must be keenly recognized. They are to be placed among the world's invalids, among the maimed and incompetent, and their vagaries tolerated as signs of fluctuation in the public pulse.

New York's Fire Chief.

Hugh Bonner, chief of the fire department of New York city, is tall and broad chested. He is quite the ideal hero in appearance. His manner is agreeable. At a fire he is the incarnation of authority, coolness, and decision while activity is needed. When the danger is over the chief retires, perhaps to the sheltered seclusion of a convenient doorway, and scans the general situation until satisfied that there is nothing left undone to prevent a recurrence of the conflagration. A fireman's life is one of never ceasing watchfulness, and the chief, in particular, is practically never off duty. No work is more trying than his. Hugh Bonner was born in Ireland, but he came to this country when yet a child, and he is a thorough American. In common with most members of the force, he has several gallant rescues to his credit. It is not generally known, however, that he is an inventor. Some of the most useful appliances in the department were originated by him. Among them, an especially useful one is a circular net by which persons jumping from roofs or windows can be caught with comparative ease. Then there is the roof cutter, by the use of which one man can do as much work as half a dozen formerly did, the combined battering ram, and a wall breaker, the cellar, and subcellar pipes—ingenious contrivances that enable firemen to direct a stream of water into cellars so densely filled with smoke as to be absolutely impenetrable. A device which provides a new thread for the nozzle of a hydrant, in case the thread has been twisted—formerly a very frequent source of dangerous delay—is not the least valuable of the chief's inventions, which are far too many to catalogue.

Sound Advice for Women.

This whole matter of how a woman should dress, what she should and should not wear, resolves itself entirely into a question of common sense, says Edward W. Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Many a woman on a shopping expedition thinks it necessary to take a companion for advice in her selection. My dear woman, use the mind and brain which God, in His infinite wisdom, gave you, and exercise it in your dress as in all other things in this life. Take a friend with you when you go shopping, if you will, for companionship, but don't either ask or expect her to help you. No two tastes are alike, especially in dress, and what may seem "just a love of a bonnet" to your companion, may become you just about as much as a silk flag becomes a dredging scow. Do your own buying, and make your own selection. If you are in doubt, give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and leave the article unbought rather than that you should parade the streets unbecomingly attired. Rather err on the side of simplicity. You can better afford to have it said of you, "How severely simple she dresses," than that people passing you in the street should look back and marvel at a costume which outrages all the laws of good taste. Buy those colors most becoming to you. Do not go beyond your means, but have the best you can afford with a little margin on the safe side. Dress as well as you can, but sensibly, and always remember that, after all, a woman is judged more by her own worth than by the clothes she wears.

FEATS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

HOW THE STARS ARE MULTIPLIED.

Confines of the Stellar Universe Pushed Back and Points of Light Revealed by the Camera That Have Hitherto Escaped the Astronomical Searchers.

Wonders of photography, great as they are, are not confined to the world we live in. They do not consist only in furnishing faithful pictures of human faces, forms, trees, houses, leaping horses, and projectiles fired from the mouth of cannon. They extend beyond the planet and include the moon and the sun. Nay, photography reaches beyond the sun to the stars—and even beyond the visible stars into what may be called the invisible universe. The photographer may set up his camera under the moonless sky in a dark night and produce specters of stars lying so far out in the confines of the stellar universe that even the giant eye of the telescope fails to reveal them.

The distance of these photographic stars, whose existence is known of only by the specters they leave after half an hour's exposure on the exquisite gelatine film of the artist, are inconceivable, of course, and the attempt to grasp the numerical expression of them only staggers the mind, but the human mind is very ingenious. It may do in one day what it can not do in another. And a cannon ball illustration which combines motion and time in the same phenomenon enables us to form some idea of these tremendous stellar distances. A modern bolt starts from the muzzle of a rifled gun with a movement of about 1,000 miles an hour, which is the rate of the earth's axial rotation at the equator. Suppose one of these bolts were endowed with the power of maintaining its initial velocity, and of moving perpetually forward in a straight line without being arrested by the attraction of any one of the heavenly bodies near which it should pass; and suppose, further, that it were fired straight at Alpha Centauri, the chief brilliant in the Southern constellation of the Centaur, and believed to be the nearest fixed star to the earth; and imagine that some daring and adventurous explorer should manage to mount it at the moment it emerged from the muzzle.

In 10 days he passes close to and abreast of the moon, and is appalled at the solitude and desolation of that crater pitted cinder. But the satellite is soon left behind and in six and a half years the explorer reaches and crosses the orbit of Mars and enters a region infested with planetoids, air stones, and other cannon balls. If fortunate enough to pass through these swarms without being beaten to pieces, in 48 years more he crosses the track of the giant planet of our system. Sixty years more brings him to the orbit of Saturn, and still another period of 130 years brings him to the orbit of Uranus. It is growing dark and cold, and the adventurer experiences a feeling of horror on looking back at finding that the earth has disappeared, and the sun itself has shrunk to the size of his fist. Nevertheless he continues on his course and, after another long and weary period of 125 years, reaches the orbit of Neptune, the first born and most distant of the solar family. He is now on the frontier of the solar system; but he is 410 years old, allowing him to have been 21 when he started, and, although he has traveled 2,800,000,000 miles, or 30 times the distance of the earth from the sun, he is amazed and discouraged at finding that he has taken only a step in the prodigious journey. The Centaur's chief brilliant is no larger and brighter, and, apparently, no nearer than when he started. And no wonder—for, before him stretches an abyss 8,000 times as wide as the distance he has traversed. It would take that cannon bolt, plunging into the cold dark depths, 3,000,000 years to cross it and reach the point of destination.

And yet Alpha Centauri is our nearest neighbor of the fixed stars. What astronomers call its parallactic angle is nine-tenths of a second, a very large angle when compared with the inappreciable ones of more remote stars. Many of the brilliant points of light that attract the eye on a clear moonless night are 5, 10, 15, and 20 times farther off than it. A ray of light moves with such inconceivable velocity that it might wrap itself eight times round the earth between two ticks of a clock, and yet it would take that ray of light 50 years to come from the North Star to the earth. When we look at the steadfast unchanging sentinel of the pole at night we see it in the light that left it half a century ago, and if the omnipotent hand that formed it, wisely set it in its place, and called it by name should suddenly destroy it, we would continue to behold it in its own light 50 years after it had ceased to exist. The very foundations of knowledge dissipate before these vast interstellar spaces, for we have no assurance, even while gazing at the lilac scintillations of the great Dog Star, that "King of Suns," as astronomers call it, that it did not pass out of existence before we were born.

The telescope has rendered the valuable service of reducing the planets to discs. When viewed with the naked eye they are scintillating points, some of them brighter than the fixed stars, but not otherwise different in appearance; but when looked at through a telescope, their scintillations disappear and they become flat surfaces like the moon. But the fixed stars refuse to be reduced. Sirius, the Dog Star, has always been an object of interest to astronomers on account of its great size, its beauty and brilliancy, and the changes in the color of its light that have taken place since ancient times. It is estimated to be 1,700 times as large as the central luminary of our system. It might be supposed that so vast a body, when drawn near to us by a good telescope, would reveal an observable surface.

But it does not. It is 1,400,000,000 times as distant from us as the sun. The earth's orbit is 190,000,000 miles across, which means that on the 1st of July our planet is that far from the point it was on the 1st of January; and yet two lines drawn from the Dog Star to the ends of this great base line collapse into one, and fail to give a parallax; and when the most powerful telescopes are brought to bear upon it, the great star shows no appreciable disc, and remains only a blur of light.

The term "fixed," applied to the stars, is a mistake, for it is now known that there is not a fixed star in the heavens, and, probably, no such condition as absolute rest in the universe. All the stars are in motion and some of them, known as "runaway stars," are moving at the rate of 250,000 miles an hour, or more than thrice the velocity of our earth in its orbit.

It might be thought that this constant motion would produce continual changes in the stellar relations and alter the face of the heavens every few years. But the vast distances at which the stars are set from us destroy the visual effect of their motion and preserve the unchanging aspect of the heavens. None of the constellations have suffered a dislocation in 3,000 years, Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades are still to be found in their places. Although the 81 stars in Orion have ever been in motion, each without relation to the other, the mighty figure is the same as it appeared to the man of Uz 40 centuries ago.—[St. Louis Republic.

CONSTINE'S LOST CHARM.

Missed It in Atlanta and Had It Served to Him in a Seattle Restaurant.

H. L. Constine, of New Orleans, La., while recently at Seattle for several days, told a story that would rival in its improbability the tales of the Arabian Nights. Mr. Constine, however, declares that his story is true, and says that he is willing to swear to it.

"When I was in Atlanta, Ga., some time ago," said Mr. Constine, "I was invited by a friend, Mr. John Sawyer, to visit a peach cannery where he was employed. After I had completed my tour of the cannery I missed a very valuable charm that I had been wearing on my watch chain. The loss was a sad one to me, inasmuch as the charm was a gift from a dead sister. I offered a liberal reward for the return of the charm, which I supposed I had dropped somewhere about the cannery, but all to no purpose, as I never heard from it.

"I had returned home, and had given up all hopes of recovering the charm. About two months ago I conceived the idea of visiting the Pacific coast, and arranging my business in short order, started at once for the West.

"Arriving at Seattle, I spent my time visiting among friends. While down town at noon one day, I stepped into a restaurant for lunch.

"After eating a hearty lunch I called for some peaches and cream. I started to eat the peaches, and was in the act of cutting one of them with a spoon when the spoon struck some hard substance which appeared to be imbedded in the heart of one of the peaches. I worked the substance out with my spoon and held it up to the light. My surprise can be better imagined than described when I found that I held in my hand my missing charm which I had long ago given up for lost.

"The story is a strange one," concluded Mr. Constine, "and I should hardly be willing to believe it myself if told to me by a stranger, but nevertheless every word is strictly true. The only way I can account for the mysterious disappearance and recovery of the jewel is that it became disengaged from the chain when I was watching the performance of a new coring and paring machine in which I was much interested while I was visiting the cannery in Atlanta, and it fell in among the peaches without my noticing it."

