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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 38. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,130.

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 2d Ave., New York.

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

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

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

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.		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	Kreighaum'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.

No baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

May 27

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THE at ove date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
11:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 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
	....No. 6 Express....	2:45 p m
	....No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12:20 a m	....No. 4 Express ..	12:30 a m
12:30 p m	No. 1'6 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
11:20 p m	....No. 7 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	....No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:01 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 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 "	"	dai-
	ly except Sunday....	7:40 a m
" 11—Mail	leaves....	3:25 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited..	leaves....	4:05 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives..		2:30 a m
" 12—Mail " ..		2:10 p m
" 61—Cumberland Exp. "		dai-
	ly except Sunday..	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited	leaves..	2:35 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.

May 27

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

COUNTY NEWS.

The Coal Trade.

Shipments of coal from the mines of the Georges Creek coal region were in long tons—

For week ending June 3, 1893.....	86,107
" year to same date.....	1,678,694
Increase compared with last year....	170 615

The latest news from the New York market is gleaned as follows:

The bituminous coal market continues dull, although there is some improvement from last week. The main source of trouble is the lack of usual vessels to get the small orders. Considerable interference has been experienced from the number of vessels which have engaged in taking anthracite instead of soft coal, but now that the rush for hard coal has eased up somewhat, it is expected that relief will come.

Shipments all around are fair. Producers in many instances are disposing of what is being shipped, and it is by no means easy work. When more coal will be taken on contracts there will be more improvement and this must come to pass before long. Reports from producing centres are to the effect that the dullness is being felt there. People are holding off in expectation of rebates from the railroads, but the latter have not shown any disposition to grant them.

The result is that producers are filling up their quarters through lack of orders. Some of the districts are seeking all-rail western outlets for their product, either by making it into coke or in "run of mine" form. It is now claimed by those producers who are emphatic in their statements that there is little or no profit in bituminous coal at present prices, that the railroads must make allowances if the market is to improve. Prices continue unchanged. They range from $3 30 alongside New York, down, according to grade.

The car supply is good owing to the moderate shipments of the poorer grades of coal. It was expected that the World's Fair traffic would cause a sufficiently short supply of engines to affect coal transportation, but thus far this has not been the case.—Engineering and Mining *Journal*.

The Most Popular Teacher.

It is thought this county can get one teacher a trip to the World's Fair free of all expenses under the offer of the Pittsburg *Times*. Coupons are to be cut from that paper and voted, and in order to concentrate that vote the Lonaconing *Star* proposes to send all the coupons to the JOURNAL office with an accompanying slip stating sender's choice. Within a few days of the close of the vote at Pittsburg three judges here will open the sealed envelopes and the teacher found to have most votes, according to the accompanying slips, will be entitled to all the coupons. Follow these directions:

1, Do not write your choice on the coupons.

2, Write your choice on a slip accompanying coupons.

3, Seal both securely in an envelope and address JOURNAL, Frostburg, Md.

4, Mark envelope "Pittsburg *Times* Coupons."

Three honest judges will ascertain who is entitled to the honor.

A Suggestion.

Every business house in this town should own space in this paper for advertising the peculiar excellencies of the house and its merchandise.

And every such space should have an editor in the house of its owner, one of whose duties it should be to keep that space alive.

GENERAL ITEMS.

New Train Service.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, on Sunday, May 7th, added some important trains to their already excellent service, and travelers en route to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, or to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sioux Falls should note this fact:

The new train West is called the Rocky Mountain Limited, runs via Omaha and Lincoln, and leaves Chicago daily at 10:25 a. m., arriving at Denver next day at 6:40 p. m., Colorado Springs at 6:55 p. m., Pueblo at 8:35 p. m.

The new train to the Northwest is called the "Twin City," and leaves Chicago daily at 3:50 p. m., arriving at Minneapolis and St. Paul early next morning. Both these trains are vestibuled, carry Pullman's superb service, as well as the ever popular Rock Island Dining Car Service. Take the Great Rock Island Route. The Twin City Express leaving Chicago daily at 3:50 p. m., carries through sleepers to Kansas City, arriving there at 8:30 a. m. See advertisement elsewhere for address of General Passenger Agent.

Yes—if Eternity is.

Cross—Did you ever write any poetry?

Squeery—Yes; some.

Cross—What for?

Squeery—Oh, just to kill time.

Cross—Is he dead?—*Puck*.

Final Arrangements for the Sale of Tickets via the B. & O. R. R.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the World's Fair the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell Excursion tickets to Chicago and return, at all stations on its line, at low rates. Tickets will be on sale until November 1st, and will be valid for return journey until November 15th, 1893. They provide for a reduction of 20 *per cent.* below regular rates. These tickets will be valid only for continuous journey. Tickets at higher rates will be sold that will permit holders one stop-over privilege going and returning.

Pullman accommodations may be reserved in advance of journey.

For rates and information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

AMARANTH'S INVESTMENT

"Hey? What? Going to buy the old Brooke Homestead?" asked Uncle Peletiah Stubblefield.

"Why, the girl's reg'lar silly. That air land is all wore out. Won't grow nothin' 'cept sassafras sprouts or wild chamomile," remarked Aunt Rubina, sententiously.

"Says she loves the ole place and is bound to keep it from going to strangers," observed Cousin Melissa Brooke.

The rural population of Pineyville Township were mostly all either Stubblefields or Brookes or connected with them by marriage.

"An' she's a-goin' to bring Reub's widder an' children from the city to live with her."

Uncle Peletiah looked amused.

"Fine livin' it'll be in that old ramshackle of a house," he chuckled.

"Amaranth allus was hard-headed," groaned Aunt Rubina, who was a stout woman with a large, flabby face and blue eyes with white eyelashes. "But I wash my hands of 'em. If she wants to saddle herself with Reub's family she needn't look to me for help."

"It's my 'pinion Sylvester Smalley will hev somethin' to say about it," smirked Cousin Melissa, with a crafty look.

And so the gossiping tongues wagged on, and all because Amaranth Brooke chose to invest the few hundred dollars bequeathed to her by a distant relative in buying back the old homestead, where she had frolicked away her childhood days in care-free happiness. But Amaranth gave little heed to their meddlesome gossip. She had fought her own battles since the death of Grandfather Brooke left her alone and unprotected with little or no assistance from the relatives who were now so free with their advice and unfriendly criticisms, and she was determined to manage her affairs in her own way. But in regard to Sylvester Smalley the case was different. He was her betrothed lover, and would, of course, expect to be consulted in her affairs. And Sylvester did have something to say, as Cousin Melissa had predicted. Amaranth had been looking over her prospective purchase, and was on her way home when he overtook her and at once broached the subject.

"No use to throw your money away on that old, rubbishy place," he told her. "You can't raise a crop there, an' I wouldn't take it as a gift. An' your money, with what I've got, would build us a nice, snug house on that forty acres father gave me an' help to stock the farm beside. Then we could be married and go right to housekeeping. Will you, Amaranth?"

He looked at her tenderly, and for a moment Amaranth felt almost tempted to give up her plans and ambitions and accept his offer. They were loitering slowly homeward and had paused at the old stile, where a scarlet-flowered trumpet-vine showered its gorgeous trophies at her feet.

"Say yes," urged Sylvester.

Amaranth felt her determination weakening.

"But—but there's Brother Reuben's wife and the children!" she faltered. "They are quite destitute and have no one to look to but me."

Sylvester frowned.

"Let Reub's wife look out for herself," he returned, gruffly. "I dare say there's orphan 'sylums in the city where the young uns would be took care of."

Amaranth's eyes flashed scornfully as she drew herself up with offended dignity.

"Brother Reuben's children shall never go to the asylum while I live!" she declared, indignantly.

After a few more words their troth was broken. Sylvester stalked moodily on his way, while Amaranth, with a pang of sore disappointment at her heart, turned towards the gray-stone farm-house where she earned a small stipend over her board by doing the housework for a family of six. The broken engagement offered fresh food for gossip among the Brooke and Stubblefield kith and kin, but Amaranth was not to be turned from her course by their outspoken censures and criticisms. The old homestead was bought and paid for. To be sure, the soil was rocky and sterile and the dwelling in need of repairs. The orchard trees—what was left of them—were gnarled and bent and the fences and outbuildings in a sad state of dilapidation. It was really scarcely worth the small sum asked for it, but Amaranth had determined to buy it, and buy it she did. An ancient cow and a half-decrepit pony were included in the sale. And after the house had been treated to a few repairs and a thorough cleaning Brother Reuben's family were released from their uncongenial quarters in the city and comfortably installed therein.

