

DISSECTING A MUMMY.

The Surgeon Worked Hard, But Had to Give Up the Job.

When Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, was in Egypt last winter he secured a number of relics in the way of antiquities that have reached this city in several shipments. Among the most valued of these are two mummies that Dr. Goucher secured in Cairo at the National Museum which is in charge of H. Schuch Bey, who has manifested a great interest in American institutions of learning. When he learned that Dr. Goucher was in search of Egyptian antiquities, he helped him materially in securing a lot of valuable relics, that are now stored in the Woman's College. It has been Dr. Goucher's intention for some time to make an anatomical examination of the mummies, and recently he made the attempt, but it was not a pronounced success. Both of the mummies are bodies of women. The larger of the two is of the Ptolemaic period, or, in other words, the woman lived in Egypt about 2000 years ago. The other is apparently that of a girl, and from the elaborate decoration of the outer case it is presumed she was of royal blood, so says Dr. Goucher. There is no inscription on the outside to mark the period of her life, but from the manner in which the outside wrappings are placed, it is very evident that the mummy is of the twenty-first dynasty. Dr. Goucher was very fortunate in securing this mummy, as all of a like character are carefully preserved by the National Museum. H. Schuch Bey, however, succeeded in getting this valuable trophy for the doctor.

It was the larger mummy that Dr. Goucher attempted to open and examine. It was in the wooden case which held the mummy when it was taken from the catacombs, and down the center of it ran an inscription from the "Book of the Dead" that clearly indicated that the mummy was of the Ptolemaic period.

When the mummy proper was lifted from the case it did not look unlike a large sack covered with pitch. Dr. Goucher went to work on the outside covering with a pair of shears, but he found his task a harder one than he had contracted for. The pitch layer was finally pierced, and then a couple of newspaper men, one armed with a pair of tin-cutting shears, and the other with a screwdriver and a hammer, assisted the doctor in tearing away the next covering. This covering was of linen, and if the bands had not parted from the ravages of twenty centuries it would have come off in rolls. Most of the upper covering consisted of pads of linen that were placed in various positions to give shape to the body, which is an evidence that the Egyptians were as vain about the beauty of contour in death as their American sisters are in life. After these pads were removed, more wrappings were reached. They were wound with great uniformity, and at one place they covered the breast like a pair of suspenders crossed on the back. Under this were broad strips of linen running longitudinally.

All this was removed with comparative ease. Finally a layer of pitch was reached that looked as if the embalmer had poured a great quantity of it on the body before commencing the process of winding it up with linen. The substance was as hard as a rock, and after working diligently on it for half an hour, the doctor and his assistants managed to expose the left breast, and also to remove enough of the deposit to show the contour of the right hand. The arms were crossed over the breast. The bone of the elbow protruded a little in comparison with the deposit that covered the body, and if there was a skin it had become hardened and broken off with pitch. Around the neck were a great number of linen bandages, and, although Dr. Goucher cut away a great portion, he only succeeded in showing the contour of the head. Neither bone nor skin was reached. When the examination had reached this point Dr. Goucher discovered the fact that he had but a few minutes to catch a train for his home in Philadelphia, so the examination was brought to an abrupt end. Dr. Goucher has now gone away, and the examination of the mummies will be indefinitely postponed.—Baltimore American.

Keats' Rank as a Poet.

At his best, Keats is probably the greatest poet, in perfection of expression, range of style, and intellectual distinction of thought, since Shakespeare. His verse has the classic quality, and he who had no Greek, in his "Odes to the Nightingale" and to "Autumn," is as Greek as Sophocles. We cannot trace the motif of his inspiration; we cannot derive it from Milton, Spenser, or the Italians. Like the minstrel of Odysseus, he is "self-taught," and as the Muses, mouthing Thamyris, "left him of slight, but gave him song divine," so they gave to Keats brief life, but all their charm. He is not a poet of ideas, of "mysticisms" of revolt, like Byron and Shelley, but a poet of life, and of its mystery and beauty. In him, at his best, is nothing temporary or local, any more than in Sappho. Even more than Spenser, he is, or should be, the poet of poets. Had he lived, even he would not have excelled himself, nor can we even guess what he might have done had his life been prolonged to the years of Tennyson. He was not only poetical himself, but the cause of poetry in others, and it may be deemed that Shelley never exceeded the merits of his "Adonais." Leaving such verse as he did, and mourned in such a requiem, Keats may be regarded as one of those who die young because they are dear to the gods.

