

# NAME AS LONG AS THE ANIMAL

## Remains of a Genuine Old Brontosaurus Found in Alaska, Ancient Fish Trap Was a Hundred Feet Long, Its Ribs Eighteen Feet, and Pelvic Bone Weighs Half a Ton, Could Eat an Elephant for Lunch and Use the North Pole For a Tooth-pick

From deep down in the ice and snow of Alaska to three Michigan men there has come a huge skeleton of such remarkable proportions and shape that thus far it has baffled all attempts at classifying it, and has puzzled some of the best paleontologists in America.

The fact that these bones have come down through thousands, and perhaps millions, of years from a time when Alaska and the northern seas were a tropical paradise, when the great arctic region was a land of lakes, rivers and luxuriant vegetation, makes them one of the most interesting paleontological discoveries of recent years.

Famous paleontologists have agreed that in the days when these remarkable bones were covered with flesh, what is now a world of ice and snow was a tropical land. Lizard-like reptiles of such prodigious proportions that their heads reached into the tree tops, roamed the earth. The huge Ichthyosaurus, with the beak of the porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, and the vertebrae of a fish, splashed in the warm waters. Horned monsters, like the legendary dragons, battled with creatures whose armored skulls could repel a battering ram. Winged tigers, half bird, half reptile, clef the air as do our birds of today. Gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawled on the shores of the primeval lakes and rivers. Air-sea, and land were strangely tenanted in those early periods of the world—periods to which scientists believe the new relics belong.

**Found by Gold Hunters.**  
After lying for unnumbered centuries under the ice of the frozen north, then exhumed by Alaskan gold hunters, looked upon as the remains of a buried god by the Indians, fought over and carried for hundreds of miles on dog sleds, these remarkable relics of prehistoric ages have now been brought to civilization and are at present at St. Charles, Mich.

The largest of these remains, which has been classified as the pelvic bone of some prehistoric giant, is ten feet across and five feet high, and though it is quite dry it weighs 1000 pounds. This huge bone has led authorities to believe that the animal could have been none other than a brontosaurus, that it was nearly a hundred feet in length, and weighed probably 30 tons. One of the ribs of the animal measures 18 feet, another 14, and a single vertebra found with the remains, and supposed to be the first vertebra of the tail, is two and a half feet in diameter, and weighs 60 pounds. Two of the thigh bones found are nearly eight feet in height.

Not only in respect to the size of its bones is the skeleton more remarkable than the ordinary discoveries of paleontologists. Around its discovery, its disinterment, and, finally, its journey on dog sleds up the Yukon and over the Chilkoot pass to Skagway, are associated more thrilling adventures than are probably written in any other paleontological discovery in America.

At the time of the discovery of the gigantic bones, Dr. A. Patterson, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and a well-known paleontologist, was looking over some claims only a few rods away from where the remains were found. The first sign of the skeleton was brought to Dr. Patterson's notice by James Buck, of Desare, Ark., who was working the claim on which the discovery was made.

"I'm going to have trouble in thawing out," said Buck one day. "I've struck a piece of 'alide' rock as high as a house."

It was in the heart of winter and Buck was thawing ground for washing when warm weather came.

A short time after he came back to Dr. Patterson and excitedly told him that he had struck a huge bone. The rumor quickly spread up and down Bonanza creek. Prospectors left their work to come and view the "find," and scores of willing aids aided in the excavations.

**Remains Buried Thirty Feet.**  
The remains were 30 feet down, solidly imbedded in ice and frozen earth. Inch by inch the ground was thawed

out. The first bone, which is now known as the pelvic bone, was hauled out by means of ropes. This was followed by the rest of the remains, nearly all of the smaller pieces of which were carried away. For a few days the find created a tremendous sensation and the rumor quickly spread among the Indians that the remains of one of their gods had been found.

It was then impressed upon Buck by Dr. Patterson that the skeleton might be of priceless value. More and more Buck became possessed of the idea that he had made a rare discovery, and soon he abandoned his claim. Somewhere he had hidden the bones, and as the weeks dragged on he began planning for their removal to the United States. But Buck feared to approach the dominion government for a permit to take the skeleton out of its territory. It would take time, and if the bones were of great value to science they might refuse the permit altogether. So he hit upon a daring scheme.

It was in the middle of the Arctic winter. Virtually there was no day. But this was all the better for Buck's designs. He enlisted in his service a number of daring native guides and a number of dog teams.

One night Buck disappeared. With him went the skeleton. Buck was traveling swiftly up the Yukon, toward Skagway.

Whether Buck's guides betrayed him, or whether the Indians were keeping close watch of what they regarded as a sacred relic, is not known, but hardly had he started on his long, perilous journey before the red men were in hot pursuit.

Just what happened to Buck on that thrilling race will never be known. Varying reports came back to Dawson. In this Buck had been killed; in others guides and prospectors told how they had come across Indians who had been shot to death.

**Held Enemies at Bay.**  
At least three times it is said that Buck held his enemies at bay with his rifle. There was no rest for himself or his dogs on this race to Skagway. At that place he boxed his relics, and this summer accompanied them to San Francisco, and thence to his home in Arkansas.

There Buck met an old friend from Michigan, William McCrory, and also wrote to Dr. Patterson, telling him a part of his story. He then made immediate preparations for returning to Alaska. In the hope of securing other parts of the skeleton. But his terrible hardships now began to show upon him in an illness from which he never recovered. He died a short time ago without telling even his friends the whole story of his terrible journey.

Dr. Patterson, knowing the value of the bones, at once got possession of them in conjunction with McCrory, and they are now free to the investigation of all scientists.

Those scientists who have thus far examined the remains express little doubt but that they are those of a brontosaurus. The pelvic bone shows a well-defined ridge for the vertebrae of the spine, as well as a canal for the cord. The fact that some of the larger vertebrae first dug up with the remains measured nearly four feet across, is another evidence that the bones are those of a brontosaurus. The angle vertebrae saved fits the vertebral orifice leading from the pelvic bone, and in such a manner as would indicate it was the first vertebrae of the tail.

**A new Illuminant.**  
Hermann Blau, a chemist of Batavia, has discovered an illuminating material of which great things are predicted. By a certain rectifying process he separates the methane and hydrogen from oil gas, and by a pressure of about 40 atmospheres reduces it to the liquid form, in steel receivers. The so-called "liquid gas" thus produced may be used in the place of petroleum, alcohol or acetylene, and gives a light preferable to the electric.—Philadelphia Record.

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# HOW MUCH DOES A MAN LOVE A WOMAN

"How much does a man love a woman?" The question, asked in more than one popular novel of the day and mooted by several correspondents, is of those to which there can be no definite answer. As well assign a fixed velocity to the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth;" the wind dies to a dead calm one day and rages as a hurricane the next.

There are men and men, and what is still more important in the problem, there are also women and women. To one man love may be merely an epistle, a flower plucked by the wayside, and worn until faded, then cast aside readily for another quite as pretty in his eyes. To another man, on the contrary, it may be as the breath of life, "bound with all his heartstrings," his cherished vine and fig tree under which he builds his home, and the loss of which leaves him desolate. One can measure feeling and emotion only by their visible effects.

There have been men, not a few, who, crave love, have counted all else worthless without it, and finding the one precious drop lacking in the cup of life have cast the goblet from them and gone shrieking out into the dark unknown, cursing fate and defying the future, in mad despair at its absence. Fortunately for the race, men and women alike, such lovers are the exception. There are many more men who love as well, but more rarely, who, denied their heart's desire, are henceforth bankrupt in love, yet who live their lives as befits men and do their duty to the world and their maker as well, perhaps better than they might have done if the venture upon which they risked all their hopes of happiness had been successful.

According to the gospel no man hath the right to live solely unto himself. "Who art thou, O man," asks a quaint old writer, "that thou shouldst expect happiness? Learn instead to do the work which God giveth thee, not bowing ill his hardness, and so shalt thou find blessedness, which is better." There be some who must toil in the dark while others labor in the full light of the sun, and coal and corn are alike essential to the welfare of mankind.

With all the ridicule poured upon the head of the lukewarm lover, it is doubtless far better for all concerned that most men love moderately and are not inconsolable when disappointed. The man who succeeds in life is not he who bemoans the fish which has escaped him and tells himself over and over how greatly it was to be desired, but he who, recognizing the fact that the loss is final, forthwith baits his hook and proceeds to catch another. Crying over spilt milk is a profitless occupation. The fox in the fable who decided that grapes beyond his reach were not worth having was wise, and for those who can achieve it such belief, though it may not be true philosophy, is unquestionably comfortable.

Neither is it given to all men correctly to realize the difference between the heart food, "I love," and the clear ice drops, "I esteem," a difference which has sometimes driven other men mad. They are calm and phlegmatic, with no vain longings for the unattainable. To such a one any well conducted woman who will govern his household to suit him, bear his children, and make him comfortable is a satisfactory spouse. He has small opinion of sentiment, but he cherishes his wife in his way and is what the world at large terms a good husband. If his wife dies his sorrow, which scarcely amounts to

grief, is sincere, albeit self-contained. He waits a decent period before he begins to take notice, as they say in country neighborhoods, and fills her place with another. One should not expect the compass of a violin from a Jew's-harp. Crockery is far more fitted to bear the rough usage of life than fine china. It is only wealthy people who these days of careless housemaids can afford to set their daily board with Sevres or royal Dresden. A good appetite, which relishes and digests plain food, is by far more conducive to health than the cultivated palate of the gourmet, which can be satisfied only with the dainties of Lucullus and which taxes the skill of a cordon bleu.

As already said the woman in the case has much to do with the amount of devotion upon the part of the man. Every electric light upon the boulevards on summer nights preaches a sermon of its own, with the hundreds of moths and flies which, dazzled by its brilliancy, dash themselves against it and die for the sake of one brief instant of agonizing joy. On the other hand, the homely candle, though it be of wax, serves only to attract a few stray insects, content to buzz around it at a safe distance from the flame and to light the bloodthirsty mosquito to his prey. There are some chemicals which will set fire to lee and there are women whom the veriest clod in the shape of man will adore, and, if need be, die for. And, by the irony of fate, these few women are in most cases apparently destitute of heart and car not at all for the lives they wreck and the misery they occasion. There are also women with hearts warm enough to love all humanity, the sort whom nature created for wives and mothers, who never make any man's pulse throb a beat faster, and whose heart history is summed up in the brief couplet:

"Four words comprise it: I was never loved. The palm of grief, thou wilt allow, is mine."

Moreover, when a woman has won the love of a man, however devoted he may appear, it is usually necessary for her to take some pains to hold fast to his love if she wishes to keep it. There are exceptions, but most men's love is a fire which easily dies for lack of fuel. Shakespeare asserts that—

"Men were deceivers ever. One foot on sea and one on shore, to one thing constant never."

Indeed, it seems sometimes as though the love of man were like a toy rubber balloon; let go of the string and it is off in a jiffy, while, for yet another point of resemblance, there are loves which must not be kept in a too warm atmosphere lest they shrivel to nothingness in the hands of the holder.

In this strenuous era no man of affairs can afford to make love the chief, much less the sole, business of his life. He must hold it as a thing apart, something for himself alone, and although he may covet the earth only that he may give it to some woman, he must forget the woman for the time, while he struggles with other men for the prize which he intends to lay at her feet. And the more of a man he is the more thoroughly able he will be to do this, turning back to love, always, when labor is done.

Wonders will never cease. A Paterson (N. J.) automobilist bumped into a tree when trying to avoid running over a child, was thrown from the machine, and severely bruised. And yet there are persons who assert that the days of miracles have passed.

# WOULD THE CAT HAVE SURVIVED

A small kitten the property of John M. Yore, 710 First street, St. Joseph, Mo., is dead. The fact itself is not so startling, but the manner of the kitten's death is so unusual that it has aroused much interest on the part of neighbors, physicians and veterinarians in this city.

The kitten, in a moment of excessive playfulness, 12 days ago, swallowed a hat pin. The animal was only four months old, and of the usual size for such an age. The hat pin was seven inches long, with a stone head. Mr. Yore noticed the kitten playing with the ornament, which came from his daughter's hat. Soon afterward the pin was missing. Search was futile, and the kitten, which continued to be as sportive as ever, gave no symptoms of distress, until a few days ago, when it became ill and subject to fits. This started a controversy in

the household. One side asserted that the kitten had swallowed the hat pin. The other ridiculed the idea as physically impossible. Neither would waken, however, and finally Mr. Yore became convinced that the only means of solution of the mystery lay in a searching examination of pussy's anatomy. No X-ray being handy, chloroform and a knife were used. "The result was the recovery of the hat pin at the cost of the cat's life. The pin had been swallowed, its white head going down first, the metal body following until the point found a lodging place in the animal's throat. Before the dissection took place the case was placed before a physician and two veterinarians. In their opinion they declared that the kitten could not have swallowed a pin of such length. Later when the pin was produced and shown to them they expressed much astonishment.

# ANIMALS AND BIRDS CARE FOR CHILDREN

The story of the Sydney woman who has just been fined £1 in an Australian police court for leaving her child to be reared in a chicken run, with the consequence that the little one could do nothing but imitate the fowls in every way, even to roosting at night, has caused much comment in London.

At the offices of the Zoological society the opinion of an eminent ornithologist was sought.

"Apart from its pathos," he said, "it is an extremely interesting case. I am unaware of any previous instance of a child being reared by birds.

"The nearest approach to it happened in Scandinavia, where a peasant, finding a wild swan frozen fast in a lake, took it home, revived it, and made it a domestic pet.

"One very stormy night his wife was brought to bed with a child. Neither doctor nor nurse was obtainable. A baby was born, and the wife died. The husband was in despair for the baby's life, when he remembered his pet swan, that was accustomed to repose in front of the kitchen fire.

**Swan Nursed Baby.**  
"He took the tiny baby down and laid it beside the swan. The bird seemed to understand what was required, and spread its wings over the baby, which it kept alive and warm for many hours until a nurse was obtained.

"As regards children who have been reared by wolves there are many true instances, although the case of Romulus and Remus, who were nourished by a she wolf, is, of course, a fable.

"But Mowgli, the little wolf-child hero of Mr. Kipling's 'Jungle Book,' is founded upon fact. Particulars of such cases have been recorded by Colonel Sleeman and Sir R. Murchison. They have occurred for the most part in Northern India, especially in Oudh. The children have all been boys, and were all apparently idiots.

"No grown-up people have ever been found among wolves. The ultimate end of these wolf-children has probably been the obvious one consequent upon their getting into a set of less scrupulous wolves.

**Educated in Wolf Fashion.**  
"These animals have frequently carried off infants in the districts of Cawnpore and Lucknow. Some undoubtedly have been eaten, but others have been brought up and educated after the wolf fashion.

"Some have been reclaimed several years later, but have never got rid of a strong wolfish smell, and they have been known to receive friendly visits from little companions of their former savage acquaintances."

Zoologists have a record of a typical case where two soldiers of a

King of Oudh surprised and captured three animals who came down to drink on the bank of the Goomtee river.

Two of the animals were evidently young wolves, but the nature of the third was a mystery until the men got near it, and saw that it was a small naked boy on all fours.

He bit and scratched furiously in resisting capture, and when taken into human society drank like a dog, tore up his clothes, and could eat nothing but bones and raw meat, after first smelling it well.

**Intellect is Clouded.**  
After many months he learned to say the name of a woman who adopted him, but could never articulate more than a few words. His intellect was always clouded, but, dog-like, he was always exceptionally quick at understanding signs.

"People who live much among animals always gain some animal characteristics, even if such be confined to the ability to imitate a particular animal's call. For myself, I can cause a stir of curiosity among many birds by imitating their cries, and I have known men who can in that way bring back a tomcat to a certain spot ever and over again, cause quite a commotion in a rookery at nesting time, or put a bird in a complete state of mystery as to the whereabouts of its supposed mate."

Gilbert White has recorded a remarkable case of a boy who lived so much among bees that he became a very bee-bird.

In winter he dozed away the days in a state almost of torpor. He spent all his time by the fire. But in summer bees were his sole food and amusement. He rushed after them all day long in the sunshine, buzzed all the while like a bee.

Every kind of bee was his prey. He was never stung, although he must have caught thousands and sucked them for their honey. Some he kept in bottles, others between his shirt and his skin, until wanted.

He would actually enter private gardens to steal bees, sometimes turning hives upside down. Needless to say, the boy was a hopeless idiot.

**Tin in Alaska.**  
Stream tin was discovered in Alaska last year, and now it is reported that great ledges of tin ore have been found at Cape York, on Behring sea. Numerous individual placer mines are reported to have made small fortunes during the past summer, two men, for example, having taken 22 tons of stream tin from claims along one creek in the Cape York region, using the crudest hand methods. Hydraulic machinery will be taken into the district next season, when the extent and value of the tin deposits will be ascertained.—New York Engineering News.

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