

Messages From Planet Mars.

Sir Francis Galton, the distinguished English scientist, has been working for several months studying signals which he says the people on Mars have been sending to the earth. These signals consist of a series of flash light dots and dashes. They appear to resemble the heliograph signals used by an army to send news from one mountain top to another.

By means of a simple light, which may be turned on and off with mathematical accuracy, it is possible to make up a complicated code whereby long and detailed messages may be sent from one far distant place to another without any medium of communication other than the ray of light. That this is the means which people of Mars have finally adopted for keeping communication with us there appears now to be no reasonable doubt, according to the statement of Sir Francis Galton.

Edison believed for some time that the people of Mars were trying to telegraph to us by means of electric currents. For the purpose of taking up these messages, while after travelling millions of miles of ether, were necessarily weak, he built the largest receiver in the world. This consisted of many miles of wire wrapped around the base of Ogden mountain, in New Jersey, which, consisting almost altogether of iron, acted as a giant magnet.

Mr. Edison attached a microphone to these wires, and, putting his ear to the diaphragm, noticed a long series of rhythmic mutterings that were strange and unearthly. Mars was then close to the earth and unusually active, as the observations of Percival Lowell at Flagstaff, Ariz., disclosed. Yet, although there appeared to be little doubt that magnetic currents noticed by Mr. Edison were transmitted from this interesting planet, they were so confused and mixed that no logical sequence could be established in their order.

Few, however, that the light signals, instead of the magnetic signals, sent from Mars have been studied by a painstaking scientist, we may be close upon the discovery of just what these discursive messages mean. The light signal on Mars was first noticed in the Lick telescope, the biggest spy glass on earth. It was seen to flash out in the central zone of the planet seen after Mars rose into the evening sky. That was two years ago. The signal light at that time was apparently in a crude state, compared to its present condition. It was only noticed at the Lick observatory on two successive evenings, and it then went out.

During the past summer, however, this flashlight on Mars has been unusually active. The Martian telegraph seems to have got the bang of their instrument—which must be built upon a gigantic scale—and to have devised a successful method of turning on and off the light in the immense area over which it must extend.

When first studied by Sir Francis Galton the signals from Mars to the earth appeared to consist of an unrelated and meaningless series of flashes, which might be accounted for by unevenness in the density of the medium existing between the planet and the earth. He resolved, however, to make these flashes the subject of prolonged observation and study.

In order to secure a permanent record of the flashes, Sir Francis Galton, working in one of the great European observatories, constructed an apparatus which was placed near to the telescope he used. In this machine a long strip of telegraph paper was slowly drawn by clock work under a lamp. When the flash began, he pressed with his finger and the pencil made a mark on the paper, forming a line beneath it. When the flash ceased, he lifted his finger, the pencil was instantly raised and a blank space was left on the paper strip. For many weeks Sir Francis Galton, working all night while Mars was in view, noted these flash light messages, although they were meaningless to him, when, however, he began to study the paper strips which he had collected, he began to notice a certain order and regularity in the recurrence of the signals. Then by an analytical process he discovered that these telegraphic ribbons showed that three, and only three, different signals were being employed by the Martian operators.

These signals differed only in their lengths and resembled the dots and dashes of the telegraphic code. Sir Francis Galton discovered that the dot lasted one second and a quarter and that the dash lasted two seconds and a half. The dots or longest dash sent by the flash light on Mars, lasted five seconds. Of the thousands of impressions made by Sir Francis Galton, every one belonged to one of these classes.

Then an other discovery was made by the English scientist. He succeeded in separating the messages to words. After every group of dots and dashes on the paper strip, Sir Francis Galton found that there was a considerable space, when the dots and dashes would begin again. These spaces indicated the division of one word from another. At greater intervals there was another and longer space. This indicated the beginning of a new paragraph.

Sir Francis Galton found that the interval between letters was one and one-half seconds, and that the intervals between words were just twice as long, while the intervals between paragraphs were six seconds in length. A further scrutiny of these mysterious telegraphic messages from Mars disclosed the fact that the total number of words of one letter was three, of two letters nine, of three letters twenty-seven, of four letters eighty-one, and of five letters two hundred and forty-three.

Sir Francis Galton has also found that the average time occupied in signalling these words, including the three seconds pause at the end of each, are six, ten, fifteen, and twenty-four seconds respectively. He has not yet been able to decipher the exact meaning of these words, which the Martian telegraph operators have been flashing towards us, but that they constitute long messages and are meant to be read by the inhabitants of the earth he has no doubt.

Just how the light is made that carries its rays over the immense distance separating Mars from the earth remains a mystery. Flammarion is of the opinion that it must cover hundreds of square miles where millions of incandescent lamps may be burning, having stated that that was the only way in which the inhabitants of the earth could return a flash light message to Mars. The strongest and largest light now in use on this earth would be

useless in attempting to communicate with the people of Mars, who could not see it even with the most powerful telescope.

It is believed, as the Martians keep on industriously trying to open communication with us, that they are studying us with enormous glasses and have a tolerably exact knowledge of the conditions of life on this earth. The vast public works which Schiaparelli and Lowell have discovered on the surface of Mars show that the people of that planet have reached a state of civilization far beyond anything known to us.

They have developed an enormous and perfect system of irrigation, building gigantic canals that cover the surface of Mars on a network. These distribute the melting snow from the north and south polar caps of Mars.

As these snow caps diminish, as Lowell and all other recent observers have noted the flow of great bodies of water into these artificial canals is plainly disclosed by the new colors taken on. Some vegetation commences along the banks of the canals, and the advancing season, as it proceeds, forests and fields appear, while the snow caps recede, as revealed by vast stretches of territory which turn from an orange brown to bright green. So perfect is the Martian system of irrigation that all the arid stretches on its surface are reached. In the spring the whole surface presents an aspect of brilliant green.

This turns to a golden orange as the crops ripen. Then the harvest is gathered, the canals dry up, and the snow caps on both poles can be seen in the telescope to advance towards the equator. The amazing phenomenon, all apparently the result of the high state of development of the people of Mars, has been studied and observed and graphically described by Mr. Percival Lowell, of Harvard University, whose investigations have added numerous Martian canals to those previously discovered by Schiaparelli. To a people capable of constructing advanced machinery and achieving the gigantic engineering triumphs of the Martians, the sending of flash-light messages to this earth would appear as easy as breathing.

If they can build canals a thousand times larger than the Suez canal it is likely that they have telescopes much more powerful than the Lick and that, knowing just what our life upon this earth is like, they are making every effort to open up communication with us. Mr. Percival Lowell has recently gone to New Mexico to still further study Mars, and Sir Francis Galton is attempting to decipher the meaning of the Martian messages he has received.

A Southern Corn Pest.

Entomologist Howard of the Agricultural department, in a recent circular on the larger corn-borer, says that the pest will have no chance for its life in the North, where careful and thorough methods of cultivation are followed, but in the South it has already done more or less damage in most corn fields from Alabama to Virginia. Mr. Howard reports having seen more than 30 holes in a single stalk in South Carolina and in Virginia, last year, a single planter estimated his loss at more than \$500. The insect is identical with the sugar cane borer of Louisiana, and is found in all Southern States from the North to the bottom river, and as far West as Kansas.

The adult insect issues from the old cornstalks in the spring. Soon after the stalks are cut it is seen upon the leaves near the axils and the young larvae hatch and penetrate the stalk at or near the joint and commences to tunnel, usually upward through the plant. The growth of the borer is rapid and it is very active, frequently leaving the stalk, at one place and entering at another, making several holes in the course of its growth. When ready to transform it bores to the surface of the stalk making a hole for the exit of the future moth. The entomologist says that where the old corn stalks are systematically removed from the field and burned after the harvest or during the winter, or where a constant rotation of crops is practiced, the corn stalk borer will never become a serious pest, and the Virginia and South Carolina farmers have it in their hands to check it at any time, by pursuing these methods.

Aside from corn, sugar cane, and sorghum, this borer has only one other food plant, so far as we know. This is the grass grass, or sorghum grass, which grows very high in swampy ground. Farmers whose cornfields adjoin swampy ground will do well to burn over this grass during the winter. Aside from these simple means, there is only one more point to be made, and that is, that rotation of crops is reasonably efficient against this insect. Where the custom of allowing stalks to remain in the field during winter is practiced, it naturally follows that corn following corn will be badly damaged. Observations made by this office show that in 1891 the average damage to crops planted upon land which was in corn the previous year was 25 per cent, while the average injury to corn planted upon sod land was only 10 per cent, even where this land was reasonably close to former corn land.

Knew a Good Thing.

Little Algy was invited over to a neighbor's for his Christmas dinner, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big cream cake. He declined soup, fish and turkey, and his host feared that he was so bashful he would not eat.

"Now, Algy, what are you going to have?" he was asked.

"Cake," he was given a generous slice, and in an incredibly short space of time it had disappeared.

"That will you have now, Algy?" he was asked.

"Cake," he said.

Another piece went the way of the first.

"Would you like something else, Algy?"

"More cake," he said.

"You eat so much of that rich cake," (Algy was silent.) "Can't I give you something else?"

"Yes, cake," he said.

"Well, you can have one more piece, but I know you will have had enough."

The next morning early, Algy appeared at the door of his late host.

"I just came over to tell you that I didn't dream nothing," he remarked.

Farmers' and Dairyman's Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the F. and D. Association of N. B., will be held at the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 10th, 11th, and 12th February next, opening at 2 p. m., on Wednesday the 10th.

The following subjects will be introduced for discussion: "Good Roads," by Messrs. S. L. Peters and Howard Trueman; "Fruit Growing," by Messrs. C. L. S. Raymond, Samuel Randall, Geo. E. Baxter and W. S. Blair; "Mistakes in Dairying," by Messrs. E. H. Turnbull, T. C. B. Milberry, Harvey Mitchell and J. E. Hopkins; "How to keep the Boys and Girls upon the Farm," by Miss Susie A. Crawford and Mr. Jno. R. Tompkins; "The Retention of Fertility," by Messrs. H. B. Hall and John Dawson; "The Registration of pure bred Stock," by Messrs. Donald Innis and D. S. Smith; "The Stable Management of Cattle," by Messrs. W. L. George and D. C. Parent.

The subject of Agricultural Education will also be discussed.

Mr. Geo. W. Forrest, superintendent of the Maritime Experimental Farm, will make a report upon some features of the work under his charge. Prof. F. T. Shutt, chemist to Dominion Experimental Farms, will be present to assist in the discussion on retention of fertility and stable management of cattle, and Prof. Jno. Craig, horticulturist, to assist in the discussion upon fruit growing.

Everybody is invited to attend and join the Association. The membership fee is \$1.00.

All members have a right to speak at the annual meeting. Ladies are particularly invited. Reduced rates on all railways. Buy one way first-class tickets over the I. C. R. and C. P. R. and ask for standard or excursion rates.

BUTTER AND FRUIT EXHIBIT. There will be an exhibit of winter fruit and fresh dairy butter at the meeting. \$50 will be given in butter prizes and several special prizes. Entry forms and all information can be had from Harvey Mitchell, Department of Agriculture, Fredericton, and from W. W. HUBBARD, Corresponding Secretary, Sussex, N. B.

He Wanted It Cheaper.

It was one of those restaurants where the chef according to the service, and you can get anything in the line of service that you want from a private dining room to a cafeteria help yourself counter. And the men in search of something to eat had wandered in among the private dining rooms on the second floor.

After he had settled himself comfortably in his chair and had secured the attention of the waiter he glanced at the bill of fare, and the next minute he straightened up as if he had received an electric shock.

"Roast beef, 45 cents," he exclaimed. "Do you serve a whole cow for an order here?"

The waiter said that was the regular price.

"Well, when I want to be robbed," returned the man, "I'll go out and hire a tug to do it. Just now I'm only after lunch, and I didn't think to bring my check-book along."

The waiter politely suggested that the prices were not quite so high on the first floor, where the service was a little less perfect.

The patron declared that he didn't care whether the service was good or bad, as he never ate it, and then he started for the first floor.

"Roast beef, 30 cents," he said, looking at a bill of fare before taking his lunch. He didn't know or care to come down 15 cents' worth of stairs.

Then it was that a brilliant idea occurred to him, and he beckoned to the head waiter.

"What's in the basement?" he asked.

"Our cafeteria," was the reply.

"How much is roast beef down there?"

"Twenty cents," was the reply.

He started for the basement, but stopped.

"Say," he said, "if you've got a sub-cellar I'd like to eat there."—Chicago Post.

The Drummer A Latest.

The drummer always brings the latest tricks. He comes in with a new song, a new dance, a new trick, and a new song. He comes in with a new song, a new dance, a new trick, and a new song.

Take a spoon of white beating cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and it will pass up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. For our part of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are being pulled apart, and they are unraveling not only clothes, but yourself.

"I was to see Wilson Barrett in Claudine in Boston last week," said the vaudeville artist, who was in the most interesting and pathetic portion of the play. Everybody was rapt. I was sitting bolt upright and I didn't know or care to know a soul around me, when suddenly I felt some one tugging at the button of my coat. I myself had clean forgotten. I didn't say a word and did not move. Foot by foot it unravelled. Half glancing around, I saw a man—a total stranger—yanking at the thread. His face was scarlet. He had pulled out about ten yards, and was now hauling in hand over hand. He didn't care to stop, because he had decorated my back and the whole aisle with 'beating cotton.' He hardly dared to go ahead, for he didn't know what portion of my domestic interior economy he was trifling with. He pulled and pulled. Hand over hand he yanked it in. The aisle was full of it. "For heaven's sake! will it never end?" said he above his breath.

I sat perfectly still and ran the spool while he pulled. How I wanted to yell. I never saw anything half so funny. The whole section of the house got onto it. They didn't know whether to laugh at me or him, but sat and looked on amazed at the spectacle. At last the stranger gave one frantic yank and yanked out about 11 yards in a bunch, and as the cotton got caught around his watch chain, over his eye glasses, in his hair, and filled his lap, I turned and said to him: "I'm sorry I misled you. You see I have about 124 yards left, but I presume that you don't care for any more to-night. I am honestly sorry, but I can't help smiling."

"The man was a modest sort of gentleman in appearance. His face was as red as fire even to his ears. He looked at me and then at the spool. He changed color once or twice, and when the crowd caught on a big laugh went up."—American Commercial Traveller.

Getting to be a Man.

I'm glad my hair ain't yellow. And I'm glad my chest ain't dimpled. I'm glad my chest ain't dimpled. And that I'm gettin' strong! I wish my voice was hoarser. Because I want to be a man. And get to be a man.

I'm glad the women never come up to me and say, "Oh, what a purty little boy!" In that soft kind of way. I wear big shoes, and always make all the noise I can. Because I want to be a man. And get to be a man.

Onct tried to chew tobacco, but couldn't do it quite. It made me awful dizzy. They said I was a sissy. But some time when I'm older, I bet you that I can—I won't give up that easy. "Gosh, I want to be a man!"

I've got on pa's suspenders. What I had whickers too. And that my feet was bigger. And schoolin' was all wrong. I wish Edison, or someone, would come out with a plan to help a boy to get to be a man!

Preserving Corn Fodder.

A report from the Vermont Agricultural Experiment station says, for two years past experiments were conducted to determine the best method of preserving the corn plant for winter use. Four methods were tried: First, whole ensilage was made by running the newly cut corn through a cutter, reducing it to 1-2 inch lengths, then putting into the silo. Second, the ears were husked, cribbed, and the cobs were cut into 1-2 inch lengths, dried, ground, cob and all, and fed in connection with the stalks, which had been previously cut and made into ensilage. Third, the fodder was processed in large shocks and before feeding was run through a cutter, ears and all, and cut into 1-2 lengths. Fourth, the corn was husked from the fodder, ground with the cob and fed with the stover, after it had been run through the cutter as needed from time to time.

Samples from the materials preserved by the different methods were analyzed, and the fodder was fed to a herd of 14 milk cows. It was found that each of the methods preserved about 4.5 of the dry matter harvested, the loss from each being practically the same in quality and character. The fodder kept in the shock lost more than those preserved in any other way, this being the reverse of a previous test. The relative cost of placing the same amount of dry matter in the silo was greatly in favor of whole ensilage. Time and money spent in husking and grinding the ears were wasted, as better results were obtained by the other methods. The silage was better than the whole plant, and the whole ensilage lasted longest and resulted in the greatest quantity of dairy product. There were but 84 of 92 pounds of milk and butter produced by a given amount of stover ensilage and meal to 100 pounds obtained from the same amount of dry matter in whole ensilage ration.

In the main, these results agree with those of a former trial at the Vermont Experiment station, where it was found that nothing is equal to ensilage as a rough winter dairy food.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the last session of the Queens County Council held on the 19th inst., Councillor Gilbert moved the following resolution, viz: That a committee be appointed to prepare a memorial, suggestive of our sympathy for the family of our late and highly esteemed sheriff, T. W. Perry, now deceased, and expressive of the loss sustained by this Council and the County at large by his death.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and Councillors T. H. Gilbert, Daniel Palmer, Jr., and Isaac C. Fraser were appointed as said committee.

After which, the chairman, T. H. Gilbert, presented the following report: We, your committee appointed to prepare a memorial, suggestive of our sympathy for the family of our late and highly esteemed sheriff, T. W. Perry, now deceased, and expressive of the loss sustained by this Council and the County at large by his death.

The committee has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the memorial, and to express our sympathy for the family of our late and highly esteemed sheriff, T. W. Perry, now deceased, and expressive of the loss sustained by this Council and the County at large by his death.

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Why His Wife Didn't Object.

"Really, boys, I have to quit," said the man with the biggest stack of chips in front of him as he gathered in another jack pot.

"Oh, come off, that's not so late," declared the biggest loser.

"Why?"

"You've got all the chips. Aren't you going to give the rest of us a show?"

"That's not it. You know I don't care for your money, bit—"

"You're getting it."

"Maybe I am. But I really must quit. You see, I am married. You fellows are single. It is 12 o'clock now, and if I don't get home I will be in a pretty mess. As it is I expect to find my mother-in-law and my wife waiting for me. You are not married."

"I am," declared the man whose luck had just returned.

"And you are going to play all night?"

"If I want to."

"And drink?"

"Bet your life."

"And smoke?"

"Cent."

"Your wife won't say anything to you when you get home?"

"Not a word."

Doesn't she object to your playing poker, drinking and smoking all night?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am not worrying about it. Stay all night!"

"The purpose is to see if I can. It is a lovely spot tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around a river runs through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they fit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their faces. And in their midst, like a usually farm, but his cheek, how deathly! his eyes wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands before him—may I, I should say, kneels, for see he is pillow that poor head upon his breast."

"Oh, the high, holy looking boy. Why should death mark it and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls. See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh, hear him calling piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together, as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land."

See! he exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine dripping in their faltering, gray, unsteady hands. The judge fell overpowered upon the seat. See! his arms are lifted to heaven, he prays—how wildly!—for mercy; but fever rushes through his veins. He moves not; his eyes are not set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead!"

A groan runs through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that she seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

Dead! she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster and her voice more broken; and there they stood, a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father! she exclaimed turning suddenly while the tears streamed down her beautiful cheeks, "father! shall I drink it now?"

Them for the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but his quivering voice he faltered: "No, no, my child!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she took at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company saying: "Let no friend hereafter who loves me tempt me to perill my soul for wine. Not firm, but the everlasting hills are my resolve. God helping me, never to touch or take the poisonous cup, and he to whom I have given my hand who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dead wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve."

His glistering eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer. The judge left the room, and when, an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his princely home.

The Mines of Canada.

The Roseland Miner reports that from January 10 to January 16 inclusive the shipments of ore from mines at Roseland to smelters were as follows:

Mine. Tons. War Eagle 1,216
Cliff 429
O. K. 14
Jumbo 30
Red Mountain 16
Cliff 40

Total for the week 1,736
Previously reported 1,640

Total since January 1 3,375

The above grand total is made up as follows:—Le Rio, 2,206 tons; War Eagle, 900; Cliff, 40; Red Mountain, 36; Jumbo 30; O. K., 14.

The following shipments were made via the R. M. Railway:—Le Rio, 1,216 tons; 176 tons; Le Rio to Everett, 100; O. K. to Great Falls, 14; Jumbo to Everett, 30; Red Mountain to Tacoma, 16; Cliff to Nelson, 40. The rest of the ore went over the Columbia & Western Railway to the Trial smelter.

The Trial smelter shipped to New York City over the Red Mountain Railway last week five cars containing 194,411 pounds of copper matter.

Moody's Birthday Gift.

An event of considerable importance in the life of Dwight L. Moody will be 60 years on Feb. 5, Mr. Moody will be 60 years old then.

A number of his friends are working to raise a fund of \$25,000 to erect a chapel for the famous Summer School at Northfield, and it is confidently expected by the committee that the whole sum will be raised by Feb. 5, so that the chapel may be presented as a birthday gift.

Mr. Moody's English friends also are deeply interested in this matter, and the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, the celebrated English Evangelist, who will arrive in New York Feb. 3, has been specially active. The purpose is to raise half the amount in each country, Dr. Meyer, writing from London recently, expressed the feeling of Mr. Moody's English friends as follows: "For years he has wished for this (the chapel) and it ought not to be difficult to raise that amount for one to whom we are all under obligation, and who has never asked expense for himself."

Mr. Moody is averse to speaking upon personal matters, so he was inclined to be reticent yesterday. "Well really," he said with a smile, "I am not supposed to know anything about this, you know. The matter has been discussed for some time among some of my friends, but I cannot say what has been done."

The chapel, when built, will practically complete the chain of Northfield School buildings, which has been erected during the past 15 years.