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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 36. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,128.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, 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." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 3d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.	Stations.	Westward.
Leave.		*Arrive.*
No. 5. No. 3. No. 1.		No. 2. No. 4. No. 6.*
p. m. a. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
6 15 11 53 6 15	Piedmont	11 00 6 00 11 45
6 30 12 08 6 30	Barton	10 50 5 49 11 32
6 40 12 18 6 40	Lonaconing	10 42 5 39 11 22
6 52 12 29 6 52	Midland	10 29 5 28 11 09
6 55 12 32 6 55	Ocean	10 26 5 24 11 07
7 00 12 39 7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20 5 19 11 02
7 08 12 47 7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12 5 11 10 54
7 25 1 04 7 25	Morantown	9 52 4 54 10 36
7 32 1 11 7 32	Mount Savage	9 46 4 50 10 28
7 37 1 16 7 37	Barrellville	9 38 4 44 10 22
7 39 1 18 7 39	Patterson's	9 35 4 42 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 45	Kreitzmann's	9 30 4 37 10 15
7 47 1 26 7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28 4 35 10 13
8 00 1 39 8 00	Cumberland	9 15 4 25 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
12:53 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....	8:04 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. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way.

T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

June 18

Railroad Tickets.

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

THE MASQUERADE.

"Girls, we're going to have such fun!" said Ida Colton. "Nell Evans has invited us all to Evansdale to a masquerade party—and you're to select your costumes at once!"

There was a universal outcry of joy at this pronunciamento, which was shouted in the sweetest of silvery sopranos from the top of a desk. Mme. Morini's young ladies were enjoying their noon recess on this bright, glittering February day, and every one knows what a noise twenty schoolgirls can make if they choose.

"A masquerade!" said Marian Hampshire. "How delightful."

"Can we select any dress we please?" said beautiful Miriam Holley.

"Would it be *selon les regles* to go without any especial dress, if one has a fresh white muslin?" timidly asked Alice Appleton, whose mother was poor, and who earned her own board and tuition by giving lessons to the smaller girls.

"Will madam consent?" breathlessly questioned Louise Hayward.

"Madam will consent to anything that Nell Evans chooses to ask," triumphantly remarked Ida Colton. "Nell was one of madam's graduates, you know, and a pattern damsel in all respects. And if Nell were to request that we should all attend her masquerade costumed in pink tinsel, and walking on our heads, madam would say, 'Quite right, my dear, a very sensible idea of yours. I shall be delighted to have my young ladies go.'"

There was a general laugh at this, and then commenced the joyful task of selecting personalities, studying up the costumes in old engravings and antique fashion-plates, and turning over the combined stores of the whole school in sash ribbons, artificial flowers, jewels and plumes. For although the graduating class, which alone was invited, consisted of only eight young ladies, the interest concerning Miss Evans's masquerade party was disseminated through the whole school in no measured degree. And Alice Appleton's gentle heart in particular beat with innocent anticipation, for she had sometimes fancied that Captain Hugo Evans, the brother of the pretty hostess, had looked upon her with a tenderer glance than he vouchsafed to the other young ladies of his acquaintance. To be sure she had no party dress, but the individuality suggested by Mirian Holley, "A Snow-flake," would be sufficiently interpreted by her simple muslin gown, with a few of the starry-white flowers of the Catalonian jasmine in her hair.

"But you're not going to let those girls go alone," said Miss Polly Prout, who was Mme. Morini's cousin, housekeeper, and chief counsellor.

"Certainly I am," said Mme. Morini. "Why should I not? It is only to dear Nell's house."

"It wouldn't be at all proper," said Miss Polly, pursing up her thin lips, and the hearts of the eight young girls sunk simultaneously into their boots. "Such a party of giddy girls with no responsible companions! Mme. Morini, I wonder at you! It would not be allowable, unless, indeed——"

"Unless what?" said Mme. Morini, and the eight lassies listened breathlessly for Miss Polly Prout's reply.

"Unless I am to go, too, as their chaperone!" said Miss Polly.

"Oh, that wouldn't be according to etiquette!" cried the girls, in chorus. "Nell didn't invite Miss Polly Prout."

"Will you be silent, young ladies?" said Miss Polly, rapping on the desk with a wooden ruler, in a sort of autocratic way of hers which the girls especially disliked. "Mme. Morini certainly can not have given the matter due consideration, or else she would at once perceive the impropriety of the original plan!"