Mrs. Reuben—a meek little woman, with no more idea of supporting herself than a canary bird might have—was yet a good housekeeper and willingly undertook the management of domestic affairs, while Amaranth gave her attention to the raising of poultry and garden vegetables. And the children grew as round as butterflies, romping under the gnarly old apple trees or playing hide-and-seek among the tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that nodded in the dooryard.

Later on Amaranth earned a few dollars each week by the sale of her produce at the little village of Pineyville Centre, which was scarcely a stone's throw from her back pasture bars. But with all her industry and economy she found it a hard matter to provide for herself and the helpless ones depending on her, and there were times when she really feared the wolf was already at her door. The family connections held themselves aloof from her and still continued their direful predictions.

Sylvester Smalley took particular pleasure in driving past the house, with Nancy Maria Stubblefield, to whom he had transferred his attentions, seated beside him in his spring buggy. But no one offered a helping hand, and Amaranth was beginning to feel a tremor of despair, when something happened which no one—certainly not Amaranth—had ever dreamed would come to pass.

It was nothing more nor less than the building of a branch railway from the Ozark lead and zinc mines to a point on the Mississippi River some twelve miles beyond Pineyville Centre. The nearest route, according to survey, lay directly across one side of Amaranth's estate, and she readily accepted the offer of $200 from this mining company for this small portion of her "wornout" farm land. But the tide of prosperity did not stop here. Roger Alden, the young surveyor who had laid out the new railroad, suggested Pineyville Centre as the most convenient point for the smelting works to be erected by the mining company. And so the sleepy little village waked up one fine morning to find itself in the midst of a most unexpected "boom."

Carloads of lumber and other building material soon arrived, and ere long the sound of the hammer and saw was heard in the land. Tents were put up for the temporary use of the workmen, but were soon supplanted by neat cottages. Mercantile buildings and supply stores followed. Streets were laid out, churches and schoolhouses were erected and the farmers who flocked in for miles around, tempted by this new market for their "truck," looked with wonder at the flourishing town which had sprung up like Aladdin's palace, from the very wilderness. Adjacent farms, which the owners would have gladly sold for $10 an acre but a short time ago, now brought ten times that amount.

Amaranth, though offered a high price, refused to part with her property on any terms. By the advice of the young surveyor, however, she was induced to lay out a portion of her farm, fronting on the railroad, in town lots, which were eagerly purchased at a satisfactory valuation, and the "Brooke addition" soon ranked as the most desirable residence portion of Pineyville Centre.

And Amaranth found herself if not wealthy at least comfortably situated. A stout hired man attended to the farm work now. The worn-out meadows and cornfields were redeemed from their impoverished condition. The antiquated cow was supplanted by a small herd of Jerseys. The decrepit horse was "pensioned off" on the fatest of pastures, while a span of "matched bays" drew the new carryall when Amaranth or Mrs. Reuben and her children took an airing.

The discomfited relatives, who had all but boycotted Amaranth in the dark days, now discovered that "blood was thicker than water," and hastened to make friendly overtures. And Sylvester Smalley, who had not yet succeeded in building on the paternal forty acres, abruptly ceased his attentions to Nancy Maria and cast longing eyes towards the thrifty cornfields and well-filled barns of the old homestead. Long since had he repented of his short-sightedness, and after some skilful manœuvring he one day succeeded in meeting Amaranth face to face at the old stile.

She'd a rose in her bonnet, and, oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,

and Sylvester felt that he must win her at all hazards.

He advanced smiling and with outstretched hands.

"Did you really think I meant to give you up, Amaranth?" he asked, reproachfully.

But she drew coldly back.

"Give me up? Certainly! You gave me up long ago," she returned.

"But I didn't mean it! I—I own I was a fool, Amaranth," he stammered, desperately; "but I allus intended to come back an' marry you. An' tain't too late yet. Only name the day an' I'm yours."

But Amaranth smiled as she glanced beyond him to a tall figure which was rapidly approaching them.

"Very much obliged, I'm sure," she replied, demurely, "but I have promised to be Roger Alden's wife, and the day is already named. Here comes Roger now. Will you stay and be introduced?"

But with a disappointed scowl Sylvester slunk away.—Waverley Magazine.

She Set Him Right.

A confirmed old bachelor of most exemplary habits living in his own house, recently advertised for a hired girl. He received many letters, and finally selecting one which seemed to hint about right, he invited the writer to call, and a very substantial woman of forty responded.

"You see, I want a careful woman in my house," he explained.

"I understand," she replied.

"She must cook, wash and iron, clean up the house, attend to my clothes, sew on buttons, do repairing, do the marketing, attend the door, pay the bills as they come in, and kindle my fire in the morning."

"Oh," she said, as she rose to depart, "you do not want a hired girl; what you want is a wife. Good morning," and she very politely and pleasantly walked out.

Montana boasts Chinese farmers.

ELEVATOR ETIQUETTE.

Your Hat Should Remain on Your Head in a Public Lift.

Three men out of four seem to be ignorant of the fact that it is "bad form" to take off their hats in the presence of ladies in public elevators. They might save themselves such a gaucherie by bearing in mind that an elevator partakes of the character of the building in which it is located, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. If the building is a private residence, or one in which it is customary for men to remove their hats on entering it, the same rule obtains in the elevator, as a matter of course. But there is no reason for removing a hat in the elevator of a house in whose halls it is allowed to remain on the head. There is nothing sacred about an elevator which should warrant the observance of one rule in it and another in other parts of the house. The elevators of most buildings are simply public highways, and there is no more sense in taking off your hat because the "lift" contains a lady than there is in taking it off in the corridors in which there are ladies, or in the street-cars.

Courtesy is at all times due ladies, and it will be paid to them at all times by a gentleman. But courtesy is not founded on illogical caprice, and there is not one form of courtesy for elevators and another form for other public places.

Keep your hats on your heads in public elevators, and thereby keep them out of other people's and your own way, while avoiding, at the same time, the suspicion that you "mean well, but don't know."

Left for the Youngest.

Everyone must accept with such cheerfulness as he can the advance of age, for the most kindly meant assurance that the years are lightly carried does not diminish their actual number. One of the most ingenious and graceful attentions ever paid to a venerable man came from a valet to Cardinal Fleury, in the last century. The cardinal, who is ninety years old, had said in a somewhat melancholy mood to his valet, Barjac, that he was too old, that death must have forgotten him, but that within a few days surely he must make the solemn journey into eternity.

A few days later there was a festival, and Barjac invited fourteen guests to dine with the cardinal. When the cake was put on the dinner table, the cardinal said sadly, referring to the custom of the day:

"The youngest person here must cut it. With my ninety years, I can only claim the honors due the oldest of the company."

"But," said his right-hand neighbor, Princess Monttarey, "I was born January 15, 1651, and so I am two years older than your eminence."

"And I," said the Marquis de Flavacourt, who sat at the cardinal's left, "must own to ninety-four years."

And so the members of the company went on telling their ages, all more than the years of the cardinal, until he exclaimed:

"Is it possible that I am the youngest one present, that I am to cut the cake?"

"Of course, of course," urged his delighted guests.

"Is it chance or plot?" asked the old man. Just then he caught sight of Barjac's smiling face, and understood at once his old servant's kind stratagem.

Remarkable Coincidences.

The most loyal man in the world can be none other than William, the blacksmith of Prenzlau, near Potsdam, since he more than any other is in living concord with his sovereign, the Emperor William II. He married, on the same day as the young emperor, a wife bearing the empress' name. He has six sons, like the emperor, and the birthdays are identical with the respective birthdays of the Imperial Princes.

Then when the bells of Berlin were ringing joyfully because of the birth of the first Imperial Princess, there was rejoicing in the blacksmith's house because his wife presented him with his first daughter. Apropos of the foregoing remarkable coincidence, the Germans, following up the philosophical bent, are hunting up coincidences to match it.

But we have one which, we venture to think, outmatches the best of theirs. Here it is: On December 5, 1664, a boat crossing the Menai Strait was upset, and all the passengers were drowned except a certain Hugh Williams. On December 5, 1785, another boat crossing the Menai Strait was upset, and all the passengers were drowned except one, named Hugh Williams. On December 5, 1820, a third boat crossing the Menai Strait was upset, and all the passengers were drowned except one, whose name was also Hugh Williams.

Relief for Dizziness.

For a rush of blood to the head try to get some of it down to the feet. Even in sitting you can use the same device as that which prevents cold feet in a church or horse car; rest the weight of the leg on the toe of each foot. Make as though you were about to walk on tiptoe. This diverts the blood from an apoplectic head, and is found to relieve giddiness or swimming of the head in a few minutes. Perhaps the resolution to send the blood to the toes has something to do with it, as well as the attitude.

Unreasonable.

He—I own that there is one very unreasonable thing about me.

She—What is it?

He—It is because I think there is no one in the world worthy of you that I want you to accept me.—Vogue.

A Lesson From Life.

Ambition is an excellent thing, but sometimes it causes the man who is seeking a short cut to fortune to neglect the humble opportunity which leads to his goal in a roundabout way. Ten years ago, a French painter lived in a garret and earned a scanty pittance by copying pictures. He was always dreaming of great things, and longing for an opportunity to produce a classical canvas which should charm the world. He shared the fate of many who aim too high. He became poorer every day, and at last resolved to end the struggle by committing suicide. One evening he bought poison. Reentering his room, something brushed past his feet. He lighted a candle and began to write a few lines, merely to save trouble at the inquest. Suddenly there sprang upon the table a little yellow kitten; it rubbed caressingly against his face. Evidently a waif, for it was thin and half famished. With bread and milk, all that he had, the artist fed the kitten; then warmed it within the breast of his coat, where it caressed with its tongue the hand that held it, then purred itself to sleep. Maurice reflected: "Suicide is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection, or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature for warmth upon my heart, and then turn that warmth to ice would be a betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow." In the morning the kitten, having forgotten its miseries, was so playful and happy, and looked so pretty in its thousand graceful attitudes that the artist at once painted it and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered and another. His pussies became the fashion. He deferred his dream of a classic canvas and painted only cats, in all postures and colors, yellow, black, white, gray and tabby. He studied cats; he divined, under their masks of drowsiness or caprice, the subtle charm and wisdom adored in old Egypt. The yellow kitten that saved his life also made his fortune. And the artist proved not ungrateful; the yellow cat, now patriarch of a tribe, has his cushion and his cup in the atelier, and wears proudly a golden collar, inscribed, "To My Benefactor."

Ostriches Are Dangerous.

During the nesting season the male ostrich seems to be anything but an agreeable creature. At that period the bird is most pugnacious, and may only be approached in safety with great precaution. He resents the intrusion of any visitors on his domains, and proves a most formidable opponent.

His mode of attack is by a series of kicks. The leg is thrown forward and outward, until the foot, armed with a formidable nail, is high in the air; it is then brought down with terrific force, serious enough to the unhappy human being or animal struck with the flat of the foot, but much worse if the victim be caught and ripped by the toe. Instances are known of men being killed outright by a single kick; and Mr. Andrews remembers while on a visit in the neighborhood, that on a farm near Graaff Reinet a horse's back was broken by one such blow aimed at the rider.

If attacked, a man should never seek safety in flight; a few yards, and the bird is within striking distance, and the worst consequences may result. The alternative is to lie flat on the ground, and submit with as much resignation as possible to the inevitable and severe pummelling, which it may be expected will be repeated at intervals until a means of escape presents itself, or the bird affords an opportunity of being caught by the neck, which, if tightly held and kept down, prevents much further mischief.

The Ravages of the White Ant.

The workers never venture in sight except in extreme cases. No one is ignorant of the terrible destruction these insects occasion to the works of man. Invisible to those whom they threaten, they push on to their galleries, to the very walls of their houses. They perforate the floors, the beams, the wood-work, the furniture, respecting always the surface of the objects attacked in such a manner that it is impossible to be aware of their hidden ravages. They even take care to prevent the buildings they eat away from falling, by filling up with mortar the parts they have hollowed out. But these precautions are only employed if the place seems suitable, and if they intend to prolong their sojourn there. In the other case they destroy the wood with inconceivable rapidity. They have been known in one night to pierce the whole of a table leg from top to bottom, and then the table itself, and then, still continuing to pierce their way, to descend through the opposite leg, after having devoured the contents of a trunk placed upon the table.

Couldn't Stand It.

