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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23D YEAR—NO. 9. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,153.

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 53 6 15	Piedmont	11 00 6 00 11 15
6 30 12 08 6 30	Barton	10 50 5 49 11 32
6 40 12 18 6 40	Lonaconing	10 42 5 39 11 22
6 52 12 29 6 52	Midland	10 29 5 28 11 09
6 55 12 32 6 55	Ocean	10 26 5 24 11 07
7 00 12 39 7 00	Borden Shaft	10 20 5 19 11 02
7 08 12 47 7 08	FROSTBURG	10 12 5 11 10 54
7 25 1 04 7 25	Morantown	9 52 4 54 10 36
7 32 1 11 7 32	Mount Savage	9 46 4 50 10 28
7 37 1 16 7 37	Barrellville	9 38 4 44 10 22
7 39 1 18 7 39	Patterson's	9 35 4 42 10 20
7 45 1 24 7 45	Kreigbaum's	9 30 4 37 10 15
7 47 1 26 7 47	Mt. Sav'ge Jun	9 28 4 35 10 13
8 00 1 39 8 00	Cumberland	9 15 4 25 10 00
p. m. p. m. a. m.		a. m. p. m. p. m.
Arrive.		*Leave.*

*On theatre nights leave Cumberland at close of performance.

All trains stop at Hays street station, Cumberland.

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

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

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

May 14, 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....	
4:21 a m	....No. 3 Express....	5:30 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:20 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
4:35 p m	....No. 15 Passenger...	4:45 p m
7:44 p m	....No. 1 Express ..	8:04 p m
	No. 113 Grafton & Way	4:35 p m

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

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

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

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives	..	2:30 a m
" 12—Mail	" ..	1:45 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp.	" dai-	
	ly except Sunday..	7:55 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

COUNTY NEWS.

The Coal Trade.

Shipments of coal from the mines of the Georges Creek coal region were in long tons—

For week ending Nov 11, 1893..... 84,278
" year to same date..... 3,664,857
Increase compared with last year.... 284,334

The latest news from the markets is gleaned as follows:

The soft coal trade continues dull. Orders are quite scarce both on contracts and otherwise. The dullness has reached such a point that a meeting of prominent bituminous men, comprising the members of the old Seaboard Soft Coal Association, has been called for early next week, for the purpose of formulating plans for the improvement of the trade, or to adopt plans leading to this end which have already been formulated. Prices are so low and the net profit on soft coal so small that producers have been forced to take this step in order to ameliorate their condition. A representative of one of the biggest producers stated in an interview: The net cost and the net price of soft coal are too close to each other to permit producers to continue to mine coal. This is borne out by the number of producers who have either shut down their mines or reduced their shipments. There has been no change in miners' wages during the season at the various regions, and the main line railroads are still maintraining the regular tariffs named at the beginning of the season. Their stand on the matter is such that it looks as if these rates will be continued until the beginning of next year. This leaves any reduction in price to come solely from the pockets of the producers.

The only bright spot in the soft coal trade is the all-rail business. Shipments in this line are very good, and the prices are better than those which obtain at the seaboard.

Vessels have been scarce, but they are beginning to be in better supply again. The high prevailing rates have had the effect of driving some business out of the market temporarily, as was foretold in this column some time ago. On account of the prevailing hard times every cent counts, for consumers are anxious to pay as little as possible for their fuel.

Cars are in good supply. The vessels are giving 5c for the purpose of securing quick loading and discharging. The transportation from and to tide is very good, as well as to all rail points.—Engineering and Mining *Journal.*

In connection with the probable rating of coal as a free raw material the Baltimore *Sun* says:

But a capital reason why foreign lumber and coal would not displace our own is that foreign lumber and coal could not, as a rule, compete successfully with ours. They have prime cost and freight charges against them. At any distance inland their cost would be so increased by freight charges that their use would be impracticable. It might be added that the industries of the South would be further developed by the greater exports of manufactures when raw materials are freed from taxes, but enough has been said to show that a low tariff (or even free trade, which is not possible) has no terrors for Southern industry.

