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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 44. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,136.

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 45 11 32
6 40	12 18	6 40 Lonaconing	10 42	5 39 11 24
6 52	12 29	6 52 Midland	10 30	5 28 11 09
6 55	12 32	6 55 Ocean	10 26	5 24 11 05
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 01	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 Barrelville	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. Savage jun	9 28	4 35 10 13
8 00	1 35	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, 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 " " daily except Sunday	....	7:40 a m
" 11—Mail leaves	....	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited..leaves	....	4:30 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	..	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail "	..	1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday	..	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves	..	2:25 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 o. cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

THE LITTLE THIEF.

"Ah, the scoundrels!" exclaimed the old guard, planting himself before a tomb.

He had never witnessed such destruction. For several days it had been going on, and it had confounded him, and filled him with indignation. And yet it was but a little while ago that he had made his official rounds through all the silent avenues.

This had been "Father John's" duty for thirty years. He had quitted his regiment only because of severe wounds, but, thanks to his excellent constitution, he recovered from his injures and had obtained the modest place of forester in the cemetery of Ivry.

An old man without family, he found himself alone after leaving his comrades, and without friends, save those who loved him for the military medal which he wore upon his breast; and so he grew to have a veritable love for the tombs which were confined to his care.

His tombs were his family, his friends, his regiment; and his days ran on in a happy calm. But his satisfaction was beginning to disappear. Suddenly his quiet life had been poisoned. Grief positively tortured him, filled his heart with indignation and made his blood boil. Some one was stealing from the tombs.

The shock was a heavy one. The artistically carved Christs, the golden medallions, all the objects of value were disarranged. On one tomb, resplendent with bouquets of choice flowers, in which were put notes saying that "those who remained did not forget," some sacrilegious hand had profaned the pious souvenirs, tearing up the pretty flowers, and in a corner nothing but the note remained, seeming to say, "A thief! A thief!"

With hands wide spread Father John stood before the tomb; he could not withdraw his eyes. The evening before it was so beautiful, and surrounded by a real garden—as lovely a spot as was to be found in the whole place. A devastating hand had passed that way, dragging up the most beautiful roses, leaving behind havoc and devastation. His pent-up wrath mounted to the old man's head, and flushed his face with a deep red. But a single hope remained—"to surprise the malefactor and"—

He did not finish, but with his arms extended, and shaking his fists in the air, he menaced the unknown author of the mischief. Then he resumed his walk, saying at each step, as if it were a refrain which contained all his wrath: "What can induce anybody to become such a rascal!"

Suddenly, on turning a corner, the old soldier saw a little girl trotting along with uncertain steps. Her dress was a mere rag, through which could be seen her rosy skin. The scanty robe was covered with mud, and her arms, red with the cold, sought to hide under her fringe of tatters. From afar the forester followed her.

"Probably," he thought, "she is one of those little beggars who hang about the grounds—poor little vagabonds sent by their parents to beg alms of the visitors."

But quickly his eyes burned with anger. He wished to shriek, but, suffocated with wrath, he could not. He saw the little girl stop beside a grave and seize with both hands a rose-bush, which she shook with violence, and by a final effort uprooted. She bore the shrub in her arms, and ran right before him, stumbling at each step, and bruising her naked feet without a note of complaint, seeing nothing, and not even hearing behind her the wheezing breath of the old soldier, who followed closely, saying between his clinched teeth: "Ah, little thief, I have you! You are doing a good business."

II.

When Father John overtook her at the foot of the garden in the paupers' corner the child was on her knees before a grave, which formed a strong contrast to the great simplicity of those which surrounded it. At the head of this grave was a little wooden cross—badly planted, for it was in the middle of the grave; but around it, as upon the tombs of the wealthy, superb flowers were scattered.

The guard, astonished, stopped short beside the little one who was kneeling upon the frost-hardened ground. She murmured aloud unintelligible words, while her body was convulsively shaken with sobs.

She uttered plaintive groans, and great tears rolled down her thin cheeks. She raised her head, clasped her hands, and her childish voice uttered a prayer in the silence. Then she took the rose-bush, which she had laid upon the ground beside her, gave a long kiss to one of the roses and began to dig a little hollow in the earth with her fingers. In this she planted the shrub.

