Agassiz Wanted Them.

A WILD RACE AGAINST TIME.

The Professor Had to Have the Eggs Before They Were Three Hours Old, and This Is the Story of How the Hunter Made Good His Promise.

When Professor Louis Agassiz was writing a book on the turtles of the United States It became necessary for him to have some fresh turtle eggs. He engaged Mr. Jenks of Middleboro, about forty miles from Cambridge, to get them for him. Mr. Jenks promised that the eggs should be in Agassiz's hands before they were three hours old. Mr. Jenks, who told the tale to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, had to wait by a certain pond for the turtles to come out and lay their eggs in the sand. Finally, after weeks of waiting, one morning about 4 o'clock a turtle crawled up the beach, partly buried herself in the soft sand and laid her eggs. Mr. Jenks went on to

As she did so the distant clock struck 4. There was no train till after 9, and the eggs must be in Cambridge in three hours.

I laid the eggs on a bed of sand in the bottom of my pail, filled in beanother layer to the rim, and, covering all over smoothly with more sand, I ran back for my horse. He knew as well as I that the turtle had laid and that he was to get those eggs to Agas-

I let him out. I shouted to him. holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, although the bang on them as we pounded down the wood road was terrific. We had nearly covered the distance to the pike when ahead of me I heard the sharp whistle of a locomotive.

With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet I swung him into a field and sent bim straight as an errow

was successful, for the engineer stopped, and I swung alward the cab-hatless, dew soaked, smeared with yellow mud and holding as if it were a baby or a bomb a little tin pail of sand.

"Throw her wide open." I commanded-"wide open! These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before The engineer and the fireman no

doubt thought that I was crazy, but the But with all its shortcomings there is rolled in swiftly to Boston. But misfortune was ahead,

slowed down in the yards and came to a stop. We were put on a siding to wait no one knew how long. I suddenly jumped from the engine.

slid over a high fence and belted for the street. In the empty square stood The cabman saw me coming. I

waved a dellar at him and then another, dodged into the cab, slammed the door and called out: "Cambridge! Harvard college! Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz!" and I pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"Let him go!" I ordered. "Here's another dollar for you if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes."

We flew to Cambridge. There was a sudden lurch, and I dived forward, rammed my head into the front of the cab and came up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat and sent half of my pail of eggs helter skelter over the floor. But we were at Agassiz's house. I tumbled out and pounded the door. "Agassiz!" I gasped when the maid "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!"

She protested that he was in bed and threatened the police. But just then a door overhead was flung open; a great, white robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick, loud voice called excitedly:

"Let him in! Let him in! I know

him! He has my turtle eggs." And the apparition, slipperless and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing downstairs. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands and, dragging me and my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to 7 as if nothing unusual were happening in the history of the world.

A Fearful Poison.

From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100. times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to he invisible to the naked eye would, kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1.600,000,000 times its own weight.-Pearson's.

Fully Informed. "With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich, "We boil all our drinkin' water."+Pbiladelphia Record.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one

less rowal in the world.-Carlyle. Every housewife "in business"a buyer of home supplies-and should watch for buying opportunities as closely as though she were buying to

They Were Turtle Eggs and Tempts Fate Living On Top of Volcano

Vesuvius in an Angry Mood.

OLLOWING the trail of the tiger and the rhino through the trackless jungle may have its compensating advantages; aeronautics its birdlike joys, but for the thrill that really exhibarates and is worth while, you must live on the crest of a volcano. The sensation is immense. It may not enghant you to fancy yourself being

shot out of a flery catapult several thousand feet in the air and deposited piecemeal on some deserted hillside four or five miles away or waking up some bright morning on the other side of the Styx, with the consoling information that while you By some stroke of luck 1 got on the slumbered the merciful lava had snuffed out your life track and backed off before the train without disturbing your sleep. But it's the sort of expehit my carriage. But the maneuver rience that is apt to keep you on edge every minute and turn your thoughts wistfully back to those

> tranquil days days of babyhood, before the zone. To those who have eaten of the tree of knowledge and played every string on life's harp, save this one, it's a bully experience. But unless you have nerves of steel, and an angler's patience, you had better not try it. No occupation in the world is so contingent upon the unexpected happening. When it does happen the world usually stands aghast at the enormity of the catastrophe visited upon some helpless community.

they let me alone, and the fast freight something impelling; something stirring in the excitement of making your home on a real, live crater, which is hard to resist.

From whatever angle you gaze on the encircling horizon, the vista is one of death and desolation. It is a spectacle that inspires, yet chills and depresses, and unless you have the real sporting strain in you, it may make you wish you were back on dear old Broadway, with its plethora of caviar and lobster and the ambrosial Wurzburger that cheers.

Of all places in the world, this is the last one to appeal to the fancy of a mollycoddle. It is the place for the adamant man, the human stoic, who is not over particular whether Gabriel calls him unto his own from amidst the gayeties of civilization or the flame-seared ribs of old Strombolf. Truly might it be called the sport of

kings, if it did not have a serious side to it. and there's the hunch. Out of curiosity kings and princes, sickened by the obsequience of their courts, occasionally seek solace and stimulus in its noisy environment, as the nerve racked inebriate looks to the sanatorium to brace

Vesuvius on

Eruption.

it a villa.

the Eve of an

wolcano. He calls it his nest-to be polite people call

in its spare furnishings a keen realization of its owner's

sense of insecurity. A few chairs, a table and a bed,

with some pictures on the walls and a few pieces of bric-

At first the awful solitude of the hermitage palled

Indeed, so absorbing has his self-imposed task become-

The house of the scientist commands a magnifice as

a-brac to give cheer to an otherwise weird environment,

on him, but he has now gotten used to his isolation from

to him that only a disturbance on Mount Etna, or the

blowing up of old Stromboli can lure him away from it

In this mountain retreat nothing escapes his observation.

view of the country for miles around in every direction

Standing on Perret's front porch Pompell, oppressive

impressive in its sepulchral silence, looms out of tors

haze in the distance. That he may not altogether feet

himself forsaken, even though he is alone, pictures

old Naples, aglow with the life and color so pecualer,

radiant throughout Italy, beams beneficently on al.

stimulating. In his study of the volcano it is a zame -

to Vesuvian lore have greatly enriched that intensely in-

teresting field of investigation. To his zeal and enter-

prise the officials of the royal observatory are indebted

for many important, discoveries, which have shed new

light upon the phenomena of Vesuvius. Although asso-

clated with them in their researches, much of his work

is done, independent of these officials. This leaves him

to his own initiative and has enabled him to take obser-

vations along lones different from those usually followed

His experiments both afield and at home have developed

a number of new features in connection with the crater

that have proved of great help to the professors of the

observatory in their consideration of certain phases of

the volcano, which from time immemorial have been en-

veloped in more or less doubt. All of his field experiments are made with the aid of a portable seismograph,

he is able to register not only any unusual disturbance

seismometer and a dictograph. With the seismograph

To the scientists this setting of strange con case.

in his five years of residence there his contributions

the world's noise and bustle and does not mind it.

constitute its only appointments.

his loneliness, from across the bay.

unending inspiration to Perret.

It is a simple but attractive little abode, suggesting

The treatment being heroic, little of the tonic suffices and such excursions are invariably of short duration. They are embarked upon generally when there is relatively little or no danger imminent, enabling the royal pilgrim to gather such experience as the momentary inactivity of the slumbering monster affords without unnecessary risk.

Whatever feeling of instability it may conjure in the mind of others, the prospect of a sepulture of red hot ashes has no terrors for Frank Alvord Perret, an American of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has spent the last five years on Mount Vesuvius, studying its phenomena. American tourists who went out to see the volcano this summer found him busy exploring the opening of the great crater which destroyed Pompell and which has put the blight of death upon all living things hereabouts.

In this inferno, which has been home, playground, laboratory and everything to him through the alternating periods of quiet and eruption, which apply the acid test to one's courage and shake the stoutest heart, his lot with all its trials and anxieties has been serenely happy. What would be to the great majority of men the equivalent to service in a mad house is to him a fascinating study. In their suggestion of mighty power the seamed

and scarred ridges of the volcano presenting one of the most forbidding looking perspectives in all the world, is to the quiet little Brooklyn man the most sublimely beautiful, mentally uplifting and majestic picture nature affords in its profusion and variety of landscape, the Like a baby cooed to sleep by its mother's lullaby, this

rarely constituted Yankee sinks into repose nightly blissfully indifferent to the rocking and the writhing of the earth, the belching forth of molten lava and the terrific detonations through which nature expresses its internal agony. No thought of peril perturbs him. No peasant in the pastoral valleys beyond lives in

more placid peace of mind and none enjoys more freedom from any personal fear of danger than he. For a number of years Perret has been engaged in making a scientific examination of the volcano in collaboration with the officials of the royal observatory. With the hope that his researches and observations may be

of value to the world, his long residence there has been

made possible through the generous patronage of wealthy

Americans, among them George Gould. Attended by a faithful old man servant, Perret makes his home in the mountains, under the shadow of the Has Strangest Home in the World-Built Over a Fissure in Mountain Side, He Can Hear Unceasing Struggle of the Terrestrial Elements Down in the Bowels of the Earth While

Frank Perret, American Scientist, Lis-tening to disturbance Through Vol-Lying in Bedcanic Fissure on Vesuvius by Means of Dictograph. Thrives on Nerve Racking, Sleep Dispelling Experiences.

of Vesuvius, but any inordinately violent originating anywhere on the entire continent of Europe. The seismomefer measures the intensity and direction of the disturbance. By means of the he is able to detect the most minute murmur below the surface of the earth. In making his observations. Perret drops a diaphragm of this instrument, connected with two wires, into a fissure at the side of the mountain. Over the fissure he places a cone covering, much like a phonograph horn, through which the hot vapors escape as steam from a

peanut roaster. Through this the wires

are extended to the top, being connect-

Stirring Up Trouble.

Frank A. Perret, an American, Engaged in Vesuvian Exploration,

ed on the outside with a receiver. By placing this to his ear the explorer is able to hear the faintest rumble in the bowels of the earth, and determine the condition of the troublous area below. These observations are taken at different hours of the day and at various points in and about the volcano. An accurate record of them is kept, the data thus collected being exceedingly valuable from a scientific standpoint, showing as they do every premonitory symptom of a

gathering storm. Frequently the experiments begin before sunrise and are extended late into the night, whenever in the judgment of the Yankee explore? there is warrant for sup-

posing that they will plotd furn cor results. Tusy are accorded however by . There's in developments to was the profit of the terms those or all a mile of the ל א יינ אנו זנו יינו לי של מו סל hand 4" 31 of of each is too a Tre tole is all it is see W. . A . 1. A. T PER TELL TE 0 21 1 in # 34 3 1. 1 1. 35 st The high a left was a constant to the second port of the dear of the state o the rese many of a continuous a high

the world 128 Trenendous conflict than in on down in the entrails of the earth. The needle which registers every change to this estruggle, knows not a tranquil moment from no the year to the other, its violent flument chart, reminding one of the homeward ... verbial "good fellow" after a Saturday 1. A "the boys."

Equally interesting and valuable are the records b tained with the sid of the dictograph. As in the field observations a powerful diaphragm is lowered into the fissure by means of a set of wires. These pass through an opening in the floor of the scientist's sleeping room and extend up to the side of his bed, to which the receiver is attached. With the same facility with which the occupant of a modern office building or dwelling can telephone to a distant point, Perret by adjusting the receiver to his ear is able to open up comin the center of volcanic activity many leagues beneath the

Wreck of Trolley Line Leading Up to Vesuvius After an Eruption.

cosmic crust. It is no idle boast of the American when he claims to have ac complished by this agency a feat achieved by no other scientist or a least never so effectually by any other Thus where others end their labors with their departure from their labor atory, Perret is enabled to continue his studies ad libitum, through the night, whenever the promise is held out to him of enlarging on his already extensive fund of knowledge respect ing the volcano.

Like a vigilant sentinel nothing here escapes his notice. With ears keenly attuned to the abnormal, that which means nothing to the uniniti ated bears to him a message pregnant with significance. It may be an al most imperceptible tremor which to those not adept in the volcanic nomen clature, signifies little, but to the sci entist presages the approach of one of those storms that shake the world to its vitals and command the nym pathetic attention of all civiliza

To the layman, unversed in this lore, all interior di turbances of the earth are pretty much alike. But to the scientist whom experience has enabled to classify each variety of detonation, they have a separate and distinct meaning. Of these he must keep record, day and night Through every working minute, by means of the little instrument alongside his bed, he contrives to keep abreast dictograph, which magnifies sound waves, of each one of these kaleidoscopic changes that are being wrought in the stirring drama played out of sight and often out of hearing of the curious.

A slave to detail, these records of the American scientist are said to be the most complete made of any

Vesuvian scholar in recent years. A cold, calculating temperament, deadened to all emotion, fortified with a large measure of personal courage, is necessary to the enjoyment of life in a place like this, the permanence of which is so insecure. It takes more than an ordinary sense of repose to be able to grin and laugh at the idea of being jolted out of bed at two or three o'clock in the morning by an unlooked for eruption of old Vesuvius, and it can be accepted as a certain sign that one's nerves are all right when one is able to spend month after month in the realization of this ever-present danger, without falling a prey to the torture of insomnia and nervous prostration.

If the lure of such a vocation is difficult to under stand, it is much more difficult to appreciate the spirit of enthusiasm which produces in the scientist a feeling of felicity when he takes up his dictograph and discovers that old Ned is about to break loose below. To Perret it's all in a day's work; he thrives on it, and he An interesting story is told of Perret's experience on

Mount Vesuvius during the last eruption. At the time he was a comparative novice in Vesuvian exploration. With the professors of the observatory, which is, lod on the mountain near the mouth of the volcano,

ined in the little brick building occupied by them entire period of the disturbance. Thousands ot lava fell all around them and threatened .? . to overwhelm the structure.

an intensely dramatic experience, with which 4 4.53 on earth is comparable. There was a new Fry minute. From out of the earth's entrails and and unceasing stream of flery ashes, mud and at seemed to inflame everything about them. as . ound rocked and wrenched itself into a fearful sm, as if the earth was being torn asunder. Huge es appeared in the surface of the mountain, from n h issued clouds of steaming vapor that added to the

Vivid flashes of fire lighted the heavens to the accomaniment of the deafening crash of thunder. To the cool, collected Yankee the end of the world can produce nothing more calculated to instill one with the horror

Perret is said to have predicted six months ahead of time the earthquake which destroyed Messina. He was a warm friend of Arthur H. Cheney, the American consul at Messina, who with his wife lost his life in the collapse of the consulate there on the morning of the fatal disas-ter. Talking with the Cheners in the early summer of 1908, on observations he had taken in the neighborhood, which foreshadowed the quake, Perret advised them to seek other quarters. But they were disinclined to leave the pretty little Galabrian sea port and so met the fate that befell so manay thousand others.

When the cataclysm occurred Perret was one of the first to reach the stricken city, going there as a special envoy of the state department, and assisted in the search for the remains of the consul and his wife. This was one of the saddest incidents of his long and eventful expertence in the volcanic some of Italy.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHTS WHICH CAN BE IMAGINED, SAYS PERRET

Mr. Perrei interestingly describes the avalanches in the volcanic cone due to the tremors within the interior of the earth, which intermittently add to the terror of life in and around the crater and often missaken for eruptions because of the heavy detonations and density of the vapors that usually accompany them.

"The last emption" he says, "left great masses of interial in unstable equilibrium around the inside of the crater's edge, and from time to time these were precipifated into the abyse, compressing the sir by their fall, and were their eighted as immending the control of a new cruption were frequently seems in a new capacitation which so perfectly resembled true explosions that reports of a new cruption were frequently seems in a new subsequent avalanches have formed a series of comes around the circumsterence of this floor which are committee to the size of the fast, central area."

"I use the word avalanche instead of dry ally" or fined-slide as it conveys a more adequate idea of the grandeur of the phenomenon. Silps and sildes are continually coverying, but the descent of a true avalanche in the present crater of ventrins forms phenomenon. Silps and sildes are continually coverying, but the descent of a true avalanche in the present crater of ventrins forms phenomenon. Silps and sildes are continually coverying, but the descent of a true avalanche in the present crater of ventrins forms phenomenon. Silps and sildes are continually occurring, but the descent of a true avalanche in the present crater of ventrins forms one of the most impressive sights which can be imagined. Detachment committee takes place allests, but more offen with a one of the most impressive sights which can be imagined. Detachment as the protected horizon tally and than descend in graceful crater, while the built of the bowledges, rebounding from the hills of lava, are projected horizon tally and than descend in graceful crater, while the built of the present of the p

