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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 39. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,131.

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, Aug 9 General Manager.

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 30	5 28 11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55 Ocean	10 28	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 Kreigbaum'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, May 27 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 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
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. 116 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....	8:04 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	
" 64—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, May 27 Acting Agent.

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

SEMI-LOCAL NEWS.

The Mouse Escaped.

The *Saunterer* has a friend on the staff of a Western newspaper, with whom he often exchanges interesting clippings. The latest bit received at this office was the following, cut from a small paper published in North Dakota:

The many friends of Mrs. E—— will be pleased to learn that she is not in serious danger, as the shock is not so severe as at first supposed. The particulars of the unfortunate affair are interesting.

It seems that Mrs. E—— while going upstairs saw a mouse run behind a barrel. Her cries were heard by the hired man, who hastened to the scene, armed with his gun and followed by his faithful bulldog. Mrs. E—— then took courage and poked the barrel with her broom.

The mouse ran out; the dog started in pursuit; the hired man fired; the dog dropped dead; Mrs. E—— fainted, and the hired man, thinking he had killed her, and that he would be arrested for murder, took to his heels and has not been heard ofsince. The mouse escaped.

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 Minneopolis, 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., agriving 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.

Considerably the Case Here.

One of the questions at the Boone county teachers' institute last year (not this) was: "Who were the two United States senators first elected from Missouri?" After a pause it was answered, "Benton." "Well, who was the other?" After a long pause a young man on a back seat said—"Vest." None of them, it seemed, eyer heard of David Barton. As a rule, to their shame be it said, our Missouri public school teachers do not read the newspapers; not even their county papers. How they can teach school we do not know, but they do—under difficulties.—Columbia (Mo.) *Statesman.*

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.

Postponement.

What's the matter in Western Maryland? Has the mating season of the birds also brought peace to the fighting editors of the Western Maryland papers? There was no blood spilt in these little pen-fights, but the paragraphs made mighty interesting reading sometimes. Wait until Oder gets back from the World's Fair. He'll "stir up the animiles."—Baltimore *Critic.*

A Tribute to "Flitch."

A well known doctor, of Cumberland, is accused of the following:

When he would meet you, and say, "How are you to-day?" and you would reply, "I'm jus' middlin', doctor," his favorite answer was: "That's good, sir; that's good—middlin's the best part of the hog, sir; best part of the hog!"—Cumberland *Courier.*

Stimulant to Population.

Speaking of "incubators," or hatching without any hen! There is a man in New York who can beat that; he has an "automatic spanker" for raising children without any mother.—Cumberland *Courier.*

Considerate Reticence.

I know it is not right to covet; but I came very near saying the other day: "I sholy would like to have your new house, Mr. Rosenbaum." But I restrained myself, for fear he might give it to me!—*E. H. Johnston.*

Make Him Speak a Leedle Oud.

The views of the stately editor, Finan, of the *Independent*, on the proposed composite commissioners ticket are now in order.—Cumberland *Times.*

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Law of Libel.

The recent prosecution of the manager and editors of a Baltimore paper for certain alleged libelous utterances furnishes a striking illustration of the grave abuses which may arise under the laws relating to criminal libel, to which the *Sun* referred in its editorial columns on Thursday. While, as was pointed out in that article, it may be difficult to establish by statutory definition the precise difference between the liberty and the license of the press, there can be no doubt that the penalty of imprisonment at present provided in criminal libel for overstepping what is frequently a purely technical and imaginary boundary line is not only unreasonable and out of proportion to the offense, but is dangerous to the public interests as well as opposed to the enlightened and progressive spirit of the age. *There can be no desire* on the part of respectable newspapers to assail public or private character, or to make their columns the vehicles of defamation. Apart from higher considerations, such a policy does not pay, and, therefore, for their own sakes publishers are disinclined to a course from which they themselves will be the sufferers. When such newspapers deal frankly and boldly with public questions and public men it is safe to conclude that they have not done so in a spirit of malice or from a desire to work personal injury. Even the best and most carefully edited papers may make mistakes, but an error of statement, and especially one which is promptly corrected, should not be made the basis for imprisonment or heavy damages. In the recent case to which we allude, the jury being judges of the law as well as of the facts, chose to be guided by the law of common sense instead of the legal rules that might have led them to a different result. They refused to assume that the indicted persons were actuated by malice or a wrongful motive, or to look at the alleged libel through technical spectacles. Their verdict was a popular rather than professional verdict, and is valuable as a proof of the manner in which the public at large is disposed to regard this subject.

The same indisposition to be made the instruments of private vengeance was also manifested several year ago by a jury in another libel case in this city, in which a newspaper was sued for a statement which was claimed to be inaccurate. In spite of sophistical and technical pleas the jury declined to be governed by specious arguments that may have been convincing two hundred years ago under a monarchical government, but which are out of date in a free country in the present century, and gave a verdict for the newspaper.

The great mistake that is made in considering the subject of libelous newspaper publications arises from a failure to remember the progressive character of the age and the differences between modern American and Old World conditions of life. The old English common law has been modified in many essential particulars as new circumstances have demanded, and the severe and harsh penalties provided by our stern forefathers for trivial offenses have been swept away by the milder and wiser policy of the present. No exception can be taken to the fundamental principles laid down by the old English judges in regard to proper and improper newspaper publications, but it does not follow that we are to be governed in dealing with new circumstances and cases by all the special rules which they deduced from their general reasoning. Under a republican government *the absolute freedom of the press is all-important* and any laws which tend to restrict its true liberty are a menace to the public welfare. *In fact, there can be no popular liberty without the liberty of the press, and in protecting the press the people are protecting themselves.* In monarchies and empires, where the constituted authorities are more anxious to perpetuate their own powers and preserve their own privileges than to assert those of the people, it may be considered necessary to guard jealously the old legal traditions and theories which serve to keep the press in a proper state of awe and meekness. But in this country no such reason can be alleged. On the contrary, *it is essential to the continuation of popular supremacy* that the newspapers should be comparatively untrammeled and free to criticise public evil and evil-doers.

If the libel laws are to be used as cudgels by political combinations or private persons to suppress the truth or the statement of disagreeable facts, or if they are to be employed to stimulate litigation for the benefit of needy attorneys and equally needy clients, they had better be wholly expunged from the statute-books. Fortunately, no such extreme course is necessary, for juries, as a general rule, can be depended upon to set the seal of their disapproval upon such attempts. At the same time, while great reliance can be placed upon the good sense of honest and intelligent juries, the conditions of modern life and the spirit of free institutions seem to demand such modifications of the law as will guarantee the essential liberty of the press and protect it from the attacks of greedy or designing persons.—Baltimore *Sun.*

What is the Matter in Frostburg?

The leaders of the Democratic party in this county have lost the confidence of the people, because they refused to let the people into their confidence.—Queenstown (Del.) *News.*

Johnston Better than Webster.

Woman is the perfection of humanity—but a bad woman, or effeminate man, is first cousin to a "holy terror."—Cumberland *Courier.*

A Nugget.

"Talk is cheap," but example is economy.—Cumberland *Courier.*

MELLICENT'S CHANCE.

When Mellicent Dwight unpacked her three gowns, her notice book, her character photographs, and her letter of introduction in the attic room of a New York boarding-house her joy was unconfined. The boarding-house was east of Third avenue, and the attic room was four flights from the street; but when one is talented and twenty, and visits New York for the first time, with a flattering introduction to an influential manager, one does not count stairs.

On that first evening Mellicent ate her gristly roast and wilted salad with the air of a young woman who is assured of champagne and sweetbreads at the week's end, and wondered whether it would be three days or five before she "signed" with the influential manager and engaged quarters better befitting the comedienne of a metropolitan company.

Two weeks later Mellicent occupied the same attic on the east side, but boarded cheaply at a Third avenue eating-house, where one could eat breakfast heartily for fifteen cents and dine luxuriously for twenty.

One week more, and Mellicent was boiling her breakfast cocoa over the gas jet, and washing her handkerchiefs in the bathtub, and flattening them on the window-pane to dry. In those days she blacked her boots with ink and stuffed her mirror frame with newspaper advertisements for ballet dancers and lady fencers. The letter of recommendation, which the influential manager had kindly returned, was streaked and worn by constant handling, and the notice-book was dog-eared.

On one end of her bureau was a box of letters from the man who wished to marry her. At first Mellicent used to read and sigh over these pledges of affection. It was such a pity, she thought, that he cared like that for a girl who never could marry him. Now she read and sighed over them with a difference. "It can't come to that," she would say.

* * * * * *

At the start there had been a certain piquancy in the venture. To be talented and twenty and to seek her fortune alone in a great city read uncommonly like the first chapter of a romance. Besides, New York captivated the girl. Her rounds for the day finished she would ride from the Battery to Harlem on the Elevated, price diamond necklaces and silk and laces, and air her three gowns with the best of them on that Broadway promenade, whose glitter was constantly suggestive of footlights and an orchestral accompaniment.

The agencies charmed by their absolute novelty.

To penetrate to that private territory, to see a slip bearing her name and address placed in a pigeon hole labelled, "Soubrettes and Ingenues," seemed to Mellicent a unique and exciting experience, one well worth hours of waiting, and the comments, sarcastic or indifferent, of the manager and his satellites. All this, however, as I said, was at the start.

To be the heroine of a romance is one thing, the heroine of a realistic novel quite another.

"I'm beginning to suspect the truth of all these horrid stories of baffled genius struggling against adverse fate," she wrote, near the close of the third week, to the man who wished to marry her.

Managers all seemed in league against her—all save one, who, from the beginning, had treated her with unaccountable forbearance. He had even sent her tickets for a new play. There was a soubrette part in it that was badly done, he said. The author was a friend of his, and—well, he couldn't promise anything, but he'd like her to see the part.

The soubrette was bad—worse even than Mellicent had hoped; weak, common, self-conscious.

"If such people can obtain engagements, then why can't I?" she said the next morning in reporting the play. "I am not a raw amateur; I studied for two years with a well-known actor and stage manager. I've played over and over again at students' matinees and later in professional performances in small towns. It's only a chance I want, a chance to speak a dozen lines, that's all; but they won't give me even a hearing.

Mellicent's cheeks burned. She shook the brown locks from her moist forehead and eyed the agent aggressively.

He shook his head deprecatingly. He was slim and blond and boyish, with a droll, captivating accent that heightened the effect of his dry utterances.

"I'll tell you what it is," the man said; "I'll see Boyle at luncheon today and put your case to him. If he reports favorably I'll let you know this afternoon. Don't hope too much, though. If you don't hear from me by 5 at the latest you'll know there's nothing to expect from that quarter."

Mellicent grasped his hand in parting almost affectionately.

"It's a chance," she whispered, as she climbed the stairs at the east-side boarding-house. "If I can get it, why, I'm bound to succeed. If I lose it"—The girl's heart sank.

Go home? The worn face of her father, the shabby gowns and meagre faces of her mother and little sisters were a constant reproach to her idleness. Write? A year's devotion to literature had barely supplied her with pocket-handkerchiefs. Clerk? Her handwriting was bad, her accounts inaccurate. No; tights—or suicide—or matrimony! These were the only alternatives.

At 4 the maid brought a card to the door. "John Walker," Mellicent read, incredulously. In the parlor below a tall figure rose to meet her.

"Look here, Milly," the man said, decisively, "I've come to take you back with me to-night. You might as well marry me now as at any time. You'll only waste time fooling around here.

Milly regarded the speaker hopelessly. It was as though the walls of destiny were closing in upon her.

"I can't, John," she protested. "I—I never promised, and you have no license."

"But there is no need of a license here," he returned, ignoring the other clause of the girl's objection. "There's an old friend of mine, a Methodist minister, only a block away, who's all ready. Why, Milly, it's the easiest thing in the world if you only make up your mind to it. We'll get supper at the Metropolis, and take the next train back to Boston. I must be at the office to-morrow."

Mellicent shook her head.

"I can't decide all at once, John," she entreated. "I must have time to think."

She glanced at the black marble clock on the mantel. Half-past 4. In half an hour her future would be decided for her. It was almost a relief to shift the responsibility from her own shoulders.

