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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21st YEAR—NO. 44. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,084.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave.	Stations.	Westward. 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 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	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	Barrellville	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,
July 2 Superintendent.

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
7:24 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
8:05 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:43 a m
9:30 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a 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
" 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

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Important Notice.

—THE—

Fidelity, Building, Loan and Investment Association.

CAPITAL STOCK, ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Central Office, 913—15 and 918 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS is one of the largest Associations in the eastern States, having at this time over twelve thousand shareholders of their instalment stock alone.

It is heartily endorsed by the leading papers throughout the country; also by R. G. Dun & Co.'s Commercial Agency.

The Association does a

Banking Business

in connection with its

Building and Loan

system and pays—

6 *per cent.* on deposits of 90 days standing and
10 " " " time deposits.

Instalment Shares of $200 each,

par value, are issued, payable $1 per month. Guaranteed profit.....$98

For further particulars apply to

Alex. Smith,
Treasurer.

or to BROWN DAVIS,
Superintendent,
May 21 Frostburg, Md.

PURCHASE MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, CEMETERY RAILINGS,

MANTELS, POSTS, VASES,

GALVANIZED . . . RAILINGS,

TERRA-COTTA AND CHIMNEY PIPE,

LAWN RAILINGS

&c., &c., &c., FROM

J. B. WILLIAMS,

WHOSE work is the finest; materials the best, and PRICES THE CHEAPEST.
Feb 13

We've Got the Grip

—ON THE—

Tea Trade of George's Creek,

AND we intend to keep a firm hold on it by always striving to please our patrons in everything they buy from us, and give them money's worth every time.

We have built up a large trade here in less than one year, thanks to our numerous and intelligent customers, who know how to appreciate a genuine article when it is put before them.

To retain and increase that trade we intend to put forth every effort this year.

We have just received, therefore, a large quantity of NEW SEASON TEAS in

Formosa Oolong from.....50 cents up
Congos " .....40 " "
India, Ceylon and Japan TEAS in all grades.

We blend any TEAS to suit customers. Try us once and you will come again.

Do you want anything in the QUEENSWARE line? Come to our store and you can be suited.

We have on hand also a full line of Natural Leaf CHEWING and SMOKING TOBACCO and fine CIGARS.

☞A call solicited.

AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Broadway, [Jan 30] Frostburg, Md

RESTAURANT.

Everything Seasonable and Fresh

Cuisine Unexcelled.

ELEGANT DINING ROOM for LADIES and GENTLEMEN on street floor. A pleasant home and place of refreshment for visitors stopping between trains.

C. Reichenbach,
RESTAURATEUR,
Nov 21 Frostburg, Md.

NEWS and BOOKS

WE sell BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, fine STATIONERY, POCKET BOOKS, outdoor GAMES of all kinds.

JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice,
March 5 Cumberland, Md.

Have You a House

THAT IS NOT INSURED?

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

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

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

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

THE DAY'S WORK.

So thy day's work, my dear,
Though fast and dark the clouds are drifting near,
Though time has little left for hope and very much for fear.

So thy day's work, though now
The hand must falter and the dead must bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.

Yet there is left for us,
Who on the valley's verge stand, trembling thus,
A light that lies far in the west—soft, faint, but luminous.

We can give kindly speech,
And ready helping hands to all and each,
And patience, to the young around, by smiling silence teach.

We can give gentle thought,
And charity, by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old faults lived down, by toil and failure wrought.

We can give love, unmarred
By selfish snatch at happiness, unjarred
By the keen aims for power or joy that make youth cold and hard.

And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold—would fain fare on unchecked
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect,

Why, do thy day's work still.
The calm deep founts of love are slow to chill;
And Heaven may yet the harvest yield, the work-worn hands to fill.

—All the Year Round.

DORA.

The night after his stepfather, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold Burr for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew it save me, and I was no one. But I thought as much of Harold as one human being could think of another, and I knew he was wronged, and felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband, and let him rule her, spend her money, and ill treat her handsome boy.

I had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived, and while she was a widow, I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all was altered. The squire looked at me coldly, and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my nursery, where Harold lay in his cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the child."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted, I can not do that!" cried the bride.

"My dear, I am master now," said her new husband.

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was but 6 years old, Harold was the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot instead of my pretty muslin and silk attire. I was delicate, and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slim.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her a little goose, and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

"That's right, Master Harold," cook would whisper. "It's a good deed you are doing. I was never taught to rade meself on account of an evil minded stepfather iv me own that put me to service before I could get schoolin' an' I know the loss."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes; but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halsted really felt badly about it, I know. But two little girls came soon and then a little boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just 18 that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light, and I with him, choking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me, perhaps forever.

