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FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhaa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I use Castoria in my practice, and find it

specially adapted to affections of chil ren. THE CENTAUR Co., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Railroad Schedules, etc. Cumberland and Pennsylvania

RAILROAD. SCHEDULE.

Eastward.			Stations.	Westward.		
Leave. No. 5. No. 3. No. 1				Arrive. o. 2. No. 4. No. 6.*		
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L. M. HAMILTON, RAILROAD.

All.Y, Sundays excepted, from Centra Istation, Cumberland. OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland..... | 7:15 a m | 1:45 p m | cellar for wood to kindle the fire. Midland..... | 8:22 a m | 2:52 p m " Lonaconing . 8:30 a m 3:00 p m RETURNING TRAINS.

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,

RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUM-BERLAND as follows: EASTBOUND. .... No. 10 Express .... | 2:45 a m

6:40 pm | No. 72 Accom'odation .... No. 4 Express .... | 12:15 a m 12:10 p m | No. 16 Grafton & Way | WESTBOUND. 4:05 a m .... No. 3 Express.... No. 71 Accom'odation No. 13 Accom'odation .... No. 5 Express.... ... No. 15 Passenger ... .... No. 1 Express.... 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.

No. 9-Baltimore Express leaves ... 1:30 a m " 63-Cumberland ly except Sunday .... 7:40 a m leaves....3:25 p m " 11-Mail EASTBOUND. " 12-Mail " 61-Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday . . 7:30 p m No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland

Railroad Tickets.

T. T. ALLEN.

Acting Agent.

BY BUYING YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS

-FROM

fully given.

LL in comation concerning rates, routes,

Among the Christmas gifts received a rainbow upon the crystal surface of a secluded mountain pool. The ring dence of a true heart and a depleted

barnished glory the recipient shed large for any of her fingers. She raised there, and get some life into you. It's Christmas morning, and I've got one of the sweetest rings you ever dreamed of. It came from dear old precious Tom. Bless his loving soul! See, here it is; now gaze upon the treasure rare.'

The mother sprang out of bed, lit the kerosene lamp and taking the ring from her daughter's thumb, held it close to the light. After examining it she dropped the jewel upon the bureau

"Bad luck as sure as you're alive. Send it right back to the giver. No, throw it out of the window as quick as you can. No! No! That would not do, for some poor creature might pick it up. Pitch it into the fire, for you'll have bad luck as long as you keep it. hard earned money on such trush. I'll give him a piece of my mind the first time he comes here, see if I don't. Now, Bertha, I want you to do just what I've told you and burn up that omen of ill luck."

dejected mood than she had entered it. She went to the kitchen, threw open the window and looked out upon the the room was cold. There she sat which he afterwards painted with the however, takes no notice of them, and wrapped in a thin gown and her own carmine ink. thoughts, thoughts or regret and rebel- "How I got home that day I never away in the darkness. and obedient daughter, and even now the children following me, the crazy evidence of her lover's affection in to the building, which was completely cockroach has is the scorpion, the latobedience to her mother's command. destroyed. I was so frightened that I ter being able to run it down even in Her frame shook with emotion and took sick and was kept indoors all win- the open. It was in Jamaica, West Incold, her teeth chattered and she be- ter. Mr. Wolfinger visited me regu- dies, that the writer, sitting in a room, came most miserable. Arising, she larly, and one night, as he was going carpeted, as all rooms are in the West was cold. She raised the lid, and arm, dislocated his right hip and Those West Indian cockroaches are not there, half buried in the cold ashes, sprained his left wrist. lay the ring. Gazing upon it for a moment, she picked it up, and replacing it upon her thumb, ran down into the

The ring was saved, and on informing her mother how she had obeyed her command, the old lady replied : "Oh, well, Bertha, you can keep it, and we'il trust to luck. Everything went along Vale Summit | 11:00 a m | 5:30 p m | all right till nearing dinner time, when, just as Mrs. Murtha was carrying the roasted turkey from the kitchen to the dinning-room, a luckless mouse ran out from its hiding place across the floor. Prince, the pug dog, saw the mouse, and springing from the lap of Mrs. Isabella Lukens, Mrs. Murtha's aged aunt, went for the mouse, which rau right in front of Mrs. Murtha, and she, tripping over the pet, fell forward, and threw the plate containing the turkey towards the table, where it landed among the dishes, breaking several and sending the coffee urn and cream pitcher on the floor. Poor old Mrs. Lukens was so frightened that she jumped up so quick and so high that her head struck the bird cage that was hanging near the window and knocked

it down, the bird escaping just as old Kit, the turtle-shell cat, came rushing into the room. In an instant the bird was a corpse, for the cat had caught it. The mess was cleared up and the dinner proceeded with. Things had not gone far, however, when Jacob Murtha, Bertha's father, broke the horn handle and carving-knife in two as he was trying to unjoint one of the turkey's wings. The end of the knife flew in one direction while the dismembered wing flew in another and landed against a framed picture of Columbus discovering America with such force as to smash the glass and smeer the old navigator all over with turkey grease.

