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MINING JOURNAL.

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21ST YEAR—NO. 52. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,092.

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 59	1 38	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 08	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				*Leave.*		

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

July 2

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	11:09 a m	5:39 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p nf

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, General Manager.

Aug 9

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. 115 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, Acting Agent.

June 18

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

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Captain Sprowl threw his hat on the bed and sat down in his easy chair in the cabin to light his pipe. Up curled the smoke, and through it the Captain looked ruefully at a neat package that lay on the table.

"What a fool I was to buy that," he thought. "Old sextant was plenty good enough, though I have had it nine years. Bought it in Liverpool when I was second mate of the Julia A. Smith. And now I have put out a month's earnings for a new one. What possessed me I don't know."

And so the Captain went on.

Now Capt. Sprowl was not, as you might think from the name, a bald-headed old man with bushy whiskers.

No, names are very misleading. Instead, he was tall and slender, with a sandy mustache, and had not a gray hair in his head. He came from Maine, and although but thirty years old, he had been for six years Captain of the Edna Dunn, now lying at Constitution wharf in Boston discharging her cargo of sugar.

"Well," puffed the Captain, "nothing to do now but to get rid of the old sextant. I should go ashore next trip if I had two sextants to navigate by. Must work the old one off on some landlubber or somebody."

The package was lying on an old newspaper which he had read through and through on his last trip out.

"The very thing!" said he. "I'll put a notice in the paper—'Sextant for sale, cheap,' and if somebody doesn't bite at it I miss my guess."

The next morning the only thing the Captain could see in the paper was this:

Sextant for sale by a ship captain, nearly new and in perfect order; will be sold cheap. Address O 41, Globe Office.

And now my story's begun.

Etta Bourne had been at work in a millinery store in Boston for nearly two years. She and her older sister Annie had learned the trade with the village milliner down in Kennebunk.

But Annie, who had long been the belle of the village, got married, and Etta concluded to try her fortune in Boston.

She was full of ambition.

So it fell that in her two years in the millinery store she studied shorthand and typewriting, with the intention of fitting herself to be a confidential clerk.

One Sunday she saw this advertisement:

For Sale Jones's Premier Typewriter at half price; been used less than a month; in perfect order. Address O., 47 Globe Office.

Etta Bourne, being a Maine Yankee, knew a bargain when she saw it. She wanted to own a typewriter, and so she wrote a brief note addressed to "O, 47 Globe Office," asking where the machine could be seen, and dropped it into the letter-box as she went to work Monday morning.

Now, I said at the beginning that the advertising clerk was to blame. Perhaps the mistake was partly that of Etta Bourne. At any rate it will never be known.

The clerk was sorting the replies and putting them in their appropriate boxes. When he came to Etta Bourne's letter to "O 47," he read it "O 41" and put it in the pigeonhole as such.

That was a very, very little mistake, of course, but you who have noticed how things go in this world of ours have discovered that the most serious changes in the course of our lives come about from just such little happenings.

For it was that very day that Captain Sprowl advertised his sextant for sale. And Captain Sprowl was "O 41."

Now the tall Captain was a very busy man, and it was late that afternoon before he went to the office to gather in the replies from people who were anxious to buy a sextant.

But the sextant market was apparently rather dull, for all the clerk could give him was one solitary letter. The Captain tore the envelope open and tossed it aside.

"I saw your advertisement in the *Globe*," read the Captain. "I wish to buy a good second-hand machine of standard make, and if the one you offer is in perfect repair and the price is satisfactory, perhaps we can trade. But I can not give more than $50, and if you ask more you need not reply to this. Send your address, stating where machine can be seen, to H. E. Bourne, 450 Winter street."

"Well," soliloquized the Captain, "I've got one answer, anyhow. But what does a woman want of a sextant—for this is certainly a woman's writing! She seems to be in earnest, though. And $50! Conscience! I never expected to get more than $25. Well, she'll have to come on board, I suppose, so I'll send her my address." And standing at the public desk he wrote:

H. E. Bourne,

DEAR MISS:—Yours in reply to my advertisement in the Globe is at hand. Please call on me on board the bark Edna Dunn, Constitution wharf, between 2 and 6.

EDWIN R. SPROWL, Captain.

