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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 50. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,142.

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 5d 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 53 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, 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

A SLENDER CLUE.

A very small piece of fawn-colored, checked tweed, with jagged edges, bearing traces of hard wear. Not much of a treasure to look at; and yet I hoarded it for months. I built my hopes of bringing a flagrant crime home to its perpetrators and of restoring valuable property to its rightful owner.

This is how I became possessed of it. There had been a somewhat daring robbery at a house in Shepherd's Bush. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard were giving a party in honor of their eldest daughter's twenty-first birthday. Needless to say the two servants found enough to occupy their time all the evening and there was practically no one on guard upstairs, it being assured that there would be so much passing to and fro as to render even the usual watchfulness unnecessary. But this sense of security was taken advantage of by the thieves, clever enough to avail themselves of the opportunity. The Blanchards occupied a semi-detached villa, the adjoining one being untenanted. Into the empty house the thieves had effected an entrance. They had stepped out of the window, which was exactly over the double door porch, and from this porch they had found it easy to climb through the bedroom window of Mr. Blanchard's house. The room to which access was thus gained was the one occupied by the master and mistress of the house, and in it some valuable jewely was kept, together with the cash-box. Most of the jewelry happened to be in use, but the cash-box contained £200 intended to pay in quarterly bills on the morrow, and some family papers of the greatest importance.

The first suspicion that something was wrong was aroused when the servant went upstairs to light the bedroom gas and found the dressing-table pushed to one side and the window wide open. She at once gave the alarm, and it was soon discovered that the cashbox and its contents were missing. So were the thieves, unfortunately, and they proved very difficult to trace. The only clue they had left behind them was a bit of tweed, beforementioned. It was sticking to a nail at the side of the window, and had evidently been torn off some garment worn by the thief in his hurried exit.

"I have done my best with it," said Uncle Bell to me one day, "and I now turn this scrap of stuff over to you, to use as advantageously as you can. The money stolen from Mr. Blanchard is irrevocably lost, but if the papers can be discovered it will be a good thing for the finder. They are certificates of marriage and of baptism, copied from registers that have since been destroyed by fire. Without them Mr. Blanchard cannot prove his heirship to the Blanchard property. Restore them and he will pay you well."

Early in the month of September, this being six months after the robbery, I found it convenient to use Drury lane as a thoroughfare between High Holborn and the Strand. It was already dusk, and I was not inclined to lose much time, but was compelled to do so owing to a large crowd which had assembled to witness one of the many fires which flourish in this neighborhood. The street was practically impassible, and the din for a time almost deafening. I allowed myself to be closely, and still more closely, surrounded by the ever increasing multitude, until at last it would have been a matter of impossibility to make my escape until the crowd was ready to disperse. But I did not want to escape. I was fascinated as well as horrified by the awful sight. I shall never forget it. A five-story dwelling was being gutted, and the flames, which had their origin in the basement in an oil and color shop, spread with such frightful rapidity that exit by ordinary means was cut off five minutes after the fire broke out. The frightened inmates crowded to the upper rooms, and were shrieking for help from the windows. The fire engines were splendidly prompt, but could do little beyond restricting the fire to the building in which it had broken out, and it seemed doubtful if a fire escape could arrive and be fixed up in time to save all. To the panic-stricken threatened ones, the danger looked more immediate than to the firemen, who shouted to them to endure a moment longer.

"I cannot," shrieked one man, "I am already burning." A second later he had sprung from the open window; the crowd shudderingly parted, and he fell with a sickening thud near the engine—never to speak or move again. The sight was a dreadful one. But it was still more dreadful to witness the anguish of those who saw nothing but destruction before them. The fate of the unfortunate man was either not realized or it was powerless to restrain their panic, and a woman preparing to jump out herself, threw her baby clear of the devouring element. There was a cry of horror as the poor little mite hurled and struggled in its frantic flight from one death to another.

The next moment—I can never remember how I did it—I had torn my cloak from my back, and had flung it to other eager hands that were ready to break the fall of the baby. It fell unhurt into the outstretched garment, a loud cheer announcing the fact to the anxious mother above. The next instant the escape was placed into position, and the whole of the jeopardized lives were saved.

Somehow, the baby that was tumbled into safety was handed over to my keeping, until the sobbing mother, with inarticulate words of gratitude, clasped her darling to her breast again. I had not had time to think of my cloak. When I turned to look for it again it was gone, having been appropriated by a woman who stood near me, and who was triumphantly retreating with her booty when she was captured by a policeman. I would fain have moved no further in the matter after recovering my cloak, but was requested in the interests of public safety to give my name and address, and to attend at the police court next morning. When the hour of attendance arrived I was punctual, but was eager to conclude the business and get away as soon as possible, in order to keep another appointment. But something occurred soon that made me forget the other appointment altogether that day.

The woman who had been caught in the act of stealing my cloak was a spare, dark woman who looked as if she had seen better days. When asked whether she had taken the cloak or not she replied sulkily that it was no use denying what everybody else seemed to know, and then she began to be somewhat abusive of our laws and institutions, averring that the time was near at hand when everybody would have their rights, and when poor people wouldn't have to work for a lot of lazy swells.

Some of her animadversion was aimed at me, as the owner of the warm garment she had coveted, and she flung her arms about somewhat violently, prompted thereto by the excitement under which she labored. As she displaced her old shawl in throwing her arms about, I noticed that she wore underneath it a shabby jacket-bodice of fawn-colored checked tweed, and this tweed, be it known, was identical in pattern, color and texture with the piece I had hoarded so long to no apparent purpose. It might be a shade dirtier, that was all. Furthermore, it had suffered in some fray or accident, a piece having been torn from the upper part of the sleeve, a little below the elbow. Not only was the tear in a part of the garment that is seldom worn through, but it was so nearly the shape of my hoarded bit of tweed that I was positive one would fit the other, and that I had at last discovered the means of tracing Mr. Blanchard's lost documents.

My hopes were well founded. A little monetary diplomacy, combined with promises of immunity from punishment for the burglary, elicited a full confession from the woman. Assisted and prompted by her husband, she had effected the entry into Mr. Blanchard's house. As we know, she secured the cashbox and its contents. Hearing some one approaching the door, she climbed through the window, tearing her dress sleeve as she did so. At this point in her narrative she broke into vituperative language, all aimed at her husband, who made off with all the money and left her "with nothing but a tin box and some rubbishy papers, which I pitched under the bed, and haven't seen since."

Fortunately for us Mrs. Jinks wasn't given to cleaning up often, and the papers were recovered intact.—Mrs. George Corbett, in the Cincinnati Times-Union.

How Wolves Hunt.

One strongly marked characteristic common to dogs and wolves is their skill in trailing and running down game, in couples or packs. Such a wolf hunt in India is described by an English traveller, who, while with his telescope watching a herd of antelope feeding in a large field, observed six wolves evidently concerting how best to secure their breakfast. Having decided on their plan of campaign, they separated, leaving one stationary.

Four crept stealthily round the outer edge of the field, and one lay in ambush at each corner, while the sixth crept through a furrow in the middle of the field, and there lay down unobserved. When all were thus posted, the first wolf suddenly showed himself, and, charging the antelopes, drove them right across the great field, where they were headed by another wolf, who chased them in a fresh direction, while the first hunter lay down to rest.

No sooner had the frightened herd reached the further end of the plain, than up sprang a fresh wolf, who again turned them and took up the pursuit, leaving his panting accomplice to take breath, preparatory to another chase. Thus the luckless, terrified antelopes were driven from corner to corner of the great plain, till, stupefied and exhausted, they crowded together, galloping in ever-lessening circles round the centre of the field, where the sixth wolf lay hidden, evidently waiting until they should be so effectually tired out as to fall an easy prey.

His calculations were, however, at fault, not having reckoned on the human presence, and just as he was preparing for the final spring, a well-directed shot proved fatal to the nearest wolf, whereupon all the confederates took the hint and scurried off with all possible speed.

Look on the Good and Great.

The youth who has high aspirations and close his eyes to the littleness of an age and save his mind and heart for the vision of goodness and greatness. As artists on their noble studies of nature do not sit down to sketch a malarial bog or some piece of deadness or repulsiveness, but go to where a mountain of pines rises up from a flowery geld or to where the smiling ocean lifts the soul toward infinity, thus the youth who hopes to make high use of his stay upon earth must look long and with rapture upon those fields of human life where humanity unfolded itself in more colors than a whole summer time can contain and in a breadth and depth which no ocean can equal.—Professor Swing.

We use 1,250,000 envelopes daily.

