

IN OCEAN DEPTHS.

PECULIAR AND WONDERFUL ANIMALS FOUND THERE.

Unknown Forms of Life Brought to Light By Scientists—Have Their Habitations on the Very Bed of the Sea.

Among the few mysteries remaining on earth for the exploration of man, perhaps none is more interesting than the secret of the deep sea.

Few people have correct ideas as to the correct depths of the great oceans, which vary from a few fathoms to five miles and more. Eternal darkness and silence reign in these great abysses, and the most terrific storms of the sea have not the slightest effect in the places where Mount Everest, Acancagua and other mountain giants would disappear below the surface. The fact is that the commotion of storm waves does not extend lower than 500 feet. This depth is also the extreme limit of light, while the most sensitive photographic plates fail to show light effects even at a depth of 200 feet.

The dragnets of the scientists have brought to light numerous unknown specimens of animals from depths of 12,000 to 16,000 feet, some of which show the most peculiar and wonderful forms. Among the most remarkable of these are some fish. Several of these have eyes and their bodies are covered with self-illuminating phosphorescent spots, natural lanterns which serve to light up the immediate surroundings of these inhabitants of eternal darkness. Others are blind, but possess, in lieu of self-illuminating power, peculiar feel-

ers, which take the place of eyes. One species has a regular finger above its mouth.

Two of the most interesting specimens of fish have been brought up from extreme depths—the peculiarly shaped *Nacurus Australis* from 15,000 feet and the still more wonderful *Melanocetus Johnsoni* from 13,000 feet. Attached to the tremendous mouth of the latter fish is a great bag, larger than the rest of the body, which is destined as a temporary receptacle for food.

Many of the lower animal forms show beautiful coloring in tints of red, green, orange and violet.

Among the remarkable discoveries which have been made during the deep sea explorations were bowlders found at a distance of more than 700 miles from the coast of Europe. These bowlders are smoothly polished and

grooved in such marked shape as to exclude the effect of currents as a possible cause of it.

The probability is that these bowlders have, in prehistoric times, been transported to their place of finding by icebergs from the glaciers of Europe. With the melting of the bergs the bowlders were deposited at the ocean bottom, from where, after thousands of years, they have been brought up to light again, mute witnesses of the wonderful ice period of the globe, and, at the same time, of the proud achievements of modern science.

Treed by a Bear.

For three hours H. J. Wells, a farmer living near Malung, southeast of St. Paul, was held up on a slim sapling a few yards away from his house by a big black bear.

Wells had gone through a small woods in search of some cattle which had strayed, and as he went along the trail was confronted by a bear which rose upon his haunches as if to attack him. Wells, being unarmed, threw his hat at the bear, and while the animal worried it, the farmer climbed a tree.

The bear found the tree too small for it to climb, and after spending three hours gnawing at the roots was finally driven away by a small dog, which had been attracted by Wells' cries for help.

Letting by Pin and Candle.

The old custom of letting premises by the aid of a candle and pin has been observed at Padworth, a village between Reading and Newbury. The candle was lighted and a pin stuck into it. Then bids were called for until the pin, owing to the heat of the candle, dropped out. J. T. Strange secured the tenancy with an offer of seven pounds.—London Evening Standard.

LEFT FROM THE IRON AGE.

Explanation For Presence of Huge Boulder in Vermont.

Among the natural curiosities of Vermont perhaps none is more wonderful than the huge boulder of serpentine rock situated on a barren hillside pasture near the farmhouse of Leonard Park in Crafton.

Just how and when this immense rock, 20 feet in diameter, 20 feet in diameter and weighing probably 300 tons, came to its present resting place is a problem which has puzzled many persons.

As no similar deposit of serpentine rock is known in that part of the



country the most reasonable theory is that this boulder and a smaller rock lying near it were brought from Labrador, where the stone is found in abundance, by a river of ice, and as the glacier gradually melted it was left in its present position.

It is supposed that the rock is a specimen of the noble or precious serpentine, which is a rare metal, dark green in color, and susceptible of fine polish.

PIKE HAD WOUND WATCH.

Timepiece Long in Fish's Stomach Was Still Running.

That truth is stranger than fiction, and a great deal stronger, is evidenced by the experience that befell a merchant of Goodrich, says a correspondent of the Detroit Journal. Last spring the merchant spent a few days at a small lake south of here, and while fishing he lost his gold watch. The water was of great depth and he gave it up for lost. During the summer, with a party of friends, all men of excellent reputation, he made another fishing excursion to the lake and pulled in a fine eight-pound pike. The astonishment of the party can be imagined when they found a gold watch lodged in the gullet of the fish, and upon being extracted it was found that the watch was the one the merchant had lost, and it was running and had lost but three minutes in that time. The watch being a stem-winder and the stem projecting downward into the throat, the plausible supposition is that in masticating its food the fish wound up the watch daily.

DISPLAY MADE BY NATURE.

Thunder Storm Stirred Things Up in Electrical Establishment.

An occurrence that has just taken place at Amiens shows that where there exists an electrical establishment of any size nothing more than a good, robust thunder storm is needed for providing a display of natural fireworks on a scale that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of largeness. Aroused by unusual noise in the factory during a storm the other night, the manager of the electrical works at the station was met by a wonderful spectacle as entering the place. No artificial display ever presented a scene so fairlike.

Tremendous showers of sparks were being given off from every machine in the place, while there was a deafening crackling as from a hundred sputtering fires, a machine man had seen his foot burned to a cinder as he sat to eat it, all the electric bells were sounding and the telephones had been wrenched from the walls.

The current had to be shut off before order was restored. Next day everything worked as smoothly as if there had been no disturbance.

AFRICAN SEDAN CHAIR.



Primitive sedan chairs used in Africa are made by suspending a narrow seat from a heavy pole.

Kittens in Court.

Alderman Donohue, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in order to settle a case which would tax the judgment of a Solomon, the other day ordered the disputants to pull straws and gave the decision to the winner. To go back to the beginning, Miss Minnie Custer owns a cat. It frequently visited the next door neighbor, Miss Fannie Moore. Recently during one of these visits it remained several days and gave birth to three kittens. When it went home Miss Custer locked it up. Miss Moore complained to the Humane society that Miss Custer was keeping the cat from the kittens, and an officer sent to investigate found that Miss Moore claimed the kittens, while Miss Custer said they were hers. The case went into Donohue's court. He confessed he was unable to decide and made the two pull straws. Miss Custer won, and got the kittens.

LOOKS AFTER BANKS

DUTIES OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

William Barret Ridgely Has Onerous Duties in His Supervision of the Financial Institutions of the Country.

A doctor for banks that are sick, a policeman for banks that are well, and an executioner for banks that need the ax. Such, stripped of the flummery of his title, is the comptroller of the currency of the United States.

A disgraceful number of bankers are in jail. There are 13 in the Ohio penitentiary. Others have gone away in stealth and vanished among the unidentified. Some are in the graves of the self-murdered. And there would be more in prison, more in hiding and more in perdition but for the governmental doctor, policeman and executioner, writes James B. Morrow in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Since 1901 the name of that officer has been William Barret Ridgely. He is a human treasure house for hoarded romances and tragedies in money—the father confessor, as well as the rod of wrath, the detector and physician of contrite, evil and ailing cashiers and presidents. Consequently, he was a good man to interview. Moreover, he comprehends his business, was born into it, and nurtured by it. His grandfather was discount clerk in St. Louis for the old United States bank, of which Nicholas Biddle, the famous financier, was president. The Ridgelys have been men of wealth and power at Springfield, in Illinois, for 72 years, one generation following another in banks, gas, street railroads, coal, iron and steel. William Barret is 48 years old, a civil engineer from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, a coal miner, a manufacturer and an expert accountant and money lender.

At one of Mr. Hanna's unique breakfasts of corned beef hash and various trimmings, conversation turned to the state of the national treasury. "Well," J. Pierpont Morgan asked, "if the government needs more gold certificates why doesn't it print them?" The greatest banker in America instantly perceived his confusion. But the words were out and vexation could not recall them. However, a Populist would not have blushed. And therein was all the difference.

Why do banks shut their doors while depositors wring their hands and tear their hearts in the street? How can their security be made greater? Who gets the money that is stolen, and who are blamed for its theft?

"There is a dominant man in nearly every bank in this country," says Mr. Ridgely. "When he is honest and a genius no one suffers. Even so, he needs supervision, and having common sense and integrity he does not object to it. Sometimes the dominant man is a director with many allied and hazardous interests. Again, he may be the president with factories or real estate on his mind and hands. Possibly he is the cashier, who thinks he sees a short cut to wealth through a broker's office. No matter what he is, whether he has visions in dreams or revelations by word of mouth, he would be almost harmless if his directors checked him up in person and put truth and vigilance on his tracks. And the supreme court of the United States makes the directors of all banks responsible for the acts of their officers."

"What would increase the security of state banks, including trust companies?"

"A system of direct supervision and examination by fearless and honest public officials. The dread of inspection is a wholesome power for good. I fancy the examiners of national banks accomplish more by the silent influence of their presence than in any other way."

"Is the bank officer who expects to 'put it back' any less a criminal than the man who takes it with a dark lantern and dynamite?"

"He is the greater criminal and by all odds the more dangerous. The police know the robbers who carry jimnies. Unfortunately, there is no directory of the other fellows."

Poe's Popularity.

Secretary Bonaparte at a dinner in Washington described with a smile a letter that had come to him in explanation of the exclusion of sailors in uniform from dance halls.

"This letter," said the secretary, "informed me that the jacks were kept out of these halls because they were too attractive, because they captured all the ladies and the civilians were left in the cold."

"That reason was amusing, striking, flattering, but somehow it was not quite satisfactory."

"It suggested to me the remark that a stage driver made to a friend of mine."

"My friend, a tremendous admirer of Edgar Allan Poe, boarded the stage to drive to Fordham, where in a small cottage Poe wrote 'Berenice,' 'Ligeia' and other immortal tales."

"The stage driver was of an inquisitive turn. He said to my friend: 'Why are you so anxious to go to Fordham, sir?'"

"Because Pot liver there," said my friend.

"The driver granted. 'Poe wouldn't ha' been much thought of if he'd only lived at Fordham,' he said. 'It wasn't on that account he's famous; it was on account of them three pot livers and tales.'"

WEATHER PROPHETS AT WORK.

Predictions Reach Washington From All Over the Country.

The officials of Uncle Sam's weather bureau receive many copies of direful predictions made by long-range weather forecasters, as they are termed. The long-rangers have recently been bobbing up in all sections of the country. There are four of them known to be in Pennsylvania two in Ohio, several in New York, New England, and quite a number in the Dominion of Canada. It is the opinion of some of the weather officials that most of the long-range predictions are based upon the old-time signs, omens and superstitions that folks used before the introduction of the science of meteorology to foretell the coming of storms, rain, sunshine and snow.

The flying of crows, wild ducks and other birds toward the south told of the coming of a storm; pigs carrying straws to their stys meant the approach of a cold wave. There are other long-time-ahead weather prophets who predicate their forecasts of disaster on the recent earthquakes, hurricanes and the like, and take it for granted that other similar disasters will follow in the continuation of the freak weather in evidence throughout the year 1906.

One of the latest and most terrifying of the long-range forecasts that were made the other day pretends to foretell that the winter will be the most severe on record. "At best," said Prof. Edward B. Garriott, of Prof. Willis L. Moore's official staff of forecasters, "the so-called long-range forecasts are the merest guesswork. If the men who make them could really foretell weather conditions correctly as far ahead as they profess they can, their names, fames and fortunes would be assured in a mighty shor space of time."

SHOW GRATITUDE OF NATION.

Two Fine Monuments to Men Who Helped Cause of Liberty.

The love of the people of the United States for Marquis LaFayette, the Frenchman, who in time of our great need gave his purse and person to the service of this country, has continued throughout all the years that have passed since those dark days. When, 30 years after he had rendered such valuable and distinguished help to this country, LaFayette decided to revisit it (in 1824), congress resolved that "Whenever the president shall be informed of the time when the marquis may be ready to embark, a national ship with suitable accommodations be employed to bring him to the United States." But LaFayette's modesty forbade this and he took passage in a private vessel. When it became known that he was to revisit America, every citizen prepared to give him a hearty welcome, and before his arrival people were wearing LaFayette ribbons, LaFayette waistcoats, LaFayette feathers, hats, caps, gloves, etc., and even the ginger cakes were stamped with his name. He was given a continuous ovation in the 23 states and later congress erected a magnificent statue to him, in honor of the man and of "the services he rendered to America, to the world, and to liberty."

The statue stands in LaFayette square, the most beautiful of all the many charming parks in which the city of Washington abounds.

Another statue in LaFayette park is that of Count Rochambeau, who commanded 6,000 French soldiers sent to aid the Americans in 1789. The statue was presented to the United States by France.

LABORERS ARE IN DEMAND.

Work on Public Improvements Considerably Delayed.

Owing to the scarcity of labor the officials of the engineer department of the district say the vast amount of improvement work on streets and roads scheduled for this winter will be considerably delayed. There are at present about 600 men employed on the district improvement work, but Engineer of Highways Hunt, under whose supervision this class of work comes, wants about 200 more, and he has resorted to advertising for the workmen, but even after this he is not sanguine of any successful results, as the ordinary laborers can get better pay and hours and lighter work from the various contractors, and by working for the latter, he says, the men will get paid every week, whereas in the district they are paid only once every two weeks, which method is not acceptable to the average laborer, especially the colored men.

Mr. Hunt stated that this is the second time in 15 years that the district government has been forced to advertise for labor. As a general rule he says, there are more men looking for improvement work than the district can employ. Mr. Hunt is paying this class of workmen two dollars a day, and if necessary to avert a labor famine it is possible he will raise the wage as an attraction.

Wealth Found in Sand.

According to a bulletin issued by the United States geological survey the total production of sand and gravel in 1905 was 23,174,967 short tons, valued at \$11,199,645, an average value per ton of 48 cents, although the value varied from six and eight cents to \$6 a ton, according to the use to which the sand was put.

The total output of crude borax in 1905 was 46,647 short tons, valued at \$698,810, in 1904, an increase of 687 tons in quantity and \$220,334 in value.

PLANNED TO MURDER

DOG DELIBERATELY ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE RIVAL.

Animal Proved Itself Capable of Subtle Plotting and Much Boldness of Execution—Similar Cases Recorded.

Of premeditated cases of brute assassination there are several remarkable instances on record. They manifest the faculty of contrivance, of motive, and of inductively assimilating cause and effect, which, if not actually human reasoning, comes perilously near to it.

I have more than one record of that character, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, this instance for example: A few years ago I was on a visit to a Westmoreland clergyman and was accompanied by a favorite Scotch terrier. It made itself agreeable to every member of the family but one—a large Newfoundland retriever dog, who showed subdued signs of jealousy. One day both dogs disappeared and were absent from the house more than two hours, when the large one returned home alone.

I was anxious about my own and went in search of it, and passing through the village I met a gamekeeper whom I knew well, carrying in his arms the poor brute, soaking wet and in an exhausted state. He revealed the cause. While sitting on a bank of a river about a mile from the parsonage he saw the two dogs, apparently out for a friendly ramble, approach to the waterside on the other side; they lay down close together, and in a few minutes he was astonished to see the big dog suddenly grip the terrier by the back of the neck and leap into the water with it. There in about two feet of water it deliberately stood and held the terrier under the surface.

My friend saw that there was nothing but death for my dog, but as he could not cross the river without going around by a bridge nearly a quarter of a mile away, he fired a shot close to the head of the would-be canine assassin. That startled it and, letting the terrier loose, it sprang to the bank and bolted for home. My friend then ran around by the bridge, and when he got up to the scene of the meditated murder found my dog lying on the bank in an exhausted state, just having strength to crawl out. We have here motive, contrivance to realize the motive, and skillful deliberation in the operation, and if that is not reasoning I should be glad of a definition of "reasoning" which would exclude such a performance.

I have records of a similar nature—in all cases the outcome of jealousy, and mainly manifested among the mammalia of primary gregarious habits, especially the family Canidae. That arises from the early fierce struggle for life, more especially the struggle over prey. As a matter of fact, although the dog was the first wild animal domesticated by man, it still displays several of its far off prehistoric traits of wild life, and this is one of them: rounding and worrying sheep is another.

Jealousy over food or partial favoritism to others is rare among the cat tribe, and their leisurely consumption of food is another striking trait of their ancient habit of solitary hunting. The habit of domestic cats becoming inveterate poachers is another evidence of the "old Adam" still surviving.

Unhappy Love Affairs.

A clergyman discussing unhappy love affairs said:

"Many a love tragedy is caused by a husband's promise to a dying wife that he will not marry again. He thinks when he makes this promise that it will be easy to keep. Whether it is easy or hard to keep it is a promise rarely, if ever, broken."

"Time and again widowers have sought me out for advice on this subject. They are in love, but they promised their dead wives not to marry again. Shall they break or keep this promise? I can only advise them to do as their conscience dictates."

"At the same time I think it is selfish for dying wives to extract such promises from their broken-hearted husbands. Such promises, by the way, are rarely extracted by dying husbands from broken-hearted wives. But then when the dead husband's will is read it is usually found that if the widow marries again the money is all taken from her. So it comes to the same thing in the end, doesn't it?"

Col. Church's Christian.

When Col. Church made his final expedition for the capture of Port Royal, and had arrived at Mt. Desert Harbor, he was visited by several members of the Indian tribes of that neighborhood.

Among them was one old man who asked to be permitted to partake of the refreshments, which were about to be served.

The colonel told him he must be a Christian first. He replied that he was one already, and rolling up his eyes, solemnly uttered these words:

"Adam—Eve—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon."

"What do you mean?" asked the colonel.

Looking hard at the junk bottle on the table, the old man answered:

"I mean rum, rum plenty."

All Details Arranged.

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the coy damsel, "pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."

PECULIAR IDEAS OF BUSINESS.

Maine Shoemaker Sees Financial Matters in Peculiar Light.

A shoemaker on the coast of Maine having been asked by a summer cottager for the amount of his bill for a certain cobbling job, replied:

"It shall be 75 cents if you pay cash, and 50 if I put it on the books."

The patron, unable to see the wisdom of such a system, asked for an explanation.

"You see," said the shoemaker, with a smile, "if you pay me the 75 cents down I make a good profit, and if I put it on the books for 50 I don't lose so much if you never pay me."

The above financial point of view may be matched only by a somewhat similar one which is held by a Nantucket storekeeper. One of his customers having found that which he considered an unusually good cigar for five cents, thought he would economize by purchasing a number as a discount.

"How much do you ask for these by the hundred?" he asked.

"Six dollars," replied the storekeeper.

"What!" asked the patron in blank astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me that you ask more for them by the hundred than singly?"

"I do," said the storekeeper, who, noticing the puzzled air of the other, continued: "You see, I lay in a couple of boxes at the beginning of the season and they usually pull me through the summer all right if I sell them one or two at a time. Now, if I should sell them all for \$4.50 a hundred, I'd cut my profit down, for some millionaires would come along and buy both boxes at once and then I'd have to send to Boston for more, and while they were a-coming there wouldn't be anything for anybody to smoke, and there would be trouble all round. I tell you five cents apiece for the cigars is all right, and when a man has so much money that he can afford to buy a box at a time he ought to be willing to pay at the rate of six cents apiece for the luxury. I tell you, I ain't been a-runnin' this here store for nigh onto 27 years without learnin' nothin'!"—Harper's Weekly.

Gull a Match for Eagle.

"What an enormous gull!"

"A Skua gull, madam," said the boatswain. "That gull could kill an eagle."

"The great bird was brown. It flew beautifully on its broad brown pinions. As soon as one of the smaller white gulls secured a titbit the Skua without any difficulty overtook it and seized the prize."

"The people of Foula in the Shetland Islands, madam, raise and train Skua gulls," the boatswain went on. "They use them as a protection against eagles."

"The lofty red sandstone cliffs of Foula are haunted by eagles that prey on the flocks. Every day the eagles swoop down and steal a chicken, a lamb or a young calf. They have been getting so numerous lately that the people, knowing the Skua gulls could lick them, started a gull hatchery."

"The gulls, which do no harm to the farms, love to fight the eagles and by degrees are reducing the number of the denizens of the red cliffs."

"They have a long fight before them though. Not for some years will the marauding eagles finally disappear."

Too Truthful.

Norman Hapgood, the journalist and essayist, was discussing American newspapers. "It is not enough that our papers shall tell the truth," he said. "Truth telling in itself is not particularly wise nor praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse."

"Thus a young man called on a young lady one spring morning very early. He had his big automobile along. He wanted to give the young lady a morning spin through the country."

"A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"That's good. Where is she?" he went on.

"She's upstairs," said the little girl, in her nightgown looking over the balustrade."—Short Stories.

Every Little a Help.

Anybody who has visited Cornish, Me., has heard of "Uncle Freeman" Hatch, as he was called by all who knew him, as genial and jovial an old gentleman as ever was "squire" of a prosperous country town.

He had a good-natured, ready wit, and was very quick with his answers. He operated a sawmill in the village, and in his employ was a man named "Sim" Parker, whose wages were always overdrawn. He was a drawing, shiftless sort of a man, in direct contrast to "Uncle Freeman."

A Saturday night came and "Sim," fully realizing the fact that his wages were overdrawn, yet mightily in need of cash, approached "Uncle Freeman," and in a hesitating sort of way said, "Uncle Freeman—could you er—er—let me have a little money to-night?"

Quick as a flash came the reply—"Yes, Sim, just as little as you want."

Bawls Himself.

"I should think you would cry," said the school chum, "when your husband comes home intoxicated."

"It's no use," sighed the weary wife with a faint smile. "He beats me to it."

Quite the Contrary.

"Does your husband play favorites when he goes to the races?"

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "at least, from the way he talks after the race, I shouldn't say they were favorites."