FROSTBURG MINING JOURNAL.

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

21st YEAR—NO. 49. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,089.

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 iddemnity in event of loss. Apply to

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

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

"I declare! It does beat all natur' where that woman got her tongue. It grows wuss an' wuss, seems if!" and old Farmer Barber seated himself wearily on an old hogshead out in the barn.

A domestic storm had been brewing for several days, and now it had suddenly burst, and in its fury Matilda, the daughter of the house, had been decidedly worsted.

Matilda was an only child, but living at Farmer Barber's was another young girl, a niece, whom Mrs. Barber said "was like an own daughter."

The observant neighbors said there seemed to be quite a difference in the treatment of the two girls. Tillie, as she was generally called, took a great deal of time to attend to her curling papers, and never very much time to spend upon domestic duties, while poor little Mollie gave very little heed to personal adornment except to keep herself tidy.

But then, Mollie's hair would curl anyway. She had no use for curl-papers.

This summer the Barbers were taking city boarders "for a change," Mrs. Barber said, but the neighbors said it would come a little nearer the truth if she had said "for the change."

Among them old Mrs. Wainwright had come to stay for the summer. It was necessary she should be somewhat economical this year, but her reduced circumstances seemed affluence to the poor people at the farm.

Tillie, who dearly loved finery, regarded her as a princess, unmindful of the fact that her gowns were a little passe, and made herself as agreeable as possible.

Tillie did not care to propitiate Mrs. Wainwright so much for that lady's own sake as for the sake of the very interesting nephew who accompanied her.

But Mollie, with a correct interior sense of the fitness of things, regarded Mrs. Wainwright as an ill-bred woman, quite unlike her nephew in manner.

Halstead Wainwright brought his aunt there and went away directly, but returned in a week's time to see if the place suited her. He thought he would remain a couple of weeks himself. And then Tillie primped more frequently and spent all her time in dressing in her coarse finery to attract Halstead Wainwright's attention.

Mollie worked harder that ever, and when she was tired, heated and flushed, the brown rings of hair curled about her lovely face and pressed closer about her dainty ears, as if trying by their caresses to comfort her a little.

One day Tillie had arrayed herself in her best and sat upon the front piazza ready to give Halstead a smiling welcome when he returned from a ramble in the woods.

He had already come in, but this fact was unknown to her. He was seated in Mrs. Wainwright's room, and this is what Tillie heard him say:

"I declare, Aunt Wainwright! It's a shame the way folks here treat that poor Mollie! She was up before 5 o'clock hard at work, and has been working all day—not an hour for rest! She looks ready to drop! And there's that lazy Tillie, sitting round in her finery and never seeming to care about Mollie!"

"Yes, that is so," said Mrs. Wainwright. "Mollie seems to be a nice, civil girl enough, though she doesn't make of me as Tillie does."

"Good reason why—she can't get a chance to make of anybody! But I guess if it wasn't for Mollie's busy fingers you wouldn't fare as well as you do."

Halstead pulled a rose in pieces impatiently and continued: "If Mrs. Barber would put a kitchen apron on Tillie and set her to work there would be some sense in it. Mollie would make a better figure in the parlor. She's pretty—Mollie is."

Tillie sat transfixed with rage, but she dared not move just then. At that moment Mrs. Barber's shrill voice rung out:

"Now, Mollie, you hurry up an' go an' pick up some chips to set the kittle bilin', an' while that is doin' you jest take down them clothes on the line, cause you know 'tis 'most time to get supper!"

"There it is again!" exclaimed Halstead. "Chips and clothes—clothes and chips! They will kill her if she stays here much longer. I'm going out to help her," and he rushed out of a side door into the back yard, where Mollie, with a tired, patient face, stooped over her basket, picking up chips.

"Will Miss Mollie allow me to renew the days of my childhood? I used to pick up chips for my grandfather when I was a little lad. I don't think I have forgotten how."

He took her basket from her and gently, but with a very decided movement, led her laughingly to a chopping block.

"There," he said, making her seat herself, "rest yourself while I fill the basket."

For a moment she sat there, watching Halstead's shapely hands as he quickly gathered up the chips, flashing his brown eyes merrily upon her

Her fears overcame her evident pleasure at his kindness.

"Indeed, I must not stay here any longer!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because Aunt Barber won't like it!"

Even as she spoke the basket was piled high, and he placed it on the kitchen doorstep.

Wiping the dust from his hands, he said, "What next?"

Molly shook her head remonstrating[illegible].

"Oh, the clothes! Here, I'll help you [illegible]!" And he actually began tugging at a sheet fluttering its [illegible] in the gentle breeze.

Mollie began to laugh, but didn't see how she could prevent those strong arms from doing what they chose. She hoped Tillie wouldn't see them.

But Tillie did. She had gone behind the vines at the end of the piazza and watched the proceedings.

She could no longer keep silent. She rushed to her mother and exclaimed:

"Ma! Ma! Do just look at Mollie! She's carrying on at a great rate with that young man! Actually coaxed him out to help her pick up chips! And now she has got him at the clothes line! My! I never saw such a shameless flirt! Didn't I tell you you'd find out some day what she is?"

Tillie was flushed and angry—angrier than even her mother had ever seen her before.

Mrs. Barber hurried to the kitchen window. Yes, there they were, Mollie blushing and laughing, while Halstead looked as if he were enjoying himself decidedly. There was an ominous silence in the kitchen for a few moments. Then Halstead deposited the basket, piled high with snowy clothes, upon the doorstep to keep company with the basket of chips, and, lifting his hat gracefully to Mollie, disappeared by the vine-covered porch. They heard the back gate click and thought he had gone out. Not so. He still stood near, thinking of pretty Mollie.

"You shameless critter!" cried Mrs. Barber. "Is this what I have brung you up for—to go an' flaunt yourself under our very eyes, a-flirtin' with Tillie's lover in that way? Oh, I saw you, you horrid gal, a settin' your cap at him an' coaxin' him out to pick up chips!"

Mrs. Barber paused to catch her breath.

"I ain't a-goin' to put up with this a day longer, you selfish, good-for-nothin', lazy critter! You pack up this very night an' leave this house to-morrow mornin', rain or shine! Do you hear?"

Mollie's bright face paled.

"Oh, Aunt Barber, what have I done? I'm sure I haven't done anything wrong. I never meant to. And, truly, I've worked as hard as I could. I don't want Tillie's lover or anybody's lover," moaned poor Mollie, "and I will go to-morrow; I will not stay here any longer."

Mollie turned to go upstairs. Her tears were blinding her eyes. She did not see Halstead, but he had entered the door and stood, pale and stern, listening to what they were saying. Tillie's angry sobs were sounding through the room.

"Mrs. Barber"—Halstead's voice was low with concentrated anger—"Miss Mollie is not to blame. I went out there uninvited. Don't blame her for what I did."

He turned abruptly towards Mollie.

"Please come here, Mollie," and he held his hand towards her.

She shook her head feebly and groped for the latch, still blinded by her tears.

"Come!" This time there was something almost imperative in his tone. "I want to speak to you."

She passed out the open door into the porch, while Tillie jumped up and shut it with a vigorous bang.

"Mollie," said Halstead, "she said you should go away from here. I wish you would, and come to me. I love you, dear, though I have only known you so short a time. Are you afraid of me?" he asked, as she shrunk from him a little.

"No," she said, softly.

"Will you trust yourself to me, Mollie? Surely I can't use you any worse than Mrs. Barber!" He smiled a little at the last words. Somehow Mollie felt like smiling, too.

"Now, come around here to Aunt Wainwright's room and talk this over." And Mollie went.

It was arranged that they should all leave the next morning, "rain or shine," as Mrs. Barber had said, and that Mollie should stay with Mrs. Wainwright until Halstead took her to their home. It was Mrs. Barber's comments upon the abrupt departure of the trio which led Farmer Barber to repeat his exclamation:

"I declare! It does beat all natur' where that woman got her tongue?"—Chicago News.

The Mysterious Machine.

Wlimo had never seen a wheelbarrow before, and was much exercised as to how to set it in motion. He began by facing the wheel, catching hold of it with both hands and trying to pull backward. Seeing the wheel would not turn, he let go and took fresh observations. It dawned upon him at once, for the native mind is quick, that as the barrow had two arms it required two men to lift it, and he hallowed for one of his mates to come to his aid.

They both tried to get within the arms of the barrow, one man laying hold of the left arm with the left hand, while the right encircled his fellow's waist, whose right hand had hold of the other shaft, while his disengaged hand was bound around Wlimo's neck, and they were prettily yoked; but they covered no ground, and bye and bye tripped each other and fell pell mell over the wheelbarrow, which of course, turned over. Then after an hour or two Wlimo understood how to wheel this barrow.—Cape Times.

Value of Horses.

Horses are not valued at higher rates now than in the earlier ages of the world, if we estimate prices paid for them according to the price of food, which seems to be a fair standard of comparison. In King Solomon's time an Egyptian horse—the best horses were then procured from Egypt—cost one hundred and fifty shekels, about eighty-five dollars. Six hundred years after Solomon, in the time of Xenophon, Seuthis, the Thracian, paid fifty drachmae, or about one hundred and thirty-five dollars, for the steed on which he rode during the retreat of the Ten Thousand.

To know man, borrow the ear of the blind and the eye of the deaf.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

It Was Thought a Miracle When First Tried 1,100 Years Ago.

The idea contained in the expression "pouring oil on troubled waters" has been traced so far back as Pliny (A. D. 23 79), who speaks in his "Natural History" of the results of pouring oil on a stormy sea. Mr. David M. Stone, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, found an interesting account of the phenomenon in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" (book 3, chapter 15), written in Latin more than 1,100 years ago—from 716 to 731 A. D.

"The venerable Bede is speaking of Bishop Aidan, who was permitted to work miracles," he says: 'A priest called Vtta (Utta) was sent into Kent to fetch Eanflede, King Edwine's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswirra. He was to go by land but return by water. Before he departed Vtta visited the bishop and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him and predicting for his return a great tempest and a contrary wind that should rise suddenly gave him a pot of oil, saying:

"'Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laied, comfortable fayer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleasant a passage as you have wished.'

"The tempest came as predicted, the sailors essayed to cast 'ancar' in vain, the water began to fill the ship, and 'nothing but present death was looked for.' At the near approach of death came the thought of the bishop and the pot of oil. Taking it in his hand the priest cast the oil into the sea, when, as if by magic, it became quiet and calm, and the ship was delivered."—Boston Globe.

The Paper Age.

The world has seen its Iron Age and its Brazen Age, but this is the Age of Paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters, where paper actors play to paper audiences. As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs and, seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin and, having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing-rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin; elsewhere in this paper it will be seen that he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—The Paper Record.

Dangerous Celluloid.

Celluloid buttons always should be kept well beyond the range of a meddlesome flame, or searching heat. A case is cited in which a lady, standing near a bright fire, had one of the buttons of her dress ignite by the heat, whereby her dress was scorched. A few rough tests recently made give convincing proof of the danger of celluloid ornaments: A gas flame was directed against one side of an iron ring, the head of a common wax match containing phosphorus was placed on the ring about two inches from the flame, and a piece of the button was similarly placed at an equal distance on the other side. A second piece of the button was also placed on the ring, but at twice the distance from the flame. A small piece of paper was laid lightly over each. After five minutes the first piece of the button ignited, and burned with a bright flame; after twelve minutes the second piece did the same; while, after seventeen minutes, the match head was still unchanged. On testing it with a light, it immediately burst into flame. A third piece of the button was pinned to the surface of an old duster, which for the purpose of the test was equivalent to a dress, and the duster was hung from a chair in front of an ordinary bright fire but out side the fender, and at a distance at which the skirt of a dress might any day be found. In two or three minutes there was a cloud of smoke, and a hole was burned in the duster.

BAD COINS.

Methods of Detection Followed at the United States Treasury.

"Here's the way we test coins in the Treasury." And the expert quickly poised the dollar piece horizontally on the top of his forefinger, holding the thumb a quarter of an inch away from it and gave it a brisk tap with another coin. A clear, silvery ring sounded out. "Good, but here; listen;" and he repeated the operation with another coin that gave out a dull, heavy clink that ceased almost as soon as it began. "Type metal and lead; molded, too. That is a wretched counterfeit." "How do you tell that it was molded?" He held the two coins so that the light struck on their edges. "Just compare the reading, will you, or milling, as most people call it. In this genuine coin this is very clear and sharp cut; in the counterfeit it is coarse and dull. That is because molded instead of being stamped in cold metal, like the Government coins." "Why do the counterfeiters not use the same cold process?" "It costs too much and makes too much noise. With a mold, you see, a counterfeiter can carry on his work in a garret, and if a policeman comes in he can shy the whole outfit out of the window. But it takes great power to run a die. Still some high flying counterfeiters do use them, and their work is usually harder to detect, though it is never so perfect as that of the Government Mint." "What is the surest test for the counterfeit coin for popular use?" "The looks of the reading, as I was telling you—the milling, by the way, is on the face of the coin, and not on the edge, as most people think. That's the surest and easiest thing, but of course other tests have to be used, especially for weight and thickness. A little scale for weight and measure is the handiest thing to settle that. Then, for plated coin a drop of acid squirted on the edge where the plating wears most will chew up the base metal in a hurry." "What acid do you use?" "For gold coin a mixture of strong nitric acid 6½ drams, muriatic acid 15 drops, and water 5 drams, is used; for silver, 24 grains of nitrate of silver and 30 drops of nitric acid, with one ounce of water. One drop is sufficient. If the coin is heavily plated we scrape it a little before putting on the acid."—Springfield Republican.

American and Foreign Schools.

President Eliot of Harvard University has been severely criticised for some comments he made on the public schools of this country before an educational meeting in Hartford, Conn. He said: "We are all wrong in supposing that we have the best school system in the world. There is not a country in the North of Europe which has not a better system. The immigrants who come to our shores from abroad will be found to have a far better school training in what are denominated the common branches than the average of the rural population of this country. In democratic schools we close the gate to the scholar in all the interesting studies after the age of thirteen."

One of the men displeased with these statements is Commissioner of Education Strauss, of New York city. He pronounced President Eliot's utterances as not only "extraordinary, but preposterous." He claims that "the average of our school children between eight and twelve years old are better, brighter, often know more and learn with greater facility, than the German children of the same age, whose school system is the best in Europe. Even in music our boys are away ahead of the foreigners. The pupils in Europe are given the merest idea of arithmetic and such branches, while they are filled with a knowledge of the ancient languages. Other critics have also dissented decidedly from President Eliot's position.

The views of the President of Harvard University may be somewhat radical, and they may have been stated in rather plain mannered language. But it will not do to dismiss them too curtly. It is probable that they have more foundation in fact than many people suspect. The American public school system has been lauded to the skies. It has been described as the foundation stone and the chief glory of the republic. A generation ago it probably deserved all that was said of it. It was then far ahead of any European school system, with the possible exception of the German. But within the past thirty years it is a question whether the public school system of this country has kept step with the advance of the people in other respects.—Philadelphia Press.

Remedy for a Wet Cellar.

The water can be prevented from rising up through the bottom of your cellar by cementing it at a time when it has become perfectly dry. To be effective the walls must be of brick or stone and also cemented high enough to prevent the entrance of water through them. In other words, the bottom of the cellar and the lower portion of the walls must be cemented the same as a cistern, not to hold water, but to keep water from running into it. The work should be carefully done with good cement, and in most cases it will be cheaper in the end to have it done by a mason who understands his business thoroughly than to undertake to do it for one's self. After it has been well done, great care must be taken to guard against injuries, for a break in the cement means the entrance of water, and as long as the pressure is strong it will be almost impossible to stop it.

When one must build upon such ground and excavate deep enough to be troubled with water from heavy rains saturating the soil, it is far the best plan to surround the house with drain tile, lower than the cellar bottom, and lead the water away from the building, if the situation will admit of it at a reasonable expense.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS A PERPETUAL GARDEN OF EDEN.

Sir Edwin Arnold so Describes the Kingdom of Liliuokalani—Beauty Lavishly Bestowed by Nature—Tropical Scenery on Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

It is good to be able to date a letter from Paradise! Would you like to know its exact locality? You must sail south of west for 2,100 miles from San Francisco, or south of east 3,400 miles from Yokohama, and then you will arrive at the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where we are anchored at present, bound to Yokohama. We are to-day safely arrived under the green and golden hills of Oahu, the northernmost of the Sandwich group. Even from the sea the view is charming and full of promise of these delightful islands; none the less so if, as is my own case, the voyager has recently traversed by rail the 3,800 miles of mainly unlovely scenery between New York and San Francisco, coming by those dreary, drab wildernesses of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, and has then steamed for a week without anything to look at except rolling seas and driving clouds. Of course, therefore, we have passed every available hour of our detention here ashore, and seen enough to wonder why people dwell in the bitter latitudes of London and New York, when they might breathe the heavenly air of these ocean paradises, and live in the perpetual garden of Eden which nature has laid out for her happiest children in their hollows and uplands.

I had imagined the Hawaiian cluster to be composed of densely wooded islets and isles, with dark foliage spread all over the plains and climbing to rounded hills. But I see a broken land much more open and varied than my anticipation; the lowlands rather bare of trees and vegetation, the uplands ascending by slopes tinted with the tender green of coming crops to a volcanic sierra, very ragged, naked and majestic in outline, seamed and fissured with innumerable glens, each nursing a gradually diminishing ribbon of verdant embroidery. At one extremity of the long crescent in which Honolulu nestles amid her groves of cocoanut palms and bananas, rises precipitously the yellow and red steep of Diamond Head, and on the other ranges into far distance a lofty line of peaks, lifted from the bottom of the sea by some ancient and stupendous telluric spasm. The golden Sierra fades away into a ridge of rose and violets against the horizon, where the sapphire of the Pacific blends with the turquoise of the sky. The northeast trade wind which was blowing in a lively way outside is quite shut off from our anchorage by those lofty mountains, rising to 4,000 feet of elevation and upward, so that the good ship Belgic rides quietly outside the reef to a single cable. The channel is narrow by which the quiet inner harbor is reached and we shall not enter, but there is plenty of water there, as is evidenced by the United States steamer Charleston, an iron-clad of the second-class, which is moored within under the very plumes of the cocoanut groves.

Honolulu, from the sea, looks like a smaller town than she really is, being so much buried in groves and gardens; nor, indeed, at biggest does she number more than 22,000 citizens, the entire island containing no more than 31,194 inhabitants and the whole group about 89,000. Of these about 35,000 are natives, 15,000 Chinese, 13,000 Japanese and 8,600 Portuguese; the American residents totaling 1,928 and the English 1,344. There are, beside, over 1,000 Germans scattered about the group, and 600 other foreigners, more or less, including 70 Frenchmen—a mixed population, amid which the indigenous Kanaka race, which well deserved to be perpetuated, is, alas! sadly and steadily decreasing. That this paradise of the Pacific is not without its drawback the voyager is grievously reminded as he approaches Diamond Head round into the anchorage of Honolulu. Broad on the port side of the ship, about thirty miles from the little city, Molokai rises fair and fertile from the ocean—the Island of Lepers: beautiful enough to be a fitting "purgatory" to the "Paradise" beyond.—London Telegraph.

Not English.

Said an Englishman, "I will give a prize of one hundred dollars to any one who can prove that the expression 'don't you know,' or, as it is often rendered, 'doncherknow,' was ever used in England by an Englishman; the phrase had its origin in Philadelphia, where it is much in vogue, because certain dudes there believe it is English. No Englishman ever says 'Don't you know.' The expression he does use is 'You know,' such as 'I'm going up to London, you know, to get me new trousers, you know.' This may be a startler for certain young men who, by dint of great practice, are able to interject 'doncherknow' at about every ten words in their conversation. I'm very sorry to hurt their feelings."

Awkward.

Smythe is fond of airing his opinions "Who is that tall, spectacled man yonder?" he asked a friend at a literary reception. "I have been discussing mining affairs with him, and he agreed with me that Blowitoff's work on the subject was a very stupid affair." "I'm sure he ought to know," was the answer. "He's Blowitoff."

Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein as in a firmament, the nature of justice, truth, love, freedom arises.—Emerson.

The way to get good is to do good.