ADHERED TO HER BARGAIN

Bride Had Own Opinion of Marriage as Business Transaction, but Parson Got His Fee.

The Rev. L. B. Bates, long associated with the East Boston Bethel, tells in his "Wonder Book" of an amus-, ing marriage ceremony performed by his father. This is his account of it;

About nine o'clock one night the old parsonage on Cape Cod was approached by a man and a woman in a "one horse shay" Hearing the wheels, Father Bates went to the door, to see coming up the walk a buxom lass of two hundred pounds or so, followed by a very little man.

With a giggle she announced, "We've come to be married, parson, haven't we, Bill?" An energetic nudge succeeded in eliciting the desired affirmation from "Bill."

The parson exclaimed the license, and proceeded to business.

"Please join your right hands," he said. "Dearly beloved, you are gathered here for the purpose of holy matrimony. Do you-" but he was here interrupted by the bride:

"Say, parson, before you go any further would you mind taking your pay in dried apples?" Being assured that dried apples

were current coin with parsons, she allowed him to proceed:

"Madam, do you-" but again he was interrupted "Say, parson, the apples are not

ripe yet, but you shall have them without fail. He assured her that her honesty

was appreciated, and proceeded with the ceremony without further interruption.

Two months later a bushel of the best dried apples was hauled by the bride herself to the parsonage door. "I don't know as he was worth it." she said, with a twinkle in her eye, "but a bargain is a bargain for all that."-Youth's Companion.

END OF AN OLD SUPERSTITION

Height of Present New York Buildings Discourages Youngsters There to Seek Fortune.

Said a New York octogenarian: "The beight of buildings in New York has deatt a death blow to an old superstition that animated many a country youth who came here to make his fortune 60 years ago. Heaven knows how they came by the belief, but most of those up-state boys came to the city thinking that if they could toss a coin over a house they took a fancy to at the first try, the house would be theirs some day.

"It was one of my surest convictions, wand I put it to a test immediately after paying for my first meal in New York. The only money I had left was an old-fashioned three-cent piece. With that in my hand I walked around looking for a desirable piece of property. Pretty soon a corner lot on which stood a two-story-and-a-half, brick house took my eye.

"I had practiced coin throwing in the country, so I let my three-cent piece go for all it was worth over the front of the house and ran around to the back to see where it landed. It went clean over. I knew then that that house and lot would be mine in due time, and sure enough they were. People don't woo fortune by flipping coins these days. The fellow whose success depends upon tossing a three-cent piece over the Singer building would be in a pretty bad fix."

Comedy of Corn. "Say, you know how fastidious Briggs is?" "Yes."

"Well, he gets wild whenever the Maitland girl, she's his flancee, eats corn off the cob. She found out how he felt about it, and the other evening at dinner at the club she tried to cut the corn from the cob. Briggs noticed this and smiled approvingly, but just then her knife slipped, the cob popped nimbly onto Briggs' shirtbosom, the plate skidded, the gravy bowl went over and all the cut off; kernels showered themselves dangerously near the gorgeous corsage of that very stout Mrs. Singleton Mink." "And what did Briggs do?"

"Say, Briggs was game. He called the waiter, handed him the cob, and said, 'Francois, this corn popped from the plate just now. I didn't order popcorn. Bring the other sort, Francois, and make it cobless, please."

Curious Annamese Customs. Mme. Gabrielle M. Vassai, the wife of a French doctor, who was attached to the Pasteur Institute of the Nha-Trang, a little village on the coast of Annam, relates some of her experfences. When she and her husband arrived at Nha-Trang they were received by the native servants, who salaamed and squatted on the floor for a long period, this being their method of greeting Europeans. Servants had the curious habit of washing all dishes under the table; never on its top. Men and women dressed blike, wearing trousers and tunics, and women on the way to market with their baskets always walked in single

Love is a debt, an obligation that never can be fully met, and so must rest upon us always. We cannot annul obligation at will, cannot refuse payment and hold ourselves free. Aid and kindness, sympathy and love, we owe on every hand, to our brother

man everywhere, while life lasts.-J.

Obligation of Love.

SOME EXCUSE FOR MULES

But Ranch Hand Had Poor Opinion of Any Other Living Thing That Made Same Mistake.

"Recently," writes attorney Earl B. Smith of Somerton, Yuma county, Arizona, "I was obliged to remain at a primitive southern Arizona ranch over night, and at about dusk I was given a quilt, a clean sheet, and a pillow and told to take them to the top of a 20-foot alfalfa stack and make up my bed. Knowing the condition of the country, I did not murmur, and climbed the pole ladder to spend the night. I never enjoyed a better night's rest at any hotel. At early dawn I raised my head and saw two yearling mule colts feeding at the edge of the stack. We exchanged glances for a moment, while the mules' ears showed keen astonishment. Suddenly I rose to my feet, and in doing so the white sheet clung to my shoulders, whereupon the colts 'lit out' down the lane as if the Angel Gabriel were descending to take them to celestial pasturage. While at the breakfast table I related the incident, which was much enjoyed, but no remarks were made at the time. As one of the ranch hands was passing out of the door he said in a subdued but distinctly audible voice that it was the first time he had ever heard of a lawyer being mistaken for an angel, and nobody but a mule would have made such an error."

SOME RIGHT TO BE ANGRY

Foreigner's Action That Was a Knock-Out Blow to New Yorker's Idea of Courtesy.

The maddest man on a Mount Vernon-New York car the other evening was a polite man. There was the usual Sunday night crowd waiting on the curb for an opportunity to get to the subway at One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street, and only the lucky ones got seats. The aisle was filled with standees before the car started

for New York. Only one man of sturdy build and foreign extraction was clumsily holding a baby in his arms. Beside him was his wife, also a straphanger. The polite man observed them, thought it was tough luck to have to stand with a chubby youngster in one's arms, all the way to the city, and offered his own seat to the tired couple.

The sturdy young man of foreign extraction accepted the courtesy with a murmur of thanks. He gave a sigh of relief as he sank into the vacant seat. Then-he handed the baby up to his mother to hold, which she did the rest of the way.—New York Times.

Fool's Name Lives. The last struggle of the Moors against the power of the Catholic kings has been the topic of many a romance and poem, and Boabdil, the miserable rebel, the tool of women, the traitor, has become a hero at the expense of his brave far er and still braver uncle, merely because it was he who surrendered the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, and because as he looked for the last time upon the towers of the Alhambra, he stood "crying like a woman for the kingdom he could not defend like a

What a pitiful successor to the great Abdur Rahman Almanzor, or even Al Ahmar, the founder of Boabdil's house! Yet the average reader, if he knows of the Moors at all, knows of Boabdil. The great names of Moorish history have been forgotten that the name of the rebel and traitor may live.-H. C. Chatfield Taylor's "The Land of the Castanets."

Moroccan Corruption. Two main evils in Morocco are the corruption of Moorish officials and the degradation of Moorish women. The Moorish officials are inadequately paid; and are liable at any moment to be stripped and cast into prison at the caprice of their overlord. The natural result is that they make hay while the sun shines, and by their "pickings" provide against the evil days which are almost certain to be in store for them. Says a writer: "Before they take office they may be honest and kindly men, but the knowledge that they may at any moment fall victims to a higher power quickly corrupts them, and they proceed to do as they are likely to be done by. Each official preys on the one below him, but while each, for a short time at least, enjoys power and prosperity, the poor peasant is squeezed unceasingly."

Curlous Superstitions. Some curious superstitions gathered around even so eminently practical a thing as beer. In Scotland it used to. be the custom to throw a handful of sait and a little dry malt into the mash to keep the witches from it; and the cautious housewife, in houses where they brewed their own beer, used to throw a live coal into the vat to save the liquor from the frolicsome interference of fairles. The addition of salt, by the way, to keep beer in the course of brewing, was supposed to be for the unholy purpose of exciting thirst. It may possibly have been used to this end by the unscrupulous, but the real reason was legitimate. Sait moderates the fermenta-

Comparison. "Your investigations," said the amateur with the camera, "remind me of my results in photography.".....

tion.

"Clear cut and precise?" "No, such a lot of exposures that ion't develop anything."

ALWAYS DEMAND FOR TEETH

One of Pawnbrokers' Best Lines, and - Incidentally a Boon to the Poor of Big City.

A ghastly little heap of false teeth, both upper and lower sets, lay in a corner of the pawnbroker's window, amongst second-hand shoes, rusty flatirons, old clocks and so on.

"Any sale for second-hand false teeth?" the pawnbroker cried. "Why, bo, there ain't a more saleable commodity going. I'll advance money on a good upper set of talse teeth as quick as on a gold watch."

Just then an old woman in a dingy black shawl entered "Let me look at the false teeth in

the window-an upper set," she said. The pawnbroker, with a wink at the reporter, brought out three double handfuls of teeth. These the poor old woman placed, one set after another, in her sunken mouth. The sixth set she pronounced a good fit. Paying for it with dimes and nickels out of a worn purse, she departed contentedly, the teeth wrapped in a piece of news-

paper. "Oh, I tell ye," said the pawnbroker jubilantly, "there's nothin' like secondhand teeth. I only gave 30 cents on that set, and I get one and a quarter for it. Not bad profits, hey?"

HAD A NAUTICAL CHRISTENING

Sea Captain Knew Only One Form of Ceremony and Did His Duty as He Saw It.

Some years ago a slow sailing vessel, when some 600 miles out from Liverpool, picked up a lusty youngster of five years lashed to a mast

The captain took a great liking to him, called him his son and decided that the little chap must be christened-one of the few things which he know must be attended to in the case of children.

Of course there was no chaplain aboard, so the captain himself undertook the ceremony. He gathered the men about him, and with a mixed knowledge of his duties he glared about him and asked whether any one knew just cause why the boy should not be christened.

"If there is," he roared, "speak up like a man or forever hold your tongue."

Then he suddenly cracked a bottle of wine above the boy's head and christened him.

The ocean waif 'z now settled down -a steady longshoreman, but he still relates with satisfaction the story of his christening.

Must Have Been Work of Art. Critically the friend of the artist regarded the weird conglomeration of color which stood on the easel before him. He stepped back, bent forward, looked at it sideways, and twisted his head in all directions.

"What do you think of it?" questioned the aspiring R. A.

"Good! Very good!" his friend answered. "It's a perfect portrait; only -ah-I should be inclined to criticise one little detail. The original is scarcely, so red in the face as you have painted him." The artist gasped.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked.

"Your picture! It's your uncle, of course!'

"My uncle?" cried the amazed wielder of the brush. "That-that my uncle? Why, it's the sunset. Don't you see the title, 'Sunset and Evening Star?" -- Answers.

Man Favored to Teach Giris. Arguments as to whether men or women should be employed to educate girls are being heard a great deal nowadays. Many women think men teachers exert a greater influence on girls and make them do more studying. Others contend women teachers have a more refining influence. "I am tired," said one man, "of the constant demand for women as governesses for girls. I am convinced governesses have a narrowing influence on girls, whereas well-trained men have a broadening mental influence. It is true the majority of studies may be taught more effectively by men and that their minds are more logical. It is true women may have greater tact, more sympathy than men, but in the training of children the man's mind, being broader, has a more lasting influence."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Don't Don't permit the wild demonstrations of temper, the screaming and kicking which one sometimes—in fact, too often-witnesses in the little one. They demoralize both parent and child. They need never be if the very first demonstration is controlled and checked. Mothers and fathers, don't forget that in nine cases out of ten, if you have a spoiled, disagreeable child to deal with it is your fault. Begin as soon as the babies are born to train them in the right way, and they will grow up happy, healthy and wise.-Exchange.

He Met the New "Feller." "What did you do on your way to school this morning, Harold?" asked Harold's mamma.

"Nothin' much. I met the new feller that's moved in next door to us." "But the teacher has just written me a note informing me that you were a half-hour late for school."

"Huh! That ain't nothin'. You'd orter see the new kid next door. He never got to school at all!"

