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 \$257.50 for a rather weather-beaten 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 Heary.

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 \$:10 a monster buildog smelled his way into the garden to rip up a yard of soil among the petunias.

"Ki-yi!"
"Crunch!"

The buildog had gone hence. By 11:20 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 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 \$1227.75.—Minneapolis Journal.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Brother Magoon Explains the Absence of Elder Fishback.

"If yo' will dess pulmit me to specify a word or two, palison," respectfully said a stranger who had entered Ebenezer chapel just before the beginning of the sermon, "I'll take pleasnre in infawmin' de bruddren and sistahs yuh dissembled dat Pulsidin' Eldah Fishback enawmously regrets dat he can't be wid yo'-all to-day, as warpected, uhkase why, he's dead.

'Muh name am Magoon-Brudder "Longo Magoon, yo' mought call itfum over beyant Timkinsville; and de eldah descended upon muh household yiste'day, and we had chicken pot pie. sequinch p'serves, baked shoat and mince pie for dinner, and somehow or inudder in her real muh wife-fine a flady as dar is in de land, too!—she took and anonymously put hoss linement stiduh brandy into de mincemeat, and it killed de eldah plumb dead! "Twux a giorious death, and he met it half way! And I s'picions all de walkin' on de glory-lit hills om immawtality hand in hand wid de eldah. If 'twusn't for de fact dat de good man beat us to dat 'ar ple. Yasa!--he best us to it. Ladies and gen'lemen, I thank yo' fo' yoh attenshun!" Pock.

When Commander Peary went on his first trip in search of the pole he 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 vestments.

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 an appropriate funeral. On the pile of stones lay what was left of the Prince Albert coat and the sombrero.

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 seance 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 \$500,000 worth of camphor every year."

King Barred from House Debates.
The king of England labors under one curious disability. He may not listen to a debate in the house of commons. Admission to the legislative chamber, which is open to his lewilest subject, is dealed to the sover-

LAW ABOUT SPOOKS

Missal to Shoot Them in England-

Lawsuits about alleged ghosts, of anature 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 piecruat 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.

for 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 land-lord who let a notoficusly spook-infested dwelling to a tenant without first informing him of its evil reputa-

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 jali.

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 of 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 stodes, 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 ever, 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.

Nobady 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 colfided 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 run-

All the people at the breakfast table listened to the account with breathiess 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 Knew Him.

"Then youder goes the most powerful man in the world."

ul man in the world."
"How's that?"
"He knows it all."—Pittsburg Post.

LAY ONLY BY LAMPLIGHT.

McKeever Man Bays He has Solved Problem of Eggs in Winter.

he has solved the vexatious problem of making hens lay eggs when they don't want to. If he has, a road to wealth in open to farmers. He certainly made his biddies come to the scratch and profited thereby.

The discovery was largely due to accident, but if Mr. Scott badn't been an observing kind of man he would still be minus the great secret.

One night last winter when his hens couldn't be coaxed to perform their duty, he left a lantern hanging in his hembouse and forgot it. Next morning he was shocked to find the light still burning, for the lantern had little oil in it and might have blown up. Such things have happened.

But the farmer had a greater surprise in store for him. All the heas eachied and in their nests were a dozen fine white eggs.

It was plain that 12 of the 18 hens had laid in the night, and as they hadn't accomplished such a feat in a month he judged the lantern had something to do with it. Whether it was the added warmth or the rays of light he didn't know, but it was plain that the eggs had been laid.

Next night the lantern, well filled with oil, was left in the same place and more eggs were laid. The following night the lantern was not lighted and not an egg greeted Mr. Scott's gase in the morning.

It having thus been established that the hens wouldn't lay except ander artificial light, the lantern was thereafter provided.

Mr. Scott says that his hens are dopey day times and sleep most of the period between surrise and sunset, but that they appear healthy and robust.—N. Y. World.

COME SEVEN, ELEVEN."

Budding Business Man "Makes Good" to His Admiring Parent.

When Sam came back from college his father didn't think he would make good as a business man because he hadn't had practical experience, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Sam's mother pleaded so hard his father decided to let him do some of the buying for the house, but he shook his head and said:

"The boy will lose money for me,

aure."
A few days later a salesman for a wholesale house came in and Sam took him to the buying room. Sam's mother was so anxious to learn that her faith in the boy was justified she stood near the door and listened. After re-

maining there for a while she ran into

the store and said to her husband:

"Jacob, the boy's all right. He is in
there insisting on a bigger discount
than we ever got. I heard him. He's
hollerin' 'seven, eleven.' You knew,
Jacob, we never got better than six
per cent, for ten days. He's got the
making of the business man."

