

Absolute Zero

By Frank Lillie Pollock

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FOR many years Mr. Augustus Kearnaiah has been a guiding wheel in the "machines" that misgoverned one of the long suffering cities of the middle west. The police department was his, and he used it much as a German baron of old might have used his mercenaries, but his end was at hand. The municipal elections were near, and the citizens' reform league was straining every nerve to put up a decent ticket, and incidentally (and successfully) to collect evidences of the misdoings of the present holders of office.

It was in this latter work that I had part, acting as one of the league's special detectives, for which I was qualified by some experience with the government secret service. It was not long before we found good reason to suspect a most astonishing state of things; Kearnaiah himself seemed to have been in actual collusion with one or more gangs of "high class" safe blowers and counterfeiters. As yet we had not sufficient proof to convict or even to serve as a campaign weapon, so we preserved an awful silence and had our man shadowed wherever he went.

Thus, when he left town, ostensibly for St. Louis, I was detailed to follow him. He spent several hours most innocently in that city, and then took a ticket for Denver, still in my unsuspected company. As we left the depot at the destination, however, I lost him in some unaccountable manner and could not pick up the trail. I could not well call on the local detectives for help, but I went through the city as scientifically as I knew how and afterward visited Leadville, Colorado Springs and Pueblo without finding any clew. It was most mortifying, for his abrupt disappearance strengthened the presumption that he was engaged in shady transactions. Nearly three weeks I spent in rushing about the state and finally returned, discouraged and disgusted, to Denver.

At the hotel I glanced over the register for some time back, as is my habit, and found a name which interested me, though it was not that of the man I sought. Years ago I had known Carl Glenn at the University of Chicago, where he was one of the most brilliant men in physical science they ever turned out, a devotee of scholarships. He had made no friends, scarcely any acquaintances, owing to a curiously stand-offish manner that he wore, it seemed to me, against his real nature. I believe I was the only man with whom he had any intimacy, and he never invited me to his rooms and always met me with something of the embarrassment of a shy lover keeping a tryst. It was not a question of poverty. He seemed to have plenty of money. The students simply considered him "queer" and let him alone, as he seemed to desire. I had never heard of him since leaving college, and here he was at the Hotel Denison.

"Do you know who Mr. Glenn is?" I asked the clerk.

"I'm pretty sure he is," was the reply. "Are you a friend of his?" looking at me with some interest.

"Why, I used to know him pretty well," I said cautiously.

"We'd be glad to see any friend of Mr. Glenn's," continued the clerk, still looking at me curiously. "He's been here for two or three weeks and, to tell the truth, we're getting a little uneasy about him—not afraid of his bill, you understand—but he don't seem quite right somehow; hardly ever seems to eat or sleep and seldom leaves the house. Maybe he's sick, but he looks well enough. Anyway, something seems to be troubling him badly, and we'd hate to have anything happen in the house. You'd better go up and see him. Don't tell him that I said anything."

So I went up. A bellboy showed me the room and knocked.

"Who is it? I can't see anybody," said a voice.

"It's Billy Kirkman," I said. "Don't you remember me, Glenny at varsity?"

A crack was opened and my eye appeared; then Glenn swung the door wide, dragged me in and slammed it after me.

"Lord, Kirkman, I'm glad to see you!" he cried, and repeated it. "Any friend—I never needed one more! I swear I couldn't think of a soul on earth to call on."

He had changed greatly and looked older, I thought, than he should have done. He had been a big, handsomely built man, but he was stooped, his head showed patches of grizzle, and his face was pitifully lined. Moreover, his nerves were clearly in rags. He could not sit or stand still for a moment, and it seemed to me that he was quivering down a fit of hysterics as we shook hands. I did not much wonder that the hotel people were afraid of having a suicide.

"You look run down," I remarked.

"What's the matter?"

"The matter? The matter?" he said, rather wildly. "Why, man, I'm rejoicing. I'm a free man, pretty nearly for the first time since I can remember."

"You look it," I said. "Stop it!"

He had burst into a roar of discordant laughter, rolling in his chair, and he kept it up till I emptied the water pitcher over his head. Then he sat up, dripping, and looked at me more sanely.

