

### PIECE OF A MAMMOTH.

A Valuable Relic in the Smithsonian Institution.

It is Only a Bit of Fat from the Body of an Animal that Has Been Dead for Thousands of Years.

Dr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, during his recent visit to Alaska secured a natural history specimen that was a prize indeed. It was a bit of mammoth fat, from the actual allipose tissue of an animal that had been dead for tens of thousands of years.

Bodies of mammoths in a fresh state have been dug up from time to time in arctic Siberia, preserved in natural cold storage since a period probably antedating the first appearance of man on the earth. That is an old story; but this is the first known instance in which the soft parts of a beast of this species have been found on the American continent. It is easy to imagine the scientific interest attaching to the discovery.

Ages ago this mammoth died, under such circumstances that his corpus was buried in mud. At about that time there was a great and permanent change in the temperature of circumpolar regions. The climate had been subtropical; it suddenly became frigid. The mammoths were literally "frozen out," the last of the species perishing of cold. This particular individual, frozen in a bank of clay, had every prospect of "keeping" for an indefinite period.

Hundreds of centuries later a stream flowing through an Alaskan valley melted the clay bank referred to and began to cut it away. At length some bones stuck out, and a native of exceptional courage dug out one or two of them. This required more of that quality known in civilized countries as "nerve" than might be imagined, for "strange monsters, however long they may have been dead, are regarded with superstitious awe by savages.

However, the natives finally summoned courage enough to drag the remains of the mammoth out of the clay bank piecemeal. The body of the animal had been preserved so well that a fairly perfect cast of it was found in the matrix. A quantity of fat, which over the intestines, was obtained and was used for greasing boats. Dr. Dall secured a piece of it, and fetched it back to Washington for an exhibit.

In the office of Osteologist Frederic Lucas, at the National museum, is a mammoth's molar tooth, to which an old story is attached. It was got from a mammoth at Paso Verde, in the country of the Papago Indians. Ever so many centuries ago a mammoth in its dying agonies sought that spring for water and fell into it, too weak to climb out. There his bones remain to this day, and the Indians believe that, if they were removed, the spring would dry up. Of course, such an event in that region means the destruction of a village.

Mastodon bones, of course, are frequently dug up in the United States. The mastodon was a kind of elephant, but it did not belong to the genus Elephas. The mammoth did not belong to that genus, being known to modern science as elephas primigenius. It often happens that farmers plow up the osseous remains of mastodons, particularly in reclaimed swamps, where anciently the gigantic beasts became mired and died from sheer helplessness to get out. The tusks are commonly found so far decomposed that the ivory crumbles between the fingers.

The first mastodon ever dug up was found in 1613. The remains of these animals are by no means confined to the United States; they are discovered all over the world. They are much thicker set than the modern elephant. The lower jawbone of a full-grown specimen weighs nearly 100 pounds. The first mastodon bones that were dug up were supposed to be those of giants of an earlier epoch.—Washington Star.

When Lincoln Was Postmaster. John Wamaker was the principal speaker at a dinner given by the Philadelphia Association of Underwriters to the national board in the Continental hotel. He told the following story of Lincoln: "While at Washington it came under my notice in the post office department that Abraham Lincoln, in his early life, had been postmaster at a small Ohio town. In the changes that took place the office was consolidated with Salem, and the man twice wanted for president was for once not wanted for postmaster. Years after it was discovered that no settlement had reached Washington of the affairs of that little post office. A visit was made to Mr. Lincoln and the case stated, when the always great man rose from his desk and walked over to a chest of drawers and took out a bundle of papers, among them an envelope, containing \$17 and some cents, the exact sum in identical money of the government safely in keeping until called for. As he handed it over to the agent of the post office department he said: "There it is. I never use any other man's money."—N. Y. Tribune.

Right and Left Limbs. The physiologists and scientists in general have been making some curious experiments with a view to determine the relative length and strength of "right" and "left" limbs. Fifty and nine-tenths per cent. of the men measured had the right arm stronger than the left; 10 4-10 per cent. had the two arms of equal length and strength, and 25 7-10 per cent. had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women 45 5-10 per cent. had the right arm stronger than the left; 24 3-10 per cent. had the left stronger than the right. In order to arrive at the average of length, 50 skeletons were measured, 25 of each sex. Of these 25 had the right arm and left leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in 17 cases all the members were more or less equal in length.—Home Queen.

### JIM FAIR'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Remarkable Story Told by the Son of the California Millionaire.

Charles Fair, the only male heir to the late James G. Fair, sat in the billiard room of the Palace hotel talking to some pioneer friends of his father. "Do you know, Charley, that a book of reminiscences of your father would sell like hot cakes? You ought to put the data in the hands of some publisher and let him issue the volume. What do you think about it?"

The son smiled and looked up at the talker, as he replied: "Why don't you do it?" "Me do it!" exclaimed the man with the publishing ideas. "I didn't know him."

"Neither did I," answered Charles. "Nobody knew him. I don't think a man ever lived who enjoyed his confidence. I can assure you that he was the same strange man to me that he was to others, and his iron rule to keep his own counsel was never broken.

"Whenever he did fall into a confidential and chatty mood it was to jest about something or to theorize. I recall a story he once told Alfred E. Davis, his old partner. The story I have in mind was woven into a serious conversation, and he never cracked a smile over it. Before proceeding, however, I must tell you that in the Comstock mines a ladder goes down the side of each shaft, and every twelfth rung is iron, so as to give the whole additional strength. Well, father said to him:

"Davis, do you know I was almost killed once in the Crow Point mine?" "How was that, Jim?" "This way. I was looking down the shaft to see if everything was all right and lost my balance. Being unable to recover myself, I toppled over and fell—yes, Davis, fell. I must have gone about a hundred feet when it suddenly struck me that if I didn't begin doing something pretty quick I would go clear through to hades. So I reached out and grabbed a rung of the ladder. It broke and I grabbed the next. That broke, too, but I reached for the third, which also gave way, and the next, and the next, and so on, but it broke my fall, and in about five minutes I reached the bottom, a little jarred up, but perfectly sound."

"Davis looked at him out of the corners of his eyes a few seconds and said: "What did you do, Jim, when you came to the twelfth rung? Did you grasp at that, too?"

"Why, I missed it. Do you think I wanted to smash everything that was in the mine?" When Charles finished his story he was laughing more heartily than anyone else in the crowd, and could not be prevailed upon to recall anything more that had come from the lips of his famous financial father.—San Francisco Call.

### NO FRIEND TO THE RACE.

Some of the Colonel's Characteristics Considered Objectionable.

I was riding out from Memphis to Col. Jackson's plantation when I met an old darky on the highway, who was hobnobbing along with painful effort. As I wasn't quite sure about my road, I asked him if he knew the colonel's place. "Kurnel Jackson's plantashun?" he repeated. "Yes, sah, I knows dat place right well. Yo' keep right on to de next co'ner an' den turn to de right an' go a mile."

"Do you know the colonel?" I asked. "Kurnel Jackson? Yes, sah. I knows de kurnel like a book."

"He is said to be a great friend of the colored man?" "Hu! Who says dat?" "Why, I've heard quite a number of people say so."

"Yo' has, eh? Jist said he was a great friend of de cull'd race, did dey? Well, sah, if Kurnel Jackson am a great friend of de cull'd race den I doan' know it!"

"Perhaps you never wanted anything of him?" I suggested. "White man!" exclaimed the old man as he lifted up his hands, "do yo' ob-sarve dis lameness?"

"Yes, you are very lame." "An' how did I git dis lameness?" "I don't know."

"Let me tell yo', sah. Two weeks ago I went down to Kurnel Jackson's plantashun to see my darter, who works for him. I started to cum home 'bout 11 o'clock at night, an' while I was walkin' long I war suddenly cotched in a bar-trap. I was held in dat trap two hours, an' dat 'counts for my lameness. Dat's de sort of man de kurnel am—puttin' out bar-traps to catch cull'd folks by de legs."

"Was that bear-trap in front of the colonel's meat-house?" I asked. "Yes, sah—right by de doah," replied the old man.

"Then it was set to protect his meat against thieves, wasn't it?" "Yes, sah, reckon it was, but was I arter his bacon? No, sah! I war jist gwine to open de doah an' look in an' see how much meat de kurnel had on han' fur de winter?"

"And you explained matters to the colonel when he came out to let you out of the trap?" "I did, sah. Arter I'd hollered an' hollered an' was mos' dead de kurnel cum down an' sot me free, an' what hurt my feelin's de mos' was what he said to me. Arter I'd explained to him all 'bout it he hit me seven times wid his cane an' said dat if he eber cotched me tryin' to abominatise his meat-house agin he'd distinguish me with such impetuosity dat I'd nebber see anoder well day. Dats de sort o' a man Kurnel Jackson am, sah—dat's de sort of a fren' he am to de cull'd people 'round yere."—Detroit Free Press.

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