

Messages From Planet Mars.

Sir Francis Galton, the distinguished English scientist, has been at work for several months studying signals which he says the people on Mars have been sending to this earth.

By means of a simple light, which may be turned on and off with mathematical accuracy, it is possible to make up a complicated code whereby long and detailed messages may be sent from one far distant place to another without any medium of communication other than the ray of light.

Edison believed for some time that the people of Mars were trying to telegraph to us by means of electrical currents. For the purpose of taking up these messages, which, after travelling millions of miles of ether, were necessarily weak, he built the largest receiver in the world.

Mr. Edison attached a microphone to these wires, and, putting his ear to the diaphragm, noticed a long series of seismic mutterings that were strange and unearthly.

Few, however, that the light signals, instead of the magnetic signals, sent from Mars have been studied by a painstaking scientist, we may be close upon astounding discoveries as to just what these discoveries mean.

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

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In order to secure a permanent record of the flashes, Sir Francis Galton, working in one of the great European observatories, constructed an apparatus which was placed next to the telescope he used.

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These signals differed only in their lengths and resembled the dots and dashes of the telegraphic code. Sir Francis Galton discovered that the dot lasted one second and a quarter and that the dash lasted two seconds and a half.

Then another discovery was made by the English scientist. He succeeded in separating the messages into words. After every group of dots and dashes on the pap slip, Sir Francis Galton found that there was a considerable space, when the dots and dashes would begin again.

These spaces indicated the division of one word from another. At greater intervals there was another and longer space. This indicated the beginning of a new paragraph.

Sir Francis Galton found that the interval between letters was one and one-half seconds, and that the intervals between words were just twice as long, while the intervals between paragraphs were six seconds in length.

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

He was given a generous slice, and in an incredibly short space of time it had disappeared. "What will you have now, Algy?" he was asked.

Another piece went the way of the first. "Would you like something else, Algy?" "More cake." "I'm afraid you will have had dreams if you eat so much of that rich cake."

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

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

It is believed, as the Martians keep on industriously trying to open communication with us, that they are studying us with enormous glasses and have a tolerably exact knowledge of the condition of affairs on this earth.

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

As these snow caps diminish, as Lowell and all other recent observers have noted the flow of great bodies of water into these artificial canals is plainly disclosed by the new colors taken on.

So perfect is the Martian system of irrigation that all the arid stretches on its surface are reached. Every acre appears to be highly cultivated. In the spring the whole surface presents an aspect of brilliant green.

The amazing phenomenon, all apparently the result of the high state of development of the people of Mars, has been studiously observed and graphically described by Mr. Percival Lowell, of Harvard University, whose investigations have added numerous Martian canals to those previously discovered by Schiaparelli.

If they can build canals a thousand times larger than Sues canal it is likely that they have telescopes much more powerful than the Lick, and that, knowing just what our life upon this earth is like, they are making every effort to open up communication with us.

Entomologist Howard of the Agricultural department, in a recent circular on the larger corn-borer, says that the pest will have no chance for its life in the North, where careful and thorough methods of cultivation are followed, but in the South it has already done more or less damage in most corn fields from Alabama to Virginia.

The adult insect issues from the old cornstalks in the spring. Soon after the young corn comes up it lays its eggs upon the leaves near the axle and the young larva upon hatching penetrates the stalk at or near the joint and commences to tunnel, usually upward through the pith.

The corn stalk borer will never become a serious pest, and the Virginia and South Carolina farmers have it in their hands to check it at any time by pursuing these methods.

Aside from corn, sugar cane, and sorghum, this borer has only one other food plant, so far as we know. This is the gama grass, or sesame grass, which grows very high in swampy ground.

Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle.

The drummer always brings the latest trick. Here it is: Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat.

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Farmers' and Dairymen's Meeting.

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

The following subjects will be introduced for discussion: "Good Roads," by Messrs. S. L. Peters and Edward Trueman; "Fruit Growing," by Messrs. C. L. S. Raymond, Samuel Randall, Geo. E. Baxter and W. S. Blair; "Mistakes in Dairying," by Messrs. E. H. Turnbull, T. C. B. Milbery, Harvey Mitchell and J. E. Hopkins.

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

Everybody is invited to attend and join the Association. The membership fee is \$1.00. All members have a right to speak twice in each discussion. Ladies are particularly invited. Reduced rates on all railways. Buy one way first-class tickets over the I. C. R. and C. P. R. and ask for standard certificate.

There will be an exhibit of winter fruit and fresh dairy butter at the meeting. \$30 will be given in butter prizes and several special prizes. Entry forms and all information can be had from Harvey Mitchell, Department of Agriculture, Fredericton, and from W. W. HUBBARD, Corresponding Secretary, Sussex, N. B.

He Wanted It Cheaper. It was one of those restaurants where they charge according to the service, and you can get anything in the line of service that you want from a private dining room to a cafeteria help yourself counter.

After he had settled himself comfortably in his chair and had secured the attention of a waiter he glanced at the bill of fare, and the next minute he straightened up as if he had received an electric shock. "Roast beef, 45 cents!" he exclaimed.

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

The waiter politely suggested that the prices were not quite so high on the first floor, where the service was a little less perfect. "Roast beef, 30 cents," he said, looking at a bill of fare before taking his seat. "That's better. I've come down 15 cents' worth of stairs."

"What's in the basement?" he asked. "Our cafeteria," was the reply. "How much is roast beef down there?" "Twenty cents."

He started for the basement, but stopped. "Say," he said, "if you've got a sub-cellar I'd like to eat there."—Chicago Post.

The Drummer's Latest. The drummer always brings the latest trick. Here it is: Take a spool of white basting cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket, and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat.

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Getting to be a Man.

I'm glad my hair ain't yellow, And all curled up and long; I'm glad my cheeks ain't dimpled, And that I'm gettin' strong!

I'm glad the women never Come up to me and say; "Oh, what a purty little boy!" In that soft kind of way.

I've got on pa's suspenders— Wish I had whiskers too, And that my feet was bigger, And schoolin' was all through!

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Why His Wife Didn't Object.

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

"Oh, come off, that's not square," declared the biggest loser. "Why?" "You've got all the chips. Aren't you going to give the rest of us a show?"

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

"I am," declared the man whose luck had just returned. "And you are going to play all night?" "If I want to." "Bet your life." "And smoke?" "Cert."

"Your wife won't say anything to you when you get home?" "Not a word." "Doesn't she object to your playing poker, drinking and smoking all night?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am not worrying about it. Stay all night!" "There; you see it's a bluff!" declared the biggest loser.

"It's all very well for Harvey to talk about the way he has his wife trained, but I can't do it," returned the man with the biggest stack of chips, "but I tell you what I will do, I'll give my stack if he will tell me how he manages it."

"Done!" cried the man whose luck had turned, as he reached for them. "My wife is out of town visiting some friends."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In a Minor Key. This is a true English ghost story of an unconventional kind. A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white figure at the foot of the bed.

After an anxious, not to say chilly night, the visitor went down with little appetite for breakfast. At table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had she learned, also been sleeping in the house.

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

Table with 2 columns: Mine name and Tons. Rows include Le Roi, War Eagle, O. K., Jumbo, Red Mountain, Cliff.

Total for the week, 1,736 tons. Previously reported, 1,640 tons. Total since January 1, 3,375 tons.

The following shipments were made via the Red Mountain Railway:—Le Rio to Tacoma 176 tons; Le Rio to Everett, 100; O. K. to Great Falls, 14; Jumbo to Everett, 30; Red Mountain to Tacoma, 16; Cliff to Nelson, 40.

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

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

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

Mr. Moody's English friends also are deeply interested in this matter, and the Rev. Dr. F. B. Meyer, the celebrated English Evangelist, who will arrive in New York Feb. 3, has been specially active. The purpose is to raise half the amount in each country.

Moody's Birthday Gift. An event of considerable importance in the life of Dwight L. Moody will take place on Feb. 5, Mr. Moody will be 60 years old then.

The Bridal Wine Cup.

A subscriber to the Family Herald sends us the following story, which she read in a paper some years ago, with a request that it be reproduced.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," rang through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale, the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter, the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own house do as you please; but in mine for this once please me."

"Pouring out a brimming cup they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale though composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips.

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it.

"Wait," she answered, while a light which seemed inspired shone from her dark eyes; "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

How Grant Got the Name of Ulysses. The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic name suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

Ulysses, it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fenelon's "Telemachus" and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose."—Hauiliin Garland in McClure's.