

WHY THEY QUARRELED.

Each Had a Pet Grievance—Was Finally Compromised. "How'd they come to get married in the first place? Mercenary motives?"

"Well, I don't s'pose you'd hardly say any one on 'em married for money exactly. I allus sized it up about this way: She married him for a marble-top table, and he married her for a bass viol that belonged to her first husband."

"Was he a bachelor?" "Oh, law, yes! And his own house-keeper for years before he married her. They lived opposite one another and she used to go over once in awhile and s'lick up for him."

"That's how she come to fall in love with the table. It was a great art of a thing, and heavy as lead, but she thought it was beautiful."

"What did he want of the bass viol?" "The land knows! He used to hear her first husband play on it, and—well, wanted something for company. That's all I can think on to account for it. You couldn't say he ever got any music out of it."

"Well, they got married, and after that, every night, you'd hear the old bass viol grunting and groaning away enough to give you the nightmare."

"That's where the trouble began. She declared that he played the old thing so late nights that she was broke of her rest. And most of the neighbors could feel for her there. But he told her she'd no need to listen if she didn't like the sound."

"In such cases there's most always another side to the quarrel, and there was to this. It was the table!"

"What do you s'pose that woman had done? She always was as odd as the hills. She took a notion to use that marble-top table for a dinin' table. My table cloths is most wore out," she says to me, "so I use this table, and it saves lots of work; I think it's real pretty too."

"But he didn't like that cold marble to eat off of, and you can't blame him for that. He said the dishes clattered on it, and it was so cold it made him catch cold. She told him he needn't put his elbows on the table if he didn't like the feeling, and it wasn't genteel, anyway. And that's the way they had it, back and forth."

"Finally, one night, he'd played unusually long, and I s'pose the poor woman had got all out of patience. She packed up her things and carried 'em over to her house. She had to make three or four trips, and the last one she lugged that big bass viol home."

"They lived seprate that way for most a month, and then they tried livin' together. But they couldn't stand it no way. So they seprated again, only this time he kept the instrument of torter, and she took the table."

"Well, this worked pretty well. She ate off of the marble-top table, and he played all he wanted to. They lived so for most six months. "They'd quarreled together so much that, I s'pose, they thought considerable of one another. Anyway, they tried livin' together again, and made it work all right finally."

"HIS FIRST POEM."

The Bard with the Laughing Manis—Office Boy Earned Money. Somebody put him on the elevator and sent him upstairs, but though a collection was taken up and a reward offered for the man who did it, it was impossible to locate him.

He would have stood six feet two in his stockings, had he worn any, but he did not affect them in any form; his shoes were laced over the raw material, three inches of which was visible between their tops and the fringe of his ambitious trousers, which threatened to go on an excursion to his knees.

He wore whiskers which had been trimmed with a dull scythe, and long, yellow teeth which he constantly exposed in a universal laugh. As a matter of fact he came in laughing, and could scarcely stop long enough to impart the secret of his mission.

But it subsequently developed that he had written a poem—"the very first one of my composure," as he put it—and that he wanted to read it to somebody, "right away."

"How long is it?" he was asked. "Lord knows," he laughed, slapping his knee, then leaning back and giving a kind of Georgia-Tennessee war whoop. "Lord knows! I never counted the verses, but—it tickles me all over 'er think of it!—Idea of me compositin' a poem—jest like them they prints in the papers—fer the first time in my life, an' at my age, too! Whoopee! God bless a little baby, an' my ol' time!"

He wasn't drunk; he was simply "elated," and when at length he ceased his laughter long enough to produce the poem, which was entitled "The Young Men and Their Sweethearts"—over 30 verses long—and commenced to read it, there was a general stampede. But two men held their ground and tried to shove him to the elevator; but as he had already tried to read the poem to the elevator man, that worthy, seeing him coming, had to answer a call on the first floor, and that avenue of escape was closed against him.

His idea was to read the poem himself, "no one else could do it justice," he said, and he didn't intend to leave until he had read it.

Then every office door was locked against him, and he found himself in the hall, with the office boy.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "if you'll jest set still 'till I read this here thing ter you, I'll give you a dollar!"

The office boy took him up at that, and he sailed in. But so full of laughter was he that he couldn't read three lines without falling off the chair in a fit.

Finally he rose—laughing—dusted his hat against the steam-heater, and said: "I'll have ter give it up, bub. Here's yer dollar. This blame thing's too full er fun ter be read at all! I'll have ter go off in the woods, whar nobody can hear me, an' enjoy it all ter myself. Whar's that Pullman palace car I come up here in?"

"Hanged if I'll take him down!" exclaimed the elevator man, as he shot downwards, "the fool's crazy."

Then he gave the office boy an extra quarter to pilot him down, and went laughing into the street.—Atlanta Constitution.

A FUNERAL-GOING DOG.

He Has Now Attended About Two Thousand of Them. Fritz is not a prepossessing dog by any means. He is not a thoroughbred and he is not well groomed, but in his own line there is not a dog in the whole country like him.

That line is graveyards, and Fritz is a "graveyard" dog. He has been over 2,000 funerals, and will probably see as many again before he himself joins the great majority of dead canines, says the Philadelphia Times.

Six years ago Fritz was born in the American Mechanics' cemetery, at Twenty-second and Diamond streets. The exact place of his birth was under the little chapel where the last prayers are said over the dead, and in this melancholy atmosphere Fritz grew up. His brothers and sisters, three in number, were not so fortunate. One died; the other two were either stolen or, unable to stand the depressing influence, ran away. Fritz's mother also disappeared, and he was left alone. Since then his disposition has been melancholy in the extreme.

Perhaps from disappointment, perhaps from a morbid taste imbued by his solitary life, Fritz at two years old began to attend funerals. No one objected, his behavior was above reproach and gradually the picture of the little black and white dog, walking mournfully along in his favorite position just behind the coffin, grew familiar. Now it has come to pass that no funeral is complete without Fritz. Just as soon as the chapel bell rings, no matter where Fritz is, he rushes to the spot from where he knows the coffin will be taken. However excited he is, he never barks, and, except when he is outside the cemetery he never barks at all.

Usually also he lies down by the gravedigger when a grave is being opened, and a story is told of him by one of Superintendent Reel's men that during one rainy night, Fritz's loud yelping, not barking, but wailing, was heard continually. No one paid any attention to it, but the next morning Fritz was found beside a grave which had been made the afternoon before, and which had caved in during the night on account of the rain.

The best thing about Fritz is that no matter whether it is a \$25 funeral, with just a hearse and no carriage, or a \$250 funeral with 20 carriages, he shows just as much respect for the dead in either case. He is not a snob by any means.

THE MAGNETIC POLE. Seldom, if Ever, Exactly Corresponds with the True North. The magnetic pole does not always correspond to the true pole of the earth, nor does the compass always point exactly to the north pole. There are certain lines on the earth's surface at which it does, such a line at present passing through the United States somewhere in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh; on the eastern side of this line the declination of the compass is toward the west; on the west side of the line to the east, the variation at New York being almost six degrees, and at Portland about 12, while at Key West the variation toward the east is between four and five degrees, and on the Pacific coast from 12 to 15 at different points, and at some almost 20, the compass pointing nearly north-east in place of north. This variation is liable to change, for the magnetic pole moves slowly backward and forward at the rate of about one degree in 12 or 13 years. When it attains its maximum in one direction, a movement to the opposite quarter begins. For instance, in 1576, at London the variation was 11 degrees and 15 minutes east. In 1657, the movement had been western to such an extent that the magnetic pole and the true pole corresponded. In 1815 the magnetic pole had moved to the west of the true pole until it was 24 degrees and 27 minutes west of the true pole. The compass is thus liable to err in its indications from this general cause, and is also subject to variation from local influences, sometimes beyond the skill of man to determine or control. It cannot, therefore, be considered an accurate instrument, and for years has gradually been giving place to other means of determining geographical lines. The variations caused by the difference between the magnetic and true pole can, however, always be corrected by special observations made for the purpose.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Puzzled. "I really don't know what to do about this case!" exclaimed the telephone operator, who had been warned to be on the alert for any improper messages.

"What's the trouble?" "I can't tell whether this man has a hair lip or is talking in cipher."—Washington Star.

Wishing for Long Life. Women wish for long life, but never for old age. A woman's long-life scheme of rest is ultimately realized when she has nothing whatever to do and won't do it.

Bulletin Financier.

Lundi, 4 avril 1898. OMOPTOR D'ECHANGES (CLEARING-HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Juqu'ici cette semaine... \$1,057,285 00 \$246,879 00

Table with columns for various financial items like 'MARCHÉ MONÉTAIRE', 'MONNAIE', 'MARCHÉ DES BONS', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Advertisement for QUINA-LAROUCHE with text: AFFECTIONS D'ESTOMAC, ANÉMIE, MANQUE DE FORCES, FIÈVRES ET SUITES DE FIÈVRES.

Bulletin Commercial.

Lundi, 4 avril 1898. Le Coton Exchange a rapporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 4,500 balles et 800 à arriver. Le marché est stable. Les cotons taches sont de 1/2 à 3/4 plus hauts que les cotons ordinaires.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Table with columns for 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA Nlle-Orléans', etc.

Advertisement for L'ABELLE DE LA Nlle-ORLEANS with text: Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels.