THE SHAPE OF THE A BLUESTOCKING

ROMANCE REALITY.

came oppor

Severne and the title."

"And after this?"

eay, me

her subject. "I know the windings of the remance from the drat chapter to

look unutterable things, it is supposed, as they worked out propositions in Euclid, side by side, and murmured

rooms of the Royal Society! At all

events, they became engaged. Then

of the diplomatists-in-chief. Money

was wanting, though intellect abound

ed and there were still a couple of un

certain bachelor uncles between young

"After this the disconsolate lover

was ordered to India. Before a year

was over both uncles died, without

heirs, and, then, suddenly, Mr. and

Mrs. Hardcastle discovered that Sir

John Severne was the one man in ex-

stence they would have chosen for

Hardcastle, I should tell you, is a

femme - bomme," continues Mattle,

'and a femme-homme with a theory."

What antagonism, oh, reader, car

equal that of converging creeds? Mat-

tie Rivers yearns for the emancipa

tion of her sex on the broadest scale

moral and social (as the embryo nove

will set forth), and still toward Mertor

Hall, or Girton, toward petticoated

physicians or sweet girl graduates does

she feel like a conservative of fifty

"Mrs. Hardcastle, I say, holds a the

ory-that under-educated men desire

over-educated wives! Accordingly, she

has trained her family, her own chil-

dren and her stepdaughter alike, for

what may be called the market intel-

"Miss Hardcastle is quite the clever-

est person I ever met," says Daphne.

"There seems no subject of which Miss

"And none that over-cramming has

not spoiled for her. Lectures here, con-

ture, politics—all these things have

been her portion since her infancy, and

Miss Rivers pauses, and glances sig-

There in the moonlight stand the

cousins, deep in talk; the smile that

only Felix Broughton has the power to

awaken brightening Clementina's face.

mention of lecture rooms, 'ologies, able

editors and learned professors; finds

more to say to a dandy with half an

inch of brain than she would to the

most cultivated man in Europe; in a

word, is over head and ears in love

A feeling of joy, too brief, too intense

"And-and so Miss Hardcastle wil

'Not marry!" repeats the authoress

with a laugh bordering on the cynical.

and causing her double eyegiase to fall

by means of a little shake from her

nose. "Most undoubtedly Miss Hard-

with Mr. Felix Broughton officiating

as best man. She was talking to me

about her trousseau this morning. The

bridesmaids' bonnets-ah, Mrs. de Mau-

of your delightful ballads before we

CHAPTER XI.

Early Love Songs.

The Liberta has slowly floated with

yards distant from the spot where

Morning is now creeping on with

sels in the harbor, the walls and in-

the stars still shine white as at mid-

night, and not a flush of rose stains

fearing-must I add hoping?-that an

escort is at hand, Mrs. Chester runs

forward to the appointed place of

trysting, and finds herself alone. Tim-

idly, under her breath, she calls Jean

Marie by name, but gets no answer

Advancing a few faltering paces to

ward some logs of timber, whose deep

may conceal him, she glances round a

corner-no Jean Marie is there. She

to go back to the protection of the

Liberta and Lady Lydia, and sees-did

she not expect to see?-Sir John Sev-

erne, not a half a dozen steps behind

"Sir John, how you startled me!

When I left Lady Lydia was your

fancing for another hour, at least. I-

her in the road.

turns back despairingly, half resolved

Jean Marie should be in waiting.

castle will marry Sir John Severne.

for her to stop to analyze its source.

thrills through Daphne's heart.

"Now at heart she detests the very

versaziones there-art, science, litera

lectual. You see the result?"

Hardcastle is ignorant."

nificantly across the deck.

with her Cousin Felix!"

now, at heart--

Mes

their Clementina's husband.

werse new from ble

hes in the

storty inactivity, on the part

BY MISS ANNIE EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

He will east to stour a bit of thistre-desirs by rate and company as to turn eastle Lady Lydin Jerningham from the fresh that happens to be upper-ment in her und-cap bond. The Arab he, in truth, endered with the valu-shie trient of playing while he denom-nable trient of playing while he denomsk in steer a bit of thiefle ne strains, twanged by ers of his left hand on a Turk star slung round his north, and autes are over the deck cleared, the ball has opened; Daphne, who, ten days ago, would have regarded such dissipations from point of a Saint Togreating at pace as rapid as the rest. Walts, galop, walts the dances succeed each other with spirit till long past midnight! Then comes an improvised supper-by light of the moon; Lady Lydia will allow of no artificial illumination—and then, after one more walts, they fall back upon ent and the best half hour of the night-the half hour be-

In a pause after another French ballad, sung with increasing false notes. the siren widow, it chances that phne finds berself standing beside Miss Mattle Rivers, the novelist of the future. None of the ladies of the party have paid much beed to Mrs. Chester as yet. She is pretty beyond the reach of cavil; her dress suggests an empty purse. Did good looks and poventy ever insure flattering attention to a woman of two-and-twenty from members of her own sex? Now, however, after fixedly surveying the shy. years of age! tecking country girl from head to coot, Mattle Rivers begins, in clubr. hands-in-pocket sort of fashion. to talk-I might more fitty say diswhen I consider the part sustained by Daphne throughout the length and breadth of the conversation.

fore separation begins.

You think us a queerly-assorted set of people, ne doubt?"-a couple of questions having drawn forth as much as Miss Rivers cares to know respecting her hearer's insignificant place in the scheme of creation. "But poor Eady Lydia never got a yachting party that did not, more or less, turn out a scratch team. Jorningham, you see"-Miss Rivers belongs to the advanced school of ladies who call a spade a spade and men by their surnames-"Jorningham is a man with a passionfish. In the height of the London season Jorningham will run away after whiting, conger-cels, mullet - heaven knows what he will not run afterand, at ten minut s' notice, Lady Lydia, like a devoted wife, never arques (unless any extra-good ball is on hand), but gets together whatever available materials lie within reach, and goes with him. You see what the available materials were on the pres

se sen: but, on so dilicate fools that silence is her wicest

"Max and moself in the first place. not marry Sir John Severne?" she fal-for the last Eve years Max and I have ters, never lifting her eyes lest, even d to a class tolerably well in this soft light, they should betray known throughout the yachting world her secret. In her researches after character Miss Rivers treads many paths; even the slippery by-paths of the sock and buskin-as her speech shows. "Neither Max nor I is ever sea-sick; we are unhampered by incumbrances; we can brew a cup of tes, take an oar, act, dance or be musical, or efface ourselves when required, and are, at any moment of our existence, ready to embark for the Isle of Wight or the Pacific, according to the fancy of our entertainers. Next, ley! Surely, you will give us another

She stops, as that gentleman, his break up!" guitar still depending from his neck, aces langidly before them, Lady Lydia on his arm

"Whe is he? What is he? The world says many things. I know one fact for certain-that he has been in the employment of the Khedive-Egyptian reform or the Slave Market his best friend, I forget which. However this may be, there is no mistaking the man's complexion. Eastern climates? Not a bit of it. Opium, I think. I remember hearing that his real name was Brown, and that he had a father in 'cereals' in the city. Then we have each minute in opaqueness, although included, might listen to their conver-Mrs. de Mauley."

"The lady with the voice." adds whow whose charms and whose crediters are to prove Felix Broughton's

"Exactly. The lady with the voice. Well, Agatha de Mauley is-Agatha de Mauley," answers Mattie, and. somehow, the tone in which this truism is spoken infuses a certain fine venom more potent than detailed scandal into its meaning. "This brings us to the line of shadow it is barely possible end of the list, to little Clem. Hardcastle and her Cousin Felix. Friends

of yours, you say?" "Friends since this afternoon. Our acquaintance from first to last may be eight or nine hours old."

Then you know nothing, of course about the engagement to Sir John Se-

verne?" "I-I have heard that there was an attachment," stammered Daphne, her

partner. I thought you would all be voice changing. "Attachment!-to a Baronetcy and the proper number of annual thousands for keeping the Baronetcy up! I boldness of a lion, though a minute man. The Bad Lands of South Da-

> The keeper of the light house non The keeper of the light house near Crescent City, Cal., reports 'a battle between a sea lion and an octopus. The bird," played at Major Andre's execution, should have been credited to Dr.

> Rather a quaint idea comes from France, where anglers are in some wa ters using a tiny mirror attached to the line near the baited hook. The idea is that he fish, seeing itself reflected, hastens to snatch the bait from

teary valor, Mrs. Che r and turns a little wh

Mr. Broughton, I suspect, Mrs. Chapter. Buch dissipation as dencing till 2 in the morning does not suit you-or me, either," he adds in somewhat "When you have rested for a few minutes longer you will just take my arm-"

"And we will start by the field way for Fief-de-in-Reine. And there is not the smallest necessity to hurry; we shall see the sun rise, probably, as we go along."

But Daphne has already come sternest resolutions on the score of be own future conduct. Fresh in her ory is the delight that, for a passionate instant, thrilled her heart at the possibility of Severne's being set free. Fresh in her memory are the facts that his marriage with Clementine Hardcastle is fixed for Augustthat the name of the milliner, the color of the bridesmaids' bonnets are decided ou!

"I shall wait a few minutes longer for Jean Marie," she resumes, a little stiffly. "Then, if I see nothing of him, and if there is light enough for me to find my road-just light enough for me to avoid tumbling over the side of the harbor-I shall start for Quernec."

"Either way, you refuse to let me walk home with you? These things are best said frankly." "I don't know about refusing. I-

"Pray, go on, Mrs. Chester." "Well, I see no necessity to give you the trouble of a long walk for nothing, Sir John."

"Necessity! Trouble:" he exclaims. hotly. "Would you make such a reply if you were addressing any other fellow in the world but me?" "A good deal would depend upon

who the other fellow was." "Say Cousin Felix, then, simply to give the supposition an air of fact." "If I were addressing Mr. Broughton if anything so wildly impossible could happen as Mr. Broughton offering to take a four-mile walk with any mortal being for the sake of seeing the sun

"You would answer?-don't be afraid to speak. I like truth unsoftened; bitters undisguised by sugar or flavoring." "Well, I believe I should say 'yes." "You believe you would say 'yes?"

"Just for the fun of witnessing his misery." "As you would say 'no' for the fun of

witnessing mine." "Perhaps."

Daphne lifts her eyes as she speaks and sees her own little faded bunch of pinks (dropped, probably, during that "one walts too many" with Felix Broughton) in Severne's buttonhole. At the sight her stern resolutions melt into pity-as the gray shadows of the external world are melting into ruby and amethyst under the first kisses of the morning.

"If I thought you could really be in earnest about such a trifling matter as my returning to Quernec alonemean if you could really wish to walk three miles for the sake of pleasure not duty?"

Need I put on record Severne's answer, or the sequel to his answer? They return, Daphne's hand resting. shyly, on the young man's arm, through the morning twilight, to Fiefclear of the town, winding across fields and lanes, heavy still with the night odors of elder and of meadow sweet, and with the thrushes calling low good-morrows to their mates among the hedges. After this, coming back again upon the sandy sea road, they watch the sun rise above the hills of the Cotentin, on the coast of France. wedding is fixed for August, Elsie They are affected to rapture by the makes the dresses, and the color of the beauty of the morning, they made notes in fiatural history of which almost Fraulein Schnapper might approve, respecting the early singing of watch when the first point of crimson uprises on the French horison, and both of them are amazed, as though it | cause for centuries, admiring the maj were some new astronomical discovery. that the sun should quit his bed at the tide into the inner roads, and by 3.58 on this, the earliest morning of Believe me, it is fine to see an ostrich the time Daphne Chester is allowed the year! They chat gayly about the throw back his little head and emit a to land lies alongside the pier, not fifty people on the yacht, about "Max and roar like thunder. the Arab," about the emancipated novelist, about the wily widow. They speak calmly, as concerning matters seek their food in the winter together, stealthy paces. The hulls of the ves- unconnected with themselves, of Clem- and they gradually steal each other's entina Hardcastle and her Cousin calls. closures of the fort above, gain at Felix. The whole world, Clementina

as her feet will carry her, suspicious, yet-And yet, when they have bidden goodby at the wicket gate of Fief-de-la-Reine, when Daphne finds herself often heard the tip-sip-sisis of the walking alone through the silent lilyscented paths of the farm garden, a sensation too subtly blent for perfect happiness or perfect pain swells at her

sation from first to last, and discern

no hint of love-no whisper, even, of

beart. The whole world might have listened to their conversation! Yet she knows, just as plainly as though he had declared his passion in set form of

To be Continued.

her.

The Despest Grave. Bonesteel, S. D., have unearthed a human skeleton fifty feet beneath the sur-

was in town when that 'attachment' ago she could have counted the beat- kota, in which Bonesteel is situated, began," says Miss Rivers, warming to ings of her own heart—"if Jean Marie, have been prolific in fossils.

No boy need ever regret that he wa ferm. hasty and idle polish of his city cousin. He may be and feel that he is at a hopeless disadvantage in the race, but the country hoy has a wider range of practical ideas. From the very first his little o reaction is g neatly woven from the author's individual thought, unbedecked with maxime from services are in demand. He be at once a part of the force that is making for home comfort and proc-. - It offered 2000 months age a prine for the worst three "tage" in use at the present day, perity, and feels the independence one who is helping to support himself a tag being understood to mean a quotation that has grown stale with and add to the general store. farm boy is likely to regard his life repetition. Rundreds flowed into the columns of the Review, and not until as one of drugery, and such it may be, if he loses interest in his surthey were there did many a reader roundings or is pressed with a conrogulae how often their aged faces tinual round of duty. There is some-

had seen upon the pages of young books and magazines. Here are a few

of them: "It is the unexpected that

than in the observance." "Homeric

laughter." "the thin end of the wedge."

"the right man in the right place,"

happens."

"more honored in the breach

"there is much virtue in an if." If the time has come, and apparently It is here, for these and similar phrases borrowed from the big grabbag of the classics. frequently without any distinct knowledge of their origin. to be discarded from the product of the average writer, the naked duiness of the average style will be more than ever conspicuous, and inevitably there will be more or less striving to create verbal ornaments of a reasonable originality. Already the popular perodist has found a way out of the difficulty that is not without its ap propriateness to a flippant age. Instead of illuminating his text with the wise sayings of his predecessors, he adopts them only after fortifying them with his mother wit, as the prudent physician fertifies his anaesthetic remedies. For "A word to the wise is sufficient" he gives "A word to the wise is superfineus," or for "Procrastination is the thief of time" he eagaciously substitutes " Punctuality is the thief

View," in Scribner's. Largest Cut Glass Vace. The largest piece of cut glass in the world, a vase as tall as a man and as brilliant in every part as the finest

of time," altering, with consummate

impudence, dignified gray sentiments

that have walked with Shakespeare

and Milton.-From "The Point of

small piece, has just been completed in this city, and will be shipped in a few days to the St. Louis Exposition where it will be placed in the industrial art display.

The vase is five feet six and three quarter inches in height, and every inch of it is perfectly worked in sun bursts, chrysanthemums and beader and notched effects that shed prismatic rays of brilliance and luster. The sunbursts on the star are too large to be designated by that usual cut glass term, so they have been given a new name, the Louisiana purchase star.

In all there are 100,000 cuts or deep incisions on the vase, which required turning it 200,000 times. The vase weighs 200 pounds. It was produced by nine men, who spent 2000 working hours upon it. The man who made the blank is six feet seven inches tall A shorter man could not have handled the great piece of glass. Twenty blanks were turned out before a per fect one was produced

The remarkable brilliancy of the vase is caused by the fusng in the is ordinarily used. The vase is severa times larger than the previous greatest piece of cut glass, completely dwarfing it.-Philadelphia Press.

Bird Mimiery.

"The roar of the ostrich resemble the roar of the lion because the os trich stole from the lion this sound even as one playwright steals from An ornithologist another a plot." made that odd assertion in a taxider mist's shop. He went on to elaborate it. "Birds from the ostrich down are the thrushes. Sir John looks at his imitative. The ostrich, where he lives alone, is silent, but in a country where lions abound he roars. Why? Be esty and grandeur of the lion's roar he gradually learned to roar himself

"Buntings imitate pipits, and green finches imitate yellow hammers. They

"The jay is an insatiable imitator Some jays will include in their repertory not only the whoo-oo of the kite Daphne, not wholly uninterested in the the pale arch of eastern sky. Quickly the possibility of love's approach. And of the owl, but also the bleat of the the scream of the bussard and the hoot

lamb and the neigh of a horse. "Even the nightingale imitates. It a nightingale's perfect song I have woodwarbler and the bub-ub-ubble of

the nuthatch."-Washington Post. Vindication of Boston Tvy.

When the Advertiser called the at tention of Landscape Architect Olmstead to the wall at Trinity Church where some people had thought a de composition of the stone-itself had set speech, that Sir John Severne loves in, owing to the presence of Boston ivy, he found the alarm false. He has yet to see a single building built of brick or stone that has been affected by the Boston ivy, the popular theory Laborers digging an artesian well at to the contrary notwithstanding. Further proof of Prof. Olmstead's idea that the ivy is perfectly safe, comes face. The skeleton was in an excellent from Professor Vait, one of the lead-I am just waiting for Jean Marie. If state of preservation, and is believed ing landscape architects of Canada he should not appear"-this with the by scientists to be that of a prehistoric After careful investigations he learns that while brick and stone walls absorb moisture, the ivy actually ab sorbs it from them, thereby protect ing the walls, not damaging them -Boston Advertiser.

Preservation of Flowers.

Professor Constantine Gregory, o Naples, has discovered a new chemical process for the preservation of flowers and leaves which has won a silver medal from the Neapolitan In- The man had no business in the yard, stitute for the Advancement of Sci- anyway, and when I went to the winence. Plant leaves as difficult of preservation as those of the orchid the impudence to exclaim, 'Massage!' and begonia have been kept wonder fully well by this method, and Professor Gregory is hopeful of preserv aral condition.

MYSTERIOUS CAVERNS

Subterranean Passages That No One Can Explain.

FROM PEARSONS WEEKLY.

HE famous underground labyrinth near Chischurs was recently traversed from end to end by a party of the British Arc gical Association, but the explorations are said to have thrown no new light on the puzzle these wonderful excavations present to the antiquarian. Who constructed them, in fact, no

a the country and reared on a He may lack the keenness and

thing heroic in the country boy's strug-

gle with the elements. Rain, snow and

sleet only brace his courage. The

garnering of the crops, the housing

and feeding of the domestic animals.

the gathering and preparation of the

winter fuel give a purpose and sest to

his toil. Then there is long tramps.

sometimes of miles, to the district

school, lessons learned before and after

long hours of labor. Is it any wonder

there are keen wits developing all out-

side of graded systems and in defiance

of pedagogical order? It is the in-

tensity of purpose with which the

mind acts under the influence of

vigorous health and the conscious

value of time that accounts for these

results. Eo from the farm is being

supplied a stream of active world-

movers, who furnish the industrial

world with its brawn and muscle.-

WORDS OF WISDOM

The realization of God's presence i

the one soverign remedy against temp

'I want to be an angel' who would be

Our love must make long marches

and our prayers must have a wide

sweep. We must embrace the whole

world in our intercessions .-- C. H. Spur-

To be good company for ourselves

we must store our minds well, fill them

with happy and pure thoughts, with

pleasant memories of the past and

You can help your fellowmen. You

A Surprise Bag.

rel every year for some home mission-

ary family. One thing to go in each

around to the ladies present for con-

eyes, buttons and so forth, with an oc-

dropped in, and one offering this year

materials would gladden any house-

ister's wife in a little Western town,

poor shopping privileges. - Good

Self-Propelled Cars.

In England the self-propelled rail-

an installation is that there is no

The machinery is placed in a small

compartment at the end of the car and

requires but little attention. Such

cars, driven by various forms of mo-

tors, have been found of especial value

in England to bring passengers to

would seem as if there was an equal

field of usefulness for them in the

Are Stars Our Future Dwellings?

Flammarton, author of "The Un-

known," pursues this inquiry in

Harper's, with a decided bias toward

the affirmative. M. Flammarion is

inclined to regard the other planets

as the "dwellings of immortality." He

asks, "If man dies out completely, how

can the immensity of the universe

interest us? If nothing remains of

us, if we are only ephemeral mush-

rooms of the globe, living for a short

time, how does it all concern us?

Science is only a mockery like life

itself; yea, a stupid and burlesque

The Boston Way.

dow to see what he was doing he had

could he have meant by that?"

Gertrude-"For goodness sake, what

Florence-"Well of course he said

don't you think?"-Boston Transcript.

Florence-"I never was so annoyed!

farce."

Are the planets inhabited? Camile

United States.-Harper's Weekly.

into operation at an instant's notice.

Housekeeping.

The ladies in our church pack a bar-

reasonable hopes for the future.

National Fruit Grower.

tation .- Fencion.

they had them."

Brown.

mistakes counts clear gains."

body knows; nor for what purpose, Altogether there are about four miles of passages, varying in height from six feet to ten, and in width be-

tween one yard and four. They have been cut out of the solid chalk, at an enormous expenditure of time and labor, the walls showing everywhere marks of the workmen's picks.

An even greater mystery attaches to the Dene Holes of Essex and Kent, apcient artificial caverns in the chalk, having deep, narrow, vertical entrances.

Many of these entrances are fifty. eighty, or even one hundred feet in depth, and three or four feet in diameter. They pass straight down through the overlying sands and gravels into the chalk beneath, in which are excavated several large and lofty chambers, arranged symetrically around the bottom of the shaft. All sorts of explanations have been

advanced to account for the existence of Dene Holes. Some authorities say they are merely prehistoric chalk pits. "The man who profits by his ow But this is obviously ridiculous. For there is plenty of surface chalk to be Character, good or bad, has a tenhad in the neighborhood without sinkdency to perpetuate itself.-Professor ing shafts for it.

Others assert that they were used as places of refuge when an invader sailed up the Thames; but against this may be urged the fact that the bottom "There are too many people singing of a Dene Hole would be about the iast place in the world in which a man too lazy to groom their own wings if

would care to be found by his enemy Another favorite theory with some archaeologists is that they constituted | will apply. the habitation of our forefathers in days before the art of building was known in this county. But no trace of permanent habitation has been found in any of them, and it is much to be feared that any race dwelling ducting the explorer back to a large in the Dene Holes would quickly suc cumb to ague and rheumatism.

Others have bazarded the theory that they were prisons, subterranean chapels, places of sepulture, and even must belp your fellowmen. But the silos for the storage of green fodder. only way you can help them is by being But these explanations are all mere the noblest and best man that it is guesswork. possible for you to be .-- Phillips Brooks,

Two facts about them only are cer The noblest workers of this world tain. One is that they are very ancient. bequeath us nothing so great as the im- So long ago as the reign of Henry IV. turned loose therein, and left to wanage of themselves. Their task, be it people knew nothing of the race that der about in the cold and darkness ever so glorious, is historical and excavated them, and attributed them transient; but the majesty of their to the magic arts of the British King spirit is essential and eternal .- George Cunobeline. Another is that the labor of constructing them must have been enormous. It is estimated that from one single group of Dene Holes in Hangman's Wood, Essex. no fewer than 150,000 tons of chalk were quarbarrel is what is called a "surprise ried and raised.

At Trelowarren, in Cornwall, are bag." One of the ladies volunteers to furnish the bag, which is a work or some very remarkable subterranean shopping bag of generous size. It is chambers and galleries, the original

sometimes made of silk or cloth, but use of which is quite unknown. this year it was a very dainty cre. | Some of the galleries are more than barrel is packed, the bag is passed enough inside to allow a man standing upright, are approached only by tributions. These are various, consist. very low doorways, through which any ing largely of notions such as thread, one desiring ingress would have to silk, pins, needles, tape, hooks and creep on his hands and knees. Chambers and galleries alike are lined casional handkerchief, necktie, or any throughout with hewn stones, many small article. Even a coin might be of which are of immense size.

Other similar but smaller underwas a little pot of clubhouse cheese. ground structures have also been dis-The supply of several quarts of sewing covered at Bollet and Pendeen in the Land End district, as well as in the wife's heart and be a stock on which parish of St. Constantine, and at Santo draw for many months. Such a bag creed, near Penzance.

must be especially welcome to the min- It is well known also that subterranean galleries of precisely the same far from the city, perhaps, and with character have been found beneath the old forts or "raths" of Ireland. and from this circumstance some authorities are inclined to believe that they were intended as storehouses for reserve warlike stores, arms and proway car is coming into extensive use, visions.

especially on branch lines where the These Irish galleries, however, must traffic is so small as not to warrant in nowise be confounded with the cuthe operation of steam locomotives or rious beehive-shaped underground the application of electricity. Recently chambers, which are so abundant in one of the largest electrical manufac- County Cork and elsewhere, and turing firms in America has ordered which are called by the peasants in England an oil engine for this pur- "Dane holes," because, they say, the pose, which will be used with a dy- Danes were wont to hide in them in name to generate current for ordinary olden times. car motors. The advantage of such

This may have been so, by the way, for many of these subterranean apartloss of fuel when the car is not in ments would form excellent hiding motion and that the motor can be put places; but they were certainly constructed originally by the Irish themselves, at a period long anterior to

the advent of the Danish invaders. Probably they are allied to the 'Picts' houses" of the Orkney Islands. which are either chambered tumuli or underground dwellings, or both

main electric and steam lines, and it The rock "tombs" of the ancient Etruscans are also of this category. Men lived within them, and they also buried their defunct relatives within them, underneath the floor, just as the Inuits do now. A few inches of earth sufficed to separate the living from the dead. In Peru, again, are similar subterrancan tumuli houses covering thousands of acres of ground. When the British conquered India they thought the vast cave temples

at Ellora and elsewhere were the work of giants. And in that belief they were almost justified, for it even now well nigh passes comprehension how. or by what means, they were originally constructed.

From one series of these alone it is estimated that there were excavated one thousand million tons of solid rock, Near Aurangabad is a collection of splendid subterranean temples, with single chambers, and halls measuring 270 feet deep by 150 feet wide, and these extend for miles.

The roof is of living rock, supported by hundreds of rock-hewn pillars, and all around are chapels, chambers and cells. It, in fact, constitutes, in its entirety, a sort of gigantic subterranean 'rubber.' but 'massage' is more elegant, "holy city." just such as would be built nowadays above ground.

But of all artificial caves, the Cate combs at Rome have been the cause of most wonderment and speculations It is estimated that there are altogether about six hundred miles of galleries, the greater portion of which is still unexplored.

Constructed for the most part be tween the beginning of the second and the end of the fourth centuries they began to be disued as such su early as 380 A. D., and burial within them entirely ceased with the sack of the city by Alaric in 410 A. D.

Afterwards they came to constitute a place of pilgrimage, but by degrees people lost interest in them, and their very existence was at last utterly forgotten.

Then on May 31, 1378, some laborers digging in the Campagana discovered a sepulchral chamber. This resulted in further excavations, and these in turn revealed to the amased inhabitants of Rome "the existence," to quote a contemporary account, "of other cities concealed beneath their own." Of course, the Roman catacombs, al-

though the finest and most extensive. are not the only ones of their kind in the world. Near Naples, for instance. some very elaborate ones are to be seen, with a subterranean church attached.

