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MINING JOURNAL.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

23D YEAR—NO. 8.

FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

$1.50 per annum—IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,152.

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	8:30 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 55 6 15	Piedmont	11 00 6 00 11 45
6 30 12 08 6 45	Barton	10 50 5 49 11 32
6 40 12 18 6 49	Lonaconing	10 42 5 39 11 23
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 05
7 00 12 39 7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20 5 19 11 00
7 08 12 47 7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12 5 11 10 54
7 25 1 04 7 25	Mount Lavon	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 43 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, 1892.

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
" 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		2:35 a m
" 12—Mail		1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp	" daily except Sunday	7:35 p m
" 6—Limited	leaves	2:25 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. No's 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way

T. T. ALLEN, May 27 Acting Agent

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

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

A PLUCKY WIFE.

Sage Bar was excited. Six horses were missing from Bill Hines's drove. Fifteen minutes after Bill had reported his loss at the Bar a party had found the trail and ridden off towards the southwest. Presently, as they were crossing a wet bit of land in a hollow, Bill, who led the party, looked sharply at the hoof prints sunk deep in the soil and reined up quickly.

"Look at the shoe mark!" he exclaimed, pointing down at the trail.

"By guns! it's the Easterner's hoss-shoe!" ejaculated Sam Fike, after an instant's scrutiny of the hoof prints, among which were several larger than the rest, showing the clear impress of a shoe. The others were those of unshod horses. Then the party scanned the marks closely. Then the men looked at each other with ugly frowns.

"Well," said Bill, tentatively, at last.

No one answered for a moment. Then Sam remarked: "It looks bad for ther Easterner, sure! Th' hain't any one got hoss-shoes like them in the district 'cept him. I'm sorry 'f th' feller's put his head in a rope's end, boys. But we'll have ter foller him up. Who'll go back?"

A couple of the party volunteered. The men separated. Part of them moved forward on the trail. The others turned their horses at right angles to the former line of march and loped on towards the Easterner's cabin.

The Easterner, otherwise Jack Craig, of whom they had been speaking, had been in Sage Bar only a short time. He was a tenderfoot, out and out. When he came to the Bar he brought his wife with him. She was a bright, pretty little woman, but they hardly knew her in the settlement. Craig always had been reserved, and the two had kept by themselves in the little cabin which stood a mile or so away from town. So Sage Bar had come to consider the pair a "queer lot," and to designate them as "the Easterner an' his wife," which was intended to be anything but complimentary.

When the trailing party reined up in front of Craig's cabin they found the object of their search sitting on a log before the door, smoking. From his dress, bespattered with mud, it was evident that he had just returned from riding. The party exchanged glances of understanding.

Sam Pike came to the point at once. "Craig," he said, "yer wanted down ter th' Bar."

"What's that?" demanded the Easterner, angrily.

"Yer wanted down ter th' Bar!" Sam repeated. "For hoss stealing!" he added.

Craig's face was aflame in an instant. He sprang from his seat, throwing back his hand to his hip. But the others had him covered, and his hand dropped loosely by his side again. "It's a —— lie," he said, "and you know it!"

Just then a woman's figure appeared in the cabin doorway. It was Craig's wife.

"What's the matter?" she questioned anxiously, seeing her husband's attitude.

Craig spoke up quickly: "Go back, Dolly! They've got up a dirty story about me and want me to go to the Bar. But I'll come back in a little while."

Sam had a great fear of woman's tongues and tears, and immediately ordered Craig to mount a horse which another man at a word secured from the stable near by. The woman had looked on dumbly, seeming hardly to comprehend what was taking place, but as she saw her husband walk over towards the horse, she ran to him, and threw both arms about him, holding him tight to her. He unclasped her arms gently after an instant, and mounted the horse and, turning in the saddle, waved his hand to her. Then they rode away, and, after they had gone a piece, Sam looked back and saw the woman still standing there, her hands loosely locked before her, watching them with wide-open eyes. "She's grit ter th' backbone," muttered that worthy, and lashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the party when they drew rein in town, and there were some who would have strung Craig up on the spot when Sam had told the story. Sage Bar was in that stage of progress where horse stealing was a capital offense and a short shrift was granted to offenders. But Sam's protest that nothing should be done until the Hines party returned was heeded, and the prisoner was put in an empty cabin, tied hand and foot, several of the men agreeing to stand guard.

The afternoon waned away and evening came, and the Hines party did not make its appearance. So Craig was given something to eat and then was fastened tightly once more, and the men rolled themselves up in their blankets in front of the cabin about 11 o'clock, leaving only Jo Stetson on guard.

Stetson sat himself down on a stump and lighted a pipe, and, with his rifle across his knee, fell to thinking about some "mavericks" he had branded that day. Presently he imagined he heard a soft step from the prairie. He raised his head and listened. Just then the moon showed a rim beyond a sailing cloud, and its light fell on a woman—a woman's figure—making its way towards the cabin. Stetson rose to his feet, letting his rifle-butt drop on the ground, and curiously surveyed the woman, who was close to him now. It was the Easterner's wife.

"Is he in there?" she said, her voice trembling a bit.

"Yes," answered Stetson.

"Can't I see him?" she asked. "Only for a moment," she added.

"Can't do it, mar'm," said Stetson, decidedly.

For a moment she was quiet, looking longingly towards the cabin and clasping and unclasping her hands softly. The man hoped she would go. He had hated to say no, and he didn't know how long his determination to refuse would last. "But they say they're going to try him to-morrow, and I mayn't get another chance." She looked at him so sadly, and yet so bravely withal that Stetson wavered and was lost.

"For five minutes, then, no more!" he said, half repenting of his words the instant they were uttered.

But he unlocked the cabin door for her, and locked it behind her again. Then he stood outside the door, cursing himself. Presently there was a rap from the inside of the cabin, and, much relieved, he undid the door. But he kept his finger on the hammer of his rifle as he stood aside to allow her to pass.

She came out quickly. Stetson turned and bent to fasten the door. As he did so he felt a tingling cold metal against his head, and heard in her voice, now without a tremble:

"Put up your hands, and do it quickly!" The order was so distinctly put and so emphatically backed up by the cold metal, which Stetson knew only too well was the dangerous end of a revolver, that he did not hesitate. As he threw up his hands, the door was pulled open from the inside and a man dashed out and melted in the darkness on the prairie. A moment more and the hoof beats of a horse came back, sounding clear and sharp on the still air.

The men, who had been asleep till now, awakened by the noise, sleepily raised themselves on their elbows. The woman had not moved the pistol from Stetson's head. But she now dropped the weapon quickly and started to run. In an instant Stetson was after her, and, wild at being outwitted, had run her down and caught her before she had gone fifty yards. As he grasped her by the shoulders the hoof beats were dying on the air, and the woman looked into her captor's face with an exultant smile.

Stetson brought her back to the cabin and in a half-shamed way told his story. The woman was quiet and did not seem to hear what they said. Despite their chagrin at having been worsted by a woman, the men could not but admire her pluck and skill. Then they argued as to what they should do with her, and finally decided to take her into town as soon as it was light. They locked her in the cabin, and then sat up and talked the rest of the night. They felt that it would be useless to attempt to trail Craig in the dark, and, to tell the truth, they were just a bit fearful that the woman would escape them unless they kept a sharp lookout.

When morning came a big party set off in pursuit of Craig. But they had scant hope of overtaking him with a horse under him and his many hours' start. The Easterner's wife still remained locked in the cabin. Sage Bar for once found itself nonplused. Law and order had been reversed by a woman, and the town had the offender in custody. But smoke and ponder as it might, Sage Bar was at a loss to know how to proceed. All the laws of the settlement, unwritten though they were, had sprung from an acute sense of frontier needs, and referred to men. There was an undefinable feeling among the Sage Bar solons that these laws could not be applied with propriety to women, so they talked much, smoked and drank much more, and did—nothing. When the Hines party came in, tired, hungry and empty handed, no solution of the difficulty presented itself, and so, with admirable judgment, the town decided to free itself of further responsibility by setting the woman at liberty. The Easterner's wife was pale and evidently worn out when they brought her out of the cabin; but she said not a word when they told her she might go, and walked off in the direction of her home with a smile, half of defiance, half of satisfaction. That night the party which had gone in pursuit of Craig returned, having made a fruitless search.

