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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 13. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1892. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,105.

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 37	1 16	7 37	Barrelville	9 38	4 30	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 39	Patterson's	9 35	4 28	10 20
7 45	1 24	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 39	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	5:00 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 mdn't	....No. 4 Express....	12:15 a m
12:10 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....	4:00 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:01 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.

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

EVERY DEMOCRAT

WHO wants to can go for the Postoffice, but for a

Cabinet Position

—BOTH—

DEMOCRATS and REPUBLICANS

CAN SECURE THE BEST AT

TOWLES'

Photographic Studio.

Nov 19

—AT THE—

IRON FRONT

IS the largest line of Mens, Ladies and Children's

UNDERWEAR

in the county.
Our Ladies and Children's

SHOE DEPARTMENT

is a decided success.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

is a special feature of our ever increasing business.

D. F.

McMullen & Co.

Nov 19

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, 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.

THE STOLEN LETTERS.

Lucy Watson had two lovers—this would be an unfair advantage in these days, but fifteen years ago there were more marrying men in India than fewer maidens. Besides, Lucy was really sweet enough to monopolize the attention of any number. Of these two swains one was an elderly man—that is, if the collector of a district on two thousand and one odd thousands of rupees a month, and a "final" of the most liberal nature can properly be called a swain at all, which is doubtful. He was a good fellow, was John McAllister, but at least twenty years older than Lucy, and, what was more to the point, very prim and stiff and solemn and serious, and, in fact, destitute of not only appearance, but the thoughts and ways of youth.

And so when Col. Watson cited instances of the happy marriages he had seen between elderly gentlemen and youthful ladies—he used occasionally to draw on his imagination a little—poor Lucy would piteously reply:

"Yes, papa, but it isn't his age, that's nothing, nothing"—oh, Lucy, Lucy—"but he's so old in his ideas and habits; he has nothing in common with a girl."

And then there would be a little break down in the voice, and a tear would fall on the Colonel's hand, and he would turn away to smoke a cheroot, and make the best of it, for he did not want to force his child into a distasteful marriage, he was too fond of her for that; but with six sons ranging from fifteen to five, that his one daughter should marry a well-to-do man was distinctly desirable.

Pensions were good in those days, but even £1,100 a year seemed small with such a troop of boys to educate and put into the world. And then there was a trifle of debt which McAllister would—but what was the use of thinking about it if it would make little Lucy unhappy? It is almost superflous to say that the other adorer, whom Lucy did like, was a hopeless ineligible. George Farleigh was a subaltern in her father's regiment, of about five years' service. A fine young fellow, good at sports but with absolutely no prospects. There was no chance of the adjutancy falling vacant for a long time, and there were no departmental openings, so far at least as he was concerned.

In a small, up-country station these two had many opportunities of meeting, and, to do them justice, they took advantage of all they could get. But Lucy was not without a mixture of sound common sense, and she would not pledge herself to George until he could show some reasonable grounds for believing that his position would soon justify marriage; she would not listen to the idea of an indefinite arrangement.

Matters were thus at a dead lock, and there seemed no hope of a solution. Months passed by, weary months to all concerned. Then, all of a sudden, came a change. The new Governor-General arrived in the country, and it so happened that in former years he had known George's father rather intimately. The natural result followed. For a boy who had passed nothing but the higher standard in Hindustani it was not possible to do much at once, but he might be tried. So, down came the offer of a semi-political appointment in a native State for six months, the continuance of which was to depend upon George's progress and ability.

There was a tearful parting.

"Now, mind, you are not to write to me until I write to you first. Papa would be very angry if you were to write direct to me; and, of course, I won't have anything done in a roundabout way. When I write to you, if I do write at all, sir, then you may answer."

So half laughing, Lucy dismissed him and both the Colonel and McAllister said goodby with a sigh of relief. The sagacious Lucy had a reason for the condition she imposed. Over and above the difficulties of a correspondence to which her father would object, she wanted to test her lover. Married ladies, often prone to dismal advice, had sniffingly told her of the inconstancy of man, and she had also read about it in novels and poems, so she thought that an experiment should be made.

