

# PATENTS!

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# GIANTS IN SWAMPS.

## Mastodons That Have Been Discovered in Marshy Regions.

How Scientific Research Has Been Aided by the Discovery of Extinct Beasts and Animals in Wet Lands.

It would perhaps be difficult to find anybody who would speak a good word for swamps. The man who drains one and turns its marshy surface into productive soil is universally regarded as a public benefactor. So the draining of the dismal swamp in Virginia and the Okefenokee swamp in Georgia is regarded with favor, and few could be found to regret the disappearance of these remarkable features of our American landscapes, says Youth's Companion.

It is fitting as the strange picturesqueness of such marshy regions and the curiosities of plant life which they exhibit, it is easy to show that swamps have been useful in a manner that could hardly be anticipated. They have very effectually served the cause of science by preserving the remains of some of the most remarkable of the former inhabitants of the earth.

Here in America the skeletons of several mastodons have been found imbedded in ancient swamps, and so perfectly preserved that no difficulty whatever has been encountered in restoring the bones to their normal position, setting the skeletons on their feet and making of them the objects of modern man the monster animals which were probably familiar sights to our ancestors nobody knows how many thousands of years ago.

In Ireland the ancient swamps were equally efficacious in preserving for us the gigantic elk which became extinct in America. Swamps have proved no less useful agents of science in other parts of the world, and particularly in Australia, New Zealand and Madagascar. What could be more interesting than the bones of a giant bird which was in all probability the roc described by Sindbad? Just such bones have been discovered in the marshes of Madagascar and New Zealand, and there is plenty of evidence that the great birds which owned them were the contemporaries of man in the past history of those islands. But for the swamps we might have remained ignorant of the fact that birds with legs larger and heavier than those of the largest horse once flourished in the southern hemisphere.

Lately these Madagascar swamps have yielded other remains of extinct animals, hardly less interesting than the huge bird, the epiornis, itself. These are the skeletons of a creature resembling a lemur of gigantic size, but remarkable for the small quantity of brains which it possessed. It is said that man was responsible for the destruction and disappearance of this creature. If so it was probably a simple case of brains against brute force.

There is reason for thinking that still other discoveries remain to be made in Madagascar—discoveries which will possibly bring to light even more interesting facts concerning the former inhabitants of that part of the world. Suppose one of our swamps, which we regard as utterly useless, should preserve to a remote future age the only remains of some animal like the bison or the tiger, now rapidly becoming extinct. The men of science then living would have the same reason for rejoicing that that swamp had existed that we have for being thankful for the revelations contained in the swamps of ancient days.

THE FINEST OF NATURE. The Institute of Self-Preservation Illustrated by Two Singular Circumstances. "I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said a St. Louisian to a Globe-Democrat man, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a large rat-denskin in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one and would strike the glass whenever anyone approached. The owner of the reptile challenged anyone in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike it. There could not be a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and after repeated attempts, gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted it, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason, and will power combined. I witnessed another illustration of this in Paris. A young man had lost his last sou at a gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a tiger from a strolling menagerie. The animal came down the street and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp post and hung to the top of it, trembling in every muscle. When the animal was captured and the danger was over he went to the river and committed suicide. He was interested in the account of the suicide, and prompted by curiosity, went to see the body, instantly recognizing it as that of the young man whom I had seen make so frantic an effort to escape death, evidently but a few minutes before he sought it and at the very time that he was seeking an opportunity to end his existence."

THE PRISON CRIMINALS. In 1850 there were 6,757 persons in the prisons of this country, or 292 per 1,000,000 of population; now there are 1,008,000, or 1,180 per 1,000,000.

THE SANGUINITY OF THE AMERICAN. The sanguinity of the American is another feature especially striking to an outsider. The whole temper of the nation is one of hope. No young man enters life in any line without the fullest belief that he is going to succeed, and going to make a great deal of money, and do it all very quickly. This may be true of young men everywhere, but it is especially so in the States. And men are justified in their youthful hopes.

# SHIPS AND WHALES.

## Vessels and Cetaceans Collide Sometimes with Disastrous Effects.

The steamship Peterburg, of the Russian volunteer fleet, had a unique experience near Mexico, in the South Indian ocean, says Chambers' Journal. A sharp shock was felt by all on board and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be colored with the life-blood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw propeller.

The German steamship Waaeland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A small steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaboard, which she wounded, it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean on her island. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the James Turpie, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night.

The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small sailing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made its appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R. N. R., in 49 degrees south, 75 degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in 41 degrees south, and the vessel was a roadster to take to the trucks if he is anxious to make good time.

Truck-riding is necessary almost everywhere west of the Mississippi. Of course one can "fool around" freight trains, but he is liable to be knocked off when the train is at full speed, and unless this occurs on the desert, or where the ground is rather soft, it may prove dangerous. I once attempted to ride a "freight" on the Southern Pacific road, and it was the hardest experience I ever encountered. I hung on to the side of a cattle-car in order to keep out of the brakeman's way, but he eventually found me, and ordered me to get up on top. There I was made to turn my pockets inside out to convince him that I had no money. Being angered that I could not give him a dime, he said: "Well, hit the gravel!" I can't carry you on this train." I told him that I would never hit the gravel unless he stopped the train. "You won't, eh?" he said; "well, now we'll see." So he chased me over his train for about fifteen minutes. I dodged him here and there, and found that I was quite able to elude him as long as he alone followed me; but soon the "con" appeared, and the chase began in earnest. They finally pressed so near that I was compelled to climb down the side of a cattle-car. They then fantasized me by spitting and swearing. Finally the "con" climbed down also and stopped on my fingers, so I had to let go. Fortunately, the train was slackening its speed just then—I really think the engineer had a hand in the matter, for he is usually a good fellow—and I got off safely enough. But I had to "drill" twenty miles that afternoon without a bite to eat or a drink of water. In the far west a truck experience I always made use of the trucks.

THE USUAL TIME for eastern and western tramps to start south is in October. During this month large squads of vagabonds will be seen traveling toward "Orleans." I once was on an Illinois Central freight train when seventy-three tramps were following passengers, and nearly every one was bound for either Florida or Louisiana.

A REAL KING IN AMERICA. He is a Half-Breed Comanche Indian and his Red is a Half-Breed Comanche Indian. "There is a real king out in the southwestern part of Indian territory," said a citizen of St. Louis to a Washington Star reporter recently, "and in a recent trip down through the Comanche and Kiowa countries I met Quanna Parker, head chief of the Comanches. The Comanches are still 'blanket Indians,' that is, they are not civilized and educated like the Choctaws and they live in tepees. But they are among the sharpest and brightest of Indians. Every boy remembers in dime novels that Comanches were the favorite enemies of the brave trappers and early pioneers. They were fighters and the most expert horsemen in the world. But their fight no longer, they are rapidly becoming civilized, and for their progress and docility Quanna Parker is to be thanked.

Parker is a half-breed, the son of a chief whose wife was a white captive girl. When but a youth Parker, by his daring and his successful exploits against other tribes and the whites in the Indian wars, rose above the other chiefs and became the leader. Now that the wars are forever over his same great will power and strong personal impress themselves as strongly upon his tribe, but in the direction of advancement and civilization. He is a naturally a king. His word is law; he will suppress. He says he will civilize his tribe, and he will do it. As one result of his efforts many of his Indians live in frame houses. He compelled them to save one-half of their money received from the sale of their lumber. With sixty Indian wagons he was driven down into Texas, bought timber, then came on to Washington and persuaded Indian Commissioner Morgan to build the frame house. He lives in a fine nine-roomed frame house, handsomely furnished in modern style. Brussels carpets, fine upholstered furniture, mural adornments, and his desk and fittings, occupies one room, and it is here he transacts his business. He wears a white shirt and trousers with leggings, braided hair, and colors his face when among his people, but when traveling dresses expensively in fast-tanned made clothes and sports a big -amond pin. He has horses without number, two coaches, four buggies and other vehicles. He has six wives to brighten his household, and I never heard of any hair pulling. There is a method in his polygamous madness. Each wife is the daughter of a chief of the six principal divisions or squads of the tribe. So he is solid with the whole lot on this score.

Parker is about forty, tall and muscular, with a light copper-colored skin, the Indian facial characteristics, with a piercing black eagle eye. He speaks English well, and is a general favorite with all who know him."

# HOW TRAMPS TRAVEL.

## Truck-riding Frequent in the Country West of the Mississippi.

The November Century contains a unique article entitled "Tramping with Tramps" being a record of the actual adventures of a young American who disguised himself as a tramp and took to the road. The following is an extract from the article:

Of the states in the western district, I think that Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado, Washington and a part of California are the best for tramps. Illinois is thought especially well of by vagabonds because of its "good" railroads. The Illinois Central, for instance, is known the country over as the best for a journey south, and I have known tramps to travel

from New York city to Chicago, and go south by this line rather than start from New York direct for New Orleans. The "C. B. & Q." is also a great "snapp" in fact, so much so that, when I was on the road, it was called "the bum's line." In Nebraska, where the "Q." becomes the "B. & M. R.," the lines are more tightly drawn, and it behooves a roadster to take to the trucks if he is anxious to make good time.

Truck-riding is necessary almost everywhere west of the Mississippi. Of course one can "fool around" freight trains, but he is liable to be knocked off when the train is at full speed, and unless this occurs on the desert, or where the ground is rather soft, it may prove dangerous. I once attempted to ride a "freight" on the Southern Pacific road, and it was the hardest experience I ever encountered. I hung on to the side of a cattle-car in order to keep out of the brakeman's way, but he eventually found me, and ordered me to get up on top. There I was made to turn my pockets inside out to convince him that I had no money. Being angered that I could not give him a dime, he said: "Well, hit the gravel!" I can't carry you on this train." I told him that I would never hit the gravel unless he stopped the train. "You won't, eh?" he said; "well, now we'll see." So he chased me over his train for about fifteen minutes. I dodged him here and there, and found that I was quite able to elude him as long as he alone followed me; but soon the "con" appeared, and the chase began in earnest. They finally pressed so near that I was compelled to climb down the side of a cattle-car. They then fantasized me by spitting and swearing. Finally the "con" climbed down also and stopped on my fingers, so I had to let go. Fortunately, the train was slackening its speed just then—I really think the engineer had a hand in the matter, for he is usually a good fellow—and I got off safely enough. But I had to "drill" twenty miles that afternoon without a bite to eat or a drink of water. In the far west a truck experience I always made use of the trucks.

FRIGHTENED BOLIVIANS. They Thought an Electric Light Was a Spirit. The Bolivian government recently attempted to establish a telephone line between Lapas and Lake Titicaca, forty-five miles apart, says the Washington Star. It was torn down and destroyed so frequently by the Indians that the government was compelled to abandon it. The electric light plant in Lapas was preserved by an ingenious method of overawing the natives. After the plant had been in operation but a few nights it happened that there was an eclipse of the moon. The superstitious Indians believed that the electric light was absorbing or draining the moon. They gathered in a large body at one quarter of the town and moved upon the plant to destroy it. It was saved only by the intervention of a large body of troops. The government the next day selected several representative Indians, took them to the power house, shocked them generally, then took them out along the wires and informed them that the electric light was an evil spirit and that they had better leave it alone. Since then they have had no trouble on that score.

ORIGIN OF PROPER NAMES. LIGHTLY, Lightfoot, Harefoot and Rootfoot were nicknames having allusion to speed.

CRICK. Crimp, Cramp and Crimp are but changes rung on an old nickname for a cripple.

SANDERS, Saunders, Sanderson, are variations of Alexander, a favorite name in Scotland.

WISMAN WAS ONCE a conjurer, hence the family names of Wise, Wisely, Wiseman and Wisman.

# Only the Scars Remain.

## Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., writes HENRY HUBSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "I have owned my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 15 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, but I feel that I owe my life to the medicine."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me.

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