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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22d YEAR—NO. 5. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,097.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive.
No. 5.		No. 2.
p. m.		p. m.
6 15	Piedmont	11 10
6 30	Barton	10 50
6 40	Lonaconing	10 42
6 52	Midland	10 29
6 55	Ocean	10 26
7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20
7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12
7 25	Morantown	9 52
7 32	Mount Savage	9 46
7 37	Barrellville	9 38
7 39	Patterson's	9 35
7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30
7 47	Mt. Savage jun	9 28
8 00	Cumberland	9 15
p. m.		a. m.
Arrive.		Leave.

Eastward. Leave.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive.
No. 3.		No. 4.
a. m.		p. m.
6 25	Piedmont	6 00
6 45	Barton	5 45
6 50	Lonaconing	5 35
7 02	Midland	5 22
7 05	Ocean	5 18
7 10	Borden Shaft	5 13
7 18	FROSTBURG	5 05
7 35	Morantown	4 46
7 42	Mount Savage	4 38
7 47	Barrellville	4 30
7 49	Patterson's	4 28
7 55	Kreigbaum's	4 23
7 57	Mt. Savage jun	4 21
8 10	Cumberland	4 08
a. m.		p. m.
Arrive.		Leave.

Eastward. Leave.	Stations.	Westward. Arrive.
No. 1.		No. 6.*
a. m.		p. m.
11 50	Piedmont	6 00
12 05	Barton	5 45
12 15	Lonaconing	5 35
12 29	Midland	5 22
12 32	Ocean	5 18
12 39	Borden Shaft	5 13
12 47	FROSTBURG	5 05
1 01	Morantown	4 46
1 11	Mount Savage	4 38
1 16	Barrellville	4 30
1 18	Patterson's	4 28
1 24	Kreigbaum's	4 23
1 26	Mt. Savage jun	4 21
1 39	Cumberland	4 08
p. m.		p. m.
Arrive.		Leave.

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

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

L. M. HAMILTON,
July 2 Superintendent.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,
Aug 9 General Manager.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 22, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2 45 a m
7:24 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7 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
12:55 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
	...13 Grafton & Way	2:00 p m

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

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

EASTBOUND.

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

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

T. T. ALLEN,
June 18 Acting Agent.

Save Your Money
BY BUYING YOUR
RAILROAD TICKETS
—FROM—
J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

Steamship Schedules.

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

THE most direct and cheapest route for STEERAGE PASSENGERS from the South and West wishing to visit their native country.

The most convenient line for parties wishing to send for relatives and friends left behind in the old country.

Steamship **Carthaginian**...Capt. J. FRANCE
Steamship **Polynesian**.Capt. A. McDOUGALL
Steamship **Circassian**...Capt. R. P. MOORE
Steamship **Sardinian**.Capt. W. RICHARDSON

Baltimore to Liverpool and Queenstown, calling at Halifax each way.

These first-class screw Steamships will run regularly between the above points as follows:

From Baltimore and Liverpool
EVERY OTHER WEEK.

Steerage Passage

To or from Liverpool, Queenstown, Belfast Londonderry, Bristol, Cardiff, or Glasgow Scandinavian and Continental points, at 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

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

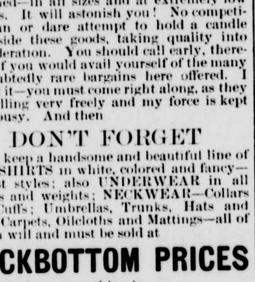
PRINTING . . . .
. . BOOK-BINDING . .
Blankbook Manufacturing

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, 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.

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,
Aug 27 Frostburg, Md.

For Sale.

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

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In Palestine, long years ago—
So runs the legend old—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
And Mount Moriah lifts his head
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers owned—as one—'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the "harvest home"
Among the withering leaves,
The elder brother said one night:
"I'm stronger far than Saul,
My younger brother. 'Tis but right
That I should give him all
The sheaves upon the plain
We own together, so
I'll put with his my stack of grain,
And he will never know!"

