MISTORY OF BOWLING.

e Brought to This Country by the Gormans and to of Great Antiquity.

Socially, as well as from a sportingpoint of view, the tour to date of flam Harmf and his trie of all-star bowlers has been one steady round of andulation, and the wonder is that the nourists have been able to roll the decree they do, considering the numher of banquete that have been given in their honor, reports the St. Louis

Republic. At St. Paul the tourists were the greets at a banquet at which the prominent sporting and business men of the Twin Cities were present. More were sulogies without end of the visitors and the game they exploited, and one staid old exponent of trade. Ferdinand Heinricks by name. wesponding to the toset, "Will the Bowling Crase Last?" delved into the mistory of the game, going back into cancious mythology to present his argrament. He said among other things:

"It is highly probable that the first howlers resided in the dark forests of ancient Germany. The inhabitants of dhat country were warriers when there was any war business going on, But when they were at peace with their neighbors their main occupation was to do as little as possible and have a good time.

"In the beginning they used large howiders instead of wooden balls, and the green meadows were the allers. It was about A. D. 1300 when the first negular allegs were built. The bods more made of a mixture of sand, clay and ox blood, all properly pounded and dried together. Much higher

"The old Teutons were just as anxflous to make ten-strikes as the 'All-American' boys of to-day, and for that meason they used 19 pine instead of ton. By this scheme the crack bowlers made a ten-strike occasionally. In wther words, they managed to down the majority.

"Gradually the blood and sale alilaya were replaced by wooden ones, antil they developed into alleys such me were used in Germany over 30 pears ago. They used nine pins; & Stall one in the center, which was called the king. Now, in playing ninepins, M you knocked down all but the king they would call it a 'stummel,' or, in linglish, a 'snipe,' or 'stump.' If the Sate the sand you had made a 'poodle' ser a 'sandrabbit.' Three poodles in muccession and you were out of the

"The Germans brought bowling over the this country and in every communi-ty where Germans settled in the early days you will find bowling alleys, some of them in existence for 40 or 50 years. We have in St. Paul a bowling club scalled the Old Reliables, which has bowled for over 35 years.

"The native American has discovsered in bowling one more good thing, , that the Germans have enjoyed for 1680 years. I believe that bowling has to stay for another 600 years AAnd that's plenty."

PREHISTORIC COOKERY.

Moent Ovens That Were Used by the Early labableants of the Salt River Valley.

Just south of Tempe, in the Salt griver valley, Arisona, are found the resine of extensive buildings, supto posed to have been even larger than now but a mass of mounds, but the Soundations of one which has been secently traced measures 275 feet in majorith and 130 feet in width. Exher of eastufas, or ovens, of such generous dimensions that they must have numiced for entire cities. Several were found measuring 16 feet in depth by 30 in width. Nearly all were lined with a copper carbonate ore, that has dused in places, forming a metallic wheet.

A study of the ground shows that after the coals had burned down, they were drawn out, and the cavity was practically closed. Into the hole were piled the beans, the corn and the mescal root until the top of the pile was level with the surface of the ground.

Over all appears to have been spread m thick roofing of mud, a quantity of water being added before the estufa was made air tight.

The mass was probably then allowed to cook for a number of hours, comething after the manner of a linode Island clambake.

It is further conjectured from the corn found in earthen jars that after being steamed the corn was then dried to become the staple article of food for the wister. In the same mounds were found a number of stone metatis and grinders, showing the primitive process of dwelling, and m large variety of pottery, some in an excellent state of preservation. In chape and decorations, the ollas, or water jare, closely resemble those made by the Zuni. Pueblo and Mancha Indians to-day. The glaze and beature, however, are superior.

Turned Out to Be a Scoundret.

"What have you ever done about that mining stock you once owned?" "I got cheated out of it."

"How? I thought it was worthless and jumped at a chance to unload it. on a greenhorn. It turned out to be immensely valuable, and the scouparel who bought it from me knew it all the time."-Washington Star.

If Othern Only Knew, Bright-Have you heard the latest mother-in-law joke? Dulle-There are no mother-in-law jokes .- Penn. Punch Bowl.

