

LEFT TO FINISH HIS SLEEP

On Second Thought, Gambler Decided He Would Not Put the Bishop Out.

The bishop of a southern diocese was once making a missionary journey through Arkansas and the Indian territory, and on his arrival at Natchez he was to the landlord of a hotel.

"I have been traveling for a week, day and night in a mail wagon and I want a comfortable room."

"Sorry," said the landlord, "but I don't believe there's a vacant room in Natchez, there's a horse race, a Methodist conference and a political convention in the city, and every house is full up. The only thing I can give you is a shake-down."

"The best room in my house is rented to a noted gambler who usually remains out all night and seldom gets in before breakfast. If you will take the risk, you should have his room, but if he should come in there'll be a row. I'll promise you that."

The bishop decided to take the risk. About four o'clock in the morning the gambler returned and promptly shook the bishop by the arm.

"Get out of here, or I'll put you out," he shouted.

The bishop, the gentlest of men, raised himself on one elbow, so that he brought the muscles of his arm into full relief.

"My friend," he began quietly, "before you put me out, will you have the kindness to feel of my arm?"

The gambler put his hand on the bishop's arm.

"Stranger," he then said respectfully, "you can stay."—Youth's Companion

WITH A LITTLE DIPLOMACY

Husband Put an End to Plans That Meant the Breaking Up of His Home.

The romance of a little affair of the heart was completely annihilated by an old-fashioned husband. Some good natured friend, who hoped to throw him into spasms by the startling information, told him that his wife had made preparations to elope, and that she only awaited the first of the month, when he who had promised to be the partner of her flight would arrive with his month's pay, which was needed for traveling expenses.

Did that husband rave and tear his hair, go to his wife and on bended knees beg her to remain? No. Entering her presence, check book in hand, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, he thus calmly addressed her, between the whiffs of smoke: "Comma, I have learned that you have made up your mind to travel, and that you need a little money for railroad fares, etc. Your natural modesty prevented your mentioning the matter to me; or perhaps you wanted to surprise me. Name the amount you require, and I will fill out a check for the sum, and thank the man who has volunteered to act as your escort."

Saying that he was so willing to get rid of her, she wouldn't gratify him. She is still in the house of her lord and master, a penitent woman.—New York Weekly.

Not Looking for Husbands.

Angered because the impression got abroad that they had organized to get husbands, members of the Forty Widows' association of Berwick, Pa., asked that a statement be made to the general public that they organized solely for social aims and not to get husbands. The fact that they have organized has spread so widely that they are now receiving letters from widows in all sections of the country asking how it is possible to become a member and what is the process by which husbands are obtained for members. Men are also sending scores of letters complimenting the widows on what they believe is intended as a short cut to matrimony. It has been decided to keep the meetings as secret as possible in the future.

Ring Off, Please.

They were seated by the fire-side dreaming of the future when they would be one, a winsome telephone girl and her fiance. The small talk finally drifted to the question as to who should light the fire in the morning. It was his opinion that it was the wife's place to get up and start the fire, and let the poor, hard-worked husband rest.

After this declaration there was silence most profound, but only for the space of about half a second; then the girl thrust out her finger, electrified by a ring, and murmured sweetly but firmly: "Ring off, please; you have connected with the wrong number."

"Halcyon Days."

The expression "halcyon days" has been handed down to us from the ancient Greeks. They firmly believed in an old legend that during the seven days preceding and the seven following the winter solstice (December 21) the halcyon, or kingfisher, brooded over her young in a nest of mud on the surface of the water, and that during these 14 days the seas would be calm and safe for the mariner. Hence the name "Halcyon Days," when, according to Milton, "birds of color sat brooding on the charmed wave."

Village Gossip.

"To Squire Whistleton considerable of 'umb animals?" "I don't know how he treats 'em," answered St. Simling. "But he certainly speaks mighty kind of 'em when he's engineering a horse trade."

POOR SPELLING TOO COMMON

Important Branch of Education Seems to Be Neglected in Schools of Today.

Misspelling among the educated, or the supposedly educated, is apparently on the increase—thanks, it may be, to the passing of the "spelling book" and to the crowding of the school curriculum with a multitude of studies unknown and undreamed of by our sturdy ancestors, and thanks also, perhaps, to the present movement for phonetic spelling, which the indolent are tempted to interpret as "spelling as you please."

In a statistical analysis of the spelling of his students, Prof. William B. Bailey of Yale makes some startling revelations. Of 171 essays written by seniors and juniors, only 25 were orthographically correct, while 14 per cent. contained each ten or more misspelled words, and one heterographic genius achieved 21 mistakes of this sort.

