PITH AND POINT.

He "Yes, she made a fool of me." She-"I wonder why it is a man never recovers from a thing of that kind?"-Brooklyn Life.

Crooks-"I suppose you and your wife are of one mind?" Straits-"Oh, yes. We couldn't live in our flat if we weren't."-Town Topics.

The man who goes through life kicking like a mule invariably lacks the force which renders that animal's kick: effective.—Chicago Daily News.

Judge-"Prisoner, it is your right to challenge the jurymen you object to." Pugilist-"All right, my Lord; I reserve the right until after they make their decision."--London Tit-Bits.

When a man imposes upon his wife and doesn't care who knows it, he etalks ahead of her when walking on: the streets and seats himself in the pew first at church.—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. Newrich-"Oh, dear, no! My Musband don't have to be in business no more. He's just a gentleman now." Mrs. Blugore-"That must be a pleasant change for him."-Philadelphia

Just What She Wanted .- "Julia, I think I'll give you furniture for your birthday present." "How lovely, Harry! I'll take a piano, a sewing machine and a lady's writing desk."-Detroit

An Insinuation.—"Bulger has just written an 'Apostrophe to the Ocean' which he thinks is very good." "I've read some of Bulger's 'apostrophes.' " "What do you think of them?" "I think he should substitute quotation marks." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He was telling a hairbreadth adventure. "And in the bright moonlight," he said, thrillingly, "we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves!" "Oh," breathed the dear girl, who was listening intently, "how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!"-Chicago Daily News.

SHEEP KING OF NEW MEXICO. Gov. Francisco Chaves, Who Once Owned Over 1,000,000 of

the Animals.

New Mexico was the first "sheep country" in the United States. Juan de Onaic, the founder of Santa Fe and the first colonizer of the territory, brought fine Spanish merinos with his costly expedition, and sheep have never failed in New Mexico in spite of the wild beasts and nomad Indians. Coronado, by the way, had brought sheep to the ter-

ritory in 1540; but they were killed by

the savages as soon as he returned to Mexico.

In time sheep became almost the only wealth of the lonely and harassed territory. A few wealthy men had enormous herds; and, though the Apaches and Navajos swept off sometimes as many as 30,000 sheep in a single raid, the wool industry has remained through many adverse centuries the chief reliance of New Mexico. In 1822 Francis Xavier Chavez, then governor, hetterknown as El Guero ("the blonde"), owned over a million sheep, says Sunshine. These were let out on shares to men all over the territory. A later governor, Bartolome Baca, had nearly as many. An old Mexican is still living who used to be one of Gov. Baca's mayor-domos and had charge of 500,000 sheep, with 700 shepherds under him. All the shepherds were armed with flintlock muskets, and frequently had to use them against the savages, as well as in keeping down the bears, cougars,

wolves, coyotes and other animals. The old Spanish governor of New Mexico before the United States had fairly heard of the territory was not a bad sort of millionaire, and neither wealth nor power spoiled him. Besides his enormous holding of sheep, he owned a great proportion of the whole territory, and had mortgages on a larger part of the remainder. The little hamlet of Cebolleta was for 12 successive seasons devoured by the grasshoppers, which left no green thing. The people would have perished but for Don Bartolome. He gave them 10,000 sheep, and the whole town turned shepherd. They drank the milk and ate the lambs and wethers, and in fine lived off the rheep. When the plague of grasshoppers ceased and good times came again. for Cebolleta, the whole 10,000 sheep and their natural increase had been devoured, and not one was left to repay Don Bartholome. Nor did he ever ask a reckening.

When this gallant old czar of the southwest was upon his death-bed his rons begged him to arrange his affairs -which were all at loose ends. He bade them bring all the papers; and after a grand ransacking of the house the expectant heirs brought him in a Navajo blanket several bushels of mortgages and notes. The veteran said:

"They who have given me these papers are poor people. They shall not suffer, and, to avoid litigation, there is an easy settlement"-and crawling from his bed be flung the great mass of papers into the blazing fireplace. It was the fitting last act of a cavalier's life.

Don Bartolome's daughter Lugarda, by the way, married Don Jose Luna, nucle of the ex-delegate to congress from New Mexico. Both were immensely wealthy, but put all their money in sheep, and lost them all by Indian depredations. The last I knew of them. this aged couple—he over 100 and she in the 90s-were fiving in abject poverty in a little adobe room, and would long before have starved but for their daughter-in-law. A strange irony of fate for the heirs of the big-hearted Don who had been for a generation the practical king of a territory 300 miles square!-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Nouring the Limit. He-Do you know, darling, that I think it makes me a better man every time I kiss you.

She-Well, at the pace you are goirg now there will soon be no more room for improvement.-Chicago Evening News.

STRANGE LAKES IN PERU.