"Thanks," he said seriously. "That was what I needed. But you've no idea how badly I've wanted help or advice. I say, you've got to come with me. I can't tell you here; you'd never believe it. Will you?"

Half an hour later we were on an evening train for Limestone, where we spent the night. Glenn was excited and noisy by turns, but he would give me no hint of the cause. Next morning we hired two saddle horses and rode up a very devious trail into the mountains for nearly two hours. This brought us to a little valley where stood the rude buildings of what might have been a mine. There was an engine shed with a tall smokestack and an enormously long belt that ran over

a couple of intermediate pulleys to a small galvanized iron house six yards away. We tied the horses under the pines, and Glenn led the way to the house. There seemed no living being about the valley, and he unlocked the strongly fastened door.

The single room seemed to have been designed partly as a laboratory and partly as a dwelling place. There was an iron bed with two domestic arrangements at one side, while along the other, under three large windows, ran a long bench littered with strange instruments in brass and glass, quite incomprehensible to me. Disaster seemed to have been there, however. Some of the apparatus was broken, and fragments of glass had been actually melted into little pools on the burned table.

"Nothing here," said Glenn impatiently. "This is just my workshop. Step on here, and we'll go below."

Then I observed that the center of the floor was a movable platform like that of a freight elevator. Glenn had lighted a long candle and gave it to me to hold while he manipulated the rope that controlled the counterpoise, and we went down—a dark shaft twenty or thirty feet. Then the earth changed to stone, and in two minutes we touched the bottom.

"We were in a chamber perhaps fifteen feet square, hewn and blasted from the solid rock. At one side stood a small table holding physical apparatus, among which I noticed a number of delicate thermometers. An iron shaft ran down, apparently from the room above, and connected with a small and complicated looking machine in a corner. Close to this was a boxlike trench, resembling a shallow grave, cut in the rock floor. Its massive metal lid was raised, and in the cavity lay some long object covered with a blanket.

"That," said Glenn solemnly, "is my evil angel."

"It looks very harmless," I said, more carelessly than I felt, and pulled off the cloth.

I shall never forget the shock. I hardly know what I had expected to find—perhaps a corpse. But there lay a marvelous statue of a man in solid gold, a little less than life size and somewhat spongy looking, but absolutely perfect. Every hair, every thread of the clothing was duplicated in the precious metal that glittered in the candlelight. But at the moment I scarcely realized the miracle of its workmanship and material, for the form and features were those of Augustus Kearnaiah.

"In heaven's name," I ejaculated, "is this a mine? Do you mean to say that you cast that statue yourself? Do you know that it's the most wonderful thing ever done?"

"I dare say," said Glenn. "I knew you wouldn't believe unless you saw it. But it isn't a statue. It can't be called anything but a corpse—at any rate it's all that remains of the man. Do you know him?"

"I know the face," I cried. "But this is gold!"

"Yes," he said. "I'll tell you all about it. I wanted you to see for yourself. You probably didn't know that I was once something of a crackman, did you?"

"I certainly did not."

"It was before I was twenty, and I was quite a success at it. That was how I came to know him," nodding at the golden image that regarded the roof with a yellow stare. "He kept a gambling house in New Orleans then, and one night I tried to get into his safe with some tools of my own invention."

"I pulled off the cloth, and he came down and caught me in the act. Greatly to my surprise, he did not have me arrested, but after a long talk over a revolver barrel he let me go."

"That was the beginning. Nobody can think worse of Kearnaiah than I do, but he had more foresight and shrewdness than any other man I ever knew. I was arrested a month later for another affair, and he bailed me out and then told me to jump my bail and go north, where he would look after me. It seems that he detected my scientific bent before I discovered it myself, and he sent me to a great school, where they hammered mathematics and elementary science into me and finally matriculated me for Chicago university, where you saw me. I don't want you to fall in love, take to drink, make any friends or get religion," he said to me. "Outside that you can do as you please and call on me for the price. I know you've got the head for what I want."

"It seemed that I had. You remember the way I went through practical and theoretical physics. I seemed to have a peculiar knack for the work, and I never was happier in my life except for his prohibition against making friends. I felt too much gratitude, however, to disobey him in anything, but I never could understand the reason for it or for his befriending me at all—I graduated."

"Then he sent for me to his own city, where he had just got himself appointed chief of police, and I found that he had been quietly collecting evidence of all my youthful misdoings—enough to get me a good twenty years in the prisons of six or seven states. He said bluntly that he wouldn't begin

to think of me just at present, though, as he had some work to do, and he proposed to establish a laboratory of my own in St. Louis.

"Of course I jumped at the opening. I had hoped to spend my life in scientific work, and I would rather have faced death than twenty years of penal servitude just then. But it wasn't long before I discovered what sort of scientific laborers were to be imposed on me. Kearnaiah made no bones about telling me that he was 'interested' in the enterprises of half a dozen gangs of expert safe crackers and counterfeiters, and he wanted to apply modern science to these industries. He never accompanied the gangs on their raids, you understand, but he supplied the capital and acted as 'fence,' and got hold of most of the profits.

"I rebelled, of course, but what could I do? I've often wondered since what I ought to have done. The prison blocked every road but one. In short, I succumbed and went to work, and nice work it was! There was no sort of lawless implement that I didn't handle. Molds and dies for coinage, chemical erasers for bank notes and checks, electric drills and blowpipes for safe cracking—I had them all. I did good work, too, and I am ashamed to say that it wasn't very long before the scientific side of the work began to eclipse the moral, in my mind. I had plenty of time for private experimenting, besides, and Kearnaiah bought the costliest apparatus for me without a kick. He said I was worth \$20,000 a year to him, and in fact I believe that some of the cleverest robberies of that period owed their success to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHURCHES AND OUTLAWS.

ANCIENT LAWS THAT HAVE SHAPED PROTECTION TO CRIMINALS.

In early times, when life and property were accounted cheap unless defended by the sword, the church of refuge or other evil deed shall be allowed to cross the threshold of a church was considered under divine protection and could not be arrested, while several churches and cathedrals still preserve the knockers used by those who had fled thither for shelter and claimed admittance. In some buildings the fugitive from justice sat upon a chair or stool, and the registers of a church in Durham, England, covering a period extending from the year 1462 to the year 1524, included, besides other crimes, 150 murders and homicides, in which 283 persons seeking protection were concerned. To attempt to violate sanctuary by force was in those days a very serious matter, and when the outlaw decided to save his life by leaving the realm he did so in the following manner: "When a robber, murderer or other evil doer shall fly to a church upon his confession of felony the coroner shall cause the abjuration to be made thus: Let the felon be brought to the church door and there be assigned unto him a port, near or far off, and a time appointed him to go out of the realm, so that in going toward that port he carry a cross in his hand, and that he go not out of the king's highway, neither on the right hand nor on the left, but that he keep it always until he shall be gone out of the land, and that he shall not return without special grace of our lord the king."

FATE OF A BIG OHIO TREE.

Size of This Great Sycamore Was the Cause of Its Destruction.

The greatest tree ever seen by white men in Ohio is believed to have been the enormous sycamore, or, more properly, buttonwood, which stood in what is now Valley township, Scioto county, in the rich bottom lands of the Scioto river.

It was so prodigious in bulk that as early as 1810 it was described in the Cincinnati Almanac as one of the natural wonders of Ohio. In June, 1808, according to what seems reliable testimony, a party of thirteen persons, all on horseback, rode into the hollow trunk of this sycamore and found that room enough remained for two more horses and their riders. The tree forked about eight feet from the ground, and it was hollow when first seen by the white settlers. The circumference of the trunk was about thirty-three feet at the base, and five feet from the earth it was forty-two feet in girth. These figures remind the reader of the famous big trees of California. The opening into the cavity within the trunk was ten feet wide at the bottom, nine and a half feet high, and the hollow was about fourteen feet in diameter.

The account which has been preserved of the fate of this enormous tree is very odd. It is claimed that the giant buttonwood was kept uninjured as a great curiosity until the farm on which it stood was used as a stock farm by one Thomas Dunn. This stock breeder turned several valuable bulls into the fields where the huge tree stood, and two of them fought in the same field. In that small space, for a bull ring the victor was able to prevent the escape of his rival, and the weaker was killed. This affair convinced Dunn that the largest tree in Ohio was a menace to his stock, and he cut it down. Later logs kept in the same field were attacked by cholera, and the owner reasoned that their habit of lying inside the hollow stump was bad for their health, and so he had the stump removed. It may well be doubted whether any other immense tree was ever destroyed because of a fight between two bulls.—Cleveland Leader.

THE PRIMITIVE STAGE.

How the Drama Flourished in the Time of Elizabeth.

The great plays of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Jonson were performed by actors in Elizabethan days in front of a curtain, usually in daylight, on a little stage partly occupied by the galleys of the period, with their pipes and tobacco pipes. There was no fashionable actress, no orchestra, no limelight, yet the drama was more popular than churchgoing and held its own even with such gentle sports as billiard and wippling of the blind beard.

The little that was known of the actors shows them, with the exception of Burbage and Nathaniel Field, to have been very ordinary workaday people, with empty pockets and domestic affections and other modern characteristics. Yet the protests of the Puritans, the availing records of the censor and the continual erection of new theaters in spite of the solemn threats of the fathers, give evidence enough of the marvelous popularity to which the art attained in that "spacious time" of playhouses most remarkable for lack of space.—London World.

OIL ON THE WATER.

Its Soothing Effect Was Known as Early as the Sixth Century.

A few gallons of oil cast upon stormy seas moderates their violence and prevents the waves from breaking with force. That this is the case has long been known. Theophylact, the Byzantine historian of the sixth century, propounded the question, "Why does oil calm the sea?" and answered it to the effect that as the wind is a subtle and delicate thing and oil is adhesive and unctuous, the waves are so dense a surface of the water on which oil has been spread and cannot raise waves. The wind, in fact, slips over the water without being able to obtain a grip.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is a remarkable stretch of water about two miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad to which the name of "oil spill" has been given because in the worst of storms the mariner finds still water there.

Its character as a safe harbor of refuge is said to be due to an oily property of the mud stirred up by the storm.

Ancient Ventriiloquism.

Ventriiloquism was undoubtedly known both to the Jews and to the Egyptians. It was used by many persons for purposes of deception. The wizards of Egypt declared that their "familiar spirit" resided in the abdomen, whence the voice was supposed to proceed. The Old Testament Scriptures abound with denunciations both of persons who had these familiar spirits and of those who went to seek their advice and assistance. They were treated as though they were in familiar intercourse with the evil one and according to Jewish law received no mercy. Instances, however, are very frequent in much later history of deception being successfully practiced by persons having this peculiar gift.

The Sweetest Words.

A magazine writer wants to know what are the four sweetest words in the English language. Some would say, "Here, take this money."—Someville Journal.

WATER CLOCKS.

ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE USED IN THE SAHARA.

Arman's wealth in the Sahara is calculated almost entirely by the number of camels or palm trees which he owns, and by the amount of water to which he is entitled. Water in the desert is so scarce that the ownership of it is most jealously guarded. In "A Search for the Masked Tawaraks" the author says that in buying a palm grove it is always necessary to stipulate for so many gals per day or week. A sa'a, literally "an hour," is the amount of water which will flow in an hour through an opening the width of a man's fist in the side of a segia.

The main segia, or channels, as a rule follow the roads of the oasis, forming a sort of ditch at the side. A regular time table is kept, showing the hours at which the owners of the different plantations are entitled to draw water.

The time is measured by a very curious little water clock, consisting of a metal cup, made usually of brass or copper, with a small hole pierced in the bottom. At the commencement of each hour this is placed in a basin of water. The water gradually runs through the hole until at the expiration of the hour the cup sinks to the bottom of the basin. It is then taken out, emptied and set again to measure off the next sa'a, and so the process is continued throughout the twenty-four hours.

This instrument is usually kept in the village mosque. In order to prevent all interference with it a watchman is set over it, who notifies the expiration of each hour from the minaret of the mosque.

At the end of the sa'a the opening in the side of the segia through which the water flows is closed with clay, and the water is cut off and allowed to flow down the main channel to the next plantation.

OAK APPLES.

Forms of a Disease Propagated by a Minute Gallfly.

The little brown balls popularly known as "oak apples," which may be seen growing in clusters upon oak twigs, are not fruit, as some suppose, but forms of a disease which results from the attacks of a minute gallfly (cynipid). This little insect, a distant cousin of wasps and bees, is provided with a complicated piercing ovipositor in her tail, by means of which she makes little holes in the tender shoots of the oak, laying an egg in each, and at the same time introducing a drop of irritant fluid.

The substance of the shoot is thus stimulated to unnatural growth and produces an oak apple or "gall," which may be regarded as a sort of vegetable tumor and serves as a home for the grub which hatches out of the egg. This can easily be seen by cutting open a young gall, but in an old one the insect has escaped by driving a tunnel to the outside.

The oak is infested by many other kinds of gall. Some are tufted, others look like currants, and others again are the little brown "oak spangles" seen on the undersides of the leaves. Each kind of gall leads to the production of a different kind of gall.—London Answers.

BOWER BUILDERS.

Birds That Construct Gardens For Their Own Enjoyment.

There are five different bower birds—three in Australia, the regent, the satin and the spotted; one in the Papuan Islands, the catbird, and one in New Guinea. Their brilliant plumage is golden yellow, glossy black or spotted brown, often with a rose tinted collar.

Their bowers are in no sense nests, but miniature gardens, adapted for enjoyment and courtship and set in the eye of the sun. A pavement of equal sized pebbles is arranged, and numberless twigs are thrust firmly between them in two parallel rows, inclined to each other, including an avenue about a yard long and several inches wide.

To decorate this arbor gay feathers, ruddy berries, pearly shells, beached bones, even watches, knives and other glittering objects, are tastefully placed in and around the entrance.

The New Guinea bird, still more of a gardener, constructs a miniature conical summer house, with interior gallery. Before this is a meadow of moss kept free from grass, dust and leaves, on which bright flowers and fruit are daily offered by the enamored male bird to his mate.

Simonides' Delay.

"Why should we expect religion," says Sir John Lubbock, "to solve questions with reference to the origin and destiny of the universe? We do not expect the most elaborate treatise to tell us the origin of electricity or of heat. Natural history throws no light on the origin of life. Has Bibliology ever professed to explain existence?" Simonides was asked at Syracuse by Hiero who or what God was, when he requested a day's time to think of his answer. On subsequent days he always doubled the time required for deliberation, and when Hiero inquired the reason he replied that the longer he considered the subject the more obscure it appeared."

The Seychelles Islands.

The Seychelles islands form an archipelago of 114 islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahé, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All the islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks which glisten like white marble.

A Hearty Farewell.

The old friends had enjoyed their three days' stay in spite of the fact that the town was not a conspicuous quality of either of them.

"You have quite a pretty place here, John," said the guest as he took a final look about him on the morning of his departure—"quite a pretty place, though it looks a bit bare as yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," said the host comfortably. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again. Then you'll see how much improved the place will be." And they shook hands with mutual affection and good will.

His Reason.

Judge—You let the burglar go to arrest an automobilist? Policeman—Yes. The automobilist pays a fine and adds to the resources of the state. The burglar goes to prison, and the state has to pay for his keep.

The Whole Story.

Robert—Has your wife much curiosity? Richard—Oh, a awful lot. If I begin to tell her what you told me standing on this corner, she wouldn't hear a word of what you said until I told her what corner we were standing on.—Indianapolis Journal.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Novel Vestige.

Handkerchiefs as material for garments of various sorts are continually growing in demand, but are never more attractive than when made up into a kimono such as the one illustrated. Those used for the model are of white Japanese silk, with border of blue silk.



HANDKERCHIEF KIMONO.

Dotted with white, but there are innumerable ones from which a choice can be made. Those of linen, with borders in color, are pretty and always launder satisfactorily, and dealers are also showing a considerable variety woven specially for purposes of the sort. The handkerchiefs are joined on indicated lines and are so adjusted as to form the deep points in fronts, back and sleeves, while the neck edges are turned over to give a collar effect. To make the kimono for a woman of medium size will be required five handkerchiefs twenty inches square.

Summer Shawls in Favor.

The girl who discovers in the trunk of family heirlooms a summer shawl of any sort may count herself in luck, for this style of wrap is enjoying a genuine renaissance.

The fad in shawls runs toward embroidered, particularly when the embroidery is in self tones. For the girl who may own only one shawl the most desirable selection is a white crepe embroidered and fringed in white. She will find it in long, narrow, scarf-like lines, with one row of fringe at the top, so that she may draw it up over her head in the cool night air. The fringe softens a face immensely.

New Parasols.

Some new parasols are of taffeta or boussie silk, trimmed with straps instead of circular bands. That is, the trimming appears in low relief against the cover, instead of being stitched flat down. There is a thickness of material under it to make it stand out. One end of the band is longer than enough to meet the other, and the end is cut in a point, and it fastens over on the flat end.

Feathered Skirts.

The total absence of the drop skirt has been one of the absorbing questions of the season. Need of some underbody is very apparent in many instances, and so the use of a row of featherbone inserted at the hem, and even several rows above, has been found very acceptable.

General Purpose Gown.

Here is the newest, most correct costume for walking, traveling and general knockabout wear. It is made of a fine black and white check in silky shetland. The instep length skirt is plaited all the way around, the plaits stitched down for about eight inches

below the waist line and then their fullness allowed to flare. The bottom of the skirt is protected by a light-weight velveteen binding. The blouse is also plaited and worn with a feathered girdle belt of the same material. Down the front of the blouse are black silk embroidered circles to simulate buttons. With this smart walking gown shiny black shoes are worn and a tailored straw hat trimmed with loops of black velvet ribbon.

The Knotted Stock.

A pretty stock of white crepe has the long front tab tied up into little bows down its length.

Scum on the Water.

It has been observed that immediately preceding storms an unusual amount of scum appears on the surface of ponds, and in London Nature a plausible explanation of this phenomenon attributes it to change in barometric pressure. It is suggested that the scum formation is due to the rise of marsh grass from the ooze at the bottom of ponds following a sudden fall in the barometer, producing weather change, the gas carrying along with it some of the solid matter of the ooze, thus forming the scum.

Still One.

"Hello, Bill, old man! Well, well! I haven't seen you since the old days, when we used to run around together!"

"No, Jack. Ah, those old days! What a fool I used to be then!"

"I tell you, I'm glad to see you. You haven't changed a bit, old man!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Height of Hopedfulness.

He—After I am out of college, darling, I may have to wait a few months before I can make enough to support you. She—It is so hard to wait. He (bravely)—I know it. But of course you know the word doesn't know anything about me yet.—Brooklyn Life.

SEQUELS TO STORIES.

THE question of sequels was under discussion in a literary gathering the other day, and the consensus of opinion was decidedly against them. It was even roundly maintained that no sequel had ever been a success from the literary point of view. Some one detested and suggested "Paradise Regained," but that suggestion, greeted with a burst of laughter, practically determined the argument. "Paradise Regained" was a distinct falling off from "Paradise Lost." It might even be declared a dignified, dismal failure. No Milton's sequel was no exception to the rule.

If there be a rule, are there any exceptions that prove it? Stevenson's "Kidnapped," Mr. Anthony Hope wrote a better book in "The Prisoner of Zenda" than he did in "Rupert of Hentzau." Wise authors never undertake sequels. Once upon a time Mr. Rider Haggard was tempted to adventure a sequel to "She," but repented at discretion. It is altogether a different matter when successive books include the same character. Thackeray used that trick in "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," but in the latter he later a sequel to the former. In a way Thackeray's novels may be said to constitute a chain right down from "Emson." The links subsist, but there is no continuity of narrative which defines a sequel proper.

He who will compare the respective merits of Zola's "L'Assommoir" and "Nana." There does not appear to be much to choose between them, but undoubtedly the earlier book has been more popular. Zola's habit, as is well known, was to keep the same families in his various treatises, for to him they were specimens of natural history and mightily portentous. Contrast with Zola our immortal Fielding, who began one of his novels by way of a parody of Richardson. It would be interesting to collect into one volume the stories of the masterpieces. In what circumstances were the great books of the world written? Think of Dumas pere and his firm of assistants! Well, Pope preceded him and farmed out his translation of Homer. That was a conscienceless thing to do. A work of art is not a contractor's job. But then Pope's Homer was not a work of art. But Dumas' Grub street lies in Paris too.—London Mail.

PERSONAL NOMENCLATURE.

Ancient Names and the Modern System of Surnames.

Nether Hebrews, Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians nor Greeks had surnames, and in the earliest period of their history the same may be said of the Romans. In course of time, however, every Roman citizen had three names—the praenomen, or personal name; the nomen, or name of the gens or clan; and the cognomen, or family name, as Publius Cornelius Scipio. Conquerors were occasionally complimented by the addition of a fourth name, or agnomen, commemorative of their conquest, as Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus.

It is impossible to state with any degree of certainty when the modern system of personal nomenclature became general. It has been traced to the practice of surnames being in Normandy and extended to England after the Norman conquest, but a document in the Cottonian MSS. quoted in Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" contains reference to Hvitla Hatte, a keeper of bees in Hathfolda; to Tate Hatte, his daughter, mother of Wulstige the Shooter, and Lolle Hatte, master of Wainige. The date of these records of the Hatte is not ascertained, but they were certainly written before the year 1000. So far as antiquarians have been able to discover, Hatte is the first surname whose existence can be traced in England. It is not improbable that the founder of the Hatte family was so called because of some unusual or noticeable headgear that he was in the habit of wearing.

Don't Be Envious.

The men or women who envy those who happen to be able to dress well and to enjoy the pleasures of life a little more than those who are compelled to work continually will be miserable all their days, for, no matter how high they may get, they will find others still higher. The envious person is never satisfied and never can be. Take the successful men of the city, and you will find that the majority of them began just where you did. Then why are you not in equally good circumstances? If you ran a race with a man and lost it, you would hardly blame your failure on the race course. You started even and ran together, and you lost because you couldn't run as fast as he or lacked the power of endurance. So your failure in the race of life is not due to the track, but to your lack of ability as a runner.

Peru's Whistling Jars.

Among the ruined cities of Peru nearly fifty different kinds of musical instruments have been found. Unique among these are many double whistling jars or musical water bottles. Near the top of the first of front jars, which is usually surmounted by a human or animal figure, is the opening of the whistle. When the jars have been partly filled and are swung backward and forward a number of whistling sounds are produced. As the vessel swings forward and upward the water is lowered in the first jar and rises in the other. In the backward motion it rushes back into the first, forcing the air out through the whistle.

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"I tell you, I'm glad to see you. You haven't changed a bit, old man!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Height of Hopedfulness.

He—After I am out of college, darling, I may have to wait a few months before I can make enough to support you. She—It is so hard to wait. He (bravely)—I know it. But of course you know the word doesn't know anything about me yet.—Brooklyn Life.



I pulled off the cloth, and he came down and caught me in the act. Greatly to my surprise, he did not have me arrested, but after a long talk over a revolver barrel he let me go.

"That was the beginning. Nobody can think worse of Kearnaiah than I do, but he had more foresight and shrewdness than any other man I ever knew. I was arrested a month later for another affair, and he bailed me out and then told me to jump my bail and go north, where he would look after me. It seems that he detected my scientific bent before I discovered it myself, and he sent me to a great school, where they hammered mathematics and elementary science into me and finally matriculated me for Chicago university, where you saw me. I don't want you to fall in love, take to drink, make any friends or get religion," he said to me. "Outside that you can do as you please and call on me for the price. I know you've got the head for what I want."

"It seemed that I had. You remember the way I went through practical and theoretical physics. I seemed to have a peculiar knack for the work, and I never was happier in my life except for his prohibition against making friends. I felt too much gratitude, however, to disobey him in anything, but I never could understand the reason for it or for his befriending me at all—I graduated."

"Then he sent for me to his own city, where he had just got himself appointed chief of police, and I found that he had been quietly collecting evidence of all my youthful misdoings—enough to get me a good twenty years in the prisons of six or seven states. He said bluntly that he wouldn't begin



WALKING COSTUME.