

TWICE-A-WEEK
Tuesday
and
Friday
-AT-

swallowed Four Hundred and Eighty Three Oysters.

Ira Chapman came down from Washington's crossing and ate his annual meal of oysters, says the Philadelphia Times. For a quarter of a century Ira has come to Trenton at the opening of the oyster season and entertains in competition with other gourmands to eat his own record, and no body has been able to outstay him on the contest.

Balls, stew or frits are the fad to him. There is no ice to be had in his capacity, and no matter who gets the oyster rating contest with him, he

ROYAL makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.

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Strange Coincidents in Regard to Birthdays.

Mr. W. J. G. Kaydenal's record in the family Bible, will read differently from that of most people, as his is a record of coincidences. He was born on

at." Ordinarily his appetite is not voracious, but he says just as soon as the season for oysters opens he has a "hankering for oysters, and lights out for Trenton, where he can get all he wants."

He thinks that he inherited his appetite from his father, who was a fisherman all his life, along the Delaware bay, and he tells some wonderful stories about the number of oysters that his sire could eat at a single sitting. But he claims to have outdone his paternal ancestor, and holds himself to be the champion oyster eater of the state. He states, and says that he is not afraid to back up by facts from anywhere.

Two years ago Chapel walked into Hildebrandt's restaurant, there he saw a couple of his acquaintances there. He said:

"Boys, I've got an oyster appetite on me today as big as a load of hay, and I'll bet I can out-eat them as fast as two men can open them for fifteen straight minutes."

At this all of whom were born on the 25th of April, 1854. His father had the same birthday, also two of his brothers, Mr. Knypholm has three sets of twins, and altogether his family in points numbers of children, is an interesting one.—Charlotte Observer.

Suits Against the Ex-Public Printer

State Treasurer W. H. Work has today sued against M. L. and J. C. Stewart, the ex-State Printers, and their bookman, W. R. Ellis, of Forsyth county, for the recovery of about \$100,000 for over-charges and undelivered charges in public printing.

Two actions are instituted, one against the bookman, W. R. Ellis, who is surety to the amount of \$25,000. The two against the Stewarts is for over-charges, and that against the bookman is for undelivered charges for printing, by contract of contract.—Raleigh News and Observer

Sympathy for Criminals.

The trials of noted criminals

—How much'll you put behind? asked one of the men in the restaurant who didn't know Ira's peculiarity.

—"Ten dollars and the price of the oysters," replied Ira.

—"It's a go," said the man, and the money was put up.

Two men were put behind the oyster bar, and at a signal they began work. Ira pushed oysters into his

are read with great interest by the people, and much sympathy for them is often expressed. They carry out their work on their daily papers and see how eagerly the people read the account of the proceedings.

Sympathy for criminals exists in every refined nature. Good people cannot help being moved to sympathy for those who have

intermission. There was an unbroken procession of lives slipping down his throat. He kept it up for fifteen minutes, and by actual count swallowed 472 Murice coveys, No. 1. The man who had bet with him handed him over the \$10 and paid for the coveys. To his amazement he slowly

and turning to the water said: "Charley, bring me a good big steak, rare, and all covered with onions. I feel as if I had ever have something to stay my stomach. Oysters are pretty good fillin', but they don't stick to a holler's face worth a darn."—*Atlanta Journal.*

When One Can Work It

At what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and so fitted to do hard work with the least weariness? Probably the answer occurring at once to most persons will be, "When he gets up in the morning." This is by no means the case; on the contrary, according to experiments of Dr. Buch with the dynamometer, a man is best

of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains its highest point about 11 o'clock. It is then that we have a few hours' rest, again toward evening, but steadily declines from night till morning. The two phases of muscular force, according to Dr. Bach, are overwork and idleness, and the latter is the worst of evils. Many of the great workers of the world have been early risers. But early rising, according to Bach's doctrine, ought to be supplemented by early breakfasting—

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