#### COULDN'T TRIFLE WITH ART

Bir. Davis Learns a Lesson as the Result of Trying to Do His Own
Whitewashing.

Pay a man to dab a little whitewash on a fence!" Mr. Davis snorted adiguantly.

If I couldn't do fool work like that P2 self out," he said. Mrs. Davis gdghed, bringing up the sigh from the Reep well of experience.

"You'll muss yourself all up," she grotested, "and it will hurt gour back —" Mr. Davis laughed scornfully.

"Just you watch me," he said, with scundence. Then he went out and bought a whitewash brush. He paid is quarter for it, and the dealer had kried to make him buy one for 75 pents.

Seventy-five cents for a whitewash brush!" Mr. Davis was so angry he steamed.

Then he bought a bushel of lime and went home. The lime was a fine powder when it came and when mixed with water became a watery fluid with makes of white on top. The lime stayed in the bottom of the tub.

When he used the new brush it shed hairs like a setter dog in summer and, being wet, showed that it presented two thin rows of hairs on wither side and none in the middle. Laiso, when the whitewashing dried in the fence looked in nowise different from its former ugliness. Mr. Davis considered. His back hurt. There was lime in his eyes and he was mad glear through.

He went into the house and found hirs. Davis preparing to go down town, so he went back to his work.

As soon as she was safely out of sight he headed for a negro shack he likew and resurrected Uncle Peter, who was 76 years old and had been whitewashing and doing odd jobs for 70 years.

He turned the job over to Uncle Feter, who threw his brush into the alley, emptied the whitewash and prograred \$2 from him.

With a wheelbarrow Uncle Peter disappeared and shortly returned with a barrowload of lump lime and a brush and set to work. Mr. Davis sat on the steps with his pipe and watched him twork.

When Mrs. Davis returned her hushand was washed and shaven and the zence was glistening white. "Why, you did do it!" she said. Her

"Of course I did," he said; "I do all I set out to do."
"All by yourself?" inquired Mrs. Da-

Well," confessed Mr. Davis, "I got Encie Peter to sorter help me." "Oh!" said Mre. Davis, and went in

## A Quaker Wedding.

take off her hat.—Galveston News.

"Before God and in the presence of intese friends, I, John Smith take thee. After to be unto thee a loving and faith-"al husband." That is what the bridegroom says at a Quaker wedding, as mearly as the writer, who attended one hast week can remember it. Then the Bride says the same thing, interchangfing names and substituting "wife" for "husband." After that they king and sign their names to e document, swhich is read before the mosting, and twhich all those wrecent may sign aft perward. That's all, and it's enough. The young people marry themselves, inking the covenant without a clergyman's intervention, without even a presiding officer to say "We have spotch up today;" etc. It is a mighty realid marriage personny to those who within it had there is a sweet time miletty athor it that gives it a charm mad dignity no loss than priortly cobes, stained gless and organ music would impart.-- Now York Evening

French Wemen in Politics. Medam Durand one of the leaders of the femilist movement in France, makes the suggestion that while comscription continues in force, a compulpery nursing service for all women aver twenty-one-save mothers-be Snatituted. Another question which the women there are considering is she forbidding of the sale of absinkhe which, as all who have lived in Paris Rnow, is responsible for the ruin of many a career, in Proper poment till their cause, and so their methods In pursuing the chairs vote have to he the most dignised. In spite of the fact that they have big odds to contend with, the cours is undoubtedly forging ahead in Peris. A regular electoral campaign is being held and daily meetings are in order. Both proce and phillicland have had their attention attracted by the work the I women are carrying on sed-are giving It considerable time and attention.

# Mustached Compulsory.

Yustaches have been made com yelsory in the Austrian army, or, rather, an old ordinance has been revived by rescript from the war minhtry, it is said, on the personal wish of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The priginal compeleory mustache order standates from before 1848, and its author was General County Cyulai, the successor of the famous Radetsky in the war with the Italian states, who " himself possessed an immesse flow-Be mustache and who wanted every man in the army to grow one too. The mew order at the same time unholds The exclusive privilege rejoyed by the . Rindischgrats regiment of dragoous. which distinguished itself in the battle of Kells, where, Protorick the Great was defeated in 1767, in memory of which they were allowed to shave. Mince then there has not been a musnehe in the regiment.

## SOFT-WINGED PEACE

ONCE MORE BROODED OVER CLABBER HOUSEHOLD.

Head of the Family Arises and Declares Himself---Moral Contained In This Stery Not Hard to Perceive.

Mr. Clabber had stood all the rest with as much equanimity as he could muster. But when Mrs. Clabber began to suff and suff and suff just because he was smoking his old brier pipe—then indeed Mr. Clabber stood up for his rights as a sovereign man.

"Mrs. Clabber." said he, arising and speaking with much dignity, "ever since I came home this evening from a hard day's work in the marts of trade you have sought every reasonable and unreasonable opportunity to aggravate, irritate and otherwise annoy me. You have frowned and scowled and your conversation has been confined to monosyllables. You have burned the steak and you have undercooked the potatoes. Knowing that I like my rice pudding soft, you have let it cook hard. You have mislaid my slippers and have lost the evening paper. Knowing that I like to play with the canary, you have put him to bed

"Nor, madam, is this all. You have grumbled and you have growled. I repeat it, madam; you have growled. You left your sewing in my easy chair. You opened a window so that the draft nearly blew my head off. You are wearing that old Persian wrapper, which you know I dislike, and you have referred to my family four times-each time in disrespectful terms. You have sniffed when I have gently remonstrated with you orworse yet-you have either remained truculently silent or you have banged a door. Not only have you banged doors, but you have banged plates, knives forks, spoons, cups, saucers, windows and overdoors. And now, Mrs. Clabber, when I light my pipe you begin to sniff in such a manner that I can stand it no longer. What, madam-what is the reason of all this? Oh! You are out of sorts, are you?

"I see! Out of sorts! Permit me to suggest, Mrs. Clabber, the strong advisability of laying in an early supply of 'sorts.' Your present paucity of 'sorts' is wearying and distressing to a degree. It threatens the happiness -the life happiness, Mrs. Clabberof two human beings. I do not know where sorts are to be had, but let me suggest that you apply there, wherever It is, as soon as possible for a generous stock. Borts are evidently neeessary to your wellbeing and happiness and I think it would be advisable for you to lay in enough sorts to last you over an emergency. You being I find out that I am out of sorts my soif. That is why I am putting on my hat, Mrs. Clabber. That is why I am pattible of my coat and taking my with me. I am going out to see If I can accumulate a few choice sorts and bring them back with me. Perhape when I return you will have found a few available serts and— What? You think you have scraped a few together pow?

"Well, well! This is encouraging news, Mrs. Clabber. I see, too, that you have recovered that pleasing smile which was ever your dearest charm. And so, madem, I will take off my hat. You may hang it on the rack. And here is my coat. I think that now you can even find my slippers. And my tobacce jar. Bless her heart! And now I know she is going to sit on the arm of my old armchair and light my old brier pipe. Ah, yes! It is very evident that we have all sorts of the very fixest sorts back in stock again, Mrs. C. Out of sorts, indeed!"

# The After Dinner Smoke.

Mr. Gladstope was one whe cherished the old view that women and tobacco ought not to be brought into association. Sir Edward Hamilton records that he would recall a dictum of the fourth marquis of Londonderry, a magnate of fashion in Gladstone's earlier days, that no man ought to enter the society of ladies until four hours had claused after he had smoked a eighe. This was one reason why Gladstope had the modern fashion of smoking after dinner, though his own disting of the smell may have counted for a good deal.

But "Cranford" shows us that women and the pipe could be associated by extreme politeness—before the pipe was smoked. The courtly old backelor, getting out his pipe and spittoon after dinner hands the pipe to his former love that she may fill it for him before leaving the table; and it is explained that this was the pink of old-fashioned compliment.

Big Tim Requested "No Flowers."

Among the thousand or so persons who sailed from New York a few days ago were Big Tim Sullivan, of the state senate and the Bowery, William Randolph Hearst and Prince Tokugawa Iyesato of Japan.

Big Tim earnestly saked his friends to please omit flowers. Said Mr. Sujlivan:

"I'm no opers singer or titled gentleman, but plain Timothy D. Sullivan."

Nevertheless, Big Tim's crowd of followers was so large that the leader could not go du board the ship until a few minutes before salling time, so insistent were they on shaking hands.

There were no fewers as removed.

There were no flowers, as requested, but the biase of three brase bands and the parting shouts fully made up for this deficiency.

## PUTS ALLIGATORS TO SLEEP

Man Declares He Has Peculiar Power
Over Saurians, and Apparently
Proves It.

Bert Swan is the name of a man who can catch alligators with his hands, turn them on their backs and make them as helpless as infants. The alligators Swan handles are not the giants that bask in the mud of tropical rivers, but they are sufficiently formidable nevertheless.

It is wonderful with what quickness these saurians can snap at a mar-Swan gave a little session with his pets for the benefit of a correspondent of St. Nicholas and this quickness of action on the part of the alligators was fully demonstrated before the

little private performance ended.

The first task was to get the alligator into the open where the light was sufficiently good to permit of snapshots. This was done by two men grasping the alligator, one seizing his jaws with a lightning movement and the other grabbing his wildly waving

In the open the alligator proved as wicked as could have been wished. Swan's method of catching him was to hold the hands in readiness and wait for a favorable chance to grab the upper and lower jaws. As this was done while the formidable rows of teeth were apparently aching for a chance to snap the man's arm, it was no simple matter to catch the jaws and

imprison them.

Swan waited a long time before he saw his chance and the eye could scarcely follow the movement of his hands as they were darted toward the outstretched jaws. Once the jaws were closed in the man's vise-like grip it was a simple matter to slip one hand under the snout, seize one of the clawing legs with the other and turn the alligator on his back.

The owner of the alligator says he has found a way to hypnotize the creatures. Be that as it may, it is true that he made the wicked little saurian lie perfectly still for as long a time as he wished and then raised him in his arms and carried him around like a baby, the animal being apparently sound asleep all the time. When Swan put him down and touched his throat with a finger he awoke once more into vicious life and began snapping as before.

The alligator cannot move very quickly on his legs and it is easy enough to avoid him when he comes at you, but to try and pinion his jaws is another matter and a task that no one would care to try unless gifted with lightning-like agility and the quickest of eyes, as well as with muscular hands.

#### Peary Relics.

A Honlion merchant is displaying in his show window the following arlicies, which were sent him by Chief Engineer Wardwell of the Roosevelt. Peary's arctic ship: A pair of Eskimo trousers, a sealskin head, a blue for tail, a woman's necklace, several images carved from walrus ivory, a sealskin cost, an Eskimo doll, tobacco pouch made by the natives of Greenland, a pair of scalakin boots, a bunch of sinews need to sew clothing in the far north, a pair of walrus tucks, the horn of a narwhal, the skins of seals and of a musk ox calf, a piece of beryl from the northern part of Grant Land and a crystal from Cape Sheridan. which is 82 degrees 27 minutes north. Mr. Wardwell is a Bucksport man --Kennebec Journal.

# "Paying the Greem's Debts."

"It is understood from members of "the family of Count Sigray, who married Miss Harriet Daly, daughter of the late Marcus Daly, that the bride's dower was \$6,000,000. Of this amount, however, only \$500,000 will be immediately at the disposal of the bridegroom; that sum to be applied to the settlement of the count's debts. The comfortable balance of \$5,400,00 remains an American investment from which the young couple are to draw the interest."

So runs a recent society note in a New York paper, and the shame of the happening is so common that it excited no comment, nothwithspanding its affront to the dignity and sanctity of marriage and the low standard of both manhood and womanhood which it implies.—Cleveland Leader.

# New idea in Shopping. "I can stand for some things, but

not everything," said the clerk as he watched a stylishly dressed young

woman leave the stere.
"What is the matter?" asked the proprieter, who had walked up unobserved.

"That women who just left hustled up to the counter and asked to see men's shirts. I spent 20 minutes showing her every style and color we carry. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: 'I didn't wish to purchase any. You see I am making my husband some summer shirts and I wanted to be sure I was doing them right. My husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts.' And they say

married women are so considerate."

The boss smiled and walked away.

A New Kind of Farm.

The Arteraft institute of Chicago, which since 1900 has taught more than 600 unsigned women flome and art occupations that have enabled them to become self-supporting, is preparing to enlarge its scope by establishing an educational farm. The Arteraft institute is an educational combination of school, ctub and workshop, reaching from the home to the business world.

American Educational Review.

#### SIMPLY A MATTER OF LOGIC

Relative Growth of Corn in Straight and Crooked Furrows Easily
Accounted For.

He was a long, lank mountaineer, leaning on the log "rider" of a log fence in the shade of an Ozark post cak. Behind him, hitched to a dilipidated plow, two bony mules, with drooping ears and lazily flapping tails, drowsed in the sun.

"Fine crop of corn you've got there," said the passer-by, who had stopped for a drink from the gourd dipper at the spring. "But aren't those rows

rather crooked?"

"I reckon so," answered the farmer, surveying the straggling rows of discouraged looking corn. "Yes, they're right smart crooked. I reckon it'd break ary snake in two to foller them

"What's the reason?" inquired the one thirsting for information. "Isn't it just as easy to make 'em straight?" The "native" shifted his "galus" on his shoulder, and changed his quid of

tobacco from one cheek to the other.
"Wall you see, stranger," he imparted confidentially. "A heap more corn'll grow in crooked rows than in

straight ones."
"You don't say! How do you ac-

count for that?"

Flapping the rope lines over the mules' backs and preparing to make another furrow across the corn patch, the mountaineer replied: "There's a heap more crooked rows than there's straight ones. Haw, Buck, git up," be said

#### SALESMAN HAD BRIGHT IDEA

His Knowledge of Human Nature Enabled Him to Rise to Head of His Profession.

"Young man," says the automobile manufacturer to the new salesman who has astonished the organization by the rapid fire sales he has made in the two months of his employment. "I must congratulate you on your

work."

"Thank you, sir," replies the new salesman, modestly.

salesman, modestly.

"I know we build the best auto in the market," says the manufacturer. "but even at that I cannot understand how you can sell ten times as many machines as the very best man we have had prior to you. How do you so th?"

"Well, sir," explains the new salesman, the light of honest pride in his eyes, "I always ask the customer to take a ride in one of our machines as the first move toward getting acquainted with its riding qualities. Of course he accepts the invitation. I then take him out on the boulevard and get arrested and fixed for fast running. After that there is no argument."

Ten minutes later the new salesman leaves the private office with a block of preferred stock tucked away in his inside pocket.—Judge's Library.

Piret English Horse Races.
Chester possesses plausible claims to be the birthplace of the British turf. It was one William Lester, who about 1609, "being mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value to be run for upon the

This seems the earliest definite establishment of a horse race. From the nature of the prize was derived the proverb "To bear the bell," though the bells in this case existed long before the "ring." Our ancestors being more easily satisfied in the matter of amusement than their degenerate descendants there was apparently only one contest. The "Chee-

the matter of amusement than their degenerate descendants there was apparently only one contest. The "Chester oup," which has been substituted for the "best bell," is now worth £2,500, to say nothing of Cheshirs chesses for the three placed horses.—Westminster Gasette.

One-Sided Cities. If streets are one-sided, cities are, too. No one, as far as the precent writer knows, has ever attempted to give an explanation of the fact that when a town sits astride a river that flows east and west, the north side has a monopoly of the best streets. It certainly is so in London, as it was in sectors Reme. Glasgew is saother case in point. In Paris too, the north vantage of the south. As for Newcastle-on-Type, its general attitude toward this overgrows and rather, grimy quarter on the south bank of the Tyne is that of one who says, "Can any good thing come out of Gateshead?" Why should this be so? And why should the west end of every city you can find on the map be, from a social point of yiew, far removed from the east? Why is not Whitechapel Rodd Plocadily! To the unprejudiced ear the names ring with equal music .--London Chronicle.

Unacquainted With Remanes. Being a poet, Tennyson was naturally opposed to the stern realism of the present day. "Scientific knowledge," said he, "is spreading, and is crushing all the romance out of childron's lives. It was only yesterday," he continued, "I was walking in the fields with one of my nephews a littie chap of ten-when we came to one of these peculiar droies which the dentry people call 'fairy finds.' Look', 1 said; 'look here my boy; hose is a fairy ring, 'A what, special he said. Why, a fairy ring! The old tolle would tell you that these fairy rings are so called because the fairles were dancing here last night." uncie,' he replied, quite gravely, 'it is quite well known that these fairy rings, as you call them, are eased by a species of fungue."

## MR. SMITH STILL GUESSING

Mystery of Latter of Introduction Remains a Puzzle and Solution Seems Afar Off.

When a local professional man, whom we shall call Smith, received a call some time ago from a stranger bearing a letter of introduction from his friend Brown, Mr. Smith gave the man a cordial welcome. For Mr. Brown is a close friend of Mr. Smith and he felt that any one recommended by him must be worthy of the highest esteem. He therefore laid himself out to be agreeable and helpful, in compliance with Brown's note. The stranger, whose name was Green, proved to be most agreeable on better acquaintance, and soon he and Mr. Smith became fast friends. About this time Mr. Smith and his new friend chanced to meet upon the street their mutual friend, Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith grasped the hand of Mr. Brown, greeted him warmly, and entered into conversation. Soon he noted that neither Brown nor Green displayed the slight-

est sign of recognition.
"Good gracious!" he thought, "have

they quarreled?"

But a furtive glance showed him no trace of anger in either, and he was more nonplused than ever. At last he could endure the awkward situation no longer.

"Gentlemen," he explained, "surely you two are acquainted?"
"No," said Brown; "haven't had the

honor."

"No," echoed Green; "hayen't had the pleasure."

"Well, I'll be swizzled!" said Mr.

Smith. "Mr. Brown, Mr. Green.
Shake hands."

Which they did.

And now, dear reader, if you can figure out the answer, please inform Mr. Smith who wrote that letter, for

LADY AND THE CHAUFFEUR

Times

that is what he has been trying to

find out ever since.-Pittsburg Gazette-

Explanation of Fascination That the Latter Has Exercised Over the Fair Sex.

Instead of echoing the conventional cry of "How could she do so?" a clever English lord, Montagu of Beaulieu, makes out a strong psychological case for the lady who elopes with the chauffeur.

There are several details to be taken into account—the smartness, the independence, the good manner, and frequently good education of the driver. But most of all there is the man himself as a creature of power. He is at the wheel. He acts. He controls. He exerts the fascination of the masterful. Furthermore, his allurements are strengthened by the subtle influences and elations of rapid motion. "No human person remains quite uninfluenced or normal in a good car by the side of a good driver and in congenial company."

we have the conclusion, then, that it is not all of speed madness to make unsafe highways. It can and does produce also the trèscherous romanoe, leading to the dash in haste which is to be repented at leisure after the power is off. The obvious need for safety is of a common sense so quick-ened that it can keep up even when there is a greater than the third speed. Not psychology, but the ladg must develop this factor in touring ear discretion.

Accounting for Absonge of Moise.
"You know I had something the matter with my ears," said the serveus man, "and I feared I was going deaf; and this morning I get the scare of my life. I thought deafness had actually astilled on me.

"Going down Madigos avenue I met two carloads of children coming up in open cars filled with children and all waving their arms and making a mighty stir. I couldn't hear a sound. not a whisper, and then I knew I'd gone deaf, sure enough; but when those carloads of shouting children had gone by then I could hear the rattie of the wagons in the street and thee elatter of the horses' boofs and all that, and then it came to me, what was a fact, that those cheering childrea were a bunch of jolly deaf and dumb children going on a picule. And that was a great relief. I felt sorry for the children, but a little more cheerful for myself."-New York Sun.

Virtue in Silense.

It is a good plan to speak the truth when one can, but there are times when the truth should be put, solde under the shadow of kindness.

One is not called upon to put into

One is not called upon to put into words every thought that comes into the topknot. One's dearest enemy may look as pale as a boy after a tussie with his price evation or as doleful as a burial permit, but why tell him of it? There is no chance of a doubt that he does not know it. You, are not giving any fresh or valuable information.

If one cannot say, pleasant, things, is it not much better to keep still? Truth is commendable and necessary, but there are times when silence, makes a bigger bit.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Hopical Manriaga, Richer L don't see how Ricaless and his wife could have married for

fore, they married because they gibled each other.

led each other.

