

Lines as Rich as Those of South Africa, Perhaps, Near Hudson's Bay. Somewhere in the far North, south of Hudson's Bay, lie undiscovered diamond fields as rich as those of South Africa. At least, this is the assertion of Professor W. H. Hobbs in an article written for the Popular Science Monthly.

In proof of his remarkable statement Professor Hobbs has prepared a map which shows within a few hundred miles where the great diamond belt may be found.

The reason of his investigation was the discovery of the following seven diamonds in Wisconsin and adjoining States:

- 'Eagle stone' ..... 16 carats
Oregon diamond ..... 4 carats
Kohlville diamond ..... 21 carats
Bauville diamond ..... 6 carats
Burlington diamond ..... 2 carats
'Dowagiac stone' ..... 11 carats
Milford diamond ..... 6 carats

These diamonds were picked up by farmers who were ignorant of their worth, and kept as curios for years before their true value was discovered.

The Saukville diamond was kept on the clock shelf of a farmhouse for sixteen years before it was recognized as anything but a curious bit of bright quartz.

The 'Eagle stone' was kept for seven years and then sold to a Milwaukee jeweler for a dollar, neither buyer nor seller having any idea of its worth.

Perhaps the strangest fact about these discoveries that attracted the attention of Professor Hobbs was that the soil in which these seven diamonds were found was not in any case the kind from which diamonds could be produced.

In spite of all the digging and delving that followed every discovery no second stone was ever found.

Professor Hobbs soon discovered that all these diamonds, besides a number of smaller ones, had been found along the ridges of land from millions of years ago by the great glaciers that had moved down from the north.

He at once concluded that the precious gems had been carried to the places where they were found by those moving icefields that are known to have existed long before there was any life on this planet.

When at last the glaciers stopped and melted, the diamonds which they had carried on their backs were dropped upon the ground, to be discovered ages afterward by Wisconsin farmers.

The important question, therefore, to be answered is: At what place did the glaciers pick up the diamonds?

Professor Hobbs replies by tracing seven lines northward from the places where the stones were found, showing that they come almost to a point just south of Hudson Bay.

'The ancestral home of these diamonds,' says Professor Hobbs, 'must be in the wilderness of Canada between the points where the several tracks converge upon one another. It is by no means improbable that when the barren territory about Hudson Bay is thoroughly explored a region for profitable diamond mining may be revealed.'—New York World.

The Unknown Swamp.

Within twenty miles of one of the largest and most energetic of the Southern cities of the coast, and on the border lands of two of the oldest Southern States, there lies a district some two or three hundred square miles in extent, but little better known at this day than it was 150 years ago when George Washington himself laid out a route through its wilderness. The name alone, 'The Dismal Swamp,' is a by-word everywhere. When the spring is far enough along for the wild honeysuckle and jasmint and the arbutus vines to be hanging in delicious masses over the sides of the ditches and reaching down to the red-brown water, of a color so clear and warm and sunny, then there is a festival time in the Swamp. Companies of young people come from the villages lying around the borders of the swamp, twenty or thirty at a time, with some slight camping outfit, embark on large, flat-bottomed dugouts that draw but little water, and they are poled up the ditches for ten or twelve miles from the fertile farm lands of the outer world to the savagely luxuriant beauty of a lake hidden in the midst of the wilderness. Then at a camp on the lake shore they spend a night or two, fishing in the lake, poling along its shores, doing a little shooting perhaps, much dancing in the evenings and merry-making, until they are poled out again, often by a different route. A real spring festival that has been a habit in that country for many years.—Leslie's Monthly.

Colors Injurious.

Experiments with glass of various colors in greenhouses indicate that nothing is better than plain uncolored glass. With violet colored glass the size of fruit was decreased, and quality injured and the earliness retarded, although the number of fruit was greater. Other colors were injurious in every way.

Not Feared by Lightning.

A curious characteristic peculiar to the California redwood tree is that if the head is cut off by lightning a new one will gradually grow out in its place as shapely as the first.

If a woman is a widow, and has a solemn 12-year-old daughter, the girl has her duties the same as any chaperon.

Don't you complain too much, and don't you find too much fault? Think it over.

Science AND Invention

The electric life-saving hook of J. McKenna, a Scotchman, is a long pole with a hook and an electric light at the outer end. The light is made to glow when seeking a body in the water at night.

The hearing of fishes has been much debated. The presence of an internal ear has given reason for believing in the existence of this sense, but other evidence has led to the conclusion that the function of the ear is to preserve the equilibrium of the fish in the water, sound being felt through the skin and not heard. From late experiments, in which the nerves of the skin and of the ear were cut in turn, G. H. Parker finds that at least one species (Fundulus heteroclitus) must hear with the ear.

A phenomenon known as 'cavitation' has lately come to be recognized as one of the most important causes of loss of efficiency in the driving screws of steamships. When the velocity of the screw is increased above a certain limit a cavity is formed in the water inside which the screw revolves, and a further increase of power then causes no increase of the ship's speed. Mathematical investigation, tested by practical experiments, has shown that cavitation can be avoided by preserving a certain ratio between the resistance and the propelling surface concerned. Upon this principle the speed of some vessels has been greatly increased by simply changing their driving screws.

The United States consul at Progreso says that the fields and gardens of Yucatan are filled with useful vegetables and fragrant herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields are grown species of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers for which, in this country, we have no name, because we have never seen or heard of them. In the forests and jungles grow wild fruits, already excellent in quality, which could be made delicious by scientific cultivation. Mr. Thompson, the consul, avers that there are half a score of wild fruits which offer more promising results to cultivation than ever did the bitter wild almond, which was the progenitor of the peach. There are six varieties of Indian corn in Yucatan, and the natives speak of this plant as 'the grace of God.'

Mr. E. A. Martel, the celebrated explorer of French caverns, has lately been explaining, before the Academy of Sciences, the remarkable variations in the flow of the great natural fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, which has been famous for ages, and is connected with the romance of Petrarch and Laura, excites the admiration of all travelers. Arthur Young visited it, during his travels in France on the eve of the great revolution, and gave a delightful sketch of it in his book. The fountain is so abundant with water that it gives rise to the Sorgue, a small river. Mr. Martel says, in fact, that the fountain is the debouchment of a river, which, in the upper part of its course, flows entirely underground; and he explains the curious irregularities in the quantity and the temperature of the water by certain assumptions as to the shape and size of the subterranean cavities that give it passage.

A WORLD'S WONDER.

Such is the Rapid March of Events in the Great Northwest.

In the Northwest everything seems to have happened within the last ten years; events which would be of epoch-making importance in any country at any time have here crowded one upon another with wanton prodigality, so that the Northwesterner, plumped down in the whirl of great things, can himself hardly grasp their full significance, contenting himself with confused superlatives.

Think of this march of events! It was barely eight years ago that the gold fields of the Klondike were brought to the knowledge of the world, causing a rush of Americans to the Northwest, and building up suddenly a new and important business for the Puget Sound ports, where the miners outfitted and took ship. Following the Klondike excitement, came the various Alaska discoveries, and Seattle and Tacoma were and the the natural headquarters for most of the supplies shipped northward as well as the entry point for the returning miners with their treasure, not a little of which is left to enrich the people of the ports. Hardly had the gold excitement calmed to the paces of a steady business enterprise when the Spanish War broke out, and these Pacific cities were thrown into the turmoil of visiting battleships and of provisioning and transporting the army of the Philippines. Then came the opening trade with our new insular possessions in the Pacific, the Chinese War and its call for equipment and its stir of soldiery and transports, followed by the recent commercial expansion of Japan, with its trade bands. And now an element has just entered into the calculations of the coast—the construction of the Panama Canal—which will revolutionize whole departments of the world's trade and exercise a profound influence for good or evil on the cities of the Northwestern coast.

Many of the events, it is true, notably the opening of the door to the Far East, are mostly promissory assets, and yet their prophecy of a golden future has not been without its profound effect on the growth of the Pacific cities and the attraction of energetic men

with money. To the Pacific ports will ultimately come most of the trade of the Philippines, worth sixty millions annually, and a growing share of the billion dollars or more of the annual business of China, Japan, Siberia and the Dutch East Indies, to say nothing of the large foreign trade of Australia and New Zealand. Alaska, once regarded as a hopelessly distant and irremediable waste of mountains and snow, is also progressing with wonderful rapidity, not only in its mines, but in the development of its fisheries and in the utilization of its forests and its agricultural resources, so that to-day the Alaskan trade is of much importance.

While these world events were crowding upon one another, the development of the country tributary to the coast, upon which the solid progress of the cities must ultimately rest, was going forward with unprecedented rapidity. Western Canada was opening to settlement, is opening now, in a marvelous manner; railroads were building; schemes for bringing the arid lands were in course of development; crop production was increasing; timber was being cut from an almost inexhaustible supply, to supplement the waning forests of Maine and Michigan; coal mines were being opened, and salmon caught—all the forces of industry working together with a rapidity which must always remain a world's wonder.—Century.

TEARS WON HIS CASE.

Ragged Youngster Stole Book from a Public Library.

It was just after the close of school yesterday that a public school teacher walked into the private office of Mrs. Whitney at the public library. Following closely in her wake was a little dark haired youngster, with big, frightened brown eyes, dressed in ragged coat and trousers and shoes that would not have protected his feet from the cold even in bright weather. The teacher looked sternly at the boy, drew from under her arm a brightly colored book and handed it to Mrs. Whitney.

'Here is a book, Mrs. Whitney, which this boy stole from the library,' she said. 'Now, I will turn him over to you and you may do with him as you like.'

She turned and left the office and the boy stood in the center of the room, slowly turning his cap in his hands.

'Sit down,' said Mrs. Whitney. 'Now, when did you take that book?' she asked, when he was seated in the big chair opposite.

'Saturday,' he answered, almost inaudibly, while he kept his big eyes fastened upon her face. Then the tears began to gather and make white streaks down his grimy little face.

'Saturday. And why did you take it?'

'Cause it was pretty and 'cause—'—'cause I ain't never—ain't never had no book for my very own,' he said, and his voice was almost choked trying to keep back the tears. Mrs. Whitney had meant to be stern; her heart got the better of her at this point, and there were tears in her own eyes as she answered him.

'Don't you know that it's very wrong to take anything without asking? Why, you could have taken that book home and kept it for a while, if you had asked. All of the books in the children's room are part yours and you may have any one of them any time you ask for it. If you want a book for your own, come down some time and ask Miss Read for one of those which have lost a leaf or two, and you may take it home. You will remember?'

'Yes'm, I will,' and the big, brown eyes smiled gratefully into hers as he left the office.—Kansas City Journal.

Unfamiliar with the Subject.

One of the college clubs gave a reception last fall to the members of the football team. It was a great night for the club. An important game had just taken place, and the home team had won. There were speeches and songs and cheers. Finally some one called for the trainer. For four years he had been responsible for the physical fitness of all the college teams, and he was as proud of their excellence as any graduate present. But his forte was deeds, not words. Finally, however, he got warmed up to the occasion, and this, according to the New York Evening Post, is what he said:

'The only trouble up here,' he began, 'is the system. It's all wrong, and we're lucky to have as good a string as we've got over there,' jerking his thumb at the team. 'To illustrate: The cry is 'Every man come out,' but the men that come out ain't any good at their books, and the booky ones ain't strong enough for the field. 'Why, I remember when college opened and the candidates trotted out, I set my eyes on a likely lad, and said to Mr. Lamson and Mr. Briggs, 'He's a find; just what we've been looking for.' Then he disappeared, and I didn't set eyes on him again till last week, when I met him going to recitation. 'Hey, you?' says I. 'Why haven't you been out?'

'Got a condition,' says he.

'Why don't you work it off?' I asks.

'Been trying to,' he growls, 'but it's something I never studied before.'

'What is it?' says I.

'English,' says he.

In the boat that followed this naive tale the trainer had hard work to make himself heard. He grow red in the face, waved his hands deprecatingly, and sat down, with the remark: 'The system's all wrong.'

After a fine band concert, poor plans playing actually hurt.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Work and Leisure.

MAINE motorman, having come into a fortune of \$60,000, announces that he will continue to work for the company that now employs him. His money at 5 per cent would give him leisure and an income six times as great as his wages, but work is his choice. The president of Harvard, who said in Boston the other day that a man should work as hard and as long as his health permits, will be interested in this Maine motorman, John C. Tripp.

But the possession of wealth puts obligations on Tripp. He must try to do more to earn his week's wages. He must aspire to rise until, like Motorman Root, who was running a car seven years ago, he becomes general manager of his company. He must cultivate his mind as much as he can, studying books and men and politics, making himself every year a more useful member of society. He must dress as well as his purse permits, and educate his children, if he has them, and give his fellow motormen a helping hand and be good to the poor. His fortune will make life more complex for him, loading him with new responsibilities. He will find enough to do to keep him busy if he does not seek to shirk his obligations.

And a word about President Eliot's precept regarding hard work. It is the salvation of man that he is obliged to labor. He is happier than he would be under enforced idleness and more useful to society and to himself. And to work a little harder than you have to—that is the secret of success.

Relaxation in its place is equally beneficial. The Harvard president gets it when he goes to a Boston symphony concert or makes an after-dinner speech. He got it as a youth rowing a boat with other undergraduates on the Charles River. If he had spent that leisure or were to spend it now in hard mental labor unremitted we do not suppose he would be any greater man than he is, any more than we can suppose a motorman or a miner working hours overtime would be more servicable to his employer or better equipped for the next day's work. There is much to be said to the contrary, and much to be said about that moderation which secures for the toiler a proper relation between work and leisure.—New York World.

Learn to Forget Injuries.

SOME people are so intent on revenging their injuries that they never have time to accomplish anything worth while for themselves. From a purely selfish and practical standpoint, not to consider the moral aspect of the matter, revenge is not worth the trouble that it takes to accomplish. A man had better employ himself in honest, productive labor which will bring him some valuable returns instead of giving himself up to petty schemes for 'getting even' on his enemies. Every man would do well to wipe out all these old scores of enmity which he had intended to pay back by evil retaliation, and start afresh to do something honest and positively beneficial for himself.

After all, most of our enemies would be our friends if we knew one another better. Few men are wholly or maliciously evil, and when one does another an injury there is usually some misunderstanding at the bottom of it. How often it happens that mutually hostile men, having been thrown together by chance and become mutually acquainted, conceive a warm friendship for each other? This is a busy world and life is too short to remember grievances a long while or to take trouble for the sake of obtaining revenge. A man must learn to forget injuries as well as to remember favors, else he will go backward instead of forward in life. The past is dead. Let it be. Think of the future and endeavor to build up your own fortune and happiness instead of tearing down the fortune and happiness of your enemy, who may be, for all you know, some decent fellow not nearly so black as you paint him.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Vandalism at Niagara.

LAMENTATIONS come from Niagara Falls over the intrusion of power-houses and industrial innovations upon the scenery. The American side has not been helped aesthetically by the various means devised to make the river run in harness, but the reservation of the State of New York seems to have been reasonably well guarded. Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, has not fared so well. Vociferous complaints are made about the

ABSENT-MINDED VICTIMS.

Ludicrous Tales Told of Their Extraordinary Performances.

A peculiar trait of humanity is what is called absent-mindedness, and many are the amusing stories told of those suffering from this species of mental aberration.

A Cambridge professor, whose fits of mental aberration were as frequent as they were amusing, was one day out in a heavy rain, with his umbrella held high over his head, when he met a friend, who stopped him and exclaimed: 'Dear me, Prof. M., why don't you put up your umbrella? You'll be drenched!'

'Put up my umbrella?' said the professor. 'It is up.'

For half an hour, more or less, the professor had been walking the streets with a closed umbrella held above his head.

At another time the same scholar was riding downtown in an electric car, and lost himself in a book he was reading. Suddenly he noticed symptoms of merriment among the other passengers. What could they be laughing at?

The mystery was explained when he discovered that, having been annoyed by something between the plate of his artificial teeth and the roof of his mouth, he had removed the teeth and was holding them up to view between the thumb and finger of his hand!

Still more embarrassing was the case of a lady who hurried into church one Sunday morning without her bonnet, and when reminded of the omission by her husband, who had preceded her by several minutes, rose hastily and hurried up the broad aisle with a large red parasol raised and held close to her head!

A certain old man suffered much from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant.

'Thomas,' he would say, 'I have just been looking for something, and

alarming concessions of the Canadian commissioners to tunnel-builders and power companies on that side of the river. Several power-houses are being built in Victoria Park itself, and, worst of all, another is building in the gorge at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. The Canadian commission has shown itself so indulgent to industrial companies that confidence in it is violently shaken. The New York commissioners have made a protest against its concessions, and the feeling is that, bad as is what has been done, there is only too much reason to fear that worse remains behind. Another ominous enterprise is going on at Niagara. An American company is using electricity to extract nitrogen products from air. Mr. Wells writes a prophetic story that turned on the discovery of a process for getting nitrogen out of the air and turning it into food. The upshot of the tale was that the atmosphere was deprived of so much nitrogen that the resulting excess of hydrogen made every one tipsy, and thing went from bad to worse, until finally the atmosphere took fire. If any such process as that has begun at Niagara the police should be notified. Whatever needs to be done to restrain the liberality of the Victoria Park commission must be done by the people or Government of Canada. All we can do is to spread the tale of vandalism and stir remonstrance.—Harper's Weekly.

The Metric System.

THE action of the international customs congress, which has recently been in session in New York, in voting unanimously in favor of the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures, is another indication of the growing popularity of that system. It has spread so rapidly that the European states, with the exception of England and Russia, have adopted it, as have the South American states and Mexico, and even Turkey and Egypt.

Both in England and Russia the sentiment is growing steadily in favor of the change. There are 290 members of the present House of Commons in England in favor of the metric system, and the Premier, in speaking on the subject, said: 'There can be no doubt whatever that the judgment of the whole civilized world, not excluding the countries which still adhere to the antiquated systems under which we suffer, has long decided that the metric system is the only rational system.'

Opinion in the United States is divided on the subject, but the people of this country will have to consider whether they want to be out of harmony with all other nations on this continent and in Europe on this subject. It certainly will not be advantageous to our foreign trade.

A recent consular report from Mr. Mason, in Berlin, deals particularly with this phase of the case. Germany made the change in 1872 without difficulty, and Consul Mason says that public opinion there is unanimously of the opinion that great advantage has been derived from the change. Inquiry among importers led the consul to believe that our trade was injured by the use of the awkward system at present employed in the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

Shall Clergymen Work as Mechanics?

A prominent Philadelphia clergyman urges young men who contemplate entering the ministry to learn some trade either before or after ordination. He is moved to give this advice by the large number of ministers who are without a charge. As the number of ministers without charges is increasing rather than diminishing, the most effective way to comply with the law of demand and supply would be to reduce the supply. It could hardly happen otherwise than that, under the plan proposed, there would be either poor clergymen or poor mechanics. The ministry is an exacting profession, and in the present strife for mastery in mechanics the inferior is left behind. If it should appear that that inferior was also a clergyman his value as a mechanic would not be enhanced. There has never been a time when high scholarship was more urgently required in the pulpit than at present. Not only does the layman incline more to enquiry than formerly, but he enters the theological debate with better equipment. If the teachings of the scientists of the nineteenth century do not possess the force of divine authority they furnish arguments with which the skeptical layman may confuse the minister who has not had time to study both sides of the theological question.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Chinese Fruits.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' Now that China is being opened to civilization Western nations may have many things, both strange and good, from that country. A writer in Garden and Farm says that some of the Chinese fruits, cunningly coaxed and lovingly cherished through many centuries, are said by travelers to be delicious.

There is an orange grown in China, that is reported to surpass in sweetness and delicacy any of the oranges to which the people of Europe or America are accustomed; and it may be grown in places where the temperature falls twenty degrees below the freezing point. There is also a peach unlike anything to which the West is accustomed, and a winter muskmelon that will appeal irresistibly to the American palate. This melon is at its best in December and January.

There are many other good things in China to which the United States will doubtless be introduced in time. Of some of the choice Chinese dishes, such as bird's-nest soup and the like, there have been abundant descriptions; but there are better things in reserve. The fruits are described as surpassing those of any other country.

Disappointed.

The story is told of a Scotchman, one of several brothers, whose father, a wealthy man, had died. There was much quarrelling about the property. A friend consoled with them on the bereavement. 'Well,' said he, 'our father's death might have been a real pleasure to us; instead of that it is only a misery.'

No Chance to Get Pictures.

Mrs. Gaddie—They hain't got many pictures in their house.

Mrs. Kromo—I didn't s'pose they don't never buy no tea at all; don't use it.—Philadelphia Press.

The first Lord Lytton, an English nobleman, was very absent-minded. It is declared of him that, when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a