HAMMURABI OF BABYLON.

A King Who Reigned Over Twenty-Two Hundred Years Before the Days of Christ.

Hammurabi reigned in Babylon about 2350 B. C. We know nothing of Babylon before his time, writes Dr. William Hayes Ward, in Century. There were other local capitals: Ur, Erech, Nippur and Lagash to the south, and Agane and Sippara to the north, each the seat of a temple of some one of the gods. At Sippara the local divinity was Shamash, the sun god. We know the form under which Shamash was worshiped, for Mr. Rassam, in his excavations at Sippara, the modern Abu-habba, dug up, from a great depth, the sacred image of the god, a bas relief on a large slab, accompanied by a memorial inscription of King Nabu-abal-idin, or Nebo-gives-a-son. The sun god sits on his throne under a canopy, and the king is presented to him by two divine attendants. Before the god, resting on a table, is the symbol of the sun, with alternate rays and streams; and above are two figures who direct the course of the sun in his daily journey, much as a Persian artist would place the disk of the sun in a chariot to be drawn by his horses, or as a Greek artist would give him a charioteer. There are smaller symbols of the sun, the moon and Venus, and the cuneiform inscription explains the meaning of the composition. When this stone was found by the Arab workmen, they came running to Mr. Rassam and told him they had found Noah with his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth; and Mr. Rassam was so pleased that he killed an ox and made them a great feast.

In this city of Sippara and before the sun god's temple Hammurabi set up one of the great stone columns on which were inscribed the laws. It remained there 300 years or more, until, in feebler succession, the kings from the mountains of Elam invaded and conquered again the rich plains of Babylonia. We know not what costly spoil of gold and embroidered vestures they carried away; but much more important for us was their loot of the historical stone monuments of Babylonia, and most fortunate of all was their choice of the stele of Hammurabi. It had first to make its way by boat from the western side of the Arabian peninsula, some think even from the Sinaitic quarries at the north end of the Red sea. That would have taken a year's travel. The Elamite conqueror put this stone and a considerable number of smaller stone records of land grants (like the one pictured on page 459), called kudurus, into boats, and, following the main canals, reached the Tigris river (for Sippara is near the Euphrates), and then passed down to the Persian gulf, and thence up the Karun or Eulaeus river, or quite as likely through some of the intersecting canals, and by this long journey they were brought to grace his triumph at Susa.

OLDEST MAP OF ROME.

Cut Upon 140 Pieces of Marble and Was Made Between 203 and 211 A. D.

There is preserved in Rome an interesting document, which is the oldest plan of the ancient city of Rome in existence. The Forma Urbis, as it is called, was cut upon 140 pieces of marble of various sizes, and covers a superficial area of 266 square meters. It was made during the reign of Septimius Severus, between 203 and 211 A. D., and was attached to a wall of the Templum Sacrae Urbis, the present church of SS. Cosma e Damiano. The most curious feature of this map, says the Scientific American, is that some sections or divisions of the city are represented upon a much larger scale than the other parts. This is notably the case respecting the Palatine and Roman Forum. The reason for this distinction antiquarians and archaeologists have failed to adduce, and the peculiarity rendered it a difficult matter to piece the fragments of the map together correctly. It is also evident that the relic is the product of several different hands, since some portions are very skillfully and diligently prepared, while others are very negligently made. The map was also permitted to fall into disrepair and fell to pieces in the course of time. The first fragments were found in 1562 and roughly placed together by Antonio Costa, but the work of building up the map has been diligently continued ever since, until now 1,049 pieces have been found and joined together. That the map was originally of enormous size is testified by the fact that according to Prof. Lanciani the present portion of the plan is but a fragment of the whole. This Forma Urbis is of immense value to archaeologists, since its ruins and many parts of ancient Rome hitherto unknown have been found.

A Sentimental Squelcher.

"Hadn't you better let me hold your hand?" asked the sentimental youth as he walked homeward from the reunable with the private dancer.

"Why?" asked the girl, who was one of the kind of people that always want a reason for everything.

"It might grow cold," suggested the youth.

"I am somewhat in the business of keeping it cold myself. I don't mind telling you that my nose feels like an iceberg right now."

The youth quickened the pace.

