

"Get away," he said, "that's last year's ready-reckoner."

Mr. and Mrs. Wurzel beat a crestfallen retreat.

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SPOILED THE SCENERY.

A certain professional man is a great believer in the widening influence of travel. When he and his wife set off for a holiday in Switzerland they took their maid with them.

She was much envied by the other girls of the village, and when she got back one of her friends asked: "Well, Gladys, what did you think of Switzerland?"

"Not much," was the answer. "I couldn't really see what the country was like. The mountains got in the way!"

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KEW TOO MUCH ALREADY.

Running the lift in a building where a prominent publishing firm had its offices was a Negro of more than ordinary intelligence. The firm had published a book on mechanical engineering, a chapter of which was devoted to the construction and operation of passenger lifts. One of the agents selling the book thought he might find a customer in the Negro.

"Wash," he said, "you ought to buy a copy of this book."

"Don't git no time for readin' books," drawled Wash. "It teks all mah time to run dis lift."

"But this book will help you to run your lift. It contains a whole chapter on the operation of passenger lifts," persisted the canvasser.

"Don't want no help to run dis lift," said the Negro. "It runs all right now."

"But," said the canvasser, "this book will help you to run it better. You will know twice as much when you have read it."

"No, boss, dat's just it," returned Wash. "Don't want to learn nothing. Why, I know more now than I git paid for."

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SMILE RAISERS.

"Yes sir, eighty-two I be, an' every tooth in my 'ead same as th' day I were born."

▽

"I envy the man who sang the tenor solo."

"Why, I thought he had a very poor voice."

"So did I; but think of the nerve he has!"

▽

"Now, Victor, what does a clever, nice little boy do when he is in a full tramcar and sees an old lady who has to stand up?"

"He pretends he is asleep!"

▽

Gent.: "Can't you find work?"

Tramp: "Yessir; but everyone wants a reference from my last employer."

Gent.: "And can't you get one?"

Tramp: "No, sir. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years."

▽

Visitor: "What is the dear little chap's name?"

Mother: "John, but we call him Johnny for short."

▽

He came across a paragraph in the paper which, dealing with vital statistics, stated that there was a death in the world for every heart-beat of a human being.

"How terrible!" he murmured. "Every time I breathe someone dies."

And the little man in the corner said sympathetically: "Have you tried cloves, sir?"

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

Finding Oil by Wireless: Apparatus that Overcomes Space.

An amazing claim has been made by two French scientists, Dr. Henri Moineau and M. Regis. They declare that they have invented an apparatus by means of which they are able to discover oil-fields, not only in the ground beneath their feet, but also in land hundreds and even thousands of miles away.

From a station at Clermont-Auvergne, in Central France, M. Regis has discovered an oil-field in the Rocky Mountains in America, while from the same position he has detected oil in Saxony, Hanover, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Corsica.

The invention is an adaption of wireless telegraphy. It has been known for some time that great loss of energy resulted when wireless waves of short length were used in sending messages, and it was agreed that the lower parts of the waves were absorbed into the ground.

Hertz, the great wireless pioneer, discovered that waves were affected by the various substances over which they passed, and Regis and Moineau set to work to note the effect that the different kinds of earth had upon electrical waves. In this way they discovered the machine which has given such remarkable results.

It is stated that not only oil, but coal, water, and even gases can be located by the new apparatus, and it has been suggested that when such supplies have been discovered, X-ray photographs from the air can be taken to show the best spots for boring.

Genius Who Invented Coal-Gas Lighting.

There is no more inspiring story in the annals of science and invention than that of William Murdoch, the Scotoman who, by his discovery of coal-gas lighting, won fame, but not a fortune.

The son of a millwright of Old Cumnock, a village in Ayrshire, Murdoch was born more than one hundred and sixty years ago in a low-roofed thatched cottage. In his youth he showed ingenuity in mechanics, and a wooden horse of his own contrivance, on which he and his brothers rode to school at Cumnock, is claimed as the forerunner of the modern locomotive.

At the age of twenty-three the young inventor came to England and entered the service of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of Birmingham. He changed the spelling of his name from Murdoch to Murdock, out of consideration for the Englishman's natural inability to pronounce the guttural.

In Birmingham he made the acquaintance of another genius, for the Watt of the firm was the famous inventor of the steam-engine.

It was when he found it necessary to light his way on his walk home from work that Murdoch began to experiment with the distillation of various classes of coal, with the result that he made his great discovery. After that he used to carry at night a gas-filled bladder under his arm. He squeezed the gas out with his elbow, and it burned at the end of a pipe attached to the bladder.

It was in 1798 that Murdoch constructed apparatus for lighting the Birmingham works—a step which marked the beginning of the use of coal-gas for industrial purposes.

Until after his forty-fourth year he was never paid more than £1 a week. But to a man of his temperament money mattered little. However, he earned £1,000 a year before he died in Birmingham at the age of eighty-five.

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I cannot understand why those who have given themselves up to God and His goodness are not always cheerful, for what possible happiness can be equal to that? No accidents or imperfections which may happen ought to have power to trouble them, or to hinder their looking upward.—St. Francis de Sales.

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