

Tiberius Smith

HE ENTERTAINS CHIEF FEENEY SCRAWS

By HUGH PENDEXTER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Tib and I had mapped out a little scamper over Europe. I was waging a Broadway supper I could take him to some spot on the continent he was not familiar with. If allowed to make the experiment, I reckon I would have lost, as I'd picked out a cozy corner in Bulgaria, which I subsequently learned he had once summered in. But when we reached Borneo, we were met by orders from the main-spring, asking that we undertake a little African tour, something with leopards in it. This was old work for Tib and me, and although all our plans for dodging the guide-book in Europe were smashed, he displayed no disappointment as he prepared for the sail across the Sea of Arabia to the hunched-up shoulder of Africa, where we shifted to a south-bound boat.

"Once arrived, Tib promptly obtained permission to net anything on four legs in the Congo State, we paying a handsome premium on all victims shipped. He also took out licenses in Uganda Protectorate and for the East Africa Protectorate. You'd suppose those stamping-grounds would suffice to fill all the menageries under canvas, yet Tib began to lose all interest in them when we drew near to the Uganda border and he heard of Lake Bangou country, which is encompassed by the big Magi marsh. That region is under no protectorate, and although the inhabitants were said to be repulsive with disagreeable sentiments towards strangers, the old chap was crazy to visit it. The fact it was forbidden ground to the blond race only conjured up in his mind all sorts of eccentric quadrupedal possibilities; and when our head man shivered in the brazen sunlight and said Feeney Scraws existed solely to kidnap foolish transients, and added that fugitives from that realm had related fearsome nursery tales about man-eating white leopards, I knew the dice were juggled for our going to the Bangou.

"An anxious inquiry on my part drew forth the information that Mr. Scraws was probably the most accomplished assassin in all Africa. He was so cruel he ought to have been a dentist. He was a native chief, the head man chattered, a professor of unpleasant practices.

"Thus with a very slim entourage we drew near Mr. Scraws' boma, as the native village is called, and began hunting the fever-laden marsh for white leopards.

"Now that I am out of that business, I'll explain that much of our success in trapping the untamed people of the tanglewood was due to a powerful ammonia pistol, much like those used today by cyclists in hesitating ugly dogs. Tib had improved the article as ordinarily made until it would shoot 15 charges of the strongest kind of dope, and our employer often utilized it in quieting caged animals in place of the crude hot iron. One slug of that stuff, as prepared by Tib, would send the average striped cat or lion off to slumberland for several minutes, and the patient on awaking was usually very docile.

"Well, we made the east shore of Lake Bangou, undisturbed, and as the hunting was as thin as an almsouse stew we picked up some native boats and crossed to the west side.

"He studied the approaching shore steadily for a few minutes and then observed: 'Too late, my child. I think our host awaits us; the trees are alive. To retreat now would mean a swarm of them upon us, for they have a few bark ferries on the beach, I note. Brace up and try to impose a little self-respect into our simple followers, as I fear they have forgotten their ancestral pride and will do us scant credit.'

"There he is, Billy—the man with the face like an inflamed nightmare. Jovial, whole-souled-looking chap, eh? and he nodded his head carelessly toward him we both knew to be Chief Feeney Scraws.

"Don't make a move, Billy," warned Tib in a low voice, as with his free hand he reached in his pocket and produced his last cigarette and lighted it.

"The moral effect of this little act swept the chief off his feet for the moment, sir. He lowered his weapon with a grunt of chagrin, or wonder, and released my patron. It was lucky thus, as I was unarmed, all our guns, except our ammonia pistols, being in the boat. And I reckon if I had shot Feeney, Tib and I soon would have overtaken him in the spirit land; for the mob was unusually demonstrative.

"Keep near me and walk slow," cautioned Tib. "And show of fear means the emergency ward." Then he mopped his brow and motioned for the chief to lead us to some shade. It was coolly done, and some lone corpulent of our host's tainted blood began to admire the old fellow's nerve, as was evinced by the swift gleam of his green eyes. It was fleeting, but we both caught it, and Tib murmured over his resolute shoulder: "We've got him puzzled a bit. Wouldn't he make an elegant wild boy? I'd almost prefer him in a cage to a white leopard."

"Tib chasten his proud spirit," grinned Tib. "Any military display of white feathers will mean an immediate clinic. Tread on his heels a bit."

"This command seemed to me to lend itself to funeral environments, but I obeyed, and would have been brained instantly if Tib had not stepped in between and in the traders' lingo called a halt. Although the chief stayed his hatchet arm he jumped enthusiastically up and down several times in an ecstasy of pique

and knocked one of his body-guard senseless with the flat of his ax. The fellow would have received the edge, only the blade caught in an overhanging creeper. Tib smiled in approbation, and to further show his approval gave the prostrate warrior a hearty kick.

"But Mr. Scraws did not possess a reputation for being thoughtfully and exquisitely cruel for nothing, and after a short session of storm signals his merry face was distorted into a smile and he clapped us both on the shoulder amiably and indulged in spasmodic chucklings.

"You've done the trick," I remarked admiringly. But the face Tib turned on me was puckered with apprehension.

"I fear you are in error, my child," he protested. "When Brother Feeney laughs way down in his stomach there's something stirring for the spectators. We had him dubious at first; now he has decided just what he's going to do and it tickles him. And, I guess, what agitates his risibles wouldn't take any prize in a Vermont parlor entertainment."

"And hang me, sir, if Feeney's men weren't all of a shake! The squaws, too, who ran up to meet us, no sooner saw their master enjoying his little joke than they began tearing their hair and scuttling for cover. Feeney, chucking with mirth, called a warrior to approach. This man rolled his eyes in despair and gave a trowe a farewell rap with his head before obeying. His legs wobbled as he

dragged himself forward and knelt. His boss tapped him coyly on the pate with the ax-handle. It seemed to me the chief ruffled the address longer than was necessary and was loath to desist. But with a sigh he finally lowered his comforter and the sweat rolled from the crouching figure's limbs.

"Why look at the black imp's eyes?" murmured Tib.

"And Feeney's eyes were blood red."

"Not what you'd call amiability," I suggested, with a shudder.

"Certainly not the innocent jollity of childhood," growled Tib.

"At this point the chief gave the warrior some command, and as if relieved from death the subject sprang to his feet and motioned us to follow him. The chief, still decorated with his hideous smile, nodded for us to obey, and as we were led to a hut in the middle of the glade he kept us company and bowed us within with much mock humility.

"Too intensely polite," snorted Tib, once we were alone and the opening filled up by the backs of two giant guards. Then he added, thoughtfully, "But my ancestors weren't Green Mountain boys just for notoriety's sake, and he'd have a run for his money if I had a gun."

"They are busy about something," I remarked, as the sound of falling timbers and the guttural cries of the men beat against the hide sides of our prison.

"I guess it is something elaborate," admitted Tib, trying to peer through the opening; whereat the guards pushed him back.

"And as if I didn't have enough to fret over, Tib began to go light-headed from a taste of the swamp fever, and talk rapidly in a hectic-flush kind of a voice. "We don't know what it is, but you can anticipate it is very complete and finished as to detail," he mumbled, as the sound of the laborers grew scant in the coming gray of the morning. Then, "Good-by, My Sweet," he began to babble in his clear, seventy-tenor as our guards silently rose and left us.

"I say, old chap, don't," I begged. "It's almost sacrilegious."

"You silly jade," he quizzed, the red spots on his plump cheeks now glowing as if stamped with a stencil. "Great Scott!" next he muttered, while I sat with despairing head enconced in my hands. "I guess, my

child, I've a touch of the fever. Hum! and now I've got 'em. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in. One hour in the big animal tent before the first act in the triple savdust arena. This is Gooseberry, the man-eating lion. See him—"

"Oh, quit!" I cried. "Can't you see you're going daffy with swamp suggestions?" For my little seance with the oven heat and shivers of the disease had left me peevish.

"Just as you say, my child," he replied, humbly. "Maybe old Tib is crossed-eyed mentally, but hang me if he doesn't look like a lion. A fragment of the—"

"And great Scott, sir! I turned, and if there wasn't the bulky, befringed head of a big male lion in the narrow aperture of the tent!

"Tib!" I shrieked. "It's real!"

"And at that my patron pealed forth one resonant roar that caused the massive beast to snarl and spring back. Where's the keeper?" he cried, again going a bit flighty. "The idea of letting him out to scare women and—I forgot. It's real. Then he put to rout his imagination for a moment and swayed to the opening and scowled as he fixed his attention on the present. "We stand about as much of a chance as an old-fashioned safe in the hands of a gang of yeggmen," he mumbled.

"The timid peep I stole over his shoulder, reinforced by the rising sun, revealed for the first time what those captains of industry had been doing. During the night they had inclosed us and our villa in a palisade of young trees and slabs of bark; while at the other end of the corral the rawny form of our recent visitor walked nervously back and forth with slow, gliding step.

