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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21ST YEAR—NO. 32. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,072.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave.		Stations.	Westward. Arrive.	
No. 5.	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 4.
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 45	Piedmont	11 10	5 45
6 30	12 00	Barton	10 50	5 32
6 40	12 12	Lonaconing	10 42	5 22
6 52	12 24	Midland	10 29	5 09
6 55	12 27	Ocean	10 26	5 05
7 00	12 34	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 00
7 08	12 42	FROSTBURG	10 12	4 52
7 25	12 59	Moramtown	9 52	4 29
7 32	1 06	Mount Savage	9 46	4 23
7 37	1 11	Barrelville	9 38	4 15
7 50	1 13	Patterson's	9 35	4 13
7 45	1 19	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 08
7 47	1 24	Mt. Savage Junc	9 28	4 06
8 00	1 38	Cumberland	9 15	3 53
p. m.	p. m.		a. 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.....	10:30 a m	5:00 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
12:55 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
7:51 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 " " daily 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. " daily 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. Both go 5 and 6 miles and stop at 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 low est 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

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

IT GETS THERE

What Does?

"WHAT is it that gets there?"

"Well, if you don't know I'll tell you. It's a

5 and 10-cent Store,

Kept by Mrs. A. F. PARKER, in the Douglas Percy building."

—FOR— 10 CENTS:	—FOR— 5 CENTS:
Dippers,	Dippers,
Hammers,	Tosters,
Splashers,	Mirrors,
Quart Cups,	Tincups,
Teapots,	Salt Shakers,
Coffeepots,	Shoe Daubers,
Jellypans,	Chopping Knives,
Piepans,	Ironing Stands,
Bakepans,	Potato Mashers,
Washpans,	Tea Strainers,
Salt Shakers,	Fire Pokers,
Scrub Brushes,	Washpans,
Wisp Holders,	Scoopers,
Towel Racks,	Glass Mugs,
Chopping Knives,	Preserve Dishes,
Covered Buckets,	Medicine Glasses,
Water Pails,	Account Books,
Egg Beaters,	Tracers,
Rolling Pins,	Corkscrews,
Willow Baskets,	Screwdrivers,
Fine Cologne,	Bird Hooks,
Handkerchiefs,	Flour Rustlers,
1-gallon Cedoil Cans,	Pincers,
Vegetable Graters,	Stovelid Lifters,
Flour Drangers,	Hinges,
Gravy Strainers,	Handkerchiefs,
Funnels.	Pencil Holder with—Pencil,
	Pocket Books,
	Rules.

The above lists comprise some of the goods kept there. Do you need any of them? If so, call in NEXT DOOR east of

A. F. Parker's Drug Store

March 26

Our Success

IN cleaning up some lots of goods last month was so encouraging that we tender our thanks to our many patrons.

Since that we have taken an inventory of stock and found

A FEW OTHER LOTS

that we are anxious to lessen before the incoming of Spring Stock. We have

150 pairs MEN'S FINE SHOES that varied in price from.....$1.50 to $2
For this month we offer them at a pair. **$1.25**

BOYS' of same at.....$1
YOUTHS' of same at.....80 cents

60 pairs CHILDREN'S SHOES, sizes 5 to 10½, that we sold at from 90 cents to $1.25, offered for this month at

65 cents a pair.

Lots of HATS at ridiculously low prices.

We want the

Room and the Money.

SO COME AND

KNOCK THE PERSIM ONS AT THE *Shoe and Hat Mart* OF M. RODDA & CO.

March 12

DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. C. PFEIFFER,

A RECENT GRADUATE of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, has opened an office in the well-known Dental Parlor above Mrs. E. Gross' store, where he can be found fully prepared to practice his profession. Artificial Teeth inserted that cannot be detected from the natural organs. Crown and Bridge Work a specialty, and all kinds of Filling Material known to the Dental profession manipulated with the most proficient skill. All in need of Dental work should give him a call. *No need whatever to go from home.* All work guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m.

Dec 12

THE **First National Bank** of Frostburg, Md.

THIS BANK, located in the Thomas building, near the Post Office, is doing a

General Banking Business.

CAPITAL.....$50,000
SURPLUS.....9,000

BERNARD STERN, President.
JOHN L. PORTER, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

A. J. WILLISON. | BERNARD STERN.
JOHN L. PORTER. | T. HUMBERSTON.
J. B. ODER.

☞ Collections made and exchanges sold on all Eastern points. *Deposits solicited.*

Frostburg Bonds, Cumberland Bonds, and other good County securities for sale. [Jan 16

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

IF so, you want to place a policy on it today or to-morrow before you dine.

You want the risk taken, too, by a standard company, such as D. P. MILLER, of Cumberland, represents. Any policy is good until a fire occurs, but then it is you want a pledge of indemnity worth its face in gold.

Rates not quite as low as wildcat figures, but the lowest consistent with certain and perfect iddemnity in event of loss. Apply to

J. B. ODER,
Dec 14 JOURNAL Office, Frostburg, Md.

BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers.
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns fall off we scan.
Let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear.
Yet, if Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

The sun of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As oft the broadest rivers,
Are formed from smallest springs
By treasuring small waters
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures,
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go,
But there are pleasant oases
Where pleasant palm-trees grow.
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still let us answer "Present,"
When duty calls the roll!
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than Man,
And cheerful in submission,
Be happy as we can.

ELLIE'S DELAY.

BY J. P. MAY.

Mrs Langham stood on the veranda, looking down into the garden. "Ellie, Ellie, where are you? Come here I want you."

A merry little girl of 14 darted out from under the drooping branches of the chestnut trees.

"Yes, mamma, here I am. What is it?"

And she skipped into the pretty little sitting room, with a shower of pink chestnut blossoms clinging to her hair.

"I have just received a letter from our Uncle Frank," said Mrs. Langham, "he has arrived from New Zealand at last and is in London."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Ellie; "he will come down this afternoon with papa, won't he?"

"That is what I should like. And I want you to go to the postoffice to telegraph to your father not to come by the 4.25 train, but to look up your uncle at his hotel, and bring him down by a later train. I have written the message down, and all you will have to do is to copy it on to a telegraph form, and if you write plainly, there can be no mistake."

"Very well, mamma," said Ellie, leaving the room to put on her hat and jacket.

"And be quick, child," said her mother, "for you have only half an hour to spare, if your father is to have the telegram in time."

In a few minutes Ellie was speeding along the dusty road leading to the village, which was some distance from the Langham House. There were, however, one or two large houses scattered along the road and at one of these dwelt the Raes, great friends of the Langhams. Mary Rae, a child of Ellie's age, was the latter's school fellow and bosom friend. As she passed the house now, who should be standing at the gate but Mary herself.

"Why, Ellie, you're just the person I wanted to see; I meant to come for you in a little while. Ada's wedding things are here, and they are so lovely. Do go and look at them—they're all laid out in her room."

"I'm in such a hurry," said Ellie, "I've got a telegram to send off. I'll look in when I come back."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mary, "it won't take you two minutes, and you can make up for it by running the rest of the way. Besides, you might not be able to see them later on. They are just going to pack up most of them."

"Well, I'll just have a tiny peep," said Ellie, going in and she followed her friend into the house.

She dearly loved nice dresses and pretty things, and the sight of all the wedding finery delighted her beyond measure. She stood looking first at one thing, and then at another, till she suddenly awoke to the unpleasant fact that she had stayed much longer than she ought to have done. She never could understand how the two minutes Mary had spoken of could have lengthened into a quarter of an hour. She took a hasty leave of her friend, promising to call on her way back and pass an hour or so there, for she knew her mother would not be anxious about her, as she was in the habit of spending a good deal of her time at the Rae's during holiday time.

Tearing full speed into the village, she dashed breathless into the postoffice; fortunately there was no one else there, so that her business was soon concluded.

"How soon will it get to London?" she asked the postmistress.

About 20 minutes past 4, miss," answered the woman, and Ellie's heart fell, for she knew that her father would be at the station by that time, and that her mother would be exceedingly vexed, not only at not seeing Uncle Frank arrive with Mr. Langham, but also at her carelessness.

But when she arrived once more at the Raes' and began chatting with Mary in the garden, she soon forgot all about it, and never noticed the flight of time. She was just laughing at some nonsense of Mary's when Tom Rae, the youngest boy, dashed into the garden.

"I say, what do you think?" he called out, breathlessly, "the 4.25 train has come to smash a little further up the line and they say there's an awful lot of people killed and injured."

