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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23D YEAR—NO. 7. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,151.

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 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 59 1 18 7 39	Patterson's	9 35 4 42 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 45	Kreighbaum'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
11:10 a m	....No. 10 Express....	2:45 a m
8:05 a m	....No. 8 Express....	11:15 a m
9:30 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 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
" 61—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, May 27 Acting Agent.

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

ALL information concerning rates, routes, change o. cars and time of trains cheerfully given. [March 29

LOCAL NEWS.

A New Great Work of Art.

The artist who painted a "Yard of Pansies" and a "Yard of Roses" has just produced a magnificent rival to these two lovely pictures. It is a floral panel-picture called "An American Beauty," 20 inches high, and admirably adapted for upright narrow spaces. By an arrangement with the with the publishers, who are making by the most perfect process, exquisite reproductions in oil colors of this great picture, undistinguishable from the original, we shall print a coupon in our issue of Nov. 18 that will entitle all our readers to one of these superb creations free. It is a great work of art, and we have pleasure in presenting such a valuable gift to our patrons. Do not fail to get a copy of this paper for the date mentioned. The JOURNAL would like to have *orders for extra copies* from non-subscribers sent in not later than Nov. 11—5 cents each cash.

SEMI-LOCAL NEWS.

Grand Thanksgiving Premium.

We shall print a coupon in our issue of November 18 entitling every one who buys the paper to a reproduction in oil colors of the great floral panel picture, "An American Beauty," painted by the artist of the world-famous "Yard of Pansies" and "Yard of Roses." This superb present, worth $5, is copyrighted, and cannot be purchased of picture dealers at any price. It is 20 inches high, and will fit upright, narrow spaces admirably. Be sure and get a coupon entitling you to this magnificent gift. The JOURNAL would like to have *orders for extra copies* from non-subscribers sent in not later than Nov. 11—5 cents each cash.

COUNTY NEWS.

Brevities.

We give particulars in another column of the greatest work of art recently published, a floral panel-picture in oils, which we will give to all our readers as a Thanksgiving present.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A Wise Woman.

An exchange tells of a woman who bought a new fangled coffee-pot from a peddler. In the evening she showed it to her husband, a hardware dealer, who told her he kept the same thing in his store for half the price she paid. "Well," said she, "why don't you advertise? Nobody ever knows what you have for sale."

PUBLICATIONS.

Fall Fashions for Ladies, Season 1893.

The latest fashion news from Paris all agree in saying that the "Godets" styles of circular drapery, in new and endless variations, will be most extensively worn this season. Skirts, capes jackets and collars all partake of this tendency.

The overskirt is meeting, thus far, with very little favor, and Parisian ladies being adverse to it, it is only seen on rare occasions.

The old time panier is revived for certain full dress toilettes.

The round waist of the Spring and Summer is still a favorite, with the addition of circular, or "Godets" hip cross skirts, in varied designs.

These items of news are extracted from the McDowell Fashion Journals, and will no doubtedly be of interest to our fair readers, for the aim of these handsome Parisian publications is to always present to their customers the only correct and refined styles adopted by the gentlewomen of Paris, which is acknowledged to be the fountain head of fashions. These magazines include, beside Practical Lessons on Dressmaking, which are invaluable to professionals as well as amateurs. Moreover, in the Pattern Department connected with these artistic publications, Messrs. McDowell reproduce all designs from any source whatever, in the form of made up Paper Models with additional flat patterns, the usefulness of which cannot be overestimated by either dressmakers or those who wish to do their own dressmaking in the most stylish and economical plan. *La Mode de Paris* and Paris *Album of Fashion* cost only $3.50 a year, each, or 35 cents a copy. The French Dressmaker is $3.00 per annum, or 30 cents a copy; *La Mode* costs only $1.50 a year, or 15 cents a copy, which makes it the most economical family journal of fashion in existence. If you are unable to procure any of these publications at your newsdealers, do not accept any substitute, but apply directly to Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

"An American Beauty."

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are enabled to make every one of our readers a present of an exquisite oil panel-picture, 20 inches high, entitled "An American Beauty," which has been admired by all who have seen it. This superb picture is from the brush of the same artist who painted the "Yard of Pansies" and "Yard of Roses." The reproduction is equal in every respect to the original, from which it cannot be distinguished, and accompanying it are full directions for framing at home at a cost of a few cents, thus forming a beautiful ornament for the high, narrow wall-spaces for which it is so difficult to obtain pictures of the proper shape. It is a superb Thanksgiving gift. Send your name and address to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th street, New York, with three cents (either in stamps or pennies) to pay for the packing, mailing, etc., and mention that you are a reader of the JOURNAL and you will receive by return mail one of these valuable works of art.

INDIAN DEATH LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Wave gently, grasses, wave,
Weave a cover for the grave;
While the whispering zephyrs keep
Faithful watch above, around
Thy small wigwam in the ground;
Wild bees, hum a lullaby
In the spring-time, while I cry;
While I cry.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
When you hear the white owl's whirr;
When the winter winds are high,
And the red fox passes by,
Don't stir.
When the snow is falling chill
On my lodge beyond the hill,
When the wolf cubs starve and die,
Listen, you shall hear me cry;
Hear me cry.
—Elizabeth Grinnell, in Babyhood.

BILL HEMPSEY'S RECITAL.

When Bill Hempsey married Tal Harwell there was great surprise in the Nubbin Ridge neighborhood. Bill was worthy of respect and was respected; he was worthy of confidence and had been intrusted with a county office, yet when he married Tal Harwell there was heard, at every turn, murmurs of astonishment.

Tal was a beautiful girl, and was much younger than Bill; her form, untrained by any art, but with a woods-like wildness of development, was of exquisite grace, and her hair was of gentle waviness, like the ripples of a sun-ray-catching rivulet.

Handsome young fellows—Ned Royston, whose bottom field of corn was this year the finest in the neighborhood, and Phil Hightower, who had just built a new double loghouse, chinked and daubed, paid devoted court to the beauty, but when old Bill came along—old Bill with a scar over one eye where a steer kicked him years ago—and asked her to marry him, she shook off the mischievous airs of the beauty, took up the serious expression of a thoughtful woman and consented.

Bill owned a little old log-house, stuck up on the side of a hill, and though viewed from the country road it might have seemed a dreary place, yet standing in the back door, Bill could look down and see the wild plum bushes bending over the crystal water of the creek—could see a green meadow far down the stream and could hear the song of the rain-crow.

Several years passed. The gossips reluctantly agreed that Bill and his wife were happy, that is, reasonably happy, for the gossips never submit to a complete surrender. One day while Bill was away from home Ned Royston came to the house. Tal came in when she heard footsteps, and upon seeing the visitor stood wiping her hands on her apron. She had been washing, and a bubble of suds on her hair, catching a ray of light, flashed like a diamond.

"You've about forgot me, hain't you, Tal—Miz Hempsey?"

"No, how could I forget you when I see you at church nearly every Sunday? Sit down."

"Yes, you see me," Ned replied, seating himself, "but as you never speak to me I 'lowed that you had dun forgot me."

"I never forget a friend."

"Much obliged. You look tired; sit down yourse'f."

She sat down. Ned continued:

"You do a good deal of hard work, don't you?"

"No more than any other woman, I reckon."

"You do more than I'd let my wife do."

"Yes, all men talk that way before they are married."

"And some of them mean what they say, Tal—or Miz Hempsey."

"But the majority of them do not."

"I know one that does. Tal, if you had married me you never would had to work none."

"You let your mother work."

"Yes, but I wouldn't let you work. I wish you had married me, Tal, for I ain't been happy a single hour sence you told me that you wouldn't, not a single one. I uster be fonder of persimmon puddin' than anybody, but I ain't eat narry one sense you 'lowed that you couldn't marry me. Tell me, Tal, air you happy?"

"Happy as most women, I reckon."

"But most women ain't happy."

"Mebby not."

A short silence followed; Ned twisted his hat round and round. Tal wiped her hands on her apron.

"Tal—you don't care if I call you Tal, do you?"

"No, I am not particular."

"But you wouldn't let everybody call you by your first name, would you?"

"No."

"Tal."

"Well."

"Do you know what I've been thinkin' about ever sense I saw you at meetin' last Sunday?"

"How am I to know what you've been thinkin' about? Hardly know sometimes what I'm thinkin' about myse'f."

"Would you like to know what I've been thinkin' about, Tal?"

