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MINING JOURNAL.

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

21st YEAR—NO. 45. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,085.

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 30	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 03	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 01	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
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:45 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 " "	dai-	
	ly 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.	" dai-	
	ly 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,
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.

GULF WEEDS.

Where the gulf weeds go, drifting, drifting,
In the straight path of the seas,
Caught by the swirling eddy,
Tossed by the madcap breeze,
A myriad tiny creatures
Go sailing away with these.

On pod, and frond, and steamer,
On rosy and purple spray,
In the mesh of the lovely seaweeds
Sailing and drifting away
To the shores of they-know-not-whither,
In the happy far away.

Barnacle, prawn and scallop,
Mollusks with pearls and rings,
Crayfish, clicking their music,
Sailing, unnamed things,
And the Argonaut, brave sailor,
With the old-time myths it brings.

They know what the waves are saying,
They hear the sea birds scream;
And the white ships loom and vanish
In the wonderful tropic stream;
And they sing and chatter together
Like voices in a dream.

And if we were mermaids or mermen,
We, too, would sail at our ease,
On the raft of the lovely seaweeds
Drifting away with these,
With the tiny creatures about us,
Through the strange path of the seas.

While barnacle, prawn and scallop
Would chatter and sing and play,
Argonaut, mollusk and crayfish
As we went drifting away
To the shores of we-know-not-whither
In the happy far-away.
—Emilye A. Braddock, New York Sun.

LIGE.

BY PHILIP F. KING.

They called him that. But Thomas Buddie Elijah Sylvester Macodolucum were the five proper names to which the low, lean, languid boy had a title. These high sounding appellations were, indeed, all that the lad had, and being quite jealous of his possessions, he felt insulted if any one of his names were omitted in addressing him.

He was an orphan boy, and reared by his aged aunt and her husband. It was partly due to the constant association of these two elderly people that he had such an old, faded look. A weakly frame, an injured and shrunken leg, constant hard work and no play, had added their part in giving this lad of 15 summers the sad, weary look, and cadaverous appearance of a caged soldier in the battle of life, whose struggle had been full of weariness, and upon whom care and trial had left their impress.

Thomas Buddie Elijah Sylvester Macodolucum was born and reared amid the hills and dales of eastern Tennessee. His uncle and aunt lived on a small farm in the roughest part of the country. The neighbors were several miles away, and with a few exceptions visitors never came to their lonely and secluded cottage. Reared as he was, shut out from the voices of gladness, of youth and innocence, deprived of a comrade or a friend, it is not surprising that he should appear timid and silent when in the presence of robust and joyful children. Certain it is that when, one morning in September, he limped painfully and slowly up to the little schoolhouse, four miles from his miserable, isolated home, and joined the band of happy children gathered there, the lad felt strangely out of place and greatly embarrassed. Such a scene as this was new to him, and he realized that his life was different from theirs.

The children noticed his timidity and were attracted by his pale face, his delicate body, and his shrunken leg; but soon after the first surprise they began to see something amusing about this boy, and nearly every pupil had some amusing joke about him, and when he told the teacher with remarkable rapidity that his name was Thomas Buddie Elijah Sylvester Macodolucum a mischievous giggle passed around the room.

"Any more names left in your family?" asked one of the larger boys at recess that day.

"What, sir?" returned the lad, who was not accustomed to "chaffing."

"That's right—always call me sir," said the other, with mock gravity. "I like it. Did you say that you used 'em all up—not enough to go round?"

But the shouts of the school children told the new pupil that he was being laughed at, and, coloring shyly, he escaped from the mischievous group.

Had these young people only known of the drudgery of this poor boy's life, and how sad and lonely and friendless he felt, they would never have indulged in cruel jokes, nor curtailed his prized high sounding name to prosaic "Lige."

But they did not know. Lige bore their jeers and jests uncomplainingly; and it was only during his lonely walks home that his sad eyes would swim in tears, and his heart ache for one loving word, one kind friend, one affectionate look.

One day, in return for some trifling favor, Lige was given two glass marbles, and these had beautiful red spots in their centers, which appeared quite wonderful to him. His admiration for his newly acquired treasure was so great that he gazed upon them during study hours. Once, while examining them proudly, by accident one of them fell to the floor. The children laughed, and Lige, in picking the marble up, put it in the wrong pocket—one with a hole in it—and again the marble fell, and again the merriment broke loose.

"If that occurs again," said the teacher, "I will punish you."

Directly in front of Lige sat Paul Mabrey, the largest pupil in the school, and his chief persecutor. Paul saw an opportunity for some fun. Having a marble he cautiously reached behind and dropped it squarely under Lige's desk. It fell quickly, making a loud noise, and rolled the entire length of the floor, stopping at the feet of the teacher. The result proved as Paul had desired; the scholars laughed and the teacher became very angry.

"I'll not tell you," she demanded, "that if you again disturbed the school you should be punished?"

"Please mum," said Lige, "I didn't drop the marble; Paul Mabrey dropped it, 'cause I seed him."

"He is mistaken, Miss Christian," quickly answered Paul, surprised at the sudden courage of Lige. "I knew nothing of it until I heard the noise."

"He did drop it, and dropped it a purpose," retorted Lige, "and he knows he did. I seed him do it, sly like."

"Lige is speaking untruthfully," said Paul, his face turning red; and he looked appealingly at his companions.

"That will do," said the teacher. "You were told to be careful, Thomas, and you have wilfully disobeyed me; now go and stand in that corner until you are given permission to sit down."

The boy obeyed. But somehow the scholars didn't enjoy the scene as much as they expected. Several had seen Paul drop the marble, and were surprised that the lame boy had the courage to dispute his word.

As for poor Lige, this public humiliation was almost too great for endurance. He had never before given vent to his feelings, but now he felt the injustice too keenly, and his pride was sorely wounded. He hung his head, and hot tears rolled down his cheeks. He had never felt so lonely and friendless in his life, and would have given even his beautiful marbles, his only possession; for one look of sympathy, one tender touch of a friendly hand.

At noon Lige did not join in the games, but limped down to a tree overhanging the little river. He was sitting there pondering over his sad life, and watching the swift current, when he was joined by Paul Mabrey and several others of the boys.

"How dared you deny my word?" angrily demanded Paul.

"You know you done it," answered Lige, and you done it a-purpose."

"How dare you!" again exclaimed Paul, as he reached for a stick near the bank.

Just as he touched it his foot slipped; in a moment he had fallen from the bluff and was struggling in the water 10 feet below. He could not swim, and his helpless companions screamed with alarm as they saw him borne swiftly away.

Suddenly there was a splash in the water some distance below, and a small boy with a shrunken leg was seen swimming rapidly toward the drowning lad. A shout of relief rent the air when he reached Paul and caught him just as he was sinking for the third time. With agonizing faces the scholars watched the pale little cripple strike for the shore, laboriously and slowly swimming, and upholding his rescued burden. A second glad shout arose when, a little later, Paul Mabrey, with strength revived, grasped a strong weeping willow branch that reached out some eight feet from the shore.

But none seemed to notice that just as a pale, trembling hand grasped a friendly limb it dropped in weakness, and the current soon bore it out of sight.

A few days afterward a band of school children, bearing bouquets and led by Paul Mabrey, slowly marched toward the cemetry and stopped beside a newly made grave. With bowed heads they gazed awhile upon the narrow home of the little dead hero, and then began to deck the mound with their flowers, watering it freely with tears. They lingered awhile, then, with chastened and pitying faces, slowly left the place—all except one boy, crying as if his heart would break, prostrate upon the small lonely grave.

Little Johnny Tells a Story.

One time there was a young gote wich felt butty, and there was a ole ram wich lay in the road, half a sleep, chune his cud. The gote he had been shot up in a paster ol his life, an' had never saw a ram, an' he sed to his sister, the gote did: "You jest stan' still an' se me whips that freak off the face of the erth."

So the gote he went up before the ram an' stomp his feets an' shuks his hed real friteful, but the ram he didn't git up, but only jes kep a chune his cud and wotched out between his i lashes. Bime by the gote he backed off an' take a run, an' then grose up in the air an' come down with his hed on the ram's hed, whack! The gote's hed was busted, but the ole ram he never wank his eye. Then the ole ram he smiled with his mowth, an' sed to the butte gote's sister: "Pears to me, miss, that kangaroo of yourn is mity careless where he lites, he come gum dasted near making me swoller my cud."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Value of Competition.

Merchant—I wish to transport some goods to Altoona and——

Railroad Official (irascibly)—Well, why in thunder don't you go to the freight department?

Merchant—It's a large quantity of goods, and I wish to inquire about rates.

Official—Go to the freight department, I say. Whatever the rates are you'll pay 'em or keep your goods at home. No reductions to you or any one else. Hear that. Clear out now.

Merchant—The Altoona I mean is not in this State, but the Altoona of Iowa. There is a rival road running there, you know, and I can easily—

Official—Sit down, my dear sir, sit down and let's talk it over. James, bring the gentleman a cigar. Henry, bring the gentleman a glass of champagne. George, tell the president one of our most valued patrons is here.—New York Weekly.