"If we begin by writing to each other," she argued to herself, "he won't have a chance of forgetting me; but if there is no communication between us for some time then that will show whether his affection is sincere."

Left alone in the field, good, honest McAllister could make the running at his own pace; but somehow he never seemed to get any nearer the winning post.

But the three months never passed, for one fine day the Colonel, with a white face and broken bones, was brought back in a dhooly from the parade ground (his horse had fallen) and though the bones were soon mended complications set in, and the doctors ordered him home—"internal injuries; never get right in this place; voyage will give him strength," etc. Then the poor man told Lucy that she really had better make up her mind, that he could ill afford the expense of taking her to England, and reminded her that she did not get on too easily with her stepmother, who was looking after the boys. And Lucy did make up her mind. She wrote straight to George that very afternoon, telling him everything.

"I hope it isn't very unmaidenly, dear, but there is no time to stand upon formalities. If you still care for me, if you think your position sufficiently hopeful to justify marrying, come down at once or write. But if"—here a tear would fall on the paper—"you find that for any reason it can not be, then don't answer, I shall understand."

It was three day's post to George's station, and Lucy told her father she would think over the matter and would give him a definite answer in a week. The sixth day came, and the poor girl was trembling with excitement; the seventh, and she could scarcely keep still for a moment. But the post came—and no letter. At first a feeling of numbing despair seized on her, but she immediately rallied.

"How stupid I am! There may not have been time to catch the mail, or George may have been out shooting."

So to make sure, and leave an ample margin, she begged her father for three day's grace, for she never doubted George. But the three days passed, and there was no sign.

"A very short engagement, my dear," said the Major's wife to her best friend, "but you see the poor dear Colonel must be off at once; can't wait any longer, the doctors say, and it is everything to have Lucy settled before he goes. I wrote and told George Fairleigh it was coming off—an awful blow for him, poor fellow, unless he has forgotten all about her, which is probable."

But he had not forgotten all about her, and for hours after receiving the good lady's information he sat like one in a dream. Then he shook himself together, and in due course read the domestic occurrence in the paper quite calmly. The McAllisters and George Fairleigh never met, for he went into the political line, and went from one native State to another without once returning to his former Presidency. But he now and again heard of them—how they led an apparently happy life in a quiet way, no particular love perhaps on her part, but a sincere attachment to her husband. And presently McAllister retired and settled in England.

It was just fourteen years since George left his regiment. He had got on well, and was now resident at the court of an imbecile Prince with an unpronounceable name. It was a hot night and his solitary dinner was scarcely over when the day's post came in—the English mail with it—so he lighted a cigar and left the table for a long arm chair in the veranda. The bearer placed the lamp conveniently and retired to doze. The first letter that caught his eye was from the Postmaster-General, and, wondering what that exalted functionary could want with him, he opened it without looking at the English letters and newspapers. The following is what it said:

"SIR: I have the honor to inform you that an old man died lately at the village of S-epore, in the State of Achinabad, who was formerly a tappal runner in that State. On his deathbed he confessed to having stolen one of the letter bags many years ago, under the belief that there was money in it, but that he then became frightened and hid the letters in a box without opening them. This box he buried, but after some trouble it has been found and the contents are now being distributed as far as the addresses can be traced. The inclosed is apparently for you, as on inquiry it has been ascertained that it is you who were at the time in Achinabad. I have the honor, &c."

George knew the writing on the inclosure at once; it was Lucy's. The faithful bearer wondered why the Sahib was so long in coming to bed; also he did not seem to be reading, for there was no rustle of paper, so with cat like tread he crept to the veranda. The Sahib was lying back in the chair with his hand over his face. Three and four times the man returned, and always to find his master in the same position.