TOWE CHASED THE RAILROAD.

Emb Sonter, No. Was Kept on the More for a Time by the Missourt Pacific.

"You have heard of a railroad's making or killing a town, but did you over hear of a town chasing a railroad?" asked a com who had put in the best years of his life booming places out west, says the New York

Some one had referred to a story printed in the Sun of a Nebraska town, Benton, on the Platte river, which had been left high and dry by the Union Pacific railroad. The road had shied off with a branch to an obscure spot, unmapped, known as Darr. All at once Darr began to boom and Benton to decay.

The Bentonites put their furniture, cattle, form utensils, houses and barns on flat boats and floated down to the territory of their successful rival and rebuilt there. In less than a week Beaton disappeared from the map and Darr rose up.

That was the fate of several towns when railroads were being built out west," said the retired boomer. "The fate of Knob Noster was funny to me, after I had got out of it.

"For years and years before the Missouri Pacific railroad was extended scross the state from St. Louis, Knob Noster was a post village at which the stag couches used to stop for water for their horses and grub for their passengers. The civil engineers of the Missouri Pacific finally struck the country and ran the line about two miles to the porth of it.

"The old town got a hustle on itself for the first time is its existence, and most of the old houses that were not ready to tumble down were put on wheels and moved over to the new site. A number of new houses were put under construction.

"Just about the time that the new Knob Noster began to look like a sown Mr. Gould's engineers, or Mr. Gould himself concluded to shift the projected line, and a cut-off was decided upon, which left the new town out in the grass and the basel brush. A town site on a cut off was laid out about two miles still further to the north. The railroad was constructed and a station erected.

"The new town sulked for awhile. but finally an old doctor moved over by the station to act for the railroad company, and his patients had to go over there to get his medicines. One by one the houses, or most of them, were moved over near the station, and rebuilt.

"After about a year the first new town had changed its spot and was huddled about Mr. Gould's railroad station, where it has remained ever since. But for a good many years the people of the last new site used to go down and inspect the track every day, because they believed for a long time that Mr. Gould was liable to change his mind and take up another

"One old man who had refused to move his house from the first site stood his ground until Jay Gould died. and then he moved, but they used to my that he rebuilt his house on wheels."

BITCHING HORSES TO HOLES.

Stronge Method Employed by California Desert Indiana for Tring Horses.

Tying one's horse to a hole in the ground is a strange proceeding and to the uninitiated seems impossible, but in the great California deserts, with their vast sand wastes and alkaline beds, where neither trees nor shrubs have courage to grow, and where sticks and even stones refuse to exist the demand for some efficacious method of hitching animals has been imperative.

The white man, with all his ingenuity, has always found the question of anchoring his horse on the desert to be an enigma, and unless be has a wagon to which he may tie his steed he finds himself in a dilemma, but the desert Indiana, who have never been accredited with superabundant wita, have for many years employed a method that is elever, unique and effective -that of fastening their animals to holes in the ground. During a recent trip to the desert a photographer caught an Indian in the very act, and for the first time a photo was taken. that illustrates the sceheme, says the

Chicago Record-Herald. Kneeling on the hot sand the Indian began to dig with his hands, which were as hard and tough and impervious to pain as a dog's paws. He. worked energetically until he had made a hole about two feet deep. He then tied an immense knot in the end of the balter rope, lowered it into the bottom of the hole filled up the hole with sand and then jumped upon it until the earth over the knot was about as solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

It was a curious performance, but the skill of the idea merits applause, for unless a horse is in a particularly frivolous state of mind these subterranean hitching posts will perform their duty as well as the conventional city arrangement.

Missed.

"I'll bet you," said the amateur Sherlock Holmes. "I can tell what you had for breakfast to-day."

"I'll bet you can't." replied Sluvven. "You had eggs. There's a dab of the yolk on your chin yet." "You're wrong. That's been there

since day before yesterday,"-('leveland Leader. Would See to That. "If you will only marry me, I prom-

phia Press.

ise you I'll make you a good husband." "Never fear, If I decide to marry you I'll make you do that."-Philadel-

TALE OF A LOST TOWN

It Was a Lively Place While It Was on the Map.