And the Philadelphia *Record* says:

The Canadians bought last year 831,046 tons of soft coal mined in the United States, and they sold in the United States 680,388 tons mined in Canada. Both countries, in foolish disregard of the public interest, have imposed duties on imports of coal; and both countries would profit about equally by a reduction of the duties. The natural market for the coal mined in Eastern Canada is in the New England States. The soft coal mined in Ohio and Pennsylvania, because of its superior accessibility, forms the best source of supply for that part of Canada which can be reached by lake transportation. No doubt the repeal of the coal duty by the United States would be followed by reciprocal action on the part of the Canadian Government.

GENERAL ITEMS.

King Alfred's Dying Words.

My dear son, sit thee down beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming. My countenance is wan. My days are almost done. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to my people. Be thou a father to the children, and a friend to the widow. Comfort thou the poor, shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. Govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all shall be thy reward. Call upon Him to advise thee in all thy needs, and He shall help thee in all thou undertakest.

The Hog.

A man can use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar-button; ride on the back coach of a railroad train to save the interest on his money until the conductor comes around; stop his watch nights to save the wear and tear; leave his "i" or "t" without a dot or cross to save ink; pasture his mother's grave to save corn, but a man of this kind is a gentleman and a scholar compared to a fellow who will take a newspaper two or three years, and when asked to pay for it puts it in the postoffice and has it marked "refused."—*Bill Nye.*

Wholesale Murder.

The experience of the Matabeles, illustrating war on a small scale, should teach great nations to beware of it. With modern arms every battle is simply a slaughter. Civilized people must and will find some way of arranging differences other than murdering ten or fifteen thousand men in as many minutes.

Just as Much.

The first legal hanging in South Dakota took place yesterday. This does not mean that South Dakota is of exceptional morality, but simply that justice is as much under the hypnotic influence of the criminal lawyers there as in other sections of America.

THE SOLDIERS DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night clouds had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagots that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the cock crew I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the home of my father, who welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in the fullness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay,
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

SAVED BY QUICKSAND.

"Papa," I don't like the way those men huddle together forward. They are up to some mischief, you can depend upon it."

"Nonsense, Ella, nonsense!" cried bluff old Capt. Myers, and he pushed back the broad-brimmed straw hat which protected his head from the fierce tropical sun. "The crew is all right, and by sundown, if this breeze holds out, we'll be at the mouth of the Colorado."

Having thus delivered himself the Captain turned on his heel and entered the cabin, while Ella, with another direful look towards the sullen-faced crew, heaved a deep sigh and sank into a chair, which the first mate of the Peerless, handsome Frank Edwards, had placed for her on the poop deck, beneath an improvised awning that had been stretched to shelter her from the rays of the burning sun.

Her face brightened presently, when a quiet step sounded on the deck and the mate stood before her.

"What did he say?" he asked, in an eager whisper.

"Pooh-poohed the whole thing as a silly girl's foolish fancy, and stalked into the cabin, red with anger, when I mentioned your name."

"I feared as much," said the young man, sadly. "That scar-faced scoundrel, Manuel Rosario, has learned that we have a cargo of arms, ammunition and general stores for the troops at Fort Yuma, and this knowledge has excited his cupidity.

"When we stopped for water at San Francisco Island he met an agent of the insurgents, and was promised a liberal sum if he would capture the vessel and turn it and the cargo over to them. I will perfect my plans so that we can escape from the bark in case Rosario and his men mutiny and seize her."

"And papa?" faltered Ella.

"I'll force him to go with us. Now don't worry, dear heart, for I feel able to cope with the rascals when the time for action comes."

They were in the upper gulf of California, where it narrows to meet the waters of the Colorado River.

All but two of the original crew shipped in New York had died of the yellow fever, which broke out with terrible virulence shortly after they passed Cape St. Lucas and entered the gulf.

In consequence he was obliged to ship a native crew at Guaymas, and employed Manuel Rosario, an ex-pearl diver, who, unknown to him, was implicated in a revolution then in progress on the peninsula, to enlist the requisite number of men.

Rosario boldly planned to make Capt. Myers, the Captain's daughter Ella and Mate Frank Edwards prisoners, seize the vessel and run it into a secluded harbor between the head of San Francisco Island and the mouth of the Colorado River.

The tides on the Gulf of California are gigantic, the rise and fall of the water averaging seventy-five feet.

Rosario knew that they would enter the mouth of the Colorado River that night, and, as the tide was particularly swift at that point, the bark would be securely anchored during the ebb and flow of the tremendous current.

This he resolved should be the time and place of attack, and his faithful henchmen only awaited his signal to make the Captain, mate and beautiful young girl prisoners.

In tow of the bark was a small dingy. Drawing this up to the rudder post, Mate Edwards opened one of the cabin windows and dropped into it such articles as would be of use to them in their flight, as well as provisions for three or four days.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Peerless entered the river, and as the tide was low and would shortly turn, Capt. Myers secured his vessel with a bow and stern anchor and awaited the coming rush of water, preceded by its ordinary high advance wave.

It could be discerned in the distance. The Capain and his daughter were leaning over the stern rail watching it approach when Manuel Rosaria gave the signal for the revolt. He and two of his men stole softly towards the unsuspecting Captain. He dashed up the companion stairs.

Capt. Myers in another moment was struggling in the grasp of Rosario's companions.

Before the latter could draw weapons, the mate shot one and badly wounded the other.

Rosario released Ella, whom he had seized, and shouted for assistance.

Reversing his heavy six-shooter, Mate Edwards brought the butt down upon Rosario's head with a force that sent him moaning and half senseless to the deck.

"Quick!" he cried, seizing Ella's arm. "Over the stern rail. There is a ladder. Drop into the boat. I will keep these other ruffians at bay."

By the time his revolver was emptied Capt. Myers and Ella had reached the boat.

During the afternoon he had cleaned the Captain's double-barrelled shotgun, heavily charged it with slugs, and concealed it on deck under a tarpaulin.

With a yell of defiance he caught it up and discharged both barrels in the very faces of the mutineers.

They recoiled before this terrible fire, and, taking advantage of their discomfiture, Frank slipped over the rail and cut the boat adrift.

Before he could seize the oars the first big wave of the tide was upon them, and they hurried on past the vessel and far up the river with frightful velocity.

Then came the recoil, and they drifted back towards the Peerless.

Frank pulled towards a little island on the right hand side of the channel and succeeded in making a landing.

He made fast the boat-painter to a heavy rock, and the three, retreating, were above high-water mark when the second wave swept up the stream.

Rosario, maddened at the blow he had received, staggered to his feet as the dingy swept by the vessel, and ordered out the long boat. Into it he leaped with his followers, to pursue.

The second wave swept them towards the fugitives, and when the recoil came they were within 200 yards of the island.

"After them!" shouted Rosario, leaping upon the beach as soon as the boat grounded.

And with yells of exultation they ran towards the fugitives.

Suddenly they began to flounder and sink in the sand. The more they struggled the deeper they sank, and when the next wave swept up the river they were engulfed in ten feet of water.

Not a soul escaped, and when, after waiting patiently on the island until the big tide was full, Mate Edwards rowed the Captain and his daughter back to the Peerless there was a look of grateful pride on the old skipper's face as he regarded his brave young mate.

Ella was a splendid sailor, and the three contrived to manage the vessel during the up-river trip.

When Fort Yuma was reached, and the vessel had been unloaded, there was a wedding on the deck of the Peerless, and when she started on her homeward voyage a happier couple could not be found than Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwards.—Philadelphia Sunday Item.

Types of Bad Men.

The wonder grows whence sprang these men, who, with pistols on both hips and knives in their belts, were ever eager for some fray, and when no one could be found to accommodate them picked a quarrel and then killed their fellow-men.

The peculiar dangers that attend the pursuit of gold seem to bring out, in enormous degree, all the latent viciousness in man, and the interest is, where did such men hide themselves when in more peaceful parts, or did the mere sight of the precious metal or the insatiable greed to obtain it transform a respectable citizen into an animal in contrast with whom a royal Bengal tiger would be sociable and almost companionable?

I asked this question, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle, of H. J. Crow, of Los Angeles, one of the most prosperous and adventurous business men, who had founded Idaho City and had followed mining in many States and Territories, about the characteristics of these "bad men" and whence they came.

"You could generally bet on it," said Mr. Crow, "that they were from the Southern States, and seemed to have had dark experiences before they had penetrated into the mines. As a rule they were lazy men, possessed with almost animal strength, and were utterly devoid of remorse. Indeed, these men—and I have known several—apparently felt that they owed nothing to society and had no responsibility. I saw three men hanged together one day and heard one say to the other:

"'Well, Jim, go ahead; I'll meet you in h— in a minute,' and when it came his turn to swing he shouted, 'Three cheers for Jeff Davis.' They actually feared nothing, and held their own lives as cheaply as they took others. Where these men disappeared after the mines gave out, or whether they ever became peaceable citizens, I cannot say. I know several have adopted the latter role, but it would take very little provocation to make them as bloodthirsty as when they sought victims in Idaho."

A Forbidden Song.

I recall an interesting scene in Arbour's old dance hall in Silver Cliff in the winter of 1878-79, writes a Denver correspondent. The Silver Cliff excitement then ranked only second to that of Leadville, and thousands were rushing to the new Eldorado.

The great dance hall was crowded with miners, prospectors and tenderfeet. Two sets of dancers had been on the floor all the evening. Two long rows of gaming tables had also been running at full blast, and at midnight there came a lull in the dancing for lunch. Some of the boys took possession of the platform, and a young fellow dressed in jacket and overalls threw his slouch hat back on his head and struck up some familiar tune on the piano. There were about a dozen who joined in the singing. Suddenly one of the boys started up "Home, Sweet Home." The young man at the piano struck in with an accompaniment, and that old-time song of loved ones and home association began to fill the great hall. "Pop" Arbour was soon seen rushing towards the orchestra platform. He had no objection to gospel hymns, but entered a protest at "Home, Sweet Home."

"Don't, boys; don't sing that song here."

"Why not?" asked one of the boys.

"You will make all of the girls homesick and break up the dance hall. Sing any song you want to, but not 'Home Sweet Home.'"

A Word to the Wise.

Never say that you have heard before what your friend has evidently taken great pleasure in telling you. His delight at finding you equally well-informed with himself may not be so great as you had imagined.—London Tit-Bits.

MATERNAL ANCESTORS.

How Many Can Tell Their Own More Than Two Generations Back?

A conversation among a group of people the other day, all of whom were of good New England families, brought out some curious admissions. Only one of the party could trace his descent, in the line of mothers, further than to the grandmother, though several could trace it very much further in the paternal line, and even in what they called the "maternal line," which meant, of course, the mother's father's family. All present could tell the maiden name of their mother's mother, but only one could tell the maiden name of her mother. Of course many in New England among those genealogically careful people who can tell you the names of all their sixteen great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers can do this; but these are comparatively few. And those who cannot carry back the line of mothers more than three generations include the representatives of some of the most aristocratic families in New England, whose line of paternal descent is unbroken to the Settlement and beyond.

Let us think for a moment what this question involves. Suppose you write down your own name. Then write down on one line just above it the names of your father and mother—the father's name first on the left, the mother's second on the right. You perceive that these two people had an equal interest in your being. There is at least a chance that you are like your mother in important physical and mental respects. Now set down on a line above these two names the names of your grandfathers and grandmothers, beginning with your father's father and ending with your mother's mother. These two couplets, again, had as much and as equal an interest in your father and your mother as your own father and mother had in you, and there is in you as much of your mother's mother as there is of your father's father. Now above this line write down the names of your eight great-grandparents, which you should surely be able to do if you are a Yankee. Each one of these eight had an equal interest in you. Now you perceive that you have a pyramid standing on its apex. You are the apex. The left-hand edge of it is your line of mothers. In all likelihood you derive rather more of your characteristics from the right-hand edge of the pyramid than you do from the left; and while, in all probability, if you are of good New England family, you can go on stretching out the left-hand edge of the inverted pyramid, you cannot go on with the right-hand edge any further; and this means that your genealogy is a one-sided and partial thing.

To women the sentimental loss involved in this ignorance of their mothers must be considerable. The fact that even "maternal descent" does not mean the real maternal line, but merely a step one side to another line of paternal descent, is an indication of the slight regard in which their sex has been held. There are plenty of women in New England who can tell from what man of the seventeenth century, in an unbroken line of men, they are descended, but probably not one woman, or man either, in New England, can tell from what woman of that epoch, in the line of women, he or she is descended. It is certainly a slight to motherhood that the line of mothers is so little regarded.—Boston Transcript.

How to Tell a Persons Age.

Here is something from a German newspaper which will do two things for you besides what it pretends to do. It will amuse you and will give you good practice in mental arithmetic, as well as enable you to appear to your friends to be an extraordinarily gifted person. Says the newspaper in question, the age of a person and the month in which he was born may be discovered as follows: First you ask him to go to the other end of the room, to prevent your seeing what he is going to write. Then you ask him to put down the number of the month in which he was born, and multiply it by 2, then add 5 to the sum, and multiply the latter by 50, add his age to the product, then deduct 365, and add 115 to the remainder. Suppose he is forty-nine years of age, and was born in February, the computation might stand thus: 2 x 2 equals 4, plus 5 equals 9, x 50 equals 450, plus 49 equals 499, minus 365 equals 134, plus 115 equals 249; the last two figures indicate the age—viz., 49, and the first figure, 2, February, the second month of the year. You simply ask the person to state the result of the calculation, and then declare that he was born in February and is forty-nine years of age.

Experiment with this as often as you please and it is sure to work, provided you do it correctly.

The Rabbi's Clever Daughter.

In one of the many and varied comments on the creation of women in the Talmud, the Emperor Hadrian is introduced as conversing with Rabbi Gamaliel on several religious questions. With the object of casting ridicule on the Bible, Hadrian exclaims: "Why, your God is represented therein as a thief! He surprised Adam in his sleep and robbed him of one of his ribs!"

The rabbi's daughter, who was present, craves permission to reply to the Emperor. This was granted her. "But first let me implore thy imperial protection, puissant sire!" she exclaims. "A grave outrage has been perpetrated on our house." "Who has dared to inflict any harm on the abode of a friend?" asked the sovereign.

"Under cover of the night an audacious thief broke into our house, took a silver flagon from our chest and left a golden one in its stead." "What a welcome thief!" cries Hadrian; "would that such robbers might visit my palace every day!" "And was not the Creator even such a thief as this," archly rejoins the blushing damsel, "who deprived Adam of a rib, and in lieu thereof gave him a loving, lovely bride."—Chief Rabbi Adler, in the Nineteenth Century.

Instead of trying to learn the flea's manner of breathing, the entomologists would be putting in their time better by studying out some sure method of putting a stop to his respiration.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

How the Great Inventor Received an Unexpected Visit.

Thomas A. Edison's father, on one of his visits to Menlo Park, brought with him a surprise to his son, a tame bear that he had captured with his own hands.

It was very late when he arrived, and, finding that his son was on one of his usual midnight experimental "sprees," he determined not to bother him, and went to bed after first carefully locking the cub in the cellar.

The experiments on which the "Wizard" was at work were the final ones in the invention of the phonograph.

Mr. Edison was kneeling on the floor listening to the reproduction of an old song, and his assistants were bunched behind him, with every nerve strained to catch the far-off, curious sounds. So intent were they that the shambling of heavy footsteps up the stairs and the opening of the laboratory door were unnoticed, and it was only when a heavy "woof" drowned the imitation song that the little group became aware that a stranger was among them.

The next instant the laboratory shelves bore, instead of bottles, half a dozen of the worst-scared scientists in history.

Seeing the lack of disposition to show him the hospitalities of the place, the bear started on a tour of inspection of his own. He used his paws as the farmer from "Wayback" uses his umbrella in art galleries, and soon had the well-arranged workshop in compound disorder. The shelved scientists were wishing every minute that he would seize a high-voltage circuit which would give him a temporary trance. But he was too wise for that, and it began to look as if the greatest problem Edison would have to solve that night was how to escape the clutches of a bear.

The beast was having a veritable picnic in the electrical sanctum when Mr. Edison, sr., stalked into the room.

Explanations were soon made, the bear was led downstairs and the electricians descended from their perches, but not in just the proper shape to continue their experiments that night.

Care in Apple Picking.

One of the reasons why apple growing is not more profitable is that too poor a class of labor is used in gathering and marketing the fruit. Unless the owner of the orchard is constantly watchful he will find hired men and boys expediting matters by shaking the trees and then picking up fruit that may at the time show no injury, but whose keeping qualities have been impaired. A very little such fruit put in the barrel spoils a large amount. When rot begins all the fruit in the barrel is apt to be affected, as by handling in sorting it out the germs of the rot are spread through the whole.

Most old apple orchards are trained much too high. They were planted in days when it was considered important to plow and cultivate under the trees. Now the fruit is the only crop that is required, and if the trees are manured and properly pruned, the fruit crop will be enough better to more than offset anything that tillage would have produced in anything else. We would have apple trees branching out too low for horses to go under them, and the surface kept free from weeds in summer by mulching. When the fruit ripened the limbs ought to touch the ground. Propped up thus they will not break down, and the fruit being low is less exposed to being blown off by winds. When it comes to picking most of the work can be done by men standing on the ground, and by short step-ladders put under the trees. For scattering fruit out of reach from a step-ladder the best device we have seen is a fruit gatherer, consisting of a canvas bag with four fingers attached to a pole about ten feet long, to hook off the apples and drop them into the sack. It is not a fast device for picking apples, but it a good implement for reaching those that cannot be gathered by hand except by shaking from the tree.

An Easy Explanation.

The prettiest girl on the hotel piazza rushed up to the new-comer, holding out both hands.

"Oh, Mr. Foster," she cried, "I am so glad to see you!"

"Why, Miss Burton," said the young man, "I thought you had forgotten all about me. I met you several times last winter, and you passed me by with no sign of recognition."

"Did I?" exclaimed the girl. "How very strange! There must have been something different in your appearance."

"No," he answered; "just the same as I am now."

"So?" cried she. "In the winter, you say? Yes? Well, eh, did you have a white flannel suit?"

"Why, no."

"Russet shoes?"

"Of course not."

"Yachting cap?"

"What! In winter?"

"Don't get alarmed—I wanted to show you that I shouldn't be expected to recognize you when I never saw you in any other costume. You understand now, don't you?" she added, sweetly.—Harper's Bazar.

A Limited Code.

Caller—Why are you waving your handkerchief so wildly?

Murilla—Since papa has forbidden Jack the house we have arranged a code of signals.

Caller—What is it?

Murilla—When he waves his handkerchief five times that means "Do you love me?" and when I wave frantically in reply it means "Yes, darling."

Caller—And how do you ask other questions?

Murilla—We don't. That's the whole code.—Modern Society.

Europe's Twenty Million Soldiers.

It is estimated by Major-Gen. Tyrrell that, whereas at the time of the Crimean war, the last European struggle in which this country was engaged, the aggregate strength of the armies of the great powers of Europe did not exceed 3,000,000 in round numbers, today it is more than 20,000,000.—London News.

Most of the large buttons now used on coats, cloaks, etc., are made of potatoes which have been treated to a bath of sulphuric acid.

NATURE'S LOVE MAKING.

Birds and Insects Must Put on Frills When Courting.

The wooing of birds is most refined and graceful. Love tunes their respective pipes, and they seek to captivate their mates by their sweetest notes and most varied warblings.

The wood pigeon charms his lady-love by a series of aerial evolutions and a curious flapping of his strong winged feathers, puffing his breast and tenderly cooing.

At mating time the plumage of male birds is more handsome than at any other period—indeed, some birds assume different colors in the spring.

Yellow-hammers charm their mates by displaying their tail feathers in the form of a fan; starlings chatter in the sunshine to show the metallic beauty of their breast feathers, and swallows circle and double in graceful flight before their lady-loves.

