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MINING JOURNAL.

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22ND YEAR—NO. 43. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,083.

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 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 07
7 00	12 38	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 Morantown	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. Sav'ge 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 11

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.

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
" 65—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
" 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, June 18 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 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

SAM'S STRATEGY.

THE STORY OF A GALLANT CAPTAIN WHO WOOED AND LOST.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow covered logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up.

"Five o'clock! Oh, I had no idea it was so late. I must be going home."

"Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown."

"You will let me see you home, Carrie?"

Captain Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook he head.

"I prefer to walk alone," she said gaily.

"About the sleighing party to-morrow night," said Fred anxiously.

"I—I have half promised Captain Logan," said the village beauty, a rosy tint suffusing her cheek.

"But, Carrie, I thought it was settled between you and me two weeks ago!" exclaimed Fred, with a frown.

"Was it? I'm sure I had forgotten it!"

Fred was silent. Captain Logan's smooth, soft toned voice broke the silence.

"I exact no promises," he said gallantly. "But if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot Miss Brown may draw her own conclusions."

And Carrie went home.

She was very pretty, this brighteyed New England damsel. Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Captain Logan, who had come down to spend the Christmas holidays with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright, blue eyes and golden hair that he had prolonged his visit into January.

"'Pon my word, she's a regular beauty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window panes at the retreating figure of Miss Brown.

Fred Jones looked quickly up at him, as if he would have liked to knock him over into the fireplace; but he refrained from any such demonstration.

"A beauty," went on the captain; "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegitate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villian, are those boots of mine blacked yet?"

Farmer Kendrick's hired boy, who had just come in to warm his purple hands at the merry red blaze, looked glum.

"No, they ain't," said Sam crossly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"'Cause I ain't 'ad time"

"See you find time, then, and that quick, too," said the captain. And Sam glowered after him as he went gaily up the stairs.

"Just wish I had the firin' of him out," said the boy gloomily. "It's 'Sam do this' and 'Sam do that' and 'Sam, what the deuce do you mean by lettin' my fire go out?' and not a red cent has he guv me yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he means to stay here always."

"You and I are about equal in our love of him, Sam," said Fred Jones, laughing.

"I heerd him talkin' with Miss Carrie about goin' sleighridin' to-morrow night," said Sam shrewdly. "I'd 'jes like to put 'Kicking Tom' in the shafts; I would if it weren't for Miss Carrie. He don't know nothin' about horses, that there militia cap'n don't." And Sam chuckled.

"I say, Mr. Jones," he resumed, "why don't you get beforehand with him? Miss Carrie don't really care for him; she's only dazzled like."

Fred Jones frowned slightly; honest Sam was not exactly the kind of Ganymede he cared to have meddle with his love affairs.

"Miss Brown must choose for herself, Sam," he said; and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady, gifted with ordinary sense, could hesitate for a moment between the captain and Fred Jones.

The next night came—a perfect night for sleighriding expeditions and rustic lovemaking, the roads hard and well packed, and a glorious moon shining down whitely, as if a rain of silver were deluging the whole world.

"Couldn't be better weather!" said the captain. "Sam, where are the sleigh bells?"

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon Joe Kendricks that was in the revolutionary war, and there's the two cow bells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes."

"Pshaw!" said the captain. "Do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam stolidly.

"Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn chamber. You better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em—our Sam's dreadful thickheaded when he chooses to be."

"Come along, my fine fellow," said the captain, collaring Sam, and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern in this moonlight, that is one comfort."

"Where are the stairs?" demanded the captain as they entered the barn.

"Ain't none," said Sam, "its a ladder."

"Up with you, then," said Logan—but Sam shrank.

"I wouldn't, not for $50," said Sam. "Old John Kendrick hung himself from the middle beam 14 years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense," cried the captain, in accents of contempt. "You cowardly lout, stay where you are, then, and I'll go myself."

He sprang lightly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trapdoor.

"Where is it?" he cried.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place where——"

"Blockhead! I mean the string of bells."

"Look for 'em yourself," said Sam sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and, what's more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light which came through a cobweb draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," rejoined Sam, in a jeering tone.

As the captain plunged into a dark corner there was a jingle and the string of bells, suspended from a nail, hit him on the neck, so like the grasp of death cold fingers that he could not but start.

"Oh!" said the captain nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em, Sam! Ha!—lo! where's the trapdoor?"

And it took the worthy captain fully 90 seconds or more to realize that the trapdoor was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up, only to see Sam speeding up the hill.

"Hal-lo-o-a!" yelled Captain Logan "Come back, you scoundrel! you ill conditioned lout! you imp of evil!"

