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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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22D YEAR—NO. 1. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,093.

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 5.00 11.45
6.30 12.05 6.40	Barton	10.50 5.45 11.32
6.40 12.15 6.50	Lonaconing	10.42 5.55 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 5.14 11.02
7.08 12.47 7.18	FROSTBURG	10.12 5.05 10.54
7.25 1.04 7.35	Morantown	9.52 4.44 10.36
7.32 1.11 7.42	Mount Savage	9.46 4.38 10.28
7.36 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	Kreiglamm's	9.30 4.53 10.15
7.47 1.26 7.57	Mt. Savage Jun	9.28 4.24 10.13
8.00 1.40 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..	8.37 a m	3.06 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10.20 a m	5.30 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10.32 a m	5.49 p m
" " Vale Summit	11.06 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, 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
7.21 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	
3.30 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3.35 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. 45 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

For 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

WAITING.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it,
My innocent, blue-eyed maid,
For the years may last a lifetime
While your youthful roses fade,
While your eyes are red with weeping
And watching the treacherous sea,
Till you sing the song of the lone one,
"He never came back to me."

Five years to wait, while others
Are dancing the dance of youth,
And the one perhaps you are trusting
Is breaking his vows, forsooth!
"I shall wait for my love, my darling,
Who has sailed far over the sea,
Five years, or ten, or twenty."
Said the blue-eyed maid to me.

So she wrote her sweet love letters,
Or tended her garden flowers,
Or watched the restle-s billows
On the beetling cliffs for hours;
While she turned her suitors pining
Away from the cottage door,
And waited, patiently waited,
One long, long year or more.

* * * * * *

"'Tis very weary waiting,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me,
And she glanced at her last new suitor
And then at the restless sea;
As she glanced at the roses fa in
In her garden fair and bright,
Twice come, twice gone, since he left her,
Two years before that night.

And she married her last new suitor
Before the winter sped,
And she wrote to her absent lover
On the day that she was wed:
She hoped he would not suffer,
That the shock would soon be o'er,
And the answer soon informed her
He had married a year before.

ADELAIDE.

It is now a long while since the manager of a theatrical company, then rehearsing "The New Year's Present" in the town of Cividale, near Udine, declared that no stiff doll should be used to represent the infant introduced into the piece, but that a real baby must be found at once.

"Hasn't somebody a baby?" he cried.

A good-looking actor who was standing at one side of the stage instantly nudged his wife with his elbow. She laughed and blushed.

"Mine is only two months old, monsieur," she said. "But I can promise you that she shall know her part, since I can prompt her when it is time for her to cry."

"That matter is settled then," the manager remarked, with a sigh of content; and the name of another actress was placed upon the list, and its parents drew a tiny salary for its services in addition to their own. Afterwards people said that the baby really cried and cooed in the right places, and was evidently a born actress.

There was after this no want of a baby in the company with which its parents were connected, and at the age of five the little girl had a speaking part of her own.

Little Signorina Adelaide created quite a furore in this part. She went to Venice, to Milan, and to Rome; and at an age when most young actresses are seeking an opportunity to appear was well established in her profession.

It was at the Royal Theater, of Turin, that a young nobleman, the Count Capranica Della Grilla, first saw her.

The part she played was one that called forth all the powers of her genius and demanded the costliest and most elegant costumes and the most brilliant display of jewels. Her dark beauty, wonderful even in the simplest dress, was enhanced by this magnificence, so that it seemed actually superhuman.

The young Count leaned from his box with his eyes fixed upon her. His admiration was so evident that the whole house remarked it.

The admiration of a nobleman for a beautiful actress was not uncommon. It generally ended in one way. The nobleman won the lady's smiles, surrounded her with luxury and for awhile adored h[illegible] Then they quarreled.

When the Count's devotion became manifest, as it did shortly, all the world expected this history to be repeated. They were disappointed. The Signorina Adelaide had wise parents, and was a dignified as well as beautiful girl. The Count's love was tinctured with respect. Shortly he made an offer of marriage to the fair Adelaide and was accepted.

After this he confided to his parents the fact that he was about to marry the best, the loveliest and the greatest genius among women—in fact, the most incomparable creature upon earth—and asked them to congratulate and bless him.

