A. H. WENTZ,

Jeweler and Optician,

IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES. PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

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fe-4-tf

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

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CLOTHING STORE

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Beginning Saturday, June 17, '93.

Men's Suits which sold for $5 now $3.75.

$7 SUITS NOW $5.

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Similar reductions in

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SLIPPERS, SHOES, HATS, FANCY VESTS AND SASHES,

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We call your attention to a line of seasonable Goods offered at very close prices.

Cook Stoves and Ranges

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Lowest Possible Price,

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Cut Prices way below their Value.

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T. W. MATHER,
New York Bargain House,
44 W. Main St., Westminster.

aug-23-91

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 31. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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., 111 South Oxford St, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc-24-91-2y

NO. 3167 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Sitting as a Court of Equity.

John W. Barber, Plaintiff, vs. Mary Elizabeth Shauch, Executrix of the last will and testament of Jarrett N. Shauch, late of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, deceased, Mary Elizabeth Shauch, widow of Jarrett N. Shauch, deceased, Emma M. Buckingham and Alfred T. Buckingham, her husband, William N. Shauch, Maud L. Buckingham and Talbot Buckingham, her husband, Jarrett R. Shauch, Frank B. Shauch, George E. Shauch, Maddie M. Murphy and Roger Murphy, her husband, Bessie M. Shauch, Murtia Shauch, Elizabeth L. Shauch, Lulie B. Shauch, Robert Lee Shauch and Henry H. Gore, Defendants.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the Real Estate of which Jarrett N. Shauch, died seized and possessed, or so much thereof, as may be necessary for the payment of the debts, due and owing by him at the time of his death.

The Bill states:

First, That Jarrett N. Shauch and the Plaintiff were securities for a certain William N. Shauch upon two joint and several promissory notes, to John C. Shipley, each dated June 28th, 1886, each for the sum of Two Hundred Dollars, with interest from date, that the interest on each was paid to June 28th, 1892, that both notes were paid by John W. Barber, Plaintiff, July 3rd, 1893, as shown by said two notes marked "Exhibit A" and Exhibit B," filed with Bill of Complaint.

Second, That William N. Shauch has no property out of which the sum of said notes can be realized.

Third, That Plaintiff paid the amount of said two notes and interest to July 3rd, 1893, and that the estate of said Jarrett is liable for the payment of the one-half thereof.

Fourth, That said Jarrett N. died in the month of October, 1890, leaving a last will and testament, which was duly admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, a copy of which is filed marked "Exhibit C."

Fifth, That letters testamentary were by said Court granted to Mary Elizabeth Shauch, Executrix named in said will.

Sixth, That said Executrix has no power under said will to sell the real estate for the payment of debts due by testator.

Seventh, That testator at the time of his death left Mary Elizabeth Shauch, his widow, and the following children his only heirs at law, viz: Emma M., wife of Alfred T. Buckingham, William N. Shauch, Maud L., wife of Talbot Buckingham, Jarrett R. Shauch, Frank B. Shauch, George E. Shauch, Maddie M., wife of Roger Murphy, Bessie M. Shauch, Murtia Shauch, Elizabeth L. Shauch, Lulie B. Shauch and Robert Lee Shauch, all of whom reside in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, except Jarrett R. Shauch, who resides in the State of Illinois, George E., who resides in Baltimore City, in the State of Maryland, and are adults above the age of twenty-one years, except the said Maddie M. Murphy, Bessie M., Murtis, Elizabeth L., Lulie B. and Robert Lee, who are infants under the age of twenty-one years.

Eighth, That the Real Estate is encumbered by a Mortgage to Henry H. Gore, to secure the payment of $1000 as appears by a copy of Mortgage filed with bill marked "Exhibit E."

Ninth, That the Personal Estate in the hands of the Executrix is not sufficient for the payment of testator's debts, and that any deficiency in the Personal Estate ought to be supplied by the sale of all or so much of the Real Estate as may be necessary for that purpose.

Tenth, That said Executrix has wholly refused to pay any part of Plaintiff's claim.

The Bill then prays:

(1) That said Executrix be required to answer.

(2) That an account be taken under the direction of this Court.

(3) That the personal be applied in due course of administration in payment of debts due to Plaintiff and all other creditors who will come in and contribute to the expenses of the suit.

(4) That all or so much of the Real Estate of said testator as may be necessary, be sold for the payment of his debts.

(5) That Henry H. Gore, be required to state the amount due on his mortgage debt.

(6) For general relief.

For an order of publication against Jarrett R. Shauch, of the State of Illinois, who is a non resident of this State, and also the writ of subpœna directed to Mary Elizabeth Shauch, Executrix of the last will and testament of Jarrett N. Shauch, deceased, Emma M. Buckingham and Alfred T. Buckingham, her husband, William N. Shauch, Maud L. Buckingham, and Talbot Buckingham, her husband, and Frank B. Shauch, Roger Murphy and Mary Elizabeth Shauch, widow of Jarrett N. Shauch, deceased, Maddie M. Murphy, Bessie M. Shauch, Murtia Shauch, Elizabeth L. Shauch, Lulie B. Shauch, and Robert Lee Shauch, all of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, George E. Shauch, of Baltimore City, in the State of Maryland, and Henry H. Gore, of Baltimore county, in the State of Maryland, commanding them and each of them to be and appear either in person or by solicitor, in this Court on or before a certain day to be therein named, to answer and abide by, stand to, and perform such decree as may be passed therein, and as in duty bound will ever pray, &c.

It is therefore, this 13th day of July, A. D. 1893, ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court af Equity, that the Plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 14th day of August next, give notice to the said absent defendant of the object and substance of this Bill, warning him to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 30th day of August next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS.

True copy—Test:
jy-15-4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3162 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Sitting as a Court of Equity.

Joshph D. Brooks, Assignee, vs. Sarah E. Duvall, Mary E. Duvall and John H. Duvall, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 19th day of July, A. D., 1893, that the sale of the mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Joseph D. Brooks, assignee under the Mortgage filed in this cause from Sarah E. Duvall, Mary E. Duvall and John H. Duvall, to Tobias Haines, dated December 3rd, 1870, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber J. B. B., No. 5, folio 340, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 21st day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper pushished in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 14th day of August, A. D., 1893.

The report states the amount of sale to be $371.15⅝.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
jy-22-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office No. 11 Albaugh Building, Court St., Westminster, Md. feb-9-tf

Select Poetry.

THE PRISONER.

A man's skull is his lifelong jail,
Behind its prison bars
From its eye windows does the soul
Peep as the earth and stars.
But unlike jails of wood or stone
His prisoner ever dwells alone.

Though through its front doors perfumed gales
Are blown from glens of gladness,
And through its back doors music strains
Roll in in waves of madness,
And though he hear and heed each tone,
The prisoner still must dwell alone.

Though past the windows of the jail
Sweep scenes of solemn splendor,
And through the doors float hymns of joy
Or dirges deep and tender,
The prisoner hears the mirth and moan,
But in his jail he dwells alone.

No lover ever knows the soul
He loves in all its sweetness;
The fullest love, however strong,
Is marred by incompleteness;
No heart is ever fully known—
The prisoner ever dwells alone.

—S. W. Foss.

Select Story.

A TYPE-WRITTEN LETTER.

Mr. Denhams's Queer Way of Securing a Partner.

From the Troy Times.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for its skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sobered than usual and drew a long breath, as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who had brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say: "You are a rich man, Dr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but this struggle had been so long and he had been so hopeless about it that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops of New Orleans fought a fierce battle not knowing the war was over.

He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office staring at the dingy wall paper so long that when Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deferential voice: "Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?" Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that? what that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but was too well trained to show it.

