msa_sc5130_scm12191-0617 ©Maryland State Archives


# MINING FROSTBURG JOURNAL.

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

22ND YEAR—NO. 3. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,095.


*Railroad Schedules, etc.*

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

| Eastward. | | Stations. | | Westward. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leave. | | | | Arrive. |
| No. 5. | No. 3. | No. 1. | | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6.* |
| p. m. | a. m. | a. m. | | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. |
| 6 15 | 11 30 | 6 25 | Piedmont | 11 10 | 6 00 | 11 45 |
| 6 30 | 12 05 | 6 40 | Barton | 10 50 | 5 45 | 11 32 |
| 6 40 | 12 17 | 6 50 | Lonaconing | 10 42 | 5 35 | 11 22 |
| 6 52 | 12 29 | 7 02 | Midland | 10 29 | 5 22 | 11 09 |
| 6 55 | 12 32 | 7 05 | Ocean | 10 26 | 5 18 | 11 07 |
| 7 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 | Mount'town | 9 52 | 4 45 | 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 30 | 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 | 11:00 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, 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.... | 7:43 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 mid'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 | |
| 3:00 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, 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 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.*


Did You Watch —THE— Wagon Loads of Large W. Cases UNLOADED AT WINELAND'S?

AND do you wish to know what was in them? I can tell you: They contained

CLOTHING!

Yes—fine Clothing for Men, Boys and Children—the largest and best selected stock ever shown in this town—handsomely made and trimmed—in all sizes and at extremely low figures. It will astonish you! No competitor can or dare attempt to hold a candle alongside these goods, taking quality into consideration. You should call early, therefore, if you would avail yourself of the many undoubtedly rare bargains here offered. I repeat it—you must come right along, as they are selling very freely and my force is kept very busy. And then

DON'T FORGET

that I keep a handsome and beautiful line of TOP SHIRTS in white, colored and fancy—newest styles; also UNDERWEAR in all shades and weights; NECKWEAR—Collars and Cuffs; Umbrellas, Trunks, Hats and Caps, Carpets, Oilcloths and Mattings—all of which will and must be sold at

ROCKBOTTOM PRICES

Remember—everything is New, Fresh and Clean.

No old, no shoddy, no shelf-worn goods in stock.

Marx Wineland, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Clothier & Furnisher FROSTBURG, MD.

April 30

PRINTING . . . . . BOOK-BINDING . . Blankbook Manufacturing

FRANK B. JENVEY, Successor to Arthur Shriver & Co., The Leading Establishment of Western Maryland,

HAVING added greatly to its facilities, is better than ever prepared to promptly execute all orders for work in their lines.

The Finest PRINTING, The Most Elegant Book Binding, The Most Substantial BLANK BOOKS NO CHEAP WORK. 28 South Centre Street, Cumberland, Md.

Sept 10

When You Want Beef, BUY OF A BUTCHER.

WHEN you want clothes, buy of a tailor. WHEN you want SHOES, buy of a Shoemaker. The moral of this is—the firm of

M. RODDA & CO.

are SHOEMAKERS from away back, and after over one-third of a century's experience in the business in both the Eastern and Western hemispheres, are still at it. They are not moss-grown, nor have they settled on their lees, but are just now fully alive to the wants of the

*Schoolboy and Schoolgirl,*

who will soon respond to the ring of the bell. They are prepared with warm, substantial, durable, stylish SHOES for those that

Try the Sole so Hard.

They are better supplied than ever with Mens, Boys, Ladies and Misses light, heavy, very fine and superfine SHOES, made of

Kip, Calfskin, Kangaroo, Kangaroo Calf, Dongola and Dongola Calf, Oil Goat and Oil Grain, Camelskin, Satin Calf, etc.

MINING SHOES

in great variety—buckle and lace.

☞ BOOTS and RUBBER GOODS are beginning to arrive.

Our stock of STIFF HATS are superb in style and unbreakable.

SOFT HATS in every style.

CAPS for Children, Girls, Boys and Men in great variety.

