

MYSTERY OF THE TIDES.

Clear Reasons That Were Assigned For Their Ebb and Flow.

The tides, those mysterious pulsations of the sea, have been the theme of curious speculation ever since man began to ask the reason of what he saw around him. Many sages and clever brains in the ages of the past tried to explain away the periodical ebb and flow of the ocean, and many plausible if erroneous ideas were seized upon and used to solve the problem, and some of the curious notions of these old world philosophers are worthy of interest.

Aristotle, who tried to find a logical reason for everything in nature, thought that tides were caused by the sun, which moves and whistles the winds about so that they fall with great violence on the Atlantic, the only great ocean known to the Greeks, which thus swells and causes the tide. Plato accounted for them as being caused by an animal living in a cavern, which, by means of a huge orifice, created the ebb and flow. The ancient Arabs believed that tides were caused by the moon heating the waters and causing them to swell, while others averred that they were caused by the alternate decomposition of the sea by the air and of the air by the sea, thus causing an ebb and flow. A writer as late as the thirteenth century coolly remarks that tides are caused by the efforts of the earth to breathe.

Saintly St. Jerome explained the mystery by means of caves, and Bede stated that the ebb and flow were caused by an enormous serpent, who swallows and vomits the water. Another old sage thought that they were caused by the melting of the ice at the poles. In Russia, dwellers by the seashore popularly believe that the tides are governed by the water king's daughter.

The Shetlanders used to believe that periodical tides were caused by a monster living in the sea, or, to quote from an old Shetland worthy, "a monstrous sea serpent that took six hours to draw in his breath and about six to let it out again." The Chinese believe that supernatural beings, weird and wonderful, cause the tides, while the Malays aver that they are caused by the movements of a huge crab. Some of these old thinkers have been very near the solution of the problem, while some of their crude notions are only fantastic.—Scottish Nights.

The Original Lemon.

If they haven't the original lemon up in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they come pretty near achieving that distinction. In one of the cases containing the Edward C. Moore collection of oriental art objects there is a group of pieces of Venetian glassware consisting of cups and vases of various kinds and shapes.

On the lower shelf of this case there is a large sized and perfectly shaped representation of a lemon in bright lemon colored glass that must represent some artisan's idea of a joke, for it has nothing to do with the ordinary sort of pieces those glass blowing shops turned out at that time. As it dates from the sixteenth century, it certainly antedates any lemon known to the present day. It never will be handed out to any one, however.—New York Press.

The Written Koran.

Mohammedans never use printed Korans because in doubt as to the ingredients entered into the composition of the printing ink. They are afraid of being defiled by taking into their hands a copy of the sacred book that may have been produced with the ink in which pig's fat instead of linseed oil has formed one of the component parts. They therefore confine themselves to reading hand written reproductions of the prophet's work, which are naturally very expensive.

Redeemed Himself.

Sir Charles Napier had an effective method of dealing with cowards. On one occasion a flying soldier was stopped by his fellows, who were about to shoot him when the general intervened.

"Give the man another chance," he ordered. "Place him in the front rank, and if he turns again let him be shot."

The man eagerly embraced this chance of life, overcame his fears and fought bravely for the rest of the day.

Hitting Back.

The elder Sothorn, the creator of the Lord Dunderbary fame, was extremely sensitive to interruptions of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: "Hi, you, sir! Do you know there is another act?" The offender was equal to the occasion, however. He turned to the actor and answered cheerfully: "Oh, yes. That's why I'm going."

SUBINTELLIGENCE.

Some Persons Imitate Unconsciously the Actions of Others.

"Have you ever noticed," asked an observant physician the other day, "how persons who have something on their minds imitate unconsciously the actions of others?"

A reply in the negative brought forth a reiteration of the statement. "A subintelligence seems to be at work," continued the physician, "in all of us at all times that controls our actions and causes us to do a great many things unconsciously. A nervous man or woman will twist and tear a scrap of paper or toy with some article for an hour at a time. When spoken to such persons start and look at the article in their hands as though wondering where they had obtained it. In nine cases out of ten this person saw some other person doing the same thing, and unconsciously his or her hands, under the direction of subintelligence, sought out the paper or article to play with."

