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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 41. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,133.

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.	Stations.	*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 1 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	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, Superintendent.

May 27

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1893.

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....	3:35 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, Acting Agent.

May 27

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change o. cars and time of trains cheerfully given.

March 29

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Plea for Celibacy.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

Judging by generally expressed opinions, modern newspaper stories, and the twaddle of rising femininity, one might be led to think that the noblest, best—yea, only aim of life is *marriage*. "Marry," demands the public; "they married," concludes the magazine story; "marry! *marry!* MARRY!" echo the schoolgirl, the widow, and the spinster.

Notwithstanding love-sick maidens, namby pamby literature and spinsters grown desperate by hope deferred to the contrary, your correspondent thinks that even single blessedness has a certain degree of use and sense in it. It requires a peculiar state of mind to properly appreciate the condition of "the man with the clog," and to envy his state. The author of "Paradise Lost" did not, Dickens did not. Lord Byron did not, Carlyle did not, and evidently the majority of great poets, authors and literary men did not enjoy much of the vaunted "domestic felicity," or "connubial bliss." We might go farther and cite similar cases among statesmen, jurists and even clergymen.

Now, if so many cases are known—are historical, how many more there must exist that never come to light. Of course, not one-tenth of such cases of domestic infelicity comes to the light of day, but when a paper like the New York *Tribune* devotes whole pages to the alarming frequency of divorces there must certainly be "something in it."

The reason that the lot of the average "old maid" is "not a happy one" is merely because she cannot restrain that "vague unrest and nameless longing" for a man—for *anything* clad in bifurcated garments. Once this insane longing after the unattainable is suppressed, let her compare her condition with that of her "enslaved sisters" and she will see that she has reason to be thankful that no one was ever fool enough to propound the momentous "wilt thou?" and give her a chance to wilt.

Men who have arrived at the age of discretion and have escaped the pitfalls of matrimony, are, as compared with unmarried ladies of uncertain age, much happier, because instead of kicking against the good, they are single from choice.

Douglas Jerrold's advice to those about to marry was—"*don't.*"

B.

GENERAL ITEMS.

He Got Them Snappy.

The editor of the *Journal of Freedom* had all his railroad passes. He also had relatives in Chicago and a *bona fide* invitation.

His editorials were set up, together with the Smith-Jones wedding, the death of Uncle Si Beamis and the pound party given the minister. This, with the "patent outside," left the paper made up with the exception of the usual "Local Laconics."

"I'll leave this to you, my boy," he said to the Devil. "Just pick up what local items there are flying around, stick the type and lock up the forms. Jim Keesy, who sweeps out the tavern, will come over and turn the press for you; and you can run her off as usual, Wednesday.

"Now here is your chance in life. See how snappy you can get your 'Local Laconics' and I won't forget you."

Then the editor took his grip and departed.

In due time he received Johnny's number of the *Journal of Freedom*. Johnny had taken the Freedom literally with the "Local Laconics:"

Old Colonel Whoof Koffcutter's family have sent him to the Keely Institute.

Judge Titus A. Brick, the well-known deadbeat from Sang Run, dropped into the *Journal* office yesterday, expecting to get a crack at the editor's private stock and have his name put in the paper.

It is rumored that a select tar and feather party will visit the school teacher some dark night this week. Let the good work go on.

The new minister doesn't care for fried chicken. He is a dude and wants them broiled.

The old maids that call themselves "The Daughters of Bethel" have gotten up what they call an Oyster Supper, and are robbing the people once again in Moat's Opera House.

A smart Aleck from Smithville had the tar knocked out of him by Jim Keesy in the *Journal* office two hours before we went to press. Jim is a loola.

Then the editor lost interest in the Fair and returned home. Johnny is driving Hank Smith's milk wagon now, and the *Journal of Freedom* is in the hands of a receiver.—Roy L. McCardell in World's Fair *Puck*.

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.

A Curious Coincidence.

Mrs. Brown—My baby is the prettiest in town.

Mrs. Black—Why, what a coincidence! So is mine.

THE JOVIAL PASSENGER.

It was a lovely afternoon towards the close of September when we weighed anchor and sailed out of the river Mersey, bound for Melbourne. We had a good ship—Janet's Pride—loaded with miscellaneous articles. On board were fourteen passengers, and, take them all in all, a pleasanter lot I never steered across the stormy seas.

There were three old gentlemen who were going out to share their fortunes, come what might, and which, poor old souls, they seemed to think fashioned in the brightest colors long before the English coast was out of sight. Then there was a solitary old gentlemen, who, judging from the general tone of his conversation, was seeking the new world for the ostensible purpose of finding fault with it. There were young married couples, all full of hope and activity, bent upon making a new home far away from their native land. There was also a very jolly elderly brother and sister, neither of whom had ever entered into the bonds of matrimoney, but, instead, had stuck by each other through life. There were three old Australian settlers who had been over to have a peep at the old country and who were now returning to the land which, to them, through long communion, had become the dearest to them of all others—"home, sweet home."

Last, though not least, was a solitary passenger who soon became the pet of all on board. He was a man of twenty-eight, with a clear complexion, a long beard and a silky mustache. His name was Reginald May. His reason for taking the sea voyage was the delicate state of his health.

There was not the least doubt that the poor fellow's chest was considerably affected, for his voice, though charmingly sweet, was one of the weakest I ever heard; besides, its hollowness suggested consumption. He always wore a muffler round his throat. In all my wide experience I never knew any one with so many friends and such undivided esteem, in so short a time, as Reginald May. I believe there was not a sailor on board who did not entertain the warmest possible liking for him. As for the passengers, they never seemed so happy as when listening to his amusing anecdotes, of which he seemed to possess an inexhaustible store. And this delicate young Englishman had made his conquest over all our hearts before we had been three weeks at sea. He was, too, very clever with his hands. He could shape you anything out of a piece of wood, from an oyster to an elephant, and at making models of ships I never met his equal. He was besides most kind and considerate towards his fellow passengers. When the three elderly gentlemen who imagined their fortunes made were afflicted with sea-sickness, he was the first to offer to help them about while they slowly recovered. He would insist on their taking his arm, weak as he was himself, and he would lead them about on deck with a firmness that spoke well for his sea legs.

We were within a week's sail of Melbourne. May had all but completed his model of the Janet's Pride, which he purposed presenting to me on the night before we landed. He worked at the model on deck, choosing for his table an empty water cask under the shelter of the bulwarks. He was always at work, in the morning long before any of the other passengers turned out of their snug berths. As I have stated, we were but a week's sail from Melbourne. For the first time the jovial passenger appeared at the dinner table with a solemn face and silent tongue. I asked him the reason for the change in his wonted cheerful manner. At first he tried to evade my queries, but I pressed him until I won from him an explanation.

"Perhaps, after all, it is only fair that I should explain a little," he answered. "The fact of the matter is, my friends, that my watch has been stolen."

"Stolen!" we all cried.

"Undoubtedly. But I pray you, Captain," he said, turning to me, "not to say one word about it. The only thing that renders the loss of it of consequence to me is the fact that it was once my mother's. On that account I would not have lost it for any amount of money. However, it is useless to cry over spilled milk, as the old adage has it."

"If the watch is in this ship, we ought to find it," I said.

"My dear captain, if you will leave the matter entirely in my hands, I think I may recover it. This request I am sure you will oblige me by granting."

"Why, certainly, my dear sir," I said, "but still——"

"Exactly," he interrupted, with his pleasant smile. "You would like to investigate the case to the utmost of your power, I know, my dear captain. But I can trust you to keep your promise and leave the thing entirely in my hands, cannot I?"

How could I refuse him?

You may readily imagine what consternation this event gave rise to among the other passengers. The three old gentlemen at once began to explain that they owned jewelry to the value of £400, which they usually kept locked up in a brown leather writing-case; but, unfortunately, at the present time the lock was out of order. Mr. May suggested a safe deposit for their valuables.

The young married couples announced the fact of their having at least £200 worth of jewelry, and they, too, consulted Mr. May as to the safest place for secreting it. The kind-hearted brother and sister had, it appeared, more valuables in the way of jewelry than any one on board, since £1,500 had never purchased what they possessed.