An Ex-Confederate Tells How a Kiss in the Moonlight Saved Him.

"I was a lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment," said Col. John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, to a Boston *Globe* man. "Our command was in East Tennessee, and one bright moonlight night I concluded to ride away from camp and take a look about the vicinity.

"I rode several miles and, coming to a farm house, hitched my horse and knocked at the door. A young woman, the most beautiful I had ever seen, it seemed to me, appeared after a while and invited me in.

"She and her aged mother were the only occupants of the house, the men of the family being in the Confederate army. We chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, when my fair hostess arose and said: 'Colonel, you ran a great risk in leaving your horse in such an exposed position. The Yankee pickets are all about it. I will go and put him in the barn.'

"She left the room and after a few minutes returned, when we resumed our conversation. Suddenly she started up and listened. 'Colonel, you must go now,' she exclaimed. 'I hear the sound of horses' hoofs; the Federals are coming!' Rushing out of doors, she led my horse to the back of the house, and I, following her, jumped on his back.

"The most natural thing for me to have done would have been to set spurs to him and get away as soon as possible. But I could not. I was young and impressionable, and the situation was entrancing. The moon shed a silver light upon the earth, a gentle breeze was stirring and the rustle of the leaves in the grand old trees was like music to my soul. And amid these enchanting surroundings a beautiful face with tearful eyes looked into mine, beseeching me to hasten.

"I could not resist the temptation, and stooping down from my horse put my arm around her, drew her closer to my side and kissed her. As I did so a shower of bullets passed over my head. One of them went through the rim of my hat. I was in full sight of a company of Federal horsemen. No other warning was necessary. My horse realized the danger as well as I and a race for life ensued. The enemy pressed hard upon me for a time, and more than once their bullets grazed my head, but fortune favored me and I at length reached the Confederate lines in safety. Do you wonder that I remember when a kiss saved my life?"

Ages at Which Men Marry.

Statistics show that a law of chances governs in the vast majority of cases the ages at which men marry, who are engaged in certain occupations. Workmen and artisans take unto themselves wives at an earlier age than those whose vocations are of a more intellectual kind. Thus, miners, textile factory hands, laborers and artisans marry at an average of twenty-two years. Of these the miners are first in the field, more than 100 of every 1,000 of them securing wives before they have become of age. Workers in textile fabrics run them close, then come shoemakers and tailors, and they are followed by artisans and laborers. Farmers and farmers' sons consider twenty-five early enough. Commercial clerks seek the pleasures of matrimony at twenty six. Shop keepers and shopmen postpone the rapture a little while longer. Professional men and gentlemen of independent means rarely care to encumber themselves even with so delightful a burden as a wife until they have toed the line of over thirty years. Though the rich marry at a more ripe age than the working fraternity, they continue marrying until long after the last named have ceased to wed. Whereas fourteen miners and twenty-five artisans in every 1,000 marry between the ages of thirty-five and forty, nearly 100 of the professional and independent class do. It is explained in this way: The rich like to see something of the world and its pleasures before settling down to sober matrimony. A laborer has neither desire nor opportunity for it. When he has a house of his own, and a wife to look after it for him, he has attained, perhaps, to the height of his ambition. It is said a man is neither physically nor mentally mature until he is thirty, and if this is true, it stands to reason a man at that age should be better fitted for the duties of a husband and father than a stripling of twenty-one.—N. Y. Ledger.

Spanish Obstinacy.

A Spaniard is as obstinate as a mule. When he is angry he is an inflexible tyrant, and he becomes very angry when he is thwarted.

An anecdote illustrates what a tyrant a Spanish father may be, while at the same time exhibiting the magnanimity of a fair-minded soldier.

General X——, an old officer of Spain, had a daughter who fell in love with her father's adjutant. There was no good reason against the match, but the general refused his consent, and the pair married without it. From the hour of their marriage he would not recognize their existence. The son-in-law and the father fought side by side in several battles; but neither spoke to the other.

At last the adjutant so distinguished himself that his friends pressed the general to apply for his son-in-law's promotion.

"Son-in-law! I have none," he replied.

"Your daughter's husband."

"I have no daughter."

"We mean Lieutenant ——, your late adjutant."

Ah, that is a different thing! Lieutenant —— is a good soldier. I will willingly assist his advancement."

A DAREDEVIL TROOPER.

Col. Howard's Blackberry Lunch with Uninvited Guests.

"I was a member of the Eleventh Confederate Cavalry, commanded by Col. James Ross Howard, who died the other day in Washington," said Stephen Meyer. "Col. Howard was a remarkably brave man. He went through the Mexican war as a private, served with distinction through the civil war, and was three times desperately wounded. After the surrender he joined Don Carlos in his attempt to seize the throne of Spain. Howard loved to fight better than to eat, and never stopped to count noses when an enemy was in sight.

"We were in the Kentucky campaign under Kirby Smith, and one day the colonel, myself and two others got separated from the regiment. We had gone up a considerable hill to look for the Yankees, but failed to find any. Blackberries were ripe and the woods were full of 'em. We stopped to enjoy them, and while we were feasting the command marched on. All of us kept our bridle-reins over our arms but Howard, who tied his mount to a tree, laid aside his sword and pistols and proceeded to enjoy himself. I suggested that it was well not to get too far from his horse, as Yankees were powerful uncertain critters. 'Oh, thunder!' said he, 'there isn't a Yankee within twenty miles of here.'

"He had hardly got the words out of his mouth before four tall, raw-boned bluecoats rose up on the other side of a clump of hazels and covered us with their rifles, while the sergeant in command drawled: 'Du tell!' Howard looked at them, transferred a liberal handful of berries to his mouth and replied: 'Speak of the devil and you'll see his horns. Help yourselves to berries; you're perfectly welcome.' He went on picking and eating, and the Federals lowered their rifles and looked at him in a surprised way, and began an onslaught on the big berries. We chatted with them while we ate, and found them very agreeable companions.

"When we had finished Col. Howard said: 'Well, are you fellows going with us, or do you propose to take us with you?' 'Wall,' said the sergeant slowly, as he reached for a new berry-bush, 'I kinder cackalate we hain't agoin' with you. Ef y' want t' surrender we'll take y' in, but we ain't a-hankerin' fer yer company.' 'Same here,' said Howard, and we parted."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A KISSING FAIR.

The Curious Custom That Obtains in a Roumanian Town.

Halmagen, a Roumanian country town of 1,200 inhabitants, holds its annual fair on the Feast of St. Theodore. On this occasion the place swarms with newly-married brides from some 60 to 80 villages in the district; widows who have taken fresh husbands remain at home. The young women, in festive attire, and generally attended by their mothers-in-law, carry jugs of wine encircled with flowers in their hands. They kiss every one they meet, and afterwards present the jug to his lips for a "nip." The individual thus regaled bestows a small gift on the fair Cybele. Not to partake of the proffered wine is regarded as an insult to the young wife and her family. She is, therefore, reserved towards strangers, and only kisses those whom she thinks likely to taste her wine. The kissing is carried on everywhere—in the street, in the taverns and in private houses.

The origin of this custom is veiled in obscurity. Some say that it dates back to the time when the Turks made frequent raids into Transylvania and carried away all the young women they could lay their hands on. Such of them as contrived to escape from captivity, happening to return to Halmagen at the time of the fair, kissed their friends and relatives, and even strangers who congratulated them on their wonderful deliverance. — Rumanische Wochenschrift.

OUR ANCESTORS SUFFERED.

They Had No Lemons Before the Days of Henry VIII.

Who ever thinks of connecting such a commonplace article of diet as the lemon with the romantic history of ill-fated Anne Boleyn? Yet indirectly she was the cause of its first introduction into England and so into popular notice. Henry VIII.—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 the coronation of Anne and of their previous nuptials as had seldom been accorded to queens of the blood royal.

These kingly entertainments were in turn followed by the great civic feasts of London which the whole world was searched for delicacies to add to the splendor. At one such banquet graced by the presence 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 biography—that a special record was made of the fact that the cost of this precious lemon was six silver pennies!—Kate Field's Washington.

Another Man's Legs.

At the Capitol in Baton Rouge is a portrait of Zachary Taylor with which is connected an amusing reminiscence. While Gen. Howard, the author of Taylor's recent "Life," was looking at the picture an old resident said to him:

"Why, sir, that is Zachary Taylor's head and body, with another man's legs!"

"How is that, my friend?"

"Oh, the old gentleman would not sit as a model. When he little thought what was being done the artist sketched his head and body, but as the general declared he could not afford the time for further operations, the painter was obliged to finish with another man."

The result is said to be fairly good. It is a well-executed picture, though the face is neither so firm nor so strong as that of other portraits, and the figure is that of a man somewhat taller than the general.

People Who Know Not the Luxury of a Soft Couch.

A man accused of begging once declared that he had not been in bed for thirteen years, he took his rest in doorways and passages. This is not a bad record, but many of the homeless class could doubtless beat it, says an exchange. Certainly there are thousands to whom such a luxury as a bed is unknown; unfortunates, obliged to lay their heads in the oddest places imaginable to prevent their being rudely awakened by the police.

A sad ne'er do-well told the writer that this was his principal thought for more days than he could count—where should he sleep that night? And he had a theory that but for having this object in view constantly as he tramped over the monotonous pavements of London he must have lost his reason.

He laughed in after days when he thought of some of his experiences at "dozing out." Even he, however, never slept in a stream, which was what some thirty persons of both sexes did at Budapest a few years back. The water, which was warm, flowed from a mill, and the vagrants got into it and converted a number of stones into temporary pillows. Even people with homes could tell some strange stories on this head.

Of course, in some countries beds are unknown. The Japanese, for example, sleep on the floor, muffled in a great wadded coat, and with a big block of wood for a pillow. But, confining ourselves to England, just talk to the dwellers in the slums on the subject. Why, going to bed there during the summer months is positively inviting torture! Many places swarm with vermin, and consequently those who live in them find it more comfortable to sleep anywhere rather than in the proper place—even on the doorstep. Do "trippers" ever sleep except in railway carriages, and do holiday-makers sleep anywhere when they are at certain popular health resorts?

The manager of an Isle of Man hotel remarked a few months ago that "visitors" never went to bed. The servants were often asked to provide breakfasts at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. A gentleman is fond of relating that one night a party settled near his bedroom window and created the most discordant din imaginable. He bore it with exemplary patience for about five hours and then, dressing himself, he went out and mildly expostulated, saying he wanted some sleep.

"Sleep!" roared one of the gang, blowing a terrific blast on a toy trumpet. "Then why did you come to the Isle of Man?"

Rained Elephants in Kansas.

Everybody in the smoking compartment of the sleeper had told a story except one quiet, inoffensive sort of a man in the corner, and the drummer eyed him with suspicion as he finished what he considered the corker of the entire combination, says the Detroit *Free Press*.

As the drummer concluded the quiet man poked his head cautiously out of his shell and coughed slightly as men do who have lain dormant awhile and rouse themselves to utterance.

"I remember," he said, without further preliminary, "a queer circumstance which happened to me during a summer visit I made some years ago in Kansas. I am reminded of it by the story of our friend here"—nodding toward the drummer—"tells of a shower of fish falling from the sky. I can readily believe his story"—the drummer looked grateful—"and I hope he will believe mine.

"One afternoon we were sitting out in front of my friend's house, some three or four of us, noticing the peculiar shape, color and movements of the clouds, when, all at once, as true as gospel, an elephant, alive and kicking, dropped right down in front of us out of the sky, and a more astonished looking brute I never saw."

The drummer sat spellbound and everybody else choked up, speechless. The quiet man looked around on his auditors.

"It's as true as preaching, gentlemen," he went on, "and though, as a rule, in Kansas it doesn't rain elephants, it did on that occasion, and is accounted for by the fact that a cyclone had struck a circus twenty miles to the west of us, and furthermore it was raining lions and tigers and horses and hyenas and monkeys and tent pins for a week afterward, the biggest things, of course, coming down soonest."

"My dear sir," gasped the drummer, as the quiet man was about to continue, "don't say another word. I travel for a liquor house, and if you want a barrel of cocktails give me your address and I'll send it to you by the first cyclone that passes our place."

But This Is Not to Be Regarded as His Height.

"The strongest poet I ever had to interview," said the fighting editor of the Boston *Globe*, "was a big fellow. Why, he stood eight feet"——

"Oh, cut it short," cried the others in a chorus. "Come down a little from that height."

"I am telling you nothing but the truth. He stood 8 feet 6"——

"Now, look here," exclaimed one of the party, "you can't stuff that down our throats, and there's no use trying it."

"If you will be kind enough to wait till I finish you will all acknowledge that I am telling nothing but what is perfectly plausible. The man stood 8 feet 6 inches"——

"Oh, get out!"

"Eight feet six inches away from me when he talked," concluded the pugilistic one with a calm smile as he walked off amid the groans of his listeners.

HARD FIGHTS.

SELF MADE MEN THE PRODUCT OF HEROIC CHARACTER.

The Story of the Turning of a Young Man's Fortune—Some True Instances of Adversities Which Were Kept Secret—Pride Conceals Many Troubles.

There are few self-made men, as they are called, who cannot tell of some times when it was impossible for them to get a dollar, and when they felt the world was against them, and they were justified in trying to get something for nothing.

A New York man who has placed himself far beyond the reach of want, and who hopes and believes that he will never see the time when he cannot place his hand on money whenever he needs it, recently told a story about the turning of a young man's fortune. He went to Texas when he had saved a few hundred dollars, and tried to get rich. It did not take him long to lose every dollar that he had in the world. Things went on from bad to worse with him, until he was practically a tramp, for he trudged many a weary mile, and worked for his meals as he got them. He felt that life was pretty hard, but he did not doubt his ability to succeed in it. It was only a question of time, with incidental hard knocks in that time. In his struggle to get on his feet, he worked his way northward as far as Arkansas. Nothing which he tried seemed to be of service to him. He was more than at the end of his resources. He was desperately hungry more than half the time. In all that time he was too proud to ask financial aid from his relations and friends in the East. As he himself confessed, he might have asked assistance from some one in the Southwest, where he had no reputation; but he was so poor that no one would have trusted him for a penny.

In his wanderings he reached the Red River. Here he received a written offer of a position in New York from a man who did not know of his adversity, but who had known him long enough to admire his character and supposed ability. The young man—he was a college graduate, and had means all his life until he tried Texas—accepted the offer. Arkansas is a long way from New York when one has no money. He worked his passage on a steamboat down the Red River, and on another boat up the Mississippi, and to Cincinnati. Here he earned a dollar and a half, and took passage on another boat up the Ohio, investing a dollar in a ticket for as long a distance as it would take him, for he was in no condition now to do more work on a steamboat. He stayed on the boat when it got past the place called for on the ticket.

"You may put me off," he said, when they found him. "I am trying to get East, and I haven't a dollar." They let him stay on the boat for some reason. From Pittsburg he bought a ticket as far as his last fifty cents would take him. He did not get off at that station. When they put him off the train he walked ahead and climbed on the platform between two baggage-cars. He rode in that way all night. His journey to New York would make a very distressing story.

The young man who beat "his way" is the man who told the story. He told it not in a bitter, but in a painful way, and he found justification for every ride that he stole and every meal that he begged. There is something heroic about such pride which makes one applaud its acts despite himself.

In New York there is a professional man who makes a handsome income. Only three people in the world know that for months after he came to New York he literally starved himself, eating sometimes for days in succession only bread, or bread and oatmeal, that he might contribute to the support of some of his people in a little New England village. He has lied repeatedly about his early experiences, in fear of the pain it would cause those people to know of his sacrifices for them.

A young man who made an unhappy marriage and was divorced was for many years a mystery to his creditors, because he did not pay his debts, though he worked hard day and night. His reputation in that time suffered terribly, and he lost caste with many people who had formerly admired him. When the woman from whom he had been divorced died some time later from an excruciatingly painful disease, he began to pay his debts. There are exceedingly few people who know that all the money which he could earn he gave to make her life less miserable.

A Plea for the Organ Grinder.

Our organ grinder is no more a beggar than is my good friend Mr. Henry Abbey, the honest and best of operatic impressarios, writes H. C. Bunner, in *Scribner's*. Mr. Abbey can take the American opera house and hire Mr. Seidl and Mr. —— to conduct grand opera for your delight and mine, and when we can afford it we go and listen to his perfect music, and as our poor contributions cannot pay for it all the rich of the land meet the deficit. But this poor, footsore child of fortune has only his heavy box of tunes and a human being's easement in the public highway. Let us not shut him out of that poor right because once in a while he wanders in front of our doors and offers wares that offend our finer taste. It is easy enough to get him to betake himself elsewhere, and if it costs us a few cents let us not ransack our law-books and our moral philosophies to find out if we cannot indict him for constructive blackmail, but consider the nickel or the dime a little tribute to the uncounted weary souls who love his strains and welcome his coming.