THE BISHOP STAYED.

He Risked a Row, but Didn't Have to Leave His Bed.

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 said 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 shakedown." Then, observing the bishop's tired face, he added: "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 shall 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 4 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 it 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.

KEENLY INTERESTED.

Lincoln's Question After the Committeeman Had Finished.

Just after the second battle of Bull Run the Boston chamber of commerce decided that President Lincoln was not prosecuting the war with enough celerity to conserve the interests of business, and so it appointed a committee to go to Washington and remonstrate with him upon his dilatory tactics. The committee was headed by a Mr. Pierce.

"We found," he said, "a man who looked as if he had lost all the friends he ever had in the world, who invited us to take seats and inquired our business. As I was the spokesman, I opened our case, and as I proceeded the president's face relaxed. By and by he smiled and betrayed actual interest, and by the time I concluded he was almost in a broad grin. After I had finished he inquired if that was all I had to say, and on my saying that I thought it was he asked if some of the other gentlemen wouldn't like to say something. They replied that they thought I had fully covered the ground. And then," continued Mr. Pierce, "what do you suppose this solemn man did? Well, he just moved his chair over to mine, smoothed his trousers over his knee, then reached over and smoothed mine down, too, and then, with a queer look, which none of us will ever forget, he said, 'Mr. Pierce, did you ever notice what a difference there is in legs?'

"What did we do? We grabbed our hats and took the first train for Boston, and we never dared to report!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Carbuncle.

Carbuncles, to which the ancients attributed fantastic properties, were in reality rubies. They served, it was said, to give light to large serpents or dragons whose sight had been enfeebled by age. They bore them constantly between their teeth and laid them down only for eating and drinking. It was even claimed that the carbuncle emitted light in darkness and that the thickest clothing could not stop its rays. Without all the exaggeration of such legends it was believed for a long time that rubies contained luminous rays. The truth is that they have double refraction and send out the red rays with unequaled brilliancy. Traversed in a vacuum by an electric current, they are illuminated with a red fire of extreme intensity. The greatest heat does not change their form or their color.

Old Days on the Stage.

I have known a dress coat handed from one to another in the wings several times during a performance. It was a current idea that white cotton stockings assumed the appearance of silk from the front by making a heavy line of white chalk on the shin bone. A white tie was easily made from a strip of note paper, and even a shirt front could be managed from highly glazed note paper. White cotton gloves were de rigueur in place of the more expensive kid ones. A comedian, having no black stockings, once blacked his legs. After the show he asked the stage manager, "Do we play this piece again?" "Yes; next week." "Oh, then I need not wash my legs!"—From "Ramblings of an Old Mummer," by Russell Craufurd.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Poor b'ye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast. "'Tis tough luck to hav yer hand blowed off."

"Och! Faith, it might 'ave bin worse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose Ol'd had me week's wages in it at the toime."

His Specialty.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes, that's his specialty." "What — working?" "No. Seeming to."—Boston Transcript.

One Difference.

Examiner—Now, children, what is the difference between "pro" and "con?" Bright Boy—Please, sir, they're spelt different.—London Punch.

ARAB FASHIONS.

Clothes the Natives Wear and the Tailors Who Make Them.

Conservative in all matters, the Arab is especially averse to change in the matter of clothes. Not only do the fashions of the Arabs never change, writes Graham Petrie in "Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage," but they are very restricted. Although every Arab wears a gandoura more or less richly embroidered, it is always worked in one of three accepted patterns, from which no deviation nor any combination is permitted.

The only matter in which personal taste is allowed to show itself is in the choice of color. In this respect entire freedom is permitted and taken full advantage of, although it is curious to note that the more delicate shades of pink, yellow and mauve are generally worn by elderly men, while rich red and brown are in favor with their juniors.

The souk-el-trouk is the souk of the tailors in Tunis, and here in numerous little shops the sartorial needs of the Arab population are fashioned and temptingly displayed. I call them shops for want of a better word, but they are as unlike the European shop as anything one can imagine. They are really recesses separated from each other by coupled columns painted with stripes of red and green, which support a continuous cornice, richly carved and colored. There are no windows or doors, and the shop is raised some four feet above the ground. To this elevation the tailor nimbly vaults, for there are no steps to assist him. Sitting crosslegged in orthodox fashion, he there cuts out, pieces together and embellishes the gay silk waistcoats, gandouras and other garments beloved of the Arab.

MAINE SPOOKS.

A Ghost House, a Phantom Light and a Mystic Woodchuck.

Bowdoinham boasts a veritable ghost house where it is said the chairs refuse to stay quietly in their places, but in the middle of the night walk out and draw together in groups just as if guided by visible hands. Then there is a spirit cane that goes walking all by itself just at midnight, tapping its way along from room to room and finally taking up its abode in the chamber where a member of the family sleeps. That this statement is true is affirmed by those who have seen the phenomena and who are not at all afraid of ghosts.

At another house in the village is a phantom light that shines each night no matter whether it be moonlight or darkness just above the closet door in the upper chamber. For years this light has disturbed the people who at different times have occupied the room, and some have been much afraid of the flickering gleam. From time to time different explanations have been offered, but none has proved satisfactory. The light continues to shine, and no one can account for the mystery.

Down at Lazy C camp is a spook woodchuck which every evening, just at the sunset hour, comes out of an old family tomb, halfway between the camp and the home farm. There on the tomb he sits quietly, watching the sunset lights on the waters of Merrymeeting. Just as the sun sinks below the horizon he disappears. The tomb swallows him up, and he is seen no more until the sunset hour comes round again.—Kennebec Journal.

Arab Buttermaking.

Among the Arabs an interesting department of woman's duty is dairy work. This, like all other operations, is carried out on an old fashioned and patriarchal plan. To make butter, for instance, a small sheepskin is filled with milk and tied to a ring in the wall. The woman then sits flat on the floor and rocks it to and fro till little balls of butter begin to form within. These grow larger and larger and accumulate and are finally brought out as one big lump. The remaining milk is then boiled on the fire with bits of meat. The male members of the family now come together. A large dish of cooked rice is placed before them and the boiled milk poured over it. Then, making balls of the mixture with his hands, each member quickly swallows his share and rises to wash his hands. This done, the girls and mother sit down and eat what the men are pleased to leave.

Hats and Old Age.

In opening the services one Sunday recently the pastor of one of the fashionable churches said: "For three Sundays I have asked the women in this church to remove their hats during service. My appeal has been unheeded, and now I see wherein I was wrong. I was inconsiderate of the comforts of the aged and infirm, so I have made a new rule. Hereafter all women of forty years of age or over will be permitted to wear their hats during the service."

Within twenty seconds every woman in the church was bareheaded.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Last Place.

"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place."

"You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close cropped head and strange pallor; "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behavior in my last place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Great Care.

Celia—Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble. Delia—Really! What was the nature of the trouble? Celia—Chemical.—Judge's Library.

THE WAITER WHO SERVED WITHOUT PAY

By MINNIE B. CARTER.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

A man calling himself Giovanni walked into an Italian restaurant in New York and, addressing the proprietor, Antonio Mancini, asked for employment as a waiter. Being told that the force of waiters was complete, he said that he would work for nothing until a vacancy occurred.

Soon after Giovanni's employment the custom of the establishment dropped off, and the proprietor, instead of filling waiters' vacancies, began to discharge those he had. He told Giovanni that there was no hope for him to secure pay and he was welcome to leave as soon as he liked. To this Giovanni replied that he was making a living from the tips he received and this was far better than nothing.

But the attendance at the restaurant continued to decrease. Mancini, who was an excellent cook, went himself into the kitchen and even invented new dishes with the most delectable flavorings, hoping to regain the clientele he had lost. But it was of no avail. His old customers did not come back to him, and new ones were not to be attracted. He was paying a high rental, and his expenses in other respects were enormous. One day he called his few remaining employees to his office and said to them:

"I am expecting the sheriff to levy on what remains here. Until recently I was making money. Indeed, I possessed $20,000. I was about to sell out my business and return to our beloved Italy to spend a comfortable old age. Instead of that I am a beggar in a foreign land. Go and secure new places. As for me, I know not what to do."

All expressed sorrow for their employer and went away, except Giovanni. He stood alone with Mancini after the others had departed.

"Why do you remain?" asked the restaurateur.

"To tell you the cause of your misfortune."

There was something in the man's eye and the tone in which the words were spoken that arrested his employer's earnest attention. He looked at Giovanni for an explanation.

"You wonder, signor," said the latter, "why I, to whom you have never paid a cent, have stood by you to the last."

"I do."

"I am not only a countryman of yours, but I came from the same district as you, the lake region of Italy."

"Oh!"

"I was a smuggler engaged in running dutiable goods across Lake Como to a region where it was easy to dispose of them. You know that the lake is patrolled by the customs officers and there is great risk in carrying goods across. Indeed, it is practically impossible to do so without detection. Well, I divided my profits with them, and they took care not to see me. In this way I gained enough to pay for a farm and was about to purchase one, marry the girl I loved and turn farmer when a misfortune occurred to me. A customs officer I had been bribing made it his business to see me while smuggling. I was arrested and imprisoned."

Mancini sat spellbound by the story, every moment growing paler. Giovanni kept his eye fixed on him intently.

"While in jail," he resumed, "I was put into a cell with an old smuggler. He was ill, and I nursed him. Dying, he made me his heir. Where do you suppose his fortune was deposited?"

"Go on."

"You remember the point formed by the junction of Lakes Como and Lecco?"

"I was born on it."

"There, across the lake, one can see Monte Crocione and on a crag near by the little church of San Martino."

"I was married there," groaned Mancini.

"And not far from San Martino is a hole in the rock. From across the lake it looks only large enough to contain a big bowlder. It would hold a church."

"I have been in it."

"The fortune I inherited was there. The smuggler had turned all his profits into diamonds and hidden them in the cave. I brought them to America in the shape of bills of exchange."

"And have lost your inheritance?"

"No; I have every cent of it. And why have I, a rich man, been working here without pay? To ruin the customs officer who betrayed me and who married my betrothed. I have caused the failing off of your business by circulating false stories of what food you have served to your guests."

"You—you have done this?"

"I have."

"You have taken a terrible revenge. But you are rich, and I will have damages under the law."

"On what evidence?"

Mancini was silent.

"Besides, where is my fortune? No one knows. We Italians, especially we who have been smugglers and revenue officers, know how to cover our tracks."

A groan was the only response.

"But it is not necessary that you should prosecute me. For the sake of the girl of whom you deprived me I shall repair the damage I have done. Here is a check for $10,000. Begin again. There will be no more stories to hinder you. In a few months you will have regained your former position."

SOME GREAT BARGAINS

NOW is your chance to get

GOOD READING MATTER

at prices that secure you a considerable saving

Any one of the following combinations gives you excellent value. Call or write should you desire others

Home Life, Prairie Farmer and this paper	$1.75
Cosmopolitan, Success Magazine, Independent and this paper	$4.30
Success Magazine, The Designer and this paper	$2.85
Farm and Home, Success Magazine, The Designer and this paper	$3.15
World's Work, Delineator, Success Magazine and this paper	$4.85
Success Magazine, American Magazine, Cosmopolitan and this paper	$3.80
Review of Reviews, Success Magazine, McClure's Magazine and this paper	$4.85
Forest and Stream, Delineator, Everybody's Magazine and this paper	$5.55
The Orange Judd Farmer and this paper	$1.80
Farm Life, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, American Swincherd, Farm and Home, Popular Fashions, Woman's World and this paper	$4.00
McClure's Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Success Magazine and this paper, all for	$4.30
Delineator, Everybody's Magazine, Cosmopolitan and this paper	$4.30
Hampton's Magazine, Review of Reviews, McClure's Magazine or Woman's Home Companion and this paper	$4.90
World Today, Success Magazine, Pictorial Review and this paper	$4.05
Ainslee's Magazine, Popular Magazine, Review of Reviews and this paper	$6.35
McClure's Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Harper's Bazaar, together with this paper for	$4.25
Outlook, Independent, Success Magazine and this paper	$6.35
Farm and Fireside, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, Mothers' Magazine, and this paper for	$3.25
Ainslee's Magazine or Hampton's, Success Magazine, American Magazine and this paper for	$3.55
Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, Fruitman and Gardener, Poultry Post and this paper for	$2.95
Kimball's Dairy Farmer, Ohio Farmer, Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer and this paper for	$3.30
Successful Poultry Journal, American Swincherd, Ohio Farmer together with this paper for	$3.00
Farm Life, Mother's Magazine, Housekeeper and this paper	$2.85
Fruitman and Gardener, Housekeeper, Home Needlework and this paper	$2.85
Review of Reviews, McClure's Magazine, Success Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and this paper	$5.30
Scribner's Magazine and this paper for	$4.20
Scribner's Magazine, Success and Cosmopolitan and this paper	$6.20
Toledo Blade and this paper for	$1.85
St. Louis Globe-Democrat and this paper	$2.00
Tribune Farmer, Pictorial Review, Ladies' World, Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review Pattern and this paper	$3.05
Ainslee's Magazine, Farm Life, Farm and Fireside and this paper	$3.55
McCall Magazine and this paper for	$1.85
Ainslee's Magazine, Success Magazine and this paper	$3.60

ADDRESS THIS PAPER, - DWIGHT, ILL.

Wanted—An Interpreter.

It was a case of assault, and the literally downtrodden wife was laying her grievances before the magistrate.

"He started by giving me a biff on the nut," explained the angry complainant.

"My good woman," rebuked the magistrate, "you mustn't talk like that here. I suppose you mean he gave you a blow upon the head."

"Yus, yer washup. An' then 'e tried ter do me in by chuckin' 'is 'baccy box at me."

"By which I presume you mean," interposed the justice of the peace severely, "that he tried to injure you by precipitating his box of tobacco at you. Pray proceed and avoid slang and inform the court what other injuries he inflicted upon you."

"Well, then, he—er—he"—

"Come, come!" snapped the magistrate, really beginning to lose his temper. "Don't waste the time of the court."

The ill used wife looked about her helplessly.

"Excuse me, yer washup," she exclaimed at length, "but I was wonderin' what was the pet name in this 'ere court for a biff on the jib!"—London Answers.

Woman—and Her Master.

The philosopher and his friend sat far into the night discoursing on things in general and smoking strong shag.

"Woman," said the former oracularly, "was meant to fill a subordinate position in the scheme of creation. Man is naturally her master. She cannot rationally oppose his will. He is instinctively and by the law of natural selection the dominant animal. Woman may learn to revolt, but she can never learn to rule. She has one mission in life—that of obedience. Man is born to lead, woman to follow. Man is born to command, woman to comply. She is secure only in her weakness. It is at once her duty and delight to obey her superior and"—

Then the door opened, and there appeared the head of a female thereat.

"Theophilus," said a stern voice, "how often have I told you not to smoke your horrid tobacco in the library? It's half past 2, sir. Come to bed instantly."

And the philosopher sighed, shook his friend silently by the hand and went.—London Sketch.

A Tempest In a Teapot.

What war was caused by a clay teapot?

For an answer to this question we must go, as might be supposed, to the land of pigtails and porcelain. The story goes that a Chinese emperor in olden days gave as a mark of special favor a magnificent clay teapot of rare design to Lo Hung Chang, his favorite mandarin. This was laid up as a priceless possession among the treasures of Lo Hung or borne at his side by two attendants at all high public festivals and functions. A rival mandarin saw these signs of distinction with the green eyes of jealousy and hired a man to break the obnoxious pot. The clumsy fellow was caught in the act and betrayed his master. War followed between the two mandarins and their respective followers, which resulted in the overthrow and death of Lo Hung Chang and the reception of his rival into royal favor in his place.

Soot on His Suit.

They were having a spelling lesson at a certain district school the other day, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.

The word "chimney" was given out to a little black eyed girl who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed this one by inadvertently leaving out the "h."

Quick as a wink the little boy next her pounced on the word and spelled it correctly.

"You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher.

"I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "My mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."—London Fun.

Might Have Been Put Differently.

We cut the announcement below from a New Zealand paper: "Notice.—The Maoris who are breeding pigs in Takahue, such as Mrs. Peter and Mr. Sam Yates, are supposed to look after their pigs and keep them away from rooting my paddocks, or else if they do not I shall shoot every pig I come across. Secretary L. Howell."

This is decidedly one of the things that might have been put differently.—Westminster Gazette.

On the Road to Learning.

"You say you know nothing at all about our railway?" said the official.

"Nothing whatever," answered the applicant for employment.

"Well, you come highly recommended. I suppose we'll have to put you in the bureau of information and let the traveling public educate you."—Washington Star.

Probably.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "e" to his name after inheriting a fortune? Gyer—He probably figures out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—London Globe.

Mr. Merchant, have you not noticed that the man who has the large store and the new, fresh stock and who gets his overplus of trade is a good advertiser? There's a reason.

Fine Job Printing at this office.

For indigestion and all stomach troubles take Foley's Orino Laxative. It is the natural remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, bad breath, sick headache, torpid liver, biliousness and habitual constipation. Foley's Orino Laxative sweetens the stomach and breath, and tones up the entire alimentary system. Sold by all druggists.

The stranger paused as he came upon two tramps of the weary order basking in the sunshine and waiting patiently for something to turn up.

"We are so hungry, mister," yawned Tired Tim.

"Then why don't you go and beg at the nearest farmhouse?" asked the stranger.

"We are so tired, mister, that neither of us will volunteer, so we are goin' to shake dice to see who must perform the painful duty."

"Well, what is the delay?"

"Well, boss, we are waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the dice-box."

Simple Remedy for LaGrippe.

LaGrippe coughs are dangerous, as they frequently develop into pneumonia. Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs so that no serious results need be feared. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Sold by all druggists.

A lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the second of April.

Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the first of April."

"People might well think so," responded the lady, "since I married you."

Beware of Ointment for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.