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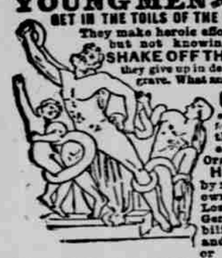

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There used to be a book collector in this city who was the terror of all who knew him. He was well to do and a very learned man. He was a great buyer of books and owned a fine library, but nobody else's library was safe if it contained a book he coveted. For a long time his victims did not suspect him. He would call, spend an hour or two among their books and go away. Finally one bibliomaniac, who had suffered most severely, had his suspicions aroused. Even then he dared not utter them, so he went to his lawyer about it.

The lawyer had him make out a list of the volumes lost. They were all of extreme rarity and great value. Armed with this list the lawyer called on the suspected man and introduced himself as a collector from the west. He had heard of the gentleman as a bibliophile of authority and wished to consult him about some books which had been offered him before he concluded upon their purchase or rejection.

"What were the books?" his host asked.

He ran off the titles of several of the stolen volumes.

"Nonsense!" said his host. "Nobody can sell you them. I own the only copies in the country."

Next day the lawyer wrote a letter which resulted in the restoration of the spoil to its rightful owner. How many rare books belonging to other collectors remain in the collection—for it has never been sold for obvious reasons—no one can say.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Blue Law Sabbath.

"I was born in Massachusetts," said he, "and reared in a strict Puritan family. The Sabbath commenced on Saturday night, when we children were required to study the Scriptural lesson for the next day. After an early breakfast next morning we went at our lesson again until church time. The morning service was from 10 to 12 o'clock, composed chiefly of a long winded sermon, during which we were required to keep awake, pay strict attention and behave ourselves. This was followed by Sunday school, where we recited our lessons correctly or suffered severe consequences.

"After a cold lunch at home, for nothing was cooked on Sunday, we attended church again from 2 until 4 p. m. The interval between this time and 7 o'clock prayer meeting was occupied with religious reading or reflection, no frivolous games or diversions being permitted on this solemn day. As a special dispensation we were given hot tea for supper. Prayer meeting was out at 9 o'clock, and from that hour until bed time we sat quietly at home reading such thrilling and interesting works, especially to children, as Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and Fox's 'Book of Martyr's.' I used to sympathize with those martyrs, and compare their miserable state with mine."—Washington Post.

How Men Carry Their Hands.

"A sure indication of character is found in the way in which a man carries his hands," said C. G. Clarke, of Boston. "You notice men on the streets. See the young man with swinging arms and palms which are displayed to all who take the trouble to look. He is one of that class whose heart is as open as his hands. He is frank, unsuspicious, a free spender and a believer in the honesty of his fellows. Notice the business man more advanced in years. His hands are always closed so tightly that he gives you the impression he is ever expecting an attack. This is the attitude of men bent upon a certain object. It is an attitude which displays the qualities of determination and fight.

"In debate you will observe some of our lawmakers emphasize a statement by hammering the desk before them with their knuckles, while others, apparently equally impassioned, are satisfied with the use of the palm. You may rest assured that if sheer determination will succeed, the man who applies his knuckles will win before his colleague who uses his palm."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Notions About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor.

Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told "He is asleep," you may as well depart.

To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor! senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake; then he will return to the low note, and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.—Exchange.

Respecting the Dead.

Mrs. Granpere—Why, Bridget, I heard of the death of poor Tim, your husband, and that you were married again; and now, poor girl is it possible—your second husband too?

Bridget (in deep mourning)—Oh, no, mum. He's all right. But I always promised meself, whiniver I could afford it, I wud put on mornin for poor dear Tim, and it's very well off I am mum, since I'm married this time, mum.—Harper's Bazar.

Economy in Rapid Freight Trains.

A German engineer concludes that if the speed instead of the load of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car mile at the higher speed would be one-fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more for fuel.—New York Times.

A Knowing Brute.

"Cabby, drive me to Vefour's in time for the horseflesh banquet."

"Not so loud, guv'nor. If Brown Bess heard you she wouldn't budge an inch."—Figaro.

Hiram Was Not at All Scared by the Noises Down Stairs.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Higinbotham shook her husband.

"Ugh," he responded unconsciously.

"Hiram! Hiram!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

"U-ugh," he observed.

She gave him another shake.

"Hiram," she whispered, "there's robbers down stairs."

"Ugh?" he ventured again, this time with a rising inflection indicating that he was gradually absorbing the idea that something was wrong.

She gave him a tremendous shake.

"Ugh," he almost shouted, sitting straight up, "what in thunder's the row, Maria?"

She clapped her hand over his mouth.

"Sh—sh!" she whispered, "there's burglars down stairs."

"Aw," he growled, "we ought to be thankful they are not up stairs. Go to sleep!" and he fell back to the pillow.

"Hiram, I tell you," she insisted, with another shake, "there's burglars down stairs. I heard them. You go down and see what they want."

"Maria," he protested, "I'll do nothing of the sort. If they don't see what they want they can ask for it. That's business."

"But you shall go down, Hiram, and see," she urged and pleaded at the same time.

"I won't, I tell you, Maria. Because your father owns a dry goods store is no sign that I believe it is no trouble to show goods, and I repeat, madam, if those burglars want anything they've got to wait on themselves. It's after business hours anyway. You must think we run an all night place. Go to sleep, I tell you."

Mrs. Higinbotham gave a sudden clutch at his arm.

"There," she nearly screamed, "I hear them coming up stairs now."

"Well, dear," he said soothingly, "you'd better jump up and put on a dress. It will never do in the world for you to receive strange gentlemen in your present attire."

"We'll be murdered in our beds," she wailed.

"Do you really think you will," he inquired with some interest.

"I'm sure of it, Hiram," she sobbed.

"Suppose you get out and lie on the floor, Maria, and then you won't be," he suggested heartlessly. "I'm willing to take mine right here in bed, where it's warm."

Mrs. H. began to cry.

"What's the matter, Maria?" Mr. H. asked, as if he had just that moment discovered her grief.

"You're a mean, horrid man, Hiram Higinbotham," she said in her natural voice, and she began to get out of bed.

"Where are you going, Maria?" he inquired uneasily.

"Down stairs," she answered heroically. "As between you upstairs and the burglars down stairs, I prefer the burglars," and down stairs she went, and the black cat in the preserve closet upset four jars of her finest quinces in its mad effort to escape.

She screamed, but Hiram Higinbotham made no sign; he knew he had forgotten to put the cat in the cellar when he shut the house up for the night and reported to his wife that everything was all right.—Detroit Free Press.

Home of the Sea Serpent.

The question of the "great sea serpent" has of late come before us with an episcopal sanction; but whatever may be the explanation of the various appearances which have given a certain currency to a belief in the existence of an unknown marine monster of some kind, that small sea serpents exist is most certain. They are all marine, and with the exception of one or two species never quit the water. As might be expected under such circumstances they bring forth their young alive, and these can swim as soon as they are born.

Mr. Boulenger tells us that their home is essentially the coasts of the Indian ocean and the tropical parts of the western Pacific, from the Persian gulf to New Guinea and North Australia. One species, however, ranges from west and south Africa to the western coast of tropical America and extends northward to Japan and southward to New Zealand.—Quarterly Review.

Two Guilty Consciences.

A Danbury youth went trout fishing and ventured to drop a sly line into a posted brook. Soon the approaching figure of the owner loomed up in the distance, and the Danbury youth knew he had been seen. He took incontinently to the bushes, where he spent a very miserable two hours in hiding and caught a cold that kept him two days in bed.

Meanwhile the terrible owner, who was not the owner at all, had sought a similar refuge at sight of the original culprit, and not until his teeth chattered like a typewriter did he venture to leave the friendly but damp shelter and slink away from the scene. He was an elderly man, and his share in the day's sport resulted in a four days' rheumatic limp.—Boston Transcript.

Ancient Sacrifices to the Sea.

The navigators of antiquity, to whose imaginative ignorance the ocean seemed peopled and beset with chimeras dire and supernatural agencies of all sorts, used often to sacrifice human lives to the mysterious water gods. It is regarded by tradition that Idomeneus, king of Crete, vowed to sacrifice to Neptune the first living thing he met after escaping from a storm, and this happening to be his son, he fulfilled his vow religiously. Medea nearly became a sacrifice during the return voyage of the Argonauts.—Washington Star.

No Reflection on His Character.

"That stylish looking gentleman was under police supervision in his younger days."

"Nonsense! You must be joking."

"Not a bit of it; his father was a constable."—Dorfbarbier.

