

## A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.

### Interesting Stories About Sir Andrew Clark.

**Gladstone's Confidence in His Medical Adviser—How Sir Andrew Treats His Patients—His Wonderful Skill at Diagnosing.**

William Ballantyne writes in the Scottish American: How the famous London doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, became physician to his still more famous countryman, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, was this. During a cholera time some years ago Dr. Clark practiced in the London Hospital, and was as attentive to the poorest of the poor patients as he was to those who were well-to-do. This came under the notice of Mrs. Gladstone, who was a frequent visitor at the hospital. She entered into conversation with him; found him intelligent, skilful, and possessing, in an eminent degree, a kindly sympathetic heart. She resolved that at some time or other she would have him as her family doctor. How that resolve was carried out all the world knows. Here are two examples of the confidence Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have in Dr. Clark. At one time, when Mr. Gladstone was Premier, the two had houses near each other. One cold day as Dr. Clark was passing Mr. Gladstone's door he saw him coming out with his great coat buttoned close up to his chin, and Mrs. Gladstone by his side as usual. "Oh, doctor; I am so glad to see you," said she. "Mr. Gladstone is not at all well, but he will persist in going out this cold day." "I must go; an important Cabinet Council meets to-day." "Come this way till I look over you," said the doctor. He examined him and said, "You

MUST GO TO BED IMMEDIATELY

or I will not be responsible for the consequences. I will give Mrs. Gladstone directions what to do with you." Mr. Gladstone kept his bed till he got the doctor's permission to rise. The other occasion was in Scotland, where Sir Andrew rusticated in the autumn. He had rented a house near Perth that season; so when Mr. Gladstone was on his way south from visiting his brother, Sir John Gladstone, of Fasque, he stopped at Perth and tarried a few days with his doctor, who invited some friends and neighbors to meet him, Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Gray, of Kinfans Castle, among the number. After dinner, when all were enjoying themselves in the drawing-room, Mr. Gladstone as merry as any, a little after ten o'clock Mrs. Gladstone whispered a word to the doctor. He nodded in reply, and in a few minutes said to Mr. Gladstone:—"You have had a very busy day, and likely to be as busy to-morrow; would it not be well to rest? You must need it." Mr. Gladstone smiled and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have got my marching orders, so I bid you all good-night," and retired. During the day the other guests did not see much of the G. O. M., but he never neglected to walk out in the open air, and was driven by Sir Andrew around, visiting neighbors and seeing the sights around Perth. Sir Andrew Clark was born in 1826 in or near Aberdeen. His chum at school was a boy, a few years older than himself, named Andrew Henderson. Side by side they

SAT HELPING EACH OTHER

with their lessons. But school days come to an end. Mr. Clark in due time got his diploma to practice medicine, and Andrew Henderson, his chum, was licensed to preach. The latter got a call to Coldingham, on the Borders, and next a call to Abbey Close U. P. Church, Paisley, where he still is. His alma mater conferred on him the degree of LL. D., and last year he was the Moderator of the U. P. Synod. Twenty years passed without the two school chums seeing or hearing of each other, though both had by then risen to eminence in their respective professions. Often Mr. Henderson wondered if the famous London doctor, Clark, was his old schoolmate. The opportunity came to find this out. Mr. Thomas Coats, of J. & P. Coats, thread manufacturers, Paisley, was a personal friend, and said to Mr. Henderson one day, "I have not felt well for some time—what think you of me consulting Dr. A. Clark, of London, Gladstone's doctor?" "I wish you would," said Mr. Henderson, "and if you get the proper chance ask him if he had Andrew Henderson for a companion at school. Mr. Coats on his return from London, called at Dr. Henderson's and the first words he spoke were, "Tell him I'm the man." This finding out was the renewal of their old acquaintance, and every season when Dr. Clark comes to Scotland to reside for the autumn his old friend is always invited to spend

A WEEK OR TWO WITH HIM.

Let me give an example or two of how Dr. Clark treats those who consult him for their health. Mr. Coats said of him:—"I never got such a questioning in all my life. I was obliged to tell him all that I ate and drank, and all about myself. I never met such a man. He told me I was not to eat this nor that taste this kind of wine nor the other. I asked him if I was not to be allowed to eat enough to keep body and soul together." "Yes, yes," said Dr. Clark "you will have enough to live on, but I must let you know if you go on eating rich food, and drinking generous wines, you will before two years are out have gout that no doctor on earth can cure. Try my plan for one month, and then report to me how you feel." Mr. Coats followed his advice, and at the end of the month admitted he felt better than he had done for years before. The Rev. Dr. Drummond, of Glasgow, was in poor health. His wife was alarmed, and urged him to consult Dr. Clark. He did so, and like Mr. Coats admitted that he never got such a questioning in all his life. No Jesuit in the confessional could have drawn out all he wanted to know better. After he was satisfied he wrote out minute instructions as to conditions and time in taking the prescribed, and gave the paper to Mrs. Drummond, strictly charging her to see them all faithfully carried out, and report in a month. In two weeks Dr. Drummond felt a change for the better. I am not quite sure about mentioning the next case, yet I hope it is no great breach of etiquette. One day a prominent London physician brought a lady patient for Dr. Clark's opinion, as her case had baffled himself. Dr. Clark asked her a few questions, left the room and beckoned her physician to follow him. When they were alone Dr. Clark said: "The woman drinks; there is nothing else wrong with her." "You greatly surprise me, said the physician; so much so that I can hardly believe it; she is

## A LADY OF RANK WITH A TITLE.

"No matter, said Clark; I am sure she drinks. Did you ever ask her?" "Oh! dear no; I never dreamt of such a thing, and would not insult her by asking such a question." "Well, I will," said Dr. Clark; "come in and hear." "Madam, you say you have strange sinking sensations at times; will you please tell me if you take anything to relieve you?" "Yes, my maid gives me a spoonful of brandy." "And how large is the spoon; is it a teaspoon or a dessert spoon—or it may be, perhaps, a tablespoonful, you require?" "Yes, it is a tablespoon." "And how often do these sinking spells come on?" "No answer. "Do they come on in the morning, or at noon, or in the evening, or during the night?" "Yes, they come on at any hour." "Now how often did you say they came? Will they come every two or three hours?" "Yes, that is about the time." "And your maid gives you a spoonful of brandy every time?" "No answer. "Well now madam, as you have consulted me I must give you the best advice I can and it is this: when you feel these sinking spells come on request your maid to give a spoonful of cold water—nothing else—and you will soon be well. That is all I can do for you." She left along with her physician. L. R. Clark's great skill and success lies in his correct diagnosis of a case. At the time President Garfield was dying a friend of mine was staying with Dr. Clark at Abbottsford House, which he had rented for that season. He was asked his opinion of Garfield's case. He answered—"It is almost impossible to give an opinion when you do not see the subject; but from what I hear of the sufferer's symptoms I would suppose pus was forming on the liver." "What would you do under such circumstances?" "Cut into it," was his immediate reply. At the post mortem this was shown to be a correct opinion.

## ETNA'S NEW CRATERS.

### The Rift on the South Flank Through Which Lava Was Heaped Up in Hills.

During the recent eruption of Mount Etna several scientific men watched the phenomena, which greatly resembled those of 1883 and 1886. On July 8 last the central crater of Etna began to discharge a dense column of vapor. The next day there was a series of severe earthquakes, and the southern flank of Etna, as in 1883 and 1886, was rent open and new craters formed. The explosive force of the eruptions this year was much less than in 1886, when fragmentary material was shot up to a height of about a mile, while this year it was seldom forced to a greater height than 2,000 feet; but this year the new fissure was of much larger size and afforded a free escape for the energy of the volcano, which gave forth a much larger quantity of lava and was not compelled to eject it with such violence.

In less than three days the lava travelled two miles and a half, as far as Monte Nero. Having reached this point, the lava divided into two principal streams and flowed down toward the plain below. Its progress now was very slow, and four days after the eruption began the lava streams were advancing only about seven feet an hour, but where increasing in breadth and thickness. One of the minor streams, however, was still advancing over steeper ground about 200 feet an hour. The streams were of a bright red color, slightly covered by scoria. In one place a stream completely filled a little valley with lava over 140 feet thick.

On July 16 two observers approached within 3,000 feet of the rift along which the new craters had formed. Crater No. 1 was giving out large and continual bursts of dust and scoria. The explosions were accompanied by roaring like the sea in a tempest. Crater No. 2, at that time more regular in form, was ejecting dust with many fiery red projectiles. The third crater was ejecting incandescent lava fragments with a continual noise resembling the discharge of musketry. Further down Etna's slope incandescent projectiles gradually formed a crater that is marked No. 4.

On later days the explosions were far louder and the concussion was noteworthy. The observers felt the blows of the air on their bodies, and especially on their chests and in their ears. At the Casa del Bosco the walls trembled, and further away, at Catania, windows and doors were violently shaken. The greatest violence was during the latter part of July, when thick showers of lava fragments were projected from the four craters to considerable heights, spreading over an area of about 2,500 feet in radius. Thus the eruption continued during the last week in July with much energy, but with gradual diminution in intensity, interrupted by some strong spasms. The lava continued to advance, but diminished in velocity while it extended in breadth and depth. After having destroyed much fertile ground the east and west branches of the lava flow ceased to advance.

In the last week of July crater No. 2 assumed a new phase. Its explosions had become prolonged and the violence of the eruption was so great that the crater lost its regular truncated cone form and became irregular and broken down. Early in August craters 1 and 2 gradually ceased to eject stones. The enclosed lava was slowly cooling and the vents were becoming blocked. In fact, on the commencement of a period of renewed energy the explosive force could no longer find an escape by the existing craters, and a new crater was opened higher up the mountain. Then another violent eruptive spasm on Aug. 8 and 9 failing to clear away the material that obstructed the existing craters opened another new vent near the northern base of crater No. 2 and from this new crater for a short time enormous masses of material were ejected. But this vent and all the others soon after became comparatively inactive, except No. 4 and the crater formed above No. 1. The latest phases of activity have come from these two craters.

This new range of craters, which now forms hills on the side of the great mountain, has been named by the men who observed the eruptions the Monti-Silvestri, in honor of the well known volcanologist, the late Prof. Orazio Silvestri, who studied Mt. Etna and its outbreaks with so much fervor and registered all its paroxysms so faithfully that his loss is deeply felt by his brethren in science.

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanley's came for his advice under the following circumstances:—"Mr. M.—threatens to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," replied Lord Alvanley.

## TEN YEARS IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP.

### A Thrilling Narrative.

It is no exaggeration to say that by far the most authentic contribution that has yet been made to the history of the Sudan revolt and the massacre of General Gordon and his associates is to be found in the extremely interesting volume, "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp." The author is Major F. K. Wingate, R. A., Director of Military Intelligence of the Egyptian Army, who about a year ago published a book on a similar subject. The present work has been written by him from original manuscript of Father Ohrwalder, late priest of the Austrian mission station at Deleu, in Kordofan, who was a captive in the Mahdi's camp from 1882 to 1892, and the book consists for the most part of a personal narrative furnished by Father Ohrwalder.

Interesting details are given as to the religious pretensions of the Mahdi, the severity of his law, and his military organization, his attack on El Obeid, the capture of the mission station, the appearance of his camp, and his treatment of the missionaries, whose clothes were taken from them, which necessitated Father Ohrwalder's appearing before the Mahdi in a shirt and drawers only. The author's account of the siege of El Obeid includes a vivid description of the fearful privations endured by the besieged who were glad to eat dogs, mice, crickets, and even cockroaches, "which were considered quite tit-bits." When El Obeid was entered, the missionaries and the sisters were treated with fearful cruelty, and some of the Christian girls were selected by the Mahdi as concubines.

Space forbids to tell in full of the harrowing details which are afterwards given as to the torture which the missionaries and the sisters who were with them were subjected on the march of the Mahdi's army from the scene of this battle; how the sisters were compelled to walk barefoot over thorns and

BURNING SANDS.

undergoing the agonies of thirst and hunger; how they were beaten and insulted, threatened with violation, and one of them, because she would not change her faith, was suspended from a tree, and beaten on the soles of the feet until they became swollen and black, and soon afterwards the nails dropped off.

In the midst of all this suffering came news of General Gordon's mission; and here we come to one of the more interesting features of the book, in which Father Ohrwalder expresses his opinion upon the attitude which Gordon assumed. "What," he asks, "could Gordon do alone against the now universally worshipped Mahdi? The nature of the revolt was not political. The Soudanese had no intention of establishing an Empire under the Mahdi's rule, and even had this been the case it is very improbable that Gordon's mediation would have been of any avail. The movement was a religious movement, and was not limited to the Sudan alone. The Mahdi's intention was to subdue the world. Had Gordon only known beforehand how boundless was the wild fanaticism, and how completely the Mahdi's followers were intoxicated by it, he would never have accepted the mission. As it appeared to us in the Kordofan, and to the Mahdi Gordon's undertaking was very strange. It was just as if a man were attempting to put out an enormous fire with a drop of water. Gordon's name alone could not

SUPPRESS THE REVOLT;

and it was not on account of his name that the Khartoum people rejoiced at his arrival. It was because they looked on Gordon as an English representative, and that he was only the precursor of an English expedition sent to take possession of the Sudan for England. Had they not been certain that an English expedition was coming, not a soul would have remained in Khartoum; and I have no hesitation in saying that, had the Egyptian Government not sent Gordon then, undoubtedly the evacuation originally ordered could have been carried out without difficulty. Those who escaped massacre in Khartoum have often told me that they were perfectly ready to leave, and it was only Gordon's arrival that kept them back; but Gordon's arrival without troops had rather disappointed them. Had he been accompanied by five hundred British bayonets, his reputation in the Sudan might have been maintained, and probably the Mahdi would never have left Kordofan.

The author goes on to describe the Mahdi's advance upon Khartoum, and the way in which the place was invested, how Colonel Stewart was sent out by Gordon to Dongola to endeavour to communicate with the Government, and how through treachery he fell into the hands of the enemy. The steamer Abbas struck on a rock near the village of Hebbah, Colonel Stewart disembarked on an island. He sent messengers to Sheikh Suliman Wad Naamar with promises of Government reward if he would supply camels to enable the shipwrecked party to continue their journey to Dongola. The Sheikh received them well, professed loyalty, and promised assistance, but

SECRETLY GAVE ORDERS

to the people around to prepare for a fight. He invited Stewart and the Consul Power and Herbin to his house, but stipulated first that they should put away their arms and ammunition. This they did, but retained their revolvers. The narrator continues—"The traitor had dates brought to them, and so as not to offend him they took some. The Suleiman stood up and lifted his leather bottle, which was the prearranged signal for the Arabs to rush out of their hiding places and attack the guests. In a second the house was full of armed men, who called upon them to throw down their revolvers and submit; but before they had even time to do this the Arabs rushed upon them with their swords. Consul Herbin, who was standing near the door, was the first to fall. His head was chopped off with an axe. Consul Power and Colonel Stewart were soon cut to pieces."

A graphic account of the attack upon Khartoum and the death of Gordon follows, the details agreeing with those of which accounts have already been published. The narrator says that "On Gordon's head being brought to the Mahdi he appeared to have been much displeased at his death, not because he felt pity for him, but because he believed that Gordon might join his army. Had he not done so he would have imprisoned him and reduced him to slavery. Gordon's head was hung on a tree in Omdurman, and the wild multitude rejoiced in heaping curses on it and insulting it."

The description of the scenes of massacre that followed the capture of the town show vividly the horrible brutality of the victors,

An Austrian had his throat cut from ear to ear in the presence of his horror-struck wife and children. His son was

PIERCED WITH LANCES,

and stretched at his mother's feet a corpse. The son-in-law of Dr. Georges Boy, who was killed in the Hicks expedition, was roused from his sleep. He rushed to the window, and a bullet struck him dead at the feet of his young wife. The Dervishes broke into the room and clove open the head of his little son with an axe, scattering his brains on his mother, who sat beside him. These are only a few instances taken at random of the atrocities described.

Summing up the chances of the success of a relief expedition, the narrator says that had twenty redcoats arrived at Khartoum it would have been saved, as their presence would have given fresh courage to the inhabitants. He adds—"The unaccountable delay of the English was the cause of the fall of Khartoum, the death of Gordon, and the fate of the Sudan. The Mahdi only made up his mind to attack when he heard that they had been delayed at Gubat. He did not begin to cross over his troops till the 24th January, and it was not till Sunday night that the crossing was completed. He could not have attacked earlier than he did. When the news of the first defeat at Abu Klea reached him he wished to raise the siege and retire to Kordofan. If the English had appeared at any time

BEFORE THE ATTACK

he would have retired. Indeed it was always his intention to revisit El Obeid before he made his attack."

According to Father Ohrwalder the memory of Gordon is still held in respectful remembrance in the Sudan. His bravery, generosity, and voluntary self-sacrifice have won the admiration of his bitterest enemies. "Looking back," says the narrator, "on the events which occurred during the siege of Khartoum, I cannot refrain from saying that I consider Gordon carried his humanitarian view, too far, and that this excessive forbearance on his part both injured the cause and considerably added to his difficulties. It was Gordon's first and paramount duty to rescue the Europeans, Christians, and Egyptians from the fanatical fury of the Mahdi. Unfortunately he allowed his kindness of heart to be made use of to his enemy's advantage. After this calamity, we are told, 'the Mahdi gave himself up to a life of ease and luxury, in which the unfortunate women captured in Khartoum played a prominent part. The courtyard of his harem was full of women from little Turkish girls of eight years old to the pitch black dinka negress, or copper-colored Abyssinian.' No space is left in which to deal with other interesting parts of this entertaining volume.

## The Uncertainties of Astronomy.

The sun has just suffered the shock of an eclipse and the savants think that Jupiter has a fifth moon.

If there be anything that civilized man has been inclined heretofore to term an exact science it is astronomy.

The mathematical prediction of eclipses, of the transits of Mercury and Venus, the occultations, conjunctions and other phenomena connected with the relations of the planets and fixed stars, and the periods of comets, have certainly seemed to give the lay student the right to assert this of astronomy.

There have always been two parties with regard to the truth of the nebular hypothesis; it is also true that no two astronomers agree exactly on the elements of the planets. But these differences have been condoned, as it were, in view of the grand general admission by all the leading astronomers as to certain accepted facts. Pre-eminence among these facts was the number of moons, or satellites, attributed to Jupiter; and when Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, alleges that he has discovered a new (fifth) moon circling around Jupiter, and is, moreover, backed up in the assertion by Assistant Professor Taylor Reed, of Princeton, there comes to us a startling sense of the uncertainty of even this royal science, sustained, though it is always supposed to be, by the most unerring and exact observation and mathematical demonstration.

The satellites of Jupiter were the first discovery made by Galileo with his telescope in 1610. From that time down to the present, a period lacking only eighteen years of being three centuries, the completeness as well as the accuracy of Galileo's discovery has never been questioned. Yet countless observations of Jupiter have been made in all parts of the world by innumerable astronomers, professional and amateur, and with the aid of all the greatest existing telescopes. Is it not, then, a most startling assertion that at this late date an addition to the satellite family of Jupiter should have been discovered, and this, too, with no subordinate proposition that the object is a new creation or emanation from the parent orb?

It appears, then, that all the astronomers, from Galileo down to Barnard and Reed, have been mistaken in supposing that Jupiter has only four moons; and all the telescopes that have heretofore been directed a countless number of times against that planet (including the Princeton telescope) have hitherto failed to discover the fifth satellite. With the due respect to Messrs. Barnard and Reed, this is a very remarkable situation of affairs—if true. And yet, the announcement of this discovery has been generally accepted without the slightest question, or even an expression of wonderment on the part of anyone, as to what previous astronomers and telescopes have been about that Jupiter's fifth satellite has eluded them for nearly three hundred years.

## Female Curiosity.

Wife—I think I shall advertise for my missing purse.

Husband—As it was probably stolen you will not get it back unless you say that no questions will be asked.

Wife—What! Not ask any questions? Why, what do you take me for? Do you think I'm a dummy?

## He Could Never Love Another.

He felt at his heart a dreadful pain,  
And with tears his eyes were dim,  
And he said that he never could love again  
On the night she jilted him.

But although with a sigh and his brain in a whirl

That night he bemoaned his fate,  
He was madly in love with another girl  
Just a fortnight from that date.

## THUGS AND THEIR WAYS.

### Murder Carried on as a Business and Religious Amusement.

"Murder has ceased only recently to be a recognized profession in India," said an oriental traveler. "A few years ago those who practiced the business were divided into three classes, the most important of which was that of the thugs. They originated about two hundred years ago, and were extremely numerous at the time when the British first gained a foothold in that country. Some notion may be got of the scale on which they worked from the fact that one of them, captured a few years ago, confessed to having taken part in 931 deliberate killings of human beings. They traveled in gangs, and inasmuch as the native governments took no pains to put them down, their vocation prospered. Each minor organization in their association contained often 100 men, abstained from the practice of its industry in its own immediate neighborhood, which was none the less exposed to occasional visits from other bands, so that the slaughter went on continually everywhere. One official of the East India company, who was for three years in charge of a district on the Nebbudda river, testified in his reports that during that period 100 people were murdered within less than a quarter of a mile of his own residence.

"It would be incorrect to imagine that the thugs were mere brutal criminals with an appetite for blood. On the contrary, many of them belonged to the most intelligent and respectable classes. They loved their profession, regarded the killing of people as legitimate sport, and even considered themselves emissaries of a divinity, so that they were never troubled with pangs of conscience on account of their deeds. They were organized as a regular army, rising through various grades according to merit. The lowest rank was composed of 'scouts,' the second of 'sextons,' the third of men whose duty it was to hold the hands of the victims while the latter were choked to death by the stranglers, who formed the fourth and highest rank. They worshipped the pickax, which was symbolical of their profession, and an oath sworn on it was never broken. In the district of Oude alone, which is 170 miles long by 100 miles broad, there were 274 regular stations maintained for committing murders.

"Fifty years ago the Ganges river between Benares and Calcutta was infested during five months of every year by no less than 250 boats, which made a pretense of transporting religious pilgrims. When passengers had been taken aboard at a given signal the crew rushed upon them, strangled them or broke their backs and threw them into the stream, where floating corpses are too numerous at all times of the year to excite any remark, such being to this day the ordinary method of disposing of the dead adopted by poor people who cannot afford to bury them. Other plans practiced were to inveigle travelers to the murder stations or capture them in the darkness on the roads, the night time being commonly chosen in India for making journeys on account of the heat of the day. Owing to the extraordinary notions of fate held by the natives of the orient, this wholesale destruction of human life occasioned very little remark. If a person died it was the will of the Deity and so there could be no use in stirring up an investigation of the matter.

"The motive of the thugs in their business of slaughter was two-fold. It was a highly stimulating sport to them, with a certain amount of religious sentiment in it, and it was productive of gain in the shape of plunder. In one instance on record the killing of six persons yielded \$40,000. Because the thugs confined their attention to the native people, who made no complaint, a long time passed away before the British authorities took any active measures for putting down the evil; but when the work of suppressing was once begun it was carried on with such activity and effectiveness that the gangs were soon wiped out. Of one society of 600 assassins all save seventy were captured in ten years. Between 1826 and 1835, 1,562 thugs were arrested, of whom 382 were hanged and 909 were transported. A part of the code of Thuggee was never to practice unnecessary cruelty, nor in any case to rob a victim before killing him. Infants were always spared and were trained to the profession. The murder of women was not countenanced, though certain gangs adopted the practice. Most commonly a thug would engage an unwary traveler in conversation, when the superior stranger would throw his own linen girdle around the unfortunate's neck and choke him to death by pressing the knuckles against his spine.

"Besides the thugs there were in India the 'poisoners' and the 'robbers.' The former all belonged to one caste of dealers in toddy. They went singly or in gangs, haunting the stopping-places of travelers where they would take advantage of any opportunity to drop a small quantity of pounded 'datura' seeds into the wayfarer's food. Then they would leave him to take his chance of recovering from the dangerous effects of the narcotic. The 'robbers' likewise went about in gangs stealing wherever and whatever they could, and improving such chances of incendiarism as fell in their way. They were originally all high-class Rajpoots, who, on being conquered by the Mohammedans, vowed to revenge themselves upon mankind."

## Deepest Coal Mine in the World.

The deepest coal mine on the globe is located at St. Andre du Poirier, France. The mine is worked on the "double-shaft" plan, on these openings being 2952 and the other 3083 feet deep. The latter is now being deepened, and by the end of 1892 will have reached the 4000 foot level. A remarkable feature of this deep mine is the remarkable low temperature in its lower levels, seldom rising above 75 degrees Fah. The gold and silver mines of this country, the deepest of which are less than half the depth of this deep French coal mine, are pervaded with almost intolerable heat, some of the corridors of the Comstock showing an average of 120 degrees Fah.

He—"I am rather in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling." She—"Yes." He—"Yes, indeed! Take 'parlour,' for instance. Having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

"I tell you," exclaimed Mr. Blossom, of St. Louis, debating with a Chicago man. "I tell you that St. Louis is the best town!" "Yes," admitted Mr. Livewayte, of Chicago, "I understand it is a big station."