

The Millheim Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
R. A. BUMILLER.
Office in the New Journal Building,
Penn St., near Hartman's foundry.
\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE,
OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.
Acceptable Correspondence Solicited
Address letters to MILLHEIM JOURNAL.

The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

Terms, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. 61.

MILLHEIM, PA THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

NO. 5.

NEWSPAPER LAWS
If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have notified the publishers and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.
ADVERTISING RATES
1 square 1 wk. 1 mo. 3 mos. 6 mos. 1 year
1 column 2 00 4 00 6 00 8 00 10 00
1/2 column 1 00 2 00 3 00 4 00 5 00
1/4 " 50 1 00 1 50 2 00 2 50
One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. HARTER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

L. B. STOVER,
Auctioneer,
Madisonburg, Pa.

W. H. REIFSNYDER,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

J. W. LOSE,
Auctioneer,
MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
Practical Dentist,
Office opposite the Methodist Church,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. GEO. L. LEE,
Physician & Surgeon,
MADISONBURG, PA.
Office opposite the Public School House.

W. P. ARD, M. D.,
WOODWARD, PA.

B. O. DEININGER,
Notary Public,
Journal office, Penn st., Millheim, Pa.
Deeds and other legal papers written and acknowledged at moderate charges.

G. GEORGE L. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
MAIN STREET, MILLHEIM, PA.
Shop opposite Mill Bank Heating House.
Shaving, Haircutting, Shampooing,
Dyeing, &c. done in the most satisfactory manner.

Jno. H. Orvis, C. M. Bower, Ellis L. Orvis
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.,
Office in Woodings Building.

D. H. Hastings, W. F. Reeder,
HASTINGS & REEDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Youcm & Hastings.

J. C. MEYER,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
At the Office of Ex-Judge Hoy.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre county Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart,
BEAVER & GEPHART,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High Street

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CUMMINS HOUSE,
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.,
EMANUEL BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.
House newly refitted and refurnished. Everything done to make guests comfortable. Rates moderate. Tronage respectfully solicited.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the city.)
CORNER OF MAIN AND JAY STREETS
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

S. WOODS CALDWELL,
PROPRIETOR.
Good sample rooms for commercial Travelers on first floor.

To Regulate

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY is warranted to contain a single grain of Mercury or any injurious substance, but is purely vegetable.

It will Cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach.
If your Liver is out of order, then your whole system is deranged. The blood is impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, listless and nervous. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once Simmons' Liver Regulator.

LIVER REGULATOR. If you have a bilious, watery, or yellowish stool, avoid Simons' Liver Regulator, avoid Simons' Liver Regulator, avoid Simons' Liver Regulator.

TAKE Simmons' Liver Regulator. It restores the Biliary Stomach, sweetens the Blood, and cleanses the Portal Vein. Children often need some safe Cathartic and Tonic to avert approaching sickness. Simmons' Liver Regulator will relieve Colds, Headache, Sick Stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the Complaints incident to Childhood.

At any time you feel your system needs cleansing, regulate it with a violent purging, or stimulating without intoxicating, take

Simmons' Liver Regulator.
PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A lovely afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hayes stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neat-fitting gloves.

"I say 'thoughtfully,' because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual up-town stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminster, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin, afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey.

He told himself, as he was buttoning his right glove, that the cherries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk.

But he knew of a far better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it, too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable fraternal affection, and little Nona Zabriskie herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hayes came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the most powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, that the wearer might clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart or eyes could desire to see.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry trees and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful, and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said 'strawberries' now, when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cherries.

But as the weather grew better, the subject of summer resorts grew uppermost. Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginia springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, and abandon garters, and dress like Jessie Mabin did. That would perfectly satisfy him, he thought. Yes, Nona Zabriskie, dressed like Jessie Mabin, would leave him nothing to desire.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's, and a modest cheque just for spending money, made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecilia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why do you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecilia, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh, loving heart."

"It seems to me— But here Cecilia stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be 'throwing words away.'"

The next day Cecilia was to make Nona understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent

her by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or explanation became necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecilia. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you, Philip. I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh, but I don't mean about your health, Nona, you little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment and those kind of things."

There was an ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice:
"I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and upon the whole I am glad you never understood so far. You see, when we are married and live in the city, we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecilia will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose, flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remark and unpleasant criticism in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as well, as Jessie Mabin."

"Ah! She is your ideal, is she?"
"Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, but nothing in it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but also all that had been left to be inferred."

It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few days' visit to the springs, and in the intervals be refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still, he did not feel much troubled. He thought that he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hayes in his own proper person, could not fail to make.

The confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie—a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manner. He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain: first, that her interest was pretended, and second, that Jack's conversation was foolish.

