

WAS AN OLD CUSTOMER.

Parley Has Reason to Know Amount He Ought to Pay.

The appearance of the aged negro before the county clerk in a southern city recently occasioned no little merriment when it was learned that he was after his third marriage license in as many years. He stood idly by, a happy smile on his face until the clerk said: "One fifty, please," then sobered instantly.

SHOWS ALL THE CHANGES.

Thermophone Detects and Transmits Variations of Temperature.

We are told that perhaps the most ingenious invention which has resulted from the cold storage business is that of the thermophone, an instrument which measures at any desired point and transmits it by sound to the ear.

Ready for Last Call.

Italy's tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, has got ready for himself a magnificent walnutwood coffin. Salvini has just been into Florence to assist in varnishing his coffin, which, after his death, will be sealed inside an enormous solid block of marble in the family mausoleum at the Porte Sante cemetery, in Florence, with the simple epitaph: "Tommaso Salvini, nineteenth century actor."

Eggshells for Mantles.

A curious idea just patented in Germany is the use of an eggshell as an incandescent mantle. It is proposed to blow the egg out of the two ends of the shell and support the remainder around a gas burner, preferably one using acetylene. This mantle, while supplying a very pleasant light, is claimed to be much less fragile than those commonly employed.

Quite Appropriate.

"I understand that the De Styles are to have a real novelty at their next function."

A Consideration.

"A woman should not be valued alone for her beauty," said the sentimentalist.

Sure Enough.

Hicks—it costs more to live than it did a hundred years ago.

All Alike.

Burglar (to the elderly maiden)—I do not want your life, lady, only your money.

All the Difference.

Society dropped the De Lacys because they had a skeleton in their closet, I understand.

AS THE SERGEANT CHOSE.

Knew Men He wanted with Him in a Tight Pinch.

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood, even in this great nation of ours. The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company, acting as advance guard, knew that trouble was probably lying ahead.

OLD MAN NEATLY TRICKED.

In Looking After His Wine He Gave Burglars Their Chance.

An old bachelor in Paris, formerly a wise-merchant, who from long habit still kept a capital cellar, discovered that some of his best bottles of wine were stolen every night. He had fresh locks put on the doors, and took other measures of precaution. One morning he received the following anonymous letter:

A Story from Missouri.

Missouri mules have a world-wide reputation for certain characteristics, not all of them deserved, says one of that state's representatives in congress:

"A first-class Missouri mule," the member said, "is a much faster animal than the best Kentucky horse. This was doubted by a Kentucky horse owner who happened to be in our town not long ago, so we arranged for a race. We knew, of course, that our mule had his horse beaten before the race was ever started, so we decided to have a little fun with him."

Changed His Mind.

When the old farmer entered the "bucket shop" he was angry all over. "I don't think I'll invest a cent with you," he ejaculated; "I just heard, by hen, that you handle watered stocks."

Strange Incident.

The ambitious young humorist had received from the editor his offering of jokes.

Let He Attract.

"Her husband is rather handsome. Is she jealous of him?" said the first woman.

We All Know Him.

"Knowledge is power."

Using the Insurance.

"I think," said the man whose commercial emporium had been burned curiously, "that I'll try my new yacht this afternoon."

Thought Picture a Ghost.

Once Dr. Granfell visited Ramah and exhibited to the astonished Eskimos some stereoscopic views—photographs that he had taken there in a previous year.

STORY OF A FLIRTATION.

But Really There Was Nothing Very Shocking About It.

He was sitting alone in the room when she entered. She seemed somewhat surprised to see him. However, she did not retire, but stood regarding him doubtfully. The inspection was apparently satisfactory.

"No," she replied, smiling again at the absurdity of the idea.

"Without more ado she seated herself on his knee and placed her pretty arm around his neck."

"You're not afraid of me?" she ventured.

"You may not summarily give up possession of a house of which you are tenant, simply because you believe it to be haunted, nor yet even if it be currently alleged and reputed to be haunted."

A father has, too, obtained a verdict against a schoolmaster whose school was haunted by a ghost which frightened his boy into fits, and it has been held to be illegal to shut up a prisoner in a reputedly haunted jail.