Behind her Father John had instinctively taken off his hat, but he soon put it on his head again, and, out of patience with himself for his momentary forgetfulness, called himself an "old beast." He decided to finish the little drama before him by placing his hand upon the shoulder of the child. His rough touch made her turn with a quick motion, and at his cry, "At last I have got you, you little thief!" she gave a convulsive moan. Frightened, then bewildered, like one coming out of a dream, she raised her little face, all blue with cold, and saw the wrathful face of the forester, and in her ears she heard his rough voice menacingly calling her "a little thief."

Then she uttered a cry, and looked as though she would flee; but, paralyzed by fright, she remained nailed to the ground. Her teeth were chattering, a shiver ran through her whole frame, and her great, astonished eyes fixed themselves upon those of the gardener. He softened his voice.

"Now it seems impossible to me that this pretty head should belong to a miserable child thief."

The little one remained mute. Then anger seized him once more, and he cried, "Speak then—tell me where"—

He did not finish, for, without making any effort to escape, the child dropped her head. Then she moved her lips as though she were going to speak, but sobs choked her. Beside herself with emotion, she fell heavily upon her knees. She pointed with a finger, still black with earth at the newly made mound.

Father John did not understand. His anger had completely faded away before the child's great grief. He forgot his indignation against her, raised her in his arms, pressed her gently against his breast, and warmed her face in his large hands, whispering into her ear. "See, little one, I will do you no harm. Don't cry any more. Just tell me why you took the flowers from the other lots to bring them here?"

Then the child, in a broken voice, told her story: "My mamma loved flowers so much, sir!" A sob almost interrupted her, but she summoned all her force and cried: "She is dead—my mamma! They brought her here. I came to get her flowers."

"But thy father?" asked the gardener. The child looked at him with an innocent, astonished air.

"I do not know. I know only my mamma, my pretty mamma. Ah, sir, let me get her flowers!"

Roughly the old man fondled her and wept in his turn. Her head instinctively nestled in the warm shelter.

"Ah! thy mother loved flowers! Well, but thou must not steal them! Come with me. My garden is full of them. We will go and pick some, and we will bring them to your mamma."

"Truly? Truly? Is it true?" cried the little one, quickly comforted. Her small arms clung more closely around the old man's neck, and, giving him a warm caress, she said, with infantile tenderness: "Oh! how I love you!" Then, resuming a serious air, she slid to the ground, and kneeling and looking upward, she said aloud: "Our Father, which art in heaven"—

Then the gardener, standing near her, murmured: "Poor little thief! though I have caught you, your business is so good that you shall henceforth be my child."

(This touching sketch appeared anonymously in Le Francais, and has been translated for Romance by H. L. B. Porter.)

Slang.

Girls use more slang—especially if they are grown up—than boys do. Girls talk much more than boys, so that their stock of uncouth words is in more frequent use. It is also larger. If a boy were a mine of slang his taciturnity would keep it concealed from all but a few of his chums. His inventions are confined to a small circle, and his opportunities of borrowing are correspondingly diminished. Not so with the girl. The loquacity of her associates, aided by her own, spreads and multiplies slang with the greatest rapidity. She is more sociable.

At school she is thick with a dozen and gathers in all the dozen know. And besides, says the same authority, girls are so reckless in the use of language that they give a slangy character to good English. With the girl at the period of gigglehood every good thing is perfectly so. She never does this and she always does that. She sometimes feels hateful, but it is oftener some one else who is perfectly horrid. Nearly everything is awful. Such are some of the charges this abominable person brings against the sweet young creatures.

Another authority flatly contradicts them all and says the boy is the sum of all villainies. The words he prefers, it is asserted, are so tinged with profanity that he cannot use them at home, and it is thus only that he gets his reputation for freedom from slang. Who can settle the dispute? We are of opinion that injustice is done to the girls. We are confident, also, that few boys are as bad as represented. It is possible that the so-called "authority" has been judging the whole world from his few unfortunate associates.—Baltimore Sun.

Queer Facts About Money.

There are 119,900,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of them are still outstanding. Three million three-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen.

Of 800,000 half cents, which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the Government for recoinage or is held by the Treasury. Congress appropriates from $100,000 to $150,000 yearly for recoining the uncurrent silver coins now in possession of the Treasury. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated, because there is no demand for them.

Not long ago the stock of them amounted to $26,000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of minting, but is required to reimburse the Treasurer of the United States on account of the loss of weight which silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. This loss amounts to $30 on every $1,000, and it has to be made good in order to set the Treasurer's accounts straight.—Boston Transcript.

What Poets Need.

