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ABOVE THE LAW.

Courts Have No Jurisdiction Over a Foreign Ambassador.

The chief of an embassy is an august being and one who boasts some remarkable privileges. It may be mentioned, to begin with, that in the land in which he is officiating an ambassador ranks immediately after princes of the blood royal.

The ground on which an embassy stands is in theory as well as in practice the territory of the nation to which its principal occupant belongs. Even if a criminal were harbored in an embassy the police could not enter the premises without permission.

An ambassador is above the law of the country to which he is accredited. The courts have no jurisdiction over him, and, strangely enough, his subordinates and even his domestic servants are also inviolate. The humblest employee in the embassy if he committed a punishable offense could not be arrested without the consent of his master, nor can an embassy official be imprisoned for debt.

Ambassadors are to be envied most of all perhaps for their freedom from the burden of taxation. They disburse not one penny in taxes, either directly or indirectly, and, as for the custom house, it is nonexistent so far as they are concerned. No duty whatever is charged in respect of wines, cigars, cigarettes, etc., that are consigned to them.

So their excellencies need not bother about taxes unless they please. That they do so is purely an act of grace on their part. They are not legally exempt from these tantalizing demands on the purse, but if they declined to meet them there would be no means of enforcing payment.—Cassell's Journal.

Cromwell's Appearance.

Sir Philip Warwick left this picture of Oliver Cromwell: "The first time that ever I took notice of him was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little hand, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband."

Mozart and Bretzner.

When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music of Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From the Seraglio") at the request of Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipzig Zeitung: "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedures. (Signed) Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, Author of 'Rausch-chen.'"

Knew He Was Dead.

Some time after the occupation of Manila by the American forces one of the army officers was shown through the old Spanish prison in that city. He noticed a small opening through a brick wall. Upon asking its use he was told that prisoners were placed in a cell behind it and walled up alive.

"You see, senator," said the guide, "as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed in on a plate, and he handed the empty plate back, but when he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew he was dead and didn't give him any more."

Long Necked Belles.

Eastern standards of beauty differ, like the customs, from those of the west. In Malacca, we are told, the small waist and velvet eyes do not count, but instead the length of the neck is the criterion of beauty. The girl of Malacca at a very early age is fitted with a metal collar, which compels her to keep her head erect, and as she grows the collar is increased in size, and by this means the neck is gradually elongated.

What He Would Keep.

When the late Francois Coppee was elected to the academy he told his friend, Theodore de Banville, that he wished he were in too. Banville declined to canvass.

"Suppose your nomination were brought to you one fine morning on a silver salver."

"I don't know what I should do with the nomination," said Banville, "but I should certainly keep the salver."

DICKENS RAN AWAY.

He Was Afraid to See His Own Play Produced in Paris.

Jules Claretie once contributed to Les Annales a personal recollection of Charles Dickens that seems to have escaped the biographers. Claretie, according to the Bookman's translation, saw Dickens in Paris. It was of a summer evening, and the English novelist was sitting at a table in the cafe that was attached to the Theatre du Vaudeville, on the Place de la Bourse. That night the Vaudeville was to present a piece by Dickens, and the author had made the trip from London for the express purpose of witnessing its reception by the French public.

He was there at the table, while the Parisian first nighters entered the theater, passing this man with the gray hat, the splendid head, the long hair and the curling chin beard without realizing that there in Paris this summer evening was one of the masters of the novel, the most original of writers, one of the real geniuses of the century.

Dickens watched the people enter, but did not go in himself. "I shall wait," he said to a friend, "until the first act is over. It is so delightful in Paris in the evening. How can any one willingly be shut up in a theater?" As a matter of fact, he was uneasy over the result of the evening. He feared the Parisian public. He sought a pretext for escape. This man who ordinarily feared nothing, this lecturer accustomed to facing crowds, trembled before twelve critics and an audience of Parisian women.

"Let us go to Mabilly," he said to his friend. "I will return to learn the result when the play is finished." So to Mabilly they went. But while watching the celebrated dancers he was thinking only of his play.

The hour drew near when the drama must have either triumphed or foundered. Charles Dickens took a carriage and called to the driver: "Theatre du Vaudeville! Place de la Bourse!" But halfway on the journey the fear that agitated the author of "David Copperfield" increased. He looked at his watch and changed his orders: "No, Gare du Nord, driver! We still have time to catch the train for Boulogne!" And he took the train, first strongly urging his friend to send him a telegram at once concerning the reception of his play. And it was from Boulogne-sur-Mer that Charles Dickens thanked the actors in his piece, players whom he did not know, in a French drama that he had never seen.

The Only Way.

Little John was full of mischief, and during his first year at school hardly a day passed that he was not sent to stand in the corner.

When the schoolhouse burned down and a new one was immediately begun the little boy went to his father, who was county superintendent.

"Don't you think we could get the carpenter to build a round schoolhouse this time, father?" he said.

"Why, son?" his father asked in astonishment.

"Because," the little fellow answered, "I'm getting very tired of corners."—New York Post.

Coral Islands.

A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing that islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to an atoll in the Marshall group in 1905, when it chanced to be in the path of a terrible hurricane. Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was saved. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean was seen where the atoll had stood.

Property Rights.

Private property in the shape in which we know it today was chiefly formed by the gradual disentanglement of the separate rights of individuals from the blended rights of a community. There is every reason for believing that property once belonged not to individuals or even the isolated families, but to the patriarchal society as a whole. In other words, property was at first communistic rather than personal.—New York American.

A Wart Superstition.

Boys in the west of England believe that by squeezing a mole to death between the hands and touching the affected parts with the blood that oozes from the mouth of the dying animal warts will disappear and will not reappear. The culprits are convinced that moles, worms and other subterranean dwellers have no feelings, and therefore it is not cruelty to put them to death in this way.

GREETING THE PYRAMIDS.

A Drive Through Cairo to Those Marvels of the Desert.

It is a wonderful drive through Cairo to the pyramids, whether you spin out there in a motor, or trot on a donkey, or lilt on a camel, squatting crosslegged on a load of green bersin. Past the great swinging bridge and the island of Ghezreh (the word that in itself means "island") begins the six mile dyke, which is the road made by Ismail to please the Empress Eugenie. Since her visit, in the days when the Suez canal was opened, it has pleased two empresses and more queens than I have time to count. Under the deep shade of lebbek trees it goes on and on, toward the pyramids, a dark cool avenue, high above cultivated fields flooded by the Nile when the river is "up." The emerald waves of grain flow like green water to the foot of the broad dyke road, and the canals like long, tight drawn blue ribbons are threaded through it, their ends lost to sight at the shimmering horizon.

Even at this noon hour, when the world should have been eating lotuses or luncheon, the interminable arbor was crowded with strings of camels, forever going both ways, into Cairo and out, one wondered why—and there were flocks of woolly brown sheep, and donkeys drawing sideless carts in which whole families of veiled women and half naked children were seated tailor fashion. On we spun, past the zoo, past scattered villas of Frenchified, oriental fashion, which might have been designed by the confectioner; past azure lakes left by the ebbing Nile, and so into sudden dazzling sight of the three geometric mountains in a tawny desert—two, monsters in size, and one a baby trying to catch up with them.

"Oh!" everybody breathed. For these things were beyond words.

Then in a moment more the great pyramid had grown so big that it loomed over us and ate up half the sky—a pyre of yellow flame against a flame of blue.—From "It Happened in Egypt," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Still Susceptible.

He was a nervous, fidgety young man, and he looked with considerable apprehension at the woman next him, who held a baby, its face covered with a thick veil. The baby gave now and then a sharp cry, which the woman evidently tried to suppress.

At last, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke.

"Has—has that baby any—anything contagious?" he asked.

The woman looked at him with a mixture of scorn and pity.

"'Twouldn't be for most folks," she said in a clear, carrying tone, "but maybe 'twould for you. He's teething."

Not What She Meant.

Mr. Titus was traveling in Italy and one morning was quite surprised to meet some people from his native town.

"Why, Mrs. Clarke!" he cried. "How do you do? You are the last person I expected to see in Italy."

"If it isn't Mr. Titus!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "Yes, we are spending the winter here. You must call on us often. You know just how it is—persons we never think much of at home seem like dear friends when we meet them in a strange country."

Dead, Yet Alive.

Dan Daly once essayed the legitimate. It was in his early days. All he had to do was to come to the center of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The king is dead; long live the king!"

When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he bellowed at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king—he's dead!"—New York Globe.

The Oldest Jury.

The oldest Greek poet has left us a picture of what the jury was in his time. The primitive court is sitting, and the question is "guilty" or "not guilty." The old men of the community give their opinions in turn. The adjudicating democracy, the commons, standing round about, applaud the opinions which strike them most, and the applause determines the decision. Such was probably the earliest form of jury.

Why?

Alden has reached the "Why?" age. It isn't always easy to answer the whys. One day he lay on the floor with his eyes shut.

"Am I asleep, mother?" he asked. "You know you aren't," said his mother.

"Well, I'm lying down; my eyes are shut. Why ain't I asleep?"—Lippincott's.

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