FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

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21ST YEAR—NO. 35. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY ~~12~~ 21, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,075.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. 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 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. Arrive.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m. Leave.	p. m.	p. m.

*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,
Aug 9 General Manager.

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. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN,
Nov 21 Acting Agent.

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 F. S. DEEKENS.
At the office of Union Mining Co.
Nov 21

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

O the waiting in the watches of the night!
In the darkness, desolation and contrition and affright;
The awful hush that holds us shut away from all delight;
The ever weary fancy that forever weary goes
Recounting ever over every aching loss it knows—
The ever weary eyelids gasping ever for repose—
In the dreary, weary watches of the night.

Dark—stifling dark—the watches of the night!
With tingling nerves at tension, how the blackness flashes white
With spectral visitation smitten past the inner sight!
What shudering sense of wrongs we've wrought that may not be redressed—
Of tears we did not brush away—of lips we left unpressed,
And hands that we let fall, with all their loyalty unguessed!
Ah! the empty, empty watches of the night!

What solace in the watches of the night?—
What frailest staff of hope to stay—what faintest shaft of light?
Do we dream and dare believe it, that by never weight of right
Of our own poor weak deservings, we shall win the dawn at last—
Our famished souls find freedom from this penance for the past,
In a faith that leaps and lightens from the gloom that flees aghast—
Shall we survive the watches of the night?

One leads us through the watches of the night—
By the ceaseless intercession of our loved ones lost to sight,
He is with us through all trials, in His mercy and His might;—
With our mothers there about Him, all our sorrow disappears,
Till the silence of our sobbing is the prayer the Master hears,
And His hand is laid upon us with the tenderness of tears
In the waning of the watches of the night.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

In the railway depot of a busy, bustling town in the southern part of Ohio a locomotive stood panting and snorting as if impatient to speed away on its journey.

The fireman was giving his last touch to the brightly polished brass work, while the engineer and the district superintendent stood upon the platform beside the cab.

Another train had just drawn into the station and its passengers were emerging from the cars and hurrying away. Some of them overheard a portion of the conversation that was taking place between the two men as they passed, and one, a middle aged, welldressed individual, seemed greatly impressed with the few words that fell upon his ear, for he walked only a short distance before he paused, as if desirous of hearing more.

"There is no use talking, Baxter; you have got to make the run to-night," the listener heard the superintendent say in a voice that was by no means pleasant. "It makes no difference to me or to the stockholders of this road what trouble you may have at home. Your place is on this engine, and there you must remain or quit the service of the company altogether."

"But, sir," replied the driver, in a pleading tone, "do you understand, my wife is very ill—perhaps dying—and there is no one with her but our two little children and a kind neighbor, who can not spend the whole night by her side."

"Do I not tell you there is no one about at the present time whom I can put in your place?" returned the official.

"There is Sturgis," suggested the other. "He is here in the depot at this moment."

"What, that miserable inebriate? He'll never run a train another mile on this road."

"But, sir, he has not drank a drop for two months."

"That is neither here nor there. He is not qualified to take your place, not even for a single trip."

"It is hard, very hard," murmured the engineer as he turned away, and was about to mount to his seat in the cab when the stranger, who had loitered near, stepped up, saying:

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Did I not hear you say that you wanted to secure the services of an engineer?"

"Well, what if we do?" brusquely asked the superintendent, looking at the man in some astonishment.

"Then I should like to offer myself if it would be any accommodation. I am an old railroad man, and an experienced engine driver."

"But I do not know you," again returned the official. "It would be too much risk to trust this train in the hands of an utter stranger."

"I have papers that will convince you that I am competent," and the applicant drew from the inner breast pocket of his coat a leathern wallet, and took therefrom a document, which, however, was well covered with age, and handed it to the superintendent.

"This has reference to yourself, I presume," said the official, glancing over it. "But it bears a somewhat antiquated date."

"Very true, and for that reason I value it highly. But if I was a good man then I must be doubly so now, for I have had all these years of experience."

"You do not know the road."

"Oh, yes, I do, sir. Every foot of it."

"Well, if you can convince me that you are capable of taking charge of the locomotive I will let Baxter lay off this trip," was the reluctant answer.

"Then the only way that I see to arrange the matter is for you and your engineer to take a ride in the cab as far as L——. That is 15 miles, and there you can meet the accommodation returning here. I think that in that short run I can prove to you that I understand the business."

Just at that moment the two minute bell struck.

"Well, well, get aboard, and we'll see what you can do," and the three men climbed into the cab.

"You must lend me your overalls and jumper," said the stranger to the engineer," for I do not care to spoil a good suit of clothes."

"Oh, certainly," replied Baxter, who up to this time had been so astonished that he had not uttered a word.

After drawing the clothes on, the new engineer grasped the throttle with his left hand, thrust his head out of the window, and said:

"Now we are ready."

Then came the order to start, and the next minute the complicated machinery was set in motion, but so gentle was the start made that scarcely a person on the train realized that they were under way until the cars had drawn out of the depot. Gradually the speed was increased until they were soon running upon their regular time.

The superintendent could not refrain from casting several glances of approval at Baxter as he noticed how deftly the stranger handled his "iron horse." As they drew near the junction a short distance from L——, the regular engineer reached for the whistle cord to sound the usual blast, but he found the hand of his substitute there before him, who said to him with a kind smile:

"You see I know the road."

"Truly you do," replied the superintendent, "and although I am taking great chances I think I will let you go on with the train while Baxter and I return by the accommodation."

As Baxter was about to step out of the cab when the engine stopped at L——, he grasped the hand of the stranger, and said with deep feeling in his voice:

"Oh, sir, you have done me a great favor to-night, and rest assured if it ever lies in my power I shall repay it."

"Don't mention it," was the hearty rejoinder. "Hurry home to your wife, and don't worry about the train; everything will be all right."

Accordingly the superintendent and Baxter returned to their homes on the way train; but the former felt by no means easy in his own mind and remained in his office until midnight, when he received a dispatch from the end of the line saying that train number 68 had arrived all right and on time.

As the official seated himself at his desk the following morning his eyes rested upon a note from the president of the entire system, stating that he would arrive on the 2.15 train and wished to see him on important business.

The hands on the clock in the superintendent's office were resting at a quarter past that hour when Baxter entered.

"Well," began the official, as he recognized his caller, "are you going to shirk another trip to-night?"

"No, sir; my wife is much easier and I shall be at my post. I came up to thank you for letting me off last night."

"Oh, it's turned out all right, I'm thankful to say. But—"

He would have gone further had not the door opened and two gentlemen entered. One was the president, who, stepping quickly forward, said in a cheery voice:

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Curtis. Allow me to introduce Mr. Donaldson, the gentleman whom the directors have elected to supersede me in office."

As the superintendent rose from his chair to acknowledge the introduction, he almost fainted with surprise, for there before him stood the substitute who, the night before, had run the engine in place of the regular driver.

"Why—why—is it possible?" he stammered.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Curtis," replied the new president. "I am the one who drew on the overalls last night for the first time in 10 years, but you see I had not forgotten how to run the machine. I overheard your conversation with this poor man here," turning to Baxter. "I pitied him in his dilemma and resolved to assist him. If you had refused to allow me to act as his substitue I should have made known my identity then and there, and requested you even to let the fireman take his place, rather than to keep the faithful engineer away from the bedside of his wife. And you, sir," continued the kindhearted railroad magnate to Baxter, "may lay off for a few days. We will find some one to take your place until your wife is recovered. And, Mr. Curtis, there is one thing I should suggest before we proceed to other business, and that is, from this out treat your men kindly."

This was a lesson that the arbitrary superintendent never forgot

Lightning-Proof Ships.

It is a curious fact that the iron ships of the present time are not damaged nearly so frequently as are wooden ships. The German government has been collecting some statistics relating to the effect of lightning on ships and the reasons given by the commission appointed to collect the figures for the immunity of iron ship from damage is, that wire rope is used for rigging purposes and that the vessels are constructed either of iron or steel. In this way it is believed that the whole ship becomes a continuous conductor, leading the lightning to the sea before it can do much damage. The commission reports that no case has been recorded of a ship rigged with wire rigging sustaining damage from lightning, except in a few instances where a continuous connection had not been made with the hull.

Wooden ships, on the contrary, still show the same percentage of casualties as formerly, when they are not fitted with lightning rods

The *Christian Union* records that at a convention of Christian Workers the question was asked, day after day, "Who shall watch with the [illegible] [illegible]?" At last a [illegible] Quaker in the [illegible] [illegible], in her sweet way, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] after him."

NEW MODE OF VENTILATION.

Dangerous Draughts Avoided by Heating the Walls.

The great hall of the new Sorbonne in Paris, is ventilated by a new system, the principle used being that of maintaining the walls at a higher temperature than the air which they enclose. The means by which this is accomplished is very ingenious. A mixing chamber is situated beneath the auditorium, and hot and cold air are mixed to the temperature desired. The air is forced into the auditorium through a great number of small holes in the floor and in front of the seats, the openings being covered by a wire netting. Before the entrance of an audience, the walls are thoroughly warmed by forcing air heated to 200 degrees into a conduit which delivers the air into a space behind a moulding and close to the floor. The wall is thus heated to a temperature of 100 degrees, a temperature which by radiation will keep the audience comfortable while ventilating the hall with air at 60 degrees from the mixing chamber. All downward cold draughts are thus prevented, as the currents of air will all be upward, owing to the heated surface.

Hard to Deal With.

Inventors are erratic beings as a rule; they exemplify an old notion that the line dividing genius from lunacy is by no means clearly defined. There was Smith, for instance, a grocer who amassed a comfortable fortune by hard work in his humble calling. Suddenly he conceived the idea that he was a great inventor, sold out his business, and has ever since been evolving the craziest of schemes. One of these was to roof over the business districts of large cities and protect them thus from the inclemency of the weather. He actually tried to patent this scheme. Failure does not discourage him. When his last dollar is gone he may realize his folly, but not until then. Many of these erratic people are engaged in some business or profession, and waste most of the money they earn in pushing inventions which are to lead to fortune. All they seem to care for is their hobby, and everything else is sacrificed to it. Woe to the wife of such a man if she had not the adoring faith of an Emma Micawber! The pain of hope deferred and the vicissitudes of domestic life are otherwise almost beyond her endurance. Even when one of the fraternity is successful he seldom profits by that success; some other idea must be carried through, and away goes the money previously gained. I once knew a man who had taken out twenty odd patents, and was still as poor as the Biblical turkey. His earnings and the occasional proceeds on some invention were all swallowed up by new inventions. And one day a simple little article on which he had bestowed hardly a thought, made him rich. It was a wooden lemon squeezer, of the same kind of which there are still hundreds of thousands in the market. On this invention a capitalist paid him fifty thousand dollars down for a half interest and a large royalty to boot. This royalty he is still drawing, but the fifty thousand dollars has been spent long ago. With it he built a large, roomy building and went into experimenting and inventing to his heart's content. Inside of the first year he had lost twelve thousand dollars on a bad speculation in incubating eggs, and a couple of years later the balance of the money was gone. But he is still experimenting day and night, and hopes to realize an enormous fortune some day; meanwhile he is living on the royalty from that wooden lemon squeezer.

How the Babies Are Named.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is 12 days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In the Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are 5 years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterward to be called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are 20 years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they dont give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, Number Four, and so on, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are, that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply:

"Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill; and the Japanese are said to change the names of their children four times.

A document envelope, which works like a telescope, adjusting itself to one paper or fifty, is a recent invention.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into the one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking.

Oysters on Trees.

The other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of Chesapeake Bay."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to myself.

I determined to investigate. So I said:

"I always supposed that oysters grew under water. I never knew they hung in clusters on tree branches like apples. Curious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the banks of the Chesapeake!"

"Chesapeake Bay has the finest kind of oysters," said the Talking Man. "The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this: The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock, or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shell fish adhering to it.

"Now the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as the bank of any river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again.

"The spawn sticks on those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and before long, at every low tide, the branch can be seen hanging out, with little oysters hanging all over it.

"Sometimes a branch which is often under water will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd, but it's a common enough sight down there.

"Grow? They don't grow very large to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must be always under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun, they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off.

"Little oysters are sometimes transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster beds in other places, where, in a couple of years, they grow to maturity."

"It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees," said I, "or even of seeing them grow there."

"Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've seen it lots of times," said the Talking Man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears a thing and does not understand the sense of it. And most people never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story for a marvel, or say they don't believe it."

Mr. Dickens' Little Joke.

Charles Dickens bought pictures now and then, paying for them the sum the artists asked. But he once bought a picture for which he persuaded the artist to charge him a high price.

The story, which illustrates both Dickens' generosity and his love of fun is told in the memoir of Richard Redgrave, the artist.

Maclise, intending to paint a subject for which he wanted a lady as model, asked Miss Hogarth, Dickens' sister-in-law, to sit. When the work was finished the figure was thought very beautiful and very like the model.

A few days afterward a gentleman called on Maclise, and said that an old gentleman in the country, wishing to possess one of the painter's pictures, had deputed him to see what he had on the easel. The one for which Miss Hogarth sat was admired by the visitor, who said he was sure it would please his friend, to whom he would write and describe it.

In a few days a letter came to Maclise, written in a feeble old hand. The writer, in a delightfully garrulous strain, expressed his admiration of several pictures of Maclise which he had seen, and asked the price of the one described by his friend, as he was sure he would be pleased with it.

Maclise, delighted with the letter, hurried away to show it to Dickens.

"The letter is almost worth the picture, and I am so pleased with it that I shall name a low price," said the artist.

"Oh, by no means," replied Dickens, "you are wrong! for it is evidently from some rich old enthusiast who can afford to pay well."

Maclise argued the point, and talked of putting a handsome frame to the picture without charge, but was finally persuaded to name a good price for the painting.

In a day or two the gentleman who acted as the agent called again, paid Maclise his price, asked to have the picture packed, and said a porter would call for it.

At Christmas, two weeks later, Dickens invited a large party to dinner, Maclise among the rest. But alas for the unraveling of the plot! Just as they were sitting down a note came from the painter pleading illness as an excuse for his absence. Dickens, for he was the garrulous old gentleman—had to unveil the picture without the pleasure of seeing Maclise's look of astonishment.

Effects of Salt Upon Whitewash.

In 1883, in consequence of the upsetting of a vessel containing kitchen salt, a workman, in order to conceal the effects of the accident, brushed up some of the spilled salt into his whitewash pail. The result was the production of a wash as hard as cement, and which could not be removed by scrubbing. This was due to the hygroscopic action of the salt, which absorbs water and permits of the speedy combination of the lime with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. A trial of this composition upon the brick wall of well hole or shaft for light—in which case it was applied with a syringe to save scaffolding—stood extremely well, and after the lapse of four years the coating was as good as ever. The use of three parts of quicklime to one of common salt is recommended.

RICE VARIOUSLY SEASONED.

It is the Only Food Fit to be Eaten in Tropical Climates.

In a book intended to guide other horsemen who may desire to imitate him, Lieutenant Varges, of the Austro-Hungarian army has made public the details of his recent ride across India. He rode 1200 miles in ninety-four days, and crossed 124 rivers, only three of which were bridged. His expenses were a little less than $150, of which only $15 was for food for himself, his servant and his horse. The total cost of his trip from his home and back was $750.

This inexpensiveness of his trip, as well as the soundness of his health throughout it, Lieutenant Varges attributes to his habit of eating only rice during his journey on horseback. During his ride he ate 110 pounds of rice, his servant 75 pounds, and his horse 80 pounds. For the first fourteen days Lieutenant Varges ate peppered rice; then for three weeks curried rice. Between the fifth and the ninth week he ate sugared rice. In the tenth week the rice was salted; in the eleventh, unseasoned; in the twelfth, salted, peppered, curried, and sugared.

For tourists in hot climates Lieutenant Varges concludes, rice is the only proper food which can be relied upon safely to keep man and beast strong and active.

Baseball Thirty Years Ago.

The game of baseball as it was played thirty years ago might provoke a smile now, but it afforded as much amusement to the boys of that time as does the highly scientific game of to-day. There were few rules and these altered to suit the occasion. There was no umpire to serve as a target for ill-natured "kicking." The playing was governed by the popular sense of justice, and was rarely otherwise than good-humored.

How anxiously the boys waited for recess to come as the hours dragged along in the hot, dry school-room. What a pleasure it was to hurry outside and breathe in the cold, pure air and send it out in yells that would awake the echoes a mile away. But those yells indicated good lungs and happy, careless hearts such as school boys ought to have.

Then for a game of baseball. Two of the boys would choose sides, and then, after it had been decided who should have the innings, the game would begin. It did not matter how many there were on a side. There must be a pitcher and catcher, and there might be from one to twenty fielders. Now and then three or four of the best players would "stand" the crowd and successfully play against several times their own number.

There were four or five bases, or more if it was thought desirable. They were arranged in a circle in front of the home base, each marked by a stick from the wood-pile. Somewhere about the center of the circle was the pitcher's "box," though that term was not used nor even heard of by many who played the game. The pitcher was not hampered by rules, and his aim was to toss the ball so that it could be hit, which is quite different from the game to-day.

Everything being in readiness the "ins" would take their places at the home base, the "outs" would place themselves over the field and the fun would begin. The ball would be tossed for the boy at the bat till he either hit it or at least tried three times, after which he would run the bases. If the catcher succeeded in catching the three balls that the batter struck at, or if a batted ball was caught either on the fly or the first bound, or if the ball was thrown so as to hit a base runner while he was between bases, the man was "out," and when one man was out the side was out.

And so the game went on. There were no scores to be kept, but each side played for the fun there was in it. The boys of to-day may laugh at the unscientific game; but perhaps their fathers had as much real enjoyment out of it as they do now with all the rules and cumbersome equipments of the modern game.

College Colors.

New York University, violet.
Yale, blue.
Dartmouth, dark green.
Rutgers, scarlet.
Harvard, crimson.
Brown, brown and white.
Williams, royal purple.
Bowdoin, white.
Wesleyan, cardinal and black.
Hamilton, rose pink.
Kenyon, mauve.
Michigan, blue and maize.
California, blue and gold.
University of Virginia, cardinal and gray.
Swarthmore, garnet.
Madison, orange and maroon.
University of Vermont, old gold and green.
College of the City of New York, lavender.
Wooster, old gold.
University of the South, red and blue.
Vassar, pink and gray.
Bates, garnet.
Union, garnet.
Colby, silver gray.
Columbia, blue and white.
Trinity, white and green.
Princeton, orange and black.
Amherst, white and purple.
Cornell, carnelian and white.
Boston University, scarlet and white.
Syracuse, blue and pink.
Rochester, blue and gray.
Tuffts, blue and brown.
University of Pennsylvania, blue and red.
Dickinson, red and white.
University of South Carolina, red and blue.
Rensselaer Polytechnic, cherry.
Ohio University, blue.
Alleghany, cadet blue and old gold.
Adelbert, Bismark brown and purple.
Hobart, orange and purple.
Bucknell, orange and blue.

EARTHQUAKE PROOF.

Japanese Know How to Build—Other Nations Have Not Yet Learned.

In all countries where earthquakes are of common occurrence the art of constructing buildings in such a way as to resist the effect of the shocks has been studied, and, as always happens, experience has proved the best teacher. An extraordinary opportunity to compare the strength of buildings thus made with others built after the ordinary European fashion was furnished by the terrible earthquake in Japan last October.

Professor John Milne, one of the foremost authorities on the subject of earthquakes, has studied the effects of this great shock, which destroyed over 40,000 houses, and reports that "in many places so-called 'foreign' buildings of brick and stone, undoubtedly put up in the flimsiest manner, lie as heaps of ruin between Japanese buildings yet standing.

Some of the Japanese castles and temples escaped though situated within the district where the shock was most destructive. Professor Milne attributes this in the case of the castles to their pyramidal form and to the moats that surround them, and in the case of the temples to the multiplicity of joints between the roof and the supporting columns, the effect of which was to produce a "basket-like yielding" when the temples were shaken by the earthquake, thus preventing the breaking of the walls.

In some of our Western States where tornadoes occur a similar problem is presented, but so far no method of constructing a house that will enable it to resist the tornado's fury has been invented, and the only alternative has been to dig underground chambers near the houses, into which families can flee for safety.

Probably a Japanese would consider one of our tonadoes as a thing far more to be dreaded than the earthquake of his native country.—Youth's Companion.

Trying to Beat 2.40.

A convict of the Indiana penitentiary hit the nail on the head when asked how his downward course began. He said it began in trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse. How many people in all branches of business are trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 business. The man who has a small business that is paying him, and goes into debt and tries to spread himself over too many eggs, is trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse. The young man who gets a small salary, and spends more money for ice cream and perfumery and neckties than he earns, is trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse. The girl who is calculated by nature to be the wife of a mechanic, and gets above her business and looks with scorn upon a man who earns his living by hard work, will look at an old maid in the glass a few years from now, and realize that she has been trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse.

The ordinary, every day sort of a man, who is elected to a small office with a big majority, on account of men voting for him for charity, and who thereupon aspires to a big office for which he is unfitted, will be nominated for the big office some day and be beaten higher than a kite, and he will then feel of his aching head, examine his empty pocketbook, look around at the debts he has contracted, and the enemies he has made, and it will suddenly come to him that he has been trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse. The men or women who leave a profession or employment to which they are fitted, and in which they can be prosperous and happy and have friends, and go upon the stage to compete with men and women who have been brought up to it, and who have made success by a lifetime of hard work, will some day realize to their sorrow that they have failed to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse,

The young man who has been left a fortune by a dead father who has worked a lifetime to accumulate riches, and who changes from beer, which was good enough for him before, to champagne, and plenty of it, and who can't find places enough to spend money without sitting up all night, and who finds old sledge and penuchle too tame and adopts draw poker and faro, and who forgets that his sisters are splendid company, and gets acquainted with quick girls and buys them diamonds as big as pieces of alum, will in a few years be walking on his uppers and having fur collars pinned on to linen ulsters for winter, and he will wake up some morning with the almightiest headache on record, and come to the conclusion that trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse is what ails him.

The whole-souled good fellow, everybody's friend, gets to drinking too hard, and as he is healthy he gets an idea he can beat whisky, a game that so many have tried and failed. He keeps it up until his nose gets red, his eyes bleared, and his voice shaky, and he has a whisky cough, and his friends try to reason with him and get him to let up, but he laughs at them with his good-natured laugh, and tells them he has a constitution like a horse, and that nothing can hurt him, and he asks them to take a drink. Some day he gets the jim-jams, and all his friends say, "I told you so," and they sit up nights with him and drive away snakes, and just before he dies it suddenly occurs to him that he has been trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse. Oh, there are thousands of people who make a mistake in trying to beat 2.40 with a 3.00 horse.—Peck's Sun.

An Affectionate Remembrance.

"What shall I get you to remind you of me while I am away?" asked a New York dude of the young lady to whom he is going to be married, on the occasion of his taking the steamer for Europe.

"Do you want to get me something that will always make me think of you when I look at it?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then buy me a monkey to play with."
—Texas Siftings.