

Mammoth Preserved by Siberian Frost.



Front view of the carcass of the famous Kolymak Mammoth, dug out from the frozen earth on the banks of the river Kolyma, Kakutsk, Siberia.

BIG TUBERWAREHOUSE

NEW MAINE BUILDING WILL HOLD 240,000 BARRELS OF POTATOES.

Great Wooden Structure at Stockton Fast Nearing Completion—Has Electric Conveyor System and Other Modern Appliances.

Boston.—The largest potato warehouse in the world is rapidly approaching completion at Stockton, Me., the new tidewater terminal of the Bangor & Aroostook and Northern Maine Seaport railroads, the channel through which flows the products of the vast farming regions of northern Maine, and particularly the great potato fields of Aroostook.

Before the completion of the connecting link the Northern Maine Seaport railroad, making the "Aroostook to the sea" line a reality, all of the Aroostook crops were shipped all rail, as there was no other way. Now water shipments will be made mostly from this great repository, which is situated at the shore end of the immense Cape Jellison docks.

Into this house the potatoes will be unloaded as they come in the cars in bulk. They will be stored in the 200 separate bins or rooms, and when ready for shipment will be bagged and loaded on steamers or sailing vessels.

This warehouse when completed will be 900 feet long and 125 feet wide. The great pressure of the crops waiting to be moved has caused the builders to stop work at 600 feet this fall, but next year the building will be extended the full 900 feet.

In its present capacity it will hold 240,000 barrels of potatoes, or 1,200 barrels in each bin, which is in reality a separate frost-proof room.

The warehouse is a great wooden structure built as tightly as a dwelling house and designed to keep the potatoes from freezing without the use of artificial heat, although Cape Jellison is one of the coldest places in New England in the winter. Much insulating material of hair and asbestos has been used in the construction and it is believed that the temperature will not drop to the freezing point.

The building is equipped with an electric conveyor system, which is portable and available in every part. The potatoes will be shoveled from the cars into the conveyor and taken to any of the 200 compartments. When ready to ship a conveyor automatically feeds itself from any particular bin, carries the tubers to a scale, which automatically fills the bags with the exact weight and when the bags are sewed takes them out on the wharf and into the hold of the steamer. All this is done with far greater speed and less bruising than by any other method.

Hundreds of different combinations may be arranged with the conveying system and the carriers made to run in any direction and in any place. The building is lighted by electricity and has every modern improvement known, making it not only the largest potato warehouse but the most completely equipped in the world.

PARDON FOR AN OLD CRIME.

Man Who Shot at Czar Thirty-nine Years Ago Ordered Released.

Paris.—France has just pardoned a criminal who enjoyed a moment of notoriety 39 years ago, but who has since been practically forgotten. He is Berczowsky, who in 1867 fired a pistol at the czar, Alexander II, as he was reviewing the French troops in the Bois de Boulogne.

The shot missed the emperor. It struck a woman among the spectators, but she was only slightly wounded. The would-be assassin was a Polish workman. He was sentenced to deportation and life imprisonment and was shipped to New Caledonia in short order. He was really insane. The fact was recognized by the juries. He has grown worse as the years passed. His delusions took the form of inventions, one of which was a perpetual motion machine, and he used to try to bargain with the governor of the penal colony for freedom in exchange for the secret.

For some years he has enjoyed relative freedom on the island. On reaching his seventieth year he was allowed to live in a little cottage outside the prison and to dispose of his own time. The government still provided for his support and he amused himself cultivating mechanical projects. Lately his case was taken up by the Humanitarian league and his complete pardon was the result. The Parisian papers speak of it as a doubtful mercy. It is hard to see what shelter he can find in France now except in an insane asylum.

TROLLEY ON THE HIGHWAYS.

Electric Roads Without Rails a Success in Germany and France.

Washington.—In districts where the construction of permanent tramways would be out of the question owing to prohibitive initial cost there are in use in Germany and France electric transport systems running on the ordinary roads. These draw their supply of electricity from overhead wires similar to those in use in tramway working.

Provision is made for passenger traffic by means of omnibuses run singly or with a trailer, while freight traffic is handled by motor vehicles, drawing two or three trailers. The first of such lines was opened in 1901 and since that time quite a number of services have been inaugurated in different districts. The routes are for the most part comparatively short. One of the longest lines is that of the Charbonnieres-les-Bains, near Lyons, which is worked with six motor cars of a seating capacity of 38 passengers each.

A line is also working between the towns of Neuenahr, Walporbrian and Ahrweiler. A line is working regularly in connection with an industrial center in the neighborhood of Wurzen, Germany, over which 30 wagons are taken either way daily.

MONKEYS AN AID TO SCIENCE.

Discovery Made That Temblekan Is Antidote for Strychnine.

Amsterdam.—The Dutch colonial papers report a remarkable case of animal instinct. The people of the village of Negowo, in the Javanese province of Salatiga, suffered by the ravages of an immense horde of gray monkeys which destroyed the plantations.

The Dutch subgovernor recommended that they try strychnine, and the favorite fruits of the monkeys accordingly were collected in quantities, heavily dosed with strychnine, and deposited in a wood.

The monkeys ate freely and many were violently ill, but none died. It was then discovered that the monkeys, when they felt the effects of the poison, went in search of and ate temblekan leaves, a certain weed which grows profusely in the archipelago.

It was also found that the animals too ill to seek the weed themselves had it brought to them by their less suffering fellows.

PUMPING OUT COAL MINES.

Millions of Gallons Taken Out of the Anthracite Collieries.

Philadelphia.—Over 500,000,000 gallons of water are pumped out of the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania every day in the year. The exact average for 1905 was 633,000,000 gallons a day. Nearly 1,000 powerful engines, delivering from mine bottom to surface 500,000 gallons of water a minute are required. Mines may be shut down and coal production suspended, but the water flows on forever. The cost of removing it is one of the big items of expense that make up the price of anthracite.

While the Heidelberg colliery of the Lehigh Valley is getting out one ton of coal it must remove 40 tons of water from the mines. The Seneca colliery mines extend for several hundred feet under the wide expanse of the Susquehanna river, and to prevent the flood of the mines here 2,500 gallons of water must be pumped from a depth of 500 feet every minute of every day of the year. This means 25 tons of water to be removed to every ton of coal mined.

Still more difficult are the conditions at other mines. So far down in the earth that one has to travel a quarter of a mile on an incline railway to reach it, a pumping plant has been installed at Hazleton which removes 11,500,000 gallons of water every day. During the flood seasons, in addition to the pumps, huge tanks are used to ball out the mines. Sixty times every hour these 2,000-gallon buckets travel up full and down empty.

Sometimes the work is not finished when the water is brought to the surface. At the Hazleton shaft, colliery a wooden canal three and one-half miles long had to be built to carry the water out of the neighborhood. As the mines go deeper the cost of water removal, like that of timber and ventilation, becomes greater and greater.

GIRL LEARNING MONKEY TALK.

Miss Simonton, of Pittsburg, Writes Hopefully From Congo Jungle.

Pittsburg.—According to a letter which has just been received in this city by the mother of Miss Ida Veronica Simonton, the Pittsburg girl who went to Africa to study the language of the monkeys, that young woman is now comfortably established in her bamboo hut in the Congo jungle.

Miss Simonton left this country on August 1 and arrived at Fernan Vaz, in Africa the first of October. From the village she went in a canoe up the Congo, accompanied by a missionary from the Sleeping Sickness mission and a number of natives. The natives erected in the jungle a hut for Miss Simonton, in which she is now busy studying the chattering of the monkeys. Two hundred yards away from this bamboo hut is a more substantial one, in which she sleeps at night and in which two natives and the missionary are stationed constantly to go to the assistance of Miss Simonton in case she should be attacked by wild animals. This hut is out of sight of the bamboo hut, but close enough so that a revolver shot could be heard in case of attack.

In her letter Miss Simonton says she is progressing rapidly with her work. She is equipped with a phonograph upon which to record the cries of the monkeys. She believes she is already able to distinguish words.

DOG MADE A GAME WARDEN.

Pointer Sworn in as Deputy at a Great Shipping Point.

Springfield, Mo.—State Game Warden J. H. Rhodes of Sedalia has sent a thoroughbred pointer dog to Deputy Warden Robert Fellis to be used in detecting game shipped contrary to the new Walmisley law.

A canine deputy game warden is something new in Missouri. The dog is kept at the Frisco depot and is "staked" on all trunks, barrels and boxes in the express room.

The dog also scent among the baggage for the purpose of smelling out contraband game.

Springfield is the main railroad town of the southwest and 36 passenger trains leave the depot daily. Deputy Fellis has been watching all trains since the hunting season opened and has found some illicit game, but believes that much was being missed and asked for the dog assistant.

Several arrests have been made during the season.

WAITS LONG FOR BRIDE.

Score of Years Pass Before Woos Can Wed Sweetheart.

Hartford, Conn.—After waiting 21 years for his bride, during which time he has seen her wife of his rival more than a score of years, Bendea A. Johnson, of this city, was married to Mrs. Annie Thompson, of Bolton.

Johnson courted his wife when she was a belle of 23, was known as Annie Termanen, of Bolton, and the two were engaged for three years. Johnson worked in this city, and while he was busy here Peter Thompson, a prosperous farmer and a neighbor of his fiancée, went courting and married her. Johnson then bought a farm in Bolton, near the young couple, but after spending some time there, sold it and returned to this city.

FORTUNES IN SABLE SKINS.

With Skins at \$450 Each, Prices Soar Into Thousands.

The two most expensive Sable coats in the world are worn by the empress of Russia and Queen Maud of Norway.

The empress' coat is made from pure sables, the best which could be obtained in Europe, and is valued by an expert in furs at something between \$250,000 and \$400,000, while that which Queen Maud wears would be worth nearly half as much.

The manager of a London firm said that within the last two years the price of sable had increased by 75 per cent, and was still going up.

"The price is practically prohibitive," he said, "and we have to find a substitute in top Russian sable, smart sets of which cost as much as \$1,000. If the same were made in real sable the price would be about \$7,500 or more."

"There is as much gambling in sables as there is on the stock exchange. The furriers have all sold out, and the demand is still great. People are now beginning to pass sables down as heirlooms—and valuable they are, too, at \$150 a skin."

WAS WILLING TO PAY.

Judge Lawrence Evidently Appreciated His Own Importance.

During his early days as a public speaker, and while he was yet judge of a district court, Congressman George P. Lawrence was invited to make one of his first public addresses before a large body—the board of trade and invited guests. The event was one which brought together all of the principal business and professional men of the section, and plates were \$2 each.

On the night of the banquet the judge appeared at the door, and the ticket seller, not noticing who it was that tendered a \$2 bill for a ticket, handed Mr. Lawrence one, and pocketed the money. Then he recognized him and said, with an apology, that it was not necessary for him to pay to enter.

The judge threw out his chest and remarked with dignity: "I will have you understand sir, that I am willing to pay \$2 any time to hear Judge Lawrence speak."

And he didn't take back his money.

Sermons by Time.

"I have attended church in a good many different places," said the southern man, "but I had to come to New York to see a man preach holding his watch in his hand. Down in part of the country the pulpit orator is usually long-winded. He has a certain subject in mind and has certain things to say concerning it, and he holds that until he has said them all if it takes till bedtime to do it."

"Up here the time that can be devoted to the delivery of a sermon appears to be limited. In order not to overstep the bounds several clergymen that I have heard talk literally at the watch. They did not lay it down or stick it into a convenient pocket to be consulted occasionally, but held it out face up as a constant reminder that time was fleeting and that other pressing engagements awaited them. That may be an excellent preventive of weariness in the congregation, but I must say it makes me uncomfortable to have spiritual advice measured by the minute and second."—N. Y. Press.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

Professed politicians who have reduced public office to an exact science find the independent voter a sad stumbling block—a fact which is amusingly disclosed by a story found in the recent life of the late George Monro Grant, the eminent Canadian educator and clergyman, says the Youth's Companion.

Toward the end of Sir John Macdonald's life he and Principal Grant, then the head of Queen's college, met at dinner at the house of the premier's brother-in-law, Prof. Williamson.

"How I wish," the premier said to the principal, "that you would be a steady friend of mine."

"My dear Sir John," the principal replied, "I have always supported you when you were right."

The premier's eyes twinkled, and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the principal.

"My dear man," said he, "I have no use for that species of friendship!"

Priest Too Studious.

When Rev. Fr. Coyle assumed charge of St. Mary's church in Boston a gentleman of the city, who had an employe, a very devout Catholic, inquired of him how he liked his new pastor.

"Why, sir, I like him pretty well."

"Pretty well? Why, what fault have you to find with him?"

"To tell the truth, sir, I should have preferred a man, who had finished his education; for several times when I have waited upon him he has been told that he was at his studies."

Not Enough.

A case was to be tried on the charge of selling impure whisky. The night before the case came off the defendant went round to the judge's house.

"To the man at the door he said: 'Here's a bottle of whisky, I want your master to try.'"

"My master never tries anything but a case," jokingly replied the butler. —Lippincott's.

THE DANGER OF INCOGNITO.

One May Hear Opinions the Reverse of Flattering.

Ever since the '30s the pretty little Orleanaises have danced into the small hours of the morning without a clue to their partner's identity, for with wig and mask completely covering the head, the masker's incognito may well defy detection. Indeed, even if the lady were able to recognize a masker through some peculiarity of his speech, she would be careful to keep her discovery to herself. Frequently, I am told, extremely droll incidents have resulted from a crafty expedient resorted to by married men to keep their wives in doubt regarding their whereabouts on the night of the ball. This usually consists of an agreement between two maskers to call out their respective wives.

Not long ago two gentlemen who had formed a similar pact danced through the night without either of the ladies suspecting their identity, when one masker—a doctor—pleased with the way the scheme was progressing, and seeing his wife glide past on the arm of his partner's husband, chose to add an additional convincing note to the deception by exclaiming: "Why, there goes the doctor's wife!"

"Yes," replied his pretty partner, examining his wife with a hypercritical eye. "Isn't she an awful mess?"—Harper's Magazine.

HIS ACTION WAS OPPORTUNE.

Brutal Husband Starts in the Millinery Business With Great Success.

"What are you doing?" harshly demanded the brutal husband, abruptly entering the room.

"I'm just going to trim this 19-cent hat I bought yesterday," replied the trembling wife.

"Extravagant woman, you will ruin me with your everlasting bargain hunting!" he exclaimed, enraged, and, seizing the hat, he crumpled it in his hands, trampled it under foot, and, finally flinging it into the corner of the room, strode away.

Weeping, the wife stooped to pick up her insulted property, but her tear-stained face was irradiated by an ecstatic rapture as her eyes fell upon it.

"O!" she exclaimed in delight, "now it is the exact shape of that \$40 French hat I saw yesterday, and I never could have gotten it that way myself. All it needs is a couple of blue roses and a bunch of lavender buttercups."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Russian Night Train.

A third-class carriage in Russia, is not at all uncomfortable. If you have a thick blanket, because every passenger has a right to the whole length of a seat.

Three people can sit on the seat, but only one can lie on it. The other two lie in berths above you or below you, as the case may be. The seats are made of wood and if you have a thick blanket and a pillow they are quite as comfortable as any other bed.

When you first step into the carriage it is like entering pandemonium. It is almost dark, save for a feeble candle that sputters peevishly over the floor and all the inmates are yelling and throwing their boxes and baskets and bundles about. This is only the process of installation; it all quiets down presently, and everybody is seated with his bed unfolded, if he has one, his baggage stowed away, his provisions spread out, as if he had been living there for years and meant to remain there for many years to come.

Poultry in Germany.

During the last eight years the interest in raising pure breeds of poultry in Germany has increased and poultry shows are frequent. At an exhibit in Aachen during February all kinds of poultry and game birds were shown, but no, an incubator brooder, and even catalogues were absent. If American agents with exhibits of incubators, brooders, etc., were to visit these poultry shows they should be able to make many foreign sales.

An international poultry show will be held the third week in April in Loosbach, Baden. In May there will be an exhibit in Baden-Baden and plans are being made for a large exhibit in Karlsruhe, Baden, next September.

German statistics issued a few months ago show that in 1902 the total value of fowl and egg imports into Germany was \$98,556,000. There is a great field here for the introduction of American poultry breeding supplies.

Electrical Divining Rod.

An electrical divining rod, claimed to operate more certainly and scientifically than the ancient and dishonest twig, has been devised by Adolph Schmid, a Swiss engineer. It seems to consist essentially of a glass covered box inclosing a coil of insulated wire, in which a slightly magnetized needle is free to rotate over a graduated dial. When the apparatus is placed over subterranean water, with the axis of the coil in the magnetized meridian, the needle, it is asserted, oscillates more or less rapidly from two to ten, and even up to 50 degrees.

All Hers.

"I certainly was shocked," said the stern visaged woman, "to hear that you were married. I wouldn't marry the best man on earth."

"He never gave you a chance?" rejoined Mrs. Friday. "Because he assures me I was the only girl he ever proposed to."—Catholic Standard and Times.

REST FOR THE WEARY

"SILENCE ROOM" OPENED BY BOSTON METAPHYSICAL CLUB.

Place Where One May Have Beautiful Thoughts—Tired Society Women Assured of Real Comfort.

Boston.—A room "in which one may sit in silence and absorb sweet thoughts and partake of the uplifting and harmonizing influence of intelligent auto-suggestion" has been opened by the Metropolitan club in Huntington Chambers, through the work of Henry Wood of Cambridge, one of the founders of the organization and one of the leading students of psycho-therapeutic law and metaphysics in the state.

The power of suggestion, it is declared, is greatly augmented in this room by the aid, through the eye, of graphic golden texts with appropriate symbolism. When one is in this room one is supposed to put one's self in a passive attitude toward these.

Everyone is welcome, but only four may enter this sanatorium of beautiful thought at one time. These are some of the merits claimed:

The treatment is good for nervous prostration, insomnia and chronic troubles.

It also will awaken latent souls. Here pastors seeking inspiration for weighty sermons retreat.

Society women tired of the brainless social whirl find sweet peace and comfort.

The mentally weary and physically ill find rest and relaxation.

On the pinnons appear the texts, some of which are: "Love never faileth." "Thy faith hath made thee whole." "I absorb the good." "I am strong in the Lord." "I am full of faith." "I love peace." "I rule the body." "I make harmony." "Fear not." "Truth lives." "Love God and all humanity." "The body is a temple." "Love thinketh no evil." "Heal the sick." "Thought is formative." "I am happy." "Demand brings supply."

A statement issued by the Metaphysical club states regarding these texts:

"When merely read under ordinary conditions the effect is superficial and soon fades away. But when mentally photographed through the passive exposure of sensitive consciousness they take on a living reality."

The four chairs face a wall on which, on a blue background and framed in dark wood, appears the symbol of ancient times of the perfected soul.

It is a round globe, and from each side stretches out broad pinnons of shades of violet. The whole may be shut off from view by draperies of royal purple velvet.

Above the symbol are these words in gold: "God is here and every where. In him we live and move and have our being." On the pinnons are other texts.

HAS THE ELOPING HABIT.

Third Time Girl Sixteen Years Old Leaves Home.

New York.—Mrs. Hilda Simons of Britton street, Concord, Staten Island, called at police headquarters in Stapleton, and asked help in looking for her 16-year-old daughter Hilda, who had been missing since November 19.

The young girl, who is exceptionally pretty, said when she left that she was going shopping in Stapleton and would return in an hour.

Nothing has been seen or heard of her by her mother since.

When she left home she wore a black dress, a tan coat and a big black picture hat.

When Mrs. Simons was seen she said she was inclined to believe that her daughter eloped with a young man employed by the Richmond Light and Railroad company.

This is the third time within two months that the girl has run away. On the first occasion she was found riding in a trolley car in Port Richmond after midnight with the young man and was taken home. On the second occasion she was found in Elizabethport.

DISCHARGE THE CATS.

New York Post Office Officials Decide That They Eat Too Much.

New York.—Removals from the department of mouse catching in the general post office are expected within the next few days. The number of cats in the basement has increased to such an extent that it is impossible to keep their feed within the government appropriation of five dollars a month. Some of them must go, and the public which may be interested in first-class cats of the right stamp is requested to call and make selections.

Some of the cats there descended from the original belled cat which lived in the post office when the building was down on Nassau street many years ago. They can pounce on mice like an old-time dating stamp on a registered letter.

Queen Helena is an Artist.

Naples.—Under the guidance of Sig. Castagno, the artist, Queen Helena has perfected herself in the execution of water colors and pastels. Some of her pictures will be sent to an exhibition at Venice, but under an assumed name, as the queen wishes to keep her identity secret.