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MINING JOURNAL.

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21ST YEAR—NO. 29. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,069.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.			Stations.	Westward.		
Leave.				Arrive.		
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 45	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	12 00	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 32	11 32
6 40	12 12	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 22	11 22
6 52	12 24	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 09	11 09
6 55	12 27	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 05	11 07
7 00	12 34	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 00	11 02
7 08	12 42	7 18	FROSTBURG	10 12	4 52	10 54
7 25	12 59	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 29	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 23	10 28
7 35	1 11	7 47	Barrellsville	9 38	4 15	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 13	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 08	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Savage jun	9 28	4 06	10 13
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	3 53	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				Leave.		

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

Jan 30

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

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 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. 15, 1891.

ON AND AFTER THE above date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:43 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:40 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:10 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:20 p m

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:20 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:25 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:54 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " "	dai-	
	ly except Sunday....	7:50 a m
" 11—Mail	leaves....	3:25 p m
" 5—Express	leaves....	4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives..		2:30 a m
" 12—Mail	" ..	1:25 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp.	" dai-	
	ly except Sunday..	7:25 p m
" 6—Express	leaves..	12:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

Nov 21

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

Steamship Schedules.

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

THE most direct and cheapest route for STEERAGE PASSENGERS from the South and West wishing to visit their native country.

The most convenient line for parties wishing to send for relatives and friends left behind in the old country.

Steamship **Carthaginian**..Capt. J. FRANCE
Steamship **Polynesian**.Capt. A. McDOUGALL
Steamship **Circassian**..Capt. R. P. MOORE
Steamship **Sardinian**.Capt. W. RICHARDSON

Baltimore to Liverpool and Queenstown, calling at Halifax each way.

These first-class screw Steamships will run regularly between the above points as follows:

From Baltimore and Liverpool
EVERY OTHER WEEK.

Steerage Passage

To or from Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast Londonderry, Bristol, Cardiff, or Glasgow Scandinavian and Continental points, at lowest rates.

Very Best Accommodations for Steerage and Intermediate Passengers.

An experienced Surgeon is attached to each vessel.

Intermediate and Steerage Stewardesses carried by each Steamer for the purpose of attending to the wants of females and children.

For further particulars or Passage Tickets apply to A. SCHUMACHER & CO.,

No. 5 South Gay street, Baltimore,

Or in Frostburg to A. V. K. DEEKENS,

At the office of the Consolidation Coal Co.,

Or in Mt. Savage to F. S. DEEKENS,

At the office of Union Mining Co.

Nov 21

MAZIE.

In a shabby boarding house in the great city of New York sat two girls,

One was grumbling and fussing over an old brown silk dress. They were pretty girls, and poor. Their only living relatives were a maiden aunt and a cousin.

Miss Evelina Hayes, their aunt, had a great many pets—parrots, cats, etc.—all of which she prized far more than these two grandnieces of hers, Mazie and Eloise Laurance.

The girls were brunettes, with rich chestnut hair and great, fawnlike eyes. Eloise was three years Mazie's senior, but the two were so much alike that, if Mazie had looked just a little older, and Eloise just a little younger, one might easily have supposed them twins.

"I say, El," Mazie began. "I'm sick and tired of this plagued old New York, and I think Aunt Evy might ask us to spend the summer with her, or give us a month on the mountains. We will have to find some cheap place in the country, and we will roam through the woods and fish and—"

"Oh, yes! I know," exclaimed Eloise. "But after we have given up our situations and spent our money, what would we do, and how would we live next winter?" and she shook her head.

"Then we would play Mr. Micawber and wait for something 'to turn up,' and then there is no knowing what may happen before winter. We might marry—"

"Most likely," said Eloise dryly.

"Or die," Mazie continued, not noticing the interruption. "Or, if Aunt Evy doesn't relent and take us in, and if she doesn't do that, she might—er—do as Harold said, when a boy, his dog did, 'kick the bucket,' and—er—leave a part of her vast fortune to her 'impertinent, parrot-poodle despising niece, Mazie Evelina Laurance,' or to her 'dearly beloved niece, Eloise Hayes Laurance,' or perhaps—"

"Mazie Laurance," said Eloise, going up to her sister and playfully feeling her pulse. "You must have a fever and are delirious. How you talk! What preposterous—"

"Oh!" said Mazie with a little gasp. "Hand me the dictionary! What is that word, ma'am?" very meekly. "Pre-poster-ous! Oh!" and Mazie fell back in her chair, quite exhausted.

"Well, Mazie, seriously now, I am sure you should not speak so of Aunt Evy, and would not if you thought for a minute. Because she disinherited mother for marrying her despised neighbor's son, and now takes no notice of her niece's daughters, is no reason why we should speak disrespectfully of her."

"Ha! ha! I know why Aunt Evy did not like her neighbor, Grandma Laurance. Grandma had a parrot, too, and Polly Laurance was not so stupid as Polly Hayes, and could talk best, and then grandma's pug was sleeker and prettier than Aunt Evy's. Sufficient reasons for Aunt Evy's dislike."

Mazie threw her unfinished dress on a chair close beside her, as she ceased speaking, and lay back in her chair, closed her eyes, and rocked swiftly back and forth.

"El!" she exclaimed, stopping so short and with such a queer little jerk that Eloise started.

"What?"

"I've an idea!" said Mazie, hauling out an old writing desk, made of a pasteboard box with an inkbottle stuck in a hole in one corner; and, taking from the box some neat though cheap note paper, began to write.

"Well, Mazie! I'm sure I hope you have a great many ideas. I suppose you have possessed yourself of an extraordinary article of that kind!" and Eloise laughed.

"Oh, you needn't laugh. If you knew how much in earnest I am you wouldn't. Yes, it is a most extraordinary idea".

Mazie soon finished the writing, and, handing the paper to Eloise, addressed an envelope, and put the necessary stamp on its corner.

"Read it, and pass judgment," she said with a mischievous smile.

It cost Eloise no little effort to keep her face straight, knowing both Mazie and her aunt so well, while she read:

NEW YORK, July 21, 1883.

DEAREST AUNT:—I trust you have recovered from your recent illness, of which we heard through a mutual friend. Neither Eloise nor myself are feeling at all well. It is dreadfully warm, and we, as we have heard from good authority that there were several cases of cholera in this part of the city, have decided that if we could find a good place within our means, which are very small, we would leave the city, and take a short vacation. As you have been to a great many quiet summer resorts, could you not recommend some place to which we could go, and get cheap board in a good family? As I have said, our wages are small, and so, of course, are our savings (though we live on very little), and we must use them to the best advantage. Eloise is looking real badly, and needs a rest and change so much, and I am not at all well. Oh, it is dreadful to be so poor and have no one to help you! If we could only go to the country, even for only a week, we could get so well and strong. When have you heard from Cousin Harold? Give him our regards when next you see or write to him. Please answer this letter at your earliest convenience, naming some cheap place for us. I inclose a stamp with which to defray all expenses of answering this. Please excuse my writing to you, but we have no one to tell us what to do, and we thought no one had more right to advise us than yourself, our dear mother's own aunt, and our only living relative, except Cousin Harold. Hoping and awaiting your immediate reply, I am your loving niece,

MAZIE EVELINA LAURANCE.

Eloise laughed when she looked up at Mazie. She couldn't help it—Mazie looked really comical with such a funny smile on her pretty face.

"Surely, Mazie, you do not intend to send this?" said Eloise, growing serious.

"'A hint to the wise is sufficient,' you know. I want to see if Aunt Evy is wise. If she is, she'll either ask us to go there, or send us the money to go to the mountains. See?" said Mazie, who could not or would not see any harm in it.

"Don't send it, Mazie, it will make her very angry. She is so queer," said Eloise.

"Give me the letter. She need not blame you for my misdoings," and taking the letter Mazie wrote this postscript, which would only make matters worse:

P. S.—Eloise does not approve of this letter, and does not want me to send it. How are the dear little doggies, and the parrot? M. E. L.

"Now," she said, "I shall put on my dress and run and mail it."

"Don't send it, Mazie, please!"

"Yes, I am going to send it," and Mazie was firm.

The letter was sealed with a stamp inclosed, and Mazie started for the nearest letter box.

"I wonder what Aunt Evy will say? 'The impertinent minx!' I guess. But I don't care. I'm getting desperately wicked lately and—" so mused Mazie as she neared the mailbox.

She hesitated with her hand on the lid. "Shall I drop it in?" she asked herself.

"Yes, I will," and the letter dropped.

"It's gone now. How I would love to see dear Harold. 'Some day'—will he ever come for his answer? How well I remember the evening he asked me the question! We were at Aunt Evy's then, four years ago, just after mother's death, before Aunt Evy took offence at my refusing to marry a poor preacher, and turned El and me out of doors.

"Harold and I were sitting in the boat, drifting slowly along the cool bosom of the lake at twilight. 'Mazie,' he said, 'let us drift through life in the same boat? I love you. Some day, will you not promise to love me and be my wife in truth? You know I used to call you 'little wife.' Some day may I not call you so in truth?' 'Some day, Harold,' I answered carelessly. 'Some day I will answer you.' He was grieved, I know, but he said nothing, and next morning he went away. I would love to see him. Dear Harold! that some day will never come."

Mazie walked on in silence.

"Oh, what a pain in my head! How hot it is, and how weak I feel!"

She quickened her steps as much as she could and reached her boarding house in a few minutes.

She tottered up the long flight of stairs, and into her room. Eloise was not there.

Mazie threw off her hat and dress, and donning her wrapper fell upon the lounge exhausted.

Eloise came back in a very short while, singing and trying to be cheerful, but she stopped when she saw Mazie, whom she thought asleep.

"How white she is, and how rapidly she breathes! And she holds her hand on her head as if in pain. Oh, I hope she is not going to be ill," and Eloise laid her hand on the hot cheek.

Mazie opened her eyes as she felt the touch of Eloise's hand, and murmured:

"Oh, my head hurts so badly! El, has Aunt Evy answered the letter? Do you think we can go to the mountains? Oh, I hope we can! I feel just like mother said she felt when she was taken ill. Do you think we can really go?"

"Yes, dear, I am sure we can go," answered Eloise, gently bathing the hot brow with cooling camphor water.

"In the novels, El, they bathe the heroine's head with eau de cologne. I like plain old camphor best, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, very much better. But hadn't you better undress and go to bed?"

"Why? Oh, El! do you think I am going to have the fever?"

"I am afraid so," answered Eloise, but, seeing Mazie's frightened look, she added, trying to persuade herself that it was true, "But not very long. I mean you won't be very sick. Lie here until I come back."

Mazie closed her eyes and tried to sleep, while Eloise went down to the landlady's room.

"Please, Mrs. Sherrill, will you come upstairs and see Mazie? I am so afraid she is going to have the fever," said Eloise as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Mrs. Sherrill took the poor girl in her arms just like a mother would, and tried to cheer her up.

"Yes, dear, of course I will." And the kindhearted woman suited her action to her words.

"Do you think we need a doctor, Mrs. Sherrill?" said Eloise.

Within a very few minutes afterward there was a soft knock at the door, and Mrs. Sherrill, opening it, admitted Dr. Eldridge, a man of 35, passably handsome, noble looking in every respect.

"Good evening, Mrs. Sherrill," was his greeting.

He saw Eloise standing by the bed, and said, "Good evening, Miss Laurauce," in a tone which might, if one had noticed it, have called a tone of relief.

The doctor admired Eloise, and Mrs. Sherrill knew it. He was not practicing medicine because he needed the money, for unless the patient was wealthy he always forgot how much the bill was when he was asked for it, and never failed to forget to send in the bill to a poor patient.

He had been called in to see Mrs. Laurance when it was too late to save her, and his heart went out at once to the two girls who stood weeping beside their mother's coffin, and who, excepting a strange lady, closely veiled, and several of the neighbors, were the only mourners.

Mazie and Eloise when they were told of the strange lady had said to each other, "Do you think it was Aunt Evy?"

Dr. Eldridge was very wealthy, and Eloise was only a poor girl—one of the many poorly paid typewriters in a large factory, but the doctor did not care for that. He loved her, and he could afford to wait. He had waited four years, and was sitting in his office thinking of Eloise and what she would say when he told her he loved her, when the messenger came who said Miss Laurance was very sick.

"Oh, God! It must be Eloise, or why should Mrs. Sherrill send? If it were Mazie the message would have come from Eloise. Oh, can it be my darling?" and he hastened to answer the summons.

But it was not Eloise. Hence his tone of relief.

The doctor walked over to the bed. Mazie's beautiful face was flushed with fever. He felt her pulse, and gravely shook his head.

"I'm very sorry, but it is going to be a trying case, and this hot city air isn't going to help it any. Miss Laurence, can't we have her taken to my house? My sister Kate and I are very lonely, and she would be delighted to help nurse her."

"Oh, no, Doctor Eldridge, I thank you, but we must stay here. I am near my work here and—anyway, doctor, I could not accept your—"

"Come, come! She must not be kept here. Mrs. Sherrill, will you see that Miss Mazie is ready to be moved to my place on the Highlands in the morning?"

"Yes—" began Mrs. Sherrill.

"Oh, we can not," broke in Eloise.

"My dear Miss Laurance, unless you do, you will have no sister. I will arrange about your work," said the doctor.

"Very—well, then," Eloise said slowly.

The doctor drew on his gloves, and taking up his hat said, "I will be back presently with the medicine."

* * * * * * * *

It was just three weeks after the first day of Mazie's illness that Dr. Eldridge pronounced her able to sit up.

"El," was the first thing she said, "Are we going to the mountains?"

"Yes, dearest, as soon as you are strong enough. But let me read you a letter:

PARK PLACE, Irvington, August 10, 1883.

MY DEAREST NIECES:—I received your letter of the 21st of last month, on the 22d. I tried to persuade myself that I was very angry at first, but it was not anger. Every word of it seemed to cry out "shame!" to me. I am ashamed of having treated my dead niece and her children so mercilessly, and having, long ago, forgiven the best girl that ever lived, I now offer you, her children, the love and home that was rightfully hers. I will be in New York the day after to-morrow, and will expect you to return and make your home with me. I have more money than I know what to do with, so please accept the little present I send, as a peace offering. Your loving aunt,

EVELINA HAYES."

Mazie clapped her hands and laughed so heartily that Dr. Eldridge who sat in the next room came in "to see if Miss Mazie had a fit," he said.

"Oh, no, doctor, no fit," laughed Mazie. The doctor and Eloise laughed too.

"Miss Eloise, can you help me with some writing? Kate will stay with Miss Mazie," said the doctor.

"Anything you ask, sir. I can never repay your kindness to Mazie and myself," and grateful tears filled Eloise's eyes.

"Oh, can't you?" said the doctor, as he closed the door behind them, and took her hand in his.

"Yes, yes, you can. Will you let me tell you how?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Eloise eagerly.

"By giving me your heart and hand, sweet one."

Her face fell, and hanging her head, she answered sadly:

"I can never repay you, sir."

"Eloise, my darling, don't say that! Can't you love me some? Will you think of it, and when you have copied this letter give me your answer?"

"Yes."

The letter was finished.

"Doctor Eldridge—"

"Elmer—say Elmer."

"Elmer, would you be willing to wed a factory girl?"

"If you were that one, I would. Eloise, what do I care for that? I care for nothing but yourself. Were you queen or pauper I would love you just the same. You are neither, but Eloise Laurance who, as soon as Miss Evelina Hayes gives her consent, will pay her sister's doctor bill with her own sweet self," and the doctor, with tears in his eyes, folded her in his arms.

Eloise said nothing, but it was because she was too happy and too well satisfied.

* * * * * * * *

The station platform was crowded, and in a quiet corner of the waiting room sat Elmer Eldridge and his lovely bride; Aunt Evy and Miss Eldridge, and, leaning back among soft cushions, Mazie.

The train rolled in, and the bridal party entered the palace car.

Mazie was not fully recovered from her relapse, and was still very weak and pale. The noise and confusion made her nervous, but she stood it bravely.

A handsome young man in the front of the car turned lazily around, and, twisting his blonde mustache, surveyed the few people in the coach.

"By George!" exclaimed Harold Hayes to himself. "That pale girl there is Mazie, and, well! did I ever! There, behind her is Aunt Evy and, who is that with her, not Eloise? No, that's Eloise just behind Aunt Evy. I will walk back and make myself known."

He looked at the sweet, wan face of Mazie, and his long pent up love crept into his gaze.

Mazie opened her brown eyes just as Harold stopped by her side, and holding out her hands, with a cry of "Harold!" fainted.

There were, besides our friends, only a deaf old man, reading a daily paper, a schoolgirl, eating bananas, and a few others in the car, and all were so busy reading or sleeping that they did not witness our little scene.

The doctor brought Mazie to just as the conductor put his head in at the door and yelled "Irvington!"

The train usually stopped only five minutes at Irvington, but it was nearly 10 this day before Mazie and all of the baggage were taken off.

Two carriages were waiting. Eloise, Aunt Evy, and Miss Eldridge got into one, while the doctor and Harold took Mazie in the other, and both were driven out to Park Place, a mile distant.

* * * * * * * *

Three years later we meet our friends in the little church on the hill, which is heavily draped in mourning. They stand around the casket that contains all that is mortal of dear Aunt Evy.

Mazie, leaning on Harold's arms, gazes tenderly at the pale face under the glass, and clasps a little Evy close to her, while Eloise holds her boy up for a last look at the dead, smiling face of Aunt Evy, whom he loved so well.

MAMIE FRANK WILSON.

ON THE HOMEWARD WAY.

The children from the schoolhouse,
Have come forth free and gay.
And, with merry song and laughter,
Are on the homeward way.

The evening shades have fallen;
The toilers of the day—
To rest them from their labors—
Are on the homeward way.

Sailors on the deep blue sea,
Where storms and sunshine play,
Have turned about their ships to go
Upon the homeward way.

Grim soldiers after battle,
With saddened hearts, yet gay,
Have sheathed their swords, and joyful,
Are on the homeward way.

The pilgrims in life's journey
Will leave their cares some day,
And be ready then to go—
Along the homeward way.

MAMIE FRANK WILSON.

QUICKENING THE NATIONAL PULSE.

Things Seen Abroad Which Make True Americans Feel Deservedly Proud.

The American consuls abroad, except those located in the large commercial ports are for the most part of limited advantage to the American people en masse. They do make reports to the home government, but these generally are of interest only to the few Americans trading with the port at which the consul is situated. Occasionally, however, one of these public servants develops a knack of using his eyes, and the results are apt to be gratifying to one's pride and patriotism. Consul Bedloe, of Amoy, in the course of his Oriental travels, mentions several facts that quicken the pulse of a true American.

In Japan the Pullman car conveys the brown-eyed people of the Mikado to every part of the empire.

At Hong Kong a steamer called America was conveying a Baldwin locomotive to Australia.

In Sumatra he says he saw a Georgia Yankee working a Pennsylvania oil derrick.

Shanghai uses Edison's telephone, and long distance telephones connect the Sphinx and the Pyramids with the barrooms of the Cairo hotels. American beef and mutton dominate the market.

In the interior of Formosa a savage chief sports a Waterbury watch and eats ashcake made from California flour.

In Cairo he found a native story teller passing his shell about for contributions after reciting one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

LABOR BEFORE THE LAW.

Legislation of the Last Two Years Has Been Favorable to the Laborer.

A summary of the acts of the different States during the past two years shows that the tendency of the time is to protect the interests of labor by all practicable laws. During the time mentioned something has been done in the way of establishing arbitration, as the State of California has established a board of arbitration to settle labor difficulties. Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Minnesota, Wyoming, and New Mexico, have enacted laws prohibiting non-residents from serving as peace officers during labor difficulties.

The consecutive service that may be required of railway employes in Minnesota and Colorado has been reduced. A coal miner's day in Wyoming is now eight hours, which is also the time fixed for laborers on municipal and State works in Kansas and Idaho. In Nebraska eight hours constitutes a day's work for all laborers, servants, and mechanics, farmers and domestic help alone being excepted from the operation of the act.

Illinois and Rhode Island compel corporations to pay their help once a week, there being no exception in the case of railway organizations, as may be seen in New York. In Indiana and Ohio, payment can not be delayed longer than two weeks, while this provision applies to mines alone in Wyoming and Missouri. The last named State also forbids with penalty the blacklisting of employes. The keeping of all general store supplies is denied to all mining and manufacturing corporations in Pennsylvania. This, it is hoped, will result in abolishing the well known and odious company store system which has been the cause of so much contention in the mining regions.

In the same time one State recorded an enactment which, while it directly affects labor, can hardly be classed among what are generally regarded as labor laws. Oregon placed upon its statute book an anti-boycott law, making threats and violence in case of labor difficulties penal offenses.—Industrial World.

The True Irish Shamrock.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover, which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover I have seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous, and is quite difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "whitey brown" blossom. The information that shamrakh is the Arabic word for trefoil may be of service to those interested in the origin of the Irish race. The word could have been introduced by the Milesians, or it may furnish an argument in support of the contention that one of the lost 10 tribes of Israel settled in Ireland, which has been revived by the publication of a recent book.

"I recently performed four marriage ceremonies in 20 minutes," remarked Rev Dr Thirdly. "That was at the rate of 12 knots an hour," added Miss Fyppe.

BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY

A SMOOTH STORY FROM THE OILY TONGUE OF AN OIL MAN

An Ohio Man Carried Up in the Air by a Water Burst and Held Suspended There for Hours—A Happy Rescue.

A large number of prominent oil men from the various fields of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia were telling their experiences in the oil fields, says a St. Mary's (Ohio) correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. The one that most attracted attention was a thrilling one by Joe English, a well known contractor. His story was as follows:

"I was about 20 years old when the oil excitement broke out in our country, and I was leading the uneventful life of a farmer's son. We lived on a farm of 140 acres, within two miles of a prosperous town in Pennsylvania, and there was little excitement for any of us until some oil men from Oil City came down and built a rig on the Davis farm, about a quarter of a mile from our place. The greasy fluid was struck in paying quantities. I believe we drilled four wells, and all are good producers.

"No. 3 acted strangely. The day it came in it filled two 250 barrel tanks in four hours, but we lost considerable oil because of a lack of tankage. The well settled down, however, to about 300 barrels a day, and kept flowing at that rate for about five days, when it petered out altogether. Just 12 days after that well quit flowing I had the strangest experience that ever fell to the lot of man.

"One day I was walking about the farm when some delayed figure work occured to me, and I resolved to do it then and there. The abandoned well was near by. Knowing I would be secure from intrusion there I walked into the derrick. An empty candy box, which I placed over the casing head, furnished a good seat. Producing pencil and paper I proceeded in my own way to solve the problem of petroleum production. In just about two minutes the well began spurting salt water at a furious rate and with such tremendous force that I was hurled high into the air, box and all. There is no use trying to describe my feelings. I was too thoroughly frightened to have any. All I know a man of 175 pounds was lifted violently heavenward.

"The column of water evidently struck the box exactly in the center, for we went up as straight as a plumb line. What is more, I never changed my seat, and in the very nature of things it was impossible to do so. The spurting water was of sufficient volume to entirely fill the box and send a pretty heavy aqueous wall on every side into the bargain. The box was not large, and of course my feet would naturally hang over under ordinary circumstances, but in this case the water threw my legs upward. This put me in a peculiarly uncomfortable yet singularly safe position. I sat there, head and legs inclined, so that I resembled the letter V, and was firmly held in that position by the outpouring current.

"I must have gone up fully 45 feet, but the initial force carried me higher than it could hold me, and I settled back about 15 feet, all the while maintaining the same position. When I reached that point where the attraction of gravity exactly counters the force of water I stopped. The point was fully 30 feet from the ground. It was impossible for me to fall to either side and equally impossible to fall straight down, for the spraying water played into that box with terrific force. The only movement I felt was the alternative rising and falling of the box occasioned by the contention between the attraction of gravity and propulsive force of gas and water. The only pain I experienced was in my legs, which soon became numb from the constant pounding of the water.

"The roar and the spurting water soon attracted the attention of the folks at the house, and after them came the neighbors, oil operators, and others, until there was a crowd of several hundred people standing around within safe distance of the descending water. I couldn't see much of them, and, of course, couldn't hear a word they said. Gradually the pain seemed to grow less, and the next I knew I was in bed, and in a dreamy way saw the folks standing around.

"They told me how my final rescue came about. The well ceased flowing gradually, and finally petered out altogether. As the column of water dropped, the box, with its now insensate burden, came down with it and rested exactly over the mouth of the well whence it started. I fell over on the derrick floor and was picked up and carried out, and then into the house."

A Lake a Mile Deep.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. Though the superficial area is almost the same as Lake Erie, its enormous depth, 4,000 to 5,000 feet, enables it to hold almost as much water as Lake Superior. Its level is 1,350 feet above that of the Pacific Ocean, but, notwithstanding, its bottom is more than 3,000 feet below it. There are many other deep lakes in the world, but so far Baikal takes the palm. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep, Lake Como, 2,000, and Lego-di-Garda, another Italian lake, nearly 1,900 feet in depth. Lake Constance averages about 1,000 feet, and Lakes Superior and Michigan about 800 feet.

Right Living and Old Age.

Palmerston, Pitt, Lord Brougham, Gladstone—what a galaxy of illustrious Englishmen who did famous service for their country after the alloted span of man's life! There is no alchemy in the processes that keep such men young. Obeying the laws of healthful living even in the most exacting of public stations brings a vigorous and useful old age as the natural reward.—Chicago News.

HE LOVED AN EDITRESS.

"'Tis hard enough, in any case, to win a woman's Yes,
But pity me, O gods and men! I loved an editress;
With fervor I implored her to accept my heart and hand,
With gentle care, she answered me in accents soft and bland:

"We must regret we cannot use
The articles you offer. This rejection
Implies upon their merit no reflection.
For, while they do not meet our views,
We often must reject what others use.
Your style may not be ours, you understand,
Or we have similar articles on hand;
There may be many reasons undetailable.
But at this time the articles are not available."

—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

Howells and the Venetians.

When Mr. W. D. Howells was consul at Venice an attempted burglary in the palace occupied by him gave occasion for the following suggestive incident:

In my account of this affair to the commissary of police I said that the burglary occurred one morning about daylight, when I saw the head of the burglar peering above the window sill and his hand extended to prey upon my wardrobe.

"Excuse me, Signor Console," interrupted the commissary, "how could you see him?"

"Why, there was nothing in the world to prevent me. The window was open."

"The window was open," gasped the commissary. Do you mean that you sleep with your window open?"

"Most certainly."

"Pardon," said the commissary suspiciously, "do all Americans sleep with their windows open?"

"I may venture to say they all do in summer," I answered. "At least it is the general custom."

Such a thing as this indulgence in fresh air seemed altogether foreign to the commissary's experience, and but for my official dignity I am sure I should have been effectually browbeaten by him. As it was he threw himself back in his arm chair and stared at me fixedly for some moments. Then he recovered himself with another "Pardon!" and turning to his clerk said:

"Write down that, according to the American custom, they were sleeping with their windows open."

But I know that for all his politeness he considered this habit a relic of the time when we Americans abode in wigwams.—Youth's Companion.

Wanted an Explanation.

Just where he came from didn't appear, but his raiment might be taken as a token that he was from the backwoods of a county pretty well back, and as he went into a family grocery on Jefferson avenue he attracted sufficient attention for the boss to come forward to see what he wanted.

"Got any corn whisky?" he asked.

"We don't keep it," replied the proprietor.

"Ner rye?"

"No."

"Ner applejack?"

"No."

"Ner old peach?"

"No."

"Ner moonshine?"

"No."

"Nothin' in that line at all?"

"No."

"Well, by gravy," he said angrily, as he started out, "what the dickens have you got that sign up thar 'Families supplied with all the necessaries of life' for? Durn me ef we can't do better'n that at the cross roads grocery."—Detroit Free Press.

Strong Drink No Respecter of Persons.

The awful temptation to drink did not assail only the ignorant and the base. The splendor of conquest did not save Alexander the Great; the most splendid genius did not save Robert Burns; the most refined and beautiful natural character did not save Charles Lamb or Hartley Coleridge; patriotism and eloquence did not save Walpole or Colingboke. Drink shortened the valuable life of Pulteney; it clouded the brilliant intellect of Carteret. Charles Stuart, of whom it was sung, "Wha wadna dee for thee, Bonnie Prince Charlie?" had better have died among the carnage of Culloden than have lived to become a besotted old man at Rome.—Archdeacon Farrar.

The Word "Catholic."

The word "Catholic" was first used in the Apostle's Creed when it says: "And one holy, catholic, apostolic church." Its next use was by Ignatius, who is said to have been an apostle of St. John. Ignatius succeeded Evodius as Bishop of Antioch and suffered martyrdom in the year 107 A. D. He used the word in this sentence: "Wherever Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." St. Augustine, A. D. 400, says: "The very name of Catholic holds me in the Church." The word is from kata, in or through, and olous, the whole.—St. Louis Republic.

Quite Evident.

Mr. Bradley Smyth in passing under the rear window of his house receives the contents of a pail of water on his head.

Mrs. Bradley Smyth—Oh, Bradley, dear, I'm so sorry! Believe me, it was an accident. I did not throw it at you.

Mr. Bradley Smyth—I know you did not, dear.

Mrs. Bradley Smyth—How, love?

Mr. Bradley Smyth—Because you hit me.—Judge.

Always Short of Money.

Chauncey M. Depew says that rich men keep neither money nor securities in their offices. Mr. Clews says that the rich men conduct their business down to a $1 transaction by checks. Sidney Dillon says that he never carries more than 50 cents in his pocket.