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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 47. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,139.

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., 1677 2d Ave., N. Y. 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. Sav'ge Jun	9 28	4 35	10 13
8 00	1 39	8 00	Cumberland	9 15	4 25	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.				*Leave.*		

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

No baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6. L. M. HAMILTON, May 27 Superintendent.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THE above date

TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
11:10 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 a m
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	2:45 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	2:50 p m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12:20 a m	....No. 4 Express....	12.30 a m
12:30 p m	No. 116 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
11:20 p m	....No. 7 Express....	11:30 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
5:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express....	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72. Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " 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 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.

COUNTY NEWS.

The Coal Trade.

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

For week ending Aug. 5, 1893..... 84,051
" year to same date.....2,411,448
Increase compared with last year.... 243,111

The soft coal trade continues exceedingly quiet The market has undergone no change from last week, unless it is that the dullness has grown still more. Most of the trade is still done at the lower ports, shipments from the New York shipping ports continuing dull. All rail business throughout the entire country is being reduced to some extent. The continued shutting down of the mills in various sections is being felt by the best of the producers as well as by the poorest. There have been some reports of cutting, which, however, have been exaggerated. It is true that some cutting of prices has been done, but certainly not to the extent that the various rumors now afloat would make it appear. The big cuts that we have heard of would, if true, necessitate a reduction of tariff by the railroads; the latter fact cannot be verified and is probably untrue.

If mills continue to shut down no recourse will be left to many of the mines but to follow their example Even now the production is being restricted somewhat.

The blockade on the Pennsylvania railroad mentioned in this column last week continues; indeed, it seems to be growing worse. It looks as if the soft coal trade were going to have a repetition of last fall's experience, when consignees were unable to get coal. The car supply, owing to the blockade, suffered some interuption on the Pennsylvania railroad. The supply on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is up to the requirements that are made upon it.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

Dead.

Mrs. Mary A. Timmons, of Mt. Savage, stricken with paralysis last week, died at that place Sunday afternoon, aged 85 years. She was a native of Staffordshire, England; came to this country 50 years ago, settling at Mt. Savage, and had since lived there. Three daughters and one son survive, the latter, Joseph Timmons, a respected citizen of Frostburg.

GENERAL ITEMS.

New Train Service.

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

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

The new train to the Northwest is called the "Twin City," and leaves Chicago daily at 3:50 p. m., 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.

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.

Considerate.

The toast of the evening is often taken with a little weak tea.—*Puck.*

JIMMIE'S PAIR OF TWINS.

One morning Mrs. Sackett put Julia carefully into her carriage. She tucked her up with rugs, afghans and shawls. Meg often wondered how the baby could breathe; but Julia was fat and hearty, and Meg knew that she grew heavier. So it must have agreed with her.

"Keep where it's pleasant and sunny, and take good care of her," said Mrs. Sackett.

She said this every day. Meg took as much care of Julia as any well-meaning but careless girl of fourteen does of a baby. At the crossing she thumped the carriage down into one gutter and banged it up out of the other. The baby was used to this, and only opened her eyes wide and gasped on arriving at the opposite side

Meg was just turning the corner when she heard her mother's voice.

"Meg!"

"Yes'm!"

"Stop at Hurd's and send home three pounds of brown sugar and a half pound of tea!"

"Yes'm."

Meg thrust her elbows through the handle of the baby carriage and crocheted as she walked. Crocheting tidies was Meg's favorite pastime. She always had a tidy under way.

Hurd's was a corner grocery store with a door opening on each end of the two streets. Meg wheeled the carriage close to the show window and fastened the wheel with a stone so that it couldn't roll off.

Julia sat still, gazed with attention at the resplendent advertisements of Jenk's soap and Tompkin's ginger, although she must have known these placards by heart. Babies have to endure so much which they do not understand that it is not surprising that they become philosophers.

Hurd's was crowded, as it always was in the morning, but Meg did not object to waiting. She chatted with Katie Allen and Lou French, and even drew out her tidy and did two rows before the salesman had time to attend to her.

Then she ordered sugar and tea with as grand an air as that worn by Mrs. Ponsonby, who "resided" in a four-story brown-stone house on a stylish avenue, while Meg lived in a "third flat."

"Wait for me," said Katie Allen. "I've got to go to the butcher's."

"All right," answered Meg.

She waited, and when Katie started she walked with her, talking briskly, down the street almost a block before she suddenly cried, "Oh! I forgot the baby!"

"What baby?" asked Katie.

"Why, I had our baby with me, and I've gone and left the carriage outside the store!"