Sam turned around and executed that peculiar gyration of the fingers in connection with the nasal organ which is supposed to execute the extremity of scorn.

"You'll find the ladder on the barn floor, cap'n," hooted the young rebel, "an' don't be afraid o' the ghost; it's very harmless if you let it alone."

"But, Sam—Sam, come back! I'm to be at Mr. Brown's at 7.30!"

"Don't worry!" bawled Sam. "Miss Carrie won't wait long afore Mr. Fred'll be on hand."

The captain danced up down on the floor in an ecstacy of rage as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one hear.

He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of horses' feet below, and thinking how disagreeably a bar of moonlight, which streamed down from a crack in the roof, resembled a tall, white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy the rope round its neck. Pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber.

What was to be done? he asked himself. An echo, if echo had any common sense, would have answered: "Just nothing at all!"

Sam had outwitted him. And pretty Carrie, and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and great chestnut colored horse! The captain was wild at the thought; surely he was vanquished.

"I won't wait another minute for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with the tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls, I shall spend the evening at home."

There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother. "Bessie Brown will be glad to have you along.

"No, she won't, either," pouted Carrie. "As if I would spoil all her fun! No; if I can't have an escort of my own I'll stay at home and mend stockings; and I never, never will speak to Captain Logan again."

Charlie Brown was on the point of arguing the matter with his sister when the door opened and in walked Fred Jones.

"Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the captain?"

"I don't know," said Carrie tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Captain Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her lips.

"Of course," said Fred, "I can't expect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but——"

"The captain, the captain," cried Carrie, a little irritably, "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes are."

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up the horse and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?"

"Yes, always," she answered.

"Jerusalem!" said Farmer Kendrick. It was past 10 o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out, as usual, before retiring to rest to see that the dumb members of his family were all safe and comfortable. "I do believe that's old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!"

"It's me-e! It's me-e!" bawled the captain. Unfasten the trapdoor and let me out!"

Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and undid the hook from its hasp.

"How in all creation came you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you was out a sleighridin' with the gals!"

"It was all the doing of that villain, Sam!" gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold. "I won't stand this sort of thing. I'll leave the place to-morrow."

"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened, though, and I'll talk seriously to Sam."

"So will I," gnashed the captain. "I'll break every bone in his body."

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's, six miles across the snowy fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, captain," said she, good humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party, and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie Brown in his new cutter, and they're engaged."

The captain left next day, and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him the dyspepsia for a week.—Boston News.

JOBSON'S GIVE-AWAY.

An Incident Showing How Perole Evidence May Be Upset.

Jobson would have sworn he wasn't drunk. To be sure, the keyhole was a trifle hard to find, but that particular night-latch always was rather agile along towards midnight. When he got the door open he hung his coat on the hatrack and removed his shoes, and, taking them in his hand, walked quietly upstairs so as not to awaken Mrs. Jobson. He lighted the gas and disrobed in as orderly a manner as any sober man would. Then he knelt down beside the bed and had just commenced his prayers when a ripple of laughter interrupted him. He glanced up and saw his wife sitting up in bed laughing heartily. He retained his position and began to remonstrate with his hilarious consort.

"I shuppose you think I'm full, don't you?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Then what you snickering 'bout? I came in the front door and I hung up my (hic) coat. Now, if I was 'ntoxicated, I'd fired it on the floor and stumbled upstairs with my shoes on. Then I carefully folded up my clothes and (hic) I laid them on the chair, and any drunk man would trow them in the corner; and here I was saying (hic) my prayers and you sit there and laff. You know yourself that no 'ntoxicated man ever says his prayers. So what's the (hic) matter, anyhow?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose you are all right; but I must say I never saw a sober man saying his prayers while wearing a silk hat before."

ANECDOTES OF DOGS

Of the strong affection manifested by a dog for his master, and the sagacity which, inspired by this feeling, he often displays, the recorded instances are so numerous that they must be familiar to every one. Napoleon, as is well known, was much struck by seeing on the field of Bossano a dog guarding the body of his slain master, and a similar incident occurred after the battle of Talavera. In more recent times the following incident of the civil war is recorded:

"The widow of Lieutenant Pfieff, of Illinois, was enabled to find her husband's grave at Pittsburg Landing, by seeing a dog which had accompanied the lieutenant to the war. The dog approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her, as well as he was able, his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears from the statement of some of the soldiers, that when Lieutenant Pfieff fell his dog was by his side, and thus remained, licking his wounds until he was taken from the field and buried. The dog then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient length of time each day to satisfy his hunger, until by some means he was aware of the presence of his mistress. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master."

