

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

He Was Not in the Colored Porter's Hall of Fame.

A southerner noted for the liberality of his tips stopped at a Baltimore hotel where negro porters predominated. His name was speedily known to every member of the serving fraternity and his every wish anticipated. Soon after his arrival he sent his card to a friend who made his home in the hotel, but whose temperament happened to be quite the opposite of that of his open handed caller—retiring, not given to "tipping" or any other form of sociability and who therefore lived almost unknown to those about him.

The old darkey who received the card studied it for a full minute.

"Scuse me, colonel," he said, "but I don't b'lieve nobody by dat name come here dis mawning."

"This morning?" returned the other. "Of course not! Mr. Blank has lived here for months. You know my name well enough, and I haven't been here a day. Do you mean to say you can't remember a man who has made his home here since some time last winter?"

"Scuse me, colonel, sah," began the old man deferentially, "but you must know, sah"—as if uttering the subtlest compliment—"dat dere's gemmans what can make demsels more notorious in one day, sah, dan oder gemmans does in a year, sah?"—Youth's Companion.

THE SETTING SUN.

When Vulcan Sailed It Round the Ocean So It Could Rise Again.

The ancients had some queer theories whereby they sought to explain the rising and setting of the sun. They thought the earth to be flat and were greatly puzzled to know how the same sun which plunged into the ocean at a fabulous distance in the west could reappear the next morning at an equally great distance in the east. A number of remarkable theories were advanced, and every one of them was wrong.

Mythologists of old asserted that after the sun had dipped in the western ocean at sunset (the Iberians and other ancient nations actually imagined that they could hear the hissing of the waters when the glowing globe was plunged therein) he was seized by Vulcan and placed in a golden goblet. This strange craft, with its astonishing cargo, navigated the ocean by a northerly course so as to reach the east again in time for sunrise the following morning.

Among the more sober physicists of old, as related by Aristotle, it was believed that in some manner the sun was conveyed by night across the northern regions and that darkness was due to mountains which screened off the sunbeams during the voyage.

Anticipation.

Lieutenant Shackleton, tells how when in the antarctic wastes he and his companions sustained their spirits and their bodies as well when supplies had to be cut down to a minimum by dwelling upon the glorious eating they would have on returning to headquarters. The value of such mental sustenance has long been recognized by up to date commanders. There was the German officer in the war of 1870 who sustained the flagging spirits and weary legs of his men by shouting: "There is a brewery inside that town! Let us get there before anybody else!" History relates that the men did get there with remarkable speed. Equally shrewd was that Japanese commander in the Manchurian war who, seeing his men exhausted with thirst and knowing full well the wonderful properties of pickled plums, cried out, "Two miles from here there is a forest of plums." The anticipated plums went far to relieve their parched mouths.

What West Point Does For Its Cadets.

What West Point does for its cadets is precisely this: It takes its youth at the critical period of growth; it isolates them completely for nearly four years from the vicious influences that corrupt young manhood and from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards and exalted traditions of honor and integrity, and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. It offers them the inducements of an honorable career and a sufficient competence as a reward of success, and it has imperative authority for the enforcement of its conditions and restraints.—Colonel Charles W. Larned in National Magazine.

Silver Service.

"Can I get the silver service for the fire department?" inquired a young man at the free library.

"The what?" asked the girl at the desk.

"The silver service for the fire department—the questions they ask you when you take the silver service examinations, you know."—Newark News.

Knew What She Was Doing.

Pastor—I was sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.

Doctor—Don't you be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time.

His Stroke of State.

She'll widge you have told lots of other girls that you loved them. He—Well, if such has been my misguided career it is now in your hands to put stop to it.

Without foresight judgment falls by its own weight.—Horace.

A Fish That Gives Paint.

The well known brown pigment called sepia is obtained from a ten armed octopus found principally in the Mediterranean and more especially at the head of the Adriatic sea, where it is caught by the natives for food.

The sepia is contained in a bag and is really the black fluid of which we have all read as being discharged by the creature to cover its escape. Some naturalists say that the fluid is brownish, which becomes more credible when we know that this is the source of sepia. The pigment is really a powder which dissolves in water. Its strength may be estimated by the fact that it will color 1,000 times its own bulk. When the octopus has been killed the sack or bag is removed and dried to prevent putrefaction. The sepia is treated with ammonia or caustic soda, washed and dried. It is one of the most durable of paints, except when fully exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, and an even surface can be obtained with it more easily than with most paints. Sepia has been obtained from a fossil cuttlefish thousands of years old and found to be quite good for paint.

The Change From Black to Red.

"See that little woman who just went out?" remarked a Fourth avenue milliner to a customer. "Noticed that red hat, did you? Well, as a milliner and a person whose business it is to study the different characteristics of women I have watched her for two years. It has been a kind of study of the 'evolutions of a widow.'"

"Two years ago she came to me, recently bereaved, and had me make her a hat or deepest black. She was broken hearted and declared she would never again take an interest in the pretty things that women like to wear. A year ago she came again.

"Don't you think I might have the least bit of white in my new hat?" she asked.

"Yes, I said; 'I think you might,' and the hat was made. Three months later she came for another hat, and she stood for a little touch of lavender. Next she had a big white plume, and last week I made her that red hat. It just shows what time will do in lifting up a heart bowed down."—Louisville Times.

The Releaser.

If he hadn't been a dreadful bore and the hour wasn't so late it is quite possible the lovely girl would have refrained from the exercise of a strategic scheme, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Hark!" she whispered as he paused in the midst of a long wended description of his camping outfit.

"What is it?" he whispered in return.

She smiled reassuringly.

"It's only papa. He must be oiling the releaser."

"And what is the releaser?"

"It's one of papa's ingenious schemes. Every night, at exactly 11 o'clock, he pulls up a brass chain that releases our brindle bull pup from his annex adjoining the kitchen; that's all."

And she laughed merrily. The caller glanced at the clock on the mantel. It indicated 10:57.

"I find I must go," he said in a slightly hurried manner. "And good night."

Punishment For Perjury.

Perjury is a crime more severely punished in Germany than in any other country in the world. Even an apparently trivial misstatement under oath carries a sentence of ten years in prison. Excepting murder, there are few crimes that carry as heavy a penalty as perjury. The German theory is that the entire system of jurisprudence rests on the respect for an oath administered under the forms of law and that this must be strictly guarded in order to secure the punishment of other crimes and insure justice in civil cases. Germany stands at one extreme and the United States at the other. Fewer people are punished in the United States for false swearing in the witness box than in any other country.—London Telegraph.

Hard Hit.

Lord Fitzfoodie, casting himself on his knees before Araminta, gave utterance to the following: "Oh, that I could snatch a pine from some primeval forest! I would sharpen the end with my penknife, dip it in the molten crater of Vesuvius and write upon the azure wall of heaven in letters of living fire, 'Araminta, I love thee!'"

Theory and Practice.

"Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and every one has a voice in the government."

"Yes; his family is managed on that plan. But he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president."

The Foolish Man.

"I see," said the landlady, "that a man in Ohio has got himself into trouble by marrying two women."

"Hub?" growled the bachelor boarder. "Just as though one wife couldn't make trouble enough!"—Chicago News.

Calmness.

Remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle—that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.—Marcus Aurelius.

His Own Sphere.

"You a doctor! Why, nobody in his senses would employ you!"

"Perhaps not, but I'm going to be a doctor to lunatics!"

High birth is a poor dish on the table.—Irish Proverb.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

Good Appearance Waits Upon the Way Garments Are Worn.

