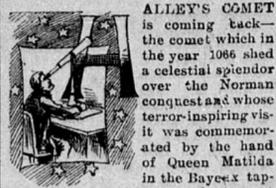


# S. BIG COMET IN SIGHT.

### NOW SWISHING A TAIL HALF WAY TO THE MOON.

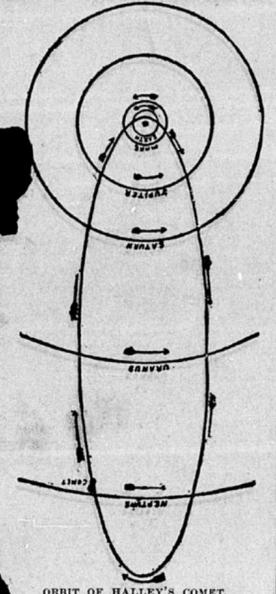
Still 2,500,000,000 Miles Off—Due Here About 1911. But Astronomers All Over the World Are Already Discussing It.



**ALLEY'S COMET** is coming back—the comet which in the year 1066 shed a celestial splendor over the Norman conquest and whose terror-inspiring visit was commemorated by the hand of Queen Matilda in the Bayeux tapestry; the comet that in 1456, the year of the battle of Belgrade, scared the Turk and Christian alike and was annihilated by a bull from the pope; the comet whose strange scimitar form still chilled the marrow of the ignorant and superstitious at its latest return in 1835. It is yet far away, but the eye of science sees it, already within the orbit of Neptune, rushing sunward and earthward with constantly increasing velocity as it falls along the steep curve of its orbit. And a call to arms, a call for preparation has just been issued from one of the chief watch-towers of astronomy.

Professor Glasenapp announces that the computing bureau established by the Russian astronomical society has undertaken the calculation of the true path of Halley's comet, with a view to predicting the exact date of the next return. He hopes that astronomers acquainted with unpublished observations of the comet will communicate the information to the society.

After its perihelion the comet was watched retreating out into space until May, 1836, when it was finally swallowed from sight. It will be in perihelion again in 1911, but with the great telescopes now in existence, and the greater ones that may then have been constructed, it is probable that the comet will be detected coming sunward a year or more earlier than that. The fact that the labor of computing the precise time of its return is already about to begin gives assurance that



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET. Next time it will not be a question of how many days, but rather of how many hours, or even minutes, the calculations will be in error.

### DR. EVERETT.

**Dr. Everett** has been called to the residence of a gentleman whose illness has caused remarkable results. The men in the house are suffering over a flagrant bluntness made a day or two ago in Massachusetts, one of the members in congress. In the case of Dr. Everett pro-  
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**Queer Effect of an Earthquake.**  
The correspondent at Atlanta of the London Times has visited Charleston, the capital of the northern part of the island of Euboea, which island was recently affected by the recent earthquake. A most peculiar incident was the action of the Venetian tower in the town. It swung to and fro, and finally it knocked down a wall, though it was standing itself and sus-"  
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# BATTLING INSECTS.

Most of my readers, I doubt not, have read the curious observations of Sir John Lubbock upon ants and their ways, especially in the matter of communication between the members of an ant colony. I have been reading a most interesting account of what Mr. James Weir saw in the course of a battle royal between two rival ant species. The two species were the *Lasius niger*, or black, and the *Lasius flavus*, or yellow. The latter ants were herding their cows, which are the aphides, or plant lice, from which the ants obtain a sweet secretion, milking the aphides pretty much after the fashion of the human dairymen. There was a whole army of the rival ants (*Lasius niger*) approaching the dwelling place of the *Lasius flavus*.

Mr. Weir tells us the *niger* were marching in battle array, with a skirmishing party in advance of the main body. When the blacks were about ten or twelve feet off the yellow encampment the scouts or pickets of the latter discovered the approach of the enemy. Home the pickets hurried to give the alarm, and instantly the yellow hordes issued forth from their nest and ranged itself in battle array in front of the aphides, the possession of which seemed to be the cause of the blacks' attack. Then out went the yellow skirmishers to anticipate the fray, and in a few moments a battle royal was raging on both sides.

The attacking force outnumbered the defenders by about three to one. Mr. Weir gives the number of the blacks at 1,500 and that of the defending yellow tribe at 500. The latter were the larger and stronger, but the blacks, by attacking party, were much more active and agile. The mode of attack was notable. The yellows went for their opponents with their big jaws. Each seized a black by the middle, as it were, and with one bite severed the body in two.

The mode of attack on the part of the black soldiers was different. They imitated rather the tactics of light horsemen. The black seized its yellow opponent by one of the legs, and held on viciously and tenaciously, like some insect bulldog. Thus hampered in its movements, the yellow ant would struggle fiercely, but a second black would mount on the disabled foe held by the legs and then begin to bite through the back, probably getting at the nervous system, which lies on the floor of the body, and ultimately dividing the yellow victim through and through. Only when the yellow had given up the ghost did the bulldog black which had seized the feet let go its hold.

### DERELICT FOR SIXTEEN YEARS.

A Lumber Laden Craft Which Finally Landed at Iceland's Capital. In 1881, when C. H. Hill, now of the Brazilian navy, was on the Jeanette relief expedition to the Arctic regions, sent out by the government, his ship for a time was laid up at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. While there, says the Northwestern Lumberman, he saw a derelict float in and strike the wharf. It was at once made fast, and proved to be loaded with yellow pine lumber. The vessel was literally covered with moss and barnacles, and investigation disclosed the fact that the name of the old craft that for years by tide and wind had been driven hither and thither was the Jamestown. The inhabitants of the capital thought that a great prize had fallen into their hands. Everybody turned out and took a hand in unloading. The lumber came out in good condition, and the Reykjavikians estimated that there was enough of it to last them forty-five years. But, alas! what a world this is as a hope-crusher! After the people had unloaded and piled the lumber, the Denmark government stepped in and confiscated it and started a lumber-yard of its own. On the return of the Jeanette expedition, government made inquiry about the Jamestown and learned that she was loaded in Pensacola, Fla., in 1836, soon after the close of the civil war. Thus for sixteen years the lumber-laden vessel had floated as a derelict on the high seas.

**Sand for Dyspepsia.**  
The latest and most novel remedy for dyspepsia hails from Oregon and is reported in the Grant's Pass Courier. It is nothing less than a spoonful of common sand, every day river bottom sand, taken wet just after meals. William Bybee, a well known citizen, is supposed to be the originator of this queer remedy, but quite a number of voracious gentlemen testify to its curative properties, which are supposed to take the form of mechanical action by carrying off impurities from the mucous lining of the walls of the stomach.

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# OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

## JETSAM AND FLOTSAM FROM LAUGHING TIDE.

Some Illustrated Definitions and Jokes from Funny Exchanges—Bright Side of Life as Seen by the Newspaper Humorists.

**At a Matrimonial Agency.**  
Agent—I have one lady 29 years of age who has \$30,000 in her own name.  
Customer—Is she good looking?  
Agent—No; but she has consumption.

Customer—What kind of a wife to make?  
Agent—Trot her out.



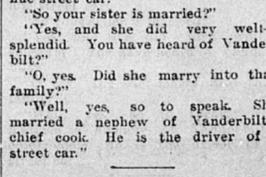
**Senior Partner—**There's der office boy?  
**Junior Partner—**I shoost fired him. He orter be in Sing Sing. He led two postage stamps get stug together and dere was a dead loss oh!

**Senior Partner—**Two cents! Merciful Rachel! two cents!  
**Junior Partner—**Efen warse dan dot. I dried to ged dem apart und shoipit both ohf dem. (Both partners faint).—Judge.

**A Chip Off the Old Block.**  
"How old are you, sonny?"  
"Twelve years old, sir."  
"You are very small for your age. What is your name?"

"Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue."  
"Your father is a baker? I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."

**Marriage in High Life.**  
There are people in New York who today after the race. The following conversation took place in a Third Avenue street car:  
"So your sister is married?"  
"Yes, and she did very well—splendid. You have heard of Vanderbilt?"  
"O, yes. Did she marry into that family?"  
"Well, yes, so to speak. She married a nephew of Vanderbilt's chief cook. He is the driver of a street car."



### A Classic Game.



**Miss Hubbell of Boston,** as the ball goes over the fence, and Delephanty makes a home run—Now, what do they call that?  
Her Escort—A homer.  
Miss Hubbell (delighted)—Homer! Homer! Why, this game can't be so awfully vulgar, when they name one of the points after the greatest poet that ever lived!—Puck.

**Caught in a Lie.**  
An unbleached Austin domestic in the employment of the Pettigrew family was caught very neatly in a lie not long since. Mrs. Pettigrew sent her with a note to Mrs. Col. Yerger. After having been gone an unreasonable long time, Matilda returned.  
"Did you take that note to Mrs. Yerger?"  
"Yes, mum, but she was done gone down town to make some calls."  
"Then you left the note with the servant."  
"Leff de note wid de servant?"  
"No, mum; de servant was done gone out, too."  
"If the servant wasn't there, how did you find out that Mrs. Yerger had gone out calling?"  
"How did I—yes, mum—I jess spiononed she had done gone out calling, because how thar war nobody at home. De house was done locked up, and de shutters was turned down, so I bring the note home."  
"Well, go right back now, and see if Mrs. Yerger has not returned."  
"Yes, mum, but—I don't know whar she lib's."

**What a Complexion.**  
"What a red face Col. Yerger has got."  
"Yes, his face is red, but that is its natural color. Even when he is as pale as a ghost his face is the color of crimson. You ought to see him when he is excited and gets red in the face. Then he turns purple and blue."

**Much in Little.**  
Father—I am told that you are in love with Signora Fontabla de Politema.  
Son, excitedly—Just so, father, and if you have anything to say against this estimable lady be good enough to wait until I am out of hearing.  
Father—Oh, I merely wished to tell you that I courted the signora myself when I was your age.

**Scattered by Bees.**  
At an auction near Neshaminy Falls, Pa., among numerous other articles put under the hammer, were twenty-five hives of bees. A boy accidentally disturbed one of the hives and about 3,000 angry bees at once rushed out and caused 200 people to scatter in all directions.

**A Short Will.**  
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# AN OFF-REPEATED SCENE IN AN OLD WOMAN'S GARDEN.

An old world garden, so peaceful, quiet and still, where the roses nod their heads in the summer breeze, whispering round them the secrets of the high, overhanging trees, bringing them, too, the music of the tiny fountain blithely dancing in the sunlight while reflecting back their brightness in a thousand pearly tints, and singing sweetly all the live-long day to the rippling brook wending far away through the meadows beyond, to lose itself amid waving fields of corn, gleaming like yellow gold in the valley below.

On the close-cropped grass plot, ringed over and over, where the faces hold their court on its green carpet night after night, stands an old moss-covered sundial, marking off the hours, keeping steady pace with the march of time. How many love tales could that old dial tell; the same sweet story had been poured out so often by its stones that it must know it all—the sighs and tears, the sweet love whispers, the hot, swift words that sprang so quickly from the parted lips, the faltering answer so low as to hardly break the stillness as the seconds pass under the shadows of the dial's face.

A young man, strong and straight as an Apollo, kneeling by its weather-beaten stones, is pouring out his love story to a dainty maiden so small and fragile that almost the faintest might claim her for their own. There is a delicate rose flush under the tender skin of the maiden's face, while her eyes are shaded from sight under long drooping lashes, and the sweet lips are poutingly curved as her little hands push back the roses he offers her so tenderly. Her blue eyes cloud a moment as she turns away her dainty head.

"Then you don't love me any more, Mignon? And I plucked these pretty roses all for you, and these wild flowers to twine in your hair and crown you a queen, my queen, my little queen, Mignon." A tender thrill runs through the young man's voice. "Mignon, am I to go away? Don't you want my love any more? Is your love like the roses and wild flowers, as quickly dying, Mignon?" His face comes closer to hers, and one arm steals gently around the tiny waist. "Mignon, my pleading voice goes on, 'you love me; you're only making believe not to."

Does a dimple steal into the maiden's cheek and the eyes shily glance at the brave fellow kneeling at her feet in all the glorious strength of his young manhood? The tiny arms are clasped tightly around his neck, her dainty cheek close presses his, and in a whisper sweet and low, while the seconds pass under the shadow on the old dial's face, comes the answer he awaits—"I does 'ore oo, papa!"

### LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

When Arrayed in Robes of State His Glory Is Like Solomon's.

The foundation of municipal honor in England undoubtedly springs from the Guildhall, London, which justly claims to be accounted the most ancient of our municipal halls, eight centuries ago the last of the old Roman prefect and the Saxon Portreeve or Portgrave.

For a considerable number of years the robes of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and the common councilors have been settled with a precision that none, save the most reckless of inventors, would presume to disturb. The lord mayor himself has his "gold" robe for the occasion of the annual Guildhall banquet and the times when he proceeds in state either to the new law courts or to the houses of parliament. The aldermen have their scarlet gowns, the sheriffs their distinctive and very handsome robes and chains, while the common councilors rejoice in gowns called "mazarines." It being generally understood that mazarine is a term for a particular dark-blue color, although according to some lexicographers, mazarine also means a drinking vessel and an old way of dressing fowls.

Then, again, when the sovereign comes into the city the lord mayor is bound to don a robe of crimson or purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. At the time of his investiture, he wears a massive gold chain; but when he is honored by re-election at the expiration of his term of office he wears two chains. The mace of silver-gilt, surmounted by a royal crown and the imperial arms, is carried before the mayor by the authority of the charter of Edward III.; while the city possesses no less than four swords, one called the "Pearl," presented by Queen Bess when she opened the first royal exchange, and so-called from its being richly set with pearls. This sword precedes the chief magistrate on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The sword of state is carried before the lord mayor as an emblem of his sovereignty within the city proper; the "black" is used on fast days in lent and at the death of any member of the royal family; while the fourth sword is that placed close to the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.

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# A QUEEN'S LOT.

Celestial The Good Tiger That the Village and Kept Cholera.

During the recent visit to Washington of Dr. Edward S. Bedloe, the famous recontour of the Philadelphia Clover club and late consul to Amoy, he regaled his friends with many strange tales of Chinese beliefs.

"Some years ago," he said, "the steamer Nam-Chow sailed from Singapore in the straits for Amoy. She carried several hundred Chinese as passengers. On the second day out the captain, from his position on the bridge, saw a great commotion among the Chinese passengers forward, and sent the mate to find out the cause of the disturbance which arose, seemingly, without reason and grew with each moment. The mate shortly returned from his mission with a look of mingled perplexity and amusement on his bronzed and weather-beaten face.

"'Captain,' he said, 'this is the rummest lot of heathens I have struck yet. Blow me out if I can make them out. The beggars have a yarn and they stick to it like a lot of sea lawyers lying under oath. They say that just before the rum-pus began what they call a 'blue devil' came down on the deck right out of the smoke from the stack and walked up to them. The whole 'billion' of 'em declare they saw him and that he said the steamer was going to be wrecked and nearly all on board lost."

Within a week the cargo was discharged and the vessel was ready for her return trip to Singapore. But, though the Nam-Chow usually took several hundred Chinese deck passengers not one was booked or could be induced to go. The native cooks and waiters had all deserted the ship, leaving their wages with the parser. The story of the "blue devil" had got around and not a Chinaman would put his foot on the steamer for love or money.

"The captain was in a quandary, but shrewdly set to work to find a way out. He consulted the local authorities, and in a few hours had every Chinese priest in Amoy down on the steamer, beating tom-toms, burning joss sticks, and raising a general hullabaloo to scare off the blue devil and exorcise his evil influence. When this was done to the satisfaction of the priests they pronounced the vessel safe, and inside the next twenty-four hours the missing members of the crew and the normal passenger list put in an appearance, and the Nam-Chow sailed. Within forty-eight hours the propeller shaft broke, and pounded a hole in the bottom of the steamer—it was at night—and of the 400 souls aboard only thirty-five were saved.

"The Chinese," continued Dr. Bedloe, "are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. The dogs in the streets may contain the spirits of one's departed ancestors, and they treat all animals with the greatest circumspection.

"I once went with a party on a tiger hunt several days' journey into the interior. We arrived at last in the tiger country and made inquiry at a village if there were any tigers in the neighborhood. There was one, and it was a very bad and most dangerous one.

"We got on the track of the tiger, and with a strong force of beaters succeeded in killing him after about four hours of cautious hunting. We then returned to the village, leaving our attendants the task of skinning the tiger and bringing in the hide. The old magistrate gave us a good meal of curried chicken, bamboo sprouts, fish and some excellent tea, and as we ate told us the following story.

"One cannot be too careful about animals," he said. They may be very good animals, and one's own parents might have passed into them. Think how sad it would be if one should kill a relative thinking it was a tiger. We had a bitter experience in this village once which shows the truth of what I say. Our village had been guarded for many years by a good tiger. He gave us warning of his first visit by stopping outside the village and roaring, to give us time to get into our homes and out of the way. Then he came in leisurely, looked around, and seizing a goat, made off. We knew at once he was a good tiger, and did not attempt to drive him away. Once or twice a week he would come and get a goat or a dog, always roaring before he came and after he had gone. He generally came in the daytime while the bad tigers usually come at night.

"One night we heard our good tiger roaring fearfully outside the village, but he would not come in, staying outside and roaring fearfully. We knew that something was wrong, and we went outside and listened. We heard the rushing of a fearful flood in the river, and we had barely time to escape into the hills before the flood came and washed the village away. Then we knew that our good tiger had come to warn us, and recognized that he held the soul of a great philanthropist who had died only a few days before the tiger made his first appearance.

"The next autumn we missed the tiger and we heard nothing of him for two weeks. Then some of the villagers who had started on a journey through the mountain pass you can see yonder, came back with news that the tiger was in the pass roaring night and day, and that he had driven them back and would not let them go through. We believed there was some good reason for this, so we drove some goats up into the pass so that the tiger might have something to eat, and then waited his return. It was over two months before the tiger left the pass and returned to his haunts near the village, and not till then did we learn his purpose in staying so long in the pass. The cholera had been raging in the next valley, and our tiger had gone to the pass to keep the cholera demon from coming into our village, and to keep our villagers from going into the other valley and catching the disease. You will not understand our grief and sorrow when a

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# ESKIMO WEAPONS.

Expert Use of Them by the Natives of the Far North.

To the interesting collection of curios gathered by Captains Edwards and McDermott, United States inspectors of hulls and boilers, during the last few years, have lately been added a number of weapons used by the Eskimos in the hunt and chase, and other articles and relics, presented by various persons in the Northwest and British Columbia.

The Eskimos' weapons were presented to the inspectors by the widow of the late Captain John M. Olsen, of Astoria, master of the sealer Polar Bear, in accordance with a request which he expressed before his death. The most interesting of these curios is a spear with a poisoned arrow head, which is the most effective of all the weapons used by the inhabitants of the "land of the midnight sun." The spear entire is about five feet long. It is made of wood, mounted with bone, in which are finely carved all the fantastic designs characteristic of the Eskimos in his line of work. The arrow is made in three pieces, two parts wood, and the third, which is the head, of bone dipped in poison. The three pieces are held together by a leather thong, but with a slight movement of the hand these can be disengaged, leaving the head, when it strikes the animal, curved in its body in such manner that it is impossible to disengage it without cutting the skin.

When the weapon is used on a seal or other water animal, a float, made of the bladder of a seal, is attached to the end of the spear so that the hunter may trace its course and locate his game. The Eskimos have a peculiar way of "shooting" this weapon. The hunter holds in his right hand, high above his head, a short stick, or "gun," with a notch near the top, where the end of the spear fits snugly. Taking aim at his game he moves his right hand swiftly forward, propelling the spear with lightning speed, and invariably with unerring aim at the mark. Instances have been recorded where a hunter brought down his game at fifty yards, and one two Alaska story tellers, who have no fear of being discredited by the rising generation, say that animals have been slain at 100 yards distance.

But all agree that the average Eskimo is a marksman who never fails to hit his mark, and who, when so disposed, always provides plenty for his family with his primitive weapons. Sometimes to this spear is attached a rope of leather, one end of which is securely fastened to the hunter's arm, so that he may keep hold of his game. But this is only done on short distance shots.

A weapon used in hunting birds is a tripod-shaped spear. This is thrown in the same manner as the poisoned spear. The hunter sneaks with hindrance of his covey of ptarmigan and other birds and lets fly with his weapon. If he is lucky three birds are the reward of his skill; if not, one or two. The inspectors have weapons of the above kinds of several sizes, but all used for the same purpose.

Among the other articles are a belt and a pair of leggings finely ornamented with beads, made and worn by the Eskimos, and which they sell to curio-seekers for \$25; also a water bag made of seal skin, a lariat, and several varieties of the well-known harpoon.

Next to the weapons, the skull of a Palouse Indian woman commands attention for several reasons. The principal one is because her skull is shaped wholly unlike that of the common Palouse, and it is thought that she was a person of high degree—probably a princess, or at least a woman of high birth. From the earliest time in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant—who is still in existence—the Palouse Indians have continued the habit of their forefathers of flattening the rear part of the cranium of their female children if low birth. This was done so they might be distinguished from the high-born natives. This woman had a full back head, but a low and retreating forehead.

### BITS OF NEWS.

The Suez canal cost \$100,000,000. Americans drink tea hot and cold. The Chinese drink tea cold wine hot.

It is said that on several Russian railways iron telegraph poles are substituted for those of wood.

In order to protect an invention over the world, sixty-four patents required at a cost of about \$17,500.

The Egyptian paintings were played as subordinate to sculpt the statues being painted in colors.

Justice Field was alcalde of the town of Marysville, in South California, when that territory was part of Mexico.

The queen of Greece is preside a sisterhood devoted to the redemption of criminals and she preside visits prisoners.

Twenty-three Pittsburg firms manufacture flint and lime glass. Total production exceeds 24,000,000 of tableware alone.

The chief duty of Russian frontier guards consists in preventing the introduction of literature into Russian territory. Numismatists say that no head was impressed on coin after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before of deities.

Within twenty planted to wheat decreased by 1,000 area planted to by 496,000 acres.