Jay Gould carries in his purse a ten-cent piece which he declares at one time was all that stood between him and a dead-broke condition.

Senator Coke, of Texas never wears a necktie or cravat, but he can get away with a paper of fine cut quicker than any of his colleagues

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

NO TWO COUNTRIES USE THE SAME KIND OF BREAD.

The Englishman Looks With Disfavor on American Hot Bread—French Loaves the Shape of a Cord Wood Stick—Varieties of the Oriental Baker.

A broad assertion is made, but it is nevertheless a true one, that there are no two countries in the world where the people make and eat the same kind of bread. Even in such closely kindred countries as England America there exists a decided difference of opinion in regard to the consumption of this staple article of food. The American custom of eating biscuits as hot as they can be handled from the oven is regarded by John Bull with even a greater measure of disfavor than that of swallowing big tumblers of ice water at our meals. Mr Bull, he of the cellarful of fine old crusted port, the daily round of roast beef, carrots, mince pie and Gorgonzola cheese, thinks the thinness, the nervousness and the dyspepsia of his Cousin Jonathan comes largely from these twin evils of hot bread and ice cold water.

In France the ordinary loaf assumes the proportions of a roll the size of a man's fore arm, and four feet long. In any French village, about meal times, grown people and children may be seen walking sedately along the streets with a four-foot stick of bread thrust under each arm. A careless youngster sometimes forgets himself to the extent of letting the hindmost end of the stick trail along the ground.

Not until one gets down to the principalities of the Balkan peninsula does any really noteworthy innovation occur. Here one finds the medium between Asiatic and European methods of making bread. The medium is far from being a happy one, however; no more execrable bread is to be found the whole world round than is served up to a traveller at the wayside mehanas of Bulgaria. Beside being villainously heavy and well nigh black, it is coarse and repulsive, almost as wet saw dust to the palate; sand, moreover, enters very largely into its composition from carelessness in handling and milling the wheat.

This style of bread confronts the disgusted European traveller for the first two hundred miles beyond the Bosphorus, until one gets pretty well out of the Greek and Bulgarian settlements in western Apatolia, where another decided change is experienced. Here we come suddenly into the realm of the simon pure unleavened variety of Asia. Bread is now called ekmek, and takes the form of flat cakes or sheets about two feet in diameter and the thickness of ordinary blotting paper.

The necessaries for the preparation of this ekmek are coarse wheat flour, water, mixing trough, rolling pin, a large thin griddle and a slow burning substance called tezek for a fire. Taking these simple ingredients outside the house early in the morning, the Turkish or Armenian female kindles the fire, mixes the dough, rolls it out, bakes it and stacks enough of it up to serve her household for the day. When fresh and warm this bread is tough and cloggy; a few days later it loses something of its clogginess, but retains its toughness, and as it advances in age it becomes brittle and hard. It is as indestructible, healthful and useful an article of food as the hard tack issued to the ancient mariner and the old man of the sea.

In Asia Minor, as in all other countries, however, the luxurious requirements of city-bred people demand some kind of improvement on the drivers and goat herds. Therefore, in gratification of their epicurean tastes, the ingenious Oriental baker has conceived and prepared little hoops or rings of bread about the size of the rope quoits aboard an Atlantic steamer. These novel preparations are made of finer and whiter flour than the ekmek, and are rendered light and aristocratic by the addition of sour dough or other leavening substance.

This sort of bread prevails throughout the cities of Asia Minor, and the use of ekmek extends eastward among the peasantry of western Persia as far as Tabrees. Here the staff of life undergoes another transformation, and in many respects a change for the better. The nune of the Persian city bazaars is really excellent bread, most Europeans giving it preference over every kind they are acquainted with. Nune is turned out for proper consumption and approval in the forms of flat cakes a foot broad and three to four feet long. The baker takes a lump of dough of the proper size and rolls it dexterously into the proper shape and thickness on his bare forearm. He then flips a light shower of water over its surface, and with a masterly toss spreads it over a bed of heated pebbles.

Contact with the almost red hot pebbles quickly converts it into a cake of nicely browned indentations and spongy risings that render it almost as light as if leavened with yeast. The peasantry of eastern Persia and Khorassan make a coarse imitation of this same form of bread, which is also very palatable and wholesome when eaten fresh. The cakes are smaller and thicker than those of the city baker, and their baking apparatus is altogether different. The oven is a huge, upright earthenware jar. This is heated to the proper consistency by inserting live coals and covering up the top. The dough, being patted out into a cake by the hands, the woman sprinkles it with water, dabs it against the inside wall of the jar and then quickly replaces the cover; in a few minutes the cake is nicely baked.