They did no such thing. Parents are seldom to be calculated on in this particular, and the young Count's were no exception to the general rule. Instead of rejoicing, the ladies of the family bemoaned themselves with the energy only possible to Italians. The father, instead, of blessing, uttered curses loud and deep. The daughter of a poor nobody! "An actress!"

The son of their ancient family should not so cast himself away. He might betroth himself as much as he pleased, but he should never marry the girl.

The old Count went to see Signorina Adelaide's father, but was treated with little reverence. He commanded his son to give up his mad idea and set before him the fact that he was about to disgrace his family. The son declared that the alliance he was about to make would honor it.

The old Count prayed his son to remember his mother's grief, his sister's tears. The young Count declared that they were not to be pitied, since they wept when they should rejoice.

Finally the indignant and terrified father had his son seized upon and carried away in a fashion quite possible in Italy and confined in an old castle which he possessed in Campagna, there to remain until he promised to give up his loved Adelaide for ever and take for a wife some high-born madame of his mother's choosing.

Thus parted from each other, the lovers grieved and yearned, and watched the moon, and counted the hours as lovers always do under such circumstances, but did not despair.

The guard set at the gates would never have allowed the young Count to pass through them or to climb the walls, but when a wagon laden with provisions entered no one thought of watching the wagoner's boy in his smock and slouch hat, and so a little bribe bought the costume of the fellow, and the young Count smacked his whip gayly as he drove over the hill and got away without being discovered, though the guard would examine the wagon before he let it pass.

The Count sat under a tree reading a book for a long while afterwards—that is, the wagoner in the Count's clothes—and when the truth was discovered the consternation was so great that the confederates escaped scot free.

By that time the young Count was married. He had met his wife at a little church, to which she came with her father and other friends, and they were made one and went off together. There was some talk of the Count himself becoming an actor, but, whatever happened, the old nobleman, his father, could do nothing.

Finally the family held counsel that they would forgive their son if his wife would leave the stage.

Now, the beautiful Adelaide was a born actress, but at the moment love dominated her soul. Her husband was all in all to her. She yielded to his persuasions and retired from the profession she adorned.

She went to live with the great family, who were very kind to her. She tasted all the sweets of idleness and luxury and was adored by her husband. She was for awhile perfectly happy.

But slowly, surely, a nameless longing crept into her soul. She felt her life dull and uninteresting. The artist within her got the better of her. Her one great longing was to act once more, to tread the stage as of yore, to live the life for which she was born. She dreamed of it at night, she dreamed of it by day, but she never spoke of it. Her word had been pledged and she must keep it.

Society had ceased to charm her. All occupation was wearisome. She turned her attention to the poor and was beautiful to them. Among other wretched people she gave alms to the poor creatures in the debtors' prison. It was in the year 1847. At that day in the place where she abode a creditor who chose could cast his debtor into a foul prison and let him rot there.

There was, I believe, some law which made it compulsory to give the man who owed money which he could not pay bread and water. For all else he had to depend on charity, and there were bars in his cage behind which he could sit, thrust out his hand for whatever pitiful strangers chose to give.

The Countess Adelaide had often spoken to one unfortunate man, a gentleman whose debt was very large, and one day it came into her mind that there was a way in which he might be delivered from his bonds and restored to his helpless wife and children. Accordingly, she spoke of it to her husband.

Her idea was to give an entertainment to the public, the object being specified in the public prints and in private letters. The tickets sold at high prices; actors of position would be implored to offer their services, and she herself would take the principal part.

To this the Count gave his consent. His parents, after some demur, agreed that acting for a charity, and to such an audience, was not objectionable, and one night the play was put upon the boards of a magnificent theater.

Once more Adelaide, in all the splendor of a queenly costume, walked the stage. Once more she was happy. And how she acted!

Applause rent the air. How wonderful genius impressed all who listened. The old delight in it returned to her husband, and none was more enthusiastic than his relative. I do not know what the play was, or I would give its name to my readers, but those who saw it that night never forgot it.

