Photographing Bullets.

It is no news that cannon balls and bullets can be photographed as they dart through the air, but Professor C. V. Boys has recently made some experiments in photographing flying bullets that throw new 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.—Youth's Companion.

A Test of Strength.

Tradition has immortalized one Adargoma, of Grand Canary, who could wrestle for two consecutive hours, and having been thrown undermost 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 astounded the people by his performances. One day in Seville he was visited by a brawny youth of La Mancha, who was anxious to try a bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargoma, "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 Adargoma 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.

Sic Mate It Be.

Mr. Jones had just taken a high degree in a secret society to which he belongs, and which carries on its meetings in the still hours of the late night and early mornings. It was 3 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 3 o'clock moon and the night lamp.

"Jeptha!" she said, in a voice that chilled him like a Manitoba 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.

Dies Iræ.

Early in the present century it was introduced into English collections of hymns through the compressed 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 ninety 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.

A Postoffice in a Man's Hat.

Dr. Joshua Thorne, 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."—Exchange.

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.

Faded ink on old documents, papers, 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 sulphide 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 sulphide 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.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lobster a la Newburg.

The appellation lobster a la Newburg dates from the visit of the Seventh regiment veterans to Newburg in 1883 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 cleverness of our cuisine by christening the entree "lobster a la Newburg." This is the correct version of the matter.—Newburg (N. Y.) Telegram.

A Biological Institution in Heligoland.

A sum of 153,000 marks has been set apart for the creation of a biological institute in Heligoland, thus carrying out the wishes of German scientific men. The fishing grounds of 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.

How Times Change.

"Odd," continued a woman the other day, "how two of our chief ceremonials have changed in point of time within the last ten 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 scarecrows save your crops?

Farmer—They work first rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if th' clothes is worth stealing, which they ain't, an that scares th' crows away.—New York Weekly.

A Wise Provision.

Teacher—State some wise provision 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 Huge Bug Crawling on Her Shoulder Was a Pet One, Securely Tied.

A fair haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, furnished a heap of entertainment for the passengers who were riding down town in a crowded car on the Sixth 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 plaid 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 satchel slung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her nightly 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 everybody in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her winsome face either. A large Brazilian bug, with a brilliant shell, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by quickly detected that the bug was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The bug climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white neck. The tickling caused by its feet agitated her of the fact, and each time she tenderly 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 handsome girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian bug a minute or two later. It startled her so that she started up from her seat. Then she stared around at the other passengers for a minute with a dazed 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 nonchalance.

"Don't get nervous, madam," she said, "I know the bug is there. It can't get away," and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle an 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:

"That's a common enough fad in India, where young women have a fancy for fastening yet Brazilian bugs to their dresses, but it is the first time I ever saw the odd fashion copied in this city at least in public. It's a mere whim, and it might become a craze. You can't tell about such things, you know."

The pretty girl got off at the Battery place station, and tripping lightly down stairs to the street strolled through Battery park. Pedestrians stopped and turned about and stared after her, but no one spoke to her and she spoke to no one. Her bearing was ladylike, but she often smiled slightly at the surprise those who passed her.—New York Sun.

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