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MINING JOURNAL.

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23D YEAR—NO. 4. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,148.

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, General Manager.

Aug 9

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward.		Westward.
Leave.	Stations.	*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	Moruntown	9 57 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 35 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, Superintendent.

May 27

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 1892.

ON AND AFTER THE above date TRAINS will arrive at and depart from CUMBERLAND as follows:

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

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express	leaves	1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland "	"	daily except Sunday 7:40 a m
" 11—Mail	leaves	3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited	leaves	4:30 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express	arrives	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail	"	1:45 p m
" 61—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, Acting Agent.

May 27

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

THE MAN WHO BRINGS THE ICE.

The man with the melon is welcome still,
And the man with the cream is nice;
But the mellow fellow who fills the bill
Is the man who brings the ice.

Who drops it there,
In a ten-cent slice,
And cools the air
As he hollers: "Ice!"

His rumbling wagon the children know;
And "Isn't he good and nice!"
They cry, as scampering out they go
For a chat with the man with ice!

Each outstretched hand
Gets a little slice;
Oh, it's fairyland
When the man brings ice!

The horse that he drives looks wet and cool;
His wagon, of rude device,
The heat divides with its freezing sides
A-drip from the blocks of ice!

And here and there,
As he saws a slice,
He cools the air
With his "Ice! Ice! Ice!"

So, the man with the melon is welcome still,
And the man with the cream is nice;
But the mellow fellow who fills the bill
Is the man with the daily ice.

Who drops it there,
In a ten-cent slice,
And cools the air
As he hollers: "Ice!"
As he hollers: "Ice!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

BROTHER JOSEPH.

He was what the children call "a funny little old man." One could not determine his true height, for he walked very much bent and wore his cowl far over his head. He petted the dogs of the village, and they followed him sometimes to the very gates of the monastery. When he met a woman he crossed himself devoutly and cast his eyes to the ground. He had bright, mischievous, brown eyes, which belied his solemn features, for his face was always sad. He very rarely came to the village, unless the Brothers sent him on errands to the trades, or he drove the monastery mule cart to the village with casks of wine. Sometimes the load was very heavy, and when half way down the steep mountain road the mule grew weary, Brother Joseph would place a rock under the wheel and rest his beast.

The monastery was situated at the end of the mountain road, upon what they called The Heights. The Brotherhood had a magnificent view, over the village in the valley below, which shone busy and thriving in the sunlight, or calm and peaceful with the silent benediction of the monastery in the moonlight.

One morning, as he drove the wine-casks to the village, Brother Joseph met with an incident which gave him a warm friend for life. Such things are rare with the Brotherhood.

Half way down the mountain was a fruit-stand of young Philip, a lame boy who sold apples to travellers visiting the mountain-pass. It was a cardinal indulgence of Brother Joseph to buy one of Philip's red peppins and favor himself with a covetous glance before giving it to Marco. Marco had learned to halt in front of Philip's stand whenever they came down the mountain road.

Philip's fruit-stand was very successful, for travellers were attracted by his good face and manly effort, and pitied his lameness. Then his apples were always very rosy and tempting. The other venders along the mountain side were envious of Philip. They were a wicked lot, and they jeered him.

One morning his cart broke down, and his stock-in-trade was widely scattered over the roadside. Philip good-naturedly began to pick them up, when a crowd followed him, laughing and hooting and sending his apples rolling down the mountain side until he cried with his loss.

Brother Joseph came along just then and shamed and drove the crowd away and restored the remaining stock to Philip. The boy loved him from that hour.

There was something in their mutual insolation which drew them close together, and they were fast friends. In the springtime the country around them was gorgeous, and they both loved Nature in their own ways. They occasionally went for long walks, and when Philip grew tired, or his leg hurt him, Brother Joseph carried him up to their favorite promontory, where they would sit down and talk. The lad was ashamed to be carried, and when Brother Joseph laid him down he always blushed like a girl. Then they would sit in silence a few minutes and enjoy the glorious exit of the day's sun.

Brother Joseph talked a great deal about the earth, and air, and sun, and sky, and knew Philip's history from his poor and rather impromptu cradle to his present age of twelve; but he never spoke of himself.

One evening Philip said: "I wish I were as good as you are, Brother Joseph."

"Nay, lad, do not say that again."

"But I do. You are as good as the picture of a saint," said Philip.

"Yes; the picture of one; and there the likeness ceases," said the monk. "Why, lad, this is a coward's life! You are better than I. You took your life and lived it. You sell apples, and the goodness and soundness of every one is your pride. My very rosary is a ball and chain. My robes get in my way when I climb.

"A beautiful mind once said that 'No man has a right to be anything unless he is conscious that he knows how to be it;' and when a man is about to wear the cowl he should see to the shape of his head. My life was in the activities of the world, and I ran from it to hide. I am false to my monkhood and false to my manhood."

"No, no! Brother Joseph. You are good and holy, and I love you very much," said Philip with true expression.

"Thank you, lad. Your very life reproaches mine. I had duties, and infirmities, and burdens in the world beyond, and I ran from them in the cloak of holiness; but you have stood by your stock, and your apples are golden, while mine are on the ground of corruption."

In his excitement and self-accusation his cowl fell back, and Philip saw that he sat upright, and that he was neither old nor bent.

"Do not say this, Brother Joseph. You fast and pray and speak to no man. You cast your eyes away from women, and make daily confession. Just see how good you are, friend Joseph," and the boy looked into the face of the monk and smiled.

"Ah! lad, bless thee for the friend. 'Thy light misleadeth not. Thy smile betrayeth not, though sweet as that which wins and damns,'" quoted the monk. "There is little need to employ the garments of a saint to hide the sinner. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' You are better—far better—than I. Now I shall carry you down, for you are tired."

This talk upon the mountain top left Philip wondering much, and after that Brother Joseph was always in his mind. He did not quite understand, but he pondered much in his heart.

When the rough season came to the valley the young apple-vender grew weaker. His sufferings were great and long. Then he became an embodied lesson in patience. He still kept his stand, when he could leave his barn loft and get to it. In the most inclement weather he was sheltered by a canvas which Brother Joseph tacked up for him.

Then came the time when he could not leave his loft, and his sufferings were intense. Brother Joseph sat with him every day. He would not have left him for all the vows in the black volumes. He brought a jug of wine under his robe, and kept Philip alive on it. They could not think of a doctor.

One night he poured out their last drop of wine from the jug. It did not matter, for Philip would need no more.

The vesper bell over the monastery gate rang out through the valley, and the boy suddenly gave his hand to his friend.

"There is the bell, Brother Joseph. It is calling us. Will you say some beads for me?"

"The bell, lad, will never call me again. I shall stay with you," said the monk, kneeling down by the boy.

There was a long silence.

"And after?" asked Philip, very softly.

"I will go back to the world and do my work in it," said Brother Joseph solemnly.

"And you will not forget Philip, friend?" asked the boy, in a last breath.

"When I do, lad, may God forget Brother Joseph."

In the cold and barren loft the villagers found the boy's body with the monk's cloak thrown over it. Each had gone his way into "new life."—L. C. Bancroft.

VANDERBILT'S MOUNTAIN HOME.

How a Wilderness has Been Transformed into a Flower Garden.

George W. Vanderbilt, one of the younger members of that famous family, has developed an untamed North Carolina forest into a beautiful home. He is not yet thirty years of age, but, to judge from the Lewisburg, Pa., Chronicle's description of the transformation he has effected in the North Carolina mountains, he seems to be spending his money with an intelligence somewhat rare among men who have so much to spend, and his enterprise is suggestive of the period which, in view of the rapid increase of the population of the country, cannot be very far distant when land in the United States must be very much more valuable than it is to-day. Mr. Vanderbilt's tastes are said to run in the direction of art and letters. His North Carolina enterprise indicates that he represents a development in his beyond the money acquiring stage. His first step was to purchase, besides several mountains, 18,000 acres of land along the French Broad and the Swananoa Rivers. The next step in which he exhibited unusual intelligence in enjoying his opportunities was to restrain the natural temptation to carry out plans of his own and to employ the services of the greatest landscape artist in the country, Frederick Law Olmstead, who had so much to do with laying out the World's Fair grounds. So far, sixty-five miles of macadam road have been constructed on Mr. Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate. Seven hundred men are employed, their wages running from $1 per day to the salary of $12,000 paid to the overseer.

Three years ago the work of transforming old fields, pastures and woodlands into a harmonious landscape began, and Prof. Harbeson, who has spent many days in studying the development of the place, is enthusiastic over the progress made. He says that Druid Hill Park, at Baltimore; Fairmount Park, at Philadelphia; the Boston Garden and the Central Park, of New York, contain nothing that is comparable with several miles of the approach on the Vanderbilt estate, which is art of the highest kind, a combination of nature and the work of man so happily joined that the eye cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins. Bowlders have been set in place, rhododendrons transplanted, and the whole is dechared to be a poem in plants, trees and flowers, the longest poem ever made and one of the greatest. A trained forester is setting out large plantations of forest trees. The arboretum is declared to surpass the famous Arnold arboretum at Cambridge, and when completed will contain every tree, shrub and woody plant found in the world which is hardy to the climate. Ten miles of railroads have been constructed to transport materials about the estate. Vast extents of land, which a year or so ago were entirely unproductive, have been so changed by plowing, heavy manuring and green soiling that to-day Prof. Harbeson says they are growing as fine crops as can be grown in the most fertile valleys of the Northern States. Lately Mr. Vanderbilt has added 20,000 acres for a hunting park. There will be deer parks and lakes, and the house, which will cost about $5,000,000, it is said, will be the largest dwelling-house in the world and one of the world's most famous structures. Already by the introduction of mosses and vines at the bridges portions of the place have taken on the appearance of age and the appearance of newness has been overcome.

Needless Advice.

Mrs. Essey—If you drink brandy without putting water in it you will ruin the coat of your stomach.

Her Essey (absently)—Never mind; it's an old coat.—Puck.

Coffee Tippling.

It may surprise many readers to know there is such a thing as coffee tippling, yet it exists to a great extent. Few people realize the extent to which coffee is used in these days. The ladies, with their dainty after-dinner coffees, in which they take so much pride, revel in it. Our cafes and restaurants supply it by so many gallons per day. Most people think it but a slight stimulant, considering it "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate," that it is a little alarming to find the contrary true.

Not long since a noted physician was called on to attend a fashionable society woman. After a few visits he declared his belief she had been over-indulging in intoxicants. This she indignantly denied, saying "coffee was the only stimulant she ever indulged in;" and it was true, yet she was in the condition of one verging on delirium tremens. On investigation it was found she had become addicted to the habit as one does to liquor or opium.

From studies recently made by a celebrated German physician, Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, it appears that there is such a thing as "coffee inebriety," a form of intoxication which very frequently leads to the most alarming results. The term inebriety applied to this form of drunkenness is no misnomer. It is a term that well fits it. It approaches in both kind and degree to delirium tremens for the whole nervous system is deranged if not utterly ruined.

The muscles become weak and trembling and the hands shake when at rest in a manner resembling the semi-paralysis of the confirmed drunkard whose nervous system has been shattered to its centre. An increasing aversion to labor and any steady work is noticed; the heart's action becomes irregular and more rapid, and palpitation with a heavy feeling in the pericardiac region makes its appearance. Last of all comes dyspepsia of the most persistent character and of an extreme nervous type, rendering the life of the coffee tippler a burden to himself and to all around him.

In the course of his investigations Dr. Mendel found very few instances in which the coffee drunkard is cured. The symptoms gradually grow worse, and are only to be relieved by large quantities of the beverage, the abuse of which caused them. After beginning with the agreeable infusion of the roasted berries, they are driven, in the search for something more powerful, to swallow the tincture which, though it operates for a time in the direction desired, soon loses its efficacy, and has to be swallowed in increasingly greater quantities, the evil influence of the coffee, of course, being heightened by the alcohol used to extract its essential ingredients.

The last stage of this peculiar disease shows itself in the sallow face and chilly hands and feet of the victims, coupled with an expression of dread and agony which settles over the countenance—a form of melancholia, alternated by hysteria, only to be temporarily relieved by repeated applications to the coffee pot or to a strong tincture formed by steeping the crushed berries in spirits of wine.

Coffee drunkards are more common among people of a nervous temperament than in the ranks of the stolid, phlegmatic folks, not easily moved by any stimulus, or who, like many Germans, prefer eating to drinking. But it is affirmed by Dr. Mendel—and his views are largely supported by the medical profession in Germany—that the trouble is much more widely spread than has hitherto been supposed.

Brillat Savarin, the noted French gastronome, once said that a person of good constitution can drink two bottles of wine a day throughout a long lifetime, while with the same indulgence in coffee he would become an idiot or die of consumption, and there now appears to be much reason to believe the truth of this assertion. Man, undeniably, must have some stimulant; if deprived of one he will drift on to another. In some of the large cities of America opium smoking and morphia, chloral and cocaine "habits" are alarmingly on the increase, while factory workers are said to snatch a fearful joy by breathing the fumes from camphine caskets. In the same way it has frequently been declared that in Moslem countries, where alcohol is interdicted, intemperance in coffee, or, as in Morocco, in green tea, is shattering the nerves of the richer classes. But it has been left for Dr. Mendel to demonstrate the spread of a like mischief in Europe pari passu with the diminution of the vice which was supposed to flee before the Mocha berry and the Chinese herb.

The First Consul.

Just before the review began we saw several officers in gorgeous uniforms ascend the stairs, one of whom, whose helmet seemed entirely of gold, was Eugene de Beauharnais. A few minutes afterwards there was a rush of officers down the stairs, and among them I saw a short, pale man, with his hat in his hand, who resembled Lord Erskine in profile. But, though my friend whispered, "C'est lui," I did not comprehend that I beheld Bonaparte till I saw him stand alone at the gate.

In another moment he was on his horse, while I, trembling with emotion, gazed on him intently, endeavoring to commit each expressive, sharply-chiseled feature to memory, contrasting also with admiration his small, simple hat, adorned with nothing but a little tri-colored cockade, and his blue coat, guiltless of gold embroidery, with the splendid adornments of the officers who followed him.

At length the review ended—too soon for me. The First Consul sprang from his horse. We threw open our door again, and, as he slowly reascended the stairs, we saw him very near us, and in full face, while his bright, restless, expressive and, as we fancied, dark blue eyes beaming from under long black eyelashes, glanced over us with a scrutinizing but complacent look.—Mrs. Opie, in Tait's Magazine, 1831.

How to Photograph Bright Articles.

The best compound for painting bright machinery previous to photographing is light lead color. A good plan for photographing bright silver vessels is to fill them with iced water, when the deposition of dew on the outside will take off the troublesome high lights.

INTERVIEWING TRAMPS.

Curious Information Regarding a Curious Class of Individuals.

The Rev. J. J. McCook, of New York, preaches good citizenship by practicing it. He is always pegging away at something for the public good. Now, with the help of the mayors and police officers of fourteen American cities, he has been taking a "tramp census," and he communicates the results—or some of them—to the Forum.

The number of American tramps covered by this census is 1,349. Thirty-two questions were asked in every case, and Mr. McCook grieves that he inadvertently omitted a thirty-third, though he tells us in the same breath of one involuntarily catechumen who found the thirty-two too many. 'That's a devil of a lot of questions," exclaimed this indignant victim, "to ask a fellow for a night's lodging!" In the most ambitious previous tramp census of which Mr. McCook has heard—London, 1889—the number of weary wanderers questioned was only 286.

Of these 1,349 American tramps, less than one-half describe themselves as unskilled laborers, and only sixteen say they have no regular calling. Of the representatives—on the retired list—of skilled labor, 46 per cent. say they used to be sailors, firemen, brakemen, shoemakers, curriers, teamsters, hostlers, blacksmiths or horseshoers. Mr. McCook's drag net caught three electricians, two brokers, two reporters, a music teacher, a designer, an artist ."a real German count"), a Salvation Army captain, a "gentleman," but no clergyman and no professor. "The sedentary clerk," he tells us, "was just as numerous as the nomadic peddler."

Nearly all of the 1,349 tramps are in the prime of life, averaging much younger than their (recorded) fellow pilgrims in England and Germany. "Following my results," says Mr. McCook, "we may expect to find one tramp in twenty under twenty years, three out of five under thirty-five, seventy-five out of every 100 under forty, and one in twelve fifty or over. Only one in 111 will be over seventy."

Of the whole number questioned 83.5 per cent. promptly said their health was "good;" 8 per cent. "pretty good," or "not very good;" 8.5 per cent. "bad." This at a time when the grip was raging among well-fed, well-housed people, and the general death rate was disquietingly high. "Neither the tramp's age nor his health, then," concludes Mr McCook, "is a bar to successful labor.

Only fifty out of the 1,349 owned up to having been on the road more than a year. The explanations of their presence there given by 82.8 per cent. of the whole number were: "Out of money," "Out of work," "Looking for work." Twelve "wanted to see the country;" eight "wanted to take life easy;" six said they would not work; twenty-five laid their tramping to drink. One exceptionally candid wanderer diagnosed his case in three words, "Whiskey and lazy."

As to nativity, 56.1 per cent. of the 1,349 were born in this country, 20.3 per cent. in Ireland, 6.6 per cent. in England, 3.4 per cent. in the Scandinavian countries, 2.6 per cent in bonny Scotland. There are thirteen negroes in the lot and one Indian. Only one Southern State is represented, and that by a white man. "The tramp," remarks Mr. McCook, "seems to be a product of our Northern civilization and to move along the more temperate belt, avoiding extremes of heat and cold as being disagreeable and less favorable to health."

Don't think of the tramps as illiterate; 1,187 of the 1,349 can read and write, 18 of the 162 who can't write can read, and one of the favorite purchases is the daily newspaper. Only 7.3 per cent. are married; 4.4 per cent. are widowers. Thirty of the 1,349 say they are total abstainers, 459 that they are temperate, 825 that they are intemperate. Only 5.8 per cent. own up to having been convicted of crimes other than drunkenness. Only 113 say they have no religion. Only 116 say they have seen the inside of the almshouse. By their own admission 14.9 per cent. of the whole number are, or have been, specially dangerous to the public health.

Are Women Responsible?

It was Marguerite of Valois who said, with unusual severity for a woman, that "the less one sees and knows men the higher one esteems them."

It is obvious that the cynical Margaret really meant to say that the better one knows men the greater is one's contempt for them.

These sharp-tongued assaults are interesting and diverting as specimens of satirical raillery, but to the analytical mind they present nothing worth while. The simple truth is, women do not hold such sentiments towards men; though every one knows that to a considerable extent they would be justified in so holding. The general attitude of women is one of seeming worshipful admiration. This is bad, especially for very young men, who are thus puffed up by conceit and made unspeakably disagreeable, whereas were they let alone they might disclose a becoming measure of modesty and self-distrust. It is about time for women to face the fact that they are directly chargable with most of the unpleasing characteristics of man. They constantly feed his vanity; they habitually practice duplicity and in their intercourse with him the note of sincerity is seldom heard. Naturally the man desires the "clinging trust" of the woman, but he is too dull-headed to perceive that what he takes for clinging trust is clever diplomacy, and it is an axiom that the only way to become a clever diplomat is to cultivate deceit.

The Fate of a Mascot.

A number of Baltimore small boys were seen going toward the river with a yellow dog.

"Where did you get that pup?" asked the policeman.

"He's mine," replied a member of the group."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Well, yer see, early this season, when we was all enthusiastic, we tuck this dog, an' we dedicated 'im to the Baltimore baseball nine for a mascot. Now, we're goin' ter put 'im out of 'is misery."

Regions Yet Untouched by Nineteenth Century Innovations.

The genuine, untouched Virginian of to-day has often been declared to be the most complete survival of eighteenth century England now in existence. There are certain eighteenth century customs and phrases and manners in common use here that have not been heard of in a hundred years in England.

One of the qualintest is a custom of the road which died out in England when the post road and the travelling chariot went out of vogue. In those days it was considered almost an affront for one traveller in a carriage to drive past another going the same way. The travelling class was made up generally of the rich and leisurely, and as they bowled along in their coaches, to have another coach dash by and give back its dust, and perhaps incite the coachman to a race, was considered highly indecorous. To "take one's dust" was a common expression of contempt. The custom was not without its uses in its day. But will it be believed that at the close of the nineteenth century this etiquette of the road is rigidly maintained, and that among well-bred people each equipage has to take the gait of the slowest? True it is, some iconoclasts and outsiders drive past their fellow-travellers without compunction, but they, therefore, prove their claim to be called iconoclasts and outsiders. When it is a very pressing case, an apology is called out, such as "Pray excuse me, but my horse is restless," or "I am in haste to catch the boat," or something of the kind. But to drive ruthlessly ahead without a word of apology is considered the acme of ill breeding.

The roads in this part of the world are not interesting, except for their natural beauty, as the people of wealth, following their English ancestors in practice, sought a proud seclusion for their houses. Only the poorest people built their homes on the main road, and one may travel from one end of this fair country to another and not find a single handsome residence on the public highway. There was another and a very practical reason for abjuring this public highway. Every man's house was at the service of every man, woman and child in the county; an Arab hospitality obtained and was enjoyed to the full. The people who had undesirable homes were always willing to bestow their company upon their more fortunate neighbors, so that it wouldn't do to be too convenient to the main arteries of travel. Especially was this so when a visit from a family meant the entertaining of two coach horses, a coachman and a maid; for the negroes went visiting with the white people, and enjoyed it quite as much. Hospitality was one of their great virtues, and is still; for these people excel in social virtues, and this particular virtue costs little. It only meant the killing of half a dozen more chickens for dinner, when there were hundreds, perhaps, scratching about the poultry yard; and the gardens were overgrown with vegetables, for which there was neither sale nor consumption. There were ice-houses full of ice and meadows full of cows, and ice-cream was manufactured in a big tin bucket, turned about in a keg of ice and salt. It took two women and a man and a boy to make ice-cream, but it took that many to do everything.

The ice-houses are among the most picturesque features in the landscape here. A great mound of earth, thirty or forty feet high, was thrown up around a place that was bricked up and looked like a gigantic well. This was finished at the top by a circular roof. The sides of the mound were graded and turfed, and made nice places for boys and girls to roll down when the short, slippery grass was wet. —Boston Evening Transcript.

"Have One with Me."

A party of ladies were talking about how their husbands had proposed, says the Detroit Free Press, when one whose present husband was the third laughed.

"I think," she said, "that Henry's proposal was about the funniest I ever heard of. You know Henry was a bachelor, and his weakness was drinking with the boys, which, by the way," she added proudly, "I cured him of completely; and one night he came to see me, as he usually did every week, and we were talking along very sensibly, though Henry had evidently taken a drink or two before he called. You see, I liked him immensely and he liked me, but somehow we had never talked matrimony to each other, although we often talked it as applying to other people. On this evening Henry had said something or other criticising marriages, and I put right in:

"'Well,' I said, 'I think it the only way to be happy. I've been married twice and'——

"'Have one with me,' interrupted Henry persuasively, and I accepted him on the spot, and we've been happy as two bees in a honeysuckle ever since."

A Feathered Prison.

A little thistle bird in Monmouth owes its life to its perseverance and habit of singing while in trouble. A man in that village had heard the small songster's persistent notes near his window for nearly a month, and at last called the attention of a friend, who makes a study of birds and their ways, to its song. This friend soon made the discovery that the bird was a prisoner in its nest. A ladder was brought, and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg of the little sufferer had become ensnarled in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of painstaking efforts with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed from the snarl; this done, the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away, apparently as well as though never tied, to a near-by apple tree. The bird's parents or some other of its feathered friends had kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.—New York Recorder.

That's All.

Susie (in stockyard)—Oh, Johnnie, look at that big cow a-sleepin' over there.

Johnnie (with a show of superior knowledge) — Now, you be careful, Susie; he's not sleeping, he's only bull-dozing.—Truth.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.

What the Great Mechanical Marvel Stands For.

I said: "Precisely what does the great wheel represent in mechanics?"

"Well," Mr. Ferris replied, "I suppose you might consider it as typifying the present progress, the latest development of mechanical engineering. You know there are really two wheels, one built thirty feet within the other. These are joined by truss work, such as is used in our finest bridge construction. Beyond all that, the wheel develops to a degree hitherto never realized the capacities of a tension stroke. You know the wheel is not only a perfect pinion wheel, but a tension wheel as well, and these, I suppose, may be regarded as its chief points. I do not know whether you have stopped to consider, but it is as perfect a pinion wheel as the little wheel that goes flicking back and forth in your watch. In all that immense diameter there is less deflection proportionately, from a true circle, than from the pinion wheel of the most perfect watch made.

"This is due to the fact that it has, instead of stiff spokes, the tension of jointed spokes. When I first proposed to build a tension wheel of this diameter the feat was regarded as impossible. It was held that the spoke rods on the upper side of the wheel at any given moment, instead of sustaining the weight of the upper part of the wheel, would, from their own weight as they hung vertically, pull down that arc of the wheel which they bore upon, and thus cause the wheel to become elliptic. As a matter of fact, they do nothing of the kind. There is absolutely no deflection from the perfect circle.

"Considering some of the mechanical difficulties in the construction of the wheel, you will note that it stands directly east and west; thus the southern side of the wheel receives the entire brunt of the sun's rays, whereas the northern side is not only shaded by the southern, but by the cars as well, causing a difference in expansion varying from the heat to which it is subjected of from three to six inches. All these little problems had, of course, to be met, for even this slight variation of five or six inches in the total diameter of 250 feet would be sufficient unless properly dealt with to cause a disurbance in the working gear."—Review of Reviews.

The Plum and Its Uses.

Our plum is the cultivated plum of the garden, whose parent is a native of Asia and southern Europe, but which has taken so kindly to the conditions of soil and climate in our newer world that many of the choicest varieties seem almost spontaneously produced here, varieties surpassing in beauty and flavor the most noted plums of France and England.

The most important form of the plum in commerce is that of prunes, as they are exported from France, Turkey and our own California to every part of the world. The finer class of prunes passes through a very careful course of treatment before being put into the market. The plums are gathered when just ripe enough to fall from the trees on being slightly shaken. They are all picked by hand, care being taken not to gather them until the sun has entirely dried off the dew. They are then spread in shallow baskets, and kept in a cool dry place until they become very soft, when they are shut in a spent oven for twenty-four hours, then taken out, carefully turned, and, the oven being reheated, slightly warmer than before, returned to it.

This operation is again repeated, when they are taken out and left to get quite cold. The next step in the process is "rounding," an operation consisting of turning the stone in the plum without breaking the skin and pressing the two ends together between thumb and finger. Twice more are they then submitted to heat, after which they are packed in jars or boxes for sale.

In southern France a spirit is obtained by fermenting the bruised pulp and kernels of the plum with honey and flour, and distilling the mass.—Harpers' Bazar.

A Social Misstep.

An amusing story was told some years ago of a certain Mme. de S., a French woman of high social ambitions. She was anxious to become acquainted with and to be known as the friend of persons high in rank, and she left no stone unturned to further her interests in that direction. Returning from the country to Paris one day in a railway carriage, as the story runs, she fell into conversation with a remarkably well-dressed but quiet and reserved man who sat on the seat opposite. After a while she chanced to mention impressively that she had observed that the Countess Lemoine was a passenger in the next carriage, and, to her satisfaction, she found that the gentleman to whom she had been talking was intimately acquainted with her. Of the Countess' establishment and circle of friends he told her a great many interesting particulars. So pleased was she with the talk on this subject—proving her acquaintance, she thought, to be a man of decidedly high position in Parisian society—that she ventured to make what was even for her a bold stroke, and asking him for his card, politely requested his company at her next soiree. The train arrived. Mme. de S. alighted on the same platform with the Countess. She looked then to see the familiar recognition she expected between the lady of rank and her new friend. But what was her surprise when the Countess, holding up her finger, beckoned unceremoniously to him, and said, "John, see to the baggage!" Her distinguished friend was the Countess' man-servant. —Harpers' Bazar.

To Have White Teeth.

A good way to keep teeth clean is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine castile soap, then dip it in prepared chalk. A lady says: "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared; but with a good stiff brush and the soap is as effectual as soap and sand on a