

LEARNED LUNATIC.

Alexander Cruden, the Compiler of the Bible Concordance.

Alexander Cruden, the persevering and painstaking compiler of the famous Concordance to the Bible, was appointed bookseller to the queen of George II. by Sir Robert Walpole.

Cruden was a very eccentric character and was thrice placed in private insane asylums. He designated himself "Alexander the Corrector" and also the "Corrector of Morals."

It seems difficult to believe that an eccentric man of this sort should have his name associated with such a remarkably painstaking book as his Concordance undoubtedly is, as it must have cost an enormous amount of labor in its compilation.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

One of the Things It Teaches is the Value of System.

"I wish," said the head of a large business house, "that every man who dresses his friends and associates by his lack of method could be told off to take a trip or a succession of trips on the sea."

"Oh, yes, I know, there are certain mad and women who are born to disorder, as you might say, and who couldn't be helped by any course of treatment. They are the unfortunate of business and professional life."

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Once upon a time there were in Paris two papers, the Razor and the Scorpion, which were always going for each other with great ferocity.

A certain philanthropist felt pained to see such violence, so he invited the two editors to dine in the hope that over good fare he could make peace between them.

"May I ask, are you the editor of the Razor or Scorpion?"

I, Myself.

From this hour I decree that my being freed from all restraint and limits.

I go where I will, my own absolute and complete master.

I breathe deeply in space. The east and the west are mine.

I did not know that so much boundless goodness was in me.

Whoever disowns me causes me no annoyance.

Whoever recognizes me shall be blessed and will bless me.—Walt Whitman.

Best He Could Do.

"Sir, said the irate parent as he indignantly entered the parlor, 'what do you mean by kissing my daughter?'"

"Excuse me," replied the poor but otherwise honest young man, "but I desired to show my appreciation of your daughter's loveliness, and kisses are the only things I can afford to give her at the present stage of the game."—Detroit Tribune.

Unmanned.

Wag—What errors these novelists commit! Here the author of this book speaks of his heroine as being un-manned. Wag—Maybe she was unmanned.—Philadelphia Record.

A man who hopes to succeed must be himself seriously, even if it be his business to banish seriousness.—Chicago Herald.

Unintentional Sabbath Breaking.

In the early days of New England it was the custom to keep the Sabbath from sundown Saturday night until the same hour on Sunday.

There lived in Ryefield a thrifty dame, an enterprising, driving woman and a notable housewife. The good woman was not willing to lose Sunday evenings out of her catalogue of housework, but she was pious withal and strictly kept the day to the sunset limit.

One cloudy Sunday she, supposing the day was ended, changed her Sunday gown, rolled up her sleeves and went to work. As she was scrubbing away in the kitchen, her face toward the west window, the clouds suddenly broke, and the great round sun shone in full on the poor Sabbath breaker at work.

After that sinful day she never began her work on Sunday evening.

Lincoln's Rules.

On one occasion President Lincoln on entering the telegraph office of the war department, writes Mr. Bates in "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," was heard to remark to Secretary Seward, "By Jings, governor, we are here at last!"

"Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By Jings' is swearing for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing."

One day Secretary Seward, who was not renowned as a joker, said he had been told that a short time before on a street crossing Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "it has been a riddle of my life that if people would not turn out for me I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

What He Meant.

Park row at 1 a. m. and a policeman and a sailor in conversation.

"Keyside, keyside!" said the sailor. "Ow will Hi reach the bloomin' keyside?"

"G'wan wid ye. D'y'e think I'm a locksmith, that I know about yer old key and its side? There's one key and lock I'll be after givin' ye, and that's to a cell. Move on now."

"Keyside! Hi said keyside as plain as Hi could, bilme!"

Just then a high brow who had been to the postoffice buying stamps so that his rejected contributions would come back to him stepped up.

"The man wants the keyside, what-eva that is, and I dunno," said the policeman. "I believe he's looney and I'll run him in."

A Slap at Mother.

Dinner was done, and the family was assembled in the sitting room. Mother had taken up the evening paper and was reading an account of how a highwayman had been operating in the suburbs.

