

CAVE DWELLERS ALL BLIND.

Animals That Live Underground Have Sensitive Organs of Hearing.

The underlife of the caves has a world of its own. Animals are born in subterranean caverns hallowed out by streams, develop, reproduce and die while forever deprived of the sunlight. There is no cave mammal except a rat nor is there a cave bird. There are no animals that require much nourishment.

Grottos with underground rivers have the most life. Usually the subterranean life resembles the general types of the country. It has entered the cave and become acclimated there, undergoing divers adaptive modifications. So we generally find, in modified forms, the life of our time. But in some caverns there seem to be the remains of an ancient animal life that has everywhere else disappeared from terrestrial rivers and lives only in certain caverns.

The creatures of modern species that have adapted themselves to underground conditions are sharply separated from the light dwellers. Their skin is whitish or transparent. The eye atrophies or disappears altogether. The optic nerve and the optic lobe disappear, leaving the brain profoundly modified. Other organs develop in proportion. Those of hearing, smell and touch become large. Sensitive hairs, long and coarse, appear all over the body.

The Doctor Outdone.

Scottish shrewdness is occasionally overmatched by Irish wit. The handful of people who inhabit a certain little island in the Atlantic, off the coast of Donegal, enjoy so much health and so little wealth that there is no doctor on the spot. In rare cases of emergency a physician is brought in from the nearest village on the mainland.

On one occasion some islanders who were obliged to summon the doctor found that he had gone to Dublin on business. As the case was urgent, they invoked the services of another practitioner. This gentleman was a Scotsman, with the proverbial cannyness of his race, and he declined to undertake the voyage unless he received his fee—a golden sovereign—in advance.

There was no help for it, and the money was paid. The physician went to the island and attended to the case. But when he inquired for a boat to take him away he found that not a boatman on the island would ferry him back again for any less consideration than two pounds, paid in advance. The doctor had to part with the two sovereigns and to admit that he had been beaten at his own game.

How Lightning Kills.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over a certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath, also partakes of the last mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate thing, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death.

According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a person is really "struck" by the ground current and not by the forked fury from above at all.

Disliked Publicity.

"Young man," the rising statesman said to the reporter, "newspaper notoriety is exceedingly distasteful to me, but since you have asked me to give you some of the particulars of the leading events in my life I will comply. I do so, however, with great reluctance." Here he took a typewritten sheet from a drawer in his desk and handed it to the reporter. "I suppose, of course," he added, "you will want my portrait, and, although I dislike anything that savours of undue publicity, I can do no less than comply with your wish." Here he took a large photograph from a pile in another drawer and gave it to the reporter. "Anecdotal matter concerning myself," he added, "you will find in this printed leaflet, as well as particulars of my hobbies and tastes. When this appears in print you may send me two hundred and fifty copies of the paper."

Children and Fools.

The boy was an idiot. His head was twice the normal size, and he would sit for hours without speaking. However, when he did emit a remark, it was sure to be startling, and couched in apt language. One day, an extremely "plain" old maid was calling on his mother. After a long period of apparently thoughtless silence, the idiot remarked suddenly, "Do you know, Miss Perkins, you are absolutely the homeliest woman I ever laid my eyes upon?"

In agony, the mother turned to him: "Charlie, do not let me ever hear you make such a remark again," she cried, severely. "Mother," quoth the idiot, "I never shall have occasion to."

St. Bernard Monastery.

At present the monastery of St. Bernard costs about \$900 a year to keep up. This money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order.

Burning the Mortgage

At exactly 11 o'clock on New Year's morning there was a curious ceremony at "the old Edwards place" in Maine. The word ceremony, in fact, but faintly describes what happened. It was more like a jubilee, with the semblance of a barbaric rite added. All the Edwards kith and kin were there, with a goodly number of their friends and neighbors.

At the farther end of the garden, in front of the farmhouse, there is a knoll, at the top of which a mossy ledge crops out. On this ledge there was a pyre erected of dry wood, pitch and rolls of curly birch bark—a fine pile of it. At the centre stood an iron rod, set in a hole, drilled in the ledge, and here an old oppressor of the Edwards homestead was burned at the stake!

This sounds so savage that I make haste to say that the old oppressor was not an animate form of flesh and blood, but merely an effigy. The effigy was a masterpiece in its way, the very simulacrum of rapacity, with a face like the fabled Harpies and hands like talons, hugging to its breast a folded, yellowed paper.

That yellowed paper was a mortgage, which had rested on the home farm for one entire generation.

The history of that mortgage is so much like thousands of others that it would hardly be worth relating if, at the last moment, a noble effort to lift it had not been crowned by success.

The Edwards farm adjoins the one where I lived when a boy. There were three hundred acres of tillage, pasture and woodland, with a well-built two-story house and two large barns. The Edwards children—Chester, Thomas, Catherine, Eunice—were my youthful neighbors.