A whimsical letter written by W. S. Gilbert notes "a great want" among poets. "I should like to suggest," he says, "that any inventor who is in need of a name for his invention would confer a boon on all rhymesters and at the same time insure himself many gratuitous advertisements if he were to select a word in common use that rhymes to one of the many words in common use that have very few rhymes, or none at all. A few more words rhyming to 'love' are greatly wanted. 'Revenge' and 'avenge' have no rhyme but 'Penge' and 'Stonehenge;' 'coif' has no rhyme at all. 'Starve' has no rhyme except (oh irony!) 'carve.' 'Scarf' has no rhyme, though I fully expect to be told that 'laugh,' 'calf' and 'half' are admissible, which they certainly are not."

A Frenchman must be forty years old to be a senator, and twenty-five to be a deputy. They are chosen by direct vote of the people.

Improving the Opportunity.

The woman of forty who clings to the airs and graces which made her charming at twenty, and still expects society to take an active part in amusing her, makes a sad mistake. Society is gay, delightful—to many, even fascinating; but it is eminently selfish. It cares only for the man or woman who has something to give it. The maiden of eighteen charms by her beauty and freshness; when these pleasant gifts have faded, if she be wise she offers something else in their place or something more enduring and enchanting than mere surface graces. Forty is not twenty, says *Bazar*, neither ought it to wish to be. At forty a woman's sources of enjoyment should be double what they are at twenty. At twenty, she is selfish; at forty, she should have learned some lessons of self-sacrifice and their rewards, and these lessons should make her—indeed, they cannot fail to make her—a more agreeable friend, a more valuable companion. But in the uncertain period, a woman too often falls a victim to certain other temptations. She is tempted by hobbies. Ten years ago, her little opinions were listened to with gay raillery or tender seriousness and respect. Now, if she is at all strenuous in advocating or persistent in introducing these same themes to which she has given mature thought, her conversation becomes wearisome. She must avoid hobbies, in society at least, particularly if they run counter to fixed opinions. But the single woman may successfully cultivate a certain brightness of appearance which results from being genuinely interested in the great world and all its happenings. Reading will do much for one, but reading alone is not sufficient. Interchange of thought, the ready expression of opinion, a certain flavor of keeping in touch with all bright and pleasant things, will serve the older maiden in good stead when the little day of youth goes by. There is no assumption in this. Her happiness comes from the cultivation of this spirit, and a happy woman is sure to have friends. Cheerfulness wins its way anywhere. A cultivated and avowed talent almost invariably wins a place in society for its possessor, and age has little to do with its enjoyment. A lady who can and will render a fine musical selection on the piano, harp, or guitar, or whose sweet voice can and will lend its power for song for the pleasure of others, finds herself appreciated and sought after. A pleasant story-teller, who has the discretion to tell short stories and adapt them with tact to her audience, is a winning companion. The grand thing to remember is this: If you wish to be still beloved in society and to find your invitations still numerous, you must have something to give in return for social favors. Some people have good looks, an honored name, a long purse, a talent for being agreeable, or a distinguished grandfather; but tact and kindness are fair rivals for the distinguished grandfather, and often win in the race for social popularity.

Cairo and the Pyramids.

From the Cairo side of the river, rising above the groves and acacias and date palms, are seen the pyramids. These astonishing monuments of power and energy were old when they awakened the wonder of Abraham, Joseph and Moses. Their description is in every language, living or dead, and children at school know them from the pictures in their text-books, and can tell their height and area, so that the traveler views them standing apparently just beyond the trees, though really five miles away, as familiar friends.

Twenty years ago there was a narrow path by a ferry, over which you rode on a donkey to the most imposing monuments in the world; now you can take a carriage, cross the bridge, and proceed by an excellent road completely shaded and thoroughly watered. On each side of the road are seen the evidences of the creative power of "Father Nile" in the splendid gardens and green fields. Camels and oxen are plowing with such plows as are represented in ancient scriptures, and doing admirable work in the soft soil, harrowing, dragging and working with heavy hoes. The sun is not hot, the air is bracing, and the people move rapidly and work well from daybreak to sunset. This road is the favorite English drive; a four-horse drag runs every day with passengers; dog-carts with natty grooms, fine imported horses, and strong wiry Arabians ridden by men and ladies are always to be seen. Arriving at the desert the pyramids are found to be an elevation of natural rock about which the sand of the Libyan desert drifts like fine snow. A very nice new hotel, simply and properly finished and furnished, is at the foot of the hill, and carriages stop under the trees. A visit to Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, the sphinx and the pyramids, is a great treat—to many it has been an inspiration.