"Papa," finally remarked the good lady, glancing toward her husband, "here is a story about another man who was waylaid. Do these holdups always stop you with a pistol and then go through your clothes?"

"Oh, no," gruffly replied father, arising from the floor. "Sometimes they wait until you hang your clothes over the back of a chair and go to sleep."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nevertheless He Got Her.

"You say my daughter loves you?" questioned the old man.

"I'm sure of it," replied the young man.

"Well, well," returned the old man, looking the young man over critically. "There's no accounting for tastes, is there?"

And somehow, although the young man knew that he ought to be happy over the possession of the girl, he couldn't help scowling and speculating on that remark of the old man's.

Power of Deceiving.

There is a Brooklyn woman who possesses a servant who is a model in all respects save one—in that she is none too truthful.

Lately the mistress has been using all her eloquence to make Nora see the error of deceitfulness. But at last she had to own herself beaten when Nora, with a beaming smile, turned and in a most cajoling tone said:

"Sure, now, mum, an' wot de ye suppose the power of deasin' was given us fer?"

Marital Troubles.

Most of the people who write about troubles of married life are single. If they were married they would be so busy with their troubles they would not have time to write.—Moorhead Independent.

Forced Out.

She—Mr. Bloom does not pay his wife much attention, does he? He—No. The only time I ever knew of his going out with her was once when the gas exploded.

FORESAW THE OBVIOUS.

The Usher Knew What the Answer of His Charges Would Be.

"The temperance orator of today," he said, "is sure of a respectful hearing. In the past it was not so. At the beginning of the temperance movement drinking men came to our meetings for no other purpose than to interrupt and confuse. The orator had to be very careful in his remarks. He had to look out lest he give his hearers an opening for some opportune but ribald interruption."

"I remember," he said, "when they began temperance work here in Washington. A series of meetings was held in a large hall. The audiences were always numerous, but they interrupted horribly. In the end an ex-prize fighter was hired to sit every night in the obstreperous gallery and keep order there."

"Well, one night the orator contrasted the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness. He spoke beautifully, and at his climax he cried in ringing, impassioned tones:

"What do we want when we return from our daily toil? What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and song to our lips?"

"Here the orator paused for effect, and the conscientious prize fighter tipped hurriedly to the front of the gallery, shook his finger at his unruly charges and said in a threatening stage whisper:

"Mind, the first feller among ye wot says 'Beer!'—out he goes."—Washington Star.

IT WROTE ITSELF.

The Author's Story of the Origin of "My Maryland."

Brander Matthews wrote an account of the circumstances under which "Maryland, My Maryland," was written, and the poem's author, James Ryder Randall, approved Professor Matthews' account. In April, 1861, Colonel Randall read in the New Orleans Delta news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore.

"This account greatly excited me," Mr. Randall wrote in answer to a letter from Professor Matthews. "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there influenced my mind. That night I could not dismiss from my mind what I had read in the paper. About midnight I arose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful influence seemed to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.'"

"I remember that this idea seemed to take shape as music in my brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses if not an inspiration of the intellect. No one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity it had been so strangely stimulated to write."

Colonel Randall always told his friends that the poem "wrote itself."—New York Herald.

Doing Chores.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antidote before going into a fever-plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all his digging and picking and piling that lasts until warm weather comes again, and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after harvest season, upon him—upon him and his fields and woods.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

Case For an Expert.

"Have you fixed up my will just the way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well to do but grasping ones.

"I have," asserted the lawyer. "Just as strong and tight as you can make it, eh?" asked his client.

The lawyer nodded.

"All right," said the sick man. "Now I want to ask you one thing—not professionally—who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"—Youth's Companion.

Would Take Nothing.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted. Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing, not even my advice as to how things should be done.—Boston Transcript.

Waits and Measures.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding house?" asked the young man who was contemplating a change.

"A table of waits and measures," replied his friend, "the first long and the latter short."—Chicago News.

Almost.

Horace—Did the college authorities reinstate young Smith after he was expelled? Helen—Almost. Horace—Almost? Helen—Yes; I heard his folks say he was halfback.

His Contributions.

Missionary—Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, str? Millionaire—Oh, yes. Both of my daughters married foreign noblemen.—Judge.

A Willing Informer.

"What is the number?" repeated central.

"Violet Park, eight-seven-seven." "Violet Park, eight-double-seven?" "I reckon so."

"And what number do you want?" "Elmdale, two-naught-four-seven." "What is your name?"

"My name is John Henry Miggles. I live at 45 Bicklen street, Violet Park. My house phone is Violet Park, eight-seven-seven or eight-double-seven, as you choose. I am married, have no children. We keep a dog and a cat and a perpetual palm and a Boston fern, and."

"All that is unnecessary, sir. We merely."

"And last summer we didn't have a bit of luck with our roses. I tried to have a little garden, too, but the neighbors' chickens got away with that. The house is green, with red gables. There is a cement walk from the street. I am forty years old. My wife is younger and looks it. We have a piano, keep a cook and an upstairs girl. Had the front bedroom papered last week, and I want—"

"Did you want Elmdale two-naught-four-seven?" "Yes!" gasped Mr. Miggles. "Well, the line is busy now. Shall I call you?"

But Mr. Miggles wrote a letter.—New Orleans Picayune.

Squaring the Circle.

There is a record of an attempted quadrature in Egypt 500 years before the exodus of the Jews, and, if we are to take Hone as an authority, the problem was solved by Hippocrates, the geometrician of Chios, nearly 500 years B. C. By some it is claimed that the efforts of Hippocrates were in the direction of converting a circle into a crescent because he had found that the area of a figure produced by drawing two perpendicular radii is exactly equal to the triangle formed by the line of conjunction. This last is the famous theorem of the "lunes of Hippocrates." The "Papyrus Rhind," the oldest mathematical book in the world, written by one Ahmes about 2000 B. C., gives a rule for "squaring the circle." The rule given requires that the diameter of a circle shall be shortened by one-ninth and the square erected upon this shortened line. The early Babylonians also worked at this old mathematical problem, as is attested by several references in the Talmud.

The Only One.

Henry VIII. of England, being at one time at variance with Francis I. of France, decided to send an ambassador and to charge him with a very fierce and menacing message to this prince. He chose for this office an English bishop in whom he had great confidence and whom he believed would be the most proper person to carry out his design. His prelate, being informed of the nature of his mission and fearing for his life should he treat with Francis in the haughty manner his master desired, represented to the king the danger to which he was exposing him and begged not to be sent on this mission.

"Oh, never fear," said Henry. "If the king of France should kill you, I will have the head of every Frenchman I find in my kingdom."

"I believe you, sire," replied the bishop, "but permit me to assure you that of all the heads you will cut off there is not one of them that will fit on my body as well as my own."

The Letter M.

The Hebrew name of M was Mem, water, and it is curious to note that the original form of this character in the most ancient manuscript is a wavy line, which to the not too particular ancients represented water. By some philologists the letter M as used by the Phoenicians is supposed to have come from a picture representing the human face, the two down strokes representing the contour of the countenance, the V stroke signifying the nose, the two dots, long since dissolved, and a stroke beneath the V representing the eyes and the mouth. The old Phoenician form of the letter does indeed bear a comical sort of resemblance to the human face.

The Cure.

"You look glum," said the husband of one clever woman to the man who had married her companion.

"So would you if your wife studied geology and filled the house with stones until there wasn't a place left for you to sit."

"Don't worry about that," was the cheerful reply. "Turn your wife's thoughts to astronomy. That will suit her just as well, and she can't collect specimens."—Sketchy Bits.

Putting It Gently.

Mr. Henpeck—I hear that young Jones and his wife are not getting along very well. Mrs. Henpeck (authoritatively)—Jones should never have married when he did. He was too young to realize the step he was taking. Mr. Henpeck—Yes, I know, but I like the boy. We have many things in common.—Puck.

No Other Course Open.

"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

"Yes," replied the patient; "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—Catholic News.

Satire.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.—Swift.

If you want your patent leather shoes to last twice as long, rub them frequently with sweet oil or vaseline.

COURTESY IN THE ORIENT.

An Attempted Innovation That Did Not Meet With Favor.

It is not always wise to force upon a people new customs, even those of advanced principle, in the face of long established tradition. Lady Burton discovered this truth when she attempted to introduce European courtesy into the orient. She tells of her experience in "Inner Life of Syria." The incident occurred at one of her own receptions.

It is de rigueur every time coffee, tea or sherbet comes in for every fresh relay of visitors that I should take it with them and drink first. When I first arrived I used to get up as a matter of course, make the tea and coffee and carry it round. The dragomans would sit lazily and watch.

One day I asked them to get up and help me. They were pleased to do so and willingly handed the refreshments to any of the Europeans, man or woman, but not to their own ladies, who blushed, begged their pardon and were quite confused when I made it known that attention was for them as well as for others. The women looked appealingly at me and stood up, praying not to be served. One man who was really in love with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her a teacup as if it were a good joke, with a little sneer. She bent, kissed his hand and begged his pardon.

I felt quite indignant with the men for so behaving to their wives, mothers and sisters, but one said to me: "Pray, Mrs. Burton, do not teach our women things they do not know about and never saw."

After that I held my tongue, but I let him know that with Europeans it was the height of bad taste not to wait on any woman.

HAD HIS REVENGE.

But the Heartless Hotel Man Got in the Last Laugh.

A hotel proprietor in Kansas City once told of an amusing incident connected with the stay at his house of a rural politician.

The politician had come to the hotel for but one day, and he had taken his dinner elsewhere with a friend. When on coming to pay his bill he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all, he protested vigorously. It was explained to him that the American plan was based strictly on time and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout. The man, however, refused to be pacified and paid the bill under protest. Then, to every one's surprise, he asked if dinner were "still on." Upon being informed that it lasted until 9 in the evening he exclaimed:

"I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house if I suffer all the torments of dyspepsia."

He then rushed into one of the dining rooms, seized a bill of fare and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally reached his limit, the waiter handed him a check for \$8.35.

"What's that for?" he demanded. "Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," protested the unfortunate man. "I am staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have gone into the other dining room," said the writer. "This is the European plan cafe."—Harper's Weekly.

His Lecture on Job.

"I dunno what dey call Job a patient man for," said Brother Dickey, "kaze of all de growlers I ever hearn tell on he sho' wuz de growlest! But he sho' did have enough ter make him growl—dat he did! De devil say, 'Looky yer, Job, you in my power now, an' I gwine ter 'flict you wid a few blues.' An' Job say, 'All right; I kin stan' it ef you kin.' But de blues commence ter break out, so thick an' fast dat Job say, 'Looky yer, man, dese ain't no blues—dis de smallpox, sho' ez you bo'n!' An' he catch so dat he had ter scratch his face wid a goat's head. Den de devil git in a high win' an' blow down Job's house, an' dat wuz too much! So 'f Job lif up his voice, an' he say, 'Looky yer, I bargain fer blues, but I didn't want no hurricane 'thowed in fer good measure!'"—Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

His Place at the Broom.

The famous coup d'etat by which Napoleon III. gained control of France is vividly described in the "Memoirs of Monsieur Claude." Among the many anecdotes of the eventful evening of Dec. 1, 1851, M. Claude gives the following: "Comte de Morny, the chief spirit of the nocturnal drama about to be performed, was at the Opera Comique in order to allay suspicion. A lady said to him, 'M. de Morny, is it true that they are going to sweep out the chamber?' 'Madame, I don't know anything about it,' he replied, 'but if there is any sweeping to be done I shall try to be on the side of the broom handle.'"

An Exception.

"My faith in newspapers has received a sad shock," said the burglar just captured in the act.

"How so?" asked the policeman adjutting the cuffs.

"I had read so often that a copper was never around when needed," rejoined the prisoner, lapsing into sullen silence.—Philadelphia Ledger.

After the Quarrel.

Kind Old Gentleman—Why have you had trouble with this poor little boy? Johnny Eastside (haughtily)—No trouble at all, mister. I done him up with one hand.—Brooklyn Life.

You know most people either too well or not well enough to trust them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her 'Art Was Right.

