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MINING FROSTBURG JOURNAL.

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

21st YEAR—NO. 47. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,087.

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 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
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:43 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:40 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12 midn't	....No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:20 p m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	

Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	2:00 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....3:25 p m
" 5—Express leaves....4:05 p m

EASTBOUND.

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

Very Best Accommodations for Steerage and Intermediate Passengers.

An experienced Surgeon is attached to each vessel.

Intermediate and Steerage Stewardesses carried by each Steamer for the purpose of attending to the wants of females and children.

For further particulars or Passage Tickets apply to A. SCHUMACHER & CO.,
No. 5 South Gay street, Baltimore,
Or in Frostburg to A. V. K. DEEKENS,
At the office of the Consolidation Coal Co.,
Or in Mt. Savage 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 indemnity in event of loss. Apply to

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

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the wate
Before I stoop to drink;
Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be there is waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my tired soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing,
I would not if I might:
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from the trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered words, "He knows."

TWO DEBTS.

When Ashbel Dean died and his earthly debts and credits were looked into, it was discovered that the credit page was nearly as spotless as the sheet that covered Ashbel's still form, while mortgages for the full value of the farm were recorded on the other side.

Ashbel had been considered forehanded. His neighbors said he "speculated West," and were astonished when his death revealed the fact that he had sacrificed all in an endeavor to save some shreds of his financial reputation.

None were more surprised than his own family. This included the widow, and Amanda and Israel, twins, twenty years old. They were quite crushed They shrank from it as from the presence of death—the first one in the family. For days they dared not speak of it, but it was always in their thoughts At length the widow roused her energies and summoned her two children.

"We can save the farm," she said. "Mandy, you can keep the district school; Israel and I will carry on the farm. We must all stand together, now."

For twenty years they were possessed of that one thought, urged by that one motive—to pay the debt.

They stood together twenty years, and at the end of that time they owed no man anything. The mother looked scarcely a day older. The work of directing had kept her faculties fresh and vigorous. But son and daughter had passed from anticipative youth into dulled middle age. The debt, unscrupulous and avaricious, had left them no enjoyment. It had robbed them of life's most desirable part.

When Amanda was twenty she was called pretty. Gatherings had been incomplete without her. After that she never attended another. The attentions of young men were refused. Now she had become thin and sallow. She knew she could hope for no return of love's pleasures. If a thought of marriage crowded itself upon her she shook it off as unwelcome. She could give up her school now, and devote her time to her home—to her mother and brother.

And Israel was free. He took a long breath and stood up straight, easing his galled shoulders of the burden they had just cast off. Life suddenly looked pleasant to him. He would make some needed improvements on the place. The house should have a coat of paint. He stood in the sunshine, and looking up through the June foliage of the maples, thought the seed pods looked like the legs of so many elfin painters dangling there painting the sky. Then he laughed at himself, and said that he must be getting young and frisky.

When he was twenty he had intended to marry. Now, at forty, he thought of it again. When he ceased his visits to Harriet Downer, she had understood his reason for doing so. She had had no company since then, he told himself, and his heart gave a great bound at the thought. Why should he not?

One day he came to his mother and sister, and said bluntly,—

"I am going to marry Harriet Downer."

There was silence for a moment, then his mother said coldly,—

"We know it."

By the tone and attitude Israel understood that his mother and sister would not welcome the woman he meant to marry. He understood that they thought the tie of twenty years to be as binding as that of wedlock, and did not wish it broken.

Only once after that Israel spoke of his marriage.

"I am to marry Harriet to-morrow. Shall you be there?"

"No," his mother answered.

But Israel would keep his vow to Harriet. The twenty years' struggle had cultivated in him the dogged resolution he had inherited from his mother.

He married Harriet, and after a week brought her home, but no one appeared to welcome them.

"Mother!" he called, as he went through the house.

In two [illegible] rooms he found his mother and sister.

"[illegible] is not here," he said.

"[illegible] we shall stay here," [illegible] dazed. He remembered [illegible] that he saw a stove, with pots and pans and dishes, and in the other room a bed, a table and chairs. The two women had made all preparations for living by themselves.

And this was the bride's home coming! Yet the married pair lived a happy life together. Israel felt keenly the miserable life his wife must endure, and strove to alleviate it by every kindly attention in his power, and she understood his motive and resolutely hid all traces of pain. Life for each was as the other made it.

There was no communication between the two parts of the house, and no messages passed, no visits were exchanged.

Thus for two years; then a baby was born. One day Harriet said to Israel:

"Take the baby and go to your mother."

He understood, and taking the child in his arms, went and knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" his mother's voice asked.

"Your son and grandson," he replied.

There was a slight pause, and then Amanda said:

"We are too busy to see you."

He returned, and laid the baby by his wife. She did not need to question him by word or eye.

Two years more went by. One morning Israel called his wife to come down into the garden. He had some vegetable wonder to show her.

"But I can't take the baby out in the dew," she objected.

"Leave him where he is. He'll do no harm for five minutes."

Then toddle, toddle away—the little feet knew the path that was forbidden them—straight on through the unused passageway to the door at the end. He pushed and shuffled against it in a babyish way.

"What's that queer noise at the door, Mandy?" asked Mrs. Dean.

"Sounds like a dog," said Amanda.

But when the door opened in tottered a baby, triumphant, happy, eager. Every line of his baby face, every curl, had been graven on the widow's heart for forty years, and it suddenly opened to show her the likeness.

"It's Israel over again!" she cried.

In a moment she was on the floor caressing the little one.

Blighted Amanda leaned on her broom, looking at this strange happening. And Israel and Harriet, hastening after the child, stood in the doorway witnessing the first step in a reconciliation.

"Come to mamma, Israel," said Harriet to the child.

He looked laughingly at her over his grandmother's shoulder.

"Tum to mamma," he repeated, taking a step and pulling at the widow's finger.

The widow hesitated but a moment between mother's love and hard, selfish pride.

"I will," she said firmly. "And, Mandy, put down your broom and come, too."

Then, led by the little truant, she came toward Israel and Harriet.

"My children!" she cried.

People Should Not Sleep Together.

Persons often ask: "Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed?" This same question is varied thus: "Is it healthful for an aged and very young person to sleep together? If not, which suffers most, the aged or the young person?" We have often answered these questions by saying no to the first question. It is always unhealthy for two persons to sleep together in the same bed and under the same covers. The air under the bed covers immediately surrounding the body of the sleeper is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances escaping through the excretory glands of the skin from the moment the person retires until he arises. The odor of the bed clothing, after having been occupied for a night, is often positively offensive to the nostrils of a person with an unimpaired sense of smell—especially one who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed.

The poisonous character of this under-the-bedclothes air would be somewhat more likely to affect the susceptible constitution of a child than that of an adult. In elderly persons the amount of the impurities in the air surrounding the sleeper must be greater than in younger persons; consequently, while both persons would be more or less injured, the proportion of harm would doubtless be greater to the young person than to the person of more advanced years.

Mr. Treves of the London Hospital has called attention to the fact that wounds especially of the lower limbs, heal much sooner when exposed to the open air, instead of being covered by bedclothing He remarks that the air under the bed clothing is foul and almost hot, and hence likely to be very harmful to wounds with which it may come in contact.—Good Health.

An Old-Fashioned Parson.

The convivial habits of the Scotch clergy of sixty to a hundred years ago were then thought not at all inconsistent with their cloth and their profession of sanctity. An old Scotch lady who formerly lived in Cornwall, Canada, recently gave this account of the minister under whom she had sat at home in her youth: "Ou, aye, weel do I mind Mr Douglas. He wasna yin of thae latter day kind that canna tak' a wee drappie. Mony's the time I've seen him gaun' along the street where I lived a' the better for what he didna carry just to say verra straightly. The auld wives would come out to their doors and put their arms so (akimbo) and look at him hirplin' alang and say: 'Ou, aye, there goes Mr. Douglas. He's gey fou' the day, the guid, pious old meenister!"—Boston Transcript.

Instantaneous photography has revealed the fact that the former method of representing lightning as a fiery zigzag was entirely false.

IN HOTELS.

Some Reasons Why Guests Are Compelled to Pay High Prices.