The preacher from town was filling an appointment in a mountain church in Kentucky, and, being an old-fashioned orthodox minister, he was making his sermon very warm. In fact, it was more than warm, it was hot. He set forth vividly all the terrors of the hereafter of the wicked, describing minutely the boiling brimstone, the blazing torrents of pitch and turpentine, the dreadful caldron of eternal burning, and picturing the sinners floating about, and writhing and squirming in the awful lake below. The congregation was vividly affected, and the greatest stillness prevailed, every member listening intently, until one tall young fellow evidently with the preacher's picture clearly before his mind, jumped up, and in a protesting voice exclaimed, earnestly, "By gum, mister, them people can't stand it."

NO SECRETS IN CHINA.

The Natives Cannot Understand What Home Privacy Means.

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Any one can go anywhere, and if there is the least provocation he will do so." So says the Rev. A. H. Smith, after many years of missionary service in that country, according to *Youth's Companion*.

To shut the door is a bad sign. "What is going on within that he dare not admit his fellow-townsman?" people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no subjects of general and human interest to attract attention, and as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighborly gossip.

From Mr. Smither's account of the matter, it is very plain how very little Chinese and Yankees have in common.

Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has as many more. His married children add to the ever-widening circle. By the time he is sixty years of age a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, each of whom is entirely conscious of the relationship, and does not seem to forget or ignore it.

Not only do all the members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs, but the relatives of the relatives—a swarm branching into inunity—will perhaps do the same. If a man is rich or a magistrate, they certainly will do it.

One cannot make a business trip to sell watermelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which every one will not speedily know all that is to be known. Chinese memories are treasure-houses of everything relative to cash and to dates.

How much land each man owns, when it was acquired, when pawned and when redeemed, how much was expended at the funeral of his mother and at the wedding of his son, how the daughter-in-law is liked at the village, in which she was married, the amount of her dowry, what bargain was made with the firm that let the bridal chair—all these items and a thousand more everybody knows and never forgets.

Though two men at a fair may do their bargaining with their fingers concealed in their capacious sleeves, it will go hard if the neighbors do not discover the terms at last.

There are no secrets in China. Everybody crowds in everywhere—if not in sight, then "behind the arras." Every one reads every dispatch he can get at. He reads "private letters" in the same way.

"What!" he exclaims, not let me see?"

No wonder the Chinese have an adage, "If you would not have it known that you do it, do not do it."

An Interested Typewriter.

The following incident is related of a playwright dictating one of his most ambitious efforts to a pretty typewriter:

"If you speak during that period," the author began, "I will—"

"A period after 'that'?" the typewriter interrupted.

"No, indeed—the word 'period.' I will kill you."

"I always get so interested. Is this a comedy?"

"Yes. Maud, spare me—"

"You must not call me Maud."

"No, no; the character speaks. Maud is the girl in the play, you know. Where was I?"

"You were at 'spare me.'"

"Goes down on his knees in brackets."

"On his knees?"

"I am writing this comedy, miss. Knees in brackets."

"Yes. What's he got his knees in brackets for? Broken, I suppose."

"What are you doing? Let me see. No, no, no; but that sentence in brackets. Enter servant. Servant—Never have I seen nothing like that be—"

"Anything, of course."

"I am writing this piece."

"That's bad grammar, you know."

"Yes, I know. Put down just what I say. Maud, look at—"

"Sir! Oh, I forgot. Yes. Look at—"

"In brackets. George looks and shakes—"

"Period?"

"No. And shakes his head—"

"Who shakes—George or the servant?"

"George—I said George."

"Oh! He shakes the servant's head, doesn't he?"

Author dies.

A Physician's Queer Cure for a Wart on the Nose.

The introduction in our cities of apartment houses, in which a considerable number of families live under one roof, has given rise to many amusing occurrences, says *Youth's Companion*. In an eastern city, recently, two physicians were walking together on the street when one of them lifted his hat to a lady whom they met.

"A patient?" asked the other.

"Oh, in a way," answered the first doctor. "I treated her the other day for a small difficulty."

"What was it?"

"A wart on the nose."

"And what did you prescribe?"

"I ordered her to refrain absolutely from playing the piano."

The other doctor was astonished. "Ordered her to leave off playing the piano—for a wart on the nose! Well I can't understand your treatment."

"If you knew the circumstances you would," said the first doctor. She occupies the flat just under mine, in the apartment house."

"Ah—now I understand!" said the other.