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah! quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh! yes. Good night, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went into the street everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked along, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintance even. The running dog, with its nose to the ground, sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him: "Invite me to your house; I am lonely; I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing-room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase, so lightly spoken, made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park, and away from the busy streets, he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so, as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once who, perhaps, would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been the mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progency. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed to the one who had married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the experiences of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it except that he had not the courage. Nevertheless he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew that he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and, in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the short-hand writing-pad, ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinkin," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact it has been for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about the business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No; it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers or some one who knows the business as thoroughly as he does would be able to give you advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing."

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Is it, then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, No. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers won't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused nor give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner about the proposal?"

"Oh, no. Oh, no. That is, I have spoken to no one but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing-pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis, then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale, mercilesly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here or anywhere else that may be convenient and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No; it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said: "How will this do?

"'Dear Sir—'"

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear Friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then, she read the letter:

"DEAR FRIEND: I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer very advantageous. I will—"

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale, defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first-rate, better than I could do. But just put it on a more friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

"* * * join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly, and not from a financial, standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me.'"

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No, I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted.'"

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that, though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no!" answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself: "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It is a most unbusiness-like proposal."

Then she said aloue: "Shall you want me again to-day?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Next morning, Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked, in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not need me to day. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you wont me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly."

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated, faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the doorknob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale, in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk, he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in, Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his own room and found a letter marked "personal" on his desk. He tore it open, and read in neat type-written characters:

"I have resigned my place as a type-writer girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend, MARGARET GALE.

"Rogers!" shouted Denham, joyfully.

"Yes sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.

The longer I live the more I am satisfied of two things: First, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planed aspects of the world around them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface.

How we all admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice.

A Texas Wonder.

A discovery of probably great archæological value, as regards the prehistoric people of the United States, was recently made on the farm of H. Richwalls, twenty-five miles southwest of Decatur, in Wise county, Tex. It consists of a pavement of petrified wood covering the summit of a mound one and a half acres in area. Samples of the pavement were brought to the Dallas News by D. M. Garvin, of Cleveland, O., who made the following statement regarding the discovery: "The mound is sixty feet high, square-shaped and with sloping sides. It was located upon as an ordinary clay structure until a short time ago, when, in digging the soil on the summit, which is level and measures an acre and a half, a petrified pavement was struck under what appeared to be a shallow deposit of drift. Further explorations showed that the entire summit of the mound was paved. The petrified blocks were laid on ends as compactly as a Nicholson pavement. In places the pavement is perfectly smooth, while in other places, owing to the depression that the soil has undergone during the ages, it is irregular. The mound, which was constructed with mathematical precision, also contains some blocks of stone that seem to have been used in a building." The samples of the pavement are four inches long, and undoubtedly are petrified wood. Three inches of their length is silica and the remaining inch, measuring to the wearing surface, is carbonate of lime. This combination, which is not uncommon in petrifications, shows that the pavement was probably set in silicious sand and that the upper part was subjected to the action of water containing lime in solution. The blocks give evidence of having been split by a sharp instrument and sawed at the upper surface. While thousands of mounds have been discovered on this continent this is the only one in which, through the agency of petrification, nature has embalmed an evidence of a place in civilization occupied by the mound builders far in advance of what had been accorded them by antiquarians.

That this mysterious race practiced the arts of agriculture is proved by the fact that mounds are so close together in some districts as to have rendered it impossible for their occupants to have subsisted by fishing and hunting; and that those inhabitants engaged in mining and commerce is proved by the discovery in Peruvian mounds of Lake Superior copper. But although copper chisels, rimmers and indented knives (that might have been used as saws) have been found in mounds, there never was any proof that the mound builders were wood workers until this discovery in Wise county. Wood being an article that time destroys, all its evidences of the home life of the mound builders must necessarily have long since been obliterated, except where preserved by the agency of petrification. While this agency in the Wise county mound has only preserved a beautiful pavement, it may inferred that a people sufficiently advanced to execute a work that in recent years has immortalized Nicholson in the annals of street engineering were capable of raising handsome wooden temples and other structures. That they were not of the same race as the Indians appears from the fact that the latter have no tradition concerning the origin of mounds, and were they the original mound bullders, though their civilzation subsequently perished, they could not have lost track of such an important part of the history of their race.

Certain it is now that the mound builders who once thickly inhabited this country were agriculturists, mechanics and traders, but to find whence came they and whither they went one gropes in the darkness of the past. Did their occupation extend back to that period between the dawn of man's creation and the Noachan deluge? Remains of man have been found in this country that point to antediluvian antiquity. A piece of basket matting was found in an island in Vermillion bay, Louisiana, below the remains of an elephant; the remains of a mastodon, partly wasted, were found in Missouri, and in excavating for gas works in New Orleans a human skeleton was found below the remains of four cypress forests, the accumulation, in the opinion of scientists, requiring fourteen thousand years to form. The geological age in which the pavement on the mound in Wise county petrified is a live subject of inquiry and doubtless will be disputed. Was it during the period in which a great chain of lakes extended from the Gulf of Mexico northward, or when was it? It was Horace Greeley who undertook to write up a mound for his paper, but after all he could tell about it was contained in the words: "It is here." He had not seen the Wise county mound.

In Ocean's Depths.

From Cosmopolitan.

The new submarine world now explored and mapped out presents a very different picture from that painted for us by the poets. But a short time has elapsed since the bottom of the ocean was supposed to be the counterpart of the face of the earth above water—with hills and valleys, with precipitous mountains lifting toward the surface and profound gorges sinking to unfathomable depths. The ocean floor is far less diversified than land.

Here and there, to be sure, islands in midocean are the summits of enormous mountains, rising more or less abruptly from a generally level surface, and the sea lying over a narrow, depressed region in the northwestern Pacific reaches its great est depth. But this is exceptional. In its genearl character the ocean bottom consists of vast flat or slightly undulating plains. An extraordinary circumstance that has been noticed with interest and that always creates surprise when first learned is the entire absence of foreign matter in the deeper part of the ocean's floor.

Of all the vessels lost in midocean; of all the human beings that have been drowned; of all the marine animals that have perished; of all the clay, sand and gravel let fall by dissolving icebergs; of all the various substances drifted from every shore by shifting currents, not a trace remains, but in their place water from 1,000 to 2,500 fathoms in depth covers the uniform deposit of thick, bluish, tenacious slime called globigerina ooze. A bit of this under a powerful lens is a revelation of beauty not readily forgotten. The ooze is composed almost entirely of the daintiest, most delicately beautiful shells imaginable.

At depths greater than 2,500 fathoms the bottom of the sea consists mainly of products arising from exposure, for almost incalculable periods, to the chemical action of sea water, or pumicr and other volcanic matters. This finally results in the formation of the red clay deposits that are considered characteristic of the profoundest depths of the ocean. Carbonate of lime, which in the form of the shells of foraminifera, makes up so large a part of the globigerina ooze, is here almost entirely absent.

Sea water is very nearly a universal solvent, and before any shell, large or small, reaches the bottom of these tremendous abysms it is chemically eaten up, literally dissolved—a result which the enormous pressure of the water must materially hasten. At 1,000 fathoms the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than 100 times that sustained at the sea level, and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it. In fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly made glass vessels which the metal enclosed are shattered into fragments.

In the profoundest abysms of the sea are strange forms of life that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by means of the United States fish commission vessel, the Albatros, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting upper waters may descend to about 1,200 feet from the surface, but that below this, to a depth of 300 or 360 fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure and paucity of the life sustaining element of oxygen that induced an eminent zoologist to say quite recently, "What we know of the greatest ocean depths forbids us to expect to find them inhabited by living organisms." Here indeed survive forms of life the like of which no inhabitant of the upper world, not even the sun himself, has looked upon before the dredges of the Challenger, the Albatross, the Blake and similarly equipped vessels dragged up marine creatures from congenial cold and dark.

It might reasonably be supposed that these denizens of great sea depths would be built more firmly and strongly than surface animals to resist the pressure of the elements in which they live, but it is just the contrary. The most universal characteristic of these creatures is the looseness and flabbiness of texture they exhibit. Indeed they seem to need the excessive pressure of the water about them to keep their parts together, for when they are brought to the surface they are ready to fall to pieces. It is a problem, so strangely are some of them formed, how they can move from place to place. Were they not entirely below the disturbing element of wave action, they would, to all appearances, be helpless.

Inhabiting these abyssmal spaces, as completely cut off from communication with the upper waters as we are from the inhabitants of other planets, we can only vaguely speculate on their habits and judge their manners of life from their somewhat remote analogies to the surface species nearest akin to them. Plant life is entirely absent from their place of abode, and although they doubtless prey upon each other some original surfaces of food supply must of course be conjectured to exist.

A Ruined Temple Fonnd.

A special despatch from San Diego, Cal., under date of the 23rd of July, to the *New York Tribune* says:

"The Colorado Desert is a land of mystery which no one has ever explored thoroughly, because of the cost and danger. All the roads are lined with skeletons of unfortunate prospectors who have perished of thirst, and at this season only the hardened desert arab can endure the heat. Four old prospectors who have just returned from a trip on the desert report the discovery of ruins of a prehistoric temple near the Mexican line, with columns carved in semblance of rattlesnakes. Their find promises to be the most important archæological discovery made in this country.

"About a month ago 'Hank' Ferguson, Theodore Price, 'Gus' Atherton and John Cline, at Yuma, started on a prospecting trip, and incidentally to search for the Peg Leg mine. They crossed the Colorado and took a new course toward the northern spurs of the Cocopah Mountains. After several days they reached a broken country of granite and porphyry formation that gave promise of bearing gold. They found a water hole, and, making camp, prepared for prospecting the locality systematically. One day Ferguson came to camp and reported that out on the desert he had seen through his glass what appeared to be a row of stone columns protruding above the sand several feet. Next day he and Cline set out for the spot. It was several miles away and the sand was deep, but on arriving they felt well repaid for their trouble. What appeared to be dikes were finely carved granite columns about eighteen feet in height. On top of these were huge rectangular blocks of cut granite, weighing tons. Realizing the great historical value of this discovery, they returned to camp and informed their comrades of the nature of their find.

"Next morning the entire party went to the ruins. They first endeavored to approximate the size, and as nearly as could be ascertained from the pillars above the sand the dimensions were 460 by 260 feet. On one side, facing east, they found at the top of two curiously carved columns excellent representations of serpents' heads, with a huge capstone lying across. On the other side of this capstone was some curiously carved frieze, unlike any pattern they had ever seen. The granite columns were slightly curved in a modified form of the letter S. The men decided that this must have been the entrance to the temple, and all hands fell to clearing away the sand. They finally reached the foot of the columns and found they were made to resemble huge rattlesnakes. There were tails carved to represent rattles, and the huge pillars or columns were horrible in their semblance, appearing to be huge rattlers, eighteen feet long, standing on their tails, though, of course, out of proportion as regards thickness. A search of the ruins failed to disclose anything but specimens of unique ornamental pottery. The walls have fallen and lie buried in the sand, with the exception of a portion of the north wall. Here was found a part of what had been a wall between the columns. It was built of large blocks of cut granite, accurately joined, laid one on another, without any evidence of cement or other adhesive material being used. Digging further at the foot of the pillars, the prospectors uncovered three huge broad granite steps, and had not yet reached the bottom. How much of that once magnificent temple is buried in the sand cannot yet be told.

"The prospectors divided into two parties, one returning to San Diego and the other to Yuma, with the purpose to enlist moneyed men in the enterprise of uncovering the temple. The San Diego party obtained the assistance of H. C. Gordon and John H. Gay, Jr., both rich men, and these two men accompanied the finders to the desert; but the intense heat and a fearful sandstorm induced the San Diegoans to turn back. Meanwhile a party has started from Yuma with a large supply of food and water, and fully prepared to make excavations. Near the location of the temple are the remains of an old irrigating canal, running across the desert for twenty miles, and evidently showing that there was civilization centuries ago."

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