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MINING JOURNAL.

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

TWENTIETH YEAR—NO. 24. | FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891. | WHOLE NUMBER, 1,012.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

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 45	6 25	Piedmont	11 10	5 45	11 45
6 30	12 00	6 40	Barton	10 50	5 32	11 32
6 40	12 12	6 50	Lonaconing	10 42	5 22	11 22
6 52	12 24	7 02	Midland	10 29	5 09	11 09
6 55	12 27	7 05	Ocean	10 26	5 07	11 07
7 00	12 34	7 10	Borden Shaft	10 20	5 02	11 02
7 08	12 42	7 18	Frostburg	10 12	4 54	10 54
7 25	12 59	7 35	Morantown	9 52	4 36	10 36
7 32	1 06	7 42	Mount Savage	9 46	4 30	10 28
7 37	1 11	7 47	Barrellville	9 38	4 22	10 22
7 39	1 13	7 49	Patterson's	9 35	4 20	10 20
7 45	1 19	7 55	Kreigbaum's	9 30	4 15	10 15
7 47	1 21	7 57	Mt. Sav'ge jun	9 28	4 13	10 13
8 00	1 34	8 10	Cumberland	9 15	4 00	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 Wednesday6 and Saturdays only.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.

Feb 28

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Jan. 4, 1891.

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

Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	....No. 10 Express....	2:50 a m
7:20 a m	....No. 8 Express....	7:40 a m
8:10 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:15 a m
9:30 a m	....No. 2 Express....	9:50 a m
12:30 p m	....No. 6 Express....	12:35 p m
1:15 p m	...No. 16 Passenger...	3:00 p m
6:35 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
11:20 p m	....No. 4 Express....	11:30 p m
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
1:03 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:08 a m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
4:00 a m	....No. 3 Express....	4:05 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:00 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	11:05 a m
3:50 p m	....No. 5 Express....	3:55 p m
4:20 p m	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:31 p m	....No. 1 Express....	7:50 p m

All trains daily except No.'s 14, 15, 71 and 72.

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves ...1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday....7:50 a m
" 11—Mail leaves....4:00 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives.. 2:40 a m
" 12—Mail " ..12:30 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday.. 7:15 p m

Jan 10 R. M. SHEATS, Agent.

GEORGESCREEK & 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

Pennsylvania Railroad trains leave at 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York.

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

Pennsylvania Railroad trains from Bedford, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York arrive at 12:15 and 10:20 p. m.

Dan's Rock excursionists take the 7:15 a. m. train at Cumberland, and return by the 5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.

Aug 9

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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

Everybody Safe.

THE TARIFF,

WHICH is now in effect, is no drawback to the people of Frostburg and vicinity for the reason that I have bought, without a doubt, the LARGEST

Stock of Clothing

of every description and all sizes for Men, Boys and Children ever shown in any store in Western Maryland. Also White, Dress, Flannel Cloth and Jersey

OVERSHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, NECKWEAR, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, SATCHELS, UMBRELLAS, CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS

at the

Old Prices for the Spot Cash.

Consequently, I can and I will sell all these goods at the old prices—with not a single cent of advance FOR THE CASH ONLY so long as they last.

Now, Listen:

In order to save from 25 to 35 *per cent.* you will do well to come quickly. Bring your children with you and buy your goods, as the rush has already commenced, and at the rate goods are moving the stock, large as it is, will not last long.

Now, my speech in the interest of Clothing and Furnishing buyers is made. I have only to add—YOU AND ALL ARE INVITED.

MARX WINELAND,
CLOTHIER AND FURNISHER.
Wholesale and Retail.

Oct 18

LOOK HERE.

FOR Rock Drills, Well Borers and Prospectors, run by Hand, Horse or Steam Power, send for circulars, etc., to the MINING JOURNAL, Frostburg, Md.

Nov 29

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
Always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
For the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Do do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
Over and over again
The industrious mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing failing in paradise
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat,
Though the sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

LOCATING THE TRAITOR.

One bitterly cold winter's evening five men were seated together in a small room in a house situated in the Jewish quarter of a busy and largely populated Russian city. The appearance of the room was as wretched as the external aspects of the house itself. The solitary window was totally concealed by a heavy faded curtain, depending from the roof, and as the wind moaned dismally through the broken panes of glass, its sombre folds swayed to and fro. The inmates of this mournful den were seated round the table, smoking their pipes and talking, as it furtively, in whispers. As the feeble rays of the candle fell fitfully upon the company they revealed the youthful faces of four students. The chief spokesman, however, was a much older man, apparently about 50, with a short pointed beard, shaggy brows, and keen, penetrating eyes of the darkest hue. The others deferentially addressed the speaker as "professor," and such, indeed, he was, at that time, at a well known school of medicine in Russia.

On the present occasion, however, he was speaking, not of science, but of the terrible doctrine of assassination.

Professor V—— was a Nihilist, a reputed Colossus of craft in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in advocating, with fiery eloquence, the assassination of a certain colonel who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police. As the night wore on their whispered conversation was suddenly interrupted by a low knocking at the outer door. In a moment the conspirators sprang noiselessly to their feet, and listened with bated breath. The sound was repeated—a peculiar whistle was heard from without, and the listeners exchanged significant glances and quietly resumed their seats. Presently cautious footsteps were heard in an outer room, the door was opened, and a young man hastily entered. His face was pale, his manner agitated, and as he returned his companions' salutations he regarded them with a fixed and angry stare.

"You have kept us waiting, comrade," exclaimed the professor, puffing calmly at his pipe. "Ugh! we are almost frozen, for the air of this wretched apartment is quite Siberian. But now to business. We will warm ourselves with talk, and fire our minds with the prospect of revenge."

There was a murmur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the scene took his seat in silence, and, resting his elbows upon the table, slowly scrutinized the faces of his comrades.

"My dear professor," he said at length, "we can not possibly proceed at present with this business."

"Why not?" was unanimously asked.

"Because," replied the latest comer, as he quietly snuffed the candle, "because one of us is a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the men, starting to their feet.

"Yes, comrades, we are betrayed; and as no one knows of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant."

"You are mad to say so!" hoarsely exclaimed the professor; "but in heaven's name, what has happened? Come, tell us quickly. This is no jesting matter."

"Listen, then. On my way thither, comrades, I entered a Cafe de Paris to sip a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit down beside two officers of the Secret Police, and, as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could hear his conversation. I found it rather interesting. He told his companion that he was under orders to surround this old deserted house at midnight—it is near 11 now—and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added, with a maudlin laugh, that a certain personage, to whom the administration is eternally indebted, would be found in our midst playing the part of conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?"

The men looked at each other in dismay. A dead silence filled the room, for the mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solemnly dedicated their lives to the sacred cause of liberty seemed to hold them dumb. Such villainy in their very midst—among men banded together in sacred brotherhood—was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despot and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor in a voice of suppressed rage," then I will no longer believe in human fidelity, or the future of our cause. But—Death! if the story is true. Which of us is the informer?" added the speaker, staring fiercely at the pale faces of his companions.

"Bah! it is useless to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Ivan—such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence—as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence—of course. But, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find him out? Let us search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least, the experiment is worth trying. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the Nihilists, as with one accord they sprang convulsively to their feet. One of the students—a tall, lank youth, with a somewhat foppish appearance—objected, however, to the proposal.

"But why?" hotly demanded the professor, who seemed all eagerness to begin the investigation.

"Because," was the hesitating rejoinder, "because it is unnecessary. Our word of honor ought to be enough. Besides, there is something degrading in the idea of searching one another, as if, indeed, we were a lot of pickpockets. So let us break up the meeting. This excitement is absurd, and renders the discussion of the plot impossible. As for the story told by the drunken soldier in the cafe, I don't believe a word of it."

These words produced an angry murmur among the excited conspirators. The protest seemed so ridiculous; and as the clamor increased Ivan turned to the speaker and warmly exclaimed, "Very well; we shall abstain from searching you, since you wish it; but remember this, that if we fail to find a clue to the informant among those who willingly submit to the examination we shall then know upon whom to fix our suspicions. Now, comrades, search me first; I am ready."

In a moment the speaker's pockets were emptied of their contents, and even the lining of his clothes was carefully searched; but beyond a few old love letters, some political pamphlets, and an English newspaper with a paragraph obliterated with lamp black, nothing of an incriminating character was found. A second student readily submitted to the test—if test it was—with similar results. Then a third stepped forward and placed himself in the hands of his companions. But at that moment a curious incident occurred. An invisible hand suddenly extinguished the light of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in utter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had quenched the light? For a moment the Nihilists remained motionless, as if rooted to the spot. As they listened in alarm, they heard a strange creaking sound in the direction of the curtained window.

Suddenly the voice of Ivan exclaimed in the darkness: "Comrades, this is a trick! Listen! Some one is endeavoring to escape by the window! It is the traitor at last. His attempt to escape betrays his guilt. Stand back! I know how to deal with him!"

In an instant the report of three revolver shots rang through the room, and was followed by an agonizing yell as some one fell heavily upon the floor.

A profound silence then ensued.

It was an awful situation.

At length Ivan spoke to his terrified companions.

"Strike a light now," he said in a trembling voice, "and let us look upon the face of a traitor. Will no one move? Are you all afraid to gaze upon the dead body of a miscreant who has betrayed us to our enemies? Come, professor, where are the matches? You had them last. But hush! What sound is that? Listen! By heavens, comrades, the police are upon us already. The house is surrounded! Quick! here is a trap door, known only to myself. It leads to the main sewer, and is our only hope of escape. Follow me."

Groping hand in hand in the dark, the affrighted men followed the speaker's directions, and after some momentary confusion, disappeared into a noisome abyss. None too soon. In another instant the door of the room was battered to pieces, and a company of gendarmes entered. Lights were now flashed in every direction, but it was obvious to all that the conspirators had escaped. The officer in charge swore long and deep, and ordered the men to search the house from top to bottom. Then, advancing toward the window, he stumbled over a human body.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, examining the dead man's features with a lantern. "H! so they have caught you at last, my friend, have they? Well, you played the spy long and well, but it always comes to this end."

And, tearing down the window curtain, the officer threw it over the rigid body of—the professor.—[M. Cobham, in Pall Mall Budget.

Poverty Develops Genius.

Burgess, the celebrated boat builder whose name is known to the yachtsmen of two continents and the public at large, is a Harvard College boy. "Last in his class," said a Philadelphian the other night. "He was an enthusiast at boat sailing, and had been at it since he was six years old. It turned out to be a lucky thing for him, too. He gave no particular evidence of aptitude at college, but then it seemed to make no difference, as his father was very rich. The old gentleman lost his money, however, and then his sons particularly developed, as the world knows, that they had the advantage of poverty, which old Simon Cameron lamented he had been the father of his son Don."—[Philadelphia Press.

It is better to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen than not to lock it at all. It may save the cow.

LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps
And nigh to the towers of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps
The loves to linger and sing.
A garden of light full of heaven's purest rays
Where never a tear drop is shed
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way;
Through the heart sobs of women and rolling of drums,
The army of mortals obey.
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each fireside has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us now
In the land of the beautiful dead.

Not a charm that we knew ere the boundary was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone,
Not a trait that we prized in our darlings is lost;
They have fairer and lovelier grown.
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night
Into bondage at day break are led,
So they bask in the glow by the Pillar of Light,
In the land of the beautiful dead.

—[John Jerome Rooney.

Evils of Immigration.

Dr. Hamilton tells us that it is the settled policy of foreign governments to encourage immigration to their own colonies, and that no government in Europe encourages immigration to the United States. But England does encourage the immigration of the poorer classes, and she sent us last year 66,000, while, despite the efforts of Germany to retain all her able bodied men, that they may carry them to market in the coming war, nearly 100,000 [99,538] came to these shores last year. And the Italians, too, are coming over in crowds, and at the present rate of increase will soon, in point of numbers, stand next to the Irish. A noted feature of this immigration is the fact that while only 3,360 men skilled in the professions, and 59,985 skilled laborers came into the country last year, the number of common laborers and "miscellaneous" was over a quarter of a million [239 644].

The effect of such an incursion of foreign hordes upon our shores can better be imagined than described. And let us say, so rapidly is the country developing, and so thickly is the public domain being settled, and so great is the number of foreign unskilled laborers already in the country, that we believe that it would be a great gain if not another one of this class came to this country during the rest of the century. That this is so becomes strikingly apparent when the fact is recalled that the average immigration for the last eight years is 57 per cent larger than the average immigration for the eight years next preceding, while 50 per cent of this increase is of persons without any occupation or training, and the tendency is for the least desirable kinds of immigration to increase much more rapidly than that which is valuable.

To remedy this evil Dr. Hammond recommends requiring a consular certificate as a condition precedent to immigration. This plan, which is not new, has just been embodied in a bill which goes further than measures previously introduced, in making the certificate more thorough and definite, and especially in the provision shutting out illiterate persons as well as those who are physically or mentally unsound and liable to become a public charge. The bill has unquestionably merit; but we greatly doubt if our consuls would prove adequate to the task of inspecting and certifying to the condition of the half million immigrants that the Old World empties upon the New every year. And it certainly is true that consular certificates will avail little till our laws are made more restrictive and our immigration system is entirely recast. That the insane and idiotic should be sent to our shores is bad enough. But the economic is the lowest test to apply in this matter. It is certainly better that 10 idiots come to this country to be locked up, even becoming a public charge, than that one finished scoundrel comes here to play his pranks throughout the country.

It is further to be hoped Congress will at the earliest opportunity provide for a commission of intelligent men and experts having knowledge of the subject, who shall traverse existing laws, consider all available facts, elicit the views of thoughtful men, and revise our present immigrant laws and prepare a measure which will lessen if not wholly repress existing abuses. Such a result, enacted into law, would give us a higher class of immigration, and if it would not bring more dollars in the country would, what is far better, purify the social structure and elevate the now degraded standard of citizenship which, as Dr. Hammond says, is nowhere so cheap, as, it should nowhere be so valuable as in the United States.—[The Christian at Work.

The True Peacemaker.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about that other fellow who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers. — [Nebraska Farmer.

LIFE AMONG THE STARS.

DO PLANETS AND PEOPLE EXIST IN OTHER SYSTEMS THAN OURS?

Recent Discoveries Brighten the Hope That the Spectroscope and the Camera May One Day Solve This Most Interesting Astronomical Problem.

One of the most fascinating questions that astronomical discoverers have ever raised is whether planets revolve in the light of all or any of the millions of stars scattered through space. It has been demonstrated that many, and probably most, of the stars are suns greater by far than our sun as givers of both light and heat. Mr. Dockyer's speculations as to the meteoritic origin of the celestial bodies may lead us to think that many of the stars are as yet merely clouds of meteors, and not truly solar bodies; but this does not alter the fact that their luminosity exceeds the sun's, or that, no matter what their present condition may be, they will ultimately reach a state of development closely resembling that of the sun. If the stars are meteor born, so is the sun. And if the great majority of the stars are as yet only condensing swarms of meteors, then we are led to the most interesting conclusion that the universe, taken as a whole, is in its infancy rather than its adolescence, much less its dotage.

It is common to hear people speak of the possibility of the stars being inhabited. This can only be granted upon the supposition that the inhabitants dwell on planets revolving around the stars, for modern studies of the sun have completely upset Herschel's idea that the heat and light of the solar orb come to us from an envelope of fiery clouds surrounding a cool and habitable globe. It is not easy to resist the simple argument from analogy in favor of the existence of such planets, especially if we admit that the same laws of development which produce our solar system are in operation throughout space. Recent discoveries of spiral nebulæ, closely resembling in aspect some of the stages of existence through which the sun's system must once have passed if the nebular hypothesis is well founded, greatly strengthen this view of the case. The phenomena of double and multiple stars not only furnish evidence of the extension of the law of gravitation to other systems, but demonstrate the existence of stellar assemblages whose members sustain to one another relations similar to those which bind our planets to the sun.

Still there has been hitherto no discovery of anybody that could properly be called a planet revolving around any of the stars. The well known double stars are simply pairs of suns, each shedding its light and heat upon the other, while both revolve around their common center of gravity. In the case of triple stars we find something closely analogous to the phenomena presented by the sun, the earth, and the moon. The moon revolves around the earth, and the earth, carrying the moon with it, revolves around the sun. Just so in a triple star system, we behold one star revolving around another, and the two together revolving around a third. The resemblance goes even further, for the smallest star of the three revolves around the second in size, and that in its turn around the largest.

Another step, however, and the analogy breaks down, for the earth and the moon are opaque bodies, simply reflecting the light of the sun, while all the members of a triple star system are solar orbs. Moreover, the earth and the moon are practically almost infinitesimal in magnitude as compared with the sun, while the smaller stars in the triple system are comparatively large bodies. In the matter of distance, too, there is a wide difference, the components of multiple stellar systems being generally separated from one another by far greater distances than that of the earth from the sun.

But some recent discoveries are calculated to awaken the hope that we shall eventually obtain at least a partial solution of the question of the existence of planets in the sidereal systems. The spectroscope, which has achieved so many wonderful things for the astronomers, has again proven their friend in this case, and, aided by photography, has detected the existence of double stars so close that no telescope could possibly separate them to the eye. More than that, some of the stellar doubles thus discovered consist of a luminous star and a nonluminous one. We have but to adopt a different phraseology, suggested by analogy, and these strange couples are presented to our minds as sun and planet.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these interesting doubles is the celebrated star Algol, the periodic variations of whose light have been known and watched for centuries. Professor Vogel's spectroscopic investigations indicate that there is a dark body revolving around the star in a period of less than three days, and at a distance of about 3,250,000 miles. According to computations based upon the data obtained by Vogel, the diameter of Algol is 1,116,000 miles, or 356,000 miles greater than that of our sun, while the diameter of its strange companion, or satellite, is 840,000 miles, being 20,000 miles less than the sun's. But the density of these huge bodies is singularly slight, so that their combined mass is only two-thirds as great as that of the sun. From this it is easy to see that the dark member of the system, the planet, if we may so call it, is more than 1,000,000 times as large as the earth, and about 50,000 times as heavy.

There is one consideration, independent of its slight density, which would seem to dispose of the possibility that this strange planetary consort of Algol can harbor living beings. If we assume that Algol's radiative energy equals the sun's, then it must overwhelm its attendant orb with a gush of heat 900 times as intense as the solar heat that is poured upon the earth. This results from the fact that the distance of the dark companion from Algol is only about one-thirtieth of the earth's distance from the sun, while the intensity of light and heat varies inversely as the square of the distance.

Another star that has a close companion which, although itself invisible, reveals its presence by the effects of its attraction upon its brilliant neighbor, is Spica, the leader of the constellation Virgo, and one of the most beautiful stars in the heavens. Here there is no such eclipsing of the light of Spica by the dark attendant as occurs with Algol, and the data thus far obtained are far less complete than those of the last named star. It would seem, however, that in this instance also, the planet, if planet it be, is of enormous dimension and revolves very close to its primary, the distance being estimated at from 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 miles. Regel, the splendid twinkler in the left foot of Orion, has also given indications that it has a close and invisible satellite of as yet unknown dimensions.

