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MINING JOURNAL.

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TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 1. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,009.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio
RAILROAD.

Jan. 4, 1801.

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

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,
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.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Round wanderers out in the cold,
Waving defiance to Autumn's blasts,
Tossing and soaking your strange green hair,
Cut mid the unquiet breezes there,
Like tattered pennants on swaying masts.

Red and yellow and white and pink,
Smooth and jagged, quiet and gay:
What are you saying as you are swaying,
Dancing and bowing, nodding and swaying,
To and fro on this Autumn day?

You motley crowd in harlequin garb,
You straggler bold, with spicy breath,
Welcome at the end of the long procession
Of patient victims without transgression,
Of blossoms marching on to their death.

What are you calling out to the wind,
As he flies on his course past your garden places,
That makes him stop on his blustering way,
And, half in earnest, half in play,
Strike with rough hand your saucy faces?

You are hardy and strong, oh, Autumn flowers,
As you carelessly laugh to the wind and the sky,
But stronger than you, or the wind, or the rain,
Is the law, the beginning of mortal pain—
No matter how beautiful, all must die.

—[Roberta Kerr Elliot.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

MICHAEL FINN JR TELLS HIS AUNT OF A BIG FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS IN ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK.

BY ERNEST JARROLD

The kitchen of the Finn shanty was very cosey when compared with the blackness of the November evening outside. There was a searching keenness in the air which made the warmth and color of the room thoroughly enjoyable. A blazing fire of maple wood crackled merrily in the stove, and the strong draught sent a shower of golden sparks eddying out into the black night from the rusty stovepipe. Mr. Finn to said his shins, dozed, and smoked. His wife darned the heel of a stocking drawn over a gourd. Mickey Finn's aunt, Mary Jane O'Houlihan, sat with her elbows on her knees, looking into the fire, while little Mike pored over a volume of American history. It was a domestic scene, full of pastoral content.

"And what's that buke ye're readin', Mickey?" said his aunt, as she lit a splinter of wood and ignited her pipe.

"It's a history," replied the boy, as a wrinkle of impatience marred his smooth brow at the interruption.

"A his'try, is it?" continued his aunt, brightening into lively interest; "and does it say anything about goats?"

"Naw," rejoined the boy, with a gesture of annoyance, "it tells about Injins."

"Now, Mickey, don't be impedint to your auntie," chided his mother. "Tell her about the buke, that's a good boy. What's the good of havin' eddication if you don't tell yer auntie about it? Tell her what thim things is like you're talkin' about; that's a darlint."

Thus persuaded, little Mike came down from his educational altitude to the level of his listeners, and, closing his book with a sigh, began. Said he:

"Well, ye mushi know, thin, that manny years ago, before pigstys were built in America, thare was thousands and thousands of red min wid skins the color of new bricks, a roamin' around Cooney Island. They carried lath hatchets in their naked fists, and paycock's feathers in their hair, which the same they coich wid their hands, for they could run like the wind. Faix, I think they could walk a six days' walkin' match in four days, they were that fast. Every mornin' affther brekfuist these brick colored haythins would put mineral paint on their faces, sharpen their hatchets on a grindstone, and start out for to be makin bonfires of min and women jist for divilmint. When they cotch a man they would tie him to a post and stick red hot splinters into him till they'd see him squirm. The splinters was jist like the wan you're lighting your pipe wid, auntie. And whin the Injins were tormentin' the min and women they cotch by shootin' arrows at thim and carvin' the hair off their heads for fish lines, they were makin' a noise like this:"

Here Mickey stopped to imitate an Indian war whoop, by slapping his right hand against his open mouth and making a barbarous noise, ending in a frightful yell, which almost lifted his aunt from her chair from fright.

There was a grin of gratified vanity on the face of the youthful historian as he turned to his mother and said;

"Mother, me auntie is afraid. I don't think she wants to hear any more about the Injins."

"Faith, I do," exclaimed Mrs. O'Houlihan, trembling, yet eager. "Go wan wid yer story about the murderin' cannibals. What else did they do?"