But Sam was playing a little game of craps with his friend, the salesman, who was a classmate at college.

A Philadelphian said of Miss Anna T. Jeanes, who has given \$1,000,000 for negro education in the south:

"Miss Jeanes is a splendid philanthropist. To a good cause she is generosity itself. Giving promptly and freely, she has no sympathy with niggards. I once heard her tell a story about a niggardly rich man of

her childhood.

"This man visited a school and made an address. At the end he called a little boy up to him and said:

"'My lad, have you a purse?"
"'No, sir.'
"'I'm sprry,' said the rich man. If

you had a purse, I should have given you a dime to put in it."

"This man was scheduled to speak again at the school the next month, and when he came the boys were pre-

pared for him. An empty purse lay hid in every pair of trousers.

"And sure enough, at the end of the speech, the man called another boy

and said:
"'Have you a purse, my son?"
"Yes, sir,' was the eager answer.

Yes, sir, was the eager answer.

"I'm glad of it," said the other. If
you hadn't, I should have given you a
dime to buy one with. San Antonio Express.

Prince Fus

Doubtless Prince Fushimi, of Japan, made the acquaintance of Highland pipers in the course of his visit to Scotland. It is recalled that Lord John Russell, when on a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral, asked her majesty's own piper to have some one play in his presence.

"What kind o' a piper do you want?" asked the man.
"Just such another as yourself,"

said the English statesman.

Drawing himself up the musician said grandly: "There's plenty o' lords like yoursel', but very few pipers like me."—Cleveland Leader.

A Fellow-Feeting.
"I don't believe," said Mrs. Henry
Peck, "that I would be afraid of a

man-eating tiger."

"I don't believe you'd need to,
M'ria," responded Henpeck, "he'd recognise a kindred spirit."—Houston
Post.

Fellows in Misfortune.

"Well," growled the first man at the five o'clock iee, "if it were not for my wife I wouldn't be here."

"No hang it' and neither would I if

"No, hang it! and neither would I if it were not for my wife. I'm the hostess' husband."—Philadelphia, Press.

A NEW SCHOOL DESK.

Provides Support for the Child's Back, Where It is Most Needed.

In the belief that proper seating facilities play an important part in the welfare of school children, George W. Ehler, supervisor of physical training, and Director of Schools Charles Orr worked until they have perfected what they believe is the best seat and desk in the country, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The seat is constructed according to Ehler's own plans and is based upon an exhaustive set of measurements made by him last year in the schools. It provides support for the child's back, where it is most needed, at the base of the spinal column and the small of the back. Another strong point is that the seat proper is pitched backward only slightly, keeping the body at a restful angle. Both seat and desk are adjustable. The new desks are being installed in all the new buildings and grow in favor wherever put.

wherever put.

Until the perfection of Ehler's improved seat there were two forms of deak used in the schools. The first was the old-fashioned deak, not adjustable at all, and made in unvarying sizes for the different grades. It presupposed that all children in the

same grade would be of a size.

Then came the so-called "liver-pad" desk. The back of the seat in this style of desk consisted of a single cencave rest, to be placed at that point where the child's back most needed support. This was faulty in two respects. In the first place it was narrow and held the child's body in a vise-like grip and in the second it gave support at only one point, whereas the spine requires support at several points.

THAT RARE ANIMAL, MAN.

Seldom Caught Before 8 O'Clock In London, Never in Day Time.

Time was when London was one of the capitals where man could be discerned with the naked eye in the daytime; but now he is almost invisible except at certain favored spots in the city and a few edectic clubs at Pall Mall.

There was a period considerably later than the stone age when this interesting but rare creature was to be observed, feeding quite tamely, at literary and political breakfasts. Later on, he was still to be enticed by fair hands to lunch parties, and was sometimes found hovering near—the teatable of some beautiful and expert tamer between five and seven.

But with the new century this rare creature's habits have altered most completely, for he is seldom to be caught before eight p. m. on week days, and has a habit, moreover, of retiring to remote haunts and obscure thickets from Friday night till Monday afternoon.

