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MINING JOURNAL.

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J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

21ST YEAR—NO. 42. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,082.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.		Stations.	Westward.
Leave.			*Arrive.*
No. 5.	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 50	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 05	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 32
6 40	12 17	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 35	11 22
6 52	12 29	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 22	11 09
6 55	12 32	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 18	11 05
7 00	12 39	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 13	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 18	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 05	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 35	Mooretown	9 52	4 43	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 47	Barrelville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 57	Mt. Savage jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 08	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.

July 2

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

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

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Aug 9

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 22, 1892.

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	
12 midn't	....No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:20 p m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 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
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	...No. 113 Grafton & Way	2:00 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	4:05 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express	arrives	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail	"	1:25 p m
" 61—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.

June 18

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 the Union Mining Co.

Nov 21

HASTY WORDS.

OR, A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The inmates of the Melrose farmhouse, which consisted of brother and sister, were seated at an early breakfast.

Jack Melrose, a frank faced, hazel eyed fellow of 24, was already attired for the business trip which occasioned the unusual early meal. He seemed ill at ease, and lingered over his eggs and toast in an unusual manner.

"What is the matter, Jack?" asked Lillias, noticing his preoccupied air.

"Nothing," he replied, starting and flushing.

"You look as guilty as if you were contemplating murder or matrimony."

Jack laughed nervously.

"Perhaps I am," he said.

"Murder will out!" laughed Lillias. "You are going to marry. Who is she?"

The young man blushed like a schoolboy, as he answered:

"Viva Gray promised last night that she would take me for better or worse."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Lillias.

That was all; but there was such a ring of pain in the tone that her brother looked hastily up from his plate and asked:

"Lillias, you don't object to my marrying, do you?"

"No, dear—but oh, I do wish you had chosen some one else! Viva Gray is not a woman to make any man happy."

"Lillias!"

"I can not help speaking the truth. She is vain and selfish, and if you marry her you will repent it; she will make your life miserable."

Jack's face flushed angrily.

"I think that I am the best judge of my own affairs. Strange that you never found fault with her before."

"Because her character did not then concern me," she replied. "No, Jack, I would gladly welcome her as your wife if she were a woman whom I could trust."

"Lillias, remember that you are speaking of my promised wife!" exclaimed Jack, pushing his chair back from the table. "Console yourself with the thought that if you don't like her you need not live with her."

"But you will," retorted Lillias hotly. "And I would rather see you dead than wedded to that selfish doll."

"I will endure this no longer!" And Jack left the room, banging the door behind him; the next moment Lillias heard him galloping away.

She dropped her head on the table and burst into tears. For the first time in their lives the brother and sister had parted in anger.

Since the death of their parents, which had occured five years before, the brother and sister had been all in all to each other. With the help of a faithful domestic Lillias had kept house; while Jack, with the aid of Uncle Peter, Aunt Martha's husband, managed the farm.

About six months before our story opens their mother's only brother died and left them his entire fortune, some $50,000. Since then a cloud had dawned on the horizon; Viva Cray, a spoiled, selfish beauty, made decided overtures to Jack, much to Lillias's dismay; for she knew it was their uncle's money that called forth the bewitching smile and alluring manner which had made a captive of her brother.

Lillias's momentary flash of anger was soon washed away with tears, and then she would have given much could she have recalled her hasty words.

"I will say no more," she thought. "It only makes Jack angry, and he will find it all out for himself soon enough, poor fellow!"

But she carried a heavy heart all day.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst with the wildest fury. The trees swayed and snapped in the wind, while the rain fell in torrents.

"This is the hardest rain I have seen for many a day," said Uncle Peter as he came into the kitchen, where the two women were huddled together, awed by the fury of the storm.

"Is the creek rising?" asked Lillias, as he shook the water from his dripping garments.

"Not much yet," replied the old man. "But it will if it keeps on raining this way. Is Mr. Jack a-coming home to-night?"

"He intended to," replied Lillias. "But I hope he will stop over until morning."

"So do I; that old bridge over the creek is not the safest in dry weather, let alone an evening like this."

Half an hour later the rush and roar of water told the listeners that the creek was rapidly rising out of its banks.

The shades of night gathered rapidly; the rain still fell in blinding sheets.

Lillias shuddered as she listened to the angry boom of the creek; but she hoped that Jack would not attempt to return in the rain.

When Uncle Peter came in from attending to the stock, he said:

"I hope Mr. Jack will stop over some place, for the creek is just a-booming; and it is getting as dark as a dungeon outside."

Lillias echoed the wish; she could not shake off a feeling of anxiety. She sat by her window before retiring, and listened to the patter of the rain and the roar of the raging creek until she could bear it no longer. Then she threw herself on her bed without undressing, and soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

She awoke with a start, and with a wildly throbbing heart sprang from her bed. How long she had been asleep she did not know; but the rain had ceased to beat on the roof, the storm was over. Scarcely conscious of what she did, she caught up a shawl, threw it over her head, and ran down stairs and out in the darkness.

The heavy clouds were drifting away, and guided by the faint light of the stars Lillias ran along the creek road toward the bridge.

The water, now falling slowly, had been higher than she had ever known it to be, and its sullen roar filled her heart with dread.

Splashing through mud and water, stumbling over driftwood left in the road, she soon reached her destination.

Merciful Heaven! The bridge was gone! Nothing but the abutments were left standing.

Lillias fairly flew toward a spot where there was always a pile of rubbish left after a freshet. Here a huge heap of driftwood met her gaze. She paused, and with a fast beating heart called:

"Jack! Jack!"

Hark! Was that the echo of her own tones, or did a faint voice really answer her?

She called again. This time she heard quite plainly a faint answer. Half frantic, she clambered over the logs and rubbish until she reached the outer edge of the heap. Here, entangled in the top of a large tree, and pinioned down by a log, she found her brother.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" sobbed Lillias, as she began to tear away the logs from around him.

"Thank God, you are here!" he cried, groaning with pain. "But you can not extricate me yourself, for this log is holding me fast, and I think one of my legs is broken."

"I will procure help," said Lillias, and without another word she sprang to her feet and hurried away.

Reaching the house, she aroused Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha, and by their united efforts they soon succeeded in rescuing poor Jack. One of his legs was fractured, and he was very badly bruised.

After helping him into bed, Uncle Peter went for the doctor, leaving Lillias and Aunt Martha to do what they could for the suffering man.

A few hours later the doctor arrived and set the fractured limb. But the long exposure and suffering had been too much for even Jack's hardy constitution, and ere night fell again he was in a raging fever.

When Viva Gray heard of her lover's misfortune she called, accompanied by her mother, to express her regrets

"Poor Jack, I am so sorry for him," she said sweetly. "And only think, day after to-morrow we were to join Aunt Mary's party for a trip to Niagara Falls. Too bad, that he must miss the expedition, poor fellow!"

"You intend to go, then?" asked Lillias.

"Yes; mamma says that we can do Jack no good by staying at home, and she does not want to disappoint Aunt Mary. You must write every day and let me know how he is getting along. I hate to leave him, but mamma insists upon it."

Lillias was glad when the mother and daughter took their leave, for Viva's selfishness filled her with disgust.

"Poor Jack!" she thought as she arranged the pillows under his restless head. "If she can go away and enjoy herself while you are ill, what will your life be when you have been married a few years?"

It was a severe blow to Jack when he learned that Viva had gone, although he hid his disappointment and tried to make himself believe all was as it should be. Lillias knew he was unhappy and refrained from saying anything that would add to his discomfort, while she did all in her power to please him.

Every day or so Viva sent him little perfumed notes containing glowing accounts of their trip; but Lillias noticed that Jack did not appear very much interested in them.

Weeks rolled away, and still Viva made no mention of returning home. After Jack had fully recovered she wrote him that they were going to Newport, and asked him to join them there.

Jack read the letter and then brought it to Lillias.

"Read that," he said briefly.

"Are you going?" asked Lillias, when she had done so.

"No," replied Jack, with a curious expression on his face.

Viva's letters came less frequent, but Jack never mentioned her name until a month later. Then he brought another letter to his sister. In it Viva accused him of indifference, and begged to be released from her engagement.

Lillias read the heartless effusion, and then crossed the room to where Jack was sitting.

"Jack, I want to tell you how sorry I am for the hasty words I spoke on the morning that you told me you were engaged to her," she said.

"Never mind that, little sister," replied Jack. "You were wiser than I. But it is all over now, and we will let the matter drop forever."

Jack Melrose was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, and none but Lillias dreamed how fondly he had loved the selfish beauty.

A month later they saw in the papers the notice of her marriage with a wealthy young Southerner, and then they knew why Viva had wanted her freedom.

A year or two afterward, when Jack brought home a gray eyed bride to brighten his life, Lillias thought:

"After all, that accident was a blessing in disguise."—Margie M. Winesburg, in Waverly Magazine.

A Scotchman who wanted to sell some bees inserted the following advertisement in the local paper: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising no less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasturage."

If we wish to test the merit of an opinion or a line of conduct, we must ever ask ourselves, To what end?

We prize our happiness; other people [illegible].

POINTS ABOUT CLAMS.

THEY DRINK AND BREATHE IN A PECULIAR MANNER.

The Clam Can Use Its Foot as a Spade, a Hook, a Sharp Wedge or a Pointed Graving Tool—Other Remarkable Features of This Useful Mollusk.

"The clam in point of merit seems always to have been overshadowed by the oyster," said a fish ichthyologist to a *Star* writer. "Yet the more humble mollusk which finds a domicile in sand or mud, is a very useful as well as admirable creature. You know the 'squirt' clam, which is so justly popular in New England, where it is sometimes called the 'sand gaper' or 'old maid.' It is an animal unattractive enough in appearance when newly dug up, but put it into a pan of shallow sea water, and you will presently observe something about it that will surprise you.

"As soon as the clam, thus restored to its natural element, has regained confidence, it stretches out its tube or 'neck' to a length of several inches, perhaps nearly a foot. Then it is seen that this important organ has two openings at the end, fringed with appendages like little feelers. Two tubes pass through the neck to the body of the clam, and, if you watch, you will see a current of water flowing into one tube and out of the other. This current is produced by the motion or small hair like 'cilia' lining the interior of the animal. The clam has viscera, a heart, a stomach, into which the mouth opens almost directly—but I did not intend to give you an anatomical lecture.

"These 'squirt' or long clams are found plentifully as far north as the Arctic Ocean where the seals, walrus and Polar bears and foxes feed upon them greedily. Their habitat extends as far south as Cape Hatteras, below which they are scarce. They thrive also along the northern coast of Europe and on the shores of Japan, Alaska and Northeastern Asia. The young clam, as soon as he is old enough to establish a dwelling for himself, protrudes his foot, which is at the opposite end from the neck, and proceeds to dig with it. This foot is really a very remarkable instrument, inasmuch as the animal can alter its shape at will, so that it becomes a spade, a hook, a sharp wedge or a pointed graving tool. With it the clam digs down for six or eight inches into the sand, leaving extended behind him his siphon-like neck.

"It is by means of this siphon that the clam maintains communication with the surface. Having neither the means nor the inclination for roaming, it depends for food upon microscopic articles which are sucked in with the current of water through the tube, the water bringing oxygen to the gills. Its burden unloaded, the water flows out through the discharging tubes, carrying with it all excrementitious matter. This current is continuous, so that it is never long between drinks with this bivalve, which fact may, perhaps, account for the origin of the phrase 'happy as a clam.'

"Hogs on Long Island and elsewhere know how to dig for clams very well. They go out upon the flats at low water and root wherever the pressure of their weight causes a squirt to appear. This is a very cheap and profitable method of keeping swine. In winter the clams bury themselves deeply, but icicles are often found in their shells. These mollusks, which, as human food and for bait, constitute an important element of the marine wealth of the United States, have been recently transplanted to the Pacific coast, being carried across the continent with the oyster seed which is annually transported in large quantities from the Eastern States. They have thriven greatly, succeeding where the oysters have failed, and have stocked San Francisco Bay with a new food supply.

"The Pilgrim fathers and other early colonists in this country found the Indian 'treading' and diving for 'round' clams, otherwise known in the aboriginal tongue as quahaugs. They adopted the former method, and to this day their descendants in New England can be seen all along the coast wading in the water and feeling with their toes for the mollusks, which lie buried usually in mud that is thickly overgrown with seaweed. The animal always lies with the edge of its shell out of the mud, in order to breathe, and the feeling of it to the foot is unmistakable. Diving and 'treading' for quahaugs among the Indians used to be performed by the squaws and older children, such labor being beneath the dignity of the men. At present oyster tongs, rakes and dredges are employed for the purpose. The aborigines manufactured money out of the shells, as well as arrow points, scrapers, spoons, paint-holders and other utensils. In their time

* * * the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clam shells out of wooden trays.

"The Indians in the old days were great eaters of clams, as is proved by the enormous deposits of the shells which remain along the shores of bays and estuaries. They dried clams, as well as oysters, in the sun on pieces of bark, thus preserving them for purposes of trade. The coast tribes, conquered by the powerful Six Nations, paid a large tribute of clams, which were regarded as a great luxury in the interior—not only the interior of the Indian, I mean, but of the country. In the summer and fall the savage came to the seashore for the purpose of celebrating their great festival of the green corn, on which occasion clams, succulent ears of corn and seaweeds were roasted together. It is from this custom that the modern clambake is derived."—Washington Star.

A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vinegar, is a cure for mosquito bites.

Music type was invented in 1502.

LIFE ON A SCHOOLSHIP.

Practical Education of Lads Who Love to Go to Sea.

About five out of every ten boys long to become sailors, and it is well for the world at large that such an ambition is not always strangled in its birth by parents and guardians; for while ships continue to be built mariners can not be dispensed with. The idea of fitting out a schoolship for the practical education of seafaring lads who are allowed the bent of their inclinations was an excellent one, and has proved in every way successful. The internal arrangements of Saint Mary's, a sloop of war of one thousand tons given by Government for the purpose specified, are so comfortable that "green" boys are not discouraged with a sailor's life at the outset. The quarters for all hands are far superior to those of the regular navy, says *Once a Week*, as more space is available for the crew. The boys eat their meals on the gun-deck, from low, long tables fronted by lower benches; above them are hooks from which they swing their hammocks, which are made of canvas. They keep all their belongings in a bag, and as they do not wear stiff hats nor varnished boots, being jammed into a bag does their clothes no harm. As every sailor must know how to sew, instruction in that useful art is given twice each week by the tailor. Candidates for admission must not be under the age of fifteen years nor over twenty, of sound constitution and have no physical defects. They must also have a fondness for the sea and the life of a sailor, and come well recommended as to character, et cetera.

The necessary outfit that each lad is required to furnish himself consists of two pairs of boots, warm underclothing and socks, one pair rubber boots, one dark blue monkey-jacket, one black silk neckerchief, three handkerchiefs, one strong jackknife, three towels, brushes, combs, needles, thread, wax, tape and buttons. The ship provides two suits of clothes—one of blue, for dress, and one white duck suit—caps, hammock and blanket. Each boy must deposit thirty dollars to defray the expense of the two suits for all the time he is on the ship. This sum is refunded if he decides not to stay at the commencement of the second year.

But the event of the year is the annual cruise, which generally commences in May. The time at sea is devoted to navigation and working the ship, the work being done by the boys, directed and helped by half a dozen regular sailors. A certain amount of education is necessary before they can be taught navigation. But the rapidity with which a boy will pick up nautical expressions, names of all the ropes, spars, etc., is marvellous even if he has never been upon the deck of a ship before; furling sail, splicing, making all manner of knots, hitches, bends, eyes and gaskets. Then to swim is one of the first and best of practical things taught; how to sail a boat, how to steer by compass, take bearings, box the compass, heave the lead, and to bend, furl and reef a sail. A course on the training ship would fit any apt boy, after two or three cruises, for the position of mate in some good ship or of petty officer upon some mail steamer, as the new postal subsidy law requires that each ship carrying the mails shall have at officer of the Government on board.

The Meaning of the Word Chicago.

Mr. Kirkland, in his book just published, "The Story of Chicago," comments on the much-vexed question of Chicago's name, which he derives from the Indian term for a wild and hardly leek or onion that once grew luxuriantly between Chicago avenue and Twenty-second street. "Chickagou" is the original; "Che-cau-gou" in Hennepin's story of LaSalle's expedition; "Chicagua" by a French historian; "Chikagu" by St. Cosme, a visitor in 1699; "She-caugo," meaning "playful waters;" "Choc-ca-go," meaning "destitute;" "Shegahg," meaning "skunk," and "Gitchi-ka-go," meaning in the Illinois dialect a "thing great or strong," are some of its sources of derivation. Mr. Kirkland takes comfort of the word for the reason that all these variations have probably a single radical meaning. They "denote something 'strong,' whether like a giant or like a leek is not important." Chicago's friends will attach their own interpretation to the word. And what enemies may do is not material.—Chicago News.

HISTORIC EASTER BELLS.

Their Ringing Frightens a French Army Away From the Town.

The story is related of a little town called Feldkirch, on the frontier of Austria, on the Ill, an affluent of the Rhine. In the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the continent, Massena, one of his generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the town at the head of 18,000 men.

It was Easter day, and the morning sun, as it rose, glittered on the weapons of the French at the top of the range of hills to the west of Feldkirk. The town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Defense was impossible. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and a petition that he treat the place with mercy?

Then the old dean of the church stood up. "It is Easter day," he said. "We have been reckoning on our strength, and that fails. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in higher hands." His words prevailed. Then all at once, from three or four church towers in Feldkirk, the bells began to clang joyful peals and the streets filled with worshippers hastening to the church.

The French heard with surprise and alarm the sudden clangor of joy bells, and concluding that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

THEY SELL WIND.

A Great and Curious Trade That Has Sprung Up of Late Years.

"Leave orders for oxygen under the door" is the odd legend that greets the eye in the second floor hall of an upper Broadway building. The door in question leads to the living apartments, to use a complimentary plural, of the dealer in oxygen. His office is the front hall room on the same floor, sufficiently cramped quarters for one whose stock in trade is of so expansive a nature. He is one of a great many persons whose business it is to purvey wind, sweetened and otherwise, to the inhabitants of this town.

The sale of invisible and almost intangible and imponderable merchandise is one of the most curious of the many strange business developments of this great community. You may buy bottled gasses as you buy bottled beer, and have them delivered at your house as newspapers, or soda, or fresh vegetables are delivered. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous and carbolic acid are sold daily as boots and shoes are sold. One factory sells 30,000 feet of oxygen per month, and keeps on hand nearly that quantity in storage tanks. That volume of the gas weighs more than a ton and a quarter. Several other concerns sell nearly as much more, and a large quantity of hydrogen is sold to go with it for use in producing the lime light at theaters, lectures and clinics. Besides this, oxygen and hydrogen are sold in mixtures of various proportions, and a great volume of nitrous oxide or laughing gas is sold to dentists, surgeons and hospitals.

Not only are gasses sold in large quantities to local consumers, but they are sent by express all over the country. Laughing gas, in particular, has an enormous sale in various parts of the United States, and is also shipped to the most remote parts of civilized South America. The express companies handle this peculiar freight without special charge, and the makers say that accidents never occur.—New York Sun.

Turning the Tables.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once concluded was an illegal trader, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

"Have I got anything to sell, squire?" was the response. "Guess I have got blacking that will make them old cowhide boots of yourn shine so that you can shave in them. Got razors, too, an article you want, I should say, by the look of your beard. Got Balm of Columby, too, only a dollar a bottle, good for the hair, and assisting poor human nature."

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling.

The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to the old man.

"I don't know now that I care for this stuff," said the disappointed officer. "What will you give for it."

"Wa'al," answered the peddler, "I don't want it, squire; but seeing it's you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it."

The sheriff passed the bottle and pocketed the money, when the peddler said:

"I say, I guess I have something to ask you now. Have you got a peddler's license about you?"

"No," said the sheriff, "I haven't any use for one myself."

"Waal, I guess we will see about that pretty soon," replied the Yankee. "If I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm of Columby on the highway, and I shall inform on you."

Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

Well Scattered Pensions.

It is not generally known that the operation of the Civil War pension laws carries money periodically to men of all nationalities, who live in all quarters of the globe. They are men who were disabled in the service of the United States, and have not since the war taken the oath of allegiance to any other government.

To begin near the fountain-head, there is paid out of the national treasury one-hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars annually to residents of Canada, many of whom have not seen the United States since they were mustered out at Washington at the close of the war.

Ireland has two hundred and fifty pensioners on the rolls, who draw on an average of twelve dollars a month; and a single county in England—Lancashire—has fifty pensioners. In Australia there are enough pensioners to draw nearly two thousand five hundred dollars a year. The Dark Continent has a round dozen pensioners, living principally in Cape Town, South Africa; while Liberia is represented by one lone widow, whose husband was freed by the emancipation proclamation, and who died of the injuries he received in fighting the battles of "Massa Linkum."

Guiseppe Oaboli, away in Southern Italy, draws the modest little sum of six dollars a month for the fighting he did some twenty odd years ago, and now doubtless sits in the sun and eats macaroni, while he details the deeds of valor for which the United States government still pays him so munificently.

Away down in the Mediterranean Sea, in the little island of Malta, lives a Greek, by the name of Amabite Feneck, who gets twelve dollars a month to remind him of the time when he smelt powder in the far-away land of America; and his case is matched in Russia Finland almost on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where lives one Alexander Wilson, who served twenty years in the United States navy, and who now draws a pension of seventeen dollars a month, which in that land is an income worth having.

THE THREE AGES.

My dears, when I was young like you—
O, days that long ago took wing!—
I had your wit, your sweetness, too,
And loved like you, the spring.
Fondly do I remember still
How dear to me were fields and flowers;
How dear the hearts in lighter hours
Made captive in the gay quadrille;
A merry child like you, my dears,
And such was I at fifteen years.

Later, my heart, less wild and gay,
To one devout espousal moved;
And wedded joys, how sweet are they,
To love and to be loved!
But sometimes, pensive and apart,
I prayed in secret sighs to heaven
That some dear angel might be given
To stir in me a mother's heart;
Wife and fond mother, too, my dears,
And such was I at thirty years.

O later! Onward still and on
Time flies, like an advancing wave,
And Summer, Autumn, both are gone,
With all the joys they gave!
Yet, while we droop with age and pain,
The heart that to our babes we give
In their sweet innocence may live,
And with their babes be young again;
And such am I at length, my dears,
With my full span of eighty years.
—George Cotterell, in the Argosy.

CHINESE SACRIFICES.

Spirits of Rain, Thunder, Wind, and Clouds Propitiated.

Here is an extract from a recent Chinese court circular:

"The Newu Fu has asked that we appoint certain officers to perform the customary sacrificial rites at this season. We accordingly direct the Dukes of Hai, En Po, and the Marquis of Ying to perform the sacrifices to the spirits of rain, thunder, wind, and clouds; the grand secretary Fu will proceed to the temple of the horse spirit, while Pak'o-tan Fu will proceed to that of the god of fire. The rites in honor of the tutelary spirits of the inner and outer city will be executed by Chung Kuang and Hai Hsu. Li Hung-chang has reported to us that the season of the Autumn freshets has passed over without any mishap occurring on the Yellow River, in the Tungming District. This we consider to be another token of the secret aid of the divine powers, for which we are deeply grateful, and we hereby order Tibetan incense be transmitted to Li Hung-chang. This incense he will hand to La Chinwen, intendent of the Pa Shun-kuang circuit, who will reverently proceed to the shrines of the Pa-wang at Lilienchuang, Kaotsu, and Kuang-chuang, and there burn the same on our behalf."

A New Mexican Port.

The Mexican Government has made a contract for the construction of a port and harbor at Coatzacoalcos at a cost of $4,500,000. Among the great public works recently undertaken by Mexico there is none of more importance than this, and when it is completed the southern part of the republic will have a seaport that must be advantageous to its commercial interests. Coatzacoalcos is a pretty town at the mouth of the river of that name, rising in the Sierra Madre, and flowing northward across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, and is frequented by vessels engaged in the mahogany trade.

It is in a direct line from the harbor of Ventoza on the Pacific coast of the Isthmus, and has invited the action of the Mexican government through its relation to interoceanic communication. The river upon which it is situated has an extensive basin and numerous tributaries, in which float a variety of trading craft. The region which is watered by the main stream and its affluents is rich in natural resources, and the government, in order to promote its development, has offered inducements to immigrants to settle there, and has invited foreign capitalists and corporations to make investments.

The contract it has just entered into will have a powerful influence in stimulating the construction of other projected public works in the States of Vera Cruz and Oajaca. As far back as 1320 Cortez gave orders for sounding over the bar at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, and ever since that time explorers have been interested in the region. Good service was done by the commission which was sent there by the United States Government in 1850, while more recent explorations have largely increased the knowledge that had previously been procured about the isthmus.

How Women Bathe in Paris.

The Seine is a narrow, greenish, snake-like river, and it does not look inviting from a distance. But on entering the swimming baths formed of boat-like sides, containing the dressing-rooms, it looks clear and cool. Black bathing suits trimmed with red braid can be hired for a franc upward, and hundreds of ladies, with their children, daily afford themselves amusement at these places. There is no effort at fashion, gentlemen not admitted, and the top being covered by canvas to shield them from the eyes of people on embankment or boulevards. Swimmers among the attendants are frequent, and they dive and float, swim and sink at will, and teach the children and ladies to do the same.

Some of the French women are expert swimmers, and they go around in their black, baggy suits chasing about the platforms, eating sandwiches or drinking penny syrups or clarets and end the performance by diving into the water and swimming a race. Trapezes, swings, etc., are suspended above the water and gymnastic exercises are indulged in by the younger and more ambitious.

On leaving the baths they dry their hair sufficiently, put a crimped perruke over their straight locks, a dash of powder and a bit of lip salve—a stick of which every French woman carries in her pocket—to slightly color and eliminate any dryness, and with a deft adjustment of the inevitable black veil, my lady is well coiffed, and if her dress be suitable, can take a drive before going home.