A great horror came over Ellie. The 4.25 train? That was the one her dear father would come in on by the telegram must have been late and he might now be lying wounded—perhaps killed—and it was all through her. Her heart turned cold, her head swam, everything seemed whirling round her. "Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, wringing her hands; and then a mist seemed to come over everything and she fainted on the grass at the feet of the two astonished and frightened children.

When she came to her senses, she was lying on a sofa indoors with Mrs. Rae and Ada, the eldest daughter, bending over her. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, they questioned her anxiously, and bursting into tears she explained it all to them, and they did their best to soothe the nearly broken-hearted child, although their own hearts were at the thought of what might have happened.

By and by Mrs Langham arrived upon the scene. Having heard of the report of the accident, she came in hot haste to make sure if Ellie had sent off the telegram in good time. When Mrs. Rae hinted as gently as she could that she feared it must have arrived too late, owing to Ellie's having delayed on the way, her grief was terrible, and in her miserable fears for her husband she heaped the most violent reproaches on her little daughter.

As yet nothing was known beyond the fact of the disaster. It would be some time before they could know definitely whether Mr. Langham was among the killed or injured. No doubt as to his having been among the passengers in the ill-fated train ever crossed their minds. The mother and daughter went home together, and passed some hours of miserable suspense, expecting every moment the arrival of a telegram or of a messenger to apprise them that the body of their loved one had been found and recognized amongst the wreck.

The evening passed on so till 9 o'clock; then both started and paled as a loud knock came at the front door. They heard a servant cross the hall and open it, and someone entered. And, oh, what was that? The sound of voices—men's voices—and one of them so familiar to them both! It could not—it could not be his for whom they were grieving! Then the door opened quickly, someone stood upon the threshold, there was a glad cry from Ellie, "Papa, papa!" and mother and daughter were clinging round him, sobbing and laughing at the same time. And behind him, waiting his turn to be hugged, stood Uncle Frank.

It appeared that some unexpected business had made Mr. Langham later than he usually was in starting for the station and the telegram had been placed in his hand just as he was leaving the house where he had rooms when in town. So that he had looked up Uncle Frank and they had come down together by a later train, and as the wreckage from the accident blocked up the line, they had been forced to get out 14 miles off and had hired a fly to get home, else they would have been home sooner. So that it was all very simple to explain. The accident, too, turned out to have been much exaggerated, and there was really only one poor creature killed, although there were several badly injured and a great many slightly hurt. But Ellie had never before been so thankful for anything as the release of her mother and herself from those few hours of suspense and grief, and never again will she allow anything to retard the execution of an important errand.

A GIRL'S SLIP OF MEMORY.

And How It Cost a Young Man Much Mortification and a Swell Dinner.

The story is told of a pretty girl living on 5th avenue, New York, in the fashionable section, just below the Park. She was intellectual in taste, and fond of discussion in the line of her attainments. She was, however, greatly handicapped by a faulty memory, which was apt to serve her tricks at crucial moments. Not long ago she was complaining to one of her men friends of the faulty faculty, especially as to dates.

"Oh, it's easy enough to remember dates," he said, "if you will only stick them into some kind of a little couplet. For instance:

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.

"Isn't that perfectly delightful!" she murmured, and looked up at the amateur pedagogue with a smile distinctly unsisterly.

A few evenings later they met at a dinner, and the subject of "memory" came up. The young man was filled with delight as he heard his young pupil propounding his theory with great grace and vigor.

"Why," she said, "it is the simplest thing in the world. For instance, I remember the discovery of America by means of the couplet which Mr. S—— taught me:

In eighteen hundred and ninety-three
Columbus sailed the bright blue sea.

There was a painful silence for a moment, but the pretty hostess came to the rescue before the girl realized that she had made a mistake.

The young man did not go back on her, however, though he got a good dose of chaffing after the ladies had left the room. It cost him a stag dinner at a fashionable restaurant, but he paid it cheerfully, and it is said that he will get his reward.

Rather Egotistical.

Sir Edwin Arnold is not entirely devoid of egotism, which is pardonable considering the laudation heaped upon him. He says that after he had dictated to Lady Arnold the opening lines of "The Light of Asia," which came to him in a flash of inspiration, his wife said: "What is this?" and the poet-journalist answered: "It is the beginning of a great poem."

Necessity knows no law, and is generally too poor to hire a lawyer.—Picayune.

