6. T-R. Jan. 5, '93 to Jan. 31,'95
Incomplete. Missing: Jan. 26,'93;
Feb. 2, '93; Feb. 9,'93.

Look at the Map.

State of Oregon, Yamhill County. Here you will find the most productive section in the World. Land is cheap, offering special inducements to fruit raisers and dairymen.

Look at the Map.

The Telephone-Register.

Look at the Map.

McMinnville, Yamhill County. Here is the County seat. Here is published THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER, Monarch of home newspapers, accorded first place in all the Directories.

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Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

REGISTER Established August, 1881. TELEPHONE Established June, 1886. Consolidated Feb. 1, 1889. McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1892. VOL. IV. NO. 49

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Office upstairs in the Garrison Building.

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the County Court of Yamhill county, Oregon, duly appointed administrator of the estate of H. G. Burns, deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned, at his place of business at McMinnville, Oregon, duly verified, within six months from this date. Dated this 29th day of November, A. D., 1891.

H. C. BURNS, Administrator.
Ramsey & Fenton, Attorneys for said estate.
Dec 1-49

JUDGE NELSON'S DECISION.

Speaking of patent medicines, the judge says: "I wish to deal fairly and honorably with all, and when I find an article that will do what it is recommended to do, I am not ashamed to say so. I am acquainted with Dr. Vanderpool (having been treated by him for cancer), and have used his blood modicine, known as the S. B. Headache and Liver cure, and while I am seventy-five years old, and have used many pills and other remedies for the blood, liver and kidneys, I must say that for a kidney tonic in Bright's disease, as an alterative for the blood, or to correct the action of the stomach and bowels it is a very superior remedy, and beats anything I ever tried.

J. B. NELSON, Yakima, Wash.

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and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best.
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MUTINEERS SHOT DOWN.

ADMIRAL AMMENS BRAVERY PREVENTS AN OUTBREAK.

Thousands of Lives in Jeopardy on a Passenger Vessel---Complaints of Poor Food Among a Few Man-of-War's Men.

There is an admiral of the navy now living near Washington, whose nerve and decision once saved a ship and a thousand passengers from the horrors of a mutiny. To do it he was compelled to shoot a mutineer dead and then walked boldly in the midst of the mutinous crew and unaided place five of them in irons.

The nervy officer who thus put down the mutiny which threatened the whole ship, is Admiral Daniel Ammen, who was at that time a captain in the United States navy. It is a thrilling story and can best be told in Admiral Ammen's own words, the words which he used before the court martial that tried and acquited him, and which are republished in the Washington *Star*:

"I was ordered by the navy department," said the admiral, "to take passage on the Ocean Queen on Friday, May 13, 1864, to receive on board that vessel and take charge of a draft of twenty men, intended for the Pacific squadron, to accompany them to Panama, and, after delivering them to the senior officer present at that point, to return to New York. Boatswain Thomas G. Bell, of the navy, was ordered to assist me. No marine guard or other assistants were assigned. The draft came from Philadelphia, and (although it was not in evidence) was principally composed of men who had been transferred from the army a short time before. The Ocean Queen left the wharf at New York about 1 o'clock p. m. She had on board about 1,040 passengers including the draft; about one-third were women and children. It had been arranged that the draft should be received on board after the steamer had left the wharf, and it was so done.

"It is proper here to explain that on board the steamer the steerage and cabin passengers are divided from each other on the starboard side of a fixed bulkhead and on the port side by a lattice, in which there is a gateway, and by the rules of the vessel all steerage passengers are forbidden to come abaft these bulkheads. The men composing the draft were steerage passengers. Owing to the crowded state of the steerage, the starboard side of the spar deck under the hurricane deck, was appropriated exclusively to the men under my charge. Although crowded, I should have much preferred at that season of the year and for that voyage, living and sleeping there to occupying a berth in the steerage.

"About midnight that night I was called and told that my people wanted to see me. I at once dressed and went on deck, where I was met by four men, two of whom I remember as John Kelley and Alfred Bussell, seamen (the deceased), who told me they were uncomfortable, had no place to sleep, and therefore had to wander about the decks; they finally said that whisky would make it all right. I replied that I knew they were uncomfortable; and in a day or two we would be in a pleasant latitude, and that in the meantime I would see what could be done to make them comfortable, but that whisky was out of the question, as it would make all wrong.

