

of years he was chief assistant to Dr. Schnitzler, and lately had been elevated to the position of private docent. On him devolved the chief management of the clinic, and his courtesy had endeared him to all his pupils. The sense of loss at his untimely death is world wide.

Billroth and Albert in the surgical clinics have achieved a reputation by which their names have become familiar to all. Nothnagel is the professor of medicine. The assistants to these professors are always willing to get up classes, and as they have free access to the wards much excellent work can be done in this way. Kaposi and Hebra on skin and Neumann on venereal diseases are well known. Zimann holds a class daily on morbid anatomy and pathology, and as there is an average of something like fifteen deaths daily in the hospital there is no lack of material. Post mortems are held on all cases at 9 a.m., and the results are demonstrated at this class in the afternoon. It is an exceedingly popular course, and as the number attending is strictly limited, it is probably the most difficult class to gain admittance to. The only way is to write some months before and ask for the first vacancy after the date of arrival. For gynecology and midwifery, better work can probably be done in other places, as for instance in Munich under Winckel.

A visit to Vienna would not be complete unless we made the acquaintance of Herr Kichaupt, the accomplished professor of languages. It is true that there is no royal road to the acquirement of the German language, but Herr Kichaupt has a system which comes as near to being a royal road as anything can. He speaks English well; but from the time he enters one's room until the close of the lesson, he will not utter a word of it. His motto is:—"Sprechen Sie immer Deutsch," and he insists on his pupils living up to it. Another whose acquaintance must be made is Frau Gelly. She is practically an assistant to the professors of diseases of the throat, and is always to be found in the clinics. For a small fee she will come and give private instruction in the use of laryngeal instruments, and allow the beginner to practise on her own throat. She brings her own instruments and can guide the student's hand in introducing the mirror or probe or in removing foreign bodies which she places in various parts of her larynx, being careful, however, to attach a thread to them, and not trust to the skill of the incipient laryngologist for their removal.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We expected to have an account of the clinics in Berlin to add to this, but we were unable to obtain it from the pilgrim who worshipped at that shrine. The secretary of the band returned home after the experiences in Vienna.

#### DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

There is perhaps no material used by mankind which has played so important a part, both directly and indirectly, in adding to our comfort and advancing our civilization, as has the "stored sunshine" preserved for man's use in the coal seams of the earth.

This mineral fuel is the prime factor in the use of steam power, the reduction and preparation for use of most of the metals, our railroad systems, modern navigation, and in fact in most of the great forces making towards our comfort.

Let us journey together into one of these vast store-houses of fuel in the bosom of our mother earth, and see how this wonderful substance is extracted and prepared for use.

Supplying ourselves with the customary oil-lamps, which resemble diminutive teapots with abnormal spouts, we take our places (with all possible respect for our clothes) in one of a train of cars drawn by a pair of sturdy mules, and rapidly approach the gloomy tunnel, the notice board over which, "No admittance," irresistibly reminds us of the famous inscription seen by Dante, which seems to apply equally well here.

As a result of this feeling we turn and take a lingering look over the sunny landscape, past the smoky mine-buildings to the rolling brown grass covered bench land stretching far away to the West, to where the Rockies rear their sublime peaks clad in perpetual snow and "sentinel the enchanted land" beyond.

Entering the drift, this beautiful scene vanishes, and we cast our thoughts forward to the unknown region we are to explore. We light our lamps, and while slowly ascending the grade endeavor to accustom our eyes to the all but Stygian darkness, and are inclined to wish for the piercing vision of our friend the nocturnal cat.

Soon comes a roar and a rush, and the outcoming train passes with a sudden flare of light, and once again all is dark and still, until far ahead we see the twinkling lights of the drivers and greasers at the "parting," and emerge from the gloom into the glare and bustle of this meeting place of the roads.

Amid shouted directions to the mules, whistles and calls of "Gee" and "Haw," which last call reminds one of the plaintive beseeching "Aw" of the Italian donkey driver, we "change engines" and resume our journey.

Rattling at full speed down grades and pulling slowly up again, we come at last in sight of the weird little figure of the trapper boy, sitting at his door in a uniform of greasy black which reflects the rays of his lamp nearly as well as the bright tin oil-can and "grub-pail" at his side. He whistles the signal to advance, in a high falsetto most trying to the tympanum, and the door bangs to behind us, leaving him once more to his loneliness and the darkness.

At length the end of our journey of about a mile is reached, and we hear the dull thud of the mining machines and the scream of escaping air far up one of the rooms to our right.

Let us look at this digger of "dusky diamonds."

Approach the face and you will see a long glistening wall of coal about 5 feet high, with a deep cut or "hoeling" extending underneath it for about four feet. This is the work of the noisy little digger beside us, which is striking about 200 blows per minute with its sharp pointed pick, and, guided by the runner who holds the handles at the rear, is rapidly eating its way into the