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MINING JOURNAL.

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21ST YEAR—NO. 34. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,074.

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 30	5 00	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 50	7 35	Mountaintown	9 52	4 28	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 23	10 28
7 37	1 11	7 47	Barrellville	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. Sav'ge 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 .	8:39 a m	3:09 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 " " 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. 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 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

THE COQUETTE'S PLEA.

What, give up flirting? The idea!
I'd like to know, indeed,
What sacrifice you'll next require.
There is no real need
Of eating thus three times a day;
I'll give that up, if so you say.

Why, Tom, I flirt when other girls
Would have a cry, and find
It is more soothing to the nerves,
And cheering to the mind.
A damp, unpleasant Niobe
No man shall ever make of me.

Not flirt? Then what's the use of eyes,
Or lips, or golden hair?
Did Harry kiss me? Yes, he did:
You need not stand and stare
Like any Gorgon. He's my own
Dear cousin, and so handsome grown.

Not flirt? Why is it sunbeams play,
Birds sing, or mount afar?
I like to be "the hope, the life—
The very guiding star,"
Of every handsome man I see;
I want them to make love with me.

Not flirt? Why, e'en the steadiest flower
Nods in coquettish glee
To every naughty zephyr that
Comes whispering o'er the lea.
They say I'm like the flowers, and so
I do just as I see them do.

I'll flirt with grandpa, dear old man,
If he were still alive;
I oft rehearse with little Ben,
Who's only just turned five,
And still, to keep my hand in, make
Sweet eyes at Bruno and old Jake.

Grow old? Well all the men I know
Will grow old, too. I'll wear
The sweetest caps and daintiest ties,
And crimp my snowy hair;
I'll hang my walls with pictured beauz,
To cheer my heart while knitting hose.

THE DEACON'S MISFIT.

"I do wish," exclaimed Mrs. Deacon Appleby, "that everything wouldn't allus come in a heap!"

"Wall, wall, Samantha, don't fret," said the deacon, who sat in a corner mending a "holdback," which had broken while driving home from town that afternoon.

"I guess if somebody didn't fret things would get wuss than they be now, for of all the procastinatin' critters you beat the wust of 'em! The idea of your waitin' till Saturday afore you went to town to get them clothes, and not a thing to put on your back for Sunday!"

"No use stewin' about that, now that I've been and got back and bought the clothes," said the deacon, his temper not the least ruffled by the lashing of his consort's rather sharp tongue.

"You've bought 'em, but they ain't here," returned the good woman.

"I couldn't wait for 'em to be fixed. The misfit parlor man said that they allus cal'lated to have the goods a perfect, bang up, nobby fit afore he delivered 'em to customers. Lucky, Samantha, that I see that advertisement of the misfit parlors, for there you can get custom made goods at ready made prices!"

"You picked up a good many slang words for one trip to town, it seems to me," said Mrs. Appleby, amid a great clatter of teakettle and other domestic utensils upon the kitchen stove.

"Them 'ere ain't slang. They're terms that belong to the trade," explained the deacon.

"Wall, I dunno what a suit o' clo'es 'll amount to ye, with you in one town and they in another; s'posin' they don't come?"

"I could wear a shawl o' yourn to meetin', and have it given out from the pulpit with the rest of the church notices that I'd got a new outfit somewheres on the way," suggested the deacon with a humorous twist of his lips, which always had a smile lurking about them ready to spring into visible existence.

"I wouldn't make sport out of sacred subjects if I was in your place," said Samantha, with unabated asperity.

The current of debate was turned at this point by the appearance of Doris, whose 20 years of life had developed the energetic qualities of her mother with the never failing good temper of her father—a combination, by the way, which went very well with a sweetly simple manner and a full share of beauty.

"The coach is coming, father," she announced, "and I think it brings Mr. Graves, the new minister."

"For pity's sake!" cried Mrs. Appleby. "I never thought of it's bein' time for the coach yet," exclaimed the deacon, hastily thrusting the piece of harness he was mending into a pocket and running over to the sink to wash his hands.

"Doris has got to meet him at the door. I shan't, with this faded caliker on," said Mrs. Appleby.

"I will meet him, mother, and show him to his room," said Doris. "You and father will have time to brush yourselves up a bit before he comes down to supper." With nothing but sunshine upon her sweet face she adjusted a ribbon at her throat and another at her waist, with the effect of a general change of attire, for it took but little to adorn her simple beauty. Then she opened the door as Mr. Graves alighted from the coach. He was a pleasant faced young man—a student sent there for one Sabbath as a candidate. As yet he had not gained a very ministerial look, especially since he wore a traveling suit of gray, with russet shoes and crush hat.

Doris greeted him with unconscious grace, but he was a little embarrassed.

"If I might tax your kindness so soon," he said as he paused in the doorway of the pleasant bedroom to which she conducted him, "I would like a needle and thread. I caught the sleeve of my coat on the door of the coach and the result is a rent." And he held up his arm to show the extent of the damage.

"That is too bad, but I can soon mend it for you. I'm afraid," she added, with her sunny smile, "that unless you are more nimble with the needle than father is you would have a hard time mending that. It is a dreadful tear and it will show, the best I can do."

Mr. Graves laughed, and handed her the garment with a grateful look.

"The worst of it is," he added, "I had a parcel checked on the cars and the baggage man couldn't find it at the station when I arrived. It contained more suitable garments than these for to-morrow."

"I hope it is not lost," said Doris.

"Probably it will be found in time for me to check it back again when I return."

In the meantime Mrs. Appleby was bustling about in the preparation of tea, and the deacon, having finished mending the harness, was out attending to the chores, which always busied him at that hour.

Six o'clock came; supper was all ready. Still no express bundle arrived for the deacon. It ought to have come on the coach.

Mrs. Appleby became more and more uneasy; even the calm deacon began to brush with his hand the clothes he had on, wondering if they couldn't be made to answer in case his new suit did not come.

But no—they would not do He had been humiliated enough by being compelled to wear them to town that day. The truth was, his thrifty wife had undertaken a few days before these events to sponge the deacon's clothes with a famous cleansing soap which had been recommended to her.

The soap was indeed effective. It removed all the stains and grease, but at the same time took out every vestige of the original dye wherever the sponge was applied. The result was a generally mottled effect which was so ridiculous that the wearer laughed every time he looked at them.

He had hoped that the new suit would arrive before the young minister came down to supper. But it was a vain hope.

"I guess he'll think we're mortal poor for you to wear them things," said Mrs. Appleby.

"Mebbe he'll think I'm all the more stiddy for a deacon if I don't pay so much attention to dress, like the world's people," was the ready reply.

As a matter of fact Mr. Graves did not think of noticing his genial host's attire, and although Mrs. Appleby was "fidgety" at the table, Doris and her father were pleasant enough to make up for it.

But when 9 o'clock—the deacon's bedtime—came, and Mr. Graves retired for the night, the Applebys looked at each other in dismay.

"Now what d'ye think?" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby.

"Looks as if I had got to stay at home from meetin' to-morrow or go and wear these here brindled trousers," said the deacon, with a rather dismal smile.

"If it only wasn't wicked to pretend to be ill and not to go," said Doris faintly.

"But it is wicked," asserted the father.

"Just as I expected 'twould turn out when you came home without the new clo'es, said Mrs. Appleby.

"I don't see how I could help it. They needed fixin' over, and I knew you'd scold if, I asked you to do it with so little time."

"You oughter got 'em the fust of the week, as I told ye to. It all comes of your procrastinatin' that I'm allus tellin' ye about."

"There is somebody at the door this minute," cried Doris, and she flew to answer the knock.

The boy stood on the step with a bundle.

"Express for the deacon," explained the lad. "Carried on by t'other train, and come back on the one from the West. Dad told me to fetch it right up, as yo might be wanting of it!"

"There, there, Samantha!" cried the deacon, holding the bundle exultingly close to the good lady's face, in rather an aggravating manner. "Now, what comes of all your talk? Here are the clo'es, and they sent 'em jest as they said they would."

Samantha relented in spirit, as she usually did after the worry of the day was over, and so they retired in peace.

The deacon would have liked to try on his purchase before going to bed, but it occurred to him that that would appear like boyish impatience, so he contented himself with tearing a hole in the wrapping paper and obtaining a glimpse of the dark goods through the opening.

In the morning, for some unaccountable reason, the Applebys all overslept, and when the deacon and his energetic wife arose they found that they had a narrow margin of time in which to do the ordinary morning work of a farm, which can not be omitted even on the Sabbath.

This tended to irritate Samantha, and even the deacon found it hard to keep his Sunday countenance during a hastily prepared breakfast. Mr. Graves was a little anxious over the coming ordeal of preaching, for the second time in his experience, a regular written sermon.

"We'll be late, just as sure as the world!" said Mrs. Appleby for the dozenth time after Mr. Graves had gone to his room for a half hour of meditation.

"Time enough, mother. Don't fret," said the deacon.

"But you've got your clo'es to change yet, and no knowin' whether they'll come within a rod of fittin' ye," persisted Mrs. Appleby.

"I'll resk it. I'll wear 'em anyway, fit or no fit," said the deacon impatiently.

"I will hitch up the horse for you, father, so you can have more time," said Doris.

"That's a good gal! I wish ye would, for I declare for it I hate to have ter hustle around so like a house afire Sunday morning."

Mr. Graves came down ready to start. Mrs. Appleby tried to entertain him with becoming topics before meeting, while the deacon was getting ready. Doris came in and said the team was at the door.

Still Deacon Appleby did not put in an appearance. His wife fidgeted. Doris became uneasy, and Dr. Graves looked at his watch.

What in the name of natur' can that man be a doin'?" exclaimed Mrs. Appleby at last.

She started to go and see, when the door opened and Deacon Appleby came in. His face was very red, and there was a queer pucker about his lips as though he were suppressing an inclination to laugh.

"Good land!" ejaculated Mrs Appleby.

"Why, father!" Doris exclaimed.

Mr. Graves stared at the apparition in the doorway, then looked down at his own slim length, and back again at the ample figure of his host, while his pale cheeks became almost as red as the deacon's.

"Got the hoss ready?" ventured the latter.

"Yes, father. But—"

"Wall, we hain't much time to spare. Ye see that—" The good man was on the point of making an explanation but checked himself and began, with short, cautious steps to cross the room, adding: "Come, come, if the hoss is all ready."

A more ridiculous figure than that cut by the deacon it would be hard to find. He had put on his new suit of clothes. They were made of dark goods of fine quality. But the legs were several inches too short, and so tight that they set like the costume of a circus performer. The coat was equally short, and to introduce the buttons to their respective buttonholes would have been an impossibility. And every moment the deacon made a vain attempt to stretch the too economical waistcoat down to cover a zone of white shirt and suspender buttons between that garment and the trousers.

"What in the world did you buy them for?" gasped Samantha in the deacon's ear, when they were seated beside each other on the forward seat of the beach wagon.

"Don't say a word, please don't, and mebbe there won't nobody notice it!" was the hurried response.

"Not notice 'em!" echoed Mrs. Appleby.

"There's a pesky mistake, unless the clothes shrunk tremendously after I left them," said the deacon.

At the meeting house the latter glided into a pew near the door partially unobserved, after the services were begun, and in perspiring misery he sat through the hour of worship, and until all were gone but his family, when he was aroused by a touch upon his arm. It was the boy who had brought the express bundle the evening before, and he had another bundle now.

"Dad didn't see this one when he sent me up last night, and so I fetched it here knowing you always was ter meeting," said the boy, handing over another bundle.

"What have you there, father?" Doris exclaimed, noticing the bundle hugged under his arm.

"Oh, yes—I forgot—but it's your'n, I guess," he stammered, giving it to Mr. Graves.

The latter looked at it and shook his head.

"I think not. Mine was larger and in plain wrapping."

The deacon stared at the bundle which was returned to his charge, and the words "Misfit Parlors" in large letters swam before his gaze.

On the way home Mr. Graves and Doris did all the talking. The deacon went into the house with the bundle, and the first thing he did was to open it.

"Wall, I do vum!" he exclaimed, holding up coat and trousers, which were certainly a fit for himself. "Them are the clothes I bought!"

"Then whose are those you've been trying to squeeze yourself into, I'd like to know?" asked Mrs. Appleby.

Both glanced toward the doorway. Mr. Graves and Doris stood on the threshold, and both were smiling.

"Father, the parcel which came last night was for Mr. Graves. Those are his clothes which you have on," laughed Doris.

It hardly seemed like Sunday in a deacon's household, with a minister for a guest, during the next half hour. It would be difficult to say who laughed the hardest, for even Mrs. Appleby joined in it.

"Wall, we'd better swap back, if 'tis the Sabbath," said the deacon.

Mr. Graves laughingly assented.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Graves remained through his vacation and preached regularly at the little meeting house. With the next term he graduated, was called to the rural parish, and set up his home there, with Doris Appleby to furnish sunshine for him.

Baron Hirsch's Wealth.

Baron Hirsch is said to be worth $100,000,000. He made his wealth chiefly out of contracts for building the Turkish and Transylvania railroads. The Rothschilds where his financial backers when he assumed the contracts, but they got the idea that the railroads would not succeed, and, therefore, withdrew their support. He then secured assistance from big banking firms of Frankfort, which he was able to influence through his marriage, and thus obtained funds enough to carry on the great undertaking. European financiers have been surprised by the enormous success of these railroads. They paid from the day they were opened, and they made one of the greatest fortunes in Europe for the bold contractor, who pinned his faith to them when others thought him foolhardy. Everything he has since touched has turned to gold. He is a large holder of landed estates and French rentes. It is said that his benefactions for several years past have amounted to $1,000,000 annually.

Try Kerosene for Stains.

Kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods, without injuring the fabric. Wash the soiled spot in kerosene as you would in water. The spots must be washed in kerosene before they have been put into soap and water, or it will do no good.

WHO WAS FARRAGUT'S FATHER?

Naval Tradition Assigns That Honor to Admiral Porter, of Tripoli Fame.

About two hundred yards to the north of the equestrian statue of General Jackson, that highest type of American manhood and noblest exemplar of American citizenship, on Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C., where Sixteenth and Seventeenth intersect that most beautiful and finest of all the splendid residence streets of the capital, in the middle of an exquisite little park, is the massive bronze statue of David Glasgow Farragut, the first American admiral and a naval hero who stands second to none whose feats are recorded in history. Not Howard, nor Drake, nor Frobisher; not De Ruyter, nor Van Tromp; not Nelson, nor Collingwood; not Paul Jones, nor Chauncey, nor Preble, nor Decatur, can be named before him. In sketches of him it is said that he was born in Tennessee about the time that Jefferson was inaugurated President; he entered the navy at the age of eleven, and participated in the war of 1812, which terminated when he was less than fourteen years of age. He saw active service in the Mexican War, and during the war between the States he did as much to crush the South as Grant, or Sherman, or Thomas. He died in 1870, as he had lived, the head of the navy.

There is a tradition in the navy, however, that Farragut was not a Tennessean. The story is one that people love to believe whether it be history or romance. It is told in the gunroom, and believed in the forecastle, that Farragut was the natural son of old Dave Porter, who fought Tripoli at the beginning of the century, and that his mother was a native of one of the Mediterranean isles—a Greek, perhaps; may be a Corsican, or a Sicilian; possibly a Turk, or an Arab. Tom Marshall used to begin that eloquent and original lecture of his on Napoleon Bonaparte by saying that he had no doubt that could the truth be ascertained it would be established that the Corsican demi-god was a direct lineal descendent of a son of Julius Cæsar, begotten when the future world's master was a prisoner in the hands of pirates in the Mediterranean isles. And if Farragut owed his existence to the mother navy gossip assigns him, we can easily believe that some ancestors of his were by the side of Regulus when he swept from the seas Carthagenian navies; that another ancestor of his was in the fleets of Don John, of Austria, and fought at Lepanto; that others yet of his blood fought with the Barbarossas and the Dorias, making the azure waters of those classic seas crimson with the blood of heroic battle. If the tradition of the navy as to Farragut's parentage be true, it only bears out what Shakespeare said upon the subject in classic language in several of his plays, notably in "Lear." We find the children of the house of Stuart by the "right hand" imbeciles, while those of the "left hand" nobility the Duke of Berwick, were heroes. The same may be said of the descendents of Henry of Navarre. A chapter on the natural son among the world's great men would be interesting and surprising history.

His Sweetheart's Hair.

A decidedly unique method of carrying on a correspondence with a French thief was adopted by his friends while he awaited trial. One day the jailer was visited by the prisoner's betrothed, who asked him to give her lover an envelope. This, upon being opened, was found to contain simply a small lock of hair, around which was folded a leaf of a book. The jailer did not consider it worth his while to deliver this souvenir to the culprit and therefore threw it aside. A day or two later a similar inclosure was handed in at the prison gate and shared the fate of the predecessor. In the course of a week another was left by the same person. This aroused the suspicion of the governor of the prison, to whom had been detailed the circumstances. He determined to investigate the matter, and accordingly first examined the printed leaf. This he found was torn from a novel and contained twenty-six lines on each side. He next turned his attention to the hair and discovered that there were twenty-six pieces of unequal length. This puzzled him for a while, and then concluding that there must be some connection between the numbers of the printed lines and the number of hairs, he laid each of the latter along the line of the page they respectively reached, beginning with the shortest hair at the top of the leaf. After changing them about several times he discovered that each hair pointed to a different letter, and the combination thus produced formed a slang sentence, by means of which the prisoner was given to understand that his friends had ascertained the day on which he was to be taken to court and were determined to make a bold attempt to rescue him as soon as he made his appearance. Taking the cue, the governor adopted every precaution to frustrate the well-laid plans of the outsiders; the attempt was made and, as a natural consequence, the conspirators soon found themselves in the same condition as the one for whom they had planned the rescue.

Vicomte Toussaint's Sarcasm.

There has died at Versailles recently the Vicomte Toussaint, formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of the terrible year, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy, while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed: "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

Talk and Conversation.

How few people make conversation a fine art nowadays! Even among those who rank above average talkers, the merest chit-chat does duty for what is becoming a lost accomplishment. Gossip about neighbors and acquaintances, the new actress, and the last forger or embezzler, these are their themes—they seem incapable of discussing a principal, telling an interesting story, or criticising a public man or measure. I consider a little gossip a good thing; pleasant, amusing, refreshing; and as long as it is without malice, harmless. But the unbearable think is where there is no other conversation; where no event in professional or mercantile life, in public policy or private enterprise is discussed; where nothing but Mrs. Robinson and her over-dressed daughters, or Mr. Jones and his awkward sons, is spoken of; and where there is no attempt at wit or humor but in wretched puns and crazy conundrums. Such is the talk of those who never read anything but novels and newspapers, to whom an essay or a history is an intolerable bore, and whose "chief end of man" is money getting and pleasure seeking. Johnson liked a little gossip with his dish of tea; but how he could expand into matters of more consequence! How he could draw lessons from the most trifling incidents! When asked if he had had a pleasant conversation with certain people with whom he had dined, he replied, "Conversation! no, sir; there was talk enough, but no conversation; there was nothing discussed." The doctor was right; where there is nothing discussed, no views expressed, there is no conversation.

The Sandstorms of the Great American Desert.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed. The Arabian simoom is not deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains can not make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crest of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snowdrifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with head tightly wrapped in coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet can not bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance.—St. Nicholas.

Don't Worry.

One day at a time conscientiously lived up to will keep the eyes bright and the cheeks round and rosy. Don't begin to worry about things days beforehand. It will be time enough when they happen. It is the dread of what may come, not what is, that makes one old before the time. If you lie awake half the night worrying about something that is going to occur the next morning you will be far less able to face bravely and work out the problem than if you had made an effort and thought of something else till sleep came. It is not half as hard as it sounds and will grow easier every time you try it. Perhaps after all the disaster will not befall you or will be less awful than you anticipated and just think what a lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have worried into your face.

Another thing, don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone some one will criticise you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course, pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.

Their First Quarrel.

"We had been married nearly two years," said a citizen in conversation, "before my wife and I quarreled. Then it was over the most trivial matter in the world, the upsetting of a salt cellar."

"But isn't there a superstition about that?" asked his friend.

"That was what we quarreled about—the superstition, not the salt. She remarked as I tipped it over, quite by accident, that it foretold a quarrel. I dare say that I was a little nettled at my awkwardness, and retorted rather sharply that I supposed she had too much good sense to believe in superstition. She said the superstition, as I called it, had been accepted by greater minds than hers, and called me to account for sneering at established beliefs. Well, we had it hot and heavy, hammer and tongs style, and I slammed out of the house without a kiss or a goodby word."

"But you made up again?"

"Yes. When I came home that evening I saw she had been crying. I looked at her a moment and then, well, we kissed and made up after the most approved fashion. And now," he continued reflectively, "I have come to believe in old superstitions myself. I have made a study of them and find that these old saws were the result—not of ignorance, but of observation."

THE SUNFLOWER.

It is Put to Many Valuable Uses in Russia.

There are regions in the West which might be most profitably utilized for the cultivation of the sunflower, which has been found so valuable for food purposes in Russia that 750,000 acres in that country are annually planted with it.

There is hardly another plant in the world which serves so many uses, every part of it being valuable for one purpose or another. The oil is so nutritious and agreeable in flavor that in Russia it has to a certain extent superceded all other vegetable oils. It is obtained by passing the seeds beneath mill stones, so as to crush the shells, sifting them to separate the kernels and finally pressing the latter in bags of horsehair cloth. The cakes left after the oil has been expressed are excellent fodder for cattle. The shells are employed for heating, special ovens being made to burn them in, while the stalks have almost replaced firewood, being gathered and dried in stacks in the fields. A ton of the latter is obtained from each acre cultivated. They make a very hot and quick fire.

The seed cups are utilized as food for sheep. A big one when ripe will yield 2,000 seeds. The largest and finest seed cups are selected in the autumn and hung by their stalks in a dry place. In the following spring the seeds are shaken out of them and dried in ovens for planting. At harvest time the flowers are gathered as fast as they are ripe, and spread upon the ground to dry. Then the seeds are beaten out of them with a small stick by whipping each cup. Finally the seeds are dried in the sun or in kilns, and are sorted by means of screens into different sizes.

An acre planted with sunflowers yields 2,000 pounds of seeds, from which 250 pounds of oil may be obtained. Ten million quarts of this oil are produced by Russian mills. Who knows that the time may not yet come when small boys in this country will gobble sunflower seeds at the circus, just as they now consume the festive and odoriferous goober.

AN IMMENSE MICROSCOPE.

It Is Capable of Magnifying Sixteen Thousand Diameters.

The construction of an immense microscope at Munich is announced, intended for projecting images upon a screen, and electricity is used not only for producing the necessary light, but for regulating the focus, centering the specimen to be examined, and cooling the apparatus. The heating of the instrument by the artificial light—which in this case is an arc of 11,000 candle power—sets up disturbing currents of air, deranges the focus by expansion, and affects the objects unfavorably.

A small copper cylinder, filled with liquid carbonic acid, under a pressure about three hundered and fifty pounds to the square inch, is connected with the microscope in such a way that the opening of a valve throws down a drop of the acid in fine spray over the portions of the instrument most exposed to the heats; the liquid immediately evaporates, producing intense cold, and reducing the metal with which it is in contact to the desired temperature. The magnifying power of the instrument can scarcely be imagined; that is, the arrangement, as stated, is for magnifying to the enormous extent of some 11,000 diameters under ordinary conditions of application, but, by a simple immersion of the lenses in vaseline oil, more powerful objectives can be used, with the capacity to magnify 16,000 diameters.

Overcrowded Occupations.

You wish to render your boy independent? Then give him a trade. The professions are overcrowded. Look at the increasing numbers of those who are studying for the law, the ministry, or the medical profession. Count the numbers of doctors, lawyers, and ministers who can barely eke out an existence. Scrutinize the advertising columns of any of our newspapers and see the overwhelming number of those who seek employment, having nothing to offer but willing hand and feet, ordinary intelligence, and very little education. Just look at the army of clerks and so-called bookkeepers constantly offering their services; indeed, it would be more truthful to say begging for employment at anything that offers. These are the direct consequences of an overcrowding in those employments which do not require knowledge of any mechanical trade. It is not so bad where these boys have parents with means who can help them, but when they have nothing but what they can earn, it would be well if false pride and prejudice were made to give way to their true interests. The age needs intelligent, well-trained mechanics. And see how they progress! It is not necessary here to cite examples of living men, who, after having thoroughly learned a mechanical trade, have by industry, economy, brains and force of character, lifted themselves into enviable positions of business success, honor, wealth and trust. There are plenty who, from small beginnings, have attained success. All work is honorable and ennobling. The good mechanic is always in demand; he lays the real foundation of business success, and his industry is an absolute necessity to the capitalists. The old objection that the mechanic lacks refinement is invalid. He is not excluded from true culture, and if many of those who now make the mistake of studying an unprofitable profession should learn a trade instead and determine to lead a refined life, it will not be long before even this somewhat imaginary reproach is taken away. It is not advisable that all should rush into the trades; but the fact remains that they offer a good livelihood, steady employment, and a fortune for those who have the patience and industry to find it.

Both men and women have their failings. With men it is the big head; with women the big hat.—Boston Transcript.