It was only 5 o'clock and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew, and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare speak till we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh, Harold, what will you do with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with his limbs and senses need to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I had rather work in the trenches for my daily bread than live in Squire Halsted's house, and with a mother he has bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you, little sister. But remember, the moment I have power in my hands all that shall be altered. I shall write to you and you shall know just how I get on."

But now we had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was obliged to leave him, for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until he was fairly out of reach, and he put his arm around my waist and kissed me.

"Good-by, little sister," he said, "good-by, Dora, my pet. Keep a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found that he was gone, and the squire swore he should never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone.

And only I remembered him, I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her has often made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about this time I fell very ill, and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it is because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty, and so many questions were asked me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change! Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family, and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having got my story from good old cook, sought me out and made a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant young woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news from Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised me.

I felt sure he was not dead, and it was very natural he should forget to write, but my heart had no rest. He was 26 years old by this time, and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he might have suffered, and longing to meet him or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halsted came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madam," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I never have forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here to-morrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again, looking young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had arisen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling that went away.

"I suppose he will give us a lot of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must pet him and make him goodnatured."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "when girls have as stingy a father as we have a generous older brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! if he would return in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written, I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire says heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after a way they had. And the great drawing room doors were closed, shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me briefly that I was wanted in the parlor. Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the parlor door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned, and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth, Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora—the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I can not permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never have received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with any one; but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer you."

"Share your home, Harold!" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper."

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife; and here before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face, and led me away with him.

There was no quarreling. People like the squire and his family never offend rich people, and I am the happiest woman living.

THE LOON.

A Bird Swift in the Water as Well as in the Air.

It has been said that one of the strong strokes of nature was when she made the "loon"—a bird which represents the wilderness and solitariness of the wildest and most solitary spots. It dives with such marvellous quickness that the shot of the gunner gets there just in time "to cut across a circle of descending tail feathers and a couple of little jets of water flung upward by the web feet of the loon."

Speaking of this bird, Burroughs says that in the water its wings are more than wings. It plunges into the denser air and flies with incredible speed. Its head and beak form a sharp point to its tapering neck. Its wings are far in front and its legs equally far in the rear, and its course through the crystal depths is like the speed of an arrow. In the northern lakes it has been taken forty feet under water upon hooks baited for the large lake trout.

I had never seen one till last fall, when one appeared on the river in front of my house. I knew instantly it was the loon. The creature at once seemed to divine the intentions of the boatman, and sided off obliquely, keeping a sharp lookout as if to make sure it was pursued. A steamer came down and passed between them, and when the way was again clear the loon was again swimming on the surface. Presently it disappeared under the water, and the boatman pulled sharp and hard. In a few moments the bird reappeared some rods further on, as if to make an observation. Seeing it was being pursued and no mistake, it dived quickly, and, when it came up again, had gone many times as far as the boat in the same space of time. Then it dived again and distanced its pursuer so easily that he gave over the chase and rested upon his oars. But the bird made a final plunge, and when it again emerged upon the surface it was over a mile away.

Whole Streets of Flats.

Not many years ago, flats were so little appreciated in London that they could hardly be said to exist there at all. A few unwieldly blocks of buildings were built after the American fashion, but so little did they suit the English taste that for a long time they remained almost empty and tenantless, notwithstanding the fact that they then added a very low rent to the other advantages that they offered to their occupants. Now, during the last three or four years, the inhabitants of London seem to have suddenly changed their minds, and flats can not be built quickly enough to accommodate the numbers who are looking for them. Whole streets of flats, in some cases, have been constructed, and have been taken by eager tenants even before the builders have finished their work. Indeed, an inquirer for flats the other day, who was willing to pay a fair rent for very modest requirements, discovered that, unless he could speedily make up his mind to take the unfinished article, he had no chance at all of inhabiting the article when it was finished, so much greater was the demand than the supply. That the supply is making gigantic strides to overtake the demand is evident to any one who has watched the building operations in city streets, and the gradual rise of great blocks of red brick bearing the premature inscription, "Residential flats to be let." On the whole, we do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that, whatever may have been the increase in the number of houses in the metropolis during the last twenty-five years, the number of flats must have increased more than a hundredfold.

A Case of Mind Cure.

The heroic measures of medicine, says the New York *Times*, sometimes accomplish their purpose indirectly. A certain New York woman has been suffering for several months from a condition which she and her friends diagnosed as nervous prostration. Suddenly she got better, brightened up, and began to take an interest in things. Naturally, her husband was much pleased, and spoke more than once of her complete restoration.

"Why," said he, one evening, "you were on the eve of going to Dr. —— a fortnight ago."

"I did go," replied his wife.

"Oh, and he discovered you had nothing?"

"On the contrary, he discovered I had everything. He said I needed a shock. So I took it."

"Why, how? I knew nothing of this," half resentfully exclaimed the husband.

