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MINING JOURNAL.

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22D YEAR—NO. 51. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,143.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:45 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:52 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	3:00 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	5:00 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	5:09 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, Aug 9 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.			Stations.	Westward.		
Leave.				*Arrive.*		
No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.		No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 15	Piedmont	11 09	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	Moorantown	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, 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 " " dai-		
ly 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
" 61—Cumberland Exp. " dai-		
ly 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

HER OWN MONEY.

"A package for Mr. Budd," said a young man, entering the office of Budd & Bowman, brokers, and depositing a neatly folded parcel upon the desk.

Mr. Budd, a clean-shaven and distinguished-looking man of perhaps thirty, came from an inner office, where he had been for upward of two hours in earnest consultation with his junior partner on the financial embarrassment into which the unlooked for decline of certain stocks had recently plunged them.

It was the time of the great Baring failure in London and every ticker in Wall street was hot with the messages which came momentarily from the cable office, carrying doubt and dismay into hundreds of households all over the land.

As the handsome and courteous broker bowed his acknowledgment to the messenger at the office door, another visitor, in the shape of a smart gust of wind, entered, and lifting a little note which lay on the package whirled it nimbly out of the open window into the street.

Mr. Budd untied the bundle very listlessly and deliberately, his mind deeply preoccupied with the plans he had so lately been discussing; but his manner speedily changed to one of unmistakable interest as he unfolded, and counted with feverish rapidity, a rouleau of thirty bank notes of the denomination of $1,000 each.

Not a scrap of paper, not a written line, not a single mark or token to denote their ownership, accompanied them; simply $30,000 in crisp treasury notes, done up in a very commonplace brown paper parcel.

Mr. Budd was not usually a demonstrative man, and had handled too much money to be frightened by a matter of $30,000; but the circumstances under which it came to him were so anomalous that he involuntarily scratched his head, then tapped awhile with his pencil on the desk, next tried to stare the office cat out of countenance, and, finally, finding all these methods unavailing in the solution of the riddle, retreated with the bundle of notes between his fingers into his partner's private room.

"Bowman, old boy," he exclaimed with a merry twinkle in his honest gray eyes, "who says the age of miracles is past? Behold thy servant cometh laden with riches and honor! Here we have been puzzling our brains to meet the confounded charge of a whole regiment of matured acceptances with a corporal's guard in cold cash, and all this time the angels themselves have been taking care of us."

"What's the matter, Budd? Has the fall in D. and B. affected your brain, or have you been drinking? In heaven's name what ails you, man? Where did all that money come from?"

"A short horse is soon curried, my boy, likewise a short story soon told. You know as much about it as I do. A young fellow—out upon the scurvy term!—a gentleman, a veritable gentleman with a big G, but whom I never set eyes on before, came in a moment ago and laid it upon my desk, simply saying it was for me."

"But you certainly do not intend using any portion of it yourself on such a slight warranty. The owner will doubtless soon turn up, or otherwise direct you as to its disposition. It evidently belongs to some party who simply desires to invest it through our office."

"Not so! What man in his sober sense would risk such a sum in the present shaky condition of the market? Besides, you know it is hardly customary for people to lug around such amounts done up in brown paper parcels."

"Well, what do you intend doing with it?"

"I simply intend to place it in bank for a period of one month, and if the owner does not materialize at the end of that time, go straight into the market and take a header into some of those fancy mining shares we were talking about."

"As you please, Budd, my boy, but remember one thing—I am no party to it in any way. Whatever you do with that money must be on your own individual responsibility. I don't care to sing twice just yet."

Budd ended the conference by posting off to the bank with the money, and the deposit being once made the senior member of the firm of Budd & Bowman sat on nettles for a period of thirty days thereafter.

At the end of the allotted time, in pursuance of his expressed intention, he invested the entire fortuitous sum in a certain stock. The market rose to a point which netted him several thousands. Again he ventured, and again, till at the end of two weeks he could draw his check in six figures, and Mr. Josiah Budd was recognized as one of the rising men of Gotham.

