

MULES WERE REAL ONES

Simple Explanation of Order That for a Time Puzzled Guest of Hotel.

"I saw a funny thing in the register of a hostelry in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado," said a Chicago man who had just returned from a trip through the west. "I stepped up to the desk to register when I saw an entry just above the space I was destined to fill. The line read as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Jones, Arkansas. 2 mules."

"The words '2 mules,' were not in the same handwriting as those giving the names of recent arrivals. A wild idea flashed through my mind that the hotel clerk must be in the habit of characterizing the guests. My natural curiosity prompted me to make inquiries.

"Oh, the mules?" replied the presiding genius of the hotel. "That means that Mr. Jones and his wife are going to ride down the Canyon to-morrow morning. Quite a party making the trip. Would you like to go?"

"Yes," I said. "And I had the pleasure of seeing him write 'I mule' after my name."

A PROSPEROUS COLONY.

In the state of Victoria, Australia, the railway revenue for 1907 fiscal year was \$20,050,000, the highest on record, while the working expenses were less than 52 per cent. of the revenue, the lowest for 28 years. The number of savings bank depositors increased by 25,000. Forty per cent. of the entire population has deposits. The amount at their credit on June 30 last was \$64,000,000, an increase for the year of \$5,140,000. Overseas exports, exclusive of gold, amounted to \$62,000,000, an increase of 250 per cent. over 1903. The colony's overseas imports amounted to \$75,000,000. The exports to other states were nearly \$25,000,000. The government revenue for the year was \$41,565,000, and the expenditure only \$37,595,000, creating a surplus of \$4,060,000.

WHY DICKENS LIVES.

Why is it that the sales of Dickens' works, in English alone, amount in a single year to more than those of any later novelist during his whole lifetime? The readers of his novels do not lack intelligence, and a good number of them are of a sufficiently advanced culture to detect his faults. But whatever the higher criticism may disclose against him, there still remains the fullness of his robust human sympathy and that mastery of genius which forever holds the mind even of children as that of Shakespeare's does.—Harper's Magazine.

DANGEROUS SENSE OF HUMOR.

Geo. C. Morton, a machinist residing on Russell street, has very sore ribs, and all because he laughed too heartily. He was thoroughly enjoying a joke played on a comrade with garden hose, and as he watched the sport from a window he laughed with great gusto, so much so that he was seized with pains and had to be helped to a seat. A medical man was called and found that he had fractured a rib and had torn away part of the lining about another rib.—Bermuda Royal Gazette.

THE RING ON THE STEM.

With the stem encircled with a gold ring, which must have been on all the while the fruit was growing from bloom to maturity, a bunch of grapes was discovered in Long Beach recently. Chas. Schwitzer, a peddler, was weighing some grapes for a customer when the glitter of an object in a cluster caught his attention. It was a gold bangle ring around the stem, midway in the bunch, and with grapes both above it and below it.

ASK THE STORK.

Census Man—Now, little boy, run upstairs and tell your mother I forgot to ask her when your baby brother was born.

Little Boy—She doesn't know, sir. She was away on a visit.—Harper's Weekly.

HEROIC.

Knicker—What do you consider a test for a poet?
Bocker—Ability to ride Pegasus on a hard unequivocal trot for five miles.

LIKE HER DEAR THOMAS

Odor of Liquor Reminded Lone Widow of Her Recently Departed Helpmate.

E. J. Berwind, the great coal operator of Philadelphia, was asked by a reporter, at his beautiful Newport villa, a rather stupid question in finance.

Mr. Berwind laughed. "That question," he said, "is about as absurd and as ludicrous as a tableau I once saw in a little French theater in New Orleans.

"The curtain rose in the theater, revealing a large bed draped with crape, and occupied by an elderly woman who held a black edged handkerchief to her eyes. A widow plainly, of but a few days' standing. She wept. Her wound was still raw. "On the other pillow beside the widow lay a large bottle of gin. She turned toward the bottle, and, sobbing as if her heart would break, she said tenderly:

"Ah, when I see and smell the gin there I think it's poor Thomas back at my side again."

LARGEST LACE FACTORY.

The largest lace factory in the world was opened at Draycott, near Nottingham, recently, the occasion being celebrated by a fete in which the people throughout the district joined.