"I took the shock quite by myself," replied his wife. "Dr. —— said I had better go to his private hospital for treatment. I inquired as to the nature of the treatment, which he intimated was to be severe. I found that ice up and down my spine to freeze and red-hot iron over the same portion of my body to burn, with electricity, massage, baths and slapping as incidentals, would comprise the treatment. I came home, lay awake all that night, alternately feeling the chill of the ice and the searing of the iron, and received all the shock necessary. The next morning I got up cured."

Men learn by experience, and the most valuable experience is the one which has ended in failure.

SCENES AT THE CLOSE.

HOW THEY HID VALUABLES IN EXCITING TIMES.

To Preserve Their Treasures All Sorts of Expedients Were Resorted To And Many Ingenious Methods for Concealment Devised.

David Dodge has contributed a paper to the *Atlantic Monthly* upon "Home Scenes at the Fall of the Confederacy," from which we make this interesting extract:

With all diligence and secrecy we set to work to hide not only silverware, jewelry, and other valuables, but food also. To this end all sorts of expedients were resorted to. Bags of wheat and of shelled corn were carried out by night and hid in hollow logs and trees. Many a cavity, under overhanging rocks, in the ryclad bluffs, was converted into temporary crib or granary, in which grain was deposited, and covered with stones to keep off the hogs, a bank of leaves topping and concealing the stones. Hollow trees were turned into "smokehouses," where, on nails driven high up on the inside walls, were hung hams, "sides," and such edibles as hungry, keen-scented curs would have appropriated, no matter how deeply buried or well covered. Jars of lard and jugs of the inevitable "sorghum" (home-made molasses) were securely tied up and buried in the woods, or old "fields." Such microscopic remnants of coffee and sugar as still remained among us were usually classed and hid with the valuables. The preservation of the stint of salt which the energy and foresight of the idolized Vance had enabled him to dole out to us a few months before, so many pounds per capita, and at nominal price, gave us much concern. Sometimes it was trusted in bags hung up in the improvised smoke-houses, but oftener it was deposited in jars, and buried with the utmost care and circumspection.

But it was in the concealment of valuables that infinite varieties of ingenuity were displayed, some worthy of Poe's pirate (*vide* The Gold Bug), and some pathetic in their innocent disregard of the world and the world's craft. Rarely left above ground, these valuables were buried in all sorts of places, and all sorts of means were taken to leave no sign that the earth had been disturbed. Some persons preferred to dig holes in the woods, where the spot could be covered with leaves or pine needles. A favorite choice was by the side of the briery fence-corners in remote, unfrequented fields, especially if, as was usually the case in untilled fields, a thicket of young pines shut in the spot. Behind a dense screen of this kind small packages were often buried in the daytime; otherwise all such work had, of course, to be done under cover of darkness.

Sometimes, to make assurance doubly sure, a small brook would be dammed, the treasure, rendered as near waterproof as possible, buried in the bed beneath, and then the water allowed to resume its former channel. It will be seen at a glance that, so far as danger of discovery was concerned, this mode was the safest of all, provided it could be carried out unobserved. The concealer did not make a track on terra firma, either in approaching or leaving the spot, for he had before him the Indian path of running water, while the stream, rolling down its detritus of sand and gravel, soon made all parts of its bed alike. However, only articles of small bulk could well be hidden in this way. A near neighbor of ours had several fine gold watches, one of them, at least, a valued heirloom, whose safety caused him much anxiety. After earnestly considering every possible mode of concealing them, he finally decided on the one last mentioned. A fruit-jar was selected, tested as to being perfectly air tight, and the watches, after being wrapped in flannel, were placed therein, the jar was securely sealed, and the next day found the current of the spring branch flowing serenely above the treasure.

A few trusted their watches and jewelry to hollow trees and to clefts in lonely rocks, though the enterprise of the ubiquitous negro opossum hunter rendered this mode somewhat precarious. Such places being the retreat of the opossum, there was danger that he might lead his pursuers straight to the selected cleft or hollow, and, in getting him out, they could scarcely fail to discover other contents of the lair. In one instance this really did occur. A gentleman, having concealed a watch and some valuable diamonds in a small hollow tree, was startled, on reconnoitring the place a few days later, to find that the tree had not only been felled, but actually split open. He had given up his property for lost, when he happened to spy it buried in the leaves, where it had dropped as the trunk was rent asunder. Fortunately, the sable hunter had been too eager after his quarry to have an eye for anything else.

Insincerity in Writing.

Some of the most distinguished lights of literature have not wholly relied upon facts for the basis of some of the most famous passages of their writings. For instance, when Sir Walter Scott wrote:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"

he had never seen the abbey except by daylight, and his detailed description of the moonlit ruins was therefore a gilded "fake." The same disagreeable word might be applied to Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc before sunrise," as the poet had not witnessed the glories of an Alpine dawn, nor even seen the Alps. Equally insincere, in a somewhat different way, was Dr. Johnson's advice to young people, whom he assures, "with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good." Unfortunately the doctor confesses in his diary that it was his habit to lie in bed until two in the afternoon.