No further mishaps occurred till late in the afternoon, when Bertha undertook to amuse the company by playing upon the piano. She requested Tom Fletcher, her beau, who had called early in the afternoon, to raise the piano lid. He was so eager to oblige her that he never took time to notice that a large vase of wax fruit, which Aunt "Belle" Lukens had brought as a Christmas present for her sister, was on the Tom threw the lid up with a Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumvim, and crash went the frail glass covo's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way. ering, while the fruit, that looked as natural as if it had grown, was smashed into atoms of different colored bees.

> After sweeping up the broken glass and wax Bertha began to play some of her classic music, and while attempting to turn the sheet as she was rattling off one of the most difficult bars of "Bobby; Will Your Dog Bite?" Tom's foot slipped as he trod upon a piece of wax banana peel and he went sprawling upon the keys of the instrument, one of his elbows knocking a whole octave out of kilter, while the other landed upon Bertha's shoulder, sending her to the floor. Tom's noso

came in collision with the music rack.

screamed "Murder!" so loud that a heard it and he velled out the word at the top of his voice. Two policemen, who had been helping a hired girl in a reighboring house to dispose of some mine. -- Philadelphia Times. left-over dinner, rushed to the scene, but upon learning the cause of the

trouble hurried back to their beats. Christmas, like all other days, has an was the gift of the young lady's lover, end, and after supper the company as- London sewer hunters provide themand the gift carried with it the evi- sembled in the little parlor, where the selves with a bull's-eye lantern, a canevents of the day were recounted. vas apron, and a pole some seven Tom, poor fellow, had gone home with eight feet in length, having an iron at a sore nose, a troubled mind and his handsome satin necktie stained with tears of joy as she fitted it upon the blood. Murtha had gone to the club, thumb of her left hand, it being too leaving Bertha, Mrs. Murtha, her sister and a half dozen other relatives it to her lips and kissed it fervently; spend the evenings as best they could. then, running into her mother's room, One after the other of the happenings were gone over, when Mrs. Murtha happened to think of the opal ring, and gave full vent to her belief, to the edification of the others.

Among those present was Miss Sallie Archer, of Parkersburg. She had come to spend the holidays in the city. She was old enough to remember time when William Henry Harrison was elected to the Presidency. When she had heard of the opal ring she said: "Mercy save us! No wonder you've had such a time. Why, do you know, I at. tribute all the bad luck of my life to a beautiful opal breastpin that William Wolfinger, a near and dear friend of mine, had given me on my twentieth birthday. I was then teaching a district school, and the very first day I wore the breastpin to school, one of Tom is an ignorant dolt to spend his the larger boys, John Butler, who was hunter from keeping a sharp lookout a regular scapegrace, coaxed an old for less valuable articles as they float crazy man into the school, and the first by. His "eagle eye" from long practhing I knew, the man had taken tice is capable of judging the worth of charge of the scholars. He even compelled me to take a seat among the even discernible to the ordinary obgirls and made me answer every ques. server. Mile after mile does the sewer Bertha left the room in a far more tion in the day's lessons. He took hunter traverse under ground until a down the large maps and a number of charts from the walls and smeared them all over with red and black ink. Some gangs enter the sewers at night spotless snow that lay untrodden in Then he took it into his head that I the back yard. She raised the lid would look better if I had a black others carry out the search only during from the stove, threw the ring in upon face. He got several of the boys to the daytime. Rats abound everywhere, the coals and sat down upon a chair hold me while he took a sponge and some of them being of enormous size, and wept bitterly for the space of half rubbed the horrid ink all over my face large enough to frighten any beginner an hour, when it occurred to her that and neck, leaving my nose and ears, at the game. The experienced hunter,

lion. She had always been a dutiful knew, but after I rushed from the room, had not hesitated to throw away an man kicked over the stove and set fire walked to the stove, placed her dainty home, he fell into a hole while crossing Indies, noticed a cockroach crawling hand upon it and found that it, too, a field and broke his left leg and right out from a chink between two boards.

for nearly a year before he got well an inch to an inch and a half long, and enough to go outdoors. The very first the curses of the tropics, as they will day he began attending to his farm out everything, destroying in a short work he was seized by a ferocious hog' time boots, books and clothing, and while clearing out the pig pen, and so they leave a horrible odor behind them badly injured that he never recovered Its only use seems to be that of a scavtill he took the small pox and died from it the next Autumn. Poor man! He was a patient sufferer, a devoted lover and as true a man as ever walked.

