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MINING JOURNAL.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 4. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,096.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive. 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 05
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	Moraintown	9 52	4 43	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 42	Mount Savage	9 45	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	Kreighaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 57	Mt. Savage 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	11:00 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
7:24 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
8:05 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:45 a m
9:30 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
12:35 p m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	12:40 p m
	....No. 12 Express....	1:50 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12 midn't	...No. 4 Express...	12:15 a m
12:20 p m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
12:53 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:00 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	2:00 p m

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

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

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:30 a m
" 12—Mail " .. 1:25 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:25 p m
" 6—Express leaves..12:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No.'s 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, 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

PURCHASE HEADSTONES, MONUMENTS,

CEMETERY RAILINGS,

MANTELS, POSTS, VASES,

GALVANIZED . . . . . RAILINGS,

TERRA-COTTA AND CHIMNEY PIPE.

LAWN RAILINGS

&c., &c., &c., FROM

J. B. WILLIAMS,

WHOSE work is the finest; materials the best, and PRICES THE CHEAPEST.

Feb 13

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, JAMES CLARK,
O. C. GEPHART, A. HUNTER BOYD,
WM. R. PERCY, DAVID SLOAN.

Investment Securities for Sale.

Price and other information given on application.

D. ANNAN, Cashier.

May 28—tf

RESTAURANT.

Everything Seasonable and Fresh

Cuisine Unexcelled.

ELEGANT DINING ROOM for LADIES and GENTLEMEN on street floor. A pleasant home and place of refreshment for visitors stopping between trains.

C. Reichenbach,
RESTAURATEUR,

Nov 21 **Frostburg, Md.**

WANTED.

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

Aug 27

For Sale.

HOUSE and 3 LOTS on Hill street, or will sell HOUSE and 2 LOTS. Inquire of JAMES DANDO.

Sept 3—3m

JIM'S LUCKY DIVE.

A large pair of heavily laden coal boats, or "broadhorns" as they were termed swept out of the Ohio and, catching the current of the mighty Mississippi, began the second stage of the journey to New Orleans.

The lumbering, cumbrous craft had come all the way from Pittsburg under the command of Joe Irick, a most skilful pilot. These coal boats were peculiarly constructed vessels, but they are now things of the past, their places being supplied by large barges which are towed back and forth by steamers.

They were built of one-inch pine boards, carefully selected, and any piece of lumber containing but a single knot was rejected. No nails were used in putting the timbers together, but wooden pins were called for.

Those frail vessels were loaded deep with coal from the mines, then two were lashed together side by side and, with a crew of thirty-five or forty men, would float serenely down the Ohio and Mississippi to their destination.

The day in which our story opens Joe Irick was standing in the stern of one of the boats, with the long steering oar in hand, guiding his broadhorn on its way. Beside him was a lad about sixteen years of age, a handsome, intelligent-looking boy, who seemed to be wrapped in wonder and admiration at the sublimity of the scene that stretched out before him.

"Well, Jimmy, my son, we're on the old Mississippi once more. Let me see; this is the third time for you, isn't it?"

"Yes, uncle, you know you have taken me twice yourself to New Orleans."

"That's a fact, Jim. But, you see, I'm getting old and am apt to forget little things, like a trip down the river. Now, I couldn't tell within fifteen or twenty how many times I've been down stream."

"That's not to be wondered at," returned the boy respectfully, "for you were a pilot long before I was born. But look, yonder comes a high pressure boat up stream," and Jimmy pointed to a dense cloud of black smoke which was pouring out of the double stacks of a large steamer that was approaching.

"I, t her come, my lad, let her come. She's got to keep out of our way. Now, what would you say," continued Irick, "if I could tell you the name of that craft; and, what's more, the name of the man who is looking at us now out of her pilot house, and likely enough wishing us sunk down among the catfish for presuming to get in his course. Yes, my son, that's the River Queen, and John Williams is her pilot."

"How can you be so positive at such a distance?" asked the boy, his gaze still riveted on the boat.

"Listen to that exhaust," and Joe Irick turned his head so as to better catch the peculiar sound. "There isn't another 'hooker' betwixt Cairo and the Gulf with such a voice as that. Now you'll see when we meet Williams, he'll lay the River Queen as close to this broadhorn as he dares to. It's an old trick of his. He thinks to frighten us, but here's a hoss that don't frighten so easily. I tell you one thing, Jimmy, he'll cut up that caper once too often, and when he sends a pair of boats with their freight to the bottom of the Mississippi I'm under the impression that the owners will fire him ashore on the bank, and then he'll have to take to coal boating himself, like the rest of us."

By this time the steamer was within a few yards of our friend, when she was seen to change her course a fraction.

"There, boy, didn't I tell you? Jack Williams has starboarded his helm, thinking to raise our hair!" Then in a loud voice, which could have been heard from one side of the river to the other, Joe called:

"Hulloa, Williams! Up to your old tricks again? I reckon you wouldn't have taken the trouble of changing your course if you'd a known Joe Irick was on board here. He don't belong to the scary breed."

"Howdy, Joe," returned the man in the steamer's pilot-house. "Oh, no, I don't want to crowd you into the bank. There's room enough on the stream for two such fellows as you and I."

As Irick was about to answer, a shrill scream was heard, issuing from the after part of the steamer, and the same instant a child was seen to fall from the rail of the hurricane deck to the water.

In a second Jimmy, the boy boatman, sprang across the coal until he reached the edge of the broadhorn, and then plunged head foremost into the muddy current.

The heavy boats were drifting fully five miles an hour, while the steamer had been making equally good time up against the stream; consequently, when the brave lad reached the little girl his own craft as well as the River Queen were some distance away.

Joe Irick was almost as quick to act as his nephew. Calling to the "second pilot" to take the steering oar he picked up the little skiff that is always carried on top of the coal, launched it and seating himself upon the thwart held it in position until the rescuer and his burden dropped down within his reach.

Extending his hand, Joe seized the child and drew it into the boat, saying to Jimmy as he did so:

"You get hold of the stern and hang on there until I can pull down to the broadhorn. You won't get any wetter than you are now, and there's no danger of the devils a nibbling at your toes."

"All right, Uncle Joe. Don't bother about me. I can overhaul the boats before you now——," and the boy, striking out vigorously, actually did leave the skiff behind in the race down the river.

When the broadhorn was reached the child, in her dripping garments, was lifted carefully and deposited on a blanket, which some thoughtful member of the crew had spread on top of the coal.

Joe took the helm, and resuming the steering oar, shouted:

"Two of you fellows take the skiff and run a line down and make it fast to that big tree on the Kentucky bank. We'll tie up and give Jack Williams a chance to come back and pick up his pass ngers that he's scattering around so careless like."

It was a difficult task to lay the two heavy boats alongside the shore without sustaining any injury, for they were so frail that the least touch upon a rock or snag would have meant instant destruction.

When the pilot saw that the line had been properly secured he sent his assistant forward to the "gonging oar," while he himself wielded the "steerer," and his men pulled lustily at the sweeps to swing the bows of the broadhorn up stream. Then as the inner boat began to near the land two long poles were thrust out to fend them off the bank.

This work completed, Joe turned his attention to the little sufferer, by whose side his nephew had remained, endeavoring to quiet the hysterical sobbing and to assure her that she need not fear, that all danger was past.

"Pears to me, little one, you took a mighty sudden bath," said Irick, with a smile, as he looked down into the tear-stained face of the child.

"Oh, sir, it was terrible! I was reaching over to look at your boats as they passed when I lost my balance and fell."

"That's it," returned the pilot, grimly. "If Williams hadn't been a-cutting up his capers, and kept his vessel where it belonged, you wouldn't have had to reach clear over the side in order to see a couple of heaps of coal and a number of ragged boatmen going by you. But here comes the River Queen after us, and you'll soon be safe and sound with your friends again, my little one."

"Oh, yes, and I have you to thank for saving me," replied the maiden, looking at Jimmy in such a manner as to cause the warm blood to mantle the boy's cheek. "Papa will be very grateful to you, and I know when he comes to take me away he will give you a handsome present."

"Oh, I could not think of accepting anything in payment of a duty which plainly developed upon me," stammered the young boatman.

"Nevertheless, I know he will insist upon doing something for you. He thinks so much of me I am sure he would rather give the whole of his steamer than to have me drowned. Papa owns the River Queen; didn't you know it?"

"What's that, miss?" asked Joe, in astonishment. "Is Squire Carroll your father?"

"That's what the people at the plantation call him. But at New Orleans or Cairo he is known as Mr. Carroll."

"Then, boy," exclaimed the bluff old pilot, slapping Jimmy on the shoulder, "you've done a big stroke of work for yourself this day, and we'll see you a 'Branch pilot' within a twelvemonth. I hope you'll try to teach that Williams some sense. It's just this way, miss," continued Joe, turning to the girl, "my nephew has wanted for some time to go steamboating, but I've never been able to get him a chance; so if you'd just as lief ask your father to let him have a berth aboard the River Queen when we meet her at Orleans 'twould be doing him a great kindness."

"The request is granted without the aid of a mediator!" declared a tall, fine looking gentleman, who had come alongside the coal boat in one of the steamer's skiffs in time to hear the speech of Joe Irick.

"My precious child is restored to me," clasping the little girl in his arms. Then the fond father deposited her again upon the blanket, and turning to Jimmy grasped the boy's hand and shook it fervently.

"Yes, my brave lad. You shall be second pilot of the River Queen. And, Mr. Irick," to Joe, "as no doubt you feel that you would be the best instructor of your nephew, you shall go first."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you, sir," stammered the veteran boatman, overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude. "But, sir, you forgot Williams. He's a right good man, is Jack, and I'd never be the one to do anything that would take the bread and butter out of his mouth, though he does cut up capers sometimes and cause the broadhornmen a heap of nervousness."

"Williams shall be cared for," smilingly returned the wealthy man. "He will have a new steamer after the next trip and it is partially through his recommendation that I decided to place the River Queen in your hands. Now, I must bid you goodbye, for your old friend up in the pilot house there is anxious to be on his way to Cairo. Farewell till me meet at New Orleans. Do not leave the city till you see me."

Then taking the damp form of his rescued child in his arms, Mr. Carroll hastened to the steamer, whose crew cast loose from the bank, and in a few moments was out of sight up river.

The coal boatmen were too much elated to resume their journey that day.

"No, sir," said Joe Irick, as he skipped back and forth over the shining heap, "we don't float another mile till to-morrow morning. The boys shall have a rest while I go ashore at Hickman and send a letter to Polly, my wife, and let her know that her husband has been rated chief of one of the finest boats on the river, and it was all owing to that nephew of hers, Jim, the boy boatman of the Mississippi."—Henry Marlton, in Yankee Blade.

Longest Canal in the World.

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg; it measures in all 4,472 miles. There is another canal running from Astrachan to St. Petersburg, which is 1,434 miles long. Both of these were begun by Peter the Great.

FANS

They Are of High and Low Degree and Are Used for Many Purposes.

