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Photographing Bullets.
It is a new fact that cannot be overlooked, that bullets can be photographed as they pass through the air, but Professor C. V. Boys has recently made some experiments in photographing flying bullets that cost not light upon their motion and their effect upon the air through which they pass.

Professor Boys fires the bullet through a box lined with black cloth, and so arranged that the passing bullet itself completes an electric circuit and causes a flash of light in the box, which, though lasting only one millionth of a second, suffices to imprint a photograph of the bullet on a sensitized plate contained in the box.

Not only are the bullets themselves photographed, but also the atmospheric waves created by their passage. In front of the bullets are seen the waves of condensation and behind them the waves of rarefaction, and interesting observations have been made on the peculiar forms of these waves.

As each bullet dashes through the box it touches the terminals of two wires, in the electric circuit, and the little cloud of dust into which the ends of the wires are pulverized also has its image imprinted on the photographic plate.

Professor Boys has experimented with the photographing of charges of small shot fired from shotguns, and the final result of these experiments is awaited with much interest because it promises to throw light upon the manner in which guns of different patterns scatter the shot.—*Yonkers Companion.*

A Test of Strength.
Tradition has immortalized one Adargama, of Great Canany, who could wrestle for two consecutive hours, and having been thrown on his back in a certain contest, got his antagonist between his legs and arms and squeezed him so that his bones began to crack.

The native was subsequently sent as a prisoner to Spain, where he founded the people by his performance. One day in Seville he was visited by a hawkeye youth of La Mancha, who was anxious to try a bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargama, "as we are going to wrestle together it is only reasonable that we should begin by drinking something."

A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand and continued to address his challenger. "If with both your arms you can overpower one of mine, so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of this wine, we will try our strength together. If not you may return to your home." The struggle took place, and Adargama, by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner without spilling a drop of the wine. His one hand was more than a match for the other's two.—*National Review.*

Mr. Jones Had Taken a High Degree in a Secret Society to which he belonged, and which carries on its meetings in the still hours of the late night and early morning. It was 8 a. m. when he reached home and found Mrs. Jones, contrary to custom, sound asleep.

"Wake up, Maria," he shouted, brandishing a new sword which had been added to his regalia; "wake up and congratulate me. I am now a Prince of Jerusalem!" Mrs. Jones sat up and looked at her husband by the waning light of a clock moon and the night lamp.

"Jephtha," she said, in a voice that chilled him like a Mithras wave in January, "when a man comes home at this hour of the morning and says he is a Prince of Jerusalem, there is something the matter with him and he should be treated accordingly." And he was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Early in the present century it was introduced into England a collection of hymns through the process of translation or paraphrase of it given by Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and few hymn books now are without the solemn apocalyptic strain, "That day of wrath, that dreadful day." But our special point is the extraordinary number of versions which have been made of the hymn, about 160 in English and thirty in German, being on record.

Next to this among Latin hymns may be ranked, although at a long interval, the "Adeste Fideles," of which there are thirty-eight English versions, a number far surpassed by the sixty-three of Luther's great hymn, "Ein feste Burg."—*Quarterly Review.*

Postoffice in a New Hat.
Dr. Joshua Tully, of Kansas City, tells many good stories of the years when the town was young. "Thirty-three years ago," said he, "I carried the postoffice about in my high silk hat. The letters were stuck around behind the leather band just inside the hat, and when I'd meet an acquaintance—and every man, woman and child was such—I would take off my hat and glance around inside of it and hand out the mail."—*Excelsior.*

His Location.
Jinks—Hello, old fellow! Where are you living now?
On the Hudson somewhere, I believe!

Bunks—No. On my wife's money.

Restoring Faded Ink.
Padded ink on old documents, paper parchments, etc., may be restored so as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water and then passing over the lines a brush which has been wetted with a solution of sulphate of ammonia; the writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this

color in the case of parchment will be preserved. On paper, however, the color will gradually fade again, but on a fresh application of the sulphate of ammonia it will reappear. Writing executed in ordinary ink which has been rendered illegible by age may be restored by carefully moistening it with an infusion of galls, or a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid. Care must be taken to apply the liquid so as to prevent the ink from spreading.—*Broadway Eagle.*

Lobster a New Hero.
The appellation lobster is a Newburg date from the visit of the seventh regiment veterans to Newburg in 1885 at the centennial. The Newburg committee in charge of the catering at the time wanted to have something pretty nice, and they gave Delmonico an order for lobster prepared in a certain way. The order was filled, and the veterans and Delmonico perpetuated the deed and the clamor of our citizens by christening the entire "lobster a Newburg." This is the correct version of the matter.—*Newburg (N. Y.) Telegram.*

A Biological Institution in Holland.
A sum of 100,000 marks has been set apart for the creation of a biological institute in Holland, thus carrying out the wishes of German scientists. This building, grounds and the whole of the North sea are to be explored, and educational courses in biological subjects will be given. The results of these scientific researches will be published periodically.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Free Time Change.
"Old" continued a woman the other day, "how two of our chief ceremonial laws changed in point of time within the last few years. Day weddings are now quite general, while evening funerals, unknown to the last generation, are common in this."—*New York Times.*

A Good Scheme.
Tourist—Do these Americans save your crops?
Farmer—They work first rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the hills to see if the clothes is worth stealing, which they ain't, and that scares the crows away.—*New York Weekly.*

Teacher—State soon will provide of Providence which you have noticed yourself.
Little Girl (after reflection)—Those awful big iron dogs which folks have on their lawns can't bite.—*Good News.*

HER FELLOW PASSENGERS STARED.
But the Hugs they created on her shoulder was a lot more, scarcely tied.

A fair-haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, resembling a young woman, was seated in the first-class car on the first avenue elevated train Thursday morning. The girl boarded the train at the Twenty-eighth street station at 8 o'clock. She wore a gown of some plain stuff in neat pattern. The waist was cut low at the neck and held up at the shoulders by small silk straps. It was filled in about the throat with puffs of snowy tulle that fitted tight around the neck. A neat leather sash hung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her elegant attire. She had scarcely stepped into the car when a gentleman caught sight of her pretty face, and rose instantly and with a low bow surrendered his seat on one of the cross benches.

Five minutes later every body in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her handsome face either. A large Brazilian boy, with a brilliant smile, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by, quickly detected that the boy was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The boy climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white tulle. The Brazilian, who by the way, he had just apprised her of the fact, and each time she timidly lifted the insect up and replaced it upon the tulle. She saw the passengers staring at her in astonishment, but paid no attention to their scrutiny.

When the train reached Eighth street an elderly woman got on and sat down in a seat directly opposite the Brazilian girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian girl a minute or two later. It started her so that she started up from her seat. Then she elated about at the other passengers for a minute with a glazed look. Finally, unable longer to control her agitation, she got up, crossed the car and put her lips to the ear of the self-possessed girl.

"Excuse me, miss," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "but you have a queer fly crawling on your dress." Many of the passengers roared outright at the announcement, and the old lady blushed and sank back into her seat in confusion. The handsome girl smiled sweetly and looked at the old lady with quiet composure.

"Don't get nervous, please," she said. "I know the fly is there. It can't get away," and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle on instant to show that the insect was a prisoner. A well-dressed man who had been gazing at the girl for a long time turned to a reporter who sat beside him and said:

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FOR A DOSE
IS YOUR STOMACH SOUR.
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Have been sold by S. C. M. I. for over 10 years. They are the BEST NAILS made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. We send a case on longer than any other.

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MISS POLLY GOLIGHTLY
HAS DOZENS
OF BEAUX
THE REASON
WHEREOF
I WILL TELL
IT IS NOT BECAUSE OF HER BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES,
BUT SHE'S LEARNED HOW TO COOK ON THOSE CHARTER OAK STOVES
THAT'S HOW SHE BECAME SUCH A BELLE!

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