It was not till the gray dawn made the lamp light pale that George roused himself from a long dream of what might have been and of what had been, and even then he did not feel sleepy, so for sheer lack of something to do he took up an English paper that had just arrived, and chancing to open it at the deaths read:

"April 15, at 104 Greenfair Gardens, Cheltenham, John McAllister, esq., late of the Indian Civil Service. Indian papers please copy."

* * * * * * *

Next month George Farleigh started for England on urgent private affairs.—The Million.

A Bit of Correspondence.

A remarkable correspondence has been published, ending in a true Irish fashion. It begins: "Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity."

Engravings of Animals.

In former days, when gems were engraved with animals or reptiles, each had its own signification. A serpent indicated wisdom, and with its tail in its mouth it symbolized eternity. The owl was reflection—not wisdom, as is commonly thought. Bacchus engraved on a gem was often accompanied by a parrot, representing the loquacious disposition of the inebriate. Women commonly wore stones engraved with scorpions, spiders or other poisonous things as a protection against like objectionable creatures.

MECHANICAL SONGSTERS.

Lifelike Imitation of Warbling Birds is Now Obtained.

The construction of mechanical singing birds has now reached such perfection that at first sight the little automaton is absolutely like the bird whose plumage it borrows, whether it represents a simple nightingale or is adorned with the brilliant feathers of a bird of paradise. Neither in the poise or in the form could the art of the taxidermist do better. The attitude of each species is carefully studied. Certain of these birds are inclosed in a simple cage or are placed upon a branch forming a perch, while others, placed upon a tree, flutter from one branch to another, without it being possible to see the little rod, mounted on a pivot and hidden in the leaves, that carries it back and forth. Again, others may be placed upon a stand or in a basket of flowers. Humming birds are concealed in a snuff-box, the cover of which being raised, they suddenly appear and begin to sing. After the air is finished, they reenter the box and the cover closes of itself. The snuff-boxes in which they are inclosed are decorated in all possible ways, with inlaid enamel work, Japanese designs upon silver and gold, old silver, repousse work, and so on. The first automatic singing birds had a motion of the bill only, and it was by means of a bird organ or a music box that they seemed to sing. The improvements afterward introduced consisted in the substitution of a genuine warbling for the music box, and in giving these little singers the perfect appearance of life. A reproduction of the true song of birds has been successfully obtained, and we are now able to hear all our ordinary artists, with the repertory peculiar to each of them. The mechanical apparatus is wound up like clockwork and produces various motions of the head, tail and wings which are so naturally combined with the warbling that the mechanical songster, whose plumage leaves nothing to be desired, seems to be a living, breathing thing.

Social Superiority.

It is the boast of the free-born American that he has no social superior; rank and station are a matter of indifference to him; is he not the equal of any man living? And yet there is an aspect of this "social superior" question so obvious that I wonder so little is said about it. Does it really form a key to the whole question of domestic service? Say what you please, that member of a poor family who goes out to service is occupying a lower social plane than her sister who tends in a store or works in a shoe factory. It is the same with men. I remember an occasion, many years ago, when a whole suburban village was thrown into confusion because Mr. Harcourt's man servant was allowed to buy a ticket and dance at a village ball, although the young farmers and mechanics were all expected and even begged to attend. "What is the difference?" was asked. "Why, of course," said the ladies on the committee, "you expect to dance in the same set, at a country ball, with your milkman and shoemaker, but as to meeting on the same terms Mr. Harcourt's man servant, that is a very different thing." "But why? If, as you say, household labor is as honorable as any other, this man is in no way inferior to the mass of bread-winners," the questioner persisted. "You do not live up to your creed." And that's the secret of the whole matter; people try to convince others of what they can not convince themselves; and so long as employers regard household service as being socially lower than working at the needle or the loom, how can they expect that the persons most concerned will fail to see it? If we regard all this as a prejudice, let us go to work to correct it. In the meantime we must remember that those who are in our employ are really taking themselves at our own valuation, and can not consistently be censured if they try to better their social position without regard to what we may think or say concerning their course.

Sunday Reading.