"We're the newer, better break-fast food," explained Tib, as he tried to wipe the nightmare from his eyes. Then he gazed on me cunningly and demanded: "Don't play it too strong on the old man, Billy. I feel doped; but is that—or is it not—"

"It is," I gasped. "For my sake come out of it. It's real!"

"Enough to scare a scarlatina germ into being sterilized?" he hisped.

truth. Did that really happen, or was it a delusion?"

"All real," I howled, clutching his arm.

"I always like to know," he explained, gravely. Then he cried: "In the name of the continental congress—Don't shoot too quick!"

"For the big, eight-foot male, accompanied by a four-foot tail, was crouching towards us on his belly, while his pal stood and watched the proceedings with morbid curiosity, and as calmly as if it were a mail-order business."

"We separated about ten feet and crouched ready to spring aside, and as the ammonia repeaters were held in the palm of the hand, Feeney, shedding tears of unrestrained joy, had no intimation we possessed the masked batteries.

"He sane," I again implored, but Tib, kneeling with both hands steady on his gun, cast me a whimsical smile and fluttered his head as if amused. And the red spots on his cheeks didn't look good a bit.

"The king of the wild-wood, probably empty of stomach and hungry enough to eat a whole tribe of white men, now began knitting his claws and agitating his tail for a record-breaking jump. He put his head close to the ground when giving his class cry, and this caused it to rumble and reverberate intensely.

"Take him!" cried Tib, and with a numb heart I squirted a charge of the soothing-syrup and noted it ruffle his breast.

"And although it did not hit him fair, it pestered him and weakened him, and he struck between us and whirled unobediently in a circle. Then Tib staggered forward and idiotically made a grab for his highness with his left hand, while with his right he tried to send home a settler.

"Oh, wiji zah!" bellowed the populace, never having seen a lion so misused before.

"And their eight-foot, seemingly oblivious of Tib, began humping himself in a narrow circle, with me at the center. If Tib let go and fell I knew the beast would make the circuit and be upon him before he could

get out of the way. For his every jump possessed all of the hilarious energy of a fast-freight train.

"Oh, wagh!" yelled the spectators, as the dizzy pair sped by the second quarter, with the favorite about to break.

"Shut up!" he roared. "We have the ammonia guns. Quick! See if they are loaded!" Then, more slowly, "If that would keep you of my head I'd teach 'em that the spirit of Spartacus still loafed about in old New England."

"Please be sane," I begged, my head going cool again. "A lion is all I can stand. My gun's loaded." And my heart gave a mighty thump as I yanked it forth and found its bulb filled to the limit with Tib's ex-special brand of dope.

"As he produced his pistol the fever returned, and he patted the barrel waggishly, and then mumbled, "I only hope the lion that eats me won't ever fight or have any quarrels with your lion."

"There's only one," I remonstrated, slapping his shoulder.

"Very well," the old chap assented, apologetically, if he comes one at a time he can never get through the door."

"It was a mighty tough combination, you'll admit, sir—the lion and Tib's erratic delirium. It was more trouble than an unmarried man ought to inherit. "Only one, remember," I begged.

"Just as you say, Billy, but I can see two," he insisted, mildly. "One's coming towards us; 't'other ain't. Which shall we shoot at?"

"And bless you, sir, there were two lions. I thought at first I'd caught his hallucinations and half expected to see a pink giraffe crawling up my shirt-sleeve. But it was real. The audience, to enliven the scene, had let loose another tease in the pen.

"One at a time and a huge surprise for each," cheered Tib, swerving on his pins a bit.

"But even this shadowy chance was eliminated, for as he spoke our hut vanished. The rascals had fastened a line to the top and had yanked the meager shelter over the barrier. There we were in the open, with a fringe of black faces mocking us over the fence.

"Tib stood with his mouth ajar in astonishment. Then he drew me aside reproachfully, and whispered: "Don't try to humor me. Tell me the

and background of all their joss dreams, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Scraws they'd have made us a present of all Africa. You see, we'd doze it so quiet. No noise, no rudeness, just an inclination on our part, and their biggest champions were put to bed. We were little tin gods in their eyes, and their yelling now took on more of awe than venom. But Feeney didn't appreciate our growing popularity and foamed at the mouth. Then he barked an order.

"We were still scraping a modest hoof in mild deprecation of the encore when the squaws began bobbing their heads violently and I was inquisitive enough to shyly turn and look over my shoulder.

"Attention!" I cried, and Tib wheeled just in time to see our host's orders had resulted in another rube cage being unloaded through an opening in the palisade, and two more beasts entered.

"These started toward us on a canter, and to my horror I observed Tib was frittering away the precious seconds in gallantly kissing his moist digits to a bevy of frenzied valentines, presumably the wives of the chief.

"For my sake!" I had just time to invoke, when the lion in the lead turned at an acute angle and got very close before I could pull the trigger. I overshot. But Tib, ignoring his annoyance and after foolishly chanting some lines about 'Lions to right of 'em, lions to left of 'em,' pivoted and raked my villain by a neat snap-shot.

"And the next thing I knew I was sailing high enough through space to peep over the top of the inclosure. It seems I was just one jump too slow in dodging, and the brute managed to collect the back of my shirt in passing.

"My return to earth jolted the breath from my lungs, and I had to recline and watch Tib face his fate alone. I knew he must have ducked when enflaming my footpad, and by the way the survivor was performing I realized his second shot had not been wasted. The snuff-colored dream vaguely brushed his ample paws against his muzzle and gave one the impression of being intoxicated. Yet true to his original design, he gravely sauntered towards Tib and made a clumsy leap. But two quick shots full in the yellow eyes announced his exit, and after I'd gained my feet we both sank down wearily on his muscular flank.

"Well, sir, I reckon Central Africa never saw such a perfectly astounded set of natives as in Feeney Scraws and his little ones. There were four of their king pins quiescent and we lolled lazily back on the biggest. We had laid them to rest as easily as a laughter-loving chauffeur runs down a crippled beggar with a 60-horse power smoke-wagon. Naturally it made the crowd nervous, and the yowls they let out would have frightened a pumping station into hysterics.

"Will the lions show fight when they revive?" I panted.

"Will Feeney ring in actors until we've used up all the dope?" Tib asked, thoughtfully, in return, mechanically giving our cushion another desuetude drop. This anger-killer won't last forever, he added, moodily. Then the swamp-light stole into his eyes again, and I knew some quaint conceit was adding his brain.

"All down, Feeney," he cried, cheerily, dancing towards the palisade. "Set 'em up in the other alley."

"I pulled him back and tried to quiet him, while the aborigines yelped as if afraid of the round, laughing man who hushed lions to sleep. The black hands no longer were shaken at us in derision, but instead were pointed in hesitation, and by the gas-ticulations and rolling eyes I knew the people were petitioning the chief to hold up his thumb.

"I'd like a nice, cool drink from old Champlain," rambled Tib, playing carelessly with his lion's whiskers. "Old Vermont! Recall those lines—I remember. I remember the house where I was born? I can't, but I could if there had been lions in it."

"He's about to play another card," I warned, giving the nearest lion another shot.

"We've four lions now," ruminated Tib, proudly. "Say, Billy, did you ever try to do a sum in lions? Now, in adding three columns of lions, when you have two to carry—"

"They are opening the barrier again," I groaned, giving my patron up as a hopeless slave to purple pipe-dreams.

"Tib reeled to his feet and tore open his shirt and peered under a shaky hand down the line.

"More lions," he said, simply.

"White leopards! Two of 'em!" I corrected.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, and I believed him thoroughly crazy again.

"As the two rolled away in the forest we enjoyed a good scrutiny of the now quiet ruler. It didn't need a medico-legal expert to diagnose he had cast his last vote.

"Somehow, I like him best this way," murmured Tib, pensively.

"By this time the natives had all fled, evidently satisfied we were fairies with evil intentions. "One old hag, even in her fright, could not resist the temptation to turn in her course and hurl a nervous spear at her prostrate master.

"This simple act of courtesy cheered me wonderfully, as I didn't believe the gang would feel much hurt because Scraws had made his exit. We were not taking any chances, however, by loitering. We found our boys snugly yoked together ready for a slave jaunt north, and with their aid managed to sling the still insensible pussy on a pole. We left the lions, and with only the cat to show for our pains we recrossed the Bangou and picked up our reserve force.

"Since then I see the Bangou district has passed under the control of the Uganda protectorate.

"So, I reckon, our little act in the arena was productive of some good outside of furnishing this country an opportunity to inspect at popular prices the only prize white leopard in captivity.

"Political Hypocrisy. The politician who, on the eve of an election, knocks at the poor man's door, shakes his hand and kisses the baby illustrates the maxim that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.—Toronto Star.

"They looked leopards to me," he cried, "but I thought I must be fuzzy again. So I said lions. But white leopards!"

"And he waltzed me around joyfully. "We must have 'em. Isn't this luck?"

"Awfully good luck," I despaired; for I knew a leopard was as formidable as a lion or tiger and harder to dodge.

"And the brunettes along the fence evidently were now determined to stick to their gods through one more whirl and, forgetting their recent

fears, began to shout exultantly. It sounded like a Russian college yell, and Tib tossed back a little circus talk and dragged me in between the two sleeping pups nearest the center of the arena.

"The big cats, white with dark poika-dots, about five feet in length and with abnormally long tails, now saw us, and after a few preliminary snarls began circling the palisades, desirous of pouncing upon us from behind, true to their feine idea of propriety. I wanted to get my back against the stockade, but Tib, with less strabismus in his intellect, restrained me. We'd seen enough of leopards to realize these beauties had been kept in a cage and were used to men, and we believed they had been starved for just some such purpose as this. Yet it was evident they weren't

anxious to come too near our breast-works. Then an old lady, probably with a local reputation as a witch-doctor, rose behind her boss and flung her skinny arms aloft and bestowed a few imprecations upon us.

The cats began to get bold. The crowd believed it was due to the spell cast by the lady. Anyway, as we were like a hot hand-out to a famished orphan on Christmas eve, the evil brace were game to try and net us.

"The audience went wild when the twin spotted ones left the barriers and dragged themselves towards us, inch by inch, as if the proceedings were very secret. It was like betting money on the home nine when the umpire is your friend and lives in your village. And to add to the festivities the lions began to wriggle and act un-awaken.

"A yah, jall!" shrieked the Romans.

"Give 'em another nullifier," I cried in Tib's ear, indicating the quartet of sleepers.

"Except this biggest one," he telephoned back. "I may need him awake."

"And friend Feeney, believing it was the last act, threw back his head and laughed in low gurgle. His blood-curdling jollity seemed to jerk the head tabby into radical action, and a streak of white marked her spring.

"Missed!" I yelled.

"Rotten!" cried Tib, as he also scored a zero, and the target lighted on our uneasy parapet.

"Then the breastworks came to life.

"And say, sir, if the dope had quieted old Nero so far as we were concerned, it didn't preclude his having a little argument with puss. Screeching and roaring they rolled over and over, while the other cat looked on in amazement.

"Nail her!" directed Tib.

"And ping! I did, at a distance of 20 feet. She whacked her paws against her nose in vain, for the aroma would not down, and while thus engaged Tib ran in and gave her her conge.

"Then we turned to watch the duel, just in time to see the cart-wheel of beasts strike the barriers fairly opposite the chief's lookout.

"There was a crash, and the whirling fury forms bounded out into the audience.

"As the orchestra circle emptied in flight Feeney, indigo with rage, raised his ax to hurl at me, who was nearest. But Tib did a little rainbow stunt with his gun, and as the gentle shower fell on Feeney's nose he lost interest in things, ditto his balance, and toppled over and down onto the fighting animals. The leopard promptly reasserted his intrusion with a tap of her paw, and the lion also found time to bestow a hearty cuff.

"As the two rolled away in the forest we enjoyed a good scrutiny of the now quiet ruler. It didn't need a medico-legal expert to diagnose he had cast his last vote.

"Somehow, I like him best this way," murmured Tib, pensively.

"By this time the natives had all fled, evidently satisfied we were fairies with evil intentions. "One old hag, even in her fright, could not resist the temptation to turn in her course and hurl a nervous spear at her prostrate master.

"This simple act of courtesy cheered me wonderfully, as I didn't believe the gang would feel much hurt because Scraws had made his exit. We were not taking any chances, however, by loitering. We found our boys snugly yoked together ready for a slave jaunt north, and with their aid managed to sling the still insensible pussy on a pole. We left the lions, and with only the cat to show for our pains we recrossed the Bangou and picked up our reserve force.

"Since then I see the Bangou district has passed under the control of the Uganda protectorate.

"So, I reckon, our little act in the arena was productive of some good outside of furnishing this country an opportunity to inspect at popular prices the only prize white leopard in captivity.

"Political Hypocrisy. The politician who, on the eve of an election, knocks at the poor man's door, shakes his hand and kisses the baby illustrates the maxim that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.—Toronto Star.

"They looked leopards to me," he cried, "but I thought I must be fuzzy again. So I said lions. But white leopards!"

"And he waltzed me around joyfully. "We must have 'em. Isn't this luck?"

"Awfully good luck," I despaired; for I knew a leopard was as formidable as a lion or tiger and harder to dodge.

"And the brunettes along the fence evidently were now determined to stick to their gods through one more whirl and, forgetting their recent

LIVE IN CAVE HOMES

FRANCE THE LAND OF MODERN TROGLODYTES.

Considerable Portion of Population in Some Districts Inhabit Homes Some Centuries Ago—Some Extremely Comfortable.

New York.—Most persons will be surprised to learn that France is regarded as a land of troglodytes. But they are not barbarians or savages. On the contrary, most of them are industrious and thrifty folk who have utilized most intelligently the special conditions which enable them to provide comfortable homes for their families at a minimum cost.

Cave dwellers form an important proportion of the population in some districts of the center of France. This type of habitation is found down out of the chalk on the French coast of the British channel and also in other districts of northern France. But these cave dwellings are not to be compared in numbers with those in central France, and especially in the middle basin of the Loire, where the groups of troglodytes are most dense.

They are found wherever cliffs of white limestone, a marked feature in the geology of this region, rise above the general level. This limestone, almost inexhaustible in quantity, is very compact, but is easily worked and vast quantities are quarried for building purposes.

Along the middle Loire and especially on the great inland peninsula between the Loire and its tributary, the Cher, it rises in escarpments on the river banks. These walls are pierced with artificial inhabited grottoes. They are innumerable along the Loire from Glen to Saumur.

At Blois and Amboise and in the suburbs of Tours many of the stables



He Jumped Enthusiastically Up and Down.



A House at Bourre.

and outhouses of the dwellings are in the ground.

In the valley of the Cher the cliffs for over 18 miles, from Chonoucaux to Saint-Aignan, are honeycombed with subterranean dwellings, most of the people living in these caves, not only the poor but also the more prosperous peasants, and even many of the bourgeois. The chateaux also use these caverns as kitchens, chambers and lunch rooms, and house some of the live stock in them.

The town of Bourre is a typical village of cave dwellers. All along the cliffs the visitor sees the doors and windows of the cave houses, and their chimneys rising above the rocks. Until recently none of the people here built houses.

They lived by preference in capacious rooms hewn out of the rock. Many of the richer among them now live in houses on the surface, but the great majority are still faithful to the cave dwellings which their fathers dug.

There are good reasons for their choice. The summer sun pours its scorching intensity upon these valleys, but the cave dwellings are always cool.

They have the same equable temperature summer and winter. Many of them have been utilized for centuries and nobody is ashamed of them. People do not speak of their houses, but of their caves.

The rooms in the caves are usually on the same level, but if the rock roof is high enough there is often a second story supported by posts and reached by stone steps carved out of the side wall.

What a fortunate fellow is the troglodyte! If more elbow room is needed as his family grows he has only to take his pickaxe and add length or width to the domicile. If he wants a little more light or air he knocks another hole or two in the front wall.

If the little folks disturb their grandparents he can dig out a new room for the old people. His stable is probably next door to the living room, and the cow, chickens and goats live under the common rock roof. Sometimes the dwelling is reached by steps from the outside, but frequently a passage cut through the rock leads to the room.

Usually there are sufficient windows for light and ventilation, and the living room lacks no appearance of comfort. It is light and large.

The cupboard, the oak table, the kneading trough, a looking glass, a chest of drawers and a few prints or colored pictures are arranged along the stone walls, and behind curtains are a bed or two in recesses dug out of the rock. On one side is the old-fashioned fireplace and oven where the cooking is done, and the chimney affords a most vigorous draught.

One of the most striking characteristics of these subterranean dwellings is the complete lack of humidity on the walls, in which respect they differ from most natural limestone caverns. No doubt there are many thousands of people in crowded cities whose habitations cannot compare in comfort and healthfulness with the cave dwellings of central France.

Extreme Manifestations. "Is it true that Bug's mind has become affected since they went to live in the suburbs?"

"Yes, but they did not think so much of his eccentricities till finally he got so bad that he tried to run the mower over his wife's dress."

A Novel Barometer. It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal says it is nothing more or less than the figure of a general, made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, takes it home, and hangs it by a string on a nail.



"DYE—THINK—I'M—TRYING—TO—THROW—THIS—RACE?"



He Lost Interest in Things.