The man consented grudgingly. "Remember," he said, gravely, watching her brown, piquant profile outlined against the white window curtain, "remember, if you marry me you must give up all these notions about acting. I won't have my wife set up for everybody to stare at." His words were harsh, but his eyes were affectionate.

Mellicent nodded. "I understand," she returned; "if I give up now, it will be for always."

"Are you ready?"

"I'll put on my hat," she answered. "We might as well go now and have it over."

"I couldn't help myself," she thought wearily, as she followed him into the street. "They wouldn't give me a chance; there was no way but this."

When she returned there was a plain gold ring upon her left hand. Mellicent eyed it incredulously all the time she was packing her trunk. The notice book, the character photographs, the list of agencies, and the letter of introduction she laid in the waste basket. As she crossed to the door her dress brushed a yellow envelope from the table.

"Dear Miss Dwight: I missed Boyle at luncheon, but waylaid him at the hotel this afternoon and extracted his promise to give you a trial. Will let you know about rehearsals later. Lucky, wasn't it, that the chance came before you left New York? Sincerely,

"EDWARD ROBBINS."

At the foot of the stairs John Walker drew his wife's arm affectionately through his own. "What's the matter, Mellicent?" he said, gravely, "you look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"Only the ghost of a comedy actress that never was to be," said Mellicent, steadily. "You must be hungry, John. Will there be time to have a steak cooked for our supper?"—Margaret Dodge, in Kate Field's Washington.

The Train Was Stopped in Time to Avert a Disaster.

He had just boarded a Fourth street car when his face turned ashen gray, and, with a choking sound in his throat he clutched at his inside pocket, leaped from the platform to the street with a cry of "Stop that train! Stop that train!" and darted down Central avenue like a maniac, overturning a banana stand, knocking down a small newsboy and eluding the clutch of a vigilant policeman who pursued him on a run with a roar of "Stop, thief, stop!" says the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette.*

"Stop that train!" he yelled to the elevator boy as he sprung through the entrance of the Grand Central, tripped over the rubber mat and rolled headlong into the waiting-room.

"Stop that train, for heaven's sake!" he screamed, as he jumped down the stairs in mad leaps, crushed a woman's bonnet box and knocked the breath out of a Cleveland traveling man in his furious flight.

"Will no one stop that train?" he wailed, as he fought with the turnstile tender at the gate, and, at last, hurling him back against the grating, plunged through the gate and ran down the shed on the wings of the wind, waving a parcel over his head in a despairing appeal to the brakeman on the rear platform of the fast disappearing New York vestibule limited.

"Stop that train, for the sake of all that's holy!" he howled, as he butted a truckman in the stomach and upset a tram of fifteen Saratogas. "Stop that train!" shouted the trainmen in the shed. "Stop that train!" whooped the passengers from the windows of the other cars along the way. "Stop that train!" shrieked the dishevelled and terror-stricken man, pallid with fear "Stop that train!"

With a grinding of wheels far out in the yards and a snort of steam the engine stopped; the conductor leaped to the ground and ran back, pale with anxiety, to the spot; the porter climbed half way out of the window with startling eyes; and the breathless man, darting up to the car, hung gaspingly to the rail as he handed to the brakeman a package, and choked:

"Please hand them to Mary—they're her curlin' irons—she would a' skinned me alive ef I'd a forgot 'em."

As the train rounded the last turn of the old canal bed a brakeman, with a face like a thunder cloud, passed through the coaches solicitously inquiring for Mary.

PARALYZED BY FEAR.

Fearful Experience of an Engineer Who Expected a Collision.

"It is not often that an engineer stays on his seat in the face of a collision if he has a chance to jump," said an old railroad man to a writer in the Indianapolis *News.* "When he doesn't jump it's because he hasn't time.

"I remember once when an engineer was metaphorically frozen to his seat. I was on the engine at the time. See these gray hairs?" and he pushed back his hat. "I got them all in about two minutes. It happened on the Indianapolis division of the Pennsylvania lines. I was in charge of the fast mail train No. 7, and Charley Mann, as good an engineer as ever took hold of a throttle, was hauling us. No. 7 is a fast train, anyhow, but that night we were late out of Columbus, and I tell you, we were splitting the wind. Having nothing else to do, I climbed over to the engineer and asked Charley to let me run her awhile, and he pushed over to give me room. Everything went as lovely as a Mayday dance until we started down the hill. Suddenly a red light showed up ahead of us on the track. The awfulness of that minute I can never describe. 'We are gone, Charley,' I yelled to the engineer behind me. 'There's a flat car ahead of us. See that red light?' Charley saw it and started to get down. I yelled to him not to do it; that we might escape death, but if we had jumped from that engine, running at least eighty miles an hour, we would be killed sure. I shut off the steam, and, throwing on the air-brake, began 'plugging' her. The wheels reversed, but she rode over the sand as if there was none on the track. Charley clung to me with wild-staring eyes, and I honestly believe he was praying. Nearer, near we rushed to that fatal light—and dashed passed it. Soon we were stopped, and I called the fireman to go back with me and ascertain what it was. He could not move, and when I pulled him from his seat he was as stiff as a poker, and it was several seconds before he could utter a sound. The poor fellow was paralyzed with fear, and it was a long time before he recovered. What was the red light doing there? A fool agent had come up the track to flag a train following us, and had left his red light near the rails. When I met him I never felt so much like murdering a man in my life."

What an Astral Body Really Is.

The structure of the inner astral man, says a theosophist, is definite and coherent. Just as the outer body has a spine which is the column whereon the being sustains itself, with the brain at the top, so the astral body has its spine and brain. It is material, for it is made of matter, however finely divided, and is not of the nature of the spirit.

After the maturity of the child, before birth, this form is fixed, coherent and lasting, undergoing but small alteration from that day until death. And so also as to its brain; that remains unchanged until the body is given up, and does not, like the outer brain, give up cells to be replaced by others from hour to hour. These inner parts are thus more permanent than the outer correspondents to them. Our material organs, bones and tissues, are undergoing change each instant. This is not the case with the inner form. It alters only from life to life, being constructed at the time of reincarnation to last for a whole period of existence. For it is the model fixed by the present evolutionary proportions for the outer body. It is the collector, as it were, of the visible atoms which make us as we outwardly appear. So at birth it is potentially of a certain size, and when that limit is reached, it stops the further extention of the body. At the same time, the outer body is kept in shape by the inner one until the period of decay. And this decay, followed by death, is not due to bodily disintegration per se, but to the fact that the term of the astral body is reached when it is no longer able to hold the outer frame intact. Its power to resist the impact and war of the material molecules being exhausted, the sleep of death supervenes.

Now, as in our physical form the brain and spine are the centres for nerves, so in the other there are the nerves which ramify from the inner brain and spine all over the structure. All of these are related to every organ in the outer visible body. They are more in the nature of currents than nerves, as we understand the word, and may be called astral nerves.

A Straightforward Answer.

An Irishman in a mixed company was nettled by the remark that his countrymen seldom answered a question in a straightforward manner, and challenged proof. The person who had made the statement offered to bet a couple of bottles of wine for the benefit of the company that the complainant would not give direct answers to three simple questions. The representative of Hibernia at once accepted the wager, and the test was applied forthwith.

"Were you respectably brought up?"

"I was"—this was said emphatically.

"Did you ever attend school in your youth?"

"I did"—this was said anxiously and expectantly.

"Can you spell 'cat?'"

"Can I spell 'cat?'"—this with all the contemptuous inflection that language could convey; and the roar of laughter had lasted a full minute before the astonished Celt realized that his night's expenditure had been increased by the cost of two bottles of wine.

An Old Adirondack Guide Has an Astonishing Experience.

We sat in the dingy but cosey little camp sitting-room, which was lit by a single oil lamp, whose efforts to dispel the darkness were almost totally defeated by the clouds of smoke that arose from half a dozen pipes, says the Washington *Star.* But there was a rattling thunderstorm going on outside, late as it was in the year, and old Bald Mountain was hurling back terrific reverberations of the mighty peals that accompanied the blinding flashes of lightning. Uncle John sat and watched the storm in silence a long time, puffing asthmatically away at his pipe. Uncle John is one of the oldest guides in this part of the Adirondacks—or "in the woods," as every one says here. He came in as a boy away back in the early '40s. It soon became apparent that Uncle John's memory was busy with recollections of those days that would come no more.

"I suppose," he continued, "I can say what no other man in these woods can say, and that is I've seen a buck shed his horns. Oh, it must ha' been nigh twenty years ago, and I was working out at White Lake Corners. Wall, it was Christmas day and there was four foot of snow on the ground, I cal'late. It was blisterin' cold, but I made up my mind I'd take my gun and go out and see if I couldn't kill a deer. Wall, I bundled up and off I went. I didn't have to tramp very fur before I came on a deer's trail, and it was a big one, too. I struck the signs in a little valley and they led up the side of a hill where there war purty steep climbin'.

"I went along easy like almost up to the top of the ridge, lookin' out all the time mighty sharp. I come to a place where there was a lot of big rocks and I slid down on my knees in tryin' to get over them. I was movin' mighty cautious, ye know, but as I slid down on my knees I grabbed holt of a little sapling, and just then, right beyond the rocks, I see the buck. He had been lyin' there in a little sort of a hollow, and when I shook the snow off the sapling he saw the motion. Quick as a flash he threw his head back to get a better view, and as he did, by gosh! off tumbled one of his horns into the snow. He hadn't caught sight of me yet, but you can cal'late I knowed I didn't have no time to lose. I had to let go that sapling again, and as I did it up jumped the buck as if he was on springs, and off went the other horn. And just about that identical instant, although I was sliding down that rock, I got my gun up and blazed away. But the buck was out of sight over the ridge, and there was only a tuft of hair near the antlers to show me that I had grazed his back."

As in a Mirror.

Many pleasing optical delusions may be furnished by a judicious use of the mirror. It doubles the size of a room, and enhances the brilliancy of the lamp. Properly placed, it will catch a gleam of color, and throw a bit of scenery in unexpected corners. I remember a pleasant little experience of my own when dining with a country friend. During the repast I enjoyed the delightful impression of looking through an open window directly opposite, and of gazing upon a cool expanse of green meadow and flowering apple trees. Not until afterward did I discover that I had been placidly looking into a mirror placed so as to reflect the one window in the little dining-room. Always so manage that a mirror reflects something pleasing and complete. Never place it where it will catch the full blaze of the sun. A mirror is akin to a deep lake that seeks the quiet and seclusion of the forest. Hang "looking" glasses low and ornamental mirrors in such a manner that they will not give one the disagreeable impression of being decapitated. Long, narrow mirrors, framed in either rosewood or ebony, are used in halls, and must be placed where they can be seen, and serve the purpose of a hat-rack, if necessary. The study of self in the mirror is to be commended. We do not half appreciate its usefulness in this direction. When we awaken to the fact that a certain ugly scowl between the eyebrows is the result of bad temper, we are forced to reflect; moreover, we have acquired a valuable bit of information. I well remember the sudden look of horror that fell upon the face of a child, when, on the occasion of a passionate out-burst of temper, she was placed before a mirror and bidden to look at herself. In that moment's shock, caused by the sight of her distorted visage, the child received a lesson which could not fail to be profitable. In France the mirror is a potent aid in the education of youth; it corrects bad habits in the school-room; teaches grace in the conservatory, and to the woman aiming at self-improvement it inculcates an art so subtle and gracious that it rises to the sublimity of nature. It is a faithful, untiring little friend, and it is but an act of poetic justice that it be given a place of honor in our homes.

A man who did not keep in mind that in boyhood he ate his food with a better sance than any cook ever invented was in the habit of making his wife uncomfortable by a too frequent reference to his mother's culinary skill. Once, however, he was put to silence for a few days at least.

"John," said his wife, "I wish you would tell me just how your mother made her plum pudding. Then perhaps I could suit you."

"Why, she took some raisins and stirred 'em up with the pudding and baked it. That's all."

"But, John, real plum pudding is boiled."

"Oh, of course. Mother always boiled it after she baked it."