WAS AN OLD CUSTOMER.

Perky Had Reason to Know Amount He Ought to Pay.

The appearance of the aged negro pefore 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.

"No, sah-no sah!" he cried, indignantly. "You're over-chawgin'-hit min't but a dollah."

"Where did you ever get a marriage Bicense for a dollar?" asked the

"Right yere in dis orfice," was the emphatic reply. "I's done been apliced gwo times 'fore dis, an' I didn't pay but er dollah ary time."

"But one-fifty is the regular price." "No, sah-hit's an outrage-hits de limit, an I quits right yere!" and he shuffled slowly toward the door. "Say, what's the matter with you?" asked the clerk. "Isn't the lady worth

the price?" "No, sah, no, sah—er—er—yasic, I' reckon she am, but hit ain't justibe hit ain't justice!"

The old man's companion, who was there for the same purpose, got his license and paid the fee without a murmur, then turned his powers of persuasion on his friend. Finally the fold darky walked slowly up to the desk and laid down the required amount, but he did it with bad grace, protesting with every breath that he was being "done."

"I'll pay hit all right-I'll pay hit!" he said, as he received the paper; "but I ain't gittin' no squah deal." "We charged you what we charge

every one else," said the clerk. "No, sah, you didn't, an' you knows hit. I's bought 'em right yere fo' er dollah mahself-right yere in dis orfice-right yere, sah! An' de nex' time I's goin' som'eres else. You don't git no more o' my trade."

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 thermonhone, an instrument which measures at any desired point and transmits it by sound to the ear. The thermophone takes advantage of the physical fact that there is a change of resistance in the electrical conductor with a change in temperature. Stations in all parts are connected with the main office. The scentral instrument has a series of switches and a dial showing the degree of temperature, just as on a thermometer. A receiving telephone is connected with the switchboard. The operator connects the telephone with any desired station in the plant and places the telephone to his ear. He hears a slight bussing noise and the needle on the dial moves. Finally there comes complete silence, and at that moment the needle indicates the exact temperature.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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 comn, 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, mineteenth century actor."

 Eggehells for Manties. A curious idea just patented in Germany is the use of an eggshell as an incandescent mantle. It is proposed to blow the egg, cut off 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 Apprepriate. "I understand that the De Styles are to have a real movelty at their mext function. "What is it?"

"A society minstrel show."

"That's nothing new." "Oh, but they're going to have skeletons from family closets to rattle their bones."—Baltimore American.

A Consideration. "A woman should not be valued alone for her beauty," said the sen-

"Certainly not," answered the French count; "sometimes she is to be valued by the amount of alimony she can pay."—Washington Star.

Sure Enough. Hicks-It costs more to live than

It did a hundred years ago. Wicks-And yet few of us would like to be the people who lived then. --- Somerville Journal.

All Alike. Burglar (to the elderly maiden)-

I do not want your life, lady, only

Maiden-Get out, you are just like the rest of them!—Fliegende Blaetter.

All the Difference. "Society dropped the De Lacys because they had a skeleton in their closet, I understand?" No-because they didn't keep it

"there."

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. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.

"Sergt. O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want-only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

Sergt. O'Hara's eyes searched the

COMPANY. "Sullivan!" he called, "McCarthy! O'Donnell! Moriarity! McGinniss!" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big. honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lanky Yankees, there were in plenty. But where oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twistedup face. The sergeant's brow cleared. "Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is thim, sorr," he added,

OLD MAN NEATLY TRICKED.

turning to the captain.—Outing.

In Looking After His Wine He Gave Burglars Their Chance.

"An old bachelor in Paris, formerly a wine-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 anoymous letter:

"Sir.—For some time past you have been robbed in detail, but now a wholesale robbery is in contemplation. To-morrow night your cellar will be entirely cleared of its contents, unless you take some steps to prevent it."

The old gentleman was sorely perplexed what to do. After due deliberation, he made up his mind to mount guard over his wines himself. He bought a couple of pistols, and, thus equipped, ensconced himself behind a large cask, where he sat waiting and watching the whole night through, until the first gray streaks of the morning plainly showed him that he had been housed. Longing for a cup of hot coffee, he hurried upstairs to his apartments. Here he first became aware how greatly he had been tricked. All the locks had been picked, drawers and cupboards

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 con-

cleared out, his money, jewelry, linen

and clothes all gone.

"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 de-

cided to have a little fun with him. "Well, they got off together, but in 100 yards the Missouri entry was leading by fifty. Then, all of a sudden, the Kentucky horse jerked back and came to a stop. His driver whipped him up only to have the performance repeated every 200 yards of the mile. You see, we had told the fellow driving our mule to yell Whoa! every once in awhile, and he, of course, was moving so fast that the sound was left behind, and the Kentucky horse ran into it, and, being well trained, of course, he stopped."

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." The fake broker was nonplussed for the moment. Quickly recovering his composure, however, he slapped the old farmer on the back and said in his most lubricated tones:

"My dear sir, of course our stocks are watered. We water them through precaution.

"Precaution?" "Yes; in these days of flerce germs and ferocious microbes we can't be too particular. That is why we put all of our stock through a hot-water process before putting it on the mar-

And the old farmer was so tickled he put up another \$1,000.

Strange Incident.

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

"I wonder why he didn't take them," said the young hamorist, sadly.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said his wife, "if the editor isn't one of these men who don't understand a joke until it has been explained to them. If I were you I should send them back to him, with a kind little note telling him what the point is in each one."

The humorist did so. To his great surprise, the editor accepted his explanations.—Judge.

" SE 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, we she

He had never seen her before, but he could not help smiling back at her. She was quite pretty, blue eyes, fluffy hair and all that sort of thing. "You're not afraid of me?" he ven-

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

"Won't you please come and talk to me? I'm so lonely," he felt emboldened to say.

She replied by seating herself at his side and glancing up at him with a roguish twinkle in her eyes. "I really believe you'd be more comfortable on my knee," he whispered.

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

She was really a most charming young lady and-"Won't you give me a kiss-just

one?" he asked, pleadingly. She looked at him roguishly and nodded assent. Then she nestled up to his cheek and kissed him daintily. He liked it.

"How old are you?" he asked, after a moment. It sounded rude, he knew, but somehow he could not help put-

"I'se ve'y nearly t'ree," she replied, proudly.

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 tond 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 fnterest 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 [had. He dimmed my interest in my friends, he altered my life all over, and gave me a new set of interestswhich 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.'"

Aidrich's Pretty Barable. The latet 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 bousemaid is rather a frail, a rather pretty girl, and the other day she said to her mistress: 'I'm afraid that there noo 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 o' 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 sub-

ject, 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 sussion, and always with the best

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

Lest He Attract. "Her husband is rather handsome. is she jealous of him?" said the first

"Jealous!" said the second. "Why, she is so jealous that she only allows him to shave once a week."

LAW ABOUT SPOOKS.

Hiegal to Shoot Them in England-Other Court Rulings.

Lawsuits, 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, fusty 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

he 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 fright ened 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. - Pearson's Weekly.

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 and they are dried and packed 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 200 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.

All the people at the breakfast table listened to the account with breath-

less interest. "What a terrible accident," said

"There must have been a great many killed," remarked another. "No," said the newspaper reader, with the printed account still fresh in his mind, "there were no futilities."

Thought Picture a Ghost. Once Dr. Grenfell visited Ramah and exhibited to the astonished Eskimos some stereopticon views-photographs that he had taken there in a previous year. It so happened that one of the pictures was that of an old woman who had died since the photograph was made, and when it appeared upon the screen terror struck the hearts of the simple-minded people. They believed it was her spirit returned to earth, and for a long time afterward imagined that they saw it floating about at night, visiting the woman's old haunts.-Outing Maga-

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

"Ah, going to have a fire sail," commented a friend; but as this style of jest has to be seen in print to be appreciated it fell flat, of course.-Philadelphia Ledger.

We All Know Him.

"Knowledge is power." "Then yonder goes the most powerful man in the world." "How's that?"

