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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 46. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,138.

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 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. Savage Junc	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 "	" 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	7:05 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 of cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

LOCAL NEWS.

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.

Half Rate Excursions to the World's Fair.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will run a series of special excursions to the World's Fair for which excursion tickets to Chicago will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip from Baltimore and all stations west of there as far as the Ohio River. The dates selected are Aug. 1st, 8th and 17th. The special trains will consist of first-class day coaches, equipped with lavatories and other toilet conveniences, and an experienced Tourist Agent and a train porter will accompany each train, to look after the comfort of passengers. Stops for meals will be made at meal stations en route. The tickets will be valid for the outjourney on the special trains only, excepting that from way points they will be honored on local trains to the nearest station at which the special trains are scheduled to stop. They will be valid for return journey in day coaches on all trains leaving Chicago within ten days, including date of sale.

Following is schedule of the special trains and rates from principal stations in this vicinity;

Leave	*p. m.*	*Rate.*
Cumberland	3:45	$15.00
Piedmont	4:25	14.50

Arrive Chicago next day at 1:15 p. m.

Remember the dates: August 1st, 8th and 17th.

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.

Wages Coming Down.

A general reduction in wages throughout the country, and especially in the Western mining regions, seems to be the inevitable outcome of the present business depression. It is no secret that it is in contemplation, and it will be well for both the employers and employes to be guided accordingly.

Already the miners on the Comstock who have had for so many years $4 a day, have, it is reported, offered to come down to $3 50, but the probability is that wages throughout the country will be equalized, and if miners can earn only $1 50 or $1.75 a day in Michigan and Minnesota, a rate of $2 or $2.50 in the Rocky Mountain States will probably rule. There is no probability of such a recovery in the price of silver, unless an international agreement can be secured, as will render the old rates of wages again possible.

This painful prospect is confronting our industry, and it can only be compensated for by the steady work which large outputs can give.—Engineering and Mining *Journal*.

Summer Excursion Tickets.

To all Northern and Eastern seaside, lakeside, and mountain resorts, to Deer Park and Oakland, the Virginia Springs, Niagara Falls, Luray Cayerns, Gettysburg, and to all other points where people gather in search of health and pleasure, are now on sale at all Baltimore and Ohio ticket offices at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be sold from July 1 to September 30, and are valid for return passage until October 31. Before selecting your route or resort consult B. & O. summer excursion book, in which shortest routes and lowest rates, via "Picturesque B. & O." to all resorts are given from points on that road east of the Ohio River; profusely and artistically illustrated. This book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address with ten cents in stamps to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

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,

NAOMI'S RIVAL.

UNFOUNDED JEALOUSY, WHICH WAS CURED BY A BRAVE DEED.

"Is supper ready, Naomi?"

"No, it ain't!"

David Pole had brought with him a breath of the cold outside air into the room where his sister was ironing. The young people were alike—tall, well shaped, swarthy complexioned, with regular features and large, gypsy-black eyes, where the jetty lights seemed to swim at every breath.

A very old woman, cowering over the stove, had the same strange eyes, although her hair, under its close-frilled cap, was bleached snow white, and her skin was the color of old parchment.

"What ye got?" the crone demanded, as young Pole flung a bunch of birds on the table.

"Something for breakfast, Granny," said he. "I've been hunting in Callet Woods. Not much luck, though. I say, Naomi, I wish'd you'd hurry up supper."

"What for? It ain't supper time yet, and I've got all the towels to do yet."

"Oh, bother the towels! I want to go over to Skene's Corners to-night and see Miss Stuart's new piano."

"Humph!" Naomi ironed away with redoubled zeal. "Miss Stuart's new piano, indeed! I wish Miss Stuart was further, and her new piano, too! But you're like all the rest, Dave—a new face turns your head. Hessie Holt and her poor little parlor organ ain't much account now."

"Eh? What ye talkin' 'bout? Who's Miss Stuart? Is Hessie Holt's organ out o' turn ag'in?" crooned out the old woman by the fire.

"Granny don't know," said Naomi. "I guess she's the only one that don't. Miss Stuart, granny? Why, she's the latest fashion at Skene's Corners. She's the new schoolma'am. Ask our Dave if you want to know all about her. Ask any of the young fellers!"

"Ask John Classon!" added David, angrily. "Naomi's jealous—that's what ails Naomi."

Naomi compressed her full red lips and ironed resolutely on. The old grandmother fell into a sort of doze and nodded over the stove. David Pole took the lantern down from its nail against the chimney-piece.

"If I can't get my supper here," said he, "I'll get it over to Classon's. I'll look arter the cattle first."

And in a moment David was gone.

"He can do as he pleases," thought Naomi, vindictively. "There's nothing but cold pork and pickled beets for supper, anyhow. Perhaps they'll have something better at Classon's. Miranda's a good cook."

The clock had just struck 6 and granny was stirring the homely brown sugar into her first cup of tea, when a gentle knock sounded on the warped panel of the outside door. Naomi rose to answer the summons.

A beautiful young woman, with red-gold hair, large light-blue eyes and a complexion as delicate as a rosecleaf, stood there, wrapped in a scarlet and black plaid shawl.

"Miss Pole?" she said, hesitatingly.

Naomi inclined her head stiffly.

"Yes," said she, "that is my name."

"I am Eda Stuart."

Again Naomi bowed frigidly.

"And," hesitated the new school teacher, with a smile that might have melted the earthenware Chinaman on the lid of granny's teapot, but which produced no sort of effect on Naomi Pole, "I've started out to visit a sick pupil—Louisa Ledyard—and I'm afraid I've lost my way. I hadn't any idea it would grow dark so soon, and I must be back by 7 o'clock, for I expect some friends to try a new piano that I have had sent me from Boston. Your brother has half promised to come, Miss Pole. Won't you accompany him?"

"David isn't at home," said Naomi, with a sidewise glance at the road down which her brother had strode some time ago. "And I don't care pothin' about pianos."

Miss Stuart colored and shrank back. She felt as if this hard, handsome brunette had slapped her in the face.

"Perhaps, then," said she, "you can tell me the nearest way home. It's quite dark, you see, and," brushing some white, needle-like particles out of her face, "it's beginning to snow."

"Keep right along the path till you come to the old stone tavern," said Naomi, indifferently. "Then turn to the right, and it ain't more'n half a mile, or maybe three-quarters!"

The bright-dressed girl still lingered on the doorstep.

"I am not very well acquainted with the roads around here," said she. "If you could send a boy to show me?"

"We don't keep no boy," said Naomi. "And we've no one to send."

Again Miss Stuart recoiled.

"Good evening!" she said, gently.

"Good evening!"

And Naomi banged the door shut.

As she sat eating her supper and helping granny to fresh supplies of home-made bread and butter a sudden thought darted into her mind.

In giving Miss Stuart the directions for finding her way back to Skene's Corners she had forgotten the young stranger's total ignorance of the neighborhood characteristics.

It was true that the regular road branched off to the right of the ruined pile which had once been an old stone tavern, but there was also a disused thoroughfare which led through a dismal swamp, towards a long abandoned stone quarry, across a rotten corduroy road, which had nearly sunk into one of these frightful quaking bogs which sometimes appear in dense and swampy woods.

To one unaccustomed to the local typography it might be perilously easy to stray off into the weed-grown and deserted track, especially when everything was whitened with fast falling snow.

Naomi sprang up and went to the door. She looked out, with one hand held above her eyes.

"Am I losing my wits?" she thought. "Of course I cannot see half a dozen rods down the road. It's dark as pitch and snowing into the bargain. Let her go her own gait! I ain't responsible!"

A sudden light blazed in her eyes, as if Satan's self had flashed a lurid bombshell across her soul. John Classon, her own "steady company," had been dazzled—at least so spoke the tongue of popular rumor—by the glitter of Eda Stuart's sea-blue eyes. She, the late belle of Skene's Corners, was quite out of fashion now!

Eda had danced every dance at Squire Marbury's corn-husking, and Naomi had sat by among the wall-flowers, her heart swelling with secret anger.

Though Naomi hated the beautiful blonde, she rose up again and reached down the lantern that David had replaced on its hook by the kitchen chimney.

"Granny," said she to the dozing old woman. "I'm going out a few minutes."

"Eh? What?" shrilly questioned Granny. "Be you a-goin' to see the new forte-pianny? Be you bewitched arter the new schoolma'am, too?"

Naomi made no reply. She lighted the lantern, bundled a shawl around her head and rushed out into the frozen darkness.

She gained some distance by climbing nimbly over a stone wall and traversing a stubbly meadow, instead of following the windings of the road, and presently arrived, panting for breath, at the ruined stone tavern.

She held the lantern high above her head and looked around. Nobody was visible. She called aloud, "Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!" No answer came.

For one second she hesitated; then, changing the lantern from one hand to the other, she started on a run down the disused track until she came to the spot where here and there a partially submerged log betokened the former traces of the corduroy road.

Once more Naomi called:

"Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!"

"Oh, is that you? Do come here and help me!" a terrified voice answered. "I stepped on a broken log, and I think the ground must be swampy here; the log seems to be sinking in. But I've got tight hold of a young birch tree."

Naomi sprang to the rescue. Eda had already set her feet upon the doomed spot. In another moment the rescuer would have been too late!

With a strength at which she herself afterwards marvelled, Naomi seized Eda around the waist and lifted her out of the morass.

"Do you know," she gasped, "that you have been standing face to face with death? Do you know that you have wandered out of the road into the Shaking Bogs?"

Eda's face, in the dimmer of the lamplight, was very white.

"And you have saved me?" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I ever find words to thank you?"

"Never mind that now," said Naomi, in the old, brusque way. "Let us make haste back to Skene's Corners. It's snowing faster every moment, and your feet are wet in that awful morass. Look. Here's where you missed the right road. Of course you couldn't be expected to know that this old track was closed up long ago, and I didn't remember to tell you. There are the lights of Skene's Corners now. Can you see them glistening through the snow flurries?"

'But you are coming with me?"

"No. I must hurry back to granny. But"—she hesitated and flushed deeply—"you will kiss me just once to—show—that—we are friends?"

By way of answer Eda flung both her arms around Naomi Pole's neck and showered a score of fragrant kisses on her cheeks, lips and brow.

"Friends," she cried, passionately, "forever!"

* * * * * * * *

"It's high time you were here, Naomi," petulantly uttered old Granny Pole, "when here has John Classon been a settin' half an hour before the fire waitin' for you to come back!"

John Classon colored a little as he held out his broad, sun-browned hand to Naomi.

"You see," said he, "Dave came over to our house to see my Cousin Hessie, and—and I thought it would be a good chance to tell you what I've wanted to tell you so long. Can't you guess what it is, Naomi?"

It was late when Dave came home. Grandma Pole had long been abed and asleep, but Naomi sat before the dying fire, thinking.

"Hullo, Naomi! you up?" was Dave's off-hand greeting. "I've got news for you. I've engaged myself to Hessie Holt, and if the crops turn out good next year my wife shall have as good a piano as Miss Eda Stuart!"

Naomi held out her hand; the limpid black deeps sparkled in her eyes.

"I'm awful glad, Dave," said she. "I'm sorry I was so cross with you to-night; but my heart was so sore. I thought Miss Stuart had charmed John Classon's love away."

"And hadn't she?"

"He has never thought twice of her, Dave," spoke up the exultant girl. "He cared for me, and me only, and to-night he asked me to be his wife."

The brother and sister talked late and lovingly together, while the clock ticked behind its screen of asparagus and the snow built up feathery barricades against the outside of the window panes; and when Naomi laid her head on the pillow her last thought was that of gratitude that she had listened to the trumpet call of conscience and hastened to Eda Stuart's rescue.

"For after all," pondered Naomi, "she was no rival of mine, and—and I think it's likely I shall be married before she is."

And as she repeated her prayers, one phrase lingered sweetly in her drifting dreams:

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"—Saturday Night.

Of Course It was Difficult.

One exchange brings us news of a survivor of Gettysburg who contemplates earning his living as a freak in a museum because he has not yet written a magazine article on the mistakes of the battle. "Were you calm and collected at the battle of Gettysburg, major?" "Well, madam, I was calm enough, but I wasn't collected. With a leg in one part of the field, an arm in another, and a left ear in a third place, collection was difficult."

CAMBODIAN ARITHMETIC.

Curious Method of Adding, Subtracting and Multiplying.

The arithmetic of the Cambodians differs vastly from that of other nations. In the first place their system of enumeration is quintecimal by counting up to 5, as: mouille, pi, beye, boun, pram (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) then going on with prammouille (or 5 and 1, and so on).

In adding the Cambodian does not write his numbers in columns below each other. No matter how many numbers he may have to add he places the first two beside each other, as: 247,372 | 53,723 | with a vertical line to the right. The addition is made and the result set down beside the vertical. Under this first total he writes the next number, and adds the two, drawing another vertical line at the side with the result as before stated until all the numbers have been added. While the process is a somewhat lengthy one, mistakes are discovered at a glance. Their method of subtraction is also quite complicated. Supposing that 657,869 is to be subtracted from 786,422, the operation which the Cambodians pursue is as follows:

657,869	128,553
786,422	

First of all it will be seen that the lesser number is written above the greater one, and the operation is begun at the left. Six from 10 (says the Cambodian, employing the 10 as a fictitious number) leaves 4, and by adding 7 (the first figure in the greater number) he has 11, and 10 from 11 leaves 1, the first figure in the rest. Then he goes on to say 5 from 10 leaves 5, and 8 is 13, 1 from 13 leaves 12, thus giving the first two figures of the rest. In this complex way the remainder is at last definitely obtained.

In multiplying the multiplier is placed above the multiplicand, and each figure in the multiplicand is multiplied by each one in the multiplier, thus producing an innumerable amount of small series, which must then be added in the same manner that has been shown above.

The method of division is just as complicated, but enough has already been said to show that the arithmetic of the Cambodians is not particularly brilliant for its simplicity.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Trapping Wolves in France.

Among other contrivances there is one that outwits the sagacity of the wolf with as little hardship as such a capture admits. Within a circle of strong stakes, not very closely planted, a sheep or a goose is confined. At a distance of sixteen inches is an outer circle of stakes having an entrance eighteen inches wide. The path between the two circles is well beaten down. The door of the outer one, which folds back against the inner, is set invitingly open.

In marches the cautious wolf, pursues the path till he comes to the back of the open door, pushes against the yielding obstacle, and by so doing closes the entrance against himself. The latch falls at the impact of the door against the doorpost, and he is hopelessly fast, unable to touch the decoy animal of the inner circle, or to leap over the strongly planted poles of the outer one. Thus ingloriously kidnapped, the victim is soon dispatched.

A complaint has been made that rewards which the French Government now gives for the slaughter of wolves are so small in comparison with those paid of old. But large rewards sometimes do more harm than good by making it too much the interest of the mercenary troops to slaughter the foe with due respect to the desirability of having always plenty of foes to slaughter. If all the stories are true of the alarm and damage caused by wolves, it is not unreasonable to think that those exposed to be sufferers might assist in their extirpation without the stimulus of a fee.

Many parts of France, it is true, are highly favorable to the wants and habits of the wolf, but against modern skill and modern weapons it is hard to believe that it could hold its ground without the connivance of sportsmen, or if the government were earnestly resolved to be rid of it.

Hawaii's Standing Army.

The "standing army" of Hawaii in time of peace consists of seventy men. When the dogs of war are let loose it is swelled as high as two hundred men sometimes. The Hawaiian army rarely stands, however. It prefers to sit down when it is not on the dead run for cover. Every man in the army has a different kind of uniform. The equipment consists of almost every sort of noise producer, from bulldog revolvers with a bark like the bull of Bashan to the matchlock that Captain Miles Standish used to kill Indians with. If the rank and file take a notion to obey the order of their superior officer, well and good. If they choose not to obey, also well and good. It's all the same to the officers, and more so to the rank and file.

The Correct Form.

"Which is the more correct, 'Thank you,' or 'Thanks?'" an English woman of distinction was recently asked. "The preference in the best society is given to 'Thank you.' 'Thanks' originated in a smart English set, but was abandoned when the 'salesladies' adopted it." "Did you ever hear any one maintain that it is correct form to say 'Thank you' to your equals and 'Thanks' to your servants?" "Ridiculous! No distinction should be made, except one should be more careful in thanking a servant than a friend."

A Widow Speculates After Hearing Railroad Men Converse.

A few years ago a widow and her daughter were occupying a section in a Pullman sleeper on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The section next to this lady happened to be occupied by a couple of the directors of that railroad.

The partition between the two sections was so thin that it was not difficult for a conversation carried on in one section to be heard in the other. The lady traveller heard the two directors discussing a plan of consolidation whereby the stock of the Missouri Pacific was bound to be greatly enhanced in value, says the Cincinnati *Star*.

It was then worth but two or three cents on the dollar. She was on her return trip to her home in Hartford, Conn. The conversation of the two directors preyed on her mind. She revolved it over and over again until her home was reached, about which time a $5,000 note due her was redeemed.

She sent for her attorney, detailed to him the conversation she had heard and said she was almost resolved to invest the $5,000 in Missouri Pacific. The attorney, mistaking her announced resolution for irony, laughed, but the woman of wealth persisted.

"It is but $5,000," she said, "and if I lose I shall have just as much to eat as I have always had and just as much to wear. If the plans betrayed by these two directors work out I shall make a good deal of money by buying Missouri Pacific."

The attorney obeyed the instructions of his client, invested the $5,000, and in less than a month the proposed consolidation was consummated and the Hartford widow realized for her $5,000 investment $250,000.

At the first blush this incident is set down as a proof of luck, but there was no luck about it. It was simply an unexpected exhibition of what in Wall street vernacular is termed "nerve" on the part of a quick-eared and quicker-witted woman.

Not one person in ten thousand would have given any heed to the conversation referred to and not one of a thousand who might have heard and heeded and who happened to have the money, as the widow had it, would have dared invest it.

These incidents and illustrations might be expanded until volumes were filled. The evidence would be cumulative that eyes and ears and brain make what the thoughtless term luck.

The Funeral Sermon Waits.

Among the peculiar people of the Cumberland Mountains, in Kentucky, no funeral sermon is preached over a deceased husband or wife till the death of the widow or widower. Then a minister is sent for, friends and neighbors are called in, and the respect is paid to both together.

Stranger still, according to the author of "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky," is "the custom of having the services for one person repeated, so that the dead get their 'funerals' preached several times, months and years after their burial. I heard the pitiful story of two sisters who had their mother's 'funeral' preached once every summer as long as they lived."

On the other hand they wholly neglect the graves, never visiting them when once closed, nor decorating them with any of the usual symbols of affection.

Tradition assigns the origin of these people to "the early hunters who came into the mountains when game was abundant, sport unfailing, and living cheap. Among them now are still hunters, who know the haunts of bear and deer, needing no dogs. Even yet they prefer wild meat—even 'possum' and 'coon' and ground hog—to any other.

"In Bell county I spent the day in the house of a woman 80 years old, who was a lingering representative of a nearly extinct type. She had never been out of the neighborhood of her birth, knew the mountains like a garden, had whipped men in single handed encounter, and brought down many a deer and wild turkey with her own rifle; and now, infirm, had but to sit in her cabin door and send her trained dogs into the depths of the forest to discover the wished-for game. I had never looked on a fiercer woman."

His Name.

A young spark, notorious for his conceit, was boasting in the presence of several gentlemen about the conquests he had gained over the female heart.

"Look," said he; "here's a handsome present I had from my last inamorata," at the same time handing round a beautiful cigar case.

All admired the article, which had an endorsement of its quality stamped upon it.

"Very nice gift," remarked one of the company. "I perceive your lady love even had your name put on the case."

"Well, that's queer," answered the boaster; "I never noticed it."

"Look again," rejoined the candid one. "The case is distinctly marked 'real calf!'"

A Serious Drawback.

"Jack, my dear fellow, your cousin is a delightful creature! I wish I had her for a wife!"

"You needn't wish anything of the kind!"

"What? Why not?"

"She can't play the piano."

"Well, you don't think she is any the worse for that, surely?"

"I said she could not play the piano, but the mischief is, she will play, notwithstanding."

A court circle—An engagement ring.

THE "CANALS" OF MARS.

Prince Krapotkin Explains the Popular Error.

As to the so-called "canals," which are so much spoken of now and are supposed to be the work of human beings, Mr. Lockyer has already shown in a very interesting paper how the incorrect translation of the Italian canali by "canals" instead of "channels" has created a misunderstanding as regards their real nature. The fact is that the continents of Mars—which are easily distinguished by their brighter reddish color from the darker and greenish seas—are intersected by many sinuous lines which may be considered as fords and inlets, as well as by straight lines, which at a certain period of the Martian year have been seen as double lines by so clever an observer as Schiaparelli, and as single lines at other periods. That these lines, which run for immense distances parallel to each other and 150 to 200 miles apart, cannot be the "banks of artificial canals" is almost self-evident.

And, after all that has been written upon the subject, it becomes more and more certain that Schiaparelli did not take a simple optical illusion for a reality. It also seems difficult to admit that the double lines represent parallel rivers or inlets, which periodically are freed from snow or become filled with water—the lines are too straight and regular to be rivers or fords like ours. So the explanation is still to be found, and new hypotheses are now being discussed.

According to one of them, the lines, both single and double, which intersect the continents may be crevices of the solid crust; similar crevices have been obtained in our laboratories, when experiments have been made with rocks and glass, in order to imitate the crevices and mountain chains of the earth's surface. In such case the channels would be natural crevices, widened by the immense masses of water which pour into them during the thawing of the snowcaps; they would be a sort of canons, periodically filled with water. One fact is, however, certain. The same double channels have been seen this year by Perrotin, who remarks that no unprejudiced observer could fail to recognize them; but their positions and the shape of Schiaparelli's "Sea of the Sun" seem to differ from what they were in 1877.—Nineteenth Century.

It Never Varied a Second.

As they passed the City Hall they all pulled out their watches to compare them with the municipal time. The Price Hill man slipped his hunting case into his pocket again and remarked: "You may say what you please about fine timepieces, but I've got a cheap clock up at the house that I bought 20 years ago that has never varied a second from the day I bought it to this."

"What?" panted the crowd.

"That's right—I bought it 20 years ago for $3; took it home, placed it on the mantel, set its hands, and wound it up—and from that day to this it has not varied a second."

"Wonderful!"

"Stupendous!"

"Amazing!"

"Not a second?"

"No, sir, not a second," said the man from Price Hill. "The main spring broke when I wound it up, and it has never varied a second from that instant."

It was surprising the number of cigars he got out of that crowd.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Altering the Programme.

A young masher, walking up and down the platform of a railway station in Scotland with a companion who had come to see him off, observed two handsome girls enter a first class carriage.

"Look here," he said to his companion, who did not pay much attention to his dress, "I'll get into that same compartment, and I'll tell you what I want you to do. When the train is about to start, you come up and touch your hat, and say to me, 'My lord, the guns and dogs are in the van.'"

His companion smiled assent, but said he doubted if he could do it with the proper air of a nobleman's servant.

The masher took his seat with a lordly air in the same carriage with the young ladies whose interest he wished to excite. The moment arrived, and the train began to move, when his companion came up to the carriage window.

"Hey, Jock," he shouted, "tell your maister to be sure to send thae trousers o' mine by Saturday!"—the young masher having to reconcile himself as best he could to be regarded as a tailor's apprentice.

Marrying to Separate.

In Calabria any strong young fellow with a decently good character can find a wife with a small dowry, though he be ever so penniless. Generally within a week, and always within a fortnight, he emigrates alone, taking all his wife's money with him, and leaving her to work for her own living with her parents. He goes to Buenos Ayres or Montevideo. If, at the end of four, five or six years he has managed to increase the money so as to yield a small income, and if his wife behaves herself during his absence, he comes back and buys a piece of land and builds a house. His friends do not fail to inform him of his wife's conduct and he holds her dowry as a guarantee of her fidelity. But if he fails to enrich himself, or if she is unfaithful, he never comes back at all. It is thus clear that a penniless young man cannot go to America until he is married.