

Drawn Out.

The pain of a small burn can be easily extracted by placing it near heat, which draws it out. One feels the pain going out as it were, and this illustration explains a broad principle of cure of many things. For instance, in a sprain, severe or mild, warmth by friction begins a true operation. But, first and foremost, use St. Jacobs Oil. The needed warmth and friction comes from rubbing it on. The skin and injured muscle grow soft and heated and take up the curative properties of the remedy, and it is not long before one feels the pain drawn out. Other properties are at work to strengthen and restore, and a positive cure follows like magic.

Be careful of your old shoes. They will come in handy at your wedding, and much handier afterwards.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

Just attempt to sell a man "his choice" between two articles, and see how quick you will sell neither.

Cataract Cannot be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CRANEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

After drilling down 5,000 feet in search for water in New Haven, Conn., and not finding any, the job was given up.

The World's Eighth Wonder.

It's not a pyramid nor a hanging garden, it's Salzer's Silver Mine Oats, which yielded 209 bushels per acre. That yield won \$200 in gold. Next yield 206 bushels. You can beat that in 1896 and win \$200. Largest grass, clover and grain seed growers in America.

48 page mammoth catalogue 5c. postage, or if not will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages of grains and grasses, including package of Silver Mine Oats!

If a well could be dug to a depth of forty-six miles, the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

Why You Should Use Hindercoars. It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 1c. at druggists.

Early in the morning is the best time to pray, because it is then that we are at our best.

Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Carry them in your pocket.

Convince some people that it pays to belong to church, and you can't keep them out.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

Some of the mirrors which are being held up to nature appeared to be blurry.

Money Spent in Parker's GINGER Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

The heaviest rainfalls in the United States are in the East and the extreme Northwest.

It afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

God's work is helped or hindered more by what we are than by what we say or do.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

No hired hand would be willing to do a millionaire's work for the pay he gets.

FITZ STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No more after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and 25¢ bottle free. DR. KLINE, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When a man is living solely to please himself he is also pleasing the devil.

A man's ideal home has a match safe as big as a quart cup, and always filled, in every room.

Nerves

Depend upon the good for sustenance. Therefore if the blood is impure they are improperly fed and nervous prostration results. To make pure blood, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation, with some uneasiness. Price 25c. cents.

PENSION WORKERS. Successfully Prosecute Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Write last war, adjudicating claims, city news.

Bottlebinding.

You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding, or wrapper, of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 50 years.

A UNIQUE RESTAURANT.

Where the Employee Pays for the Privilege of Working.

While I was in Paris I visited the most unique cafe in the world, says a returned traveler. It is known as the Cafe Cubat, and it is located on the Champs Elysees. The building itself is one of the sweetest little houses in all Paris. It was built, I believe, for the favorite of Napoleon III. The lower floor is devoted to the restaurant proper, the upper part being divided into supper rooms.

The staircase and wainscoting are of onyx, and the bath tubs are of solid silver. The proprietor of the place was formerly chef to the Emperor of Germany. Instead of confining his attention to the kitchen, as he should, he spends his time in the cafe, helping the waiters.

I called for a bill of fare when I had seated myself at a table, and on examining it I found that while the list of dishes was an extensive one, there were no prices affixed. My waiter informed me that as the restaurant was patronized exclusively by people to whom money was no object it was deemed unnecessary by the proprietor to have the cost of the wines or viands entered on the menu.

Laying the card aside, I told the waiter that I wanted him to bring me a soup, a fish, an entree, a roast and a salad which in his opinion best represented the cuisine of the establishment. He did as I requested, and the result was the most delightful dinner I ever ate. The soup was a dream of culinary art, the fish was perfection and the entree was fit for the gods.

When my bill was brought it nearly took my breath away, but I paid it cheerfully, as the dinner was worth all it cost. For the same amount, however, a party of four could dine sumptuously at the Waldorf. A bottle of wine for which \$15 is charged here cost \$25 there. The hallboy at the door told me that he paid six francs a day for the privilege of working in the place, and the waiters 10 francs. The tips received by these worthies from the gilded youth of the capital are said to be the highest paid for any restaurant in the world.

Something to Remember.

Lemon juice will remove grease from kitchen tables. This being the case, save the squeezed-out halves of the fruit used in cookery and rub them on the table before scrubbing it.

When acid has been spilled on to any article and the color destroyed, it may frequently be restored by dabbing the marks with a little spirits of hartshorn. Another method is to pour ammonia on to the mark, and then wash it with chloroform.

A useful blacking for boots may be made as follows: Take three ounces of ivory black, two ounces of treacle, half an ounce of sweet oil, and half an ounce of vitriol. Add gradually a quarter of a pint of vinegar and three-quarters of a pint of water. Mix together into a paste.

A method of removing spilt ink is first to take up as much as possible with a spoon and then pour some milk on the place. This will mix with the remaining ink and must also be taken up with a spoon, and this must be repeated until the milk is hardly colored with ink at all. Then wash the place with cold water and wipe dry with a cloth.

In close, mild weather it is impossible to be too careful about the buckets in which refuse is kept. It should be burned or buried or got rid of in some way every day, and the bucket thoroughly cleaned with strong soda and water or carbolic acid and water. It is advisable to leave a little of this in the bottom of the pail. Great attention should also be paid to the scullery sink and drains, and once or twice a week carbolic acid and water or some other disinfectant should be poured down them. Illness is often caused by neglecting these precautions.—Ex.

Effective.

Mrs. Ferry—Dear, that necktie is getting frightfully seedy.

Mr. Ferry—I guess it will do for another week or two.

Mrs. Ferry—George Ferry, if you don't come home to-night with a new tie on, I'll buy you one myself.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Storm Brewing.

"What is that loud, jarring noise in the next room?" asked young Ferguson, with some uneasiness.

"It's papa," answered the young woman. "I—I think he's changing his mind about your coming here so often."

FOUR TERRIBLE WORDS.

A CRY OF MARNING AND OF RALLY IN MEXICO.

Its Import Throughout Spanish America—A Story That Applies to the Monroe Doctrine.

"Son of Monroe" becomes again a phrase of tremendous import to the Spanish-American republics of the continent. On the 19th of June, 1867, there was held a remarkable political inquest over the tragical finality of one attempt at European usurpation on this continent. Sons of Monroe were the jurors.

The traveler who stops in Queretaro, a city of Old Mexico, soon learns that he must not leave without a visit to the "Cerro de las Campanas." On a hill overlooking the city are three stone columns in a row and close together. These stones mark the spot where a bloody seal of authority was put upon the Monroe doctrine.

"The four terrible words" they are called in Mexican political history—Cerro de las Campanas. Looking down the column of a Mexican newspaper, the foreigner frequently encounters them emphasized with an exclamation point and bristling in italics. The four terrible words are used to warn and to rally. Their significance grows rather than wanes with time. Several years ago, when the information spread that the old elements of opposition to Mexican republicanism were conspiring to bring Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, to that country, in the guise of a social lion, with the hope of making him the leader in a coup d'etat, there appeared in the Liberal papers almost daily, "Cerro de las Campanas!"

"The four terrible words" never fail to arouse the spirit of liberty in the patriotic Mexican's breast. Any act or any argument which menaces republican institutions in that country is met with "Cerro de las Campanas!" Translated, the words are only, "Hill of the Campanas," but "Hill of the Campanas" was where Maximilian, the would-be Emperor, and Miramon and Mejia, the Mexican Generals of the imperial armies, were shot for treason. Whatever the world may say of the harshness of the penalty, there can be no doubt that the firmness of Juarez in refusing to commute the sentence of the court-martial was, for Mexico, the greatest act of his life, devoted as the whole of that life had been to Mexican independence. Foreign powers, tempted by the country's wealth and encouraged by a large element of monarchy lovers in the population, had not been able to refrain from meddling in the affairs of Mexico up to that time. With Maximilian's fall ended all foreign contemplation of a North American empire, and native imperialists have never dared to more than secretly hope since then.

An incident connected with the execution of the Emperor and his Generals has a peculiar interest at this time, when the Monroe doctrine is on every tongue. The story of the incident is given as obtained from one who was a participant in the impressive scene described. The Emperor having been shot, the greatest respect possible under the circumstances was, by the order of Juarez, shown the remains. The body was brought from the Cerro de las Campanas in a plain wooden box, and prepared for shipment to Austria. No public display was made. Even Liberal Generals found it impossible to gain admittance to look upon the body. But to the four American citizens, all who were at that time residents of the city of Queretaro, were sent formal requests to come to the palace and view the remains of the dead Emperor. The striking facts about these notes of invitation was that they were addressed to each of the four Americans as a "Son of Monroe." The expression was used to designate the Americans as the representatives of the Monroe doctrine. The wording of the invitation was as remarkable as the address. It ran in this way:

"You, as a son of Monroe, are hereby requested to come to the palace and view the body of the late Maximilian, that you may be able to say he is surely dead."

The four American citizens, one of whom was Emmet Scanlan, from whose lips these details were obtained, gathered about the body and signed the paper as "Sons of Monroe," testifying that they had seen Maximilian's corpse. And so the inquest closed on the death of one act of foreign aggression.

There is another bit of history connected with the closing events of the ill-fated Maximilian dynasty which has peculiar interest in the light of the present situation, and the telling of which is timely. The empire in Mexico began to go to pieces from the time that Secretary Seward sent his famous note to Napoleon III. calling upon him in the name of the United States to withdraw French troops from Mexican soil. The United States had come out of the civil war, and was in a position to declare the Monroe doctrine. The French ruler complied. At that time the forces of Juarez were in the extreme north of Mexico. They had been driven all but out of the country for which they were fighting. They had retreated from point to point. Encouraged by the intervention of the United States and the withdrawal of the French troops, the army of Juarez started southward.

Right here comes in the bit of history which is especially interesting at this time. It is given on the authority of an ex-officer of the United States army. When the civil war closed there were left at certain depots large quantities of clothing and other supplies for army uses. In 1867 the civil war had been over two years. In some way never clearly explained, much of

the left-over clothing and supplies had accumulated at the far-off depot at El Paso. An order was received from Washington to condemn this war material and sell it at auction. The order bore a date very close to that of Secretary Seward's note to the French Emperor. It was carried out with promptness. The ragged and ill-equipped army of Juarez was in camp just across the river. There was no market for the American uniforms and equipment on the American side of the river. In great lots the stores were knocked down to the only bidders for next to nothing. The clothing and other supplies were hauled across the river, and the Mexican army was outfitted with what had been intended for the Union armies. The new clothes were very acceptable to the Mexican army.

"But," says the ex-officer of the United States, "the material comfort afforded was nothing to the moral effect produced upon the forces of Juarez and upon the enemy. The Mexican republicans, clad in the blue of the United States, and wearing belts and carrying arms with 'U. S.' conspicuously displayed, moved southward toward the city of Mexico, sweeping everything. Looking upon the army in blue, the imperialists felt that the United States had openly espoused the cause of the republic. They expected to see an American army following the troops of Juarez, and they became hopeless. Perhaps this clothing of his army with the uniforms of the United States was only a shrewd device of Juarez. Perhaps the sale of the supplies at El Paso at such a critical time for Mexican liberty was only an unintentional coincidence, but I have always believed that the aid and comfort indirectly given to the Mexican republic was as much a part of the application of the Monroe doctrine as was the note of Mr. Seward."

INVENTED A BOUNDARY

Something About Robert Herman Schomburgk.

Robert Herman Schomburgk, the author of the "line" between Venezuela and British Guiana, which is now the subject of so much controversy, was a Prussian scientist, who wandered a great deal over the world and lived almost everywhere. He was born in 1804 and died in 1855. In his youth he was a clerk in a mercantile house in New York, and in that capacity drifted to South America, and finally settled in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, as the representative of an English mercantile establishment. He had a penchant for botany and the kindred sciences and a roving disposition and a taste for adventure, which led him to make a geographical and botanical exploration through the colony of British Guiana and the eastern provinces of Venezuela. He spent six years, between 1835 and 1839, in this work.

It was he who discovered the remarkable photographs that appear upon the rocks of the Essequibo river and its branches, which were executed by a race that one time extended over the greater part of North and South America, but are not regarded with much veneration by the present inhabitants of the wild regions on the latter continent. Similar photographs exist in St. Thomas, St. Vincent, and Dominque and other of the Windward Islands.

Schomburgk also discovered that famous lily known as the Victoria Regia. He found it in the lagoons along the banks of the Essequibo, where there were frequent ponds covering hundreds of acres. The leaves of the lily were so large and covered so much water that the light-footed Indians used to stand upon them.

Schomburgk returned to Georgetown, British Guiana, and there wrote a book, which was published in German, by his brother, in 1840. This was accompanied by a rough map of the country he had explored. About the same time he wrote a pamphlet in English upon its natural features and gave his theory as to where the boundary line between Guiana and Venezuela ought to be drawn. It was an arbitrary line traced upon a map without reference to the territory over which Holland had claimed jurisdiction, nor the terms of the treaties by which she transferred it to Great Britain. He only expressed his opinion as to where nature intended a division to be and suggested that Great Britain should have the entire watershed of the Essequibo river, which had been recognized as the dividing line by the Spaniards and the Dutch.

Schomburgk was afterwards employed by the British Government to elaborate his map and boundary line and for his services was made a baronet. He was also appointed to the consular corps of Great Britain, and served in San Domingo and Siam, where he died. He wrote a history of the colony of Barbadoes and made several other contributions to geographical and historical literature.

She Remembered the Cure.

Mr. N. B. Vesey, living in Durant, Miss., has an old black-and-tan terrier named Trieksy, of which the following singular incidents are related. It happened that early in her puppy dog state, Trieksy suffered from a serious attack of the mange which baffled for a long time all efforts for its relief. At last a young negro boy on the place said that he could cure Trieksy by clipping off the tips of the dog's ears and tail, which resulted efficaciously.

It would appear that the dog never forgot the remedy which proved such a boon in her case, for since then every time she gives birth to a litter of pups almost her first attention to the young offspring is to bite off the tips of each one's ears and tail. Not one of them was ever known to suffer from the mange.

LEW WALLACE'S STORY.

The Blackbirds Knew Where His Fence Was.

General Lew Wallace yesterday related an incident which shows to a remarkable extent the wonderful sagacity and memory of blackbirds.

"At my home over in Crawfordsville," said the General, "we have a large number of tall trees on the lawn, and in course of time these trees became the roosting place at certain times of the year for hundreds of thousands of blackbirds. They came in great black clouds, and in spite of all that I could do they refused to leave. Of course, they were a great nuisance, and I was in despair as to some means of getting clear of them. I stood for two days with my gun firing into them of an evening and killing hundreds of them, but the rest did not seem to be sufficiently struck by fear or grief to want to part company with me and my hospitality. I then devised a new scheme.

"Procuring a number of Roman candles one evening, I lighted them one by one after dark, when the houghs of the trees bent low with the weight of the croaking birds, and I poured the candles into the tops of the trees at a great rate. The sudden innovation startled the birds as nothing had ever done before, and they became panic-stricken. That night I was free of them.

"The next evening, however, the habit of returning there to roost was stronger than fear, and they began coming in by thousands as the evening approached. After dark I began with another volley of candles, and the birds began to realize that there was a determined bombardment in progress. They fled precipitately, and the third evening only a few returned. A few last shots put them to flight, and I was troubled no more.

"But what do you think those birds did? My dividing fence runs between the trees on my property and the trees on the property of my neighbor, which are equally high and equally suitable for a home for the blackbirds. When the birds were driven from my lot they flew over across the dividing fence to the trees of my neighbor and settled. There was no bombardment over there, and they have stayed there ever since.

"This was a long time ago, but nevertheless the last Roman candle was fired into them has one of those birds settled on one of my trees. They are 'tabooed' as effectually as though they were on fire. The great clouds of birds each morning and evening fly directly over my trees going and coming, but not a bird settles upon a tree that is on my side of the dividing fence.

"Another strange thing is that if an one of an evening nois in my lawn and makes a slight noise, as slapping his hands, there will be the wilder commotion among the birds in the neighboring trees. They become restless and almost panic-stricken. If however, the same person crosses the fence and stands directly under them and makes twice as a much noise, they pay no attention whatever to him. He can even shoot up into them without driving them from their perches.

"I have wondered several times just what impression these birds have of me and my property that they have so decidedly given me the cold shoulder. They know every tree that is on my lawn, and will settle within a few feet of the dividing line. Of course, I have not bothered them over there, as they were not my guests."

A MODERN LAB' RINTH.

Keeping Track of Trains in a Great Station.

"Quick, Jim!" shouts the head man, "40, 61, and 72! There comes the Boston express, and the Croton local only two minutes behind! Shove 'em in there lively!"

"All right," responds Jim.

"On the instant this lever is down the others snapped up, and the express train just out of the tunnel fits a clear track into its haven at Forty-second street. Three hundred yards before the station is reached the flame-throated iron monster, unimpeded from its burden of cars, carts forward on a sliding like a spirited horse unharmed from its load, while the train glides forward with its own momentum, slowly and noiselessly as the brakes are applied, until it comes to a stop under the depot shed. Hardly have the passengers poured forth when another train rolls in, and then another the pathway in each instance cleared by these keen men at the levers in this tower-house of 275 yards of the Grand Central Station in New York city. For they only know the intricacies of this interesting modern labyrinth, where more than 100 paths and by-paths are to be found, in all probability, than in any other place of the same size in the world.

Suppose you enter this rectangular house with one of your railroad friends and go up stairs. Here there is a long "key-board" as the men call it, consisting of 200 hundred and four numbered iron levers. You see the men in charge grasp lever after lever, apparently at random; you hear the sharp click of these gun-like rods as they move backwards or forwards, and then as you see a red light flash white or a white red two blocks away, you are told by one of the men at the levers, that a path has been cleared for the Stamford local or the Empire State express. If you look in the room underneath it seems like the interior of a huge piano-board. Here are stiff moving wires and bars, each one connected above to its particular iron key. Beneath they spread out in every direction, like the thread-like legs of a spider, each connected with its special rail or switch or light, and never interfering with its neighbor, so delicate

the mechanism. As you go up stairs a second time to hear Mr. Anderson, the man in charge of the great key-board, talk about the arrangements, you cannot help thinking again how like a monster piano it is. To be sure the iron keys are pushed and pulled, instead of gently struck.

Over five hundred "pieces of rolling stock," as the railroad men speak of trains and engines, have to be sent in and out of the depot and yard in a day. These include nearly three hundred regular incoming and outgoing passenger trains, the "stock" and baggage trains which ply between there and Mott Haven, carrying empty cars and station freight, and the "made-up" and "unmade" trains passing to and fro. When a through Western or Boston express starts out of the station, the arrangement of one or two levers by no means insures it a straight track into the tunnel. Oftentimes a combination of ten or fifteen all over the switchboard is necessary to give the train a straight-away track, and you wonder, as you hear this, how the men ever learn the varying combinations of keys. The train-despatcher in the depot notifies the men in the tower-house on which road each arriving and departing train is—whether New York Central, Harlem River, or New Haven—and they instantly know the answer to the problem.

THEIR ORIGIN.

Where Important Plants Were First Cultivated.

Among the more important plants that were under cultivation at the dawn of history, more than 4,000 years ago, says an exchange, are:

Apples.—Still found wild over extensive regions of the North Temperate Zone. First cultivated in South-eastern Europe of Western Asia.

Barley.—Among the most ancient of cultivated plants. The common four-rowed barley, as also the six-rowed kind, probably originated from the two-rowed, which appears to have been the kind earliest cultivated. It is a native of Western Asia.

Cabbage.—Still found wild in many parts of Europe, where it has been cultivated from the earliest times.

Cucumber.—The original wild species from which the cultivated vine is supposed to be one found all at the foot of the Himalayas and a other parts of northern India.

Onion.—First cultivated in Southwestern Asia, where the originals of the cultivated species are still to be found. Held sacred and worshipped in Egypt a very early times.

Peach.—De Candolle has no hesitation in assigning the origin of the fruit to China, though other eminent botanists believe it to have been cultivated in Persia and elsewhere at an equally early date.

Pear.—First cultivated in the temperate portions of Europe and Asia, where it still flourishes in the wild state.

Rice.—First cultivated in Southern China or India. Not native in Egypt, though it has through the greater part of historic time been extensively cultivated there.

Tea.—Chinese records are quoted to prove that tea was cultivated in that country at least 2,700 years before Christ, and it is generally conceded that its use originated in that region.

Turnips.—The several species all appear to have originated in Europe, but to have early spread under cultivation into Siberia and other parts of Asia. They are still found in their original wild state in many parts of Northern Europe.

Watermelons.—Formerly supposed to have been natives of Southern Italy, but later investigations have traced their origin to Africa. They are certainly indigenous to the "dark continent," and are still found wild in the tropical regions on both sides of the equator.

Wheat.—The extreme antiquity and wide area of the cultivation of wheat have rendered it difficult to ascertain just where it actually originated. It was well known in the earliest times of which any records are to be found, all through the temperate regions of Asia, Europe and Africa, from China to the Canary Islands. It has been discovered in the bricks of the pyramid of Dashur, Egypt, to which is given a date more than 3350 B.C. The latest researches assign its origin to the region of the Euphrates, where it still exists wild, if anywhere.

Found a Petrified Pony.

If Clay Emmet, a young cowboy who passed through Belton, Texas, reports a singular find made by him during a cattle hunting raid recently. The find was nothing more nor less than a petrified pony, standing erect and complete in all its parts. Emmet says that he and his partner, B. C. Woodville, were riding across the prairie late one afternoon, when their tired ponies neighed and whinnied as if they were aware of the presence of another animal.

Looking around, they discovered what they thought was a broncho tethered to a mesquite which crowned the summit of a little knoll to the northward. They found that the horse was fastened by a chain, but stood so rigidly still, and seemed altogether so mysterious, that their own horses reared and plunged as if in fright. Finally they dismounted, and found that the pony was petrified, not a hair nor a hoof missing. Emmet says that some ranchmen years ago must have chained the poor horse there, leaving him to starve upon the plains. As the ribs of the animal are plainly visible in the petrification, and he seems to have been otherwise much emaciated, this is most probably the case. Emmet will arrange to have the strange find exhibited in some museum.