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THE HORSE.

Canon Taylor, in that most interesting book, "The Origin of the Aryans," has raised once more a question which has often attracted the attention of scholars, especially those interested in the Homeric poems, says the Academy.

Why is it that in the earliest records of the Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, Indians, and Celts we find the horse used for drawing chariots, but not yet for riding?

Canon Taylor remarks: "It is curious to notice at how late a period men first ventured to mount the swift one," and he goes on to say that there is nothing in the "Rig Veda" to show that the art of riding was practiced, and that our first notice of it is in the "Zend Avesta."

The Homeric Greeks employed the horse almost exclusively for the chariot, riding being only alluded to in some two or three isolated passages, as when Odysseus and Diomedes rode to the ships the horses of Rhesus which they had captured. This, however, shows that it was hardly from fear that the Greeks did not habitually ride instead of drive their steeds.

The same remark applies to the ancient Britons, who, according to the ancient accounts, performed wonderful feats of agility in running out and standing upon the pole of the chariot.

The true solution may probably be this: The primitive horse that ranged over the plains of Europe and Asia was too small when he was first domesticated to carry a man for any great time or distance on his back. This, of course, would render him practically useless for warfare. There is ample evidence to prove that the primitive wild horse was of very diminutive size.

Probably of all his descendants the Shetland pony is his best representative. Canon Taylor says (speaking of the enormous deposit of their bones found at Solutre, near Macon, which contains from twenty thousand to forty thousand skeletons):

"This primitive horse was a diminutive animal, not much larger than an ass, standing about thirteen hands high, the largest specimens not exceeding fourteen hands. But the head was of disproportionate size, and the teeth were very powerful. He resembled the leopard or wild horse of the Caspian steppes."

Even long after he had been domesticated he remained very small, as is proved by the bits made of bronze and staghorn which have been found at Moringen and Auvener, which belong to the latest bronze age. "These bits are only three and one-half inches wide, and could now be hardly used for a child's pony."

Let us now turn to Herodotus, where, speaking of the unknown regions to the north of the Danube, he says that the only people he can learn of as inhabiting the region are called Strymmon, who wear the costume of the Medes, and whose horses are slung all over the body, being covered with hair to a depth of five fingers, and are small and flat nosed and incapable of carrying men, but when yoked under chariots they are very swift, and that the natives accordingly drive chariots. This description of the external appearance of the horses of the Strymmonians of central Europe agrees very well with that of the skeletons found near Macon. The sinuous shape of the head tallies well with the ugly shaped skull and powerful jaws of the bone deposits.

We can hardly doubt that we have here primitive horses such as those whose diminutive bits have been found in the later lake dwellings of Switzerland. It seems to me then that the horse Herodotus here assigns for the fact that the tribe of central Europe drove their chariots with a quadruple harness is the true explanation why all early peoples alike employed the horse for driving long before they ever habitually practiced riding. It was only after generations of domestication that, under careful feeding and breeding, the horse became of sufficient size to carry a man on his back with ease. That size was held to be of great importance by the Homeric Greeks is proved by Iliad x. 209.

A Pictorial Gem.

One of the strangest lapidarian freaks that has ever come within the knowledge of diamond experts is now on view at the Bureau Hotel, in Kimberly, South Africa. The stone, says the Jeweler's Weekly, is in shape and size like a pigeon's egg, of a dark brown color externally, and of a first light opaque. It is usually, and at first sight, mistaken for a dark piece of glass, or a candle or other light so placed that the rays pass through the stone before falling on the retina, however, one sees distinctly the image of a man from the waist upward. Turning the pebble, he sees at another point a woman's face, partly concealed by heavy tresses, and yet, again, on another portion of the surface being applied to the eye, a moonlit cloud streak is clearly delineated.

The stone was found in a debris wash up, and 210 lbs. have been refused for it. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arriving at the spot where the fowl had lain, the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ETC., EXECUTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

LABOR BUREAU NEEDED.

Men Perish in Cities Where There is Work, Because They Cannot Find It. I have heard it said a thousand times that in this busy city of New York no one who really wants work need go long; but in the best season, when work and wages are most plentiful, that is only half true, says Jacob A. Riis in the Forum. The work may be there, and at the same time thousands may be going around looking very hard for it, yet fail to find it. They do not know where to look and there is no one to tell them.

Perhaps they do not know enough of our language to ask and be understood. Some agency is needed to bring the work and those who own it together; and it is curious to notice at how late a period men first ventured to mount the swift one," and he goes on to say that there is nothing in the "Rig Veda" to show that the art of riding was practiced, and that our first notice of it is in the "Zend Avesta."

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DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ETC., EXECUTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE.

HOW TO ROLL AN UMBRELLA.

Almost Everybody Does It Wrong, Although the Right Way is Simple. "No, not that way! I never knew one man in a hundred to do it right," said the clerk in the umbrella store.

His remarks were directed at a customer who had proceeded to roll up a recently purchased umbrella to return it to its case, says the New York Sun. He had done what ninety-nine per cent of persons who handle umbrellas do when they attempt to gather the folds of cloth in a neat roll around the stick. He had grasped the handle with his right hand and was twisting the silk through with his left hand.

"That will spoil that umbrella when you have repeated the operation half a dozen times," the clerk continued, "and then you will be coming here and complaining that that six dollar umbrella wasn't worth fifty cents."

"Now, see what you were doing? You were making a pretty roll, but did you notice that you were twisting the ribs and braces in a spiral around that stick as well as the cloth? You may have noticed that your umbrella sticks and catches when you try to raise it."

"That's because you don't know how to roll it. You twist the joints of the ribs and braces all out of shape. There, you see, you have twisted the ends of those ribs all around in a bunch on one side of the handle. Now, let me show you how an umbrella should be rolled."

The clerk took the maltreated article, shook out the folds of silk and worked the spiral out of the ribs and proceeded to demonstrate the proper method of umbrella rolling. Grasping the handle in his right hand, he encircled the silk at the tip with his left, which he slipped down about half-way of the cloth, pressing the ribs and braces firmly against the stick.

The right hand was then shifted to the tips of the ribs, which were held firmly against the stick, while the left hand adjusted the roll of cloth around them. By this method the ribs were kept straight along the stick and not partly twisted around it, as the customer's roll.

By Pigeon Post.

Englishmen enjoy in France a curious privilege which is rigidly withheld from Germans and Belgians. It is that of flying carrier-pigeons, on the strict condition, however, that both birds and senders are of British nationality. In Belgium alone there are at the present moment six hundred thousand racing birds, which, in case of a war, would be placed at the disposal of the government. Every bird of this number is admirably trained. In days gone by their training used to take place in the south of France, but that is now interdicted, and no bird from Belgium or Germany is allowed in France. The French government, of course, fears that in the event of a war, trained pigeons would be smuggled into the interior, thus enabling information to be carried to the belligerent country.

A Texas Woman's Great Ranch.

Richard Harding Davis thus writes of a lady who runs a Texas ranch: "When ladies go to call on Mrs. Richard King, after they have reached the front gate they have to drive ten miles up the walk to the front door. But the baker, when he wants to get at the kitchen, must drive thirty miles from the back gate. Mrs. King lives on her ranch, forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi. Over her acres roam one hundred thousand head of cattle. These are attended by three hundred cowboys and twelve hundred ponies. When there comes an order from a Chicago butcher for one thousand head of cattle, it is but short work to round them up and send them on their way. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would find this life ideally patriarchal. And none the less so by reason of the modern improvements of the home and house parties of this lady of large acres and many cattle."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A GREAT RABBIT HUNT.

Over a Thousand Bunies Killed in One Day. Many of us have engaged in coon hunts, fox hunts and wolf hunts; others have hunted bear, deer, chickens, quail, etc., and every one of us have, when there was a good heavy snow on the ground, bundled up warm, taken the family guns from the corner, and with old "spot" or old "Tige" sallied forth some cold winter morning to take advantage of any and every rabbit which might sally forth from its burrow in quest of food. But very few persons, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, have ever engaged in such a hunt for rabbits as a party of young men living near Homer, Ill., participated in one day lately. In the absence of all large game and the prohibition as to shooting chickens and quails, the young farmers pass away the monotony of the winter days by organizing hunting parties, which enter into competition as to which party will bring in the most game by a given time. Usually these competition hunts are between the young men of different neighborhoods, and neighborhood "honor" is a big thing in this country. One day a very exciting hunt was made by two parties of farmers living near Homer, which on account of the number of men engaged and the amount of game bagged will be household lore in the neighborhood for many winters. There was one company of twenty-five men, and another of twenty-four men. All had to have their game in by seven o'clock in the evening and most of the men started in quest of "Brer Rabbit" before daylight. "And they gathered them in from highways and hedges," for when the count was made in the evening one party had secured 633 rabbits, while the other had slain 525, making a total of 1,158. A sumptuous supper was spread that night, for which the defeated party had to pay. Then the rabbits were sold and the money divided into three purses which were presented to the men who killed the most rabbits. Probably so large a number of rabbits were never before killed by one party in Illinois in one day.

A CRAB-CATCHING DOG.

The Queer Sport Indulged in by a Down-East Cautine. I have seen mention in the Forest and Stream, says a correspondent of that paper, of one dog that caught succere and another with a preference for cutfish. I do not for a moment doubt either of these dog-fishing stories, for I once knew a dog that took great delight in catching crabs; not soft crabs, but lusty, hardones, capable of making a good fight. When about twelve years of age I used to spend my vacation at a large farm on a tributary of the Chesapeake bay. Besides myself there was another small boy and two dogs at his house. One of the dogs was a large Newfoundland and the other was one of those medium-sized, puzzling combinations of short-hair and long-haired color—probably an all-around dog, as concerned his breeding. One day I noticed the large dog wading about in the shallow water at the foot of the yard and evidently searching for something. I found that he was looking for crabs. When a crab was discovered he would prance around it and, after making several circuits, seize it in his mouth and bring it up on the beach and then play with it, much as a cat does with a mouse, until the poor crab was either dead or helplessly exhausted. He seemed to do this for the mere sport of the thing, barking all the time a tone that denoted excitement rather than anger. He never ate the crabs after killing them. The crabs fought back to the best of their ability, and it was often difficult to say which had the tightest grip, dog or crab, for the crab would fasten on to some portion of the dog's mouth with both of his powerful pinchers, and it would require much shaking before he would drop off.

SEA CANARIES.

Queer Shellfish That Have Been Provided with a Temporary Name. A peculiar kind of shellfish, the like of which has never been seen on the coast, was fished out of two hundred feet of water near Five-Mile point the other morning by a rock cod fisherman, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The man felt a tug at his line and began pulling in. Judging from the weight he concluded that he must have caught the grandfather of all the rock cod in the sound. When he had taken in all his line he was astonished to find that he had not only landed a splendid five-and-a-half-pound cod, but also a rock full of perforations, to which were attached six lively shellfish, each as big as one's fist, and somewhat resembling gigantic mussels. The shells of the fish were imbedded in the rock, and as soon as the rock was taken out of the water the fish craned their long necks out of the shells, just as a turtle would.

The necks of the fish were unlike anything the fisherman had ever seen; they resembled slightly the yellow mouth of the lamprey eel. Their mouths were pointed and surmounted by a hard, brown colored beak, which they opened and shut precisely as a robin does.

The fish and their abode were held together by means of the stout roots of a sea weed which had grown around them, and the whole weighed eight and a half pounds. The fisherman took the curiosity to the Denver market, and there it was placed on exhibition and attracted considerable attention. In the absence of a more scientific name, one of the men connected with the market named the shellfish "sea cauliflower dream."

Victoria's Throne.

The English throne, used in the coronation ceremonies of the kings and queens of Great Britain, is simply an old wooden chair of curious pattern and great antiquity. Ages ago it is known to have been used in its present capacity for more than seven hundred years) have made the old frame as hard and as tough as iron. The magic power attributed to the old relics lies in the seat, which is a large, rough sandstone. Ages before it was trimmed in velvets and gold for the use of the Stuarts and the Tudors it served as a seat for the early kings of Scotland; tradition even asserts that it is the identical stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head the night he had his wonderful dream.

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia, No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.