In those days the farm was well-tilled, unencumbered and prosperous; but in an evil hour a traveling agent called Jonas Edwards, the father, into buying the State right to make and sell a certain newly patented automatic farm gate, for the sum of two thousand dollars. Edwards had a thousand dollars in the savings bank; he drew out this and raised the other thousand by mortgaging the homestead.

It was the old story. The much-vaunted gate proved a gate to trouble for Edwards. He was never able to sell it. But if the gate proved illusory, the mortgage was tangible. The farmer spent the remaining fifteen years of his life paying interest on it.

After his father's death Chester Edwards "went home to live," as people say in Maine. The family then consisted of his mother, his sister Eunice, who was an invalid from spinal curvature, and his mother's brother, Uncle Horace, who had lost a leg in the Civil War, but for some reason did not draw a pension. Chester began by selling off the wood and timber on the old farm, thereby paying the accumulated interest. He then embarked in the dairy business, but did not prove a successful farmer, and during the fifth season lost almost his entire herd of cows from tuberculosis. Becoming discouraged, he gave up and set off suddenly for the Klondike gold region.

A nephew then carried on the farm for a year, but did not remain.

Meanwhile Thomas, the younger son, had become a Methodist minister. He was unable to do anything toward reducing the mortgage.

"The mortgage will get the old place now, and no help for it," the neighbors said.

But there was still another member of the family to be heard from—Catherine, the younger daughter.

Largely by her own efforts, Catherine Edwards had graduated from the State normal school, and obtained a position as instructor in another normal school at a good salary. We imagined that Catherine would aid her mother and sister, but never supposed that she would come home to care for them there.

But after Chester left, Catherine never hesitated for a moment. She resigned her position, bade farewell to all prospects of advancement as a teacher, and came home.

She had saved seven hundred dollars. With this she paid a year's interest, had the leaky roofs repaired, and hired such help as was necessary, indoors and out. Yet what could she do with that old farm and its mortgage?

That season, however—1903—the old place quietly put forward one of its natural assets.

Our county is in what is known as "the apple belt" of New England. Apple trees spring up everywhere here, and if grafted and trimmed, soon bear well. Although a cripple, Uncle Horace Flint had been in the habit every spring of hobbling about from one young apple tree to another, setting Baldwin scions and trimming the trees. He had not thought his work amounted to much, but he liked to be doing something.

The year 1903 was an "apple year." Every young tree on the farm was bending down under its load. A great crop was from the farmers of the apple belt is far from being an unmixed blessing, however. They rarely get more than a dollar a barrel for their apples. The barrels cost them thirty-five cents each, and as the expense of hauling them is ten or fifteen cents a barrel more, there remains but fifty cents to pay for picking, sorting and barreling. If the farmer does this by hired labor he may clear ten cents

a barrel, or he may not. For Catherine, therefore, a crop of seven or eight hundred barrels of apples on the trees meant little if gathered, barreled and sold in the usual way.

"It seems a shame," one neighbor said to her, "but it will be about as well for you to let those apples harvest themselves."

Against such waste of nature's bounty, however, Catherine's New England thrift revolted. She began to look into the apple problem; and the result of her study of it is worth recording.

She purchased no barrels, and the only help she hired was a boy to push a wheelbarrow. She herself, with Uncle Horace and Eunice, went out to the trees to gather up the fruit. The boy wheeled the apples in, two bushels at a load, and stowed them in bins, built up in two rooms in the house, where, later, they could be kept from freezing by means of a stove in the cellar beneath.

Catherine had thought this all out in advance, and she had sent off for four "evaporators," payment for which used nearly all her remaining money.

Carelessly dried apples, on strings, brings no more than six or eight cents a pound, but nicely sliced, "evaporated" apple always commands a much better price. She had resolved to put the whole crop of Baldwin into evaporated apple.

In almost every rural neighborhood, village or small town there is sure to be some old "aunt," "grandma" or widow in indigent circumstances, who has outlived the most of her earthly ties, and must go to the "town farm," or subsist on sufferance with some grudging relative. Life grows very dreary to these old persons. There seems to be no place for them. In cases where a few hundred dollars can be raised for them, they sometimes go to an "old ladies' home."

Within three miles of the Edwards homestead there were two of these old souls, "Aunt Netty" Stiles and "Grandma" Frost, who were by no means helpless or feeble, but had merely outlived their welcome on the earth.

Catherine first made the old farmhouse dining room cozy and warm, and then invited Aunt Netty and Grandma Frost to come and sit with her mother and Eunice and slice apples. She offered them seventy-five cents a week and board. Moreover, she took them all into her confidence, and told them her plans for saving the old homestead.

Uncle Horace peeled the apples on a paring machine, and the old women sliced them. Their tongues ran; they were as chipper as crickets. They had not had so good a time for years. Catherine had to look to it that they did not overwork. They produced more sliced apple than the four evaporators would dry. Uncle Horace had to contrive a fifth drier over a large stove out in the woodhouse. Two more forlorn old women from the town farm came on foot, begging for work. They were taken in.

Apple drying went on from the first of October till the middle of January, and the whole crop was dried. Before the first of March Catherine had sold the entire output at eleven cents a pound. The result was an object lesson to every apple farmer in that locality. She received fifteen hundred and sixty dollars; and owing to the skill with which she had managed the entire expenses of drying the apples were less than a hundred and seventy dollars.

There was also this other curious result: The old women did not want to go home! In fact, the two from the town farm cried when the last of the apples were cut.

Then Catherine determined to keep them all over for the next season. She bought a lot of yarn and set them to knitting socks and woolen gloves. In fact, she had started a happy old women's home before she knew it! And the number of applications which came to her from homeless old women and from those who had aged relatives on their hands whom they wished to be rid of would have been laughable, if it had not been pathetic. But for the time being Catherine could do no more than keep those whom she had.

The year 1904 also proved to be an apple year; and again the whole crop was put into evaporated apple, two other old women having been admitted to the "circle of slicers."

By this time, too, Catherine had come to realize the possibilities of her new business. All the apple trees were carefully looked after, and two hundred young trees set out. She planted, too, a hundred and fifty plum and pear trees, and an acre of blackberry shrubs; for now her design was to make a new venture, canning pears, plums and berries in glass jars. In fact, it would not surprise me if a few years hence this neglected old homestead were producing five thousand dollars' worth of fruit annually.

Catherine appears to have solved two important problems in social economy: First, how to make a run-out farm pay a handsome profit; and, second, how to utilize and make happy a class of homeless and forlorn old women who seem to have no place in the world. With their wages in their pockets, and the prospect of home and companionship ahead, it is quite remarkable how these old women have cheered up.

Of course there were many expenses for the first two years. The house and outbuildings had to be repaired and repainted; and it was not until this present autumn—three years from the time she came home—that Catherine saw her way clear to pay off the mortgage and free the old place in its twenty years of bondage.—C. A. Stephens, in Youth's Companion.

WORLD NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Covering Minor Happenings From All Over the Globe

DOMESTIC.

C. M. Schwab advanced the wages of laborers at the Bethlehem Steel Co. Dr. S. J. Essenson urges State supervision of the milk supply and declares the pasteurization process robs food of its value.

Reports from big industrial centers tell of improved conditions of workingmen, many increases in wages being received.

The reduced duty on Canadian cream will result in much cheaper butter for New Yorkers.

The Governors of the New York Stock Exchange adopted resolutions that deal a hard blow at gamblers whose wash sales and manipulation have caused a series of scandals.

Edward Fay, the yegman reputed to be worth \$300,000, was one of the two men captured as the robbers of the Richmond postoffice.

David O. Ives, now head of the Transportation Board of the Boston Merchants' Association, but formerly traffic manager of the Wabash Railroad, pleaded guilty to rebating and was fined \$1,000.

Many stories of girls who have been insulted in New York when answering calls for stenographers are told by heads of big agencies. The Aldermen have called for a law designed to safeguard the young women.

Edgar D. Crumpacker was renominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Tenth District of Indiana at Lafayette.

A janitress carried \$2,400 in a scrub pail from the vault of the First National Bank of Belleville, N. J., confessed and returned the money.

Every demand of the Brotherhoods of Trainmen, Conductors, and Yardmen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad has been granted by the road at New Haven, Conn.

WASHINGTON.

Republican leaders plan an aggressive campaign to defend the Taft Administration from the criticism to which it has been subjected. The President himself will take part.

It became known that evidence of violations of the Sherman law by the combination of Atlantic steamship lines was laid before President Roosevelt, who failed to act.

The Hobson bill to contribute funds equaling a certain per cent. of the cost of warships built or purchased to the cause of international peace, was decisively defeated in the House.

The Department of Justice, it was learned in Washington, will substitute suit in equity under the Sherman law against the "European shipping pool."

The House decided to investigate the alleged ship subsidy lobby.

President Taft requested the Republican members of the House to get together and caucus on the Administration's legislative programme.

President Taft appointed Maurice H. Thatcher, of Kentucky, a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission.

Attorney General Wickersham, in a letter to Representative Bennett, denies he ever acted as attorney for the Sugar Trust.

The United States Senate delayed action on the administration railroad bill.

FOREIGN.

Thomas B. Jeffrey, of Kenosha, Wis., a prominent manufacturer of bicycles, automobiles and pneumatic tires, died suddenly in Pompeii, Italy.

Followers of "The Mad Mullah" have killed eight hundred natives of Somaliland; have laid waste wide areas and razed many towns; Great Britain may take steps to stop the outrages.

John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, addressed a large meeting at Tipperary; he insisted that the party must break the veto power of the Lords before the budget was taken up. Theodore Roosevelt and members of his family sailed from Alexandria for Naples; they were cheered by crowds at the pier.

The opinion was generally expressed in London after the debate between Messrs. Asquith and Balfour that the government would have a goodly coalition majority for the vote resolution and carry the budget to a second reading without the aid of the Irish.

Eight men were killed in gun practice on the cruiser Charleston off Luzon, a breach block of a 3-inch gun blowing out.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt delivered an address in the university at Cairo, Egypt, which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature.

NO CLEW TO MURDERER.

Dogs Fail to Find Man Who Killed Miss Blackstone in Springfield.

Springfield, Mass., April 5.—The effort to trace the murderer of Miss Martha B. Blackstone and the assailant of Miss Harriet Dow at the latter's home last Thursday night by the use of bloodhounds having resulted in failure, the police are all at sea over the case.

Meanwhile citizens are becoming aroused over the inability of the detectives to find the murderer and criticism is heard.

Much Unused Water Power.

Germany utilizes 20 per cent. of her water power; Switzerland, 25 per cent.; France only 11 per cent.

Home Consumption.

If music hath charms to soothe the sage breast, let her try them on her own wishbones.

EGYPTIANS MENACE ROOSEVELT.

Angry Demonstrations Before Ex-President's Hotel in Cairo.

Cairo, April 4.—Ex-President Roosevelt's speech before the University of Egypt has aroused the extreme Nationalists to a state of fury. Seven hundred students marched to his hotel and made a demonstration against him, shouting in Arabic: "Down with autocracy! Give us a constitution!" The students were applauded by many spectators, and some of the guests left the hotel, fearing violence. Mr. Roosevelt was not in the hotel at the time, but drove up soon afterward.

MINIMUM RATES TO WORLD.

Tariff Agreement with Canada—President Taft Signed Proclamations.

Washington, April 4.—President Taft signed proclamations granting the minimum rates under the Payne-Aldrich tariff law to Canada, Australia and several less important countries. These proclamations, with a few which will be signed complete the extension of minimum rates to the whole world. About one hundred and thirty nations and dependencies are included in the list.

Huntsville, Ala., Mar. 30.—John G. Hambrick, of New York City, was arrested here charged with having sent a challenge to fight a duel with John Begenshott, of Guelph. The men had trouble over a division of property.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices of Farm Products Quoted for the Week.

MILK—Per quart, 3 3/4 c.
BUTTER—Western extra, 33 1/2 @ 34 1/2 c.; State dairy, 24 @ 28c.
CHEESE—State. Full cream, special, 17 1/2 @ 18c.
EGGS—State. Fair to choice, 21 1/2 @ 22 1/2 c.; do, western firsts, 24 @ 25c.
APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., \$3.00 @ 4.00.
DRESSED POULTRY—Chickens, per lb., 16 @ 24c.; Cocks, per lb., 14c.; Squabs, per dozen, \$2.00 @ 4.25.
HAY—Prime, per 100 lbs., \$1.17 1/2.
STRAW—Long Rye, per 100 lbs., 70 @ 77 1/2 c.
POTATOES—State, per bbl., \$1.00 @ 1.25.
ONIONS—White, per crate, 50c. @ \$1.00.
FLOUR—Winter patents, \$5.60 @ 6.10; Spring patents, \$5.60 @ 6.85.
WHEAT—No. 2, red, \$1.25; No. 1, Northern Duluth, \$1.24 1/2.
CORN—No. 2, 65c.
OATS—Natural white, 49 @ 51c.; Clipper white, 50 1/2 @ 53c.
BEEVES—City Dressed, 11 @ 12 1/2 c.
SHEEP—Per 100 lbs., \$6.00 @ 8.00.
CALVES—City Dressed, 11 @ 16 1/2 c.
HOGS—Live, per 100 lbs., \$11.25; Country Dressed, per lb., 13 @ 15c.

Army Crossed Frozen River.

The Danube river was frozen over so that an army crossed it on the ice in the year 462.



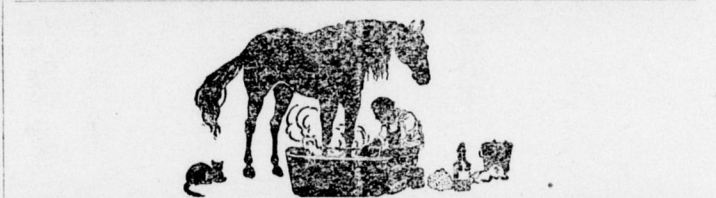
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