

WRESTLING BOUTS

One of the Oldest Forms of Sport Known to Man.

THE ART IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Records Show That the Early Athletes Were Masters of Over Four Hundred Different Holds—Many of the Old Holds Are Used in the Modern Game.

The strenuous wrestling game is as old as the hills. In the days when men lived in caves, clothed themselves with fig leaves in summer and girded their loins and limbs with skins of fur in winter wrestling was part of their mode of fighting. That the change in the mode of life during the long circle of years to the present day has not altered the art, that it exists practically as it was in the dim, uncertain ages of the past, softened and meliorated perhaps in some of the rude essentials, is made manifest by the records which have stood all these years, mocking the attempts of Father Time to efface them.

In the temple tombs of Beni Hasan, located near the banks of the Nile, born in stone, wrestlers are depicted in various positions, exemplifying all the holds and falls that the modern equipments of wrestling now use in their bouts. In tombs Nos. 16 and 17 the figures of the wrestlers represent nearly 450 positions. It would seem from this that the Egyptians were masters of the art of wrestling and that the present day athlete scarcely deviates from the methods employed by men in this sport when the earth was young and Egypt was the head and torso of civilization.

It was from the Egyptians that the Greeks obtained their knowledge of wrestling. The figures in the Beni Hasan tombs prove this. The Greeks were the greatest fighters of those days and it was but natural that they adopted sports as a means to develop their physical condition; hence it was that at their games held at Olympia and elsewhere at stated intervals wrestling was part of the program. At these games the champions of the friendly nations met in rivalry. There was great glory attached to a victory. The successful competitor was treated as a hero. His return to his native land and his entry into his home city were made an occasion for a triumphant procession. He was the hero of the day, of the hour.

The Olympic games—their revival dates from 776 B. C.—were held every four years at Olympia, in Elis. They were started as a religious festival in honor of Jupiter, but the games, like the play, soon became the thing, and the people lost sight of the solemnity and sanctity of the meetings and assembled there just to see the sport.

It was in the eighteenth Olympiad, 688 B. C., that the first record of wrestling was established. Eurabatos, a Spartan, was the victor. He carried off the prize, a crown of wild olive leaves from a tree which stood within the enclosure at Olympia.

It will be seen from this that wrestling is one of the oldest sports, pastime, means of attack or defense, call it what you will, known in the history of man. From the dawn of literature there are records of wrestling bouts. The Homer we owe that glittering, glowing description of the encounter between Ajax and Ulysses. He immortalized Ajax, who was the incarnation of strength, the physical power in man, and Ulysses, the crafty, the champion of every art and wile. Homer before he was stricken blind witnessed many great wrestling bouts in the Greek cities. In his "Iliad" he graphically describes the wrestling bout between Ulysses and Ajax.

It is that all. In the convulsions of strife which followed among the fighting warriors, down through many vicissitudes changes out of which empires rose and fell along the path of time. In periods dull, creaking, rude and down to the present decade, wrestling was known, understood and loved its part. That Shakespeare in his day realized its popularity and the use of it is evident in that scene between Orlando and the duke's wrestler in "As You Like It." Although the play was supposed to take place in France, the wrestling in this scene is a reproduction of that practiced in England at that time.

At the long time that wrestling has been away there have been many styles—catch-as-catch-can, Greco-Roman, collar and elbow, recumbent and upright. The nomenclature of wrestling terms is longer. The names in many instances were purely local—as, for instance, Cumberland and Westmoreland, which in this country is called "collar wrestling." Collar and elbow wrestling originated in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, England, and is practiced there.

The catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman styles are now the only ones used in championship matches. The former is all that its name implies. The wrestler may catch his adversary any part of the body, neck, head or arms. In the latter style the hold is restricted to that part of the body above the waist line.

Wrong License. The Stranger—Are you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month? The official—Of course! What's the matter? The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.—London Sketch.