Mrs. H. had a warm hearted and industrious but careless servant, who broke so many dishes that her mistress one day said to her: "Really, Ellen, I think I must take the price of the dishes you are breaking out of your wages. Don't you think you would be more careful if I did?"

"Hi might, ma'am," replied Ellen contritely, "but Hi think, ma'am, it'd be better to take it out of my 'ide." "Out of your hide? Why, what do you mean?"

"Hi, mean, ma'am, that if you broke my 'ead hevery time Hi broke a cup or a saucer Hi'd mind myself better."

One day poor Ellen fell her full length on the kitchen floor with a gallon pan of milk in her hands. Her shrieks of dismay brought Mrs. H. in great haste to the kitchen. There lay Ellen in the pool of milk, making no effort to rise.

"Knock me in the 'ead, ma'am! Knock me in the 'ead," she wailed.

"Oh, get up, Ellen! Get up and mop up this milk. This accident is more a fault of your heels than your head."

"You speak the truth, ma'am," replied the weeping Ellen. "If my 'eels 'ad been where my 'art is this never would 'ave 'appened, for Hi mean right in my 'art, ma'am, no matter what Hi does with my 'ead and my 'eels."—London Scraps.

Need of Covers While Asleep.

"The reason it is necessary to be well covered while sleeping," said a physician in giving some advice to a patient, "is that when the body lies down it is the intention of nature that it should rest, and the heart especially should be relieved of its regular work temporarily. That organ makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright posture. This means 600 strokes in sixty minutes. Therefore in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes. As it pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in the night's session than it would during the day when a man is usually in an upright position. Now, the body is dependent for its warmth on the vigor of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down the warmth lost in the reduced circulation must be supplied by extra covering."

The Snake and the Umbrella.

"I spent a pleasant hour with a traveler," said the truthful man, "who told a lot of snake stories. I remember the last of them. It was about a man who took a nap in the woods, laying his umbrella on a rock beside him."

"After awhile it began to rain, and the man awoke. He was all wet. He took hold of his umbrella and opened it hurriedly. It seemed rather stiff in going up, and there was a rippling, tearing sound. Then a live blacksnake fell to the ground, split in two from its head to its tail.

"You see, it had swallowed the umbrella all but the handle, and the man did not notice what had happened till, putting the umbrella up, he heaved the snake from stem to stern."

Cigar Cutters and Disease.

"No," said the Sixth avenue tobaccoist, "I have no cigar cutters in my store. They're too much a menace to the public health. How? Why, every man who buys a cigar cuts the end of it off in a cutter if he sees one on the counter, but that isn't all. He has a habit of putting the end of the cigar in his mouth first, thus wetting it and preventing the dry tobacco leaf from spitting too much. If the man is afflicted with tuberculosis or any other disease, he may transfer germs to the cutter, and the next man who sticks his cigar in there to cut off the end gets them on his cigar, and in this way to his mouth."—New York Press.

Thrifty.

Two Scottish women were arguing which of them was the more thrifty. "First Woman—Dae ye see that purse? Weel, that's my first ane, an' it's as good as the day I got it. Ye canna come up to that, noo."

Second Woman—Michty me! Whit a poor boast! Ye ken Dugald, ma husband? "Oh, aye. What about him?"

"Weel, he's ma first man, an' noo you've got yer third, so dinna preach thrift to me again."

The Ambitions of Youth.

"Johnny, why don't you be a good boy like your brother Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. "Willy here may be president some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer."

"But, mother," wailed Willy, "can't I dig in the sewer sometimes too?"—Harper's Weekly.

What He Drew.

"I notice that you nearly always smoke when you are writing," said the caller. "Do you draw your inspiration from your pipe?"

"No," replied the horse reporter, "I draw smoke."—Chicago News.

He Got Plenty.

Hi Tragedy—Whew! Ranter must have found food for thought in the dramatic editor's article this morning. Lowe Comedy—Food? I should say a full meal. He got a roast and all his desserts.—Philadelphia Press.

What Then?

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in Peace—Until We Meet Again."

Where is the man who will pretend to call himself a philosopher and lay down no rules of duty?—Aristotle.