There were 443 misspellings in all, and six especially troublesome words were "separate," "superintendent," "governor," "committee," "comptroller," and "privilege," the last masquerading as privilege, privilege, privilege, privilege, privilege and privilege.

Certainly the later years of a course in a great university are not the occasion for remedying the deficiencies of elementary studies in the common schools. Ill fares the school, to latest fads a prey, where courses multiply and the three R's decay.—Dial.

FOUND HIS LANDMARK GONE

Trouble That the Moving of a Trunk Made for Man Who Was Looking for His Room.

The hour one a. m. and all silent along the hall of this sleeping floor in a hotel save for the occasionally heard muffled note of a foghorn, the sound of somebody snoring in one of the rooms, and then presently the sound of somebody moving quietly, almost stealthily, along the long hall, and then under the breath, spoken in a low tone: "Where's that trunk?"

"Dead!" Where's that trunk? "I don't know that trunk he was looking for well, for it had been a landmark for me too, standing in the hall outside of one of the rooms. My room was two doors beyond the trunk on the right, and always when I didn't need to look for my number—my room was two doors further on—and apparently he had been doing the same thing.

But now the trunk was gone, and in that long hall there was no landmark for him, and then I heard him moving about quietly, almost stealthily, in the dim light, scanning the numbers on the doors, and then I heard him set a key in a lock and open a door and go in, and I heard him shut the door behind him, and apparently he had hit the right room, for then again all was still save for the occasionally heard muffled note of that foghorn.

Whistling Trees.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the so-called whistling tree of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree, in the driest weather, will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

Colors for Houses.

The safe colors for a house, besides red, are white, gray, yellow and brown. Yellow or gray, with white trimmings, suits many a plain pitched-roof or square colonial house. Grays and browns are good for ugly, nondescript ones, the grays always being pleasanter on the yellower shades than on cold blue tones. White suggests the formal type again. It is a very good color for a country house, showing it up from a distance in fascinating glimpses, for it needs trees about it and flowers to sparkle against its walls. Such a house will be attractive when the leaves are gone from the trees, for the bare boughs will serve to soften the effect.—Scribner's Magazine.

Got Out of His Dilemma.

A new "copper" just appointed and not long over, was put out in Brooklyn. He found a large dead dog at the corner of two streets. He took out his book and wrote: "This morning at 1:45 a. m. I found a dead dog at the corner of—" and he looked up to see what the streets were and discovered they were Keap and Kosciuszko.

He studied for a long time. Then he dragged the dog by the tail to the corner of Keap and Kent streets.

In Pittsburgh.

The City Editor—Here's a mighty good story about a young fellow who runs away with a chorus girl.

The Night Editor—What's that? A good story? Why, it's been done to death.

DECEIVED BY THE SHADOWS

Discovery That Must Have Come as a Great Relief to the Young Lawyer.

One rainy day recently, a young lawyer, thinking he would like to take a little flyer in stocks, called at the office of his broker, who happened to be his most intimate friend. When he reached the office a new clerk whom he had never seen before told him that the broker was engaged, but would be at liberty in a few minutes. While sitting idly in the waiting room the young lawyer noticed something that made his eyes almost drop out. The gloom of the day necessitated the use of artificial light in the broker's private office. Situated upon the ground glass partition between the two rooms the lawyer saw the shadow of a man and a woman. They were both seated, the broker at his desk and the woman beside and facing him. Every moment or so the lips of the shadows seemed to meet affectionately. Something about the profile of the woman struck the lawyer as strangely familiar. He rose instantly and threw open the door. Sure enough it was his wife, but she was sitting decorously in a chair two or three feet from the broker, but almost in line with him, engaged in an animated discussion.

Both looked up at the intrusion, but without the least embarrassment.

"Why, hello, Tom!" exclaimed the broker. "Your wife here thinks she would like to speculate a little, too, and I've been using all my eloquence to dissuade her from it. What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," answered the lawyer, as he dropped into a chair with an air of great relief. "My eyes have been bothering me a good deal to-day. Do you know a good oculist?"

BUILT TO DEFEY EARTHQUAKES

Tree Homes of Mexico Made of Twigs and Grass Interwoven With Branches.

In order to protect their homes from earthquakes many of the natives in the territory around Chilpancingo and other towns in the State of Queretaro, Mexico, live in trees. Some of these tree homes are of large size and are ingeniously constructed. Ropes and grasses are interwoven with the twigs and branches of the tree, much in the manner that a bird builds its nest.

The severest wind seldom looses these houses from the tree. Where the trees are large and stand closely together houses of two and three rooms are frequently built in their branches. These houses also afford protection from the "tigers" and other wild animals which are found in that region in large numbers. It is claimed that a "tiger" will not attack its prey unless it is upon the ground. The prime object of elevating these houses into the trees, however, is to keep them from being shaken down by the severe earthquakes which visit the Querrero territory at frequent intervals.

The rocking of the earth gives the trees a swaying motion that does no damage to the houses. In some localities whole villages of these tree homes are to be seen. None of them suffered damage from the recent earthquakes which wrought such ruin to the buildings on the ground.

She Was Not Engaged.

A book agent rapped at the door of a cottage occupied by an Irish widow, and, as she half opened the door, he inquired:

"Are you the lady of the house?" "Oh, am, sor," she replied.

"If you are not engaged I would like to see you a few minutes," remarked the agent as he started to worm his way through the opening.

"Indeed, O'm not engaged, an' it's nawt the loikes o' ye, an' entire stranger, thawt kin be makin' love to a poor lone widdy six wakes after she's buried her fursh husband," was the emphatic response, as she slammed the door in his face.

Gasping for breath, the agent made for the street, reflecting upon the uncertain meaning of the English language.—Judge.

Texas in Unique Position.

Except the original 13 states, whose independence was separately acknowledged by Great Britain, Texas is the only state which had separate existence as a nation before it became a state of the union. It is the only one of the admitted states, with the possible exception of Vermont and Maine, which by the conditions of its admission reserved state ownership for all the public lands within its limits. It is the only state which before entering the union had obtained the consent of congress to subdivide itself into a number of new states.

Value of Tears.

Certain bacteriologists have been enlightening the public as to the value of tears. A good cry, they say, that washes the face with tears is an excellent antiseptic bath. Owing to the large percentage of sodium chloride, or common salt, which they contain they sterilize the delicate mechanism of the eye and render harmless the bacilli which may have found lodgment on the cheeks.

At Five O'clock Tea.

"And did you really go to Rome?" asked a guest. "I really don't know, my dear," replied the hostess. "Just returned from her first trip abroad." "You see, my husband always bought the tickets," London Opinion.

GOOD OLD WORLD, AFTER ALL

Let the Pessimist Read This and Get Into a Better Frame of Mind.

This is a good world. It's growing better every day. We can't say this often enough or strong enough, for it is not only recording a fact but it is getting behind the chariot of progress and giving it a push out selves.

Rich men's sons are not all "founders" because a few sink their wings in the white lights. Most of them set about mastering the intricacies of dad's business so they ease his shoulders of some of the strain and get in trim to take it all themselves, some time. Others, still more independent, strike out for themselves.

Rich men's daughters are not all brainless and snobbish and extravagant. For one that runs away with a chauffeur there are thousands who go to college and come out of it noble women.

And the poor do better, with less to help them. Most boys put their necks in the family harness and help pull with their fathers. It is the girls, however, who pass them in this service. If the average girl elects to stay at home—and the one serious point of criticism is that not enough do—she doesn't have to write abroad for advice to ease her mother's grind. And if she goes into shop or office or factory, the mother often gets the sealed pay envelope at the end of the week and does out the spending money to the girl who warns it. More girls than the world knows about, or know, their chances for a home of their own to keep that of their mother secure.

It's a good world and the overwhelming majority of good girls not only help to make it so, but brighten it as well.

ACTOR A MAN OF RESOURCE

Saved Cab Fare and at the Same Time Got Even with Unkind Critic.

District Attorney Jerome of New York was praising at the Union club a resourceful lawyer.

"Get him in a hole," said Mr. Jerome, "and he is out of it the very next second. He is as resourceful as an actor I recently heard about."

"This actor, at two or three o'clock one morning, got in a taxicab to drive home, and when almost there discovered that his money was spent. He had nothing for cab fare."

"A famous physician lived near by, and the resourceful actor told the chauffeur to stop there. Then he jumped out, rang the physician's night bell and screamed up the tube in an agonized voice:

"Doctor, our baby! It has swallowed its rattle! Quick! I've got a taxicab waiting!"

"I'll be down at once," said the doctor.

"And he appeared at once, an overcoat over his pajamas, and a case of instruments under his arm.

"The actor bundled him into the taxicab.

"To 44 West Seventh street," he said to the chauffeur. "I'll go on to the druggists."

"And the actor walked off chuckling, for the address he had given was that of an old maid, domestic, cousin who had dared to roast his last play."

"Lagniappe."