"They left without any manifestation of disappointment or anger, perhaps impressed with the idea that the interest I had expressed was the result of intimidation and not of the disposition I have to care for the comfort and well being of those under my command, and which I regard as a not unimportant part of the duty of all officers under whom men are placed.

"The following morning (Saturday) all of the draft that I asked expressed themselves satisfied with their breakfast, although I found on inquiry that no vegetables had formed a part of it. I soon made a request to Captain Tinklepaugh on this subject, which he at once agreed to. In the afternoon at dinner there was dissatisfaction, at least on the part of twelve or fifteen, who threw overboard a number of pots and pans containing food, and beat and abused the servants of the ship until they refused to do duty. Chief among these twelve or fifteen were Kelly and Bussell. The object was probably to prevent the better disposed men from getting anything to eat, and thus making the dissatisfaction more general.

"I at once detailed a number of blacks belonging to the draft to reset and replenish the tables, and thus prevent the well disposed from suffering.

"Soon after breakfast I heard John Kelly and Alfred Bussell in conversation with Boatswain Bell, my assistant in charge of the draft. They declared that they had nothing since they had been on board, and that if their dinner was not such as they wished they certainly would go aft in the cabin and get what they desired. Kelly said he had once aided on board of a vessel of war to knock down a sentry over a spirit room, and that they intended to do as well on board of the Ocean Queen; that he knew there was liquor on board and he intended to have it.

"The conversation, though addressed to Mr. Bell, was loud enough and evidently intended for my ear. I replied that I hoped their dinner would be all they could ask; that I had spoken to the captain on the subject, but their proposition to go aft and help themselves was out of the question, and if there was any attempt of the kind they would certainly be shot. They contemptuously replied they were used to being under fire and felt no alarm whatever, and Kelly said that they regarded me as a very well disposed person; that he felt satisfied I would do anything in my power for their comfort, and therefore I had not been harmed. I turned to many of the men who composed the draft, and told them that if there should be violence on board the vessel I hoped all the well-disposed would absent themselves from the scene, and that none should appear unless they wished to participate; that they would communicate what I had said to the other men, as I would regret very much if any of them should be killed by accident.

"On May 15th the necessary preparations were made to meet an emergency Dinner time, about 2 p. m., came. I sat upon the hurricane deck forward, overlooking the steerage passengers, and would have been blind indeed had I not seen that a crisis was at hand, from the manner of the people, who huddled together with the draft, could not have failed to overhear somewhat the plans and expressed intentions of my men.

"When the dinner of the men was reported the boatswain, Mr. Bell, whom I had previously instructed so to do, called the principal malcontents to look at and pronounce upon it. It consisted of very good roast beef, potatoes, hard bread of excellent quality, and tea or coffee. John Kelley and Alfred Bussell pronounced the dinner satisfactory.

"These men now proceeded to the port gangway for the purpose of forcing the gateway. On attacking the man placed to guard the gateway abaft, where steerage passengers are forbidden to go, they found Captain Tinklepaugh near at hand supported by Chief Engineer Phelps, Dr. Gibbs, of the vessel, Dr. Woodward, a passenger, Mr. Bell, boatswain, and some others who had been made aware of the position of affairs. I was sent for by Captain Tinklepaugh, and passing over the hurricane deck I arrived in time to see John Kelley, who was probably six feet three inches in height and strongly built, struggling with Captain Tinklepaugh. Alfred Bussell was also struggling with Engineer Phelps. A third man, who first tried to prevent an immediate attack seeing that it could not be done, joined ferociously with the others. On arriving I saw that the authority of the vessel, as well as my own, in the person of Mr. Bell, was violently assaulted. Here was the mutiny and I did the duty that the law imposed upon me. I did not hesitate to give the order to fire upon the mutineers.

"Immediately upon reiterating this order I fired a revolver twice at John Kelley. On the instant half a dozen shots were fired by the other persons named as present. The immediate death of Alfred Bussel and John Kelly was the result.

After dinner, without any aid or support, I went among the principal men who had shown a mutinous disposition and ordered five of them upon the hurricane deck, saying that I wished to have them put in irons. Four made no reply; the fifth said he would not obey my order, but changed his mind when I told him he would obey stantly or I would shoot him. The five were ironed and kept upon bread and water one or two days. We had no further trouble during the voyage."

The Eye and the Telescope.

