

Too Active.

A group of five or six firemen was sitting in the spacious hall of engine house No. —, partaking of a lunch of sandwiches just brought from a neighboring restaurant, and chatting triumphantly over their last big achievement of the evening before, when they had started for a fire in less than two seconds, as a rather seedy looking individual entered through the open big door and, with lingering steps, approached the lunch party.

"Are you the noble heroes, the pride of the Metropolis, who made them Chicago fellows swear by getting ready for the start in less than two seconds?" he asked.

One of the firemen answered that they were.

"Now," said the stranger, "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen—beg your pardon, I have been in the show business a couple of years and have become rather accustomed to that way of addressing a crowd—now, gentlemen, accept my sincerest congratulations for this big, wonderful glorious feat—beating the fastest record in the world. Your names will be engraved on the iron tablets of history for all time to come, for all time, I tell yer."

The red hue on the bronzed faces of the blushing firemen grew brighter, and one of them asked the stranger what he wanted.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen—excuse me, boys; well boys; you have accomplished a glorious thing beating them chaps of the Chicago fire department all to pieces, but, on my bright, untarnished honor, I will perform before your astonished eyes a feat a good deal grander than yours. Let me have a horsetimer and—"

"A what?" interrupted one of the firemen of the loquacious ex-showman.

"A horsetimer," resumed the stranger, "yer know, the kind of a horological arrangement by the aid of which you are enabled to measure parts of a second, and—"

"Oh, it's a stop watch you mean," interrupted here again the same fireman. "I guess the Cap'n has kept one in his room since them Chicago mad asses of themselves by not knowing how to use the thing you call an 'ornological arrangement.'"

With these words he went to the Captain's room and soon returned with the desired article.

"Now let's see what you can do beating our



DEACON McL.: "How about his points?"
HIBERNIAN: "Pints, is it, yo want! Shura an' he's cover'd wid 'em. Yez can hang yer hat on any one ov 'em!"

fast time," he said to the triumphantly smiling stranger.

"Now," the ex-showman began again, "ladies and gentlemen, now, boys, I should say, yer will witness something never performed before, and beating your wonderful alacrity in harnessing horses. Hold this 'ere watch, young fellow, and when I put my right hand on this 'ere plate of sandwiches then set the stop watch a going."

The eyes of all present now turned eagerly to the stranger and the sandwiches. There were seven of the latter on the plate. The stranger, opening a mouth resembling a barndoor, swallowed one sandwich—the other six with lightning celerity—the plate was empty—the fireman

pound dumb-bells.

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving knife.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

To meet a detective at the depot when you are buying a ticket to Canada.

To call a bigger man than yourself hard names any day in the week.

To attempt to sit on a chair that some one has removed when you were not looking.

To offend your best-loved girl's little brother who saw you kiss another little boy's sister.

To meet a tall rocking chair in your chamber when you are trying to get to bed at 3 a. m.

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who was holding the stop-watch cried:

"One second!" and then the stranger was gone.

This story, true as it is, is one of the moral kind, so I have to affix a moral. There it is in the shape of a narration of the fearful consequences brought upon the stranger by his voracious appetite and astonishing celerity. On the next corner the unfortunate man stopped, and holding both hands over the part of his body where his overcrowded stomach made it very warm for him, he muttered: "I have been six years in the employ of Mr. Barnum, and every night I swallowed a dozen swords but so-ven re-staurant sandwiches—"

They had to carry him to the Roosevelt Hospital.

It is Unlucky

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buzz saw in motion on Friday.

To break the mirror your wife's mother gave her.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To speculate with other people's money, and get caught.

To get wet when you fall overboard while boating on Thursday.

To dream of snakes after drinking cider in a prohibition town.

To see a bill-collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To see a bull-dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To see your overcoat over either shoulder as you pass by the shop of your uncle.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bot his money on another.

To marry on Wednesday a girl who practices with ten-

—

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