It has been observed that the younger and best bred specimens exhibit a curious, dislike both to the immature and elderly females of their kind, but have been known to show marked animation when enticed by a young and comely matron, and will, on these occasions, approach without fest, and even feed out of her hand.—London Sketch.

Story of Irving.

Irving memories continue to spring up. Lionel Barrymore played on the stage with Sir Henry the night of his death and he told of the last moments

of England's greatest actor as fol-

"I noticed." said the actor, "that the little child who played Georrey that night had too much red on his cheeks, and I said to myself that as soon as the curtain fell on the act I would speak to the child about it. I was crossing the stage to overtake the little one and make the correction in his makeup when I heard Irving, who was walking in before me, say, 'Leo, you've got too much red on your face.' That was 45 minutes before he breathed his last, and, as I afterward learned from the doctors, he was literance."

Countess Dancing for a Living.

A great sensation has been created throughout Sweden by the appearance on the stage as a dancer in national costume of the little Countess von Nordenfelt, who is only 12 years old, and whose family, through continued misfortune, has fallen into evil ways. According to a German newspaper the little titled dancer will before long appear at German, Franch and English theaters. She is receiving the magnificent salary of \$350 a week.

Uncle Sam's Pasturage.

Uncle Sam, unlike Job, the rich man of the east, does not own many-cattle and horses, or sheep and goats, but he furnishes an enormous amount of grazing land for those who do have herds and flocks, says the Wall Street Journal. The total number of grown stock allowed to grase upon national forest lands during the season of 1907 included 1,388,000 cattle and horses and 4,895,020 sheep and goats.

By the use of concrete a tall light-house was constructed in a short period of time at the Point de la Coubre, at the mouth of the Gironde river, in France. The building is 225 feet high and about 35 feet in diameter at the base. It was finished in nine months after the beginning of the work, and cost \$90,000. The baste was due to the fact that the sea threatened to wash away the old structure.

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 some what surprised to see him. However, she did not retire, but stood regarding, him doubtfully. The inspection was apparently satisfactory, ... she

amiled.

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-

"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 requish 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 regulably 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 putting it.

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

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE.

proudly.

Goed Thing to Learn to De 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 nusband. 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 lan'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 interestsbegan 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 Pratty Persole. 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. resident of Commonwealth avenue, 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: Tm afraid that there noe lodger, wot we thought so well of ain't no gent after all, mum." 'No gentleman, Susan?' said the lady. Tm very sorry. Why do you say so? Why, men, 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 Sussion.

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 gentieness 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 sussion, and always with the best

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

"Her husband is rather handsome.

"Is she jealous of him?" said the first woman.

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

Edition aubitmata's IS.iB.

AS THE SERGEANT CHOSE.

Knew Men He wanted with Him In

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 ser-

geaut-the man he had been saving

through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.
"Bergt. 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

eompany.

"Sullivan!" he called, "McCarthy!
O'Donnell! Moriarity! McGinniss!"
He healtated. Mis glance wandered!
measily 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.

OLD MAN NEATLY TRICKED.

turning to the captain.—Outing.

"Lynch!" he called; with a sigh of

reifer. "This is thim, sorr," he added,

Dr Leaking After His Wine He Gave. Burglare 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 doers, 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 ski gentleman was sorely pe plexed 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, ensconeed 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 boaxed. 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 cleared out, his money, jewelry, linea. and clothes all gone.

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 com-

"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 fur 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 ram into it, and, being well trained; of course, he stopped."

Changed: Wis Mind.
When the old farmer entered the bucket shop he was angry all over.
"I don't think I'm invest a cent with

"I don't think I'll livest 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 eld farmer on the back and said in his most lubricated tones:

"My dear sir, of course our stocks

"Precaution."
"Yes; in these days of flerce germa and ferocious microbes we can't be too particular. That is why we put all of our stock through a ket-water

process before putting it on the mar-

are watered. We water them through

ket."

And the old farmer was so tickled to put up smother \$1,000.

Strange Incident.
The ambitious young humorist had received from the editor his offering of fokes.

"I wonder why he didn't take them."

and the young himorist, sadly.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said him
wife, "If the editor isn't one of them
men who don't understand a joke un-

wife, "If the editor isn't one of thems 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 sote telling him what the point is in each one."

The humorist did so.
To his great surprise, the editor se-