The charm which Mr. Constine showed the reporter was a gold cross with a diamond set in either end and a larger one in the center, and was of very unique design. The story is a strange one, but was told in a concise and straightforward manner that argued well for its veracity.—[Seattle Press.

Mr. Parnell as a Playwright.

Mr. Parnell is known to a good many Australians in a character in which he has never figured on the northern side of the equator—that of dramatic author. For more than five years a play entitled "Shamrock Green. By Charles Stewart Parnell, Esq., M. P.," has enjoyed prodigious favor among provincial audiences in the colonies. The lucky exclusive proprietor of this piece boasts of having already netted £5,000 by it. Whether recent events will add to or diminish its popularity remains to be seen. Its proprietor—an Irishman, by the way—has never yet ventured to produce it in Melbourne or Sidney, doubtless from a shrewd suspicion that the dramatic critics of these capitals would want to know something more about its history and antecedents than the bald announcement on the play bills that "Mr. Parnell wrote this play when a young man at college." Provincial pressmen are not so unpleasantly skeptical, and the Irish men and women of the interior towns consider it a patriotic duty to roll up in their hundreds to see "Mr. Parnell's play."

There is no day of eternity auguster than that which now is. There is nothing in the way of consequences to be awaited that is not now enacting, no sweetness that may not now be tasted, no bitterness that is not now felt. What comes after will but be the increment of what now is, for even now we are in the eternal world.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sung.
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when our day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot;
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DON'T BE A BALD HEAD.

The Way to Avoid It Is to Have the Barber Singe Your Hair.

Did you ever have your hair singed? If not you are behind the times. The practice involves a new fad in vogue with barbers well up in their business. A reporter was having his hair trimmed in a prominent shop, in one of our large cities, when the barber engaged at the job remarked:

"Your hair is harsh and dry. You ought to have it singed."

The reporter wanted to know the why and wherefore, and the barber continued:

"It is very beneficial to the hair. It invigorates and softens it, and gives it new life and growth."

The customer concluded he would undergo the treatment, but wanted a full explanation, and the barber proceeded with the operation, imparting additional information as he continued the work. He had finished trimming his customer's hair, and he now armed himself with a wax taper about six inches long, which he lighted. Running the comb under the hair, as he would in trimming, he applied the light to the ends, moving comb and taper gradually over the customer's hair. Soon the shop was filled with the odor of burning hair, and the occupants in the other chairs began to sniff and inquire what was afire. Smoke arose from the reporter's head, and the heat made him nervous, for he was becoming suspicious that the barber was playing a practical joke. The latter reassured him, however, and continued his philosophical explanation.

"You see," he said, "the hairs of the head are hollow tubes, as you can discover with a strong magnifying glass after they are cut. The act of cutting the hair causes it to bleed, just as driving an axe into a tree will have a similar effect. This fluid, which oozes from the hair when the ends are taken off, is about the color of the hair itself, whatever that color may be, and while it can not be seen with the naked eye, the aid of a strong glass makes it plainly discernible. The constant cutting of the hair and its consequent bleeding hardens it, causes it to lose its strength, and finally kills it. This causes baldness among nine-tenths of men.

"The hair does not fall out, understand," continued the barber. "That is a mistaken idea. It simply dies and breaks off at the scalp, leaving the dead roots in the head, just as the dead roots of a tree are left imbedded in the ground long after the trunk is removed. Of course these dead roots furnish no new hair, but the use of the glass reveals the broken hair all over the scalp."

"But all this does not explain how your process prevents the loss of hair," suggested the interested listener.

"Singeing the hair closes the tubes or pores and stops the bleeding," was the reply. "This prevents the consequent exhaustion of the supply of strength and vigor and induces new growth. As proof of the correctness of my theory I will remind you that a man bald on the back of his head toward his neck is very rarely seen. This is because that portion of his head is not covered by his hat, and contact with the wind and dust soon closes the pores of the hair there and consequently saves it. The top of his hair, however, is covered, and the resultant humidity keeps the pores open and the bleeding eventually causes baldness on top. Again, bald headed women are unusual, simply because they rarely have their hair cut. Yes, sir, it is trimming the hair that causes such widespread baldness among men, and while singing can't restore lost hair, it is the best preserver that can be employed."

He had finished the job, and the man who was "next" took the chair.

Sitting Bull's Wives.

Sitting Bull had three wives, two of whom survive him. The name of one of them is The-One-That-Had-Four-Robes. The other seems to have distinguished herself by doing more than a wife's share toward keeping the name of the Bull family upon the Sioux census roll, and is called The One-That-Had-Twins Twice.—[St. Joseph Gazette.

A Pardonable Error.

Mrs. Cumso—What made you say the other day that Jay Smith was a cooper? He isn't anything of the kind.

Mrs. Fangle—Well, I heard Mr. Fangle say he ran a bucket shop.—[Puck.