She sat twisting her apron; a cat purred about the legs of her chair. A chicken, singing the lazy song of "laying time," hopped up into the doorway. "Shoo," she cried. "The chickens are about to take the place."

"But that ain't got nothin' to do with what I've been thinkin' nor about you wantin' to know it. Do you wanter know?"

"You may tell me if you want to."

"Sho' 'nuff?"

"Yes, if it ain't bad."

"Oh, it ain't bad." He untwisted his hat, straightened it out by pulling it down on his head, took it off, and, beginning to twist it again, said:

"I've been thinkin' that you wa'n't happy livin' with a man that don't 'preciate you—hold on now, let me get through." She had moved impatiently. "Man that don't 'preciate you; and I've been thinkin' that I would come over here and—and ask you to run away with me. Wait, Tal—please wait." She had sprung to her feet. "Just listen to me a minit. Folks uster think you was happy, but they know you ain't now. Tal, please wait a minute. Tal, for God's sake let me explain myself. Say, wait just a minute. You won't tell Bill, will you? Oh, you won't do that, I know. We understand each other, Tal, don't we? Tal, oh, Tal"—— She was hastening down the slope towards the wild-plum bushes. "Don't say anything," he shouted. "Don't, for if you do there'll be trouble."

"What's the matter, little girl?" Bill asked that evening as he was eating his supper.

"Nothin'."

"You don't 'pear to be as bright as usual."

"I thought I was."

"But you ain't. Thar's some new calico in my saddle-bags that'll make you as putty a dress as you ever seed. Got red and yaller spots on it that shines like a sunflower. Look here, little gal, thar's somethin' the matter with you and you needn't say thar ain't. Come here now." He shoved his chair back from the table and took her on his lap. "You know thar's somethin' wrong, now, and you air jest tryin' to fool me. I haven't done nothin' to hurt your feelin's, have I?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter? Oh, don't cry that way." She sobbed on his shoulder. "You'll make me think that I ain't the right sort of a husband, if you keep on. Mebbe I ain't, too. I'm gettin' old and grizzly, and I ain't good-lookin' nohow, while you 'pear to git puttier and puttier every day."

"Bill," she said, putting her arms around his neck, "you mustn't talk—you mustn't think that way. You air the best man that ever lived, and if you'll promise not to get mad I'll tell you what ails me."

"Law me, child, I couldn't git mad if I wanted to."

She told him; he sat for a few moments in a silence of deep meditation, and then, with a brightening countenance, said cheerfully:

"Why, that ain't nothin' to git mad about, chile. It's all right; and let me tell you that any man after seein' you a few times is bound to love you and I reckon he would be willin' to run away with you. Why, bless my life, I'd run away with you in a minit, er haw! haw! No, indeed, honey, you kain't blame the pore feller for that."

"And you won't say anything to him about it?"

"Law me, child, I'll never mention it to him; never in the world, so don't give yourself no uneasiness."

A chilling rain was falling. Several men, including Ned Royston, were sitting in Bob Talbot's store.

"Yander comes Bill Hempsey," said Talbot, looking out. Ned Royston moved uneasily in his chair.

"Hello, men!" Bill shouted, as he stepped up into the door and began to stamp the mud off his feet. "Sorter saft outside. Hi, Bob; glad to see you lookin' so well. Hi, Ned, and hi, all hands."

"We're always glad to see you," Ned spoke up, "fur we know that you allus fetch good humor along with you. Don't make no diffunce how rainy or how dry—no diffunce whuther the corn't clean or in the grass, you air allus the same."

"Glad you think so, Ned."

"We all jine him in thinkin' so," said Talbot.

"Much obleeged." He stood leaning against the counter, and, moving his hand carelessly, touched a rusty cheese-knife. "Bob, what do you keep sich a onery-lookin' knife as this for?"

"Sharp enough to cut cheese with, I reckon, Bill."

"Yes, but that's about all. Hand me that whetrock over thar and let me whet the point. Blamed if I haven't got to be doin' somethin' all the time. Well, fellers, I seed suthin' 'tother week while I was down in Knoxville that laid over anything I ever did see before. I went to a theatare. Ever at one, Ned?"

"No, don't believe I was."

"Wall, now, if you've ever been at one you'd know it," Bill replied, industriously whetting the point of the knife. "Why, it knocks a school exhibition sillier than a scorched pup. I never did see sich a show."

"Any hosses in it?" Bob Talbot asked.

"Oh, no, it all tuck place in a house. I'll tell you how it was (still whetting the knife). It was playin', regular pertend-like, but it looked mighty natral. It 'pears that a ruther old feller had married a ruther young gal (he put the whetstone on the counter); a powerful putty gal, too. Wall, one time when the old feller wa'n't about the house, a young chap that had wanted to marry her a good while before, he come in and got to talkin' to her, and the upshot was that he wanted her to run away with him."

"No," said Bob Talbot.

"Yes, sir," continued old Bill, "wanted her to run smack smooth away with him. Wall, she told her husband, but he sorter laughed, he did, and 'lowed that he didn't blame the feller much. But the fun come after this. The old feller—stand up here, Ned, and let me show you. Hang it, stand up; don't pull back like a shyin' hoss. The old feller got him a knife 'bout like this, and he went into a room whar the young feller was. Now, you stand right thar. He walks in this way, and neither one of them says a word, but stood and looked at each other 'bout like we are doin', but all at once the old feller lifts up the knife this way and—Thar, you damned scoundrel!"

He plunged the knife into Ned Royston's breast—buried the blade in the fellow's bosom, and, as he pulled it out, while Royston lay on the floor, dead, he turned to his terror-stricken friends, and exclaimed:

"He wanted my wife to run away with him, boys!

"If you wanter hang me, I'll tie the rope.

"You don't? Then good-by, and God bless you."—Opie Reid, in Arkansas Traveler.

A Powerful Telescope.

The testing of the Bruce photographic telescope, just completed for Harvard University, has resulted in a pronounced success. It is the largest, and therefore most powerful, instrument of its kind ever constructed. Photographic telescopes of eight inches aperture are not uncommon, but the Bruce telescope has a lens twenty-four inches in diameter. A photograph of the North Star has been successfully taken by this instrument on a 12 by 15-inch plate, and this insignificant looking bit of glass represents a triumph in astronomical observation.

The most certain means not to lose the good that one does is to forget it.

WANTED, A LIAR.

There was a Fine Opening for a Man with Lots of Imagination.

I was sitting on a salt barrel on the shady side of the depot while waiting for the train on the other road, when a farmer drove up in his wagon. He went around and talked with the station agent for a few minutes and then returned to ask:

"Stranger, do you want to make $20,000 as easy as rolling off a log?"

"I do."

"Air you a religious man?"

"Not exactly."

"Any scruples ag'in lyin'?"

"That's according to circumstances. State your case."

"The case is just this: I own 100 acres of land right around here. As it stands it's worth about $8 an acre. Split her up into city lots and each one will bring $50. You can figure on $1,000 an acre."

"But this is no site for a city!" I protested.

"That's whar the lyin' will come in. I should calkerlate on your makin' the site."

"There's no fuel, no water, no agriculture."

"Got to lie about 'em!"

"You've got to have natural advantages to make a city."

"More lyin'."

"You've simply got a railroad junction, one house and 100 acres of mighty poor land to start on," I said as I looked around on the lonesome prospect.

"That's whar the lyin' will come in!" he answered. "I've known twenty towns out here to start on a heap less. Is it a bargain or no? You do the lyin' and the advertisin' and I do the sellin', and in a year we'll clear up a carload of money. Best chance in the world fur a risin' young man. Knocks a silver mine all holler."

"I—I'm afraid I couldn't accept your liberal proposition."

"All right; no harm done. I'm lookin' fur a liar. He's got to be a good one. As you seemed to be out of a job and dead broke, I thought I'd tackle you. All the same, however, I'll hit the right man inside of a week and he'll make his fortune here. Best of schools, plenty of churches, six railroads, rich country, future Chicago, ten factories, cultivated society, purest of water, public parks, come with a rush, sold again! If you happen to meet a liar send him down!" — Springfield Union.

Bingo.

"Yes," said the big man with the gun case to the little man in spectacles, "I'm off for a try at the birds."

The small man lifted his feet out of the way of the gun case, and made room in the seat beside him.

"Got my dog in the baggage car," continued the big man. "He's a dandy. Best dog I ever shot over, unless 'twas your old Bingo. By the way, you don't go out any more yourself. What's the reason. Bing getting old and lazy?"

The small man opened his penknife and thoughtfully scratched at a splash of mud on his trouser-leg. "No, I don't keep any dog now. Old Bing is dead."

"Dead, is he? Well, well, he was getting along in years. A general breaking down, I suppose." There was a pause, and the little man scratched away industriously. "No, it wasn't that. I'll tell you about it," said he suddenly.

"You see, the last time I had him out we were on Smith's farm. You know the place, just over the county line. You remember that big cornfield where the willows grow over the creek and the railroad cuts through one corner? Well, we were down there, and Bing, being thirsty, ran across the track, in among the willows, to get to the water. I thought there might be birds there, and I was too far behind for a shot, so I called him back. Just then a bird got up beyond him, and I shouted to him to charge.

"You know I don't see very well, but I thought that he wasn't minding, so I shouted again. The old fellow hesitated for a moment, then he dropped down, and just then the train came around the curve and—and"——

The small man's voice faltered a little when he went on. "You see I thought that he was farther away, but he was right on the track, and he had obeyed me at the cost of his life. Somehow I haven't cared much for hunting since then."

The little man shut his knife with a snap and looked out of the window, and the big man exclaimed, "Well, well, by Jove! Poor old Bing!" Then the big man blew his nose violently, muttering that that was the only way to dislodge those cursed cinders, while the little man wiped his glasses upon a chamois-skin polisher and sighed.—Chicago Herald.

A Heifer Adopts a Young Caribou.

Some weeks ago a son of J. Francis, of Moro, saw what he supposed was a big rabbit with a heifer in the field. The cattle was pastured in a back lot near the woods. The boy, as he approached, saw that it was not a rabbit. He easily caught the animal, which proved to be a young caribou, and carried it home in his arms. It was apparently a day old, and was weak and staggering. A nursing bottle was secured, and the little caribou was fed on milk. Very soon it followed the boy about the room. It was allowed to nurse from a cow for some weeks, till it grew so boisterous, butting and striking its foster mother with its feet, that the farmer feared the cow might injure it, and now feeds it with milk by hand three times a day. All this time it has evinced a fondness for its first foster mother, the heifer. The little fellow is flourishing, to all appearances. It is very tame, and delights to be led into the woods, where it will run and play. But at the slightest unusual noise it will immediately scamper home. It is a buck, and its horns are just coming through.—Portland Argus.

Mind Acting on Matter.

He—I am afraid it will be a great shock to her to find that her fiance is flirting with that handsome blonde.

She—Yes; I shouldn't wonder if it made her hair turn light in one night. —World's Fair Puck.

Man seldom blames himself for his folly. He modestly leaves that piece of wisdom to his friends.

How He was Driven Out and Wreaked His Vengence on the Editor.

"Say!" began the young man as he sat down to the city editor's desk in a chummy way, "have you any fault to find with this $8 silk hat, this $30 gold-headed cane, this $500 diamond stud, this $50 suit of clothes on top of these patent leather gaiters? How do these $100 bills strike you? Gaze on this New York draft for $15,000! Heft this gold watch I planked down $600 for in Chicago the other day! Anything scrubby about me?"

"I don't see anything," repeated the city editor, as he laid down page No. 3 of a city item he was revising, observes the Detroit Free Press.

"You bet you don't! Remember me?"

"Can't say I do."

"Don't you remember one night, about eighteen months ago, when a long, lean, hungry-looking chap, who had his coat buttoned up to hide his shirtless condition, came in and struck you for a job?"

"A good many such come in."

"Yes, but I told you I hoofed it all the way from Buffalo, and could knock the socks off'n any chap in these diggings on an obituary notice."

"Yes, I remember now," replied the city editor, as he capitalized the word "Alderman" in page No. 4.

"But you had no use for me; said your paper was devoted to live topics instead of obituaries. Ha ha! good joke! Don't you remember of advising me to give up the journalistic struggle and go to driving a street car? Kind of you—very kind. Shall never forget it. I struck you for a quarter and you panned out two shingle nails, a bunch of keys and a poker chip. Felt sorry for you—'pon my honor I did. Would have let you in later on, but had forgotten your name."

"Well?" wearily queried the city editor, as he marked two exclamations and a comma into a mad dog item.

"Well, I went West. Struck Kansas just in time to boom. Thought of you all the way out there. Couldn't strike a street car job, but I did hit an old chap who wanted to sell 300 acres of land mighty bad. Hit a man in Wichita for fifty cents and struck keno three times. Then dropped into faro and came out $800 ahead. I'd taken your advice and given up the journalistic struggle. See?"

"Yes."

"Got a surveyor—platted the town of Silver City—got out circulars—advertised in 600 papers—gave away 200 lots—sold off 4,200, and here I am. Cleaned up about $27,000 inside of a year and a half—all new greenbacks—and am now on my way to Europe for a tour before going into an orange grove spec. in Florida. Say, old man—come along with me—Liverpool—London—Paris—Venice—Berlin. You are looking yellow about the gills, and the ozone will do you good. Just a little run for six months, you know—art galleries—cathedrals—towers—the Rhine—the Alps—store clothes and first-class hotels all the way round. What d'ye say?"

"I can't afford it," answered the city editor, as he marked the comical proceedings "O. K." and laid the manuscript aside.

"Poor boy—poor boy! How many years have you been at it?"

"Twenty."

"And still wearing two-shilling ties, a tweed suit, and looking as if you hadn't had a square meal for a month! Say—give it up—put on your coat and go home."

"Do you mean my situation?"

"Yes, and journalism, too. You are a failure. Give up the struggle and drive a street car or hitch on to a buck saw and try and work yourself to the top! Sorry for you, but you are out of your element. All my dollar cigars are gone, but here are a couple of fifty-cent ones, which I will leave with my best wishes. Would like to stay longer, but I sail from New York day after to-morrow. Bye-bye, old fel, and don't be discouraged! Always a chance for an ambitious street car driver to climb up, you know. If you need my influence cable me, care of the Rothschilds."

And when he had departed the city editor leaned back and stared at the wall for a long five minutes without thinking. When the clatter of the copy box coming down from the composing-room finally brought him back to earth he sighed drearily, put away the cigars so carefully wrapped in tinfoil, gathered up the sheets lying about, and whispered to himself:

"Too late! All the booms have busted. Wish I'd thrown the blamed cuss down stairs for his check!"

Dull Novels.

"Why are to-day's novels so very uninteresting?" asks a writer in one of the magazines. His own idea is that the modern novelists are too much taken up with realism and the "scientific spirit," so that they forget the "universality of the imaginative appeal." Perhaps there is some truth in this, reasons the editor of the Providence Journal. But dullness is not exactly a matter of choice. You can't get out of anything more than you put in it, and a dull man is sure to write a dull book. Another load which afflicts current fiction is the rage for a "problem." It is no longer the thing to write a novel in the old artistic spirit. There must be wrestlings of spirit over religion, divorce, or socialism, or what not. It wasn't in that way that Fielding and Thackeray wrought.

A Popular Falsehood Nailed.

"Been a deacon in a church for fifteen years?" echoed the passenger in the check suit. "That's a long time. I dare say you have passed the contribution basket through the congregation a great many times?"

"Hundreds of times," replied the passenger in the black alpaca.

"And I suppose—ha! ha—you have found a great many—eh?—what's this?"

The deacon, with an intensely weary look on his face, had drawn from his pocket and was holding for inspection of the man in the check suit a time-stained card, on which was printed in large letters the following inscription:

"Never found in the contribution box a button of any sort or kind in my life."—Chicago Tribune.

It comes so much easier to forgive those who have caused us suffering, when we learn that we too have made others to suffer.

DOGS GET BORED.

How Man's Example Has Demoralized the Faithful Animal.

Some domestic animals can be very much bored indeed. This capacity seems to vary with the intelligence of the victim and with the closeness of his relations to mankind. We may well blush, for instance, when we think how man has demoralized the dog. We have taught the dog to be bored. We have corrupted him so much by our society that he can no longer depend on himself, or even on other dogs for entertainment. A cow, it may be boldly said, never thinks of being bored. Give her plenty of grass and the company of another cow by way of gossip, give her a stream to stand in, and that cow is happy, as happy as the Buddha himself. No murmur escapes her lips, no glance of discontent shows in her placid eyes.

The dog, on the other hand, is always craving for society. A dog has been known to leave its master's house and betake itself to that of a richer neighbor, who saw more company and entertained the great. To please a dog something must always be going on. To him the whirl of gayety means life. He is notoriously incapable of even taking a walk by himself. He detests solitude. He very seldom even takes a walk with another dog; never, perhaps, except where there is a neighboring wood with rabbits in it. The dog lives for society and sport, the sure proof of an idle and ill occupied mind.

Nature, landscape, in spite of the Duke of Argyll, is nothing to the dog. Within doors, he is always asking to be let into a room and then asking to be let out of it if he thinks there is better—that is, more dissipated and frivolous—company elsewhere. The dog who is accidentally shut out of his master's house at night howls till he is let in again, usually next morning with the milk. He keeps all the parish awake, but never manages to waken his owner. The cause of all this disturbance is simply ennui and a sense of social neglect. The dog could be quite comfortable in the garden, but he feels that he is "out of it," and gives as much trouble as a person who is asking to be asked to a party.

In a state of nature it is most improbable that the dog had these offensive instincts. A fox, a wolf is never bored when not in confinement; he hunts, he sleeps, he plays with his cubs. Probably savages are never bored; at a corroboree you do not note men leaning against doors, or, rather, tree trunks, with an air of unspeakable tedium. They waltz in and enjoy themselves. It is clearly civilization which produces ennui, not only in men, women and children, but even in dogs. —London Times.

The Supply of Frogs.

Thirty thousand frogs a week are brought into the Buffalo market. Even the local fishermen are devoting much of their time to collecting frogs, for 100 of which they are receiving $1 at the present time. A Buffalo fish company is the largest buyer. It freezes the legs for quick New York consumption, and also stores large quantities for profitable sales at other seasons. The business of securing the frogs is very remunerative to the man who knows their haunts. Twelve hundred were brought into the city on a recent evening by a fisherman who had taken them along the lake shore on the Canadian side. One of them was a cow frog that weighed 2⅛ pounds, and sold for $1.25, its legs being as large as those of a good-sized spring chicken. There are three methods of killing the frogs—with a stick, by spearing and by shooting. The best time to hunt for them is about the middle of the day, when they come out of their hiding-places and seek the meadows, pastures and fields, where the grain has been cut, in search of insects. Very few frogs are caught in the marshes or on the banks of the lakes, as it is only at night they gather in those localities. In winter they are either caught with a net, which is dipped under the ice, or dug out with a spade from the side of the banks, and are invariably caught in clusters, for they huddle together.—New York Evening Post.

Getting it Done.

"It's strange I can't get my wife to mend my clothes," remarked Mr. Bridie disgustedly. "I asked her to sew the buttons on this vest this morning and she has never touched it."

"You asked her?" observed Mr. Norris, with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes. What else should I do?"

"You haven't been married very long, and perhaps you'll take a pointer from me," remarked Mr. Norris, with a fatherly air. "Never ask a woman to mend anything. That's fatal."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do as I do. When I want to have a shirt mended, for instance, I take it in my hand and hunt up my wife. 'Where's that rag bag, Mrs. Norris,' I demand fiercely.

"'What do you want the rag bag for?' she says suspiciously.

"'I want to throw this shirt away. It's all worn out,' I reply.

"'Let me see it,' she demands.

"'But I put the garment behind my back.

"'No, my dear,' I answer. 'There is no use of your attempting to do anything with it. It needs'——

"'Let me see it,' she reiterates.

"'But it's all worn out, I tell you.'

"'Now, John, you give me that shirt!' she says in her most peremptory tones.

"'I hand over the garment.

"'Why, John Norris!' she cries with womanly triumph. 'This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is'—— And then she mends it."—Brooklyn Life.

That Wouldn't Do.

"I don't want bread," said the fastidious tramp, as a generous slice was offered to him. "Haven't you any cake?"

"Yes, I have a cake you seem to need badly—a cake of soap."

But the tramp walked away discontentedly.

Nothing Surprising.

Mrs. Skidmore (reading) — Philippa Fawcett, who won such great distinction as senior wrangler at Oxford, is still unmarried.

Mr. Skidmore—No wonder.