And Mme. Morini, who was an amiable, easy-going lady, governed in most matters by her cousin's energetic will, finally gave way, and announced her conviction that Miss Polly Prout was right.

"I can put on my green gown and a tinfoil-covered helmet, and go as Minerva," said Miss Polly Prout; "and then I can keep my eyes on the young ladies the whole time."

"What have we done that a spy should be set upon our actions?" said Ida Colton, indignantly, when they were by themselves.

"Minerva, indeed!" cried Marian Hampshire, with a protrusion of her plump chin and screwing of her cherry mouth so exactly in imitation of Miss Polly Prout that all the girls burst at once into a spasmodic giggle.

"Hateful, forward thing!" sputtered Louise Hayward. "Why, she'll spoil every bit of our fun!"

"How dare she obtrude herself, uninvited, upon poor Nell Evans?" asked Mirian Holley.

"She sha'n't come," said laughing Kate Kesley. "She shall never cross Nell's threshold!"

"But how will you help it?" said Alice Appleton.

"We'll see!" was Kate's enigmatic answer.

The next week was a week of glad preparation for the coming event, and no one was more difficult to please, or more exacting in her selection of materials, and her ceaseless calls upon the aid of the young ladies, than Miss Polly Prout, who ordered a new "bang" of glossy chestnut hair for the occasion, which would have been quite perfect if it had matched her black braids a little more exactly, and had a pair of green satin sandals made by the village shoemaker, and a mosquito pole gilded to represent a spear by the picture-frame dealer.

"One likes to observe all the niceties," said Miss Polly, while in her middle-aged mind rose up the delusive idea that perhaps some mature masquerader of the opposite sex might perceive in her some greater attraction than the youthful roses and girlish graces of the eight graduating girls.

"Stranger things have happened," complacently thought Miss Polly, as she stitched away at the satin rosettes which were to modernize her green gown. But in spite of all her precautions, the first sleigh-load of laughing girls started without her, while she was tying her fur hood over the tinfoil helmet.

"What! gone already?" said Miss Prout, angrily. "Why didn't they wait? What right had they to go off without notifying me?"

"Don't mind, Polly," said Mme. Morini, soothingly. "Eight was all the sleigh could carry besides the driver. Michael says his orders were to bring the cutter for you."

"Orders!" shrilly repeated Miss Polly. "But whose orders? Does Kate Kesley manage this institution, or do I—and you? Me crowd into a cutter, indeed—with a staring Irish lad like Michael to drive! A pretty arrangement!"

But in spite of her indignation, Miss Polly Prout was compelled finally to accede to the obnoxious plan.

"Drive quickly, Michael," she said to her young Jehu, "for it's getting dark already, and I don't at all like the woods that we have to go through. Why on earth those girls couldn't have waited——"

But the jingle of the sleigh-bells and the sudden start of the horse brought Miss Prout's sentence to an untimely termination, and away they went over the frozen road. Not far, however. Just within the darksome limits of the cedar woods, where the purple dusk that still lingered in the open fields seemed turned to the gloom of absolute night, a tall, white figure, with a black mask covering its face, stepped forward and seized the horse's head, while, partially hidden by the drooping evergreen boughs, a little group of other figures lingered.

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Polly Prout, dropping Minerva's gilded spear in the snow. "Assassins! Masked robbers! Oh, kind gentlemen, spare, spare my life, and all my jewelry is yours!" and tearing her gold-plated bracelets from her wrists, she flung them and her watch into the road.

"Arrah, the saints betune us and all harrum!" squeaked Mickey, the Irish lad, as he cowered down in the bottom of the sleigh.

"Descend—and depart!" uttered a deep voice. "Look behind at your peril."

"Wh—where shall we go?" stuttered Mickey.

"To the place whence you came," was the stern reply. "And at the risk of your lives be speedy and secret!"

As Miss Polly stumbled, more dead than alive, out of the cutter, she was turned briskly around by the shoulders, so that she was facing the winding road by which they had come, while Mickey found himself spinning around and around, a few steps further on, like a teetotum.

"Depart!" once more uttered the warning voice, and Miss Prout and Mickey, clinging wildly to each other, plodded away in an agony of terror.

Half an hour afterward the luckless pair arrived, half frozen and worn out with fatigue, at the Morini Institute, with a gruesome tale of having been arrested by masked robbers, and having only escaped by the most marvellous good luck from being murdered outright. The gardener and two men from a neighboring farm-house were at once detailed in pursuit of the robbers, but when they reached the scene of action, all that they found was old Dobbin shivering by the roadside, with the cutter turned over on its side where he had dragged it into deep snow.

The eight young ladies, however, enjoyed a most delightful evening at Evansdale, quite free from Miss Polly Prout's malevolent supervision, and, strange to say, expressed no sort of surprise at her non-appearance on the scene. But they took care to leave behind them at Evansdale eight black satin masks and eight white sheets, when they once more entered the double sleigh to return home. Miss Polly Prout transformed herself into a heroine the next day, as she related her adventures.

"And so you weren't stopped?" said she to the girls. "Not even molested? Well, well, how very singular! I really think if we hadn't made such a brave resistance I should have been carried away by main force—a regular abduction, you know," and Miss Polly simpered.

"How many ruffians were there?" innocently questioned Kate Kelsey.

"Fifty at least!" said Miss Polly. "Great, coarse, bearded villains, with their eyes covered by masks!"

"Dear, dear, how dreadful!" cried Ida Colton.

And the eight fair young conspirators looked archly at each other, as Miss Polly Prout hurried off to check the washerwoman's bill, and cried, in laughing chorus:

"What a very romantic adventure! And what a very narrow escape for poor Miss Polly Prout!"

A servant girl puzzled a Philadelphia druggist's clerk for a moment by asking for a dozen Queen Ann pills.

Nearly 100 different machines have been invented for boring rock.

The Paris sewers are the largest and most complete in the world.

A Surprise Party.

He was a comfortable-looking, middle-aged man searching for a boarding place, and he struck one that was just started, and was the first inspector to ascend the druggeted steps.

A neat maid answered his summons. (This was surprise number one.)

He was shown into a cosey parlor where a grate fire was burning. (This was surprise number two.)

There was an open piano on which some classic music was displayed. There were also some new books on the centre table. (This was surprise number three.)

In a moment the mistress of the house entered. She was young, well dressed, and did not greet the stranger with a commercial smile. (This was surprise number four.)

The gentleman explained his wish to become a boarder, and soon the landlady showed him a room which was comfortably and substantially furnished. (This was surprise number five.)

He remarked to the lady:

"This room is not 'elegantly furnished.' It looks like a home."

"Did I advertise elegantly furnished rooms?" asked the lady anxiously.

"No. That's why I came. I think now there is nothing but the meals. May I ask if you have cabinet pudding often?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor molasses pie?"

"I never heard of it." (This was surprise number six. It was almost a shock.)

"Madam," said the new boarder, "I am well-to-do and can give you good references. I perceive by your dress that you are a widow. Let me be your only boarder for life. I am a single man."

This was rather in the nature of a surprise to the widow, and she asked time to think of it, but a wedding in the near future is a foregone conclusion.

The Apple in Legend and Fable.

There are few myths which play so conspicuous a role in fable and story as the apple. It shone golden in the garden of the Hesperides. Aphrodite, like Eve, held it in her hand, and the serpent and the dragon mounted guard over it. Solomon sang its praises, and in Arab story it is the fruit of healing. Odysseus yearned for it in the garden of Alkinoos, and Tantalus strove vainly to reach it in Hades; and the Edda tells us that Idursa, the Goddess of Virtue, treasured apples, the gifts of the gods, of such wondrous virtue that, as age approached, she had only to taste them to renew her youth. Thus she secured perpetual youth, until Raynoroks proclaimed universal annihilation. In many a northern story the golden bird seeks the golden apple in the king's garden, and when the tree is reached and found bare of fruit, does not Frau Bertha tell her love that it was because of a mouse that gnawed at the roots? In the mythology of the north, the apple is ofttimes the tempter, and occasionally makes the nose grow so prodigiously that nothing but a pear will suffice to bring it once more into presentable shape.

Paying His Bills.

"Look here, Winebiddle, I understand, you have been telling people I don't pay my bills."

"You've been misinformed, Gildersleeve."

"You didn't say that, then?"

"No, I didn't; but since you have mentioned the subject, I will tell you that I don't really believe you do."

"What! You don't believe I pay my bills!"

"That's what I said."

"I'd like to know what ground you have for saying that. I'd have you know that I don't owe a cent I can not pay, and that I meet my obligations as they come due, with strict punctuality."

"That only proves what I said—that you dont pay your bills."

"What on earth do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"Not at all. My point is this: It is not your bills that you pay; you pay the men you owe the money to. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks. So long!"

"Good-morning."

Women Can Sharpen Pencils.

A Western woman takes up cudgels on behalf of her sisters, regarding pencil sharpening, as follows: It is an oft repeated libel against a woman that she can't sharpen a pencil properly. Now this is all nonsense. One reason a man does it better is because he generally has a better knife. A boy regards a knife as a necessity, and he is generally furnished with a fresh one every Christmas. He has a dozen uses for his knife, and when he grows up the habit is fixed, and he keeps himself provided with a good one. But a woman's knife is half the time a toy affair, and when its first edge is worn off it's about fit to cut cheese. That's one reason. Then a man has a lofty disregard of the carpet. He cuts freely and lets the chips fly about the room and take care of themselves. Ditto with the powdered lead that he scrapes off. Sometimes he makes a platform of his thumb, which of course is the best way if it didn't get so dirty. But a woman has a housewifely instinct that leads her to lay down a paper and cramp her operations, yet in spite of these advantages a woman can make truly beautiful points, which are an inspiration when she comes to write.

"Doesn't it beat all how that woman, married four times, still attracts men?" "Oh, no. The widow's might, you know."

SOME FACTS ABOUT COINS.

Very Rare Specimens to Be Found in the Philadelphia Collection.

The Philadelphia mint has a very wonderful collection of coins, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Among other curiosities it includes what is believed to be the oldest piece of metal money ever made, which was minted in Aegina about 700 B. C. The design is in high relief, representing a tortoise crawling across the face of the coin. It has no date.

Dates on coins were unknown up to 400 years ago. The very early coins bore designs only on the face. Of all coins that ever have existed, the smallest in value was the "mite," such as the widow of the Bible dropped through the slot of the poor-box.

The most valuable coin in the collection described is a Chinese piece worth $220. It is simply a rectangular chunk of gold, stamped with Chinese characters. Lumps of gold are commonly used in China for currency of large denominations. A coin minted in Egypt bears the head of Queen Arisnoe, who was Cleopatra's great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. Queerest of all the coins are those of Siam—irregular, roundish lumps of silver, from the bigness of a walnut to that of half a buckshot.

Modern coins, though the mechanical processes for producing them have been so highly improved, are far inferior artistically to those of the ancient times. In Babylon of old, gold and silver were weighed out with scales for use as money. The earliest form of money is still in use in southern Asia, in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and parts of Africa, where cowrie shells are the favorite negotiable medium. They are usually quoted at about 100 for — cents. Many of them are obtained from the Maldive and Laccadive islands, in the Arabian Sea.

Prince George and the Bluejacket.

When Prince George, Duke of York, had the independent command of the Thrush, on the West Indian station, it fell to his lot to have to convey, as prisoner, a young bluejacket belonging to another ship, who had been hitherto a constant offender and continually on the blacklist. The man came on board the Thrush merely as a prisoner for conveyance from one part of the station to another under sentence of punishment. From his demeanor, however, and by close observation of him, Prince George came to the conclusion that there were many seeds of good in the man, and the making of a better career. When the term of punishment was fulfilled, and the time came for him to rejoin his own ship, the prince determined to try and give him the chance of a new start in life. On arriving in port, after calling upon the man's captain, who naturally was only too glad to be rid of him, he went to the admiral and asked permission to transfer him to the Thrush. The admiral, astonished at the proposition, gave his consent. Prince George went back to his own ship, had the man brought aft before him on the quarterdeck and spoke to him as probably he had never been spoken to before. He told him that he was henceforth transferred to the Thrush; that, as commanding officer, he put him in the first class for leave and gave him a clean sheet as regarded past offences.

"I do not ask you to make me any promise as to your future behavior. I trust to your honor and good feeling alone. But remember that, by the rules of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you straight back to that class from which I now remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You have had no leave for twelve months. Go ashore now with the other special leave men. Your pay has been stopped and no money is due you. Here is a sovereign. I trust to you not to misspend it. You know as well as I do what you may do. God help you to do the right and keep you from wrong."

The man was completely overcome. He of course answered nothing, but saluted and was then marched forward again. His commanding officer's confidence was not misplaced. During the rest of the Thrush's commission he was never once an offender, but showed himself as active, willing and smart a hand as any in the ship, and after working hours he was the life of the forecastle. In the ship in which he subsequently served he maintained his good conduct and attained a petty officer's rating.

The Secret of Fascination.

The secret of fascination is one which many a woman would sacrifice a good deal to learn. To cultivate a charming and attractive manner one must begin at home, and surely a better school could not be devised, for the training is, in its way, perfection. Here you are sure to find each day little rubs which must be soothed with skilful touch; there is a constant mind friction going on among even the most devoted members of the household. It is a painful fact, though none the less true, that one's family acts as a counter-irritant. Now, a steady effort to smooth over the rough places, minister to wounded hearts, and with deft touches erase unpleasant memories is called for, and the woman who obeys the summons is pretty sure to find herself fully able to cope in the most agreeable fashion with the outside world. Few women, however, realize that a fascination of manner is not born, but cultivated. It begins to bud in the nursery, develops under the skilful training of painstaking instructors, and blossoms forth into complete beauty in the society of well-bred women.

A Woman's Impression of London.

The busy woman who earns her own dollars, and who is obliged to save them carefully for a long time in order that she may make a trip to the old world, is very much interested in finding out how these carefully saved dollars may be made to do the best service. Somebody has told her that she can get luxurious apartments in London for about £1 a week. And she figures upon this basis how far she can go with her money. Her first day's hunt for apartments will, I fancy, surprise her. Of course she will begin as all Americans do—to look through the aristocratic precincts of South Kensington and Mayfair.

These houses, where lodgings are let, have been rented usually by the upper servants in some great family, who have carefully saved enough from their wages year by year to go into the business. The cook has married the butler; they have taken a house, usually a furnished house; between them they dispense entirely with servants, and their main dependence for the year is what they get from the American tourists during the summer season.

They know full well that European travelers would not think for a moment of paying the prices which they ask Americans. So, when our friend, the woman of small resources, rings the bell at one of these hostelries, she is surprised to find that the apartments which do not strike her as being particularly luxurious, are all the way from five to nine guineas per week. There is no English coin which represents the guinea, but it is thought more elegant in London to use "guinea" than "pound." And the guinea contains an extra shilling.

Our weary friend goes on and on in search of cheap apartments, but she must give up the West Side and come down to the vicinity of Bedford Square and the British Museum, where she will find quite a colony of American tourists of small means, and possibly she will be able to live for three guineas a week. Never less than this. And she is obliged to put up with a stuffy little room on the third or fourth floor, without fire. Very few rooms in London have appliances for warming, and the climate is cold and damp always. The little fourth-floor room will be lighted by one candle, and for the privilege of having this candle the occupant pays sixpence per week extra.

Everything is extra. You are charged for the washing of your bed linen and towels; you are charged for attendance, and if it should happen that there is a grate in your room, and you indulge in the luxury of a fire, you are charged sixpence a scuttle for "coals." There is nothing clean in London.

I think the American woman on her first visit is always somewhat appalled by the dinginess of the beds. Indeed, I am sure there is no appliance of modern civilization quite as awful as the English bed. It is composed of an innumerable number of mattresses piled one on top of the other. Heaven knows what they are filled with, but they are hard and lumpy and bumpy to a degree. Springs are an unknown quantity. If they exist at all they have long since grown weary of performing any office.

There is no such thing as hot water in London. You ask for it and you are brought some that is possibly blood warm. They call it hot. Possibly from their standpoint it is, for everything in England is cold, cold, cold.—N. Y. Herald.

Mr. Jones' Persistent Hen.

Mr. Jones is of Lynn. After months of thought he went into the hen industry on a small scale. He secured a batch of "chicks" from Mr. Smith, then asked the ages of the various members of his new family. Smith admitted that one of them was peculiarly old.

"I bought her three years ago, "he said, "and she was old then."

Jones kept hens until he was tired. The most venerable of the lot was always "too old to kill," but never an egg did she release. Jones sold his brood, the venerable one and all, to Mr. Alley.

Jones' wife wanted a fowl the other day for a fricasse. The butcher was appealed to. He didn't have a fowl, but he would get one. He did. Jones' wife boiled it four hours, but it was not eatable. Jones suggested that she reboil it the same afternoon, and she did, but the fowl was still far from tender. The next day she boiled it some more, and it remained unpalatable. It had to be thrown away.

"Where did you get that fowl?" asked Jones of the butcher.

"Bought it from Alley," answered the man of meat. "He said he would give me a fresh one."

"I thought so," said Jones, who had reached the conclusion—and was right—that he had paid a dollar for the infirm hen that he had been glad to sell to Alley for 25 cents.

Even a Poet Has Rights.

"I have here," said the long-haired poet, entering a newspaper office, "an ode which will make about one column in your paper. I wish—"

"Don't want any poetry," growled the editor, who was feeling savage and dyspeptic. "Get out of here."

"I was about to add," continued the visitor, "that the poem has reference to a new kind of soap that my employer has invented and I was going to ask you to publish it as an advertisement at twenty cents a line."

Then he disappeared in the direction of the rival newspaper office before anything could be done toward intercepting him or making overtures of peace.

STRANGE NAME FOR A TOWN.

It Was Obtained In a Very Romantic Way.

I can tell you a little story, and it is a true one, says a correspondent of the Savannah *News*.

Several years ago, in a sparsely settled portion of the great state of Georgia, there was a little settlement of thrifty farmers. One bright Spring afternoon, near the edge of the primeval forest hard by, upon an immense pine log, was seated a buxom country lassie, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. She was busily engaged arranging a bouquet of wild flowers.

Now it so happened that a young artist from Boston was down in the neck of the woods making sketches. When he saw the pretty country maiden seated upon the log he felt that if he could get that picture upon canvas his name as an artist would become famous. A twig snapped beneath his foot. She turned, saw him, and sprang to her feet as if to run. He advanced rapidly towards her, hat in hand, and introduced himself. They sat down together side by side on the log. Soon his arm stole around her waist. "Quit, man!" she said, but as she did not draw away he pressed her closer to his manly bosom and began showering kisses upon her ruby lips, she meanwhile repeating the cry "Quit, man," between the smacks.

One of the boys from the settlement journeyed that way on his return from hunting and saw and heard. He quietly retired. That was on Saturday. Next day at Sunday-school the boy told the story. From that day every one spoke of the settlement as "Quit Man" settlement, and to-day it is a thriving town, still bearing the name of Quitman. You can find it on any of the maps of Georgia.

EASTERN WIZARDS.

Some of Their Marvellous Feats Told by a Traveller.

A traveller who made a tour of the Orient and who, by the way, is something of a magician himself, tells the following wonderful story of his experience with some of the wizards of the far East, says the St. Louis *Republic*.

"One of these was begun by the largest men in the group, who threw a great coil of ribbons far towards the sky. As it uncoiled in mid air a small hawk seemed to be liberated from it. He circled around a few times, seized the end of the ribbons in his beak and then made off towards a small white cloud, which apparently formed before our eyes. From this cloud there now slid to the ground a snake, a frog and a spalling native baby, which one of the wizard's 'wives' caught in her arms and held out for the wondering crowd to inspect. Next, all of the magicians save the larger (a perfect giant in stature) now left the place. The giant then sat down upon the ground. He then spread a large colored umbrella in such a manner as to wholly conceal himself from our party. Calling me to his side, he exacted a promise from me to remove the umbrella after the expiration of five minutes by the watch. I did as he directed, and was unspeakably surprised to find that the giant had disappeared, though the earth where he had been sitting was perfectly solid. Returning to the hotel, we found our miracle-working giant sitting serenely on the porch. When I handed him his umbrella he opened it with a quick jerk, disclosing my watch and chain hanging in a slip-noose from one of the ribs."

A Matter of History.

Strange to say, the muff did not originate in some cold northern land, but in sunny Venice, toward the close of the fifteenth century. In France no mention of such an article is to be found until nearly a century later, while in England its appearance is generally thought to have been still further delayed. An old picture which dates from the time of Elizabeth, however, is said to exist, in which a muff is depicted. But this is a solitary instance, an no allusion to one occurs in any British writer previous to the reign of Charles, when the wearing of muffs suddenly became the fashion, not only with women, but with men as well. The earliest Continental muffs were usually concocted of silk or velvet, but the large Stuart *mauchon* was invariably of fur, tied round the middle with a brocaded or embroidered ribbon. In the reign of William III. muffs decreased in size, but were still carried by both sexes. Toward the close of the eighteenth century they assumed larger dimensions, and were made of fur. Sir Joshua Reynolds has immortalized one of these models in his beautiful picture of the "Girl with the Muff;" and in Gainsborough's fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons, the actress, is toying with a fur muff lying on her lap. In 1786, muffs made from the fur of the Siberian wolf were fashionable in London, and two years later they reached Paris. About the same date goats'-beard muffs, very long and shaggy, were also the mode. With the dawn of the nineteenth century they grew larger and ever larger. But Dame Fashion turned her wheel again before the century was half run, and muffs were once more cut down. A few specimens of extravagant dimensions lingered long in remote country districts; but with the advent of crinolines, even these last vanished, and muffs everywhere grew small by degrees and beautifully less, and have thus continued up to the present date.

The man with plenty of fat mortgages lives on the lien of the land.

Holland has women dentists.