Beware of the Wheel.

A French doctor's conclusion is that no one should ride a bicycle who has a tendency to excessive tension of the arterial system, for this tendency is a great cause of heart disease. Therefore, no one should take up the use of the wheel without the express authorization of a physician; and the doctor should make an examination not only before the patient begins to use the wheel, but after he has ridden it for a time. Moreover, the amateur should never ride at a high speed. If one's riding is regular and daily, one may go faster and further with safety; but if riding is interrupted even for a few days, one must take it up again with caution and deliberation. The temptation to go fast, should be steadily resisted.

THE EASTERN STAGE.

Scallion Runs Riot and the Spectators Gasp for Breath.

In the foreground was a small, tumble-down hut of temporary make, a tripod of sticks with a suspended kettle over a spent fire. Here and there were evidences of recent human presence—a bucket of water, a dipper, a bowl of rice. The rest of the stage was filled to its full depth with the real ruses found in the native swamps, standing upright, and with reeds, trees and grass, all real also. Perfect silence reigned, which became almost painful in its intensity. Then a distant frog croaked and was answered from another part of the marsh. This was several times repeated with wonderful imitation of reality. The leaves of the further growth rustled as if they were shaken in the wind, and the nearer rushes swayed before it. Then far off was heard the cry of a bird whose notes betoken rain. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the birds, flying swiftly, crossed the stage like a low, almost among the waving reeds. A slow darkening, a faint puff of wind, a rustle of the reeds and leaves, and pattering came the raindrops, water unmistakable, pouring and splashing down between us and the dim gray background. A woman entered carrying a dripping umbrella and a high tucked kimono followed soon after by a man with drawn knife. Then the appearance of both into the swamp. Then the awful struggle in and about and among the bushes, the position only indicated by the reeds, which bent and swayed and hid all but the fierce sounds of the hidden fight for life; of the thud of a blow, of the terrible gurgles of death, followed by the splash, splash of an artery as it ebbed away a life. The fearful realism of the whole scene and its consummation are indescribable.—Outing.

The Ant-Eater.

A strange-looking creature is the ant-eater. His name describes his habits, and nature seems to have designed him for exactly the work which he performs. He opens ant-hills, and kills, by making his dinner of them, all of their inhabitants. He is certainly a useful animal although a most unpleasant and peculiar-looking one.

He resides in Brazil. Perhaps he lives there because ants and ant hills are there in plenty, or perhaps the ants and ant-hills are put there because he lives there to exterminate them. For ants are terrible pests in that hot country. They swarm through the houses and eat everything which comes in their way. Clothes, books and furniture, wool, paper or wood, even to the beams of the houses, are not safe from destruction by these terrors. And so, of course, the animal who lives out by destroying them is considered a most necessary friend.

He has curious, sharp, long claws, with which he tears open the ants' homes. He has a very long nose, half as long as his body, and he can poke it far into the ant houses in his search for food. And he has a very long, slender and sticky tongue, which he darts in and out very rapidly, catching up with it dozens, perhaps hundreds, of ants at every motion.

Another odd thing about him is his tail. It is a bushy one, covered with long gray hair. It looks like a monstrous gray mat, and when he lies down it covers him up completely, serving the excellent purpose of keeping him warm and helping to conceal him. He makes his home in the woods and it is usually at night that he prowls about, devouring a few million ants in the course of his search for enough dinner.

Pearls in Paris.

The leaders of fashion in Paris have declared that pearls shall be the most fashionable of all ornaments this winter. Strings of fine pearls will be twisted in and out among the coils of the hair, a happy revival of the styles in vogue in the days of Louis Quinze, when the ladies of France wore their hair powdered and decked with pearls. The use of pearls will not be confined to the hair, however, for they will be worn in every kind of a necklace, from a single row to a wide collar made of rows of pearls caught together around a diamond clasp at intervals. A chain of pearls is another fancy, and this is worn twice around the throat, forming a kind of necklace. It falls in graceful loops to the waist, and is caught at one side of the corsetage by a jeweled pin.

A Royal Flower Girl.

In the streets of Bologna can be seen the Princess Courtier de Beaucourt selling flower bouquets. The young lady was born at Algiers in 1871, where her father had a very large estate. Her mother died at the time of her birth, and her father lost his fortune by unlucky speculation. Shortly afterwards he was killed by Arabs on a trip to the interior. The princely orphan was adopted by a poor woman, who did all she could for the child; two years ago she also died, and the princess was left alone in the world. She went to Italy to make a living, and now the descendant of a once famous princely family sells flowers at Bologna.

