

MARK TWAIN TELLS HOW HIS WIFE LEARNED HE SWORE

Mark Twain's instalment of his autobiography in the current issue of the North American Review is filled with his gentle humor.

In the last number Mr. Clemens told "In my lifetime I had never heard anything so out of tune, so inharmonious, so incongruous, so ill-suited to each other as were these mighty words set to that feeble music.

"Susy's remark about my strong language troubles me," he goes on, "and I must go back to it. All through the first ten years of my married life I kept as constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when

"I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was a white senequiche partly again."

"Then she had to laugh herself. Both of us broke into conyhusions, and went on laughing until we were physically exhausted and spiritually reconciled."

that I had not a doubt that my sup-
pressions had been successful.

"But at last an accident exposed me. I went into the bathroom one morning to shave and I found the door left the door two or three inches ajar. It was the first time that I had ever failed to take the precaution of closing the door and I was very much embarrassed. I was particularly anxious to know what was going on about this because shaving was always a trying ordeal for me."

"Now this suspect was unprotected, but did not time it. I had no extraordinary trouble with my razor on this occasion and was able to worry through with mere mutterings and growlings of an improper sort, but with nothing noisy or emphatic about timing and barbing."

"Then I put on a shirt. My shirt

The report of the committee was in the main favorable for granting the terms asked for by the company, and it was unanimously adopted by the board which has passed the report on the committee's recommendation. The recommendation will be considered by council at a special meeting and will very likely be accepted.

there—when there are buttons. My time the button was missing. My temper jumped up several degrees in a moment and my remarks rose accordingly, both in loudness and vigor of expression.

SHIRTS OUT OF WINDOW.

"But I was not troubled for the bathroom door was a solid one and I supposed it was firmly closed. I flung up my shirt and the door opened and I

en employment would mean much to the industrial growth of Bridgewater and there is no doubt now but that the project will go through as all the leading citizens are enthusiastic on the matter.

1906 CROP OF POTATOES

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—The 1906 crop of

"Again the button was absent, I augmented my language to meet the emergency, and threw that shirt out of

was absent, and that shirt followed its comrades out of the window. Then I straightened up, gathered my reserves, and let myself go like a cavalry charge. In the midst of that great assault, my eye fell upon that gaping door and I was paralyzed.

toll. I extended the time unnecessarily trying to make up my mind as to what to do under the circumstances. I tried to hope that Mrs. Clemens was asleep, but I knew better. I could not escape by the window. It was too late.

"At last I made up my mind to boldly roar through the bedroom with the air of a conqueror. The door opened and Mr. Clemens made half the journey across the room."

safo. It is very difficult to look as if you have not been doing anything when the facts are the other way, and my confidence in my performance oozed steadily out of me as I went along. I was training for the left-hand foot because it was furthest from my wife. It had never been opened from the day that the house was built, but it seemed through October, and farmers are somewhat puzzled to know just what course to take. In fact many of them where storage facilities are available are holding for a time, hoping for better markets later.

New England footwear manufacturer is planning special activity in spring lines of ready-to-wear shoes.

and dictating these histories morning after morning with such serenity.

carved black Venetian bedstead—the most comfortable bedstead that ever was, with space enough in it for a family of six or eight—stood at the head mounting its twisted columns on its headboard and footboard to bring peace to the weary limbs of the travellers. "I had to stop in the middle of the room. I hadn't the strength to go on. I believed that I was under accusation."

vinced that somebody behind you is looking steadily at you.

"You have to turn your face—you can't help it.

"It turned mine. The bed was placed as it is now, with the foot between the head and the wall. If it had been placed as it should have been, the high board would have sheltered one,

erable excitement has been created among farmers of West Darlington, in Durham county, over the outbreak of a deadly disease among the cattle known as symptomatic anthrax, or more fully, anthrax septicaemia. The disease has been traced to a small farm at Black leg. Two valuable cows belonging to the herd of Bunday Bros. west of this town, have died, and an

I was exposed. I was wholly without protection. I turned, because I couldn't help it—and my memory of what I saw is still vivid after all these years.

A REJOINDER.

"Against the white pillows I saw the black head—I saw that young beauty."

never such there before. They were snapping at me in indignation. I myself crumbling; I felt myself shrinking away to nothing under that desolating fire for as long as a minute, I should say—it seemed a very, very long time.

"Then my wife's lips parted, and from them issued—my latest bath room soap."

who has recently returned here from his tour of the United States, has given dinner in honor of the Com. Con. tonight to a party of his Irish colleagues in honor of his successful mission to the United States and Canada in behalf of the cause of home rule for Ireland. I saw a speech Mr. O'Connor outlined the results he had achieved. John Red

prosaic, inept, impractical, unappealing, and
rice-like, ignorant, inexperienced, comically
inadequate, absurdly weak and
unsuited to the great language.

12