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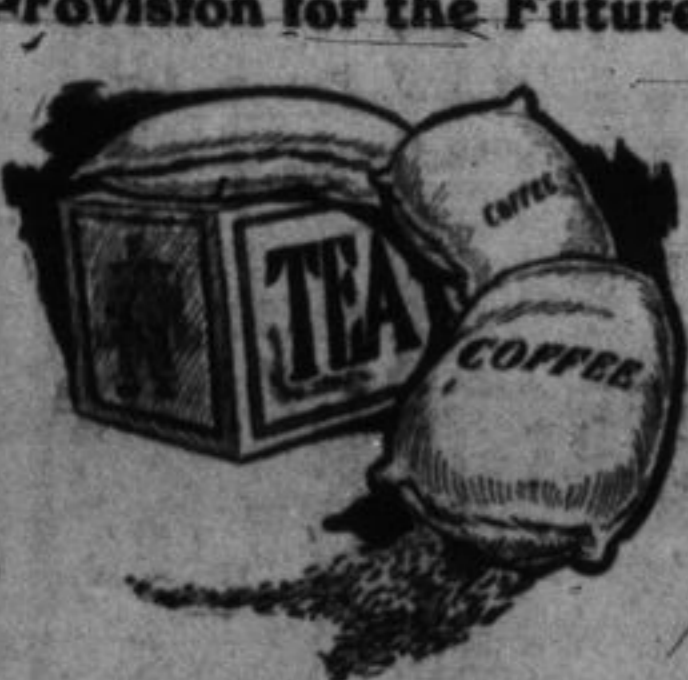
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Some men never amount to anything until they get married—then they have a good fighting chance.

ATE A WHOLE SHEEP

ONE OF THE FEARS OF NICHOLAS WOOD.

He was known as a Famous Glutton—An Article Written in the Seventeenth Century.

The following account of a man named Nicholas Wood, famed for his gluttony, was written by John Taylor, the "water poet" of the seventeenth century:

Nicholas Wood was a Kentish yeoman. "Be it known to all men, to whom these presents shall come," writes John Taylor, "that I, John Taylor, waterman of St. Saviour's in Southwark, will, with plain truth, bare and unadorned, treat of the remarkable actions of Nicholas Wood.

"He hath eaten a whole sheep at one meal; pardon me! I think he left the skin, the wool and bones; and presently after he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal are but three sprats to him. Once at Sir William St. Ledger's house, so valiant and staunch of teeth he showed himself, that he ate as much as would suffice thirty men, and afterwards he slept eight hours.

"One morning I sent for him to the inn to eat breakfast. He had already eaten one bottle of milk, one pottle of portage, and bread, butter, and cheese. He gave me thanks and said that if he had known any gentleman would have invited him to breakfast he would have spared his meal at home. Nevertheless he would do me the courtesy to show me some small cast of his office. Whereupon I summoned the butler and commanded that all the victuals in the house be laid before my guest.

"The inn was slenderly provided, but six-penny loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampart, three six-penny veal, one pound of sweet butter, and a number of other dishes were set out, all of which were quickly brought to nothing."

RUBBER OYSTERS.

They Brought Trade and Saved Their Invention From Failure.

"Rubber oysters laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So in desperation I cut an old rubber doormat into oyster shaped pieces on April 1 and tried them in egg and breadcrumbs to a tasty brown.

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork, jabbed it into a big fellow and took a hungry bite.

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face, I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said:

"Them's his oysters. I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them."

"Sure enough, he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than setting down their beer, they each sunk their teeth in one.

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I fried up no less than three old doormats and two overshoes that April fool day. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular.

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters"—Washington Post.

A Light on Mothers.

The late William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would often illuminate a misty subject with an appropriate anecdote. Discussing motherhood in a lecture on psychology, Professor James once said:

"A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions:

"Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?"

"A sixth, ma'am," the boy answered.

"But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother, too. Mother'd say she didn't want no pie."

The Misguided Friend.

De Chapple—if there's any one nuisance I hate more than another it's a fellow who is always going around introducing people. There's Goodheart, for instance.

Bouttown—What's he been doing?
De Chapple—The idiot! The other day he introduced me to a man I owed money to, and I'd been owing it so long he'd forgotten all about me. Now I'll have to pay up or be sued.—London Telegraph.

Catching On.

Young Mr. Struckett-Ritch was eating his first meal at a real restaurant. "What are those?" he asked, pointing at the finger bowls the waiter had just brought to the table.

WILLING TO LEND.

Only Her Husband, the Mean Thing, Had Pinched Her Waist!

Men have something to learn from women in the art of wanting of "touchers" for coats. Women respond to such requests once in about every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusal. A Cleveland woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a much done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back to-morrow, certain"—of \$5.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn, "you poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went downstairs to the parlor with her fattened pocketbook in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that Frank, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night, when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has left me only enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it"—and so on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelist their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose one famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the Dukes of York and Gloucester; cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa.

In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charley, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

Audubon and His Hair.

Audubon, the great naturalist, early in his career wore his hair very long. He wrote in his diary one day: "I wear my hair as long as usual. I believe it does as much for me as my paintings." However, in 1827 his friends succeeded in persuading him to get his hair cut according to the prevailing fashion. On March 19 of that year he wrote in his diary: "This day my hair sacrificed and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly it reminded me of the horrible times of the French revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low." Further to express his grief, the margin of the page on which this entry was made he painted black about three-quarters of an inch deep all around.

Still Wandering.

The deaf man got out of the tram car on to the other line of rails.

"Look out! There's a car coming!" cried the conductor.

"What?" said the deaf man.

"There's a car coming."

"What?"

Just then the car caught and knocked down the deaf man, and as he picked himself up he said:

"I wonder what that fool kept me there talking about!"—London Mail.

Just the Opposite.

An Irishman at a fair got poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender.

Said the magistrate, "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to hit your eye out?"

"Faith, you're right this time," said Pat. "for I believe he tried to put it farther in."—London Tit-Bits.

The Moral Stimulus of Good Clothes.

Men grow in self respect as they wear good clothes. Their clothes earn them the approval of their fellows. In turn they are forced to grow to fill the measure of good opinion, so that, forced forward by the clothes he wears, men attain to their highest capability.—Sartorial Art Journal.

The Exception.

"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Blunk?"

"No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."—Baltimore American.

A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in height and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and is broad and flat and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the general expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tall run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It would as a pet, not for a child, but as a adult, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes \$250 to \$500 to buy a specimen.—New York Sun.

ROD AND LINE WON.

Contest Between a Strong Swimmer and an Expert Angler.

A novel contest took place some time ago at the Edinburgh corporation baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well known angler. The contest occurred in a pool eighty feet long and thirty feet wide.

The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girls belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer, at the point where he held the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried cross swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trolling rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khele, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass, in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khele will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art.

The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is commended, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in his ear: "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief! They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify in their children's thieving."—Christian Herald.

Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at that tender age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sound came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

Mark Twain's Definition.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."

"How's that?"

"There's nothing like it to encourage long processions in the park."—Chicago Tribune.

Parental Blunders.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?"

"No, ma'am. Once I was known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Christmas Whig.

Elsewhere in this issue attention is called to the Whig's Christmas Number, which will appear on Saturday. The edition is limited, so orders for extra copies should be sent in early.

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