As we have ever been, so now we are top in quality and bottom in price.

M. RODDA & CO.

Sept 3

The SECOND NATIONAL BANK CUMBERLAND, MD.

Designated United States Depository

$100,000 Capital. $150,000 Surplus and other Undivided Profits.

Directors: LLOYD LOWNDES, L. M. SHEPHERD, O. C. GEPHART, WM. R. PERCY, JAMES CLARK, A. HUNTER BOYD, DAVID SLOAN.

Investment Securities for Sale.

Price and other information given on application. D. ANNAN, May 28—tf Cashier.

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE FARM of 65 acres, situated 3 miles from Frostburg. The land is productive and the buildings and fencee in good repair. For terms and other particulars apply to CLAYTON PURNELL, July 30 Frostburg, Md.

WANTED.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Apply to or address L. P. WOLFE, Aug 27 Frostburg, Md.

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE.

SITUATE on Frosts' avenue—a corner lot and a fine site for a dwelling. For further particulars apply to or address C. O. TOWLES, Oct 1 Frostburg, Md.


## A LITTLE DECEPTION.

Eugene Van Renseler, who had recently returned from Europe with his last year's bride, had given me a cordial invitation to dine with them on the following Monday, after having introduced me to Madame Van Renseler.

She was a Pole; and when I saw her, I, who had been astonished at Van Renseler's marriage with one who was not an American, swallowed my surprise completely.

To call her charming would be by no means doing justice to her.

Beside this she was in the very bloom of youth, while Van Renseler was much about the same age as myself, and I was on the shady side of forty. I was surprised, for I knew that the Colonel when a boy had lost his heart to a French singer who had run away with him, only to turn away from him a year later. After which he became a misanthrope and fairly hated music.

I had entered the Academy of Music between the first and second acts of the opera, when the first person upon whom my eyes fell in the corridor was the Colonel.

Rushing toward me he seized both my hands and shook them heartily.

"How are you, my dear old boy?"

"In capital health, as you may perceive, Eugene, and delighted to see you again, after your having so long left me in doubt as to your continuance above ground."

At this moment the second act was about to commence, and he said:

"Come with me to my box, and I will introduce you to my wife."

As he uttered this he opened the door of the box and we entered.

Adelaide Van Renseler looked around with her finger upon her lip and a saucily mutinous expression, as soon as she heard her husband's step

I sank into a chair behind her, while Van Renseler seated himself upon the opposite side of the box.

A married sister of the Colonel's, whom I had long known, occupied the seat before him. A very cordial greeting had been interchanged between us.

For a moment or two I might probably have envied Eugene Van Renseler his position as a married man had I not chanced to turn my eyes toward him.

There was the fellow who hated music, who only endured it "for Addie's sake," as he had just told me, with his eyes closed and a ridiculous expression upon his face of the most supreme delight, listening to Nilsson, and beating time gently upon his knee to the aria she was singing.

When the curtain fell the Colonel turned round, just as his wife folded up the programme of the opera, on which I had seen her scribbling a few words with the little jewelled pencil-case attached to her bracelet, and pushed it into my hand.

After Eugene had invited me to dine with them, he bade me offer my arm to his wife, and, appropriating Mrs. Corbyn to himself, quitted the box.

As the Colonel with his sister, preceded Mrs. Van Renseler and myself, I felt her little kid-gloved fingers rested upon my arm like a vise.

"You must not fail me, Major."

Shortly after they were whirling away.

Crossing the corner of the square I stepped up, so as to catch the light of a lamp, and read the lines traced upon the programme:

"Come to me to-morrow at 12 o'clock. Eugene will be away. Mind, you must come. A. VAN RENSELER.

Precisely at noon the next day I sent up my card to the wife of my friend.

It was not long before the waiter returned and asked me to step upstairs to Mrs. Van Renseler's apartments.

If she had been charmingly pretty the night before she was exquisitely so now.

"Come nearer, Major," she said, slightly coloring. Then she pointed to an ottoman near the center window. She turned to her maid.

"Go into my bedroom, Rosalie, and wait there until I call you."

No sooner had she said this than she placed herself in a fauteuil immediately opposite me.

"And so," she began, "you are Eugene's oldest and best friend in New York. I really fancy I may compliment him on his selection."

With a profound bow I placed my hand on my heart.

"Will you promise not to be annoyed with any question I may ask you, and to answer as truthfully as you can?"

"I promise."

"Have you and Eugene had relations together in many affairs?"

She colored a little, but upon my soul I reddened to the roots of my hair.

"Wait a moment," she impetuously continued, "before you answer. Do not imagine that I am asking you about my husband from any foolish curiosity. It is because Eugene is making me very miserable.

"When I became the bride of Eugene I had only known him for five weeks. He met me, procured an introduction to my parents, and won my affection—oh, no, the whole of my heart!

"My father was disposed to reject his offer, but Eugene bought his consent and we were married.

"The first few months after our bridal were passed in Italy. They were to me divinely happy days! It was long before I noticed, while he took me everywhere else, he never took me to the opera. One day I told him I should like to have a piano."

"And what did he say?" I was compelled to enquire.

"He told me in a cruelly hard voice he detested music in every shape and must leave me if I insisted upon 'spoiling' to him. I thought Eugene really detested music,' as he told me he did."

"Then you don't think so now?"

"How can I? You were watching him last night. And now, my friend, you must allow me to put my question in a somewhat clearer and narrower shape."

I had almost forgotten the question to which she referred, and was searching my memory for it.

"Has my husband ever had an affair with any vocalist before he met me?"

How the deuce had she managed, at her age, to stumble upon the idea of such a possibility? How could I reply to her?

I had been his friend some twenty-eight or thirty years, yet she had wheedled me into passing her my word of honor to answer her question.

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Van Renseler, how it was the Colonel came to take you to the Academy of Music last night? Did you ask him to go?"

"Certainly not," she replied, with a look of perplexed wonder. "When he came in before dinner, he told me, if I liked to go, he would take me."

"And where had he been in the morning?"

"I only know he had an engagement with his sister on some business."

"How often have you seen Mrs. Corbyn?"

"Some three or four times."

"Have you thought of telling her what you have done me the honor of telling me?"

The color came scarletly to her cheeks, and the shame made her wondrously lovely.

"I have been very wrong," she said penitently. "But I thought you as a man could tell me so much more of his life in what I wished to know than it was possible she could."

"So," I said, rising and extending my hand to her, "you will permit me to bid you adieu."

"You, forgot, sir," she exclaimed, "your parole d'honneur is yet unredeemed."

"May I not ask you to trust me for three weeks, Mrs. Van Renseler?"

"If you do not choose, sir, to tell me now!"

"I presume madam, you would prefer having the answer to your question direct from your husband rather than from a comparative stranger."

"Can you promise that to me?"

"If within three weeks he does not tell you all, I pledge myself to be your informant."

Ten minutes later she allowed me to decamp.

Fifteen minutes later I was with Mrs. Corbyn. She had always been a capital friend of mine.

Consequently I had no difficulty in confiding to her all that Mrs. Van Renseler told me.

"And what do you want me to do?" she at length asked.

"You know you are one of the patronesses of the grand amateur charitable concert."

"I see what you mean," she said with a joyous laugh. "Mrs. Van Renseler shall sing at it, and you, will bring my brother."

The concert was to be of the most distinguished and aristocratic character—so much so, indeed, that it had been determined no names of the amateurs who were to appear should be published in any of the advertisements or on any of the programmes.

This did away with the chances of preliminary interference on his part.

But the rehearsals!

About a week before the concert was to come off I was summoned to Washington on business, I heard the Colonel announce his intention of visiting that city before Congress should adjourn. What could be more natural than that I, as a friend, should ask him to accompany me or that he should acceed to my request?

I could scarcely help laughing in my sleeve as I saw how amiably the Colonel submitted to my fraud.

We started to New York, purposing to arrive in ample time to attend the concert.

The train on which we had started was considerably delayed, and we did not reach Jersey City until close upon 8 o'clock.

However, we got to the door of the hall sometime after the second part had begun, and, in consequence of the crush within and around it, we were unable to enter.

We could merely see the surging and heaving mass of heads before us. Then some one in the crowd said:

"Here she is again."

And such a thundering storm of applause rang through the audience.

Next, a few notes were played by the orchestra, and a pure, clear resonant voice rose through them in Bellini's beautiful invocation, "Casta Diva."

Although I was unable to see from whom that voice came, I knew it rose, bird-like, yet human, from the throat of Mrs. Van Renseler.

My wandering thought was recalled to the actual present by the voice of Eugene Van Renseler, whom I had for the moment covered up as completely in my mind as if he had no share in the present.

"So this was the cause, Major, of your trip to Washington. I have to thank you and my sister for having made me a thorough fool."

I turned myself as soon as I could, but the Colonel was no longer behind me.

Forcing my way to the top of the stairs I looked around but he was nowhere to be seen.

When I rose on the next day, I felt a qualm or two regarding the net result of my first appearance in Washington as an actor in private life.

The arrival, while I was at breakfast, of a note from the Colonel, sent by hand, settled this.

It ran thus:

"Come, old fellow, and dine with us at 6 this evening, sharp. Mrs. Van Renseler wants you to compliment her.

"EUGENE VAN R."

Need I say I was there, and before I had left them in the "wee sma' hours" of the following morning his wife told me the Colonel had abandoned his sensitive secretiveness, and had confessed his unworthy and unhappy marriage.—Exchange.

### THE NUMBER SEVEN.

**Its Mystical Signification in Biblical History.**

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven day's journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tent.

Every seven days the land rested.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jerico seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle were seven lamps.

The golden candlestic had seven branches.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### Business Blunders.

A Portland gentleman tells the *Express* of some of the curious mistakes which occur constantly in banking circles. "I know one instance," he says, "where a note went to protest. The maker insisted that he had sent a check for it by mail. After some days the check was found in a waste basket with a lot of empty envelopes. A man once called into our bank to insist that a deposit of nearly five hundred dollars which he had made did not appear anywhere on his book. The transaction occurred some months before. Upon looking it up, a deposit ticket in his own handwriting was discovered depositing the missing amount to the credit of another man. When he made the deposit he did not have his book with him, but he made out his deposit ticket, and in a moment of abstraction wrote the other instead of his own name. It was several months before he missed the money, and the man to whose credit he had deposited it had known nothing about it, and gave a check for the amount to correct the error."

### Nothing Wasted.

In Paris nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which every one else throws away here becomes a source of profit. Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tins go to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel, and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange peel to the marmalade maker, and so on. The ideas suggested are not always agreeable, and to see a rag-picker fishing orange peel out of the basket is enough to make one forswear marmalade—but there is worse than that. The most valuable refuse—that which fetches two francs the kilo—is hair; the long goes to the hairdresser, while the short is used among other things, for clarifying oils.

### Fussy Women Who Travel.

My heart aches for the nervous, fussy women who travel, said a Pullman conductor to a Pittsburg reporter the other day. They don't get any rest, and they are sick and in misery all the time When they retire at night they are afraid to take off their clothes, and they are in constant fear of being robbed. Every time the brakeman goes back to look at his lights, or the porter passes their berth, they believe their time has come, and they are in constant fear. The next day, not having slept during the night, they are ill, and they can not enjoy the ride. But how different it is with the old traveller. She takes off her dress turns the skirt inside out, wraps her under-clothing in it, and is soon sound asleep. In the morning she appears in a pretty gown with her clothes under her arm, and in a short time reappears from the toilet room looking as fresh and well as if she had been sleeping in her own house.

### The Condition Had Changed.

"There goes a man that we ought to go for," said one Anarchist to another, pointing to a gentleman who was passing.

"Do you know who he is?" asked the friend.

"I do for a fact," was the response "He's a big Wall street capitalist, and he should not be allowed to live."

"But he failed last week," said the other, "and hasn't got a cent."

"Ah, that puts a different face on the matter. He ought to join us. Capital has tyrannized over him, and he should try and get even."—Texas Siftings.

All kinds of cooked fish can be served with salads. Lettuce is the best green salad to serve with them; but all cooked and cold vegetables go well with fish.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where bright sun will fall directly on it. It will take it entirely out.

## A NIGHT OF AWFUL CALAMITY.

**A Graphic Picture of the Great Chicago Fire.**

There was not much clamor of men, women, or children. It is probable that the awfulness of the situation made the mind silent rather than noisy. Personal friends said to me: "The city is gone,' or "No power can save us," or "All is lost;" but beyond such ejaculations few were the words to be heard. Quite a stream of vehicles and persons was moving northward, but the movement did not seem that of a panic, but rather that of an orderly retreat. The guests were issuing from the Tremont and Sherman Hotels. The banging of trunks was a little more violent than usual, and the vehicles into which trunks were going showed that the exodus of guests was informal; and yet, not much was said by the man with the team or the man with the trunk. The fire was raging in the business district, and its population at midnight was not great. The scene was not that of families fleeing for life with mother calling for child and child crying for parent. The ruin was advancing in the great commercial blocks, whose clerks and business heads were perhaps miles distant from their counters and desks It was a common event to see one or two men come down from a bank or office and unload their arms or a basket into either an express wagon or a well-equipped carriage and then hasten away. Where there was distrust of a vault the valuable contents were extracted and headed for some place not yet doomed.

All beyond was a furnace. Here, and a little after midnight, the fact that the city was doomed, that my house was doomed, and that tens of thousands of persons would be homeless and penniless in a few hours, was fully realized. Before me lay in one mass of fire a district nearly a mile long and fully four miles wide; and under a wind which was almost a hurricane, this red army was advancing. At intervals, like minute guns, came the boom of some falling wall. I turned to go home. The tumbling buildings made a solemn sound like the pulsations of a volcano, or the heavy artillery of some field of battle.—From "Historic Moments: a Memory of the Chicago Fire," by Rev. David Swing, in Scribner.

### A True Story of the Elder Booth.

Many years ago the elder Booth was filling an engagement at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, then under the management of Tom Ford. During Booth's engagement Ford had a rural friend call upon him, and after talking over matters pertaining to the town from which they both came, Ford, to keep up his end, asked his friend:

"Have you ever been to a theater?"

"No; but I have read Pilgrim's Progress, Milton's Paradise Lost, and the Book of Martyrs."

"Would you like to go to the theater to-night?"

"Yes, I would."

Ford told his friend that a previous engagement would prevent his going with him that night, but that he would procure him a good seat in the parquet and come around and meet him at the close of the performance, when he would go to his hotel with him.

Ford was accordingly on hand to accompany his friend to the hotel. The play had been Othello, with the elder Booth as the Moor. Ford asked his friend how he liked the play.

"Well, I liked it first-rate, but," giving Ford a punch in the ribs with his elbow "look here, Tom, you have got one *nigger* in the play, but I don't see but he *plays his part as well as any of them.*"

Ford was at first somewhat taken aback at this unconscious testimony to the faithfulness of the great tragedian's representation of the dusky Moor, but later told it to a few appreciative friends much to their enjoyment.

### Ways of Carrying Money.

A Western man says that men have various ways of carrying money. Butchers, grocers and bakers carry it in a big crumpled wad. Bankers carry it in nice clean bills, laid at full length in a morocco pocketbook. No banker ever folds a bill. Brokers always fold their bills twice. The young business man carries his money in his vest pocket, while the sporting man carries it in his trousers pocket. Farmers and drovers carry their money in their inside vest pocket; and whenever you see a man carry a lot of loose change in his overcoat pocket, you may know that he has at some time been a car conductor or a curbstone merchant. Newspaper men carry their money in some good bank; and poets?—well, poets don't trouble themselves about such a trivial thing as money.

### Berlin's Great Thoroughfare.

The famous Unter den Linden is the widest street of Germany's Capital. In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared-for promenade, bounded upon one side by a riding path, and upon the other by a stone-paved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Inclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. But you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northern Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile influences of a great city, especially from the gas—always fatal to vegetation—and they are now a very shabby, mean and melancholy sight.

The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beautifully-shaped posts that are really ornamental. Parallel with the outer-most rows of lindens there are two more roadways, asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions—two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles, a bridle-path and a promenade.—Paul Lindau, in Scribner's.

## CHINESE INDUSTRY.

**The Dense Population of the Empire Makes Economy Imperative.**

Unquestionably industry is one of the good qualities which may be attributed to all the natives of China alike. No doubt the fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen perpetually live "on the ragged edge of existence" is mainly accountable for this virtue, but it is unquestionably the leading characteristic which strikes a foreigner on landing in China. No matter whether his experience lies in the crowded streets of such cities as Canton, or among the village communities on the northern plains, the same ceaseless diligence is observable.

A belated traveller passing through the streets of a town can not fail to be struck with the sounds of labor which proceed from behind the closed shutters of the workshops; and an early riser in the country will be robbed of all self-congratulation by finding that the field laborers have completed a recongizable portion of their day's work before he was astir.

The Emperor's day begins during a great portion of the year before daylight, and in every *yamun* throughout the land his example is followed. Such indefatigable industry would, under favorable circumstances, produce a prosperous, well-to-do people, but in China the population is so dense that it is only by this means and by the exercise of the strictest economy that the natives are able to keep body and soul together. Nothing is wasted by them, and substances which it would be better to throw on the dust heap are not unfrequently converted into food.

### Habitual Hurry.

The number of sudden deaths which occur every year as a consequence of running to railway trains and ferry boats is not inconsiderable. The victims are mostly persons, middle-aged or older, who, without knowing it, have some disease of the heart.

This kind of over-exertion, however, does less harm than the common habit of being continually in a hurry, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion.* A habit which keeps the nervous system at a perpetual tension leads to excessive vital waste, undue susceptibility to disease, and in extreme cases, to nervous exhaustion. Under its influence persons naturally amiable are transformed into petulant and noisy scolds.

The woman who is a wife and mother is peculiarly liable to this habit, she has so much to do and so little time in which to do it, in these days when so many outside things crowd upon her domestic duties. There is no doubt that hurry claims ten victims where hard work kills one.

The man of business suffers in much the same manner. The hurried breakfast and the hurried skimming over the morning paper are but the beginning of a hurried day. Yet it is unsafe for him to act in a hurry, or in the spirit generated by it. The uncertainties of his calling make entire self-control of prime importance.

School children are victims of the same evil. They must be at school exactly on time. But in thousands of cases the family arrangements are not such as to favor punctuality. The child is allowed to sit up late, and so is late at breakfast; or the breakfast is late, and the child must hurry through it, and then hurry off, half-fed and fully fretted, dreading tardiness and the teacher's displeasure. Robust children may work off the effect, amid the sports of the day, but many others are injured for life.

Occasionally hurry is hardly to be avoided, society being what it is; but the habit of hurry should be guarded against as one of the surest promoters of ill-temper and ill-health.

If necessary, less work should be done; but in many cases nothing is needed but a wiser economy of time. Some of the worst victims of hurry are men who dally with their work until time presses them, and then crowd themselves into a fever, pitying themselves meanwhile because they are so sadly driven.

### Hold On, Boys.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

### The Secret of Success.

It is a mistake to suppose that because a man is rich he will expend money more freely than a poorer man. As a general rule, it is precisely because a man has been careful in expending money that he is rich. It is not so much in earning as in saving.

How to Tell a Genuine Diamond—Jennie—Is there any test to ascertain the genuiness of a diamond without consulting a jeweler? Minnie—Cousin Bob says you can find out by soaking it, but I never thought to ask him in what.—Indianapolis Journal.