

A Philanthropist.

When Captain W. E. Weber was a patrolman a clothing store upon his beat was robbed one night. The thief had taken off his own old clothes and left them in the store. He had put on a new suit and worn it away. The old suit was that of a boy about fifteen years old.

Weber gathered up the clothes and took them to the old fire patrol house at Seventh avenue and Wyandotte street. He put them upon the floor and, turning the hose on them, drenched them with water. There he went down to the junction, where at that time the newboys congregated in great numbers. He gathered a dozen of them around him.

"Boys," he said, "the police found some clothes down on the river bank this morning. It looks like a boy had been drowned. I want all of you to come up to the fire station and look at the clothes. Maybe you can tell me who they belonged to."

No sooner had the "newbies" gathered around the pile of water soaked clothes than one little fellow spoke up:

"Them's Nifty Smith's. I seen him wear 'em" they red gaiters, an' he sewed that patch on the knee there hisself."

Other boys corroborated this story. In less than an hour the officer had corralled Nifty and made him confess to the robbery.—Kansas City Star.

Polished With Food.

If one were to say that thousands of people regularly and almost systematically poison themselves with food, it would strike the average layman as extravagant. The opinion of the layman, however, cuts no figure when compared with the scientific deductions of one who has carefully observed the facts.

How many people are there who select their food with care, eat it at the right time and in the proper way to secure good digestion and subsequent absorption of just the physiologically correct amount of nutriment required to repair the waste incurred by the duties of everyday life? There are very few. Some starve themselves, but the great majority go to the other extreme and constantly overeat. One eats too much at regular mealtimes while another eats less, but feeds more frequently. In either case the digestive apparatus is overtaxed.—A Physician in New York World.

A Robust Ghost.

John Leech and a member of the Millis family once stayed a night at Cowdrey hall, in England, where, many guests being present, the two friends had no alternative but to accept rooms in an isolated wing supposed to be haunted. In the middle of the night Millis awoke, believing that some giant was shaking him violently by the shoulder. This was supposed to be the favorite device of the ghost. He rushed into a corridor and found Leech sitting there trembling and declaring that he would not for the world go back to his room. They spent the remainder of the night in the corridor, but in the morning said nothing of their experiences. In the afternoon there arrived an evening paper telling of a violent earthquake in the locality. The earthquake was what the two visitors believed to be their ghost.

Valuable Pebbles.

Between the northern point of Long Island and Watch Hill lies a row of little islands, two of which, Plum Island and Goose Island, possess a peculiar form of mineral wealth. It consists in heaps of richly colored quartz pebbles, showing red, yellow, purple and other hues, which are locally called agates. They are used in making stained glass windows, and there is a sufficient demand for them in New York to keep the owners of one or two sloops employed in gathering them from the beaches, where the waves continually roll and polish them, bringing out the beauty of their colors.

El Dorado.

The modern meaning of El Dorado may be traced as follows: One of Pizarro's men said that he had discovered a land of boundless wealth between the Orinoco and the Amazon. This country was named El Dorado, and many adventurers, among them Sir Walter Raleigh, endeavored to find it; hence the name has come to mean a golden country of the mind, a fabulous land of fabulous wealth, much as Cockaigne, a fancied land of luxury and idleness.—New York American.

Happiness and Hunger.

"My idea of perfect happiness," said the seedy philosopher as he made his fourth round trip to the free lunch counter, "is to be in a position to go into the swellest restaurant, put my hand over the price list of the menu and order what my taste dictates, irrespective of the demurs of a diminished wad."

A Correction.

Bertie—Father, what is an egotist? Father—He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else. Mother—My dear, you are scarcely right. The egotist is the man who says that he is smarter than any one else. All men think they are!

Appropriate.

Young Widow (at the animal seller's)—I want a dog. Animal Seller—Yes, madam; white, gray or brindled? Young Widow—No. Black—all black. I am in deep mourning.—Nos Loisirs.

Has Constant's Life.

Venus—And what do you do when not engaged in archery? Cupid—Oh, I'm kept busy running with stupid—Puck.

He is a fool who cannot be angry.

But he is a wise man who will not.—Seneca.

Three Wives.

The Beggar—Please, sir, will you kindly assist a poor man who has three wives to support? The Pedestrian—Why, do you mean to say you are a bigamist? The Beggar—Oh, no, sir. Two of them are the wives of my sons-in-law.

Delays Are Dangerous.

"But this is so sudden! You had better give me a week to think it over!" "Very well, dear. And, perhaps, it would be as well if I thought it over myself at the same time!"—Sketching Bits.

The Faithful Little Guide.

"Offtimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if driven by some invisible towline with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unrolled; her streamers were drooping; she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel. Still she moved on stately in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little totting steam tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither and go off with redoubtful tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, wide sailed, gay pennoned, that but for the bare totting arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them would soon have gone down stream and been heard of no more.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A Fatal Sleep.

Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist and writer, was one of the most illustrious of sleepwalkers. Miller, who had been addicted to somnambulism in his youth, found his restlessness return while he was engaged upon his "Testimony of the Rocks." He used to wake in the morning feeling, as he said, as if he had been abroad in the night wind, dragged by some invisible power and ridden by the wights. On the night of his death he slept alone. In the morning they found him stretched dead on the floor with a bullet through his breast. He had written a note to his wife: "My brain burns. I must have walked, and a fearful dream rises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. My brain burns as the recollection grows." So intense had been the poor fellow's anguish that to make certain his end he had torn buck shirt and vest and placed the muzzle of the pistol in his naked flesh.—St. James' Gazette.

The Fractured Leg.

A visitor was going through the children's surgical ward of one of the city hospitals when he spied a little fellow with his legs in the air and his weight resting on his head and shoulders. Going closer, he saw that the boy's feet were fastened with ropes which passed through a pulley above. At the other ends of the ropes were weights, just heavy enough to hold the boy's legs in the air without lifting him entirely off the bed.

"What's all that about?" asked the visitor. "Doesn't it hurt him?" "Not at all," answered the physician who was accompanying. "He doesn't look unhappy, does he? That's the way we always handle fractures of the leg with a child. Otherwise the youngsters squirm around so that they work the splints loose. Only one of this boy's legs is injured, but they are both swung in the air for his greater comfort."—New York Post.

Scraps of a Humoist.

"This thing of being a humoist is about the saddest thing I know," sighed Simon Ford. "An ordinary person can have his moods and humors as he pleases, but I must always be on the job. I am constantly being invited out, not because I'm liked for myself alone or because of my manly beauty, but because I am expected to entertain the assembly. The rest of the company may be as dull as dishwater, but if I do not shake up the gathering with a few jokes the hostess glares at me and really feels resentful. I may be sunk in the slough of despond, but just as soon as I take my seat all lean forward and eye me expectantly. My son, never get a reputation for being funny. It is the most mournful thing on earth!"—New York Press.

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