Scarce had he left the sheaves of wheat
When quietly there came
Across the field with stealthy feet,
On errand just the same,
The younger lad, who said: "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine, for he
Hath wife and child to feed;
And so to him I'll give my sheaves—
It is but right, I know;
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stocks on his row!"

Next morning, when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold! each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why, how is this?" in great surprise,
Each to himself then said;
"I'll watch to-night, and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abed!"
And so, half way across the plain
They met—each one bent o'er
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!

God Saul and Simon! Would to-day
More brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good alway,
And in kind deeds abound!

HOW WAS ONE TO KNOW?

It had been a dismal, wet day, and night fell early on the low, foggy country lying between Scranton and Pardyville crossroads. An old man and a girl of about sixteen years of age were struggling along through the darkness, bespatted with mud and almost worn out with fatigue.

"It's a long seven mile, I reckon—eh, Myra?" said the old man as he stooped to rest for a moment on his oaken staff.

The girl gave him her arm once more. "You must let me help you," said she. "We are not halfway there yet."

"John couldn't ha' got my letter," said the old man, or he'd ha' been at the depot with a wagon. It'll be a hard blow to John when he finds out the old place is sold and gone, but how was one to know? We've had lots of bad luck, Myra," he added, plaintively. "I hope he won't blame me, although if I had known we might ha' pulled through."

"Father," said Myra, "you did all that could be done. If Mr. Enwick had lived you would not have had to pay the note, for he was an honest man. It's an act of Providence and will come out all right in the end."

"Yes, Myra; I don't want to be goin' 'gainst Providence, but John had his heart set so on the old place, and now it's gone. How was one to know that Mr. Enwick would ha' been killed so suddin'? You hev those minin' certificates, I s'pose, Myra?" said the old man, after a long silence.

"Yes," said Myra, "I put them away in our bundle."

"I'm glad o' that, Myra, for though they ain't worth nothin' now, they'll kind o' remind me when I feel like complainin' that Brother Enwick would ha' saved us if he could."

The roadway, filled with miry chuckholes and lined on either side with stones and brambly bushes, became almost impassable. The old man's breath came faster and faster. Myra supported him now all the while. He had long since stopped talking, and Myra knew that it would only exhaust him more and so kept silent. The darkness deepened until at last all objects were undiscernible, except that here and there the light from the kitchen window of some farmhouse struggled out into the foggy night. It was late when they stood at John's door and knocked for admission. The inmates had retired and it took some time to arouse them.

"Who's there?" roared a rough voice from the interior.

At the answer there were some imprecations in an undertone, whether at the darkness, the cat or the visitors is hard to tell, but finally the key turned and John stood in the doorway with a candle in his hand.

"How in thunder did you get here such a night as this?" was his affectionate welcome.

"We walked!" answered Myra, for the old man had sunk into a chair almost too exhausted to speak.

"Howdy, John," he murmured; "you didn't get my letter, I s'pose?"

"I got it," said John, "but you didn't think me sech a fool as to drive to town through sech roads as this, did ye?"

"I meant nothin', John; we was able to walk," and the old man raised his weary head and tried to look cheerful.

"So the old place is gone," said the son in a low voice.

"Yes, John; Providence sees fit to make me poor in my old days and we've come to live with you. Myra'll be a great help and chore around."

"Providence, did you say?" retorted John. "It was nothing but blasted meanness. You might ha' known more than siga that note, and as for Myra, what use will she be 'round here, I'd like to know? But hang up your coat; it's late and we've a day's work [illegible] of us to-morrer. You can sleep [illegible] bed and Myra can crawl in with the hired girl," and without a [illegible] more he ushered them weary and [illegible] to their miserable beds.

[illegible] at the old place for a long [illegible] were restless ones. [illegible]

door of his room. "I couldn't ha' helped it, John," she heard him murmur in his restless slumber. "Brother Enwick means well and it kind o' seems that Providence must ha' done it. I'll chore 'round, and Myra is so good we'll make no trouble." The sky had cleared and a bright moonlight was now shining into the room. There was an anxious, pleading look on the old man's face. Suddenly he stretched out his arms. "Oh, John," he cried, "look at me as you used to do when you was a leetle boy, when you put your arms 'round my neck and kissed me. You was the purtiest boy them days." He smiled at some happy remembrance. Myra stooped and kissed him and again he smiled. "I'll do it," she said to herself. "Brother John is a brute."