A CURIOUS FIND.

A Large Quantity of Honey Discovered in The Heart of a Tree.

A remarkable discovery was recently made at the Cathays yard of the Taff Vale Railway Company. A large elm tree, grown in Gloucestershire, was being cut up into timber, when, right in the very heart, a cavity measuring eight feet by seven and a half inches in diameter was discovered almost completely filled with the comb of the honey bee, together with a squirrel's skull. No means of access to the hollow was discoverable, neither was decay anywhere apparent, and around the cavity itself no less than fifty "rings," each ring denoting a year's growth, were counted, the outer bark being, too, without a flaw. The hollow was of uniform size throughout, and presented the appearance of having been bored with an auger and, great though its dimensions were, it was practically filled with the comb, proving that the bees must have been in possession for several years. Empty combs of the queen bee also showed that they had been swarmed.

How the bees got there can only be guessed, but it is surmised that a squirrel once occupied a decayed hole in the tree, cleared away the decay, occupied the cavity as its own, and there died. Then the bees entered into possession and filled the hole with comb, when by some means the entrance, which must have been small, became stopped, the large quantity of grub and fly being taken as demonstrative that the nest was not voluntarily deserted. Then for fifty years the growth of the timber went on. The entrance being absolutely obliterated and the hole hermetically sealed, the comb was preserved from decay for half a century, to be at last found in the way described.

A Modern Solomon.

There once lived in the City of Mexico a Frenchman known as Otavito (little Octave), whose rogueries kept the town in a ferment. At one time he claimed to have discovered a specific for the rejuvenescence of women, and, by means of sensational advertising, he succeeded in gathering a clientele of forty or fifty ancient dames, who were assembled, on a certain day, tricked out with astrological symbols, crucibles, alembics, and all the paraphernalia of charlatanry. The conjurer presented himself before the ladies, and addressed them in flamboyant language, ending as follows: "And now, senoras of my soul, it is needful that the mystic ceremonies before us be opened by the eldest one among you." Then, addressing her whose appearance seemed to indicate priority, he asked her age. "Thirty-seven years, senor," simpered the beldame, who was, at least, in the seventh decade. "And you, senora?" "Thirty-six." And so on, until he had got them down to a declared age of twenty years, with a maximum of thirty-seven. "Well, ladies all, you perceive that, without further proceedings, the miracle is accomplished," said Otavito; "for the least gallant of men could not call her aught but young whose years are but thirty-seven—and you see for yourselves that is the age of the oldest among you!"

Electricity for Nothing.

A Frenchman has again come forward with a proposition for obtaining "electricity for nothing." It remains only for an American to improve this method a little so as to throw in the usual chromo in addition. The Frenchman's proposition is, however, not unreasonable. Some years ago a company was started in France for obtaining electricity as a by-product in the manufacture of copper sulphate. They sold the electricity in accumulators. The present proposition is to obtain sufficient current for running a few lights in a private house by means of the thermo-pile heated by stoves used for warming the rooms or for cooking. As such stoves must be used in every house, he claims that the electricity is obtained as a by-product, which costs nothing. If the miserable little Paris stoves, which have a greater effect on the imagination than on the temperature, are sufficient to run an arc light, an ordinary American stove ought to be able to illuminate a house as bright as daylight by this method. One of the great difficulties experienced in thermopiles is in the melting of the solder at the joints. To overcome this, why not weld the two together electrically? This ought to be far superior, and would probably be quite as cheap, if not cheaper, says *Electrical World*.

Living on $5 a Month.

Consul Bedloe of Amoy has recently written an interesting description of the condition of the laboring classes in that part of China. The average workingman earns $5 a month. Out of this he supports his wife and children. With so small an income it is necessary for the family to be rigidly economical. The daily fare for an Amoy workingman includes a pound and a half rice, an ounce of meat or fish, a pound of cabbage or other vegetable, and a little salt and oil and the fuel to cook it with, and the whole costs less than six cents. The laborer lives in a small house usually only one-story high, about 20x30 feet in size. There are no gas, water or sewer conveniences. The garbage is given to the family pig, and the offal is carefully preserved until it amounts to enough to sell as a fertilizer to farmers and gardeners. Consul Bedloe says that the common belief that all Chinese read and write and are well informed does not contain a particle of truth. The higher classes, who do not exceed five per cent of the population, have a good literary education. Ninety per cent of the people however, are familiar only with 100 to 500 ideographs, which enable them to write to their friends and also to keep accounts in schoolboy fashion. They seldom try to read, and rely for literary amusement upon itinerant readers and story-tellers.