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MINING JOURNAL.

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

23rd YEAR—NO. 28. FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1894. WHOLE NUMBER, 1,172.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Dec 17

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Baltimore and Ohio RAILROAD.

Nov. 19, 1893.

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
9:20 a m	....No. 8 Express ...	9:40 a m
1:00 p m	No. 14 Accom'odation	2:50 p m
7:33 a m	....No. 2 Express....	7:52 a m
	....No. 6 Express....	5:25 p m
	...No. 16 Passenger...	8:10 a m
6:40 p m	No. 72 Accom'odation	
10:35 p m	....No. 4 Express....	10:45 a m
Arrive	**WESTBOUND.**	**Leave**
12:08 a m	....No. 7 Express....	1:05 p m
1:20 a m	....No. 9 Express....	
6:25 a m	....No. 3 Express....	6:45 a m
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a m
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
4:15 p m	....No. 5 Express....	
	...No. 15 Passenger...	4:25 p m
7:44 p m	No. 15 Grafton & Way	8:04 p m
4:00 p m	.....No. 17 Way. ...	

All trains daily except No.'s 16, 17, 71 and 72

Pittsburg Division.

WESTBOUND.

No. 9—Baltimore Express leaves		1:30 a m
" 63—Cumberland " " daily except Sunday		7:30 a m
" 11—Mail leaves		3:00 p m
" 5—Chicago Limited..leaves		4:25 p m

EASTBOUND.

No. 10—Baltimore Express arrives..		2:30 a m
" 14—Mail " ..		2:15 p m
" 64—Cumberland Exp. " daily except Sunday..		7:35 p m
" 6—Limited leaves..		4:15 p m

No. 11 is a local train from Cumberland to Pittsburg and No. 12 from Pittsburg to Cumberland. Nos 5 and 6 make 3 stops each way. Through tickets for all points east and west for sale at Cumberland.

T. T. ALLEN, General Acting Agent.
M. C. CLARKE, Ticket Agent. [Jan 13]

GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

DAILY, Sundays excepted, from Central Station, Cumberland.

OUTWARD-BOUND TRAINS.

Leave Cumberland.....	7:15 a m	1:30 p m
Arrive at Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:15 p m
" " Midland.....	8:22 a m	2:37 p m
" " Lonaconing.	8:30 a m	2:45 p m

RETURNING TRAINS.

Leave Lonaconing.....	10:30 a m	44:5 p m
Arrive at Midland.....	10:39 a m	4:54 p m
" " Vale Summit	11:00 a m	5:15 p m
" " Cumberland.	11:45 a m	6:00 p m

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

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND, General Manager.
Jan 6

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE.

Eastward. Leave. No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	Stations.	No. 2.	No. 4.	Westward. Arrive. No. 6.*
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
6 15	11 53	6 08	Piedmont	11 00	5 50	11 45
6 30	12 08	6 23	Barton	10 40	5 30	11 32
6 40	12 18	6 33	Lonaconing	10 32	5 20	11 22
6 52	12 29	6 45	Midland	10 19	5 18	11 09
6 55	12 32	6 48	Ocean	10 16	5 14	11 07
7 00	12 39	6 53	Borden Shaft	10 10	5 00	11 02
7 08	12 47	7 01	FROSTBURG	10 02	5 01	10 54
7 25	1 04	7 18	Morantown	9 44	4 44	10 36
7 32	1 11	7 25	Mount Savage	9 40	4 40	10 28
7 37	1 16	7 30	Barrellville	9 34	4 34	10 22
7 39	1 18	7 32	Patterson's	9 32	4 32	10 20
7 45	1 24	7 38	Kreigbaum's	9 27	4 27	10 15
7 47	1 26	7 40	Mt. Sav'ge Jun	9 25	4 25	10 13
8 00	1 39	7 53	Cumberland	9 15	4 15	10 00
p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.						*Leave.*

*On theatre nights, when admission tickets are sold by Agents to performance at theatre, 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.

Baggage car will be hauled on trains No's 5 and 6.

L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent.
Nov 25

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money

BY BUYING YOUR

RAILROAD TICKETS

—FROM—

J. H. HITCHINS.

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

ORIGINAL STORY.

POOR LITTLE NELL.

BY N. C. M.