Two days later, just as Sage Bar was preparing its evening meal, two men were seen riding over a swell from the northeast. Five horses were driven loosely before them. When the men got nearer the town one of them was recognized as the Easterner. He was riding bareheaded, and beside him rode another, dark and swarthy, his arms bound to his sides, his horse led by Craig. All Sage Bar assembled about the party, while Craig told the story of how he had ridden away that night, had struck the track of the horses, and following it had brought the Mexican thief to terms with a shot from his rifle, and then came back. And when he had done there were cheers for the Easterner such as the town hadn't had a chance to relieve itself of for a long while, and to this day there is not a man in Sage Bar but touches his slouch hat to the Easterner's wife, who Jo Stetson declares is "th' sandiest little woman in th' West!" — Kansas City Times.

How to Put Up a Clothesline.

A simple contrivance, designed to save a great deal of washing-day work, can be put in place very easily. It consists of a little house or shed, fifteen inches long, fastened stoutly all along one side against the outer wall of a building, or perhaps against a fence; though one objection to the latter is that the line when stretched and hung with wet clothes would pull upon the fence and perhaps cause it to sag in time. A part of the other or outer side of the little clothesline shelter is made in a sort of door, opening on hinges, which lets down, disclosing the barrel on which the clothesline is wound. To this at one end a crank handle is attached with a ratchet wheel. In putting up the line, one end of which is tied to the barrel, first unwind the line and pass it around each pole until all is in the position wanted. Slip the loop in the end over the last pole, then go back to the box, turn the crank until all the line is straight and taut, then fasten by means of the ratchet so that it cannot unwind. This prevents "sagging" effectually. When the clothes have been taken off the line wind it up and shut up the side opening to protect the rope from rain, dampness and mildew.

Where Romeo Counts the Stripes.

A peculiar custom obtains in Brittany whereby a marriageable young man can easily ascertain the dowry which attaches to any young lady. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats with white and yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band represent silver, and denotes 100 francs per annum, while each yellow band denotes gold, and betokens 1,000 francs a year. Thus a young man who sees a face that pleases him has but to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat, and, without any bashful or suspicious inquiry, he can learn what amount of money accompanies the wearer.

Doing Up Cæsar.

"Fellers," said the learned newsboy, "did ye ever hear about Brutus an' how he put up a job ter do Caesar?"

"Is dat de blokey in de teayter," asked Freckles.

"Dat's de one. Brutus was a hummer. He wasn't ez much of a scrapper ez Caesar, but he was a corker fer all dat. He didn't say much, but kep' t'inkin', and when he t'ought dat Caesar wasn't doin' de square t'ing by de fellers, he jus' lays low fer a show to dump him. See? Caesar wanted ter be boss, but Brutus wouldn't have it dat way. Brutus was dead on to his racket, an' him an' Cassius an' Casca an' Tullius an' a lot other fellers put up a job to croak Julius in de Senate."

"W'y didn't dey get Julius shoved?" asked Freckles.

"Der wasn't no coppers in dem days, an' Caesar had de bulge. Brutus couldn't had him shoved anyhow.

"Den Cassius, a skinny, dead sore on Caesar, was allers tellin' Brutus dat he ought ter do him, so dat Rome would be free. Cassius didn't care for de freedom o' Rome so much ez he wanted ter do Caesar; but Brutus didn't want ter do Caesar ez much ez ter free Rome. Well, Brutus an' Cassius an' de gang got Caesar inter de Senate. Caesar wasn't stuck on comin', but when dey tol' him dat if he didn't he'd queer de business in de Senate, he come, an' dey got aroun' him an' Tullius yanked his nightgown off an' Casca give him one in the shoulder wid his toothpick. Den de gang dey dug holes in him, an' when Caesar see Brutus gettin' in his work wid de rest he weakened and croaked."

"An' was Rome free den?" asked the fat boy.

"Naw. Brutus wasn't fly enough to play de game. Antony was a pal o' Caesar's, an' when he wanted ter chin at Caesar's wake Brutus was chump enough ter let him. Der was no flies on Marc. When he got de gang at de wake he guv 'em sich a corkin' speech dat de gang was wid him an' agin Brutus. Dat busted de freedom racket, an' Octavius an' Antony an' Brutus an' Cassius had a set to on the plains o' Phillippi an' Brutus an' Cassius got licked an' "—

A citizen calling for a paper ended the lecture abruptly. The learned newsboy made the sale.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hasheesh and its Effects.

Hasheesh is principally composed of the husks of the innocent hempseed, but after its preparation loses its innocence and becomes one of the greatest curses of the East. One report states that hasheesh disturbs the functions of the systems of digestion and circulation; that it injures the senses and motive powers; that it disturbs the cerebral functions. The phantoms seen by and the tendencies manifested in those who are intoxicated with hasheesh generally indicate the usual habits of thought and moral character of the intoxicated person, or the thoughts and passions by which the man was possessed on the day that he became intoxicated, or at the moment in which the symptoms of poisoning began to make themselves manifest. Persons given to the use of hasheesh who become maniacs are apt to commit all sorts of acts of violence and murder.

Sometimes the intoxication of hasheesh impels the person under its influence to suicide or the commission of acts forbidden by morality. All authors are unanimous, basing their opinion on numerous observations among Eastern peoples, that the long use of hasheesh weakens the body and causes atropy, dulls the mind and creates hypochondria, idiocy and mania. Those who indulge in hasheesh have a fixed look without expression, and an idiotic appearance. According to statistical information obtained from the lunatic asylums of Cairo and Bengal, the majority of the maniacs and idiots become such from abuse of hasheesh. In most Eastern countries the importation, cultivation and sale of hasheesh is forbidden, but it is used in large quantities nevertheless.

The March of Color.

In the early months of summer white flowers predominate in the northern field and garden. In July yellow flowers begin to prevail and their reign seems to culminate in August, which is the month par excellence of golden hues. In September and October the ascendancy passes to blue and purple blossoms. One cannot help noticing that this march of color among the flowers, carrying them from white in the spring to blue in the autumn, recalls the supposed progression of age among the stars as indicated by their colors. It has generally been thought, although the fact has not yet been finally demonstrated, that the white stars are the youngest, that the yellow stars represent the mid-season of solar life, and that the deeply colored stars, red, purple and blue, are those which are fast passing into decadence. If this is true, then in the heavens also we may say white is the color of springtime and purple the badge of the season of decay.

England's Oldest Industry.

The oldest industry in Great Britain—older it could hardly be, for its existence has been traced back to the prehistoric stone age—is still being carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and is reported to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufactory of gun and tinder box flints. The work is done in little sheds, often at the back of townsfolks' cottages.—London News.

A Bul-Bul of Mu covy.

It's hard to believe that a woman with such a name as Koriboot Dass-Kavitch can be a nightingale of the lyric stage, but that's what they call Kori out in Russia, where she hails from.—Boston Globe.

Better Than His Word.

Old Tomkins—"I hear, you lucky dog, you've come into more money again, according to your wont?"

Young Jackson—"No; you're wrong. It's according to my uncle's will."—London Funny Folks.

If all parts of the United States were as densely populated as Rhode Island, the population of the country would be 945,760,000.

When in haste avoid short cuts.

DANGEROUS MOOSE.

They Are Very Pugnacious Opponents in a Close Fight.

Stories are told of killing moose with an axe, after running them down in the deep snow. "This may have been done in Maine or Canada," writes the author of an article on "Moose-Hunting in the Rocky Mountains," contributed to "The Big Game of North America," "but, if so, it proves to my mind that the moose there do not possess the same wild, savage, pugnacious natures as those found in the Rocky Mountains. No sane man would dare to attack one of our vicious mountain moose, single-handed, with any weapon short of a repeating rifle." The writer tells this story to support his assertion:

A party of river men wounded a large moose near the bank of Clear Water River in Idaho, and it took to the water. The eager but unskilled hunters rushed upon the wounded animal with a bateau. It was a large boat and was manned by six strong and fearless men. They were either without a gun, or scorned to use it, and determined to kill the moose with axes, cant-hooks and other woodsman's implements.

They bore down by the side of the swimming moose, which was kept in the current by walls of rock, and dealt him a blow. He turned to fight. The men rushed to the battle with shouts of defiance.

The moose struck the boat with his antlers, raised it clear out of the water, and turned it upside down so quickly that the men were all frightened, and two of them were either killed or drowned. The other four were rescued by their companions on shore, after the moose had been shot several times.

The writer himself once narrowly escaped being killed by a moose he had shot and thought dead. He had chased, on snowshoes and down a decline, two large moose, and, at thirty feet above them, fired at the larger bull. He staggered, and kept on; but a ghastly line of blood on the trail told of the deadly effect of the shot.

The second shot was aimed at the smaller moose. He fell at the crack of the rifle; but the other struggled on, bleeding, snorting, from a deadly shot through the lungs. Four shots were fired into him before he fell and buried himself in the snow.

The hunter, standing exhausted above the fallen moose, gave no thought to the animal that he supposed to be lying dead three or four rods back. Suddenly he heard a loud snort and felt a rush from behind. As he dodged to one side, the moose he had thought dead charged upon him and buried him in the snow.

His rush carried the moose past the fallen hunter, but he turned to charge again before the man could shoot. His broken shoulder failed him, however, and he tumbled down hill. Again he rose and charged again; but the hunter, having recovered himself, placed a bullet between his eyes. Although the snow was seven feet deep, and the moose had a broken shoulder, it was more good fortune than any advantage the hunter had that saved him from being cut to pieces by the enraged animal's feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Man who Refused a Duke—m.

An American girl in London writes to the Press:

"I saw Mr. Gladstone crossing Piccadilly Circus about 4 o'clock this afternoon. The crush was tremendous—buses, cabs, vans and struggling humanity on foot 'stopping the way.' But everybody, from 'Bobby' on guard to the gamins crying the evening papers, recognized the 'Grand Old Man.' Instantly hands were raised and traffic suspended until the Premier of England had safely passed the London Rubicon. Every eye was centred upon the octogenarian. The man about town withdrew his ardent gazing monocle from the passing tailor-made girl; the 'city man' turned and for the moment forgot his stocks and shares; Lady Clara Vere de Vere deigned to bestow a passing glance from the soft cushions of her aristocratic rolling barouche—I even fancied I saw a turn of the eye from her powdered footman; 'Tommy Atkins' of the Grenadier Guards was for once oblivious of the charms of the blushing nursery maid, and raised his hand in respectful salute, while the 'rag tag and bob tail' in wild excitement thronged in procession like the colored population of Washington after a brass band, and every now and then a beer cracked voice bawled forth: 'Hi, boys, there goes old Gladstone!'

"With unaffected dignity the first man in England—yea, perhaps, in all the world—moved through the crowd, eyes keen and bright and step as elastic as a young man in the prime of life. Paintings, photographs, engravings are but poor portrayals of Mr. Gladstone, for they show a spare, loose-jointed old man, with few remaining evidences of vigor. But to my mind his eighty-three years have not dimmed, nor custom staled, his wonderful virility. I saw a sturdy, well-knit man, erect and glowing with animation—one who in all respects gave the world 'assurance of a man.' For sixty years he has been a luminous figure in the world's history—and whom is there living to compare?"

A Court's Decision.

An English court has decided that a cook—male or female—is not bound to give an employer notice before leaving, nor on the other hand is the employer required to notify the cook before discharging her. The reason given is that if the cook was forced to remain against her will she might revenge herself on the members of the family, or, in case of a club, upon her employers' patrons.

Lending Houses.

The English custom of turning over a residence to a bridal pair for the honeymoon is often imitated this side the Atlantic, and is considered a very proper and elegant thing to do. But the lending of houses irrespective of the bridal element is also popular. Not infrequently persons going abroad for the summer offer their entire establishment to a friend for the absence.

The coast line of Alaska exceeds in length by 3,020 miles that of all the rest of the United States.

The Widow was Great at Utilizing Opportunities.

As I passed a mountain cabin of the better class, away off in the Cumberland ridges, one morning, I noticed around it a lot of people attired in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, with a wagon drawn by a pair of mules at the gate.

"What's going on?" I asked of a man in the wagon.

"Old man Bilger's funeral," he replied.

"When did he die?"

"Las' night; been sick a long time; never no good when he was well; leaves a widder and one gal; they run the place; it belonged to the widder afore she married him; the gal was her'n, too; buryin' takes place in half an hour; we air here out of respecks to the widder."

The man knew me or he never would have told me that much, short of an hour's questioning, and perhaps not then. Having urgent business five miles farther on, I declined his invitation to remain and rode along. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I passed the house on my way back, and the crowd was still there, but the wagon was gone. My friend of the morning saw me and came down to the gate.

"Git down and some in," he said insistently.

"What is it?" I asked. "Old man come to life again; or somebody else dead?"

"No," he laughed; "it's a weddin' this time, and it's mighty nigh ready to come off. Git down and come in."

"A wedding?" I asked in astonishment. "Who's marrying?"

"The gal and Sam Akerse's boy Joe."

"But the funeral has only been over a little time."

"Yes, an' that's how it happened," he explained, holding on to my bridle. "You see, the gal was goin' to git spliced to-morrer anyhow, an' the widder said on the way back from the buryin' ez how she didn't see no use, ez the folks wuz all thar dressed up, an' the preacher was handy, too, of their goin' to the trouble of fixin' up agin' to-morrer, an' losin' another day; so if they wuz all agreeable, why, the weddin' should come off right away; an' the folks was agreeable, so the weddin' is now about to be corroborated, an' if you'll git down an' come in everybody'll be glad to see you, an' you'll be shore to have a good time."

"Well, this is a little odd," I said, as I got down from my horse to go in.

"Mebbe it is," assented my friend; "but the widder is the beatinest woman to kill two birds with one rock you ever did see," and I did not offer a word in denial of it.—Detroit Free Press.

It Depends.

As I rode quietly along the bank of Poor Fork, just where the Pine Mountains begin to let it over to where it joins the Cumberland River, I was stopped by a man sitting on the fence with his arm in a sling and a Winchester in his lap.

"How d'y," he said; "did you come by Brown's?"

"Do you mean the cross roads back here about five miles?" I asked, much surprised that a mountaineer should ask me a question first.

"Yes, that's the place."

"I stopped there to have a man nail a shoe on my horse."

"Hear um say anything about a shootin' match thar yistiddy?"

"I heard them say there had been one."

"I heerd so, too, an' I war anxious to find out if it war so. Did you hear who the shooters wuz?"

"I don't remember the names, but they said only one of the men had been shot."

"Not killed, I reckon?"

"No; he was shot in the body, they thought, but he got away before they found out how much he was hurt, or just where."

"This is a dogon funny country for shootin' matches, ain't it?" he asked with a short laugh.

"It looks that way," I replied cautiously. "Personally, however, I don't think I would enjoy them."

"Well, that depends, mister, on who gits shot."

"Perhaps it does, but you don't mean to say you enjoy that kind of thing, do you?"

"I reckon I didn't enjoy that one yistiddy."

"Why?" I asked in surprise, "you were not there, were you?"

"Yes; I wuz peekin' 'round a bit."

"And why didn't you enjoy it if you stayed to see it?"

He laughed and held out his bandaged arm.

"I wuz the feller that got shot," he said, and I could at least understand why he hadn't enjoyed that one.—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese School Boy.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study. At the age of five a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises, and after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfastless to school. He is given a task, and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast; again, later he has an hour for luncheon, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All his time, when he is not reciting his lessons, he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school. The lad is taught rudimental astronomy, physics, and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies. "A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught the duties of children to parents and all such matters. Whatever the study may be, history, classics or science, every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.

Is Considerate.

Kingsley—Don't you think it retards digestion to read a newspaper at mealtimes?

Bingo—On the contrary, I find it a great help. When my wife makes a failure of the breakfast I devour the paper.

Street car conductors in Hannibal, Mo., are forbidden to aid women in getting on or off cars except when requested.

GIRLS AND CHEMISTRY.

AN IMPORTANT STUDY FOR FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Where Knowledge is Power—A Plea for Practical Science in the Kitchen and in the General Administration of Household Affairs.

