

NEVER SEE THE SUNLIGHT

Animals That Live Underground Eternally Deprived of the Light of Day.

The underlife of the caves has a world of its own. Animals are born in subterranean caverns hollowed out by streams, develop, reproduce and die while forever deprived of the sunlight.

Crotches with underground rivers have the most life, an exchange says. Usually the subterranean life resembles the general types of the country. It has entered the cave and become acclimated there, undergoing divers adaptive modifications.

The creatures of modern species that have adapted themselves to underground conditions are sharply separated from the light dwellers. The skin is whitish or transparent. The eye atrophies or disappears altogether.

These changes are produced gradually. In animals kept in darkness it has been possible to see the regression of the eye and the hypertrophy of the other sense organs.

COPY OF THE MATTERHORN

Remarkable Work of Art That Adorns the Estate of English Baronet.

The largest rock garden in England is that of Sir Frank Crisp at Friar park, Henley. It is a faithful reproduction of the Matterhorn in about three acres.

The snow-capped peak is represented by quartz. Below it are thousands upon thousands of alpine flowers growing in pockets between the rocks and filling every chink in the trails that ascend the mountain.

A brook courses down the mountain-side, and just before it reaches the chalet it forms a pretty cascade and then spreads out at your feet into a miniature lake decorated with pygmy water lilies and margined with pink primroses, gentians and other alpine flowers.

A Narrow Escape.

She was a demure little lady, yet quite proud to be allowed to go down a steep alley in her new red coat and hat. She returned much cooler than her mother expected, and appeared a little flushed and excited, though endeavoring to preserve her demure demeanor.

Her mother inquired as to her trip and little Mary proceeded somewhat breathlessly to relate her experiences. "I was going by the corner," she said, "when a great big man came across the street and said, 'Wouldn't you like to walk with me?'"

The Beauty Hour.

The girls, in kimono of gold, of scarlet and of blue, busied themselves with face steamers, with electrical massage rollers, with creams and what-not; for it was the hour for turning in—the hour sacred to beauty stunts.

"I have here," said a Chicago girl, "the very latest. Behold. Two little round mustard plasters—no sting but that—yet all you have to do is to apply them to your cheeks ten minutes before you start out and you've got a deliciously rosy complexion that will last you all the evening."

Trouble in His Brain Pan.

"Doctor," said the little Boston boy, "you are an alienist, are you not?" "Yes," answered the distinguished physician, "that is the particular branch of medical practice to which I devote myself. Can I do anything for you?"

"You can assist me, perhaps, in allaying a serious apprehension that has arisen in my mind. This morning, doctor, I found myself saying 'fossiliferous' when I was trying to say 'paleontological.' Does that indicate aphasia, or is it merely temporary heterophemy?"

GETTING EVEN WITH A THIEF

Japanese Servant Devised Shrewd Scheme for Punishment of Cheap Marauder.

A physician who keeps a Japanese house servant was having new flooring laid in his office. The Japanese was greatly disturbed by the workmen, who interfered with the smoothness of his household routine.

"Stealing eggs," said the doctor, "how's that?" "I watch," explained the Jap. "I see him put something in his coat that hangs in the hall. I look in pocket and find eggs. I look in pantry and don't find eggs. I will go take them back from the pocket."

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "That would be no better than taking them from the pantry. You must never take anything from another man's pocket."

SURELY LIMIT OF PRECOACITY

All Achievements of Smart Juveniles Fall Before That Recorded of Job.

A minister, so often the lone man at various church gatherings, is sometimes placed in positions that try his patience as well as his tact. Dr. John Keilman, a noted Edinburgh divine, is credited with a clever evasion in just such an embarrassing position.

One good lady declared that her eldest had mastered his alphabet at the unusual age of 14 months. Another maintained her child's superiority from the fact that he had been able to read Caesar's "Gallic War" with ease when only eight.

"Weel, ladies," said the doctor, hesitating and smiling, "his sma use in bantlin' the facks when the Good Book tells us beyond a doubt that Malster Job outtripped them a' by cursin' the day he was born."