The next morning when her father woke Myra was at his bedside. "Father," said Myra, "I'm going back to Scranton to-day to find work. John will not think so hard of us if we take care of ourselves."

The old man tried to remonstrate, but she quieted his fears. "Soon as I get a place I will send for you to come, and we will live together."

Her father smiled through his tears. "God bless you, my daughter," he murmured, as she nestled her head on his shoulders.

John gave vent to his approval of the proposition by hitching up the team immediately after breakfast to take her to town. She found work in a store, and although the salary was barely enough to support one comfortably, she sent for her father a week later. Myra's prudent management made ends meet, and they lived happily together in their humble apartments. At night Myra would read aloud until the old man grew sleepy, and then she would assist him to his bed, for he was more feeble now than when he took the long walk to his son's house. John came to see them at long intervals, but his father was made none the happier by these visits, for, somehow, John always managed to suggest that it was "foolishness" that lost the old place, and the old man would pitifully answer: "How was one to know, John—how was one to know?"

As a rule, the people of Scranton paid little attention to Myra and her father. Their poverty forced them to live a quiet, retired life. Myra had a slight acquaintance with the son of her employer, young Clarence Wilbur, Jr. He was about to be admitted into partnership with his father, and people regarded him as one of the coming men of Scranton. He belonged to a family that boasted a line of ancestors traceable back into the misty past. Clarence, however, made little of it, and his plebian associations sometimes aroused the remonstrance of his aristocratic parents. His answers were always based on his philosophic notion that "a man's a man for a' that."

One pleasant Sunday afternoon while enjoying a stroll he passed the house where Myra and her father resided. The window was open to admit the refreshing air. Myra was reading aloud to her father one of those matchless romances of Hawthorne, and the clear, expressive intonation of the words penetrated the outer world and caught Clarence's attention. He stopped and listened.

"I swear," he said to himself, after she had finished, "that girl is a fine reader." He resolved to learn something of her circumstances, and so called one day to see her father, ostensibly on business, but really to catch a glimpse of the interior of their little home. Myra was away, but he found the old man cheerful and glad to talk. The room was plainly furnished but very neat and orderly arranged. A little book-case filled with choice reading, a few simple pictures on the wall, here and there a piece of bric-a-brac artistically arranged, and a boquet of wild flowers in the window, were about all, but it seemed homelike, and Clarence was not averse to calling again "when Myra would be at home," as the old man expressed it in his earnest invitation.

"Myra," said the old man, "is a-goin' to be a school-teacher. She is a powerful scholar already, and you will always find her studyin' when the work's done. She uses too much of the night for it sometimes, it seems to me, but she has sot her mind on't. Myry is only my adopted daughter—I s'pose you didn't know that?"

Clarence looked a negative.

Myra passed the examinations with credit and obtained a situation. A happy girl she was and the children thought there never had been another such teacher. Clarence called at her home from time to time and occasionally dropped in at school. Myra liked him and it was evident that he liked her. As time passed he saw her more frequently, and one evening as they stood at the garden gate he breathed the question with fear and trembling.

"Yes; Myry is too smart to be a Bardwell; but, bless ye, she's more'n a daughter to me. John, that's my boy, he found fault when I tuk her, but I says: 'Her father was my oldest friend, and I'd ha' wanted him to do the same by you had I died when you were leetle,' so she come into our house. This was when we had a place of our own, with good horses and money in the bank, but bad luck followed and Myry's done all the carin.'" There were tears in the old man's eyes as he recounted the whole history of their troubles. Clarence went away strangely affected.

When his father heard of the engagement he said: "All I've got to say, Clarence, is that you are a bigger fool than I ever took you for—that girl has neither money no station."

"But she has character, and that is something in this world," answered Clarence.

Time rolled by and at last there came the wedding day. The morning was glorious, just such a one as they would have chosen. Clarence's new home stood ready. It was the pride of the city and the largest and sunniest room of all was reserved for Myra's father.

On the eventful morning Clarence read something in the *Bulletin* that made him thoughtful. He donned his hat and went to see Myra. "Myra," said he, "your father has some certificates in mines that never panned out. Will you let me see them?"

She went into the house and brought out a little package. His hands shook as he untied the ribbon. His face grew very pale. "Myra," said he, "do you know that they have struck a new bed of ore in the Ingram gulch mine? Mr. Mason, of Huckleyville doesn't own half what these certificates represent, but he has made his fortune. Your father is undoubtedly wealthier than any man in Scranton."

The old man could hardly comprehend it but it proved true.

After Myra and her husband returned from their trip he said to them: "I've bought back the old place and John shall have it when I die."

John got it but he wasn't satisfied. Somehow, it looked "an awful mean, paltry sum. He'd leave me a beggar while that hussy goes in silks and diamonds," he growled to his wife, and she growled in reply: "You might ha' used him decent and got it all of you hadn't been such a fool."

But she was unreasonable, for "how was one to know."—Chicago News.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Romantic Story of Her Marriage to the Famous Novelist.

An official high in the employ of the Government said to me the other day: "The story of how Robert Louis Stevenson got his wife has never been told in print, I believe. The story sounds almost like a chapter from a novel, but is, nevertheless, absolutely true in all its details.

"In 1885 I, a young man, became intimately acquainted with Samuel C. Osborne, who was then private secretary to Governor Willard of Indiana. Osborne was a magnificent fellow in personal appearance and magnetism. He was versatile, scholarly, witty, quick as the lightning's flash in repartee and a fine musician. That man could draw sweeter tones from a flute than any man I ever knew. Well, in 1858 Osborne married a black-eyed Miss Vandegrift; she was not beautiful by any means, but rather attractive. At that time he was in the office of the reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana and was making good money.

"In 1861 James B. Beach, reporter of the Supreme Court, and Osborne, both of whom had saved up a few thousand dollars, started for Arizona. Sam had his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, and he took them along. Arrived in Arizona, Beach and Osborne bought a mine with their savings and in about a month were offered $100,000 in cash for their bonanza. Beach wanted to hold on for a larger offer, and inside of six weeks they could not sell it for a dollar. Osborne headed for San Francisco and reached the Golden Gate with $7 in his pocket. He knew a good deal of law and was a good stenographer, one of the fastest in the country at that time. This accomplishment stood him in hand, for he was soon making lots of money, and sometimes he used to write to me, he would get $1,000 for reporting a single case. As years went on the daughter and son grew up and were sent abroad to finish their education. The son went to England and the daughter to France. The mother went to Europe and spent a season or two with them.

"The last time Mrs. Osborne went over was in 1883, and then she met Robert Louis Stevenson—I believe it was in Paris. She at once wrote back to her husband and told of meeting the literary genius and told of an affection she had formed for him. Osborne evidently thought this more than a merely platonic affection and, I guess, had good reason to think so, for he wrote her that if she loved Stevenson to come back to 'Frisco and obtain a divorce. She did this, and as soon as the divorce was granted the invitations for her marriage to Robert Louis Stevenson were sent out. The bridegroom was in town during the divorce proceedings. Osborne was invited to the wedding and he accepted. He appeared on that evening dressed faultlessly and having on his arm a lady of rare beauty. The wedding over, the new Mrs. Stevenson introduced her new husband to her former one and Osborne in turn represented the lady on his arm as Mrs. Samuel C. Osborne! He had been married quietly to her as soon as the divorce was granted. Osborne would make no outward sign, but the episode broke his heart. He went to Australia and Stevenson to Samoa. I have never heard from Osborne since. The places and men that knew him know him no more, and I do not know whether he is living or dead."—From the Kansas City Times.

The consumption of tea stands midway between that of wine and beer. The largest annual consumption per head is in Western Australia, at 10.70 pounds. Great Britain figures at 4.70, the United States at 1.40, and Germany at .07.

An Ancient Collar Button.

Mr. Thinkslow—Why do you call that broken collar button the oldest piece of jewelry?

Mr. Keene—It was worn many years before Adam's apple.—Jeweller's Weekly

POETRY AND PROSE.

The Origin of a Popular Song Has a Romantic History.

Almost two centuries have passed since young William Douglas wrote a love ballad to his pretty Scotch mistress, and the song still lives in every faithful lover's heart. And yet Annie Laurie was only a commonplace gentlewoman, after all, and easily forgot her adorer. Douglas was an adherent of the exiled Stuarts, while Sir Robert Laurie, father of Annie, was a canny gentleman who believed in standing by the stronger side. Douglas first met Annie at a ball in Edinburg and was greatly struck by her beauty. A love affair sprang up, to check which Sir Robert Laurie carried his daughter back to Nithsdale. However, Douglas followed thither, and for months the lovers met clandestinely in the woods and braes around Maxwelltown. Finally the rumor of an impending Stuart invasion lured Douglas back to the capital, but tradition has it that on the night before his departure he wrote the ballad of "Annie Laurie." As well as I can recollect, the old version of the song differed little either in words or air from that now in use. Douglas' trip to Edinburgh proved fatal to his love affair. His Jacobite intrigues were suspected, and he was forced to fly to the low countries. Annie may have regretted his absence, but she was not inconsolable, for after amusing herself with several love affairs she finally married Alexander Fergusson, laird of Craigdarroch. Fergusson was not a poet, but his estates were large and his family old as the hills. With him Annie Laurie lived long and happily. Douglas obtained pardon from the government and returned to Scotland, but there is no tradition of his ever meeting his old sweetheart. In time he married another woman, and settled down to a quiet country life. In appearance Annie Laurie was slender and graceful, with large blue eyes and brown hair, which she never powdered in spite of the fashion of the times. Her face seems to have been rather long, and her features followed the Grecian type. Tradition has it that her hands were very small, so that the beautiful simile, "like dew on the gowan lying," had some foundation in fact. Mrs. Fergusson—a prosaic way of alluding to this heroine of romance but the rightful one—lived to be nearly eighty, surviving her husband, and became the lady bountiful of Nithsdale. Under her directions the present mansion of Craigdarroch was built, and a relic of her taste is still preserved in the formal Georgian gardens in the rear of the house. She was a voluminous correspondent; though her letters were not particularly interesting. As years advanced she turned her attention to match-making, her own experience having taught her that girls should be guided in the choice of a husband. Sad to relate, she was not only fond of gossip in her old age, but used snuff freely. All of which seems to show that the life of a heroine of romance proves upon investigation to be as commonplace as that of an ordinary woman.

A Remarkable Lighthouse.

One of the most wonderful lighthouses in the world is that at Minot's Ledge, near Boston. Its history has been one of romance. The greater part of its foundation is under water at low tide. In 1847 a skeleton lighthouse of iron was erected there on iron piles placedin holes drilled in the rock. A furious hurricane burst upon the coast in April, 1851, and the anxious watchers from the Cohasset shore thought the structure had been carried away. But, as the sun sank, out shone the light across the storm-tossed waters. At ten p. m. the light was seen far the last time. At one hour after midnight the fog bell was heard above the roaring of the breakers. At daybreak the ocean was a blank; the lighthouse was gone. Knowing that no help could reach them, the keepers had lighted their lamp as a warning to others, and their lives had gone out with it.

A granite tower now occupies the spot. So difficult was it to lay the foundation in the surf that only thirty hours' work could be done during the first year, but the tower stands to-day as enduring as the ledge itself—an isolated pile of stone amid the waves, by the force of which it is swayed like a tree in the wind. During the long winter months all communication with the land is shut off. In summer the occasional visitor is hoisted into the lighthouse from his boat by means of a chair, and from time to time a skiff is lowered by pulleys to convey one or the other of the five keepers to the shore. The life tells on them frightfully. Several of them have been removed because they have gone insane, and more than one has attempted suicide.

Who Owns the Letter.

In the transmission of letters the State is simply the agent of the people, and until a letter has reached its destination, it is the writer's property. He has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it, provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent, that he was the writer of it. Even after the letter has arrived at the office which is its destination, and before it has been delivered to the person to whom it is addressed, it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office. The regulations of the post-office department of course require that utmost care shall be taken by the postmaster at the office of mailing to ascertain that the person who desires to withdraw the letter is really the one who is entitled to do so, and the postmaster is responsible for his error if he delivers the letter to an impostor or an unauthorized person.

PREHISTORIC ARIZONA.

Evidences of a Civilization Older Than That of Egypt.

That Arizona was inhabited before the dawn of history, and by a people, perhaps two races of people, well advanced in the arts of civilization, is beyond question. The traces of their occupancy are of the clearest and most unmistakable character, and while the period in which they possessed it and the cause and manner of their expulsion are shrouded in impenetrable mystery, proofs of their presence for perhaps thousands of years are to be found in the caves, mounds, ruined cities, and canals which abound along the Salt and Gila rivers from the point of their inception to their confluence with the Colorado. The Little Colorado, the Verde, and the San Pedro also show many traces of a people well informed in a certain civilization and who have for at least a thousand years been extinct.

The peculiar dryness of the atmosphere has had a wonderful effect in protecting the ancient relics from the ravages of time. In the mounds which are scattered through the country, and which represent ruined houses, may be found ollas filled with parched corn and beans in as good state of preservation as they were the day they were hidden from the elements by the fearful sandstorm that must have prevailed when they were buried.

The loaves in the ash-covered ovens of Pompeii were preserved on the same principle. The fine sand of the desert must have drifted over everything, and they were thus preserved as the mute historians of a vanished race. Their erection of concrete buildings throughout the country shows these lost people to have been well versed in the construction of edifices adapted to the region and its climatic changes.

By far the most interesting remains of this people are their network of canals which prevail through all the valleys of the Territory. The longest is the one tapping the Gila river, and which supplied with water the ancient city, now only marked by one standing building. This is the Casa Grande, about which so much has been written and which has excited so much interest among archæologists during the last ten years. This canal was fifty-five miles in length and for most of the distance twenty-eight feet in width, with a depth of sixteen feet. The volume of water taken out of the river must have been immense, for it supported both the animal and vegetable life of a valley containing millions of acres. In places this canal has become filled with drifting sand, but for the most part its course is easily traced.

One of the most notable specimens of these canals is in the Salt River Valley, and only three miles from the present city of Phœnix. It taps the Salt River opposite Tempe, and for two miles runs almost parallel with that stream. The old headgate is partly standing, and for this distance the ditch is perfectly open, and all that would be necessary for it to supply the country with water again would be to open the headgate by removing the stones and concrete with which it is filled. Two miles from its head the engineers who located the Maricopa Canal, made use of the old Aztec ditch, and to-day the water runs over its pebbly bottom just as it did two or three thousand years ago; but how different is the condition of the people it supplies.

The ditch was only nine miles in length and not so large as the one on the desert of the Casa Grande, but it ran through the heart of a city with a population of no less than 500,000.

For miles and miles the mounds, in perfectly regular order, tell the tale of houses destroyed by the ravages of time and of a magnificence not excelled to-day. Mr. Cushing directed his attention principally to excavating in this section during his researches for the New England Historical Society, and he was rewarded by unearthing many stone axes, vessels, and even skeletons. His conclusion was "that the people must have lived in the stone age, long before the infancy even of Egyptian civilization."

Phœnix was built on the ruins of this ancient city, hence its name, and not a month passes but some one picks up a stone knife, axe, or some other relic, but they are dumb as to the history of their owners. The only hieroglyphics the lost race have left are those on the painted rocks across the Salt River from Phœnix. They cover the mountain side for acres, and they have always puzzled the student and scientist. The nearest apparent conclusion that has been arrived at is that they tell of the martial exploits of their painters and are a history of their tribal wars.

One thing is apparent to the student of things ancient when he looks on these canals and ruined cities permeating both this country and Mexico, and that is that the civilization of Egypt was yet in its infancy when this people had been exterminated.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Queen of Denmark is particularly clever in millinery, a talent which has been inherited by her three daughters—the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Cumberland.

Colonel Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, who is said to have designed the Libby Prison Tunnel, by which 609 prisoners escaped, is now an officer in the regular service.

When is a rope like a school? When it is taut (taught).

A cautionary signal—"No t a t."