Once a woman sought a judicial separation from her spouse on the ground that he was in league with a familiar spirit, which haunted his bedroom by night and his study by day.

But her petition was refused, the judge remarking that she had taken her husband for worse as well as for better, and that she might as well ask to be relieved of him because he had developed a wart on his nose as a sprite at his elbow.

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CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE.

Good Thing to Learn to Do Sometimes Without Hubby.

Harper's Bazar, which, with the assistance of Henry James, has been busy of late endeavoring to reform the speech and manners of American women, is now giving its brilliant editorial attention to young wives and their affairs. In the Bazar the author who is writing on this topic reveals some secrets in a charming and convincing way. She says:

"The most important thing of all that I have learned is how to get along without my husband. Outwardly we are as much together as ever we were. We are very fond of each other, indeed, and I think my own marriage so far has been happier than most."

Only I have learned what almost all women learn first or last, that for the sake of my own peace of mind and his I must not have my interest in life begin and end in him. I must not be lonely if he isn't there; it mustn't be a tragedy to me if he isn't with me. During our engagement and the first part of our marriage Joe absorbed every thought I had. He dimmed my interest in my friends, he altered my life all over, and gave me a new set of interests—interests which began and ended with him. I have had in self-defense to unlearn all these things, for when I had surrendered myself entirely I found myself, so to speak, left high and dry. I had learned my lesson too well; I unlearned it as best I might, and became once more what people call a "reasonable woman."

Aldrich's Pretty Parable. The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote exquisitely graceful prose and verse, but his work was never popular. At a dinner party in Boston a young lady said to him: "I have been reading 'Two Bites of a Cherry,' and I think it is lovely. Why isn't it a big seller, like the works of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine?" "My dear young lady," said the poet, "in writing the book as well as I could I did my part. If the public disapproves—well, then the public is like the Commonwealth avenue housemaid. A resident of Commonwealth avenue, a lady in reduced circumstances, is obliged to take in a few lodgers. Her housemaid is rather a frail, a rather pretty girl, and the other day she said to her mistress: 'I'm afraid that there's no lodger, wot we thought so well of ain't no gent after all, mum.' 'No gentleman, Susan,' said the lady. 'I'm very sorry. Why do you say so?' 'Why, mum, this mornin' when he seen me carryin' a scuttle of coal, he says: 'That there scuttle's too heavy for a little thing like you,' he says, and he up and took it from me, and carried it 'imself, just like a common footman.'"

Moral Suasion. Four-year-old Reginald and his elder brother were sent to stay with an aunt, while their mother went south for her health, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. The aunt had decided ideas on the bringing up of children, one being a firm belief in gentleness rather than force as a moral agent. One day at dinner she expressed her views on this subject, declaring:

"Corporal punishment is a sin; children would never be so treated if I had my way. When a child of mine is naughty, I simply use moral suasion, and always with the best results."

Shortly after dinner Reginald approached his brother and asked, anxiously: "Say, George, does moral suasion hurt very much?"

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LAW ABOUT SPOOKS.

Illegal to Shoot Them in England—Other Court Rulings.

Law suits about alleged ghosts, of a nature similar to the one which was threshed out the other day before Mr. Justice Grantham, are far from uncommon.

Indeed, there is quite a little library of books relating to the subject, all of them full of musty, rusty precedents, and each and every one of them bound in that peculiar, underdone pie-crust colored material known to booksellers as law calf.

From these books one may learn many things about ghosts, and the proper way to treat them.

It is, for instance, illegal to belabor a "ghost" after it has cried out that it is not a ghost; while a man who goes gun-hunting after an alleged ghost, and shoots and kills a human being who is masquerading in spook attire, is guilty of murder.

You may not summarily give up possession of a house of which you are tenant, simply because you believe it to be haunted, nor yet even if it be currently alleged and reputed to be haunted.

But, on the other hand, damages have been recovered against a landlord who let a notoriously spook-infested dwelling to a tenant without first informing him of its evil reputation.

A father has, too, obtained a verdict against a schoolmaster whose school was haunted by a ghost which frightened his boy into fits, and it has been held to be illegal to shut up a prisoner in a reputedly haunted jail.

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MONEY IN APRICOT PITS.

Substitute for Almonds—Big Profit in Them for Balearic Islands.

A recent increase in the price of almonds has caused a new tide of economy and much money is being made in the Balearic islands in the Mediterranean off the coast of Spain by the sale of the kernels of apricots, says the New York Sun. There is a huge demand for them in England and Germany, where they are used as a substitute for almonds in candy and in cheap grades of puddings and pastry.

The fruit is cultivated in the Balearic islands on an enormous scale to be preserved in various styles. Until recently the stones, when the pulp was removed from them, were treated as refuse. Children pick out the kernels for shipment after the regular preserving season is over, thus prolonging the wage-earning period of the people.

Last year Majorca alone produced 50,000 cases of apricot kernels, weighing about 100 pounds each case. There are both bitter and sweet kernels. The price of the sweet ones rose from about \$18 a case in 1906 to about \$27 last year. The bitter ones are considerably cheaper.

Nobody Hurt.

A man whose love of long words is superior to his method of pronouncing them took up the morning paper at breakfast the other day and began to read about the most peculiar railroad accident.

A train, having collided with a snag of some kind, had described a few parabolas in the air, turned turtle, dived into a river, and otherwise upset the plans of those who were running it.

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HAPPENED IN MINNEAPOLIS.

Henry Got Rid of the Dogs in Short Order.

Mr. Nelson, who was much annoyed by stray dogs burying bones in his garden at Linden Hills, secured a lion while he was in Europe, paying \$287.50 for a rather weather-beaten king of beasts, but one that was quarantined in every respect. The lion became a great pet on the way over and came to know his master's voice and obey it. Its name was Henry.

Arrived at Linden Hills, Mr. Nelson let Henry out into the back yard and simply waited.

At 7:30 on the first morning a Newfoundland dog as large as a small garage walked into the yard to step on the flower beds as usual and to tip over the garbage can. The lion saw the dog enter the yard and the dog just barely saw the lion.

"Crunch!" That was all. It was the sound made by Henry eating the dog. At 8:10 a monster bulldog smelled his way into the garden to rip up a yard of soil among the petunias.

"Crunch!" The bulldog had gone hence. By 11:30 Henry's score stood: One Newfoundland, one bulldog, four fox terriers, an Irish setter and two plain dogs. Everything that came into the yard collided with the lion, and so, it was not.

Mr. Nelson was so joyous over the experiment that he could not go to work that day, but just sat around and felt good. In six weeks the dogs were either all in or were avoiding the place by going two blocks the other way. Then the circus came around, and the lion was so fat and glossy that Mr. Nelson disposed of him to the menagerie department for \$327.75.—Minneapolis Journal.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Brother Magoon Explains the Absence of Elder Fishback.

"If you will deas puhmit me to specify a word or two, pahson," respectfully said a stranger who had entered Ebenezer chapel just before the beginning of the sermon. "I'll take pleasure in mtawmin' de brodden and stitahs yuh dissembled dat Puhaldin Eldah Fishback enawmously regrets dat he can't be wid yo'all to-day, as expected, ukhase why, he's dead."

"Muh name am Magoon—Brudder 'Lanzo Magoon, yo' mought call it—fum over beyant Timkinville; and de eldah descended upon muh household yist'day, and we had chicken pot pie, equinch pie'erves, baked 'shout and mince pie for dinner, and somehow or nudder in her zeal, muh wife—fine a lady as dar is in de land, too!—she took and anonymously put hoos mincement siduh brandy into de mincement, and it killed de eldah plumb dead! 'Twas a glorious death, and he met it half way! And I'picious all de rest of us would be dis minute ab-walkin' on de glory-it hills om im-mortality hand in hand wid de eldah. If 'twasnt for de fact dat de good man beat us to dat 'ar pie, Yass!—he beat us to it. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank yo' fo' yoh attentuh!" —Puck.

Fate of a Prince Albert.

When Commander Peary went on his first trip in search of the pole he won the gratitude of an Eskimo by presenting him with an ancient Prince Albert coat and extensively creased sombrero. Years afterward, when again in the north, the explorer received a ceremonial visit from the native, and, to his surprise, set eyes once more on the discarded vestments.

On the occasion of the commander's latest dash for the pole the aborigines took him aside and pointed to a rude moseolem. By its side stood the disused sledge. Its six dogs had been strangled to make an appropriate funeral. On the pile of stones lay what was left of the Prince Albert coat and the sombrero.

A Sure Cure.

F. Marion Crawford, at a dinner in New York, attacked spiritualism. "In principle it may be true," Mr. Crawford said, "but spiritualism as it is practiced to-day is a thing to beware of. I know a man whose wife suddenly developed a great interest in spiritualism. She attended seances after seance at the house of a handsome medium with dark, thick hair and smoldering eyes."

"Her husband cured her, though. He took to accompanying her to the medium's, and at every seance he got the most passionate and tender messages from his first wife."

Camphor Trees.

Says Secretary James Wilson, of the department of agriculture: "For years the department has been distributing camphor tree seed and thousands of trees are now growing throughout the south and Pacific coast states. Two years ago a serious effort was made to develop the manufacture of camphor from these trees. Satisfactory results have been secured and a large manufacturing concern is now building up a camphor grove of 2,000 acres in Florida, from which it hopes to make camphor. This firm uses more than \$600,000 worth of camphor every year."

A Substitute.

Being very close-fisted Mason had never allowed himself the costly habit of smoking. He always felt himself a loser when anyone treated to cigars. But on one occasion, when the party he was with entered a stationery and cigar store, he made up his mind to have his share of the treat. "Won't you smoke this time?" asked the leader. "No, thank you," replied Mason; "but if you don't mind, I believe I'll take a pencil."—Harper's Weekly.

It's the Brogue.

"Why do we call a handout a bracelet?" asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination. "Faith, because it is intended for a wrist," replied the applicant. And he got the position at once.

King Barred from House Debates.

The king of England labors under one curious disability. He may not litter to a debate in the house of commons. Admission to the legislative chamber, which is open to his lowliest subject, is denied to the sovereign.

Machine Wouldn't Stop and Owner Tried to Wear It Out.

John P. Julius, a prominent piano dealer, of York, Pa., and an enthusiastic automobilist, engaged with his electric auto in an endurance run, which he will not soon forget. While driving along through the city streets something went wrong with the mechanism of his car and he found that he was unable to stop it. Though moving at a lively clip the car's pace was within the speed limit, and Mr. Julius, with great presence of mind, steered it on, meanwhile giving his spare attention to a search for the trouble. This search he finally abandoned, and then began the endurance run, which continued up hill and down through the streets and over country roads for several hours. The machine continued to bowl merrily on, and Mr. Julius was in despair, when he passed a garage and managed to attract the attention of a mechanic, who jumped aboard and by removing a few plugs brought up the runaway.

Not Equal to Luxuries.

A dapper young man took a seat on a bench in Madison Square Park, says the New York Press. Sunning himself at the other end of the bench was as fine a specimen of the genus hobo as ever disgraced a landscape. After seating himself the dapper young man drew a handsome silver case from his pocket and extracted therefrom a cigarette. With the cigarette between his teeth, he drew out a silver matchbox, to find it empty. Snapping down the lid, he turned to the tramp, heated, then said: "I beg pawdon, my friend, but do you happen to have a match?" Hands plunged into his trousers' pockets and legs sprawled out before him, the tramp surveyed his neighbor with an air of deep melancholy. "Say," he muttered hoarsely, "who do you think I am—J. Pierpont Morgan?"

False Signal.

"You don't believe in romance, eh?" said the old boarder. "You bet your hartyre I don't," sighed the young man with the handbag around his head. "I had my share." "How was that?" "Well, you see I was forbidden to call on my best girl and every night she would sit out on the balcony and at a certain hour strike a match. That would be the signal for me to stick my head through the vines and kiss her." "Ah, very poetic." "Yea, but the other night I saw the match flare up, stuck my head through the vines and got the worst thrashing I ever received. You see, the old man happened to be out there lighting his pipe."