Relighted.

In the dim and murky past, it hap pened that the wife of Sultan Mohammed Abdu passed from this world into the world beyond.

The Sultan was much grieved. She had been his favorite and he knew not what to do. Many times and oft he sought her tomb and wept copiously upon it. Roses were planted there by him, by his own hands. And by and by he erected a monument bearing only these words: "The light of My Life has gone out." And even thereafter many times and oft did he seek the tomb. The winds blew through the roses and scattered the petals far and wide, and they died. With them sped the love of Sultan Mohammed Abdu.

There came into his life another, and a younger maiden, fair of face and form, such as it was joy for him to possess. He took her unto himself and placed her in his establishment.

After the marriage he walked one day with her to the burial ground. They passed the tomb of the other favorite.

The new wife read the inscription cut there in the monument, "The Light of My Life Has Gone Out," and she spake unto Sultan Mohammad Abdu, saying, "You must fix that." And the Sultan did.

One day he went into the burial ground alone with a cold chisel and a hammər.

He worked long. The clink of the chisel on the stone was heard beyond the walls.

At eventide he stepped back and surveyed his work. There, beneath the inscription, had he cut these words: "But I've Struck Another Match."

The Turkish record has it that they lived happily ever after.

Recognized the Voice.

A dear old lady who lived up on Marshall street died suddenly the other day. Her death was completely unexpected-in fact, the evening be fore she died she had been persuaded to speak into the receiver of a phonograph owned by her son in-law. It turned out to be a remarkably good record, for the old lady had a peculiarly shrill voice, and as she sang her favorite hymn into the phonograph the reproduction was perfect.

Now, there is a colored girl in the family who possesses all the superstitions of her race. A couple of days after the funeral she was dusting the furniture in the sitting room when she inadvertently turned a switch that started the phonograph. As luck would have it, the cylinder was the one containing the old lady's

hymn, and it rang out with startling distinctness. The colored girl stood rooted to the spot, gasping for breath. It was fully a minute before she quite recovered her faculties, and then with a yell of "For the Lawd's sake! Missy 'Liza's come back!" she ran downstairs. No amount of explaining could convince her that there was nothing supernatural about it, so she took her cloths and went. -Philadelphia Record.

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