

Overland

And that's not all—either

Columbus Automobile Co.

The Real Automobile House

EXPLODING A THEORY.

The Practical Method Adopted by a French Scientist.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the French Academy of Sciences offered to give a prize to the first person who would solve the following problem: If you take a vase full of water and put a stone or any similar body in it the water will flow over. If, however, you put into it a fish, the volume of which is equal to that of the stone, it will not flow over. Explain this phenomenon.

Learned essays on the subject poured in from all quarters, but the problem was not satisfactorily solved in any of them, and consequently the prize was not awarded.

In the following year the same question was again propounded, and for five years answers continued to pour in to the academy. Then it suddenly occurred to one of the academicians that, after all, the problem might be incapable of solution, and he determined to make a test for himself.

Filling a vase with water, he put a stone into it and saw that the water flowed over. Then he took out the stone, filled the vase again with water and put into it a fish, the volume of which was the same as that of the stone, and saw, to his surprise, that the water again flowed over.

He told the academy of his discovery, and the result was that the offer of a prize was at once withdrawn.

LONDON CABBIERS.

And the Lost and Found Department and Scotland Yard.

"That lost and found property department at Scotland Yard is one of the best things they have in London," said a woman who has spent much time in England. "Last summer I had experience with it.

"I fell into a sort of habit of losing things. First it was a valuable umbrella. I did not miss it until I got to my hotel after an early supper. The next morning I made my husband take me to the theater and the two restaurants where we had been the night before, but without result.

"Then an American friend suggested Scotland Yard. I went there, and there it was. It had been turned in by a cab driver.

"Twice afterward I lost that umbrella and got it back in the same fashion, each time leaving as a reward for the cab driver a per cent of the value of the umbrella, as required. Then one night I lost a fine pair of opera glasses, and I got them back.

"It is an excellent system the police over there have of encouraging honesty. A cab driver who finds anything in his vehicle is required to turn it in, and he knows that if the owner claims it he will be rewarded."—Exchange.

An Old Welsh Custom.

The kindling of bonfires on hills is the simplest of celebrations at any time. The Druids made four great fires at their festivals in February, May, August and November. Wales seems to have been a country especially tenacious of this custom. Each family used to make its own fire, and as it was dying out each member would throw a white stone into it, the stones being marked for future identification. Then all said their prayers and went to bed, and in the morning they tried to find all the stones again. If any stone was missing it betokened that the owner of it would die within a year. Some superstitions are pretty and picturesque and attractive. This was one of the many which were cruel as well as picturesque. It would take but a slight accident to cause a fright that might be actually dangerous to a superstitious person, and it would not be hard for an enemy of such a person to cause that fright by stealing his stone from the fire.

A Roman Dinner.

A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes we may instance the guinea hen, pheasant, nightingale and the thrush as birds most in repute. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for 50 denarii, the denarius being equal to about eightpence halfpenny of English money.—Chambers' Journal.

Saved by His Wits.

The Duke of Wellington once met by accident an officer in a state of inebriety.

"Look here, sir," said the Iron Duke, "What would you do if you met one of your men in the condition in which I find you?"

The officer drew himself up, gave the military salute and replied with great gravity, "I would not condescend to speak to the brute." His wit saved him his commission.

Appreciation.

"Father," said little Rollo, "was George Washington a greater man than Santa Claus?"

"I won't say, my son, that he was greater, but he has proved much less expensive."—Washington Star.

Marriage.

Muriel (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know. Malcolm (flatteringly)—It strikes me as more like a raffle. One man gets the prize and the others get the shake.—Smart Set.

A STORY OF BLUCHER.

The Old General Gave His Son a Lesson in Gaming.

Speaking of military men who were gamblers, Ralph Nevill in "Light Come, Light Go," after noting that Napoleon only played in an amateur way and never seriously and that the Duke of Wellington, while a member of Crockett's famous gambling club, was not particularly fond of play, goes on to relate the following about Blucher:

Another great soldier, on the other hand, repeatedly lost large sums at play. This was Blucher, who was inordinately fond of gambling. Much to his disgust, this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming table and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience and the consequent certainty of loss by coming in contact with older and more practiced gamblers.

One morning, however, young Blucher presented himself before his father and exclaimed, with an air of joy, "Sir, you said I knew nothing of play, but here is proof that you have undervalued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of rubles which he had won the preceding night.

"And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down here and I'll convince you."

The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blucher won all his son's money, whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table, observing, "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

SUSPICION JUSTIFIED.

It Was Not a Mouse the Master Heard in the Kitchen.

The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, sitting one night later than usual engrossed in the profundities of a great tome, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the cautiousness of a mouse; so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the passage, the servant began with much noise to rake out the fire as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're up late tonight, Mary," "I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed."

"That's right, Mary. I like timeous hours."

On his way back to the study he passed the coal cellar door and, turning the key, took it with him. The next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to get some coal.

"Ye're up too soon, Mary. Go back to your bed."

Half an hour later there was another knock and a similar request, in order to prepare for breakfast. "I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary. Go back to your bed."

In another half hour there was another knock, with an entreaty for the key, as it was washing day.

This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying, "Go and let the man out." As the preacher shrewdly suspected, Mary's sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal cellar.—London Family Herald.

Vanity Ticked.

During the early excesses of the French revolution a rabble of men and women were rioting in the streets of Paris. Lafayette appeared and ordered a young artillery officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged the general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw.

"It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general.

"Certainly," answered the officer, "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal."

The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said:

"Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble."

The street was cleared at once, for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city.

An Acute Sense of Taste.

William and Lawrence were in the habit of saving a part of their dessert from the evening dinner for consumption the next morning, and in accordance with this custom two small cakes had been placed in the cracker jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother.

"Say," he demanded, "I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake?"

"I did," sleepily answered Lawrence. "What'd you do that for?"

"Well, when I tasted it I found it was your cake, and so I ate the other one."—Youth's Companion.

Finland Respect For the Law.

In Finland there is a deep and prevailing respect for law.

"Can I have a shot at an elk?" asked a stranger of a peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game.

"No, sir. It's against the law."

"What is the penalty?"

"Two hundred Finnish marks."

"All right. Will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?"

"No, I won't. It's against the law, and I'm not going to break it!"—Russian Characteristics.

Distant Neptune.

The period of man's whole history is not sufficient for an express train to traverse half the distance to Neptune from the earth. Thought wearies and fails in seeking to grasp such distances. It can scarcely comprehend 1,000,000 miles, and here are thousands of them. When we stand on that outermost of the planets, the very last sentinel of the outposts of the King, the very sun grows dim and small in the distance.

LOCATING TRUFFLES.

The Hunter Works With a Trained Pig and a Pointed Staff.

The truffles looked exactly like white potatoes that had been very thoroughly dusted with powdered cinnamon. They were the size of white potatoes, and they had the white potato's irregular shape.

"On the way to the Riviera," said the host, "I stopped at Marseilles in order to see a truffle, or truffle gatherer, at work. Truffles come only from France. They cost, even over there, about \$5 a pound. The taste? Well, mushroomy, but much richer.

"Our Marseilles truffle carrier carried a pointed staff. His indispensable collaborator was a trained pig on a leash. The pig was like any other, only his snout was longer and better developed.

"We spectators had hardly walked 100 yards over the fields when the pig stopped and began to root near the foot of an oak. The truffle helped him to dig with the pointed staff. Some truffles appeared a foot underground, and the truffle pushed the pig aside, threw it an acorn and put the truffles in his bag.

"He found, or, rather, his pig found, a dozen truffles in the hour we watched him. At every find the pig was rewarded with an acorn. These pigs cost \$20 apiece. The man made about \$4 that morning."—Exchange.

HIS OWN COIN.

Knox Gave Root What Root Had Passed Out to Dewey.

Senator Dewey told a little story on himself and Senator Root in a speech at a dinner in Washington to Mr. Root by the New York Republican congressional delegation.

"When Root was secretary of state," said Senator Dewey, "I went over to see him and asked him if he couldn't do something for me in the line of consular appointments. He said: 'Senator, I'm sorry. I would like to do something for New York, but—' and Mr. Root picked up a paper from his desk—'I see that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'

"Well," continued Senator Dewey, "I kept going to see Senator Root for a year. Every time I went to see him he would remind me that New York's quota was exceeded by 14 per cent. Finally I said, 'Mr. Secretary, I think you're a great statesman, but your mathematics are inclined to be automatic.'

"After awhile Mr. Knox became secretary of state," Senator Dewey said when the laughter had subsided. "Senator Root went up to see him about consular appointments. 'I'm sorry,' said Mr. Knox, 'but—and he turned to a document file—I find that New York's quota is now exceeded by 14 per cent.'"—New York Sun.

Major Pond and Bill Nye.

More than one successful lecture star had to thank Major Pond for his start. He had been discrimination and not infrequently sought out and dragged upon the lecture platform an obscure genius who never thought to see himself before the footlights. Such a genius was Bill Nye. When the major found him he was acting as postmaster and editing the Laramie Boomerang over a lively stage.

"Walk down the alley, twist the gray male's tail, take the elevator immediately!" Pond persuaded him to try lecturing, and as there proved to be both money and useful publicity in it Nye was grateful and used for years to remember the major with characteristic notes, one of which had the following exhaustive signature:

Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty and everything usually kept in a first class drug store.

F. S.—Open all night.

Old Times at the Capital.

In recalling the lively and picturesque incidents which the old timers enjoyed in Washington one is moved almost to tears over the commonplace nature of his own times. John Adams used to bathe in the Potomac every morning at daylight because he had no bathtub in the White House, and no one ever pulled a kodak on him. President Taylor used to walk about the town and stop and chat with every one he met like a policeman. A reception in the White House in these days is relieved of monotony only by the great crush of guests, who trample the clothes off one another's backs. Another president set up in the east room a 600 pound cheese and invited the multitude to come in and help itself, which the multitude proceeded to do.

Fat and Thin.

The two women encountered each other at a dance. They had not met for several years.

"How thin you have grown!" exclaimed one.

"How fat you've got to be!" the other cried, and they stood gazing at each other in some dismay.

"Before you come to blows," remarked a mutual friend who stood by, "let's take a vote as to which is worse, to get too fat or to get too thin."—New York Press.

Steghammer Education.

The teacher of one of the grades in a primary school was astonished to receive the following communication from the parent of a pupil:

Dear Miss—Thinking it might become necessary, I hereby give you permission to beat my son anytime it is necessary to learn him his lesson. My Tom is just like his father; you have to learn him with a club. Just you pound noddle into him the way I want. Don't pay no attention to what his father says. I will handle him.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Matter Explained.

"Why do they say 'as smart as a steel trap'?" asked the talkative boarder.

"I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap."

"A steel trap is called smart," explained the elderly person in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."

More might have been said, but in the circumstances it would have seemed unfeeling.—London Tit-Bits.

The Similarity.

"My husband is like a rooster in one respect."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; when he gets up early he crows over it."—Judge.

The Right to Work.

Drum of the Village Orchestra—I don't care what you do say, the tune ain't finished. I've only hit 'un three 'under an' fifteen times instead of fover 'under, as is my share.—London Punch.

BRANDED BY TARTARS.

A Greek Robber Who Was Tattooed From Head to Foot.

A remarkable case of tattooing came to light in Professor Hebra's lecture room in a hospital in Vienna a number of years ago. The man was the subject of a lecture, and one of the spectators at first mistook him for a bronze statue. He was tattooed from head to foot, and not a quarter of an square inch of his entire person was intact.

The skin presented an appearance resembling the tracery of an exceedingly rich cashmere shawl. The coloring was done with indigo principally, with enough red inserted here and there to give it effect. His name was George Constantine, a Greek by birth, who with a band of robbers entered Chinese Tartary to commit depredations. The gang was captured, and this man, with others, was ordered by the ruler to be branded in this manner.

On the palms of his hands letters were tattooed which explained that he was "the greatest rascal and thief in the world." It took three months to tattoo him, the indigo being pricked into the skin. The designs represented elephants, lions, tigers and birds, with letters written in between. A couple of dragons ornamented his forehead. He said his body swelled up very much at the time and ever since had been sensitive to changes in the weather.—Westminster Gazette.

A DELICATE HINT.

The Present Girard Sent to One of His Ship Captains.

One of the sea captains in the employ of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard college, had a rural Yankee's fondness for whittling with his jack-knife and on one trip succeeded in getting away with a large part of the rail, although feeling that he was not without the artistic sense, he really regarded the rail as greatly improved in appearance. When the vessel came to Philadelphia, Girard went aboard, made a general inspection in the captain's absence and as he was about to return to shore asked one of the seamen who had been cutting the rail.

The seaman told him the captain and then, afraid his telling might have unpleasant consequences were the captain to learn of it in a roundabout way, informed that official of the interview with Girard. The captain was in terror of a reprimand, but hearing nothing from his employer, supposed the incident closed. As he was about weighing anchor ready to leave port a dray loaded with shingles drove down to the wharf, and the driver halted the vessel.

"There must be some mistake!" shouted the captain. "Our bill of lading doesn't mention shingles."

"This is where they belong," sung back the driver. "Mr. Girard himself told me to deliver them. He said they are for the captain to whittle."

Self Examination.

Every man's life is an imperfect sort of circle which he repeats and runs over every day. He hath a set of thoughts, desires and inclinations which return upon him in their proper time and order and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for anything new and uncommon, so that call upon him when you please to set about the study of his own heart and you are sure to find him pre-engaged. Either he has some business to do or some company that he must entertain or some even accident hath put him out of humor and unfitted him for such a grave employment. And thus it cometh to pass that a man can never find leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some portion of the day for that very purpose, but foolishly deferreth from one day to another until his glass is almost run out and he is called upon to give a miserable account of himself in the other world.—Dean Swift.

A Pheasant's Blind Flight.

Speaking of the habits of pheasants, Bailey's Magazine says:

"A very curious incident was recorded in October, 1896. A hen pheasant was flushed in a field of turnips, and as she got up flew into a piece of rotten, wet leaf, which clung around her head, completely enveloping it and blinding her. She kept ahead to wind so that the wet leaf still remained plastered over her eyes, and in this plight fluttered higher till she became exhausted and gradually sank to earth again.

"The frequency with which pheasants fly through windows, sometimes with fatal results, is thought to be due to the bird in its haste being deceived by the reflection in the glass of the landscape behind it."

Forgot Doctor's Fee.

A former St. Mary's student, writing from Sao Paulo, in Brazil, in the St. Mary's Hospital Gazette, says: "A few days back I was giving chloroform to a patient when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and I saw a voice said, 'The patient is very still.' I said, 'He is quiet all right,' and the voice replied: 'I am his brother; if he dies you die. I have a pistol, and there are eight of us.' Here, if any one is ill, all the family collect, and they sit in the same room as the patient and watch what is done." The doctor adds, "Unfortunately, though there were eight of them, they forgot my fee."

The Difference.

Mrs. Dash—The idea of Mrs. Rash having society aspirations! Why, her father was a peddler! Mr. Dash—Yes, she's entirely too forward. She ought to hang back until people have forgotten it. Now, in your case, my dear, it was your grandfather who was a peddler.

What He Had Done.

"I'd be ashamed to beg if I was a big, healthy looking man like you," said the sarcastic woman. "You ought to look for a job of some kind. Have you done anything at all during the past year?"

"Yes, ma'am, I hev," answered the hanky looker meekly. "I just finished doin' thirty days, ma'am."—Chicago News.

The Test of Salesmanship.

Anybody can sell goods everybody wants, but it takes a real salesman to dispose of something that everybody ought to want.—Detroit Free Press.

Most of us are extremely wise when it comes to knowing what other people ought to do.

A WONDERFUL SNAKE.

It Defied the Attacks of the Serpent Killing Iguana.

Snakes on the pampas of South America have many enemies. Burrowing owls feed on them, and so do herons and storks, which kill them with a blow of their javelin beaks. The tyrant bird picks up the young snake by the tail and, flying to a branch of stone, uses the reptile as a ball until its life is battered out. The large lizard of the pampas, the iguana, is a famous snake killer. It smites the snake to death with its powerful tail. Mr. Hudson in his "Naturalist in La Plata" tells this story:

One day a friend of mine was riding out looking after his cattle. One end of his lasso was attached to his saddle, and the remainder of the forty foot line was allowed to trail on the ground. The rider noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep, and although he rode within a few inches, it did not stir. But no sooner had the rider passed than the trailing lasso attracted the lizard's attention. It dashed after the slowly moving rope and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail. When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had passed by, the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it with astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before.

THE HEDGEHOG.

Tactics It Employs in Making a Meal of an Adder.

The hedgehog is the possessor of tastes which, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar," says the Scotsman. Scorning fastidiousness, it can make a hearty meal of nearly any insect and is one of the vertebrates which can tackle the cockroach. For effectual extermination of beetles and crickets it is as useful as a mongoose among the rats, but it is not generally known that it has a partiality toward snakes and adders.

The methods it employs for the attack are interesting. Having come upon the adder, it girds that reptile to the offensive and at the first dart immediately rolls into a ball. The adder is then left to attack the spines, in which encounter it naturally comes off second best. After awhile, when the hedgehog feels that his antagonist has exhausted his power, it once more opens out and makes a bite at the adder's back, thereby breaking its spine. It then proceeds to crunch the whole of the reptile's body by means of its powerful jaws, and after that it is said to start at the tail and devour its prey.

Subtle Flattery.

Walters Nos. 1 and 2 peeped out at the baldheaded man, then ducked behind the screen.

"None of him for me," said Walter No. 1. "He doesn't tip."

"Same here," said Walter No. 2. "I'll fix him," said Walter No. 3.

He took an order for soup. Before serving it he showed the two nutcrackers a hair floating on the surface of the soup. They marvelled then, and they marvelled still more when at the end of the baldheaded man's dinner the waiter returned with a dollar bill.

"Ninety-nine baldheaded men in a hundred can be worked that way," he said. "If the customer doesn't see the hair himself I call his attention to it and make him think it fell out of his own head. The fact that he had a hair to lose so appeals to his vanity that he loves me for finding it and gives me a tip big enough to cover the cost of a dozen plates of soup."—Chicago Tribune.

Mar Way of Putting It.

A gentleman stepping on board of an ocean bound steamer just before she started inquired of the captain where the old steward was. "Oh," replied the captain, "he was discharged some time ago." "Why did he leave?" he seemed a first rate fellow." "Well, to tell the truth, he got too big for his breeches and we had to get rid of him." This was overheard by a bright little girl, the daughter of one of the passengers on the steamer. Soon after another passenger arrived, and, after looking around, said, "I don't see the old steward. What has become of him?" "I think he was discharged," said some one. "What for?" "I know," said the little girl, "but I do not like to tell." "Oh, but you may tell me, surely," said the passenger kindly. The modest little maiden hung her head and slowly answered, "Cause his trousers were too short."

Mild Result.

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling pins and stinging insectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand undergoing a grueling cross examination. The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out: "I sneezed!"—Everybody's.

How He Remembered.

A confident young Roseville man went to a party. If you are diffident yourself and know how hard it is to remember names when you meet a crowd of strange and lovely ladies you will be able to understand why it was that the young man's dance card read as follows:

1. Twostep—Heien.
2. Waltz—Harry's friend.
3. Twostep—Tall girl.
4. Waltz—Violet.
5. Twostep—Sweet eyes.
6. Waltz—Pluffy hair.
7. Twostep—Little blue.
8. Waltz—Beauty spot.
9. Twostep—Pink ribbon.
10. Waltz—Heien.

Courting a Belle.

"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire.

"Probably not."

"I'm sixty. How would it do to confess to fifty?"

"I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed seventy-five."—Kansas City Journal.

The Pleasant Route to Ruin.

"Prosperity has ruined many a man." "No doubt, but if I were given any choice in the matter I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."—Chicago Post.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

A Great Asset in Business as Well as in Society.

There have been great advocates of the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would sway the jury and the judge as to danger and sometimes actually divert justice, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner, are welcome where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attractive personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not.

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendid assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another, with perhaps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and characteristics which perhaps they have never thought much about—a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.

ABSDUR COSTUMES.

Outcome of a Curious Wager Made in England in 1805.

A wager was made in 1805 in the castle yard, York, England, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men were to appear. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with banknotes of various values, his coat and vest being entirely covered with them. Besides these he had a row of five guinea pieces down his back, a netted purse of gold around his head and a placard on his back bearing the legend, "John Bull."

Whitehead came on the scene dressed like a woman on one side, one half of his face painted and a silk stocking and slipper on one foot and leg. The other half of his face was blackened so as to resemble a negro. On the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy long tailed linen coat, his leg on that side being laced in half a pair of leather breeches and a boot with a spur. He wore a wig of sky blue braided down his back and tied with yellow, red and orange colored ribbons.

One would naturally fancy that he presented the most singular and ludicrous appearance, but the umpires must have thought differently, as they awarded the stakes, some £20, to Hodgson.—London Tatler.

Testing an Explosive.

One of the most dangerous of explosives is iodide of nitrogen, a black powder which the slightest touch will often cause to explode when dry with great violence. In experiments to determine the cause of its extreme explosiveness some damp iodide of nitrogen was rubbed on the strings of a bass viol. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument having an equal tension are played upon. In this case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass viol was brought near and the strings sounded. At a certain note the iodide of nitrogen on the prepared instrument exploded. It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty a second was communicated to the prepared strings. Vibration of the G string caused an explosion, while that of the E string had no effect.

Catch-as-catch-can.

She gave him a playful pinch on the cheek.

"New suit!" she exclaimed. "And what a beauty!"

"Rather nice, isn't it?" he agreed, surveying himself proudly in the glass. It was a spring suiting of the very latest style. Even the editor of the Tailor and Cutter could have found no fault.

"And doesn't it fit well?" she cried.

"Turn round. To a T! Lovely! It must have been expensive!"

He put his fingers on his lips.

His other hand wandered affectionately down a very pronounced crease, and his eyes filled with a look of pride.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Not so very! Five bob down and five bob every time the collector sees me first!"—London Answers.

Hoar and Events.

On one of his later birthday anniversaries Senator Hoar wrote to William M. Everts and congratulated him upon his length of years. In his reply the aged lawyer said it brought to mind an old lady in New England who had occasion to write to a friend about some matter of trifling importance and when she had reached the end of the thirteenth page awakened to the fact that she had been rather diffuse and added, "Please excuse my longevity."

Out at First.

The hammock was built for two, but she was occupying it alone.

"I have noticed," said the man on the porch chair, "that the prettiest girls always marry the biggest fools."

"Say no more, Mr. Slowboy," rejoined the fair maiden. "I appreciate your friendship, but I can never be your wife."—Chicago News.