THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR.

One of the Ancient Buildings of Egypt and Very Well Preserved.

We steamed two hours one morning on the Nile and after an early breakfast rode on donkeys about three miles to the famous temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, at Denderah. This temple was built just before the Christian era by one of the Ptolemies, and the porch was added by Tiberius. Though built by Greek and Roman emperors, it is essentially Egyptian in architecture and decoration, and as it was the first of the great temples that we had seen we were very much impressed. It stands on the borders of the desert, and the verdant plain, surrounded by the ruins of an old town, the debris of which, together with the blowing sands, rise several feet above its foundations. The temple is very well preserved. Its porch, the latest part, is a noble hall, supported by 24 columns about 8 feet in diameter and 40 feet high, the capitals presenting colossal faces of Hathor on four sides. Every foot of the surface, outside and in, is covered with sculpture, which, though of the period of decadence, is still striking because of the amount of it.

The main temple behind the porch consists of four central chambers and some 20 others, each of which had its use. The faces on nearly all the figures have been mutilated by iconoclastic Mohammedans or Christians. On the exterior of the wall in the rear, among other figures are Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, whose father was Julius Cæsar. This representation of the famous Egyptian queen, though contemporaneous, scarcely justifies the tradition of her beauty. Near by is a small temple of Isis, and another which seems to have had some connection with the temple of Hathor. The town of Tentyris stood here. The Tentyrites hated the crocodiles which the people of neighboring Ombos worshiped, and a religious war of great fury was carried on between the two places. If there must be religious wars, they may as well be over crocodiles as over dogmas which nobody knows the truth of. The ruins of Tentyris are mainly of brick, baked and unbaked. The temples are of limestone. Some of the stones forming the roof are 24 feet long and 6 feet wide. The whole construction is massive. Inside are traces of color which must have greatly added to the beauty. At Denderah we are not far from the Libyan hills, but our course takes us away from them toward the Arabian side as we came to Luxor.—Boston Herald.

A Little Surprise.

There was a great crowd in a railway station, from which a train was about to depart, and all at once a man who had put his hand in his undercoat pocket to take out his pocketbook and pay his fare exclaimed:

"I've been robbed! Some villain has taken my pocketbook with over £100 in it."

"Where did you carry your pocketbook, sir?" inquired a bystander.

"In my undercoat pocket, behind."

"Then, sir, you can scarcely blame the individual who has taken it," replied the other in a pompous, self satisfied, patronizing manner, and in a voice of warning intended for the ears of all within hearing. "Yes, you offer, if I may say so, a temptation, a premium, sir, upon theft, by carrying your money in such a place. Now, I always carry my money here," he exclaimed, putting his hand into an inside breast pocket of his coat, "and there it is always"—"safe," he would have said, but he suddenly drew out his hand as if it had been bitten by an adder and cried, "Why, my pocketbook has gone too!"—London Tit-Bits.

Duped Once.

The late Lord Hannen, the distinguished English judge, was known as a very stern and strict ruler of his court. No man ever dared to take a liberty with him, and he was never known to be hoaxed but on one occasion. A jurymen, dressed in deep mourning, serious and downcast in expression, stood up and claimed exemption from service on that day, as he was deeply interested in the funeral of a gentleman at which it was his desire to be present. "Oh, certainly!" was the courteous reply of the judge, and the sad man went. "My lord," interposed the clerk as soon as the sad man had gone, "do you know who that man is that you exempted?" "No." "He is an undertaker."—Detroit Free Press.

The Smallest Motor.

Mr. Herbert Page, an assistant in the physical laboratory in the Central high school, has constructed an electric motor which is probably the smallest in the world. It weighs but one-third of an ounce. It is of the drum armature type and is complete in all the parts. The armature is but three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and the motor is only half an inch high. The machine runs at the velocity of 5,000 revolutions a minute. It requires a current of one-fourth of an ampere, with a pressure of three volts. The motor would make an appropriate watch charm.—Kansas City Times.

Not a Minstrel Show.

"What kind of an entertainment was it you attended last night?"

Snagg—I don't just know.

"Well, what did they do?"

Snagg—Oh, sang and danced and played banjos and mandolins and bones and——

"It was a minstrel show?"

Snagg—Not much, it wasn't.

"How do you know?"

Snagg—Because they told several new jokes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Real Reward.

"Well, Johnny, your father gives you a quarter a week, eh?"

"Yes, for not eating candy. He says it's bad for me."

"No doubt. Now, what do you buy with your quarter?"

"Candy."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SIGNALS FROM MOVING TRAINS.

An Automatic Electric System Which Has Been Tested In Germany.

The frequency of railway accidents during last year would appear to have acted as a stimulus to inventors in the field of railway signaling, for an unprecedented number of warning devices have been patented within the last few months. One of these, which is regarded as specially worthy of attention, has been successfully tested on some of the military lines in Germany. The system is automatic and is actuated by electricity. The circuits are so contrived that two trains traveling on the same metals, whether in the same or opposite direction, are warned of each other's position by the ringing of a bell on each locomotive, while at the same time the two drivers (engineers) are brought into telephonic communication. The same thing occurs if one of the trains be stationary, so that if there is any breakdown on the line in front the driver receives notice.

The breaking away of a bar or cars from the rear of a train is also notified, both to the driver and to the station which the train has last passed through, and the distances at which all these warnings are given and received can be varied in such a manner as to provide either long or short "blocks," according to the requirements of the traffic. In fact, the system seems to have provided effectively against all ordinary contingencies, and its employment should greatly reduce the risks of railway travel. The German government experts speak highly of the apparatus in their official report.

Among other experiments a train entering a station was warned of an obstacle on the line; two locomotives approaching each other on the same track were warned; two trains proceeding in the same direction, the second at greater speed than the first, were enabled to give each other automatic notice of their respective speed and position, and a train which was entering a station received warning that points were in a wrong position. In every case notice was given in ample time to prevent danger and to render a collision impossible.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE SMOKING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Herr Knopf of Berlin Ready to Meet All Comers For 500 Cigars a Side.

A smoking match was given recently by the Giftnudel Smoking club in its rooms in Manteuffel street, Berlin. The prize was a solid silver cigar case and 200 cigars. The entrance fee was $1, and the conditions were that the contestants should smoke only the cigars provided at the expense of the club and should remain in plain view of the referee as long as they were competing for the prize, no contestant being allowed to take food, drink or medicine during the match.

The prize was to be given to the contestant who smoked down to one inch butts the largest number of cigars in two hours. There were 17 entries.

Herr Knopf, who smoked without pause from start to finish, was declared winner. He reduced 10 large cigars to ashes in the allotted time, while his closest competitor smoked but 7½. At the end of the first hour 10 smokers retired from the match and left the room. None of them returned. Of the seven others three were pale and perspiring profusely when the referee called "Time."

Knopf felt well and professed his willingness to begin at once another two hour match, but his challenge found no takers. He says that he is ready to smoke against anybody in Berlin for 500 cigars a side, the length of the contest to be fixed by mutual consent between 1½ and 5 hours.—Berlin Tagblatt.

Coal Cutting Machinery.

British miners are just now disturbed by the rumored intention of the Coalmasters' association to introduce coal cutting machinery on a large scale. The men regard the scheme with great suspicion, fearing its effects will be to reduce wages and decrease the number of men employed. They also prefer to use their beloved pick, as their forefathers used it, and work in the way they are accustomed to, even though it be, as reformers say, a constrained and unnatural method. Inventors say that the British coalmasters as well as the colliers are difficult to convert in this matter. Coal cutting machines are being sent to all parts of the world, and the foreign demand exceeds the ability to supply it, but very few are in use in this country, although they reduce the cost of getting coal from 1 to 3 shillings a ton compared with the hand pick. The latest machines combine compressed air and electrical principles, and each cuts one yard per minute in medium hard coal.—Newcastle Letter.

Billingsgate Market.

The glory of Billingsgate is fading away. It seems that owing to the heavy corporation tolls the trade of Billingsgate is passing to Shadwell, where the rents are only half those charged by the corporation and there are no tolls. The tolls of Billingsgate amount to about $25,000 per annum. The rental charged for stalls at Billingsgate used to be about 2 cents a foot; now they are 16 cents, and the tenants complain of being crushed and driven out of the market. It is said the corporation has spent $500,000 on a cellar under the market, which is nothing but a white elephant.—London Standard.

Built a Tomb For Suicide.

A rich foreigner who settled in Marseilles a few years ago had made elaborate preparations for dying by his own hand whenever he decided that the moment had come. He built a vault, which could be hermetically sealed, in a corner of his garden, furnished with a reclining chair, two large candelabra and two pans filled with charcoal, ready to light. He entered the vault frequently, but not until a fortnight ago did he close the door and light the charcoal. He was found dead in the chair.—Marseilles Correspondent.

BERTHELOT AND HUXLEY.

Remarkable Contrast In the Recent Utterances of These Eminent Men.

Two eminent men of science, one French and one English, have told us recently what they think of the tendencies of the times and the prospects of the future. The Frenchman, M. Berthelot, is so visionary in some of his ideas that they seem to be absurd. The Englishman, Professor Huxley, is so conservative that he is accused of extreme pessimism. Berthelot discussed the future triumphs (of chemistry under the subject of "The World In the Year 2000." He declares that chemistry will furnish deliverance from the social evils of the present day. This will be accomplished in part by utilizing the heat of the sun and the central heat of the earth. The latter will be obtained by shafts two miles deep, and modern engineers are equal to this task. Chemical transformation will be easy with such a source of heat at command.

When energy can be cheaply obtained, food can be made from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water and nitrogen taken from air. The work vegetables have so far done science will soon be able to do better, with far greater profusion, and independently of the seasons or microbes or insects. There will be no passion to own land; beasts need not be bred for slaughter; men will be milder and more moral. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet, and there will be no need to disfigure it with the works of the agriculturist or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure, and the flora of the earth will be a vast pleasure garden, and the human race will live in peace and plenty.

Professor Huxley furnishes a sober contrast to this talk by the danger he sees in the present social tendencies. His speech the other evening was in protest against the proposed unification of London. He had the greatest respect for what is called the great heart of the people, but had no great respect for what is called the great head of the people. He imagined that in all things intellectuality required guidance, and that universal suffrage was not the way to get at this guidance. The tendency of all democracies, however great and good they might be, was to believe in the doctrine of human equality. It was a profound mistake, which, some of these days, they would find out and should rue the consequences. He thought the existence of the corporation of London was one of the conditions by which that doctrine might be prevented from acquiring the great domination which it might otherwise have.—New York Sun.

A BLIND STUDENT.

A Remarkable Young Man Who Is Securing an Education at Harvard.

Although completely blind, Everett Chauncy Bumpus of Quincy, Mass., is now a member of the freshman class of Harvard university and intends to take the full four years' course and obtain his degree of A. B. at the close.

He is only 20 years old now and has been totally blind since he was 6 years old. He was deprived of his sight by spinal meningitis. There is hardly a brighter young man in the freshman class than this member who has to depend almost entirely upon remembering what is read to him and by dictating to others to work his way through the course.

Before he entered Harvard all of the blind student's textbooks were specially prepared for him on the Braille system, instead of the older plan of raised letters. It is much more convenient to read, and it can be read much quicker. The typewriter, too, on which he does most of his writing is made expressly with reference to this system.

He has given up now, however, nearly all the appliances made especially for the blind, except his typewriter. He depends almost entirely upon having his exercises read to him. His course is in Latin, French, English, Italian, Greek and German—what may be termed a literary course, as he is studying it with a view to becoming a journalist. Later on in the course he will give his attention to history, philosophy and political economy.—New York Herald.

Baby's Ride on a Locomotive.

A girl baby 2 weeks old was found a few nights ago on locomotive 148, pulling train 11 into this city from Terre Haute, Ind. The baby was snugly packed into a willow basket and was on the forward end of the running board of the locomotive, securely tied, and with it, neatly folded up, were two dresses of fine material, a nicely embroidered flannel skirt, besides a bottle of milk and a bottle of paregoric. A tramp who was found on the engine says the basket was placed on the locomotive in Terre Haute by a fellow whom he took in the dark to be an unfortunate like himself, but who disappeared just before the train started. The tramp avers that he subsequently examined the basket, and ascertaining its contents pulled off his coat and covered it over. The little waif is well and will be cared for.—Effingham (Ills.) Dispatch.

A Boy's $500 Copybook.

The express agent at Ogdensburg lost a book of money orders that had been signed by the officers of the company. All that it required was to fill out the amount, and they would be honored at any bank. For a time consternation reigned. A search was instituted, but it was of no avail. Finally it was learned that a small boy was seen with a book similar to the one lost, and on going to his school desk the order book was found, the boy having used it to work examples on. It was worth $500.—Utica Press.

London's New Underground Road.

London will soon have an extensive addition to the underground railroad system. A line is to run north from Charing Cross to Euston and Hampstead. There will also be another east and west line, to cost $20,000,000.

A WOMAN'S NOSE.

A Tilt Between an Artist and a Baroness Which Promises a Good Breeze.

Everybody remembers the portrait unpleasantness between Mme. Mackay and the painter Meissonier, but a still more possible affair is likely to be brought out in Paris by the suit of a framemaker against a society lady whose full name will soon appear in the trial. So far the Paris papers call her the Baroness de ——.

Well, this lady has a nose, but it must not for a moment be supposed that it is like common people's noses. Not a bit of it. It is a relic of the crusades and a heap sweeter. In a word, it is a Roman nose par excellence. Of course the lady is very proud of this nose, and it is where all the trouble comes from. Madame Mackay, she went to a leading artist to get her portrait painted. The price was fixed at a high figure, and after several sittings had at [illegible] to have the picture [illegible] style and sent to her [illegible].

In due time it arrived. "On seeing it she screamed [illegible] nearly fainted. Her husband, her family, [illegible] It wasn't right. At least she thought it wasn't. "If I had a nose like that," she yelled, "I'd throw myself into the Seine!" Then right away she wrote to the artist the following stinging epistle:

"Did you ever look at my nose? [illegible] for a moment that it [illegible] that you put in this portrait [illegible] Perhaps the [illegible] artist [illegible] to [illegible] positively. Try [illegible] and above all [illegible] Hereafter I am [illegible] nose."

After receiving this effervescent piece of [illegible] the artist at first became angry. [illegible] however, he took a page from his [illegible] and sketched a lot of noses of all shapes and forms, including Grecian noses, Roman noses, Roxelane noses, Bourbon noses, parrot noses, [illegible] noses, warty noses, thin noses, thick noses, long and short noses, flat noses and Bulldog noses with rings in them. Then he wrote to the baroness this note:

"Madame: I took pains to paint your nose just as it is, for I perceive that I mistook your intentions. Hereafter, when you absolutely want a nose [illegible] to your family, will you have the goodness to cast your eyes upon the inclosed collection, which I have the honor to submit? I will then immediately put it on, and the difficulty will be remedied.

"Accept the assurance of my very high consideration, etc."

On reading the above the baroness fainted. On recovering she burned the portrait. The artist has not yet commenced legal proceedings, but the framemaker has, and the nasal trial promises to be breezy.—Paris Exchange.

FEELS NO PAIN.

A Man Who Undergoes Without a Sign Treatment That Would Kill Another.

Three reputable physicians of Mobile recently made some experiments on the person of a man named Lartado, a native of Trinidad. The man seemingly is a wonder. He appears to be utterly oblivious to the sensations of heat and cold, and, in fact, experiences no feeling of pain, even when undergoing treatment that would cause an ordinary man untold agony. He is 24 years old, is 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds and is perfectly sound mentally and physically.

His father was a Spaniard and his mother an English woman. The man ran through his neck down to and grazing the trachea a piece of steel wire one-eighth of an inch in diameter, to which a most powerful galvanic battery was attached and shifted from one extremes to another, without any perceptible pain, but with considerable acceleration of pulse. He passed another large steel wire into his mouth and through his cheek in all directions, and no blood flowed.

Another large wire was passed through and through the large muscles of the calf of the leg and between the biceps muscle, in line with the brachial artery, and through the arm above the wrist between the two bones of the arm, and other like experiments in different parts of the body, all of which with seemingly no pain and no bleeding from any place but a drop from the neck. In fact, each of the openings made by the instrument closed up as bloodless and as easily as if the man was constructed of india rubber. The physicians present declared that it was the most wonderful exhibition of freedom from all pain they had ever witnessed. The man never flinched during any of the experiments, while the instruments were jabbed into him with no more consideration than if he had been a watermelon.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Kaiser's Hunting Trophies.

A collection of 74 pairs of antlers belonging to the German emperor has been placed in the arsenal in Berlin. These trophies were gained by the emperor during a few days this year and last in the woods of Buckeberg and other places. The hunt on the 5th and 6th of last January at Buckeberg was very successful. The strength, endurance and accuracy of aim of the emperor, which enabled him to kill so many stags in a comparatively short time, have been described as admirable by a Berlin correspondent. The antlers, from those of 8 to one of 16 points, are displayed on tablets covered with green cloth and are a pleasant sight to sportsmen.—London News.

English Aristocracy.

It is said that a large number of the English aristocracy, badly hit by the prevailing agricultural depression, have arranged to hire horses and carriages this season instead of keeping their own. Nevertheless the season is expected to be exceptionally brilliant. Several great nobles who for various reasons have for years past kept the doors of their London mansions closed or only half opened, so to speak, have decided to entertain this year upon a large scale. Prominent among these is the Duke of Devonshire, who is spending thousands of pounds upon the redecoration of Devonshire House in Piccadilly.—Exchange.

MOURNED AS DEAD.

A Missing Man Returns While His Wife Is Attending His Funeral.

Quite a sensation, if not a mysterious turn, has taken place in the identification of the body found in the canal at Bridgeport April 9, and the consequent preparation of the body for interment by Mrs. Kate Kurz as that of her husband, Fritz Kurz.

Mrs. Kurz, who lives in Philadelphia, fully identified the body as that of her husband, describing its personal peculiarities and marks before being permitted to see it. She at once ordered an undertaker to take charge of the body. Mrs. Kurz, attired in deep mourning, with three women, came here on Friday. The funeral was about starting from the morgue when a telegram signed "Waldrick" was received by the coroner stating Mr. Kurz is at Mrs. Davis' house alive. Mrs. Davis was one of the two attending Mrs. Kurz in her bereavement. The latter could hardly believe the telegram.

The walnut casket containing the body was halted in its journey to the hearse. Every effort had been made toward giving Mrs. Kurz's husband worthy burial. On the casket were three floral pieces, a pillow with the words, "My Husband," a "Gates Ajar" two feet high, and a wreath bearing the inscription, "At Rest." Rev. J. H. Neiman was in waiting at the Montgomery cemetery chapel to pronounce the funeral eulogy.

After a hurried consultation the undertaker went to Philadelphia. At Mr. Davis' house, with whom the Kurzes board, sat Fritz Kurz. He was just recovering his composure from the excitement and consternation his appearance had caused to a few female neighbors who were awaiting his wife's return from the funeral. He then related to the undertaker his first knowledge of his wife's errand, when, upon entering his home he saw the strange occupants of the house fleeing in terror at his appearance. Surprised at their strange conduct, he inquired, "Where is Kate?" and the startling reply came, "At Norristown attending your funeral." Kurz informed the undertaker that he was in New York working at his trade, but owing to a disagreement with the boss came home.

The undertaker hurried home and informed the small band of mourners of the situation.—Norristown Special in Philadelphia Press.

INVENTORS BARRED OUT.

Only Flying Machines That Have Been Perfected Will Be Patented.

We hear a great deal from time to time in regard to new inventions which are coming out for the purpose of enabling a man to fly, either from efforts of his own or through the intervention of steam engines or other motors. It is interesting to note the attitude which the United States patent office has taken in regard to such inventions. They practically destroy all claims for flying machines beforehand, and the following is an abstract from what is practically a circular letter sent out to all attorneys who have made application for flying machine patents. It reads as follows:

"On taking up this case for examination it is found that the invention disclosed thereby is, as a whole, incapable of practical operation, since without the assistance of gas, field or equivalent the device will be incapable of ascension. In other words, it is not useful within the meaning of the law.

"No evidence will be considered sufficient to demonstrate the operativeness of the device and warrant the withdrawal of the objection made by the office except a working model—that is, one with which it is possible to actually ascend and direct the course of flight at will."

Thus it is practically useless for any inventor to make an application for a patent until he has actually succeeded in flying. It is barely possible that such a stand as this in regard to certain inventions would not be amiss, as there are more impracticable ideas patented than the world at large have any idea of. While it may be considered as a hardship by flying machine inventors that they are debarred from the protection of the patent office, yet until they have actually produced something which will accomplish the results claimed they certainly have no right to overlap the claim of protection on the patent office.—Aeronautics.

One of the Entombed Miners Elected.

Tom Picton was buried hundreds of feet in the ground in the Gaylord mine, and he was on the ticket for school director. Knowing almost to a certainty that there was no chance of his being found alive, no one ventured to suggest that another name be substituted on the ticket. Every vote was recorded in his favor, and with a pathetic touch of human nature one of his neighbors said after the result was announced, "If he gets out alive, the office is his, and if the poor fellow is dead we have respected his memory."—Wilkesbarre Daily News-Dealer.

To Stop the Pilgrimage.

The French authorities have begun to exert strong pressure to stop the annual pilgrimages by Moslem inhabitants of north Africa to the prophet's tomb in Mecca. It recently came out that it is the custom on board cholera infected pilgrim steamers returning from Mecca to burn the bodies of the victims of the disease in the furnaces because it is forbidden to throw them into the sea.—Paris Letter.

Consumption Heroics.

The surgical treatment of consumption has, it is stated by a medical authority, long been a dream of European surgeons. It is now announced that as a beginning of a series of experiments the diseased apex of the lung of a patient suffering from tuberculosis has been successfully removed.—New York Times.

HEAVY LIFE INSURANCE.

A Number of Wealthy Pennsylvania Men Who Carry Enormous Policies.

John Wanamaker's life is insured for $1,700,000, by far the largest amount of insurance carried by any American, and, with one or two exceptions, probably the largest amount carried by anybody in the world. The premiums on this enormous sum amount to $50,000 annually, which of itself would be pretty good line of insurance for the ordinary mortal. A great deal of Mr. Wanamaker's insurance is increasing from year to year by the accumulation of dividends, and it is altogether probable that when he dies the companies will pay to his heirs something over $2,000,000.

Mr. Wanamaker is insured in every reputable American company for an amount representing the "limit"—that is, the maximum amount which each company will write on a single life. In addition he is insured in many foreign companies. On the whole, therefore, it is not surprising that on the occasion of the shrewd Philadelphian's birthday anniversaries the companies which must one day pay the insurance should write wishing him "many happy returns of the day."

Mr. Wanamaker's example in taking all the insurance that money can buy appears to have been infectious in Philadelphia, which, like New York city, is the home of several life companies. Hamilton Disston carries $600,000; F. W. Ayer, $250,000; George C. Boldt, $252,000; William P. Clyde, the steamship man, $200,000; Thomas T. Eckland, $250,000; G. G. Green, $255,000; George Harding, $200,000; the Hoeveniers brothers, $250,000; Daniel K. Miller and D. K. Mills, $270,000 each; John B. Stetson, $750,000; J. F. Sinnott, $260,000, and so on through a long list.

Large lines of insurance are also to be found in western Pennsylvania. The companies would have had to pay $310,000 to H. C. Frick's heirs if the assassin who attacked him had succeeded in his work. Louis Morris, who died at Mayville, Pa., a fortnight ago, one of the great oil operators, was insured for $200,000. The redoubtable Chris Magee carries $375,000, and John M. Patterson is insured for $100,000. The aggregate amount of insurance on the lives of E. M. Hukill, W. J. Friday, J. M. Guffey, H. W. Hartman, Thomas M. Armstrong, J. E. Schwartze and W. D. Wood, all of Pittsburg, reaches $1,150,000.—New York Times.

An Important Point.

In a New England courtroom one afternoon in late spring there was a scene of great excitement. A witness had testified that he saw the defendant "splittin up rails" a few hours before the occurrence of the accident for which the defendant was supposed to be responsible.

"What did he say he was going to do with the rails?" asked the counsel, fixing the wandering eye of the witness with his stern gaze.

Before the witness could answer the defendant's counsel was on his feet, insisting that the question was not allowable. A prolonged wrangle ensued. Various high authorities for and against the admission of the question were consulted and quoted.

Meanwhile the witness shifted from one leg to the other and gave vent to several prodigious yawns. Once he was heard to mutter that "twas fearful hot," but aside from that he made no remarks. As the controversy raged higher and higher something resembling a smile passed across his face once or twice, but quickly vanished.

At last the court ruled that the question must be allowed, and while the defendant's counsel, exhausted with rage, leaned back in his chair and mopped his forehead the query was put once more:

"What did the defendant say he was going to do with those rails?"

"Nawthin," drawled the witness. "I was drivin my niece-in-law to ketch the train when I see him. An naow, if it ain't onconstitootion'l, I'd like to set daown, for my legs is abaout gin aout."

Amid uproarious merriment his request was granted.—Youth's Companion.

Dislikes of Authors.

It is a curious thing how those who write famous books or create well known roles do plume develop an aversion to them as time goes on. Edward Bellamy, for example, absolutely shudders when one talks of "Looking Backward" in his presence. There is no surer way to offend Bret Harte than to refer to him as the author of "The Heathen Chinee." Will Carleton cannot imagine why people should associate "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" so prominently with his name.

Mrs. Burnett dislikes too much mention of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in her presence, but courts any praise of her story of "Vagabondia," with which so few, in comparison with those who know her famous juvenile story, have any knowledge. Charles Heber Clarke has a strong aversion to any association of his once famous nom de plume of "Max Adler" with his name.

Charles G. Leland's ire is aroused when one speaks of "Hans Breitmann" as his best piece of work. E. P. Roe never could understand why people bought "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" in preference to his later and what he deemed his better books. Eugene Field feels that he has written 50 poems that are superior to "Little Boy Blue." John Hay's feelings are hurt when one introduces him at a dinner, as did a chairman at a literary supper recently, as the author of "Little Breeches."—London Tit-Bits.

Gastronomic Geometry.

In the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the students of architecture have to solve some very abstruse problems in descriptive and analytical geometry in connection with architectural forms, and the shades and shadows cast by a certain ring at the bottom of a column called the torus, and the angles and intersections made by suppositious sections of this ring are exceedingly perplexing to new students.

One day a student came to another student, a young lady who had a reputation for knowing about these things, and confessed his inability to understand the first principle of a certain problem.

"Oh, it is easy enough," said the young lady. "All you have to do is to consider the torus a doughnut, which you bite so and so, and you will see what the sections are."

The young man went away reflectively, and next day came back, looking very pale and miserable.

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed the young lady student.

"Oh, Miss H.," the young man gasped, "I've eaten a whole dozen of doughnuts, and I've bitten them in oblique and transverse sections, and up and down and crossways and every way, and I've made myself sick at the stomach, and I can't understand that problem any better than I did before!"—Youth's Companion.