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A WOMAN AND A WIRE

THE WOMAN WAS INQUISITIVE AND THE WIRE WAS A LIVE ONE.

She Caught It In Her Hands and It Only Tickled Her - Escaped With Her Life and Made a Fuss About Her Soiled Palms.

The electrician was working upon light socket. Every little while he would wet his finger and put it inside the socket. Then he would hastily take it out with the remark: "It doesn't take long for a 110 voltage

While he was working on the socket he told a story. He gave as a reason for telling this story the following: "A woman will get into worse places

and come out less hurt than any man that ever lived." While he let this assertion fix itself in the mind of his hearers he delivered him-

self of this story: "I was working some time ago where we had a great many dangerous wires. Some carried a voltage of 500, some a voltage of 300 and some a voltage of 110. Many of the wires were so exposed that if they got loose from their fastenings and fell where people walked some one would surely be killed. I warned people walked some best transfer and the work of about these wires, and I did my best to keep them firmly in place, but they should have been buried.

"One day I received a complaint notice that one of the main feed wires was out of order and needed immediate attention. No one knew where the trouble was, and I spent an hour locating it. At last I found it in a stretch of wire running through a semipublic hallway. In order to work freely and to get the trouble remedied as soon as possible I put a dan-ger sign at each end of the hallway and then took the wire down from its fastenings. I was working, of course, with such tools as made it impossible for the wire to hurt me, unless I was very care-

"I had been at work, I guess, fifteen minutes when a woman spoke to me. I looked up, and there, close to me, stood a woman about forty years of age. She had brashed by the danger sign without paying any attention to it. Of course, being a woman, that was all that could be ing a woman, that was all that could be expected of her. She was almost on topof a redhot sizzling live wire, and my her jumped into my mouth. 'Madam,' I almost yelled, 'get out of here and keep close to the left wall when you go out.'
"Young man,' said she, 'I'm not going out of here until I find Henry Brown.

out of here until I find Henry Brown Where is he?'
"'Mad: " said I, 'I don't know Henry Brown, be you're standing over light-ning and death this minute, and you get

out of here.'
"'You are impudent,' said she.

"I'm not,' said I, 'but for heaven's sake go somewhere else and find Henry Brown."
"'Young man' said she, 'I'll stay here all night if you don't find Henry Brown for me.'

"Well, there I was. I had that wire in hand and an obstinate old woman standing over me, and I didn't know what minute she might get hold of that wire thought very quick, and then I said to her, 'If you go out into that other hall and wait there five minutes until I get done with this wire, I'll see if I can find

Henry Brown for you.'
"This seemed to satisfy her, and she work. I did not look at her, but it appears that she was about half way out of my hall when she noticed this electric wire and deliberately stooped and picked it up in her hand. I did not even know that she had done this until I suddenly heard

her say:
"'My, this tickles me.' "My, this tickles me."
"I looked up, and there that old lady stood fooling with that wire and smiling as if she had a pet dog in her hands. I couldn't yell at her. Why she didn't instantly drop dead I don't know and never will know. I tried to scream, but something stuck in my throat, and I could only gash and look at her. Finally she dropgasp and look at her. Finally she dropped the wire and walked into the other hall. An instant later she called to me:

"'Young man, I've got black lines on my hand from your dirty old wire.' my hand from your dirty old wire."
"I just shoved the wire up into its regular position, where it could harm no one who let it alone, and I went out into the other hall and said to the old lady:
"'Do you know that you ought to be dead this minute?"
"'No more of your impudence, young man,' said she. 'You just look at my hands and remember that I am going to say your company for damages.'

sue your company for damages."
"She held up the paims of both her hands, and the wire had burned the skin nands, and the wire had burned the skin so quick and so sure as to leave three or four black lines. I said to the woman:
"That is not dirt, madam. You have been burned by an electric wire having 500 voltage, and those marks are dead skin. You will probably carry them as long as you live. Didn't the wire burt long as you live. Didn't the wire hurt

"'Didn't hurt me a bit,' said she, beginning to look a little scared. 'It just made me feel as if somebody was tickling me. I don't know a live wire from a dead of "I took her down to the office of the company, and they found Henry Brown for her, and it seems that he was her She told him about her experience with the wire, and he looked mighty Before she went away

thought to ask her:
"'Do you wear rubber heels, madam?' "'You young sassbox,' said she, 'I suppose you would like to look. No, I don't wear rubber heels nor iron heels.'
"I have often wondered since what protected that woman from being killed

at that time." From His Viewpoint. "Well," said Willie's papa after his first day in school, "what did you think

replied Willie, "I think th teacher is a regular nuisance."
"Oh, no. Why do you think that?"
"Well, that's what you say I am when
I ask questions, an' she asks lots more'n
I ever did." "Oh,"

Jovial. Jovial Jovial once meant the type of character supposed to belong to all persons who were born when the planet Jupiter, or Jove, was in the ascendant. They were supposed to possess more of the cheerful elements of character than others and hence to partake of the benign qualities attributed to the father of the gods.

In the Boarding School. "Give me a synonym for success," said

the teacher. "Marriage!" cried a demure little girl IMPOSING ON EDITORS.

Curious Instances of Failure of the Editorial Memory. ong magazine editors that particu-

lar kind of a memory which recognizes instantly any literary thing which it has seen before is developed to the limit of seen before is developed to the limit of its capacity. Very rarely can a story be republished, even in a slightly garbled form or after an interval of many years and not be recognized and spotted by some outside editor, even if it has slipped past the censorship of the staff. The method usually followed by people who attempt to pass off old stories as original is to copy some practically unknown is to copy some practically unknown story by a famous author, leave out a little, add a little, and yet save enough that is good to make their version stand out from the ordinary run of the manuscripts which are declined every day by

the magazine editors. Some years ago one of the larger monthlies published a poem by a well known poet who died more than a century ago. As printed, it had been sent in by an unknown contributor from the west. This poem so struck the editor that he printed it, surrounded with a series of drawings by one of his best and most expensive illustrators. When he was informed by his friends of the true origin of the poem, he made a resolution to accept no contribution from authors of whom he had no personal knowledge, and for a year or two strictly maintained that policy. A somewhat similar case occurred recently when a paper in this state published a poem by Keats and duly printed the poet's name beneath the title. A number of western papers reprinted the poem, giving credit to John Keats

in the The use of extracts from magazines in newspapers and other magazines is not objected to by most of the large publishing houses, provided that the extracts are short ones and that a regular credit and copyright notice is printed either at the top or bottom of the article. In spite of this generally understood permission so many cases occur when material is used and no credit given that a regular printed form is kept on hand in most of the large establishments to be sent out in such cases as come under their direct no-tice, cases which mount up in the course of a year to a large number. A warning s usually enough to make the offending editor publish a note acknowledging his omission in the next issue of his paper, and it is very rare that these slight of-fenses have to be followed up any fur-

POULTRY RAISING.

As a rule few old hens lay late in the fall or early winter. Indigestion is very often taken for

cholera among fowls. There is no better absorbent for the coultry house than plaster. The hen lays only when she is capable

of supplying the materials for forming an All arrangements for ventilation should be made so that if necessary the house can be closed in cold or stormy weather.

A hen that is long and boat shaped and also fairly deep is likely to show staying qualities. She should also have a deep If an abundance of good sharp grit is

kept constantly within reach of the fowls, many diseases from indigestion will be It is not the large hen that always lays the breeds that lay large eggs are small, as the Spanish and

Scalded sweet milk and cooked rice will stop diarrhea in fowls, but don't feed sloppy food while the fowls are in this

The usual causes of roup are cold, dampness and exposure. Although apparently contagious, the outbreak and spreading of the disease are due primarily to the surroundings.

In nearly all cases turkeys to bring good prices should be shut up ten days or two weeks and be given all that they will eat of a good fattening ration. Cornmeal and sweet potatoes boiled together fatten very rapidly.

The Absentminded Don.

One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford don, whose "scholarly bstraction" frequently landed him

difficulties. Dining out one night he suddenly came immersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left hand neighbor, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hands on the table, palm

down and fingers closed. Suddenly the professor awoke from brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw reposing to the left of his plate and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked, "My bread, I think!"—Tit-Bits.

Partial Punishment. The man who had rocked the boat and turned it bottom upward was clinging desperately to its slippery keel.

Half an hour passed away.
"I can't hold on any longer!" Then suppose you let yourself down and wade out," suggested the other man, who had been standing on the ground all the time and apparently struggling to keep his head above water. "It's only

four and a half feet deep here, I am sorry

The Wasp. It is said that the male wasp does not sting. But as the male and female wasps wear the same kind of polonaise and look as much alike as twins the only way to

distinguish their sex is to catch one. If it stings, it is a female; if not, it is a Two Likes.

"I like your nerve!" gasped the beau tiful girl, struggling against the inevi-"And I like you cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the

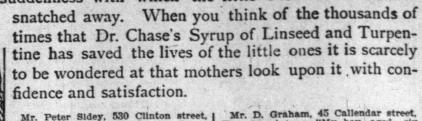
tory exercise.-And Be Read Too. Prospective Editor-I am going my new paper The Blood.
Other Fellow-Why?
Prospective Editor-So it will start off with a good circulation.

Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player Liszt replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."-Ladies'

Is Your Child in Danger?

Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Severe Chest Colds are Threatening.

It is the old story of wet feet, exposure to cold and dampness and chilled bodies. Towards night the hoarseness comes and the hollow, croupy or tight chest cough. Then mother's anxiety, for she knows the danger and the suddenness with which the little ones are sometimes



Mr. Peter Sidey, 530 Clinton street, Torcnto, states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is, in my opinion, a splendid remedy for children, being at once soothing and easy to take. It cured my two-year-old girl of a bad cold and croupy cough. It was no trouble to get her to take it, and the relief was remarkably quick."

Mr. D. Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, states:—"My boy, aged six years, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him this valuable remedy. It very quickly checked the advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever and at school again."

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BEAVERS' DIPLOMACY. Ceased War on Muskrats Because of

Charles Nicholas, an Indian guide of Kineo, Moosehead lake, to whom the habits of bird and beast were always an open book, tells the following little story, which he declared was true and which is certainly good enough to be true: Near the head of Spencer bay is an extensive marsh, where in the summer time deer are wont to feed and frolic, where in the fall the lordly moose come from off the mountain to mate and where, at all seasons of the year, muskrats innumera-ble have dwelt. Not so far away is a smaller marsh, where for many years a colony of beavers has lived in cozy houses built close by the water's edge. These

calls, but lived and prospered in happy exclusion The going out of the ice from the lake one season was followed by an almost unprecedented rise of water and the two marshes in Spencer bay, the large one and the little one, were completely covered. Now, the muskrats did not mind the flood a bit. Driven from one hole, they sought another farther back, and when there weren't any more holes these happy go lucky vagrants set up housekeeping in a huge pile of driftwood, never

osing a meal or a wink of sleep.

But with the beaver it was different. These industrious property owners suf-fered severely, and when the waters of Moosehead lake at last receded the ruins of the beavers' lodges went with them. The beavers did not sit and sulk; neither did they for a moment think of building again on the same old site. They sought higher ground, where the floods of another spring could not reach them, and so it came about one fine morning when the muskrats came down on to the marsh to play they found the beaver there before

It was a large marsh, as has been stated before, but it was not large enough for both muskrat and beaver. War was at once declared, and the war ended in the breaking up of the muskrat colony and the scattering of the rats all along the

shores of Spencer bay. Two miles from the marsh and on the farther side of the bay was a clump of poplar trees, which the beavers selected as the best material available for their new homes. All day and all night they saw ed, until finally they had floating on the lake and compactly rafted several hun-dred logs for up to date beaver houses. And then the troubles of these busy but unscrupulous little builders began. They could not even stir the raft of logs from shore, to say nothing of towing

it two miles across Spencer bay to the marsh. Every beaver in the colony was summoned to the task. Young and old, big and little, weak and strong, they pushed and pulled, but they could not budge that

raft of timber.

Then the head of the beaver colony called the other beavers together on the raft and laid before them this remarkable proposition: If the muskrats would lend a helping hand and tow that raft up Spencer bay, they (the beavers) would permit them to return to the big marsh, where they might live without fear of molestation. The rest of the beavers agreed, and the muskrats, when appealed to, also agreed, and the following morn-ing, before the waters of the bay roughened up, the deer and the squirrels and the gulls beheld with amazement beavers and muskrats, shoulder to shoulder, push-ing a raft of logs before them up Spencer

The houses are built, and the beavers are in them, and all about are muskrat holes, and muskrats in them too. And beaver and rat, who are at war every-where else in northern Maine, are living together in peace on the big marsh at the

Children Cry tor

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