The following careful statement by Prof. E. S. Holden on the power of the eye and telescope, as they are contrasted in actual experience, is of special and permanent interest:

If the brightness of a star seen with the eye alone is one, with a two-inch telescope it is one hundred times as bright; with a four inch telescope it is four hundred times as bright; eight inch telescope it is sixteen hundred times as bright; sixteen inch telescope it is 6400 times as bright; thirty-two inch telescope it is 25,600 as bright; thirty-six inch telescope it is 32,400 times as bright. That is, stars can be seen with the thirty-six inch telescope which are 30,000 times fainter than the faintest star visible to the naked eye. While the magnifying power which can be successfully used on a five inch telescope is not above four hundred, the thirty-six inch telescope will permit a magnifying power of more than two-thousand diameters on suitable objects, stars, for example. This power cannot be used on the moon and planets with real advantage for many reasons, but probably a power of 1000 or 1500 will be the maximum. The moon will thus appear under the same conditions as if it were to be viewed by the naked eye at a distance of say two hundred miles. This is the same as saying that objects about three hundred feet square can be recognized. So that no village or great canal or even large edifices can be built on the moon without our knowledge. Highly organized life on the moon will make itself known in this indirect way, if it exists. If one were looking at the earth under the same conditions, the great works of hydraulic mining, or the great operation on Dakota farms or California ranches would be obvious.—*Worthingtons Magazine for January.*

"What odd English you Chicago people use," remarked a New York visitor to a resident broker.

"Why?"

"You asked that gentleman to drop in on you some time."

"Well, what of that?"

"How can he drop in on you away up here on the sixteenth floor?"

"Easy enough, my dear fellow, easy enough," and the broker threw one foot nonchalantly across the desk; "his office is on the twenty-seventh floor. Tumblez vous?"

The New Yorker did so.

Put up in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar coated, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

A YELLOWSTONE BAROMETER.

A Curious Spring Foretells the Change of the Weather Correctly.

Major Jones, government engineer in charge of the improvement of the Upper Mississippi and tributaries, and in charge of the roads and waters of the Yellowstone Park, is just back from an exploring tour through the Shoshone range of mountains, which skirts the park on the east. He was shown by a rancher a barometer spring, and found it to be one of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever discovered. The major gave this account of his trip and the spring:

"Soda Butte is a mound of travertine on a small creek in the northeast portion of the park. It was formed by the deposition of sediment from a calcareous spring similar to those at Mammoth Hot Springs. The spring is now dead, but along the creek just below, are several small ones charged with gases and salts of sulphur, soda, etc.

"One of these has developed into a peculiarity that is decidedly unique. Passing by it recently in the midst of a severe storm, I was struck with the peculiar inky blackness of the sediment upon the bottom of the spring and the short outlet which leads its waters into the creek. Just then a rancher came along, and seeing me, said:

"'See my barometer? That spring is the finest barometer in the United States. When it's going to rain or raise h— with the weather that spring gives the hull snap away by turning black all over its bottom. Otherwise its bottom is all the same as the lilies of the field, mister. The gray of the mornin' and the roses and pinks of the evenin' kinder get mixed and mingled all over it, and she's a daisy then. The bottom turns whiter than the swan when its going to snow, redder than a volcano when its going to be hot, greener than an emerald when a tenderfoot looks in it.'

"I thought he was telling me a fairy story. A month later found me again at the spring. The day was semi-clear but fine. Ominous clouds were gathering in the upper sky, and it was getting to be something of a question what was coming. Snow in the mountains in November was something serious.

"'Going to have a little change in the weather,' suggested I to the rancher, who stood near me.

"'Not much, partner; barometer says no.'

"I went to the spring. The blackness was wholly gone, and in its place was the pearly gray of the morning, while in the outlet the gray was softly blended with delicate hues of pink and carmine. It was beautiful to the eye, but the fumes of the hydrosulphuric acid were unbearable.

"It is a very curious fact that the sediment from this spring changes with the changes of the weather.

"When mother earth wrinkled out the Rocky mountains there was left a very soft and tender spot in the region where the Yellowstone Park now lies. Here her surface crust of rock was softened from close contact with the heat which is supposed to hold her interior in a fluid condition, and there was a raging of vocanoes through craters and fissures many miles in length. The face of nature must have been a lurid show in those days. Great rivers of melted rock flowed down the mountain sides, spread over great areas of valley and plain, and incidentally piled up the greatest of all the wonders of the park, the Shoshone mountains.

