

TOO MUCH WORK FOR ONE WIFE.

Nigerian Needs Several Properly to Minister to His Comfort.

According to the Geographical Journal of London the marital relations among the peoples of Nigeria vary somewhat according to their state of civilization.

"Among the Ahirara, Onchias, Obuwus and the lower class of pagan tribes in the interior, there is very little form of marriage.

SHE WOULD END THE GAMBLING.

Wife's Conscience Aroused, But Action to Be Deferred.

"I think it's simply awful," said the first woman, "the way men remain away from home at night and risk their earnings at the game of poker.

"My husband is a perfect fiend about the game. One night he had three friends at our house and they played that horrid game until nearly half-past three in the morning."

Origin of Bank Check.

A Frenchman quoted in a Paris letter of the London Globe tells of the origin of the present day bank check.

A Quiet Salary.

Somebody in a Minnesota town wrote a letter to the Minneapolis Journal objecting to a local clergyman because he "yelled" so much.

What's Art?

Art is not, as the metaphysicians say, the manifestation of some mysterious idea of beauty or good; it is not, as the aesthetic physiologists say, a game in which man lets off his excess of stored-up energy.

How to Cook Possum.

First catch your possum. Cut his throat. Bleed him well. Remove his sinews. Scald him as you scald a pig and scrape off all the hair.

Plan Curb for Reckless Hunters.

One of the newly elected members of the Oregon legislature announces his intention of introducing at the next session a bill making it a crime to shoot any person under the belief that such person is a deer or a canvas-back duck.

HARD FOR HUBBY TO EXPLAIN.

Wife's Apple Pie the Direct Cause of a Tragedy.

There was a tragedy out at the home of the Lorings the other day. The Lorings were married a little over a year ago.

"My dear, I never eat pie," explained Loring. "I thought I would try this just out of compliment to you, but I can't finish it."

It was done with such skill that she put her arm lovingly about him and called him a "dear old thing" just for trying to eat it.

Now if there was any time at which Loring was at peace with the world it was when he was in front of a man's size slab of pie.

The other night Loring had as a guest a chum of boarding-house days, and the latter was telling of Loring's table feats.

"Did you ever in all your life," he asked the young wife, "see a man who could eat so much pie as he can?"

INDICTMENT OF MODERN DRESS.

Men's Wearing Apparel a Survival of Other Days.

Why does the being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate?

Wood as Food.

In one quarter of the earth, at least, wood, in a certain form, serves as a common and constant article of diet, and that is in the northern coast of Siberia.

To Remove Old Paper from Walls.

Many women do their own paper hanging. For sanitary and other reasons the old paper should be removed from the walls.

Encouragement.

There is a young clubman of Philadelphia who has been most persistent in his suit for the hand of the only daughter of a wealthy old merchant of that city.

Not long ago a friend meeting the young man on the street asked: "How are things, Tom? Has she given you any encouragement?"

"I should say so," replied Tom. "Only last night she told me that she would get every cent of the old man's fortune when he dies."

Pat's Deficiencies.

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone, the boat overturned and he was drowned.

"I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you \$20,000."

"True," said Mrs. McCarthy. "He did."

"How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat couldn't read nor write, could he?"

"No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."

The One-Horse Power Kind.

"Walk more," said the physician. "But," he protested, "I already have an automobile."

EMERGENCY ALL PROVIDED FOR.

Small Wonder Thoughtful Landlord Was Annoyed.

"Gypsy" Smith, the evangelist, complained at a meeting in New York of the discomfort caused by the customs rules.

"They who receive from abroad packets or heavy letters, such as attract the eye of the customs officials," said Smith, "that the American government in this matter is as lacking as the Haytian hotelkeeper."

A gentleman, you must know, stopped at a country hotel some 50 miles from Port-au-Prince to escape one of those tropical deluges so characteristic of Hayti.

"After dinner he turned in, for there was nothing to read in the hotel, the night had turned chilly, and there was no fire."

"He turned in, and he fell at once into a deep, delightful sleep. Then he awoke dripping. The downpour was leaking through the palmetto roof onto his bed."

"Shivering, he reached out his wet arm and raged. The pad of bare feet approached. 'What's wanted?' snarled the landlord."

"You must prepare me another room," said the guest. "The rain is leaking in here in buckets."