There are also others at Syracuse. which are unique, in that they are supposed to have been of pagan origin; at Malta, beneath the foundations of the ancient capital of the island; at Taormine, in Sicily; at Alexandria, and elsewhere.

The so-called "Catacombs of Paris." it may be mentioned, are also regarded by the best authorities as being merely disused quarries But at Pogglo Gajella, near Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, are some remarkable underground works of vast extent, to which neither this latter explanation, nor that given for the catacombs proper.

They consist, for the most part, of low, winding labyrinthine passages, leading in and out of one another and round and round, in the most perplexing manner, but constantly concircular central hall, the roof of which is supported by a massive cylindrical pillar hewn from the living rock.

No plausible explanation has ever been offered regarding the original's purpose of this mysterious subterranean maze, although some archaeologists believe it to have been intended as a place of execution for criminals. until death overtook him.

DANCER OF WHITE BREAD! Some Mills Have Machinery For Blenching the Flour.

I was informed a few weeks ago by gentleman who owns large flour mills that the craze for white bread is being carried to such extremes that many millers are putting up expensive machinery for the purpose of actually bleaching the flour.

This is being done by ozone and nitrous acid, the object being to make an artificially white bread and to enable the grain to be used which would otherwise give a darker color to the

The development of the grinding process during the last few years has been such that the old-fashioned stones have been replaced by steel rollers actuated under great pressure.

The germ and other most nutritive constituents of the wheat are thus to to a great extent abstracted and the valuable character of the bread greatly reduced.

It is the opinion of many who can speak with authority on the subject that bread, instead of being, as formerly, the "staff of life," has become to a great degree an indigestible nonnutritive food, and that it is responsible, among other causes, for the want of bone and for the dental troubles ins the children of the present generation.

It is doubtless true that the variety of food now obtainable in a measure compensates, in the case of those who can afford it, for this abstraction of phosphates; but I think I am justified in stating that every medical man. if asked, will give it as his opinion that very white bread should be avoided, and that "seconds" flour, now almost unprocurable, should only be used either for bread or pastry.-Correspondence of the London Times.

Oldest Letter in the World. What is probably the most ancient

letter in the world has just been discovered in some excavations being made in the Province of Attica, and M. Wilhelm, secretary of the Austrian Archaelogical institute here, who has succeeding in deciphering it, asserts that it was written four centuries bed fore Christ. It is engraved on a leaden leaf, folded in two, and it bears on the outside the following address: "To the porter of the market at Potis, to be delivered either to Nausias or to Thrasicles or to their sons." the text of the letter is as follows: "Mnesiengos sends his greetings to

those in the house and informs them that he is in good health. Please send me a blanket or some sheepskins, if possible of the ordinary kind, without ornaments. As soon as the occasion offers I shall return theni."

Crown Customs.

King Peter "placed the trown on his head," whereas King Edward had his crown placed upon his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In acting as he did Peter Karageorgevitch imitated the example of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, who, at Konigsberg, placed the crown upon his head in token that he had received it, without episcopal mediation, direct from the King of Kings; whereas, in point of fact, he had bribed and bargained It out of Kaiser Leopold. It was thus from Frederick .. that William II. derived his doctrine of divine right,-New York Globe.

SUCCESSFUL CHARITY EXCUR-810:48. "Was your charity excursion on the

boat a success, Mrs. Dasher?" "Grand! We lost money, but all who went may that they had a delightful outing and feel at the same time that

their money went for a good cause."-

Detroit Free Press. Indictment Against City. At Saco, Me., the municipal phy sician indorsed on a death certificate. "died of starvation caused by the city's

refusal to furnish aid."

octopus wound its tentacies around the lion's body, but the lion bit off one of them after the other and ate them. Others then helped to dispose of the sea lion's carcase.

Major Andre, it is an old historica piece, and the tune, an ancient Iris one, to which words were written

its supposed rival. Very successful results have been obtained through the employment of this simple device.

Extracts are given from the report of Chief of Army Engineers Mackenzle on Maryland harbor improvements.

ing even fungi in a remarkably nat-