The following alphabet of proverbs make good reading for the first day of the week:

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God teaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work that has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater ones.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good act.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

THE PATERNAL OSTRICH.

Some Peculiarities of the Largest of African Birds.

The ostrich has many strange ways, and I was particularly interested in studying them. They go in flocks of three or four females and one male about their nesting time, and for several weeks before locating their nests the hens drop their eggs all about the pampas. These are called *bauche* eggs (pronounced "watcho") and are much more delicate in flavor than the eggs taken from the nests. They have a thinner shell, and when fresh laid are of a beautiful golden color. We cooked them by roasting them before the fire. We would first break a hole in the small end of the egg large enough to insert a teaspoon. The egg would be set up among some hot ashes, a pinch of salt and pepper put into it, and the contents kept stirred with a stick so that all would be done alike. The flavor is excellent and one egg would satisfy a very hungry man. As soon as the ostriches decide upon a suitable place for a nest, the male bird scratches away the grass and slightly hollows out the ground for a space of about three feet in diameter. All the hens of the flock lay in the same nest until there are from twenty-five to thirty eggs laid. The male birds then take possession and sit on the eggs until they are hatched. As soon as the flock can leave the nest the old fellow leads them away to feed on flies and small insects, and everything is lovely until he espies another male bird with a brood. As soon as the old birds see each other they make a peculiar booming sound and every little ostrich disappears in the grass. The old ones then approach each other and engage in a most deadly conflict. They fight until one or the other is killed or runs away. The remaining one will then utter another peculiar sound and both broods will spring up from their hiding places and follow the victor, who struts off as proud as a peacock. I have seen old male ostriches with three broods, each of a different size, two of which they had captured.

Pretty Hands.

Not only ladies should have pretty hands—a rough, untidy pair of hands is just as unnecessary for a man to have as for a woman—beautiful white hands very many can have if nature has been kind enough to bestow upon them fair skins. All may have neat-looking, smooth hands. A lemon, some oatmeal, palm oil soap and tepid water and a few ounces of glycerine will be all sufficient to accomplish the desired result. After the hands are washed clean in the water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of glycerine, and the palm-oil soap freely used, rub over the wet hands the lemon juice; apply it especially well about the nails, for it hardens the skin and prevents the formation of hang nails. If the hands are rough and scaly or bleed, before beginning this treatment freely use (every time the hands are washed) a mixture of glycerine and compound tincture of benzoin (one ounce of the benzoin to four of the glycerine) until all soreness and rawness has been removed. Then the persistent use of the oatmeal and lemon will be sufficient to keep the hands soft and tidy.

Fable of the Pansy.

Lovers of this pretty flower may be interested in the fable concerning it. The blossom has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband, wife, and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father, one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap around his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. In France, the pansy is universally called the step-mother.

Hair Dressing in Japan.

The most striking difference between the appearance of the male and female Japanese lies in the hair. The men shave nearly the whole of the head, while the women allow it to grow, and even add to it by art when required. It is then twisted and coiled into elaborate and fantastic patterns which few Eastern hairdressers could imitate or equal. The hairpins used are not so much for confining the locks in their places as for actual adornment, and are very fashionable. They are of enormous size, seven or eight inches in length, and half an inch wide, and are made of various substances, tortoise shell, carved wood, and ivory, many of them being composed of carved figures adroitly pivoted so as to appear to dance at every breath drawn by the wearer. Others are made of glass, and are hollow, and nearly filled with some bright colored liquid, so that at every movement of the head an air bubble runs from one end of the pin to the other, producing a most curious effect in a strong light. Sometimes an extra a blonde woman will wear a dozen or more of these pins in her hair, so that at a little distance her head looks as if a bundle of firewood had been closely stuck into it. The higher in rank the Japanese woman, the more elaborate her coiffure is likely to be.

CARE OF A WATCH.

DELICATE MECHANISM WHICH NEEDS REGULAR ATTENTION.

An Old Watchmaker's Instructive and Entertaining Talk on the Treatment of Timepieces—Information on a Subject of General Interest.

"You want to know how to care for a fine watch, eh?" said the old watchmaker, as he took off his glasses and wiped them with his handkerchief. "Let me see your watch."

The reporter handed over his timepiece, and the old man examined it carefully.

"Well, my boy," he said, finally, "bear in mind continually that a watch is, in its way, almost as delicate a piece of mechanism as the human system. As it is necessary for a man who wishes to keep in good health to take his meals regularly, so is it necessary to feed a watch at regular intervals. You feed a watch by winding it up. Therefore, have a certain hour for winding your watch, and never deviate from it.

"In this case there are probably one hundred watches. Not one of them is running. On this rack there are eighteen, and all are going. I wind them the first thing in the morning, starting with the one in the lower left-hand corner. They get their meals regularly.

"You can regulate your own watch if you will only study its peculiarities. See this little arm? Well, if your watch is running slow, turn that arm with the blade of your penknife a trifle toward the letter 'F.' If it is running fast, turn in the opposite direction toward 'S.' Don't move the arm more than a fraction of an inch, for if that will not suffice, your watch needs a watchmaker's care.

"Don't open the inner case of your watch more than is absolutely necessary. Every time you open it dust sweeps in upon the works, and it takes very little dust to put a watch out of order. In nine cases out of ten, when a watch is brought to me to be cleaned, I can tell with my glass the business the owner of the watch follows. I examined a watch the other day, and told my customer that he worked in wool. He admitted the fact. I had found small particles of wool in the works of his watch.

"Have a chamois case for your watch, or chamois lining to your watch pocket. It preserves the case and keeps it from getting scratched. I have heard men say that a watch with a chamois case will keep no better than one without such protection, but that is nonsense.

"If you work near electric instruments, or ride on electric cars, you should have your watch demagnetized. A few years ago such an operation cost a great deal of money. Unprincipled jewellers would tell a customer that in order to make a thorough job of it every piece in the watch would have to be treated independently, first positively, and then negatively, in order to receive a magnetic or electric equilibrium. I have known watchmakers to charge twenty-five dollars for demagnetizing a watch.

"The real cost is almost nothing. There is a machine for the purpose. You place the watch on the positive side and then on the negative. There is no more work about it than there is in the baking of a loaf of bread.

"I have heard men say that it was impossible to take a sick watch to a jeweller without being told that the trouble lay in a broken mainspring. But how little men who wear watches know about main-prings! Broken mainsprings come as a sort of epidemic. Don't laugh. I'm simply telling you a fact. A year ago this spring I was flooded with watches the mainsprings of which had snapped. A peculiarity of the breaking was that each of the twenty-five or more turns to the spring was severed and that the breaks were in a straight line from the centre to the circumference of the spring.

"Every watchmaker in New York had an experience similar to my own last spring. We have often compared notes, but we have been unable to account for the epidemics, except upon the hypothesis that atmospheric conditions are the cause. What these conditions are remains to be determined.

"It has been asserted that when the northern lights are the brightest mainsprings are most apt to snap. You probably remember that in February the aurora borealis was phenominally brilliant, and yet during that period no watch with a broken mainspring was brought to me. I can't account for the phenomena, and I don't believe there is a watchmaker in New York who knows more about it than I do.

"Now let me add a few words as a sort of finale. The best as well as the cheapest watch movements in the world are made in America. It's all well enough to talk about Swiss watches, but in point of accurate timekeeping there never has been made a five hundred dollar Swiss watch that was a whit superior to a twenty-five dollar watch in America.

"Buy American watches with American movements. Wind your watch regularly, regulate it, study its moods in both hot and cold weather. Keep the inner case closed, get it demagnetized, and don't call the watchmaker a robber when he tells you the mainspring of your watch needs renewal.

"One man hangs a jury," is the heading of an item in a New Orleans paper. Oftener a jury hangs a man, and sometimes the wrong man.