GIFTS FROM SPACE

Wonderful Meteorites That Drop to Us Out of the Sky.

ONCE REGARDED AS SACRED.

In the Early Days They Were Objects of Reverence and Worship as Is the Famous Stone at Mecca Today—Their Fiery Flight to Earth.

In considering the wonders of the universe have you ever realized how conspicuous among them are the meteorites, those wonderful messages dropped from the sky for us to wonder at and study? They are the only material objects which come to the earth from the vast outer world.

Among the collections shown in the National museum at Washington is a remarkably fine exhibit of meteorites. It includes complete meteorites ranging in size from the merest pebbles to great bewilder like masses and casts reproducing giant forms like that of Bacubirito, which has been estimated to weigh twenty-five tons and still rests where it fell in Mexico.

The National museum has issued a handbook and descriptive catalogue of the meteorite collections in the museum, written by Dr. George P. Merrill, head curator of geology, from which the following is an abstract.

Although meteorites presumably have fallen since time immemorial skepticism was felt at first by both the popular and scientific minds regarding the possibilities of stones falling from space. In the few early recorded cases where meteorites seen to fall were recovered they were regarded as objects of reverence and worship. A stone which fell in ancient Phrygia, in Asia Minor, about 200 years before Christ was worshiped as Cybele, the mother of the gods. Another which dates back to the seventh century is still preserved at Mecca, where it is built into the northeast corner of the Ka'aba and revered as one of the holiest of relics. The great Casas Grandes iron weighing about 3,000 pounds now in the national collection at Washington was found in an ancient Mexican ruin swathed in mummy clothes in a manner to indicate that it was held in more than ordinary veneration by the prehistoric inhabitants.

The earliest known undoubted meteorites still preserved are those of Elbogen, Bohemia, and Ensisheim, Upper Alsace. The first mentioned is iron, the second a stone. The iron was found somewhere about the year 1400 of our era. The Ensisheim stone, seen to fall on Nov. 16, 1492, about the time Columbus made his discoveries, was accompanied with a loud crash like thunder. Portions of this stone are to be seen in the National museum exhibit.

The fall of a meteorite is usually accompanied by noises variously described as resembling the fire of musketry, cannonading or even thunder. If the fall takes place during the periods of darkness it is also accompanied by a flash of light and [illegible] luminous rocket like trail. These phenomena are due to the rapid passage of the objects through the air and a consequent rise in temperature sufficient to produce fusion of the outer surface and even ignition, thus giving rise to the thin, dark, glasslike crust which is found to cover all stony meteorites.

The time of passage through the atmosphere is however too short to permit the heat to penetrate to great depths, and nearly all meteorites are quite cool or scarcely warm on reaching the surface of the ground. It is to the sudden rise in temperature and pressure of the atmosphere that the breaking up of a meteorite and its reaching the ground as a shower of fragments rather than a single individual are due.

We have little to guide us in estimating the speed at which a meteorite reaches the earth and its consequent power of penetration. The velocities as given by various observers vary between two and forty five miles a second. The greatest recorded depth of penetration of a meteoric stone is that of Knyahinya, Hungary, where a 500 pound stone penetrated to a depth of eleven feet. On the other hand still heavier masses have been found under such conditions as to lead one to infer that they scarcely buried themselves.

All statements relative to the temperature of meteorites immediately after reaching the ground must be accepted guardedly, owing to their extremely contradictory character. Some stones which fell in Styria in 1859 are stated to have remained in a state of incandescence for over five seconds and for a quarter of an hour were too hot to be handled. On the other hand, the Dhurmsala stone is said to have been intensely cold when picked up immediately after falling.

The largest known meteoric mass is that brought by Commander Peary from Cape York, Greenland. It weighed 73,000 pounds. The next largest lies in the plain near Bacubirito, in Mexico, and has been estimated to weigh some 50,000 pounds, while the third is that of Willamette, Ore., weighing 31,107 pounds. These are all iron meteorites. The largest known individual aerolite of meteoric stone is that of Knyahinya, Hungary, weighing some 550 pounds, now in the Vienna National museum.

Dr. Merrill says that all known meteorites were produced by the action of heat and have yielded no traces of animal or vegetable life, although parts of their peculiar structures were at one time mistaken for organic remains.

RILEY WAS SENSITIVE.

Why He Stopped Reciting One of His Poems In Public.

"As an illustration of Riley's sensitiveness," said Melville E. Stone, "he and I went alone to the theater to see Sol Smith Russell, who also belonged to the Saints and Sinners' Corner. He was playing 'The Poor Relation.' In the play was a scene where he took a young boy and put him on a table while he removed his trousers to mend them. The audience roared with laughter at the comic situation. Next to me in the box sat James Whitcomb Riley, sobbing as if his heart would break. He saw no humor in the plight of the little boy. To him it was pathos.

"He, like Eugene Field, was devoted to children. He loved them, but he loved them artistically. I am not sure that personally—that is, mind you, hanging to a man's coattails—they either of them wanted children around. They lacked the patience necessary for daily contact with children. Riley and Field could write heartbreaking verse in respect of children and put into them an inordinate amount of human sympathy, but so far as I know this was at arm's length from the youngsters themselves, especially in Field's case. Riley was ever exceedingly sympathetic. One evening Jim was reciting his poem, 'A Happy Little Cripple,' before a large audience. He had scarcely begun the lines—

"I'm thist a little crippled boy an' never goin' to grow
An' git a great big man at all, 'cause aunty told me so
When I was thist a baby onc't I falled out of the bed
An' got 'the curv'ture of the spine'—'at's what the doctor said—

when he noticed a man and a woman in the audience leaving the hall. He made inquiry and found out that they had a little lame child of their own much like the one he was describing. He resolved never to recite that poem in public again."—New York Post.

GUIDE YOUR BOY NOW.

Keep Him on the Road That Leads to the Highest Citizenship.

This is a good time to think of your boy. If you do not look after him in the right way some one will do it in the wrong way. Begin now.

Teach your boy to follow in the footsteps of his father, to respect the law, to obey his parents, to regard the rights of all men, to honor virtue, to respect womanhood and to depend upon no one but himself for his advancement.

Teach him that the Golden Rule of life will be found in the Ten Commandments. They are short. They have survived the ages. They stand today unchanged and unchallenged.

They comprise the first great written law given by God to man. Before these few commandments all man made laws fade into insignificance. Teach them to your boy. There is danger ahead if you do not.

The universal drift of mankind is toward decadence. Heredity pays its premium and also exacts its discount. The son of a good father and an affectionate mother, brought up in an atmosphere of parental regard, never will disgrace the family.

The boys of today are to be the men of tomorrow. The destinies of the American people are to be in the hands of their sons. If the boys are taught respect for the law (both human and divine), obedience to authority, manly independence and the fear of God this great nation will be a noble monument to man's capacity for self government and self control at a time when all the world is a seething cauldron of unrest, unreason and disbelief.

Teach your boy to rule, but first to rule himself.—John A. Sleicher in Leslie's Weekly.

Spanish Etiquette.

There is a curious story of how the Duke d'Aosta when king of Spain told a muleteer to whom he was talking to cover himself, the sun being hot, forgetting that by so doing he made the muleteer a grandee. Marshal Prim, to prevent this catastrophe, knocked the man's hat out of his hand, and, according to some, the muleteer had something to do with Prim's assassination that followed soon afterward.

Unusual.

"That man Thompson is one of the best friends I've got in the world. Why, ten years ago he borrowed $5 from me."

"And paid it back?"

"Oh, no. But when I meet him on the street he's just as cordial as ever."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

An Outrage.

When Major General Sir John McNeill, V. C., was badly wounded at Essaman in the Ashanti war he emerged from the bush exclaiming in angry and indignant tones as if some one had deeply insulted him, "An infernal scoundrel out there has shot me through the arm!"

Unreasonable Woman.

Mrs. Pickleton (with newspaper)—Here's a writer who figures out that in fifty years we undress for bed over 18,000 times. Pickleton—And yet you kick if I break the monotony once in awhile by going to bed with my clothes on.—Boston Transcript.

Different Proposition.

"Ajax defied the lightning."

"Yes. That was before they had electricity tamed and harnessed in wires. If Ajax were around today he wouldn't have the nerve to talk back to a telephone exchange."—Washington Star.

The envious will die, but envy never.—Moliere.

An Artistic Courtship

By ETHEL HOLMES

Gabriel Martel painted pictures for a living, but made a very poor one. At last he gave it up and became an instructor in his art. He was now a widower, an old man, and had one child, a daughter, Winifred, about twenty years old. The rooms in which he lived and gave lessons were in a studio building for persons of his profession.

One spring morning Winifred was sitting by an open window in the living room, facing the street, making clothes for herself, for her father had no money with which to buy them.

She had a very sweet face and as she bent over her work formed an attractive picture. Beardslee, who had just returned from Florence, Italy, where he had been studying and was considered a genius, saw the girl at the window and—well, he fell in love with her. I don't mean his love was full fledged the moment he laid eyes on her, but that is when it began.

He noted the position of the room in which she was sitting and, crossing the street, entered the studio building, mounted the stairs and proceeded to the door leading to the room. His object was the acquaintance of that girl. How he was to make it he didn't know, but he was full of assurance and resource and trusted to these and luck. On the door was painted "Gabriel Martel, Instructor In Painting."

Opening the door, he saw Mr. Martel standing over a small boy whom he was endeavoring to teach to draw the outline of a goblet. Winifred sat in an adjoining room.

"Beg pardon," said Beardslee. "I am desirous of taking some lessons in painting."

"Are you a beginner?" asked the instructor.

"Oh, no! I have had some practice."

Martel stated the terms, which were satisfactory, and Beardslee said he would take a lesson then and there. He sat down at an easel faced toward Winifred.

As soon as Martel had disappeared Beardslee took out some pieces of thin ivory he had in his pocket and began to paint a miniature portrait of Winifred. If his love for the girl was not yet full fledged his love for his subject was. At any rate, he made one of those rapid strokes of genius which will sometimes come without the slightest effort, but which will elude an artist on more pretentious work. Meanwhile other pupils had come in, and Beardslee heard Martel talking to them. In this way he kept a knowledge of the instructor's position, and whenever he came near the screen Beardslee would hide the miniature and begin to daub on the subject assigned him. But he had cleased that he might not be disturbed, and his instructor did not visit him till after he had finished the miniature sketch.

A few days later Winifred was [illegible] over the art [illegible] later and saw among the pictures of [illegible] one [illegible] called "At Work," by the [illegible] artist, Clarence Beardslee. It was a girl sitting by a window sewing [illegible] the stone.

"Isn't that case this window, papa?" she said, showing it to her father, "and that work stand is mine? It's a production of mine."

"And the face is yours, too," said the parent.

"It says the picture will be on exhibition at [illegible] for a few days. I'm going to see it."

The same afternoon she visited [illegible] art store and there was the miniature, into which the artist had found it not to give a suggestion of the window and the work stand. She had no sooner looked upon the face of the girl than she recognized herself. The likeness was perfect. She stood looking at it in a dream of wonder.

There is a break in the story which cannot be supplied. When Winifred went home to her father happiness bubbled up in her like a spring of limpid water. She had seen at the picture store the would be pupil of the day before. The break in the story is how did he come to be there when she was there? Nobody but himself knows, and he has never told. All Winifred said to her father about the miniature was that it was a rare work of art. The minx had brought it home with her.

There is more that does not appear in this version of the story, and that is what was going on between Beardslee and Winifred during the next month, at the end of which Martel received the surprise of his life. His former pupil of one lesson entered his instruction room and presented a card on which was the name Clarence Beardslee. Martel looked at it, then up at the visitor and wondered if one or the other of them had not lost his senses.

Winifred ran from the other room and wrapped both arms around her father.

"I came," said Beardslee, "to ask you, Mr. Martel, for your daughter."

"My daughter! You, Clarence Beardslee!"

"Yes."

Then Winifred explained matters which it is not necessary to explain here, for they are explained already, except the breaks, which in case of lovers no one can explain but themselves.

"The Worker" remains the best of Clarence Beardslee's small offhand hits. It is a gem.

SCOTS AS FIGHTERS.

They Won Fame In Former Days Under Many Different Flags.

It would be difficult to find an army in Europe which did not contain descendants of the Scottish soldier of fortune. In Sweden Gustavus Adolphus had four lieutenant generals, twenty-two colonels and many other inferior officers, all Scotsmen. In his service he owned that his conquests in Germany were due to the valor of these gallant soldiers.

In Muscovy the Bruces, the Gordons and the Douglases were famous.

Even in Germany the ubiquitous Scot was to be found, and a General Ogilvy, whose grandfather was a Scotsman, was at one time field marshal of the empire.

It was in France, however, that the Scot was rated most highly, and the old saying ran, "Fidele comme un Escossais." Louis had such a respect for these soldiers that he ordained that his body should be guarded night and day by twenty-four Scotsmen. This Scots bodyguard was continued under the reign of nine kings without intermission for 150 years.

King Charles VII raised another company of Scots, called "Gens d'Armes d'Escosse," consisting of 100 horsemen and 200 archers. This force had precedence of all the French troops.—London Chronicle.

HEADS OF ODD SHAPE.

The Kilon, Lafton and Maqbon as Described In the Talmud.

It is a matter familiar to every student of the Bible that the Hebrew priests were required to be physically as well as morally perfect, without a bodily defect or blemish, in order to be eligible to service in the temple. The Talmud, in the tractate Bechoroth, says a writer in the Medical Record, enumerates several defects which disqualify a priest from ministering in his holy office. Among these are the kilon, the lafton and the maqbon.

The condition of kilon is ascribed as a person having a peculiarly shaped head, which is pointed at the top and broad at the bottom. The lafton was a man with a head shaped exactly the opposite of the preceding. To use the expression of the Talmud, he had a head very broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, like a [illegible] pumpkin.

The expression maqbon, derived from the word hammer, refers to a hammer shaped head or, as the Talmud describes it, one with a prominent and projecting forehead and occiput.

The terse descriptions of the kilon head and lafton head given by the Talmud could not be improved on by any modern textbook in medicine.

Osman Pasha's Daring.

One of the most gallant generals that ever surrendered to the enemy was Osman Pasha, the immortal defender of Plevna. Surrounded by an immensely superior army of Russia, Osman kept his flag flying for 142 days, inflicting a loss of 40,000 men on the enemy and losing 30,000 of his own garrison. It was only when both provisions and ammunition failed that he decided on that desperate attempt to cut his way through the besieging army. The attempt [illegible] of the most daring and desperate in history, failed, and Osman was at last compelled to admit defeat. [illegible] however were the [illegible] with his valor that as he was carried wounded through their ranks they greeted him as a conqueror with cheers and presented arms.

Two Days In One

Chatham island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at 12 noon on Sunday Sunday ceases and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.—London Globe.

Painting Overhead.

When it is necessary to paint a window or any object overhead the paint or liquid usually runs off the handle of the brush and then over the worker's hands. If you will take two pieces of tin soldered at the ends, says C. H. Thomas in the Popular Science Monthly, and tack them on either side of the brush below the bristles, you will have a little cup which catches this overflow paint. Each time the brush is dipped into the paint can the shield is automatically emptied.

Sure.

Mrs. Smiley—Here we've been married ten years, and my husband still says I'm an angel. Her Friend—But does he really mean it, my dear? Mrs. S.—Perhaps not. But don't you think I'm lucky to have a husband who pretends to mean it?—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Architecture.

A distinguished philosopher spoke of architecture as frozen music, and his assertion caused many to shake their heads. We believe this really beautiful idea could not be better reintroduced than by calling architecture silent music. Goethe.

His Choice.

"A bad beginning means a good ending."

"That may be, but if I can have my choice I'll take the fine start every time."—Detroit Free Press.

His Own Counsel

By ALAN HINSDALE

I am a mechanic, and my specialty is safe locks. I was sent one day to open the safe of Aaron Farnsworth & Co., the only person who knew the combination being at the point of death and it being necessary that certain funds be got out. It is unwise to force a safe lock if there is any other way to open it, and I questioned those for whom I was to do the job with a view to discovering if some one else than the sick person knew the combination. Edgar Sharpley, the assistant of Robert Wendell, the financial man of the concern, admitted that he had known the combination, but had forgotten it.

Thinking I might help him to remember it, I suggested that he make a trial at recalling it by turning the knob. He placed himself before the safe and began to make the turns, but nothing came to him. I listened for a sound within the lock while he was doing so, but failed to hear any indication of anything dropping. He seemed to me to be nervous, and I noticed that his hand trembled.

Failing to elicit anything from him, I went to work and in the course of a couple of hours opened the safe. There was no one in the room where I was when I finished the job, and after opening the safe door and shutting it I went out into the main office to report what I had done. I returned with the junior partner, who was two or three yards behind me.

In an [illegible] beside the door through which I entered was a stationary washstand, over which hung a mirror. As I passed into the safe room something [illegible] me to glance aside. In the mirror I saw a reflection of Sharpley. He was standing with his hand on the knob of a door opposite the mirror, leading into the room. As I entered he closed the door softly, thus shutting himself out of the room.

It was evident to me that he did not know that I was aware of his presence. This I knew, not only by the [illegible] he took to make no sound in closing the door behind him. However, I thought little of the matter. I had not been out of the room a minute, and Sharpley had been intrusted with the combination of the lock. This indicated that he was trustworthy; indeed, if he had wanted to take funds from the safe he could have done it long ago.

I turned the opened safe over to the junior partner and, being told that when my further services were wanted I would be sent for, I gathered up my tools and went away.

That evening when I was sitting down to supper with my wife and kids two men came in, and one of them, showing the badge of a deputy sheriff, arrested me. They not only searched me, but searched the house. Astonished, I asked them what was the charge against me, but they gave me no answer. When they took me away [illegible] children [illegible] been [illegible] for [illegible] sight of my [illegible] in a mirror in a [illegible].

[illegible] Sharpley as I saw it [illegible] to shut the door of [illegible] room was [illegible] by my [illegible]. [illegible] of those singular [illegible] connections in the brain [illegible] incidents, I saw an explanation for my arrest. It did not come to me by degrees, but flashed upon me suddenly. It was this:

Money had been missed from the safe I had opened. Sharpley had taken [illegible] of working the safe to extract funds, that I might [illegible] that I had been the thief. If [illegible] against me [illegible] having had access to the [illegible] in my favor, for my word that I had seen Sharpley's reflection in a mirror when he was leaving the safe room would be worth [illegible].

I was locked up in default of bail and during the night instead of sleeping [illegible] upon [illegible] of springing upon him that I had seen his reflection in the mirror as he left the safe room. In the morning I asked permission to tell Aaron Farnsworth my story. I was taken to his office and before beginning my defense asked that the whole office force be admitted to hear it. This of course included Sharpley. When all were present I asked him if he was not in the safe room when I left it to announce that I had opened the safe. He replied in the negative. He stammered that he could not remember.

I asked the partners to adjourn to the safe room, and when there I placed Sharpley at the door as I had seen him, it being partly open, with his hand on the knob. Then I asked Mr. Farnsworth to enter the room from the main office as I had entered it and glance aside into the mirror as he came in. He did so and saw Sharpley's image, now pale as a ghost, for he knew that I had seen his reflection before he closed the door.

"That is all the defense I can make," I said. "When I returned from announcing that I had opened the safe I saw Mr. Sharpley reflected in the mirror as I have just placed him."

Sharpley was arrested, the missing funds found between the mattresses of his bed, and he confessed all on the same day. I was returned to my home and family.

I was told by lawyers that I had handled my case beautifully. I doubt if I could have saved myself in any other way.

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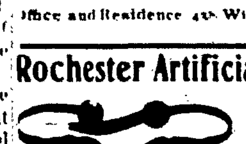
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