The whole evening was occupied in speculating as to the probable perpetrator of the theft, and in condoling with Mr. May on his loss. Every one turned in that night in an uneasy state of mind, and it was with astonishment that they found themselves in the morning in full possession of their worldly goods. This improved condition of affairs seemed to reassure our passengers, who at once again began to look cheerful and at ease. Reginald May's face wore its wonted smile, and, as heretofore, he charmed and enlivened us with his vivacity and anecdotes. All the day long he worked on the model of the ship, still using the top of the empty water cask for a work table. That night we retired to rest with minds far more at ease than on the previous one. Alas! What a scene of danger and distress came with the morning! Every passenger on board owning jewelry had been robbed during the night. The three old gentlemen, the young married couples, the kind-hearted brother and sister found themselves minus every article they possessed. Even the grumbling old gentleman had lost his gold snuffbox. There was no keeping matters quiet this time. The thief must be traced and brought to justice. What was the wisest method of procedure? What would Mr. May suggest?

"I would suggest, though reluctantly, that every sailor and every sailor's luggage be carefully searched," he said.

"I agree to see to that," I remarked.

"This," he continued, "must be most humiliating to the feelings of your crew, captain, and, therefore, in common fairness to them, as our fellow men, let me suggest that every passenger's luggage be also thoroughly searched."

A little hesitation on the part of one or two of the passengers was shown before acceding to the last proposal, but our pleasant passenger soon contrived to bring those who first demurred to his way of thinking.

"Of course, there is not a passenger on board who is not above suspicion," he said; "yet, in justice to the feelings of the crew, it is the least we can do."

This delicate feeling and thoughtfulness on the part of Mr. May rendered him more pleasing in our eyes than ever.

Well, a thorough search was made by myself and the kind-hearted old gentleman and his sister. Every one's traps were ransacked from top to bottom without success. Further search was useless. What was to be done?

That night, all having been made snug and every one having turned in, I went on deck, it being what we call at sea "the captain's watch." About 4 o'clock in the morning I turned in, the second officer then coming on duty. My cabin was situated amidships on deck, and from my window I could see to larboard and starboard, and from stem to stern. Somehow I could not rest, so, dressing myself, I determined to sit up and smoke. I drew aside my curtains and looked out. It was the gray light of the early morning, and there was a stiffish breeze blowing. To my great surprise I beheld Reginald May on deck. I was about to open my cabin door and invite him to join me in my unrest, when the peculiar nature of his proceedings riveted my attention. He looked timidly around, as if afraid of attracting observation. Then suddenly, as if the coast was clear, he walked rapidly toward the empty water cask, on which he was accustomed to manufacture his model of the ship. Once more glancing cautiously about him, he then applied his hands to the cask, and, with a rapid movement, lifted half the top bodily off. My astonishment and excitement were intense. Another hasty glance around, and he put his hand down into the cask, then quickly withdrew it, holding in his grasp a small bag, which he rapidly concealed in the breast of his coat. He again took a hasty survey, and was about making another dive into the strange receptacle for hidden goods when he suddenly withdrew, having quickly replaced the lid on the cask. In another moment the cause of his alarm was made apparent, as a couple of sailors passed him on their way to relieve the man on duty at the wheel.

When all was again quiet, for an instant he seemed determined to return at once to the old cask, and no doubt withdraw something more that the interruption had prevented his taking in the first place, but, suddenly changing his mind he went down the stairs that led from the deck to the sleeping cabins.

Scarcely had May disappeared when another figure, stealthily crossing the deck, met my anxious observation. It was the boatswain. I saw him glance toward the stairs down which May had taken his departure. He then made directly for the cask. It was now obvious to me that the old boatswain had been watching the pleasant voyager. Just as the old sailor reached the water cask a heavy green sea struck the ship to windward, necessitating the boatswain's holding on by the ropes to keep his footing, and precisely at the same moment May appeared at the top of the cabin stairs. The instant the ship steadied herself the old boatswain commenced his examination of the water cask. For a moment only May stood gazing at him with as evil a glance as I ever saw. With one bound he was upon the sailor before he could protect himself. I waited no longer but flung open my cabin door and sprang to the rescue. In a few minutes we had our pleasant friend in irons.