However, some years later he reported that he had not got rid of her hand, for her husband—a retired Lancashire manufacturer—could hold her tongue.—Chicago Tribune.

COOK AND CLERGYMAN.

Young New England Clergyman Had to Give His Landlady Culinary Instructions.

The days in which American cookery was a byword and a reproach are, happily, long past. If our national dish is still pie—and there are many good Americans who, brushing aside as merely local such delicacies as Boston baked beans, Rhode Island chowder, Maryland fried chicken, and the appetizing creole cookery of New Orleans, boldly declare that it is—at least we may claim that it is no longer a pie with soggy under crust and flinty upper one, nor is it usually served at breakfast. To be sure, we have the example of Emerson for tolerating it even at that meal; but then he was a traveler when he ate it, and a philosopher always, says Youth's Companion.

But if we have civilized our kitchens as a nation, we have still regions where the worst of the old ways prevail. A young clergyman in one of the northernmost villages in a New England state, many miles from the railroad, found this out to his cost. He found on the table little to eat but fried things—doughnuts, eggs, thick bacon and scorched flapjacks with a semifluid interlining—no meat that was not salt, sodden potatoes and almost no fresh vegetables.

He loathed his meals from the first, and soon his digestion rebelled. His landlady, as kind-hearted as she was ignorant, observed that he was looking "kind o' peaked," and good-naturedly resolved to procure him a change of diet.

One day he left the house immediately after breakfast, and returned only in time for his evening meal. The good woman came running out to meet him, beaming joyously.

"Come right in!" she cried, cheerfully. "I do hope you're good and hungry! I've got a surprise for supper. Fresh beefsteak! It came just after you left, and I put it right on to boil. It's been on back o' the stove all day, and I guess it's just about done now. It ought to be real tasty and tender. Come right in!"

He came in, and tried nobly to look grateful; but her expectations of that steak—a viand she had never before had to deal with—were not fulfilled; and his were—all too well. Nevertheless, there was a good result; for seeing her willingness to provide what pleased him, he resolved to profit by it, if he had to teach her himself how to cook.

Indeed, that is just what he finally did. He had never before cooked; but he had theory, while she had practice, and between them, before the summer ended, there was evolved in one kitchen of that unfortunate village a knowledge of the elementary principles of plain home cookery. The results of his ministerial teaching during that season he was unable definitely to determine; but his lessons in cookery were highly successful.

REMARKABLE LOYALTY.

A Case of Friendship in the World of Crime That Has Rarely Been Equaled.

A dramatic story of self-sacrifice on the part of a crook has dribbled out through the grim and unromantic criminal courts, says the Los Angeles Times of a recent date.

The young bunco man, Bert Clayton, is said to have gone to prison to save his feeble old pal, Thomas Snow.

The circumstances were such that they could both have a slim chance of going clear or one could of a certainty go free if the other would go to prison. Clayton insisted upon going to prison and letting the old man out.

The two of them conspired to rob old man Venable in a "spike" card game at Long Beach. Venable "hollered" to the police, and both of the bunco men were caught. Their bail was fixed at $2,000 each. They couldn't raise it singly—either of them.

Although Clayton told the judge who sentenced him that he had been only led into the crime in his desperation to get money to send east to his sick young wife and two little children, it appears that he had the most money of the two.

He could not collect quite $2,000, however. He scraped up some, and his young wife brought him more. Snow got together what money he could, and between them there was a pile amounting to $2,000. It was enough to let one of them give bail and skip out. Here was a situation to test the character of a better and more generous man than a crook. Young Clayton, after talking it over with his young wife, told Snow that he should be the one to go free. When the old man demurred to accepting such a sacrifice, Clayton said to him: "I am a young man yet, and I can stand a few years in the 'pen.' You would die before your sentence expired."

So old Snow took the $2,000 they had all three raised and deposited it as bail. Then he promptly shook the dust of this city from his feet and vanished.

Clayton got three years in San Quentin.

According to the etiquette of the underworld of the crooks it is now "up to" old Snow. He will be expected to set the stool pigeons in the proper quarters, which is nothing to say that Clayton's wife and children are well taken care of.

Just how these things are done only a few of the outsiders are able to know.

He Stopped the Clock.

Mary (to George, papa's the alarm for 1 o'clock tonight.

George—Indeed. Didn't you remark the other night that the ticking was monotonous and annoyed you?—Chicago Gazette.

COWARDLY BLOODHOUNDS.

How Three of the Savage Brutes Were Cowed by a Man Who Had Strange Influence.

I think that bloodhounds can hardly be called cowardly animals, yet I thoroughly frightened three of them in ways that were both surprising and peculiar.

While engaged in the removal of an old telegraph line in the south I came to a pole near a kennel to which was chained a bloodhound, who manifested a great desire for my anatomy, but fortunately his chain would not permit him to reach me, although his desire and anger were unabated as I ascended, says a writer in the Los Angles Times.

When I removed the last wire the pole, which had become deeply sunk under the ground, gave way and I saw, to my horror, that I would be thrown in front of the kennel and literally into the jaws of the enraged dog, who I expected would attack me before I could escape, but the apparition of a man coming down through the air astride of a telegraph pole was too much for the canine. With a howl of terror he made a plunge which parted his chain, and he bounded over a fence and disappeared in the distance, yelping as if expecting another attack from some aerial monster.

Some time after this I accepted an invitation to visit Gen F. at his beautiful country home near Atlanta. As I did not arrive at the hour I was expected there was no one to meet me when I left the cars in the early evening at the little station near my friend's home. I thoroughly enjoyed the walk in the fresh evening air, knowing full well that I would be very welcome upon my arrival. So occupied was my mind with pleasant thoughts that it was not until after I had entered the grounds that I thought of the general's caution to be very sure not to come in the evening without notifying him, as he kept two bloodhounds which were allowed the range of the grounds from darkness to daylight, and saying if anyone attempted to enter during those hours that he would surely get hurt. He had been compelled to adopt this means to check the depredations of thieves.

About the time I thought of my dilemma I heard the dogs approaching in the darkness. To retreat would be impossible. To call for help would be useless, as no one would hear me. So I folded my arms and waited, and soon I could distinguish their forms as they approached me, moving slower and slower, side by side, until they were within a few feet of me, where they remained perfectly motionless for a few moments, which seemed like hours to me, when each one raised his head high in the air, gave a dismal howl, turned about and disappeared in the darkness as fast as their legs could carry them.

The general was much surprised when I reached the house and at once inquired how I had escaped the dogs. I remarked that I had not escaped them, but that they escaped from me. I then related my experience, which surprised and puzzled him very much, and I thought he was inclined to question the truthfulness of all of it. He said that as far as he knew I was the only person who had entered the premises without help since they had had the dogs, and he had many stories to relate of their watchfulness and prowess.

When we went out on the porch the following morning the dogs were found asleep on the ground near by. Being disturbed they looked up and saw me. They acted terrified, gave the same dismal howl as on the previous night and disappeared as quickly as possible, nor could they be induced to come near me during the two days I was there.

We were unable to account for their strange actions, but that I had in some way thoroughly frightened them there was no question.

PETRIFIED FORCE OF GRAVITY

Colorado Guide's Account of a Marvelous Occurrence in His Experience.

A party of tourists from the east, including Prof. Marcus C. S. Noble, of the North Carolina university, were making an excursion through a portion of Colorado renowned for its evidences of petrifaction, says the New York Mail and Express. On the mountain sides and in the valleys there were many petrified trees, and in spots petrified animals had been dug out of the earth by scientists. Prof. Noble hired a well-known guide to take the party for a stroll into the midst of the region.

This guide, whose reputation for word painting was unsurpassed, was for the tourists, took every opportunity to boast of the wonderful climatic conditions, asserting that nothing was safe from the ravages of the petrifying atmosphere more than a few hours. They arrived at a little mountain. The guide pointed to a projecting bowlder.

"Right there," he said, pointing to the spot, "right there, was the worst case of petrifaction of what ever came under my view. There was a hunter, cookin' his bear. He had a mighty big bear that day, and a big one's how sight slower to cook. He rolled a log to the fire, to the log he tied the bear, just as he was about to put it in a wave of petrifaction struck him. It struck the angle the animal was in. All of from waz petrified—squirrel and fly. And the eagle stayed just where he waz in the air."

"How was that?" inquired Prof. Noble. "The force of gravity should have brought the bear to the ground."