Known as Bunymede, Kansas, and Was the Abede of Many Imitation Cowboys and Counterfeit Bad Men.

There was a town in Kansas that has lost its place on the map. It was named Runymede, but it is no more, says the Philadelphia Press.

Capt. Charles Seton, who was formerly an officer in the British army, returned recently to this country and when he read of a hunt for lost towns in Kansas he told the following story about Runymede:

"You must first know," said he. "that Runymede was a combination of British inexperience, British credulity, British money, considerable cockneyism and a ludicrous attempt to live on foolish hopes and foolish promises. "The immigrants who came from

England to Kanese expected to grow rich over hight and then return to England to live on champagne and venison. "It took two years to wear off the varaish, break the bank and turn out

the lights. And Rome-or I should

my Runymede-howled in the inter-

"Runymede was created by a north of Ireland agitator named Turnley, who had lost money in the cotton business in the United States. His son Edward bought 1,700 acres of land at \$1.50 an acre in Harper county, and began advertising in England that he was lord of a western paradise, where golden birds sang in the trees and silver rivulets ran tinkling to the sea.

"For \$500 a year he engaged to teach the sons of English gentlemen the mysteries of specessful farming and stock raising, provide for their physical needs and administer such educational tonics as would enable them to hold the winning hand wherever they might be.

"Runymede, 12 miles northwest of Harper, in the middle of a boundless prairie, with only one tree in sight, was founded as the center of this enterprise, and at Runymede congregatd the good souls who listened to Turpley's tinted tales.

"It was to be the great commercial depot of the west. It was with glowing hearts that my party of 16 mea and women sailed from England in May, 1889, for the new world.

"So anxious was I to find agreeable quarters at the end of my journeys that, with fearful extravagance, I sent a long cablegram to Turnley to build me a house forthwith and have it ready for me upon my arrival. When I reached Runymede there was no house in sight, and we were glad, likewise disgusted, to find lodging at the rapeh house, where we braved the terrors of corn bread and fat becom

"Some of us had considerable money. None of us had any financial sense. While we waited for a miracle to be performed that would transform our arid home into a blooming garden, and the town of Runymede into a vast metropolis, we feasted and danced and made merry. We enjoyed all the sports dear to English hearts and dressed in the wonderful garments we had brought from the land whose white cliffs look across the channel to Calais.

"Kansas was known as a prohibition state, and one guileless father thought that Runymede would be the salvation of his son, who had acquired a big thirst for liquor. The lad kept the frail hot between Runymede and Harper and maintained an irrigating plant that would have overwhelmed the children of Israel. He always had some kind of a isg.

Kansas prohibition was a failure in Runymede. The good livers brought whole cargoes of the very best whisky: from Chicago. One youth fell heir to \$15,000 a year, and the thermometer in Runymede went up several degrees. What a time he had.

"The men imagined that they were in the very heart of the west, where the blood ran wildest and reddest. They wore cowboy outfits, and an arsensi of guns and knives rattled on them as they walked. They would not go outside the house unless armed to the teeth. They were fond of posing for their portraits in photograph galleries at Hurper and Wichita, and I tremble even now at the terrible desperadoes that gaze at me from the faded pictures. Capt. Faulkner was an especially flerce-looking 'cowboy" and was almost afraid of himself when in full regalia.

"Every fortnight there was racing. Runymede had a steeple course which afforded much anusement. The riders bedecked themselves in all the glory of Solomon. John Lobb was the beau of the steeplechase. Upon one occasion he appeared wearing a white etiff-bosomed shirt, a collar and a flowing necktie, a black alpaca coat, checked trougers that reached half way to his knees; white socks, dancing pumps, a granger hat and lavender kid gloves.

"Dick Watinage, who affected cowboy hats and a ferocious-looking buffalo overcoat, ran this race with red and white bunting wrapped around his legs, hatless and wearing a black

"Runymede withered like a flower and died. Its citizens were scattered from ocean to ocean. Few returned to England. "If anyone should find the 'lost'

town of Runymede, ask him to mark the spot with a stone bearing the words: 'We had a good time while it lasted."

