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MINING JOURNAL.

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

22D YEAR—NO. 48. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,140.

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 3d 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 38	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	Mornantown	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 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, 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 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.

A Centre Shot.

The wreckers who are industriously circulating opinions that the country is going to the dogs, and that there will be no recovery for years, are acting from very ignoble motives. When traced to their origin, we find these doleful forebodings come from republicans and some disgruntled democrats, who keep on repeating that the financial crisis is due simply to the fact that the administration is democratic It is not that many of them believe this, or that they would wilfully wreck the industries of the country merely to change the political party in power, but they do not consider the importance in times like these of avoiding the circulation of opinions calculated to disturb confidence. He is indeed an unworthy and unpatriotic citizen who would bring disaster upon the country even for an assured political party advantage, and to endanger it for a distant and uncertain advantage, in future elections is senseless as well as unpatriotic

The "bears" who are accumulating vast fortunes on Wall Street are naturally giving the widest circulation in their power to every opinion and rumor that will depress the prices of stocks. They and the head politicians who are using these unworthy and shameful means to gain personal profit, are really very few in number, and could effect nothing without the help of the countless honest but inconsiderable people who innocently lend themselves to circulate their disturbing stories, and who often destroy confidence in attempting to demonstrate their superior wisdom by repeating the gloomy forebodings which these selfish "bears" are instilling into them.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

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.

Exemplary Miners.

The Missouri coal miners deserve credit for remaining at work in place of following the advice of the Kansas miners and engaging in a disastrous strike. This is a bad time for strikes of any kind. There are plenty of idle laborers anxious to fill every vacancy. —Coal Trade *Journal.*

Incidentally Protected.

The fact about coal is that it is not a "protected" product. The seventy-five cents a ton duty is neither more nor less than a delusion and a snare, so far as the miner and operator is concerned, ordinarily speaking. The only excuse for its imposition is the theory that we are entitled to some compensation for a product, every ton of which produced naturally decreases our national and our natural wealth. If coal, like iron, were an indestructible product and enriched permanently the section where it is shipped, remaining an indestructible addition to the national wealth, there would be no excuse for a duty upon it. But as it vanishes into thin air, leaving no equal and direct equivalent in the place from whence it was taken, it is entitled to some special discrimination. The man who really gets the greatest good from our coal is the consumer And as the consumer really pays the duty under our tariff system on a lot or products not entitled to protection, he had just as well pay it on one which is entitled to have its producers derive their natural rent or compensation for their birthright.—Cumberland *Times.*

A Tongue Twister.

It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam, 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

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.

THE POWER OF FASCINATION.

What is it? Whence does it spring? In what unexplored region of the mind or body are its roots to be found? We understand it as a living fact, but of its why, its wherefore, and whether it be an affinity purely spiritual or partly physical, we know absolutely nothing. Yet it exists; and most of us have succumbed to its power. Few, indeed, are so poor in imagination, so arid in sympathies, as not to have become fascinated by some one or something at one time of life. And naturally youth is the time most fertile in these extraordinary outbursts of self-surrender, when that one special person is the center of the universe for the fascinated soul, the absolute point of perfection and the flawless being who can do no wrong.

Little children, who are in the mental condition of savages, find this strange property of fascination in things more than in persons. To them matter has attributes which are lost when reason takes the place of imagination. A child falls in love with a bit of dead material and will not be parted from it. It does not signify what the thing is. It may be a doll or a fur rabbit, a ball or a bit of blanket. All who have to do with children know that this queer attraction exists in lifeless, formless things as well as in those to which it would be more easy to give that occult grace. One sturdy little fellow, who once caught a small silver fish, would not let the slippery creature out of his chubby hand till sleep relaxed his grasp. And then in the morning, when he found that his scaly Charm had gone, heaven and earth came together and he broke his little heart in howls. What did that dead, slimy, strong-smelling Charm represent to him? Something quite out of the power of reason to determine. It must have lifted his callow soul with some strange suggestion of exquisite beauty—some subtle sense of a far-off divinity, for the moment incorporate in those slimy, shining scales. As early civilization goes back for its gods to beasts and birds and fishes, so children find their friends and secret confidants, their loves and mental marvels in their hairy playmates or their feathered captives. We are never so near to the lower creatures as when we are children. We never understand them so well nor love them so much, for the tie of community and affection between a child and a dog, or a child and a cat, is stronger than any made between an adult master and a four-footed follower, or a becapped old mistress and a furry favorite—one of the "little lions, small, and dainty sweet," for which Arsinoe flung over her old lover and took "far-travelled Nicias" instead.

What is it that attracts us in one face and repels us in another? We might say the plain impress of the spirit within if we were all attracted by the same person and all repelled by the same. But, as with that homely old adage which sets forth how "one man's meat is another man's poison," so the face—the person—whom we loathe another passionately desires, and that which we desire another as passionately loathes. The cause lies deeper than this. It has its beginnings in some secret source—some strange, undetected science of which we have not got the key. These subtle harmonies and no less subtle discords have their own "Ursorung," and we have to go further yet into the mysteries of psychophysiology before we come upon that well-concealed original cause. "Magnetic," some call it, which is merely resting the elephant on the back of the tortoise—and the tortoise on what? When we say "magnetic" how much nearer to the absolute cause of this harmony—this discord—are we? We have given a name, but the name wants its definition, and then that definition must be reduced to its elements. For, after all, what is this "magnetism" which we say we see because we feel? Is it a chemical affinity or a geometrical harmony? And in any case how is it that one person can fascinate many and so prove an indefinite amount of chemical affinity or a strangely complex geometrical arrangement of atoms?

This power of fascination plays an important part in the lives of men and women. Too often the effects are disastrous, though at times—as in the leaders of large and righteous movements, or of purer spiritual aspirations—it has been one of the workers of salvation for the world. Yet for one man who is elevated and made heroic by the personal fascination of a woman, say, thousands are degraded and ruined. The George Barnwells of life are more numerous than the Orsons, and the Omphales and Delilahs are more potent to reduce the strength of heroes than are the women of heroic mould to strengthen and ennoble cowards. This fascination, to which we all, more or less, at some time or another, yield ourselves, has its terrible side as well as its lovely. The "demon lover" of the old poem was but an ower true type of the fatal power which can be used by a strong mind over a weak, to the soul's perdition and the body's ruin of the one who yields. For, indeed, what is love but fascination in its highest sense and to the supremest degree? If it were not so, how should such and such be loved with all the fervor of a life? We see honorable men fascinated into degradation by an utterly unworthy woman—a woman without heart, pity, sentiment or morality; a woman who knows no more of love than she does of virtue. Yet she has power to attract, keep, and ruin strong men and noble lives. We see, on the other hand, women of character and position, who lose themselves, body and soul, for some worthless vulgarian who has nothing, apparently, to recommend him. Hateful to one, he is fascinating to another; and the mystery why remains unsolved and insoluble. A wife clings to a drunken, dissipated husband, not from a sense of duty, which is heroic, but from abject love—the dog-like love of one hopelessly subdued and fascinated to the point which lies beyond self-respect. A husband adores a woman who has not a charm, physical or moral, that an outsider can discover—and so on through the scale of human emotions. We have this power as a clue to many strange stories in history, which, however, does not advance us much. But the only practical part which touches our daily life is the care we ought to take as to the character and nature of those to whom we open our own house door; for where there are young people there will ever be the "field" whereon the fascinator can work; to the harvest of good grain or tares, as may be determined by his own nature.—Queen.

An Armor Invented for the Protection of Soldiers.

Herr Dowe appears by the best accounts either to have copied, or what is more probable, to have reinvented a garment made originally by Herr Sarneo, an Austrian engineer, who offered to his own war office, which, after the manner of Austrians, examined, sniffed at and finally neglected the discovery, says the *Spectator.* The garment is, it is reported, a light shirt of mail, of wire rings fastened upon an inner skin composed of hemp driven into a thick and compact substance by excessive pressure.

The shirt, owing to its elasticity is impenetrable to any rifle now used, the bullet falling from it flattened or in pieces, and this at a distance of a hundred yards. The blow inflicted by the weight of the bullet is, of course, tremendous; so severe that it is doubtful if the front of the leg can be protected from fracture any more than it could be from the kick of a horse; but over the body the hemp does not break the skin, and the soldier so hit, though he might be knocked senseless for the moment, would survive as an unwounded man. The hemp, in fact, gives way to the impact of the bullet without tearing, just as a bag of sand does, and, so to speak, lets the force of the blow through without letting the bullet itself.

There is nothing in this beyond probability, the resisting force of textile fibres like the hem or silk being well known, and their tenacity tested at sea in another direction almost every hour. The extent of the protection must not be exaggerated, for the blow received by an armored knight from a heavy mace was terrible, and the covering must be complete, the face remaining exposed; but still the shirt or cuirass would immensely reduce the mortality from rifle fire—perhaps, if sufficiently thick pads of the material could be worn on the legs, would lessen it to the extent of three-fourths.

Bullets fired from any distance hit the head comparatively seldom, and the bayonet, which would be turned like the bullet, is practically never aimed at the face. With certain improvements sure to be introduced, especially as regards weight, the stuff might prove an effective defence to infantry even as dress and might revive the ancient practice of carrying shields, still in use among the warrior races of Asia, and might materially affect the fate of campaigns.

Early Days in Montana.

Colonel R. F. May of Bozeman, had a fruit stand in Helena, in 1868. "Twenty-five cents would not go far toward buying fruit in those days," he said, the other day. "One man who was courting a young lady used to come to my place and buy four apples for $5, $1.25 apiece, and then present them to his sweetheart. I always picked out four of the best apples I had and wrapped them up in tissue paper and placed them in a neat candy box for him. By and by they were married, after which I never sold him any more apples. The first year's 'pineapples' sold for $7 apiece, and there are still living in Helena men who paid me that price for them.

Oranges were $2.50 to $3 each, and the Montana pioneers who are rich today did not buy them. The first shipment of sweet potatoes ever received in Montana was sent to me, and they cost me $1.35 a pound. The first man that came along on the street was a Chinaman. I was opening them on the sidewalk. He bought two pounds at a $1.50 a pound. Bookkeepers were then paid $12 a day. For a little stand on the street, in front of a store, I paid $30 a month rent in advance. A very ordinary wooden building across the street, used as a saloon, rented for $400 a month. Newspapers sold for 50 cents each. Magazines cost $1.25 each. One day I had an unusual stock of fruit, which I feared would spoil on my hands, and so I got 100 circulars printed. They were very small but cost 10 cents apiece. I did not hire boys to distribute them, but took them around myself. Much of the fruit I sold came 1,600 miles by stage, and this fact had a great deal to do with the prices. As transportation facilities increased prices gradually fell. The prices I have quoted are no higher than the average prices in those days; everything was the same way."—Salt Lake Tribune.

An Elegant Novelty.

Anne Boleyn was the indirect cause of the lemon's introduction into England, and so into popular notice. Henry the Eighth—who, if he rid himself of his wives like a brute, certainly won them like a prince—gave such splendid feasts and pageants in honor of Anne and their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the royal blood. These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London, for which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one of these banquets in honor of the royal pair, a lemon was introduced as an elegant novelty. To an epicure such as Henry, the acquisition of a castle in France would have proved less acceptable, and such was the importance attached to the discovery—so says an old biographer—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies.

KEEDICK'S TYPEWRITER.

Caught by His Better Half In a Plain Act of Deception.

When Mr. Keedick reached home the other evening he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall rack before she blurted out:

"You've got a new typewriter!"

"Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings on, I can tell you. You got your new typewriter yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't dear me! Your typewriter is only about eighteen years old?"

"As nearly as I can judge of ages I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs. Keedick went on, indignantly.

"Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no! Of course not. With a soft voice and charming manners?"

"You are nearly right."

"Nearly right! I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typewriter?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. I want your typewriter's name!"

"It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do about it?"—New York Mercury.

WAS ATLANTIS AMERICA?

Sir Daniel Wilson Believes This Continent Was Known to the Egyptians.

Ignatius Donnelly finds a supporter of his Atlantis theory in Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the University of Toronto, who declares, after a great deal of search, that the lost Atlantis was not a myth, but that it was really the continent of America. He accounts for its disappearance from view in a different way, but that is merely incidental. Donnelly's theory was that the land was submerged by some great volcanic upheaval, and that from those who escaped to the continent of Europe and Asia came the tradition of the deluge. Sir Daniel rejects this explanation as being disproved by the fact that there are no traces of such volcanic action either on the continent or in the ocean bed. He believes that the ancient Egyptians, the most progressive and adventurous people of ancient times, discovered the continent, but that in the decline both of their learning and power it became lost to view and existed at the time our knowledge of Egypt begins merely as a shadowy tradition. It is his opinion that traces of the Egyptians of those days are to be sought in the ruined cities of Central America whose origin has never been determined or even been made the basis of any reasonable theory. Such a discovery would furnish a substantial basis for the legend of the lost Atlantis and the theory invests those wonderful ruins with a new interest for the antiquarians.—Milwaukee Journal.

OBEYING THE LAWS.

The Editor Gives Strange Names to the Game He Receives.

The editor of the Sissons Mascot is a deputy fish and game commissioner. He wears the badge of his office outside his coat and hardly a week goes by that he does not inveigh editorially against the shooting of game out of season.

The Siskiyous are full of deer now and the mountaineers all have guns. Naturally pretty much all the time people are coming into the Mascot office with haunches and saddles of wild meat, and as each subscriber deposits his burden he glances at the editor's badge and says:

"Here is a hunk of bear meat."

Old Shasta Joe came down from the mountain the other day and called on the editor with a contribution.

"I thought you might be getting tired of bear meat," he said, "so I brung you a piece of buffalo. I struck a whole band of 'em the other side of Whiskey Spring, and I knocked over one with eight points."

Since this the editor has been favored with no more bear meat, but in his last issue he acknowledges receipt of sections of hippotamus, casowary, giraffe, walrus and megatherium.

They are great on obeying the game laws about Sissons.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE HAT HONORED.

No one Bowed to It, But a Great Man Sat on It.

On one occasion, when a public reception was given to Daniel Webster at a hotel in Boston, a particularly obsequious old office-seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster until the great man was tired of him, and bidding him good-day, settled down heavily into the nearest chair. But the man, instead of passing on, lingered near, and seemed to have still something on his mind, though he looked very blissful.

Webster observed this, and said, not very good-naturedly: "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?" "Oh—oh, no," said the man, smirking; "only perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster." Webster had, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tall beaver hat, and crushed it out of shape.—Ashton Journal.

The Rear Guard.

Flight from the field of battle may be due to prudence, not cowardice; yet when retreat is necessary, there are few laggards in the race. It is said that when a famous French general was obliged to retreat, as he and his aid-de-camp were fleeing before the enemy he breathlessly inquired, "Who are the rear guard?" "The men who have the poorest horses, general," replied the aide, who was making good use of his spurs.

A Man Fools a Bobtail With a Paper Bag Tied by a String.

"In Memphis," said Charles F. Elmire to a reporter of the St. Louis *Exchange*, "there is a little park called Court Square, situated in the centre of the city. The parkkeeper told me that there were over 500 squirrels that made their nests in the big, shady trees. They afford boundless amusement to the children and to the weary foot travellers who stop in the park to rest. One day last week I bought a bag of peanuts, and while I sat down on one of the seats eating them the squirrels gathered around me like blackbirds would flock to a cornfield immediately after planting time.

"I concluded to try an experiment. I blew up the paper bag, tied a string around it about six inches long, and to the other end fastened a 'goober,' and threw it on the ground. There was an old bobtailed squirrel—the father of the flock—that tackled it. He picked up the 'goober' between his paws and started to open the shell when he discovered that there was a string tied to it. Then he began to run, still holding the nut between his teeth. He jumped off about fifty feet, and turned his head around to see if the bag and string were still behind. They were.

"Well, sir, you should have witnessed the actions of that squirrel after he saw that the bag still pursued him. Up a tree he went; down one side and up another. After he had chased himself about ten minutes he stopped and sorter turned his head around slow-like to see if the bag was still there. It was. Then he started again, and of all the running I ever saw that squirrel did it. He moved about among the branches and limbs like a streak of lightning. Finally, out of breath, he stopped again, and the expression he wore on his face seemed to indicate that he was saying to himself: 'Well, whatever you are, you are not in it now; I guess I've got you.' But when he turned his head around and saw that the bag and string were right there he fainted dead away."

Uncle Sam's Money Boxes.

It seems to be pretty well known that the Treasury vaults are not burglar proof, and letters containing warnings of threatened attemps to break in are constantly addressed to the department. They receive no attention, for the reason, probably, that it would not pay to break into the coin vaults. The only practicable way of doing it would be to tunnel under the building from the outside. This would require large capital. Entrance being gained, what then? The silver lying temptingly near could not be removed in any great quantity on account of its weight. A ton of it would only be worth $24,000. The same weight of gold would amount to half a million dollars. But to get away secretly with such a bulk of anything would be fairly impossible. The thieves would have only three or four hours' start of the hue and cry, and would be captured to a certainty. Bank burglars are an intelligent set of men, and would never attempt so unprofitable a crime as a robbery of the treasury. If they did break in, they would confine their attention to the paper money. A man might carry a fortune away in this condensed shape. But supposing he managed to secure a generous package of labelled and numbered bills, how could he dispose of them? Before he took one effective step in the matter the government, discovering its loss, would have advertised as stolen the twenty dollar notes from number twenty thousand to number twenty-five thousand, and he must certainly be arrested while trying to pass them. The case would have been about the same if he had stolen twenty dollar gold pieces. There is so little gold in circulation that the putting out of so much money in that shape would be sure to excite suspicion, a great robbery of the national funds having been made public. If he tried to melt up the coins and dispose of them as bullion, the consequence would be the same. There was once a man who stole a silver brick from the mint in Philadelphia. He was taking out ashes—threw the brick, which weighed about twenty pounds, into a barrel with other refuse, and carted it away unsuspected. The brick was missed at once, and the thief arrested while trying to sell it in New York. On the whole, it may be safely asserted that it does not pay to steal from Uncle Sam.

An Impressionist Sketch.

One of the good deacons in a certain church is also the superintendent of the Sunday school, and although he is not an artist he frequently illustrates points in the lesson by the use of the blackboard. These exertions are for the special benefit of the younger portion of the school, and the superintendent has a habit of arousing the children's interest by asking questions about what he has drawn.

Having drawn the representation of a crown, much after the stereotyped style of all such royal appendages, he said:

"Now, what one of the little folks can tell me what this is?"

Several raised their hands, but the superintendent's eye was caught by a little fellow on the front seat.

"Well, Johnnie, you may tell."

Proud of his distinction above his fellows, the boy rose smilingly and shouted:

"A pin cushion!"

Crushing Innocence.

Elder Berry—Dr. Thirdly last Sunday made use of the quotation "There are sermons in stones."

Mrs. Berry—Well?

Elder Berry—Joblots is circulating a paper to buy him a stone crusher.—Vogue.

THE BACHELOR.

HE GIVES HIS OPINION OF HIS PLACE IN SOCIETY.

Nature Abhors a Bachelor—He is a Nonentity or a Nuisance—A Cynic Gives a Melancholy Description of His Experience.

"What are the uses of a bachelor?" asks a writer in the *St. James Gazette*, and he continues: "I speak, of course, not of those who are accidentally and temporarily bachelors, owing to the mere fact of their being for the moment unmarried, but the true gems—the men whom fate has fixed where they are, whom to imagine married is to think a contradiction. I am beginning most reluctantly, and after many struggles, to assign myself to this class. The unanimity of my friends is too strong for my smothered longings. Their opinion is declared by their acts.

"But I must not be always talking about myself. It is the general aspect to which I wish to direct your attention. The real truth is that we have no place in society; or at the best we are but what commercial men call dunnage-stuff, put in to fill up odd holes and keep the valuable cargo in its place and uninjured. We are mistakes, oversights. Nature abhors a bachelor. The unmarried woman, we know, is a valuable element in society. She has a career; if there is not one fit for her, we have so to alter our laws and habits as to make one. But no one makes a career for a bachelor.

"I was talking to Miss Nellie the other day (Arthur wasn't there. I generally happen to call when he isn't there), and I asked her of what use she considered me to be. She looked at me and said, with a little laugh:

"'Oh, you make one.'

"'Of any other utility?' I inquired.

"'Well,' she replied, searching her memory, 'you bring flowers sometimes; you talk to mamma; oh, and once you took us to the theatre—to The Dead Heart.'

"'That was an allegory,' I observed.

"'It was,' said she, 'just after I found that I had begun to—you know—for Arthur.'

"'To return,' said I; 'if I disappeared, would any one miss me? Would a soul notice my absence?' I said this in tones of the deepest melancholy.

"'From what he says sometimes,' responded Nellie, with a twinkle in those blue eyes of hers, 'I think Arthur would.'

"That's just it! A bachelor is a nonentity or a nuisance. I don't mind being a nuisance to Arthur; in a way I like it. But the general truth (and I don't want to digress into personal matters) remains. Now, to be a nonentity is, perhaps, the most annoying thing that can happen to a man; and to be a nuisance—well, at the best, it's a poor consolation; besides, Nellie's mamma has hinted to me, most unequivocally, that she does not consider it morally justifiable.

"I was lying on a sofa at the club an evening or two ago, looking at the advertisements in the *Bazar* (we take it because the married men like to know what things really cost), when I heard a voice behind me.

"'Choosing your trousseau?' asked Teddie Fleury.

"'Tut!' glancing at the title-page of the paper, 'I thought it was the *Turf*.' As a matter of fact, the two papers are about the same size.

"Teddie winked as he sat down beside me.

"'Congratulate me,' said he; 'I've just got engaged.'

"He obviously wished me to ask who the lady was; but, as I knew she would be somebody else next month, it did not seem worth while, and, instead, I inquired, 'Why?'

"'Why?' he echoed, in amazement. I waited for his reason. 'Well, I suppose,' he said, at last, 'that I'm tired of filling up the time till the other fellow comes.'

"'Don't be too sure that you've seen the last of that,' I observed, cynically.

"But Teddie had stumbled on truth. Dunnage, dunnage! How often have I spent my lovelornest glances on an eye that wandered to the door, my most charming compliments on an ear that listened for the creak of another's boot! The other fellow was coming—or was expected, but not coming, which made matters worse still. And when he came—well, I've always wondered how women can be such bad judges of men.

"A married man once said to me: 'The great pull you have over us is, that you don't let your trousers bag at the knees.'

"There seems to me to be pathos in that. Unencouraged, unappreciated, often unobserved, we cling, in solitude, to the ideals of youth. A married man does not; he need not. For him, these ideals are functi (or, rather functo, for all ideals are to me feminine) officio. They have won for him a wife; she is his forever, bag his trousers how they will. Poor woman!"

Convinced.

Mrs. Brown—I got tired waiting for you to put down the carpet, so I did it myself.

Brown—Let me see your thumb.—Puck.

Just So.

Judge—Why did you blow open the safe?

"Because it was locked, of course," replied the burglar, with a pitying smile.—Texas Siftings.

The heart that has not suffered has not loved.