WHAT PUZZLED THE NEWSBOY

Fie Didn't Understand Primary Cause of Trouble, but Motorman Could Have Told Him.

It was a very basy hour on Fortysecond street, and the traffic "cops" were having their hands extremely full, relates the New York Sun. Just as things were starting along, after a complicated blockade, a little newsboy dropped a quarter, and darted out into the street after it, under the nose of a motorman who had just started his car.

The indignant motorman threw on the brakes with a jerk. As the car came to a sudden stop an automobile directly behind it turned sharply to one side to avoid a collision. It skidded, the hood coming under the startled noses of a pair of dray horses. One of the front tires blew up with a loud report.

This was too much for the horses, and they jumped forward together. In another minute the heavily loaded dray was careening down the sidewalk, the people scattering in terror. A lamp post was knocked over, and the dray, thrown violently in the other direction, upset, flinging a couple of heavy boxes through a brilliantly lighted display window.

The broken electric lights fizzed for a minute, then the flimsy trimmings of the window caught fire, and in a few minutes the clanging of the fire department was added to the uproar, and the crowd extended for a full block in either direction.

When the fire was out, and the wreckage was being cleared away, the newsboy, with his quarter safe in his pocket, turned away and started down the street, murmuring to himself: "Gee, I wonder what begun all dat fuss!"

GARDEN ON VALUABLE LAND

Small Patch in Heart of City of London is One of Capital's Curiosities.

There are many curious things about the Bank of England, but among them how many know that it possesses a respectable garden? It is to be found just inside the Threadneedle street entrance, on the left hand side.

This old-fashioned garden has a fountain in the center, graveled paths and a couple of trees, the whole forming a quadrangle with the bank build-

ing running all round. Its history is a curious one. In reality this garden is the churchyard of the vanished Church of St. Christopher-le-Stock, which used to stand where the Mansion House now is.

One reason why the church was pulled down was because its tower completely overlooked the bank, and it was feared that it would be a danger to the "Old Lady" if the church was occupied by rioters.

As the bank occupies the site of the entire parish of St. Christopher-le-Stock it is said that any freeman of the city can claim admission to the old garden. But, as a matter of fact. any one who cares to see it may do so during business hours, and it is well worth a visit, if only for the fact that it is the most valuable garden in the world.

When a King Is III. And there is this curious psychological fact to be remembered: A serius illness or a death advertises the doctor exactly as a hanging advertises the barrister who defended the person hanged. Suppose, for example, a royal personage gets something wrong with his throat, or has a pain in his inside. If a doctor effects some trumpery cure with a wet compress or a peppermint lozenge nobody takes the least notice of him. But if he operates on the throat and kills the patient, or extirpates an internal organ and keeps the whole nation palpitating for days while the patient hovers in pain and fever between life and death, his fortune is made. Every rich man who omits to call him in when the same symptoms appear in his household is held not to have done his utmost duty to the patient. The wonder is that there is a king or queen left alive in Europe.-G. B. Shaw, "The Doctor's Dilemma."

Wanted to Sell Her Leg. Willing, she asserts, to sacrifice a finger, foot, arm or leg in an effort to relieve her poverty, a woman, whose name was not divulged, living in Govans, has written to the physicians of Franklin Square hospital with an unusual and pathetic appeal for financial assistance.

The letter conveys, say the physicians, a sad story of much suffering as the result of poverty by a woman who was once in good circumstances, but who has recently been reduced to abject destitution. She named no specific price for her sacrifice, according to the doctors, but asked for an early reply if her offer was to be considered. The only restriction that she made was that her name be kept a secret.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

Sample of Animal Instinct. "When I was a barefoot lad," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had to spend a good deal of time minding the stock on father's farm. I'll never forget the day when father told me to take a rope and hold a couple of bull calves."

"What did they do?" "They scorched my hands with the rope and turned around and stepped

"Unruly disposition?" "No. Wonderful instinct. They recognized me at a glance as a small stockholder."--Washington Star.

BOUND TO LAND SOMEWHERE

Mr. Manheim's Roundabout Way to Find Some Place Where He Could Get "Rights."

There may be a little exaggeration in this bit of alleged court news from the Troy Times, nevertheless, the tale rests upon the important fact that wives need no longer complain that the law fails to protect them against their husbands. The "rights" of women in this respect seem more secure than the "rights" of men in the corresponding case.

Simon Manheim, holding fce to the side of his head, appeared in court and demanded a summons for Mrs. Manheim.

"I am a goot husband," explained Simon, "but mine vife is peevish. See vat she dit to me."

The clerk expressed sympathy at the state of Mr. Manheim's eye, but declined to issue the summons. "This court," said he, "is for women that are not supported by their husbands. Go up-stairs to the police court."

Mr. Manheim went up-stairs. The magistrate looked at him coldly. "This court is for wives who are abused by their husbands," he said, "not for husbands who can't take care of themseives."

Mr Manheim, obviously puzzled, started downstairs again. He called on the clerk of the court of domestic relations. "Aber I don't take care of mine vife, do you git me?" he asked

"We surely do," said the clerk. "Here's where we do full justice to women, but we don't care a white bean for men."

Mr. Manheim started out. In an hour he was back in the police court under arrest, but with an air of mental repose. The magistrate wanted to know the charge against Manheim. "He threw a stone through the window of the Woman's Rights Clubroom," said the policeman.-Youth's Companion.

HAD TENDER SPOT FOR HORSE

Washington and Grant Alike in Their Fondness for the Noble Friend of Mankind.

The disposition of the late Presi-

dent Grant to talk horse was a great cause of offense to certain prim people. If they had consulted history they would have learned that horse talk was also a characteristic of that distinguished soldier and fine old Virginia gentleman. George Washington by name, declares a writer in the Army and Navy Journal. "I found," wrote the artist Gilbert Stuart, "that it was difficult to interest Washington in conversation while I was taking his portrait. I began on the revolution, the battles of Monmouth and Princeton, but he was absolutely dumb. After a while I got on horses I had touched the right chord." Washington was then president of the United States and resided in Philadelphia. where he had a stable of six and twenty horses. He used to say that he needed but one good quality in a horse and that was to go along, for he could always keep his saddle, provided the animal could keep his legs. After the surrender at Appomattox Grant had not a word to say about the stirring events through which he had just passed, but as he sat over his campfire that night he turned to his quartermaster and said: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule So and So used to ride in Mexico?" Of course, under the circumstances. Ingalls was prepared to remember that or any other experience that pleased his chief. He probably would not have cared, however, to remember just then the disastrous speculation in raising potatoes in which he was Grant's partner when they were stationed together in Oregon.

Financier Insists on Rest. There is a celebrated financier in Wall street who can never be got between three and four o'clock of any fine, warm, sunny autumn afternoon. He will not even see more celebrated financiers then. The great public is told that he is "very busy." But to intimates there is no secret about it. Regular callers ask for Mr. So

and So and then watch the office boys. One listens at the private office door. Another listens at the telephone board. "Can you hear him?" asks the boy at the door. "He's not stirring." "Yes, I hear him," replies the office boy at the switchboard. "He's still snoring, It's very clear today."

The financier sleeps in the sun which pours through a great window. His bed is a long couch. Near it is a telephone with receiver down.

Before he sleeps he takes off his boots. When the office boys hear him bustling around to put on his boots they know that in a few minutes callers may get their names sent in.

Caesar and the Empire. The reason "why the Roman empire succeeded the republic" was that there was felt to be an urgent need of a strong central power. For many years the republic nad been desolated and the cry of the whole people was for peace-peace almost at any price. Now, peace could be secured only by the ascendancy of a single man, ruling with absolute and irresistible sway. So the people acquiesced in the change. They even hailed it with joy. A few patriots like Brutus and Cato gave up in despair, but most men were pleased with the revolution which made Caesar supreme. Not that they were monarchistic at heart, but that after the devastating strife they wanted peace, even though it be at the sacrifice of some of their liber-

LISZT'S CONTRIBUTION TO ART

Writer in Scribner's Magazine Declares it to Be the Extempore Element in Music.

This wandering piano player of Hungarian-Austrian blood, a genuine cosmopolite taught music a new charm, the charm of the unexpected. of the improvised. The freedom of Beethoven in his later works and of Chopin in all his music became the principal factor in the style of Liszt. Music must have the shape of an improvisation.

In the Hungarian rhapsodies, the majority of which begin in a mosque and always end in a tavern, are the extremes of his system. His orchestral and vocal works, the two symphonies, the masses and oratorios and symphonic poems, are full of dignity. poetic feeling, religious spirit, and a largeness of accent and manner. Yet the gypsy glance and gypsy voice lurk behind many a pious or pompous bar. Apart from his invention of a new form-or, rather, the condensaation and revisal of an old one-the symphonic poem, Liszt's greatest contribution to art is the wild, truant, rhapsodical extempore element be infused into modern music; Nature in her most untrammeled mods he interpreted with fidelity. But the drummers in the line of moral gasoline who controlled criticism in Germany refused to see Liszt except as an expiano virtuoso . . . a perverter of art. -Scribner's

BEWARE OF THE APPLEJACK

Grave and Dignified .rist the Victim of Pleasant but Deceitful Beverage.

One of New York's judges took & little vacation not long ago. He visited a friend who owns a country place in New Jersey. The friend had some prime old New Jersey applejack. "I got a bit on edge with that stuff," said the judge. "And-then I sobered up, as I believed. Three days afterward I brushed my haar, being desirous of attending Sunday school. Before I could get the brush away from my head I was soused afresh."

It was during the pleasant evening with the Jersey friend that the judge escaped from the house. Loud yowis "coming from the orchard near by guided the searchers to him. They led him back to the house and suggested that he go to bed. The judge acquiesced, but insisted upon telling his experience. "The trees were bowing and waving their arms," said he, "and the wind sang through the branches, and the scent of flowers was in the air. Sometimes the trees changed places with each other. Now and then they almost swept the road in front of me with their boughs"

None of 'em hurt you, judge?" "No, sir," said the judge, solemnly. "Never in my life did I go out with a nicer bunch of trees."

Repeated Sermons.

The prejudice against the repetition of sermons is not universal. A good book repays re-reading and a good sermon should be all the more valuable on second hearing. Dr. John Watson ("lan Maclaren") openly repreached his sermons when minister of Setton Park, Liverpool, and found that his congregation approved of the practice. They insisted however, that the repetition should be exact, and were impatient of variations. In his "Life" of the preacher-novelist, Sir William Robertson Nichoil tells how on one occasion, after listening to a "repeated" sermon, in which occurred a simile of a pool, one of the congregation said to Dr. Watson: "Last time you described it as a 'turgid pool,' and I was so afraid you were going to use some other adjective, and that would have spoiled the whole picture. 1 was so thankful when you said 'turgid'

Smile Counts. Every one likes to see a smiling

face and to smile becomingly one must cultivate a cheerful and sympathetic condition of mind. The face wreathed in smiles is like a perpetual sunshine in a house. It is irresistible and conquers all hearts. A smiling mouth loses half its charms if the eyes do not correspond; for the eyes are the windows of the soul, and the smile that lies only about the lips soon dies away, leaving an indifferent spirit to survey and chill the world. Cultivate the art of smiling not with your lips, but with your eyes. Every one can have laughing eyes. They are not a matter of inheritance, nor can they be acquired with the aid of the masseuse and the professional beauty specialist. Love is a great transformer. The sternest features may be softened, the hardest natures humanized by love.

Excellent Cough Remedy.

A good old fashioned cough remedy is made of slippery elm, sugar and flaxseed. Soak a gill of whole flaxseed in a half pint of boiling water. In another dish put a cup of broken bits of slippery elm and cover this with boiling water. Let them stand for three hours, then strain them senarately through a thin cotton cloth into a pan containing a pound and a half of granulated sugar. Squeeze out all the liquor possible and stir into the sugar until all is melted. Now boil it until it turns to candy. After it has cooked ten minutes add the juice of two lemons. When candied turn out into a well greased pan and mark into squares before it hardens. The children like it.

L'ABEILLEIDE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS