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THE HERALD AND TIMES.

Communications intended for publication must be written only on one side of the sheet, and in every case, be accompanied by the name of the writer.

A Rambler Through the Wood of Stars.

BY F. B. CALLAWAY.

"Lady Moon, let us ride in your chariot gay. While we view the bright wood of stars survey."

It is twilight; a hush falls over the expectant world; as the filmy veil of light is slowly drawn away, revealing the blue fields of heaven, glittering with stars.

No mortal feet may tread their shining mazes, but we will ask the good Fairy Fanny to lend us winged shoes; borne by them, we will fly far away from the shadowy earth, and roam at will in the bright "wood of stars."

In ancient times, when grown people loved fairy-tales as well as children do now, they used to imagine they saw many wonderful things in this enchanting wood. Crowned kings and queens, helmeted warriors in sparkling armor, and beautiful maidens, looked down from these starry bowers. Dragons, bears, and lions were found here, too. We may, in our wanderings, still meet the winged horse Pegasus, or catch a glimpse of Noah's dove.

Another fancy they had for naming the stars after their deities. Venus, that large, white star, low in the west, was named after the goddess of love and beauty. The star high in the east, that shines with such a red light, is named after Mars, the bloody god of war. The sun was Apollo, the god of fiery arrows, and the moon was Diana, the huntress, with her silver bow. Castor and Pollux, the twin stars, were named after two brothers who loved each other so dearly, that when one died the other gave up his life so that they need not be separated. No wonder the old Greeks fancied that such brothers might abide as stars in the heavens forever.

How carelessly the stars seem to be strewn over the blue sky, some solitary, some in clusters, some in such dense masses that they appear as white clouds. We will find, as we draw near this wilderness, that what seemed to us confusion is really the most systematic order. To its farthest boundary this glittering woodland is laid out in circles. If we should ask Diana, for a ride in her silver chariot, the moon, we would find ourselves rolling around the earth; the earth in turn wheels around the sun. This chariot, in which we have taken passage for life, flies swifter than the wind, but so softly do its wheels roll over the celestial road, we would never even dream that we were moving, did we not see the distant groves of stars gliding past. Besides our earth, seven other planets, with their moons, roll around the sun. Our family of planets, with the sun as their sire, is called a planet system.

Rambling on, we shall find countless other families of stars or planet systems. Each family has one, two, or more suns round which the planets, with their moons, whirl day and night. Some of these planets are larger than our earth, some are smaller. While our earth is 8,000 miles in diameter, none of the Asteroids measures more than 160. These are the children of the flock, and who shall say that these little worlds are not as happy and prosperous as some far greater ones?

Our sun is equal to 332,000 of such globes as our earth; but, although to us it seems to flood the universe with glory, it is a mere speck of light compared with some of the more splendid "Day-kings" of our neighbors. It would not be seen for a moment in the presence of Sirius or Solaris, which are 60 and 80 times as brilliant, to say nothing of Alcyon, which blazes with the light of 12,000 suns.

As we roam on through the lustrous realm of worlds, we shall be dazzled by the many colors of the different systems. There are purple, white, crimson and golden systems. Some flash around us of every color of the rainbow. Different colored suns give different colored days to their planets. The Pole Star gives his planets yellow days. Castor gives his green days. There are sixty blue systems. Think of a world bathed in soft blue sunshine, or, lovelier still, a world lit up with rose-colored days.

The most glorious systems are those having several suns of different colors; one burning like a sun, another like a ruby, and a third like an emerald. Some of these systems have as many as one hundred suns.

The Southern Cross, the loveliest of all constellations, appears to be wreathed with many colored flowers, and we will find, as we approach, that it is garbed with rosy, green and violet tints.

On the swift wings of thought we will now traverse the Milky Way, that royal road which the old Greeks fancied washed with the shining juices of the gods. Our own sun, with its planets, resides on this sparkling avenue, with a company of other suns and their planets; it is bewildering to watch the many dances of this brilliant throng.

The Paperless Man.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"No, sir! I don't want nothing of the kind. In the first place, I haven't got the money; and in the next place, if I had the money I wouldn't have none of your papers."

So spoke Titus Closely, in answer to a man who had called to see if he would like to subscribe for a newspaper. Said man kept a store in a neighboring village, and was also the postmaster; and he had made arrangements to add to his business by establishing a newspaper agency.

"I can furnish you with any paper you may like," he exclaimed to Mr. Closely, "and I can furnish it cheaper than you can get it in any other way; because by buying of me, you will save the postage. I shall have papers devoted to the interest of the Family; papers for the Farmers; papers for the Mechanic; and papers for both young and old; and, in short, I may assure you that any one of them would be worth far more to you than I propose to ask. Ask your wife what she thinks. You have no idea what a vast amount of valuable information you will find."

Nancy Closely wanted a paper; but her husband said:—

"O, bother! I don't want it, I tell ye. I've got as much as I can do to look after my farm, and if Nancy and the children want to read, they can get tracts of the minister."

"Your neighbor, Deepwater, has subscribed for two papers," said the agent. "He will take a pleasant high-toned literary paper for his family and a paper devoted to Art, Science, and Agriculture for himself."

"The more fool he!" cried Titus Closely contemptuously. "John Deepwater can't afford it no more'n I can. My farm's bigger an' better'n his; and I tell ye flat an' square, 'at I ha'n't got no three dollars to throw away for a newspaper."

"But—Titus—"

"Shut up, Nancy! I tell ye, I don't want it."

And Nancy closed her lips, and the agent went his way, and Titus Closely went forth to plough his ground with the great old wooden plow which his father and his grandfather had used before him.

And time passed on. The newspaper agency was established at the village post-office; but Titus did not patronize it. He felt that he had a principle at stake. He had said he wouldn't—and he wouldn't! But in one thing he was consistent. He would not allow his wife or children to borrow papers of his neighbor Deepwater if he knew it.

One evening Titus Closely and his wife took tea, by invitation, with neighbor Deepwater.

"I declare, Nancy," said Titus, on their way home, "Prudence Deepwater beats all creation for cooking, don't she? I'd no idea she was such a hand at it. I wonder where she got them fresh strawberries."

"She preserved them herself," answered Nancy.

"O—git out! Them wasn't preserved—they was fresh as new picked."

"It is the way they are fixed, Titus."

"Th! Can you do it?"

"I could if I had her paper?"

"Her paper?"

"Yes. She found the receipt in the newspaper, and that's where she learned how to do most of her nice cooking."

The Great Watch Swindle.

Since the arrest of William Robinson for obtaining letters by fraud, many postal money-orders, registered packages, and letters addressed to J. Wright & Co., who profess to be at No. 609 Broadway, agents of the Geneva Watch company, have been accumulating in the Post Office. They are from all parts of the country. The firm, however, is a myth, and the place which is advertised as its headquarters is occupied by a legitimate firm. Robinson used to collect the letters on a power of attorney, but since his arrest no one has taken them. The Post-master-General has issued instructions to withhold the payment of the money orders, and to re-mail the registered letters to the offices from which they were sent. The other letters cannot be detained under the law, although the persons who receive them may be arrested for improper use of the mails. It is supposed that nearly all of them contain bank notes. The swindling operations of Wright & Company have been of great magnitude. Special Agent Comstock says that for the last three years they have been the authors of nearly all the Metropolitan artifice for defrauding out of town folks. He estimates their receipts from the Geneva Watch Company scheme since 1872 at \$2,000 a month. On this they realized ninety-five per cent. The "circles" which they sent out were attractively worded to deceive the recipient. They would read as follows:

The entire works of a watch made by machinery. The Geneva Watch Company's watch, \$4. Over 6,000 watches manufactured daily. A watch that is endorsed by all the leading jewellers of the United States and Europe.

After this would be the announcement that the great Geneva Watch Company, which had supplied most of the civilized world for over two hundred years with about two-thirds of the time-pieces in use, had turned their sole attention to the manufacture of the four dollar Geneva watch. "Almaicain gold, a wonderful invention of Thomas T. Eftendolph, one of the company's largest stockholders, encased the works.

Persons who enclosed a dollar to J. Wright & Co., for a chain received a letter that the firm were too busy to sell their chains, and that they would have to forward the price of a watch if they wished their orders filled. Those who remitted the money for a watch and chain received a neatly lithographed letter from Wright & Co., announcing that their letters had been received, but on account of the great demand for the Geneva watches the firm would be unable to fill their order for six weeks.

The customers were assured that their names had been regularly entered in the order book, and that they had been credited in the firm's books with the money sent. It is needless to say that the senders did not hear from the firm.

The Post Office authorities have been flooded by complaints from those who have been swindled. Many of the sufferers have been country clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and farmers. The man who assumes the name of J. Wright has mysteriously disappeared, since the capture of Robinson, his agent. He was arrested a year ago by Special Agent B. K. Sharritt, while he was conducting the Parisian watch swindle at 18 Bond street. At the bank where he kept his accounts he was known as Wright. Since that time he has received the letters from his dupes through Robinson.—[N. Y. Paper.

SILENT LIES.—"Boys and girls should always speak the truth," is often said by parents and teachers. Is that sufficient? There are many who never give verbal utterances to a falsehood, who yet act falsely, often blasting the character, and ruining the prospects of individuals in this world by their silence. How many persons, by a cowardly silence, have acted lies; allowing an innocent individual to be wrongfully accused! To be truly noble, one must be true through and through; for "truth is a thing not of words only, but of life and being."—[Oliver Optic's Magazine.

"Have you ever entered a cottage, over traveled in a coach, over talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, know something you knew not?"

Grace before meat is a most appropriate and beautiful custom. But he who says grace should act with genuine thankfulness and moderation, not as a gluttonous man or a wine-bibber.

Perhaps the crowning peculiarity of Mr. Spurgeon is that there is scarcely a man in all his congregation, aggregating seven thousand persons, whom he does not personally know.

It is said that ten made of chestnut leaves, and drunk in the place of water, will cure the most obstinate cases of dropsy in a few days.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that plagues the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't endorse.

A Cat and Dog Story.

A tradesman, owner of a dog and cat, had been in the habit of letting his dog go to market and buy his own meat. The dog would bring the meat home and deposit it somewhere in the store, and when hungry would go and get it. The cat had a habit of stealing his meat, and the dog would lie down near it, and watch for the thief, and when the cat came would drive her away. But at last he became tired of this business, carried the meat down the cellar, and covered it up in the sand. One day the owner of the dog thought he would get the meat and bring it up stairs, and see what the dog would do. After taking a nap, the dog went down the cellar in search of his meat and commenced digging as usual, but there was no meat to be found. He laid himself down a minute, as if in thought, and then rushed up stairs, and, spying the cat, "went for her" and chased her all around the store, as closely as police officers in pursuit of a thief. Can a dog reason?

One of our exchanges gives the following conundrum: "Why is it that a young fellow and his girl can sit in the parlor until after midnight without making noise enough for the old folks to hear them through the partitions, but can't sit in a public place five minutes without annoying the whole house with their giggling and talk?"

The Southern Methodist number 8, 715 ministers and 677,885 members.

A Medical Triumph! Dr. D. S. PERRY'S VEGETABLE AROMATIC BITTERS!

These Bitters must become the universal remedy of the age. There is nothing like them, or to equal them under the sun. They restore the weak, invigorate the feeble, and give new life and tone to the broken down system. In malarial and malarious districts they are worth a ship load of Quinine powders and pills. They are especially adapted to persons suffering from Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills & Fever, and Piles.

To Delicate Females!

Ladies, old or young, will find these Bitters especially adapted to diseases peculiar to their sex. Nervousness, Lassitude, Want of Appetite, and General Debility, all yield to the magic charm of these inestimable Bitters.

Hear What is Said. Hear What is Said.

"Wonderful effects have resulted from your Dr. Perry's Bitters." "My Chills are gone. I can hardly believe it." "Send me one case Perry's Bitters again. Nothing like them here."

"I enclose affidavit of my case. I had to do so to convince you of the wonderful cure." "Surely they are the most delightful wine tonic in the world."

"Dr. Wilson says that you are a public benefactor!" "Hurrah! No more Rheumatism!" "No more headache, thanks to you."

We could fill this paper twice over with just such genuine extracts, but the above must suffice. Our Bitters are prepared under the supervision of Dr. D. S. PERRY, Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, London, England, and of the Medical Office of Glasgow.

All orders should be addressed to THE PERRY AROMATIC BITTER CO., 84 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK, U. S.

The Bitters are Sold either by the Bottle or Case, at \$1 per Bottle.

Parties in sending letters for advice as to their diseases will confer quite a favor by giving name of County as well as Town in which they reside. It will save us a wonderful amount of time and annoyance if this will be observed.

The Perry Aromatic Bitter Co. COLUMBUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

EAGLE AND PHENIX Manufacturing Company, COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

Paid up Capital, - - \$1,250,000.

TO INDOCTRINATE THE HABIT OF SAVING ON THE PART OF THE OPERATIVES, and to provide a safe and reliable arrangement for the beneficial accumulation of the earnings of artisans and all other classes, this Company has established, under SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF GEORGIA,

A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT,

in which the following advantages are offered to Depositors of either large or small amounts:

1. PERFECT SECURITY. The assets of the Company were, on the 1st of January, 1873, \$1,704,459.48 and are steadily increasing.
2. THE RESERVE FUND is - - - \$297,766.92. All of which property is SPECIALLY EMPLOYED by act of the General Assembly for the protection of Depositors; and in addition, by the same act, the Stockholders are made INDIVIDUALLY RESPONSIBLE in proportion to their shares, for the integrity of the Savings Department and its certificates of Deposit.
3. LIBERAL INTEREST. Rate allowed, Seven per cent. per annum, compounded four times a year.
4. DEPOSITS can be withdrawn at any time, without notice. Depositors residing out of the city can draw deposits by checks.
5. RULES AND REGULATIONS of this Department furnished upon application, and all desired information given.
6. BOOKS CERTIFYING DEPOSITS given to depositors.

All accounts of Depositors will be considered strictly private and confidential.

DIRECTORS: N. J. BUSSEY, W. E. YOUNG, W. E. HARRAMORE, ALFRED L. YOUNG, CHARLES GREEN, Pres't Savannah Bank & Trust Co. mar-1y

BROADSTREET HOUSE, COLUMBUS, GA.

Has established the greatly reduced charges following: Meal, (single) 10 cents. Bed, 10 cents. Shipper, Lodging and Breakfast, 1.00 per fare as good as any in the city. E. G. RAYFORD, Proprietor. Subscribe for the HERALD & TIMES, the price is \$2.00 in advance.

Geo. Dreher & Co., MERCHANT TAILORS, 207 MARKET STREET, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Having purchased the BARNES & BROS. of my brother, the late J. B. BARNES, I am now in possession of the BARNES & BROS. business, and am prepared to do all the work that was done by the late firm, and at the same time, to give satisfaction to all my customers.

JOHN H. BARNES, Proprietor, Montgomery, Ala., April 22, 1874.











## Farm, Garden, Household.

### Profitable Pursuit for the South.

That cotton was ever king is a libel on bread—we include all edibles—

has been king from the time Eve kneaded the first flat cake (as she must most

ly have done) after expulsion from Eden; and all gastronomic luxuries con-

stitute his much beloved court. We

eat or die of starvation; but if we

do not clothe we need only die of shame or live in innocent unconsciousness. Cot-

ton is only queen, then; yet the South

has been long in recognizing this. That

recognition is gradually transpiring, and

must in time bring to a diversity of pur-

suits and multiplicity of products, includ-

ing all varieties of necessary provisions

and seasonal luxuries, with a consequent

transformation into hard dollars

of much indolent muscle now rotting

that the South as yet scarcely knows

that to do—into what channels to turn

her awakening energies—what particu-

lar new products will "pay" on the none-

there are many. To-day we will advert

but one, involving many: "Garden

luck," consumed in such great quanti-

ties everywhere, and especially in cities

where, in Philadelphia, New York, Boston

and other cities, early lettuce, peas,

beans, spinach, &c., are in great demand

only strawberries at prices within reach

of those who are not Crasseuses are

confronted with watery mutton. True,

the cities raise these in hot houses, but

at what prices! The South has

the soil and climate to supply the demand

for all these in abundance, at reason-

able rates and good profits to herself.

She can produce them "on time" and

without hot houses. These products, of

not the best quality, are shipped hun-

dreds of miles to great centers.

They could as readily be shipped from

the South. All the South wants is the

easily-acquired skill in cultivating. Vo-

lucous appetites demand spring chick-

ens, turkeys and a thousand other

necessary luxuries, which can be pro-

duced by millions, with but little ex-

pense and capital, and with excellent

profit to the producer. Why, the United

States is at this moment importing

chickens, potatoes, peas, beans, corn and

onions. Last year \$6,065,577 dozens

of the latter came from Chili, the French

possessions in Africa, Canada and other

countries. Peas, beans and other legu-

minous edibles come from England, Ger-

many, Canada, and other lands, to the

amount of \$309,277 worth annually. We

imported \$209,294 worth of potatoes, or

\$16,840 bushels last year from the Brit-

ish West Indies, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland,

and, &c. The South could, and might,

just as well supply these deficiencies,

adding so much to her income.

Our Southern States call for money;

they say they are tired of doing business

on the Micawber system; they are try-

ing to turn something up instead of

waiting for something to turn up.

Let them widen their gardens for early

truck, and cultivate them skillfully—

raise more peas, beans, potatoes, poultry,

&c., &c., and we feel confident they will

have more and more money at the end

of every year. Now Jersey, with poor

land, has made herself immensely weal-

thy—mostly from garden truck, poultry

and the like. True, she is very near two

markets, but with all early products the

South could be ahead of her. As to

diversifying their pursuits and

products, a word may be said in the fu-

ture.—[Philadelphia Age.

### Good Advice.

Worthy Grand Master Dudley W.

Adams, in his address at the opening of

the National Grange, especially warned

patrons against the danger that, in the

haste of development and splendid suc-

cess of the movement, its original aims

might possibly be lost sight of, remind-

ing them that the chief of aims as un-

derstood at the outset, were moral im-

provement, interchange of ideas and in-

formation among agriculturists, and the

improvement of social intercourse. An-

other peril with which the Grand Mas-

ter thinks the organization is threaten-

ed, is the intrusion, as members of per-

sons having no legitimate claim to ad-

mission, not being in any strict sense

interested in agricultural pursuits," as

the Constitution requires. But the great

peril which threatens the usefulness

of the Order, at this time, Brother Ad-

ams thinks, is indeed, the intrigues of

speculators and speculators both within

and without our gates. Unfortunately

some improper persons have already

found their way into our symbolic farms,

and the fear that they and other honest,

but unthinking ones, may open the gates

to so many others of the same sort that

the present harmony of our councils

may be disturbed. Then we also have

to contend with some who come in hon-

orably and properly; but who, through

the vicissitudes of life, have since been

obliged to change their business that

they no longer have a paramount inter-

est in agricultural pursuits.

## Fruit in the Low Country.

It is a very common opinion that our

is not a fruit country. But who does

not remember exquisitely flavored peaches

which he has seen raised on the pine

lands? Ah, yes! they were delicious! But

how soon they lost their flavor and de-

generated. Of course they did. What-

ever is the object of artificial culture will

degenerate, unless man's vigilant eye

and careful hand are ever at work to

foster them. Without trouble, nothing

good is to be had in this world. Nature

shows us what our soil can do; it is

our part to see that she is assisted in

her efforts. A century ago, when our

fathers lived permanently on their plan-

tations, they revelled in peaches, pears,

apples, plums and grapes. Occasionally

even oranges were found; and we know

that the olive will grow on our soil.

The fig, indeed, cannot bear transportation

in its fresh state, but so freely does it

grow and bear, that I have no doubt

that the dried fig will some day be one

of the staple products of the low coun-

try. Unhappily for us, all the intelli-

gence of our country, under the fatal in-

fluence of our climate, has been for the

last eighty years so completely devoted

to cotton, that all other industries were

abandoned, and now that cotton has

failed to support us, we cannot get out

of the old grooves, but we go on wasting

our energies and impairing our intel-

lects, in still treading over the old

ground, making ourselves the willing

slaves of those who helped to ruin us,

and turn a blind eye to the tempting

gifts which nature offers to our grasp.—

[Rural Carolinian.

### Bacon vs. Mutton.

We have never been able to account

for the strange prejudice among our peo-

ple against mutton—one of our most pal-

atable, digestible and wholesome meats.

An exchange paper, commenting upon

some errors of dieting among farmers,

says truly, that "a great many tillers of

the soil drag out miserable days, simply

because they will persist in eating salt

pork, and salt hams and shoulders in

spring and summer, when a dish of good

mutton would give them new life and

strength." We mean to repeat a thou-

sand times, or at least till what we say

has some effect upon our countrymen,

that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton

can be produced for half the cost of the

same quantity of fat pork; that it is

infinitely healthier food, especially in

the summer season, and that those who

eat it become more muscular, and can do

more work with greater ease to them-

selves. We know nothing more delicious

than smoked mutton hams of Southdown

breed of sheep. Venison itself is not su-

perior. By smoking a portion of the

flesh of a sheep, most families can dis-

pose of the four quarters in an economi-

cally manner, before any part of it would

spoil.—[Tennessee Agriculturist.

### Cakes of Figs.

When Abigail, the wife of Nabad,

went to meet King David, she took with

her "two hundred loaves, and two bot-

tles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed,

five measures of parched corn, an

hundred clusters of raisins, and two

hundred cakes of figs.

These cakes of figs were, doubtless,

good to eat, and suggest the inquiry

whether, in our fig climate, this fruit

may not be raised, quickly dried, and

pressed into cakes for foreign consump-

tion at profit?

Where the climate suits, perhaps no

other fruit will yield more pounds per

acre than this; nor will the cost of pro-

duction deter any from setting out fig

cuttings or plants. The whole industry

is cheap and simple; and if so managed

as to sell all the little ones as many nice

"cakes of figs" as they will consume, it

it must pay handsomely.—[L. in the

Plantation.

PREVENTING FLIES FROM ANNOYING

HORSES.—According to Rochard, a

French veterinary surgeon, a simple

method of preventing flies from annoy-

ing horses consists in painting the inside

of the ears, or any part especially trou-

bled, with a few drops of empyreumatic

oil of juniper. It is said that the odor

of this substance is unendurable to flies,

and that they will keep at a distance

from the parts so anointed. If this treat-

ment should accomplish the alleged re-

sult, it may, perhaps, be equally applic-

able in repelling mosquitoes from the

faces and hands of tourists and sports-

men when passing through woods or

meadows.

A farmer should never go to town

without carrying something to sell—

butter, eggs, potatoes, poultry, or even

a load of wood. By so doing his income

is quite sure to exceed his outgoes.

There is no more miserable and poverty

stricken way than to keep sending to

stores and shops, and having things

charged, with the expectation of paying

for them when special crops come.

MYLK FOR LEAD POISONING.—A rod

lead manufacturer has discovered that a

pint of milk a day each, drank by his

workmen, prevents them from having

the lead colic, or any of the other dis-

eases incident to that business. Paint-

ers, as well as paint manufacturers, may

be benefited by this.

If the last census is good authority,

farmers don't make much money. There

are exceptions, however, in the great

West. A lawyer bought 2,000 acres of

land near Western, Iowa, for \$24,000, and

sowed 1,700 acres in wheat. In two

years he has netted \$80,000 from his

crops.

## Scientific.

### Spiritualism Explained.

We had a call yesterday, from Mr.

Korner, a resident of Captina, Ohio.

Mr. Korner is an intelligent German,

over sixty years of age, who spent his

youth in roaming round the world, but

who has lived on a farm down at Capti-

na, for the last twenty years. He has,

few years past, devoted much study and

investigation to scientific matters, and

has had the German peculiarity of be-

coming greatly absorbed in his experi-

ments. He claims to have gone to the

bottom of