"And is that what you wake me for at this time of night?" the landlord roared. "If you'd thought to look, you'd have found an umbrella under the bed. Use it, man!"

MANY WOULD MARRY DENTIST.

Proposals Made While Under Influence of Gas, He Declares.

"Ugly as I am," said a dentist, "I have been proposed to by 72 women!" "Impossible!" they cried, gazing with ill-concealed repulsion on his ugliness.

"The ladies did it unconsciously," he hastened to add. "They were unconscious in the grip of gas at the time. And it was—excuse me—gas-tly."

Fresh-drawn teeth were scattered about, and the declarations gurgled forth amid a stream of blood.

"They were all old maids. They all meant business. In vino veritas—and there is truth in gas, too. The things said in my red plush chair are the real and secret beliefs of the heart."

"My wife—I don't mind telling you under the seal of professional secrecy—my wife proposed to me in the chair while I was pulling 17 teeth for her. The wedding came off the day her full gold set was done. My wife may not be beautiful, but she is a very good and rich woman."

An Interesting Runaway.

"I read a piece in your paper about an automobile that ran away with a man's mother-in-law," a correspondent writes the Adams (Ga.) Enterprise.

"Every time I wait on an unusually good-looking, well-dressed woman," said the girl behind the counter, "some one steps up the minute she leaves the counter and asks who she is. I suppose in most cases the curiosity is entirely harmless.

Charybdis.

Charybdis, in Greek mythology, is a sea monster which three times a day sucks in the sea and discharges it in a whirlpool. It was depicted as a maiden above, but ending below in the body of a fish begirt with hideous dogs.

Business Sagacity.

"Here's an article," announced the sidewalk merchant, vigorously, "which beats eggs with one end and peels potatoes with the other end. And it costs me eight cents to make it."

"If it costs you eight cents to make it where does your profit come in when you sell it for five cents?" inquired an interested spectator.

"Well, you see," replied the sidewalk merchant, "I sell so many of them,"—illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Explanation.

Mr. Diggs missed his car last Thursday morning. His three-year-old son, seeing him rush excitedly about the house after his hat and gloves and lunch money, took it for some kind of game and joyously tackled his father around the ankles. To straighten things out required a quarter of an hour, and the parlor lamp will never again be the thing of beauty that it was.—Newark N. J., News.

REALLY WORTH LISTENING TO.

Barn-Raising Could Stop Whole Old Citizens Broke Record.

The Turners were among the early settlers of Huckfield. They were of a sturdy, well-built, good-looking race of people. They had good farms and brought up large families.

There was a barn raising in the vicinity and Capt. Turner was "boss" of the job. Those old frames were mostly heavy timber and were put together and pinned beforehand, so that the whole broadside or end was raised, at a time. It took 20 men or more with spikes to raise the section.

Roland Foster and Boardman Faunce sat near by telling big stories about the product of their cows. They were both noted throughout the town for telling "awful whoppers."

"Uncle Roland" said: "What I am going to tell you now is the truth." Mr. Faunce said: "What I am going to tell you is the truth also."

The "boys" had got one broadside about half way up and were pushing with all their might, when Capt. Turner said out: "Hold on, boys, hold it right where it is. If Roland Foster and Boardman Faunce are going to tell the truth I want to hear it."—Norway (Me.) Advertiser.

DISCOURSE NOT ALL RELIGIOUS.

Secular Matters Mixed with Scottish Minister's Sermon.

A minister of Crossinheim, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing, and, indeed, irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage from Exodus one day he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—snecch that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel, ye wadna be aae ready leaving it open."

The Secret of Happiness.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold? It is selfishness—or, to use a better word, selfishness. He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little, daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

Native Newspapers in India.

The papers published in the native dialects of India are circulated among, and read by more than any other dailies on the globe—a single paper. It is said, being circulated from house to house through an entire village, and read until it is completely worn out. Six papers from the entire collection of Persian periodicals—ones printed in Arabic and five in the native vernacular.

Satisfied with a Smell.

This little three-year-old hungry American was with his mother at the home of a neighbor. The neighbor's little boy was eating a piece of chicken. Hubert wanted a piece, but it was all they had. He then asked for a bite, but the other little fellow objected.

Mouse's High Jump.

How far can animals leap? One night there was a suspicious noise upon a mantel shelf, six feet from the floor. Investigation proved the presence of a mouse.

The Berkshire Breed.

The Massachusetts maid was in a romantic mood. "I am dreaming," she murmured, "dreaming of the dear old Berkshires of my native state."

WILL SPEND TIME IN KITCHEN.

Interview with Cook Led to Woman's Change of Heart.

"I had an interview with my cook to-day which has made me rather thoughtful," said a prominent club woman and philanthropist. "Some time ago I engaged a very capable woman as cook, but since I engaged her it has happened that I have been away from home a good deal, attending meetings of various organizations in which I am interested."

HIS LUCK CHANGED BY TIME.

At Last Butcher Saw Where Hoodoo Was Leaving Him.

A butcher in a small way of business was in the habit of sending his son out with a small trap to deliver orders.

Apples for Advertising.

The Commercial club of North Yakima has decided on the plan for an active 1909 campaign for publicity. The governing board has issued an official call for six carloads of red apples to be sent out on a mission of advertising.

Sneeze Is Cure for Faintness.

There is no more sure cure for an attack of faintness than a hearty sneeze. It immediately stimulates the blood vessels of the brain.

Shoulder Straps.

In the United States army the several branches of the service are distinguished by the color of the shoulder strap, the infantry wearing white, the cavalry yellow and the artillery red.

One Hundred Years Ago.

It has been some time announced that the new machine for traveling without horses, being impelled entirely by steam, was matched to run 24 hours against any horse in the kingdom.

TIMOTHY WAS READY FOR HIM.

Driver's Glib Explanation That Disarmed the Inspector.

John D. Rockefeller, at the end of a day's testimony in the government suit against the Standard Oil Company, talked to a group of reporters. The subject of quick-wittedness came up, and Mr. Rockefeller said:

"As quick-witted a man as I ever knew was one of our drivers—Timothy—back in the business' early days."

"We liked to keep our teams looking nice, and so we instituted an annual prize for the man who could show the best-groomed horses, the cleanest stalls, the brightest harness and so forth."

"Timothy seemed certain of this prize, and when midway inspection time came sure enough his splendid work left nothing to be desired."

"But as the inspector took one last look round, just as he had made up his mind to give the prize to Timothy, he frowned, for his eye had fallen on a cobweb in a corner of the gray mare's stall."

"Timothy saw the inspector's face change, and saw the cause of the change, and he spoke up briskly. 'I keep that there web there, boss,' he said, 'to catch the flies. The way they torment the mare is sumpin' fierce.'"

LEFT BEHIND BY THE GUESTS.

Razor Strop Most Frequent Article Forgotten at Hotels.

"Of the thousand and eight things left at hotels from time to time," remarked the hotel clerk, "razor strops have the other commodities pushed across the border in point of numbers."

About ten per cent of the people who have razor strops in their trunks leave them behind. Of course, the reason is that the strop is hanging up on a nail out of sight somewhere when the man packs up, and he doesn't think about it.

Shortly after this the son was the cause of another accident which had a similar unfortunate result and the drain on the butcher's resources brought him to the verge of ruin.

A few days after the second case had been settled, he was sitting in his shop thinking over his hard fate when a neighbor came rushing in, breathless with the information that the butcher's wife had been run over by the careless driver of a private carriage and was lying in the hospital with a crushed leg.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed the butcher, as if greatly relieved, "my luck's changed at last!"

Sworn Off.

"Upon the stars my eyes I fix, at this, the threshold of the year, I've out out all the foolish tricks that used to mar my bright career. I've sold my big steam yacht—the one in which I floated on many seas; and I shall find some other fun than dancing through the ocean breeze."

Fillmore's Papers.

President Millard Fillmore's voluminous papers, covering the period immediately preceding the civil war, have been given to the Buffalo Historical society, says a Buffalo dispatch.

Out of the Ordinary.

"I'm going to have some photographs taken, John," said the wife of his bosom the other morning. "Have you any preferences as to the position?" "Well," rejoined the husband of his wife, "if you were to pose before the camera while in the act of sewing a button on my trousers it would make a picture that I could contemplate with pleasurable emotion."

Would Be Rise for Turkey.

Should the plan of Sir William Wilcocks ever materialize—the proposed to irrigate the fertile plains of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and make them as productive as they were when Babylon and Nineveh were at the height of their power—it is believed that Turkey would become one of the greatest cotton and grain countries in the world.