The World is Washing Away.

An interesting calculation has recently been made public through one of the many publications of the French Academy of Sciences. It is to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean lashing, river erosion, and wind and weather, to say nothing of probable volcanic action, the world will by the end of the year 4,500,000, be completely washed away, and the ocean will roll over the present foundations of our great continents.

A Present for a Literary Girl.

A new ornament for the chateleine is a little dictionary about an inch in size inclosed in a silver case that contains a magnifying lens, making it possible to read the 5,000 words that are between the covers.

The onchidium, a species of shell-less slug, has innumerable eyes on its back.

CAT WAS A HEROINE.

Really Saved the Life of Her Friend and Mistress.

Pussy's mistress came from Sweden to live in America, says the Boston Journal. She had been very comfortable in her old home, with a good house and large garden. But she had never seen used to gas, and knew nothing about it.

One night while she was visiting some friends in the new country she went up stairs, taking her pet pussy with her. The house was lighted by gas, and her friend never thought to explain to her how to manage it. She, unthinking, blew out the light and went to bed.

She was tired and soon asleep. But it was not long before she woke, feeling very uncomfortable. There seemed to be a weight on her chest and she could hardly breathe. Her pussy was on the bed beside her, meowing rubbing against her face, and patting her with her paw. The gas was coming from the pipe into the room.

She was not wide awake enough to know what was the matter, and she tried to quiet pussy, and go to sleep again. But pussy persisted and finally "saw" her. She called her friend, who came quickly, without a light, and turned off the gas. If she had brought a lighted lamp into the room, there would have been great danger of an explosion.

The cat really saved the life of her mistress. If she had not waked her she would never have waked again. Pussy was a little friend, but a very faithful one.

Child's Fairy Tale.

Auntie, listen! I'm going to tell you a story. Once there was a little girl out-doors playing with her kitty, and a Fairy came along—oh, such a lovely Fairy, with long yellow curls and a soft pinky dress. And the Fairy said, "Little Girl, come right along to Fairy-land." And the little girl got into her fairy car, and sat down beside the Fairy, and the Fairy said "Up! up! up!" And they went, of so fast, you can't think! Oh a great deal faster than the cars' faster than lightning, ten thousand times faster than lightning, and then they got up at Fairy-land. And everybody was glad to see that little girl. Listen! I was that little girl. And the Fairy took me all round and showed me more pretty things than I could count in a whole year—no, in twenty years! Do you want to know what those pretty things were? Listen! all sorts of things' carnations and geraniums and calla lilies, big beds of them all growing wild. And big flocks of canary birds flying about and—small white lambs! Do you want to know how the houses look? Listen! very, very pretty! Some are made of gold, and some of silver, and some of glass, and some have pearls and diamonds on them. And we can coast in the streets all summer! I had a coast! A nice little boy with red cheeks lent me his sled. And I coasted very fast to the end of the street. The children never get run over when they coast! No, never! Listen—the sleds are fairy sleds, and they turn out themselves. Do you want to know if they have stores in Fairyland? I think so, but I only saw one little one. What do you suppose they had in it? Only two things: roses and little babies! Wasn't that a sweet little fairy store? And then we came home faster than we went—and you did not know I had been away at all. You thought I was asleep on the lining room sofa"—Emma F. Leonard, in Little Folks.

Children's Sayings.

"Why, Freddie," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year old, "aren't you ashamed to call aunt a stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are very sorry."

"Aunt," said the little fellow a few minutes later, "I'm awful sorry you are so stupid!"

A teacher said to a boy who had the reputation of being very bad, "How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?"

"One, sir, if you treat him well," was the answer.

"How are Susie and Emma getting along in cooking school?"

"They're progressing wonderfully. They have learned how to make cunning little turtles out of raisins and cloves."

An Oversight.

He wouldn't pay an architect. It was a simple waste. He'd go ahead and just erect a house to suit his taste. He did, and now the neighbors find a cause to stop and grin. "For, don't you know, it slipped his mind To put a chimney in." —Chicago News.

Play Lessons for Children.

Many enjoyable half hours may be spent by children in playing at "nouns and verbs," and a good deal of learning unconsciously impressed upon the young mind.

"A noun is the name of anything" is definition enough for a beginner. Then with her box of letters she makes a whole list of nouns which of course are names of the things she sees around her.

The mottoes and the names arranged carefully on checkered paper or cardboard. When the latter is used the words are afterward pricked with a coarse needle and reproduced in bright colored silks in kindergarten fashion.

Sweet Sandwiches.

Orange and apricot marmalade make delicious sandwiches. The new grape fruit marmalade is a favorite of the moment. Jams of various flavors are also liked, strawberry taking the lead. Again, at a delightful tea last week the hostess offered a sandwich in which one recognized some very delicious grape jelly.

Apple butter was the combination with which a Pittsburg woman scored a hit. Piquant, spicy, aromatic, it made an ideal sandwich.

Paper Dolls for Children.

Little girls are fond of making paper dolls. Here is a brand new way to manufacture them.

Take a sheet of cardboard and trace on it several figures from one model from some fashion magazine. On the figure that is to be the doll paste a head cut from the magazine, leaving the neck free.

Draw upon the figure underclothing, shoes and stockings, painting them with water color. Hair, cheeks and eyes should also be tinted.

MY HORSE LINES.

A Story for Wee Folk.

ROSE thought she would spruce up that morning and find me asleep when she came creeping in to put her presents under my pillow, but I was up and trying on the rubber boots and bath robe, and counting the six gold dollars in the nice red pocketbook. "Oh, how rich you are!" she said making big, round eyes.

There was something in the toe of my boot, and I sat on the bed, and Rose pulled and pulled, and when the boot came off she fell back and bumped her head. But she jumped right up, and we looked at the boot and found something worse, that jingled. It was yards and yards and Rose said, "It is a mile long," but I knew better. Horse lines never are miles long. They were all lovely colors, and grandma made them, she knits things. I harassed Rose, and we raced down to the kitchen, where Mr. Handy was putting up shelves, and we measured them with his rule and tried us they were just twelve feet long. After breakfast mamma asked if I would like to go to the Park to play horse. I told her now I was six I was too grown up to have a nurse take me.

Mamma said, "Well, Katie can take Rose and you can be their escort." I'm going to ask papa what that means.



I drove Rose all the way to the Park, and she drove me around the fountain. Then Rose was so tired she went and sat by Katie, who was talking to another girl about hats and things, and I had no one to play with. Far off I saw the Reed boys, and I ran to show them my lines. Rob harassed Phil, and snapping the whip hollered "Gee up Buster!" and started to run off. He called to me to go stand in the stable and be the horse asleep.

While I was standing there feeling lonesome, the old gentleman in the wheel chair called me over to him. I know him real well. He has to be pushed about and is all wrapped up. He likes children and talks to them and gives them peppermints.

I told him all about my birthday, but kept looking around for the boys, when he asked me who I was looking for. I told him about Phil and Rob leaving me in the stable. Just then they came racing along and the old gentleman called "Whoa!" and they stopped. "You're a first rate driver, Rob, here's a peppermint for you, and you're a good fast trotter Phil, here's a peppermint for you, but the little colt here must be hungry, standing so long in the stable, so here are six peppermints for him." The boys laughed a funny little laugh and we all thanked him. We took turns after that, but no one stood in the stable.

A lot of children came up to my house in the afternoon and I had a party and more presents, but I like the horse lines best of all. I slept with them under my pillow that night, and I dreamed I fell out of an apple tree and bumped my head. When I woke up I was lying on the big round silver bells. Mary B. Florence.

Prats of Santiago.

In Santiago in the better class of houses the bedrooms are surrounded with a close kind of netting beginning at the floor and gathered at the top. This is intended as a protection against tarantulas, the bites of which are poisonous.

A School List.

Ram it in, cram it in.
Children's heads are hollow
Slam it in, jam it in.
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, biology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry
Ram it in, cram it in.
Children's heads are hollow
Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in.
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.
Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow.
Fold it in, mould it in;
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, crassed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in—
When their heads were hollow.
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Find Their Lady Companion.

THE WHEELITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.

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THE WHEELITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



The Wheelittles visit the Mint.

FIND THE MINT GUIDE.

THE WHEELITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



The Wheelittles visit the University of Pennsylvania.

FIND A UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

THE WHEELITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



The Wheelittles view old Independence Hall from a housetop nearby.

FIND THEIR LADY COMPANION.

THE WHEELITTLES IN PHILADELPHIA.



They return to their hotel after visiting the Smith Memorial in Fairmount Park.

FIND THE BOY.