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A FAT MAN'S DEED.

Story of a Tragic Scene on a Brooklyn Trolley Car Which Might Be True.

A very stout old Brooklyn gentleman squeezed himself past two women on a Putnam avenue car and wedged in between one of them and a man at the other end of the seat. The fit was such a tight one that the women held their breaths and assumed a pancake appearance. At the corner where the car turns into Putnam avenue the fat man turned like a big turret and put up a chubby finger. The car stopped.

"Putnam avenue; Grand avenue and Fulton street!" shouted the conductor. The fat man settled back and resumed reading a newspaper, which he had dropped in his lap.

"Want to get out here?" asked the conductor, with his hand on the bell-rope.

The fat man shook his head. There was an angry twang of the cord, and the trolley began to whiz.

At Nostrand avenue the chubby finger went up again. The car stopped. Nobody moved. Then the man whorings up the fares got angry.

"See here," he exclaimed after he had climbed along the step on the side of the car until he was opposite the fat man, "what do you mean by telling me to stop for when you don't want to get off?"

"Why," responded the mountain of flesh as coolly as such a mass of adipose could be cool, "the car jolts so that I couldn't read this paragraph, which is slightly blurred. I merely wanted to have the car stand still until I had finished it. That's all. Now, if you can go along slowly without jolting, I will be able to get along very nicely, but if I come across another bad line or two I'll put my hand back of my head, and you stop. It's too much trouble for me to turn around."

The conductor's eyes twinkled in the orbits. He placed his hand to his head and uttered shriek after shriek. Reason was shattered. He had become cross-eyed and insane.—New York Mail and Express.

ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSES.

Beacon Lights to Guide Mariners Coeval With the Earliest Commerce.

Beacon lights to guide the wave-tossed mariner to a safe harbor must have been almost coeval with the earliest commerce. There is positive record that lighthouses were built in ancient times, though few evidences now remain to us from old writers or in crumbled ruins. This is not strange, for light towers, never the most stable architectural form, were exposed to the storms of sea and war.

The Greeks attributed the first lighthouses to Hercules, and he was considered the protector of voyagers. It is claimed by some that Homer refers to lighthouses in the nineteenth book of the "Iliad."

Virgil mentions a light on a temple to Apollo which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. The Colossus at Rhodes, erected about 300 B. C., is said to have shown a signal light from its uplifted hand.

The oldest towers known were built by the Libyans in lower Egypt. They were temples also, and the lightkeeper priests taught pilotage, hydrography and navigation. The famous tower on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, built about 285 B. C., is the first lighthouse of undoubted record. This tower, constructed by Sostratus, the architect, was square in plan, of great height and built in offsets. An open brazier at the top of the tower contained the fuel for the light. At Dover and Boulogne, on either side of the English channel, were ancient lighthouses built by the Romans. But the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1634, is believed to be the oldest existing lighthouse.—E. P. Adams in Cassier's Magazine.

The Drug Store Telephone.

"Accommodation bureaus are all right when they are conducted as such," said a west side druggist, "but the sign over my door was intended to inform the public that drugs were dispensed within and not information doled out or telephone messages delivered blocks away. I make no kick when stamps are asked for and the city directory consulted by people, but when they ring up the telephone and call me from my work to answer it and then want a message delivered to a friend living a long distance from the store only a certificate of membership in the Anti-swearing club which I have pasted on the transmitter keeps me from uttering fancy language. This morning I was at the breakfast table and was called to the phone. I found it was a lady who patronized me about once a month. She didn't talk plainly and kept me guessing for 15 minutes what she was driving at. I discovered that she wanted me to tell her next door neighbor that she wouldn't be home to dinner and ask her to open a window of the house and for mercy sake feed the poor little cat." Buffalo Enquirer.

Angelo's Verdict.

Once a painter notorious for plagiarisms executed a historical picture in which every figure of importance was copied from some other artist, so that very little remained to himself. It was shown to Michael Angelo by a friend, who begged his opinion of it. "Excellent done," said Angelo, "only, at the day of judgment, when all bodies will resume their own limbs again, I do not know what will become of that historical painting, for there will be nothing left of it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Origin of Dyspepsia.

Doctor—It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am.
Wife—And what does that come from?
Doctor—It comes from the Greek, ma'am.
Wife—Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right as long as he stuck to beer.—Wilkesbarre Newsdealer.

ODDITIES OF SCOTCHMEN.

Some Delightful Peculiarities Pointed Out by an Excellent Authority.

Some delightful oddities of Scotch character are given in Wilmot Harrison's new book, says The Scottish American.

Professor Adam Ferguson, the author of "Roman History," at whose house Burns and Scott met for the first and only time, eschewed wine and animal food, "but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him. In addition, his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters in commotion because his eye had fallen on the instrument and he was a degree too hot or too cold." Yet at the age of 72 he started for Italy with but a single companion to prepare for a new edition of his "Roman History," nor did he die till he had attained the age of 92.

Another "character" is Dr. Alexander Adam, rector of the high school and author of a work on Roman antiquities and a man of extraordinary industry. When at college, he lived on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, in a lodging which cost him fourpence a week. In later life he devoted himself absolutely to the work of teaching. In addition to his classes in the high school he appears to have had for his private pupils some of the most eminent Scotchmen of his day.

Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, a member of a Scottish family distinguished during several generations in connection both with church and state, appears to have given wonderful Sunday suppers. "This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his small house in the east end of Queen street to his church, with his hands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible, practical sermon, walked home in the same style, took tea about 5, spent some hours in his study, at 9 had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine and his powerful talk."

NOT A TRUE MURPHY.

He Had the Name and the Physique, but Lacked the Brouge.

A Boston scion of the great Celtic family of Murphy, while traveling in Ireland recently, came across a little village where the man who did not bear his patronymic was regarded as a curiosity. While wandering about this interesting hamlet he chanced to come upon a little tavern, and being athirst entered the taproom for beer. Bo there he knew that the traveler was considerably above the average in stature, and this was noticed by two old habitués sitting by the fire. One of these presently remarked to his companion, "Mike, that gentleman is taller than Jerry Murphy, Oi think." "Ah, now," replied the other through the 2 inch stem of a T. D., "he's not"—with a rising inflection on the end of the sentence. "Yis, he is," retorted the first, with conviction. "Can't Oi see Jerry's mark there on the dure?"

The traveler's attention was then called to a doorstep whereon was marked the stature of four men, all over 6 feet 4 inches in height. The tallest was Jerry Murphy, and his mark was 6 feet 5 1/2 inches. Accepting this challenge, the traveler stepped up to the doorstep and had his height marked, and lo! it was a full half inch above that of Jerry.

When he had written his name over his mark, for he noticed that the others were so designated, and that they were all Murphys, some one present called out, "He's a Murphy too!" But one of the old fellows by the fire would not have it so and replied: "Indade he's not. He hasn't got the brouge!"—Boston Transcript.

Enameling Cast Iron.

It is noted as a somewhat singular fact that there are not more than two processes for enameling cast iron, notwithstanding the amount of ingenious effort put forth in this direction. One of these is the hot process, in which the iron, heated to a vivid red, is powdered with a flux powder, borosilicate of lead distributed with a sieve, then heated, and when the flux fuses it is powdered afresh with glass more soluble, forming the glaze of the enamel, but this operation is attended with danger and is not adapted to large articles or for decoration. The second process, which meets the objections named, consists in dressing or coating the article first with magnetic oxide, then dipping it in borosilicates of lead, colored by metallic oxides, to which is added a little pipe clay, in order to give rather more body. The article thus covered cold, by dipping or with brushes, is put into the furnace, the enamel adhering and vitrifying at the usual furnace temperature used by enamellers, and by putting a coating of colored enamel with a brush on a first coat simply plain it is possible to make any decorations desired, which may be burnt in at one operation for outdoor vases, etc.—New York Sun.

Meat Water.

Every good cook is careful to dispose at once of the water in which meat has been washed. Only a very few hours are necessary to change it into a foul smelling liquid if the temperature is suitable. This change is due to a little plant called Bacterium termo. A drop of this putrid material under the microscope reveals many thousands of them, acting under a peculiar vibratile motion.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind for the moment, realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

The manuscripts of Fenelon show no changes. It is said there are not 10 erasures in a hundred pages.



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