"There wasn't any baby at the door when we came out," replied Katie.

"Sure enough," said Meg, "there wasn't."

She gazed in bewilderment at Kate's round eyes, and then cried:

"Oh, I know, I came in at the other door—that's it. She's round on Harrison street."

The girls ran laughingly back, and turned the corner. There was no baby or carriage there.

They stared at each other, and Katie would have laughed, but that Meg looked so solemn.

"Perhaps you didn't bring her?"

"Yes, I did! I left her just here. I know I did!"

"Could the carriage have rolled down the street?"

Meg looked up and down the street in vain. No carriage was in sight.

"Perhaps a policeman thought she was lost and took her to the station-house," suggested Kate.

Meg began to cry. Kate's words seemed cruel.

"Run home quick and tell your mother about it!"

Meg took Kate's advice. She ran fast, for she was frightened. Mrs. Sackett heard her story, and gave her a severe scolding for her carelessness.

"Some boy took it to scare you. It must be about the neighborhood. Go and look!" she ordered. She was a hard-working woman, and treated things in a matter-of fact way.

But when Meg came back to report that no one had seen baby or carriage anywhere, Mrs. Sackett became alarmed. She forgot to scold this time. She put on her bonnet and searched the streets thoroughly. She inquired at all the stores and even went to the police station. Coming back from her fruitless expedition, she dropped wearily into a chair by the door. Meg could not bear to see her mother's white face. She picked up her hat and crept downstairs.

An organ was playing a lively tune, and Lou French's little sisters were dancing to the music. They came up to ask Meg "if the baby was found" and Meg without looking at them, choked and rushed down the street. She walked on in a breathless state for several blocks, and happened to pause for breath just where there sat on a doorstep a boy about twelve years old, with a woebegone and tear-stained face. Meg looked at him and asked abruptly: "What's the matter? Have you lost a baby?"

"Lost a baby!" shouted the boy indignantly. "You clear out of this!"

He seemed to look as if she thought she was making sport of him. Meg was glad to "clear." She had only spoken out of the abundance of her thoughts. She walked along, surveying absently the windows she passed. She wondered if all the babies who lived in those houses were safe, or if their parents were hunting for any of them in grocery stores or police stations.

At the next corner she stopped again. Three women stood there talking. Said one of them, a small woman:

"I told her, says I, 'Mrs. Smith, you'd better report it at the station house. It belongs to somebody looking for it, of course!' says I."

"She wouldn't take the trouble. She's too elegant!" remarked a stout woman, sarcastically.

"That's so," replied the first speaker. "She said: 'Let them that lost it look for it. Jimmie brought it home, and he'll have to amuse it till the mother comes,' says she. It serves Jimmie right, though," the stout woman added, decidedly. "A pretty trick to wheel home the wrong baby!"

Meg felt faint. She leaned against the railing. Whose baby where they talking about?

"Where was his own," asked the third woman, who didn't seem to understand the circumstances.

"Why you know he left it beside a store while he played marbles, and his mother came along and took it home to frighten him!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You may depend she was mad, though, when he brought home a strange baby!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Could two babies be lost in one day? Meg stood in doubt a few minutes, while the two women discussed the story. She remembered the little boy, whom she had seen up the street, and stepped boldly up to the talkers.

"Will you please tell me who's found a baby?" she asked.

The eyes and tongues of all three were directed at her at once.

"Why!" "Well—have you lost one?" "Mercy on us! do you know whose it is?"

Meg colored, but stood her ground. "Somebody wheeled our baby away while I went into a store on an errand," she explained. "We've been looking for her all the morning."

The three women were delighted. They all insisted on escorting Meg down the street and into the right house. The mournful little boy sat on the front steps, his attitude showing his thorough disgust with life.

"You'd better go up and take care of your twins, Jimmie!" laughed the sarcastic woman.

Jimmie looked at her, his countenance expressing unutterable things.

"Come, Jimmie, come," cried the sharp little woman, "take us upstairs; we want to see your mother!"

"This young lady has lost her baby, Jimmie," said the tall woman, kindly. "Perhaps it's the one you've found."

Jimmie's face brightened. He stole a glance at Meg, remembering she had spoken to him. He turned into the house and led the way upstairs.

"Here's somebody come for that baby!" he announced, gruffly.

He threw open the door and immediately got behind it, whence he could easily observe proceedings or escape if he should find it prudent.

"I thought somebody would come," exclaimed a drawling voice, "I knew the child would be called for. She evidently belonged to nice people."

The speaker rocked herself in a low chair. Her hair was in papers, and she wore a pink wrapper. In her lap lay an embroidered tidy, at which she took languid stitches. It may be recorded here that Meg gave up tidies from that day. She did not stop to examine the lady, however, but snatched up one of the two babies who crawled about the floor, and kissed and hug Julia more lovingly than she had ever done before.

Jimmie, behind the door, was startled. He wondered if he should feel the same affection for Lauretta if she were lost for three hours. The three women all talked together.

The lady in the rocking-chair listened complacently, convinced that she had done all that could be expected when she allowed the strange baby to creep on her carpet till called for.

"I told Jimmie," she laughed, "he'd have to take care of two babies instead of one."

Jimmie had disappeared into the hall.

"I think I'll take the baby home to mamma, she's fretting about her," said Meg, holding the baby very tight. "We're very much obliged to you, ma'am, for keeping her here."

Mrs. Smith bowed politely. She indicated with her forefinger where Meg would find the baby's clothes and wraps. Meg dressed her and carried her cheerfully down stairs, followed by a cheerful "Good morning!" from Mrs. Smith. With a light heart she tucked Julia once more into her carriage. Jimmie stood watching her from the door.

"Say!" he called. "Are you really glad to get that kid back?"

Meg laughed out her gladness. "Why, of course!"

"Did you feel awful bad when you found she was gone?"

"Of course," said Meg again. "What made you do such a stupid thing as to wheel home the wrong baby?"

"Oh," he said grinning, "I didn't bring he home!" her lowered his voice. "I was playing with Bob Price, and I sent another fellow, and he didn't know her, you see!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Meg, looking at Jimmie with horror.

But Jimmie was bursting with his wrongs.

"Perhaps you think you had the hardest time of it, but if you had to amuse an extra baby three hours, you'd know finding a baby was worse than losing one!"

Meg was so impressed with his air of conviction that she said not a word.—Montreal Star.

The sharpest man is sometimes very blunt in his speech.

OLD TRADITIONS.

Many Have Been Rudely Shattered by Modern Incredulity.

One hardly knows what to believe nowadays; the stories which awed us as children are said to have no foundation in fact. The heroes of history and tradition were shrewd men who played upon the emotions of others, and won a reputation for valor by wordy protestations. Sirens prove to have been mere women—sinners were saints. The ripest scholarship of this age has discovered that Lucrezia Borgia was, notwithstanding all the scandal, little less than an angel. "Long ago I surrendered the story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith and the beautiful myth of William Tell and the apple, and now George Washington and the little hatchet must be deliberately sacrificed to the nescience of this unbelieving Nineteeth century," writes a contributor to *Home Journal.* There is a story that the last words of Daniel Webster were, "I still live;" but everybody knows that he begged his friends not to weep for him; that he had been politically dead for many years. "When I was a boy they believed—simple hearted creatures—that Cambronne said at the battle of Waterloo, 'The guards die, but they never surrender.' Now it appears that the great man said nothing of the kind—what he did say is this: 'The guards surrender every time, and usually die of old age.' Suspense is torture. Let us have done with everything at once, and believe in nothing at all." Even doubt itself may be doubted. "I know absolutely nothing of any existence," said John Theophilus Fichte, "not even of my own. Images there are, and they constitute all that apparently exists. I am myself one of those images; nay, not so much, but only a confused image of an image. All reality is converted into a marvellous dream; into a dream itself made up only of a dream." Extremes meet. A darkey being asked what was his religious belief, replied, "Boss, I's a philosopher, an' don' believ nuffin' any more." The wise German and in one sense the equally wise negro met on common ground. For them both the poet has prepared the fitting motto:

"Thinking is but idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."

Poppy Cultivation in India.

As the cultivation of tobacco is prohibited in England except under a special license from the excise authorities, so the cultivation of the poppy in British India is forbidden unless a license has been procured. When a cultivator takes out a license from the opium department to cultivate a certain area—usually two-thirds of an acre of his own land—he receives an advance in money to secure his allegiance, and he binds himself to deliver to the opium agent at a fixed price, ordinarily of five shillings a pound, whatever opium may be produced on his land.

When official supervision is efficient it is certainly very difficult for a man to cultivate poppies on a larger area than is covered by his license without detection. The cultivation cannot be concealed. It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended, and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop; for the women and children of the cultivator's families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them so that they may serve afterward as the covering of manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions so that the juice may exude. In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium.

Crushing.

