

WONDERS OF LAVA

This Molten Rock Is a Most Peculiar Substance.

REDHOT SNOW SANDWICHES.

Curious Effect on Mount Vesuvius Produced by the Lava's Amazing Properties as a Nonconductor of Heat—Deadly Volcanic Ashes.

Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world, with its mighty vomitings of lava and dust, is guilty of many queer freaks. Mighty rainstorms have set in motion the lava dust and lava cinders that lie on its sides, and torrents of muddy lava have overwhelmed towns and villages as it swept down to the sea. The resulting effect from this has been so great that it changed the face of the coast line by forming a new promontory.

Lava is one of the most curious of substances. It is simply rock melted by a heat so intense that it flows like thin gruel. When Vesuvius is in eruption thousands of tons of it are squirted up the "pipe" and out of the crater. As it flows out over the edge it soon cools and leaves a thick, ropy coating, which spreads over the entire countryside.

But it is only on the top that it really cools. A few inches below the surface of the lava is often red hot. Visitors are often invited to light their cigarettes in the chinks of a bed of lava that has been lying out in the open air for twenty years or more.

It is the most wonderful nonconductor of heat known. Borings made through some lava beds have shown that they are made up of layers of lava and layers of unmelting snow. As successive torrents of lava came pouring down the surface that lay on the snow cooled at once, and the surface open to the air also cooled at once. But between the two surfaces there was blazing heat: so if you bored down through some lava beds you would find a cool upper surface, a redhot inside, a cool layer, snow, a cool layer, a redhot one, a cool one and then snow again.

In fact, a layer of lava will let neither heat nor cold through. If you built a house entirely of lava on a scorching summer day you would still have 95 degrees inside when there was snow outside. If you built it in the winter ice would form in your parlor in July.

This clearly demonstrates what an extraordinary nonconductor lava is.

There is, indeed, on the slopes of Vesuvius a little lava hot into which summer visitors put bottles of wine to get them chilled.

When a volcano throws its lava out with such tremendous force that it jets high into the air it very often falls in the form of dust, owing to the explosive power of the high pressure steam that spurts out with it. It bursts into a fine spray and falls as dust—dust far finer than any other dust known.

It is so fine, indeed, that sometimes years elapse before it settles. When the mighty island volcano of Krakatoa blew itself nearly into bits in 1883 with a crashing sound of cannonading that smashed windows hundreds of miles away the lava dust was so thick in the air that for hundreds of miles round midday was as black as night. Volumes of infinitely fine dust sailed round and round the earth in the upper atmosphere and made England's sunsets of that year unusually splendid. It was three years before the upper air became quite clear again.

Lava dust has the same properties as lava. Shepherds on the slopes of Vesuvius sprinkle patches of snow in the winter with lava dust so that they may have it when the scorching days of summer arrive.

It was lava dust turned to mud by torrents of rain such as usually come with volcanic outbursts, that, nearly 2000 years ago, destroyed the famous pleasure city of Herculaneum, and it was showers of volcanic ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii. Herculaneum still lies nearly forty yards from the open air.

There are rivers of lava mud that are blotting out towns and villages now. A curious point has always been noticed when Vesuvius is in eruption, and that is the strong odor of washing day that hangs around the mountain. One might wonder why the slopes of such a mountain are so thickly populated when there is always danger of eruptions and of avalanches of lava mud. Well, the reason is that volcanic soil is always very fertile. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from Vesuvian vineyards, and people are ready to take the risks.—London American.

Putting Him on His Mettle. "The doctor says you have but an hour to live."

"Give me pen and paper," said the dying man feebly.

"To make your will?"

"No; I am going to give the doctor my note for thirty days. He will have to keep me alive at least that long to collect it."—Judge.

Helps Trade. "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Sure. It boosts my business."

"How so?"

"I'm a divorce court lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Emerson.

What's in a Name?

The late king of Siam had for a full name Phra Bat Somdeh Phra Paraphinor Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chula Chum Klo Chow Yu Hun, and this does not include his titles. A wag in Bombay saw it in the paper when the ruler was visiting that city and was being received by the British officials and passed it over to a young Irish subaltern with the challenge that he pronounce it. The young fellow looked at it a moment and then handed it back. He said he was not long enough winded, but he was sure he could play it on the garrison club piano if the instrument were a couple of octaves longer. The king's uncle, however, who was also a prince high priest, had for one name alone the following collection of letters: Pawaratsawariyalongkaun. Any one who can get through this and not flat one of the notes has lived a long time where he can look out of the window and see the gilded peak of a temple shimmering in the equatorial sun.—Christian Herald.

Starve a Cold.

Nature, as a rule, takes the appetite away when one is coming down with a cold or other infectious disease, and nature is wise. Don't coax Mary to eat when she has a cold. Don't allow the neighbors to tempt Johnny with calf's foot jelly or other dainties. When suffering from a cold the digestive organs are in no condition to care for food. The digestive juices are altered or entirely absent. One or two days' comparative fast will often assist in averting a severe siege of cold. A more convenient and enjoyable form of fasting would be to subsist for one or two days upon fruit or fruit juices perhaps, with the addition of a little toast. An exclusive fruit diet has all the practical advantages of complete fasting, while it satisfies the appetite and supplies sugar from which the liver can manufacture glycogen to sustain the white blood corpuscles in their continuous warfare against microbes.—William S. Sadler in Designer.

Giving Him Carte Blanche.

A few years ago John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, told a number of his Broadway literary confreres that he felt particularly elated over an order he had just received from Henry W. Savage, the theatrical producer, for the libretto of a musical comedy. The play was produced a few months later. During the long period of rehearsals so much of Bangs' material was eliminated and so much other material inserted in its stead that when the curtain went up on the first night not more than half a dozen of the original lines remained.

About a week later a friend, meeting Bangs, asked him if he was writing any more plays for Savage.

"Yes," replied Bangs. "Only an hour ago I sent him 500 blank sheets of paper and told him to go as far as he liked."—Irvin Cobb in New York Tribune.

Anthony Trollope's First Earnings.

A literary man recalls Anthony Trollope's little gloat over the first fruits of his pen. "I send you a copy of 'The Warden,'" he wrote to Lord Houghton in 1866, "which Mr. Longman assures me is the last of the first edition. There were, I think, only 750 printed. And they have been over ten years in hand. But I regard the book with affection, as I made £9 2s. 6d. by the first year's sales, having previously written and published for ten years without any such golden result. Since then I have improved even upon that." Trollope, of course, "improved upon that" in no uncertain fashion.—Westminster Gazette.

It Was Real.

"My, this must have been exciting!" says Mrs. Dilmers, who is reading the paper. "A twenty foot boa constrictor escaped from the zoo yesterday and was captured after it had climbed halfway up a telegraph pole."

"And I swore off when I saw it as I went downtown!" growled Mr. Bilmers disgustedly.

"What are you muttering?" she asked.

"Nothing. I just said it must have been a ticklish job."—Chicago Post.

As Good as Lost.

"You're sure you can spare this fiver, are you, Shadbolt?"

"Dingus, if I had not been perfectly sure that I can get along without it I never would have lent it to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Skeptical.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is the shape of the earth? Small Johnny—I dunno. Teacher—Why, I told you yesterday it was round. Small Johnny—Yes, I know, but I don't believe everything I hear.—Chicago News.

Not So Brave.

"He was certainly brave to crawl under the bed and engage in a life and death struggle with that burglar."

"When he crawled under the bed he thought the burglar was in the basement."—Houston Post.

For Good of the Community.

"Have you ever done anything for the good of the community?" asked the solid citizen of the weary wayfarer.

"Yes," replied the weary wayfarer. "I've just done a month."

Sensible Man.

Crawford—Do you really like to please your wife? Crabshaw—I can't say that I do, but I've found out it's the best plan.—Smart Set.

There are some who bear a grudge even to those that do them good.—Pittsburgh.

Why He Wanted References.

At a credit men's dinner one of the veterans told this story: "In the reconstruction days a man from a Mississippi valley town came to our western house one day. We had sold him before in a small way, and he always paid. He had enlarged his business, he told us, and wanted a bigger line than usual, but before making his selections he wanted us to give him references. We expressed surprise at such an unheard of demand, but he said, 'My two brothers-in-law have gone in with me, and they're very particular as to whom they do business with.' So we sent him to our banks, and he came back, said we were all right, picked out a big line of goods, and in sixty days he 'busted.' We couldn't collect a dollar. Two years later I met the man in Cincinnati and told him we had become reconciled to our loss. 'But will you please tell me,' I asked, 'why did you want references as to our credit?' 'Well, you see,' he answered, 'I wanted to know if you could stand it.'"—Exchange.

No Law's Delay Here.

In Perak, in the Malay peninsula, lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents. When all is ready two stakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time. By grasping the stakes they are enabled to remain under water for quite a while after their natural inclination would bring them to the surface, but at last one of them gives in and, releasing his hold of the stake, comes to the air. He is immediately seized, and the tube he holds is cast aside. The other lad is led ashore, his tube opened, and the document contained therein stands as the decision in the case.

Scott Relics at Abbotsford.

The present estate of Abbotsford was formed during the years 1811 to 1817 from various small farms, the first one purchased bearing the "inharmone designation" Clarty Hole. After Sir Walter Scott's death in 1834 a committee of friends collected £8,000 toward the redemption of the estate, and Mr. Cadell, the publisher, contributed the rest on receiving the rights over Scott's works. The library and museum had been given some years before by the creditors. As his son, Lieutenant Colonel W. Scott, died on his way home from India, the property descended to J. R. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and thence to his daughter's husband, J. R. Hope-Scott, whose daughter held the estate for some years. Many Scott relics are preserved in the house, notably his chair and writing table in the study and his hat and gloves in the hall.—London Standard.

Hard For the Eskimos.

One of the difficulties of the Moravian missionaries in Labrador is to make the Old Testament, with its wealth of pastoral detail, intelligible to the Eskimos, not one of whom has ever seen a horse. "Sheep and cattle," says Hesketh Pritchard in "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," "they cannot realize or conceive of, for there are no domesticated animals save dogs in that portion of the peninsula. They comprehend the story of Esau, the hunter, and that of Samson and the lion, which animal can be translated as polar bear, but of Abraham in the land of Mesopotamia they can form no picture. The nearest approach to these ideas is drawn from the harvest of the sea, seals and fish taking the place of flocks and herds."

Mistletoe a Menace.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected it invariably ruins all trees it reaches. The only method of extermination is the cutting down of diseased trees.—Exchange.

Two of a Kind.

"I told dat feller I was so fat broke I had to sleep outdoors," said Plooding Pete.

"Did it touch his heart?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No. He said he was doing the same thing an' had to pay de doctor for sellin' him what a blessin' it was."—Washington Star.

His Kind.

"I heard of a man once who was going to make money hand over fist when he was carried off."

"By death?"

"No; by the police. He was porch climbing."—Baltimore American.

He Was Slow.

"I had not talked to him more than fifteen minutes when he called me an idiot."

"Geel! He didn't violate any speed limit in getting next, did he?"—Boston Post.

Drying Her Tears.

"What do you do when your wife cries?" asked the younger man. "Do you have to give in to her?"

"No," said the older man. "Give her some money."—Buffalo Express.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living to-day, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery," writes A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la-grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough, all bronchial troubles—its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c. and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

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L. McConnell, Catherine St., Elmira, N.Y., writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of the great good I derived from Foley's Kidney Remedy, which I used for a bad case of kidney trouble. Five bottles did the work most effectively and proved to me beyond doubt it is the most reliable kidney medicine I have ever taken."—C. I. Clough.

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