Short and Sharp.

A hat-rack—Headache.—Truth.

When a man starts for the front it moves away.—Atchison Globe.

The lawyer's charge is usually heavier than the judge's.—Truth.

"Did you see that shocking straw hat De Slips is wearing?" "Yes; another Panama scandal."—Puck.

Love brings a flutter to the heart and a flatter to the tongue.—Puck.

The war cloud has gone, but the pensioners know that it had a silver lining.—Puck.

The navy is a beautiful and formidable fighting machine that spills more champagne than blood.—Puck.

One difference between the optimist and the pessimist is this: The latter eats oatmeal gruel and has dyspepsia; the former, mince pie and thrives.—Truth.

RICHARD OWEN'S GHOST STORY.

In Which He Was Mistaken for the Devil by a Man with a Guilty Conscience.

Sir Richard Owen used to relate a remarkable ghost story, says a correspondent of the London *Daily News*. In his early days, when he held the post of surgeon to the prison of Lancaster, a negro died in the jail and a post-mortem as well as an inquest was necessary.

After the inquest the young surgeon saw the body put in the coffin and the lid screwed down, to be ready for the funeral next day. Owen had at the time been already attracted to the study of comparative anatomy, and the negroes' heads were not plentiful, so he made up his mind that this one should not be lost to the cause of science.

In the evening he returned to the prison with a black bag containing a brick; from his official position he had no difficulty in getting admittance to the mortuary, where the coffin lid was unscrewed and screwed down again. During this process the brick and the negro's head changed places.

The ground outside the principal entrance to the jail has a considerable descent and the time being Winter, with snow and frost, Owen had scarcely passed out when he slipped and fell all his length; the bag went from his hand and the head tumbled out and rolled down the paved way.

He jumped up, caught the bag, and, following the head, clutched it just as it finished its career in a small shop where tobacco was sold. Pushing it into the bag again he vanished out of the shop with all the speed he was capable of. Next morning when Owen was doing his usual duties at the prison he was called in by the woman in the shop where the accident had occurred the previous evening. She wished him to see her husband who was very ill.

He had had, she said, a fright the night before that caused him to look wild and dazed-like. The man, it turned out, was a retired sea captain, who had been in many adventures among the West India Islands, when many deeds were done that did not at the time require to be accounted for. Among these had been the killing of a negro, in which he had a hand, and the transaction had left a touch of trouble on his conscience.

After giving these details the old captain told of the horrible event that took place the night before. He was sitting in his shop, all was quiet, and it so chanced that he had been thinking of the negro, when suddenly he saw his very head roll into the shop in front of the counter, and it was followed by the devil, all in black, with a black bag in his hand.

The devil snatched up the head and both disappeared through the earth like a flash of lightning. The description was perhaps not quite complimentary to the young anatomist, but it was satisfactory so far that it showed that his identity had not been recognized.

Lessons in Self Reliance.

As soon as a child is old enough to understand the value of money, it should be taught to keep a small cash account, if only to show what use is made of the funds placed at its disposal. If the family is living in the country it is an excellent plan for the boys and girls to have a vegetable garden of their own, and sell the vegetables to the family, as it is said to be the custom very frequently in good English families. This should not be a mere matter of play. The vegetables should be purchased on their merits alone, and at the prevailing market prices, inferior ones being thrown back upon the young gardener in order to teach him practical methods of business. Such simple vegetables as radishes and lettuce may be easily raised by a boy, or a girl either, for that matter. It teaches children self-reliance to earn their own spending money. It is just as necessary that a girl should learn this as that her brother should. An important matter to teach her is the value of her signature. If the habit is once formed of attaching her full name to every letter she writes, with her address, it may save a great deal of trouble in future times, should her letters be lost by mail. She should be taught the responsibility which she assumes in thus signing her name, and she is not likely then to write silly and foolish letters, which she would gladly recall. She should also learn that she must not affix her name to any list of individuals, any society, or any document, without knowing fully what responsibility she is assuming. The matter may seem trivial, but she should give time to thought in all matters where her name is asked for, and not trust even to her dearest friend against her own judgment.

Increase in Japan.

An English statistician has been making a study of the population of Japan, and he estimates that the annual rate of increase in that country is thirteen in every thousand. On such a basis the population will double itself in fifty-eight years. This fact is remarkable when compared with the growth of the countries of Europe. In England the rate of increase is thirteen two hundredths a thousand, but in most of the other countries it is between six and nine, and in France and Spain it is lower still. In the case of Japan, too, the number of births is lower than in most parts of Europe except France, and the number of illegitimate births is smaller than in any European state. The writer in question attributes the remarkable increase to the development of wealth since the restoration and the decrease of the death rate among children.

Indians first utilized petroleum.

The Tiger Shark.

The tiger shark is considered equally as fierce, powerful and voracious as the leopard species, and is carefully avoided by the crews of sponging, turtling and fishing vessels. It is not nearly so handsome in outline as the leopard shark, and looks as rough as if it had been forged into shape under the blows of a steam trip hammer. The size of its mouth and the roughness of its form are the first features about it to attract the attention of strangers. But those who know something concerning it are chiefly attracted by the tiger-like stripes, which have given it the name it bears, and the indications of most extraordinary strength in its deep full body, powerful tail and heavy fins. Is is, in all probability, the strongest member of its genus in Florida waters, and is swift enough to overtake a dolphin; yet it has the habit of lying in wait near beaches and swallowing thousands of little turtles, not larger than silver dollars. It is reported to attain a length varying from twenty-five to thirty feet, but the largest I ever saw measured only sixteen feet. It is rarely seen in the shallow bays on the western coast, preferring to keep to the open waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where abundance of food and a safe haven during a tempest may always be found.

A tiger shark, captured on a hook on one of the Bahama Islands, actually pulled out by the roots a large cedar tree to which the hook was fastened by an inch rope, and dragged it about for an hour. The captors, knowing that it could not pull the heavy load, which floated at right angles with the line of flight for any great length of time, remained ashore and watched the infuriated sea-tiger rush hither and thither and make frantic efforts to get rid of its drag. They say it acted like a maniac, biting at everything it met, from a bunch of seaweed to the tree itself. At the end of an hour it showed signs of extreme exhaustion, and the men thinking this an opportune time for capturing it, seized the rope and hauled the captive high up on the beach without much trouble.

Nature's Choirs.

Musical fishes constitute a phenomenon of considerable interest to mankind at large, for the reason, presumably, that vocal talents are not properly included among piscine attributes. There is no doubt, though, that the popular idea on this point is an erroneous one, for the body of evidence adduced by the most famous and veracious travellers in all parts of the world is simply incontrovertible. Humboldt heard their music in the South Seas in 1803, and twenty years later Lieutenant White of the United States Navy heard it at the mouth of a river in Cambodia. To this last individual the sounds which spread around the bottom of the ship suggested the mixture of the bass of an organ, the music of the bells, the gutteral cries of a large frog, and the tones which imagination might attribute to an enormous harp—a very queer combination. Tennant tells us of a visit he once paid to a lake at Batticaloa to investigate a report concerning some musical sounds peculiar, so far as he knew, to the place. He also found in them a distinct resemblance to the notes of an Æolian harp, and he adds that "they came up from the water like the gentle trills of a musical chord—not one sustained sound, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself." A correspondent of *Nature* writing from Greytown in May, 1870, said the concert began around his ship punctually at midnight, and invariably continued for the same period—two hours. The sound, according to him, was "musical, metallic, with a certain cadence, and a one, two, three time tendency of beat." It could not be fixed at any one place, but always appeared to recede from the listener. The story of Ulysses and the sirens is a very interesting one, but we are afraid it is not a record of fact, and that the ravishing sea maids were nothing more than musical fishes.

Free Points on Law.

Lawyers, like doctors, see much of the selfish side of human nature. Their "friends" do not scruple to draw upon them for the legal knowledge which has been gained by years of study, and profit by it without the formality of a fee. There is nothing easier than to drop into the office after business hours for a social chat, hand out a cigar, and in the relaxation that follows turn the talk to some apparently hypothetical question of law, then when the floodgates of legal lore are open to absorb the information and thus save good dollars at the expense of a cigar or two. Unfortunately, it is impossible for a well-bred man to escape this imposition. Nor are men the only offenders. I have been amused to notice how some women contrive to get some free points on law. In the public law libraries, for instance, that are occupied every day by lawyers, such a scene as this is by no means uncommon. The big door will swing around in a slow, uncertain way, and a woman makes her appearance. She approaches the bright young man at the desk, and timidly asks him if he knows where she can find out about the law on some stated point. He generally finds a book for her, points out a passage bearing on the question and lets her read it at her leisure. If, however, it is beyond his knowledge of law, he inquires about it from some of the good natured lawyers in the room. Two or three of them will listen to the woman's explanation, and the opinion she receives is the combined wisdom and judgment of all of them. And so gallant are American men as a rule that no one begrudges the knowledge he has given her.

ANNOYING POLITENESS.

A Traveller Forced to Eat a Most Unsavory Mess.

Genuine politeness is always the outcome of a kind heart, and travellers usually appreciate any thoughtful attention from their fellow-passengers; but the author of "Two Years in a Jungle" once found it rather difficult to receive a courtesy from a companion on a railroad journey. In the compartment with me were three old Hindoo merchants, gray-bearded, dignified and respectable, who evidently were natives of the better sort.

Breakfast time came. We were still many hot and dusty miles from a refreshment station, and from the depths of some of their bundles the old gentlemen, who had evidently travelled before, evolved a supply of cooked food. It consisted simply of a large bowl of "dai," like stiff pea-soup, and a pile of "chapathes," small, leathery unleavened pancakes made of flour.

With my usual indifference to the wants of my inner man, I had neglected to provide myself with luncheon; and while I was thinking of the nice breakfast I should have in two or three hours one of the old gentlemen suddenly thrust his fingers into the bowl of cooked "dai"—they had no spoons, forks or knives—scooped up a generous handful, plastered it over a little pile of "chapathes," and with a benevolent beam over his spectacles, handed it to me. I was completely taken aback for an instant, for the old gentleman's hands were as grimy as possible; but I accepted the food with my politest bow, and ate it with every appearance of gratitude. I would have eaten it had it been ten times as dirty as it was. The act was as friendly as any man could perform, and I was pleased with its pure charity and benevolence, if not with the food.

His Trade.

The man in the case had an idea that he wanted to marry the girl, but before he proceeded to business he concluded that it might be best to give himself a boost by asking the mother's consent to address the daughter; so he interviewed madam and she flung the pride of the family at him in a way that paralyzed him.

"Did I understand you, sir, to say that before you went West you worked at a trade?"

"Yes, madam," he replied, with a twinkle in his tone.

"May I inquire what kind of a trade it was!" she asked with an effort.

"A very good one, madam."

"No trade at all, sir, is good enough for the man who is to marry my daughter."

"You might think differently if you permitted me to explain, madam," he ventured.

"No, sir; my mind is fixed, and I hope you will withdraw your suit and give up any hope you may have had of marrying my daughter."

"Very well, madam. And may I now explain the nature of my trade?" he said, not in a grief-stricken voice.

"I am not interestad at all, but if you wish you may explain, and I will listen."

He rose from his chair with his hat in his hand.

"Ten years ago," he said, "my father, who was a judge and a man of wealth and position, as his father was before him, gave me a piece of property in New York city. A friend of mine owned some mountain land in Colorado which he wanted to get rid of. I wanted him to exchange it for my city property, but he was not disposed to do so. My mind was set on going West, though, and for six months I worked at that trade—"

The haughty lady caught on.

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted.

"Pray let me finish," he said. "For six months I worked at that trade and at last got the land. Before the year was out I discovered silver on it, and it has been paying me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year since. Now, my dear madam, wouldn't you say that was almost a good enough trade for the man who would marry your daughter? Good morning madam!"

And before she could pull him in he had departed thence.

Evolution of Names.

Many names are radically changed by the omission or introduction of one or two letters. From the German Bauer to the English Bowers, and from the French Boulanger to the English Bullinger, is but a step, as it were. But there are no people who are oftener more humorously accused of altering their names than the Irish. Thus, Dillon has become Dyllyn; Divver, Devere and Devyr; McCarty, Mackartee and Makart; Slattery, Slater and Slatterlee; O'Brien, Obrion and Breen; McGinness, Guinness and Inness; Reilly, Relyea; Duffy, Dufay; McGuffin, Magoffin; Quinn, Queen; Fogarty, Fougert; Haggerty, Haggart; Sully, Soule. The English singer, Braham, merely dropped a letter when he went on the stage. He was a Hebrew, and his real name was Abraham.

The Largest State Capitol.

The State Capitol of Texas is the largest State building in the United States, and the seventh in size among the buildings of the world. It is a vast Greek cross of red Texas granite, with a central rotunda covered by a dome 311 feet high. It was begun in 1881, and finished in 1888, having cost about $3,500,000. It was paid for with 3,000,000 acres of public land, deeded to the capitalists who executed the work.

The longest bridge is 9,144 feet.