

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

America's output of copper in 1901 was 297,490 tons. Spain and Portugal together rank next, with 13,021 tons. The Transcaspian earthquake of last February 12 destroyed 4,500 houses in Chembakha and 2,000 in 128 villages. Of the 4,500,775 square miles in Asiatic Russia, 4,483,000 belong to Siberia proper. Of these only about 500,000 are arable. The capacity of Australia for wheat growing is illustrated by the fact that in Queensland alone 50,000,000 acres of suitable lands for wheat are still unutilized. Servants' wages are much lower in Germany than in England or France—rarely exceeding 700 a year; but they get a Christmas present, by mutual agreement, worth from five dollars to 100. A Paris milliner has been sued for 20,000 francs on the charge of extortion. Plaintiff claims to have paid her 210,000 francs in four years, and that she once charged 100 francs for serving on a button. For a hundred years Portland, Me., has been the American port most intimate with Maritime. Many of the sawmills within 10 miles of Portland have been kept busy with lumber and sawing logs from St. Pierre and Fort-de-France. Patrick T. Kennedy believes himself to be the oldest peasant vendor among New England summer resorts. He celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his beginning business at Salem Willows, Thursday, July 24, and during that time he has sold 21,000 bunches of peas in pint bags, making 600,000 bags in all. He is totally blind. Like all other United States citizens, Mr. Dietrich, of Nebraska, has a great many engagements, but being a trifle forgetful about such things he has adopted an emphatic method of reminding himself. He carries with him a small alarm clock. If he has an engagement, say at three o'clock, the alarm goes off ten minutes before that time. Then he sets it for his next appointment, and so on through the day.

THE NEW SOUTHWESTERN.

Go to a Practical and Informative Man Who is Not Given to Fighting.

The time has now come to introduce the new southwestern. Indeed the new westerner, for he has come alike to the north and to the south, and is setting himself to the gigantic task of overthrowing the old, wanton westerner and saving what he can from the wreck. The new man—call him rancher or farmer—has not come suddenly, writes Ray Stannard Baker, in Century. In some sections he has been at work for years—in parts of Texas, where he is protected by comparatively favorable laws, since the early '70s; in others he is just arriving; but he has been strong enough only with the last few years to exert any perceptible influence. No revolutionary changes are ever sharply defined; advancement is the result of many intricately overlapping influences. The buffalo hunter overlapped the cowboy, the cowboy overlapped the sheepman and the goatman, and all three have overlapped the new rancher. The rancher has always been present. Jack, the cowboy, is still powerful on the range, together with the old careless life he represents so well; but he has had his fling; the time is near when he will shoot up a town or rope a cowboy for the last time. And the man who follows him is quite a different person—not so picturesque by a long way, not so carelessly free, a person whom Jack despises with all his big, warm, foolish heart, and dreads with all his impractical head. For Mr. Brown is from Kansas—or is it Wisconsin?—a practical, unpoetic man, who wears suspenders and a derby hat, whose rear pocket bulges to no effect. He is wholly without respect for the range boundaries set by honorable custom; he looks up his rights in a California law book, and sets down his expenditures in a small red book, so that he can tell at the end of the year how much he has made or lost. One of his chief weapons is the barbed wire fence, which he strings ruthlessly along the rivers or around his leased school land, where cattle once roamed free. Kill him, and be done with it; but next day comes Mr. Smith from Ohio, and with him Mr. John Doe, of Boston, doing the same despicable things, as Jack sees them. Is there no end of them? And killing, unfortunately, grows unpopular—even dangerous. What is to be done with men who won't fight?

How to Open a Jack-Pot.

The Kansas friends of "Gene Ware have unearthed an English edition of "Ironquill," annotated liberally in explanation of its Americanisms. The refrain: "Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down," suggests difficulties disposed of in a footnote, which lays down a safe and conservative rule for foreigners in the great American game: "The 'jackpot' is a feature of a gambling game of cards in which each player contributes an equal amount of money to the formation of the 'pot.' To 'open' the jackpot means to start the gambling for that particular pot. It can only be done by that player who has a hand of a certain prescribed degree of excellence. If he can sustain his supremacy he may win, but in the course of the play he may lose. If he wins he wins all. Hence, to open a jackpot, in slang parlance, means a person with a temporary advantage endeavoring to get all that his associates have in sight. Four kings is a good hand to open on."

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Views of an American Who Gives Some Observations on Filipino Customs, Etc.

A well-known Washington boy, for several years prominent as a member of the District of Columbia national guard, has sent to friends here an interesting statement of affairs in the Philippines, where he is now located. He expects to be wealthy in a few years and desires to think that our countrymen are a promising field for energetic Americans, reports the Washington Star, of a recent date. On the trip over the Washingtonian spent two days at Honolulu. He found it to be a great place, he says, both for beauty and climate. After leaving the Hawaiian group a volcano in eruption was seen. Continuing the correspondent says: "Well, I have been here more than a month; am in Manila, and like the place immensely. All that talk in the states about unhealthy climate, hot weather and the like, is trash. I don't believe it will ever get as hot here as it is in Washington in summer. The thermometer ranges from 60 degrees to 85 and 90 degrees, all the year round. The evenings are delightful and cool. It is quite civilized. The Luneta, a driveway, extends for a mile along the bay. At the end is a band stand and a concert is given every evening. They remain one very much of the Marine band concerts on the White lot in Washington Saturday evenings. The sunsets are beautiful and the water at night is one mass of phosphorescence. "Cholera is paying on a visit at present. The town is quarantined and no one is allowed out. I had quite an experience last Sunday. I was unwell and found that the board of health had an ambulance waiting at the door and with a few other 'Americans' I took an early morning ride to the Santa Mesa cholera camp, where I was compelled to remain five days. One man who waited on me at table at six o'clock was dead an hour later. They left a body in front of my tent for 15 minutes. Everything possible was done to induce me to succumb to the cholera, but as I did not pack my kit and journey this far to help fill a crematory, I finished my term. They turned me loose in five days (nothing for good behavior) and I had to give a peso to the guard at the gate to keep him from using the 'carbolic hose' on me." The former Washingtonian next turns his attention to the conduct of the war. "I have to laugh at certain of the United States papers and the cry of 'Stop this cruel war in the Philippines!'" he writes. "It is necessary to be over here to understand the situation and know of the treachery that is rampant. The only reason we have so many 'amigos' is because those natives have no guns. It is only right that our troops should deal with the dogs as they treat us. If I had my way I would put every one of them on the rack and I came over here with a tender heart for the natives as anyone could have. When a squad of soldiers miss one of their comrades and go out in the brush and find him hacked to pieces, his eyes punched out, and otherwise horribly mutilated, a desire for revenge is natural. These natives if refer to torture an American soldier, kill him, and chop him into little pieces and then we hear from the states the cry of 'Stop the cruel war.' "I had this a great country and there are fine prospects for young men. Everything is cheap, except board and moon, and that can be obtained for \$25 or \$30 a month, in gold. Wages are good. Anybody with a grain of intelligence can secure employment. I have an excellent place. I believe the prospects for successful mining are most encouraging and think I shall be in the engineering field before long. "The rainy season will soon be on and then, they say, it gets wet. We wear white suits. To be a gentleman here all that it requires are six white suits at three dollars each, made to order."

HIS COLDEST WINTER.

His Own Winter's Short One, But It Left Nothing Here to Be Said.

In a little wayside inn at a small station some 50 miles west of Duluth a half-dozen men from various places chanced to meet recently. The conversation opened with a remark concerning the weather, and from that drifted easily to the severity of winters in the different parts of the northwest. One man, who came from the Twin Cities, told a sad story of frozen water pipes and other household inconveniences occasioned by the frigid weather there one February. Another recorded a tale of suffering endured by men and beasts on a North Dakota prairie during a blizzard. Stories were thus told, until five of the group had contributed instances upon the subject. There was a pause in the conversation, until an Irishman, who sat a little apart from the others, quietly smoking a pipe, remarked: "Well, the coldest winter I ever put in was winter in Duluth."

Retiring Railway President.

When a railroad president outlives and outgrows his usefulness in the activities of transportation the directors have a gentle way of shelving him. They make him chairman of the board. This puts him in a dignified place, with a dignified salary, and gives a younger and abler man an opportunity to be a live president.—Railway Journal.

COURTING IN PHILIPPINES.

These Are Methods to Lovemaking That Are a Surprise to the Americans.

"Justice, a weekly paper published in Manila, prints the following from an American contributor: "We have for a year been trying to make out of what courting by the Filipinos consists, and are yet not sure that we know much about it. "We have seen some of it going on from the streets and the windows of our neighbors. The other evening, from nine to ten, a dusky maiden leaned from the upstairs window and talked with a man of probably 25 years. We do not know how much love they talked, but the chances are not much. These people are not much given to sattery or lovemaking, at least so far as outward appearance goes. "A young man and a young woman never go riding or walking together, nor do they visit alone together in their homes. Some member of the family is always present, and the conversation is general. After the engagement is announced the intended seems to go to see the to-be bride as often as he chooses. We know a couple; the man is a widower of about 33 and the girl 16 or 17. It is said that the man is well-to-do, and the woman is fairly good-looking. The man has a boy about seven years old, and it is not infrequent for the father to take the boy with him when he goes to see his sweetheart, which is fully four times a week. They are to be married soon. "The girls are not backward about talking to any one in the presence of their family or friends. And they can talk, too—about everything they know about. "There is little or no hugging or kissing, and absolutely none in the better-educated class before marriage, and so far as we know, but little after. We do not remember of seeing a man and woman kiss during our stay in these islands. It is not a lack of kindly regard, but not the custom. "The way the houses are built, the open windows, projecting over the street, make it very convenient for the lover to stand upon the sidewalk and "spark" his best bit. "It is our opinion that, to a marked degree, the girls belonging to the families of the better class are virtuous when they give their hands in holy wedlock. "Among the lower classes, parents and friends are not strict, and we believe very many live together through life and never marry. The lower class will take up and live with Americans, but there is no question but they prefer their own people. "There is more virtue among the lower classes than a newcomer would be led to believe by listening to street talk. "We have heard a number of Filipino young ladies who can speak English wish the American customs would come into vogue here, but we are not sure that it would have a good moral effect upon society generally."

THE OLD PLANTATION BELL.

Reminiscence of Southern Days Before the War Located in a Northern Junk Shop.

"Old bells always interest me," remarked a man who had lounged into a junk-shop to see if he couldn't find the old brass candle-sticks his wife was always talking about, relates the Detroit Free Press. "Where did that old farm-bell come from?" The junk-dealer smiled a little, and said: "That old farm-bell has quite a history. It was brought from way down south, after the civil war, by a colored man, Old Jack, everybody calls him. He cuts grass around town, saws wood and does other odd jobs. The old bell, he says, was on the plantation to which he belonged with 85 other slaves, and when the family broke up his old master asked him what he would like to have as a keepsake from the old home. He chose the farm-bell—it is hard iron, you see, and has a good, old-fashioned country ring to it. "Old Jack says he brought the bell up north all the way in a push-cart, with his other traps, but I don't know about that. At any rate, for many years he has lent the plantation bell to a little back-street church in which he was prime mover. The little church hadn't any steeple, but Old Jack rigged the bell up on a frame behind the church, and rang it faithfully on Sunday, twice a day, and on week-days when they had meetings. He wouldn't trust anybody else to ring that bell. No, sir, he thought too much of it for that. "Well, the other day he brought it here on his push-cart and asked me to buy it for one dollar. He said his churchfolk had built a new church, with a big steeple, and had got so stylish that they didn't want the old bell any more, they made fun of it, and said it didn't sound like a church-bell, anyway, it sounded like an old wayback tavern dinner bell. Old Jack wept at parting with it, but he said it made him feel badly to look at it now, and he hoped it would be sold off into the country, where it could ring on a farm again. I gave him the dollar—and a quarter for luck—and promised him I wouldn't sell it except to a farmer. You don't know one who needs a bell, do you?" "I'll take Old Jack's bell," said the listener; "we've got a small place in the country, and my wife will be tickled to death to have a real oldtime plantation bell to ring at dinner time."

Enviéd.

How a sick man envies one who is able to work.—Atchison Globe.

IRISH HUSBANDRY.

The Incredible Labor Performed by the Small Farmer for a Very Poor RETURN.

When a man begins to cultivate a patch of ground in the Swinford Union of county Mayo, the first three crops he gets consist of stones. I state the plain facts, says a writer in London Mail. There is no room for humorous exaggeration with respect to that amazing wildness of glacial debris. The peasant goes to work with a hammer and chisel on stones of a hundredweight and upwards. Then, with a pick, he gets out the stones of moderate size. In the third year he collects innumerable small stones. There is no land until he has made it. That is to say, there is no place where he can put the stones to have them out of the way. He has to pile them up in the middle of his hard-won patch. The landscape, of course, is one gray spread of elementary ruin. I fixed my attention on a little space of less than an acre. It was in no way worse than the rest, but I wanted to realize this incredible labor. The yield of three such harvests had been a strong boundary wall and a heap of certainly not less than 60 tons weight. Nobody shall tell me again that the Irish peasant is lazy. The whole west of Ireland is jeweled with such monuments of courage. They are of all dimensions up to that of a large house. Yet Swinford Union accommodates more wives and children to the acre than any other union in Ireland. Fifty thousand people exist on land which is valued for rating at £41,000, and the valuation includes villages. No man knows now why people ever went there. There they are, heroically. I counted 36 homes in one cluster at Cleeragh. I am sure that if the land they stand on were offered in one estate as a free gift to the meanest little farmer in England, he would think it a bad joke. But, as a fact, rent is charged for it. Between them the 36 farmers pay, at a very moderate computation, £150 or £160 a year for the privilege of residing on it. Each has four or five acres of stones. Of course, it is impossible to make a living so, even in the utmost misery. What these farmers do, in order to pay their rents, is to work in England during nine or ten months of the year. They bring home £16 or £20 in November. That frees them and keeps starvation just at arm's length. These are some of the men I have met in the north, such hard workers in the hay field that a Yorkshire farmer prefers the best of these to all others. One man will come over to the same farm for 20, 30 and 40 years. If he is not there when the grass is ready, the Yorkshire farmer knows that he has not the money to pay his wife, and sends it. The ridiculous patch in county Mayo, with its whitewashed hotel, meaner and more vilely kept than any dwelling I have seen in city slums, is Pat's winter residence; no more. If you want a notion of simple patriotism, here it is, absurd and sublime. He goes back from a thriving land every winter, and still clings to the place where he was born. But his sons and daughters leave him. The stream of emigrants going west overseas flows on, by 40,000 a year, after all that has been done for Ireland. The merriest song in the land still is: "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning."

CAN THE EARTH EXPLODE?

The Question Interestingly Discussed from a Speculative Point of View.

We frequently hear the suggestion that the earth may some time explode from the pent-up forces within, and we often read theories about explosions of heavenly bodies, but the earth can never explode from its own pent-up forces. Under our very feet at this moment, between the earth's solid crust and the molten interior, there is a pressure exerted more than double that which is capable of being exerted by the most powerful dynamite in the world. It is a generally accepted and probably true theory, says Hudson Maxim, in Woman's Home Companion, that the whole interior of the earth is a molten mass of rock and metals heavier than the crust above, and upon which the crust floats in a relatively thin layer. The thickness of the earth's crust within the great continents is probably from 50 to 100 miles. If we estimate the pressure exerted by the weight of one mile of earth and rock at 10,000 pounds, which is well within the truth, then 50 miles of earth would exert a pressure of about 500,000 pounds, and 100 miles would exert a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds, to the square inch. Now, as the pressure capable of being exerted by the most powerful dynamite, exploded in a space equal to its own volume, is about 300,000 to 350,000 pounds, it is evident that if the whole interior of the earth were filled with dynamite, and exploded, it would not be capable of exerting a pressure only about one-third great enough to raise the continents or to disrupt the crust of the earth. Do Not Spite Yourself. If you are sore and dissatisfied, remember the man who quit his job in a huff, and offered to come back within three months for one-half the money formerly paid him.—Atchison Globe. Movement in Russia. Two classes of the population of St. Petersburg are specially addicted to eating horse meat, the Tartars because they like it, the students because it is cheap.—N. Y. Sun.

DINNER DECORATIONS.

Spiced Description of a Dainty Laying Which is Complete with Suggestions.

"These dinners have passed into memory, and into the corporal essence, moreover, of some very attractive young women. For the geranium dinner, the hostess carried out a scheme of her own. Down the center of the table extended a long, narrow box, or succession of boxes, of stiff cardboard. Geranium cuttings, each bearing large red blossoms and bedded in wet tissue paper, filled the boxes. The sides of this box arrangement were banked, so to speak, with fine ferns. This was done by building up a sand bank, on a paper surface, against the box, and sticking the ferns in the sand. The red of this novel centerpiece was matched in the bill of fare with tomato bisque soup and the dash of color which maraschino cherries gave to the whipped cream surrounding parfait glasses of chocolate ice. The ice, the cream and the cherries were a symphony in brown, red and white, says Good Housekeeping. Everybody was in clover at the dinner with this designation, for it was an engagement dinner, and in the huge round dish on the table were almost flowers enough to hide the blooming fiancée in its pink fluorescence. Radiating from the bouquet were pink ribbons, each ending in a heart, made for the occasion and bearing a highly sentimental motto. The guests tugged at the hearts until the ribbon ends were drawn from out the bouquet, and attached to one ribbon was found a ring. This, of course, betokened the early engagement of the girl who drew it. Big clover blossoms and leaves were pinned on the lamp shades, and the cards were decorated with tiny cupids. Strawberry sherbet of a decidedly pink hue was served in tall parfait glasses, topped with whipped cream and fresh strawberries. For the birthday of a dainty college girl, the sweet pea was chosen as the flower for table decorations, the sweet pea in enchanting profusion. In the center of the table was a tall vase of beautiful favrite glass, containing sweet peas and heaped about with bunches of sweet peas in a veritable little mountain, almost three feet in diameter. There were three or four dozens of the peas in each bunch. From this fairy structure trailed ribbons, starting with great, luxurious bows. The guests received dinner favors of stick pins of sweet pea design, pink and white. The prettiest dinner of all was the buttercup. A great bouquet of buttercups shed its glory over the round table and the entire room. The big brass dish which held it was elevated at a distance of about eight inches with a row of smilax, and outside this was a fringe of the flat leaves of the jonquil, all of the same size, like a conventional pattern. Narrow ferns might take the place of the jonquil leaves at a later season. At the plates were bunches of jonquils. The candles and the lamp shades were yellow.

TOUCHING THE GUBBLECHUP.

Its Striking Resemblance to the Channomuraean Disturbs the Listener.

The man with the Flow of Language To The Head ran against The Listener the other day, relates the New York Telegram, and hooking a muscular finger into a buttonhole, proceeded to unbutton himself as under: "It will probably be found that the scientists have made a great mistake in terming that six-foot eel in the Aquarium a channomuraean." "Indeed! Why do you think so?" "Well, mark you, it has a snake-like head, turtle's bill, fish-like gills, no fins, and is brown in color, marked crosswise with yellow bands. I see it is already suggested it is a gubblechup. Having seen the gubblechup, I am inclined to believe—" "Oh, what's a gubblechup?" "Don't you know? Such ignorance! Avoid the gubblechups. Is it they who continually cry: 'Oh, piffle, oh, piffle!' Don't you recall the lines: "Beware the awful gubblechup That slugs around in stubby legs, The father of the burgieppie, First cousin to the slimy glug. "Oh, piffle," murmured he awhile, Then took his gillsome leg in hand, And slithering round the sidly pile He smooched in the stibberian!" Here the listener got a strange hold on the finger of the man with the cascade of words, and, breaking loose, fled toward the setting sun and escaped.

Preserved Pineapples.

Select large, ripe, sugar-soft pineapples, cut them in finger-thick slices, pare them neatly, remove the eyes with a pointed knife and cut the fruit in small, square pieces, rejecting the core; then weigh the cut pineapple, and allow for each pound of fruit three-fourths pounds of sugar and three-fourths cupful water. Place sugar and water in a preserving kettle and boil three minutes; remove all black scum, if there is any; put in the pineapple; cover and cook 45 minutes; fill into pint jars to overflowing; put on the cover and set upside down till cold; wipe the jars with a damp towel and set in a cool, dry place.—Ledges Monthly. Quashed. A Georgia man who has gone to Washington in search of a government job gives as his qualifications: "I can not only write poetry and novels, but there ain't a government mule that can throw me."—Atlanta Constitution. Farms in Russia. Ninety per cent. of the 125,000,000 people of the Russian empire are farmers.—N. Y. Sun.

AS TO BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

They Are as a Rule the Problem, Thinest, Most Colorless Lecturizations.

Where are the books for girls? Adults' books there are and books for boys by the ear load, says Frank Norris in the Critic, but where's the book for the young girl? Boys' books, tales of hunting, adventure and sport, abound. They are good books, too, sane, "healthy," full of fine spirit and life. But the girl, what does she read? The feeblest, thinnest, most colorless lecturizations that it is given to the mind of misbegotten man to compose or to perpetuate. It must be this of else the literature of the adult; and surely the novels written for mature minds, for men and women who have some knowledge of the world and powers of discrimination, are not good reading, in any sense of the word, for a 16-year-old girl in the formative period of her life. But for all the great parade and prating of amanuensis women, it nevertheless remains a fact that the great majority of twentieth-century opinion is virtually oriental in its conception of the young girl. The world to-day is a world for boys, men and women. Of all humans the young girl, the 16-year-old, is the least important—or at least is so deemed. Wanted: a champion. Wanted: the discoverer and poet of the very young girl. Unimportant she may now appear to you, who may yet call her by her first name without fear and without reproach. But remember this, you who believe only in a world of men and boys and women; the very young girl of to-day is the woman of to-morrow, the wife of the day after, and the mother of next week. She only needs to put up her hair and let down her front to become a very important person indeed. Meanwhile she has no literature; meanwhile, faute de mieux, she is trying to read Ouida and many other books intended for maturer minds; or, worse than all, she is engulfing her mind by the very thin grad purveyed by the mild-mannered gentlemen and ladies who write for the Sunday school libraries. Here is a bad business; here is a field that needs cultivation. All very well to tend and train the saplings, the oaks and the vines. The flowers—they have not bloomed yet—are to be thought about, too.

WE ARE HEALTHIER.

A Conclusion That is Based on the Death Statistics of the Last Census.

A branch of the census of 1900 is the vital statistics department which was intended to show the ordinary conditions of health in various localities. It has for the general reading public the merit of showing the advance in medical science in the United States during a period of ten years, the number of deaths being taken on the basis of 100,000 of population in the two years of 1890 and 1900. By these figures it is shown that medical science has made marked advances in the United States, says an eastern exchange. The most conspicuous of these, perhaps, is in the case of diphtheria which, since the use of antitoxin, shows a decrease in the death rate of from 70 per hundred thousand to 35—one-half. In crup the reduction in the death rate is from 27.06 to 9.8 per hundred thousand in typhoid fever from 46 to 33, in diarrhoeal diseases from 84 to 35, brain diseases from 30 to 18, bronchitis from 74 to 46, cholera infantum from 79 to 47, malarial fever from 19 to 8, whooping cough from 15 to 12, convulsions from 56 to 33, and scarlet fever from 13 to 11. On the other hand there are, as the figures show, some ailments which have increased, notwithstanding the exercise of increasing medical skill. Appendicitis, not separately reported in 1890, showed a death rate in 1900 of 10, cancer increased from 47 to 60, apoplexy from 49 to 66, diabetes from 5 to 9, and kidney diseases from 59 to 83. Many of these changes are ascribed to changed conditions of life, diet, and mental activity which are not within the power of medical science to control, but the conclusion, based on all the figures, is that the general health of the people of the country is improving, as is evidenced by the fact that the deaths from old age, 44 per hundred thousand in 1890 were 54 in 1900.

Long Floated the Sea.

The Italian ship Anita, registered at the port of Genoa, lately sailed at Tenerife to be broken up. The Anita, which resembled Christopher Columbus' ship, the Santa Maria, was built in Genoa in 1548 and effected her last voyage at the end of March, 1902, from Naples to Tenerife six or seven weeks ago. The Anita was of tremendously stout build and had weathered countless storms and tornadoes in all parts of the world, but it was also the slowest ship afloat, taking 205 days on one voyage from Baltimore to Rio Janeiro.—N. Y. Sun. Transmission of Genius. The Lancet, the well-known English medical weekly, has been inquiring into the question of the transmission of genius from father to son, and has found that the sons of great poets are generally dull dogs. Poetic fervor is evidently a spiritual flame that burns itself out in the generation wherein it is kindled. Bedrock of the Earth. Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bed rock of the world and shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is the parent rock, from which all the rocks have been either directly or indirectly derived.—Science.