How Prince Ito Solved a Problem.

When Mme. Sada Maccro, the famous Japanese actress, received the news of the assassination of Prince Ito at Mitto, where she was playing with her troupe, she burst into tears.

"He declined, while proposing the following solution: 'Go down into the garden, both of you, and fight it out like wrestlers. The one that wins will naturally be the one who is in the right.'"

"No sooner said than done! In a trice Kawakami and I were in wrestling trim. My husband was just recovering from a serious illness, and being weak, I soon threw him to the ground. This amused the prince enormously."—Paris Figaro.

Inns with Literary Associations.

According to the legend, the Spaniards Inn, still in existence, was a rendezvous of Dick Turpin, and it is said that in the stable there he skinned his Black Bess. But the Spaniards has other associations. Its tea-garden was certainly the spot that Dickens chose for Mrs. Bardell and her party to take tea in.

It is with Dickens, Jack Forster, MacLise and their friends, however, that Jack Straw's Castle is most intimately associated. In the bedroom which Dickens occupied may still be seen the chair in which the novelist used to sit.

Willie Grasped the Idea.

"Willie," said an interesting young mother to her first-born, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder, "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"

"Oh, I know," said Willie, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

Appreciation.

"She had a good husband," said Mrs. Babbleton. "But she got a divorce from him." "Yes. She didn't know what a good husband he was till she saw how generously he behaved about the alimony."

UNCLE BELA ON WRONG TRACK

Old Gentleman Had Mixed Up in Matter Belonging Exclusively to Aunt Maria.

"I don't know what we're a-coming to," said Uncle Bela Cummings, as he surveyed a sheet of thin paper which had accompanied a periodical sent to Aunt Maria by their daughter in New York.

"What's the matter now?" asked Aunt Maria, tranquilly. "What are you doing with that sheet of paper, Bela, and where are your specs?"

"I'm hunting for 'em now," said Uncle Bela, excitedly, "and I suppose this here," shaking the paper, "is a new map, and the way it's cut up by the railroads is a shame and a disgrace! I don't see how there's room left for a decent house-lot in the whole state!"

"Well, now, find your specs, and read what it says," counseled Aunt Maria, abandoning her socks to look over Uncle Bela's shoulder. "Perhaps they're only prospecting the roads as yet; maybe they won't be built any more in some of these western towns that's laid out all so pretty on paper, and nowhere else. Read what it says, father!"

"It says," faltered Uncle Bela, with a confused expression on his countenance, "Pattern of skirt and jacket on page 372. Pattern of evening waist on page 374. Pattern of—"

USED WORDS HE UNDERSTOOD

Clever Idea of Lawyer That Sailor Juryman to His Side of the Case.

It was a clever lawyer in a Boston court recently who took advantage of the nautical knowledge he possessed to work upon the mind of a juryman who did not seem to show much comprehension of a case of suing a street railway for damages.

The dull member was an old sailor, who, though doubtless very keen of perception along some lines, was nevertheless rather slow in his understanding of the points involved in the case being tried, says the New York Journal.

"Mr. Juryman, I will tell you how it happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward bound open car, and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward bound closed car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port, and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him."

The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair and joined in a \$5,000 verdict for the injured man.

The Age of the World.

An endless number of scientists have delved into the question of the age of this good old world, and many have undertaken to fix its age. But the fact is that none of them has ever been able to produce irrefutable evidence of the absolute truth of his deductions.

Countless dates have been assigned to the earth's creation, ranging all the way from 3616 to 5984 B. C., one just as authentic apparently as the other. There is in fact no way to fix the date with any degree of certainty. For the most part we are inclined to favor the late given by the English Bible—4004 B. C. in this opinion of the creation such profound scientists as Usher and Blair concur, although they admit that I must forever remain in the shadow of doubt.

Dictionary Lora.

"Poison" and "potion" are doublets, the former being an older form of the latter. Both are derived from the Latin "potare," to drink, and "poison" in its original sense, signified merely something to drink.

While the word "human," used as meaning "a human being," is now only colloquial or humorous, Lowell, in the introduction to the "Biglow Papers," chided Bartlett for including it in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," and remarked that it was Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer, and that it is found also in the old play of "The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

First Time on Record.

A blind man, guided by a large and athletic dog, went down the street the other day. Just as they turned a corner the blind man's dog saw a dog that threw the sightless mendicant to the ground. He was speedily assisted to his feet, however, by a waggish passer-by, who remarked that he had heard some remarkable stories of the feats performed by dogs, but this was the first time he had ever known one to pull down the blind.

Distant Relations.

"Biggins was referring to distant relations in a rather disapproving tone. I wonder whom he meant?" "I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "Judging from their manner, I should say the most distant are his sons he knows anything about are his wife and her family."

PUGNACITY OF EAGLE OWLS

Many Cases on Record in Which They Have Made Attacks on Human Beings.

On his way home one evening last October from Karbenning railway station, in central Sweden, a young man when passing through a small wood was vigorously attacked by an eagle owl, relates a writer in The Field.

Some years ago several similar attacks by eagle owls occurred during the summer months in the province of Vester-Gotland, in one of which an unfortunate old man lost an eye.

A correspondent of the Swedish periodical Fran Skog och Sto states that in the part of Vermeland to which he belongs there was an eagle owl which became well known for its repeated attacks on human beings who chanced to come near its abode.

He managed to get rid of it, but it at once came on again, when a blow from his ax put an end to its further attentions. A peasant in the parish of Stamar, Nerike, had a similar experience in April last. He was fetching water from a lake close by his house when an eagle owl suddenly flew at him. A kick made it retire a few yards, when it came in contact with the fence. This seemed to irritate it, for it returned to the attack, but the man seized it by the neck, tucked it under his arm and carried it off home.

On the way the owl's mate kept flying around in unpleasantly close proximity. Ultimately the captor had to dispatch his prisoner, his wife and children being much scared at its formidable aspect.

TO RESTORE OPAL TO FAVOR

Jewelers Plan to Remove Silly Superstition Connected with Beautiful Stone.

The tendency of late to rid the opal of the foolish superstition that has clung to it for so many years is the result of a reform movement begun by the jewelers and art workers who appreciate its great beauty. At first the opal was not considered to be in any way connected with misfortune, but was supposed to embody all the virtues of the other stones, as it contained all their colors.

The opal's reputation for misfortune dates back about six or seven centuries, when it was used in the crown of a reigning prince. Through some chemical process the stones began to contract and finally dwindled away and fell out of their setting. This bad omen, followed by the destruction of the principality, resulted in the condemnation of the opal.

Quiet Custom at Gordon Castle.

Gordon Castle is an immense building with a huge square tower and a frontage of 600 feet. The gardens are elaborately laid out and the park contains large herds of fallow and roe deer. The Spey flows through the domain and affords some of the best salmon fishing in Scotland. The duke's deer forest and grouse moors are 18 miles away, up in the hills at Glenfiddich, where there is a fine shooting lodge, at which the late duke and duchess once entertained Queen Victoria. At Gordon Castle a custom prevails that if any distinguished guest has special success with his rod on the waters of the estate a model should be made of the biggest catch and a picture of it painted and hung up over the model. The weight of the fish, the date of its capture and the name of its captor are also indicated, and many of these interesting remembrances appear in different rooms of the castle.—Western Scot.

Burglar-Proof Safe.

The latest burglar-proof safe is an invention called the blowpipe or round-about safe, which is described in the current issue of the German technical journal Prometheus. It is chiefly designed to baffle burglars who work with an oxygen and acetylene blowpipe.

The roundabout safe is a polygonal steel structure, which revolves freely on ball bearings. It is built into a wall and when the outer door is closed a small electromotor is set in motion and the safe starts revolving ceaselessly and noiselessly on its axis within its stone chamber. Any tampering with its motion causes an alarm bell to ring.

So long as the safe continues revolving the blowpipe can have no effect upon it, as the flame cannot be applied long enough to any particular spot to make an impression.

Pulp from Olive Mills as Fuel.

Experiments are being made with pulp from olive mills for fuel and it is said to burn well. So far this has been waste material, but if it can be used as fuel successfully it may become an important item in the year's business of the mills.

The quantity of pulp is large enough to give the new fuel quite wide use, and with the maturing of new orchards and the expansion of the olive oil industry the fuel may become quite common.

"DO TH PROCLAIM THE MAN"

Neatness in Attire to Be Commended, Rather Than Dressed—Shabbiness Not Desirable.

A clergyman, discoursing in Philadelphia upon the important topic of "Choosing a Husband," advised his feminine hearers that they should look askance at men who display fastidious refinement and elegance in their attire. He dwelt upon the relatively greater importance of moral excellence over sartorial appearance.

That advice may be accepted by the damsels of his flock so far as it goes, but the teacher of youth may fall into error in emphasizing too much the superiority of inward virtues to outward appearance. Assuredly, there is nothing essentially praiseworthy in slovenly attire, nor does viciousness enjoy a monopoly of purple and fine linen.

Nothing can be more certain than that shabbiness is not an external evidence of inward superiority in either intellect or soul. The unkempt exterior is not a sign of inward grace or stalwart mind. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but it falls far below its testimony if hidden beneath rags.

LIFE A FUNNY PROPOSITION

Philosopher Mingles Some Tense Truths with a Good Deal of Pessimism.

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay an earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of our species.

In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grifter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't please him, as he is an undesirable citizen; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy.

When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out they all want to kick him. He dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same.—Fall River Journal.

Passing of the Umbrella.

"The time's coming," remarked a floorwalker in one of the big New York stores, "when umbrellas will be relics of the past. Automobiles are knocking them out. I don't mean by that that people buy automobiles to ride in on rainy days instead of carrying umbrellas, but it is inconvenient to carry an umbrella in an auto, and autoists provide themselves with these light raincoats that can be used even in warm weather, and the practice of having a raincoat handy instead of an umbrella is spreading all the time. Then manufacturers are now able to waterproof almost any sort of overcoat goods, and there isn't much necessity for a man to own an umbrella in overcoat weather. They point out that in a real drenching storm an umbrella would not do much good anyhow, and in a mild shower one wouldn't get very wet anyhow. There will still be use for umbrellas for women, but even they are doing without them more and more."

Expression is an Old One.

The expression "laugh in your sleeves" harks back over the line of centuries. The old Greeks and Romans used it, but where they got it none now can tell. In those musty days everybody who could afford to wear any clothes at all had them made with wide-flowing sleeves for the reason that tight-fitting sleeves had not been invented. Neither had trousers; nor yet the accordion hat.

When any emotion led the wearer of the capacious sleeves to put his hands to his face it was more or less concealed by the loose drapery, and presently it came to be suspected in such cases that the person behind the sleeves was laughing secretly at some one else's discomfiture. In other words, he was "laughing in his sleeve."

One Use for Ravenous Fish.

The unsightly and ravenous skate can be turned to better use than mere fertilizer. They furnish the most excellent kind of glue stock, and their bodies being largely composed of cartilage, would readily dissolve under the proper treatment for manufacturing purposes. This new use for the skate, the most destructive agents of young lobsters yet discovered, will serve two valuable ends—reduce the pest to a cash basis, and save the valuable lobster for tape use.

Among the Ruins.

"Well, here we are in Pompeii. Hey interesting it is. You chariot was evidently waiting before some door. I would like to interview the ancient charioteer who drove it." "I wouldn't." "Why not?" "He might want to put in a bill for his time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MERE MAN MAKES A PROTEST

Would Have Women Take Lessons Before They Participate in Games They Cannot Play.

I have suffered severely, and I want you to help me. Ladies are the chief offenders. They will join in games which they cannot play and spoil the pleasure of those who can.

At croquet a lady, by no means young, was my partner. She did say, in an off-hand way, that she was no player. She proved this by missing the first hoop from a foot in front of it.

She hit every ball with the edge of her mallet, and could not even stop near my ball. I put her through nearly every hoop, and had a chance of winning if she only stayed near mine, but she went over the boundary.

At golf it was worse, for they send the ball into every hedge and gutter. When you thus lose two or three balls you feel a little raw. She merely remarks, "I'm so awfully sorry."

You offer her three strokes a hole, and yet she never wins one; refuses to accept four and spoils your weekly half-holiday. You suggest lessons, and she replies, "Oh, no; I've had a lesson. All I want is practice."

At tennis she makes double faults, and rarely returns a ball, so you have no chance.

In whist she revokes and never returns your lead, yet will not hear of lessons.

She sits at the piano and spoils everyone's accompaniment and the temper of the other people. Can nothing be done? I would suggest six lessons. It takes quite that to convince some people that they cannot play.—Country Life, London.

NOTHING MORE THAN A SISTER

Two Good Reasons Why Beautiful Chorus Girl Turned Down Ardent Admirer.

"I cannot marry you!" The brilliant young chorus girl, her face naturally flushed with her high determination, gazed fondly but determinedly into the eyes of the young magnate whose wealth was numbered by millions.

"Surely there is some mistake. I offer you equality, and all the financial privileges I command. You will own your own home, and be able to step from the fountain of eternal gasoline. Why do you refuse me?"

"I do it for my art. Surrounded by the temptations of great wealth I fear that I would lapse into an idle creature. No! No! Archibald, I cannot be. My art must not suffer. I thank you for your kind offer. Believe me I shall always be your true friend. But ask me nothing more. Art, always, and for all time! Besides, I am going to marry your father."

And putting her pink silk tights into her card envelope system she passed out into the night.—Life.

For "Finicky" Appetite.

My children had "finicky" appetites, and it seemed impossible to provide a meal that would be acceptable to all.

Some of the things they disliked they had never tasted, so one day I said: "Tomorrow Robert may order the dinner. He may be the host and the rest of us will be his guests. Of course, as his guests it would be unpardonable for us to tell him we did not like his food. We must, at least, taste of everything. The one who is the most perfect-bred guest may give a dinner soon after. Of course, if there is anyone who is boorish, that one will be denied the privilege of entertaining us." Well, the result of our series of dinners was that Alice discovered that cream really tasted very nice, and Paul found that eggs were not the abomination he had thought them. Moreover, their father meekly accepted French dressing, although thitherto he had never tasted olive oil.—Harper's Bazar.

The Degraded "Poisum."

"I shd' does hate ter see a 'poisum in de city, put fer sale lak' chickens, on de street. It ain't de place for 'im; it takes all de sperrit out 'im, an' you got ter buy 'im quick, an' 'im home an' put 'im on de fire, or he'll worry 'imself down to nuthin' in less'n two days. You des can't git up no excitement wid a 'poisum in a cage. He oten his element dar. What he want is ter have de dogs ter tree 'im, an' ter see you tryin' ter shine his eye, an' ter git you ter climb de tree, den reach fer 'im, an' miss 'im, an' go tumblin' down, kerba-am! Ah, me! A 'poisum is de mos' cur' creature in der country; but his ways is his ways, an' der ain't no use tryin' ter git roun' 'im!"—Atlantic Constitution.

A Book of Jokes for the Boy.

A little volume of fresh, clean jokes will make a good addition to the boy's birthday gifts. Every boy loves to be considered a joker and the more good jokes he has at his tongue's end the happier he is. Buy a small address book and begin filling it in with all the good jokes you hear. The boy will take the cue and write in his book all the funny things he hears, the appropriate toasts and dinner speech jokes and in time should acquire a very interesting collection.

Literary Pertie.

"A great deal that you see in print nowadays is dangerous and misleading," said the conservative citizen.

"Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "especially in cook books."