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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 19. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,007.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

Jan. 4, 1891.

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

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

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:40 a m
" 12—Mail " ..12:30 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:15 p m

Jan 10 R. M. SHEATS, Agent.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 1.	No. 3.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. No. 2.	No. 4.
a. m.	a. m.		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.		a. m.	p. m.
Arrive.			Leave.	

☞All trains on this schedule stop at Hay street station.
P. L. BURWELL,
Jan 10 General Superintendent.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND
RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave at 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 p m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 p m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 p m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 p m	6:15 p m

Pennsylvania Railroad trains from Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York arrive at 12:15 and 10:20 p. m.

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Aug 9 General Manager.

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

LOOK HERE.

FOR Rock Drills, Well Borers and Prospectors, run by Hand, Horse or Steam Power, send for circulars, etc., to the MINING JOURNAL,
Nov 29 Frostburg, Md.

ROBIN, MY SWEETHEART.

Oh sweetheart mine, with the bonnie brown hair,
With eyes so merry and brow so fair,
'Tis a year to-day since you came to woo,
And never was lover more loving and true,
Robin, my sweetheart.

Yet I wonder, sometimes, as I fold you fast,
If love like yours can forever last,
How it will be as the years are told,
When you have grown wiser and I have grown old,
Robin, my sweetheart.

You have won my heart by your words and smiles,
You have won my heart by your witching wiles,
And I wish, oh, I wish I could hold for aye
The place in your heart that I hold to-day,
Robin, my sweetheart!

But when I am sadder and far less fair,
When the snows of time are thick in my hair,
When pain has furrowed my cheek and brow,
Will you love me then as you love me now,
Robin, my sweetheart?

You bring to my lips your young life's wine,
And promise, dear, to be always mine;
Yet still I wonder how it will be
When you are thirty instead of three,
Robin, my sweetheart!

Put away with doubt! and with fears away
You are mine to-day, sweetheart, to-day!
So we'll sing and be merry, and dance, care-free,
Nor dream of the time when you may not be
Robin, my sweetheart.

[Emma C. Dowd, in the Youth's Companion.

PARTLOW'S LUCK.

The buckboard and steady-going ponies of Mr. Jackson Bitts, late of Boomless New Chicago, rounded a bed in the timber road a moment after a man mounted on a racking horse, entered it from a sideway which joined the main road a little beyond the bend.

The racking of the equestrian's steed was kept from becoming monotonous by a tendency upon the part of the racker to stumble at the slightest provocation, and his rider, as he weakly reversed the horse at the sound of the buckboard's approach, and came racking towards it, looked as if a persistence in that mode of travelling might speedily result in shaking him to pieces.

He was thin and wan, as if from a recent illness, and his mouth had a discouraged droop at the corners.

He begged to share the buckboard seat with Mr. Bitts, supplementing the excuse that he was in danger of being unable to long keep his joints together if forced to continue the victim of the rack.

"A feller," he said presently, with a mournful tone that was almost a sigh—"a feller must save himself all he kin—'specially when luck's agin him."

He had fastened the racker behind the buckboard and crawled onto the seat with an "Um—ah!" of relief.

The two men exchanged the civilities of "passing the time o' day," and Mr. Bitts, having done all that courtesy demanded of him, was ready to resume the attack upon the chaotic schemes with which he had been wrestling before the appearance of the other.

"When luck's agin him," his passenger repeated sighfully, "as it is agin me!"

"I reckon so," agreed Mr. Bitts, encouraging but little the evident desire of the other to indulge in reminiscencing.

Mr. Jackson Bitts, late of New Chicago, was interested more in Junction City and the financial benefit he expected to derive from the place than in the woes of the man beside him.

He had approached New Chicago six months before with the same wrestling with schemes that now tore him.

The boom at that settlement had waxed and waned, and Mr. Bitts had failed to enrich himself; but with the ever springing hope that animates the true boomer, he was now on his way to Junction City filled with still greater confidence than he had entertained upon approaching New Chicago.

It was decided and announced that the Dakota and Gulf Railway would cross the Transcontinental Railway at a certain point where there was not little of nature's handiwork to be seen.

The road-bed of the Transcontinental, a shanty on the line between two homestead claims, an apology for a fence, another for a stable—that was about all there was to be seen.

This was at noon. A little later the agents of the two railroads and one of the proprietors of the shanty on the line between the claims were actively at work with a gang of men, and before 10 o'clock of the following day the entire section had been staked off in streets and lots.

At noon the sale of lots began, and before night many had been sold. By sunset half a dozen shanties had been "slapped up" and Junction City began to be.

The rapidity with which the news of the new-born boom travelled was astonishing. The next day the building of houses and the coming of inhabitants began in good earnest.

Shanties sprang up. Others came on wheeled trucks from deserted claims and more or less excuseless settlements. Tents were plentiful. There appeared what out of courtesy were called stores. There, too, was a "hotel," the "accommodations" of which were little short of awful, and a saloon where was dispensed liquid comfort mostly of the "Battleax" brand.

A day later the initial number of the Junction City "Pioneer" was sprung upon the settlement by an enterprising gentleman who had previously founded the Sumner "Pioneer" and the New Paris "Pioneer." There were also many other evidences of the daring and activity that a new-born boom develops.

Bitt's passenger wriggled about on the seat of the buckboard and sighed again.

"Luck's be'n agin me ever since I kin remember," he ventured presently. "Name's Partlow—Oracle Partlow."

He paused to note the effect of this announcement.

Mr. Bitts uttered an "uh-huh" of assent, and withdrew within his shell.

"Yep," continued Mr. Partlow with pathetic pride, "I reckon I'm the unluckiest man 'twixt this an' anywhurs. I've b'en mighty nigh everything but plumb killed."

"That's bad," commented Mr. Bitts, without emotion.

"Um—ah! you bet!" pursued Mr. Partlow, warming up. "I've be'n shot by a deputy sher'f for a hawse thief. I've be'n blowed nearly out uv the county by a cyclone. I've stood on a bar'l with a rope around my neck, waitin' for a vigilantes committee to decide whether I was the fellow they wanted or not, an' I was tarred an' feathered once by mistake. I've be'n held up by road agents an' robbed uv my last $3. I've be'n chased by a crazy man. My wife ran away with a man who owed me, an' who was reckoned by me to be sure pay. A well caved in on me once, an' kept me buried forty hours with a half-inch crack to breathe through. I've had the rheumatiz off an' on for ten years, an' the ager right smart uv the time. An', all things considered, I reckon luck's agin me!"

"Looks so!" agreed Mr. Bitts, mildly interested.

"Wal," resumed Partlow, "after I had drifted about all over the West, I finally struck this part uv the State an' settled down a few miles south uv yere on a claim joinin' the one that Ike Blue took up next day. I 'lowed that out thar on the flat land, with little to steal an' apparently nobody to pester, I might sort of live down my luck!"

He went on to tell how Mr. Blue and rimself had erected their shanty across the dividing-line of the two claims, each sleeping on the part of the cabin on his own homestead, thus making a cheap pretense of complying with the requirements of the Homestead law demanding a place of residence on each claim.

Then, before they had got more than fairly settled, the Transcontinental Railway put in an appearance, cutting their claims in twain, and remunerating their owners but scantily therefor.

No serious misfortune had overtaken Mr. Partlow, however, but his accustomed ill luck manifested itself enough to keep him in mind of the fact that man is of a few days and full of trouble.

The only cow possessed by the partners choked to death on almost the last of their turnips; the chinch bugs made merry with their discouraged looking wheat, and a train on the Transcontinental so frightened the team of horses that Blue and Partlow owned jointly that they ran away with a borrowed mowing machine and Mr. Partlow, ruining the former and endangering the life of the latter.

But all this was nothing more than he expected, he said sighfully, and it was therefore met with becoming resignation by Mr. Partlow. But Mr. Blue, less familiar with misfortune, began to look with suspicion upon his partner as a sort of modern and degenerate Jonah.

"Shouldn't wonder," commented Mr. Bitts.

It had been but lately that Partlow, though feeling physically out of shape, as he expressed it, had ridden to New Chicago on an errand of no interest to us, and while returning he become weak, ill, and delirous, and, as he learned afterwards, had been found wandering aimlessly about at a considerable distance from the way he should have pursued, and faithfully followed by his old horse.

Partlow had been taken in and cared for by kind souls and was now only just recovering from a severe illness.

He was ready to prognosticate more ill luck for the future.

Prompted by what he had believed a premonition he had, before leaving the double claim, given Mr. Blue a laboriously executed document resembling a power of attorney, giving him authority over his claim during his absence.

And now it would not surprise him much, he confessed, to find that Blue, concluding he had felonously run away with the racking horse, had indulged in some retaliatory measure. He could not see how Blue could avoid entertaining an uncomplimentary opinion of him at the very least.

"The claims air jest over beyond the timber thar," he continued, "an' wouldn' be surprised if"——

His further forebodings were interrupted by the appearance of a little squad of horsemen, who came galloping towards them out of the timber just ahead.

"That's Ike in front. The rest air strangers to me," he said, gloomily. "Wonder what's up?"

"Ike, what"——he began, as the horse reached the buckboard.

"Shut up!" broke in Mr. Blue. "We've got a surprise fer you!"

Partlow doubled up a little closer on the seat of the buckboard. They were half way through the timber before he spoke again.

"Wonder what they're up to?" he muttered to Bitts. "Maybe they're goin' to hang me or sump'n! Say, Ike, I hain't done nuth'n, an'"——

"Shut up!" broke in the gentleman addressed.

"Jest my reg'lar luck," sighed Partlow. "But I hain't done nuth'n!"

As they emerged from the timber he looked up to see the familiar outlines of the shanty on the line between the two claims.

Instead he, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, beheld new-born bustling, booming Junction City, with its already respectable showing of houses and tents.

There appeared activity everywhere—men hurrying hither and thither, more shanties and tents springing up, a building just rolling in on trucks, a new depot rising skyward—in short, the springing up of a prairie "city."

"W'y—w'y—I—how—where"—

Mr. Partlow threatened to collapse.

"It's part uv the surprise," grinned Ike Blue. "You an' me own half uv the town. Mo'n a thousand dollars' worth uv lots sold already, an' more a-goin' all the time. Prices risin' every minute. We'll be rich men yet, Ork, ole feller!"

"I—my luck"—

"Has changed at last. I found out where you was very soon after you was taken sick, but as you wa'n't in any great danger I reckoned on not leettin' you know anything about this till I could spring it on you all at once."

"I—I can't believe it!" faltered Partlow. "I"—

"Oh, it's all true!"

"Rich—luck changed—I can't believe my senses!" said Partlow, slowly. "I reckon I'm losin' my mind or sump'n'!"

He rose to step down from the buckboard, and he, weak from his recent illness and the excitement, fell forward to the ground.

"His arm is broken in two places," was the verdict of the doctor who had arrived at the settlement in good time to be called to the cabin whither Partlow had been carried.

The sufferer uttered what sounded like a sigh of relief.

"Things air all right yet!" he said, weakly. "I hain't losin' my mind, after all. I'm still Oracle Partlow!"—Tom P. Morgan in Philadelphia "Saturday Night."

A New England Poet.

The serio comic poems of S. W. Foss are known wherever the English language is spoken, and yet who knows anything about S. W. Foss himself? He is the son of a farmer, and was born in Candia, N. H., June 19, 1858. He worked on the farm until 15, and then he went to the Portsmouth high school. He worked his way through Brown University, at Providence, R. I., standing very near one end of his class—which end he positively refuses to state. At any rate, he was class poet. From 1878 to 1886 he was editor of the Lynn *Saturday Union*, and it was while on that paper that he originated the so called long tailed style of poetry, which consists of enormously long lines and long words. For a year after leaving the *Union* he worked as a free lance and wrote humorous verse for every comic paper in the land. He wrote three or four poems a day, never less than two and his work displayed a wonderful amount of originality and poetic genius. In August 1887, he became editor of the *Yankee Blade*, of Boston. Mr. Foss is of a retiring disposition and enjoys home life and his rollicking 2 year old boy better than club life or society. His poems are all written in his editorial office, subject to the usual interruptions. He prefers to write serio comic rather than purely comic verse and in his line he has no equal. The announcement that he will issue a volume of poems is of interest to all lovers of good dialect verse.—[Chicago Times.

What Makes a Man Old.

To himself, a man is as old as he feels; to others, as old as he looks. There is nothing strikingly new in this observation, but it applied well in an amusing case the other day. On a train that was coming into Boston there were two gentlemen, sitting in contiguous seats. One of them was gray and bent. As the train approached the station the white haired man rose, took up his overcoat, hesitated, and glanced nervously around. Then he said:

"Young man, I will be much obliged if you will help me on with my overcoat."

The other rose quickly and gave him the assistance that was asked for.

"There—ow! I'm a little stiff. Thank you," said the old man. "You are kind. Some time you may be old yourself, and then you will be glad of a young man's assistance."

The other laughed. "Perhaps, sir," he said, "you wouldn't object to telling me how old you are?"

"I? Oh! no," said the old man. "I'm 63 years old—almost 64," he said with a sigh.

"Indeed?" said the "young man," and now I'll tell you how old I am. I shall be 71 years old my next birthday."

It was his actual age, but the first man flatly refused to believe it and went off with an air as if he thought the other were trying to play a rather bad joke.—[Boston Transcript.

Life After Forty.

The best half of life is in front of the man of 40, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack; but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new and the future so fresh as to him who has spent the early years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life, and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as staleness in life and its duties he can not understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and increasing power makes every year of his life happier and more hopeful than the last.

The Largest Belt in the World.

A Louisiana electric light company is having made for it what is said to be the largest belt in the world. It is made of two thicknesses of leather, consisting of the skins of 175 animals, and is 6 feet wide and 169 feet long. The services of 20 men for a period of 2 months will be required to complete it, and it will when finished weigh 2 tons. The entire cost of the belt will be about $10,000, or nearly $10 per square foot.

Over 200 years ago the Tredegar Iron Company was formed at Cardiff, Wales. From this the large iron company in Virginia took its name. Then was organized the South Tredegar Company, of Chattanooga, which now has decided to establish itself at Cardiff, Tenn. From Cardiff, Wales, to Cardiff, Tenn., in about 220 years.

COURTSHIP IN JAPAN.

Mediation the Most Usual Form, but Poetry and Love Songs Permissible.

In Japan, courtship is regulated by many curious customs. It is carried on in many different ways, but the most usual one is by mediation. The duty of the mediators is to investigate and inform one party in regard to the property, reputation, and character of the other. After this investigation there is a meeting of the persons intending to marry and there they are introduced to each other. They may promise to marry at this time, but before the final consent is given each one must investigate the other's character. If both are satisfied the marriage ceremony will be performed by the help of the mediators, and the name of the contracting parties must be recorded in the official register. This is considered as a civil contract. In some instances children are betrothed to each other by their respective parents when mere babies, but of course such an engagement is voidable when the children become of age. The employment of mediators is a necessary one; all the people in Japan are obliged to follow this method, notwithstanding their rank in society. The service of the middleman is considered very honorable, and the Japanese term for this is "musubuenokami," which means a god of connection of the opposite sex. Among middle class people there is positively no courtship between the parties themselves. With the higher classes courtship by poetry is in vogue. There are two kinds of this poetry, "Sedl" and "Uta." The gentleman sends poems to the lady, and she replies in poetry. The following is a translation of a celebrated answer:

"The first plum blossom of the Isle of Quoshin,
This night shall ope, my lord, for you.
Should you long to know all the charm of this flower,
Come singing to the moon at the hour of midnight."

An allusion to the moon or flowers always stands for the word love. The following is a fine conceit attributed to a gay young lady:

"Parted and from thee,
I gaze upon the heavenly vault,
How delightful were it for me,
Could but the moon turn to a mirror."

Among the lower classes flirting is practiced by the use of the fan or handkerchief, or with a wave of the right hand, with palms downward, or by the fair charmer waving her long sleeves. Instead of winking, they convey the same meaning by twitching the left corner of the mouth or rolling the eyeballs to the right or left. Jealousy is expressed by erecting the two forefingers on the forehead, in illusion to the monster. The courtship of the lower class of young men and women is on Hanami, or picnic day, and on that day one can hear whispering behind the trees or flowers, but no kissing or shaking of hands. If they did such a thing they would be excluded from the society of their order. Middle class people could not go so far even as this; they are always endeavoring to preserve their reputation on account of their social standing. The celebration of a marriage ceremony is required not by the law, but by society. There are several forms, but usually the first step is "yuino," or the exchange of presents at the time of the espousal, usually of fish, belt, fan, money, etc., which consists of seven articles, as the number of seven is considered a fortunate one among all classes. After the exchange of presents a few days are suffered to elapse and then is celebrated the marriage ceremony. This is not performed in the church, but takes place in the house, as the people think the church the place for funerals and not for merry making. The expense of the ceremony varies according to the social standing of the parties. The married couple do not take their honeymoon trip until two or three days after the wedding; it is generally nothing more than a visit to the theater or a hot spring resort, of which there are many in Japan. The wedded pair very seldom separate from the parents, but live near them, though not in the same house. When the parents become old and feeble, the children are obliged to make them a comfortable home called "Inkio," which literally translated means a resting place. This is customarily built in the same place by the son. At a certain age the parents generally turn over as a gift their entire property to their son.

A Great Tunnel.

A recent number of the *Iron Age* tells of a remarkable piece of railroading about to be undertaken by the Colorado Midland Railroad Company. Soon after leaving Leadville the road runs around the mountains at a distance of twelve miles, reaching Busk at a height of 10,900 feet. From this point the road zigzags up the face of the mountains for a distance of five miles to reach a point 500 feet above Busk. On this part of the trip long lines of snowsheds are erected to protect the track, and in these drifted snow lies the year round. The old tunnel here pierces the continental divide at an elevation of 11,528 feet. This tunnel is about 3,000 feet long. The length of new line required is 3.25 miles, and this replaces 10.18 miles of old line, effecting a saving of 6.93 miles. The section of the tunnel is 15 feet wide and 21½ feet high.

Burning Wet Sawdust.

In sawmills where the cypress and redwood sawdust is too wet to burn the mills have been at a great disadvantage owing to their being compelled to use a more expensive fuel than their competitors that could utilize sawdust. Recently, however, a grate has been invented which, by the aid of an air blast, burns the wet sawdust with entirely satisfactory results. The heat produced is as great as that from pine shavings. The invention is certain to have a marked influence in the South, where cypress sawdust is an abundant and hitherto useless product.

A COW'S BLACK MILK.

Singular Habit of an Otherwise Well Disposed and Respectable Bovine.

Rupert Hansborough, of Chilicothe, Ohio, is the possessor of a natural curiosity in the shape of a cow which gives black milk. She is on Mr. Hansborough's model farm, situated a few miles out of town, and can be seen at any time grazing on his pasture, and at milking time her singular yield will be shown any one desiring to behold it. Of mixed breed, Jersey and Durham, with a strain of Ayrshire, she was calved on the farm and was the second born to her mother, whose milk presented no peculiarity, and whose first calf, a heifer, too, still gives an abundance of natural tinted milk.

Mollie, as she is called, is a pretty little cow, with nothing unusual in her appearance, and has born already five young, which have thriven well on her black milk. It produces a fair amount of cream, which is a trifle lighter in color, and which when churned makes butter resembling coal tar, but as palatable as though of golden yellow. Mr. Hansborough says that at first they were afraid to drink or use the milk in any way, but, overcoming their prejudice, now enjoy it as any other.

He has received numbers of offers for her, both from the proprietors of museums and stockmen, but declined them from hopes that she will yet transmit her peculiarity to some of her progeny. Chemists in Richmond and Washington have analyzed the milk, both fresh and when made into butter, but declare that they can detect nothing to account for its sable color, but attribute it to some unique coloring pigment in the corpuscles of her blood.

Yankee Despatch.

Mr. Irving Montagu, in his "Camp and Studio," records a little dialogue between himself and "an amusing Yankee general" at Sistova, during the Russo-Turkish war. It may be surmised that "the American general" was not known as a great military officer in his own country. However, the story is a good one, even if the general's commission would not bear examination.

One day I made some reference to the clumsy and long drawn out way in which the Russian guns were taken up to the front. True, the roads were frightful, the mud being beyond all description, but I ventured to suggest that the progress of that artillery was, in many instances, lamentably slow.

"Wal," said the American in broad Yankee twang, "I think you're right. They've been at it for months, and there's very little promise of increasing speed. How long, now, do you think it would take Britishers to accomplish the same end?"

Actually, I had not the slightest idea, but I was not going to collapse before my Yankee interrogator, so I suggested as an improvement on the existing state of affairs, that it would take us, say about a fortnight or three weeks. "By the way," I continued, "how long do you think it would take the Americans to achieve a similar result?"

"Americans? Oh, that's a very different kettle o' fish. Americans!" and with this he took out his watch, and glanced at it several times in meditative silence. The Americans! Wal, I should say, as near as I can calculate, somewhere between twenty five minutes and half an hour," and with this he turned on his heel with a self satisfied air, leaving me to digest the comparison.

The Oldest Kissing Story.

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand, and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrank back, declaring she was afraid he might kiss her by force there in the dark. The man explained that by reason of his burdens he could not possibly do so.

"Yes," said the woman, "but what is to hinder you from sticking the cane in the ground and tying the goat to it, and then laying the goose on the ground and covering it with the kettle? And then, how could I help myself if you wickedly persisted in kissing me?"

"Many thanks," said the man. "I never should have thought of all that. You are an ingenious woman. May your ingenuity always succeed."

So they went on until they reached the darkest part of the ravine. Then he stuck the cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her great resistance.

Unselfish.

There are usually at least two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said regretfully, at the end of his second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes'm, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity, "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma, has the pleasure this week, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind so very much!"

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile, "I don't mind it at all—now!"

Some Rattle.

"It is odd that the value of diamonds does not increase in the ratio of their size," remarked the snake editor.

"How does it increase, then?" asked the horse editor.

"In the ray show of their brilliancy."

COLUMBUS CRITICISED.

ANOTHER VIEW OF AMERICA'S DISCOVERER BY A. P. DUNLOP.

A Few Plain Words About His Treatment of the Carib Race—Ingratitude Par Excellence—Bartering Slaves for Privileges—Ferdinand and Isabella Take the Bait—A Race Exterminated.

There is one fact worthy of note in the coming four hundredth year celebration of the discovery of the American continent, namely, that not one single specimen of the race Columbus discovered will be on hand to defend himself, writes A. P. Dunlop in the *Saturday Review*. Not alone has the Carib been wiped from the face of the earth, but the oldest inhabitants of the West Indian Islands have not seen a half breed even of that race, nor do any of them remember having been told that they existed in the time of their fathers or grandfathers. Columbus writes of these people as the best he had ever seen, and says they received him with overwhelming kindness. He says, too, that they were numerous, and that every island from San Salvador to Santo Domingo was thickly inhabited.

Could one of these guileless savages arise to say a few words at the opening of the World's Fair he might somewhat disarrange the mantle of glory which the Saxon, Celtic, and Teutonic races have so prettily arranged around the historic figures of Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella. The gentle savage might first ask why the mighty people of North America were celebrating the advent of a man who had nothing whatever to do with the discovery of what is now the United States. He would have no record of his own people—who have not even left a trace of their existence behind them—but he might have looked into the enemy's camp for information, and there he would find—whether proved or not—that Mr. Columbus was said by his son Ferdinand to have been a pirate, or the descendant of one, who was constantly on the move, and who, in the fifteenth century, visited the home of the Vikings, and there heard the story of the discovery of Vineland.

He could readily reconcile Mr. Columbus's way of doing things by authenticated dispatches from Columbus to "Their Highnesses," Isabella and Ferdinand, by reading a copy of a letter, now in the Spanish archives, in which the discoverer informs "Their Highnesses" that he was treated as a brother by these savage people, that they gave freely all they had and conducted him to their gold mines. The Carib might then read the latter part of the dispatch, evidently written as soon as Columbus returned from the gold mines, and suggests "how easy it would be to overcome this unarmed people and send them as slaves to Spain."

Repudiating Columbus as a discoverer, he might, on the auspicious occasion, go even further, by asking why Columbus or Isabella should be admired or held up as examples for the youth of the land?

The Republican party might also be told that no two persons in the world's history ever went into a slave speculation more deliberately. Columbus tempted the cupidity of the Queen with untold treasures as a return for her investment, and in his first letter is a request for ships loaded with provisions, to come "licensed for the traffic of slaves." Did he get them? The answer now in the Madrid archives is: "Their highnesses will send the vessels."

If the written account of these Spanish pirates be correct, the Carib orator might say that 12 years after Columbus arrived in the West Indies not one of this prosperous race was alive, and he could with truth point to the accounts left by the Dominican friar, La Casa, who wrote that 40,000 of them were killed on the Lucanyan group inside of a very short time either by the sword or the lash of the slave drivers.

The native West Indian might sum up his argument by saying that as an example of deliberate treachery and cold blooded cruelty and hypocrisy, the world's history has no parallel to Christopher Columbus, who exterminated a race that he himself says received him as "one sent from heaven," nor to his side partner, who went into the real estate and slave speculation with a hard, cold greed for gold, and then permitted the discoverer to end his miserable life as a pauper.

The House That Washington Built.

Few people, even in Washington, seem to be aware that the only house which the immortal George Washington ever built in that city is still standing and in a reasonable good state of preservation.

It is situated near the Capitol grounds, close to the Baltimore and Ohio depot, on North Capitol street. The house was originally of three stories, but the march of improvement caused the street on which it stands to be graded, and when this was done two more stories were added to the building, which is now used as a hotel. Some of the rooms are pretty much in the same condition as they were when occupied by the Washingtons in 1792.

A few old pieces of furniture are said to be secreted about the house yet, and the interior of the place shows its age. It is a peculiar thing that none of the many guide books published of this city mention this house as having any historical value, and it is never pointed out by old residents to their country cousins when they come here on a sightseeing expedition.—[Boston Globe.

Lemon Cough Cure.

Roast a lemon without burning. When hot enough, cut it and squeeze out juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Dose, a dessert spoonful when cough is troublesome.