You may easily imagine the surprise evinced by the people on board on discovering that the thief was the man for whom each and every one of them entertained such high regard.

At the expiration of three days from the date of May's detection we landed in Melbourne, and of course I handed him over to the police, but as no one cared to remain in the town for the purpose of prosecuting him he was summarily dealt with. The presiding magistrate sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.—Chicago Post.

THE LITERAL-MINDED MAN.

How Mr. Depew Was Caught In a Plain Prevarication.

"The most curious person in the audience of a story-teller is the literal-minded man," said Chauncey M. Depew. "When General Dix ran for governor there was great discussion as to his age. It was one of the controversies of the canvass. His opponents claimed that he was too old to fulfill the functions of the office. Singularly enough, the biographical dictionaries differed about ten years. I was making a speech at Watertown to a very big audience. I was running at that time as a Liberal Republican for lieutenant governor upon the same ticket with Francis Kernan. It was an immense outdoor audience.

"In front of me stood a man who watched me during the three hours of that speech for the purpose of catching me on some material point. I finally took up the question of General Dix's age, gave the dates of the various biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias, and based a theory of how old he must have been in the war of 1812, where he was a lieutenant, and finally said that the only real authentic data had been revealed by some recent researches in the colonial records of Massachusetts. It had been discovered that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they found General Dix standing on that historic spot and shouting that unless they made him a justice he would go over and join the Indians; the point of which was that the general had changed his politics several times, and every time he got an office.

"My critical friend saw his opportunity and grasped it at once. He sprang up with a shout that could be heard to the Canadian border: 'Mr. Depew, that is a lie!'

"I looked at him a moment to see whether he had swallowed the bait, and found that he had taken it in hook and line, bob and sinker, hole and all. Then I stepped to the front of the platform and said, with great emphasis.

"'Sir, I have told that historic anecdote from Montauk Point to Niagara Falls to hundreds of thousands of the intelligent and educated people of this great Commonwealth, and you are the only man who ever had the audacity to deny it.'

"'It ain't true, Mr. Depew,' he replied, 'because that happened more than two hundred and fifty years ago.'

"I was told when in Watertown last fall that, although this happened in 1872, that man had never been able to come into town since.'

Why He Went Insane.

I had just taken my seat in the car when an elderly gentleman entered, closely followed by a young man of decidedly fashionable aspect. They secured seats near mine and were soon absorbed in their newspapers, says a writer in the Chicago *News*.

Finally the elder lowered his paper and said: "By the way, Frank, what has become of Singleton? I haven't seen him for some time."

"He was adjudged insane and is now in asylum," said Frank.

"Can that be possible? Why, what was the cause?"

"Oh, he was a crank, and his mind was continually agitated in his endeavors to start some new society fad. When Mrs. B—— gave her first dove dinner his actions and efforts to counterbalance it by some new wrinkle of his own were a source of great amusement to all the fellows. He finally dropped that, and everything went smoothly with him until Miss Richly gave a pink tea. Singleton's wheel again started to revolve and he issued invitations to all the fellows to attend a white breakfast, to be given at his home."

"Did you go?"

"Oh, yes."

"Of what did the dinner consist?"

"White bread, celery and absinthe."

"Well," said the old gentleman, as he arose to leave the car, "I don't wonder that he was sent to an asylum."

Peculiar Stream Said to Have Great Medical Properties.

At a point in the gorge or canyon we halted by some tremendous boulders to examine a cascade of hot water, says a writer in the Andes *Trail*.

I have seen what are called hot springs in many places, but generally the warm water ekes out from a spring in a low level. This is the only place that I have ever heard of where hot water in sufficient volume to turn a large mill comes from a mountain side, rushing down in a succession of beautiful cascades to empty into the river.

The warm water is not warm; it is hot, absolutely so hot that the hand of an Indian cannot be retained in the crock for a minute.

The Indians say it is a sure cure for all sorts of sores. To test this I bathed my hands and wrists that were covered with troublesome fly and mosquito bites, and can testify truthfully that I was at once relieved of the disagreeable effects of the poison, and the following morning nearly every trace of the fly stings had disappeared from hands that were covered. This spot is called Puco, or Yaquillo, and is located a few hours above Quillocuca.

A Woman's Ruse.

To comment on this incident, translated from an Alsatian contemporary, might lead us into unseemly remarks, and we therefore think it wiser to refrain altogether.

The other day while I was on my way from M. to Z., I found myself in a compartment in company with four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking. The train stopped at an intermediate station, and a lady was on the point of entering it. Being nearest the carriage door, and observing that she carried a basket, I hastened to help her in with it.

"Take care," said the lady, "I have six pounds of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husband in a stone quarry."

The train then sped on. Quick as lightning the gentlemen exchanged glances and threw their cigars out of the window. All looked horror-stricken as they glanced first at the lady and then at the basket. My thoughts conjured up visions of the destruction of Cafe Very in Paris.

My ruminations were suddenly disturbed by a shout of "Station, oh!" yelled out by the porter. The lady rose slowly from her seat and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all.

"Thank Heaven!" said one.

I trembled as I handed out the basket with its dangerous contents.

"Thanks!" said the woman. "Thanks! You need not look so scared. There are only some dainty morsels of food inside for my husband; but your smoke was so vile!"

Kettle Belly Brown Lost His Share of the Rich Property.

Kettle Belly Brown was a well-known character of Virginia City, Nev., says the Spokane *Enterprise*. Erstwhile Comstockers who have wandered forth into other regions of this fair land very frequently develop into capable liars, and if Kettle Belly is responsible for the biography of himself published in this article he is unquestionably as gifted as any of his compatriots who have gone before him.

The article states that Mackay, Fair, Sharon and Jones staked Brown with grub to go on a prospecting tour; that he discovered the celebrated California mine of this place on the trip, and that they all became equal partners in the mine, which was valued at $5,000,000 at that time. This article explains how Brown lost his interest in the mine as follows:

"Brown was always a sport; so were his partners. One evening in 1874 he and his four partners met in a room in the International Hotel in Virginia City. One of the party suggested a game of 'draw.' That settled it. 'Draw' had to come, and it came pretty swift, as the sequel will show.

"At first the stakes were not large—$1 ante and $100 limit—but as the game progressed the ante was raised to $10 and the limit knocked out of sight. Presently Mr. Brown picked up three jacks. He raised the ante $1,000. Jim Fair passed out; so did Mr. Jones. Mackay saw the raise on two pair. Sharon covered the raise on a pair of kings and then they drew cards. Brown picked up his two draw-cards and bet $1,000. Mackay raised it $10,000 and Sharon made it good. Brown then came back at them, and saw the raise, and elevated the pot to the extent of his share in the California mine. In a voice that was tremulous with excitement, Mackay announced that he would 'see it.' Sharon, cool as an iceberg, simply said, 'I'm thar.'

"'Four jacks,' said Brown.

"Sharon looked inquiringly at Mackay. 'That beats me,' said the latter, throwing down three queens and a pair of eights.

"'I have four kings,' said Sharon, 'and I guess I own three-fifths of the California.'

"After this Brown and Mackay drew out of the game, but Sharon, Jones and Fair continued to play until daybreak. Just as the golden haze of approaching day came over the mountain peaks Sharon became sole owner of the mine on a hand. Mackay, Fair and Jones afterwards became part owners of the mine by purchase from Sharon, but Brown was never in it again."

The Cocoanut Crab.

The cocoanut crab inhabits the islands of the Indian ocean and seems to be in his element when sitting astride a limb high up in a cocoanut tree. An average sized specimen of the species fills a four-gallon jar to overflowing, the "overflow" being the alcohol necessary to the preservation of such things. He is a powerful looking crustacean and seems well adapted to his trade, which chiefly consists of plucking cocoanuts, husking them with his enormous claws, and digging the meat out through the "eyes," which you have often noticed situated near the small end of the nut. Cocoanuts are originally inclosed in a three-cornered covering or husk, which consists of a woody fiber of coarse texture and a brownish yellow color. This fiber surrounds each nut in a layer from one to two and one-half inches in thickness.

The cocoanut crab collects large quantities of this fiber and constructs a large, dome-shaped "house" or nest, in which he can always be found when not out in quest of juicy nuts. The natives of most of the islands which this crab inhabits call it by a name which signifies "the bird of God," and they will not eat its flesh, even though suffering the pangs of extreme hunger. On certain days of each year they kill cocoanut crabs for the fat which accumulates in the region of the tail. This fat is used in sacrificial and other ceremonial rights.

MONKEYS' PRACTICAL JOKES.

Amusing Tricks Played By Lively Simians on Demure Companions.

That simians have a deep sense of humor no one will deny who is familiar with their conduct and motives. I have witnessed in many instances, writes Mr. Garner, practical jokes worthy of human beings.

In a large cage in the Philadelphia garden were kept at one time about twenty monkeys. Among them were two Entellus monkeys, which species is quiet, sedate, rather wise-looking, with gray beard and hair, and the mein of a stoic. He has a very long, straight tail, and a habit of sitting high up from the ground and allowing his long tail to hang at full length. In the same cage were three or four brown Cebus monkeys who devote much of their time to exercise and fun. While an Entellus monkey would cling to the side of the cage or sit on a perch some ten or twelve feet from the ground, one of these little brown monkeys would stealthily creep up to him, and suddenly grasp the end of the long tail and swing with all his might. Of course, the Entellus monkey could not lift his tail because of the weight of the little monkey clinging to it, nor could he reach it. The only thing that he could do was to climb down the side of the cage with his unweildy caudal burden until he could reach the floor.

During this operation the brown monkey kept swinging until his own tail touched the floor, at which instant he would release his hold and spring for life to the top of the cage, followed by the Entellus monkey amid the screams of the others. By the time he would reach a point where he could attack his little tormentor, who would show some signs of resistance and cause him to pause for a moment, another brown monkey would seize hold of the long tail and swing like a prize boy at a Sunday-school picnic.

I have watched this game for an hour at a time, and been as much amused as the little monks themselves. I observed that they took their turn in catching the tail with almost the same regularity as base ball players take their turn at the bat.

A Short Fable for Men.

Once there was a widower, left with three children, who concluded instead of rewiving to take a bachelor brother to superintend his house and be as far as he could a house parent to the little ones.

"If you come to me," says widower John, "I will do as well by you as I did by Mary. You shall reign supreme in my home, and I will lay my fortune at your feet."

"Fortune; where is it?" says innocent bachelor William. "Will you make it over to me in writing?"

"I mean," says John, explaining, "that I will provide the table liberally, dress you handsomely, get you meerschaums and canes, and generally do my best to make you happy."

"But that wouldn't do," says bachelor William. "I have never been considered extravagant in my habits, but I can imagine desires to arise which neither meerschaums, canes, nor unlimited credit at my tailor's would wholly cover."

"Oh, don't be afraid!" says the widower, kindly. If you learn how to coax as well as Mary did, you will get no end of odd change to spend in your little vanities. You are my youngest brother, and I have always been fond of you. Just lay your sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

"It wouldn't do," says William; "it would kill my self-respect. I would rather have fifty dollars a month at my own disposal than five hundred dribbled out to me for the asking."

"I am disappointed in you, brother," said the kind widower. "I had thought that there was such a beautiful fraternal relation between us that you would be above caring which of us held the money. Mary didn't mind."

"Are you so sure of that?" said the bachelor brother, thoughtfully.

The World's Most Useful River.

The Nile is probably the most useful river in the world. It has turned an arid wilderness into the richest land in the world. It has provided at the same time an admirable commercial highway, and made easy the transportation of building materials. The ancient Egyptians were thus enabled to utilize the granite of Assuan for the splendid structures of hundred-gated Thebes and of Memphis, and even for those of Tunis, on the Mediterranean coast. At a time when the people of the British Isles were clad in the skins of wild beasts, and offered human sacrifices upon the stone altars of the Druids, Egypt was the center of a rich and refined civilization. Most of this development of Egypt was due to the Nile, which not only watered and fertilized the soil annually, but was and is one of the greatest and best natural highways in the world. From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace; while, on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind, except when it blows a gale. That is why ancient Egypt did not need steam power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile, nor for the barges carrying building material for hundreds and hundreds of miles.

Alexander the Great is the only celebrated man of history of whom it may be truthfully said: He was born in Europe, died in Asia, and is buried in Africa.