SENSIBLE ADVICE FROM THE LIPS OF A PERFECTLY MADE MAN.

How a Perfectly Made Man Is Constituted—Why It Is That Girls Are Often More Healthy in Appearance Than Their Brothers—How to Be Healthy.

She had been to church. As she walked home she looked up and saw Muldoon.

From the very beginning women have liked big men—men who are physically big—and when they by some accident do care for little men it's ten to one the brains are big. To every woman, and woman is at heart an uncivilized creature, there is a certain pleasure in the knowledge that a man can, if he wants to, kill you with a blow. The woman who has not had this sensation is the one who has cultivated the original woman out of herself and is busy searching for fresh emotions. Consequently Hercules is to a woman more beautiful than Adonis, and if she admires a man who mentally is strong, a thousand times more does she care for the man who can if he will govern by physical strength and become what Swinburne calls "King of Pain." You can't deny this, nor explain it, but it's true.

The churchgoing young woman who met Mr. Muldoon was inquisitive, and she made up her mind that she was going to get some points on bigness and beauty from him; so with the audacity of the fox terrier, the dog of the day, she asked:

"Mr. Muldoon, what constitutes a perfectly made man?"

"One whose neck, biceps and calves all measure the same."

It was a bit impertinent, but that is the prerogative of a woman and so she asked, "Do yours?"

And he quietly answered, "Yes."

Then she inquired, "What is the reason that as one walks in New York one notices that the women are larger, look more healthy, walk better, and from a physical standpoint are better specimens than the men?"

"Well," said he, "the trouble begins with the care of the boy when he is a little chap; everything here is sacrificed to the cultivation of the intellect, and the small boy's physical condition isn't paid much attention to. You see the sons of rich men who are weak, miserable specimens, killing themselves with cigarettes, smaller and less strong than their sisters and having no strength physically. A good many of them are cowards. Train a boy morally and physically first, and his brain will respond when you call on it. Train the brain at the expense of the body and you have just such specimens of manhood as you laugh at."

"Mr. Muldoon, when you get a man down and are looking him straight in the eyes and know that you have him almost in your power, what are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking only of one thing, and that is where I can best get a hold of him and how I can best keep him where I want him to be."

Then he was asked, "How long have you been an athlete?"

"Since I was fifteen years old, and I am now forty-one. I weigh 215 pounds in my clothes, 205 in fighting trim, or, as the say in the south, in the buff. After I was thirty-five years old I allowed myself to gain ten pounds, because after that age I think a man needs a little more flesh. I have never used tobacco and I don't drink.

"What do I think of women? To be quite honest, I am a little afraid of them. they are not so trustworthy as horses or dogs? What kind of a woman do I like? I like a womanly woman, a woman who is gentle and affectionate and who isn't loud. I like a woman whose face is clean, not daubed all over with rouge and powder. I like woman who has a little bit of consideration for a man, and who, while he is willing to give her devotion and love, is ready to return it with affection and kindly thoughts.

"But do you want me to tell you what is killing half the population of this country?"

The inquisitive one said she did—she was a seeker for knowledge.

"It is the vile air that is in the cars, boats, half the houses and hotels, and in all the places of amusement. You get in a parlor car, and there is one person in that car an invalid, or a woman, who insists on having all the ventilators closed, and you have got to sit, possibly sleep, in that foul air, breathing in the diseases that everybody else has. If they would spend less money on making a car handsome and more on making it healthful, there would not be half as much wickedness as there is, for when men and women are thoroughly well there is not much chance of their going wrong."

"But about women?"

"I think there are 100 good women to one good man, and where a woman makes a mistake it usually is the fault of a man. It is perfect nonsense, however, shooting such creatures, as we have heard of lately. They ought to be caught by the nape of their necks and tossed out of a window and left to get along as best they can."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Mr. Booth."

"What are your favorite flowers?"

"Violets."

"What is your favorite color?"

"Pale blue."

And then, with a characteristic jump from flowers and colors, the inquisitive one asked, "At a prize fight do they spill much blood?"

"No," said Muldoon; "the amount of blood spilled is usually very much exaggerated. When Sullivan fought Kilrain, on July 8, 1889, the fight lasted two hours and eighteen minutes, and there wasn't enough blood shed to entirely stain a pocket handkerchief.—A Woman in New York Sun.

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