The conversation took place in the waiting room of a ferry house, where a score of business men, all preoccupied mentally with the coming business of the day and all anxious to get to their offices, were congregated, waiting for a boat. To prove the truth of his remarks the physician suggested an experiment. He began a march up and down the waiting room. In two seconds a worried looking man who appeared to be a prosperous merchant or broker began to march also. Two clerks and a stout person followed his example. In five minutes two men who were reading newspapers were the only persons out of the twenty odd in the room who were not walking about. The physician ceased suddenly. Peculiar as it may seem, his action appeared to give the whole assemblage a shock. They woke up, as it were, but not sufficiently to know that they had been experimented upon. Before the boat arrived they had assumed the positions in which the physician found them.

"Another thing I have noticed," added the physician, "is that the higher the intelligence of a man is the more liable he is to be controlled by subconscientness. An unintelligent man seems to have none of it."—New York Globe.

Tenures of Scotch Landowners.

Sir George Clerk of Penicuik House, Edinburgh, married the daughter of another baronet, the late Sir Robert Napier, and he holds his lands on a curious tenure. This obliges him to stand at the bend of a road near his house and blow three blasts on a horn if the sovereign visits Edinburgh. And there are other landowners with similar rights or obligations. Major Houston-Craufurd holds the lands of Braehead on the understanding that if the king should happen to cross Cramond Brig, at the gates of his residence, he presents him with a silver basin filled with water in which to wash his hands. Then, should the sovereign chance to visit Hopetoun House, Lord Linlithgow orders that the chains which stretch across the principal avenue should be lowered so that his majesty may drive up the central approach.—Glasgow Times.

Miles and Miles.

If you set out to walk a mile in Sweden, you will have to walk more than five times as far as you would have to walk in America to complete your mile, for a Swedish mile is 34,980 feet long, while an American mile is only 5,280 feet. The English and the American miles are the same in length, while the Spanish mile lacks 714 feet of being as long as the American mile, the Norwegian mile is nearly seven times its length, and the Dutch mile is only 3,280 feet. With the exception of America and England, there are no countries in which the mile is the same length.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wouldn't Take His Place.

Hearing of the sudden taking off the stage of life of a leading Theatopian while he was playing in Chicago, a New York Rialtoan out of a job telegraphed the manager as follows:

"Having heard of the sad and tragic demise of Mr. —, I'll take his place for \$150 a week."

As the message was sent collect, it elicited the following reply: "Thanks. I wouldn't take his place for twice that amount."—Minneapolis Journal.

His Introduction.

Mark Twain said the only introduction to a literary audience that he ever had that seemed to him the right word in the right place, a real inspiration, was as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man. At least I only know two things about him. One is that he has never been in prison, and the other is I can't see why he hasn't."

MAKING A DEW POND.

An Old Method of Securing Water, Even in a Drought.

There is still in England at least one wandering gang of men who will construct for the modern farmer a pool which in any situation in a sufficiently dry soil will always contain water—more in the heat of summer than during winter rains.

According to an account given by G. Hubbard in the Boston Post, this water is not derived from springs or rainfall and is speedily lost if even the smallest rivulet is allowed to flow into the pond.

The gang of dew pond makers commences operations by hollowing out the earth for a space far in excess of the apparent requirements of the proposed pond. They then thickly cover the whole of the hollow with a coating of dry straw. The straw in its turn is covered by a layer of well chosen, finely puddled clay, and the upper surface of the clay is then closely strewn with stones.

Care has been taken that the margin of the straw is effectively protected by clay. The pond will gradually become filled with water, the more rapidly the larger it is, even though no rain may fall. If such a structure is situated on the summit of a down during the warmth of a summer day the earth will have stored a considerable amount of heat, while the pond, protected from this heat by the non-conductivity of the straw, is at the same time chilled by the process of evaporation from the puddled clay.

The consequence is that during the night the moisture of the comparatively warm air is condensed on the surface of the cold clay. As the condensation during the night is in excess of the evaporation during the day, the pond becomes, night by night, gradually filled. Theoretically we may observe that during the day, the air being comparatively charged with moisture, evaporation is necessarily less than the precipitation during the night. In practice it is found that the pond will constantly yield a supply of the purest water.

The dew pond will cease to attract the dew if the layer of straw should get wet, as it then becomes of the same temperature as the surrounding earth and ceases to act as a nonconductor of heat. This practically always occurs if a spring is allowed to flow into the pond or if the layer of clay (technically called the crust) is pierced.

The Claw of the Devil.

In the middle ages people recognized witches and possessed persons by seeking on their bodies for what was called the claws of the devil. It was a more or less extensive part of the skin in which the subject was insensible to any touch or prick. The expert intrusted with this work would close the eyes of the subject and, armed with a sharp needle, prick here and there the different parts of the body. The sufferer was to answer with a cry to each prick, and the claw of the devil on a certain spot was recognized from the fact that he did not cry when this spot was examined.—"The Major Symptoms of Hysteria," by Pierre Janet.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

"If they don't quit making that child cry," sighed the flat dweller as his sobs echoed pitifully through the court, "I am going to apply to the board of health and have it stopped. There's a limit to everything." "Why the board of health?" asked her friend. "I should think you would apply to the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." "I am not thinking so much of him," acknowledged the flat dweller contritely, "as I am of my own health. His constant sobbing is getting on my nerves so that I can't sleep."—New York Press.

The Sun's Heat.

It is not impossible to express the marvelous power of the sun's heat, but we can admit without shame that it is impossible to comprehend it. The heat emitted by the sun in each second is equal to that which would result from the combustion of eleven quadrillions six hundred thousand milliards of tons of coal burning at the same time. This same heat would boil per hour seven hundred thousand millions of cubic miles of water at the temperature of ice. Attempt to understand this! As well might the ant attempt to drink the ocean!

A French Joke.

Magistrate—The plaintiff affirms that you sold him an absolutely rank cheese, although you told him it was the king of cheeses when he bought it of you.

Defendant—Quite true, but I never said it was a good one. I simply said it was the king of cheeses.

Magistrate—Well? Defendant—Well, in my opinion the king of cheeses would be the worst. Are we republicans or are we not, sir?—Pala Kala.

GOT HIS REWARD.

The Duke, the Cow Driver and a Missing Sovereign.

The father of the present Duke of Buccleuch was not averse to a joke as regarded his identity, and an amusing anecdote, with a somewhat serious ending, is told about him. His grace purchased a cow from a farmer near Dalkeith and gave orders it should be sent up the following morning. Accordingly the cow was sent, and the duke, who was walking in the avenue, espied a small boy who was attempting ineffectually to drive the animal. The boy, not knowing the duke, cried out:

"Hi, mon, come here an' gi' us a han' wi' this beast!"

The duke, greatly amazed, determined to have a joke. He walked on slowly and took no notice. At last the little fellow called:

"Come here, mon, an' help up, an' sure as anything I'll give ye half I get."

This entreaty had the desired effect. The duke gave a helping hand.

"And now," said he, "how much do you think you will get for this job?"

"Ow dinna ken," said the boy, "but I am sure o' something, for the folk up at the house are good to a' bodies."

As they neared the house the duke left the lad and entered by a different way. He called a servant and put a sovereign into his hand, telling him to give it to the boy who brought the cow. The duke then returned to the avenue and was there met by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?"

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's the half of it to ye."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?"

"No," said the boy earnestly, "that's all I got."

"There must be some mistake," said the duke, "and as I know the duke if you return I think I'll get you more."

The boy consented, and back they went. The duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to assemble.

"Now," said he, "show me the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler, who, utterly confused, attempted to apologize. The duke cut all explanations short and ordered him to quit his service instantly. As for the boy, the duke was so delighted with his honesty that he sent him to school and educated him at his own expense.—Kansas City Journal.

An Eye to the Main Chance.

Lucinda had a large box of chocolates. Every few minutes she would pass the box around to her mother and her mother's visitors. "What a dear little thing!" exclaimed one of them. "She is the very soul of generosity. Most children would satisfy the dictates of conscience by passing the box around once, but she seems to wish to share the whole box with us."

Lucinda's mother smiled knowingly, and when the little girl went out of the room she said: "Don't count too much on Lucinda's generosity. I know it looks that way, but as a matter of fact she is merely working for herself. I don't permit her to eat much candy, but she knows that every time she passes the box around she'll get one herself. She knows I won't scold much so long as she is passing her sweetmeats around to others."—Exchange.

Her Sacrifice.

A teacher in a certain Sunday school had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in turn what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?"

"Please, ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I—I've left off my leggings."

The Safe Way.

A coal miner in the east of Scotland was visited by a friend, and among the places of interest shown was, of course, the pit mouth. Seeing the cage lowered into the pit with the stout steel rope, the miner's friend exclaimed:

"My word! I shouldn't like to go down there on that rope."

"Why," exclaimed the miner, "aw wadna like to gang down there without it!"—Dundee Advertiser.

She Had a Reason.

The Rev. J.—Tut, tut! How dare you come before me and ask me to marry you when he is in that disgraceful condition?

Would Be Bride—Weel, sur, please, he'll no come when he's sober.

—Illustrated Bits.

FOREST ETHICS.

Put Out Your Campfire Yourself and Plant a New Tree.

Be sure to put out your campfire before you abandon it in the morning to take up the trail. Do not leave the task for one of your camp servants, not even for your guide, whose interest in keeping the woods free of devastating fires, being a matter of bread and butter, is therefore the keenest of any of your camp followers, but who, none the less, is apt to be careless. See to it yourself. Leave no smoldering backlog of the night's "friendly fire." Leave no smoking coals that have served to broil (so deliciously) the breakfast trout, for such relics so often are fanned into the tiny flame which, feeding upon nearby leaves or moss or bush twigs, grows within two days to a devouring blaze that consumes acres of forest before its withering touch is stayed. If you are close to a brook use its water plentifully, and if water is scarce knock the live ends of the larger sticks until not a spark is left and scrape dirt over all the coals—not a few handfuls of dust that the wind may scatter at its first breath, but dirt that will bury and smother.

No doubt my average reader thinks I am writing a lot to deliver one small message, but let him consider that hundreds of acres of forest land, worth thousands, measured by dollars, and of inestimable resources of the country, are annually destroyed from just such insignificant beginnings as the campfire which was not put out beyond the power of the passing breeze to resuscitate. Therefore the warning appeal cannot be too important since we as a nation are using up from three to four times as much wood every year as the country is producing.

Two worthy exhibits of genuine Americanism are, first, not to add to forest destruction by carelessly leaving fire around, and, second, always to plant a new tree—young tree—for every one you destroy. And plant it where it will do the most good.—Outing Magazine.

Proof Not Necessary.

As General Benjamin F. Butler entered the lobby of the Boston statehouse one morning he saw two men whom he knew engaged in a heated argument. "One moment, general," said one of them to him. "Can't you settle a dispute? We are arguing as to who is the greatest lawyer in Massachusetts, and as we can't agree we will leave it to you."

"That's easy. I am," said Butler, with perhaps more truth than modesty.

The two men were somewhat taken aback. "Er—er—but, general, of course—you know—but—but—how can we prove it?" the first speaker managed to get out.

"Prove it? Prove it?" growled Butler. "You don't have to prove it. I admit it!"

Mirrors For Invalids.

"If you have a sick friend who can't get out of bed for awhile and want to provide entertainment for her," said the woman of experience, "give her a hand mirror. Nothing else is quite so fascinating. Often the bed may be placed with the head toward the window so the patient gets no glimpse out of it, but if she has a mirror it is all reflected for her. She can catch a sunbeam in the edge of it or count the clouds as they float past. She can inspect all the furniture in the room, and if she is alone in a hospital she can find company in looking at herself. It is the most entertaining and harmless thing you could possibly give her."—New York Press.

To Err Is Human.

Robert Browning once found himself at a dinner at a great English house sitting next to a lady who was connected with the highest aristocracy. She was very graciously inclined and did her utmost to make conversation.

"Are you not a poet?" she finally asked.

"Well," said Browning, "people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am."

"Oh, please don't mind my having mentioned it," the duchess hastened to say, with the kindest of smiles. "You know Byron and Tennyson and others were poets."

—Youth's Companion.

School For Waiters.

It is often a matter of wonder why foreign waiters are preferred to English ones even in English hotels. The reason is a very simple one. The foreigner is a far better waiter. His aim is not always to remain a waiter, but to rise in the hotel business to a higher position.

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