He occupied an elegant flat, sported a handsome pair of bays, and the firm of Budd & Bowman, relieved of its temporary embarrassment by the judicious use of a modicum of the senior partner's outside profits, the adventurous Mr. Budd began for the first time to entertain ideas touching the holy estate of matrimony.

She whom he fixed upon to become his wife, should he be sufficiently fortunate in his suit, and, to do him absolute justice, his choice was entirely free from any mercenary motive, although she was the only daughter of a millionaire, was a young lady of exquisite beauty and exceptional culture, whom he had met casually in those higher circles to which his augmented wealth had readily admitted him.

The young lady's father, Mr. Goldacre, was absent in Europe when his daughter's engagement was first publicly announced. His consent to the nuptials had been obtained by letter, and the wedding ceremony only awaited his return.

But breakers were ahead for the prospective bridegroom. The fickle tide of fortune again began to ebb. The house of Budd & Bowman, it was whispered, was again involved, but this time no nameless angel of mercy came to the rescue.

The glossy bays no longer pranced and caracoled before the green brougham on Fifth avenue. The luxurious bachelor's apartments were to let again, and a modest single room at the Everett House held all that was mortal of Mr. Budd and his ambition.

But in all their vicissitudes of fortune he never once ceased to be a man, and having lost the means of supporting his wife in a manner befitting her station, he went honorably to her, told her all, and offered to liberate her from her engagement.

This, to her credit, she absolutely refused to listen to. She loved Josiah Budd, who was indeed a fellow whom any girl, however wealthy, might be proud to call her husband; and, as in the case of the celebrated Mrs. Greenow and Capt. Bellfield, had enough money for both, and the pleasure of paying his debts would amply compensate her for the sacrifice.

And so they were married.

Mr. Goldacre arrived from Southampton the day prior to the ceremony, and after the fiddling and feasting, which is the usual concomitant of such affairs both in high and low life, repaired with his new-found son-in-law to the office of his attorney, where the marriage settlement, which is by far the most important feature of such functions, was duly subscribed to and witnessed.

Mr. Budd received thereby in Manhattan Elevated and other gilt-edged securities what approximated closely to $350,000. The flat was reopened with great eclat, the bays repurchased at a considerable advance, and the quondam partnership of Budd & Bowman dissolved by mutual agreement.

"By the way, Budd," said Mr. Goldacre, as they sat a few days thereafter in the old gentleman's dining-room over their postprandial wine, "I was glad to see by the London papers that Central Pacific took a boom shortly after I went abroad. I suppose you looked after my interests in the matter of that $30,000 I sent you to invest?"

Budd's jaw dropped till it clicked on his breast bone.

"Wa—wa—was that money yours?" he stammered out at length.

"Was it mine? Why, certainly, my boy; on two of my daughter's investments which I desired to place where I thought it would do the most good. I sent it over from Bond & Byer's office by their messenger. Didn't you get my note telling you to invest it in Pacific Central?"

"Never a line. The money was simply left on my desk by a man whom I had never seen before, and after keeping it in bank for quite a time," the shrewd rascal thought the matter of his professional reputation would be best subserved by leaving the exact period open to surmise, "and failing to hear from the owner, I invested it in the identical stock you mention and clearly exactly $15,000 on the transaction."

"So that you now owe me, or, rather, your wife, Laura, $45,000 less the amount of your brokerage. Is that it?"

"It certainly turns out so," said Budd, looking guilty enough to have been convicted in any magistrate court on a charge of highway robbery, "and since my mind is at last relieved as to the mystery of that money, I shall be pleased to hand her to-morrow my check for the amount."

The matter was thus dropped for good; and Laura, dear little wife, don't know to this day just how near she came to losing $45,000 and spending the remainder of her life in blissful ignorance of even the existence of such a gentleman as Mr. Josiah Budd.—J. R. Parke.

The Violins of Old.

The great violin makers all lived within the compass of 150 years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the south Tyrol, and floated down in rafts, pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing.

They learned to tell the dynasty of the pieces of wood by touching them; they weighed them, they struck them, and listened to judge how fast or how slow, or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some of close fibre. Just the right beam was hard to find; when found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. The wood was there soaked through and through with the sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and slimmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood, until the varnish became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers used to save every bit of the wood when they found what they liked to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur, and echo, and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that once they knew. It was doubtless owing to this fact that when the people could not account for Paganini's wonderful playing, they declared that he had a human soul imprisoned in his violin, for his violin sang and whispered even when all the strings were off.

Male and Female Population.

The male population of the world is falling further and further behind the female. Thus, according to the last British census, the excess of women and girls over men and boys in Great Britain is about 900,000, an increase in ten years of nearly 200,000. The German census of last December places the number of females about 600,000 above that of the males in the kingdom of Prussia, or nearly three times the excess twenty years ago. There are 1,000,000 more females than males in the whole German Empire. In Sweden and Norway the "weaker sex" are in the majority by 250,000, in Austria-Hungary by 600,000, in Denmark by 60,000, and in every European country they outnumber the males. In the United States, Canada and Australia the males are in the majority, though not largely so, the estimated excess of males in this country being only 1,100,000 or 1,200,000.

A sharp tongue cuts off friends.

The Arctic Natives Prefer Beef and Beans to Tallow.

I had read about Esquimaux eating habits—how, once upon a time, for instance, an Arctic explorer offered some Esquimaux girls some sweetmeats, which were rejected, while tallow candles were eagerly accepted and eaten. Now I was to see an Esquimau eat. With many smiles Peter entered the cabin and sat down at the table. I should have apologized to him on account of the scantiness of our fare, for we had no candles, and there wasn't a bit of tallow on deck even, let alone in the cabin, but I noticed that the butter plate was heaping full, the sight of which made me wish for some of my friends, so that we could make a pool on the number of bites he would take in swallowing the roll. Then Peter sat down and without ceremony helped himself to a lot of baked beans, a piece of dry bread and a large piece of very lean salt beef, all of which he bit into and swallowed as a hungry longshoreman might have done. Then he took more beans and more bread, and more lean beef, and with them several cups of coffee, with a great deal of sugar to each cup. He was a long time getting to it, but he finally began on the butter. He had poured his last cup of coffee, and was looking about for something to eat with it, when his eye fell on a plate of cake. Taking a small piece he put a small lump of butter on it and slowly ate the combination with the coffee. To the reader of a geographical magazine it may seem strange, but the fact is, until I saw this man at the table, I had really expected to find the Esquimaux of South Greenland showing the habits and tastes of those living a thousand miles further up the coast. I had not quite expected to find them living in snow-houses, but I had a misty idea that an Esquimau was a little black Indian whose chief delight among the things brought from a civilized country was the tallow candle. The staple food is seal meat and blubber. Next to that is the little fish taken in the fiord and dried for winter use, known to them as the augmatfat and to the learned as salmo villosus. A favorite way of eating the dried augmatfat is to take it by the tail, poke it into the oily blubber for a while, and then chew it down. Awful, isn't it? It is almost as bad as eating sardines. There is a deal in a name. Blubber is disgusting; oil, if for use on a salad, is delicious and indispensable. I have eaten seal oil and found it (very unexpectedly) good. I had supposed it would have a flavor of fish oil. There is no such flavor about it. It is equal to the best extract of cotton seed, that quality sold as olive oil in all American groceries. Augmatfat and blubber, under a French label, would be esteemed a luxury in New York as in Arsuk. For the rest the Esquimaux trade seal oil and skins to their governor for three kinds of hard tack, for coffee, sugar and tea. They catch Arctic codfish (misarkornak in Esquimau and gadus navaga in the books) and salmon in the seasons; they shoot no end of gulls, ducks, ptarmigans and the Arctic hare; they have eggs in endless quantity in the season, and very many foxes are trapped. The fox is to the Esquimau what the 'possum is to the plantation darkey. He likes to smoke, and, under favoring circumstances, will swap anything he's got, including his wife, for rum.—Goldwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Poor Rich Men.

I was chatting the other day with a rich young "income" member of the jeunesse doree. By "income" I mean one of those favored scions of wealthy parentage who inherits a sufficient income to never be compelled to bother about earning his own living. Until within a few years there were comparatively few of this class in this country, though there is a community of such in all the European cities. My young friend, who is a pink of fashion, and quite a well educated and agreeable fellow, was lamenting the fact that he could not possibly make both ends meet at the end of the year on his income of fifteen thousand.

I expatiated on the fact that many men had married and maintained families snugly on less per annum than fifteen thousand; that the amount represented 5 per cent. on a small fortune, and that he must simply be recklessly extravagant who not only could not live well on it, but ran in debt. He answered me that his bachelor chambers were quite modest and his club bills very moderate; that being absent so much visiting his friends he did not keep either a valet or an equipage.

He admitted that his clothing and personal outfit cost him more than his lodging or his club. I wondered how he managed, then, to spend his income so that he was always in debt at the end of the year. He then explained that while he spent so much of his time visiting his fashionable friends in their country homes or on their yachts, the outlay in tips for the servants and presents to his entertainers was far greater than living "at home" and his club would cost him.

When he added that his wedding presents alone the past year had cost him $6,000, I could appreciate the force of his statement. Just think of it, how many families could be happy and wealthy on $15,000 per annum! Yet this scion of wealth is in a continual struggle with debt, which is far more wearing and disagreeable any day than the struggle of honest toil for daily bread.—Once a Week.

Above the Clouds.

One of the sublimest effects in nature is occasionally seen by those who climb the tall and isolated peaks of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. The dryness of the air and the strong heat of the afternoon sun cause a rapid evaperation from the brooks, springs, and the snowbanks on the mountain sides, and this moisture, rising on the warmer air, condenses as it reaches the cooler, thinner atmosphere about the mountain top. The traveller looking down sees clouds literally forming below him and growing thick and black every instant, so that as they reach his level they roll skyward and in huge masses of vapor eclipse the view and bury him in darkness. Lightning occasionally leaps from the clouds, and a mountain top is a particularly bad place to be at such a time. The stone signal service station on Pike's Peak has been nearly wrecked by lightning more than once.

AMONG THE HINDU POOR.

Multitudes of Aborigines, Almost Unclothed, Living in Wretched Buildings.

Measured by any standard of actual possessions, says a writer in the Pauline Mission Message, the aboriginal and unmixed Hindu population is poor indeed. It has often been a wonder to us that the laboring classes among Hindus build so poorly, and one is not less surprised to see the comparatively superior houses the Koi takes the pains to build. A man can rarely stand in a poor Hindu's one to three rupee house, he nearly always can comfortably do so in the Koiwar's more capacious, better-roofed home. But this house is about all. Seldom do brass cooking vessels appear in the hands of the Kois. The most common earthenware, cheap, easily broken and quickly replaced, do them. Better utensils are seen among even the poor Hindus. Here and there are flocks, but a few fowls, perhaps a goat or two, a dog, and one or two genuine "scalawag" pigs make up a Koi estate. In the west the men dress better than in Bastar. The women go with the upper body only imperfectly covered by a cloth that covers the lower body, one end of which is thrown up over one shoulder from the front.

In the villages of Bastar we find multitudes with no more than a piece of cloth three feet by nine inches, a very scant covering for the human frame. Our hearts have been touched with pity many a time as men, women and children have come out to hear us preach, sing and pray. It is noticeable that the natural modesty of mankind is not wholly lost even among the most barbarous tribes, or under the vilest of heathen systems. We first thought such nudity would prove the depravity of the people. But to our surprise we did not find any more immorality among the aborigines than the Hindu. Children up to eight or ten years are usually utterly naked. Among the Hindus the marriage relation is very lightly esteemed. The Koi, on the other hand, may polygamise, but generally he has but one wife.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the aborigines among whom we have travelled, they seem remarkably happy. Almost every night you hear the village song and the tom-tom. This is to amuse themselves and frighten away the wild beasts that abound about them and are the plague of their stock pens. Whatever else the people have or have not, they get and use tobacco. They grow it and its use by both sexes is everywhere seen. Even little children indulge in the poison. Drinking under the British "out-still system" is fearfully prevalent along the Godavery and drunkenness is spreading greatly in that vicinity; up to a recent date the people of Bastar have been comparatively free from this vice. But the British excise system is set up, and the mohwa tree, the flower of which yields liquor, abounds.

Five thousand people meet in Jagdapur every Sunday market day. These weekly bazaars afford a fine opportunity for evangelizing. Much of the grain carrying is done on the heads of women, or on men's shoulders.

The aborigines wears plenty of jewelry. Men put on most of it. We frequently see from ten to one hundred different articles of ornament. Naked they may be, but they must have jewelry. We have seen thirty-eight rings in a man's two ears on a feast day.

The great respect apparently shown to woman among the aborigines is striking. She seems to be reckoned fairly man's equal. This greatly simplifies missionary work among them. Our preachers can at the same time with equal facility reach both men and women. At Yellandu three-fifths of all who hear our preachers are women. The aborigines either in the west or east builds no temple to his gods. These people revere gods they esteem to dwell in the hills. They worship the five brother kings, of whom Beem Der and Dharma Rai are the favorites. They sacrifice to appease the Hindu small-pox goddess, but do this in the open air. Every high hill is deemed sacred, and it is difficult to get one of these people to ascend one of the higher hills. They have no idols so-called. The last man among them will tell you "God is above." When you ask him why he does not worship him and him only he frankly says because he does just what his father taught him.

Everywhere the magic-man is dreaded, and he takes good care to fleece the people well for his own profit. Jagdapur is full of temples and literally somebody has made "priests of the common people" here. Such is the country, the people, their history, their customs, condition and religion told but in part.

Bits of Natural History.

It is believed that crocodiles lived to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

The Arabs have a superstition that the stork has a human heart. When one of these birds builds its nest on a housetop they believe the happiness of that household is insured for that year.

The crab when living near the ocean's surface has well-developed eyes; in deeper water only eye-stalks are present—no eyes; while in specimens from still deeper water the eye-stalks have joined, forming a pointed beak.

The infusoria, one of the lowest forms of animal life, can propagate their species in three distinct ways. First, by budding, somewhat after the manner of plants; second, by the spontaneous division of the animal into two individual, and third, from eggs.

New Guinea has the credit of producing the only venomous bird known to ornithologists—the Roir N'Doob, or "Bird of Death." There is no antidote to the bite of this bird, which causes excruciating pains in every part of the body, loss of sight, convulsions, lockjaw and certain death within two hours.

Every steamer that plies along the Atlantic coast is a refuge for birds that are blown out to sea, mostly small and not strong of wing. When disturbed or frightened by people on the deck they fly into the air and fall behind the ship, and after several such disturbances they become so tired that they can no longer catch up. After hopelessly chasing the vessel for several miles they flutter into the sea and drown.

Postal Cards.

There is a Postal Card Society of America which has already a hundred members. It seems almost incredible that there should be 8,000 varieties of postal cards, but this is the extent claimed for the Watson collection. These, however, include various issues of the same nation and denomination, and also cards issued for special occasions. Postal cards have been in circulation a little less than twenty-four years. The idea originated with Dr. Emanuel Herrmann, a professor of national economy at the Imperial Academy of Wiener, in Neustadt, Lower Austria.

His ideas, under the head of "New Means of Correspondence by Post," were published and attracted the attention of the Government officials. The Director-General of Posts took up the idea, and succeeded in having an issue of postal cards put in circulation in 1869. The original name given to them was the "Correspondenz Karte," and this has been retained ever since. This new move on the part of Austria quickly excited other countries to adopt a similar method of correspondence, and before the close of 1870 nearly all the European countries were using cards.

Germany was really the second country to use them, and a special series was issued to the soldiers engaged in the Franco-German war. These were called the field post correspondence cards, and were sold unstamped to the soldiers at the rate of about five for a cent. The soldiers had the privilege of using them without paying postage. Another series was issued for civilians.

These had a place left for a stamp, and the writer had to affix a German postage stamp to the card before posting. These field post-cards are now rare, the used ones being scarcer than the unused ones. Another card of equal rarity, and also a reminder of the same war, is the balloon postal card, issued by France during the siege of Paris.

The cards were sent up from Paris in balloons, and the mailbags were thrown off into the surrounding country, where there was the least possible opportunity of their capture by the enemy. They were smaller than the postal card now in use, and were covered with warlike expressions, as: "Paris defies the enemy!" "Glory and conquest signify crimes, defeat signifies hate and a desire for vengeance," "Only one war is just and right—that for independence."

The United States was rather backward in adopting the postal card system, and did not use them until 1873. The first issue printed were of a reddish color, with the head of Liberty in the upper right hand corner. As a rule Uncle Sam's cards have been inferior to those of other countries in excellence of engraving. The designs also have not been very artistic. The blue card bearing the portrait of Gen. Grant is the finest specimen of art work issued by the United States Government.—The Collector.

Treatment of Watches.

That a watch may keep good time, says Chambers's Journal, it should be carefully treated; it should be wound at the same time daily, and when not worn should be placed in the same position, always hung up, or always laid down, as every watch goes differently in different positions. In watches having a double case, the outer one should never be left open. If it is left open even for one night the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works through even the tiniest openings in the case.

Watches should be wound in the morning, because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances produced by the movements of the wearer. Springs will not break so easily if watches are carefully wound up and not taken out of a warm pocket and placed directly against a cold wall or on a marble slab; for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density and humidity of the air, all greatly affect the going of a watch, and it is only the lever watch of the most perfect finish which almost neutralizes those adverse influences. No watch keeps perfectly correct time. Even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ships, must be regulated according to tables which fix the variations to which watches are subject.

A watch should be cleaned every two or three years. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning oftener than once in two years, especially if it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one who has the misfortune to drop his watch into water should take it at once to the watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned; a delay of even an hour may spoil the watch forever.

Somebody's Father.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground, with his back to a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw that it was an ambrotype of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, away off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree that he might feast his eyes on his little loves, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats, and mists coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand our thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped to his heart.

A fool is sure to tell who he is by the questions he asks.

THE GOVERNMENT CATS.

Three Hundred of These Animals Engaged in Protecting Records.

Three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States Government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the accounts of the Post-Office Department. They are distributed among about fifty post-offices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating postal matter and mail sacks. Their work is of the utmost importance wherever large quantities of mail are collected—as, for example, at the New York Post-Office, where from 2,000 to 3,000 bags of such material are commonly stowed away in the basement.

Formerly great damage was often done by mischievous rodents, which chewed holes in the sacks and thought nothing of boring clear through bags of letters in a night. Troubles of this sort no longer occur, now that the official pussies keep watch. Each city postmaster is allowed from $8 to $40 a year for the keep of his feline staff, sending his estimate for "cat meat" to Washington at the beginning of each quarter. Care is taken not to feed the animals too "high," in order that their appetite for live game may be keen. It is laid down as a rule that no meat shall be given when there is a mouse or a rat to be caught.

Cats are kept in all the Government buildings at Washington. In that of the State, War and Navy Departments they are employed not only to protect the priceless papers stored there, but to guard against fire. Twice the War Department has been set afire by rats gnawing matches—on one of these occasions in the office of the Secretary of War in the middle of the night. A year ago the Treasury had nine cats, but they made themselves obnoxious, and all were given away but two. These are as wild as possible, getting a living by foraging for themselves. Mice are notoriously fond of chewing up money, but they have no chance to get at Uncle Sam's paper cash, which is kept in rooms with iron walls that defy their teeth. Rats occupied the Pension Office in great numbers while it was in process of building, taking up their residence in the walls and floors as fast as they were put up. Two years ago four cats were introduced there to guard the records of the old soldiers and they have driven most of the vermin away. The best rat-killer of the quartette not long ago, being frightened at something, fell from the second galery, fifty feet, to the tiled floor and was killed. The White House has two cats, one a black and white female, kept in the kitchen, and the other a black Tom, kept in the stable. Mrs. Harrison had four handsome Maltese cats, but they disappeared.

But the Capitol is the greatest place in Washington for cats. The huge buildings swarms with them and at night they scamper about in troops. Nobody knows how many of them there are, but the watchmen reckon them by scores. They are all vagrants and wild as hawks. In summer they are scattered about the neighborhood to some extent, but in winter they gather within the building. At about 10 o'clock every night they begin a mad racing through the empty corridors, which are made to resound with their cries. The acoustic effects produced are astonishing. Let a single grimalkin lift up his voice in Statuary Hall, famous for its echoes, and the silence of the night is broken by a yell as loud as a locomotive whistle. A favorite place for cat-concerts is the whispering gallery down below, known as the "crypt," where the feeblest sound is magnified into a roar.

Enough to Tempt a Keeley Graduate.

Thirty-six years ago a man named Jones, who was employed by Frank Lockwood, of Norwich, Conn., was at work on Mr. Lockwood's farm, and as a stimulant took out to the lot with him a pint flask of whiskey. During the morning Jones took one nip, and, seeing his employer coming, he slipped the bottle into a hole in a tree standing near, intending to return and get it after Mr. Lockwood had gone home. When the opportunity came he was disgusted to find that the tree trunk was hollow and the bottle had fallen to the bottom and probably broken. Jones related the incident to Mr. Lockwood some time afterwards, who laughed at the loss and thought no more about it.

Last week, during a severe windstorm, the old tree, now a rotten stump, was blown over. Monday Mr. Lockwood went out to haul away the trunk, and was surprised to find his former employe's whiskey flask safe and unbroken. He took out the cork, took one smell, "And, sir," said he, "though I've been a teetotaler for nigh onto fifty years, I never was so tempted to take a taste of whiskey in my life as I was then. But I didn't, and the stuff is safe up at my house."

It is said the whiskey, when poured out, had the consistency and color of olive oil. It will not be used as long as Mr. Lockwood holds it.—Boston Journal.

Tobacco a Herb of Sanctity.

Since the world-wide diffusion of the tobacco habit, its earliest and perhaps original use has been in a great measure overlooked. With the aborigines of America smoking and its kindred practices were not mere sensual gratifications, but tobacco was regarded as an herb of peculiar and mysterious sanctity, and its use was deeply and intimately interwoven with native rites and ceremonies. With reasonable certainty the pipe may be considered as an implement the use of which was originally confined to the priest, medicine man or sorcerer, in whose hands it was a means of communication between savage men and the unseen spirits with which his universal doctrine of animism invested every object that came under his observation. Similar to this use of the pipe was its employment in the treatment of disease, which in savage philosophy is always thought to be the work of evil spirits. Tobacco is also regarded as an offering of peculiar acceptability to the unknown power, in whose hands the Indian conceived his fate for good or ill to lie; hence it is observed to figure prominently in ceremonies as incense and as material for sacrifice.