"Mr. Chrome," said the would-be artist to the successful one, "I have just finished two pictures, entirely different in subject, and would like to have your opinion of them." The great man said he would be only too happy to look at them, so opening his parlor door the owner pointed to two pictures hanging on the wall, and said: "There they are. One picture is of my father, copied from an old-fashioned ambrotype; the other is a painting of Lily Pond." The artist, after adjusting his eye-glasses and looking carefully at the paintings a moment, turned and asked: "Which one did you say was your father, Mr. Madder?"

Inferentially Admitted.

A gentleman tells a good story on his betrothed sister. Visiting his home after a long absence, he was sitting by the side of his sister with his arm around her waist. Her head drooped on his shoulder in the old, old way. An aunt in the same room enjoyed the affectionate display, and remarked, "Why, that looks like as if it might be Will," the name of the young lady's sweetheart. "Indeed," the sister replied, "you never saw Will in this position." "May be I have," said the auntie. "Well, if you did, you peeked," was the parting shot, which was a practical admission of the soft impeachment.

Stellar Distances That Stun the Mind and Baffle Comprehension.

Sir Robert Ball, an eminent English astronomer, has been delivering a course of lectures on astronomy at the Royal Institution, London. One of his subjects was "The Stars," those orbs which, though appearing small to us, because of their immense distance, are in reality great and shining suns.

If, he said, we were to escape from the earth into space, the moon, Jupiter, Saturn, and eventually the sun would become invisible; but, far as we are from the stars, they still shine brightly to us. Many of these stars are still heavier than our sun. For example, Mizer, the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear, is forty times as heavy as the sun. To the naked eye there are 5,000 or 6,000 of these heavenly bodies visible. In all probability there are worlds revolving around them.

Sixty-one Cygni is the nearest star to us in this part of the sky. Alpha Centauri in the constellation Centauri, in the southern hemisphere, is the nearest of all the stars. The sun is a long way off, 93,000,000 miles. Now multiply this by 200,000 and the result is, roughly speaking, 20,000,000,000,000, and this is the distance we are from Alpha Centauri. Take the speed of an electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light, 180,000 miles per second—suppose a message be sent at this speed from a point on the earth's surface, it would go seven times around the earth in one second.

Again let it be supposed that messages were sent off to the different heavenly bodies. To reach the moon at this rate it would take about one second; in eight minutes a message would get to the sun, and, allowing for a couple of minutes' delay, one could send a message to the sun and get an answer all within 20 minutes. But to reach Alpha Centauri it would take three years, and as this is the nearest of the stars, what time must it take to get to the others?—London Telegraph.

Right or Left Handed.

The despised left hand makes good its claims in many cases to be the defter of the two. The fingers that touch and adjust with such nicety the strings of the violin are surely as cunning as those that move the bow. The hand that guides the reins and steers with exactness the horse through the crowded streets is quite as cunning as, one might say much more than, the hand that wields the whip. But great is fashion, unanswerable in theory, says *Chambers's Journal.*

It is curious to note the vagaries of humanity in cases where no hard and fast line has been already drawn. Although most right-handed persons put on their coats left arm first, a considerable percentage thrust in their right first. Soldiers fire from the right shoulder, but sportsmen are found who prefer the left.

In working with the spade, the proportion of right-handed men grasp the spade with the left and push with the left foot and right hand, though, when using an axe, the same individuals would grasp further down with the right. The Persians mount their horses from the right side, which is the different side from that mounted by Europeans.

The buttons on coats are placed on the right side, and the shed of the hair in boys to the left, evidently to suit manipulation by the right hand. The great philosopher, Newton, records that at first he confined his observations to his right eye, but afterward he managed to train his left.

But there are persons who could not do this, owing to the unequal strength of their eyes. Strange to say, the Chinese assign the place of honor to the left.

At Kunyenye, in Africa, Cameron relates being introduced to the heir-presumptive to the throne, the nails of whose left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length as a sign of his high rank, proving that he was never required to perform manual labor, and also providing him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet.

Provincialisms.

Local peculiarities of speech are less common in the United States than in any other part of the globe, thanks to our system of education, but they are still conspicuously manifest to the traveller. The "pail" of New England and Atlantic States became a "bucket" in the West. In the South North is "Nawth," and South is cut up into two syllables and becomes "Sa-outh." "I was not able to go," or "I was unable to go" in the East, is "I didn't get to go" in the West, and so on, not for quantity but through a limited list. But probably the most remarkable changes are noticed in the modes of pronouncing the titles by which the children of different sections recognize the heads of the household. Papa and mamma, with the accent alike on both syllables, are almost universal in America, but only with the younger generation. With the maturer inhabitants of New England father and mother are the terms by which children address the parents; in New York State, pa and ma are pronounced pah and mah. In eastern Pennsylvania it is pa and ma, with the shortest possible sound to a, as in pat or mat. In the South and West "pap," "pop" and "mammy" are heard, and "dad" and "daddy" are not unfamiliar sounds. But it is when the slasher of Indiana and the broad prairies of the Sucker State are reached that the radical change in the title to father and mother is discovered. There it is not father or mother, papa or mamma, pa or ma with the ah or at sound, but it is a whole mouthful of pa and ma pronounced as if spelled paw and maw.

A LIE.

She told a lie, a little lie,—
It was so small and white,
She said, "It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow.

But, oh, the lie! It larger grew,
Nor paused by night or day,
And many watched it as it flew,
And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
And there were grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shrivelled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and white
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
Had smote her in the face—
Something that cried in thunder-tone,
"I come! I come! Take back your own!"
—Ellen M. H. Gates, in Century.

Too Many Precautions.

A correspondent of a medical journal writes as follows on the subject of disease germs:

The new theory about germs and their destructive properties has obtained a firm hold over the public mind. Every day somebody points to a new form of danger, hidden under some familiar guise, and asks anxiously how it is to be met. All the actions of daily life, our down-sitting and uprising, our clothes, our dwellings, the newspapers, the train, the carriage, the theatre, our every bite and sup, our work and our play, are fraught with the most hideous perils. Deadly germs lie in ambush on every hand; we all know that they yield to no power but that of disinfectants; has not science said so? and to its wise utterances we owe the reign of King Carbolic. No doubt germs exist; but the thoroughly healthy need not fear them any more than other unknown evils. As for chemical disinfectants, to be of any real use they must be applied in large quantities. We talk of disinfecting drains; but does any one know what would be the cost of really disinfecting our sewers? The calculation has been made by the medical officer of health to a large town. He reckoned that in order to do it for his own town with corrosive sublimate, which is generally accepted now as the best disinfectant in use, it would cost fifty thousand dollars a day. With a less powerful substance it would probably be impossible. I do not mean to imply that there is no such thing as disinfection; I have been speaking of chemicals. Heat is a different matter. When properly applied, it is believed, on good evidence, to be a thoroughly efficient disinfector, but obviously its application is extremely limited. And even heat, when applied to food and drink, inspires no great confidence among medical men as a precaution against cholera, for instance. During the recent scare the fussiness of the public stood in marked contrast to the indifference of the doctors who were in the thick of it. Several people, I remember, not content with boiling water and milk, wanted to know if something ought not to be done to butter. The moral of all this is that it is well not to fuss too much about disinfection. "Human intercourse can never be made germ-tight." Very likely coins are a perfect mass of germs. How on earth is it to be prevented? Best go your way and not worry your head about it. If you want a disinfectant try a beefsteak. It is more likely to keep off cholera than all the drugs ever sold.

Lost.

Among the puzzling questions put to young men and women in collegiate examinations is this: "What were the ten days in the world's history in which nothing was eaten, nothing drunk and nothing spoken?" The answer is, of course, the period between October 5 and 15, in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. sliced ten days off the calendar. That was the beginning of the Gregorian calendar. From 1582 to 1700 the difference between the old and new styles was ten days. In the Eighteenth century it was eleven days. In the present century it is twelve days. From 1900 to 2100 it will be thirteen days.

At a Touch.

A neat little experiment in electricity is to soak half a sheet of stout foolscap paper in water, drying it rapidly before a fire, spreading it while warm on a varnished table or dry woollen cloth and then rubbing the surface sharply with a piece of India rubber. The paper becomes so electrified that it will stick to a smooth wall or looking glass, and also attracts small bits of tissue paper like a magnet, and on being laid upon a japanned tray which is stood upon three thoroughly dry goblets will cause the tray to give out sparks at a touch of the finger.

Big Bubbles.

A certain learned professor, in the course of a scientific lecture, not long ago, told his young hearers how to blow mammoth soap bubbles. His directions were: First get a lamp chimney (one that is straight up and down); dip one end into a solution of soap and water, until a flat disc of film covers the end; blow gently till the bubble is formed; then remove the chimney about two inches from the lips, and continue blowing gently. The professor advised his class, in trying this experiment, to add a little glycerine to the soap and water.—St. Nicholas.

Wiggs—Why did Boggs leave his last place? Woggs—Because he couldn't take it with him. He was discharged.