The next afternoon about 4 a trim little figure walked rapidly over the rough planks of Constitution wharf.

"It's a queer place to find a second-hand typewriter," thought Etta Bourne, "but I suppose the captain got tired of it, or couldn't use it because the vessel pitched so, or something like that."

She saw the gilt letters, "Edna Dunn." A fat, baldheaded man with a little gingham apron on looked out the door of a deckhouse in the middle of the vessel.

A broad plank extended from the wharf across the bulwarks. The man in the apron came forward.

"I wish to see Capt. Sprowl," said she.

"Yes, mim. Come right aboard, mim, on that there plank, mim. The Captain's down in his cabin, mim."

Etta Bourne stepped hastily along the plank, and the stout cook, putting his broad palms under her elbows, lifted her lightly to the deck.

"This way, mim," and he led her around to the after companionway.

They went down the brass-railed stairs, and as the cook knocked at the door Etta noticed how spick and span everything looked.

As a matter of fact, the Captain in view of a lady's visit, had kept the cook scouring the wood and brasswork all the forenoon.

"Captain, sir, a lady wishes to see ye."

The Captain, with half an hour's work in his four-in hand, bowed respectfully.

"I am Miss Bourne," began Etta. "I came in response to your advertisement in the *Globe* about a——"

"Yes, ma'am," said the Captain, "this is the place. Will you take a seat?"

As Etta sank into an easy chair she glanced about her in astonishment. She had no idea that those little low houses on ship's decks were so comfortable as this.

Here was a dainty little sitting-room, with a rich, soft carpet, a hanging lamp of elaborate design, huge plush easy chairs and sofa, a pretty rattan rocker and a table strewn with the latest magazines.

"I beg your pardon," said the tall Captain, who had been looking curiously at her; "but are you not related to Miss Annie Bourne, of Kennebunk?"

"Why, yes, indeed; she is my own sister," answered Etta with animation.

"I used to go to school with her in the old Berwick Academy, years ago; but I didn't know she had a sister."

"Oh, yes, I went to the academy myself, but it was after she was graduated."

"And was old Brown principal when you were there?"

From this they went on for ten minutes, and each knew so many that the other did that they soon became old acquaintances.

The Captain at once noticed that she was a remarkably neat and pleasant little woman, and Etta Bourne thought the Captain a fine-looking man, tall and strong.

"Well, Captain Sprowl," said she, finally, "I mustn't forget what I came for. I believe you have a machine that you wish to sell?"

"Why, yes," said the Captain, wondering what on earth this attractive young woman could want of a sextant.

"And how did you come to want to sell it," pursued she, wondering what use this sea-captain had for a typewriter.

"Well, the fact is," said the Captain, reddening a little, "I bought a new one the other day when I really didn't need it, and of course I haven't use for two. And," continued he, "since turn about is fair play, I am going to ask you what you want of one?"

"To earn a living with," said she.

The Captain looked puzzled as he went into his stateroom to get the sextant. He had heard that women were becoming the rivals of men in almost every trade and profession, and he vaguely wondered if Miss Bourne was intending some time to become Captain Bourne.

"Well," said he, coming back and holding the sextant out toward her, "here it is. The ivory on the scale is a little yellow, and the vernier glass has a little crack across the outer edge, but——"

He stopped. Miss Bourne was holding up her hands with amazement.

"Why—why—what is this?" she stammered.

"Why, it's a sextant," said the Captain. "I thought you knew what they looked like."

"But there's some misunderstanding here. I don't have any use for a sextant. It was a typewriter that I understood you had to sell."

"A typewriter!" said the Captain, astonished in turn. "Why, no. Here's the advertisement," and he put the paper in her hands.

Now, as I have said, Etta Bourne was a Maine Yankee, and in less than ten seconds she had guessed how the mistake was made.

"Well, now," said the Captain, "I thought it was awfully funny that a woman should want to buy a sextant. Now you have disappointed me, I don't see how I am going to sell it, unless I leave it at the instrument maker's and let him get what he can for it."

Oddly enough, from this point this story runs along so naturally that you can tell it yourself.

The tall captain escorted Miss Bourne uptown, called on her two or three times while he was in port, corresponded with her when he was away, and in less than a year this notice appeared:

SPROWL—BOURNE.—In Kennebunk Me., May 8, at the residence of the bride's parents, Capt. Edwin R. Sprowl and Henrietta E. Bourne.

And now my story is done.—Edgar Yates, in Boston Globe.

For Their Neighbors.

The hardest housekeeping in the world is the housekeeping that people do for the benefit of their neighbors. Half the troubles we have are caused by worry as to what people think. What difference does it make what they think, anyway? No one can live their own life and two or three other people's lives beside. What's the use of setting up housekeeping on the roof or on the outside walls for the benefit of the neighbors? You would rightly be judged insane if you suggested anything of the kind, and that is practically what half the people do. They can't do this because the neighbors would talk, and they can't do that because the neighbors would if they could not afford to do something else. They may not say it in so many words, but they mean it, and it is simply a great big vacuum in some of our natures where moral courage ought to be. Half the sting of poverty or small means is gone when one keeps on [illegible] themselves and not for the [illegible]

JACK, JILL AND THE TIE.

A Whimsical Episode in the Courtship of a Pair of Westerners.

Some of the letters received by the President are very funny and some are so witty that they command an answer in spite of the yawning waste basket. This was the case with a letter from a young Western girl last week, who wrote her screed in poetry and asked for something that the President had worn for a patch in a crazy quilt to be sold at a church fair. Her letter fell into the hands of one of the young ladies connected with the White House and she was so much amused by it that she got a necktie of the President's and sent it to the girl. The letter is so clever that I give it verbatim. It reads:

My dear Mr. Harrison,
I know it's a shame
To bother you now,
But I'm not to blame—
At least not so much—
For Jack is the one
Who first put me up
To the thing I have done.
He told me last night
If I'd make for the fair
A crazy patch quilt
And put in a square
Of something that Harrison
Had worn he would buy
The thing for himself,
No matter how high
The price I might set.
And so, don't you see,
If I manage this plan
How nice it will be!
Jack gives a neat sum,
Toward our fair for the poor,
Receiving instead
What he values much more.
And then when I marry
Dear Jack, it is plain
I'll own both the quilt
And memento again.

—Washington Letter in New York Herald.

A Plant Growing From a Caterpillar.

The curious fungus which is sometimes taken for an insect is a fungus that roots itself in a caterpillar and grows from it, feeding on the body of the insect. Of course in time the insect dies, and the fungus then perishes as soon as it has exhausted the nutriment in the body of the caterpillar. The plant is of the same nature as a mushroom, and when it matures it produces spores by which new plants are propagated in the same way, attaching themselves to any insect that comes in contact with them in the soil. These curious plants are used as medicine by the natives of some parts of Asia, where they are found quite abundantly. The plant, when dug out of the ground, has the exhausted and dried body of the insect attached to it in the manner of a root, but it is easily distinguished by its shape. The insect is filled with the substance of the fungus, and appears as a part of the plant. A variety of beetle that is found in North America is attacked by the same kind of fungus; others are found in Central America, and others in New Zealand. In the last mentioned country the fungus is very large and has all the appearance of a mushroom which is eaten as food by the natives.

How the Czar Spends the Day.

Mr. H. De Windt, in his volume on "Siberia," tells how the Russian Emperor spends the day. The Czar's habits are simple and regular. His mornings, which begin at 6 o'clock, are devoted to study, correspondence and interviews with his Ministers. At midday he breakfasts with the Empress and his family. In the afternoon he walks, rides or drives.

Alexander III is fond of violent exercise. At Gatschina his favorite amusements are felling trees in the summer, in winter clearing away snow from the ice-hills. At 8 o'clock he dines. No Parisian bourgeois or British yeomen is fonder of simple domestic life than the "Great White Czar."

The summer months are usually passed at Gatschina, where great precautions are taken for the Czar's safety. All the avenues are closely guarded, while the palace and grounds are brilliantly illuminated by electric lights from dusk to dawn, summer and winter. The peasantry in the neighborhood have a saying that "It is never night at Gatschina!"

How the Czar Unbends.

The present Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., who came to the throne in 1881, is not supposed to be a great man, but is undoubtedly a man of marked personal characteristics. The author of "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" says that whatever the Emperor may think of his divine mission, nature cut him out for a simple bourgeois. To see him at his best, says the writer, one must see him in the bosom of his family.

He and his wife are never happier than when they can leave the state cares behind them, throw off the yoke of etiquette, and live for their children at Gatschina, at Peterhof, or, best of all, in Denmark, in which country the Czar unbends in a manner never seen elsewhere.

There is not so great a romp as he among all his nephews and nieces. He is master of all the childish revels. To these princes and princesses the autocrat of all the Russias is simply called "Uncle Sasha," and cries of "Uncle Sasha! Uncle Sasha!" resound all over the place. A favorite pastime of his is to stand amid the merry throng and challenge them to pull him down. They never succeed, either separately or unitedly. The Czar has wonderful strength of muscle. He can bend a horseshoe by mere force of hand. Once in Denmark, while a conjurer was showing his skill, the Czar offered to produce a specimen of his own abilities. He took a pack of cards and tore them through with the greatest ease.

At Gatschina he loves to go fishing with a harpoon by torchlight. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is fond of felling trees, but, unlike that gentleman, he equally enjoys sawing them into lengths.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.

THE FRENCH HORN.

A Scrap of Miscellany Not Only Worth Reading But Worth Preserving.

The French horn or cor de chasse is regarded by some musicians as the sweetest and mellowest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was little else than the old hunting horn, which, for the convenience of the mounted hunter, was arranged in spiral convolutions, to be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it waldhorn, that is, "forest horn." If the orchestra French horns were straightened out they would be seventeen feet long. The convolutions of the horn and the many turns of the trumpet are all the fruit of necessity; they could not be manipulated to produce the tones asked of them if they were not bent and curved. The trumpet, when its tube is lengthened by the addition of crooks for its lowest key, is eight feet long; tuba, sixteen.

In most orchestras (in all those in the United States, in fact, except the Boston Symphony Orchestra), the word "trumpet" is merely a euphemism for cornet, the familiar leading instrument of the brass band.—Boston Advertiser.

Changing the Colors of Flowers.

It does not seem to have been recognized as a fact that what a branch cut and placed in water will do is no criterion of what the same branch will accomplish through the aid of its natural roots; but there is evidently a great distinction. No matter what we may water a plant with, when it is in a healthful growing condition, no perceptible influence is made on the color of the flower; but if we cut off a branch and place it in water which contains a little ether added to a small quantity of liquid ammonia, the flowers will take various colors. This difference is well worth noting, because many of the facts which we accept as such in vegetable physiology have been founded on what branches do when cut and put in water. Many have supposed that they can change the color of the hydrangea from rose to pink by watering with various liquids or adding ingredients to the soil. Whatever causes the change in the hydrangea, it is connected with vital power, and not with any element in the soil.

The Sea of Life.

We are all afloat on the broad sea of life! The tide carries us hither and thither. Sometimes a heavy billow comes rolling on and down we go; another one comes on and lifts us up, away up yonder; we see the bright sunshine or the twinkling stars. Hope, pleasure, serenity, enjoyment, peace, plenty, prosperity, all, all are ours for the time. Life's purposes look fair and beautiful—then we are floating upward; soon another wave comes on, and down, down we go away under the rolling water; then everything is so dark, so dreary, so utterly void of hope, of ever being extricated from our depression, but we rise, we float, we swim, buoyant as a cork we float along. We are only creatures, we can not, we dare not try to shape our own destiny. Floating along, bobbing up and down, we go along. Where will we land, is there a harbor for us, will we reach it? We humbly and fearfully hope we will. "There is rest for the weary."

Silly Collectors.

The German newspapers state that a learned professor who recently died at Berlin had collected huge boxes full of bill-headings. He had been busy for more than twenty years in accumulating these utterly useless, soiled scraps of paper.

A certain royal duke, well known in Paris, left at his death a store of thousands of milk jugs. They had not been purchased for any merit in material or workmanship, but simply because they were made to hold milk.

An old woman who died lately in Delaware bequeathed hundreds of crazy-silk cushions which she had made and hoarded. When a few rags of silk would be given her, she would cry, "Now I have something to live for!" and set to work zealously to make another cushion. Yet she had children and grandchildren to whose lives or fate she was indifferent.

There are men and women of small, weak brains who make of life a "thing of shreds and patches," of lace, cushions or milk jugs, but who can not grasp its great issues.—Youth's Companion.

How Not to Get Into Print.

Don't have any enemies.
Don't have any friends.
Don't inherit money.
Don't lose it.
Don't sign any petitions.
Don't subscribe to any lecture courses of stock companies.
Don't recommend anything.
Don't get victimized.
Don't exhibit any public spirit.
Don't tell stories.
Don't register at a hotel.
Don't visit a friend in an adjoining township or elsewhere.
Don't allow other people to visit you.
Don't show any interest in music, art, literature, science or education.
Don't meet long-lost friends or relatives.
Don't go insane.
Don't get sick.
Don't accept presents.
Don't do anything that might bring you vote of thanks or condemnation.
Don't sue anybody.
Don't get sued.
Don't go to law at all.
Don't live to be an octogenarian.
Don't die.—Detroit Tribune.

According to the census officers we are all worth $1,000 apiece. Some unreasonable people are calling on Uncle Sam to settle up now and call it square.—Boston Globe.

COLLEGE MEN AT A DISCOUNT.

Some Sensible Advice to One of Them by a Spinster.

He was a college bred youth, and after graduation came the question of how he was to make his living. He had the right stuff in him, though at first it was pretty well hidden by the high opinion he held of his own capacity.

A farmer's son, with no influential friends to assist him in obtaining a situation, he found himself alone in Boston. He presented himself at business offices, wrote letters in answer to advertisements, sought interviews with men prominent in commercial and banking circles, but was everywhere met with refusal. At last he began to grow despondent and to wonder what a college education was good for anyhow.

He now sought the advice of an old maid sister, his senior by many years, whose experiences in the world had made her thoroughly practical. She questioned him closely as to how he made application for a position, how he approached an employer, what he said of himself, etc. When the young man had answered, she said:

"It's just as I supposed, John. You didn't ask for a place as an employe at all. Your method is more like demanding that the employer turn over his entire business to you. You'll have to go about the thing differently. Don't attach so much importance to your college acquirements. Collegians, nowadays, are as thick as huckleberries down east, and some of them are working for a mere song.

"Don't say to a man from whom you expect a situation: 'My dear sir, if there is an existing vacancy in your establishment I shall be glad to fill it, being assured that my qualifications will enable me to assume any position you may have to offer.' Just believe that there are a few things left which you don't know, and make your application accordingly."

John was sensible, and saw the force of his sister's remarks. His next request for a situation was couched in more modest terms than the others, and his college training was not mentioned until the very last part of the interview, when it was drawn out by the employer's own questions.

He got the situation after a few days without further trouble. That was several years ago, and to-day he holds a much better position in the same establishment.

Only the other day John repeated his sister's advice to a recent graduate from his alma mater, at the same time relating his own experience.—Boston Herald.

Porpoises.

The gregarious porpoise or phocœna communis, is one of the most jolly and careless fishes in the sea. He is hardly ever found alone, but delights to join great roaming parties and scour the fishing coasts, running into all the covers and bays along the route and sometimes entering the mouths of tidal rivers in pursuit of other fish. But even when a great herd of porpoises is in pursuit of a school of capelan, herring, tomcod, seatrout, or other fish, it will stop its march to play.

The gregarious porpoise is known by various names along the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, the maritime provinces of Canada and New England. The best known of these names are puffing-pigs, herring-hogs, sea-hogs and roundheads. The porpoise is from four to seven feet long, with a thick round body and a black, shining, hairless skin. When he is above water for some time, with the hot sun shining upon him, his bare hide fairly glistens with oil, and if you pass to leeward of him in a boat you catch his strong, oily smell. Like the whale, he is obliged to rise to the surface regularly to breathe, and he sends his breath through a blow-hole situated on the top of his head. When breathing through this curious funnel he makes a puffing, labored sort of noise, which accounts for one of his names. If you should see him alone on a fine day in some little cove, he would look exactly like a big black pot turned bottom up bobbing up and down. He has from forty to fifty teeth, a wide mouth and an astonishing stomach; but he has the smallest ear to be found, I suppose, on any beast of his size. It is no bigger than a pinhole, and is just about an inch behind his eyes. But small as it is, no fish that swims the sea has sharper hearing, and none will more quickly take alarm at the slightest sound.