Bright shells, flowers, feathers and grasses are laid by the bower bird at the entrance of his partner's retreat; and tiny humming birds woo most assiduously, showing off their lovely hues and engaging in fierce combat with a possible rival, even bringing nectar from choice flowers for the delectation of their fairy brides.

Hen birds exhibit all the vagaries of their sex, and pretend to be indifferent to the exertions of their admirers.

Frogs have an original way of love-making, and as soon as evening shades fall commence to croak loudly to their mates, sometimes great numbers of them combining in one unmusical chorus.

Courting among insects is often a very elaborate affair. A male spider will approach a female and amuse her for some time with his antics. It is said that he twirls around and around, crosses his legs, erects his body and executes a sort of mazy dance to excite her admiration.

She is a very vicious lady and not always pleased with his lovemaking; sometimes he finds himself obliged to ward her off, for she has a painful mode of showing her displeasure, and if she entirely disapproves of his attentions will fall upon him and rend him to pieces.

One species of spider is said to have a novel way of making love, the sexes communicating by means of strands of web stretching from one retreat to the other—a sort of telephone, so to speak.

Glow worms, according to some naturalists, use their luminaries as love signals. The females of one species seat themselves among the grass, while the males, attracted by the light, dance attendance round them.

Concerning fishes—the sticklebacks occasionally resort to harsh treatment, attacking the females with open mouths and erected spines. As husbands their behavior is certainly eccentric, for after the female has deposited her eggs within the nest that he has prepared for her, her lord and master drives her away and proceeds to hatch them himself.—Boston Globe.

The Oldest.

The oldest dress in the world is probably that described by a French traveller in Japan. It belonged to an Empress of Japan who lived in the thirteenth century, and it has been kept all these centuries in a temple near Yokohama, where the priests will exhibit it for a sufficient reward. It is kept in an old coffer, and it is shrouded in white silk. The robe or robes, for there are several of them, are described as a diaphanous mass, crumbling at the edges with decay. The material is a crepe or some filmy stuff. It is made with a long train, pagoda sleeves, and a high collar like a Medici ruff. The upper layer was once white and is now the color of ivory, embroidered with flying birds the size of crows, with dragons' heads—green, blue and violet. Then come several layers of the silk muslin—yellow, blue, violet, old gold and green, on which seem scattered strange animals all in flight. The seventh one, which touches the body of the long dead Empress, is violet embroidered with figures like phantoms. The embroidery on this wonderful robe is said to be as transparent as the gauze. The effect of the whole is smoke-colored.

Disappearance of the Sardine.

"Where, oh where is the little sardine, where, oh where is he gone?" This slight modification of a once popular ditty seems to express the feeling of the Scottish fisherman for the sardine, which is simply the young of the pilchard and was certainly at one time quite a common fish on the east coast of Scotland, is not now a regular inhabitant of the Scottish seas. In response to inquiry the fishery officers of fourteen of the seventeen east coast districts say that pilchards are never landed in their districts, although a stray specimen may be got occasionally in the Moray Firth, off the Firth of Forth, or in the Firth of Clyde. As late as the beginning of the present century they were as abundant at some places as the herring, and this gave rise to complaints by the herring-curers when quantities of the pilchard were delivered to them mixed with the herrings. Possibly the pilchard is getting scarce elsewhere, for large quantities of other fish are prepared on the continent and in America as sardines and sold as such, and this is especially so with the sprat and young herrings. These facts have led to the suggestion that Scotch fishermen should turn their attention to the curing and tinning of the latter fish, which are abundant on their coasts.

When Does the Year Begin.

The countries and nations of the world, with a few exceptions, begin the year with January 1, but that this system is arbitrary and based upon nothing in particular does not even need to be proven.

The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians each began their year with the autumnal equinox, or about September 22.

Among the Greeks the beginning of the year was at the time of the winter solstice down to 432 B. C., when the "menton cycle" was introduced, after which the new year began on June 22.

In England, from the time of the fourteenth century until 1752, the legal and ecclesiastical year began on March 25.—St. Louis Republic.