"Lagniappe," a New Orleans custom, dies hard. A year ago the retail grocers of that city agreed that they would refrain from giving a bonus or present to customers, as it was a burden they could not support, but since then some two hundred of the retailers have resumed the practice. The others now say they will boycott the wholesalers who sell to the retailers who have violated the agreement. The seat of the trouble, however, is in the habit of expectation that has long been cultivated in the customers. "Give me my lagniappe," is regarded as a legitimate demand, and the lagniappe is not held to be a gratuity or gift, but a commission earned by the purchaser for having conferred his or her patronage or the patronage of the family the purchaser represents.

Saintly "Guide."

An Englishman having business in a certain Danish town arrived at the railway station. He inquired of a group of men standing near the way to the house he wanted, whereupon one of them offered to go with him and show him. With recollections of what such a service meant in England, he said: "I don't want a guide." "But surely you asked us to show you the way," said one of them. "Yes, but I don't want a guide." "My dear sir, I am not a guide; I am the bishop."

A Home for Spirits.

Andrew Hale, a recluse who recently committed suicide at Lebanon, Ore., had a house to which he had about twenty additions. Each of its small rooms was for the abode of the spirit of a departed friend. The house was filled with curious things, gathered together to amuse the spirits. A lot of shoe strings, several clocks, musical instruments and various articles were there. The collection must have cost Hale more than \$2,500.

Evidence of Inebriety.

Nell—'I'm afraid Mr. Guxler had too much drink at the dinner last night. Nell—What makes you think so? Nell—When the charlotte russe was served he was trying to blow the froth off.—Philadelphia Record

WILLING TO LET HIM DRAW.

Artist Withdrew Complaint Against Fellow Member After He Had Heard Him Talk.

Pellegrini was an artist with an exceedingly liberal vocabulary, upon which he would draw freely for the edification of the Brotherhood club, of which he was a member. There was one fellow member of the club, says J. C. Carr in a book called "Some Eminent Victorians," who was wont to entertain the table with little but prompt sketches, which he executed with a certain degree of facility.

This innocent display of artistic power offended Pellegrini, who possibly moved by a measure of jealousy, that any one should encroach upon his special province, insisted with some violence that a club was not the place for such exercises.

"I like the boy," he said to me one evening, "and when he talks, I listen, but 'tis pity he draws."

It was only a few evenings later that I entered the room and found the young friend who had been the subject of Pellegrini's rebuke absorbing the entire conversation of the crowded table. Pellegrini was present, and I could see that he was growing restive under the artist's unceasing flow of conversation.

In a momentary pause he turned to me, and in an audible whisper delivered this laconic judgment: "Joe, I've made big mistake. 'Tis better he draw."—Youth's Companion.

PUTTING OUT FIRE ON WATER.

German Invention Probably the Best That Has Yet Been Devised for That Purpose.

It falls to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

But that many a man can, and does, set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting out those very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbon spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions, which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The soapuds appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.

No Good for Charity.

A clergyman strolled into a grocery store kept by an enterprising German.

"My good man," said the pastor, "can you give me anything in the line of groceries as a contribution to the Woman's Missionary society? You see, we have done good work among the poor people of this section, and as there are still many hungry mouths to feed, I wish you would try and help us out."

The big Teuton studied a moment and replied: "Well, I will you, but I know less something gut; but, you see, de only things vot I sell here is guaranteed goods, so dey wut be so gut vor charity."

The minister went out the door after recovering from the shock, and perhaps is still wondering why guaranteed goods are not to be dispensed to charity workers.—Philadelphia Times

Spider Colonies.

Our native spiders are notable for their extreme unsociability. Of those which are spinners each one constructs its web apart from those of its kind. And those which hunt pursue their prey alone, says the London Globe.

In other countries, however, there are spiders which live in communities, and one such a native of Mexico is described by M. T. Dignot. It is known as the mequero and makes a large nest in oaks and other trees. Here the spiders live gregariously and along with them in the nest is found a minute beetle and another species of spider. The beetle is said to act as scavenger. Parts of the nest of the mequero are hung up in the houses during the wet season to get rid of the flies.

Memorial to Mary Anning.

Lyme Regis church, which, like many another building in that quaint old Dorset seaport, is in danger of slipping into the waves, has comparatively little of interest for tourist or townsman to loiter over. Its most remarkable memorial is the stained glass window to Mary Anning. This was the schoolgirl who, in 1811, disturbed the lost rest of the saurian monster—Ichthyosaurus Pliatodon—whose remains now lie in the Natural History museum at South Kensington. As curious a find as any that ever came to the net of a child on the beach. But Mary Anning possibly had that sort of thing in her blood, for her father was the proprietor of a curiosity shop.—London Chronicle

Anything to Please.