"The force of gravity," repeated the guide contemptuously. "Be gosh, it waz petrified along with the rest of 'em."

A NURSERY IN THIBET.

Infants of the Natives Hung in Queer Cradles from the Limbs of Forest Trees.

Our first meeting with the Sifans presented many ludicrous features, writes W. C. Jameson Reid, in Collier's Weekly. We were plunging through the gloom of the forest when our ears were assailed with a concourse of yells which echoed through the supernatural silence with ghostly weirdness. In this forbidding wilderness we had not looked for signs of human habitation, so, hastily arranging ourselves in position, we prepared for what seemed an inevitable hostile attack. Long and anxiously we awaited the onslaught of our supposed hidden assailants, when again the peace-disturbing sound echoed almost, it seemed, over our very heads. Glancing upward, the mystery was soon explained, for in the lower branches of the tree we could descry numerous small bundles, each too large for an eyry and too small for a windfall.

Both my Kiansi and Gharkauese escort, with their superstitious natures roused by these ghost-like sounds, visibly paled beneath their dusky skins, and gazed furtively round in order to seek means of escape from this enchanted spot. Even I was not a little puzzled and awed until, peering more closely, I became aware of the fact that we had unwittingly stumbled upon an aboriginal nursery, and that the weird and ghost-like sounds emanated from several hungry and lusty-lunged infants. Then the solemn stillness was broken by our hearty laughter, the Sifans and Charlkauses, as if to make amends for their credulous fears, making the woods ring with their forced guffaws. The Sifan Thibetans, as we subsequently learned, place their children in skin cradles and hang these from the trees in the forests near their villages, for two reasons—the first from a belief that they will be instructed by the deities; the second, that their full existence may not be endangered by the abominable filth and squalor of the settled regions. Several times in the day they are visited by their mothers, who provide them with food and remain with them [illegible] two or three years old, and has grown strong and healthy enough to stand the rigors of hardship and disease.

A KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

Medical Explanation of the Jolt on the Jaw Used by Prize-Fighters.

Inasmuch as all boxing contests which terminate speedily are, as a rule, ended by this character of coup de grace, the physiology of it is of great interest, says the Medical News. "A man struck with any degree of force upon the mental area of the jaw, although he may be in perfect physical condition, instantly collapses and falls to the ground. The attitude assumed in recovery, which may be instantaneous or delayed some minutes, is most characteristic. He squirms about, raises his head and rolls his eyes in an attempt to locate himself. He tries to get on his side and elbow. He endeavors to rise upon his hands and knees. If he results his feet, he staggers like a drunken man and should he proceed to reopen hostilities, he is usually promptly "put out" by his adversary. The blow is practically never fatal, the heart's action is never unduly accelerated, the pulse and respiration are normal; the pupils are normal, there is no headache, no sweats, no cold extremities, no pallor, none of the ordinary signs of shock or concussion.

James G. Dutcanson (British Medical Journal, April 4, 1903) believes the condition to be due entirely to a shaking up of the endolymph in the semicircular canals. When the blow is administered there is a violent over-twisting of the head, which is held in its anteposterior position by muscles which, compared with those inflicting the blow, are small and puny. The result is that the head flies around with a jerk and the fluid in the canals is subjected to a greater disturbance than by any other trauma. There is little reason to doubt that this is the interesting pathology of the well known but little understood coup de grace.

Remembered He Was Prejudiced.

The prisoner was charged with petit larceny stealing a dog. A jury had been called to hear the evidence and render a verdict. The attorneys were questioning the jurors to learn of their capability to serve on a jury.

"Are you a lover of dogs?" asked one of the lawyers.

"Oh, shust medium," answered an old German in the back row.

"Do you believe that you could render a verdict according to the law and the evidence and not be prejudiced because of your love for dogs?"

"Vell, no, since I come to think apoudt it, I believe me I show some brejudice."

"Why?"

"Vell, I forgodt I own a dog 2 year ago, and he vas stolen away, und I believe I am still brejudiced."

He was relieved from jury duty.—Indianapolis News.

Change of Condition.

He—Remember, madam, that you were only my typewriter when I married you.

She—Well, what of it? You will please remember at the same time that you were my boss when you married me, but now I am yours. Remember that, will you, while you are asking people to remember things?—Comfort.

BIG STARS THAT STEAL.

Minor Planets May Be Picked Up and Carried Away by Larger Planets and Suns.

Jupiter is much the biggest member of the family of stars which revolve around the sun, says London Answers. Consequently the power of his attraction is greater than that possessed, for instance, by the earth. Jupiter's exploits as a burglar caused very considerable annoyance and inconvenience to astronomers in the days before his powers were fully recognized.

In 1770 there appeared a fine comet, which was found to have an elliptical orbit round the sun of so comparatively small a size that Mr. Lexell, its discoverer, calculated it would return in five and a half years. But in 1775 telescopes were vainly focused on the spot where it was expected to reappear, and again in 1781 it disappointed all observers. Mr. Lexell plunged into fresh calculations, and after much research found that Jupiter was the culprit. The unfortunate comet had been rash enough to plunge into the sphere of the giant planet's attraction, with the result that it had been completely diverted from its former orbit, and flung off into quite a different one of a 20 years' period. It has never been seen again by anyone on this earth, and probably never will be.

Jupiter was also responsible for the delay which occurred in the return of that splendid visitant known as Halley's comet. Halley found that he was not the first discoverer of this big comet. It had appeared at least twice previously, once 75 years before, and again 76 years before that. The astronomer concluded that there would be a further delay in its third return, and predicted that its next appearance would be 518 days later. He did not live to see it; but in 1758, the year he had prophesied for its reappearance, astronomers were waiting for it.

But they waited for more than three months before it actually did appear, and then found that it was the planet Saturn they had to thank for delaying the comet this extra hundred days.

This same comet appeared again in 1835, this time late again. Not only had Jupiter delayed it 518 days, and Saturn [illegible] another 90 days to its journey.

Our own earth is by no means guiltless. It is constantly picking up unconsidered trifles of star dust, which range all the way from the 16-foot long mass of meteoric rock lately found by Prof. Ward in Mexico, down to the infinitesimal particles which are found on the roof of St. Paul's, on the arctic snows, and at the bottom of the sea. It is calculated that the total amount of matter thus absorbed by the earth is certainly not less than 100,000 tons a year, and that, therefore, the weight of this world is increasing at that rate every 12 months.

It appears also that we may occasionally be responsible for the disappearance of a poor, unoffending comet. Biela's comet, which went astray, is supposed to have been absorbed by the earth. That amazing shower of shooting stars, which was seen in November, 1872, may have been the death throes of Biela's unfortunate comet.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

Sent Two Hundred Miles as a Test and Received Without Mistakes.

Doubts having arisen as to the possibility of sending messages by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic without paralyzing the action of the Marconi apparatus when it is now established on so many ships, it was recently determined to settle this important point by experiment, and Prof. J. A. Fleming has lately published the results, says Chambers's Journal. The power station at Poldhu, Cornwall, for transatlantic communication is six miles from the Lizard, where there is a Marconi mast for intercourse with ships, and 100 yards from the big installation at Poldhu is another mast which is used for experiments. Prof. Fleming prepared 16 messages, half of them being of the kind which would be used for intercourse between ships, and the other half (some of which were in cipher) of the kind that business men would dispatch across the ocean. These messages were enclosed in sealed envelopes and entrusted to a telegraph man at Poldhu, who undertook to see that they were sent off simultaneously from the two stations there. Prof. Fleming waited at the Lizard to receive them. Arrangements were also made to receive the long-distance messages at Poldhu, 200 miles away. The Lizard mast was furnished with two receiving apparatus, each specially tuned to the wavelength it was [illegible] one of which represented about 25 horse power, and the other only one-tenth of a horse-power. The messages were received at the Lizard without mistakes, and the one apparatus did not interfere in the least with the other. The receiver at Poldhu intercepted three of the long-distance messages, and repeated them to the Lizard by ordinary wire.

Currant Punch.

A currant punch, a good recipe to serve at a piazza affair on a hot afternoon, is made after this receipt: Put in a saucepan one cupful of sugar, three quarters of water and two tumblerfuls of red currant jelly. Let it boil till the jelly is thoroughly dissolved, then the juice of three oranges and three lemons. Strain into a punch bowl and set into the beverage a large piece of ice. Scatter over the top of the punch a handful of ripe red currants stripped from their stems.

AN AGE OF KISSING.

The Present Is Preeminently a Period That Teems with Tales of Osculation.

One thousand two hundred and thirty-five kisses in bulk figured rather prominently in a breach of promise suit the other day. The suit, as might be expected, was won by the lady, including damages to the extent of $3,000. The testimony with regard to the kisses deeply interested an ambitious law student in petticoats, who is studying with a view to making breach of promise cases her specialty, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

This student has devoted a good deal of attention and investigation to kissing, and has discovered that up to less than 60 years ago the osculatory privilege was not so highly esteemed or so freely granted as in these latter days. In other words, this is the kissing age.

In pre-revolutionary days parents rarely kissed their children, and the Puritan Pilgrims and their posterity into the fourth generation regarded the kiss as an invention of the devil. A weak-minded Boston citizen was heavily fined for kissing his wife on Sunday because that was a peculiarly reprehensible exaggeration of the generally condemned offense.

In Virginia and Maryland laxer views of kissing as a crime prevailed, but nobody took any stock in the proceeding. While the father's nearest approach to affectionate demonstration was a kiss upon his daughter's brow, the sons of fine families were expected to kiss only their mother's hands.

How lovers progressed in their courtships without osculatory assistance of any sort is little short of a mystery. The novelists and poets are silent upon this interesting point. Richardson's, Fannie Burney's, and Scott's heroines were wooed and won without kisses, except those purely perfunctory ones bestowed upon their hands which custom, by the way, was introduced to England and the United States and the continent.

It is not until the rise of the romantic school of fervent young fictionists who contributed to that ancient and defunct household comfort known as [illegible] the kiss became popularized as the sentiment.

By and by the "Duchess" novels arrived, and then the kiss was established as a social custom in good and highly popular standing. Nowadays no novelist would presume to conduct a proposal without a preliminary skirmish line of kisses, leading up to the first storm, which is usually pledged in hearty fashion upon the heroine's ripe red lips. The dramatist is pledged to afford his audience similar demonstrations of the art of osculation. Frequently in plays and operas it is conducted in a fast on that would bring a crash of indignation from the ghosts of our great-grandparents. Yet the modern [illegible] looks on it as a very good opportunity to [illegible] and appeals the sense of [illegible] exhilaration.

"Your love scenes are too cold," said a prominent [illegible] author of a prominent [illegible]. "I should drop in a kiss or two; it would warm the situation up wonderfully, and please the [illegible] reader."

The author in question was in the way of [illegible] upon the suggestion, and he heard no more of complaints in the critics of the [illegible].

Said the head reader of a publishing house who was intelligent: "The public, the big and sentimental mass of readers, enjoy love kisses well and appreciate those bestowed. The average novel reading girl who haunts the circulating libraries would no more read a romance without [illegible] kissing scenes than she would drink soda water without cream in it. The novelist who knows how to introduce kisses frequently and with passable art can invariably [illegible] an audience to which the publisher is glad to appeal."

HE MIMICKED THE BIRDS.

Whistling Boy Charms a Passing Lady with His Excellent Imitations.

As the lady came down the street on a late May morning, she heard a most mellow oriole whistle. She hadn't heard one for a long, long time, and never in the city, so she stopped to listen. The oriole whistled again plaintively and sweetly, then a boy came around the corner. It was a boy, a ten-year-old boy, with soft brown eyes and curly hair not too clean, and a cut ragged, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Was that you imitating the oriole?" said the pleased lady. "Why, it's grand. I love to hear the orioles."

But the boy was shy, and got behind a telephone pole.

"Can you whistle like a bob white?" the lady asked. "Oh, do whistle like a bob white. I'll give you a dime if you'll whistle like a bob white. Where did you learn to imitate birds?"

Still the silent boy hid behind the telephone pole.

"Well, I must go," the lady said. "But I'll leave this dime on the curbstone, and I know that before I get very far away you'll whistle like a bob white, won't you?"

The boy made no answer from behind the pole, and the lady walked on. Halfway down the block she heard another bird. It said, "Bob white! bob white!" high and clear. Of course, she stopped, and looked around. There at the corner was the boy, walking away from her. But the boy was looking back over his shoulder, and as long as she could see him, she heard the notes, "Bob white! bob white!"

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