It Brought the Answer.

Among the stories of extraordinary coincidences, not the least curious is the history of a letter. A short time ago an English lady wished to write to a friend in America whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried it was wrecked, and the mails for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the Dead Letter Office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady who naturally examined it minutely. To her surprise she found that another letter had become stuck to it. Holding up the two-fold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.—Dr. Johnson.

Sweden is the most Protestant country, for out of a population of 4,774,406 only 810 are Roman Catholics.

WOMAN'S WORK.

To wash and bake, to mend and make,
The weary steps of toil to take;
To cook and scour, to dust and sweep,
And all the house in order keep.
To rise at morn and o'er and o'er
Do duties done the day before,
And know that in to-morrow's train
The same things will come o'er again;
And often to herself to say,
The old, old lines in weary way,
"From dawn of day, till setting sun,
Woman's work is never done."

To watch and pray, to gladly take
Love's crosses for love's crowning sake;
To love and grieve, to smile and weep,
Her deepest thought in silence keep.
To teach and lead, to hope and trust—
Have trust betrayed—as woman must,
To gently chide, to cheer and bless,
And bear with patient tenderness
Her burdens all; nor shrink away,
But bravely look ahead and say,
"From dawn of life to setting sun,
Woman's work is never done."

Single vs. Married.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, out on the A. K. D., the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her, had she let him. The passengers smiled as she left, and the murmur went rippling through the coach, "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting someone. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell upon the upturned, expectant face, roared, "Come on; I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes," grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a band-box, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird cage, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shawl. And a crusty-looking old bachelor in the further end of the car, croaked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married."

What the Flowers Express.

The language of flowers is a study at once interesting and innocent, cultivating as it does a taste for the works of nature, filling the soul with the sweetest emotions and presenting to view one of the most enchanting phases of a beautiful world full of wonders.

Following are a few of the best known flowers and the sentiments which they represent:

Sweet alyssum, worth beyond beauty; apple blossom, preference; bachelor's button, single and selfish; balm, sympathy; barberry, sourness; candytuft, indifference; carnation pink, women's love; Chinese chrysanthemum, cheerfulness under misfortune; clematis, mental beauty; columbine, folly; red clover, industry.

Dahlia, signifies dignity; white daisy, innocence; faded leaves, melancholy; forget-me not, remembrance; jonquil, affections returned; lily of the valley, return of happiness; mirtle, love in absence; pansy, you occupy my thoughts; moss rose, I am worthy of love; sunflower, haughtiness; yellow rose, infidelity.

An Extinct Race.

The Beothick Indians of Newfoundland, at one time the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, can now only be counted by one or two skeletons and a few skulls, so completely have they been swept away. The French employed the Mic Mac Indians of Nova Scotia to fight against and exterminate them. According to an account in the late issue of the Transactions of the Canadian Institute they were a peaceable and quiet race, given to hunting and fishing.

They used canoes made of birch rind and of skins of deer, like the Esquimaux cayak. They had no pottery and used utensils of birch rind sewed together, but they employed soapstone dishes as lamps, their form being similar to those amongst the Esquimaux at the present day. They carved deer and walrus horns and the bones of the seal into ornaments which they wore on their dresses and ornamented their heads with combs. The carvings are in triangular patterns, and out of the large collections in the museum at St. John's there are no two ornaments having the same pattern. Their stone implements were more rudely constructed than those of the western Indians.

A Squirrel Story.

I've got a true squirrel story to tell you, said a member of the club the other evening. A friend of mine having a cottage on the shore of Oneida Lake left a cornstarch box or package in the pantry. There was a little cornstarch remaining in it, and to secure it against mice the box was placed inside of a tall pitcher having a very smooth surface. My friend was at the cottage again a few days after, and bethought himself of the cornstarch. Upon examining to see if the mice had got at it, the box was found standing on end in the pitcher as left, but it was filled to the brim with sweet acorn meats, all shelled and as nicely laid in as any person could have done it, and not one was to be found in the pitcher outside of the box. Those squirrels must have expended a good deal of labor and worked faithfully to have accomplished the job in so short a time. Of course the acorns were not disturbed, but left for the squirrels' winter subsistence.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

If our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.