Whose Was It?

A scholar traveling in the east says that he was once in camp with his friend Ramsay, a man of kindred tastes, in a wretched Phrygian village far from the track of travelers. As they were striking tents in the morning a heavy laced boy brought Mr. Ramsay a handful of bronze for sale. He sorted it rapidly on the palm of his hand and found among the rubbish one very rare coin of Hierapolis. Then he put it all back again in the boy's outstretched palm and offered half a dollar for the lot. The boy accepted the bid, gave back the handful, took his money and disappeared while the exultant purchaser went chuckling off among the horses.

Ten minutes later the boy appeared again, and, going up to the other Englishman, offered another handful of rubbish among which was the same rare Hierapolitan coin. The gentleman kept the bronze in his hand and offered a half dollar for it, which the boy refused, though the bargain was eventually concluded for a dollar.

Then the gentleman, in high glee, hailed his companion and, showing his purchase, informed him that he was not the only man who possessed a coin of Hierapolis.

"Let us compare," said the other, emptying the pocket where his bronze was jingling.

He sorted the lot and felt in every pocket. No coin of Hierapolis was there. To this day three questions remain unanswered:

How did the boy retain the coin in the first instance in order to sell it over again?

How, in that remote region, far from the haunts of travelers, did he know the value of his find?

And to which purchaser did the coin really belong?—Youth's Companion.

His Sweet Voice.

The best of men are at times liable to make very serious mistakes. A man in a Leicestershire village woke in the night and heard what he supposed to be the harsh grating of a saw on a hard board and at once jumped to the conclusion that some bold, bad burglar was sawing a hole in the front door.

He slipped out of bed, glided like a spectre into the hall and again listened and this time became fully satisfied that his first suspicions were correct.

Seizing his trusty gun, he poured a handful of powder and ditto of shot into each barrel, capped it and, softly raising an up stairs window, blazed away in the darkness, the shot being followed by a howl of pain from below.

He then hurriedly drew on a few of his most necessary garments and went to investigate the matter, and upon the first step found the wounded form of a neighboring youth, who, in feeble tones, explained that he had come over to serenade his sweetheart, the old man's only daughter, with a song and that when he was shot he was driving ahead as best he could on "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer."

He expressed no surprise at the old man's mistake, but thinks that he might have at least yelled "Who's there?" before he pulled the trigger, but the shooter said he was somewhat excited and just a little scared, so didn't stop to think.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Critic's Excuse.

It is well known that the queen has a dislike to the smell of tobacco, and even such a constant smoker as the Prince of Wales is careful to deodorize himself as much as possible before being received by his royal mother. Perhaps the late John Brown took her majesty's aversion more coolly than any one else, for his sporran was always crammed with a mixture peculiarly black and strong.

On one occasion the late Duke of Sutherland sent some live deer to Windsor under the charge of his head keeper, who, having seen his charges safely housed, foregathered with Brown, and smoke and whisky speedily combined in no small quantities. While the carouse was progressing John was hastily summoned to the queen's presence, and away he went without changing his clothes. His sovereign lady soon detected the peccant odor and reproached Brown with it.

"Hoots! Your majesty," said Brown, "it's nae my fault. It's joost 'contact' with the duke's keeper." He was forgiven on the spot.—London Telegraph.

Queer Language.

The Saturday Review says that when he was in Egypt Mark Twain hired two Arab guides to take him to the pyramids. He was familiar enough with Arabic, he thought, to understand and be understood with perfect ease. To his consternation he found that he could not comprehend a word that either of the guides uttered. At the pyramids he met a friend, to whom he made known his dilemma. It was very mysterious, Twain thought. "Why, the explanation is simple enough," said the friend. "Please enlighten me, then," said Twain. "Why, you should have hired younger men. These old fellows have lost their teeth, and, of course, they don't speak Arabic. They speak gum-Arabic."

A Wonderful Scholar.

Antonio Magliabecchi, the famous Florentine scholar, was remarkable not only for the amount and variety of his knowledge—for he knew accurately 60 different languages—but also for his incessant labors as a student and librarian. "He usually passed the whole night in study and when exhausted nature demanded rest a straw chair served for a couch and an old threadbare cloak for a coverlet."

The people living at Peak's island, Me., are so healthy that the physician who attempted to make a living by remaining there failed, and the islanders, sick and well alike, contribute a certain amount yearly, outside that paid for services, to keep him there.

Public exposure of horse flesh for sale is authorized in Denmark, Sweden and parts of France.

NATURE AS AN ARTIST.

Stone Formations on Which Were Found Some Wonderful Pictures.

Pliny, a well known writer of about the time of Christ, mentions having seen an agate the lines and markings of which formed a perfect picture of Apollo and the nine muses. Pliny says that the little children recognized it on sight. In this wonderful natural picture, as well as the artificial drawings, Apollo was represented seated in the midst of the muses, harp in hand.

Majolus, another writer of high standing, saw an agate in the collection of a jeweler at Venice which, when polished, showed a perfect picture of a shepherd with a crook in hand and cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders.

In the church of St. John, at Pisa, Italy, there is a piece of stone heavily marked with red, blue and yellow spar, the lines representing an old man with heavy white beard, with a bell in his hand, seated beside a small stream. To the worshipers at St. John's it is known as the St. Anthony stone, the picture upon it being a perfect likeness of that saint, even to the minor details of tunic and bell.

In 1605 some quarrymen in Italy burst open a slab of marble, both sides of which contained an image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel. Everything was true to nature —a single exception, the saint had only been provided with one leg and foot. How, when or upon what pretext the Turks were allowed to gain possession of the wonderful relic the writer's authority fails to state. It only adds that the miraculous production is now in the temple of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Directly after the great Johnstown flood D. S. Wingrove, superintendent of the marble yard at the penitentiary at Baltimore, found a slab of marble with blues and veins which made a perfect picture of the fated city of Johnstown and the surrounding country. The sky is plainly marked, as are also the hills and mountains surrounding the town. Piles upon piles of ruins are marked, with an occasional steeple or toppling wall overhanging the scene of awful destruction. Taken all in all, the scientists consider it one of the most wonderful natural formations ever found in America.—Brooklyn Eagle.

EVE ETERNALLY CONFUSED.

An Ohio Picture of Human Nature With Worldwide Point.

As a Cedar motor and trailer approached Wilson avenue recently a woman was noticed dodging about the middle of the street. She was evidently hesitating as to which way to go, but finally crossed to the south track and stood there.

"Cross over to the other side!" roared a group of men on the corner.

"Look out for the car!" screamed a woman on the sidewalk.

The motorman clanged his bell and shouted, and the woman dodged out of harm's way. Then, as the train slowed down, she trotted alongside of the trailer.

"Here, where are you?" shouted the conductor.

In answer to the appeal the woman suddenly appeared around the rear of the trailer and put one foot on the step. Then she changed her mind and trotted to the front end of the car. Here she climbed up and came in the front door. The conductor snapped the bell, and the train started suddenly, tumbling the newcomer on to a fat man. As she straightened up she said:

"This car is going to Fairmount street, isn't it?"

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor, "it's going right the other way."

"There, I just thought it was!" cried the woman. "But you all yelled at me so that I got confused. I don't want to go on this car. Let me off."

So the conductor let her off at the next stopping place, and the last the passengers saw of her she was standing on the wrong side of the street waiting for an eastward bound car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Testing Coal.

An apparatus by which an engineer may test or determine the quality and adaption of the coal he receives is described in the Boston Journal of Commerce. The test is not intended to be an analysis, but principally to show the amount of fixed carbon in the coal and the percentage of ash. As each carload is received samples are taken from 20 or more parts of the car, thoroughly mixed and quartered, each quarter being also mixed and quartered until the sample is obtained. This sample is then carefully weighed, the volatile matter driven off, weighed again, and the carbon consumed, and the ash weighed. This estimate is important in guarding against the use of coal having an undue percentage of ash. The various coals differ in the percentage of ash which they contain, some Cumberland coals having from 12 to 14 per cent of ash, while a good New river will have as low as 3 or 4 per cent. Thus, though the coals may look alike to the average engineer, the heat value characterizing them is 10 per cent greater in one description than the other, and, ascertaining this, an important saving in the cost of fuel may result.

Arnold's Comment.

As school inspector Matthew Arnold was examining a class in geography one day, and, holding up the poker with which he was about to stir the fire, he asked if any child could tell him where it was manufactured. There was a long silence, broken by the schoolmistress, who remarked nervously that such information was not mentioned in Cornwell's geography. "No," said Arnold; "Cornwell's an ass!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Well, girl, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy."

"Did you and Jack have some trouble in getting your father's consent?"

"No, but papa and I had a lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent."—Yale Mo Up

The Center Table.

Some one recently has spoken a word in favor of the old time center table, and it would indeed be a good thing could it be restored. The very presence of its bright lamp, its periodicals and its books suggests sociability and delightful intercourse. The very opportunity it offers for the drawing up of many chairs is a silent invitation, and it so possesses a subtle charm that is all its own. What we most need in our modern social life are informal gatherings where companionship can be enjoyed without the preparation and the fuss attendant upon a dinner or a reception. And, as the center table may properly be called a promoter of just such happy homes, it would be well were it once more given a place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The British government still employs foreign mercenaries in its army. The Gurkhas, fine soldiers of Nepal, are employed in British India.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.