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PARAGUAY'S QUEER PLANT.

An Orchid That Takes Its Drinks Through a Feeding Tube.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered grows in Paraguay. It is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into water, the tube when not in use being coiled up on top of the plant. The leaves are sharp, lancehead shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center of the plant hangs a long stem, about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, the lower end of which lies in the water to a depth of about four inches. When touched the center stem gradually contracts and convulsively rolls itself up. But more surprising yet is the object and construction of this stem. On close examination and dissection it has been found that it is a long, slender, flat tube, cellular in construction, open at the outer end and connected at the inner end to the roots of a series of hairlike tubes. When the plant is in water this tube will gradually unwind till it dips into the water. Then it slowly coils round and winds up, carrying with it the amount of water that part of the tube which has been immersed contains until the final coil is taken, when the water is emptied direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remains in this position until the plant requires more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended the coiling is more rapid. Many of these plants are spread directly over the water or over where the water has been. In the latter case it is almost pitiful to see how this tube will work its way over the ground in search of water.

Not Certain About That.

Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenza awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgy, nervous headache, sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list," said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stummick."—Youth's Companion.

Old Age is Selfish.

A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" fashion, seated on either side of their fireplace. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been ailing, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?" "Well, mum, he is gone at last." "Oh, I'm so sorry! That is very sad for you," said the lady, seeking to find words of consolation.

"Yes, mum, it is sad," replied the old woman, "but, then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the oven."—Pearson's Weekly.

It Was Found.

A country minister driving to church with his new overcoat on the seat behind him, lost the coat en route and announced his loss from the pulpit.

"Dearly beloved," he said, "I met with a sad loss this morning. Somewhere on the River road, while driving to church, I lost my fine, new, silk lined overcoat. If any of you find it, I hope you'll bring it to the parsonage."

"It's found, doctor," said a voice from the back of the church. "Bless you, my friend! Heaven bless you!" said the minister, beaming on the speaker gratefully.

"It's found, sir!" continued the voice. "I came along the River road just after you, and it wasn't there."

Old Time Mountebanks.

Coryat, describing the mountebanks he saw in Venice in the seventeenth century, who were adepts in the art of advertising, speaks of the "oration to the audience of half an hour long, wherein he doth most hyperbolically extol the virtues of his drugs and confections, though many of them are very counterfeit and false." And the author of a "Tour Through England" (1723) writes of a mountebank he saw in Winchester: "He cures all diseases and sells his packets for sixpence apiece. * * * It is a prodigy how so wise a people as the English are gulled by such pickpockets."

OUR SUN IS NOT VERY HOT.

Compared With Some Stars It Has a Rather Low Temperature.

Compared with some other stars, our sun is rather cool. Recent measurements show that there is at least one star with a temperature eighty times as great. In fact, our sun ranks low among the brilliant stars. Yet the heat given off by our sun hourly has been reckoned as equal to burning a layer of coal twenty feet thick over the sun's entire surface—making our coal trust seem like a puny affair, and its prosecution about on a par with pinching a baby. Measurements made in Germany are described in Cosmos by a writer who tells us that Dr. Rosenberg of the Osterberg observatory at Tübingen, Württemberg, studied photographically, from 1907 to 1909, the spectra of the seventy most brilliant stars of the northern hemisphere, whose brightness is between the first and third magnitudes, to determine how differences of intensities are distributed in their spectra. By systematic comparison with the spectrum of the sun he has deduced the effective temperature of these stars. According to these investigations, the hottest star among those considered is Gamma of the constellation Pegasus, of the magnitude 2.87, according to the Harvard photometric classification, whose temperature reaches the astonishing figure of 400,000 degrees C., and the coldest is Alpha Tauri or Aldebaran (magnitude 1.06), with only 2,150 degrees, a temperature lower than may be reached in our terrestrial laboratories!

The temperature at the top of Dr. Rosenberg's scale is quite exceptional, for the next in order falls to 50,000 degrees, that of the star Gamma of Cassiopeia. On the other hand, at the lower end of the scale we find a dozen stellar bodies whose temperature is only equal to or lower than that of the electric arc.

It should be added that on this scale the sun, whose spectrum has served as a basis of investigation and comparison for these calculations, occupies a place near that of Capella, with a temperature of 4,950 degrees C.—Translation in Literary Digest.

The Burglar.

A burglar was one night engaged in the pleasing occupation of stowing a good haul of swag in his bag when he was startled by a touch upon his shoulder, and, turning his head, he beheld a venerable, mild eyed clergyman gazing sadly at him. "Oh, my brother," groaned the reverend gentleman, "wouldst thou rob me? Turn, I beseech you—turn from thy evil ways. Return those stolen goods and depart in peace, for I am merciful and forgive. Begone!"

And the burglar, only too thankful at not being given into the custody of the police, obeyed and slunk swiftly off.

Then the good old man carefully and quietly packed the swag into another bag and walked softly (so as not to disturb the slumber of the inmates) out of the house and away into the silent night. For he, too, was a burglar.

Bismarck and the Eggs.

After the battle of Sedan the old Emperor William supped off a piece of dry bread, while he sat on a ladder that was supported on one side by a barrel and on the other by the body of a dead horse.

Bismarck used to delight to relate that when he was foraging with two companions in an almost deserted village during the Franco-Prussian war he came upon a man from whom he got five eggs. Unable to divide the five equally among three, he swallowed two. Then, calling his companions, he shared the three remaining eggs with them—a truly Bismarckian idea of an equitable division, says the writer who describes the incident.

Gave Good Reasons.

General Nelson A. Miles during active service one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough, but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry, but cannot report today as expected owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back, "Report at once or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital: "Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unfortunate Candor.

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other his faults."

"How did it work?"

"We haven't spoken for nine years."—Chicago Record.

For Sale.

One two H. P. and one 10 H. P. electric motor in good condition. Brosius & Noon, Seward. O 21

Fresh eastern oysters at the Valdez Cafe.

Plant & Co., have leased the ground floor of the Krau building. Joe Plant is now outside, buying stock and fixtures for the store.

Weather Report.

Oct. 20, 1913.
Barometric Pressure . . . 29.757
Temperature at 7 p. m. . . 32
Maximum Temperature . . 37
Minimum Temperature . . 31
Mean Temperature 34
Precipitation 20
Cloudy, Calm, wind S. W. two m. p. miles, light rain all day.
L. JONES.

CITATION TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the Probate Court, Valdez Precinct, Third Judicial Division, Territory of Alaska.

In the matter of the estate of I. D. Flynn, deceased.—Citation to Show Cause.

To Mabel M. Flynn and all other heirs unknown, and to all persons interested in the above entitled estate, greeting:

You and each of you are hereby cited and required to appear before the judge of this court, at the court room thereof, in the Town of Valdez, Alaska, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of December, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why W. T. Scott, the administrator of said estate, should not be authorized by an order of this court to sell at public sale all the property, belonging to said estate, the same consisting of sundry personal effects and a one-third interest in and to lot 1-2, in block 7, of the Town of Valdez, Alaska.

And it is ordered that this citation be served upon you by publication thereof in the Valdez Daily Prospector, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published at Valdez, Alaska, for a period of at least four successive weeks.

Witness the Honorable Geo. J. Love, United States Commissioner and ex Officio Probate Judge in and for Valdez Precinct, Third Judicial Division, Territory of Alaska, with the seal of said court affixed, this 21st day of October, 1913.

(Seal) GEO. J. LOVE,
U. S. Commissioner and ex Officio Probate Judge.
First pub. Oct. 21, 1913.
Last pub. Nov. 18, 1913.

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