

HIGHEST TIDE IN THE WORLD

In the Bay of Fundy it Rises Sixty Feet Above Low-Water Mark.

The highest tide in the world is that observed in the Bay of Fundy on the North Atlantic Coast of British North America.

The entrance to this bay is exceedingly narrow, being almost blocked by the Grand Manan Islands, yet opening seaward is very wide. Into this great bay the tidal wave rolls majestically until it meets with the obstructing islands, and then it rages and tears its way between them and the promontory of Nova Scotia at an enormously accelerated rate. Having poured through the narrow channel between the Grand Manan and Bryer Islands, it rushes on until it finds another inlet inviting it, the Basin of Minas.

Into this it turns at a rapid pace, as if remembering how much it has to do in the short time allotted to it, when suddenly it meets with the very narrow straight between Cape Blomidon and Cape Sharp. Now its fury knows no bounds.

The incalculable mass of water piles itself up between these two bluffs in its mad hurry to get forward until the sight may be seen of dry land only a few hundred yards ahead of a volume of water deep enough to float a line of battleships. This great wave rushes up the estuary, filling all the creeks and bays, until it reaches the head of Cobequid Bay, Horton Bluff and Windsor. It seems incredible, but it is a fact that at Horton Bluff the tide rises sixty feet above low-water mark.

What that meant in the way of alteration of the physical aspect of the country during the time of high water almost passes the bounds of description as does the volume of water required to effect that transformation in so short a time transcend all ordinary calculation. A space of many hundreds of square miles at 8 a. m. is bare and waterless, a sandy rocky desert without apparently any means of communication, so rugged is the country, and also, without, as far as can be seen being of the slightest service to man.

Presently with a deep hollow roar as of an approaching earthquake, the advancing tidal wave comes rushing up the narrow estuary. In its mad career it seems as if it would tear

up the solid foundations of the earth. And while spellbound, the onlooker gazes upon this rush of the ocean ravines become bays, ugly banks are hidden, towering rocks are submerged and what was a desolate impassable region of most forbidding aspect has become a noble expanse of navigable water whereon may float the largest ships in the world. After this transformation has taken place shortly after midday, from breakfast time.

Viewed commercially, what an amazing waste of power is here. The mild almost reels in contemplation of the potentialities offering themselves in this unthinkable mass of water raised to such a height twice a day by a calm suasion of the moon. Some day men will find it comparatively easy to set this lifted mass of water to work on its way back, and the power that those pioneers will command will make Niagara but a child's toy in comparison.

For, being entirely outside the beneficent range of the Gulf Stream, this coast is so cold that the sea itself freezes. And were it not for the tremendous changes in tide level nothing could well be more certain than that it would freeze as solidly as do the Arctic seas. But the waters do not get sufficient repose for that. Twice daily that mighty influx of water takes place, hurling before it floods and miniature icebergs produced by the intense cold—hurling them against the land with thunderous impact, grinding them against the rocks and each other until the whole agitated sea is a pure of ice fragments. The interregnum, or more properly, the mixture of slack water takes place and the swirl and crash ceases. All is still, save for the cracking of congelation as the half-frozen sea strives to become solid.

Then comes the call of the ebb. There is a gentle movement seaward and the partial congelation ceases, the disunited masses begin to circulate round one another. Gradually the movement grows more definite, its direction more settled, until the whole mass of half-frozen water is rushing resistlessly on its way to the ocean again, leaving behind it the barren, forbidding bed of the great bay to its misery and loneliness and utter desolation.

BASE BALL.

BASE BALL TALES.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—With the baseball season at an end, now comes the interesting part of the year, when the players and fans gather around the fires at the Log Cabin in Chicago and fight the battles all over again. The players have broken training and no one cares if once in a while they do breast the mahogany and indulge moderately in that which loosens their tongues, giving up secrets of the diamond which do not find their way into the newspapers as a rule.

The Log Cabin, is without question, the winter baseball center of the universe. There they have the addresses of everyone prominent in baseball, and generally can locate the men who have been out of the game for years. The sporting editors are gorged with news during the summer months, but in the winter time they have to fall back on the Cabin. It is the first place to which players migrate and umpires resort when striking Chicago.

Many of them have time idle on their hands and they can generally kill it for keeps at the Cabin. The player fraternizes and abuses to his heart's content the umpire who soaked him during the season, and they also enjoy the privilege of telling their managers just what they really think of them, and they run no risk of being fined either.

J. Peck Sharp, who knows more ball players than anyone else in the country, will continue in charge of the cabin, and that in itself bespeaks a successful season, as Peck is a great drawing card and baseball men go miles in order to have a word with Peck. He is too fat to play now, but never misses a good game. When anyone questions Peck's standing in the baseball world, all he has to do is pull out his pass to the American league grounds, and is shown that Charley Comiskey honored him by giving him the first complimentary book issued. To make it strong, Peck's father received Book No. 2.

There is one man who calls regularly at the Cabin who always causes a stir. He came in early this year, in fact made a mid-summer call. There is hardly a newspaper man in the world who does not know Charles Kilpatrick, the one-legged man, who is glad of it, for he makes one leg do the work of three. He has broken into every branch of sport, skating, swimming, bicycling, base ball, pugilism, etc. He is always good for half a dozen stories, but one he told the other day is considered the best that he ever told.

UPPER MAUGERVILLE.

November 4.—The remains of Herman Treadwell, little son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Treadwell, were interred at the Baptist cemetery here yesterday. Rev. Mr. Boyer, of Gibson, conducted the services. Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell wish through the Herald to thank their friends for kind sympathy extended to them in their recent trouble.

The farmers in this vicinity have about all their crops in.

Mrs. Thomas Robinson was in town

THE DETECTIVE STORY

Origin and Growth of the Clever Amateur Sleuth.

VOLTAIRE WAS HIS CREATOR.

The Great French Writer Introduced Him to the World of Fiction—The Genius of Poe and Gaboriau and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Most persons who read detective stories, and most literary critics, too, believe that this very popular form of fiction was invented by Edgar Allan Poe. They point to his story of "The Purloined Letter" as being the first of its kind—the first in which is introduced the man of keen mind, of close reasoning and of constructive imagination, who is able to piece together certain facts that are known and then by brilliant deduction to pass from them to other facts which are not known, but the truth of which he is able to establish beyond a doubt.

Poe himself had a mind precisely of this character—the mind of a mathematician, subtle, logical and capable of searching analysis. He once gave a remarkable illustration of what he could do as an investigator of mysterious crime. A young shopgirl named Mary Rogers was found murdered under circumstances which excited great public interest in New York. The police were completely baffled, though they advanced a theory which was plausible in part. Poe, taking the facts that were admitted, wove them into a story, the scene of which he laid in Paris and which he called "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Then from what was known he passed by deductive reasoning to what was quite unknown and worked out a solution to the puzzle which no professional detective had been able to explain.

Years afterward the confession of a dying man afforded proof that Poe was right and that he had reconstructed accurately the whole series of events which led to the death of Mary Rogers. This remarkable achievement fixed in the public mind the notion that this use of logic blended with imagination was original with Poe. As a matter of fact, it is almost certain that Poe, who was deeply versed in French literature, got the suggestion of the method from reading certain passages in the oriental tale called "Zadig," by Voltaire. In this book a young man is questioned as to whether he had seen a stray dog and horse that might have passed him on his journey. In reply he describes very accurately the peculiarities of both, though he had not seen them. He had deduced his knowledge from observing certain indications along the way—the nature of the footprints and many other signs which the ordinary person would either not have noticed or would have been too dull to understand. Here is really the germ of the conception which Poe so brilliantly elaborated in the story of "The Purloined Letter," where we find exhibited the striking contrast between the working of a usual mind and the achievements of a mind of exceptional power and training.

Poe's central figure, the amateur detective, was afterward caught up and elaborated with great effect by several French writers, of whom the chief was Emile Gaboriau. Gaboriau gave the world the character of M. Lecoq in the remarkable novel of that name. Lecoq is a professional detective, but appears in that book as a novice, inexperienced, but full of intelligence and enthusiasm and obliged to work out his clues against the secret opposition of his official chief, Gevrot, who is jealous of the young detective. In the background is the interesting figure of the real amateur detective, old Father Tire-au-Clair ("Bring-to-light"), a retired tradesman who studies crime from sheer love of the intellectual puzzle which it affords him and which he solves by purely scientific deduction. Sir Conan Doyle in creating Sherlock Holmes openly acknowledged his great indebtedness to Poe. Like Poe's hero, Holmes works apart from the official police and is consulted by them when they are wholly at a loss. Many of the incidents in the Holmes cycle of stories were suggested by the inventions of Poe. Yet it is only fair to say that Doyle has gone one step further than his master. Poe's characters are abstractions. They are like chessmen on the board and excite interest only because of the complexity of the problem which they are made to solve. Doyle's characters, on the other hand, are drawn with sympathy and a shrewd insight into human nature. They entertain us by their whims and individual traits no less than by the adventures through which they pass. Thus Holmes' addiction to the cocaine habit, his trick of smoking great quantities of shag tobacco when thinking out a problem, his dislike of women, his skill as a boxer—in fact, a score of traits all give him individuality and make us think of him as a fascinating character quite apart from his powers as a deductive reasoner. And it is so with the minor personages as well—Watson, the somewhat obtuse chronicler of the adventures; Lestrade and Gregson of the official police and Moriarty, the arch criminal.

But, however brilliant Poe may have been, or however ingeniously Gaboriau may have spun tangled plots, or however Conan Doyle may have given life and reality to the central figure of his stories, they all derive their inspiration, whether consciously or not, from the clever tale told by the famous Frenchman before Poe saw the light.—Scrap Book.

Women Who Think.

If you are a thinking woman, and you no doubt think you are, the following will make you think.

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THOUGHTFUL, INTELLIGENT WOMEN use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for many good reasons. It enables them to avoid the disagreeable questionings and abhorrent examinations generally deemed necessary by the family physician. It cures in the privacy of the home. If, however, you want the advice of a skilled specialist in woman's peculiar maladies, write or call upon Dr. R. V. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Next to obtaining Dr. Pierce's Personal advice, you will find his great book—The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book of over a thousand pages, copiously illustrated—offers many valuable suggestions to invalid women. It has been lately revised and brought up-to-date. Costs only 50 one-cent stamps for cloth bound, or 31 stamps in paper binding—just to cover cost of mailing only. Address as above.

Recently a lady better versed in the realms of philosophy than in kitchen lore accompanied a friend on a marketing expedition. Mrs. Ph. D. expressed her amazement when the butcher gave the price of lamb chops as 25 cents a pound. Why, she insisted, I should think chops would be very expensive, since each animal has only two.

"He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman. "Yes," answered the other, "he's like our parrot at home. It does not know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."

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