Almost as old as the world itself are the pretty toys so effective in the hands of beauty. The primitive fan is shown on the oldest Hindostanic bas-reliefs. We read of fans in the Arabian Nights. The first Greek fans were made of acacia, lotus and plantain leaves. In the tenth century noble French dames had learned their value. In England they were known as early as the reign of Richard III. In the wardrobes of the great ladies of the Middle Ages, fans outnumbered gowns, writes F. M. Smith in *Peterson*. Queen Bess, who was called the "patron of fans," had one of these pretty toys for nearly every day in the year. A fan, she declared, was the only present a sovereign could accept from a subject. Louis XV. of France considered the fan an essential feature of his dress, and encouraged the art of fan-painting. Marie Antoinette possessed fans enough to stock a museum. Madame de Pompadour lavished enormous sums on their adornment. She owned one with a lace mount which cost thirty thousand dollars. The medallions in the sticks were masterpieces of miniature painting. Mythology at first furnished favorite subjects for the fan-painters, then they turned to the Bible for their themes, and next they took to love-scenes. Watteau, Rosalba Carriera, Laufe, Boucher, Gerome, and Lebrun have in turn been the famous fan-painters of their day. During the French Revolution, the subjects were suggestive of the turmoil of the times. The ivory and lace gave way to wood and paper, bearing the favorite motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." When Charlotte Corday went to murder Marat, she carried a dagger in one hand, and in the other a fan bearing the words "Liberty or Death." The royalists devised fans which revealed their political proclivities only when held in a certain way. The fashion of topical or commemorative fans probably originated in Spain, where illustrations of bull fights were put on fans to be used in the arena or on the place of execution. The practice of adorning fans with designs of current events was greatly in vogue in France and England from the beginning of the last century, and continued to be more or less fashionable until fifty years ago. To women of the Anglo-Saxon lineage the fan has never meant all it does to their sisters of the Latin races; but they are learning; with the revival of the Pompadour fashions, the fan has recovered its former importance and one must know how to twirl it, to close it, to spread it, to let it rise or fall, to say with it: "Come here, go, I am charmed, you flatter me, I am bored, you shock me, you are rude." To carry on a conversation with one adorer while the fan is holding piquant talk with another, to make it express every thought, every ripple of feeling, to be all things to all men, and something else to every woman—this is the newly revived function of the fan.

A Pretty Game of Whist.

Living whist is one of the newest fads, and an attractive one to amusement lovers. A game recently played to music at a bazaar proved as enjoyable as it was novel. The cards entered in procession in separate divisions according to suit, and executed some manœuvres indicative of cutting, shuffling and dealing. The hands were then sorted and the play began. The small cards of the pack were represented by children, each carrying an immense card two feet long, hanging shield fashion in front, on which were the figures indicating what card they represented; a similar sized card, displaying the ordinary kind of card back, was hung on their backs. The dresses of the court cards, assumed by adults, were singularly original in design and harmonious in color. The king, queen, knave and ace of clubs wore robes of dull gray, trimmed with white fur, the emblems of their suit being carried out in black velvet; the crowns terminated in rows of small clubs, and the knave and ace wore picturesque head coverings in the shape of clubs made of gray and outlined in jet. Hearts were robed in a bright shade of green, on which the vivid red of the emblems told effectively, the diadems, sceptres, etc., being carried out in the same style for all the suits. Black velvet spades on rose color denote the suit of that name, and the court cards of the last suit were habited in a bright gold color, bearing red diamonds. The "deal" was carried out according to the games arranged for performance, and as the cards took up their appointed places, without the least semblance of confusion, in front of the players, who stood under four large letters—suspended from the roof—A, B, Y and Z—of which Y represented the dealer. A bugle call directed the cards to turn to face the players and to sort themselves into suits, the trump cards, as is customary, remaining on the table, here represented by a platform fifty feet square, while the first trick was played. A lively quickstep was then set up by the band, to which the tricks were played, each card walking into the center of the table when called by the player; court cards were led forward by a small card, and, on the conclusion of each trick, the winning card led the others to the side of the winner, where they remained in a long queue till the end of each game when the score was called and the winners triumphantly led off the cards on the losing side; a grand procession formed, and to the tune of a lively march the pack retired.

It naturally offends the artistic sensibilities of an operatic singer when he is obliged to whistle for his salary.

MR. WEBSTER'S MISTAKE.

A Rural School Director Would Correct the Dictionary.

The self-satisfied manner of the ignorant "educator" is a rare study in human nature. In the rural regions it frequently happens that a man whose education has been sadly neglected is elected to the position of school director or member of the school board. He no sooner secures the credentials of his office than he begins to invest the school room and mix into the practical machinery of education. The results are usually amusing enough to furnish many a hearty laugh to the overworked pedagogue as soon as he is alone and dares to indulge in a little hilarity.

A few weeks ago I visited a graded school in one of the lesser Indiana towns. It was "examination day" and the president of the school board—a large pompous old fellow—was present, I presume that schoolroom never was so quiet before. A reading class was called, and a bright little fellow arose and in a monotone drawled through a paragraph about a massacre in the time of Nero.

"Ah! Um!" interrupted the educator. "Will you please have the little boy read that verse again?"

The paragraph was given again precisely as before.

"Ah! Um!" exclaimed the wise man, smiling like a pleased chimpanzee. "Why do you pronunciate that word 'massaker?'"

The youngster hung his head and made no reply.

"It should be pronounced 'massacree,'" continued the board member, benignly.

There was a painful silence for a moment, then the teacher meekly said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Blank, but the fault is mine, I think, if that word was mispronounced. I have told the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker.'"

"But why, sir, may I inquire?"

"I believe Webster favors that pronunciation."

"Impossible, sir."

"Well, that is a matter easily settled. Here is a copy of 'Webster's Unabridged;' suppose we refer to it."

The educator seized the dictionary and hurriedly turned to the word. For a moment his face was a study. Then he removed his glasses, slowly wiped them on a red bandana handkerchief, and, replacing them, said very solemnly:

"I am perfectly astounded, sir, that Mr. Webster should have made such a mistake as that."

Shells for Cameos.

For cameo cutting various kinds of shells are used. There are the bull's mouth, which has a red inner coat, or what is known as a sardonyx ground; the black helmet, which also has a so-called onyx ground, and which shows up white on a dark claret color; the horned helmet, white on an orange yellow ground, and the queen conch, with a pink ground. The latter shell is about ten inches long, with a rose-colored aperture and an extremely broad lip rounded above.

The bull's mouth and the black helmet are the best shells, for the horned helmet is apt to separate from the ground, or to "double," as the French workmen express it. The queen conch seldom has the two colors distinctly marked from each other, and the pink of the ground fades on exposure to the light. The red color of the bull's mouth extends but a short distance within the mouth of the shell, and becomes paler as it proceeds inward; hence this shell affords only a single cameo large enough for a brooch and several small pieces for shirt studs, while the black helmet furnishes on an average about five brooches and several stud pieces. The queen conch yields only a single piece.

Cassis flammea, which is about six inches long, cassis decussata, and cassis tuberosa, which are white upon a dark claret color, are also occasionally used. The bull's mouth shells are derived from India and Ceylon, and the black helmets and queen conches from the West Indies.

A Queer Barometer.

One of the most curious of the many natural barometers consists of a half-pint glass half full of water, a piece of muslin and a leech. The leech must be put into the water and the muslin tied over the top of the glass so that the creature can not get out again. When fine weather is to be the order of the day the leech will remain at the bottom of the water, coiled up in spiral shape and perfectly motionless. If rain is to be expected it will creep up to the top of the glass and remain there until more settled weather. If there is to be a storm of wind the little animal will contort itself violently and squirm about. For several days before thunder it will keep out of the water almost all the time and will occasionally move its body in a convulsive fashion. For frosty weather it behaves in the same manner as for fine, and it foretells snow in the same manner as it does rain.

Nice appreciation of shades of language is not so much the result of cultivation as it is a gift that may be possessed by the lowliest. Julia was black, but lively in disposition, and gay in dress. For a living she took in washing. One day she was met in deep black. "But, Julia! Is your mother dead?" "Dead! Dat ain't no name for it. She's been killed in a row wif de police."

No life is worthy and noble that has no 'must' in it—that is not ready to bow its most cherished schemes or its fondest wishes to the ever-present authority of the still small voice.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A Clergyman Became a Smuggler in Spite of Himself.

It is probably due to the fact that women refuse to regard smuggling as a sin that they are so expert in the nefarious business. They are much more venturesome than men. An amusing story is told in this connection of a young couple returning from their bridal tour. The lady avowed her intention of smuggling some valuable lace, but the husband dissuaded her from so doing, fearing discovery. She appeared to acquiesce in his decision, and nothing was said on the subject during the voyage home. When the vessel entered the port of New York it occurred to the newly made husband that should his wife, as was likely, pass the officials unsearched, she might question the infallibility of his judgment, a thing hard to tolerate at the very threshold of his married life. He therefore called the attention of one of the attendants to the lady, intimating that something in the way of lace might be found about her, if it were looked for. A word was sufficient. She was invited into the apartments of the female searchers, from which hysterical sounds shortly after proceeded, and the horrified husband was soon informed that he was the recipient of the sincere thanks of the department for his information. It had led to a valuable capture, and he should receive his percentage. The laces the lady carried about her were worth a small fortune.

A clergyman tells an amusing story at his own expense. During a visit to England his mother, who lives there, asked him to take back to this country a small silver tea set and some spoons which she wished to give to her married daughter in New York. The good rector said he could only do so on condition that he declared the articles and paid the duty on them, but woman-like, his mother would not hear of Uncle Sam's benefiting by her gift to her daughter, and so she continued to plead with her son to still the whisperings of his conscience and do this little bit of smuggling even at the cost of a lie. It was all in vain, however—he would not consent. Imagine his surprise when, on arriving home and his trunk was unpacked, he found a teapot in one of his boots, a sugar bowl in another, and the balance of the tea set and a dozen or so of spoons hidden in the pockets of his clothes! And by the next mail came a letter from his mother, which was filled with gleeful mirth at his expense. She had made him a smuggler in spite of himself.

Fortunes in Smoke.

The utilization of smoke in factories is becoming an element of greatest importance. The waste smoke and gases from the blast furnaces of a Scotch iron works are rented out for a handsome sum. From the works they are conducted through several miles of wrought iron tubing, diminishing in size from six feet to eighteen inches, and as the gases cool there is deposited a considerable yield of oil. From a comparatively small factory some twenty-five thousand five hundred gallons of furnace oil are thus recovered weekly, to say nothing of the large yield of sulphate of ammonia and residual gases which can be used as fuel for distilling and other purposes. In many other industries the same disposition to use what was formerly wasted is manifesting itself. A company has been formed in England for collecting the carbon dioxide given off at breweries and distilleries during the process of fermentation. This has hitherto been allowed to simply poison the atmosphere, and the loss is estimated at forty-five billion gallons a year, equal to two billion five hundred million dollars. It is intended to liquefy the gas by a new process at about one sixteenth the cost of the ordinary methods. The supply of liquid carbonic acid will be sold almost entirely to manufacturers of carbonated drinks. In spite of this prospective economy of production it is not reported that any reduction in the price of the popular beverage known as "soda" is contemplated.

A Sea Story.

A passenger on a trans-Atlantic liner had been sick for five days in succession. One evening he felt somewhat better, and promenaded the saloon for some time. About ten o'clock he thought of retiring to his state-room, which was on the upper deck. Before leaving the saloon he sought the steward and said:

"I want you to send me some hot water for shaving at half-past six in the morning. Will you remember it?"

The steward promised, and the passenger started up the saloon companion-way. The steps were brass-covered and very slippery. He reached the first landing all right, but tripped on the first step of the second, and came rattling all the way down again. He was picked up rather mussed up, but not a bit disconcerted.

"Steward," he said gravely, "I just came back to tell you not to forget that hot water at half-past six in the morning."

The Business-Like Way.

"For years," observed the verbose caller to the busy editor, "I have been endeavoring to discover the lost tribes of Israel."

"Has it ever occurred to you to advertise for them?" asked the editor with deep concern.—Indianapolis Journal.

Quite Apropos.

"So you have met Miss Smithers?"

"Yes. I was introduced at a social."

"She is a woman of great erudition, I understand."

"Yes, a regular nobody."