This range is a mass of peaks about sixty miles in width, in length more than 100, which are almost wholly composed of lava. It lies in apparently horizontal beds, cut into mighty canyons by the streams and peculiarly weathered into the vertical cliffs which generally cap the summits of the peaks. I have measured a thickness of over 5000 feet of lava among these lofty peaks, which reach with considerable uniformity altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain walls are weathered into peculiar shapes of colossal magnitude, making the scenery novel and magnificent."

Old American War Ships.

It would be well if we Americans could catch enough of the spirit of the protest which, as is now cabled, says the *Review of Reviews*, has resulted in the rescue by a private English syndicate of Nelson's flagship, to secure the proper preservation of our own historic vessels. Most of those which would have been our chief pride have already been destroyed. But there remain in the navy four ships that possess a true historic interest. The old Constitution is the receiving ship at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. She was saved from destruction some years ago by the protest of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. But for their agitation she would have been broken up. The Constellation is now the practice ship at the Naval Academy, Annapolis; but with the completion of the new ship Bancroft, in the coming spring she will probably go out of commission and may be sold for junk, for there is no special provision for her maintenance or repair. Ought she not to be saved as an object lesson to school children and a tangible memorial of our old navy? It is gratifying to know that the Kearsage and the Hartford are protected by special acts of congress, which provide that these two ships shall not be sold, but shall be kept in repair even if the cost should exceed the 20 per cent limit fixed as the maximum that may be allowed for the repair of wooden ships.

New Zealand has set apart two islands for the preservation of wild birds and other animals.

DRUGGED THE APACHES.

THRILLING INCIDENT OF A GOLD HUNT IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Twenty-Seven Indians Put to Sleep With Laudanum and Morphine by One of Seven Seekers after a Gold Mine.

Every mining man and every man who, in the character of a "tenderfoot" or "immigrant," visits a mining camp in the southwest is just as certain to hear of the "Madre d'Oro" as he is to find out where he can get his bacon and beans. The "Madre d'Oro" (the Mother of Gold) to be a ledge of such phenomenal richness that the gold fairy ties the bits of quartz together. Its story invariably begins with an Indian legend, and you are always told the Indians know where the treasure is. But this is not all, says a writer in the *Commercial Gazette*. Many white men are believed to have seen it.

The old miners will solemnly, the belief shining out of their eyes—tell you of this man or that who brought nuggets back with him, but who died or was unable to find his way back again. Many old miners, too, have maps which they cherish as the dearest of their possessions. These they show to you in confidence, and they are made—at least the one that set my blood aflame was—on a scrap of paper, dirty and almost illegible. And then, with bated breath, they tell the story, and as they talk the candle light seems to flicker on the yellow masses of virgin gold.

Always and forever the Madre d'Oro is in some place where it is almost impossible to reach. When I heard of it it was in the mountains in the midst of the White mountain country, the Indians of which were Apaches. I was going to call them devils in human form, and to describe what they have done, but, on reflection, when I call them Apaches, I can say no more. Jim had the map then and he got it from Sandy Ferguson, who had made it and was the one man who had escaped from the Blatchley party of prospectors in 1868. Sandy died as the result of his misery on the home trail.

So Jim Bull's map and Jim Bull's eloquence and a nugget about the size of an acorn that Sandy had given him led Colonel Martin to organize the party. This was in Mineral park in 1875. Of course Jim Bull was of the party, and altogether there were seven of us, mounted and armed with Winchester, revolver and knife. Then we had three pack animals, loaded with grub—bacon and beans for the most part, with a five gallon keg of whiskey and some sugar and coffee. Having a smattering of medicine, I was the surgeon of the party, and therefore I took with me the the medicine chest I had brought from Frisco.

This had been fitted up by a druggist though I never knew why he put in a quarter of an ounce of morphine, together with a three ounce bottle of laudanum and the other remedies. But so it was.

Colonel Martin was the captain of the party. He could speak Apache, Huallapai and Papago and had lived in Arizona for years. Then there were Bob Lyons, Sam Davis, "Nebraska Sam" we called him, Billy Johns and his brother Jack, ordinarily addressed as "Doubtless." We made our way to Yuma, up the Gila to Phoenix, where we laid in stores, and thence east till we left the bank of Salt river and struck the mountains.

Practically after leaving Fort McDonald we were in the Apache country. Naturally we traveled only at night, and when we made a fire to cook by did that in the darkness and in a deep hole.

Picture to yourself a little gulch or valley perhaps a quarter of a mile across. It is covered with sand and stone, with here and there a ball cactus. To one side there are some high rocks, and along the edges there are bunches or tufts of that curious mesquite grass which horses and mules prefer to good barley straw, in spite of the fact that many of the stems are as thick as slate pencils. In the shadow of the rock there were seven men, dressed simply, sitting or lying on their blankets, about 4:30 o'clock on Feb. 3, 1876.

Suddenly there filed around the big rock about twenty-seven Indians, dressed in breech-clouts, or "G strings," as they call them in Arizona. Of these twenty-four had Winchester rifles in their hands; the others had those terrible bows from which they shoot arrows with tiny tips made of sponge-wood, hardened in the fire and soaked in the putrid livers of cattle and deer. These tips break off in the wound—result, blood poisoning and certain death.

We all sprang to our feet and the Apaches stopped short. It is a question which was the most surprised. It is certain that if they had known we were there the first signal we would have got would have been a volley. fortunately Martin kept his head, and, singing out to them in Apache, welcomed them. For a moment they hesitated, and then walked toward us, but I noticed they held their rifles mighty loose.

Now, while an Indian will never fight in the open if he can help it, doubtless those men thought themselves strong enough—twenty-seven, or counting rifles, twenty-four, to seven—to make a fight, or perhaps they counted on having a talk, leaving us and then following our trail. We were in the heart of the mountains three weeks from McDowell, and had mighty little chance to escape.

They came up and sat down, accepted the pipe offered them which they passed around. Cal Martin stood there talking to them—for it is a curious fact that Indians, unless they have some plot arranged, will never do anything so long as you talk. The other men in the party sat behind Cal, with their Winchesters across their lap, each one full-cocked and ready. We were not going to die if we could help it.

As Cal talked and the Apaches kept glancing around out of their snake-like and bead-like eyes, it struck me science might help us. I went to my pack, and getting out the morphine and laudanum, both untouched, emptied two quarts and a half of whiskey, all we had left, into a bucket, turned in all the sugar, poured in the laudanum, and shook the crystals of morphine into the mixture.

Then I stirred it vigorously, added some water, and tincup in hand, made the round of those twenty-seven Indians. There was a good cupful for each and five cups more for the most wicked looking ten of them. Then I whispered to Cal:

"Keep up your talk; I've drugged 'em." Cal kept on.

I can shut my eyes and see it all now. The men sitting there grave, quiet, resolute; Cal standing up and talking, the Indians motionless, but for those horrible eyes. I suppose the other men felt differently, but for myself I was so nervous and scared I could scarcely sit still.

Then came the question what to do with them. Cal pointed out that if other Indians found them as they lay they would not necessarily hunt for us, while if they came on them knifed it would raise the whole country, so we left them.

Whether they died or recovered I do not know. All talk of the Madre d'Oro was at an end then, and our only thought was to get out. Again we traveled at night, but for ten days we did not dare to make a fire, except now and then. As the cooked beans gave out after four days, we had to go it on raw food. Most of us chewed bacon and coffee.

It must be understood that, trying as we were for our lives, some of us were exceedingly worked up. I think I was more nervous than any of the others and I imagine I must have been partly hysterical from fear, fatigue and loss of sleep.

Jim Bull, in spite of warning, took a mouthful of raw beans, and, sitting on a rock, champed them industriously. But, when, as he took water into his mouth, they swelled and he had to take part of them out, I rolled on the ground and shrieked with laughter. In fact, we all did. But this idea of Jim's might have cost us dearly. Cal had warned him, and, sure enough, the next morning as we rode along Jim was taken with the colic.

I had some mustard papers, and with these, hot clothes and hot clay poultices we managed to help him a little. But it was no use trying to travel that day or the next, for Jim could not sit on a horse. So the beans cost us two days and a night, and, as I said, might have cost us our lives. However, we got through all right and reached the fort in safety.

I have never known whether we were pursued any more than I have whether the drugged Indians recovered. I should say without hesitation that they did not, but an Indian is very tough.

BRITAIN'S FRONTIER.

How the Nations Concerned Could Avoid Trouble in India.

What we want is a fixed and certain frontier, says the London *Spectator*. If Russia marched with us on the northwest of India, as she marches with Prussia on the Baltic, we should be far more secure than we are with the present ragged frontier, where every wild tribesman carries with him the possibility of firing a train that may set the world on fire. With a fixed frontier we should know that the moment Russia crossed it she meant war. As it is, we are liable every six months to get into a state of alarm over some act which may be perfectly justifiable.

We do not forget, of course, that the Pamirs are in a very difficult region in which to carry out a delimitation of frontier; still, we presume that, given the will a way will be found. The Pamirs are a plateau some 13,000 feet above the sea. Across this plateau run ridges of mountain, rising some 5000 feet above it, and forming broad, trench-like valleys, to which the generic name "Pamir" is given.

The climate of these Pamirs is terribly severe in winter, but the tribesmen who live near them drive their flocks there for summer pasturage. Each tribe is said to have its fixed pastures, and the Russians will, it is rumored, claim as Russian territory all the land browsed over by the goats of Kirghiz, under Russian protection. Whether this is the proper principle of delimitation we do not pretend to say, but at any rate it might suffice as a basis for negotiation. All that concerns England in the matter is to see that her Afghan allies are not robbed of anything worth having and to support the Chinese. A good understanding with China is essential to the holders of India, and the present incident appears to offer a good opportunity for cementing that understanding by a little judicious support.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility. *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

EDISON'S BOYHOOD.

Difficulties Which Beset his First Mechanical Experiments.

A writer for *Kate Field's Washington* was talking a few days since with a friend who lived at Fort Gratiot, Mich. at the time when Thomas Edison spent his boyhood there, and learned many interesting thing of the great inventor. That the bent of the boy's inclination was always toward mechanical appliances and the latest inventions of which he could hear, is too well known to need reiteration. His special fondness however, was for constructing crude telegraph instruments with which to keep up constant communication with his chum, who lived in the immediate vicinty. After an enormous amount of work the little fellows succeeded in making two instruments, which were carefully placed in their respective bedrooms, so that early and late, unknown to the rest of the household, they could communicate that flow of thought always on tap between two youthful friends. The intervening wires were arranged to escape the entangling influences of shrubbery and fences by means of tall poles. For a while everything went on smoothly. The thrilling experiences of fishing trips were enjoyed in retrospect over the wires, similar exciting plans were evolved for future use, and the barnyard statistics transmitted with unwavering exactness.

One morning, however, the boys awakened to find all this changed, and where order had prevailed was only chaos. During the night a cow had strayed into the enclosure, and after knocking down the poles succeeded in so entangling the wires about her legs that her astonishment and distress were voiced to the neighborhood in mournful bellows which made the night hideous. The greatest damage, however, was to the delicately adjusted instruments, which had been so injured by the cow's novel wire-pulling as to be utterly spoiled for future usefulness. Tommy Edison, who during his boyhood was always called "Al," was also very fond of pigeons, which he raised in great numbers and taught to come at his call, fluttering about on his head, shoulders and arms while he fed them.

HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

Curious Manner in Which the Lower Orders Respire.

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp, hornet or bumble bee, the naked eye can plainly distinguish a series of small, spotlike marks running along both sides of the body. The apparent spots, which are usually eighteen in number, but may vary from fourteen to twenty-six, according to the species of insects examined, are in fact the apertures through which the air is admitted into the system. These openings, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, are delicately and ingeniously formed, and in such a manner as to make the entrance of extraneous matter an utter impossibility. Sometime they are furnished with horny lips, which open and close at the insect's will; and in other cases densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, which allows air and air only to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as rectified spirits of wine, even though the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an airpump. Surely these little creatures are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Entomologists calls these little aperatures in insects' sides "spiracles." They communicate with two large breathing tubes, which extend the full length of the body. Australia, "the land of inverted order," has an insect, "the paradise beetle," which has two main breathing aperatures in the top of its head. From these main tubes innumerable branches run in all directions, pervading the structure of the creature, penetrating even to the very termination of its antennæ and claws.

The longevity of trees is much influenced by climate. The trees which will in England live for a thousand years, would not live three hundred years in the climate of America. The English oak lives in England for many centuries; experience shows that they pass their prime at one hundred years. The English oak, planted by John Bartram in his famous garden, has been dead these twenty years. It is the same with the European chestnut.

A scientific writer says that if people on the star Sirius have telescopes powerful enough to distinguish objects on this planet, and are looking at it now, they are witnessing the destruction of Jerusalem, which took place over 1,800 years ago. Of course the reason of this is that the light which the world reflects, traveling as it does, at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, would take over eighteen centuries to reach the nearest fixed star.

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