"On the day we buried him I was so overcome with grief that I stepped right into his grave in the old cemetery just as the sexton began filling in the 'clods of the valley,' and I fractured my thigh. Misfortunes came thick and fast. Brother Will's four-year-old colt spised, in an almost opposite direction broke out of the pasture field one day to its home. In hot pursuit was a scorand kicked over six bee-hives. Tho bees stung the colt so bad that it died, and when Aunt Ann and I went out to see what was the matter they attacked us, and we were both stong blind in less than no time.

"Two years later, after I had recovered from my grief over poor William's departure, a gentleman from Ohio, a widower with ten charming children, came to live in our neighborhood. called at their home and I became so interested with the eldest daughter that I could not stay away from the house. Aaron Thorp was his na me. Well, we became interested in each other, and one night-I shall never forget it-he asked me to marry him. I was so taken by surprise that I asked for a week to consider the proposition. had my mind made up to consent, but before the week was up the poor man was in his grave, having died sud-

denly from apoplexy. "The next year I fell into the well and would have drowned had not my old friend, Jessie Thompson, heard my cries and rescued me. Strange as may seem, Jesse became interested me, and we were engaged to be married. I still wore the opal brooch. One bright Summer day, as he was driving me to a picnic in his buggy, the horse ran away. upset the buggy, broke my right arm, and there laid poor Jessie in the road with his neck broken. I was two years in recovering from my broken

arm and lacerated heart. "Time, however, is a great healer, and before the third year had expired a Scotchman, Archibald MacGregor. came to our house selling a patent churn. He boarded three doors from us, and he and I were thrown into each other's company, we both being members of the church choir. He came frequently to the house and played the melodeon while we sang together. Our attachment ripened into love, and the day was fixed for our wedding. Two days before it arrived a strange woman with three children came to the neigh-

"They proved to be MacGregor's wife and children. He fled with them from the neighborhood, leaving me and my

torn heart alone in the world. Since then I have sealed my heart against

the assailing powers of Cupid. AN EARLY IDEA OF THE POWER "You have my experience. Bertha. do as I did, throw the opal away; but do it, dear, before you have such a life of trouble and sorrow, bad luck an disappointments to look back upon when your years number as many a

Found in the Sewer.

Before commencing operations the shape of a hoe. For greater conven ience, the lantern is invariably fixed i the right shoulder, so that when walking the light is thrown ahead, and when stooping its rays shine directly to their feet. Thus accoutred they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their nake I feet for anything unusual, at the same time raking off the accumulation from the walls and picking up from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escap them, no matter what its value, pr vided it is not valueless. Old iron. pieces of rope, bones, current coin the realm, and articles of plate aujewelry—all is good fish which comes to the hunter's net. With "finds" in the way of coins, copper of course predominates; but silver and even gold pieces are often found. Shirt studs, diamond rings, silver spoons, silver drinking vessels, and many other quite out-of-place articles swell the list from time to time. Lucky finds such as those above mentioned do not deter the the floating refuse before it would be tolerably heavy bag is a result of his labor. Night or day is all one to him. and work on until morning, while the rats are only too pleased to sneak

The Cockrosch.

One of the worst enemies which the the water bugs of this State. They are "He was taken home and doctored large, loathsome-looking insects, from

> came most cautiously from its retreat. The cockroach was on the forage and the watcher was waiting until it was far enough from its home to give him some chance of squashing out its life.

The chance never came, for of a such den the roach darted off at full speed. a rate which is by no means to be depion, its tail bent over its back, going at its utmost speed, which was much greater than that of the cockroach. The latter was soon held in the claws of the former, and a sting by the tail seemen to kill it, apparently, instantly. The writer had never seen a scorpion perform, but the good deed of this one did not prevent it soon finding a hon among some of its relatives in a bottie

of spirits. It may be interesting to note that scorpions apparently have no power i harm the common fowl. Fowls are passionately fond of the roach, and the colored people in their quaint proverbs, have these two on the subject : "When roach gib party, him neber ax fowls," and "If roach eber so drunk him neber cross fowl yard."

Life As Seen in Russia. Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because great majority of the humbler classes can not read, and this is not to wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet, which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial; for instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs are Chinamen sipping tea; a barber's sign, a bare-armed man shaving another, etc.

Russia uses more candles than any other country, sixty million pounds a year being the estimate. A large part of these are made in houses instead of factories. One estimate states that seventy-five thousand men make seven hundred and fifty million dollars of goods in their own homes. The fine shawls known as "ring shawls" are made entirely by hand by the peasants of Oremburg, and Russian laces, velvets, carpets, bronzes, silverware and enamel ware are beautifully made, some of these things being the finest in the

boots blacked, and bought them only ten days ago! Wasn't the leather any good?" "The leather is all right, but the Astent seems to have expired.

A STORY OF INVENTION.

The Effort to Introduce a Great Revolutionizing Force to an Incredulous Pub. lie in the Sixteenth Century Wrecked

OF STEAM.

Scientific Mind. There lived in Normandy, where in was born, in 1576, a man named Solomon Caus. He was an engineer and architect, and had held several important positions. He wrote a great many scientific works and papers, of which, however, no one took much notice during his life, and finally was seized with an idea which made his friends and relatives fear that he was mad. After pestering the King and the Cardinal A Paris, he was ordered to be taken to Bicetre-the mad house-and there shut up. This was done. They had just one way with mad people in those days They shut them in iron cages and fed them through the bars like wild beasts. They did this to Solomon Caus. For a long time he stood behind those bars all day and called to those who would listen, and to them repeated the story he had told the Cardinal. He became the jest of the place. Some of them even gave him writing materials, and then, amid the misery of his surroundings, he wrote down his ideas and amused his jailers so much the more. However, it could

not be long before such a life, such surroundings, would shatter any brain. In time Solomon Caus was as mad as every one believed him. It was in 1624 that an English nobleman, Lord Worcester, went to Paris and visited Bicetre. As he was passing through the great court accompanied by the keeper, a hideous face, with matted heard and bair appeared at the grating and a voice shricked wildly. "Stop! stop! I am not mad. I am shut. up here most unjustly. I have made an invention which would enrich the country that adopted it." "What does he speak of?" the Marquis asked his guide. "Oh, that is his madness," said the man, laughing. "That is a man called Solomon Caus; he is from Nor. mandy; he believes that by the use of the steam of boiling water he can make ships go over the ocean and carriages travel by land; in fact, do all sorts of wonderful things. He has even written a book about it which I can show you. Lord Worcester asked for the book, glanced over it, and desired to be conducted to the cell of the writer. When he returned he had been weeping. "The poor man is certainly mad now,

be said, "but when you imprisoned him here he was the greatest genius of the age. He has certainly made a very great discovery." After this Lord Worcester made many efforts to procure the liberty of the man, who doubtless would have been restored to reason by freedom and ordinary surroundings, but in vain; the Cardinal was against him, and his English friends began to fancy that he himsel, had lost senses, for one wrote to another : "My lord is remarkable for never being satisfied with any explanations which are given him, but always wanting to know for himself, although he seems lierce to the very center of a speaker's thoughts with his big blue eyes that never leave theirs. At a visit to Bicetre he thought he had discovered a genius in a madman, who declares that he would travel the world over with a kettle of boiling water. He desired to carry him away to London that he might listen to his extravagances from morning till night, and would, I think, if the maniac had not been actualis

raving and chained to the wall." Thus in Bicetre died the man to whom, after his works were published many people gave the credit of being the discoverer of steam power, and is said that from the manuscript written in his prison Lord Worcester gathered the idea of a machine spoken of as a "water-commanding engine," which he afterward invented. Historians have denied that Caus died in prison, but there exists a letter written by Mar. ion de Lorme, who was with Lord Worcester at the time of his interview with Caus, which establishes the fact beyond doubt. - Invention.

Keep Your Mouth Shut. A noted specialist connected with one of the largest English hospitals de voted to the treatment of throat diseases renews attention to the risks attendant upon the practice of breathing through the mouth. That the natural method of respiration is through the nasal organs is a fact which many people studiously ignore, and this to their great detriment, as Dr. Smith conclusively shows. To breathe through the mout (which during sleep, is the cause snoring) is to pave the way for the entrance of an almost endless series ills, and any one who has contracted the bad habit should endeavor to follow the healthier and more natural method. This physician especially warns parents to see that their little ones do not acquire the habit of mouthbreathing. He emphasizes the fact that "when a child begins to breathe otherwise than through nature's channels, it is in danger.

A Nice Distinction. Five-year-old Mary had fretted and made herself generally disagreeable, and at night her older sister put her to bed with a feeling of relief.

"There, child," she said, as she kissed her good-night, "I hope you won't be so cross to morrow. Mary had cuddled down under the blankets, but at this speech she sat up-

"Ah!" said she, "when it's me, you say, 'cross'; when it's you, you say

Fetching the Public.

Henry Blivens was an artist in Paris, where he expected to garner in a heavy crop of immortal glory and golden ducats, but he made nothing but a big worked on a figure of Venus. When it was done it was a melancholy affair, with sad eyes turned up at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and a complexion

like a consumptive cheese. bill, deeper and deeper grew the despair some time in the Fall of 1883. The of the artist. One day a stranger entered the studio.

"Jack!" said Henry.

"Hello!" said Jack. It was a gleam of hope in the dark-John Perkins was a retired circus proprietor; he had started life with a yellow clarionet and a performing bear, and retired with a fortune. He listened to the artist's tale of woe, and

"Noodle! why don't you sell your picture and your misery?" "It could not be given away with a pound of tea," said Henry, dejec-

"Stuff!" exclaimed his companion. "Jack, leave it to me. Have you got any soot? We will sell the picture for forty thousand francs."

The artist brought soot, gasping.

Seizing a handful his friend daubed the

picture front and back until its own grandmother would not have known it. "Givo me a brush," he cried. In the lower corner he carefully painted "Rafael Pinksit," and then obscured it with soot, when the outlines

Venus could be dimly seen through a cloud. "Get me an old rotten frame," he When the picture was transferred to

it, it looked as if it had come out of a yourself." "Now, come with me," he said to the artist, "to the Paris Salon." "Place for a masterpiece, gentlemen!"

exclaimed the circus proprietor, in a confident tone. The committee were profoundly affected by the grimy appearance of the treasure and hung it up in the most prominent place in the exhibition, and marked it Number One. When the painter had had the effrontery to offer

it in its fresh state the committee had knocked him down stairs. Now they were all suavity. They called on a number of poot

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Perkins, "I will give you forty francs apiece if you will sit and sketch picture Number One, ·Venus' in the Salon."

They were engaged. A crowd of students he next employed at two francs an hour, to stand in an entranced state before the picture. The Salon opened. and crowds stood in front of it. The students raved and tore their hair in pretended delight. The artists copied and sketched as if their lives depended on it. Men in the audience fought to get a glimpse. Women fainted in the crush. The noblest works of French artists were slighted.

Then a critic scraped off the soot from one corner and found the name "Rafael Pinksit" with a microscope. sensation was caused, equalled only by revolution. Fifty thousand francs bid a duke, one hundred thousand francs offered a marchioness, four hundred thousand francs bid the Prince Clam-

The latter bid was accepted and the money paid, and out of it the lodging bill was made a thing of the past. The Parisians still rave over the picture, which can be seen by any one in the Louvre gallery, although it has to be whitewashed occasionally to preserve its visibility, and the moral is, you can the space through which the body has make a copy of any of the old masters by the judicious use of a tea shop chromo and a box of blacking.

It is maintained by a physician who

has studied the subject, that plenty hair on the head means plenty of brains that the hair is a sure index of one mental staying power. "I always look ficient, not only in hair, but in actual brain power. You know each hair i connected with the brain by a tiny nerve, and the loss of all these nerves means loss of powers. Indeed, though the effects may not be at first so apparent, a man may as well lose his hand or his foot as his hair. If you doubt this the next time you hear of a man who has all his life been clear-headed and practical suddenly doing some foolish and inexplicable thing, or breaking down in a crisis which demands all his energies-just look at his head. In nine times out of ten he is bald. Half the men who drop dead suddenly are bald. In almost every case, however, there a hope of cure for baldness if the head regularly submitted to a gentle "scratching," and occasionally to a thor. ough dosing of a suitable, stimulating

Blind Justice. No one knows what may happen him

in a court of law. Giving evidence in a small German court in a suit claim. ing compensation for a large plate-glass window, a witness testified to seeing the save himself by ducking his head. Judgment was given as follows : asmuch as, if the witness X-had not unfortunately ducked his head, the glass would not have been struck by the stone, he is hereby adjudged responsible for the breaking of the window, and is ordered to pay to the owner the value

A bad man can never own anything

HAD MAGNIFICENT NERVE.

A Man Who Coolly Saturated His Clothes in a Burning Theatre. A fire of any kind is always exciting. said Harry Dunlap to a chance acquaintance on the staff of the St. Louis

Globe-Democrat, but a fire in which you find yourself a factor, and liable to be extinguished a little before the flames, is always of vast importance. I was in Higher and higher rose the lodging the Buffalo Opera-House in Buffalo night I visited it fire broke out, and it

The moment the alarm was given there was a smothered crush of rising people, a slamming shut of seats, a stamping and pushing that was simply horrible. Then came screams of fear and cries of pain, coupled with a general hum of excited, half-uttered exclamations, that gradually swelled into almost a roar. Men and women fainted, and in that condition were simply shoved along, and eventually trampled down in the rush. All this time the fire was raging on the stage and taking hold of the procenium arch. The heat redoubled the fury of the rush for the door. It was then that I witnessed a piece of the most marvellous nerve and

To one side, back of all the rush, stood a stranger, awaiting the crowd to get out. He stood by a drinking fountain and, as the flames approached, leisurely filled a glass of water and saturated his clothes, little by little, until he was soaked. I was one of the occupants of an orchestra circle seat, and so was one of the last to get out. His actions nerved me wonderfully and I ran over to him, I guess more for protection than anything else. He simply handed me the glass and said, "Wet

Well, I did begin, but the flames came too close and I desisted and hurried after the crowd. The stranger leisurely followed me and when all were out he walked out. The firemen crowded past us and then began the rescue. I tried to make the acquaintance of my nervy friend, but he had little to say. He finally turned on his heel and strolled away with a short good-night.

DANGEROUS RAINDROPS.

Why They Do Not Kill Those They Fill Of course we all know that it would be an utter impossibility for storm clouds to form and rain to fall were it not for the forty old miles of atmo phere that rise above our beads. But, supposing it were possible for human b. ings to exist in an atmosphere that only rose to a level with their mouths, and that storm clouds could form in the region outside such a low-grade atmosphere, then every raindrop would prove as fatal to earthly creatures as if it were a steel bullet fired from a dynamite

gun, says Nature. crystal raindrops or meteorites, fall with what philosophers term "a uniform accelerated motion;" in other words, if a body be moving at a certain velocity at the expiration of one second from the beginning of its fall it will be moving with twice that velocity at the expiration of two seconds, gaining speed at a uniform rate throughout the whole course of its fall.

Careful experiments have shown that the rate per second at which bodies acquire velocity in falling through the air is thirty-two feet per second at the end of the first second from starting. A the end of the next second it is going at the rate of sixty-four feet per second. and so or through the whole time of falling. Where the velocity is known fallen may be ascertained by multiplying the velocity at that period by the number of seconds during which it has been falling and dividing the result by

This rule applies, however, only to bodies falling through a vacuum. The resistance of our atmosphere materially retards raindrops, hailstones, aerolite and all other bodies which fall through it, and were it not for the resistance it presents, every rainstorm would be disastrous to the human race, as each dron would fall with a velocity great enough to penetrate the full length of a full grown man's body.

Do Water-Wheels Run Faster at Night Than in the Daytime?

For years the question as to whether water-wheels'ran faster at night than during the day has been catalogued among the things which no man can find out, says the Indianapolis News.

Surely, the answer is: They do, that is, if they are so geared as to be affected by the varying fulness and speed of the current in which they are set. There is no doubt but that all streams are fuller, and all streams carry more water at midnight than they do at noon.

In the first place, the increased coolness of the air prevents evaporation and subsequent drying up of the smaller tributaries; and, in the second place, the condensation of the moisture in the air in the shape of dew is always sufto add something to large

streams and their branches. Heavy dews are often so copious as rain. We often hear dewdrops falling exposed objects as wet as if they had undergone's shower during the night. A large part of this moisture must get into the minute channels, which, o' course, conduct it to mill streams.

"Often," says Humboldt, "the effect upon a shallow stream is very notice. able, indeed." If it is at all "noticeable wheel turned by such a stream would "go faster by night than by day."