"He knows it all."-Pittsburg Post

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-weaten king of beasts, but one that was guaranteed 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 buildog smelled his way into the garden to rip up a yard of soil among the petunias.

"Ki-vi!"

"Crunch!" The buildog had gone bence: By 11:30 Henry's score stood: One Newfoundland, one buildog, four fox terriers, an Irish setter and two plain dogs. Everything that came into the yard collided with the lion,

and lo, 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 feit 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 yo' will dess pubmit 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 infavmin' de bruddren and sistahs yuh dissembled dat Puhsidin' Eldah Fishback enawmously regrets dat he can't be wid yo'-all to-day, as expected, uhkaze why, he's dead.

"Muh name am Magoon-Brudder Louzo Magoon, yo' mought call itfum over beyant Timkinsville; and de eldah descended upon muh household yiste'day, and we had chicken pot pie. equinch p'serves, baked 'shoat and mince ple 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 hose linament stiduh brandy into de mincemeat, and it killed de eldah plumb dead! "Twus a glorious death, and he met it half way! And I s'picions all dewalkin' on de glory-lit hills om immawtality hand in hand wid de eldah. if 'twuzn't for de fact dat de good man beat us to dat ar ple. Yass'he beat us to it. Ladies and gen'lemen, I thank yo' fo' yoh attenshun!"

Fate of a Prince Albert.

When Commander Pears went on his first trip in search of the pole be won the gratitude of an Esquimo 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 vest

On the occasion of the commander's latest dash for the pole the aborigines took him aside and pointed to a rude mosoleum. By its side stood the disused sledge. Its six dogs had been strangled to make anappropriate 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. "Inprinciple 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 seamce after seance at the house of a kandsome medium with surk, 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 grave of 2,000 acres in Florida, from which it hopes to make camphor. This firm uses more than \$500,000 worth of camphor every year."

King Barred from House Debates. The king of England labors under one curious disability. He may not lister to a debate in the house of commons. Admission to the legislative chamber, which is open to his lowliest subject, is denied to the soverAFFECTION OF THE NERVES.

Stammering Not Always Due to Defects in Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says Prof. B. L. Payver. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larnyx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to prmit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People carely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between the words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larnyx is continuous and unobstructed. Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are 35 stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate

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own satisfaction act only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person be knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors ! of ridicule.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

HAD TO GO ON IN AUTO.

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

John P. Julius, a prominent piaco dealer, of York, Pa, and an enthusiastic automobilist, engaged with his electric auto in an endurance rum, 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 abundoned, 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 plage brought up the runaway.

Not Equal to Luxuries. A dapper young man took a seat on . a beach 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 geaus hobo as ever disfigured a landscape. After seating himself the dapper young man drew a handsome silver case from his procket and extracted therefrom a cigarette. With the cigarette between box, to find it empty. Snapping down the lid, he turned to the tramp, hesitated, then said: "I beg pawdon, my friend, but do you happen to have a match. Hands plunged into his trosers' pockets and legs sprawled out: before him, the tramp surveyed his neighbor with an air of deep meian choly. "Say," he muttered hoursely, who do you think I am-J. Pierpout Morgan ?"

False Signal.

"You don't believe in romance, en?" said the old boarder. "You bet your tintype I don't," sighed the young man with the bandage 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 poetle." "Yes, 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 hap pened to be out there lighting. his

Apples Preserved in Ice. J. C. Braunbeck, of Wallis Run, Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, adopted a unique method of preserving his apples last fall. He built a bin to the orchard seven feet wide, 14 feet long and three feet high. In the bottom of this he put straw, then filled it with apples, putting straw on the sides and ends. Then he placed straw and cornstalks on top. He dug a ditch around it to keep the water from standing there. Some water, however, found its way through the top and formed ice about each of the apples, but they were not disturbed until the ice had all melted. The apples were sound, crisp and without a wrinkle.

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 t'll take a pencil."—Harper's Weekly.

it's the Brogue.

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

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

tres monadas en Legiziane el dans tons les Etats du B . Es unbiellé elles des avantages exceptionnelle. Prix de l'abennement un fami i Betti vi Contidienne 212.5.