The factory is four storied, 620 feet long, with accommodation for 228 lace machines. It was built by E. Jardine, a wealthy Nottingham manufacturer, who recently purchased Glastonbury Abbey.

To signalize the opening Mr. Jardine opened an account in the Post-office savings bank for every child in the district—more than 700—starting it with a shilling.—London Express.

DANGEROUS WHEN WELL.



Friend—An' how's yer wife, Mike?
Mike—Sure, she's awful sick.
Friend—Is it dangerous she is?
Mike—No, she's too weak to be dangerous any more.

OF COURSE.

Early in the morning session, when the pupils were feeling bright and happy, the teacher thought it a good plan to give them sentences to correct, both as to grammar and sense. She accordingly wrote on the blackboard:

"The hen has four legs. He done it."

Thoughtful little Ignatius, at the foot of the class, pondered deeply and at the end of 15 minutes' time allowed for correction, he wrote:

"He didn't done it; God done it."

LITERARY NOTE.

"Old chap," said Reglergrind, "if I had your leisure I'd sit down and write a play."

"Would you?" asked Percollum. "Huh! It takes something more than leisure to write a play."

Whereat Reglergrind, uncertain whether this was a confession or a knock, resumed his work and said nothing.

NOT STAR GAZERS.

Miss Evening Star—"You have a big audience on earth to-night."

Mr. Comet—"Yes, but I don't quite understand it. Every time I do one of my acrobatic stunts those folks exclaim: 'Oh, look at the air-ship.'"—Kansas City Times.

THE CONVERSE.

"Is success a crime?"

"I would not say that," answered the conservative citizen, "but I must state that crime seems to be a success in some quarters."

ONE LONG WAIL.

Gunner—"Every year they have a grand baby show at Asbury Park. It is a great success."

Guyer—"H'm! Howling success I suppose."

TO KEEP THE PEACE

Wandering Cow Released On Her Own Recognition by Kind-Hearted Police Chief.

A fine Holstein cow that had escaped from her owner's lot was recently roaming the streets of Nashville when she was roped in by the pound officer. This official action evoked a moving appeal from the owner, who addressed the chief of police in this wise:

"Chief Blank: Dear Friend: Your pound man has hauled my cow into court this morning for prowling. As it was her first offense, please have her let off with as light a fine as possible. Yours, —"

Across the face of this letter the chief scribbled the following instruction to the pound man:

"Release the cow on her own recognizances."—Harper's Weekly.

BAVARIAN DANCE.

Peasants of the upper Bavarian Alps are famous for their agility as dancers. One of their curious dances is as follows: Eight boys form a ring in the middle of the dancing ground. They join hands firmly as they circle round; every alternate dancer flings his feet forward until his body becomes horizontal and parallel with the ground. These four then brace their feet together and, supported by the others in the ring, they form a rapidly revolving cross. After a little while they regain their feet and the others form the cross.

TRAVELS OF A CRAB.

In his report for the quarter ending September 30 the fishery officer for the Northeastern district states that he received one marked crab during the quarter. It was captured at Boddin, close to Montrose, Scotland: It had traveled from four miles north of Scarborough castle, a distance of about 155 miles, in 689 days. Unless the crab had a lift on the way from some sportive person it must on an average have crawled not less than 330 yards a day.—Westminster Gazette.

QUEER PLACE FOR NEST.

A sparrow has built a nest in a corner pocket of the pool table in the Active hose company's building at Bloomfield, N. J. Patrick Higgins, foreman of the company, found the sparrow trying to hatch three eggs in the same nest with the ivory cue ball when he invited several friends to join him in a game of pool recently. Many of the residents visited the firehouse to see the strange sight. Foreman Higgins says that all pool games must be postponed indefinitely.

PROOF.



Mr. Softly—Tommy, do you really think your sister likes me better than she does Mr. Smartly?

Tommy—I'm sure of it. When he's in the parlor she turns the light so low she can't see him at all.

NO SHIRKER.

The Ute brave had been informed that he must go to work.

"Tell the Great Father at Washington," he responded, "Injun heap ready, like work."

"What kind of work?" asked the agent, much encouraged.

"Chase um buffalo," responded the warrior, drawing his government blanket around him.

THE REAL MEANING.

A chronic office-seeker had announced his retirement from politics.

"This means," he explained to a close circle of friends, "that I retire from the effort to break in."

THE ISSUE.

"What is the issue of your local campaign?" asked the visitor to New York.

"Mostly small bills," replied the disgruntled political worker.

AS AN AID TO CUPID

Peculiar Sofa Just the Thing for Bringing Bashful Lovers to the Scratch.

"I would like to get a sofa for our parlor," said the pretty girl in the furniture emporium.

"Er—excuse me, miss," responded the clerk with a low bow, "but—have you a beau?"

The pretty girl blushed redder than an autumn apple and nodded in the affirmative.

"And is he bashful, miss?"

"Exceedingly. Why—why, he sits at the extreme end of the sofa."

"Ah, indeed! Then here is the very sofa you wish."

"That? Why, it looks like the letter V."

"Yes, it is called the 'Cupid Slide' sofa. No one can sit on it without sliding to the center."

HIS OPPORTUNITY.



Young 'Un—I heard of a man who laughed so hard at a story that he lost his voice.

Famlihan—What was that story? I'd like to tell it to my wife.

CACTI PUT TO USE.

Outside of its use as a hedge to turn cattle, the cactus plant has been pretty much a nuisance wherever it has flourished, but at El Paso, Tex., a company has just been formed to erect a plant for the extraction of alcohol, ether and fiber from all sorts of cacti. The works will be in an adobe building because it is easier to maintain in a building of this material certain temperatures necessary in the process. The capacity of the works will be 20 tons a day, which means that profitable employment will be found for many persons in cutting the cacti and hauling it to market. This will be the first plant of its kind in the United States.—The Pathfinder.

WHISTLER NOT CORDIAL.

Walter Crane gives a characteristic anecdote of Whistler, the painter. The "Butterfly," as Whistler was called, was not inclined to be cordial when, disguised as a Spanish cavalier in black, with a big sombrero, at a fancy-dress ball, he found himself alongside of Mr. Crane, as Cimabue, all in white. Crane says: "I had met him previously at one of his own private views, and said to him, by way of greeting, that I thought I had had the pleasure of meeting him before; but he only said, drily, 'Very likely,' and we didn't get any further."

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

A new rector in a village church placed a question box at the door of the sacred edifice and announced that he would answer all questions put there.

"How can I prevent myself sleeping in church?" was the question of a wag.

"Stay home; your snoring annoys the rest of the congregation," was the answer.

And after that there was no further attempt at levity.

FIRED BY HERTZIAN WAVES.

Experiments were recently made with the explosion of fixed torpedoes at a distance by means of Hertzian waves. The apparatus employed is the invention of Senor Balsera, a telegraph official. The results of the trials are declared to have been satisfactory. The inventor has asked for facilities to study the application of his system to the working of torpedoes.

WHERE IT BELONGED.

"You made a mistake in putting that engagement to a Spanish duke in the commercial column."

"Not on your life," replied the editor. "Perhaps you didn't notice the price paid for the duke."

NOT HARD TO COPE WITH

Medical Science Was Equal to New and Wonderful Form of Human Affliction.

A medical student who prided himself on being a humorist was running down the steps of the hospital which he was "walking," when he met a fellow-student. "Hello, Brown!" cried the latter, noticing that his friend looked pleased. "You're in a hurry. What's the matter—any good cases?"

"I should think so!" cried Brown. "We've got a woman in the ward up stairs who is so cross-eyed that the tears run down her back!"

"Bless me!" said his friend. "You can't do anything for her, can you?"

"I should think we can—in fact, we have," cried Brown; "we've treated her for bacteria!"

UNROMANTIC PAPA.



She (gushing)—I had such a lovely conversation with your son just now.

Old Father (cynically)—Why, did he propose to you?

ELECTRICITY—ITS BEGINNING.

When we speak of "volts" in electricity, we pay oftentimes an unconscious tribute to Alexander Volta who in Paris just one hundred years ago made public a contrivance that assured a steady flow of electricity. His discovery remains practically unchanged to this day. Previously, a current of electricity had been derived from a series of pieces of zinc and copper, each bit of metal wrapped in a cloth saturated with acid. Volta improved this by putting each zinc and copper pan in a cup by itself filled with acid. From this "crown of cups" a steady current was produced—and it is this voltaic cell that has taught the modern electrician his business.

A THANKFUL FARMER.

