

Taylor said: Let's have a lecture."

"And I don't know nothing," said the hero.

"Well that's all right [in a whisper], neither does Watt. You might as well keep up appearances," said Dr. Keely, cautiously.

"Well, gentlemen, being as I am founder of this school, I guess I'll lecture first. My subject is, 'The evil caused by rag-time music.'" He was very brilliant in his discourse.

Next came Keely. Subject: "What my cure is worth per bottle, and how much good it has done for me." The way he handled the matter showed that he was thoroughly at home with the subject.

Watt, of course, took chemistry. "What sediment would you have, if you spread gun-cotton on an anvil, and struck it with a hammer? I'll ask Dr. Keely."

"A quantity of hair, three finger nails, one bicuspid, and a big hole in the ground."

"Give the chemical formula?"

"Gone, but not forgotten."

"Correct, Sir; correct."

Then they wanted an anatomy quiz, but had no one to take that chair. Finally, they asked the hero, who, after much persuasion, consented.

"Dr. Taylor, where is the superior costo-transverse ligament situated?"

"Hypersensitive dentine."

"That's right. Give me the treatment for it."

"Treat it with Keely cure. Use whisky as an antidote to the cure. Have patient return ten times, and charge fifteen dollars per visit. Charge extra for the Keely cure."

Well, that concluded the lectures. They were going

to have a class-meeting, but all at once someone discovered the vulcanizer in the hero's pocket.

"Why, what's that?" they asked, in chorus.

"I know what that is," said Taylor; "that's a locomotive."

"No, it's not; that's a steamboat engine," said Watt.

"You're nutty," said Keely, "that is a Kentucky whisky still."

"That's a vulcanizer," said the hero.

"Where'd you get it?"

"I made it."

"Is your name Davis?"

"Now, don't get personal."

"What's this?"

"That's a monkey-wrench," said Watt.

"No, it ain't. That's the fly-wheel of a Waterbury watch," said Keely.

"And that's a Bonwell articulator," said the hero.

"Didn't you ever see one before?"

"Now, we used crooked sticks. We never saw one of them before. Are they hard to keep polished? Who did you say invented it?"

"Bonwell. Do n't you know Bonwell?"

"Any relation to Cæsar?" asked Taylor.

"What's this stuff?" asked Keely, who had found a piece of metal.

"That's Molyneaux's metal. Let Watt make a chemical analysis of it."

"Why, I should say that, it was composed of sugar-of-lead, potassium-chloride, and possibly a slight admixture of bumblebee honey. Why, the darn stuff's running all over my hands."

"That's characteristic of Molyneaux's metal. We