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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23D YEAR—NO. 3. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,147.

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.	8:39 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	5:00 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:30 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:15 p m

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

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, Aug 9 General Manager.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.	Stations.	Westward.
Leave.		*Arrive.*
No. 5. No. 3. No. 1.		No. 2. No. 4. No. 6.*
p. m. a. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
6 15 11 53 6 15	Piedmont	11 00 6 00 11 45
6 30 12 08 6 30	Barton	10 50 5 49 11 32
6 40 12 18 6 40	Lonaconing	10 42 5 39 11 22
6 52 12 29 6 52	Midland	10 29 5 28 11 09
6 55 12 32 6 55	Ocean	10 26 5 24 11 07
7 00 12 39 7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20 5 19 11 02
7 08 12 47 7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12 5 11 10 54
7 25 1 04 7 25	Morantown	9 52 4 54 10 36
7 32 1 11 7 32	Mount Savage	9 46 4 50 10 28
7 37 1 16 7 37	Barrellville	9 38 4 44 10 22
7 39 1 18 7 39	Patterson's	9 35 4 42 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30 4 37 10 15
7 47 1 26 7 47	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28 4 35 10 13
8 00 1 39 8 00	Cumberland	9 15 4 25 10 00
p. m. p. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
Arrive.		*Leave.*

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

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

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

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 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	
12:30 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

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

A miracle sweet love hath wrought!
Nor as your jugglers at the fair
Use done, when they have deftly caught
Fresh roses from the wintry air.

Not so, my masters. Love hath done
Something beyond man's ken. His skill
Exceeds the might of any one—
All things are subject to his will.

What he hath done is this: A maid
Passed by me (it seems yesterday)
And forthwith at her feet I laid
My heart, and fervently did pray.

And then? Good sirs, would you believe
This miracle? Most graciously
She then consented to receive
The gift, and whispered she loved me.
—Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

THE SECOND QUADRILLE.

"Who is that uninteresting Dr. Stein who was introduced to me before? How do you come to this acquisition, Irene?" Baroness Elelia asked of Countess Irene Balfur, the young hostess, in the ballroom.

"It is very simple," replied the latter. "Dr. Stein is a mineralogist. He has been stopping down in the village for several days to take advantage of our quarry for the purpose of his researches. Papa became acquainted with him, and in consequence of his usual cordiality he has brought this baser mineral among our set of select precious stones.

"This plebeian pebble, however, seems to consider himself quite on a par with us. He was artless enough to ask me for a dance, the second quadrille—think of it!—to ask me when I promised the last extra a week ago!"

"Well, it seems he was not discouraged by one refusal; I, too, have just declined his invitation for the second quadrille. Besides, I did not save the dance to give it to this Dr. Stein!"

A bevy of young ladies, all in dainty ball gowns, gathered about Irene and Elelia. It transpired, to the amusement of them all, that Dr. Stein had been refused the same second quadrille by each of them.

All declined on the same ground—that they would not squander such a dance on an uninteresting civilian without name or rank.

What a deplorable contrast between his appearance and that of the lieutenants of the Cuirassiers and officers of the Hussars in the ballroom! It would be ridiculous to dance with such a man!

"I call that loyalty," said Irene. "Bravo! girls! Now my stepsister is the only one left. There she is! I am really curious to know—Inez! Do come here! Did Dr. Stein ask you for the second quadrille?" she asked of the young lady approaching.

"Yes, just a moment ago."

"And you gave him the dance?"

"Yes—why shouldn't I?"

"Ah! I thought so. Then let me tell you that you accepted after he had been refused by us all for the same dance."

"So much the better that I still had the quadrille unengaged."

"You are indescribably artless, or at least you pretend to be so."

"If you purposely offended Dr. Stein I am glad that I can make some amends. He is papa's guest, and I shall treat him as such," Inez answered, calmly, and departed.

"See!" said Irene to Elelia, "she is just as unbearable all the time, so different from us."

Inez was the daughter of Count Balfur by his first marriage with a woman of limited means. The second time he married a countess of great wealth and the possessor of many estates.

Irene was the only child of this second marriage and the sole heiress of her mother. Inez's prospects of an inheritance from her father were not very brilliant, and consequently, at four and twenty, she was still unmarried, in spite of her winning ways and extraordinary amount of common sense, which had soon influenced her to zealous activity.

She was at the head of the large household and took upon herself all the work which her stepmother disdained to do. Besides, she found time for deep study and intellectual work. The eighteen-year-old Irene, a charming, brilliant creature, was the spoiled darling of her mother and of society.

She tyrannized her father and the entire household. The Countess had begun to make a match between her and Prince Ysenloh, a distant relative. She did not know him, but was sure that he was extremely wealthy and very peculiar. Instead of enjoying life he was devoting himself to study and to research, seeking his sole recreation in travelling around the world. Upon the advice of the Countess he fell in with her plans, since, with his thirty-five years, it was high time to think of marrying, as he wrote to her.

The Countess was expecting his arrival at Kumerau Castle in the near future with intense interest. She did not doubt that Irene, with her irresistible charms, would soon cure him of his peculiarities and change him to an enjoyable as well as obedient husband.

"Why don't you dance, Dr. Stein?" asked Irene, sarcastically, when she happened to come upon him during an intermission. He had been leaning meditatively in the recess of a window, not taking part in the dance.

"Because I found no partner," he retorted, with a queer smile.

"Too bad! I am afraid you will long for your stones and will find life among us unbearable."

She looked down upon him and played with her fan.

"And do you find the life you lead bearable, Countess?"

"What a singular question!"

"I should think a person of your talent would not feel satisfied with it. Grace, versatility, elegance and a little wit are certainly necessary to successfully conduct these dances, hunts, lawn tennis and billiard games, playing charades and singing duets, to arrange social games and theatricals, but no understanding, no intellect, no self-sacrificing activity—nothing of that which makes the true worth of a human being."

"Dr. Stein, not all people are created to dig for minerals, to work leather or to invent machinery. We, too, have our rights. We aristocrats are the blossoms on the tree of civilization. I grant you that what we are, with our refined taste, our harmonious physical and spiritual culture and our ennobled humanity, we owe to the work of centuries, but we are wholly that which the laboring class objects to. We are the result. We are the higher man."

Dr. Stein smiled again.

"Up to this time I have found the higher race of man only in the workshops, there where it is necessary to apply the whole being to attain the goal. There, where it is imperative to overcome all incumbrances, all obstacles and threatening dangers, or to do small labors with patience and self-sacrifice for the benefit of the community, in the spirit of brotherly love or merely for the sake of truth. On a fox hunt, with oysters and champagne, or in a quadrille, the higher man has never manifested himself."

"You are partial and you are a democrat," Irene cried, in anger, forgetting herself. "Labor belongs to the plebeian and the enjoyment of its fruits to the aristocrat. It has ever been thus. One cannot put a noble horse to the plow."

She turned her back on Dr. Stein and joined the ranks of the dancers. "Are you not dancing, Countess?" Dr. Stein asked of Inez, whom he met finally, after a long, vain search among the servants in the dining-hall, where she was giving orders and directing the butler as to the wines for the table.

"I must stop at times to look after things," was the friendly reply. "One cannot always depend upon the servants."

"And you do not shun work?"

"No, indeed. I could not live without it. I am old enough to know the blessings of labor."

It was not long before the young lady and the scientist had entered upon a conversation which involved the deepest and gravest interests of life. The consciousness that they were of sympathetic dispositions, having the same goal, turned away from the trivialities of life, seeking the grand, the good and the true, and accomplishing it with faithful labor, added a great charm to their interchange of ideas.

For the first time in her life Inez felt that she was being understood and appreciated in her best pursuits.

A deeply felt sympathy attracted her to the unassuming man, whose noble, dignified opinions and firmness of character became more evident to her with every word, and who, with his intellectual superiority, showed so much modesty and liberality of judgment.

They went back to the hall, but always met again in the intermission, irresistibly drawn to each other, and inexhaustible in their mutual ideas.

"That is just like Inez," said Irene, angrily, to Elelia, "to begin a flirtation with Dr. Stein. It is simply shocking!"

It was shortly before the second quadrille that Dr. Stein asked Inez to be his wife. They were both alone in an adjoining apartment, where they had gone to cool off and refresh themselves from the heat of the ballroom.

"I hope you will not look upon my proposal as too hasty," he said. "I know you as if I had always lived with you. For the last week, ever since my arrival at Kumerau, I have taken notice of your doings. I will understand very well, however, that you ask for time to consider, as I am as yet a total stranger to you."

"I need no time to consider," said Inez, with radiant face. "The surroundings among which I have lived up to this time have always remained strange to me, but you seem like an old acquaintance. You are the friend whom I have always sought in vain."

"And you do not object to a plebian name? Is the rank of a simple scientist not too low for you?"

"No, there is nothing in a name to me; it is simply the bearer whom I care for," said Inez.

Almost speechless with happiness, Dr. Stein clasped the young girl in his arms.

"Beloved," said he, "pardon this little mystification. Dr. Stein is my pseudonym with which I sign my scientific articles for publication. In private life I am Prince Ysenloh. I hope you will not object to that title, either."

Inez looked up in surprise.

"No," she answered, "you will always remain the same to me."

In the first joy of their union they overheard footsteps at the door.

"Inez!" Countess Balfur called sharply. "How can you forget yourself to such an extent! What a scandal!"

"Countess," the Prince quickly interrupted, "you surprised two happy people. We ask your blessing. I have only to state that beside my title as scientist, under which I live in public, I have also the private name Ysenloh, with which, I believe, the Countess is acquainted.

"I may hope that you are not averse to our union, as you kindly gave your consent to such an arrangement between one of your daughters and myself."

The Countess nearly fainted away, but there was nothing to do but to compose herself and to congratulate the happy pair.

"Now we must return quickly to the ballroom so as not to miss the second quadrille," said the Prince, after the Count, who had been called, had gladly given his paternal blessing.

The Count insisted upon accompanying the betrothed couple into the ballroom, there to publicly proclaim the engagement before the beginning of the quadrille. The news flashed like lightning among the dancers, and there was not one among the young ladies who did not secretly rue the fact that she had refused Dr. Stein the second quadrille and who would not have given up ten years of her life to atone for the error.

Irene was beside herself, and could restrain her self-possession with difficulty as she was doomed to dance opposite the happy pair.

Inez and the Prince were so enraptured that they had no thought of either the good will or jealousy of their neighbors. Their marriage, later, was a happy laboring in common to benefit humanity, to further progress and enlightenment, to battle for light and truth.—From the German, in the Chicago News.

Master Meadow—"Pop, I wish you'd buy me a bicycle."

Father Meadow—"Can't afford that, my boy; but never mind, the next time we have any tools to sharpen I'll rig up a saddle so you can turn the grindstone with your feet."—Good News.

A Lovely Romance and a Queer Mistake Made by Miss Lillian Russel.

A story told by a Broadway photographer shows that while marriages are made in heaven his studio has at least once proven a very effective matrimonial agency. About six months ago a pretty young girl, named Estelle Sailer, entered his studio to have her picture taken. Through the carelessness of the assistant, the plate upon which her face had been protographed was not removed before a young man, named George Brent, came in. The resultt was that he was photographed upon the same plate. As the proofs are simply numbered and rarely examined until after the original has seen them, the mistake was not discovered until the next morning.

Almost simultaneously the two young people came in to see their proofs. Handing one envelope to the girl, another to the young man, the photographer waited while they opened them.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Sailer, blushing as red as a rose.

"The deuce!" from Mr. Brent as he handed the proof back to the photographer.

Instead of one face there were two, turned toward each other, and so close together that they looked almost as though they were kissing. By this time the originals of the pictures, having recognized each other, were laughing over the mishap. After making an appointment for another sitting they went out together. The photographer never supposed they would see each other again. But to prove how mistaken he was, one day last week they came in together, she all in white silk and a bridal veil, he looking as proud and happy as a man should look with so sweet a bride. They had been married that morning.

Another story, which comes from the same source, is about two well-known comic opera singers. One day last winter Della Fox had some pictures taken for Panjandrum. Wanting to blacken the Japanese wig which she wears she asked for a black puff. The difference between a powder puff and a black puff is that one is used for powder and the other for lampblack.

After Della Fox left Lillian Russell came in to have her picture taken for Giroffe. Not noticing that the puff used by Miss Fox had been for lampblack, supposing it to be powder, Lillian picked it up and liberally sprinkled herself before she discovered the mistake. A blood-curdling scream was heard from the dressing-room. Thinking that she was ill, everybody in the studio rushed to her assistance. There stood Lillian with a smudge of black on her pretty little nose and her face and shoulders, suggestive of burnt cork specialties. With the combined efforts of three people, and under the cleansing effect of a bucket of hot water and a plentiful lather of soap, Lillian was soon restored to her pristine loveliness. But she didn't have her picture taken that day.

This From Kentucky.

Some new people from the Ohio side had moved into a Kentucky town and occupied a house not far from where Uncle Clem, an old colored man, had lived for years. Two or three weeks later Uncle Clem was making a garden for me, and I was talking to him.

"How do you like your neighbor, Uncle Clem?" I asked.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"What do you mean by that?" I inquired, when I saw he had no further answer

"I 'spec dey's Ohier tackies," he said vaguely.

"Why, I thought they seemed to be very nice people."

"Mebbe dey is, 'n' mebbe dey ain't. Leastways, dey ain't my kind."

"Why not?"

"'Caze dey ain't."

"But they must have done something to make you dislike them?"

"Didn't they come fum Ohier?" he asked, as if that settled it.

"Yes, but that isn't all."

"Well, Kunnel," he said, when I had cornered him, "dey insulted me."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Uncle Clem."

"Kunnel," he said, leaning on his hoe, "I'se gwine to leave it to you. Last week Chuesday, de pusson what libs dah wuz in de sto' by de pos'-office, settin' on a kaig o' nails, wid a crate full o' chickens jis' about boilin' age, what he had got offen de train, from somers, and dey was settin' out by de do', jis on de inside. Erbout dat time I walks in de sto' wid a bucket in my han' an' stood waitin' a minute. De pusson look at me querus like, an' I tech my hat to him. Den he look agin and den he look at de chickens, an' den he gits up an' comes over an' sets down on de crate. Now, Kunnel," and Uncle Clem jabbed the hoe down hard, "ef dat ain't 'tenshunal an' insult, what do you call it?"

A 907-Pounder.

Citizens of Indianapolis have had an opportunity to behold the greatest living man a avoirdupois who ever strode the green fields of this rotund earth. His name is John Hanson Craig, and with his wife and 3-year-old child he has been visiting James Anderson and James McPherson, relatives. Craig's home is in Danville, Hendricks county, Ind., but he has been in the show business since his babyhod. In answer to a question, he said:

"I now weigh 907 pounds, and am 32 years old. At birth I weighed 11 pounds; at 11 months I weighed 77 pounds; at 2 years, 206 pounds. At that time I took the $1,000 premium at Barnum's baby show, in New York city, in the year 1858. At 5 years I weighed 302 pounds; at 13 years, 405 pounds; at 20, 601 pounds; at 22, 725 pounds; at 27, 758 pounds; at 28, 774 pounds; at 29, 791 pounds; at 30, 806 pounds; at 31, 836 pounds; and my present weight is just 907 pounds. I am six feet five inches high, measure eight feet four inches around the hips, 18 inches around the ankle, 29 inches around the knee, 66 inches around the thigh next to the body. I require 40 yards for a suit of clothes, and three pounds of yarn for a pair of stockings."—Indianapolis Journal.

Easily Explained.

Mrs. Witherby—I see by the paper that fewer Irishmen came to this country last year than ever before.

Witherby—Yes. That's because most of them are over here already.—Truth.

BRYANT'S YEAR OF OPULENCE.

A Negro Barber Who Outshone Solomon for a Brief Period.

John Bryant was one of the most noted characters that ever struck the Sound. He would attract attention anywhere. C. A. Rideout, the colored attorney, who has known him for many years, says that twenty States might be traveled over before a finer specimen of physical manhood could be found. He was tall, straight, well proportioned, a shade darker than olive, and always faultlessly dressed.

Just about a year ago Bryant was a barber in Helena, Mont. He invested in a lottery ticket and drew a $15,000 prize. He gave up his trade, came to Seattle, purchased the Blue Front saloon on Jackson street. He reaped a golden harvest in his saloon. Money was no object to him. He purchased everything that struck his fancy. The finest clothes, made by the most fashionable tailors, were none too good for the colored Crœsus. Suits running from $75 to $125 were the order of the day. His shoes were all made to order in the East, and if they cost less than $15 a pair were deemed unworthy to be worn. He fancied beaver hats at $20 apiece, silk underwear at $40 a suit, shirts at $50 a dozen, neckties, kid and dogskin gloves and silk hose by the dozen. His canes were numbered by the score, all of the costliest make. He paid $20 for a silk umbrella.

He had a gold watch made to order in Chicago at a cost of $800; and on his costly watch chain hung a diamond horseshoe fastened to a gold book, costing $200. His diamond stud cost $500 and his sleeve-buttons $200. He paid $300 for the solitaire on his finger, $50 apiece for his four diamond collar buttons. He fitted up a suite of rooms in Oriental magnificence. In those rooms he kept a score of brands of the finest liquors and champagnes and boxes of the costliest cigars. He paid a carriage by the hour to stand in front of his saloon, so that when he wanted to go anywhere he would not have to wait, walk or take the street car.

But the fascination of games of hazard proved his ruin, "craps" being his favorite. He would bet $100 at a crack. If he lost he would double the bet, and double it again and again as long as allowed to do so. He lost $1,500 in one night in Tacoma. In fact, he never won anything. He was a pigeon plucked by everybody.

The end came finally, and Bryant left Seattle broke—minus diamonds, jewelry, fine clothes, etc. He is now back at his trade again in Livingstone, Mont.—Seattle Press.

Siam's Surgeon-General.

Persons who have been following the recent events in Siam, and who have read in the newspapers statements regarding foreigners in the empire of the King of that country, will be interesting to learn that one of these is a Baltimorean, who is now Surgeon-General of the Siamese army, physician to the household of the King, and at the head of large educational institutions which he has modelled, with the King's consent and co-operation, after prominent Baltimore institutions of learning. This man is Dr. T. Hayward Hayes, of Baltimore, who not many years ago was a struggling drug clerk in this city; who later graduated in medicine at the University of Maryland, and went to Siam as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. No foreign officer in the service has a greater influence with the King than Dr. Hayes. The doctor is also an accredited minister of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. D. W. Glass, of this city, is an intimate friend of Dr. Hayes, and knew him well when he was a struggling student at the Maryland University. Dr. Hayes first confided to Mr. Glass his desire to become a Presbyterian missionary, and it was Mr. Glass who introduced the now distinguished Siamese-American to Dr. Mitchell, of the American Board of Missions.

In offering his services as a missionary, he said he wished to be sent to the most uninviting field, for he was willing to suffer, if need be, for the Master's cause. He thought Siam too easy a field, but the board insisted on his going there.

The first year he performed 3,000 surgical operations, and met with surprising success in handling his cases, so much so that the Siamese looked upon his work as miraculous. The King of Siam heard of his wonderful cures and sent for him, and, stating that his services were indispensable to the Government of Siam, offered him the position of Surgeon-General of the army, with power to establish Government medical institutions and hospitals similar to those in the United States, and also a Government medical school. The King offered him a salary of $7,000 and perquisites. Part of this salary Dr. Hayes turns over to the Mission Board. Dr. Hayes, in accepting this Siamese appointment, told the King that he could not give up preaching Christ and his Gospel, and the King replied that he did not want him to do so, saying he simply wished the doctor to inaugurate the work without surrendering any of his religious principles, or his work for his faith.—Baltimore American.

Queen Victoria's Bracelets.

All the worthy women who wear brooches made of the portraits of departed friends set in narrow bands of gold will rejoice to hear that the same affectionate style of adornment is affected by Queen Victoria. The number of miniatures with which she testifies to her family affection is not less than thirty-three. They are pictures of grandchildren, taken in infancy or early youth, and mounted in three bracelets. Each picture is set in a narrow frame of gold, and in one bracelet, set in pearls and coral, the size of the settings varies from one-half to three-quarters of an inch. These thirty-three royal infants look delightfully like any other thirty-three well-cared-for babies. It is pleasing to note that caps prevail as headgear instead of crowns, and probably the royal hands which are hidden grasp nothing more awe-inspiring than rattles. They are as harmless and innocent-looking a set of children as could be gathered together in a country village.

MARRIAGES OF FREAKS.

When They Marry One Another They Are Perfectly Happy.

"Do museum freaks as a rule marry happily?" asked a Philadelphia Press man of a purveyor of freaks.

"I cannot say. Where one natural curiosity marries another I believe they do, as a rule. They have been in the business together and they know what to expect. There is no stage glamour or tinsel attraction in it for them; it is business, perhaps with a good deal of honest sentiment mixed up with it, but they get married with their eyes open.

"One of the most remarkable marriages ever celebrated in this country was that of Pat O'Brien, the Irish giant, and a female giantess at Pittsburg in 1882. It was a big affair, and accounts of it were telegraphed all over the world. Col. George O. Starr, who is now Barnum & Bailey's right hand confidential man, engineered the affair. Starr was managing Harris's museum at the time, and the giants were on exhibition at that house. O'Brien was Irish, while his bride was a German girl. Both were over seven feet in height.

"The wedding took place in the Lutheran Church, for the girl was of that denomination, and would not agree to be married in the cathedral, as her affianced desired. The results of that marriage were very happy. Both were apparently satisfied with their choice. They went to Europe, and while in Paris Mrs. O'Brien died. That was four or five years ago, and O'Brien has never remarried, and, what is more, says that he never will.

"As another example of freaks living happily together, let me refer you to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb. For over a quarter of a century they lived in the utmost felicity.

"It is when a museum freak marries some one outside of the profession, some fortune-hunter or lovesick sentimentalist, that trouble ensues. It doesn't take long for the infatuation to wear off, and then come bickerings and recriminations and finally separation.

"A number of years ago I knew a girl who travelled with a pretty big show as 'Ki-Ki, the Cannibal Princess.' She was a pretty light mulatto that I had picked up in Buffalo. Her hair was inclined to be straight, and that helped the deception, together with a few false tattoo marks and a necklace of human teeth which I had bought from a dentist.

"We got out to a place called Connellsville, somewhere in the coke region of Pennsylvania, where a young fellow who saw the cannibal princess fell in love with her. He followed the show for two weeks, until we got down into Ohio, and then he married the girl. She was honest enough not to deceive him; she told him that she was a bogus princess and that her home was in Buffalo. But it didn't make any difference to the coke country jay, and he married her. What was the result? Just as soon as the glamour of the honeymoon wore off he began to drink and his wife had to keep him. Then I took a hand in the business and told the 'princess' that unless the 'prince consort' kept out of the tent I would not only fire him but her also. The upshot was that the woman left the show and I was out about $200 on printing. I heard of her about three years ago; she was running a laundry out in Chicago and her husband had disappeared."

Sea Water as a Medicine.

When a bather at Coney Island the other day accidentally swallowed a big gulp of sea water and then rushed off to get a drink of whiskey to take the taste out of his mouth a successful medical practitioner who had witnessed the performance said:

"That man is either a greenhorn or a fool. Otherwise he would have taken merely a sip of lemonade and allowed the sea water to do its work. As a matter of fact, one of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness where all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia. Sea water is full of tonic and sedative properties. It isn't palatable or tempting; but neither is quinine or calomel. You never see an old sailor who is bilious, dyspeptic or a victim of insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his ship, and he doses himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged."

Reviving the Wayside Inn.

The bicycle has produced some queer changes. It is restoring the wayside inn, among other things. Along certain country roads not far from Boston, which are much frequented by wheelmen, and especially along those in the direction of the beaches, there are little summer restaurants or cafes which derive the largest part of their income from passing riders of bicycles. Ice cream, chowder, coffee, cakes and that sort of thing find a ready sale to parties of heated wheelmen, who sit upon open platforms and gossip with the waiter girls, who are generally a nice sort of country persons; and presently they fare along the road again, quite like cavaliers of old.—Boston Transcript.

About Sleep for Women.

A physician, who is a specialist in nervous diseases, says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. A woman will plead that she hasn't time to lie down for a few minutes in the daytime; and she will infringe upon the hours of the night, which should be given to sound, healthy, needed sleep, in order to finish some piece of work which could as well be completed on the morrow. She will rush and hurry all day long, and then, when the household is hushed in slumber at night, she will sit up to read the daily paper, thinking she will not have to pay for the time she is stealing from the health-giving sleep that comes before midnight.

JOHN BULL IN NEW YORK.

His Discoveries in American Tools and Drinks.

An English nobleman who is now in New York has come to America on a curious mission. Since his boyhood he has been deeply interested in mechanics, and though an officer for forty years in the British army, and sometimes stationed in the most out-of-the-way places, he has always had his little machine shop with him. Since his retirement from the army he has devoted much of his time to making a collection of the tools used by workmen at all trades, both in England and on the Continent. Every new invention in those lines finds its way to his basement, where he has his specimens carefully assorted and labelled. They number hundreds already, but he has come to America for more.

Since his arrival a few weeks ago he has visited most of the tool-shops in New York city, and met many surprises. Said he to a writer for the New York Tribune: "I am amazed beyond measure by what I have learned of your people through the implements they use in the arts and manufactures. In carpenters' and machinists' tools especially I have come across many things that are scarcely known in England. Your tools are much superior to anything we have on the other side, and consequently your artisans do better work and more of it in a given time than ours. Many of our tools are old-fashioned, and of the same pattern used a score of years ago, whereas I learn that you are continually improving yours, both in shape and quality. I could not believe it till I came here and saw with my own eyes, for you know what insular prejudices we have, but I will say frankly that we could learn a great deal from the Americans. You are far ahead of us in many things. I am delighted as well as amazed at the vast progress seen here. I like your country, and shall remain here for a month or two to gain a wider knowledge of your industries. I have bought over two hundred pounds' worth of tools in New York, and shall ship them to my place. When my friends see them they will be as much surprised as I have been."

This nobleman, who is president of a large railroad syndicate, and the possessor of a princely fortune, met a surprise of another kind on being invited to take a drink at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

"Introduce me to some American drink," he said to the friend who gave the invitation.

"I am afraid that is impossible," replied the latter, "for I am a teetotaller; I never drink anything stronger than a lemonade."

"Then I will have a lemonade with you," said the Englishman, and accordingly the drinks were ordered. He watched the bartender closely, saw a fresh lemon squeezed in the glass, and the drink made in the usual manner.

"I never saw anything like that in England," he said. "When we ask for a lemonade over there the barman simply pours it out of a bottle, and we drink it."

"I looks to'rds you," said the friend.

"I smiles accordin'," replied the old warrior, and the lemonades were drunk with laughter. It was about noon. In the evening the veteran said he felt uncomfortable, and finally confessed that he had taken seven lemonades in the course of the afternoon. He declared lemonade to be the best of drinks.

Turns Itself Inside Out.

It is on record that a tiny animal, which is common in English ponds, can perform the very acrobatic feat of turning itself inside out. The animal is merely a cylindrical stomach with a mouth at the top, surrounded by a number of long tentacles, from which its name of a hydra has arisen. If the mouth of a hydra be stretched too much by food which it has attempted to swallow, it turns itself out, thus gets rid of the unpleasant morsel and then regains its former condition. At one time it was believed that if one of these animals was turned inside out it remained in that state and performed all the functions of life. Later researches have shown, however, that when turned inside out, the animal immediately strives to regain its normal condition, and dies if prevented from so doing. Another extraordinary gift of the hydra is its power of reparation of injuries and reproduction of new individuals out of portions into which it has been accidentally or naturally divided. If a tentacle be cut off, an entire animal is formed out of it. If the body is cut in half, it will join together again should the parts be placed together, and if not, two individuals will result. And should parts of one individual be placed on the cut surface of another they will grow together.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wine-Born Wit.

Inventors have solved the most unique and difficult problems under the inspiration of liquor. The first effects of alcohol are exhilarating—fancy and wit are generated in minds ordinarily the dullest. Men and women have done and said things when drunk of which they deemed themselves wholly incapable, and of which they had no memory after the effects of the intoxicant had worn off. Men who under ordinary circumstances could not utter half a dozen connected sentences in public have become fluent and eloquent speakers in the genius of alcohol. Let those persons drink more, and they become stupid; the mentality that was so sparkling is a blank—chaos reigns where all had been light and brilliancy.—New York Advertiser.

A Meek Man.

A demure-looking little man approached the haughty clerk in a grocery store and meekly asked if he had any coffee to sell.

"Cert," said the young man. "We have ground coffee."

"No other kind?"

"Nope. This is the best ground coffee on the market."

"But I don't want it," and the little man braced up. "I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth."