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PRIMITIVE ANIMALS RETURNING

Wild Creatures of Which Kansas Thought They Were Rid of.

Some time ago Kansas newspapers printed a line or two about the discovery of a white weasel at Oak Mills, adding that white weasels are extinct. Lewis and Clark, in 1793, in the journal of their famous expedition, speak of having procured from an Indian on the Missouri "a weasel which was perfectly white, except the extremity of the tail, which was black." It is said that this weasel was the progenitor of the Oak Mills animal. By the way, it seems that Kansas is coming back to its primitive condition again, especially as regards wild animals.

Many wild creatures that were thought to have long since disappeared from our soil are making their appearance again. A little over a year ago a porcupine was killed on the Remsburg farm near Potter. Porcupines swarmed in this locality in the early days. A beaver is occasionally seen in the Missouri River along the Kansas shore. They were formerly as plentiful in Stranger Creek as muskrats are now. Last year Herbert Rogers caught a beaver in the Kaw River near Leocompton.

Sam and Will McConnell killed a large black bear near Elk City some time ago. John H. Hicks of Kingman county killed a fine specimen of a bald eagle out there recently. Jobs Burns caught a wild quail near Salina last January. It was a perfect albino and had pink eyes. Charles Husted, near Lawrence, comes forward with a black pocket gopher, captured near that place. It is on exhibition at the State university.

Some time ago a deer was roaming about in the western part of Atchison county, but we have not heard whether it was captured or not. Deer were once plentiful and Atchison county has a stream named for them, Elk antelope, buffalo, wild turkeys and other game which once abounded here have entirely disappeared, but we may expect a stray specimen of each any of these primitive beasts and birds to bob up any old time.

Maria Antoinette's Books.
The unhappy Queen Maria Antoinette possessed an important library of 4,712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books in a mode, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Voltaire and many others. She loved music passionately and had a large collection of operas in eighty-nine numbers. The bindings were by Bistolot and were uniform in red morocco, with the arms of France and Austria stamped upon them. The execution of the work was poor and the decadence in the art of binding evident. The glories of the art of Padeloup and the Deromes had passed away, and the revolution effectually killed whatever knowledge remained of the ancient skill of the bookbinders. Half a century later saw its revival in France, and the art has since flourished both there and on English soil.

The Hen's Origin.
Passing over other interesting pheasants mention must be made of what has proven to be economically the most valuable bird on the earth to mankind—the red jungle fowl. Ornithologists know it as Gallus galus, and it is the ancestor of "old" fowls; for from it has been bred every variety of domestic poultry, game, Langshan, Polish, Plymouth Rock, Leghorns, etc. Whether we consider the black, tailless fowls bred in Holland, or the Japanese poultry with tails fifteen to twenty feet in length, all were derived from the red jungle fowl. Remarkable as these facts are, proof is forthcoming in the fact that many breeds of poultry be allowed to run wild, they will gradually revert to this ancestral type and after a certain number of generations will have reverted to typical jungle fowl.—N. Y. Post.

Harmless Coffee Wanted.
A number of experiments have been carried out with the object of preparing a caffeine free product from the coffee seeds. A satisfactory result was obtained by certain methods which aim at subjecting the entire raw seeds to a procedure by means of which the caffeine salts are decomposed and the seeds are rendered amenable to subsequent extraction with a volatile solvent of caffeine. This procedure is at present employed in Bremen and in Mannheim, Germany. Nature has produced a plant free from caffeine, native of Madagascar and Reunion, but unfit for use on account of its bitter principle. Grafting experiments have not yet proved successful. The requirements in case of the artificial non-toxic product are its almost entire harmlessness, together with an unchanged appearance, taste and aroma.

A Cook-Book Mark.
To keep the cook book open at the right place, a band made of elastic, one inch wide, will be found useful. When not in use it may be strapped across the closed book.

The Imitative Ally.
One of the present sensations of the trade is due to the importation of "Irish" linen goods from the land of the wily man. The detail and elaboration of the goods are alike astonishing. The prices are even more so.

Uncle Jerry.
"What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peebles. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambling debt, and he still owes the preacher that married him 27 years ago."

Why He Never Spoke.
There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise; he never spoke unto his wife or his mother's cakes and pies. The secret of his wisdom—guess if you can; but if you can't behold it—he was a bachelor man.

DEATH IS PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and as Sweet as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in the case of the patient who has met it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Le American Magazine, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most marvellous things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the persons who die of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes.

While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only painless but welcome. Patients racked and fevered around patients long for death as the sweetest tidings long for sleep.

While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his "twain brother," sleep.

Bought His Own Work.
To come across a bit of one's own work in print is an experience not ordinarily exasperating to an author; but a Washington writer on scientific matters was recently not very agreeably surprised by such a development. It appears that the writer was collecting material for a monograph on electro-magnetism, when word came to him of a valuable paper on the subject not long before published in a Berlin journal devoted to science. Thinking that the paper would be of use to him in the work in hand, he had it translated. When the English version was laid before him, together with quite a bill for the translator's labor, what was the disgust of the writer to find that the article was nothing more or less than a German reproduction of an article of his own published the year before in an English journal. And he had paid twice as much for the translation as he had received for the original article!

He Lost.
The other day a Londoner said to a countryman:
"I'll bet you anything you like you cannot spell three simple words that I shall give you within forty seconds."
"I'll take that on. Now, then, what are they?" said the countryman.
"Well, here goes," said the Londoner, as he pulled out his watch; "London."
"L-o-n-d-o-n."
"Watching."
"W-a-t-c-h-i-n-g."
"Wrong," said the Londoner.
"What?" exclaimed the countryman, in surprised tones; "I've spelled the words you gave me correctly. I'm certain I'm not—"
"Time's up!" the Londoner said triumphantly; "why didn't you spell the third word—w-r-o-n-g?"

What Circus Life Meant.
George W. Dunbar joined Dr. E. Baconstow's Cosmopolitan Circus, a coat and wagon show that played the towns located along the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, in 1888. The feature of this "imposing travelling and sailing aggregation was the Forty Horse Parade, which, in those days and in that territory was a sensational affair. Every one connected with the enterprise from Dr. Baconstow himself to the bearded lady, had to drive a single horse, a tandem or a four-in-hand equipage. Young Dunbar came well recommended as a whip, so he sides performing on his horizontal bar in the circus ring and a black bear act in the after concert he was assigned to tool a four-in-hand in the parade.

A billion in Britain is a million times a million.
But no man is able to count it. You will count 100 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 28,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year.
To count a billion would require a person to count 100 a minute for a period of 8,312 years, 243 days, 5 hours and 30 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping; then he would need 19,025 years, 219 days, 10 hours and 40 minutes in which to complete the task!

Oral Hygiene.
One of the diseases of civilization is defective teeth, and the more study there is given to oral hygiene the clearer it becomes that attention to health of the teeth accounts for not a few other ills of the body. In difference would bring, dentists with public spirit are now moving for recognition by education of the part which oral hygiene should have in the service of the public school to the child. They are insisting on dental as well as medical inspection of children, not for selfish ends, but to correct, early in life, tendencies which will debilitate the entire system if not checked.

Hopeful.
Mrs. O'Tool—She's lakin' on awful. Her husband got three years—but he kin git twelve months off for good behavior.
Mrs. Dooley—Tell her to rest easy. Were an' he may not behave himself.

A Diminutive.
"Mamma," said little Fred, "this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kiltchism?"

RESOLUTION SHATTERED.

The Moral Suggestion Scheme Didn't Work on Jack Jones.

A little boy came home one day from school in a very bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given him a thrashing, and he wanted revenge.
"Oh," said his mother, "I'll think of revenge, Willie. We kin go down Heap coals of fire on his head. Then he will become your friend."

Willie thought he would try this method. So the next day he went to school as usual, and a luncheon for luncheon, Jack picked up and said:
"Look here, I thrashed you yesterday, but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm going to thrash you again."
And he planted a hard blow on Willie's little stomach.

Willie gasped, but instead of striking back he extended his pie to Jones.
"Here," he said in a kindly voice, "I'll give you this. I make you a present of it."

Jack, in great amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon disappeared.

"Gosh, it was good!" he said. "What did you give it to me for?"
"Because you struck me," said the hesper of the coal.

Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now go and get another pie," he said.—Ladies Home Journal.



Landlord—"I'll give you ten per cent. off if you'll pay the rent to-morrow."
Tenant—"Thank you. Now, suppose you let me have that ten per cent. now and I'll pay it to you on account to-day."

Expectations.
From the dark kitchen there emanated a series of thumps and angry exclamations. James was looking for the cat.
"Pat" called the son from the stairway.
"Go to bed and let me alone," blurted Jones. "I've just barked my shins."
"Pat" insisted Tommy, after a moment's silence.
"Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?"
"I—I didn't hear your shins bark."
And the next moment Tommy was being pursued by an angry sire with a hard hair brush.

A Sharp Retort.
"My dear," said a thin little Brighton man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Dorsetshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband."
"Well, what of it? I think he could easily do it if he is in as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."
The thin man laid down his paper with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whist.

Again Those Immigrants.
Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German.
One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her paternal ancestor, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business of yours back to Germany."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.
"Dotto's case of brain fever lasted a long time, didn't it?"
"Yes, the germs had a lot of time finding his brain."
How Strange.
A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell?" "I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."
"No, madam," replied the attendant. "We're never had one."
"How very odd!" she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

A Shifted Burden.
"So you sold that miserable old mule of yours?"
"Yassir," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "Oh real money."
"Doesn't it weigh on your conscience?"
"Well, boss, I'd done had dat mule on my mind so long. It's kind of a relief to change off an' git him on my conscience."

Division.
"The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes."
"Yes, the 'suck or the dead'."

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