It has long been known that Procyon, another first magnitude star, has an invisible companion, and, with the new methods of research, something may be learned of its size and distance. We do not here refer to the recent discoveries concerning Miza in Ursa Major, and Beta Aurigæ, because the companions of those stars, situated at distances of 140,000,000 miles and 8,000,000 miles, respectively, are luminous bodies and consequently can not resemble planets in their physical conditions, although the doctrine of celestial evolution teaches that eventually they may pass from the solar into the planetary state by the exhaustion of their radiations.

It will be noticed that in every case the dark bodies discovered among the stars, which by a stretch of the imagination may be likened to planets, are of great magnitude as compared with the planets of our solar system. This may not be as serious an objection to their habitability as their nearness to their primaries is; and yet, according to our terrestrial experience, a globe 50,000 times as heavy as the earth and 100 times as great in diameter would make a strange abode. On such a globe an average son of Adam would weigh not less than 700 or 800 pounds, unless his dimensions were proportioned to the intensity of the gravity, in which case he would be only between a foot and 15 inches tall.

It is more agreeable, however, to suppose that some unthought of peculiarity in organization, such as the slight density of the planet readily suggests, would enable the man to be at the same time imposing in stature and graceful and agile in movement, for the imagination finds something repugnant in the idea of a race of lively pigmies constituting the population of a planet of the most majestic proportions.

At no time in its history has the outlook for astronomical discovery been more promising than it is at present, so that one can hardly be too sanguine in expecting that these recent advances which have partially lifted the veil from the inner mysteries of the starry systems, are but preludes to still more interesting discoveries which may reveal the existence of unmistakable planets rejoicing in the light and smiling with life as our earth rejoices and smiles.

Why Cats Are Thin.

Lagrange's Philosophy gives some peculiar facts as to why cats are the bony creatures they always seem to be. Have you ever inquired how it is that cats can combine with their proverbial idleness such great agility? asks the writer. Muscular inaction leads just as much in other kinds of animals as in the human species to obesity; the dog which does not hunt, the horse kept in the stable, becomes fat and sluggish.

Wild animals even, if kept in a cage, where they are forced into the repose of domestic life, rapidly lose their slenderness of figure and their ease of movement.

Why does the cat escape the ordinary law, and why, in spite of the fact that it rarely moves, does it seldom become fat, as does a dog or horse under similar circumstances?

It is because its inability is not that of inaction, and its nerves are working while its muscles seem at rest. Like the fencer waiting the moment to attack, the cat is constantly ready to spring. It is always watching something—a rat, a fly, or a joint of meat.

A drawing room cat makes only three or four springs in the course of a day, but each of them has been preceded by two or three hours of latent work.

When we believe that the animal is engaged in a happy dream, it is meditating a capture, calculating the distance of its spring, and holding its muscles in readiness for anything that may happen.

Hence it is never taken by surprise. If a little bird escape from the cage, it is caught and eaten in three seconds. The cat has been watching it for a week. When it seemed asleep it was lying in wait.

A Monster Weighing Machine.

What is claimed to be the largest weighing apparatus in the world has just been completed and tested by a Liverpool concern. It is of the railway type, and is so constructed that the wear and strain upon the bearing centers is reduced to a minimum. At the trial of the machine weights to the amount of 100 tons were placed upon the platform, and so delicate was the poise of the machine that the beam was noticeably disturbed by the removal of a one pound weight. The machine was built for a large North of England shipbuilding concern, and it will be used chiefly in weighing heavy marine boilers and other massive machinery.

HISTORICAL NICKNAMES.

Biography in a Nutshell—Some Facts Worth Remembering.

English public men of past days were not without their nicknames, and what strikes one in connection with them is their peculiarity and designation. To-day these names are evidently on the decrease.

O'Connell, the great Irishman, was popularly styled "The Agitator," "The Liberator," "The Big O" and "The Great O."

Sir Robert Peel was for many years familiarly called "Orange Peel," in consequence of his somewhat remarkable opposition to the Roman Catholics while acting as chief secretary.

Of Lord Brougham, it is related that while practicing at the bar, he came in contact with Lord Eldon, who persisted in calling him "Mr. Broffam." Owing to a peculiar twitching of the face, Brougham was known in parliament as "Harry Twitcher."

The Duke of Marlborough is known to us best, perhaps, as the "Handsome Englishman," but in his time he was also the "British Pallas," "Humphrey Hocus," and the "Silly Duke," as his popularity waxed or waned.

Sir Richard Steele was commonly called by his detractors "a twopenny author," in consequence of his publishing at twopence that famous weekly journal, *The Tattler*. In addition to this he was often referred to by Addison as "Little Dicky."

George Saville (Viscount Halifax) was popularly known as the "Trimmer," so designated because of his leading a party which vacillated between the Whigs and Tories.

Sir Robert Walpole was dubbed by his opponents the "Grand Corrupter" and the "Leviathan," and Horace Walpole, in his letters upon Sir Robert, applies to him the sobriquet of "Bluestring," having reference to the blue ribband of the Order of the Garter which he was in the habit of wearing.

Bolingbroke bore the designation of "High Mettled Harry," while Pulteney, Earl of Bath, was known as "that weather cock." A somewhat amusing incident is recorded of George Greenville, who, when speaking in the house in favor of Dashwood's financial statement, repeatedly asked the opposition where they would have a tax laid, reiterating the inquiry by saying, "Let them tell me where!" To which Pitt murmured the line of a well known song, "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?" It was long before Greenville lost the nickname of "Gentle Shepherd."

Horace Walpole was nicknamed by Wordsworth the "Frenchified Coxcomb," and was frequently referred to by Disraeli as the "Puck in Literature," owing to his literary fabrications. Lord Liverpool was called by Cobbett "Pink Nose."

The Annual Fire Loss.

The total fire loss for 1890 is estimated at $108,000,000, as compared with $144,000,000 in 1889, $100,000,000 in 1888, $130,000,000 in 1887, and $115,000,000 in 1886. This matter is of more importance than is generally believed. To the country at large there is no compensation for the loss by fire; insurance distributes this tax, but does not in the least make it good. On the contrary, to the actual loss by fire must be added the cost of distribution; or, in other words, the expense of all the insurance companies doing business in the country; a large sum in itself. To this, again, must be added the cost of all the fire departments and the cost of all the devices for avoiding fires and for making houses fireproof. The cost of the fire department of Louisville is now more than $150,000, from which statement one may get some idea of the total expense, remembering that there are 20 cities in America larger than Louisville. The actual loss by fire was for last year about as large as the money appropriated for the payment of pensions. A decrease in this item of $30,000,000 is, especially at this time, a cause for congratulation. It is not merely "money," but so much capital; it is just $30,000,000 added to the resources of the country at a time when these resources have been subjected to severe drains.

It is well always to remember that, while times may be hard and business disturbed by vicious legislation and certain temporary causes, the energies of the American people are almost inexhaustible; hence we are able to do and endure what would permanently cripple any other people. The loss, as we have said, is total; and it is a good report, a healthy and hopeful sign, when the insurance companies say that this tax of 1889 was less by $30,000,000 than it was the year before.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

Central American Earthquakes.

A peculiar thing about living in Central America is the ease with which you become accustomed to the earthquakes. They do not come without giving due notice. You are sitting on a piazza of a hot afternoon chatting with your friends when suddenly the sky seems to grow hazy, the crows stop cawing, and the buzzards quit fighting in the street. There is a general rush, and, though you may not know what is the matter, you can not help feeling uneasy. The old natives say, "We are going to have a little shake," and then the house begins to rock, the tumblers fall off the table, you feel deadly sick at the stomach, and the thing is over; the sky clears, the crows begin their noisy screams, and the buzzards resume their quarrel over the street offal. There is something inexpressively terrifying, however, about the trembling of the earth; the slightest oscillation will awaken the population of the whole town and rouse a drunkard out of the deepest stupor; but unless some considerable damage is done everybody goes to sleep again as a matter of course.—[Interview with a Traveler.