

which ended on November 10 showed that the surface of Mars is covered by a network of canals as if arranged by intelligent beings. Also that Venus and Mercury, like our moon, rotate but once on their axis during their revolution about the sun; that the furnace heat of Mercury is modified by no atmosphere, but that Venus showed plenty of atmospheric phenomena.

How marked is the advancement recorded in the domain of electricity as shown by the application of scientific knowledge. Only a few years ago the world was electrified by the success of the electric telegraph; then the ticking of Morse's cable as the message was slowly, yet surely sent from continent to continent, caused the world to hold its breath for fear the cable would part and the effort be a failure. But true science never fails. Distance and time have been annihilated by the aid of electricity. When we harness the lightning to the engine of science we take little account of space or distance whether it be an ocean or a continent. We talk, laugh, sing, play, or declaim and the phonograph repeats our efforts to a thousand different audiences at a thousand different places. Our homes are warmed, lighted and guarded by electricity. By its own care, factories and shops are kept running. By the telephone we are enabled to sit in an office in Chicago and converse with a friend or transact business in New York, St. Louis or Omaha.

In other departments of our domestic economy advancement is not less marked. Science waves her magic wand over the field of beets, and almost before the sun has set they are delivered at our door in sacks of snowy sugar. She breathes on the forest and her elfin ministers scatter celluloid in thousands of quaint and useful forms among the homes of the people. She stamps her foot upon the earth and from the coal deposits a myriad of hydro-carbons answer to minister to the increasing wants of man. She speaks and her servants from quarries, mines, forests and factories respond and from the Ferris wheel we look down upon a city boasting of such triumphs of skill and art as the Masonic Temple, or from the Brooklyn bridge gaze down on two great cities by the light of Liberty's Lamp. Science has plunged into Niagara's rushing waves, chained the mighty giants, led them captive through tunnels, and as the price of liberty buried them through great wheels back into the raging cataract below, whose hoarse mutterings are almost lost in the sharper hum of the wheels of industries kept running by the escaping waters.

In mining and milling of the precious ores we have made such remarkable advancement by the aid of scientific research, as almost to startle the miner and metallurgist. By the use of the many adjuncts placed within the reach of the physician and surgeon they are enabled to baffle disease and perform most delicate operations where a human life hangs by but a thread, and the result seems almost like raising one from the dead. One instance will illustrate, that is the taking of healthy flesh and restoring, by transplanting, a deceased member, and grafting particles of skin

from healthy subjects onto wounds where all skin has been destroyed, and restoring a perfect surface. So in all the marts of trade and in every department of industry, science has taken the crude material and by her masterful energies has wrought almost miracles. She has led the turbid waters from their ancient ways out upon the waste places and turned the idle desert into fruitful fields and blooming gardens. She has snatched the great highways of commerce and made a pathway of ribbons of steel over the continents for the handling of the products of industry. The time was when war was a contest of brute force and numbers. Today war is a science, and more especially as regards the great navies of maritime nations. The modern battleship is an aggregation of engines of destruction and machines and implements of defense. Here again electricity is a most potent factor in sending the dread torpedo noiselessly through the waters carrying destruction and death to an unconscious enemy, unless perchance its presence is revealed by the powerful electric search light and the defensive machinery of the great ship is instantly put in motion. The terrible dynamite guns of modern battleships are almost beyond conception in the devastation and death they may hurl against an enemy, and especially when you realize that against them there is no possible defense. A thousand pound dynamite shell hurled against an ordinary battleship would simply annihilate it, wipe it out of existence as effectually as if swallowed up by a lurch of the sea. War is becoming more terrible and the dawn of the reign of peace is approaching. Science by her willing servants is coming to the aid of the toiling millions, lifts the burdens from the weary shoulders of man and does his bidding tirelessly. She annihilates space and palates for him the stars, opens up for him the treasures hidden from the foundation of the earth.

And in all these things we see the love and wisdom of the great Creator, who filled the hills with silver and gold, iron and copper; who hid away the lightnings and store the rain in the firmament; who stretches out the heavens and causes the seasons to come in their appointed time, and by all these are we admonished to

"So live that when our summons comes,  
To join the innumerable caravan,  
Which moves to that mysterious realm,  
Where each must take his chamber," etc.  
In the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave, at night,  
Scourged, to his dungeon,  
But soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust,  
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the  
drapery of his couch about him,  
And lieth down to pleasant dreams.

#### FOUND AFTER FORTY YEARS.

A Portland, Oregon, special dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle under date of November 28: Chief of Police Robertson is in receipt of a letter from Sitka, Alaska, solving a mystery of forty years ago. In 1856, Vancouver, Wash., then a sparsely inhabited settlement, was a favorite place of recreation for the Hudson Bay company's men. Among the families then dwelling there was that of Phillip Heldenfeldt, who had a beautiful, sixteen-

haired boy named Willie, at that time 4 years old.

Willie was adopted by a Hudson Bay company Scotchman known as "Long" John McGregor. "Long" John was well fixed in money matters, having saved about \$80,000 during his long service with the company. All this he promised to bequeath to Willie if his parents would allow him to adopt the child. The Heldenfeldts were poor, but not so needy as to be forced to part with the child. They refused \$5,000 in gold coin from McGregor for the privilege of making Willie his heir and taking him with him.

In April of that year "Long" John returned to the frozen Arctic, where his business was with the Indians of interior Alaska. With McGregor's departure the child disappeared. That the Scotchman had stolen the child was not doubted by any one knowing his attachment for the boy, but no trace of man and boy could be had.

"Long" John, it is scarcely necessary to say, never revisited Vancouver, and some time in the sixties was frozen to death while returning to Sitka from a business trip to the interior in an open sled. McGregor, like most men of his type, neglected to provide for his property. He made a will and when death claimed him every dollar of his wealth went to distant relatives in Scotland.

The greater part of McGregor's time in Alaska being spent among the Indians, he placed the stolen boy in custody of a tribe with whom his business relations were the most extensive, and with that tribe Willie was when death overtook "Long" John, and Heldenfeldt, now a man 44 years of age, is with the same Indians today. He frequently visits Sitka, bearing an Indian name, and speaks English with a broken accent characteristic of an Indian.

Heldenfeldt's people have heard nothing of him for more than thirty years, and naturally believe him dead. The writer of the letter was in Vancouver when the boy was stolen, and knew him well. The boy was peculiarly marked at his birth. He had but one joint on each of his little fingers, and one of his eyes was black and the other a dark brown.

This optical defect in Heldenfeldt, when the writer saw him in Sitka last month, recalled the abduction of forty years ago. Engaging him in conversation, he noticed also the other physical defects marking the child. Heldenfeldt said that he remembered being taken from his home by a rough-looking man and placed aboard a ship. Beyond that his childhood recollections are quite vague. But there can be no possible doubt of this man being Wm. Heldenfeldt. His aged father and several brothers and sisters, now residing in Denver, will be communicated with.

John Donovan, Harry Canty and John Strisch, three lads aged about 12 years each, were engaged in shooting rail birds on the Alameda marshes, Cal., Sunday afternoon when the single gun which they carried was accidentally discharged. The Canty was shot through the lungs and cannot recover. Donovan lost two fingers of one hand and Strisch received a number of pellets in the face.