How often did they call the beautiful Countess before the curtain! how often did she smile and courtesy and kiss her hands to them! She was happy for the first time for long, long months. A good deed had been done. The poor debtor was happy, too, for his debt had been paid, and he had money besides to begin the world with on his day of freedom. His wife knelt to kiss the hand of the benevolent Countess, and the poor man himself, bewildered by his unexpected good fortune, could only weep. Happiness was restored to a home that had been very miserable. As for Adelaide herself, hope arose in her heart. The sensation her acting had caused was so tremendous that the whole feeling of her husband's family changed. Italians are all artists enough to feel pride in genius like hers, and when she unburdened her heart to them and told of her longing to return to the stage they gave their consent, and so that greatest of all modern actresses, Adelaide Ristori, began the triumphant career that has made her name known in every country in the world as the greatest of all modern tragic actresses.

Surely no one can say that truth may not be as romantic as fiction.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in Fireside Companion.

A Bit of Natural History.

Instinct teaches the hen that it would be no good to warm only one side of her eggs and so when she feels that they are [illegible]e" on one side she turns them evenly round. Anyone who has watched sees [illegible] has seen them rise now and [illegible] about for a few moments on the nest. That is when they [illegible] the eggs over.

ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

STORIES OF A DREADED MONSTER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

These Reptiles Attain Enormous Size and Frequently Terrorize the Natives—Although Naturally Savage the Saurian Can Be Tamed By Gentle Treatment.

Until a short time ago there lived in New York City a physician who had spent many years in South America, and who was well informed in natural history. His great delight was to tell stories about animals. Some of them are given here.

"While exceedingly rich in vegetation, South America is poor in the higher forms of animal life," he said. "But although the higher animals are scarce, birds and insects are numerous, and the reptiles especially are large and plentiful. Of the reptiles, the alligator is one of the most disliked. That terrible creature feeds on fish, carrion and animals which it is successful enough to surprise as they come to drink at the water's edge. Man, also, frequently falls a victim, and for that reason the natives of places where the alligator is common have devised various methods for killing it. There was a pond near where I was once staying, where the wild cattle went in herds to drink, and there hunters used to lay in wait for them. One day one of the hunters going into the water came across an alligator, which seized him by the knee. He began to call for help, but his comrades, instead of coming to his rescue, ran away, thinking he had fallen into the hands of the hostile natives. The alligator had not a good hold of his knee, but would not let go while the man struggled. The hunter had presence of mind enough, however, to become still, and pretend that he was dead; whereupon the alligator loosened his hold to take a new and securer one. When it did so the man pulled away his knee and interposed his gun, which the creature at once seized so savagely and firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hands.

"At another time a small Indian village in which I was staying was periodically terrorized by one of its inhabitants being carried off by a large alligator. The natives became worked up to such a pitch of excitement that it was resolved to kill the terrible visitor at any cost. Accordingly, two powerful men were chosen to watch for it and destroy it. One night they saw a monster alligator rise out of the river and climb on a rock to rest. Forgetting all about danger, they waded in the river until they were only a short distance away from it, when they took true aim and thrust two harpoons into its body. After a struggle they killed that terror of the village. From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail he measured fifteen feet, being one of the largest ever slain. The two men who killed him were, of course, the heroes of the hour.

"The natives in some parts of South America are bold and reckless enough to give them some chance of fighting the alligator in the water. They dive under it and plunge a long dagger into its belly, and after a few struggles the hated monster turns over on its back and dies.

"Although the alligator is truly a monster, it can, by gentle treatment, be made tame. In one of the South American villages a man caught a young alligator, and in time it became so tame that it would follow him around like a dog, and even scramble up stairs after him. It was a very affectionate creature. Its great favorite was a cat of the house, and the cat seemed to like it in return. If it saw the cat asleep, it would lie down beside it and place its head upon the cat and go to sleep, too. That cat and alligator were nearly always together, and whenever one was absent the other seemed restless. But that alligator also had its dislikes. It seemed especially to hate a small dog of the house, and every time it got a chance would beat the dog unmercifully with its tail, never thinking of attacking it with its mouth. For a long time the pet alligator was kept alive by being fed on raw meat and milk. One day, however, the cat died, and not long after this the alligator died, too. The people of the house felt sure that it died from a broken heart because the cat was gone."

Origin of a Common Saying.

"I acknowledge the corn" originated in the halls of Congress in 1828, when Andrew Stewart declared in a speech that Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn-fields, and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. One Wickcliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, saying that those States did not send haystacks or corn-fields away for sale.