Then he, unaccountably, and, as he very well knew, unreasonably, chilled by the greeting of the splendidly-dressed Nona, who calmly and rebelliously extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawing out the while a pretty little assurance of being 'so glad to see Mr. Hayes,' with the information that Cecilia had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecilia?" he said reproachfully. "And you too Nona?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Hayes. It is too exhausting to expect anything. One at a time is sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for a time. For one distressing half hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and so, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecilia.

"Cecilia," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know that she is the belle? Jack Christie and Ed. Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are Phil's."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know. Very many families, and all of that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. Not at all. Far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen; her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audibly declared to be 'just the thing,' yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat and her wrists.

All in vain, however Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hayes.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

He bade his mother and Cecilia goodbye, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful; her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one impetuous whisper, "Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls the short dresses, even the little ruffled aprons, never more looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when he is in the 'opposition,' reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him he would not like his own way if he got it, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do.

Killing a Bull Elk.
From an account of a hunting trip in the Sierra Madre mountains, by Frank Wilkinson in the New York Times, we quote as follows: Late in the afternoon I reached the wooded point near which the deer had been killed in the morning. I was exceedingly tired. I walked slowly up the hill to its top, where the timber was sufficiently open to see through for 150 yards. There I sat down behind a large boulder to rest and to smoke. While smoking I heard a noise behind me. I looked around the boulder and saw a large, handsome bull elk standing motionless, with his head high in the air. His almost coal-black mane waved briskly in the breeze. My heart sprang into my throat, and there I stood and stared. I drew my rifle around and pointed it at the elk, but I could not hold it on him. Trees, rocks, bushes filled the sights, and now and then the elk would spring over the sights in a most unaccountable manner. So I crouched down and waited until I got hold of my nerves, and then again I thrust the rifle around the rock. The elk was still there, looking through large, beautiful eyes at the blue mountains beyond the creek. He was not more than seventy-five yards from me. I covered his forehead, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he quickly dropped his muzzle almost to the ground, drew a long breath, and threw his head high in the air, his mouth slightly open, his wide-spread antlers resting on his back, and bawled lovingly for a mate to come to him. Heard close by the note is not as sweet as when it is mellowed by distance. After lunging, the bull stood motionless, apparently listening intently. Again he bawled. I was no longer eager to kill him, but we were shooting meat on the salt of which my comrades and I had depended for their winter's provisions, so I murmured to myself, 'Well, meat is meat. I will have to gather you in,' and then I shot him through the head. I dressed him, and threw his liver and heart and lungs on the ground, where parrots could get them to eat.

DEBBIE'S ALIEN.
"Debbie, I hear your sister is sick. What ail her?"

"I don't know, ma'am. May be it's the diploma."

"The what, child?"

"The diploma. I heard mother say that she took it at school."

A lazy man who has invented a way to lie in bed and build fires and feed pigs by pulling a wire will never be content till he possesses a contrivance for buttoning collars automatically.

A FIERY MINE.

In the very heart of London there exists a fiery mine of so excitable a disposition that no artificial light of any description has ever yet been allowed to be brought even into its neighborhood. Its product, however, is not coal, but rum.

The rum shed, as it is called, of the West India Dock, covers a space of 200,000 square feet, with vaults of corresponding size, all crammed with huge casks of spirit, from every pore of which—and the most carefully closed have pores in plenty—the fiery vapor is forever streaming out into the air only begging for the smallest chance of converting the whole area of the docks, with their 250 odd ships and 200,000 or 300,000 tons or so of cargo, and their more or less incalculable stores of timber and tea, silk and sugar, cigars and cereals, coal and cotton, wine, wool, whiskey, whale-fins, and what-not into the most magnificent bowl of snap-dragon ever imagined in infant nightmare.

Into these fiery regions not even a bull's-eye lantern is or ever has been allowed to penetrate. Even the wharf along the side where the great punch-coons are landed is forbidden to the approach of vessels, every cask being transferred from ship to shore in the company's own lighters.

Every cask in that vast range of dim, dark vaults is marked and numbered, and on the right reading of these marks and numbers depends the efficient execution of every one of the numerous operations to which every cask has to be subjected before its contents can go forth for the mixing of the world's grog. It is a feat worthy of a Japanese juggler.

No Better Than Stealing.
"How yer like yer new place, Mary Ann? Does dey treat yo' like one ob de fambly?"

"Godness sakes, no. Dey's orful mean and stingy. It's gwine ter leab nex' week."

"Wot dey do dat mean?"

"Fus' place, de ole man lock up de blackberry wine so I kannt git demeres' taste. Second place, yo' kannt hab no company in de kitchen after 'leven o'clock."

"Wot nex'?"

"Wass yit. When de missus send yo' out wid a basket ter buy some vegetables, she axes fer de change soon as you git back. Ebery time, Sarah, she axes fer de change fun de money."

"Axes fer de change fun de money? Why, Mary Ann, dat's no better den stealin'!"

Cuteness of the Company.
"Why don't they open some of the ventilators and get some of the smoke and bad air out of this car?" inquired one passenger of another, on the smoking car of a suburban train. "Oh, that's the cuteness of the railroad company." "Cuteness of the company?" "Yes. In case of an accident to the train, and a lot of passengers in the smoking car should be found dead in the wreck, the coroner wouldn't be able to tell whether they were killed by shock or had died from suffocation before the accident occurred. In that way the company would escape all liability for the death of the passengers. See?"

How to Fix George.
Bachelor Uncle—Ah, my dear, you look as pretty as a picture. I don't wonder George thinks so much of you. Has the rascal proposed yet?"

Pretty Nice—No, uncle, he hasn't. I really believe he's afraid of."

"Why don't you encourage him a little, my dear?"

"I do, uncle; but you know it would not be modest to do too much encouraging."

"No, I suppose. I'll tell you what to do though."

"What is it you dear old thing?"

"Just wait till his birthday and present him with one of those mottoes—'God Bless Our Home.' If that does not fix him nothing will."

Kept Waiting.
"Your restaurant gives a man a good appetite."

"Glad to hear you say so."

"Makes a man hungry to come in here."

"You flatter me."

"When I come in here, I don't have a bit of appetite, but before I go out I am hungry as a bear."

"Why how's that?"

"Have to wait so long after giving my order to the waiter I nearly starve to death."

WAS IT MURDER?

An English Railway Stoker's Terrible Adventure.
(Chambers' Journal.)

I have thought it over and over, and cannot come to any definite conclusion. Was I justified in killing the man? If I was, I am a benefactor to some of my fellow-creatures; if I was not, I am a murderer. My readers shall have an opportunity of judging, and I hope their judgment may be lenient. Some years ago I was well off, and received the education and bringing-up of a gentleman; but partly through my own folly, and partly through unfortunate speculations, I gradually lost all my capital, and about two years ago I found myself penniless, and saw starvation grinning at me within measurable distance.

Then I determined to attempt no longer to keep up appearances, but to try and earn a bare existence in any walk of life that was open to me. After some fruitless efforts and a good deal of the "hope deferred" which "maketh the heart sick," I obtained, through the kindness of a gentleman connected with the Great Junction railway, the position of stoker. I never was given to drink, so that I was well enough able to fulfill the lowly duties of my position. I am now a station-master; and it is during my few hours of leisure that I prepare this plain narrative for the decision of a discerning public.

It is a great point for a stoker to be on good terms with the engine-driver, and I generally found little trouble in making friends with my nearest traveling companion.

On the day when I went through the most disagreeable experience of my life, I was traveling from Paddington to Cowchester on the well-known—to railway employes—engine named "Pluto." She is a fine upstanding, bold sort of engine, and when in good temper, does her work right well. The engine-driver on this occasion was a man named John Morgan. I had not often traveled with him before, only two or three times, and I never could get on comfortably with him. He had been many years in the company's service, and bore an excellent character for steadiness, but was considered rather taciturn. He seemed to be always in the sulks, and was, I suppose, of a surly temper. Before we started, he hardly answered any remark I addressed to him, and seemed more surly than usual. Once when I took up a cloth to brighten one of Pluto's taps, he called out to me in a savage tone: "Let her alone, can't you? I'll make her travel to-day without your bothering."

I made him no answer, as I did not see the good of having a quarrel in the small space we were confined to. The train was to start at twelve noon, and before that time we on the engine were all ready; but it was a quarter past twelve before we got the signal to move. There was such a crowd of people of all classes on the platform that room could hardly be found for them in the train. However, at last the head-guard gave us the signal, and Morgan turned the handle, and we moved slowly and steadily out of the station. When we got well out into the country Morgan turned to me and said: "More coal."

Now, in my opinion, no more coal was wanted, as there was quite enough in the fire to keep up the usual speed. However, as a stoker, I was only an underling, and must obey reasonable orders. So I stoked as bidden, and then curiously watched to see if the engine-driver would turn on full speed. He did nothing of the sort, but sat with his back to the boiler and began to talk to me quite affably. Amongst other things, he said he was quite tired of this perpetual traveling, and that he meant to look out for a wife with a little money, and never set foot on an engine again. There was nothing at this time peculiar in his manner, except that he was more talkative than usual, and would now and then turn half-round to the engine and call out: "Get on, old girl, get on!" We had before us a run of an hour and a half, and that time we were due at Blinton, a big junction, at which every train must stop; so we had plenty of time to talk.

About an hour after leaving Paddington, Morgan stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence and said: "Well, I must get to work now." Then he opened the fire-box door and called out to me: "More coal."

I expostulated with him, and pointed out that we were going at a high rate of speed, and would not need more coal before Blinton; but this seemed to excite him terribly. "Shove it in!" he roared, with an oath; "I'm going to make her travel."

To pacify him, I took up a shovelful, and managed to upset a good deal of it before I reached the fire-box.

"You clumsy fool!" he called out; "here, give it to me;" and snatching the shovel out of my hands, he crammed on as much coal as he could get in. I was beginning to get alarmed; and looking out over the well-known country—for I had traveled that journey many and many a time before—I saw that we were much nearer to Blinton

than we ought to be at that hour. However, I thought it did not much matter, for the line was signaled clear in front of us, and the damage done was, as yet, simply a little waste of coal. In a few minutes our speed increased enormously, and I calculated we were traveling at the rate of seventy miles an hour. I thought it was time to remonstrate, and turning to Morgan I noticed that the indicator showed full speed. I called his attention to the fact and begged him to reduce the speed or we should run into Blinton without being able to stop.

"Ha, na!" he cried in reply. "Stop! I am never going to stop again! I told you I'd make her travel. What do you want to stop for? Get on, old wench, get on!" Then he burst into a hideous peal of laughter.

A cold sweat of absolute terror broke out on me as I realized the state of things. Here was a raving maniac, a far stronger man than myself, in charge of a train full of people. I bit my lips and clenched my hands, and tried to collect my scattered ideas and decide what was best to be done. Meanwhile, Morgan sat on a rail near the boiler flourishing a shovel and shouting uproariously. The train rushed on with incredible speed, not steadily and evenly, but with leaps and bounds, that threatened to cast the engine off the line at every yard. There was no doubt the man was as mad as a man could be, and he was also master of the situation. I made one effort to reach the handle by which the steam is turned off; but the madman was too sharp for me. "No, you don't!" he shouted, and he brought his shovel down with a tremendous blow on the rail at my side, just missing my head. It was plain I could do nothing by force. Would stratagem be of any use?

I looked out at the country; time was running short; we were not more than twenty miles from Blinton Junction; and if we did not stop there, the whole train must inevitably be wrecked, and probably not one passenger would escape uninjured, and but few with their lives. I looked back at the train. Outside the windows were hands gesticulating, and frightened, alarmed faces. At the end of the train the guard was waving a red flag. Something must be done, and by me, or we should all be inevitably lost. I made up my mind. I turned to Morgan with a smile on my face, and said: "Old boy, you're quite right; this is a fine pace; but it ain't quite fast enough. Look here!" and I caught him by the arm and led him to the side of the engine next to the double rail. "See!" I cried; "there is another train coming up faster than us, and she will pass us; we must go faster; but let's see first who is driving her; lean forward and look. Can you see?"

The poor maniac stepped outside the rail and leaned forward to look for the imaginary train, when I gave him a sudden push, and he fell in a heap on the rails and was killed on the spot. With a gasp of relief I sprang back to the engine and turned off the steam. It was not a moment too soon. We were well in sight of Blinton Junction before I had the train properly under control. I pulled up at the platform all right, and then I fainted.

When I came to I was lying on a bench in the waiting room, and the inspector was standing over me, with his note book in his hand, preparing to take down my statement. What I stated was, that the engine driver had gone mad, and that, to save the lives of the passengers, I had knocked him off the engine just in time to get the train under control before running into the station. This was corroborated by the guard and several passengers, and the case was brought before the solicitors of the company. I gave my evidence at the inquest and heard no more of the matter until one day the passenger superintendent handed me ten sovereigns and a letter appointing me station-master at Little Muddford. It was evident that the directors, conducted by my conduct, and I hope that my readers will agree with them, and, in consideration of my having saved a train full of people, will acquit me of murder, and bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

A Remarkable Climate.
At a point where the two ranges of the Cordilleras, the eastern and western, which traverses Peru from north to south, meet, and form what is known as the junction of Pasco (el nu lo de Pasco) is located the city of Cerro de Pasco, 150 miles from Lima. It is built upon honeycombed foundations and possesses a most remarkable climate by reason of its great height above the sea level. From December to March, a season which the people of the Cerro term their winter, whereas in reality it is their summer, the temperature during the day is from 12 to 13 degrees above zero, at night it falls to near zero, but the water seldom freezes.

During this season the sun appears at times, and from the purity of the atmosphere the heat caused by his rays is almost unbearable. A person may be standing partly in the shade; that portion is disagreeably cold, while the part exposed to the sun is uncomfortably warm. It would be difficult to find another locality where the atmospheric changes are more distinctly marked.