Ritter—Pitied each other? Why, is they had had any Fiel pity for each other they would never have thoughe of marrying.

#### HUNTING ELUSIVE COW FROG

Boys of Genesee Valley, New York, Set Out Their Jacklights, for the Season in In-

Geneseo, N. Y.—At last the music of the frogs has begun and the boys are new getting out their jacklights and preparing for business. Thousands of frogs live in the big Genesee valley swamp, six or seven miles up the valley, but the favorite hunting ground is not that locality, but the swamp above-Conesus lake, about an equal distance from here.

The remain for this preference is, that they are easier to capture there; that the Conesus lake swamp is not so difficult of access; also, that it is the favorite haunt of the big cow frog, so called because of his voice, which some liken to the believing of a cow, while others insist that it resembles more closely the sound of a distant sawmill in action. The Groveland swamp, on the ether hand, contains mostly the common variety, known to naturalists as the grass frog.

In hunting frogs at Conesus one must take a boat up the inlet and swing along the reeds, and by holding up a facklight so dasgle the big batrachians that they can be picked. up with the hand. This does not mean that one can take his time about it. however. When he proceeds to gather Mr. Cow Frog in he must have his oarsman push the boat up close, so that he is within reaching distance of. the prey, and while he holds the light with one hand, make a fell swoop with: the other. If he does not get his slippery friend at the first grab, he may, as well row along in search of the next from as the sudden movement seems to bring the frog out of histrance. After a person once becomes expert, though, he seldom misses a: grab.

The cow frog, be it known, has nothing in common with the ordinary. green or grass frog, so far as size is concerned. He often eats several of the ordinary frogs at a meal, without giving the matter a second thought. In: color, also, he does not resemble the ordinary frog, for his is dark green, al most black, on top and bright yellowor cream color on his belly. As to: eating qualities, the big fellow is delicious. Novices cut off his hind legs and eat them, but others cut of his head, remove the entrails, skin him: from his neck to his toes and fry him: in butter. Prepared in that way he will still weigh half a pound, and page It not for the fact that so much of him. "cooks away," it would not take more then half a dozen to make a mess for a good-sized family.

# WILL MEASURE ALL HATPINS

How Police of Indianapolis Will. Emplosure to Enforce City Ordinanae —Carry Rules.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The difficulty of enforcing the hatpin ordinance, which fixes a fine for wearing a gin that protrudes a half-inch beyond the brim of the hat, has been solved by Mayor Shank and Police Superintendent Hyland, in so far as determining Hability under the law is concerned. The police are to be provided with little aliver plated, or steel assistationabout two inches long and marked in inches, halves, quarters and eighths, so that the exact length of the progranding and may be determined when an arrest it essets.

The mayor feels that there may be difficulty in enforcing the ordinance, as prominent society people may tielled it, and he does not want the officers to make any migratus. Where an efficer believes that the ordinance, is being violated he will be protructed to take the easet measurement of the protructing end so that the fact man be established in court without doubt.

# AUTOS PROVE BOON TO TOWN

Have Killed Se Meny Degs. That .00 Scial Catebore May Soon Se Unecessery.

Darty, Pa.—While Darty, posigning, have been formulating plans, for the elimination of the dog nulspains, the question has been partly cleared by the destriction and been partly cleared by

Within the jest two master, is degree have been killed he gates and master other stray bow years have least rolled into the free mad so tento frightened that they make struck the running until they wither struck the Philadelphia county line or Colwyn on one side or the disables of therest little. Collinguals or Landgette on the

other.

With this slengther going on, Durke has begun to believe that it will not be necessary to other councils to appoint a deg-catcher. Colwyn, which is also oversum by spaines, was compelled to appoint a dog catcher, who, it is said, is kept, busy catching the dogs that have run in from Darky, limping badly and smelling of gasp.

Bees in War.

London.—News, has been received of fighting in the Kagoro and Attaking districts of northern Historia, whither a British punities, nature was, disputched last December. The British casualties were one killed and five wounded, while three of the five Buropeans were badly strang by bees.

Bees play an important part in war

thre with these liferian tribes.

The villagers on retiring before an enemy excite the bees and let them loose, and were helds the man who is attacked by them in the inhyrinths of cactus which surround the villages.

# L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS