

OLD TAVERN CHARGES.

Guarded as carefully as any of the guests' jewels that lie beside it in the big safe of a great and glittering Broadway hotel in New York city and treasured by the proprietor more than its weight in gold is an old cashbook.

The prices charged by this innkeeper of long ago are as far removed from those exacted today as this ancient hostelry is from the gorgeous summer hotels of the countryside where it once stood.

Every few days there came along, according to this ancient register, a "Connecticut man." He invariably spent just 6 cents for food, and that was for pie.

Among the journeymen along this turnpike road whose passage is recorded in this yellowed volume is "Old Particklar. Doubtless he was some cranky old codger who kicked about everything and whose golings the innkeeper sped as much as possible.

Occasionally an old acquaintance would pass by or some dignitary, for it is set down that a "friend from Lexington" had hay and lodging one day at the inn.

The First Dessert Spoon. When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them.

An Exception. She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him.

Moral good is a practical stimulus.—Plutarch.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Letter and Marshall Field were working for him.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

To Praise a Turkish Baby is to Terrify its Mother.

Turkish women, even the most enlightened of them, are very superstitious. To praise a baby to its mother is all your life is worth should the baby happen to fall ill afterward.

The evil eye is the most common belief, and little children, who may be dressed in the height of European fashion otherwise, will wear under the brim of their hats a piece of garlic or other potent charm against the evil eye.

A Bargain. "I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley as he proceeded to open a large, round box.

Her Very Clear Thoughts. "Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

A Sure Enough Rio. Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

Politeness in China. In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children. Accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say: "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners. They did not teach you the rules of propriety."

The Reason of it. "Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?" "In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stood on His Rights. The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament)—Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you—Mr. Snarler—Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—London Tit-Bits.

A He always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rice.

But After Awhile the Young Man Made His Case Clear.

As the young man entered the old man looked up and scowled.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What?" roared the old man. "She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of ecstasical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way. What I want is nothing to you; now, is it?"

"Why—er—not—exactly." "I might want \$1,000, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?"

"Certainly not." "You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly." "Then what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture, or I think I'd like your daughter, or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as an agent to say that she wants me and that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that if you care to make the investment I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally she got him. No wide awake business man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me hereafter I'll let you select your own nuts and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.

Her Very Clear Thoughts. "Well, aunt, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yourself, I thoct, 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thoct, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken w' that whumel out o' Saunders McDrunthie's cart my thoughts syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

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—About the first move in gardening that reminds one of the "good old summer time," is the setting out of onion sets. This work in some sections has already been done, but in other places the time is just about at hand.

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