"Well, they made the women do all the work, like plantin' the corn, and digin' the praties, and makin' the fires——"

"Is that so?" queried Mrs. Finn, quickening to a lively interest in the story. "They were mighty smart min, thin."

"Yis," continued Mickey, "and they were fond of killin' old min and little babies. But whin the Irish landed at Ponckhockie they made it mighty hot for the haythins. The Irish med their heads that sore wid their blackthorns that a big chief named Tecumsey axed for peace, and the Irish and the Injins had a grate meetin' on the railroad track fornust the limekill. The big chief, wid a red, white, and blue blankit on his back, made an illegint speech that day. He med it in poetry, for he was a mighty smart Injin, and had eddicashun. He said, says he, wavin' his arms and his feathers:

"Ye have rivers and says,
Where the billars and braze
I car riches for ye alone.
Thin why should the Irish harrum the wans
That niver did harrum to thim?"

"Begorra, but that's like 'The Harp That Wanst Through Tara's Halls,' ain't it, Mickey?" said Mrs. O'Houlihan, melted into a sentimental mood by the jingling rhythm of the stanza.

"Yes, 'tis nice," continued the inventive historian; "but 'twas no good to be readin' poetry to the Irish at that time, for they had med up their minds to have Cooney Island all to themselves, leakse the pasture was good there for goats. And so whin the talk was over there was no agreemint bechune thim. It looked for a while as if there was nothing to be done but for the Irish to go on lathering blazes out of the injins forever and ever, amin, 'till bould Paddy Clancy steps out of the ranks and says, says he, as brave as a he goat: 'I'll fight anny wan of ye wid sticks to see do we or ye have the island,' says he."

"Tell me this, Mickey," interrupted his aunt. "Was Clancy from Cork or from Galway?"

"Divil a wan o' us knows surely, auntie," replied the unveracious historian, reflectively, "but I'm affther thinkin' he kem from Kerry, he had such a swate brogue."

"And did anny wan o' the haythin nagurs step out forninst Clancy wid a sthick in his hand, and say, 'Ow, ow, me boy Clancy, I'll lave me mark on ye?'" eagerly questioned Mrs. O'Houlihan, while the fire stopped crackling and the wind died away to a low murmur, as if awaiting the reply.

"Yes, the big chief Tecumsey stepped out, wid a war club in his hand like a stick o' cord wood. His eyes was blazing like coals of fire, he was that mad. And while he was poundin' on his chest like a bass drum, he shouted so loud that Jack Brady heerd him in the grocery store. 'Big Injin ate much,' says he. Clancy turned pale as whitewash, for he thought the big chief wanted to ate him without salt. And to make Clancy feel worse Tecumsey began recitin' some poetry, for he was a grate poet intirely, and ye'll see his verses in the school books. Says he:

"Fee, fo, fi, fum,
I smell the blood of an Irishman!"

"Luk at that, now!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Houlihan, with a sniff of contempt. "And did that haythin' think he had a chance wid a sthick agin' a laddybuck from Kerry?"

Irish superiority with the stick was so generally recognized that the historian did not deem a direct reply necessary. Besides, like many another trifler with the truth, he was beginning to believe in the honesty of his own statements. The time had now come for action. He left his seat and walked around the table beside his aunt. All eyes were upon him, and his aunt exclaimed, in admiration:

"Arrah, Mickey, but you're a jewel wid your eddicashun. You'll be a ly'yer wan of those days."

"You must know," said little Mike, taking up the thread of the story, "that they had to chuse a referee to see that there was no gougin' or kickin' or bitin', and they picked out a beautiful young leddy wid a brown face, wid rings in her ears and beads on her shoes, and an illigant smile on her face, like yours when you're merry, auntie——"

"Go 'long, you young dhreamer!"

"Her name was Pookahontis, and she says, says she, 'I'll see that ye fight fair, and divil's the advantage I'll give to white or red,' says she. Then all the nagurs raised a great shout, saying 'Hoop, la,' and the earth trembled, and all the little birds flew away to a safe place,

"'Are yez ready?' says Pookahontis.