"Hubby, I want to go to an exclusive resort."

"All right, my dear," said the great magnate. "I'll buy you a mountain."

"I prefer the beach."

"Very good. John get me quotations on oceans."—Houston Chronicle

LARGE METEOR HITS FENCE

Falls on Farm Near Boston and Sinks Eight Feet Into Earth—Like Slag Iron.

Walpole, Mass.—A meteor weighing 200 pounds dropped on the farm of W. P. Nickerson, a former newspaper man of Boston, in Brooks street.

That the meteor struck the earth with fearful force is attested by the fact that it buried itself nearly eight feet in the soil.

The wandering body came within 15 feet of falling on the boundary line between Walpole and Norwood and rested when found less than ten feet from the Walpole line in Norwood.

Covered by eight feet of earth, it might have remained for years with out being discovered if it had not in the course of its fall broken a fence which separates two fields on Mr. Nickerson's property. A workman on the place making his rounds of the fences discovered the fence broken and near by a hole almost two feet in diameter.

He reported the matter to Mr. Nickerson, believing that the fence, which stands about ten feet from the Walpole line, must have been broken by cattle and that rabbits had been burrowing in the field.

After an examination Mr. Nickerson decided that the hole was not made by rabbits and instructed his men to dig to the bottom of the cavity. After 20 minutes' digging they unearthed a peculiar-looking piece of slag, which looked as if it had been subjected to some powerful degree of heat and had been discharged from a furnace.

The conclusion reached by those who viewed the strange rock is that it is of meteoric formation. It is of a grayish color, closely resembling iron slag. It is rough and corrugated on the exterior, but is of solid formation.

While measuring barely two feet in diameter, its weight is estimated above 200 pounds, and the efforts of three men were required to place it in a wagon.

The meteor has been taken to the home of Mr. Nickerson in Norwood and will probably be turned over either to some geological society in this city or to the museum at Harvard.

While the exterior of the meteor is cold, heat seems to radiate from the interior of the body. If one holds a hand against it long enough the heat is readily felt.

BOYS SEEK INDIAN SCALPS

Quartet of "Fighters." Each Twelve Years Old Saved Up \$49 and Started on Warpath.

Chicago—Four boys—each 12 years old—who saved up \$49 and ran away from their homes in Cleveland, O., to fight Indians out west, were captured in the LaSalle street depot with a battle by Detectives Bailey and O'Connell. The boys had purchased tickets for St. Louis, where Indians were believed to abound, and were waiting for a train when they were ambushed by the detectives.

At first they explained that their grandmother had died and they were going to her funeral, but later, weeping they admitted that they were on the warpath against the red man.

The boys are Clarence Schaff, 801 Eighty-first street, son of E. H. Schaff, James Shaw, 809 1/2 Market street, son of W. P. Shaw, William Lang, 924 Market street, son of J. W. Sanford.

"Where were you boys going?" asked Capt. Woods.

"Well, captain, to tell the truth," said the Lang boy, "me and my friends had been planning a trip out west for nearly a year. We had been selling papers and doing odd jobs and had saved up \$49 between us. Last Saturday we packed up our suitcases and arrived in Chicago Saturday evening."

The boys were taken to the Harrison street annex, where they were held until word was received from their parents, when they were shipped back home.

NO CRIME TO HUG AND KISS

Not an Attempt to Do Violence, But Generally an Evidence of Affection—Man Acquitted.

Baltimore, Md.—In the habeas corpus case of James Fisher, before Judge Elliott in the court of common pleas, the point arose as to whether hugging and kissing is a crime. Fisher had been committed by Justice Robert W. Beach to jail for five years and fined \$25 and costs on the charge of assaulting a girl in Baltimore by hugging and kissing her. Thomas J. Mason, who represented Fisher, made a point that hugging and kissing was not a crime nor an attempt to do violence, but generally was an evidence of affection, and as the charge did not show that Fisher's action was against the will of the girl, the prisoner should be discharged. Judge Elliott smiled and ordered the prisoner discharged without comment. Fisher already had served a year of his sentence, counting time off for good behavior.

Hits Theater in Will.

New York.—The will of Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, writer of children's stories, who committed suicide, bequeaths \$20,000 for the support of disabled persons of good character who do not attend theatrical performances.

Letter Long Lost.

London.—Wedged between the counter and a partition at Moira post office, Leicestershire, a letter posted 21 years ago, addressed to the late Samuel Haywood, a pipe manufacturer, has just been found.