"Well, what do you send?" inquired Stewart.

"We send cattle, horses, mules, and hogs."

"Very well. What makes your cattle, horses, mules, and hogs? You feed one hundred dollars worth of hay to a horse. You just ruminate, and get on top of your hay stack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make them carry fifty dollars worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take at thirty-three cents a bushel to fatten a hog?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put thirty bushels into the shape of a hog, and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

"Mr. Speaker," cried Wickcliffe, springing to his feet at this point, "I acknowledge the corn!"—Golden Days.

The Reason—McFangle—"Why was Washington buried in Mount Vernon, do you suppose?" McFangle—"Well, I don't know. Because it was the family habitation, I suppose, or—" "No, that wasn't the first reason." "What was then?" "He was dead." And McFangle went out and inquired for the foot-rather, —Boston News.

LAST CARGO OF SLAVES.

An Unassimilated Colony of Blacks Down in Alabama.

An Alabama man at the Grand Pacific: I read of the death of Captain Timothy Meaher in Mobile. He was the man who brought into this country the last cargo of slaves from Africa. There were 160 of them. They were brought more in defiance of the Garrison idea than for any anticipated profit. Meaher spirited his cargo away among the canebreaks, but he was arrested for violating the law in bringing them over. He succeeded, however, in getting clear. Of the cargo of negroes 30 fell to his share, and he settled them in a little village near Mobile. Soon after they were freed.

Their descendants have multiplied and continue to live in the same section as their ancestors. But they regard themselves as a different order of beings from the "comon nigger" of the South, and are very exclusive. They retain their native language and customs, and are ruled by a queen of their own choosing. They are honest, but make no efforts to advance in the ways of civilization.—Chicago Tribune.

Tewfik as Haroun Alraschid.

The Khedive, oddly enough for an Oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cario was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell stories of his experience with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool of the sunrise hour. One morning, returning from a walk in the gardens of Ghizireh, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in here, yer know," said the man of war, with the Brit's amiable contempt for the fat little foreigner.

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," said Tewfik, diffidently.

"Ah, ye look like it. Busting times I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. Would he stand six shillings a day, think? What sort of a feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming along recognized and saluted the khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who, probably, had never received a more sincere offer of service.

A Canine Economist.

Bruce was a farmer's dog—a large bulldog well along in years—and kept for the good he had done rather than for what was expected of him in the future. But the following incident, related by a son of Bruce's owner, shows that he was not past usefulness.

One morning in the early winter the farmer's good wife awoke to hear the wind howling terribly, and to see the snow flying all about the house. It was but the work of a moment to run to the window, and we think all good housewives will sympathize with the poor woman when we say, of all the clothes she had left on the line the day before, not an article was in sight! We will not attempt to picture her consternation, but we will say that the old farmer himself was soon out in the snow. While zealously engaged in this snow searching, a whine from Bruce drew his attention. As this was something unusual, he hastened to where the dog was lying in the snow, and there found the missing clothes. As they had been blown from the line—it was so high that he could not reach them—the dog had collected them, not missing a single piece, and using them as a bed had prevented further flight.

A Wonderful Time-Piece.

A wonderful piece of mechanism, consisting of a watch dial of unique construction, has been finished and put on exhibition by one of the deft-fingered artists belonging to one of the large watch factories at Waltham, Mass. It contains, instead of the usual numerals, twelve small but distinct silhouette figures, beginning with a woman with a very small child in her arms. At 1 o'clock, the little mother and her miniature baby are clearly depicted, the infant being in "long clothes." At 2 o'clock the same figure appears, but the child has perceptably grown. At 3 o'clock the little mother is still the same, but the baby is in "short clothes." At 4 o'clock the child again appears, and so on up to 8 o'clock, when he goes to school for the first time. At 9 he seen in college gown, standing beside the now elderly mother. At 10 o'clock the death-bed is brought to view, the young man taking leave of his aged parent. At 11 o'clock he is aged with the snows of many winters. At 12 he makes his final appearance, an old and decrepit specimen of humanity, praying for the end. During the next twelve hours the same scenes are enacted. The little machine is a wonder all around.