"'Faix we are,' says Clancy and the nagur in wan breath, while Clancy cocked an odd eye at the beautiful referee in short petticoats!

"I'll show ye how Clancy handled the blackthorn," said Mickey, picking up the poker and grasping it in the middle. As he brandished the poker he stepped backward and thrust forward one foot. "Ye see," he said, "Clancy and Tecumsey stood toe to toe, like this. Whin Pookahontis gev the word, the Injin was that quick wid his club that he cotch Clancy a welt on the top of his head that med his ears ring like an anvil an' the stars dance before his eyes like fireflies in July. 'That's wan for the red man,' said the referee, wid a copper colored grin. The whack that Clancy got med him as mad as a wet hin. He med a pass wid wan end of the blackthorn an' thin struck the red man a crack on the cheek that knocked three teeth down his throat. That was wan for Clancy, and all the Irishmen shouted, 'Tare-an-ouns, that fotch blood!' which the same it did. Tecumsey was 'nashin' his teeth wid rage, an' he started fur Clancy like a balky horse wid a fire under him. Clancy cotch the blow on the end of his stick, whin——"

Whack went the ill[illegible] poker against the lamp, shattering it into a thousand fragments. Then the door opened and shut violently. A candle was lit, but Mickey was gone. Mr. Finn went to the door and peered out into the night. The stars were shining, and the wind blew in at the open doorway and made the light flicker. Three times Mr. Finn called his boy in a strong, resonant tone that went echoing down the valley. Then a feeble, timorous "Yes, father," came from behind the chicken coop.

"What are ye doing there?"

"I was afeered ye'd lick me."

"It's much you are in nade of it; but, whisper, Mickey."

"Yes, sir."

"Who licked?"

"Clancy licked [illegible]

"Begorra, I [illegible] Clancy is sorry; it's a big [illegible] [New York Sun.

Not a Weak Man.

"Scadley weak? I should like to know where?"

"In his not being able to resist the temptation to drink."

"Oh, I thought you meant bodily. I was going to say I've seen him carrying the biggest loads of any man I ever knew."

SINCE SHE WENT HOME.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows longer linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old, glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty room her presence bles ed,
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed,
My lonely heart hath no where for its rest
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears
Since she went home.

—[The Round Table.

The Pose Plastique.

The pose plastique is the present craze with those who entertain extravagantly. It is a form of amusement that diverts both old and young and is so simple in its accouterments that it is within the reach of any young woman of artistic tastes who delights in gathering occasional congenial company. To present statue poses a temporary stage is erected in the parlor or the drawing room and is hung severely in folds of black cambric. With the exception of a small lantern to illuminate the stage, the lights are all turned out, thus bringing into sharp relief the poseur or poseuse, as the case may be.

Much attention is given by the poser to the dress and make up, which are quite as important in producing effects as attitudes. Of course it is taken for granted that the poser is Delsartian and accomplished in all lithe supple turns of the body and facial expressions. If the poser be of feminine gender her costume must be a gown of white cashmere or cheese cloth, cut in Parthenia like fashion, falling loose from the low neck and drawn in slightly at the waist with a knotted white cord. The wig must be white and the hair caught in a genuine Psyche knot at the back.

Or if a more simple and classic gown is preferred take two linen sheets, sew the sides together within a half yard of the wide hem at the top. Through this hem run a tape string, sufficient in length to fit snug over the chest. Slip the arms through the side openings, arrange the gathers in folds, and confine waist loosely with a white cotton cord. This long skirt will allow graceful draping around the feet, especially if the poser is on a pedestal or other elevation. The hair is coiled flat on the top of the head and completely covered with a tight fitting cap of canton flannel. The cap is made in five sections and finished with an inch broad band made of three strands of the flannel. Neck, arms, and face must be whitened and the toilet is complete. A man must wear a sort of Roman toga, white tights, and buskins, and a white wig.

There are a number of pretty poses that may be done by two persons, namely, "Paul and Virginia," "The Storm," and "Cupid and Psyche," "The Dying Gladiator," "Galatea," "The Quoit Thrower," "Ajax Defying the Lightning," and "Mercury" are all suitable subjects for one person, or if groupings are desired, "Apollo Wooing Psyche," "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Clio Recording History," "The Nine Muses," and "Diana at the Chase" all make interesting subjects.

Soft low music accompanies the posing, changing from grave to gay according to the illustration.

Faithful representations of Rogers's statuary are produced by dressing the subjects in brown linen. The subdued light against the dark background gives the linen the exact coloring of the famous ware.

His Text.

A rising young minister, very absent minded, very earnest, and very sensitive, hurrying to church one Sunday morning and going into the pulpit late, was horrified to discover that he had not his carefully written sermon with him. The service had begun by the singing of the anthem, but he called up one of his neighbor's boys, and gave him hurried directions about his study and the probable location of the sermon, and sent him post haste to get it and return as fast as possible. The service proceeded, and still the boy did not appear.

The young preacher was in agony. He had never preached without notes, and the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead, as he wondered what he would do if the sermon did not come. Finally, just as the last stanza of the hymn which preceded the sermon was being sung the boy appeared, rushed up the aisle conspicuously, and handed the minister his manuscript. The clergyman took the package nervously, opened it, and during profound stillness announced the text. Not until he had spoken it, did the meaning of it flash over him. It was this:

"Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which was lost!"

This was too much for the audience. The people laughed outright. But the lesson was a good one for the minister, who never forgot his sermon again while in that parish.

Chinaware.

All ordinary china or earthenware is porous, and the fine pores will fill up with grease or fatty substance, which in time becoming rancid will give an offensive odor and taste to any food put into such vessels. Soap should not be used for washing such ordinary china or earthen vessels (the solution of soda is better), and all vessels should be afterward well rinsed with clean hot water, free of any fatty substance. Soda forms with any grease on the vessels a soapy compound, but, acting stronger than soap, it will remove the grease more thoroughly.

Betsey's Cooking.

During the war of 1812, the inhabitants of the southern part of Maine were kept in a state of greater or less anxiety by frequent reports of the arrival of British vessels off the coast. The militia were called out at such times to meet the invaders, who, after all, never made their appearance. A correspondent, whose grandfather was captain of one of the militia companies, sends us a story of the war.

At one time the militia was called out in full force, and went into camp for several days on an island near Wiscasset. In the absence of anything like a commissary department, each man looked out for himself, bringing from home such a supply of provisions as seemed to him necessary.

One man, who bore the honorable but inappropriate name of Peter Goodfellow, was especially well provided for. His wife, it was plain to see, was not only a superior cook, but a liberal minded woman. She had filled her husband's big leathern bag with a most tempting assortment of goodies; doughnuts, spiced cakes, flaky caraway cookies, apple and mince meat turnovers, gingerbread—not of the common sort, but enriched with spices and chopped raisins—and many other delectable compounds.

But this was not all. Within a day or two Peter's wife came over to the island, bringing a fresh supply of these and similar dainties. The leathern bag was near to bursting, and Peter himself was soon in a somewhat similar condition.

For, in spite of his name, Peter was greedy. Not once did he invite any of his less favored comrades in arms to share his good fortune, even to the extent of a twisted doughnut; and when a hungry soul offered him "a day's work after the war was over" in return for a piece of cold mince pie, the offer was promptly declined. What assurance had Peter that the would be purchaser might not be killed in the very first battle?

A day or two afterward, however, there came a report, to all appearance authentic, that a British man of war was actually coming up the Sheepscott River. The greatest excitement prevailed in camp. All hands were hurrying hither and thither—all except Peter Goodfellow. He, it was noticed, was simply thrown into a state of profound meditation. Then he was seen to take his bag upon his shoulder and retire to the shade of a neighboring tree.

With an air of determination he began to eat, nor did he give over till he had verified the familiar axiom that the less can never contain the greater.

When his natural limitations had put an end to his feasting, he fell again into a meditative mood. But the time was short; something must be done. His mind was made up. He seized the bag, carried it to a group of his comrades, took it by its two lower corners, and poured its remaining contents upon the grass before them. Pies, cookies, and doughnuts rolled in every direction, while the less nimble gingerbread and turnovers lay more in a heap.

"There, boys," said Peter, "eat the hull on it. It shan't be said that any o' Betsey's cookin' went down the throat of a Britisher. Eat yer fill! Probably we shall all be in eternity afore to morrer mornin'."

Leprosy.

Leprosy is most common in warm climates—in India, China, Africa, Madagascar, the West Indies, and some islands of the Pacific. But it is not confined to warm regions. It is found in some northern countries.

The disease, though slow in its progress, is generally fatal. It assumes one of three varieties. The first is characterized by tubercles in the skin and the mucous membrane, which at length ulcerate, while other ulcers are independently formed. In the second variety of the disease the surface of the body becomes numb and insensible, while severe neuralgic pains prevail inwardly. In the third variety, the joints are specially affected, and the limbs may be lopped off, though without pain, at the ankle, knee, wrist, or elbow.

Leprosy is infectious, and its microbe has been discovered. The microbe has great vitality, as it has been found in bodies which had long been dead. The germs may be introduced into the system by inoculation, by inhalation, or with the food. Every case, therefore, may become a center of contagion.

Until within a few years no concern has been felt about leprosy in the United States. But physicians now rightly sound an alarm. The disease has obtained a foothold in New Burnswick on the north, in Mexico and Trinidad on the south, in California and British Columbia on the west, and in Minnesota in the very heart of our country, while an increasing intercourse with the Sandwich Islands, and our vast and indiscriminate immigration are removing us further and further from our former safe isolation.

Thus far few persons of Anglo-Saxon origin have been attacked. In Canada and Louisiana it is the French who have suffered; in Minnesota, the Norwegians; in California, the Chinese. This exemption is probably not due to any peculiarity of race, but to better living; and with the present strong tendency to the multiplication and enlargement of cities, and with a national growth that may swell our population to a billion within a century, it will be no light thing to allow this hideous disease to become established among us. Within the last 10 years it is said to have increased fivefold.—[Youth's Companion.

Clara—Jack intends to have everything his own way when we are married.

Clara's Mamma—Then, why do you marry him?

Clara—To relive his mind of a false impression.—[Life.

The Blast of a Poet.

Swinburne's recent "Russia; an Ode" has greatly comforted the Anarchists and has created consternation among conservatives at home. A member of parliament recently started the inquiry whether Swinburne and his Ode could not be suppressed. The Speaker said in substance that he knew of no way by which a poet could be silenced. The poet advocates the assassination of the czar. Poetic license has rarely gone so far. Dante could picture the Inferno; but he never located it above ground. Swinburne declares that "earth is hell, and hell bows down befor the czar:"

Pity mad with pashion, anguish mad with shame,
Call a'oud on justice by her darker name;
Love grows hate for love's sake; life takes death for guide.
Night hath none but one red star—Tyrannicide.

. . . . . .

"God of man, be swift; hope sickens with delay;
Smite, and send him howling down his father's way!
Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell,
Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering dwell!
These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—
These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—
These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—
These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—
These whose breath sheds pest on worse than plague's thick breath—
These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,
These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,
These, if God's hand smite not, how shall man's not smite?"

. . . . . .

So from hearts by horror withered as by fire
Surge the strains of unappeasable desire;
Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death;
Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath;
Down the way of Czars, a while in vain deferred,
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.
How for shame shall men rebuke them? how may we
Blame, whose father died, and slew, to leave us free?
We, though all the world cry out upon them, know,
Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so;
Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite;
Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light.
Dark as fear and red as hate though morning rise,
Life it is that conquers; death it is that dies.

There is rhetoric and rhapsody here. But the poem shocks the moral sense when it counsels murder. Nothing was gained by the assassination of the preceding czar. The reaction was a positive loss. It is more than bad art to employ poetry to inspire murder. Swinburne has given many shocks to the public by his exaggerated statements. But for this one no justification can be found. One may detest the tyranny of the Russian ruler and detest even more the means suggested in this poem to rid that country of tyranny. If Swinburne ever had any chance to win the distinction of "poet laureate" he has lost it. That is probably a matter of no concern to him. He has gained one point. He has added something to his notoriety, even if he has not greatly disturbed the czar.—[Exchange.

The First Three Men.

There are a few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. This excellent version of the Indian's idea of creation is one of them:

When the Great Spirit created the world, he first made three men, all of the same color. Then he led them to a pool of water, and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them, obeying at once, leaped in in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in, the water had become somewhat stained, and he came out copper colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men, and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man, He permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor; the red man's contained bows and arrows, and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink, and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on, each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

Pussy's Medicine.

A New York man has a valuable Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she can not be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Recently an Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Shure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease, and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."

A Hundred Years.

Monsieur De Solaville, a scientific writer, says that in Europe one out of every 63,000 of the inhabitants reaches the age of 100. In Great Britain, nine out of every hundred deaths are reported to be of persons who have passed the age of 90. The period of life is shown to be extending rather than lessening. As a rule, the centenarian is rather feeble and helpless, but cases are sometimes found where persons of this great age are active and vigorous.

Rev. Joseph Hudson, M. A., vicar of the parish of Chillingham, England, still reads prayers and preaches at the age of 99. He was ordained in 1817, and has preached more than 73 years. The secretary of the London open air mission reports thus of a recent visit to this venerable Episcopal clergyman:

"On Sunday morning I walked with him from the vicarage to the church. He showed me to a seat, and having robed he read the service and lessons without glasses, and without a mistake. His grandson, who is his curate, preached the sermon; but I was told that this venerable man preaches about once in six weeks."

A physician of San Diego, Cal., has been inquiring into the cases of some of the Indian centenarians of that region, who have become quite famous. At one of the stations on the Southern Pacific Railroad the traveler sees, on the platform, a shrivelled up old Indian, whose leathery skin lies in folds, bearing upon his breast a placard which informs the traveler that the man is 125 years old. An enterprising descendant makes the old man's great age a source of revenue.

The San Diego physician referred to, Dr. Remondino, thinks that the extraordinary age of these Mission Indians is well authenticated. They have lived in the same spot all their lives, and the Mission records in many cases have the entry of the date of their birth, made at the time. There are living at Capitan Grande some Indian women whose age is estimated at more than 130 years.

A physician connected with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, engaged in scientific work in southern California, found an Indian woman whose age was said to be 126. He saw her put six watermelons into a basket, tie it up, and carry it on her back two miles to market, not once stopping to rest.

Knowing well the history of the mission to which the woman belonged, the man of science questioned her closely as to her recollection of facts in it; and he was satisfied that she was as old as was represented.

Doctor Remondino says: "Down on the coast of Lower California, some distance below San Diego, near the old mission of San Tomas there is living an Indian, bent and wrinkled, whose age is computed at 140 years. Although blind, he is still active, and daily goes down to the beach and along the beds of the creeks in search of driftwood."

Another San Diego Indian, whose age is vouched for as 118, mounts a horse and canters about the country.

On the Sweetwater, in southern California, there is a merry Indian of 115 years, who takes an occasional 50 mile trip on foot to San Diego, carrying a bag of acorns on his back. Usually he wears no clothes but a shirt; but when he goes to San Diego he carries a pair of trousers under his arm, which he puts on in the outskirts of the city.

These are but a few of the cases of alleged centenarians among the southern California Indians, with whom a person of 75 years is regarded as young. Their long life, according to the physicians, is accounted for by their temperance and extreme frugality and their simple out of door life in an equable and healthy climate.

Catherine's Cruelty.

The Veritzins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress.

As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written:

"The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg."

On the last:—

"The mines, Siberia."

He read it slowly; his face grew gray as that of a corpse; he bowed low, kissed her hand, and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess of Novgorod, with him." He was heard to say as he left the ball room:

"My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one."

Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victim was inexorable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace while each day the power, the wealth, and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars.

"The last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy North. He was seen of men no more.

An Ottawa, Kan., doctor has sent a bill to a widow for "doctoring your husband until he died."