A physician says that ten minutes worry are more enervating than a day of work.

HINDU FUNERAL PYRES.

Burning the Dead at Benares a Careless and Callous Rite.

Describing the burning of their dead by the Hindus of India at Benares, Price Collier in Scribner's Magazine says:

I have been present at these burnings. The bodies are brought in on a frail litter. A pile of logs is built up, held in place by four iron stanchions. The body, with the head uncovered, is placed on the logs, more logs are piled on top, the litter is broken up and added to the small fagots underneath and the fire lighted. There are various ceremonies connected with the rite. The body is carried several times around the pile before being placed upon it. The nearest relative walks around the pile with a jar of water, letting it drip down as he goes till of a sudden he dashes the jar to the ground, breaking it to pieces—a symbol of life, everywhere. At a certain moment, too, the skull is fractured by the nearest relative to allow the easy escape of the spirit to another world. Where the deceased is rich the fire is made of costly and sweet smelling wood, sandalwood and the like, and the ceremonies are more elaborate and more prolonged. No doubt it is the ideal way to dispose of a dead body, but when I have seen it done here it seemed to me a callous and a careless rite.

I have noticed all over India the absolute indifference of the natives themselves to the pain and deformities and maladies that are displayed as an excuse for alms. It is not the stoicism of our western Indians, who thought it dishonorable to show fear or to shrink from pain, but an imbedded indifference, a numbness to this particular influence.

HER NEW GOWN.

It Was Comfortable Even if It Didn't Hang Just Right.

Miss Amanda Jones, who possesses the artistic temperament in a very high degree, is as careless as a lily of the field as to her attire. Not long ago, being away from home and far from the watchful eyes of her family, she selected and purchased an evening gown for herself and wore it on several occasions with great comfort and satisfaction. Shortly after her return to her home she was invited to a reception and decided that it would be a good opportunity to wear her self selected gown. Accordingly she put it on and presented herself complacently for family inspection.

"What is the matter with your dress?" asked her sister, eying her critically. "It hikes up in the most singular way in the back and seems to be too long in the front."

"I've always thought it looked very nice," said Miss Jones, with an air of chagrin.

"But it doesn't fit," exclaimed the sister, still examining the garment attentively. "Is that the way you've always worn it?" was the next question, uttered in a despairing tone.

"Yes, of course. How else could I wear it?" was the response. "And it is so comfortable, with plenty of room in the back for my shoulder blades. And, then, I like a gown to fasten in front. Why, what's the matter?" as her sister covered her face with her hands and sat down abruptly. "Do you see anything wrong with it?"

"No, no, no," said her sister, shaking her head. "Only, you know, you've been wearing it hind part before."—New York Press.

Who Owns the Falkland Islands? Few people are aware to this day that the Falkland islands are marked in all Argentine maps and geographies as "unlawfully retained by Great Britain." The origin of the dispute was that England after abandoning the islands in 1774 resumed possession in 1829. The Argentine government protested and, as A. Stuart Pennington points out in his book on the country, is even today "careful to do nothing which could even apparently recognize the rights of the present possessors." It was for that reason that it declined a proposal a few years ago to run a line of Argentine ships to the islands.

Midnight Conversation. Yeast—I read today that glowworms are much more brilliant when a storm is coming than at other times. Crimoneck—Indeed! Do you know where I can get a glowworm? "What for?" "I must go home to my wife now, and I'd like to know if a storm is about to break!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Like All Mankind. He—Darling, all I possess I lay at your feet. She—You are just like all the men—you insist on putting things where a woman will have to pick them up after you. But—I'll say, John.—Judge's Library.

Our Varying Moods. "Yes, environment does influence us." "How now?" "You never see a man coming out of church with his hat perched on the side of his head."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Meditation. Meditation is the great storehouse of our spiritual dynamics, where divine energies lie hid for any enterprise and the hero is strengthened for his field. All great things are born of silence.—Martineau.

He Was Soured. Wigwag—I can always tell a married man when I meet one. Henspeckle—Oh, I don't know! You might occasionally run across a bachelor with a grouch.—Philadelphia Record.

FELT SORRY FOR HIS MULE.

But That Was Before the Grizzly Made His Attack.

In a trip over the Sierra Nevada a Californian took with him not only his favorite horse, but a mule named Billy. Billy was a large iron gray mule of the pack variety and had more than once made the trip.

On the second day in the mountains the owner tethered Billy to a tree, allowing him about twenty feet range where there was good feed, and then took a seat on a fallen tree not far away to eat his own lunch. He had finished his meal and was half dozing when suddenly the mule reared and snorted loudly. His owner sprang to his feet and looked about.

Not ten feet off stood a huge grizzly bear, evidently with designs on the owner of the mule. That individual rushed for the nearest tree and made good time in climbing it. He was safe for the nonce, but how about Billy? How could the tethered mule defend himself?

To his owner's surprise Billy dropped his head after a moment and resumed feeding as if oblivious of the grizzly's proximity. As for the bear, he stood still for several minutes, his eyes wandering from the man in the tree to Billy. The mule's composed demeanor evidently puzzled him.

By and by the grizzly started to make a circuit of the tree to which the mule was tethered. Billy continued to nibble grass, but kept an eye on the enemy's movements. The bear emitted a series of deep growls, then opened his great mouth and disclosed two rows of ugly teeth.

Slowly the great creature advanced upon the mule. Billy still continued to graze, his back toward the bear. Nearer came the grizzly and still nearer. The mule stopped feeding. From his perch the Californian watched the scene with breathless interest. He felt sorry for his mule.

Finally the bear stopped, rose on his hind quarters and prepared to strike. At that moment the mule, at whose stupidity his owner had wondered, sprang forward, and the grizzly's paws struck empty air.

Then the man in the tree saw a gray form double itself into a ball and bound upward. It was the mule's turn. Out of that ball flew two iron shod hoofs, which shot back and forth with the regularity of piston rods, with a thump, thump, thump, against the body of the grizzly, which was completely off its guard.

He was hit all over—on his head, on his shoulder, on his side, on his back—by those pile driving hind feet. He fell in one direction, then in another, seeming utterly incapable of getting away, and when Billy stopped kicking the breath of life was gone from the bear's body.

The mule had not a hair harmed, apparently, and after resting a bit returned quietly to his feeding.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Smuggling in Italy. In no other country are the laws against smuggling so severe as in Italy. All the customs officials on the Swiss frontier are armed with carbines, and they are authorized to shoot any smuggler who seeks to evade them. Any peasant caught with even one pound of contraband tobacco is sure of two years' imprisonment, besides a ruinous fine. Still, many are found to run the risk, for the profits attached to smuggling are great. A knapsack full of tobacco, cigars or salt safely landed yields a small fortune to the bearer, so heavy are the Italian taxes upon these. The customs house officers cannot guard every point at once, and their movements are closely watched and reported by the people, who are all in league against them.

A Misapplied Diminutive. The late Bishop William N. McVicker of Rhode Island harbored a large soul in a body to match. He was a bachelor, whose sister kept house for him. On one occasion he telephoned to his tailor that he wished to have a pair of trousers pressed, and the tailor sent a boy to his residence to get them. The bishop's sister admitted the messenger and called upstairs, "Willie, the boy has come for your trousers."

When her brother appeared the youth's astonished gaze traversed the prelate's impressive "corporosity"; then he murmured: "Geel! Is that Willie?"—Youth's Companion.

Coddling the Hippo. Writing in a London periodical, an Englishwoman begins the story of her African hunting trip with: "Hippopotami are usually killed in the water, but a more humane method is to shoot them by moonlight when they come up on dry land to graze."

Could anything be more considerate? The hippopotamus must positively enjoy being shot by moonlight, especially when his feet are nice and dry.—New York American.

Raising Geese. The raising of geese was a profitable occupation of farming in England years ago, and some farmers had flocks of 8,000 or 10,000. Each goose produced a shilling's worth of feathers every year and quills to the value of threepence. The quills were used for pens.

Not Necessarily. "The face is the index of the mind, it is said." "Oh, I don't know. Because a woman's face is made up is no sign that her mind is."—Toledo Blade.

It is easier to find a thousand recruits than one general.

MYSTERY OF LIGHT

Some Luminosity So Intense the Eyes Cannot See It.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FIREFLY.

So Far It Has Baffled Science, but When It Is Solved, as It Eventually Will Be, We Shall Have Light Without Heat and the Perfect Lamp.

The scientist set down a small black box and impatiently pushed inside the powerful microscope and the delicate bolometer. "It is most discouraging," he muttered, "to have such a treasure before one's eyes and still be unable to grasp it."

I looked in the little box, surprised to find nothing but a few brilliant fireflies. The scientist began to explain. "In that box is the most efficient illuminant known to man. The radiant output from one of these insects corresponds to nearly fifty watts a candle, while our very best artificial illuminant, the flaming arc lamp, gives only two or three watts to the candle. The light from those insects, as recorded by the bolometer, radiates little if any heat, while the very best incandescent lamps waste more than 90 per cent of the electrical energy in useless heat. If I could read this secret of the insect world and make a lamp after its pattern I could produce 384 candle power from the same current that gives sixteen candle power today. Some day the secret will be read."

The source of all light (except the light from fireflies and their kin) is a substance raised to a temperature sufficient to set up waves in the surrounding ether, which, when falling upon the eye, produce the sensation we know as light. Light waves vary in length between one thirty-three-thousandth of an inch, the first being extreme red and the second extreme violet. Rays of white light have a length of one forty-five-thousandth of an inch. The sun is a great mass of white hot matter. It is the atmosphere that enables us to see light, and outside of our atmosphere it is absolute darkness, as dark as the interior of Mammoth cave. In an arc lamp it is the white hot particles of carbon floating between the two electrodes that produce light. In the incandescent lamp it is the hairpin filament inside the glass globe that, when heated by electricity, gives off light waves. In gas and oil lamps light is produced by the heated particles of carbon in the flames above the wick or mantle.

The eye can stand without tiring a brilliance of about five candle power to the square inch of surface. The ordinary candle flame gives only two or three candle power to the square inch, while the sun at zenith gives 600,000. The arc light ranks next to sunlight, with 10,000 candle power an inch, and the best tungsten filament incandescent gives 1,000 candle power. This means that if the sun could be changed into a ball of tungsten it would throw off only 1,000 candle power of light from every square inch of its surface, when the world would be practically dark and we should freeze to death in a week.

The prism shows that white light is composed of a happy blend of all colors of the spectrum. The sun gives the only pure white light, with the arc lamps a close second and the metal filament incandescent taking third place. Sky light, such as comes from the north on a clear day, is bluish white. Gas mantles give greenish light, open flame yellow light and kerosene orange light.

By the laws of evolution the human eye has become accustomed to sun light, or sky light, coming obliquely from above, and our eyes resent light coming from any other source. Snow blindness, distress from white sand or water, is the result of violating this rule. The upper eyelid is adapted to shade the eye from a strong light from above. The lower lid cannot perform this office, so when a strong light is reflected up into the eyes it blinds us.

The X ray has proved beyond doubt that there are light rays which move too fast for human eyes to register. This light penetrates books, wood, paper and even human flesh. With the microscope to assist our eyes we can see the bones in our arm without bothering to remove coat or shirt. But a man with X ray eyes would be sadly handicapped in this world, for he could see nothing but solids, such as earths and metals, and would be unable to see a board fence at all. Beyond doubt there is light so bright that the eyes cannot see it, and to us all is darkness beyond what our eyes will register.

Light rays themselves are invisible. When they move through the ether alone our eyes cannot see them, consequently all is total darkness. But when they meet with the resistance of our atmosphere, producing heat, they register on the retina and—behold, we can see! As the atmosphere thins rapidly as we go upward, so in proportion the air resistance diminishes, and consequently the heat of the sun seems to grow less. This explains why the tops of high mountains are always covered with snow.

Many wonderful discoveries have been recorded in the illuminating field of late, and it is safe to say that this branch of science affords one of the greatest fields for research and invention. Each year our artificial illuminants are improved, but they are far from being perfect. Not until the secret of the firefly is read and light is produced without heat will our evening lamps be perfect.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A TALK WITH LEE.

The General's View of His Own Ability and Sphere of Action.

General Lee knew his own training, his own character, knew his own work and did it, letting others do theirs if they could. It is with this explanation in view that he should read his colloquy with B. H. Hill toward the close of the war.

"General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government and going farther south."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you politicians must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, general," said Mr. Hill, "but you will have to change that rule and form and express political opinions, for if we establish our independence the people will make you Mr. Davis' successor."

"Never, sir," he replied, with a dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I never will permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with the questions of which it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but, general, history does not sustain your view. Caesar and Frederick of Prussia and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," he replied promptly. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I believe we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both and yet not a tyrant."

With a beautiful smile he responded, "Washington was an exception to all rules."—Atlantic Monthly.

SWISS VIGILANCE.

Effective Supervision Over All Foreigners in the Country.

In proportion to her population Switzerland gives asylum to more foreign anarchists and revolutionists than any country in Europe. If they respect the law they may remain in this country as long as they wish. The Swiss have a very effective method of supervising the foreigner, be he anarchist or banker.

Every foreigner arriving in Switzerland must procure from the town hall a permis de dejour within eight days of his arrival, under penalty of a fine, or, in serious cases, of expulsion from the country. In order to obtain this permission his papers must be in order—that is to say, he must take his passport to his consular representative in Switzerland and have it signed by the latter. By this simple method the identity of the foreigner is established, and in return for his papers, which are docketed in the town hall, he receives a permis de dejour for a period lasting from a few days to a year—the maximum duration—when it must be renewed. This rule is so strict that even Swiss citizens of other cantons are classed as "foreigners," and must take out their permission to reside in another canton.

An exception is made in favor of visitors staying at the principal hotels and pensions, who are nominally allowed two months' stay (instead of eight days) in Switzerland before they are expected to legalize their papers, but this law is not strictly enforced, as the hotel proprietor supplies the police with a list of his guests at frequent periods.—Washington Star.

Suns of the Night.

"During the day we say that the sun shines; during the night we should say that the sun shines," writes a Boston correspondent of the New York Times. "During the day one sun reigns over us; during the night many suns sparkle and scintillate upon us. The only difference is that our sun of day is so much nearer than our suns of night, but there is one sun of night that during our winter far outshines the other sparkling sky gems. That sun is Sirius, whose distance has been estimated at 50,000,000,000 miles, whose size has been conjectured to be as vast as that of 7,000 suns like our own."

Just Like Her Brother.

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress: "Where has your son? I not seeing him round no more." "My son?" replied the mistress proudly. "Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though."

"Yes; I knowing yost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yall sax times since Tanksgiving."—Judge.

One of Jerrold's Retorts.

Very tart was Douglas Jerrold's retort to a would be wit who, having fired off all his stale jokes with no effect, exclaimed: "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing!" "Don't!" said Jerrold. "Only try me with one!"

Cheap Going.

Hyker—What do you mean by saying that young Shortleigh embarked on the matrimonial sea in the steerage? Fyker—Well, you see, his salary is only \$7 a week.—Washington Star.

A Family Connection.

Mrs. Piffelder boasts that she is connected with some of the best families in the city. "Ah! She has a telephone."

A PERILOUS FEAT.

He Took Nerves of Steel, a Cool Head and a Steady Eye.

The cathedral at Salisbury, England, lifts its spire 404 feet, which is quite a respectable height even in the day of skyscrapers. This spire is topped by a ball, and on the ball stands a cross. From the ground the ball looks to be about the size of an orange, but in reality it is greater than a man's height.

A distinguished American visiting Salisbury when a very young man had a curiously weird adventure on this spire. Workmen were at the time crawling round the slim steeple in the afternoon light like so many bugs on a bean stalk. The impulse came to him to climb the spire and stand on the horizontal beam of the cross. Accordingly, late in the afternoon, when the workmen had gone, the young man made his way up the stairs to the little window which opened to the workmen's staging. To run up the scaffolding to the ball was easy. Then came the slightly more difficult climb to the foot of the cross over the bulging curve of the ball. A short platform gave him foothold. He reached up and put his hands on the base of the cross and pulled himself up. To gain the crossarm was merely "shinning" up a good sized tree, and soon he stood on the horizontal timber and, reaching up, touched the top of the cross.

After enjoying his moment of triumph he slid to the foot of the cross and with his arms around the post slipped down over the big bulge of the ball. His feet touched nothing. The little plank from which he had reached up was not there.

Here was a Poe-like situation requiring a cool head and a steady eye. He could, of course, not look down. The clinging hold that he had to maintain on the bottom of the cross shortened the reach of his body and made it less than when he stood on the plank and reached up to the cross with his hands. He must drop so that his feet should reach the plank, for he would never be able to pull himself back if he should let himself down at arms' length, and his feet hung over empty air.

But this young American had a good head, which he immediately put to work. He looked up at the cross and tried to recall exactly the angle at which he had reached for it, to make his memory tell him just how the edge of that square post had appeared. A few inches to the right or to the left meant that he would drop into vacancy. Bending his head away back, he strained his eye up the cross and figured his angle of approach. He cautiously wormed himself to the right and made up his mind that here directly under his feet must be the plank. Then he dropped. And he lived to tell the tale.

ANTS THAT COOK.

They Make Dough, Form Cakes and Bake Them in the Sun.

The remarkable habits of the harvester ant have long been known to naturalists. Certain species not only harvest and store in granaries the seeds upon which they feed, but actually plant and cultivate an annual crop of their food seeds.

But now a still more wonderful tale is told of an ant which is common in Dalmatia, Messor barbarus. According to Professor Neger of the well known forestry school near Dresden, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes bread or biscuit.

The seeds are first sprouted, then carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully stored for future use.

From these observations it appears that the art of cookery is not wholly confined to the human race. All cooking is done by the ant, whether in the ripening of fruit or in the baking of bread in a stove. The heat obtained from fuel is simply stored up sunlight free.

The Arab and the native Mexican speak of ripe fruit as fruit which has been cooked in the sun. The ant has somehow learned the art of sun cookery, the saliva with which it moistens the grain probably taking the place of yeast and sweetening through changes set up by its influence upon starch.—American Medicine.

Positively Rude!

Because she wanted everybody else to know as well as she knew that she had small feet the woman who had offered to lend rubbers to a friend added apologetically, "But they are so big I don't suppose you can keep them on." "Oh, I guess I can," said the friend serenely. "I have big feet too."

Since then the woman with small feet has refused to see her friend, even when she brought the rubbers home.—New York Press.

The American Way.

Microbe on Apple—Why is yonder man eating in such a tremendous hurry? Microbe on Pear—Appointment with his doctor. He is taking treatment for indigestion during his lunch hour, you know!—Puck.

Beat It!

Hibbs—Why did you select the younger to play the bass drum in your band? Dibbs—Because he's an honest fellow and gives full weight to every pound.—Boston Transcript.

Condescension is an excellent thing, but it is strange how one sided the pleasure of it is.—H. L. Stevenson.