In Afghanistan the people adopt the Persian methods of bread making, without possessing the same skill or exercising the same care and trouble in its preparation.

Good gloves are made of antelope skin.

STREAKS OF LUCK.

Fortunes That Have Been Made by Accident.

One O'Reilly, a trader, in casually stepping at the house of a Boer near Pneil, Griqualand West, saw some children playing with a number of exceedingly pretty pebbles, and on asking his Dutch host whether he could take one, he was promptly told that he could do so, as "the children had plenty more of them."

O'Reilly took the stone to Grahamstown and sold it for $3,000; it was resold for $25,000.

A Dutchman named De Beer had built himself the usual wattle and daub house on his farm, but it had been erected for quite a long period before some inquiring prospectors found that the rough cast used for the walls actually contained diamonds. The farm speedily changed hands for $10,000. It now, with its neighboring mines produces over $15,000,000 of diamonds annually, the total wealth from this discovery to date being probably over $250,000,000.

At Wesselton, a Boer riding out at sundown to bring in his horses from the veldt, where they had been running all day, saw a small animal called a "meercat" (it somewhat resembles a weasel, and burrows in colonies like rabbits) industriously scraping some earth from its hold. Some peculiarity of the ground so thrown up led the Dutchman to fill his handkerchief with it, and after he had stabled his horses, by the dismal light of a small lamp he examined the nature of the earth. To his astonishment and delight he found a three-quarter carat diamond in the sands.

Further search at the meercat's hole revealed other diamonds, and six months ago no less than $2,550,000 was refused for the farm. Since the accidental discovery over 200,000 carats of fine white diamonds have been extracted from the mine.—Tit-Bits.

Thoppa-Riding.

A curious mode of conveyance in India is the thoppa, a long cane basket with a seat in the middle, from which hangs a small board to support the feet. Over the head is a covered top of cane and cloth. As you sit in this basket a man carries you on his back, supporting some of the weight by a strap which attaches the back of the thoppa to his head.

Going along backward, and knowing that, should the man's headstrap break, you will doubtless be precipitated down the cliff, are not very pleasurable sensations, but one becomes exceedingly jealous after a lengthy course of thoppa-ides in the hills.

Sometimes the bearer remembers that it is a cold night, and his patron is going to a ball, to be there three or four hours while he is left outside in the cold. Having arrived at the conclusion that the cold will probably by that time be inside as he, he will begin the journey enveloped in all the coverings he can muster.

After he has gone some distance with the thoppa he becomes warm, and rapidly divests himself of his many wrappers, placing them on top of the machine, where they flutter about, now and then hitting one playfully in the mouth or eye. Having made themselves as unpleasant as they possibly can, they end by falling off into the road.

The bearer perceives them, and immediately descends with you to his hands and knees, and grovels about until he recovers the fallen raiment. During this process your head assumes a downward tendency, and your heels fly heavenward; should you move ever so slightly in any direction you immediately find yourself sitting on the ground, in an attitude less dignified than hasty.

Then you may rage at the native, and abuse all his relations, according to custom, in his own language, and you will not impress him in the least; but use good sound fish-wife English and he will treat you as becomes a person worthy of respect.

Babies.

One "living jewel," as the poet calls a baby, "drops unstained from Heaven" at every heart beat. They take wing and fly back from whence they came one for each minute of the day. From January first to December thirty-first between thirty-eight and forty million living jewels are dropped into this cold world. There are more baby girls than boy babies. The proportion of female births to male births is as one hundred to ninety. So that between two and three million more girls are born into the world each year than boys. There is always a surplus of women, and the extra number of girl babies keeps up the supply. If you are good at figures, get out your paper and pencil and try this sum. Here is a simple problem in arithmetic: A baby is born to-day (1892). Now, suppose its ancestors had married at the age of twenty-one from the time of our Lord—fifty-six generations—how many grandfathers has that baby had? The answer, in round numbers, will be three figures, followed by fifteen ciphers.

A Narrow Escape.

During a recent session of a West Virginia court a darky was tried for cutting a white man with a razor. His counsel wished to prove that the white man was the aggressor, and that the darky was physically unable to defend himself without a weapon. Being duly sworn, "Uncle Jim" was asked whether he had ever been injured in any way.

"Yes, sah."

"Tell the jury all about it."

"Well, sah, it was down in Chat'noogy I's a-wukkin' down dah, an' I done fell off'n a derrick—fell sixty feet. I broke dis hyah laig, an' I fractured dis hyah alum in two places, an' I knocked out dem two teef, an' my collah-bone was broke, an' I had three ribs busted; dis hyah yeah was tore off, an' hatter be sewed on agin: an' de fac' is, gent'men, ef it hadn't been for a pile o' bricks dat sort o' broke my fall, I'd 'a' been liable to be *hurt serious*."

SMOKING IN CUBA.

Pipes a Rarity, but the Cigarette Is Everywhere.

No one in Cuba, except the foreigner, ever smokes a pipe, but cigars and cigarettes are universal, says the Boston *Globe*:

Of necessity there is a great demand for a cheap cigar, and some of the cigars that fill that demand emit a smoke which will float a straw hat and wither the vegetation for rods around.

The cigarette, however, is the main reliance of the workingman. No remarks are passed in Cuba when a man lights a cigarette, nor is there anything effeminate in the article itself. Five cents pays for a big bunch as long as an ordinary cigar.

It is not easy for the visitor to get a good cigar at the tobacconist's. The ten and fifteen cent grades seem coarse and heavy, and a headache goes with every one. But a visit to a factory near Havana makes the old smoker's mouth water.

There one can buy cigars all the way from $35 a thousand up to $850. "Eight hundred and fifty dollars for a thousand cigars! Who buys them?" Oh, lots of people in different parts of the world—mainly wealthy Spaniards and Portuguese.

Very few of these cigars are sold to the United States. The Yankee is allowed to bring just forty-nine cigars home with him without paying duty.

The Roman Matron.

That august and forbidding person, the Roman matron, is pleasantly pictured in the paper on "Private Life in Ancient Rome," by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge, which appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The passage runs:

The union thus formed and sanctioned by the divine blessing was at first, and indeed for a long while, regarded as indissoluble. It assured to the Roman matron a very noble position. She was subordinate to her husband in their relations with the world, but her sway within the home was undisputed. Her spouse, no less than her children and servants, addressed her with deference as *domina*, or lady. No servile work was expected of her, but, so far from being confined to one quarter of the dwelling, like the Greek woman, she moved freely through it, overseeing all its activities and arrangements, the preparation of meals, the spinning of her maidens, the lessons of her children. She received her husband's guests and sat with them at table, while the children, and sometimes even favorite slaves who had been born and reared in the house, were served at a sort of side table in the same room.

It was not thought seemly for a matron to go out without her husband's knowledge or unattended; but, upon these conditions, she was free to walk abroad; place was deferentially made for her in the public ways, and the stola matronalis, or peculiar outside garment which she wore, was supposed to be a protection from all discourtesy. She attended public games and theatrical representations; her testimony was received in the courts; she might even plead for an accused relative. If she came of a very noble race, she was entitled to a funeral sermon, or public oration of eulogy after her death.

Such was the ideal wifehood of the good old Roman times, and there is a sense in which it may be said always to have remained the ideal. Everybody knows that the mother of the Gracchi and the wife of Marcus Brutus were ladies of austere fashion and immaculate mind. Nay, late in the fourth century, even, we find St. Jerome endeavoring to shame some of the more lawless lambs of his flock by examples of personal rectitude and dignity in the first pagan families. But long ere that time the standard of manners had fatally deteriorated. The enormous increase of wealth, and the habits of eastern luxury which came in with the Macedonian and other wars of foreign conquest, were prolific sources of corruption; while the study of Greek philosophy, which was affected by clever women equally with their lords, promoted the growth of new ideas, which rendered the "daily round and common task" of the older time particularly irksome.

Marriage with manus and religious rites went more and more out of fashion except for the priestly caste; marriage upon any terms was avoided by very many. Divorce, on the other hand, became of daily occurrence, and could be had on the most frivolous pretexts, as the lives of the Romans whom we know most intimately, Cæsar, Pompey and their great cotemporaries, only too plainly show.

It Couldn't Fail.

His history is briefly told. After several days of thought he discovered a sure way of making money, and, like other men, he was in a hurry to try.

He made haste to insert an advertisement something like the following in several country weeklies:

"Sure way to kill potato bugs; send 20 two cent stamps to X. Y. Z——, for a recipe that can not fail."

Then he hired a dray to bring his mail from the postoffice and had 10,000 of his recipes printed. Inside of two weeks something like 6,000 or 7,000 farmers had contributed 20 two cent stamps each for the printed recipes.

Then several hundred of them bought clubs and railroad tickets, and started out to interview the advertiser. At his office they were informed that he had left to attend to some business in Europe, and he was not expected back. All he had left was a package of 3,000 or 4,000 slips of paper, on which was printed the following:

"Put your bug on a shingle. Then hit it with another shingle."—Chicago Tribune.