It is related of an old farmer residing in Australia that he was jogging to chapel in his usual manner, in order to take part in the harvest thanksgiving service. The harvest had been small, and the rain was still pelting mercilessly.

"Where are you going?" asked a sneering neighbor.

"To the harvest thanksgiving to thank God for His mercies," answered the farmer.

"And suppose God is not there?" said the neighbor.

"Then we'll praise Him behind his back," said the worthy old man, as he jogged on towards the chapel.

POOR OUTLOOK.

The rich young man who was trying to learn to work had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer, but he found that his path was by no means clear of obstacles.

"You tell me your father objects to your marrying me," he said, in a crestfallen tone. "Is it because I am in his employ? I can leave it and go back to a life of idleness if he prefers."

"Oh, no, that isn't what he wants," said the object of his choice. "He says I may marry you just as soon as you're valuable enough to have your salary raised."—Youth's Companion.

AUTOMOBILE SEARCHLIGHT.

The automobile searchlight adopted for the British army, is on a vehicle designed for 22 to 25 miles an hour, and, having cannon wheels with bronze treads and heavy pneumatic tires, traverses cultivated fields and bad roads at 12 to 16 miles. The steel chassis is 20 feet long, carrying a four-cylinder Brooke petroleum motor of 45 horsepower and a three-foot lens projects a 40,000 candle power beam of light three or four miles. With four men the apparatus supplies light, traveling or at rest, for 10 or 12 hours without interruption.

TRUE DAUGHTER OF VASSAR

Boston Girl Could Not Stand for Mispronunciation Even From the Florist.

A charming young Boston girl just out of Vassar was critically examining the stock of a florist's stall in Tremont street.

"I want flowers for two large window boxes," said she, "and they're to be red and blue. That lot of lobelias will do nicely. How much are these?" she added, pointing to a row of flaming geraniums.

"Ten cents, three for a quarter," said the florist. "Fine geraniums, too!"

The Vassar girl gave him a glance of pity. Then, very delicately, as if not to wound the man's feelings by the correction, she said, "I will take a dozen of your best gerania."—Harper's Weekly.

FITNESS OF THINGS.

Medders, who had eaten a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, with the usual evidences of the meal on his shirt front and waistcoat—for Medders was a bit careless in his feeding—leaned back in his chair with serene satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "I feel better. I'll go now and order that suit of clothes I have been intending for the last month or more to add to my wardrobe."

"If you take my advice," suggested the feminine advocate of the breakfast table, surveying him with marked displeasure, "you'll get a pepper and salt suit."

"What for?"

"To go with all that egg."—Chicago Daily News.

WATCHES NEED A REST.

"Watches get tired out just the same as people," said a methodical man who worries if his timepiece isn't right up to scratch.

"Every little while my watch would stop running with its usual regularity and lose about half an hour in a day. I took it to the jeweler once or twice, but it still had these spells. One day I found out accidentally that it was just tired. If I lay it away somewhere for a day or two when it gets one of those losing fits and then wind it up again it will keep perfect time. All it seems to need is a little rest."

PROFESSIONAL STOICISM.

The dentist on the third floor was treating a tooth for the dentist on the fifth floor.

"I hope I'm not hurting you," he said, as the drill slipped into the nerve cavity.

There was no response.

"I say I hope I didn't hurt you any."

The dentist in the chair opened his eyes.

"I beg your pardon for not hearing you, doc," he said. "I must have fallen asleep."

TIME WAS MONEY.

A clergyman not long ago received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish house:

"This is to give you notice that I and Miss Gemima Arabella Brearly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon nex' to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour."—Ladies' Home Journal.

IN DOUBT ABOUT ONE POINT.

"But I have talked long enough, my friends," said the long winded orator. "Before I sit down, however, I am willing to answer any questions you may like to ask as to points I may have failed to cover in my discourse."

A brief pause followed.

Then a timid looking man in the audience rose.

"Is a motion to adjourn in order?" he asked.

HOW HE DID IT.

"I can't understand," said the doctor after the operation had been performed and the patient had been prepared for burial, "how your husband was able to live, with such an affliction as he had."

"Well, you see," replied the sorrowing widow, "it was years and years before we could persuade him to go on the operating table."

PROVERBIAL.

"Alas," said the jeweler as the fat man leaned through his show counter with a crash, "circumferences alter cases."—Princeton Tiger.