"How is business with you, Pietro?" asked the American. "No gooda!" said the Italian; "all e'money maka on'e peanutta, lose-a on'e damma banan't!" One has only to repeat this sentence rapidly in order to give himself quite the impression that he is talking Italian.—Boston Transcript.

It is only now and then that a man can grow much in grace while people are praising him.—Ram's Horn.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the sea.

PLAYTHINGS THAT WORK.

Wonderful Improvements Have Been Made in Mechanical Toys.

"The toys which small boys desire nowadays are of the sort which will really work and do something," said a dealer on Pennsylvania avenue to a Washington *Star* reporter. "For example, here is a typewriter that works very well indeed for the price, which is only $1. A magic lantern that will afford a great deal of amusement can be had for the same price. For $5 I will sell you an excellent practical camera.

"Stationary steam engines for toys are now made in a wonderful variety of patterns and at surprisingly low cost. This one I sell for $1. It is as good as could have been bought ten years ago for $4. This, you will observe, is a steam pile-driver in miniature, but complete. The engine raises a weight to the height of about eighteen inches and lets it fall about once every fifteen seconds. You could drive carpet tacks with it admirably.

"This is a steam crane which picks up objects with a hook and carries them about. Here is a steam pump which really pumps water and squirts it through a hose. The principle is just the same as that of the fire-engine.

"But, in my opinion, none of these toys are equal to this locomotive engine, which does everything that a big locomotive can do. One puts water in the boiler and it is heated by means of this spirit lamp with three wicks, which, as you see, is slid in below.

"There is even an automatic safety valve, which is lifted in case the steam pressure becomes too great. This locomotive, as soon as it has got up steam, will run on a circular track for half an hour without any additional supply of water or fuel. Together with the track and this handsome parlor car it only costs $4. Every infant should have one."

Chinese Characteristics.

It seems to make no particular difference to a Chinese how long he remains in one position. He will write all day, like an automaton. If he is a handicraftsman, he will stand in one place from dewy morn till dusky eve, working away at his weaving, his gold-beating, or whatever it may be, and do it every day, without any variation in the monotony, and apparently no special consciousness that there is any monotony to be varied.

In the same way Chinese school children are subjected to an amount of confinement, unrelieved by any recesses or change of work, which would soon drive Western pupils to the verge of insanity.

The very infants in arms, instead of squirming and wriggling as our children begin to do as soon as they are born, lie as impassive as so many mud gods. At a more advanced age, when Western children vie with the monkey in his wildest antics, Chinese children will often stand, sit or squat in the same posture for a great length of time.

In the item of sleep the Chinese establishes the same differences between himself and the Occidental as in the directions already specified. Generally speaking, he is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow he can lie down on his bed of stalks, or mud bricks, or rattan, and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him.

The same freedom from the tyranny of nerves is exhibited in the Chinese endurance of physical pain. Those who have any acquaintance with the operations in hospitals in China know how common, or rather how almost universal, it is for the patients to bear without flinching a degree of pain from which the stoutest of us would shrink in terror.

Wonderfully Made.

After six years of earnest work, a watchmaker in Warsaw has produced a clock which is the wonder of all who have seen it. It represents a railroad station, with waiting rooms for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices, an outside promenade, and a fountain in operation. Alongside of the station are seen the tracks, with signal-booths, switches and water reservoirs—in fact, everything belonging to a European railroad depot. In the dome of the central tower of the building is a clock showing the local time, while in each of two other towers there is a clock giving the time, respectively, of New York and Pekin. In both of these towers a calendar and barometer are seen. Every quarter of an hour the station becomes active. First the telegraph operator does his work—issues the telegram to signify that the track is clear. Then the doors of the building are opened; the station-keeper and his assistant appear on the platform; at the ticket office the cashier is noticeable; the guards leave the signal booths and hois, the barrier; a long row of passengers is observable in front of the ticket office, baggage is hauled; one of the guards rings the bell and a train runs into the station. While the whistle of the locomotive is blown, the train stops; a workman goes along the row of coaches and hits the axles with a hammer, while another pumps water into the water tank of the locomotive. After a third signal with the station-bell the train starts and disappears in a tunnel on the opposite side. The station keeper and his assistant leave the platform and the doors of the depot building are closed, the guards enter their booths, and quiet reigns. After fifteen minutes the same trouble commences again.

Expense No Object.

Tantivy Tooler—You ought to go to Europe this year; it's cheaper than staying home.

Jack Lever—Yes; that's why I prefer to stay home.—Puck.

ON LOOKS.

A SUBJECT OF PERSONAL INTEREST IN ALL CIVILIZED COUNTRIES.

It Occupies a Large Portion of Our Thought and Attention—The Desire to Appear Well Is Commendable—The Secret of True Beauty.

There is probably no subject in the world which excites more interest in the human mind than personal appearance. Whether we are conscious of it or not, it is the center of the greater portion of our daily thoughts. Look, for instance, at some of the other themes on which thought dwells—Ambition, Anticipation, Anxiety, Charity, or Sympathy. The space of time occupied by any one of these in twenty-four hours can not equal that which we spend on our toilet, dress, and comportment combined. They claim our attention at the earliest hour of the morning; follow us instinctively through every section of the day; are present at our meetings of social intercourse; haunt our pleasures, not infrequently mar them; and are probably in some degree the last shadows which veil us from the land of dreams.

Considering that it is very important that our minds should not be burdened with what is unworthy, it would be well for us to assure ourselves that the effect this produces is not intended to be prejudicial. At first glance a person may disclaim the imputation, and say: "Indeed, I think very little of my personal appearance;" or, "I have no looks to boast of, so it's little time I spend on them." To each of whom we would reply: "My friend, you think more of your personal appearance than you are aware of; and you spend more time on your looks because they are not good."

People who depreciate or pretend to be wholly indifferent to their looks, either act a lie, or else fail to recognize the main structure on which the human mind is built. What, in fact, are looks for? If faces were like blades of grass or leaves of trees, where would be our identity? Where would be our passions? Where would be our motives? The whole world would become a gigantic piece of machinery, worked by the mind of man, without aim, without vitality, without result. It is the human form divine which gives lifeblood to our passage through this world. Emulation, self-respect, improvement, and admiration, are all qualities which spring from the consciousness that outward appearance is, and was intended to be, a matter of first importance. It is as much a law of nature as self-preservation. No matter how handsome, or how ugly a man may be—and there is no distinction between man and woman here—let him go arm in arm with a friend towards a mirror. Whose image does he first glance at? Not the friend's, you may be sure. Observe a lady walking along the street. How many times will she glance at her own reflection in the shop windows? As often as she gets the chance. The sight never loses its novelty. That question, "What am I looking like?" never loses its fascination. Let her go into a room full of mirrors. She will look into one on the right; then immediately turn and repeat the process on the left. She is quite right. The two sides are entirely different. Again, let her see a friend appear in a new dress or fashion. What is the first thought that occurs to her? "Now I wonder how that would suit me?" She immediately turns over in her mind how and when the idea is to be carried out, while the friend is all the while flattering herself she is an object of admiration.

Let no man or woman condemn themselves for this weakness. It is common to all alike. Neither let them undervalue good looks nor despair of improving bad ones. The gift of beauty is often allied with a fascination of manner which plain faces may sigh for in vain. If it could be bought for money, what price would not be paid for that peculiar glance or smile which is imprinted for all time!

But while we acknowledge its power and envy its possession, there is much to be said on the opposite side. Those who lack beauty avoid its snares. Those who are passed by, pause to ask themselves how they may turn life to its best account. They have no chance in the world of show. They will not even have honorable mention. They had best not compete. Other fields are open to them, wider and more satisfying than the gift that faded. We are few of us born geniuses; but we venture to say many who come under that head have become known to the world from the simple fact that they were born with a plain face. It is easy to recall instances where even severe bodily affliction has not been an obstacle to a distinguished career. There is, however, one kind of beauty with which no one is born and to which any one may attain, but the means of acquiring it is a secret which each must find out for himself. It is exceedingly rare and exceedingly beautiful. At least once in our lives we may remember to have seen such a face, generally that of an old man with many lines in it. It arrests the heart as well as the eye. It makes us yearn for something yet unknown, that serenity of countenance which is the index of a saintly soul

Big Ceylon Spiders.

The bodies of the spiders of Ceylon are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls its victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout thread around the unfortunate captive.