It is contended, even to weariness, that a young woman's first and foremost duty should be to make herself proficient in housekeeping; and yet the study which is the surest stepping-stone to this estimable object is inconsiderably forgotten in most cases. It is chemistry—the science which tells what things are made of, and how their elements combine with others to produce certain fixed results. In cooking, canning and preserving fruits; washing, dying and renovating garments; house-cleaning, gardening and poultry-raising, not to mention the treatment of cuts, burns and common family ailments, the housewife stands in constant need of just such practical information as the study of chemistry would give her.

Many people hold the erroneous opinion that good cooks are blessed with their peculiar gift by nature, and that scientific knowledge would be of no account. They are accustomed to tell with gusto about some aunt who "just throws things together," but whose culinary productions always "taste good," and they hold this up as an argument that a knowledge of the materials she deals with is not necessary to the housewife. Yet, if questioned closely, they will always admit that even this famous individual "sometimes has bad luck." That means that her working knowledge, however good it may be, must fail in the face of adverse circumstances, especially such as are of a hidden nature; and then she has nothing to help her out and produce a successful result from her undertaking, whether it be in bread-making, canning corn or any other domestic procedure. Scientific knowledge is necessary for that. So, too, it would be beneficial in other ways. Knowing the chemical composition of flour, meat and potatoes, and the effect of various methods of preparation a housewife can put her learning to economical uses, and do her cooking on such a basis as to produce palatable dishes with no loss of nutriment and at the least expense. As a matter of fact, an uneducated cook, even though she enjoys the reputation of always "making things taste good," is seldom a saving cook; not because she has not the scientific knowledge regarding food materials and their management, which would enable her to be saving. On the other hand, an intelligent cook has a scientific reason for every direction and every process. She is able not only to produce the most appetizing results, but to do so with the greatest economy of time, labor and money.

The same is true in other departments which come under the care of the housewife. A knowledge of chemistry and the ability to make a few simple tests would enable her to avoid the use of a great many frauds, useless and injurious articles—for example, washing compounds that are utterly worthless, or that will rot the clothes; toilet powders, containing bismuth or arsenic, for her own complexion or for use in the nursery; expensive baking powders that contain alum or something worse; a wonderful furniture polish at fifty cents a pint, that costs about fifteen cents a gallon; poisonous hair dyes; dangerous ointments, quack medicines, warranted to cure the most severe attack of something in half an hour, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Therefore, we say, let the girls study chemistry in the school, not merely for the culture and mental discipline to be derived from it, but for its practical, economic value; and not only "let" them do it, but insist that the school directors furnish the opportunity for them to study at least the elements of the subject. While chemistry seems pre-eminently useful for the girls, it is likewise important for boys, especially for such as expect to become farmers or manufacturers. The composition of soils, the qualities of fertilizers, the nutritive strength of grains for feeding, are questions confronting the farmer every day, and which depend upon a knowledge of chemistry for their economical solution. Let us have it in the common schools, not tucked away as a luxury in the last year of the high school course.

Our Household Pets.

The custom of having household pets among the lower animals is as old as the human race or the domestic animals themselves. They serve as interesting studies in natural history; they are good object lessons for children in thoughtful kindness and patience, and are safety valves for superabundant affection. The dog ranks first, probably because of his naturally demonstrative nature rather than his superior intelligence to some other animals, and some birds. The dog not only becomes an actual member of the family, but too frequently he becomes its autocrat, governing it with a rod of iron, making his own tastes and conveniences so paramount to other considerations that he becomes a nuisance to all but his doting mistress. The cat is far less obtrusive in its manners, and, the student of animals declares, no whit less intelligent or affectionate. It is a quiet, self-contained little beast with a shrewd lack of confidence in the intentions of its human sponsors, which reminds one of the business man's maxim: "Believe everybody a liar till he has proved himself otherwise." Integrity of motive can scarcely be proved to the permanent satisfaction of a cat, but while there is no attempt at departure from the usual routine of life, it will display a superficial truthfulness and affection really quite touching.—Philadelphia Press.

Breaking the News.

"Brown's wife eloped while he was away."

"How did they break the news to him?"

"Told him his best dog was dead."

"How could that help him?"

"Well, you see, when he learned the truth it was a real comfort."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.