msa_sc5130_scm12191-0646 ©Maryland State Archives

MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 10. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,102.

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 15	Piedmont	11 10	6 00	11 45
6 30	12 05	6 30	Barton	10 50	5 45	11 32
6 40	12 17	6 40	Lonaconing	10 42	5 35	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 52	Midland	10 29	5 22	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55	Ocean	10 26	5 18	11 05
7 00	12 39	7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 13	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12	5 05	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 25	Morantown	9 52	4 43	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 32	Mount Savage	9 46	4 38	10 28
7 36	1 16	7 36	Barrelville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 50	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 21	7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 23	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 21	10 13
8 00	1 30	8 00	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.

Nov 19

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.

Nov. 13, 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
7:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:48 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
12:25 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:30 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
12:10 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	
3:30 p m	....No. 5 Express....	4:00 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....7:40 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.. 7:30 p m
" 6—Express leaves..12:20 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

HICKS-BROWN DIVORCE.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

There is always a beginning to an end. What it was in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks-Brown I do not pretend to know. What I know most about is the end and the appendix. Of course all the differences leading up to the last act were thoroughly aired in court and in the newspapers, but it was the final act of brutality on Mr. Hicks-Brown's part that was especially dilated upon, and for weeks this "fiend in human form" was execrated by dames and damsels all over this broad land, and Mrs. Hicks-Brown was an object of heartfelt commiseration on all sides.

I am inclined to think that if Mr. Hicks-Brown had been more like the men who are held up as model husbands by the knowing members of certain ladies' societies, he and Mrs. Hicks-Brown—she whom only two short years since he had promised to love and cherish—would be living in peace and amity, to say nothing of conjugal happiness, even unto this day; and if Mrs. Hicks-Brown had been anything but the only child of a very rich and foolishly indulgent papa, things might have been different. But Mr. Hicks-Brown was just as much used to having his own way as was his pretty spouse; and the natural result was family rows, more or less insignificant in character. At first Mr. Hicks-Brown was inclined to give in, just as all dutiful hubbies are; but he saw the shoals of trouble on to which this course was causing him to drift, and concluded, after mature consideration, that it was his will that should dominate in the Hicks-Brown family, and he fixed his plan of procedure and governed his actions accordingly. Mrs. Hicks-Brown, with feminine insight, perceived, at an early stage of the game, what her lord's intentions were; and, as she had always been accustomed to have her way, she decided that it was too late to begin knocking under—and there you have what was presumably the beginning of the end.

It was a dog—not only a dog, but a young lady dog—not only a female canine, but what Mr. Hicks-Brown termed a "measly, dodgasted pug"—that caused the climax. If there was any creature on earth that Mr. Hicks-Brown loathed and despised it was a pug, and especially one of the gentler sex—and his better half, aware of his antipathy, had, with characteristic feminine perversity, availed herself of the first opportunity to possess herself of one of those interesting animals, which speedily won, it seemed, first place in her affections, and made Mr. Hicks-Brown's life miserable.

He stood it, however, as long as he could, but the end had to come.

Mr. Hicks-Brown was an architect, and it came to pass that he had on one occasion been invited to prepare the plans for a public building. The plans were drawn and accepted by the committee, which, however, returned them to him for certain important alterations; and they were laid on the table in his den, to be attended to when he returned home in the late afternoon of a certain day.

Now, it happened that Vic, the pug aforementioned, was of an inquiring turn of mind, and she chose this very afternoon for an exploring tour in the upper part of the house.

When Mr. Hicks-Brown entered his den, about five o'clock, he saw at once that portions of his plans were missing, and, supposing that his wife had taken them to show some visitor, he hurried down stairs.

"Where are those plans?" he asked.

"What plans, dear?" softly inquired Mrs. Hicks-Brown, sliding her caramel into one cheek, and still keeping one eye on a particularly thrilling page of the yellow-back novel in her lap.

"What—what plans! Do you mean to say you didn't take those Calumet Building plans from my table?" asked Mr. Hicks-Brown, in some agitation.

"Oh-h!" said his spouse mildly surprised. "Why, it must have been those that Vic had."

"That—Vic—had!" howled Mr. Hicks-Brown. "And, pray, where are they now?"

"Don't get excited, dear. Were they anything in particular? Vic had some old, soiled pieces of cloth playing with them awhile ago; but I supposed they were some you had thrown into the waste basket, so I burned—Henry! What are you going to do?"

But Henry did not answer. He strode over to the cushion whereon the offending Vic was taking her afternoon siesta, gripped her firmly by the nape of the neck, and despite his wife's hysterical protests, opened the door and kicked the howling animal into the street; and, not satisfied with this, when Mrs. Hicks-Brown would have rushed to rescue her pet, he took her by the shoulders and forced her into a chair, noting with grim satisfaction as he did so that a couple of street-arabs were making off with Vic.

That day Mrs. Hicks-Brown went home to her mother, and two weeks later she was a member of a matrimonial divorce colony in a Western city, seeking freedom from matrimonial bonds on the ground of "cruel and inhuman treatment," which she expected the court, when her case was presented, to understand as having been applied to her, instead of to Vic.

In the State where Mrs. Hicks-Brown sought her divorce it takes only three months to establish a residence, and the legal formalities consume very little time; but, strange to say, Mrs. Hicks-Brown did not find it easy to pass the time. The first three or four weeks, in her flurried state of mind, she [illegible] notice—but, after that, time passed very slowly indeed. Strange as it may seem, life apart from Mr. Hicks-Brown was very, very dull—and lonely. Yes, she had been too hasty—too hasty—but there was no turning back now. She had burned her bridges, and, besides, had ever a Lovedale retraced a step once taken? No! And she held her pretty nose a little higher and tried to look haughtily don't-care-ish, all the time feeling very miserable indeed.

Everything seemed to conspire to add to her load of sorrow. She was pointed out on the street as a "colonist;" men about the hotel where she boarded tried to thrust their attentions upon her; and, although she met, through the pastor of the church she attended and at the home of her attorney, many of the nicest people in the city, she was almost entirely ignored in a social way, and it galled her immeasurably. She, a Lovedale—yes, and a Hicks-Brown; for even if the man who had bestowed the last name on her did work for a living, it was a name to be proud of—to be ostracised by these insignificant country people, half the men among whom attended balls in Prince Albert or cutaway coats! The idea! As if she cared! And she did care a great deal.

And Mr. Hicks-Brown? He was working away as though fighting time. He never gave himself a moment, if he could help it, for thought. Not a word had passed between him and a member of the Lovedale family since the day his wife had flung herself out of the house and returned to her parents. He heard she had gone West for a divorce, and it made him wince, but he shut his mouth more tightly and went at his work still harder. There were times when he had to think, and they were not pleasant times. There was one in particular. A few months before, he had begun to build, unknown to his wife, a handsome new house in her favorite suburb—and the time came for him to occupy it, and she was not there to enjoy it. His younger sister, an orphan, who had just finished school and had come to live with him, was delighted with everything. She ran all over the house, fairly gushing with pleasure, and did not know that her brother, sitting amid the confusion of furniture in the front hall, was thinking of how much some one else would have been pleased. And there were two big tears on his cheeks when he remembered himself and arose to superintend the work of arranging furniture.

Everybody who reads the papers remembers the Hicks-Brown divorce trial—how the defendant paid no attention to the suit; how the judge, in granting a decree without alimony, scored the fair plaintiff for seeking a divorce on such trivial grounds, and assured her that he allowed a decree only because it was plain to be seen that it was a case of incompatibility; and how, two days after receiving her decree, the plaintiff left suddenly, and everybody said, "I told you so—I knew she'd go as soon as she got it."

But everybody does not know that the reason she left so suddenly was that she received a telegram announcing her father's death, or that when she reached home she found that he had died a bankrupt.

Hicks-Brown knew it, and his heart ached with the longing to go to her aid and then the Hicks-Brown pride came to the surface, and his heart hardened with a cold snap, and he bent himself to his work harder than ever.

One morning, as he rode into town, Henry Hicks-Brown was thinking how lonely his sister must be sometimes out there in that slow little suburb, and an idea struck him. "By Jove!" he thought, "it's the very thing. There are lots of nice girls who would jump at the chance to be companion to so jolly a girl as Lottie." And he stopped at "The Sol" office and left a "Want" advertisement, which stated that a young lady desired a companion who was able to speak French and possessed sundry other accomplishments; must furnish best references; would receive liberal salary, etc. Apply in person at residence, No. — Grove street."

Mabel Hicks-Brown, discussing ways and means with her mother at their slimly furnished breakfast-table next morning, saw this advertisement.

"It's the very thing, mamma, and I'm going to see about it to-day. Something must be done, and I'm the one to do it, so—"

"But, Mabel, it seems so—so—why, the idea of—"

"There, there's no use saying a word, mamma. We can't be choosers any more." And so it was settled.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Mabel Hicks-Brown rang the door-bell of the house in Grove Street indicated in the advertisement, and was admitted by a trim maid, who seemed to know her errand, and ushered her into the pretty drawing-room on the right.

Somehow the room had a familiar look. At least, there were things in it that seemed familiar. That picture in the dark corner—she must have seen it before. She rose to look at it, and as she did so, some one came hurriedly into the room. Turning, she stood face to face with Henry Hicks-Brown.

For a full half minute they stood staring at each other, stunned. Then Mabel, weak from the strain of the weeks and months just passed, gave a shuddering sob, and sank to the floor.

Ten minutes later she found herself upon the divan in the corner, with a pair of strong arms about her and a very dear face close to her own, while a deep, tremulous voice whispered, "Mabel, can't we—can't we make it all up? Tell me, little girl."

She told him, right then and there; and half an hour after that they stood in the study of the parsonage close by—Hicks-Brown would have it so—for all the world like a pair of elopers, and what had taken nearly five months to untie was retied in five minutes.

And that was the real end of the celebrated Hicks-Brown divorce case—the part that only a small minority of the newspaper-reading public knows about.—Argonaut.

A LION TAMER'S POWER.

Remarkable Courage Displayed When There Was No Time to Lose.

Monsieur Bidel, the noted lion tamer, relates in his memoirs a terrible adventure. He was sitting at the entrance to the menagerie with Madame Bidel, and the entertainment was about to begin when he heard a piercing cry. This was followed by a furious roaring, and cries of "Help, help!" by many voices. He rushed in, and this is an account of what happened:—

"All eyes were turned toward one of the cages. It was appaling. Venturelli, a poor fellow in my employ, had been lifted from the ground, and was suspended outside the cage in the claws of four lions. One glimpse of that horrible sight, and I ran, reflecting in a second that to go round by the cages and get in by the ordinary entrance would involve a fatal delay, and decided on the desperate expedient of raising the grating on the side toward the spectators, and so crawling into the cage.

"How I did it, how it happened that I was not caught and mangled, I do not know. But suddenly I was on my feet in the midst of that savage feast, with neither stick nor whip, and only my fists for weapons. I struck and I commanded. The lions fell back and let fall their prey. I hurried out of the cage, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. I thought poor Venturelli was dead. But he was taken to the hospital, his wounds were dressed, and he recovered. Then I asked him how it happened. He said:—

"'When I passed those gentlemen,'—he always spoke courteously of the lions—'I wished to caress them. Three were asleep and one was awake; that one misunderstood my intention. He waked his comrades, seized me, and but for you I should certainly have made a meal for them.'"

The heroic lion tamer goes on to relate that the king, being informed of his act, decorated him publicly, and the people feted him and loaded him with honors. On this occasion, he says, though he is not used to being afraid, he was so agitated that his limbs shook; he was faint, and could hardly see. He soon recovered himself, however, and his pleasure in this public recognition of his bravery was marred only by a regret that his father could not be there to enjoy it.

Artificial Eggs.

There has been quite a sensation in Washington recently on the subject of artificial eggs. A person who claims to have invented a process for making them—patent newly applied for—has been exhibiting samples and giving them away about town. Some dozens have been served in the clubs, boiled, fried, poached and scrambled, and the general verdict is that it would be impossible for anybody to distinguish them from real ones. Externally they look exactly like the sort laid by hens. Break the shell of a raw specimen and the contents flop into a glass in as natural a manner as possible, the yolk and white unmingled. It has been claimed that no imitation egg could ever be made to "beat up" for cake, but these do perfectly.

The inventor says that his eggs are, chemically speaking, a precise reproduction of nature. Corn meal is the basis of their material. The white is pure albumen, of course, while the yolk is a more complicated mixture of albumen and several other elements. Inside the shell is a lining of what looks somewhat like the delicate, filmy membrane formed by the hen, while the shell itself is stated to be made in two halves, stuck together so artfully that no one can discover the joining. The very germ of the chicken, with unnecessary faithfulness of imitation, as one might think, is counterfeited.

The eggs are made of various shapes and tints. One will be able to buy, as soon as they are put in the market, counterfeit pullets' eggs or eggs laid by elderly hens; likewise select white eggs or dark colored ones, according to choice. Most surprising of all, they will be sold for only ten cents a dozen, and they never get rotten. To confectioners and others who use large quantities of eggs the yolks and whites will be sold separately, put up in jars and hermetically sealed. In this shape they will also be convenient for household employment.

Disconcerting.

No one can afford to wear shabby clothing if he wishes to impress strangers favorably. A politician of note was rather careless in the matter of dress. Having occasion to call upon a prominent man residing in a distant quarter of his native city, he stopped an Irishman in the street to inquire the way. "Can you tell me where Mr. Hunter lives?" he asked. "It's no use going there," was the unexpected reply. "I didn't ask your advice," said the statesman. "I simply want to know where Mr. Hunter lives." "Oh, well, he lives down that street yonder, the first house round the corner; but I tell you it's no use your going there, for I've just been there myself, and he's already got a man." Mr. Hunter had advertised for a servant the day before. The lesson was not thrown away upon the statesman, for he went at once and bought a new hat.

A traveller who has been as far south as Patagonia and as far north as Iceland says that mosquitoes are to met with everywhere.

Waterproof leather is announced.

REVIVING VITAL ACTION.

Restoring People Who Have Been a Dangerous Time Under Water.

During the bathing and swimming season deaths from drowning frequently occur. If every man of fair intelligence were familiar with the most approved method of reviving vital action in persons who had been a dangerous time under water, many lives might be thereby saved. With the liberal dissemination of instructions on the method many persons would learn and remember the process and would employ it in emergencies. A new method which has been by medical journals pronounced superior to the long practiced Sylvester or Marshall Hall method, has been suggested by Doctor Bowles, of London, England.

After the body has been removed from the water, place it for a moment with the head downward, to allow the escape of water from the mouth and throat; turn it on the side and keep it on that side continuously, except when, about fifteen times a minute, the body is to be rolled, for a few seconds, on the face again. By keeping the same side always up, the lung on that side becomes clear. Turning first one and then the other side up is dangerous because thereby the partly cleared lung is suddenly flooded with fluid from the lung which was downward. It is better to clear one lung entirely than to have both half cleared.

Each time the body is turned upon the face for the few seconds, a little more froth and water escapes from the mouth and nostrils. When the upper lung has been almost or partly cleared, it is useful to raise the upper arm above the head, thus drawing up and expanding the ribs and walls of the chest that air may enter, as in the Sylvester method, then bringing the arm down firmly to the side again, and repeating these arm movements fifteen or twenty times a minute, since the entrance of larger quantities of air into the lung is now safe. Pressure upon the back each time the face is turned down, assists the escape of water somewhat, and has a good influence on the heart, aiding the expulsion of the blood toward the lungs. The continued use of this promotoral method is said to be an excellent mode of keeping the pharynx clear of obstruction.

The artificial respiration process is far away the most important thing to attend first. Not an instant should be lost before it is commenced.

If there be other assistants beside sufficient to keep up this process steadily and persistently for hours (for vitality has been restored after more than two hours of apparently fruitless effort) wet clothing may be removed, the body wrapped into warm blankets and partly wrapped in them, and heat applied to the groins, feet and over the stomach, by means of hot water in bottles or woollen cloths. A very hot cloth applied suddenly and momentarily to the bare skin over the heart might help to restore its action, or an occasional sharp slap or two with the hand over this region might have a like effect.

When breathing is restored, but little usually remains to be done. A little hot drink or mild stimulant may be required, with dryness, warmth and quiet rest.

African Nuts.

A young Russian groceryman at Ekaterinburg obligingly displayed his stock of goods to Mr. George Kennan, and incidently gave him and his companion a great deal of information as to the Chinese and Russian nuts lying in open bags on the counter. Mr. Kennan describes what follows:—

After we had examined them all and tested a few, the grocer said:—

"I have in the back part of the shop some very curious ones that were sold me a year or two ago as African nuts. Whether they ever came from Africa or not I don't know, but the people here do not like the taste of them. If you will condescend to wait a moment, I will get a few."

"What do you suppose they are?" inquired Mr. Frost, as the young man went after the African nuts.

"Brazil nuts, very likely," I replied, "or cocoanuts. I don't believe anybody here would know either of them by sight and they are the only tropical nuts I can think of."

In a moment the man returned, holding a handful of the fruit of a plant known in science as *Arachis hypogæa*.

"Why, those are peanuts!" shouted Mr. Frost, in a burst of joyful recognition. "American peanuts!" he explained enthusiastically to the grocer. "American peanuts eat very well," and he proceeded to illustrate this luminous statement by crushing the shell of one, and ostentatious show of relish.

Suddenly, however, the expression of his face changed, as if the result had not fully justified his anticipations, and he [illegible] himself of the African nut, [illegible] exclaimed:—

"They haven't been roasted! It is necessary to fry," he added impressively to the grocer. "Americans always [illegible]!"

"Try!" exclaimed the young man, to whom fried nuts must have been a startling novelty. "How is it possible [illegible] them?"

I explained to him that Mr. Frost meant to "roast them," but this seemed to him quite as extraordinary as frying [illegible] and when he was told that the peanut is not the fruit of a tree, but of an herbaceous plant, and that it grows underground, like potatoes, he claimed [illegible] commercial issues, however, [illegible] recommended their sway, and [illegible] it is to be hoped he was already provided with a quantity of the "American peanuts and roasted nuts," with a view to [illegible] them out again [illegible] the [illegible].

"Sold out," he murmured to himself, as the [illegible] of his daughter gave him a tiff at two o'clock in the morning.

BISMARCK NO LOVER OF MUSIC.

He Never Could Learn, and He Had Other Cares and Tastes.

Prince Bismarck is credited with the following frank confession of indifference to music: "Never could I learn to play the piano, as did all my well-born companions.

"When I had to read the notes I burst into tears, for, although, thanks to a good memory, I mastered the Greek alphabet in half an hour, it was torture to me to recognize little black spots with strokes through them, and other signs of all kinds. In brief I am not musical, either by ear or inclination.

"What I have always loved best has been a barrel organ, or a violoncello, which to me recalls, most of all, the human voice. As for concerts and theatres I know nothing about them. Even if I had wished to attend them," he said, according to the *Violin World*, "leisure would have been wanting. In my family alone the Princess is musical.

"When Wagner's 'Tritology' was given at Berlin she assisted at the performances, and even invited to dinner the singer, Scaria. As for myself, I had other cares and tastes."

Superstitions About Crows.

There are, perhaps, few who have not heard of crows that "one is lucky, two is unlucky, three is health, four is wealth, five sickness, and six death." The unluckiness of one living crow is of ancient date, since the Greeks believed that if such a bird appeared at a wedding breakfast there would be a divorce, to avert which all roared out, "Maiden, scare away the crow!"

But of far greater antiquity was the belief that if the one crow were dead the evil portent also perished, since, according to Horus Apollo—Hierog. ii., 39—it signified extreme old age, or a very long life, according to what Hesiod tells us, is quoted by Plutarch in his "Oracles," that the crows live nine times as long as a man.

The belief that two crows are a happy omen, and that they appear to warn men from disaster, is very ancient. Alexander the Great was thus saved in Egypt by two crows, and King Alonzo would assuredly have perished in 1147 had it not been for two crows, one of which perched on the prow and the other on the stern of his ship, so pointing the prow of the royal barge safely into port.

Crows and rooks are very much alike. It is said that when rooks desert a rookery it forebodes the downfall of the family on whose property it is. They are also credited with being good weather prognosticators. When the weather is about to be very bad they stay as near home as possible; but when they foreknow that it will be set fair they start off in the morning right away to a distance, where they have an instinct that the food they need is plentiful. Again, if the rooks are seen venturing into the streets of a town or village, it is a sure sign of an approaching snowstorm.

To dream you see a crow signifies expedition of business; if you hear them croaking unpleasantly while they are flying, it is a sign of ill-luck. If you see in your dream the crow flying on to the head of a child it will be in danger of some misfortune.

Wesley's Mother.

In Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, not far from Bunyan's tomb, about 20 yards from the railing, and close by the curved footpath, is a square plain tombstone under a tree which marks the resting place of Wesley's mother. The inscription is as follows:

Here lies the Body of
Mrs. Susannah Wesley
Widow of the Rev Samuel Wesley M. A.
late Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire
who died July 23rd 1742
Aged 73 years
She was the youngest daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley D.D.
ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the
Rectory of St Giles
Cripplegate August 24 1662
She was the mother of nineteen children
of whom the most eminent were the
Rev John and Charles Wesley
the former of whom was under God the
founder of the Societies of the People
called Methodists
In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies
A Christian here her flesh laid down
The Cross exchanging for a Crown.

This stone was erected about the year 1828, at the cost of the Methodist Book Room. The inscription was then re-written, the original inscription being quite worn out.—Notes and Queries.

Fashionable Folly.

A gentleman who conducts a heraldic establishment in a neighboring city tells that there is a marked change in his business.

"Formerly," he said, "the craze was to be connected with the British aristocracy. My volumes of Burke and Debrett were black with researches. To-day they are almost untouched. The mania is for colonial times."

"Are there many families," I asked "that survive from colonial times?"

"Hardly any in the north," he replied. "And you may safely set down the Association of Colonial Dames as a humbug. The real colonial dames are almost poor enough to beg in the streets."

"Who, then," said I, amazed, "are the persons parading as colonial dames?"

"Nobodies," said he. "I create them in this office. I connect them distinctly—it is astounding how many distinct connections a family can be made to have—with the Livingstones or some of the older houses. Furnish a woman with a pedigree and she is happier than with a dozen new bonnets."

"But what do the husbands say?" I protested.

"Oh," he replied, "the husbands don't care! They are content to go to the club while their wives compare pedigrees at home. There is money in a business like mine."