

ICE HAD PRESERVED MAMMOTH.
Remarkable Discovery Made In Frozen Siberian Bog.

Sixty-one years ago a young Russian engineer, Henkendorf, sat the River Lena in Siberia riding a sled, when Jensen ages ago in the bog. There had been exceptionally warm weather in the north of Siberia, and the river, swollen by melting snow and ice, and torrential rain, swept out of its old channel and carried a new one, carrying to the sea vast quantities of its former banks and fanning up the thawing bog over which it raced. As he made his way in a steam cutter against the current Henkendorf saw the head of a mammoth appear above the flood. Rush upon flood of water more and more released the body. Its hind legs were still imbedded when he saw it, but it had liberated those. The mammoth had sunk feet first into a bog. The nose had forced 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 birch and pine and magnolia tree cones. 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 far downstream to the sea.

PROBABLY NOT ON PAY ROLL.

Father's Occupation Would Likely Be 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—unsophisticated—like 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 somehow, 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 honestly?' '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 Oklahomans days tells this tale about an early day snowstorm: "One day after many days of dry weather a blizzard 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 drifted the snow northward for a day. Then came an 80-mile-an-hour wind from the north that drifted it back south again. This condition of wind continued daily until the snow storm was blown and worn out and not a snowdrift could be found anywhere in the country."—Watonga Herald.

Streets With Queer Names.

Edinburgh has some queerly named streets among which are Jacob's Ladder, Gabriel's Ladder, Coffin Lane 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 Stairn, Heave-Away and Long closes. The last is one of the shortest of these, and in that resembles Crooked and Turnagain lanes in London, the former being as straight as a die and the latter so narrow that a vehicle in it cannot possibly turn again.

Valuable Dwarf Palm Fiber.

The fiber of the dwarf palm—a tree well lately regarded as worthless or harmful—is developing an important industry in Algeria. Factories are multiplying, and to these the natives bring the palm 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 where you are at. At my pension 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 12 of us. Did you ever see a chicken with 12 legs?"

The Misery of His Love.

Miss Homey-Mich—"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, eh?"

He Knew.

Lady customer—"I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made." Shoemaker—"Oh! I know that well enough; large inside and small outside."—Illustrated Film.

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, say 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 French 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, sir, 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, had been 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 Blight Embarrassment.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a northern 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 blackin'?" growled the sordid employer, "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." The terrified darky apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored maid, 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. Ise never gwine to say nuffin' belongs to me no mo."

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, however, 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 fact." 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 Greenland 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 rescuer. 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 Arasmas and the Tula varieties particularly showing to a marked degree the fighting characters of their ancestors. The Arasmas gander 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 Billyus' 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. Keenane play any popular music?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his style of playing would make anything unpopular."

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

Lily's other actress, Miss Jessie Bushay, delighted in making a good play, and takes advantage of every occasion, when she's not playing herself, to visit one or another of the theatres in the city where she may happen to be. Two years ago she chance to do in Chicago on a Sunday night. Looking over the advertisements in the newspaper she decided to see a well-known comedy written by a wholly-known playwright. She sat in a box, and directly below her in two orchestra chairs in the fifth row were seated 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 hearing, 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 own value, and artistic achievement, had the leading part, and finally 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 house heard her: "He says—he's rotten—all through."

"So he is. So he is," retorted the old man, with deep conviction.—Bostonian.

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 6,653 stories would reach toward high heaven. Compared to such a structure the tower of babel would look like a mushroom.

The building department has finished counting the lofty 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 28; 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; 16 of 12; 101 of 11; 164 of 10.

The thickness 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 skyscrapers safe.

Limit Advertising Pages.

Australia has placed a heavy duty on all magazines containing advertising matter in a proportion of 40 cents to one-fifth of the general contents. Nullified magazines are one of the first results of the new tariff. Subscribers to many popular periodicals are writing to the Melbourne papers indignantly complaining of the conditions 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 pernicious of the minister of customs, who has granted the publishers four months' grace to make fresh arrangements. The Melbourne 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.

Chinese Nurse Girl.

The Chinese nurse is an addition to the curiosities 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 cap 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 stands high on two tiny heels and looks rather like a flower, and her poor cramped feet, swathed in rainbow ribbons, are quite clear of the pavement.

His Enjoyment.

"I suppose you have a much larger income than you can possibly spend."

"Yes," answered Mr. Austin Star, "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. Twopenny dropped 30 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 squeal."

Too Conservative.

"Is she an active member of the New York smart set?"

"No, she's too hopelessly conservative."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She's only been married once."

CURE FOR MUSCULAR FATIGUE.

Best Method of Obtaining Sound and Refreshing Sleep.

Real fatigue may be divided into the mental and muscular varieties. The latter is probably the simpler, and the writer has no personal knowledge of the former. One cannot sleep 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 the question only. In about one minute you will be asleep that no will power on earth could keep you awake. The one cure for fatigue is rest, and after prolonged physical effort, the paramount lasso is to get to sleep immediately, and to sleep as long as possible.

WET SUNDAYS LEAD TO POKER.

Prattle of Thoughtless Youth in New York City.

"It's funny," said a 16-year-old boy, "you're the old man that owns the hotel, and it's the old man that's got the poker chips." "If but you some friends have dropped in for a while, and you thought you would have a quiet, cozy little game instead of going out in the wet." "When a cold, drizzling Sunday 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 who said it had lost his money. It is to that little impromptu 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 fresh supply, and so today we had only three boxes in stock. They were gone soon after the rain set in."—N. Y. Press.

ADOLESCENCE OF THE DOLLAR.

Present Unit of Value Has Had Many Forms and Braces.

The dollar isn't home roundin'. Nor did it formerly ring true, but enough drive to bind it together below. Ball, in his "Economic History of the United States," at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise, writes H. Holt Lomax in Harper's Weekly. Thus, in ancient Greece, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. 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 the 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 capital, "pecunia." In Sancak, romah, thond, foek, made rupiya, or the Indian rupee, while the Ingots of electrum, or admixture of gold and silver, when first in use had no money, but clumsy, but too fragile, wore the shells in use as money by the natives of Africa, and throughout America, where the natives taken by the Spanish wore the shell 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 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." "There is an indelible pencil," said a friend, as he reached into his vest pocket. "That won't do," 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 stamp 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 diluted 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."

These Were Big Malacca.

The weird story in years comes down from the Downevels and Snow Tent country, where it is alleged that "Malacca," when killed by halibut, and a bone was knocked across its back, but it was all the same he behaved as iron. What had hardened it was the pressure of the water. Scientific dredgers said the whale must have carried the boat down half a mile or more to change the bed of the wood like that."

Honor Due to the Shakers.

Shakers, probably the first organized people to recognize and uphold the equality of woman in domestic, business, social and religious economy. "An era, a epoch 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, co-existent and cooperative with the divine fatherhood in God. The logical outcome of this she unhesitatingly maintained, shall 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 Mosiac legend.

Two Sure Cures.

"If you want to know a sure cure for rheumatism," said the pretty woman, "take a long piece of twine and 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 in a covered dish over sun, and when there's nothing left of them you'll quit having rheumatism."

Vegetables 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 Roman poet Virgil, who died about 42 B. C. The Romans held 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. D., has a great deal to say of asparagus. He says: "Of all the products of your garden your chief care should be asparagus."

English a Puzzling Language.