THEIR FUNNY YARNS MADE THE ADIRONDACKS RING WITH MIRTH.

The Jovial Birds Were So Laughter Provoking That the Side Splitting Contagion Spread to Their Human Auditors, and Even the Loons Howled With Delight.

"What amused our party most up in the Adirondacks," said a Scranton man, "was an entertainment given to us by a flock of story telling owls. Our camp was away back in the wilderness of Herkimer county, and we had hardly turned in for the night when a flock of owls alighted on a tree over us and began to tell stories and laugh. Every owl listened in silence to the one that was talking, and when the tale was finished the whole flock laughed as though they were tickled half to death.

They reminded us of a lot of drummers in a smoking car, and they had such jolly fun it became contagious. We all rolled and laughed over the fun the big eyed birds were having up in the tree, and before long the side splitting contagion attacked some loons out on the lake, which fairly yelled with delight whenever the fun loving owls guffawed and shrieked and shouted over a right good yarn told by one of their

"Once in awhile a story was so funny before the knob was reached that we could hear two or three of the feathered listeners snicker and chuckle under their breath, and when the end came the entire flock made the woods ring. The jovial birds had met expressly to swap experiences of the night before, and they talked so plainly that we could easily keep a run of their anecdotes as we lay on our beds of spruce boughs.

"One of the owls told about how a big rat that he had caught by the back yanked itself loose and showed fight. The owl described how he had let the rat flatter itself that it was going to lick him, how he finally bit his tail off at the root, and how the rat then went squealing and zigzagging around with no rndder to guide its movements. The picture so amused the eager auditors that they fell into the most violent fits of laughter, some of them tumbling from their perch, they were so tickled,

"Another owl described the tussle he had had with a tough old jack hare in a swamp. He said that the hare had carried him along through the rushes and over logs for some distance after he had got his claws in its back, and that he at last brought the hare up standing by keep-ing one claw in its hide and catching hold of a bush with his other claw. The hare rolled over and over as soon as the owl let go of the bush, and the owl said that his feathers pointed in all directions when he finally got the best of the hare. Peal after peal of laughter followed the

narrative, "Another owl told about biting a snake's head off and trying to swallow it. The head stuck in his throat, and he would surely have choked to death, he said, if his mate hadn't come along just then and pulled it out with her claw. The story teller's predicament was such a funny picture to the imagination of the listening owls that they responded with yells of wild delight.

"But the story that fairly upset the whole party of nocturnal roisterers and ade them hoot and screech and flutter all over the tree for at least five minntes was told by an owl with an alto voice. He said that he felt like kicking up some mischief the night before, so he sailed out to the settlement, settled down on the window sill of a house in which there was no light and began to tap on the panes with his bill. The folks were asleep, so he fitted to the opposite side of the house and tapped there. Nobody stirred, and he kept going from one side of the house to the other till a woman got up, struck a light and began to try

the windows to see if they were fast.

"When she came to his window, he peered in at her, and she started to scream so hard that in a moment her husband sprang out of bed, and four children in their nick to the scream so hard that in a moment her husband sprang out of bed, and four children in their nick to the screen seems of the screen seems dren in their nightclothes came running down stairs and shouting, 'Mamma, what's the matter?' The woman couldn't tell what the matter was, although her hushand and young ones kept coaxing her to, but at length she caught her breath long enough to say she had seen a spook at the window.

"At that the man dashed out and began to search around the house, and the owl said he flew to the top of a balsand tree, where he sat till the man went back, when he alighted on the window sill again. The man was angry at his wife for making such a rumpus about nothing, so he drove the children back to bed and went to jawing her like six-ty. She jawed back, and they had it hot and heavy till the man got up and cuffed her. Then she threw a dipper of water on him in the bed, and in jump-ing out at her he knocked the lamp off the stand and put out the light. The owl said he listened to their quarreling and fighting in the dark till he could stand it no longer, when he flew back to the woods. His recital filled his listeners with merriment, and it was several minutes before they calmed down for

"Well, sir, those jovial owls continued to tell stories till 2 o'clock, when we all became so sleepy that we lost all interest in their amusing tales. The loons out on the lake laughed like all possessed whenever the owls did, and the two gangs of midnight merrymakers kept up their racket till we had to go out and drive the owls away by firing our re-volvers."—Scranton Letter.