Twelve days, however, are as nothing when compared with the three months during which the body of a tourist, who died from the fall on Helvellyn, was watched unburied by the little dog that accompanied him, an incident celebrated in verse by Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth; and in the romance of "Syr Tyramoure," quoted by Mr. Jesse at considerable length, a greyhound is represented as burying his murdered master and watching the grave for the space of seven years, when he quits it to go to court and bring the murderer to justice, after the fashion of the well-known dog of Monagris.

In many instances, especially among that fine breed of dogs, the Scotch collie, and to a certain extent in the English sheep-dog, this affection for the master takes the shape of a strong sense of duty, and as this is seconded by perhaps the highest canine intelligence, the results produced are sometimes most wonderful. At a single word, sometimes without a word or even a signal from the master, these dogs will direct the evolutions of a large flock of sheep, although one wonders very often how their physical energies can hold up under the incessant fatigue to which they are exposed. Mr Meyrick, in his little work on "House Dogs and Sporting Dogs," describes the proceedings of one of these dogs in a manner which sets in a striking light the faithful dutifulness of the animal. He says:

"I once saw a collie, in the Highlands of Scotland, left in solitary charge of a sheep which were feeding in a field separated only by a ruined wall, full of wide gaps, from a field of young corn. I watched the dog for some time: he had taken his stand upon a hillock, from whence he could overlook the whole field and check the slightest attempt to make free on the part of the sheep. I was told by the person who accompanied me that the dog remained patiently and watchfully at his post from the earliest dawn until nightfall, and brought the flock home in the evening on hearing the shrill whistle of his master who lived nearly a mile away. What extraordinary intelligence, and what a very strict sense of duty, must this dog have possessed."

The Right Hand.

Whether the greater aptitude of the right hand has been gradually acquired or is a gift of nature has always been a disputed question. Aristotle and Sir Thomas Brown believed it to have been acquired, Benjamin Franklin, personating the left hand, wrote a popular article urging the claims of this member to greater consideration. The left hand is made to say:

"There are two sisters of us, and the two eyes of man do not resemble, nor are capable of being on better terms with each other than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who made the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy I have been led to consider my sister a being of more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, music, drawing and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was rebuked, and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner."

The left hand contended that she should be instructed equally with the right in order that if the right hand should be disabled the left might take her place.

Many arguments may be brought forward in support of the theory that the greater strength of the right hand has been gradually developed. In warfare the shield would naturally be held in the left hand to protect the heart while the right was used for fighting, and all military training, necessitating uniform movements, would tend to increase that distinction.

If the tendency to use the right hand were inborn, it should appear, from analogy, that other animals possess greater strength on one side, and this does not seem to be the case. On the contrary, it is maintained that nature shows the tendency to be her own provision in many ways. The direction of the worm of the screw is not arbitrary, but is an adaptation of parts to each other in the economy of nature.

The greater strength belongs to the whole right side and not to the hand alone. Opera dancers it is said, are obliged to give double the practice to the left side to obviate awkwardness.

The word "left" means weak. Innumerable expressions owe their significance to this distinction. A left handed blow implies treachery, and a left handed compliment means insincerity. "Stand thou on my left hand" is equivalent to condemnation.

The Chinese assign honor to the left hand in ceremonials; this may be in accordance with the Asiatic tendency to value dexterity and cunning above physical strength.

The question affords occasion for endless discussions, for the same facts are used as arguments on both sides, with varying interpretations according to the different points of view.

Saved by a Shot.

A boy of sixteen was leading a bull along a country road in Massachusetts, when the animal, usually peaceful, seemed to be seized with a sudden fury, and made a lunge at him. The stick which was fastened to a ring in the animal's nose was snapped short in the boy's grasp, and he fell almost under the feet of the bull. He had presence of mind enough to realize that his only chance for safety lay in keeping so close to the head of the animal that he could not be tossed, so he managed to get two fingers of his left hand into the ring in the bull's nose, while with his right he grasped one of the horns. Meanwhile the farmer who owned the bull had got a rifle from the house and hastily loaded it.

"Fire!" cried the boy. "I can't hold out much longer."

The bull, as if astonished at the audacity of his victim, had for a moment stopped. His forehead was presented to the farmer, but the boy's head was within a few inches of the spot which the bullet must strike.

"If I fire, the ball may flatten on the bone and kill you on the rebound!" cried the farmer, much distressed.

"Fire any way, and quick!" cried the boy, as the bull showed signs of moving.

The farmer raised his rifle and fired, and the shot was so true that the bull dropped in his tracks without a struggle and the boy's life was saved.

Ships of the Ancients.

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, but many of them were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave. Constantius conveyed from Heliopolis to Rome an obelisk weighing one thousand five hundred tons. The ship also carried one thousand tons of pulse stowed about the smaller end of the obelisk to bring the ship on an even keel. Two hundred and sixty-eight years before Christ Archimedes devised a marvellous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts were brought from Britain. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the Iliad. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets and hot baths were provided for use or amusement. Ptolemy Philopator owned a nuptial yacht, the Thalamegon, three hundred feet long and forty five feet deep. A graceful gallery, supported by curiously carved columns, ran around the vessel, and within were the temples of Venus and Bacchus. Her masts were one hundred feet high, her sails and cordage of royal purple.

If those who are searching after a "sure cure for drunkenness" would quit drinking while they are looking for it they would find it.

CHINESE GIRLS.

THEIR ADVENT IN THE WORLD NOT HAILED WITH JOY.

Naming Them a Matter of Indifference—They Often Have Pretty Faces, but Their Gait Is Ungraceful to Foreign Eyes—Other Characteristics.

When the Chinese infant is about a month old, the day of naming arrives—an occasion celebrated with general rejoicings when the little stranger is a boy; but who would think of making any demonstrations of joy at the addition of a girl to one's family? Still, the baby must have a name, even if it be only "Daughter Number One, Two, or Three," as the case may be.

Not unfrequently a girl receives the suggestive title of "Beckoning a brother," or "Lead along a brother," or even, "Come, younger brother." "White Water Lily," "Beautiful Pearl," "Better than Gold," are also some of the names sometimes bestowed on girls.

In many parts of China all the girls, from the children of wealthy parents—not of Tartar race—to the daughters of common beggars, undergo the torture of foot-binding, with the idea of producing the "golden lilies" which Chinese taste admires. The gait of these daughters of the flowery land is most uncouth to Western eyes; but in the poetical language of their native country, the movements of a girl thus deformed resemble "the waving of the willows," or are like the "green bamboos stirred by the summer breezes."

Chinese girls often have pleasing faces; but this applies more particularly to those of the middle and upper classes. The younger children wear their luxuriant raven tresses twisted into a heavy plait hanging down behind, secured with many yards of twisted scarlet cord. Up to the time of marriage, girls part their hair smoothly at the forehead, as the sign of their single estate; but when the wedding day arrives, the young bride's hair is drawn back and the short hairs pulled out by tweezers, to make her forehead appear broad and high.

In her dress, a Chinese girl is little troubled by any ideas of fashion. There is a slight difference, scarcely apparent to the Westerners, in the cut of the costumes of the girls and women of different provinces; but, speaking generally, the same attire is worn by the aged grand-dame and the year-old child, by the mandarin's daughter and the daughter of a poor coolie. Their children differ, not in shape, but in their material and ornaments. It takes but eight yards of yard-wide cloth for a complete suit of winter garments, and there is no waste in cutting nor in unnecessary appendages. Its truest economy, however, is in that saving of mental worry that comes from always cutting by the same pattern and the obviation of all need of fitting. It allows unrestricted play to every muscle, is of the same thickness over the whole body, is not in the way when at work, and it has little weight while it has all needful warmth.

As regards the instruction of Chinese girls, the general idea is that they are incapable of receiving a liberal education, being considered intellectually inferior to their brothers.

From the age of eight or nine, little girls of wealthy families are kept closely guarded within their own homes. "Women should keep inside the threshold of the inner apartments—even to old age they should not go beyond the doorway," says one of those Chinese authors who have handed down to posterity the fame of the women of ancient times, who are considered types of what all women should endeavor to attain to.

The superintendence of the kitchen is always noted by these ancient authors as one of a woman's most important duties. She should see that the vegetables are fresh and properly washed, that the meats are well flavored, and that the whole meal is properly served.

A woman's duty, it is said, is to make shoes for herself and children, to spin and weave, to cut and make her own and her husband's clothing, to wash for the family and care for the silkworms.

In the annals of Chinese history there are not a few examples of women who have been familiar with the literature of their country. Many of them were famous for their acquaintance with the classics, and especially the historical books; some were poets of no mean order; while the sage remarks of others on various subjects are often quoted. At the same time, while Chinese writers are fond of giving instances of women of past ages who have displayed extraordinary virtues, or been talented to a high degree, very sarcastic remarks about the sex often appear upon the same page, such as "Women have no right to form an opinion upon any subject; silence alone becomes them."

A widow or betrothed girl whose intended husband dies, even if only a child in years, is exhorted ever to remain faithful to the memory of the departed. They are advised to follow the example of those heroines of antiquity who disfigured themselves by cutting off their ears and noses rather than marry a second time; and even in the present day young girls are constantly warmly praised for their constancy and purity when, under these circumstances, they commit suicide.

The extraordinary idea that sick parents will recover from an illness if their child—unknown to them—cuts off a piece of his or her own flesh and mixes it with their food, is the occasion of many curious paragraphs in the Chinese papers of to day. One constantly sees cases of this kind mentioned as having been brought under imperial notice, and the girls in question—for it is girls who oftenest perform this act of filial piety—are generally honored with a tablet to commemorate their devotion.

But time would fail me to tell the many stories of women or girls worthy of honorable mention, from a Chinese point of view, for their devotion to their betrothed or their parents. Numerous, too, are the instances of noble women of ancient times who were brave in times of danger, filial and humane beyond the ordinary lives.

BEFORE PAPER WAS INVENTED.

Some Interesting Facts Which Every Boy and Girl Should Know.

The invention of paper was, perhaps, more useful to the world than that of printing. It vastly increased the spread of knowledge, making possible the possession, upon the payment of a few cents, of knowledge which in the fourteenth century, the day of rare and costly manuscripts, could only be procured upon the payment of a large sum of money.

In the most ancient times writing was used for rare occasions only, and a rock, a tablet of stone or a plate of metal was the receptacle. Moses, you remember, wrote upon stone tables. The works of Homer and Hesiod were said to have been first written on plates of lead. And ancient documents on copper are still met with in India.

Some persons are of the opinion that the first writing was upon thin pieces of wood. From their convenience this seems probable. Such boards were used at an early period by the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently covered with wax, which was, of course, more easily written upon than the bare wood. Where wax was used errors were readily erased by rubbing with the blunt end of the piece of metal which served for a pen. To make the writing more visible it appears that some black substance was smeared over the surface of the white wax and remained in the scratched marks.

Leaves of trees were used very early by the Egyptians, and probably by the Greeks. The Hindoos continued the use of this material until within a few centuries. Even at the present time books of leaves are not uncommon in the south of India and the Island of Ceylon. The leaves of some Asiatic trees, from their size and smoothness, are admirably adapted for books. If we may judge from the name "leaf" being still applied to the paper of books, we should imagine these leaves to have been formerly the principal material in use.

The interior bark of trees was formerly used to write upon, and its latin name (liber, a bark) seems to intimate that its use was as ancient as the art of writing itself. In one respect the bark was superior to the leaf; it could be rolled into a volume, while the leaf would crack if subjected to such a process.

The skins of animals were another ancient material for writing. The rolls of books mentioned by Bible writers were probably rolls of skins, and some very ancient copies of the Bible preserved by the people of India are said to be of leather.

Linen cloth was occasionally used, but was never very common. Linen manuscripts have been found folded in mummy cases, and the Chinese, before the invention of paper, used silk and cotton cloth. The Romans also wrote upon linen. The use of this material introduced a change in the manner of writing. The other substances were rather engraved than written upon, an iron point being used for the purpose. To write upon linen it was necessary to have some colored fluid which might get dry and leave a permanent mark. The first ink used was probably some sort of soot or lamp-black, mixed with size or gum-water, and the first instrument answering to our pen was a reed.

Parchment is thought to have been first used about the third century B. C. It was superior in many ways to every other material. Even at the present day the use of parchment for documents of importance prevails over that of paper.

The first paper, made from the papyrus plant by the Egyptians, was not what we understand by the term paper. It was made of the inner bark of the plant and prepared and polished by peculiar process. It was not until the ninth or tenth century that the use of paper, probably so called, was introduced into Europe.

When New Zealand Sinks.

It was formerly, say, 50 years ago, nothing uncommon for a new island to appear above or an old one to disappear beneath the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Such occurrences were sometimes noted as often as two or three times a year, and it was so common as to hardly excite comment among the navigators and scientists. Of late, however, the Pacific has been "pacific" indeed. It will be 36 years this coming summer since the last island disappeared, and exactly a quarter of a century since the last new one popped up its head in the "greatest of oceans." But geologists argue that this is a suspicious silence, an omen of some monstrous catastrophe; that Dame Nature is simply resting for a mighty effort. Sir Sidney Bell even goes so far as to predict that the whole of New Zealand and the greater part of Australia will be engulfed before the end of the year 1925.

Surprising.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people. For instance, there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut trees; also more than a quarter of a million olive trees, producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana plants, two hundred bearing lemon trees, four million orange trees, and twenty-one million pineapples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is twenty million dollars.

There are not many big thieves, but a good many little ones.