"You can talk all you please about clothes making a man," said a Walnut street tailor, "but I want to say right now that the smartest clothes in the world can't make a man 'natty' if he is not naturally so. There is an old, stoop shouldered doctor uptown that I have been tailoring for seven years. He buys four and sometimes five suits a year, and yet, except for a few days after he has broken in each new suit, he never looks nice. The trousers bag at the knees, the coat falls away in front, and the shoulders begin to look sloppy. The man's drooping figure and the poor care he takes of his clothes furnish, of course, the explanation.

"Did you ever notice the average college man's clothes? Almost invariably he looks neat and correct despite the easy swing with which he walks. But you'll notice that he carries his head high, his shoulders fairly erect, and his trousers never 'break' at the shoes, so that the crease is always preserved. All classes of men go to college—rich and poor. Few college men take more than fair care of their clothes. It's all the way they wear their clothes, I think. Notice the young lawyers and doctors around town too. Few of them can afford the very best in tailor made clothes. That they usually look nice is due to the fact that they have picked up the distinguished way to wear clothes. I might call it, 'Clothes make the man, but only when the man is willing to help.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A TRUE STORY.

It Was Vouched For by the Gentleman Who Related It.

Some years ago in a certain town in the north a gentleman possessed of more money than education was asked to address the scholars attending one of the local schools some Sunday afternoon.

"Well, children," said he, "I'm not used to public speaking, but I remember when I was a lad I was very fond of hearing a story. Shall I tell ye a story?"

"Once upon a time many years ago there was a lad, a very good lad, who went regularly to Sunday school and never missed. But one Sunday afternoon as he was gawin' to school two bad boys met him and persuaded him to gain bird nesting wiv 'em. So they went along by the riverside, and by and by they came to a tree, and in the tree on a branch which overhung the water was a nest. The two bad lads sent the good lad to climb the tree and fetch the eggs. Up he went and got on the branch, farther and farther, and just as he was reaching out his hand to tak' the nest the branch broke, and he fell into the river and was drowned."

After waiting a few moments to allow his hearers to thoroughly grasp the full extent of the catastrophe he resumed with:

"Children, the story is true, for the lad that was drowned was me."—London Tit-Bits.

The Act of Dying.

The common phrase "death agony" is not warranted by what occurs in natural death, which is a complete relief from all pain. When death is owing to heart failure or syncope it is sudden and painless, perhaps pleasant. Death by hanging, there is reason to believe, is attended by a voluptuous spasm. Death by decapitation or electricity is only a momentary shock, hardly felt. Death by poisoning varies in painfulness according to the poison employed. Opium and other narcotics probably give a painless, perhaps a pleasant, dreamful death. Hemlock, as we know from the account of the death of Socrates, causes gradual insensibility from below upward. On the other hand, arsenic, strychnine, carbolic and mineral acids, corrosive sublimate, tartar emetic and other metallic poisons inflict slow and torturing death. Prussic acid and cyanide of potassium cause quick death.—Exchange.

Glasses to Fit Four Eyes.

For several months a man had been going to various oculists, getting a pair of glasses, trying them for a few days and then taking them back. Two weeks ago one of his friends suggested an optician that he thought could do the trick and persuaded the troubled man to give him a trial. The result was the same as before, however, and the glasses were returned. Curious about the nature of the difficulty, the friend went to the optician and asked him what was the matter. "Why," replied the latter, "that fellow wants a pair of glasses that will suit both himself and his wife."—Philadelphia Times.

Knew Them.

"I am looking for a quiet place to rest," said the tired looking man.

"I think we can safely promise you all the comforts of home," assured the hotel clerk.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the tired looking man. "I've been married nine years and have seven children."—Philadelphia Record.

Prejudiced Opinion.

"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?'"

"He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers sadly.—Stray Stories.

Logic and Sophistry.

Little Willie—What is logic, pa? Pa—Logic, my son, is your line of argument in a controversy. Little Willie—And what is sophistry? Pa—The other fellow's.—Exchange.



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