Colored Servants.

"Do you still have colored servants, Hicks?" "Well, in a sense. We don't have negroes any more, but we've got three of the greenest girls you ever saw in the house now."—Harper's Bazar.

No Ideals Shattered. She—Why don't you marry her? He—Because it is so much more de lightful to love her.—Truth. ADAM'S NAIVETE.

A Woman Defends the First Man From

And the Lord said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee thou shouldst not eat?" The man said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me—she gave me of the tree and I did eat." This, it has been held for centuries, was Adam's great sin, for which he was driven out of the garden and his descendants, even to the present generation, compelled to work for a living. In addition to bearing the consequences of his error Adam has been denounced through all succeeding centuries for his cowardice and lack of gallantry in trying to throw the blame upon the woman who had been given to be with him-"God's first, best gift to man."

We are glad, therefore, that even after 6,000 years of unmerited condemnation which the memory of our great pro-genitor has had to bear there has arisen one person who dares to speak for him. And it is all the more fortunate that that person is a woman—a member of the sex whom Adam's words, by a wrong interpretation, were held to have maligned. This person is Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, a distinguished authoress. In her latest book she says of Adam's plea:

"This is not the expression of cowardice, but of the innocent and native belief that anything which this lovely being, fresh from God's hand, proposed must be right, and right or wrong must be done. It is a trait which has come down in unbroken continuity of inheritance to the latest born of Adam's

The thought is a new one, but there is not a man alive and capable of appreciating Mrs. Corbin's argument who will not indorse it. Where is there a man today, barring a few crusty old bachelors, who would not have done the same thing under like circumstances? The woman was beautiful, the apple was good, and Adam was an unsophisticated, ingenious young man unaccustomed to the little social arts and deceptions that the daughters of Mother Eve have learned from her example.

We insist that Adam is vindicated, and that Mark Twain's tears over his grave were a deserved tribute. Now, let the building of his monument proceed. And let it be recorded thereon that "he was a kind, loving and obedient husband."-Troy Times

Small Fortune Between the Cracks.

A cigar dealer was recently compelled to move from his down town stand, which he had occupied for 35 years, be cause of the demolition of the old build-

He packed his belongings with many a sigh of regret. When he had got his things all out, he turned to the workmen, who were waiting to begin tearing down the building, and remarked in a rather sarcastic tone:

"Well, boys, you may have all you find in this old trap."

The workmen began on the old floor, which had been worn into hollows by age. It had not been replaced since it was originally laid.

One of the men ripped up a board with his crowbar, raising a cloud of dust. When he got it out of his eyes, he saw something shiny in the crack.

He picked it up, and it proved to be a lime. Further investigation revealed the fact that the crack was lined with

This was an incentive to the workmen They plied their crowbars with remarkable energy for men poorly paid. In this

instance they were amply rewarded. In every crack of the floor silver dimes were found. Some of them bore dates of nearly half a century ago. The men gathered the coin in handfuls.

The cigar dealer, in speaking of the oc-currence, said that he hadn't the slightest idea that so much money could be floor even in 35 years.

"But it won't happen again," he said. "When I heard of it, I immediately gave orders to have my new store refloored with hard wood, and no cracks, at my own expense."—New York Herald.

A Striking Presentiment

It is curious how future events are occasionally prefigured by some anticipa-tory token which, unlike presentiments and premonitory dreams, makes perhaps no impression at the time on those whom

they concern.

Here is a striking example. One of Charles Dickens' sons, from some childish oddity of expression in his large, wondering eyes, was given by his father the very unique sobriquet of the "Ocean Specter," by which he was always called. The great novelist never knew of the weird significance his playfully bestowed weird significance his playfully bestowed appellation was to bear, for he himself appendation was to bear, for he himself had been nearly two years in his grave at the time his little "Ocean Specter," then a lieutenant in the royal navy, died and was buried at sea.—London Tit-Bits.

Useless Purchase

Two eminent French gentlemen, who were great friends, used to relate an amusing story of their impecunious days. Neither fame nor fortune had come to them, but they were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily enough upon Jules, however, for him to have become entirely bald. One day Alphonse met him with a beaming countenance and cried gavly: "What do you tenance and cried gayly: "What do you think, Jules! I have been buying a strong box!" "Then, Alphonse," replied Jules firmly, "I shall buy a hair-brush."—Argonaut.

George Eliot.

George Eliot suffered from melanchol-ic moods, and from her thirtieth year had severe attacks of headache. As a child she was poor in health and extremely sensitive to terror in the night. She remained a quivering fear throughout her whole life.—New York Times.

Why She Liked Them. Boston Woman—Oh, I do so love the laids of our New England farms. New York Girl—Why? Boston Woman—Because they are so

cultivated, you know.—Boston Courier.

THE INTERSTELLAR ETHER.

Ethereal Waves Which Affect the Eye and the Photographic Plate.

Our eye does not act by detecting heat; in other words, it is not affected by the whole range of ethereal quiverings, but only by a very minute and apparently insignificant portion. It wholly ignores the ether waves whose frequency is com-parable with that of sound, and for 30 or 40 octaves above this nothing about us responds; but high up in a range of vi-bration of the inconceivably high pitch of four to seven hundred million per second—a range which extremely few accessible bodies are able to emit, and which it requires some knowledge and skill artificially to produce-to those waves the eye is acutely, surpassingly and most intelligently sensitive.

This little fragment of total radiation is in itself trival and negligible. Were it not for men and glowworms and a few other forms of life, hardly any of it would ever occur on such a moderate sized lump of matter as the earth. Except for an occasional volcano or a flash of lightning, only gigantic bodies like the sun and stars have energy enough to produce these higher flutelike notes, and they do it by sheer main force and violence—the violence of their gravitative energy-producing not only these, but every other kind of radiation also. Glowworms, so far as I know, alone have learned the secret of emitting the phys-iologically useful waves, and none other.

Why these waves are physiologically useful, why they are what is called "light," while other kinds of radiation are "dark," are questions to be asked. but at present only tentatively answered The answer must ultimately be given by the physiologist, for the distinction be tween light and nonlight can only be stated in terms of the eye and its peculiar specialized sensitiveness, but a hint may be given him by the physicist.

etheral waves which affect the eye and the photographic plate are of a size not wholly incomparable with that of atoms of matter. When a physical phenomenon is concerned with the ulti mate atoms of matter, it is relegated at present to the vaguer group of knowl-edge summarized under the head of chemistry. Sight is probably a chemical sense. In the retina may be complex aggregations of atoms, shaken asunder the incident light vibrations, and rapidly built up again by the living tis-sues in which they live, the nerve endings meanwhile appreciating them in their temporarily dissociated condition—a vague speculation, not to be further countenanced except as a working bypothesis leading to examination of fact, but nevertheless the direction in which the thoughts of some physicists are tending—a direction toward which many recently discovered experimental facts point.—Professor Lodge in Fortnightly

The Turkish Harem.

In a recent lecture on "Turkey," Mr. Oscar F. Straus, ex-minister of the United States to that country, threw some interesting light upon a most interesting hase of Turkish life—the harem. The lecturer admitted that his knowledge came entirely from hearsay. He had never been in one and had never known a diplomat who had. He pronounced the institution not altogether unattractive. Turkish women are not secluded in the harem as in a prison. They are absolute mistresses of that side of the house and free to exercise their rights indisputably. A Turkish husband would not dare to enter his wife's apartments when it is not her pleasure that he should, and he has only to place her slippers outside the door to indicate such desire for seclusion. In many ways the oriental wife makes her caprices felt, and her spouse can only submit with what grace he may, like his occidental brother

The right to divorce is vested with the all her property to her family and may marry again at once. And this right to hold property separately from their hus-bands which English and American women have only lately acquired has been the privilege of the Turkish wife for a thousand years.

A One Volume Man.

A curious example of generous obsti-nacy was a stout countryman who inquired for a nice book to read—"one with a story in." On several being placed before him, he examined them attentively and picked out the middle volume of a "three decker" with the re mark, "This 'ere's my sort. What's the

"Oh," was the reply, "this is only the second volume. The story goes through three. The set is half a crown."

"Hauve a crown! Well, I'll gie ye that for that one book. It's a pretty un enough.

"But won't you have the other two
as well? You'd better!"

"Naw! I don't like th' beginnin of a
story; I can't get forrud wi' it. An I
don't like th' endin; I don't knew as 'ow
it's comed about. But in th' middle un
I'm into t' thick of it right off. No, I'll only tak' th' middle un; it'll set me up for a month." And, cramming the book into his pocket he put down his half crown and disappeared with a "good night" before the other volumes could be given to him.—Chambers' Journal.

The Prince Consort's Will.

One of the morning papers, in a somewhat high flown notice of the late Sir Arnold White, states that the "mysteries" connected with the will of the prince consort "were locked in his faithful bosom." There were no "mysteries" in connection with the prince consort's will except that the queen, to whom the whole of the prince's property was be-queathed, would not allow the will to be proved in the ordinary form, nor has it ever been deposited at Somerset House. —London Truth.

Peculiarities of Phrasing New York—Who stole my hat? Philadelphia—Who stole me hat? Boston—Who has appropriated my

Chicago - Who swiped my hat Brooklyn Life.

A Metal That Hardens Steel

The reason that the mixture of tungsten with steel gives the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz seems to be revealed by a discovery recently made in Germany. A definitely crystallized compound of iron and tungsten has been discovered, the crystals being so hard as to scratch topaz. Tungsten is a brittle white metal, almost as heavy as gold. The crystals, remarks The Paper Trade, as formed by its combination with iron, in the proportion of one atom of iron to two of tungsten, are silver gray and very brilliant. It is thought that when tung-sten is alloyed with steel some of the compound just described is formed in the mass, thereby producing the remarkable increase in the hardness of the steel. This is an interesting example of the value that one metal may lend to the other, for, until the discovery that it could be used in hardening steel, tungsten, although it occurs in considerable abundance, was practically useless and with-out value.—New York Times.

An Ancient Article Indeed.

"That must be an antique," remarked a visitor to a collector of bric-a-brac, ho was exhibiting his chief treasure—a

handsomely carved oak table,
"Indeed it is," replied the other proud-ly. "I believe it to be the finest and ly. "I believe it to be use and oldest specimen of furniture extant. "It may be the finest, but not the old-est," remarked the other. "Why, I have an Arabic table at home which

dates before the beginning of the Chris-

tian era. In fact it is known to be more than 2,000 years old." "You surprise me," said the collector, not a little nettled by the remark. "I had no idea there were any tables as old as that. Is its history authentic? What

is its character?" "Oh, it's very simple," added the ther. "It's the multiplication table. Its history is perfectly authentic, and as for its character, why, that is perplexing —at least to the small boys,"—New York

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII the dress of the English was so fan-tastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.-Exchange.

One of His Tricks.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you," said Mrs. Chugwater.

"He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.-Chicago Tribune

Rooms to Let. Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr.

Goslin? Goslin (horrified)-I haven't been look-

ing for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story -Waif.

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