JCE HAD PRESERVED MAMMOTH. Remarkable Discovery Made in Frozen Siberian Bog.

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Sixty-one years ago a young Russian engineer, Benkendorf, saw the River Lena in Siberia release a dead mainmoth frozen ages ago in the box. There had been exceptionally warm weather in the north of Siberia, and the river, swollen by melting snow and ice and torrential warm rains, swept out of its old channel and carved a new one, carrying to the sea vast quantities of its former banks and furrowing up the thawing bogs over which it raced. As he made his way in a steam cutter against the current Benkendorf saw the head of a mammoth appear above the flood. Rush upon rush of water more and more released the body. Its hind legs were still imbedded when he saw it, but 24 hours liberated these. The mammoth had sunk; feet first, into a bog. The cose had frozen over it; successive tides had heaped soil and vegetation upon it. Bone and flesh and hair were perfect. They secured it; they cut off its tusks; they dissected it and found in its stomach the last meal it had eaten, young shoots of the fir and pine and masticated fir conce. They were still at work when the river, spreading farther, engulfed them. The men escaped, but the waters surged over the mammoth and carried it for carrios to the sea.

PROBABLY NOT ON PAY ROLL Father's Occupation Would Likely Se News to Lord Clare.

"The late Frederick McNally had occasion," said a Chicago lawyer, "to consult me about an infringed copyright. Mr. McNally said he thought there would be no trouble about correcting this infringement. The thing, he believed, had been innocently done. The man who had done it was an amateur in publishing-unsophisticatedlike a girl his father used to tell about in Ireland. This girl was the daughter of a poor man, and every week or so she used to come to the village rectory with a pheasant or a hare to sell. The price she asked was low, and for a time the pastor bought of her. Then somebow, his suspicions were aroused. The next time the girl called, he said to her sternly: 'It is good, fresh game you bring, my dear, and your price is always reasonable; but do you come by all these pheasants and hares bonestly? 'Oh, shure, yes, yer reverence, said the young girl. My father is poacher to Lord Clare."

Wore Out the Snow. My old friend Crabtree of the real early Okiahoma days tells this tale about an early day snowstorm: "One nany days of dry weather a big snow came and visited our drought-stricken land. The faces of the farmers were all smiles, because it meant a wheat crop. But alas! an old-time wind came up from the south that blew about 40 miles an hour and wrifted the snow northward for a day. Then came an 80-mile-an-hour wind from the north that drifted it back wouth again. This condition of wind continued daily until the snow storm was blown and worn out and not a snowfiake could be found anywhere in the county."-Watonga Herald.

Streets With Queer Names. Edinburgh has some queerly named streets, among which are Jacob's Ladder, Gabriel's Ladder, Coffin land and Cuddy lane. It is, however, in the "close" that this ancient city figures best. There are, for instance, Hole in the Wall close, Little Jack and Big Jack close, Lady Stairs, Heave-Away and Long closes. The last is one of the shortest of these, and in that remembles Crooked and Turnagain lanes in London, the former being as straight as a die and the latter so parrow that a vehicle in it cannot pos-

isibly turn again.

Valuable Dwarf Palm Fiber. The fiber of the dwarf palm-a tree until lately regarded as worthless or barmful—is developing an important industry in Algeria. Factories are multiplying, and to these the natives bring the paim leaves, which are transformed into vegetable fiber by a steam carding machine, and then spun and braided. The material has the advantage over horsehair of being proof against moths and insects. It is being used for mattresses, woven products, harness and carriage work, military bedding, various tissues, and even hats.

Queer Breed of Chickens.

"It does me good," said the girl who has just returned. "to get back to a country where they serve a whole chicken." You know then where you are at. At my ponsion in Paris they had chicken for Sunday dinner. That is, they called it chicken, but a lot of us were of the opinion that it was a giant centipede. Every Sunday while I was there they put a leg in each plate when the chicken course came around. There were 13 of us. Did you ever see a chicken with 13 legs?"

The Measure of His Love. Miss Homely-Rich-"I heard something to-day that would indicate that Mr. Hunter simply cannot love me as he said he did." Miss Cutting-"Good gracious! bad news from your banker ch?

He Knew. Lady customer-"I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made." Shoemaker-"Oh! | know that well enough; large inside and amail outside."-Illustrated Bits.

APPRECIATE LAND OF LIBERTY.

Returning Immigrants Go Back With Fond Thoughts of America.

The steerage passengers who sail from America may be roughly divided into two classes-those who go home because they have succeeded, and those who go home because they have failed. The children are always loath to return, says the author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant." especially those who have gone to school in America. Amushka, a bright 12-year-old girl, goes from a Pennsylvania town to the Frencain district in Hungary. She is dressed "American fashion." has gone to the public school and speaks English fairly well. "Amushka Moya, tell me, do you like to go back to Hungary?" "No, siree. America is the best country. There we have white bread and butter and candy, and I can chew gum to beat the band;" and tears fill her eyes at the memory of the American luxuries she has tasted. One of the returning, who had traveled far, and had seen on that journey the galleries of Paris, Munich and Dresden, said: "I tell you, the finest piece of statuary in the whole world is the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor."-Youth's Companion.

WAS ALMOST TOO PARTICULAR.

Colored Man's Literal Obedience Caused Slight Embarrasement.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a southern city, hires a negro to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said: "Boss, our blackin' am done out." "What do you mean by saying 'our blacking?' " growled the sordid employer, "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." The terrified darkey apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored woman pushing a baby carriage. "Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked the next day at his home when he was entertaining quite a number of his friends. "No boss, dat's not our chile; dat's your chile. I'se neber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no mosh."

Trying for Faker Prize. He didn't set himself up to be a nature faker, but he confessed he knew a story which, if not exactly accurate, was at all events somewhat brilliant. "This happened in the cottage of a peasant who had his quiver full of children. When the baby was put to sleep at night every one in the family was enjoined to be quiet. They were, including the dog. One night, how ever, the dog fancied the room wasn't as quiet as it should be. There was an old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, which ticked somewhat loudly with its ponderous pendulum. The dog, thinking that this ticking might disturb the baby, went on tiptoe, and, putting his paw against the pendulum, stopped it. And that's a fac-" But even the oysters on the counter gaped with astonishment. -New York Press.

Cow Caught by Her Tail. Caught by her tail in the cleft of a tree, a cow belonging to Joseph Blake of Geonaland subsisted without food, except the bark of trees, or drink for five weeks. When found she was reduced to a skeleton, but the sight of the man apparently infuriated her, and with a lunge she broke her tail off and charged her would-be rescurer. He sought safety on the top of a woodpile a short distance away and was kept there for three-quarters of an hour. The desire for food finally became uppermost to the animal, and she wandered away in quest of it. She was found later, and is improving under care.-Portland Oregonian.

Russian Fighting Geese. In Russia pits for cock fighting are unknown, but "goosepits" some 60 years ago were common throughout that mighty kingdom. The effect of this can be seen to-day in the geese which are indigenous to the country, the Arsamas and the Tula varieties particularly showing to a marked degree the fighting characters of their ancestors. The Arsamas gauder has a bill which is entirely different in form from that of the geese known in any other part of the world. This special structure enables the bird to take a firm grip on the neck or back of its antagonist.

Who Kills a Good Book Kills Reason. Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature-God's image, but he who kills a good book kills reason itself-kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.-John Milton.

His Present State. "What state does the young fellow belong to who wants to marry old Billyuns' daughter?" "Judging from his appearance when I saw him come out of the old man's office I should say a state of collapse."

Popularity. "Doesn't Mr. Keenote play any pop-Minter music?" "No," answered Miss. Cayenne: "bis style of playing would make anything unpopular."

NO ROOM FOR CONTROVERSY. Old Gentleman Fully Indorsed Actor's Declaration.

Like other actresses Miss Jessie Busley delights in seeing a good play, and takes advantage of every occasion, when she is not playing herself, to visit one or another of the theaters in the city where she may happen to be. Two years ago she chanced to be in Chicago on a Sunday night. Looking over the advertisements in the newspaper she decided to see a wellknown comedy written by a widelyknown playwright. She sat in a box, and directly below her in two orches tra chairs in the fifth row were seated,

ing, and depended on his wife for the repetition of many of the lines that escaped him. A well-known actor, who shall be nameless in the light of what follows, but who is swollen up with an idea of his ewn value and artistic achieve-

ment, had the leading part, and finally

an aged couple who bore every mark

of the rustic type. Both, it appeared

before the play had progressed very

far, were very much interested, but

the old gentleman was hard of hear-

came to a line that read: "I'm rotten; rotten all through." The old gentleman turned to his wife and said quite loudly: "What does he say?"

The old lady leaned toward him and replied so shrilly that half the bouse heard her: "He says he's rotten all through."

"So he is. So he is," returned the old man, with deep conviction.--Bohemian.

ARE IN TRUTH SKYSCRAPERS.

New York's Buildings Piled Atop Each Other Would Pierce the Clouds.

If all the skyscrapers in New York were piled one atop of the other a building of 6,553 stories would rear itself toward high heaven. Compared to such a structure the tower of Babel would look like a mushroom.

The building department has finished counting the lafty buildings in the city; 540 of them have been erected since 1890, when the Pulitzer building was the first of its class.

Including the Metropolitan Life building, the census of high buildings is as follows: One of 48 stories; one of 41; two of 26; three of 25; two of 23; four of 22; nine of 20; two of 19; nine of 18; two of 17; 19 of 16; 19 of 15; 18 of 14; 13 of 13; 169 of 12; 161 of 11; 164 of ten.

The discovery of the structural possibilities of steel is what did it. Modern fireproofing methods-protecting the steel with unburnable terra cotta. and using the same material for floors and partitions and inclosing elevator shafts and stairways-made the sky-

Limit Advertising Pages. Australia has placed a heavy duty on all magazines containing advertising matter in a proportion of more than one-fifth of the general contents. Mutilated magazines are one of the first results of the new tariff. Subscribers to many popular monthlies are writing to the Melhourno papers, indignantly complaining of the condition in which the last numbers reached them. Nearly all the advertising pages were torn out by rude force. This was done by the agents with the permission of the minister of customs, who has granted the publishers four months' grace to make fresh arrangements. The Melbeurne manager of one well-known magazine says that it has hitherto been sold in Australia at 12 cents, but if this provision in the new tariff is passed the price in future cannot be less than 30 cents.

The Chinese nurse is an addition to the ouriosities of the Manchester streets, says the Guardian of that city. One of them may be seen any day carrying her charge, an English baby, about the streets of Rusholme. She wears an embroidered sash on her head and a Chinese costume of black alpaca—that is, a plain long jacket of black alpaca and trousers of the same material. She stalks along on two tiny heels not larger than a florin, and her poor cramped feet,

Chinese Nurse Girl.

His Enjoyment.

swathed in rainbow ribbons, are quite

clear of the pavement.

"I suppose you have a much larger income than you can possibly spend." "Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but I learned in my youth to rejoice in habits of thrift, and the greater my income the more material I have with which to be saving."

Her Advantage.

"Why is it that a young and pretty widow is so much more likely to get married than a girl who is just as attractive as she?"

"A young and pretty widow knows when to keep still and run no risk of changing the subject."

A Bad Loser. "Mrs. Twospot dropped 30 at

bridge last evening." "She is not in position to lose that much money with equanimity." "She did not lose it with equanimity. You should have heard her

squesl." Toe Conservative. "Is she an active member of the

"No, she's too hopelessly conserva-"What do you mean by that?"

New York smart set?"

the first of a first of the same same and same and the color of the same and

"She's only been married once."

CURE FOR MUSCULAR FATIGUE

Best Method of Obtaining Sound and Refreshing Steep.

Real fatigue may be divided into the mental and muscular varieties. The latter is decidedly the simpler of the two. Where one has so overworked physically that one cannot sleep, the first thing to do is to learn to relax. In such a case the first thing to do is to take a warm bath, into which a little rock salt has been dropped to counteract the weakening effect of hot water. Then shut out every ray of light from your bedroom and lie flat on your back. Do not close your eyes and think desperately of going to sleep, instead, devote yourself entirely to the subject of keeping your eyes open. If they close, open them; if necessary, even prop them open with your fingers; whatever you do, continue to stare wide-eyed into the darkness, and most important of all, think of that one question only. In about five minutes you will be so sleepy that no willpower on earth could keep you awake. The one cure for fatigue is rest, and after prolonged physical effort, the paramount issue is to get to sleep immediately, and to sleep as long as pos-

AS EXPLAINED BY THE EDITOR. Drastic Action Evidently Was Neceseary, and it Was Taken.

The Buie's Creek (S. C.) Index to the Times recently came out with a double-leaded editorial as follows: "We wish to make our abject apologles to Hon. Hezekiah E. Kinney for having said of him in our last issue that he 'fumigates his garments.' What we meant to say was 'fulminates his arguments.' We have had our eye on the printer ever since he twisted a phrase which appeared in an editorial of ours from 'full of internal rottenness and dead men's bones' into internal rattlesnakes and dead wren's tones.' And as soon as our eye lit upon this gratuitous insult above to the Hon. Hezekiah E. Kinney we armed ourselves with our repeating shotgun, sought out the guilty party and shot him down in cold blood, notwithstanding the fact that the now deceased was the only support of a widowed mother and possessed a large and flourishing family. We wish to assure the Hon. Hesekiah E. Kinney that in the future his person and his speeches will be handled in these columns with respect."-New York Press.

Life's Sails. Some day when you go down to the shore of a large body of water. make a little study of the sailing vessels you see. Of course the wind blows in the same direction over every part of the water, but you'll notice that some vessels go one way and some another. This because the sails are set in different ways. Set your life sails-your ideals, purposes, estimates of what is most important to you-in one way, and life's experiences will send you on the rocks of destruction. Set them in a different way, and the same experiences will send you into the harbor of heaven .--Wellspring.

Power of Imagination. Illustrating the strange power of the imagination, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," tells this incident. A doctor he knew had found it necessary to give a patient for many evenings an injection of morphia to enable him to get some sleep. After a while the doctor thought it advisable to stop the morphia, and for two nights his patient was unable to sleep, owing to great pain. On the third night the doctor, being stiff unwilling to administer morhpia, injected plain water instead. The man slept perfectly and awoke in the morning with what is known as a morphine mouth.

Thurch Built by One Man. Stivchall, near Coventry, England, possesses a piece of worship unique among English churches. In 1810 John Green, a mason of a strongly religious turn of mind, laid the first stone of the edifice, and seven years later he completed the building. In all that time he had no assistance, doing all the work with his own hands until the church was ready for its interior fittings. The building accommodates a large congregation. The church derives a considerable revenue from the contributions of sightseers who are drawn to the place by curi-

"Roosters" Barred in Waltham.

The board of health is determined to have its rules relative to the keeping of fowl lived up to, as was shown at the meeting last night, when a man living in the west and had his license ! revoked because he kept a rooster. which is contrary to the rules of the board. A man may keep a few hens, but roosters are excluded. It is understood that the rooster in question was a bantam, but in the eyes of the health board a rooster is a rooster, no matter how large or small he may be.-Waltham Letter to the Boston Globe.

The Cutting Retort. "You don't have to brag of success." declared the big woman when she had listened to the little woman's ac-

count of how well she was doing with her work; "it shows for itself." "And you don't have to tell outright of the decline of success once you have been successful," remarked the little woman, who had listened first to the higwoman's talk; "it shows in the bitterness with which you complain of existing circumstances."

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WET SUNDAYS LEAD TO POKER. Paytime of Thoughtlese Youth in New

York City. "It's funny," said the stationery man, "you're the fifth man that's come in here to-day asking if we had any poker chips. I'll bet you some friends have dropped in for a while and you thought you would have a quiet, cosy little game instead of going out in the

"When a cold, drizzly Sunday like this comes around we always look for a sudden rise in the demand for chips. I never knew it to fail. It looks dreary outside, you get tired of reading, and you wander around gloomily wondering what you are going to do. Then some friends drop in, and directly some one says, 'Why not have a little game?' Everybody's face lights up and you get out your cards only to find that the man whose chips you had borrowed came and got them.

"It is to meet little emergencies like these that we always keep a few boxes of chips on hand. They're the cheap kind, because we know that the regulars always have an expensive set on hand. Last week I forgot to get in a freeh supply, and so to-day we had only three boxes in stock. They were gone soon after the rain set in."-N. Y.

FIRE-PROOFED BY WATER. Effect of Pressure of Ocean's Depthe

on Whaler's Bost.

"Did you ever see wood that wouldn't burn?" said the sailor. "Oh, yes. There's briar, pipe briar, you know; and there's ironwood, and

But the sailor interrupted impa-

tiently. "No, no," he said. "I mean ordinary wood, pine, this here." And he drew from his pocket a plece of ancient-looking pine. He applied several matches to it, and, as he predicted, the flame would not consume, but only blackened it a lit-

"This piece of pine," he said, "bas a strang story. It was fireproofed by water. It was part of a whaleboat in the late '60s, and wunst, when a harpoon was stuck into a big whale, the line fouled, the men all jumped for their lives, and the whale made a mad plunge downwards, draggin' the boat down behind it. Down, down it went; they thought it would never come up again. It made a lot of these terrible plunges and dives, then it dashed off faster'n three Lusitanias; but it died in the end, and the whaler's men got it, and they got back their bost too.

"The wood of the boat was all like this here, hard as iron. What had bardened it was the pressure of the water. Scientific codgers said the whale must have carried the boat down half a mile or more to change the fiber of the wood like that."

Monor Due to the Shakers. Shakers were probably the first among modern peoples to recognize and uphold the equality of woman in domestic, business, social and religious economy. Ann Lee, a woman of wonderful mentality, a woman in many respects two centuries in advance of her time, a woman whose primal intuitions or whose spiritual illumination, for she was absolutely unlettered, placed her far ahead of later reform leaders, was the first in western lands to receive the thought of a divine motherhood, coexistent and cooperative with the divine fatherhood in God. The logical outcome of this truth she unhesitatingly promuigated. In the moral and intellectual development of her people, woman's equality was insisted upon. Yet, it was the equality of the true helpmeet, as embodied in the

New York Philanthropist. An Englishman by birth, Robert Parker Miles has had more to do with the establishment of reforms in New York city than any living person. He visited every court in the city and the penal institutions of the state, and reported his impressions of the way justice and punishment were administered, and brought about some reform legislation. He fought the American Tobacco campany in its sale of eigarettes to minors. He compelled every great department store in New York to provide seats for the shopgirls when they were not engaged in their duties.

Mosaic legend.

The Alert Lexicographer.

"I observe," said the professor reprovingly, "that you sometimes use slang."

"Do you think so?" replied the vivacious young woman. "I do my best. But it's very hard nowadays to get any use out of a slang word before it is put into the dictionary as correor speech."

Valuable.

"Do you think the speeches you intend to deliver will exercise any real influence on events?"

"No," answered the statesman, "but I am going to deliver them, just the same. They are valuable as rehearsals for my next lecture tour."

Reiteration.

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"You have used this phrase several times before," said the secretary. "I know it," answered Senator Sorghum; "I'm going to keep hammering away at it until people learn it by heart. Then it'll be considered an epigram."

ADOLESCENCE OF THE DOLLAR. Present Unit of Value Has Had Many Forms and Shapes.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but, much alive, simply gave a bleat or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive man generally made use of say article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise, writes R. Holt Lomaz in Harper's Weekly. Thus, in ancient Greece, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen ozen. A good hard working woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts. When metal took the place of money, the dollar clung to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus, "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from "pecus", (cattle). From the custom of counting heads of cattle came the present designation of a sum in cash-capital, or "capita" (heads). In Sanscrit, roups. (herd, flock) made roupys, or the isdian rupee, while the ingots of electrum, or admixture of gold and silver, | when first in use as money, bore the impress of an ox or cow. Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa, and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value.

PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR INK.

Signature in Indelible Pencil on Wet Check Will Be Accepted.

"Who has a fountain pen?" asked the nervous man as he fished out his check book. "I have to pay mine host his bill, and as I'm going out of town for a couple of weeks, i want to get the job off my hands. He hasn't a pen and ink here." "Here is an indelible pencil." said a friend, as he reached into his vest pocket. "That won't de," snapped the nervous man. "No bank will take a check written with a pencil." "Oh, yes, provided you wet the check first," said the friend soothingly "If you can't get water, lick the check as you would a scamp and then do your writing while it is still moist. An indelible pencil is filled with nothing but ink powder. compressed into solidity. When it is moistened it becomes ink. Try it." "I see," said the nervous man as he signed his check with a flourish, "that there are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with hot butter." v \$

These Were Big Hailstones. The weirdest storm story in years comes down from the Downieville and Snow Tent country, where it is alleged that chickens were killed by hailstones and a borse was knocked senseless. The storm is said to have been the flercest in years. Four chickens are said to have been killed by the hall and many knocked down. Lightning struck a tree on the Goodyear bar grade, and it was still burning today. At George Conper's ranch, near Snow Tent, the hallstones were reported as large as small eggs, and one of these knocked the horse senseless. -Nevada City Correspondent San Francisco Call.

Two Sure Cures. "If you want to know a sure cure for rheumatism," said the pretty woman, "take a long piece of twineand tie it around your waist, up under your arms and down again around your wrist, and let it stay there. In three days you will be perfectly cured." "I know a better cure than that," said the tall, thin boy. "Take a. black cat out to a graveyard on a dark night and cut off both its ears and a piece of its tail. Put the ears and tail on the roof of the house to sun, and when there's nothing left of tham you'll quit having rheumatism."

Vegetable with Old Lineage.

Asparagus is the aristocrat of the food plants. None other has so distinguished a lineage, for its records reach back almost to the beginning of authentic history. It is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died: about 425 B. C. The Romans bold asparagus in the highest esteem, the elder Cato treating at length, in his. "De re Rustica," still extant, of the virtues and correct cultivation of the plant. Pliny, writing about 60 A. De. has a great deal to say of asparagus. He says: "Of all the products of your garden your chief care should be as-

English a Puzzling Language. A Frenchman in convensation with a friend said: "I am going to leave my hotel. I paid my bill yesterday and asked the landlord: 'Do I awayou anything?' He said: 'You are square. 'That's strange, said I, 'I have lived long and never knew I was: square before.' Then, as I was going away, he shook my hand, saying: 'I hope you'll be round again soon.' I' said: 'I thought you said I was square.' He laughed and replied: 'When I said I hoped you'd be round again soon I meant I hoped you wouldn't be long." English is a difficult language."

Aggraveting Man. "I don't see how you can have any fault to find with him." "Why Not?" "Because he appears to be a man who is absolutely without faults of any sort." "That's just it. That's his worst.

The Appraiser.

Owner - "My house is burning down." Incendiary—"I know it, m friend; but if it awakens the approved brand of civic manhood I shall count the cost small.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS "To stranding on Longistage of dans tone for Etale du Bude. Ur published ofter ideas has avantages exceptionnelle. Paly de l'absuncement un l'anni 1 Milli vi Castidionne 239.0.