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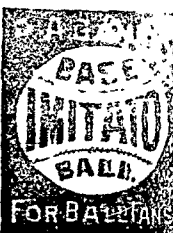
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GENEALOGICAL FRANKS

Apt to Come to Light as One Inquires Into His Ancestry.

Strange fruit sometimes grows on the genealogical tree. The crabapple has been accredited as the remote grandfather of the luscious apple of today, probably also of the Ben Davis, and now and then in old, neglected orchards the call of the wild has too evidently taken the fruit back through the ages to an undesirable ancestry.

In the human family it is perhaps not always best to inquire too curiously as to those who have gone before in the mission of peopling the earth. Bishop Quayle of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was born in this country of Isle of Man parentage, tells of an uncle who took up with great earnestness the search for ancestry. All at once the zeal of this uncle slackened. He was asked the cause of this sudden coolness in the chase.

"Why," said the uncle, "do you know that along in the early part of the eighteenth century I ran into a hot nest of smugglers and pirates? I was afraid to go further for fear I should fare worse."

An English paper, T. P. O'Connor's Weekly, gives the curious result attending researches recently conducted in the family history of the great French poet Beranger. He had a natural son, who bore the name of Lucien Paron, who turned out badly. This bad boy, born in 1799, was apprenticed by his putative father to a grocer, in the Rue St. Denis in Paris. He gave himself up to wild courses, and so was packed off to the French colony on the Island of the Reunion in the Indian Ocean.

He squandered all the money that he had taken with him and wrote a begging letter home for more. Beranger sent a long letter of good advice with a small remittance, and nothing more was expected. The young man clerked for a while in the house of a sugar merchant, later he kept a small school for the children of the Reunion fishermen, and lived in a hut as miserable as their own. He married an African woman by whom he had a daughter named Augustine Adelaide.

This daughter married a Chinese boatman named Wu Tu, by whom she had three children, and these children, in turn, have married, so that there is a numerous progeny of Wu Tus who have as their illustrious ancestor Beranger, the greatest of French song writers Indianapolis News.

Peculiar Superstition.

The people of Kulu are extremely superstitious and go in extensively for demology, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. Many trees are held to be sacred and have tiny temples dedicated to them. The demons are popularly supposed to live at the tops of trees, and if a tree falls in such a way that it is possible to pass under it, as is often the case on the mountain sides, every man before going beneath the trunk will place on it a skull or a stone to propitiate its guardian spirit. Certain streams are also sacred, and no one is allowed to wash dirty clothes in them. During 1908 some strangers came into the valley and happened to pollute the water of a river in this manner. It chanced to be a year of extraordinary rainfall, and the people implicitly believe that the excessive rain was sent by the outraged "deota" of the stream as a punishment.

Valuable Old Documents.

The chance discovery of a secret drawer in an old writing desk which has been in the family of Charles Beckel of Bethlehem, Pa., for generations as a treasured heirloom, revealed that the drawer contained an interesting and valuable collection of historical letters and documents. The papers, a score or more, are war department letters, letters of Gen. Anthony Wayne and others, and proclamations that date back to the revolutionary war and early days of the federal government. Prof. Allison of the historical department of Carnegie Institute states that taken together the letters form a valuable source of first-hand information of an important period in the nation's history.

High Freight Rates.

Shippers in the United States who are growing about freight rates may take comfort from the fact that a shipper in Sao Paulo, Brazil, has just paid freight amounting to \$197.40 on 1150 sacks of potatoes or about \$1.32 a bag for a haul of 300 miles between the two principal cities of Brazil—a haul, which corresponds to one from New York to Boston. This rate is not exceptional, though perhaps higher than on most national products.

Whistles.

Whistling is a fixed habit in man but it can be overcome. The man on the tugboat is only an overgrown whistling boy. The boy is spanked into a knowledge that there is a reason and a time when whistling may be indulged without rousing the ire and angering the nerves of the neighbor. There is a certain legal spanking which may fit the seat of the present noisemakers.—Chicago Post.

Cure Effected by Radium.

The latest use of radium was upon a case of filariasis, or blood worm disease in Paris. In this mosquito caused disease the blood at night swarms with millions upon millions of microscopic maggots plugging up and inflaming and swelling the kernels in the armpits. A short course of radium in the armpits cured the swelling and made the worms scarce in the blood.

CUPID

My wife and I are rather old-fashioned people, but we occasionally dine at a cosy little restaurant in the theatre district. I remember our first introduction to finger bowls, but that is not at all what I wish to tell you about; possibly I never shall tell you, as I dwell upon the occasion entirely without joy. And the waiter, a stumpy little chap he was. For quite a while I used to address him as "Mister," with an inviting pause, hoping he would supply his name. He never supplied it, however, and as I am of a somewhat determined nature, persisted in this form of address, until on one occasion he said to me, "Would you mind, sir, not calling me Mister?"

"Not at all," I replied, as blandly as I could. "What is your name?"

"It is Herakleus, sir, but most people call me Cupid, sir."

"For short, I presume?"

"No, sir," he replied. "I believe there's a god by that name, sir, who makes work for the parson."

The evening was rather a rainy one, and in consequence the dining room was comparatively empty. The waiter, therefore, had little to do but attend us. "You see, sir," he went on, "I'm of a very sentimental nature, sir."

"Yes," I replied, with as straight a face as I could muster. "It seems as though I have heard of Cupid." And from the table I received a remonstrance as a kick from my wife.

"I've figured in many a matrimonial deal, sir. Maybe you'd like to hear of the one that gave me my nickname."

"I should be glad to," I replied, and the waiter, warmed to his subject by our receptive attitude, went on: "You see those little numbered dining rooms on the balcony above? Well one night when I was working up there, in comes an unhappy-looking couple that quite evidently wants to be alone, so the head waiter shows them up to No. 25. No sooner were they seated, sir, than another couple greets them even than the first, come in and we puts them into the next room, 26. I was to wait on them all running in from one room to the other, as was necessary. We waiters see funny things at times, but those two couples was amusing. They squabbled with each other, two by two you understand, neither knowing of the other's presence, and from soup to

outs, sir, not one of them really ate enough to fill a dicky bird.

"You had no business to take me up so quick," says the girl in 25, "suppose I did ask you to take me out to dinner, that's no reason why you should have done so."

"Now, see here," says the man, "this is no picnic for me, either. You're a charming girl, and all that," he says, "but I can imagine at least as pleasant a companion as you are proving to be," he says. "Confound the little mix," he goes in a kind of muttering tone. "God bless her," he adds quickly, "she had no business to disappoint me." You see he was thinking of some other girl.

"And that odious Jack," says the girl. "If he hadn't been so stupid, I'd now be with him instead of you." And so it went on, each mad that they wasn't with someone else. And in the next room it was just as bad. They weren't so outspoken, but I could see that a more miserable couple didn't exist that night. It didn't take the long to put two and two together, so to speak, and I knew that through some misunderstanding each was out with the other fellow's girl and wishin' he wasn't; and the same with the girls. They had formally "Mister'd" and "Miss'd" each other so much that I knew all their names, so finally I hit on a scheme that I thought might clear the atmosphere.

"I goes into 25 and, begging his pardon, asked if this wasn't Mr. Atkins' room." Well, Mr. Atkins was wanted at the telephone in the manager's office and I showed him the way to the phone. Then I goes into 26 and asks wasn't this Mr. Brown's room? "That was his name," he says, "looking at me as if he'd like to bite my head off. Well, Mr. Brown was wanted at the telephone at the cashier's desk, and I shows him the way, which was in a different direction. I had it all fixed that there was a mistake, and that the gentlemen really wanted had already answered the calls. While the two men are gone, I puts the number 25 on Room 26, and vice versa, so to speak. You see those curtains up there with the numbers on? Well, it was an easy matter for me to do this, and when the men got back each goes into the other man's place. I was taking some chances, but it certainly worked fine.

"Of course it had to come out right away what I had done, and such happy looking sets of people I've never seen before. They run in here after frequent now, all four of them together, and they always calls me 'Cupid.' There's one thing about it, though, that I never could quite make out, not being very good at figures, sir."

"And what was that?" asked my wife and I in unison.

"Well, you see," said the waiter, "Mr. Brown's check was for \$5 and Mr. Atkins' was for \$7. Now, each man paid the other man's check with a \$10 bill, and both of them told me to keep the change. Which one do you think lost by it, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I laughingly replied, handing him a ten myself. "But go thou and do likewise."

"Thank you, sir," said the waiter, and he did.—ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS.



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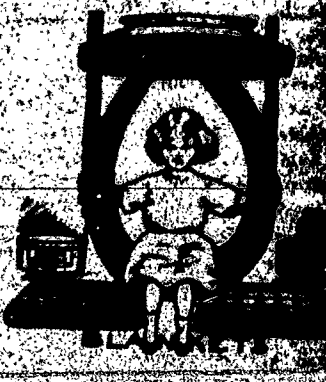
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