Leading American hotels carry upon their annual expense account from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars chargeable to paper, envelopes, matches and toothpicks supplied to guests and strangers. Strangers use more of them than the guests. A square box, in which are kept a dozen necessary things—such as cards, matches, envelopes and toothpicks—stands on the counters of most hotels. This box has to be constantly replenished. The proprietor of a large New York hotel furnishes some interesting information regarding the way in which his hotel is systematically robbed by guests and strangers. Five hundred envelopes and one thousand sheets of paper are required daily. Strangers appear at the desk, and with the utmost coolness ask for writing materials, which are usually furnished if the person is respectable in appearance. It is a common thing to see strangers enter a hotel writing-room and fill their fountain pens from the ink bottles. Blotting-paper given away costs ten dollars a month. Every visitor to a hotel believes himself entitled to toothpicks and matches. He takes a handful of the former and fills his pocket-matchbox with the latter. It costs fifteen dollars a month to supply these trifling articles. Pens and penholders and inkbottles disappear at the rate of a dozen a day. Every one seems to consider that hotels and their belongings are public property, and that the proprietors have no rights worth considering. Women who are models of thrift and neatness in their own homes, are constantly careless here. I have seen a mother stand her children upon fifty dollar chairs to look out of the windows, and laugh at them when they jump up and down on two hundred dollar sofas. Furniture upholstered in the most delicate colors and textures will be used in the most reckless manner. A woman will slam her street shoes or damp umbrella on it; put empty plates on it when meals are served in her rooms; or throw oranges or bananas on it when she comes from the dining-room—it is all the same. Did you ever notice what a distinctly weary appearance hotel furniture soon assumes? These are some of the reasons. And these are some of the reasons why hotel bills come high.

The Wrong Valise.

It was under circumstances of peculiar difficulty that Alfred became a benedict the other day. As the bride-elect lived out of town, in one of the neighboring suburbs, he had arranged to go to the house of a friend, not far away, early in the forenoon. There he was to dress for the ceremony, which was to take place, English fashion, at the little village church before 12 o'clock. Sending most of his luggage on ahead, he put his wedding toggery in a hand valise—one of those flat sole leather affairs—and boarded the train at the appointed time.

Although naturally a very exact and methodical person, he was, not unreasonably, rather nervous on this occasion, and having left his seat to speak to a friend in the forward part of the car just before reaching the station, he hurried back as the brakeman called out the name of his place of destination, and, seizing what he supposed was his bag as it lay in an otherwise empty seat, he was off and away almost before the train had come to a standstill. Arriving at his friend's house, he found that there was an hour ahead of him before it was time to dress, so he consigned his bag to the servant and followed his host into his den to calm his mind with a cigar before the momentous event.

But he had hardly made himself comfortable before the butler entered with a countenance that bespoke an extraordinary effort to maintain his gravity.

"Beg pardon, sir, but there must be some mistake; will you please to see what harticles I've found in your bag, sir?"

Quite bewildered, Alfred and his friend followed the man up stairs and found, neatly ranged on the bed, what was evidently the contents of a drummer's bag of samples—a cotton union garment, child's size; four different styles of braces, a patent seam corset, eight samples of collar buttons, half a dozen ties of flaring colors stamped "correct styles," and other goods of the same description.

Of course the explanation was obvious; he had taken the wrong bag, and his own wedding suit was en route for town on a tour of its own. Fortunately his friend was a man of about the same size, and by borrowing an outfit he was enabled to reach the church in time and no one was any the wiser. The story leaked out, however, and on his return from the honeymoon trip he had a lively half hour at his club.

London's Wooden Pavements.

Some time ago Mr. William Weaver, chief engineer and surveyor for Kensington, published a report upon the streets under his charge. These streets aggregated about eighty-four miles in length, and are paved with wood, asphalt and pitching flints, macadam and gravel. Of the main streets, all, with the exception of one thousand square yards of asphalt, are paved with wood laid on a foundation of six inches of Portland cement concrete.

Upward of two hundred thousand square yards of wood have been laid in all, and the varieties used include fir, beech, yale and jarrah. The best results obtained were with creosoted deal blocks nine inches long, three inches wide and five inches deep laid on six inches of concrete. They are generally spaced with open joints three-eighths of an inch wide, filled with asphalt to a depth of one-quarter of an inch to one-half an inch, the remainder fronted with Portland cement. Sometimes the blocks are laid with close joints, and if the weather is dry when this is done good results are obtainable.

ABSURD FIGURES.

The Fitness of Things Too Seldom Considered.

Seldom have men or women the faculty of grasping all the details of their own appearance; were the ability to do this less rare, we should not be amused or pained, as the case may be, by absurd vagaries in the way of dress. A small, thin man will put on a high hat under the impression that it makes him look taller, while in reality it only makes him present the appearance of a pair of scissors under a thimble. A tall, thin woman will wear a hat, in itself becoming, but which, taking her height and slenderness into the question, gives her all the appearance of a church spire. Her stout sister, who has a round, broad face, affects headgear resembling a turban as closely as the fashion will permit, and in consequence seems to lose several inches of her height. This principal runs through the question of manner quite as much as that of dress. The elephantine woman adopts the kittenish ways which are laughable in one of her appearance. The diminutive man drops his voice with great exertion into a heavy bass, and assumes a majestic carriage that is suitable for nothing short of six feet. But in nothing is this lack of taste—to call it by no harsher name—more noticeable, than in the selection of songs made by the average amateur singer. Imagine a young woman whose general appearance indicates the most robust health, beseeching her hearers to lay her "among the daisies!" or a fragile youth announcing in a weak, piping tenor, "Thy sentinel am I!" Such things are never forgotten, and at the end of a decade, every one of that audience, should they meet these performers, will remember the unfortunate evening when they sang these incongruous songs, and the absurd figure they cut in doing it.

Caught.

In countries where military conscription exists, men pretend to be afflicted in divers ways in order to escape service. Pretended inability to see is exposed by the surgeons without difficulty, but pretended deafness sometimes baffles the examiners. A counter trick on the part of the officers was for some time effective against this fraud. The recruiting officer, after a conscript had pretended to be deaf, remarked, in an ordinary tone of voice, "You are unfit for the service; you are free." In many cases the recruit showed by evident signs of satisfaction that he had heard the remark. He was then recalled, told that he had been detected in his fraud, and sent to the barracks. After a time, however, the conscripts became too wary to be caught in the trap. They had heard of the trick, and were on the lookout for this remark, and when it was uttered they made no sign of intelligence. A new trap has therefore been invented by French officers, the success of which is a curious illustration of the ingrained courtesy, on the part of Frenchmen of all classes. After the "You are free" has failed to excite any sign of understanding in the recruit's face, the command to go is shouted at him. He starts out of the room, the door of which is held open by mechanical means. As he passes through it, the officer says: "You might at least shut the door!" This little unjust impeachment of the man's politeness is said in nine cases out of ten of pretended deafness to result in a quick turning of the man's head. He is then called back, and told that he has been found fit for the service.

A Grammatical Point.

Judge Wilson, of Kentucky, is a fine lawyer, a purist in the use of English, and withal very fond of a joke, particularly if it is not directed against himself.

Tom Roberts practices a good deal before Judge Wilson, and rather prides himself on being a self-made man, and as he has pushed his way to the front without a college education, he is apt to look upon scholars as entirely "too finicky and theoretical."

Recently when pleading a case before his friend Mr. Wilson said:

"And now, may it please your Honor, I'll conclude my argument to-morrow, unless you will kindly consent to set late enough to hear me out this evening."

Here was Judge Wilson's chance, and he could not let it slip without notice.

"Hens set, sir, and judges sit."

"Very well," laughed Roberts, "I stand corrected, and I hope your Honor will sit long enough to hear me out."

Not long after this the judge, while giving an opinion, remarked:

"Under the circumstances, as stated, I do not think an action will lay."

"I beg your Honor's pardon," said Roberts, quick as a flash, "up in the mountains whar I was ris we allow that hens lay, and actions lie."

"And in saying so," responded the blushing judge, "you have laid closer to the truth than at any time since you began this case."

Results of Disobedience.

Some years ago the Rothschilds held a large quantity of cotton in New Orleans, which they instructed their agent in that city to sell when cotton should reach a certain price. The agent, believing that the price of cotton would go beyond the figure named by his employers, held on till he was able to sell it at a price which netted forty thousand dollars more than he would have got for it if he had obeyed his orders from London. He joyfully informed his employers of his success, supposing they would share his satisfaction at the result. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he received a reply, saying, in substance:

"The forty thousand dollars you made by disobeying your instructions is not ours. It is yours. Take it. Mr. ——, your successor, starts for New Orleans to-day."

Great thoughts proceed from the heart.

RED TAPE IN ENGLAND.

A Peculiar Method of Securing Repairs at Public Expense.

A good many years ago a certain young clerk who had been fortunate enough to secure a stool in one of the great public offices of her majesty, the queen, was startled out of his sense of propriety by a spectacle which he witnessed in the official apartment in which he was serving the State. He has since then grown gray in the public service, and honors have accumulated upon him; but to this day he remembers with something like a thrill of horror the astounding scene which in his verdant youth first opened his eyes to the realities of the civil service. This was what he beheld.

An elderly gentleman, who was one of the senior clerks in the room in which our young friend was the junior, suddenly rose from his desk, dragged the comfortable chair upon which he had been sitting into the middle of the room, seized a poker, and attacking the chair with a vigor worthy of an able-bodied Englishman, succeeded in breaking one of its legs. The chair was in excellent condition, so the task was not an easy one. When it was accomplished the senior clerk gave a sigh of relief, and flinging the chair into a corner of the room, returned calmly to his desk and his pen.

Our young friend's first idea was that Mr. Blank had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and he had expected at the first moment of his attack upon the chair that his colleagues would forthwith put some restraint upon him. But, to his amazement, the other clerks in the room hardly raised their eyes while the work of destruction was in progress. It was clear that they understood all about it, and were by no means moved by the performance of their chief.

That afternoon when the office work was at an end, our raw youth approached one of his fellow-clerks and questioned him.

"Can you tell me why Mr. Blank behaved in that extraordinary way this morning?" he said. "I mean when he broke a perfectly sound leg off the chair in which he had been sitting."

"Oh," replied the other, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that was all right. A castor had come off one of the legs of his chair, and you know 'my lords' won't provide new castors; they will attend to nothing less than a broken leg. So Blank had to break a leg in order to get his chair put right at the public expense."

Mud in Winter.

None but those who have seen it, breathed it and felt it would believe in the dust of a Russian village or a little town. It has no equal in the world save in the winter's mud of the same village. In the summer we look upon our ill-kept streets through a haze of golden mist—golden enough when the sun's rays stream through it, but which leaves a coating of gray powder upon furniture, floors, hair, face and hands. In the winter this dirt is converted into a mass of liquid mud, black, sticky, and tenacious, in which pigs wallow to their hearts' content, and with which every passing vehicle so bespatters walls and houses that their original color becomes indiscernible.

The back of our house opens upon a piece of waste ground overgrown with weeds, save where they have been beaten down by mounds of dirt, broken crockery and other refuse, but here a few kopecks and liberal use of tea speedily brought improvement. The lower classes in Russia, especially the servants, are delightfully good-natured. They are also for the most part very intelligent, though unhappily, their cleverness not infrequently degenerates into cunning, nevertheless, their idleness, their carelessness, their reckless indifference to truth, make them both difficult and trying to deal with. One is so delighted at first with their good temper and willingness to oblige; it is such a pleasure to look into their beaming faces and hear their ready assent to every proposition, but unluckily, nine times out of ten their readiness stops with their assent. You are so pleased with them, and they are so pleased with themselves, that they do no more. They are satisfied, though you are not. I am ashamed to acknowledge how often I have felt that a few blows would have soothed my irritated feelings, and I have also often felt the additional mortification of perceiving that they not only expected these blows, but despised me for not inflicting them.

[illegible] Meaning.

A disappointed aspirant to literary honors asserts that even in the best publishing houses manuscripts offered for inspection are not read, unless the authors are well known. This is pure nonsense. How is a publisher to pursue his trade and—occasionally, at all events—accepting manuscripts? As for the well known authors, the day must dawn on which they cease to write, and if newer writers are neglected meanwhile, there will then be nothing left to publish. The truth of the matter is that rejected contributors can never acquiesce in the justice of their rejection; they always attribute it to prejudice, or want of appreciation, or neglect. Moreover, their work has not had a fair chance, they think, unless it is read "from title-page to closing line." It never strikes them that it is useless for the publishers to wade further than the ordinary reader will wade, yet he is a pretty good judge of the limit of the public patience. Some writers are conscious that they are a little slow in developing the interest of their book. "You will find," they say, "my twenty-first chapter a particularly striking one." But how is one to get through the twenty preceding chapters? If the first chapter is hard reading it may not unreasonably be taken as a sample of the whole, for it generally contains the unexperienced writer's best work, written before the flash of inspiration has died out and left him in the of his own crude fancies.