FAG-END OR CLIMAN.

The Age Beyond Forty, and the Lives of Jome Women When They Reach It.

Two young girls were recently overheard discussing the mothers of their friends, and the different ways in which those ladies, dwelling in the faraway mysterious sange of years lying between the forties and the sixties. seemed to take life, relates Youth's Companion

"Helen's mother grows fat and watches Helen do things, but she has stopped caring to do anything herself; she just slumps," said one.

"Maud's mother frisks, and Maud tries to look as if she didn't wish she wouldn't. It must be horrid to Kave a mother who touches up her eyebrows and makes airy jests that aren't really funny. "May's mother reforms she be-

longs to three clubs and a league or

two, and is president of a missionary

society, and writes letters to the papers. I dare say she does good outside, but she's not much use at home. "Anna's mother runs the house and the house runs her; she can't leave a single detail to anybody without at least supervising it; and of course she can't talk anything but maids and pud-

the things she really cares for. "Nona's mother reads novels and has nervous prostration when she

dings, and Anna's given up in despair

trying to confide in her and talk about

tries to do anything else-" "And our mother," broke in the other, triumphantly, "does enough at home to make things right for us, and enough outside to make us feel they're right for her, and to do her fair share in setting them right for other people. She does good work and she has good times, both. I used to think beyond 40 was the fag-end of life; but she makes it seem the cli-

"That is so," assented the other. "Growing old some ways must be horrid; but growing old the way mother has-why. I'd just as lief as not!"

More and more is a middle age, full, rich and cheery, as well as useful, believed to be a woman's right and natural due, no less than a playful childhood and a free and merry youth. It is best not only for herself, but for her children, her friends and her community. As the old-fashioned error passes that the delights and enthusisam of life must be renounced along with the frivolities of youth, not only has a happier era opened for middleaged and elderly women, but fewer foolish girls will try to cram an impossible number and variety of good times into a few whirling years, or shrink in dismay from contemplating the once inevitable end-that dry, deeorous, duteous, unwelcome sequel to the joys of girlhood called "settling down.

One may indeed still "settle down" to the resigned acceptance of a fagend if one chooses; but there is the alternative of neither pausing, "settling" or "slumping," but rising to the elimax. After all, youth is but the ; the most, and it may be the best, of the story is still to follow.

NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN

There Are But Few Employments That Are Without Their Feminine Representatives.

The industrial sphere of women is constantly enlarging. It appears from the statistics of the pension office that out of 303 separate occupations only eight are monopolized entirely by the masculine sex. No one will be surprised that there are no women soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States government, yet there are 153 women employed as "boatmen" and sailors, says the Chicago Chronicle,

Women have not yet invaded the ranks of the city fire departments, still not less than 879 women are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

There are no women street car drivers, though there are two women "motormen" and 13 women conductors.

They have not as yet taken up the employment of telegraph and telephone "linemen," yet 22,550 of them are operators in these companies.

There are 126 women plumbers, 45 plasterers, 167 brick and stone masons, 24 paper hangers, 1,759 painters and glazers and 545 women carpenters and joiners.

No women are returned as helpers to steam boilermakers, but eight women work at this industry as full mechanics. There are 193 women blacksmiths, 571 machinists, 3,370 women workers in iron and steel, 890 in brass and 1,775 women workers in

Among other unusual employments for women are 100 workers as "lumbermen and raftsmen," 113 woodchoppers, 373 sawmill employes, 440 bartenders, 2,086 saloonkeepers, 904 "draymen" and teamsters, 323 undertakers, 143 stonecutters, 63 "quarrymen," 65 whitewashers, 11 well borers and 177 stationary engineers and fire-

Following are the large employments for women: Servants, 1.283,-763; agricultural laborers, 663,209; farmers and planters, 307.706; dressmakers, 344.794; laundresses, 335,282; trades, 327.614; textile workers, 277,-972. There are 2,873 women clergymen, 1,041 architects, 786 dentists, 2,193 journalists, 1,010 lawyers, 7,387 physicians and 14 women veterinary SUPPRODS.

A Cheerful View. True, it costs more to live than it used to, says the Chicago Tribune, but it is worth something to be alive these

SOME ROYAL RELICS.

Stelen Benes of French Kings Coming to America.

Oprious Collection of Crowns, Scoptere, Funeral Robes and Jewely, laid to Be Intended for a Now York Museum.

In the last years of the Second empire a portion of the Ledru collection of royal bones and other relice was secretly sent to England and preserved. in London by Thomas Sherbroke. Now it is coming to the United States, says the New York Sun.

Mr. Sherbroke repeatedly offered his collection to the French government, but evidently his offers have been rejected, because the remains of the kings of France are now destined to ornament the abovenes of some New York museum, instead of being sent to the Musee Cluny, to Carnavalet, or to the Church of Saint Denis.

The story of this collection is ou-Pious. In 1850 at Fontenny-aux-Roses, in a little house that formerly belonged to the post Scarron, there lived one Ledru, son of the conjuror, Ledru, who was called Comus, and a relative of the famous Ledru-Rollin.

In his childhood this Ledru was present at the violation of the tombs of Saint Denis. In August, 1793, he stood by the side of Alexandre Lenoir, when the mob rushed into the church and tore the comme out of the vaults. He picked up several souvenirs and formed an ossnary which he concealed for many years in the granary attached to his father's house.

Later on, under the empire, he published the story of his collection and of the tracin events of which he was an eyewitness. Of this story in the form of a letter to M. Nieuwerkerke, there now only remain a few leaves reprinted in 1872.

The bodies of Henry IV., of Louis XIII., and of Louis XIV., were in a marvellous state of preservation, he says. Henry IV. looked as if he were merely asleep. The face of Louis XIV., although otherwise intact, was discolored.

The coffins of Philip of Valois, of Charles the Handsome, of King John and of Charles V. contained each one the royal crown, the aceptre and the hand of justice. In the come of Jeanne de Bourbon, wife of Charles the Wise. were found besides a gilded distaff. large gold ring and pointed shoes embroidered in silver and ornamented with precious atones.

The coffins of Charles VII., and of Charles VIII., contained only bones and portions of ornaments. The other coffes, when broken open with axes, exhibited merely dust or skeletons that crumbled to dust on being removed.

The body of Turenne would have been tossed into potter's field, like most of the remains of the kings, if a doctor had not claimed it, on account of its wonderful state of preservation, for the National Comparative Anatomy, the property of Citizen Daubenton; and there it remained exposed to the curiosity of the crowd until the day when the first consul, indignant at the outrage upon the purest military glory of France, had it placed with due solemnity in the eburch of the invalides on Sept. 23,

Among other relies Ledru collected crowns, sceptres, distaffs, winding sheets, portions of funeral robes, rings, spurs, and royal bones. A portion of the ossuary was sold before the war of 1870 to an English collector by the heirs of Ledru. It is now in London in the care of Mr. Sherbroke, who in turn is about to sell it to an American amsteur or curiosity shop man.

The other portion of the collection is scattered, sold in detail to several unknown persons. Possibly at the present time the sword of a king of France may be in some junk shop among old pots and pans and rusty

Spanish Ham.

Even in the choicest recipes for the chafing dish brend crumbs figure, as witness the popular Spanish ham. Have ready one slice of ham cut about a quarter of an inch thick, but with the fat trimmed off, one sour apple, cut in eighths; one-half cupful of sweet eider, one teaspoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of bread crumbs. Brown the ham in the butter. When one side is well browned, which will take some little time, turn and put in the apples, which must not be broken. as they serve as a garnish. When the ham is browned on both sides, add the eider, cover and simmer for ten minutes. Take up the cider and simmer for ten minutes. Take up the eider and apples and arrange on a hot platter, dipping a little cider over the ham to make it look well. Put the bread crumbs in the remainder of the eider. heat thoroughly and pour over the ham .- N. Y. Tribune.

Not Yeeded.

The "aggregation" was about ready to start on its tour of one-night stands when a young man appeared and asked for an engagement. "What's your line?" inquired the

manager. "I do a magic disappearance act,"

replied the applicant. "Not needed," returned the manager, brusquely. "It's my custom to do that act myself on salary day." -Chicago Post.

Turkestan Weddings.

In Turkestan every wedding engagement begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilds her lover the engagement gift has to be returned, unless the parents have another daughter to give as a substitute. -London Mail.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Worms bring to the surface as much as ten tons of soil per acre yearly. Bicycles are taxed in Vancouver, B.

C., the municipal revenue from that source last year being £557. Norway fir makes the best maste.

Next come the spruce fir, the American pine and the Scotch pine. Out of \$,304,000,000 acres of land

available for tillage it is estimated that but 721,000,000 are netually under cultivation A full-sized cigar contains as much

as two grains of nicotine; a pipeful of tobacco not more, as a rule, than twothirds of a grain. Grass widow is a term derived from

the French word "grace," meaning courtesy, and has nothing to do with the English word "grass." A net ton of coke, of the quality suitable for domestic purposes, runs about 48 to 50 bushels to the ton, as against about 36 to 36 bushels of hard

coal to the ton. As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle as Palates to hurl back the invading east, the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronse of their suidiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relie which

has endured longer than the states

whose deeds its consecrated.

Port Darwin, in south Australia, boasts some of the most remarkable ants' nests in the world. They are known as "magnetic" nests, for the simple-reason that they are, without exception, built in a due north and south direction. Consequently a traveler journeying through a district in which they abound may readily direct his course by their aid. No living man knows why these tiny architects build them in this way. They are merely one of the many marvels of the great land "down under." It reems, however, probable that instinct leads these tiny creatures to so construct their dwellings that the fleree noopday sum shall have the least possible effect upon their interiors.

ALL HER PORTRAITS OLD ONES

The Empress of Austria Never Bas One Made After Her Beauty Began to Wane.

When the empress of Austria was murdered recently various portraits of her were shown, but the last of these was at least 20 years old. Two reasons were given for her refusal tobe photographed in later life. One was that she feared a too general knowledge; of her features would destroy her incognito; a second was that the loss of her beauty was too great a mortification for her to tolerate the transfer of that to a picture, says the New York Sun. The change in the empress' appearance was caused by her grief and not by age. Her beautiful chestaut bair was free from any trace

of gray to the last. An admirer of the dead princees has just made a collection of her portraits. and he finds that since 1873 no picture of her was made from life. Even the paintings said to have been done from life were in reality made from older pietures.

One of the best portraits of the empress after 1873, when she refused ever to pose again, was that made in 1877 by the artist George Raab. This is the familiar portrait in full court dress. It was her favorite picture and she frequently allowed it to be copied. But she had never sat for it. All she did was to lend the artist one of her court dresses. The face, was, of course, copied from the photograph of

When Adam, of Munich, wazted to paint the empress in 1886 he persuaded. the queen of Naples to intercede for him. He was anxious to paint the empress on horseback. She was pleased with the idea of the picture and the artist had visions of sittings which would enable him to make a historie portrait. But he had to be satisfied with her riding habit, her herse and her dog, which she placed at his disposal. He also used for the face the photograph made 13 years before.

In the same year a profile picture of Elizabeth was painted again on horseback. It was asserted that the empress had posed for this picture, but there was little foundation for the

The truth was that a Spanish photographer one day succeeded in getting a likeness as she stood in front of her hotel in Valencia. It turned out to be a very good likeness, in spike of the circumstances under which it was taken. The photographer was incautious enough to exhibit an enlargement of the picture in the window of his atelier. The empress saw it, bought all the copies and notified the police to destroy the plate. It is supposed that a copy of this picture may have been found and used for the second painting made in 1886.

An intelligent Answer.

"Here's a young girl who writes to ask if it's perfectly proper to serve five o'clock ten in mouercline de soie," said the reporter who was acting for the editor of the woman's page, who was on her vacation. "What would you say?"

"Tell her 'sure," " replied the aportaing editor; "that's just as good as any other brand of china."-- Philadelphia Press.

Annoying Delays.

May-Oh, I hate those magazine serials! Edith-Why?

"You can never tell how a story ende until it is finished. Town and

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS