

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Cracks or canals? While examining the lava volcanoes of Hawaii for resemblances to the craters of the moon, Prof. Pickering made some striking photographs of so-called canals in the volcanic lava surfaces or plateaus. Along one of these cracks vegetation has sprung up, and the obvious inference is that the so-called canals in Mars, which have been clearly visible at some period of the year, owing probably to the melting of the Martian polar ice cap and consequent floods, are similar cracks in the surface of Mars. Cracks of the kind occur on the moon. The largest is known as Sirsallo, which is 400 miles in length. It is possible that they exist in the earth. It sometimes has been supposed that terrestrial volcanoes, like the Hawaiian Islands, are similar cracks in the surface of Mars. Cracks of the great chain of the Andes lie along a straight crack reaching from southern Peru to Terra del Fuego, 2,500 miles long. Since other lines of volcanoes are numerous, and since countless others existed in former times, the cracks in the earth's crust must be exceedingly numerous. Every mineral dike and vein bears witness to this fact. There is no reason why terrestrial cracks should not be as numerous as those in the moon. In the case of the earth they usually have been closed, sometimes by liquid matter from below and sometimes by surface inundations. One crack in eastern Asia and western Africa, and stretching from the Dead Sea to Lake Nyassa, reaches the enormous length of 2,500 miles. That is about the same length as the longest of the Martian canals.

How and whence the light? The fact that a luminous emanation of variable shape will appear in the dark at such points on the surface of the earth below which there are extensive ore deposits was recorded in Germany as far back as 1757. Immediately before or during an electrical storm these phenomena are striking. Similar observations more recently have been made in America in the vicinity of ore deposits. Though much has been ascribed to superposition and to errors of observation, the fact nevertheless remains, as confirmed by recent scientific investigation. The electric emanation has been frequently ascertained by Mr. K. Zenger photographically. It therefore has been taken for granted that the emanations occur with an especially high intensity at those points of the ground where good conductors of electricity are found in large amounts in the neighborhood of the surface of the earth; in other words, above ore deposits which are good conductors. Lignite and coal, especially when they contain pyrites, are fairly good conductors. The difference in the intensity of radiation, as compared with points free from any ore, would seem to be recognized by means of photography. Geologists thus have a simple way of locating ore and even coal deposits.

A queer little animal is the one called the "slipper animalcule," but which men of science call "Paramecium." The most wonderful thing about this little creature is the rapidity with which it multiplies. By a beneficent provision of nature they seem to become exhausted and die after the 17th generation. A naturalist points out that if a Paramecium family should have a run of luck and all members live for 350 generations they would crowd every other living thing off the earth and be themselves in bulk bigger than the whole planet, while if they were to have enough luck to survive to the 900th generation the sun, moon and stars would be floating in a universe of them. These little creatures are plentiful in stagnant water.

MAN MADE WINE WITHOUT GRAPES. Thought Glycerine and Acids Were Good Enough.

A Bavarian wine dealer named Kern, has been sentenced in the Prussian Criminal Court to two months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$2,500 for systematic adulteration of his wine. It was shown that in one year he manufactured by means of chemicals 55,000 gallons of wine without a single drop of grape juice. Dr. Boesicke, the Agrarian teacher, has made some startling revelations of the poisonous concoctions which are being sold as Rhine and Moselle wine. One chemical manufacturer, whose name is made public by Dr. Boesicke, is proved to have supplied no less than 267 wine merchants with injurious chemical preparations used to adulterate wines. The annual average of 100 wine merchants are convicted for illegally coloring wines in Germany, and during 1905 70,000 gallons of wine were condemned by State inspectors to be poured down the drains as unfit for public consumption. In one case the inspector found 10 per cent of pure wine and 90 per cent of chemical concoctions. One wine merchant was proved to have used within a period of seven years no less than 300 tons of glycerine, 130 tons of tartaric acid, sixteen tons of potash and eleven tons of nitric acid. "After all," said the sentimental youth, "love is a lottery." "I don't know about that," answered the cynic. "You have some chance in a lottery."

Driven Into It.

Everybody declared that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville. He was young, handsome, and well educated; then just as he was preparing to light his way to fame with poverty against him, he had suddenly been made heir to the fine old estates of the late Mrs. Miss Estelle Colewood, recently deceased. What more was necessary to the happiness of a young fellow like Hugh Colewood? Nothing, it seemed to the envious neighbors.

However, there were conditions, or one at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must marry and marry the girl of her choice, one whom she had never even seen. Hugh Colewood could not see the girl, and he was not at all inclined to go to the length of trying to find some little loophole of escape from the calling condition, but it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that worried him. "If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her, you forfeit your inheritance," said Mrs. Estelle's will. "Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter I will be fulfilling my fondest desire. You cannot help loving her. I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to see Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inhabit my houses and lands as one of my dependents, unless you do as I have written, the eccentric spinster. Hugh nibbled the ends of his moustache impatiently as he pondered on the conditions which the will imposed. He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the hotel where Mr. Cranston was stopping while he arranged some business matters with Hugh.

"Halloo, Colewood! Take a seat," said the lawyer, examining the flushed face and nervous manner of the visitor. "You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?" "The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl that I have never seen." "Oh, that?" returned Mr. Cranston. "You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune." "It is the most expensive part," Hugh cried, desperately. "How can a fellow love and wed to order?" "Well, it's a deal of time and bother saved to the warden," remarked the lawyer, smiling. "I have no doubt Ethel Wayne will suit you better than any selection you are capable of making." "I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estates can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom too well to marry yet awhile. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will." "It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood, and was very careful to honor all her vagaries," returned Cranston, much amused. "However, I hardly feel able to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last great legacy in the shape of her impulsive nephew or not." "I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, notified at the lawyer's words. "Hold on, Colewood! Let's drop the sense and come to business. You like your aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proved that you are neither of you opposed to fulfilling the condition. At least you must meet. I will arrange that. Ethel will pass the summer with my sister in the country, and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks with them. You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnoxious or not. What do you say?" "I will do as you advise, thank you, sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off and was trying to take a business view of the strange situation.

Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia. When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of Mr. Cranston's sister, a distance of eight miles. He was in the act of asking the way to the best hotel, when a buggy came rapidly up to the station and halted. The station-master hurried forward to greet the driver, who was a slender young girl with bright, dark eyes, and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching the hills. "Is Mr. Colewood, of Greenville, waiting here to ride out to Mrs. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver in a sweet voice, which won Hugh's interest at once. "I am very sorry to hear that you have returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly as he came forward on the station platform. "I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurston's," she answered simply. "Shall I take the reins?" he asked, as they started away. "No, thank you; I like to drive," she answered. "It was too bad for you to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked, as he stole a side glance of admiration at the girl's form in dainty blue. "Oh, I don't mind the distance at all; besides, I rather had to come," she replied. "I did wish to go with the young folks who are having a picnic this morning over on Laurel Hill, but Uncle Jerry was the kind of a case that couldn't come for you. Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne never drive, so they made a virtue of necessity and sent the last resort of the place," and she laughed merrily. "Thank you very much for coming," and Hugh bowed to the young girl,

THIEVES' PREDICAMENTS

whose eyes dropped beneath the warm light of admiration in his blue ones. "I hope you will enjoy your visit, Mr. Colewood," she said, to change the subject. "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all they can to make your stay pleasant." "Thank you; I've no doubt I shall find it pleasant," returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household, I suppose?" "Yes," with a smile. "You see, I am a distant relative to Mrs. Thurston; then Miss Wayne is my cousin, and exercises a kind of casual guardianship over me, which is not at all necessary."

HOUSEBREAKER WAS CAPTURED BY AN APE.

A Butcher's Little Souvenir - Man Breaks Into His Own Father's House. Occasionally happens, said a detective recently, that when a burglar goes burgling he gets more than he bargains for, and not always at the hands of the police either. I remember some time ago an interesting case of this kind, where a burglar entered a house for the purpose of stealing a quantity of valuable jewelry which he knew was located there. He succeeded in effecting an entrance all right, and was congratulating himself on having a clear field, when he discovered that the apparently innocent occupants of the house being entered were not a man, but a large ape, who was suddenly caught by the ankle and in an instant was lying on his back. The slugs he saw when his head struck the floor were the only illuminants in the room, and so he was quite unable to see who it was who had captured him so neatly. The assailant made no sound, and the burglar was too dazed to show any light when he felt a strong hand clutch his throat. Putting up his arms, he was seized by the wrists, and he caught hold of a hairy wrist which could not possibly have belonged to any human being. But the fingers were slowly choking him, and he was barely able to emit one piercing yell before he fainted from fright and exhaustion. When he awoke he found himself in a prison-cell, and later on he learned that the creature who had captured him was a large ape, but a huge ape, that had been for over two years acting the part of watch-dog in the house he had attempted to burgle. That "Fritz," as the pet ape was called, performed his duties well was proved at the trial when his master stated that the prisoner was the second thief he had caught within nine months. A rather more gruesome affair occurred some two or three years ago, for the truth of which I can vouch. A certain butcher, who was known to be pretty wealthy, was married to a rather timid wife, who would wake up almost every night and declare that she heard burglars in the house. The husband, who was rather more good-natured than most, got up to satisfy his wife's fears, though he declared that burglars were not likely to enter their home. His wife used to talk so much about her fear of burglars and how brave "John" was that he certainly got up to see if he could find the thieves. He began to chaff him about it. However, he said very little in reply, but, in order that he should not be altogether unarmed should the burglars really come, he took from the shop a pretty keen cleaver, and this he kept near his bed, declaring that he would certainly use it if any member of the profession did pay him a visit. One night his wife woke up as usual, saying she was sure she heard burglars and the butcher went quietly downstairs to see if he could find the thieves. He crept into the parlor, and through the window, which was uncurtained, he could see a couple of slim shadows, which he judged to be the robbers. He had come down armed with his cleaver, and so he felt quite prepared to receive his visitors. Watching carefully, he saw one man stoop while the other silently leapt on his back, in order, as he judged, to unfasten the window, which was a few feet from the ground. Silently a small pane of glass was cut out, and as the burglar put his hand through this to slip back the catch the butcher lopped off his hand with his cleaver, the severed member falling on the floor of the room. He heard a groan as the man leaped to the ground, then the sound of vanishing footsteps, until all was silence again. The butcher calmly refastened the window, wrapped the hand up in a newspaper, and went up to his wife. She asked him if the burglars had come, and he replied that they had, and that he had obtained a little souvenir of one of them, which, however, he refused to show her. He put the gruesome relic into a drawer, went to bed, and slept soundly until the morning. Then he went to the police station and showed the hand to the sergeant. The officer was staggered for a moment, but, quickly recovering, he rang up the various hospitals, and soon found that a man had been taken to one of them suffering from the loss of his right hand, which he said he had lost in a machine. The charge was not pressed by the butcher, and the burglar got off with the loss of his hand—a pretty severe punishment, it seems to me. It is not often that you hear of a man breaking into his own father's house, but this actually happened some five years ago, and I can assure you that the discovery was a great shock to the burglar—it certainly placed him in an awkward position. The story reads like a romance, but the facts are correct right enough. Some ten years ago a certain wealthy man had a son who turned out a "wrong 'un." He ran away from home, narrowly escaped imprisonment for forging his father's name, and in fact, ended by going to the dogs generally. Five years passed and no news came of the prodigal, until he began to whisper that he was dead. Meanwhile, his parents had moved from their old home and gone to live in the country, the father having recently taken to business. One night the "old man" thought he heard someone in the house, and, waking the butler, the two men crept noiselessly into the dining-room, where they found a couple of burglars industriously packing all the silver they could find into a sack. One of the burglars, who had the window partly open, heard the men, and the two men, as he did so, he recognized his father, and the shock was so great that he fell unconscious to the floor. By the "master's" orders he was carried

ETHER IN PLANT FORCING

SOME OLD WORLD COMMENTS ON PROF. CRAIG'S METHODS. Idea Has Been Used by French and Danish Horticulturists for Over Thirty Years.

Professor John Craig, head of the horticultural department of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, has to have found a method of forcing plants to early maturity which leaves the plants of nature far behind, says The London Daily Express. The professor treats the plants with ether, and some of his first triumphs have been in forcing elder-flowered lilies to bloom a week before their time, and lilacs, narcissus, hyacinths, jupils, and deutzia to come to maturity from things to twelve days earlier than usual. For two years past these experiments in etherization have been proceeding. Ordinary sulphurous ether, as sold by druggists, has been used, and Professor Craig asserts that less than a farthing's worth of the drug is needed to make a two-dollar Easter lily bloom a week or more before its time. Therefore, he prophesies great pecuniary gain to horticulturists and market gardeners who adopt his ether theory. The plants to be forced are placed in an airtight chamber, into which the ether is put in a shallow dish, and the compartment is sealed for from two to four to seventy-two hours, according to the species of plant. The yield of etherized rhubarb was increased by 60 per cent, but a comic result attended the treatment of asparagus. It grew riotously, and would not stop until it became a useless mass of leaves. British horticultural experts are quite unmoved by Professor Craig's triumphs of etherization, even though the professor holds out prospects of a time when all crops will be made to mature at least a week before the natural date. A well-known seed farmer told an Express representative recently that the use of ether to force plants is not a novelty. "Nor," said he, "is it of particular utility except in the forcing of favorite flowers for the markets." "Ether has been used by French and Danish horticultural experimenters ever since the seventies, and it must be twenty years since the forcing of certain plants by this method was found to be successful." "Lilies were discovered to be particularly amenable to such treatment, and French gardeners have for years past been forcing those flowers for the markets. London itself has been buying ether-forced lilies for nearly a decade."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Helpfulness is love in action. Selfishness is the essence of sin. Self-education is not self-respect. Morality is more than a matter of negations. Love never remains when a reverence has departed. Righteousness is more than ability to keep out of jail. The hope of the race depends on our hopes for the race. The saddest thing in this world is self-satisfied soul. It is better to smile at nothing than to frown at everything. The ear does as much to circulate scandal as the tongue. Nothing keeps people faithful better than your faith in them. No body of religious truth is complete without the religion of the body. The more selfish a man is, the more will his express end be developed. There is a good deal of apparent poverty that needs your time more than your dime. The man who is hunting for a martyr's crown never has heard enough to hold one up. Your home in heaven may depend on what you are doing to make your home heavenly. You are not likely to cheer the hearts of others by looking down in the mouth yourself. Our records depend not on our great plans but on our relatively insignificant performances. We will never know much about the nature of goodness until we know that goodness is natural. It is easy to talk of love for our fellows, but the best comes when we find the particular loving in need of our love. The man who says he will be guided by the voice of conscience often means that he is listening to a phonograph record of his desires. The preacher who would give his people good cheer on Sunday should be temperate with the good cheer on Saturday. There are too many figuring on answering present at the heavenly roll call who are always absent from the earthly muster. Business Man (to applicant): "Well, your references are excellent, and you appear to be a pushing traveler. I suppose you have never been in trouble of any kind?" Applicant: "Yes, sir. I was once in prison for three weeks." Business Man (taken aback): "Well—er—indeed I am afraid that—but what were you in prison for?" Applicant: "For nearly killing a man who refused to give me an order." Business Man: "You are engaged?"

THE WATER TOWER'S LOVE STORY.

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Clerk: "I have been in your employ now, sir, going on for five years, and I am getting the same salary as I started with." Employer: "I know it, Mr. Knibbs; but every time that I have made up my mind to cut you down or discharge you, something has reminded me of your wife and little ones, and so I couldn't do it. There, my man, you see I have a heart as well as a head."

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"That man is a phrenologist, Pat." "A what?" asked Pat, puzzled. "A phrenologist." "Ah, sure, what's that, sorr?" "Why, a man that can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of man you are." "Bumps on my head, is it?" exclaimed Pat. "Begorra, then, I think it would give him more of an idea what kind of a woman me wife is!"

Bridget: "Should I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served'?" Mistress: "Well, if it's like yesterday, I think you had better say, 'Dinner is spoiled.'"

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