The twilight deepened into darkness around the great city, yet many persons were still passing up and down the streets.

If you had gone that way and had looked closely on the right side of a very narrow and dirty street you would have seen a forlorn little object—a little shivering, shrinking girl, going along slowly with a woe begone expression upon her little face. She soon crossed the street and entered a house near the corner. Passing the front she entered from the rear and found that busy, bright Mrs. Keats was preparing supper for her houseful of boarders—not rich, elegant, fastidious boarders, but plain people who earned their daily bread, and who found in Mrs. Keats' house a comfortable lodging, though with somewhat unpleasant surroundings.

As the child advanced into the room and stood at the stove warming her chilled hands and feet the woman turned and said cheerily—

"Well, Nellie, dear, any luck today?"

The child answered in a voice which did not seem childish, but rather like a disappointed adult might; nevertheless, the tone was very sweet and musical.

"No, auntie."

"Well, dear, let's hope for some to-morrow. Come, here's your supper, nice and warm."

For she had been out in the cold for hours.

After the little one had eaten she assisted Mrs. Keats about her many duties until all were finished. Then, with a good night kiss, she went off to the little shed where she slept.

It was a freezing night. Poor Nellie had but scant covering—a thin blanket, an old coat left by a lodger and a bundle of straw from the livery stable over the way.

* * * * * *

As she lies in troubled slumber I will briefly sketch her life.

In the year 1881 a young lady of good family, in the city of London, had fallen very much in love with a young sailor, home from one of his long voyages, and he, in turn, was enchanted with the lovely girl. Her father, however, positively forbade the young man addressing his daughter. Nevertheless, in the autumn of '81 they were secretly married. Her father, almost frantic, forbade his daughter, Nellie Pastonna, ever to enter his home again.

After two years of happy married life a little girl came to bless them, and when the babe was about a year old her father, whose name was Robert Wauleene, decided that he must again adopt a sailor's life and leave them for distant lands. He started on a voyage, expecting to come home in two years. Little Nell, for her parents called her so—after her mother and a loved sister of her father—with her mother then removed to a cheap boarding-house, where Mrs. Wauleene managed to eke out a scanty living for herself and child by doing fancy work and embroidery. In the latter specialty she best succeeded, for her young friends had always admired her exquisite work when she was at her father's home and had little else to do but amuse herself. Happily, she now found it sold readily and helped replenish her light purse.

After eight years of this life, with but little change except moving from one house to another, Nellie's mother died of pneumonia and left the baby all alone in the world. But ere her pure soul took it flight she thought of a haven for her child. She had lived with Mrs. Keats during the few months before she died, and to this good woman she consigned her dearest treasure upon earth—her little Nellie.

Nellie had learned much from her good mama, among numerous other things to embroider very prettily, and at the age when most children are in the nursery she was thus thrown upon her own resources. Yet she had gained by experience courage, and learned patience.

As Mrs. Keats' house was very full Nellie became a daily necessity. Mrs. Keats found in Nellie a loving, willing helper, and she did all she could to repay Mrs. Keats for being so kind to her. Nellie had a great passion for the pretty art her mother had taught her, and so Mrs. Keats furnished the necessary materials. Nellie wrought with a will. Every day she went into the great city to some shop to sell her dainty wares. She often met with success, and then with what pride she would take to Mrs. Keats her earnings. Nell even ventured sometimes to go into the great houses, as here she sold the finest of her work.

* * * * * *

Next morning Nellie ran into the kitchen joyfully.

"Oh, auntie, this looks like a lucky day," she exclaimed—"so bright and lovely!"

"Yes, little dear, so it does. Just run and get the soda in the red box, right-hand corner, please."

Nellie bounded off gaily.

She started out bravely; early, too, for she was no sluggard—with her wares in a pretty basket madam had given her. That day, long remembered by her as the dearest in her life, was rainy and dreary, although it had be gun brightly. Like how many lives—the beginning bright and lovely; the evening sad and gloomy.

But to go back to little Nell, whom we left standing at the corner of a street on which were many of the "great houses," looking very sad and gloomy. As she stood there she heard a sweet voice say—

"Here, dear."

She turned quickly. A beautiful young girl, apparently eighteen, in a handsome street costume, stood at her side calling to her. To her? Nell could not understand it. Why was this beautiful creature calling to her? She had never in all her long ten years of life seen anything so perfectly beautiful as this girl and this girl's dress. Yes, once Nellie remembered—once when she was a tiny child, her mother had taken her to a beautiful houseful of lovely pictures, and chairs so soft Nellie had thought them too nice to sit in—and grand carpets! O, yes, Nellie remembered it all very well. In those days her papa was always with her, and mamma, and he would toss her up and catch her and hug her and call her "little Nellie, papa's baby, pretty dear." And that same dear papa would call her dear mamma "my little wife." Nellie always thought that *very* strange. O, yes, Nellie remembered all this; more—she and her mamma talked of dear papa every day of their lives.

And as all these thoughts came rushing over her the child hid her face in her little red hands; and two great tears came rolling down her pale cheeks, and her heart gave one great throb and seemed to stand still. She looked again. Yes, there could be no mistake. There stood that same beautiful form, that face of angelic sweetness and purity, and, hush! the voice of the angel—so the child thought of her—was speaking, and it said:

"Don't cry, dear; come with me."

Nellie looked up.

"Do you mean me, miss?"

The lady assured her in soothing accents she was her friend and again said—

"Come with me, little one."

So Nellie went with the beautiful lady. Up the broad steps and into the handsome hall. From there into—fairyland! Could it be? Nellie thought of all her mother's stories, but none quite equaled this.

In the room sat an old lady who exclaimed on seeing Nellie—

"Why, daughter, who *is* that?"

"That dear little girl I told you of, mother," answered the girl.

"O," said the mother, "you always have some waif, so I have to accept them all. She rules me with a rod of iron," turning to an old gentleman sitting near her.

"Nonsense, mother; *me* ruling *you*. Anyway, I've got this dear little thing."

The old gentleman soon rose to go.

Meantime Nellie had gone upstairs with the sweet young lady and they had become fast friends.

"Now, dear, where do you live? Where is your mamma? Who are you? And how old?"

By degrees and after much questioning she told all her short life-story. As she paused the young lady exclaimed breathlessly—

"Dear, are you *sure, sure* you have made no mistake?"

Nell looked surprised and said—

"No, ma'am, I don't think I have. Madam teaches me to speak the truth, and I try to."

She said this sorrowfully, as if afraid she had told this faultless, lovely creature an untruth.

She was still more mystified when the lady caught her in her arms and kissed her violently, and then said hastily—

"Come, Nellie, dear little Nellie, come down to mother."

She almost carried the child down in her eagerness and burst into the room crying between her sobs of joy—

"Mother, mother, God is good to us! He has sent Robert's child to us! O mother, mother!"

And she fell on her mother's neck crying for very gladness.

"My child, you are not lucid!" cried the mother frantically, trying vainly to release herself from her daughter's convulsive clasp.

"Mother, it is true. Come here, Nellie, come to auntie; come, little one, pet, come on."

For Nellie, much frightened, had crept almost to the door. After some time she told her little history over. And Mrs. Wauleene believed.

"O, our Robert's child has indeed returned. Notice her eyes and hair, and her beautiful smile—all Robert's."

They spent that day as a sort of Thanksgiving.

* * * * * *

A month had passed. Nellie is firmly established in her grandmama's home. Mrs. Keats has been visited. All has been settled. And Nellie "belongs to her grandma and aunt," as her aunt Nellie assures her with a hug and kiss forty times a day.

Nellie is very, *very* happy. Christmas will soon be here, and aunt Nellie is planning great things for little Nell.

She is very happy in her new home. She often visits kind, good Mrs. Keats. Aunt Nellie teaches her every day, and the bright child learns rapidly.

'Tis the day but one before Christmas. Gaily decked is everything. Shops are veritably fascinating. Everyone—On a secret mission seems intent.

They were all sitting quietly in the drawing-room when the bell rang violently. They heard a quick voice in the hall and the door flies open. A cry, piercing in its intensity, and a voice says—

"Robert! Robert! My son! Oh, how happy I am!" and Mrs. Wauleene was clasped in her son's strong arms.

Late they sat there—Nellie clasped in her father's arms, and listening—all of them—to the story he had to tell. I will not give it in his language or the little detail he gave to his interested audience.

'Twas the old story of shipwreck. In a violent storm his vessel, "The Nellie," went down, leaving the crew and a few passengers in a light boat. The others drowned, or went down with the ship to be crushed, 'midst its heavy timbers. The boat at last cast them on a small barren island, when, for five long days they had no food. At last they were taken on board a vessel bound for South America. There, while trying to make enough to return home, he saw an old American newspaper with a note of his wife's death in it. Grieved to the heart, he had staid on all those years, thinking, of course, the child was also dead. He made many voyages—indeed, went almost all over the world. Thus he spent the weary years until, having made a good deal of money and now being quite wealthy, he determined to visit his old home.

That was all, but it stirred those loving hearts to thankfulness one moment—the next to those of sorrow and pain.

And now Nellie had her darling father back again.

For some time she expressed a fear that 'twas only a dream, from which she should waken after awhile.

But it was soon made made real. Her father entered business in the city and lived with his mother and sister. Nellie was educated in the finest schools in the city and grew to be one of the most highly educated and cultivated ladies of the day.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Advice from Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Thos. A. Edison has received from London a phonograph cylinder on which the Grand Old Man's voice has been caught for the edification of his admirers on this side of the Atlantic Here is the message he sends, telling a very useful lesson to all who may hear or read it:

It is self-help that makes the man, and man-making is the aim which the Almighty has everywhere impressed upon creation. It is thrift by which self help for the masses dependent upon labor is principally made effective. For them thrift is the symbol and the instrument of independence and of liberty, indispensable conditions of all permanent human goodness.

But thrift is also the mother of wealth, and here comes the danger into view, for wealth is the mother of temptation and leads many of its possessors into a new form of slavery more subtle and not less debasing than the old. From this slavery may all lands, and especially all lands of the English tongue, hold themselves forever free!

W. E. GLADSTONE.

A Cute Argument.

Why not leave coal on the free list as originally reported in the House bill? Because Southern interests fear that some Virginia mines will lose a portion of the New England trade, which is their most profitable market. If their coal is so much superior to Nova Scotia coal as they claim, they need not for a moment fear competition from that district. We, ourselves, think the superiority of our coals over the Dominion article is ample protection and it is doubtful if free coal would lose much of the New England market to any large American mines.—Boston (Mass.) *Commercial-Bulletin.*

The Senate's March.

The United States Senate continues to approach the tariff with what the late Mr. Van Buren called "the firm and intrepid march of a jackass toward a peck of oats."—Chicago *Herald.*

A MEMORY OF JESSEE JAMES.

His Dramatic Interview With Dick Stapp Across a Missouri Bay.

The suicide of Tobe Stapp at Webb City, Mo., the other day recalls to State Auditor Van B. Prather a recollection of the suicide's brother, R. B. Stapp, notorious twenty years ago as Dick Stapp. For a number of years Dick Stapp lived in the Short Creek lead mining regions, in Cherokee County, which is the home of Mr. Prather. Stapp became notorious in connection with the Jesse James gang, and lived at Granby, Mo., where he kept a saloon. The James gang had designed to raid the money vaults of the Granby Mining Company, and they took Stapp into the enterprise. At the same time they planned the Otterville train robbery. Stapp, who was a great coward, weakened at the last moment and told the officers of the plot.

Afterwards, at the trial of the only one of the Otterville robbers who was arrested, Stapp was the principal witness for the State, and the man was sent to the penitentiary. Stapp was compelled to leave Granby by fear of assassination at the hands of his former confederates, and went to Short Creek, where he opened a saloon at Galena. Here one night, when he was on watch alone, a man wearing blue goggles and a slouch hat well down over his face appeared and called for a drink. It was given to him, and as he paid for it he said: "Your name is Dick Stapp. Do you know who I am?" "I believe I do," replied Stapp, at the same time reaching for his pistol behind the bar. "I am quicker than you are, as you ought to know," exclaimed the stranger, producing a 44 Colt from his overcoat pocket. "But I have not come to shoot. This is a mission of peace. I want you to be out of the way when we give ourselves up to the authorities. If you are not some of us will put you out of the way." "All right," said Stapp. With that the stranger walked out of the house. It was Jesse James.

Soon after that Stapp went out of the saloon business and engaged in mining, but he was a consumptive, and a short time before Frank James surrendered he went to California, where he died, thus depriving the State of Missouri of the only witness who could connect Frank James with the Otterville affair.—Correspondence to the Kansas City Times.

The Profit in Columbian Stamps.

The Columbian issue of postage stamps will not be discontinued until the entire issue of $250,000,000 ordered by Congress has been given out. About one third of the stamps remain to be used, which will run the issue well into 1894, and dealers are laying in large supplies of them, with the knowledge that they will become more and more valuable each year. Undoubtedly the Government has reaped a rich harvest by the sale of them to persons who will not make the ordinary use of them. John Wanamaker, as Postmaster-General, expected that collectors would buy them to the value of millions of dollars. In a recent report Kerr Craige, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, declared that hardly more than $50,000 would accrue to the Government from this source, but his estimate is probably too small.

Figures on the subject are hard to get. Most collectors bought the stamps at the post-office in the ordinary way, so no one could tell whether they were for albums or for business. Some persons living away from this city, however, sent to the Postmaster here for them. In the first eleven months of the year 262 orders, amounting to $1,075.91, were received from abroad, and 243, amounting to $823.45, from places in the United States. This is, of course, a small proportion of the whole amount which went to the collectors. The big dealers at home and abroad would get their supplies through agents here.

Many persons have sent orders to friends here, for the stamp clerks have sold numbers of the complete sets of sixteen stamps. The cost of the lot is $16.34, for the denominations include $1, $2, $4 and $5. Some collectors prefer to have cancelled stamps, so they buy complete sets and get Assistant Postmaster Gayler to put the postmark on them. One man mailed a letter, weighing less than half an ounce and addressed to himself, which was nearly covered with Columbian stamps. The postal clerks could not imagine why he should waste money in this way until it struck one of them that it was his method of having the stamps cancelled for his collection.

Some people have wondered why $5 stamps should be issued, for publishers of periodicals pay postage on their matter in bulk. These stamps of large denominations go on foreign letters. The postage on them is five cents a half ounce, and there is no limit to weight. One weighing a pound and sent by registered mail would therefore need to have $1.60 of stamps on it. Some documents and securities sent as first-class mail matter weigh as much as three or four pounds, and a $5 stamp would just fill the bill for them.

One of the first sets of Columbian stamps sold here was bought for the Queen of Holland by the Dutch Consul. To meet the wants of collectors the Post-Office Department has supplied some twenty-five post-offices with sets of stamps. Of course the Government did not go into this to make money, but it undoubtedly has cleared a pretty penny.—New York Tribune.

Ancient Records Translated.

In 1803, when Humboldt was in the City of Mexico, he collected a number of the ancient Mexican hieroglyphic writings called "Maguey paintings," which were bequeathed by him to the Berlin Royal Library, and recently interpreted by Dr. Seler, curator of the American department of the Ethnological Museum, Berlin. They comprise accounts, lists of temple tributes, fragments of court trials, particulars of the royal domain, articles of faith, the Ten Commandments, and so on. The records cover a period from before the Spanish conquest to the year 1571. The results are published in a book of 137 pages octavo.—London Globe.

A Pleasant Theory Not Supported in the Camp of Europe.

The great and fatal argument against war is that it does not pay. There was a time when the force of this plea was not generally recognized. The mediæval spirit, with its chivalry and love of glory, survived long after the bodies of the old barons had turned to dust and their swords to rust. Passions were fierce, traditions strong, popular rights in embryonic feebleness.

The hope of conquest, the quarrels of dynasties, religious differences, all tended to obscure the dawn of the coming era—the era of common sense, which balances the good and the bad of any given course and adopts the more expedient. Did not Louis Napoleon, when Emperor of the French, once boastfully proclaim that the French nation was the only one that would go to war for an idea? Perhaps he was right. Alas! many thousand lives, many millions in money, a mutilated territory and national pride most bitterly humbled, eloquently attest that the mitrailleuse and the chassepot may not be safely trusted to disseminate ideas, however noble and however useful to mankind.

But the Anglo-Saxon race prefers to express its preferences and to make converts in other ways. It is now in the ascending period. Its influence upon the world is vast and growing. The United States is the leading nation of a hemisphere, and bids fair in a brief period to be the first of the civilized world in population and general prosperity. We have all the territory that we require, so that wars of conquest hold out no temptation. Our Government is so free that revolution would border on the ridiculous.

So far as we may now foresee, there is no reason to apprehend such aggression from other nations as to make armed resistance imperative. The people of these States have proved their ability on too many battlefields to make their prudence suspicious. On the same priciple that a tried duellist may refuse to fight because he has shown his mettle, sword in hand, nations with honorable records of brave deeds may be slow to wrath.—Harper's Magazine.

Mr Gladstone's "Pick-Me-Up."

There is a mystery about the fluid, "Pick-me-up," with which Mr. Gladstone refreshes himself from time to time during his parliamentary conflicts. He carries it with him to the House of Commons, not in a bottle, but in a small glass receptacle known as the "pomatum pot." It is a liquid of some kind; it is yellow in color; it is taken in light draughts; its influence is strengthening and exhilarating. But what is it? The Conservatives and the Unionists entertain different opinions about it; the Liberals cannot form any satisfactory opinion. If any party could get a smell of it they would be all right; but they can't. He whips the glass receiver out of his breast pocket, applies it to the proper spot, and feels better. All parties are able to see that the fluid is yellow; but nothing more than that is known about it. He is fond of old port, but there is no yellow old port. He does not like sherry. It cannot be that. Some beers have a yellowish look; but a few drops of beer would not elevate him. There is no real yellow whiskey, or brandy, or gin, or rum. Some mixed drinks have a yellowish appearance after the lemon or orange has been put into them; but these drinks do not fill the bill. We should like to know what the stuff is. It was invented by Mr. Gladstone's doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, recently deceased; and so it must be good. It must be worthy of its name, "Pick-me-up."

If Gladstone will tell what his restorer is made of there will certainly be a run upon it. If he will confide the secret of it to some man in New York who will put it on the market in small glass pots handy for the breast pocket, and patented, the man will make a fortune. Even people who never drink elevating fluids would surely like to take a pull at a pot of "Pick-me-up."—New York Sun.

The Temperaments.

It is interesting to find that so thoroughly scientific a man as Prof. William Preyer has adopted the fourfold classification of temperaments made nearly 2,000 years ago, namely, the choleric, sanguine, melancholy and lymphatic. The existence of one or the other of these temperaments may be discerned, he says in his work on "The Infant Mind," very early in the great majority of children—in the second quarter of the first year, beyond a doubt.

Nearly every one who has written about temperaments has gotten up a classification of his own. Galen had nine, Haycock gave six, Graham Brown seven, and others have got down as low as two. Modern writers use the word nervous for choleric, and bilious for melancholic temperament. With these verbal modifications, the old classification seems to answer all practical purposes, and individuals can build up combinations as needed.

Hutchinson defines temperament as the sum of the physical peculiarities of a man exclusive of his tendency to disease. This is not very satisfactory, though, perhaps, temperament is a thing a little too vague to be satisfactorily defined. In modern terms it may be said to be the peculiar way in which the individual reacts to the stimuli of his environment. There is no doubt that one class of persons reacts quickly and easily, expending energy profusely and often needlessly in their life work; others react hopefully and work buoyantly, yet with less waste. We can thus distinguish the nervous, the sanguine, the melancholic, etc. A capacity to recognize and appreciate the importance of temperament used to be considered part of a sound medical training. It has been too much neglected in our pursuit of minutiae with microscopes and test tubes. Our teachers of practical medicine might well revive its study.—The Medical Record.

Effect of the Times.

Officer McGobb—An' is the barrel tolmes affectin' your business ahuy?

Hungry Higgins—Is it affectin' me business? Is it? W'y, dey's gittin' to be so many amatoors in it dat de legit don't stand no show at all.

CLOSE TO SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

Are the Feet of Those Who Walk on the Burning Sand of Death Valley.

Mr. Frederick Momson's lecture on Death Valley, which was delivered at Metropolitan Temple recently, added something to our knowledge of one of the most curious spots in the State. It was a year or two after the discovery of gold that its existence was made known by the frightful destruction of an immigrant party by thirst within its limits.

The immigrants were coming in through Nye County, Nev.; they crossed a pass in the Paramint Mountains and struck into the valley, where their skeletons lie to this day. Some ten years afterwards the United States Boundary Commission surveyed the valley and pronounced it to be the bed of a former lake, which has been drained in one of the last volcanic convulsions on this side of the mountains. Since then it has been visited by occasional explorers and gatherers of borax; but as it contains no water, as the air is impregnated with mephitic gases, and as the thermometer sometimes registers as much as 140 degrees in the shade in summer, visitors have been few and far between.

Yet it is an interesting spot. It is part of the belated world, to which the Great Salt Lake, the subterranean river of Mojave and the Colorado Desert belong, and of which the geysers of Sonoma are an offshoot. As Greenland is a relic of the last glacial age, so this distressed region is a surviving relic of the latest igneous age; an era when nothing was finally settled, and fire and water were contending for supremacy over the soil. Similar regions exist in southern Calabria and in the vicinity of the Dead Sea in Palestine; the volcanic force has so far lost its primitive energy that earthquakes are light, and there are no eruptions; but the volcanic gases continue to escape in such quantity that travel is attended with danger to life, and the water springs are polluted with salt, sulphur and poisonous ingredients. In the California Solfatara excessive heat is added to the other horrors of the place. The centre of the valley is hotter than Sennaar, and the only animal life is a few specimens of tropical reptiles.

Mr. Momson is reported to have said that the bottom of the valley is the lowest depression on the earth's surface. This is not strictly correct. The lowest levels obtained in Death Valley are about 430 feet below the sea, whereas the surface of the Dead Sea in Palestine is 1,300 feet below. But the hole which goes by the name of Death Valley is pretty deep. The crust of the earth throughout the valleys of San Bernardino and Inyo Counties must be very thin. The traveller's feet are separated from the internal body of everlasting fire by a slim sheet of earth and rock, which would offer but a slight resistance to seismic force. A few miles distant from Death Valley there is a region which may be surveyed by the eye, and which contains a thousand active volcanoes—small of their kind, to be sure, baby volcanoes, so to speak, but still actively engaged in throwing up mud and water. And not many miles away is the range of granite mountains, among which Mount Whitney rears its head through the clouds; solid masses of primeval rock which must have worn the shape in which we see them now when the plain at their feet was a seething, raging caldron in which fire and water contended for the mastery.

To see such marvels of nature people cross oceans, spend fortunes, and carry their lives in their hands. Neither Mauna Loa nor Hecla offers such wonders to the beholder as Death Valley and the Colorado Desert. In January and February the heat in the valley is bearable—not over 90 degrees in the shade. Excursion parties might be fitted out with supplies of food and water, and, in a few days, the visitors might see enough to realize what the world was like in the Plutonic age. The contrast between the pleasant valleys of the rivers, with their fruit trees bursting into blossom, and these dreadful deserts, with their awful chasms and their hideous inhabitants, would be a thing not easily forgotten.—San Francisco Call.

Noses Revised and Amended.

If Cleopatra were alive to-day the length of her nose would have little to do in determining her career. Noses, as other traits in the present advanced state of surgery, are merely determinate features. It is only a question of time when one shall read on the outer wall, "Noses altered while you wait." If a pug nose does not harmonize with the other features or a pensive disposition, it is easily changed by removing a wedge-shaped piece between the nostrils. This is done without pain by spraying the nose with cocaine. If a Roman nose gives one the air of being too dominant, the hump is removed by making an incision, cutting the flesh away, and a steel burr, run by an electric motor, easily grinds down the hump. The skin, then trimmed to fit, sewed and properly bound, soon heals. Cocaine again renders the operation a mere detail. In the same manner large mouths are transformed into dainty shapes by removing the surplus at the corners and sewing them up. The surgeon who is the authority for these statements says that the time will come when skin-grafting will be so easily managed that another countenance may be ordered, like a new bonnet.—New York Evening Sun.

The Number Thirteen.

Those who believe that thirteen is an unlucky number should fight shy of the American twenty-five-cent piece.

It has thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers on each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow-heads and thirteen letters in the "quarter dollar." But most of us are mighty glad to get them, thirteen or no thirteen. And then it must be remembered that the great American nation started with thirteen States.

Cupid dehumanized is an angel.