CHICAGO THE GREAT.

The City Itself the Greatest Exhibit at the World's Fair.

Chicago will be the main exhibit at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. No matter what the aggregation of wonders there, no matter what the Eiffel Tower like chief exhibit may be, the city itself will make the most surprising presentation. Those who go to study the world's progress will find no other result of human force so wonderful, extravagant, or peculiar.

There is one hour on every week day when certain streets in Chicago are so packed with people as to make Broadway look desolate and solitudiness by comparison. That is the hour between half-past 5 and half-past 6 o'clock, when the famous tall buildings of the city vomit their inhabitants upon the pavements. Photographs of the principal corners and crossings, taken at the height of the human torrent, suggest the thought that the camera must have been turned on some little known painting by Dore. Nobody but Dore ever conceived such pictures. To those who are in the crowds, even Chicago seems small and cramped; even her street cars, running in break-neck trains, prove far too few; even her streets that connect horizon with horizon seem each night to roar at the city officials for further annexation in the morning.

Chicago is distinctly American. I know that the Chicagoans boast that theirs is the most mixed population in the country, but the makers and movers of Chicago are Americans. The streets of the city are full of strange faces of a type to which we are not used in the East—a dish faced, soft eyed, light haired people. They are Scandinavians; but they are as malleable as lead, and quickly and easily follow and adopt every Americanism. In return, they ask only to be permitted to attend a host of Lutheran churches in flocks, to work hard, live temperately, save thriftily, and to pronounce every *j* as if it were a *y*. But the dominating class is of that pure and broad American type which is not controlled by New England or any other tenents, but is somewhat loosely made up of the overflow of the New England, the Middle, and the Southern States. It is as mixed and comprehensive as the West Point school of cadets. It calls its city "She-caw-ger." It inclines to soft hats, and only once in a great while does a visitor see a Chicagoan who has the leisure or patience to carry a cane.—Julian Ralph, in Harpers.

Great Rivers of the World.

Geographers claim that there are 25 rivers on the globe, each of which has a total length of over 1,000 miles. Of these two—the Mississippi, from the source of the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains to the Eads Jetties, and the Amazon, from the source of the Beni to the Isle of Marajo—are over 4,000 miles in length; to be exact, the former is 4,30- and the latter 4,029 miles from the source to the places where their waters are mingled with those of the ocean. Four claim a total length of over 3,000 and under 4,000 miles. They are the Yenesei in Asia, length 3,580 miles; the Kiang, also in Asia, 2,900 miles; the Nile, Africa, 3,240, and the Hohangho, the third monster Asian stream, which is 3,040 miles from source to mouth. Seven streams on the globe are under 3,000 and over 2,000 miles in length. The Volga, in Russia, and the Amoor in Asia, each being 2,500 miles in length; two are 2,80- miles long—namely, the Mackenzie, in British America, and the Platte, in South America. The Rio Bravo, in North America, the Rio Madeiro, in South America, and the Niger, in Africa, are each 2,300 miles from end to end. The Arkansas river just comes inside of this 2,000 mile limit with a length of 2,03- miles. Ten of the great rivers of the world are over 1,000 and under 2,000 miles in length. Three of these are in North America; namely, the Red River, 1,520; Ohio, 1,480, and the St. Lawrence, 1,450. South America has also three in this list, the Rio Negro, 1,650; Oronoco, 1,600, and the Uruguay, 1,100 miles long. Asia has three in the same list, the Euphrates, 1,900 miles in length and the Tigris and the Ganges, each of which is about 1,300 miles in length. In the group of great rivers the St. Lawrence is the most remarkable. It constitutes by far the largest body of fresh water in the world. Including lakes and streams, the St. Lawrence covers about 75,000 square miles; the aggregate, it is estimated, represented not less than 9,000 solid miles of water. The unthinkable size of this mass may be better comprehended, if not fully realized, when we consider the figures of Professor Cyrus C. Dinwiddie, who says that it would take over 40 years for the aggregate of this entire mass to pour over Niagara at the computed rate of 1,000,000 cubic feet per second!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A New Pavement.

A new system of woodpaving that is now being tried in Paris makes use of pieces of oak about four inches long, split up similarly to ordinary kindling wood. The sticks are laid loosely on end in fine sand on a bed of gravel from four to four and one-half inches thick. A layer of fine sand is spread over them, and they are alternately watered and beaten several times. In about 48 hours the water has completely penetrated the wood, causing it to swell into a compact mass, which is capable of supporting the heaviest traffic, according to reports.

George's Judicial Qualities.—Teacher—George, I think you would make a very good judge—that is, in one respect, George—Why, teacher? Teacher—Because in your reading you pass so many sentences George (laughing)—Only the heavy ones, teacher; those with hard words, you know.—Harper's Young People.

China's Emperor.

The Emperor of China, who has been in a degree the object of more or less demonstrations in that country, is the representative upon the throne of the Tartar conquerors of China. The conquest of the country was made more than 250 years ago, and the Tartar conquerors have in that period become thoroughly assimilated with the Chinese; but the emperors are still really, as well as nominally, of the Tartar blood. Their wives are chosen from among the daughters of the Manchoo Tartar nobility, and the strain of blood is thus kept pure.

The present emperor is named Kuang-Su. He is 20 years old, having been born August 15, 1871. Outwardly he is regarded as the vice-gerent of heaven, and the earthly interpreter of divine decrees.

In official documents he is often styled "most august emperor," but his formal title is "son of heaven." The common people, though there are signs that they are beginning to turn against the Tartar rule, are often found to regard the emperor as the incarnation of divinity.

He is sometimes called "the lord of the ten thousand years," and those who meet him salute him with the words, "Oh, emperor, live forever!"

The emperor is the source of all authority and the head of the religion, the author of the laws and the dispenser of pardons. The empire is his property, yet he must not govern as a tyrant. He is subject to what is called the immemorial constitution of the empire. Some of the ancient customs have almost a republican character, and to these old laws the emperor himself is subject.

The crown is inherited in the male line, but the emperor may choose his successor from his children or nearest relatives. Naturally all his male relatives are anxious to serve him.

Winter and summer the emperor rises at three o'clock in the morning. He takes a light collation and goes to pray in one of the imperial temples. Afterward he reads official reports. At seven he breakfasts, then receives his ministers and his mandarins. At 11 o'clock he visits the women's apartments or walks in the gardens. He dines at 3, and then retires to his private room, where he writes steadily till bedtime, which is at sunset.

The empress is called the mother of the State. In recent times a custom has grown up under which there are two empresses of equal rank, each occupying a wing of the palace. They are called the Eastern or Western empress, according to the wing they occupy.

The life of the emperor is very monotonous, and he is practically a prisoner in his palace. The few journeys he takes are to the tombs of his ancestors, where he is supposed to spend hours in solemn meditation.

Sometimes the emperor goes hunting, but his large suite must go too, and all the formalities of the court are observed. Hunting, in such circumstances, is likely to be a vexation rather than a pleasure to his majesty.

The Silent Man in Society.

What society wants is not a man who can sit and look impressive, or even a man who is famous and content with his fame, but a man who will just amuse it or keep it gently alive in no sense of discomfort, with small talk.

From this point of view the silent man is worst of all. He is, in fact, something less than a nonentity. He is present, and yet he is not present. The minus sign represents him, and not even his claim as a good listener shall save him from contempt. Confessedly it is hard upon him, if he have a constitutional timidity. But in that case, depend upon it, Nature has not been so remiss as to send him into the world unequipped with a variety of elegant tastes and aptitudes, for the cultivation of which he need not frequent society.

It would matter but little, of course, if he were not likely to be a positive obstacle to the enjoyment of others. In the interest of small talk, however, this aspect of the case must be considered. It is not to be endured that he shall greet the genial remark, "How do you do?" with a mere nod, instead of a responsive inquiry, which, with ordinary mortals, would be the prelude to a brief, but refreshing bout of commonplaces.

Even the systematic grumbler is not so dangerous a foe to our dear small talk as this laconic or dumb person. Indeed, not infrequently he proves to be remarkably entertaining. For it must not be supposed that because he grumbles he is an unhappy or misanthropic person. By no means. The real sufferers on this count are the people who are too scrupulous of what they regard as the feelings of others to venture to utter any complaints. They suffer in secret, and are truly very miserable sometimes.

Not so the systematic grumbler. No one offers him the tax of sympathy. He does not want it, moreover. His woes and grievances are his stock in trade. It is an understood thing that without them he would be a very dull fellow. As it is they save his reputation, and set the ball of small talk moving—no matter in what direction.—All the Year Round.

Aquatic Gardens.

Water lily gardens, as now managed, are of purely modern origin. Aquatics are easy to grow and have become exceedingly popular. Within the past 10 years, we have added immensely to the variety of these plants. Prior to some 14 years ago it was much doubted if there was a yellow nymphaea in the world, but now we have several kinds of them in common cultivation. And many other choice aquatics are of recent production or discovery.

Aids to Memory.—"I know a way to remember my lessons," said Jimmie. "I know a T whenever I see it because it's an I with a roof on it. A Q is an O with a tail to it. An R is a P with another tail to it, and a W is an M turned upside down."

REMARKABLE SINGING TREES.

A Grove in Connecticut Forewarns People of Coming Storms.

This township boasts of a curiosity that probably is not duplicated in the entire hemisphere and probably not in the world, says a Hamburg (Conn.) correspondent.

It is a musical grove of chestnut and walnut trees. This grove stands on the north side of Nickerson Hill, which is the highest point of land in New London county, and all the trees are old, and there are but very few that are not hollow. The spot is well known among local hunters as a resort for gray squirrels, and many hundreds of these animals are taken out of the grove every year.

Into the heart of the trees the squirrels have gnawed their way through the knots and stumps of limbs that have decayed and fallen to the ground. In many cases but the mere shell of the tree stands, and if a fire is built in the hole at the roots smoke issues from a hundred holes above it in the limbs and the main trunk.

The peculiar sound caused by the wind blowing into these holes has given the grove the name of Singing Trees. In the summer, when the trees are covered with foliage the wind has no effect upon them; but in the fall, when the leaves fall to the ground, the wind has a clean sweep at the trees, and it whistles and moans and hisses through the hollow trunks and limbs until it seems to one a short distance away that a horde of crazy demons are holding a grand jubilee among the trees.

These sounds are produced only when the wind blows from the southeast. It then sweeps over the top of the hill and falls upon the grove apparently, as the wind from the mouth of a boy falls upon a hollow key placed at his lips and the sound produced, in many cases, is like that made by a person blowing into the nose of a bottle multiplied 1,000,000 times.

In other cases there is a nerve shattering noise, as if a giant was blowing through an immense comb covered with paper. Breaking into these tones is, now and then a short, sharp, shrieking noise and then a hissing sound, as if from the mouth of 1,000 pythons in chorus.

Taken together these hisses, and toots, and moans, and shrieks make a pandemonium that one doesn't care to listen to very long. The noise of these trees can be heard five miles away, and it has been heard to the leeward a distance of eight miles. Its roaring is looked upon by the people living within hearing distance of it as a precursor of a storm.

Among the hills and valleys it is often impossible to tell correctly in what direction the wind is blowing, but when the roar of the singing trees is heard the wind is known to be blowing from the southeast, and preparations are at once made for a storm.

In September, during what is known as the equinoctial storm, this strange grove is heard at its best. Then, above the howling of the wind, the roar rises and falls, like the moaning of 10,000 leviathans in the agonies of death.

Love of Smoking.

Inveterate smokers may comfort themselves with the knowledge that as far as the use of tobacco is concerned they have improved upon their forefathers; for at one period of its history smoking was so common that it was actually practised in church. English clergymen smoked during the intervals of divine worship. "My people take long hymns," said Doctor Parr, "but I prefer a long pipe." Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Midlothian," refers to one Duncan of Knockdunder, an important personage who smoked during the whole of the sermon, from an iron pipe, tobacco borrowed from other worshippers. We are told that "at the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco pouch to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention." The Puritan fathers were greatly addicted to smoking; indeed, the practice became so common that even these strait-laced observers of times and seasons smoked in church. This custom soon caused very considerable annoyance, as the religious exercises were greatly disturbed by the clinking of flints and steels to light their pipes and by the clouds of smoke. Hence, in the year 1669, the colony passed a law that any one who smoked in or within two miles of the meeting house should be fined. It is not generally known that the word "cutty," as applied to a species of clay pipe very much used, is a corruption of Kutaieh, the name of a city in Asia Minor, where a species of soft white stone is found which is exported by the Turks to Germany for the manufacture of tobacco pipes.

Wonders of the English Language.

The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said: "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of wales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."