Instead of Surface Outlets They Have Maclstroms That Speedily Swallow Boats,

From Crucero Alto, the highest town in the world, the Southern railroad of Peru drops down into the Lagunillas, or lake region of the Cordilleras, where, 14.250 feet above the sea, is a group of large lakes of very cold, pure water, without inlet or outlet. They receive the drainage of the surrounding hills and conceal it somewhere, but there is no visible means of its escape. A fringe, of ice forms around the edges of the lakes every night the year round, yet they contain an excellent variety of fish, called the pejerray, which is caught near the shore, and sold at Puna and in other neighboring towns. The two largest lakes, Saracocha and Cachipascana, with several smaller ones in the same neighborhood, are owned by the family of Mr. Romana of Arequipa, who has just been elected president of Peru. He owns immense tracts of land in this locality, with thousands of sheep, cattle, llamas, alpacas and vicunas, which are herded upon it.

A curious phenomenon about the lakes is that they keep at the same level all the time, regardless of the dry and rainy seasons. No amount of rain will make any difference with their depth, which, however, in the center is unknown. And this adds to the awe and mystery with which they are regarded by the Indians. There are no boats upon the lakes, except a few small balsas, or rafts, made of bundles of straw, which keep very close to the shore, for fear of being drawn into whirlpools that are said to exist in the center. There is some foundation for this fear, for only two or three years ago a balsa containing five men disappeared in the darkness, and was never heard of again. Of course, it may have tipped over and its occupants have been paralyzed by the cold water in an ordinary way. But their bodies were never discovered, nor did the balsa ever float to shore. Therefore the people think the whole party was lured into a maelstrom and swallowed up by the mysteri-

ous waters. The whirlpool near the center of Lake Popo which receives the waters of Lake Titicaca, is well known, and hundreds of men have lost their lives is venturing too near it. Boats that are drawn into the current are whirled swiftly around a few times and then disappear. For the protection of navigators the government of Bolivia has anchored a lot of buoys in Lake Popo, and boatmen who observe them are in no danger. There is supposed to be an underground outflow from all of these lakes. It is, claimed that articles which have been thrown into their waters have afterward been picked up on the seacoast near Africa, and careful observers say that on the beach in that locality are frequently found cornstalks, reeds and other debris which do not grow on the coast, but are found in great abundance among the interior lakes. - Chicago

CATFISH AND BULLHEADS.

Somewhat Interesting But Not Over-Particular Denizens of the Inland Waters.

The catfish and his smaller brother. the bullhead, of the Illinois river, belong to ancient types not yet fully made into fish, and hence those whose paired fins are all properly fastened to the head, as his are not, hold him in well-merited scorn. He has no scales. and no bright colors. His fins are small, and his head and mouth are large. Around his mouth are eight long "smellers," fleshy feelers, that he pushes out as he crawls along the bottom in search of anything that he may eat. As he may eat anything, he always finds it. His appetite is as impartial as that of a goat. Anything from a dead frog or a bunch of sunfish eggs to a: piece of tomato can is grateful to him. In each of the fins which represent his arms is a long, sharp bone with a slimy surface and a serrated edge. These are fastened by a ball and socket joint, and whenever the fish is alarmed the bone is whirled over and set in place. Then it sticks out stiffly on each side. There is another such a bone in the fin on the back, and when all of these are set there is no fish that swims the water that can

swallow him. When he takes the hook, which he surely will do if there is any hook to be taken, he will swallow it greedily. As he is drawn out of the water he sets his, three spines, and laughs to himself as the boy pricks his fingers trying to get the hook from his stomach. This the boy is sure to do, and because the boy of the Mississippi and Illinois valleys: is always fishing for catfish and bullheads is the reason why his fingers are always sore. The catrish is carcless of the present and sure of the future. After he is strung on a willow branch. and dried in the sun, and sprinkled with dust, and has had his stomach dug out to recover the hook, if he falls back into the river he will swim away. He holds no malice, and is ready to bite again at the first thing in sight.-Forest and Stream.

Slow Increase of London Population. The annual report of statistics relating to London has just been published. Taking the increase of population between 1891 and 1896 as a basis, the population of London in April, 1897, would be estimated at 4,474,330, an increase of 41,312, equivalent to 0.982 per cent., or less than one per cent. in the year. With respect to births, marriages and deaths, the statistics quoted stop at 1896, with births for that year: Males, legitimate, 65,928; illegitimate, 2,552; females, legitimate, 62,862; illegitimate. 2,481; making a total of 133,833, showing a decrease of 322 over the prerious year. Of the 79,744 people married in London in 1896, 35,754 were bachelors, 36,755 spinsters, 43,118 widowers and 3,117 widows.-Medical Rec-

THE HEAD WAITER.

In Chicago He Expects No Fees and Is Otherwise a Curious Creature.

Colored head waiters-large and haughty men, who rule the great dining-rooms-have been holding a convention in Chicago, and have thoroughly discussed the chief matters of interest to them. The gathering of the head waiters has naturally caused more or less gossip, and the dignitary of the dining-room has been more generally reviewed in current conversation, perhaps, than at any time since the days of aute-bellum southern hospitality, when the head waiters of New Orleans and other southern cities were famed throughout the land. Inquiry among the hotels and restaurants and places where the head waiters resort in off hours indicates that the chiefs of the dining-room service have a fairly good grasp upon the comforts and even luxuries of the world. They are well salaried and supreme in their sphere. Their word is law and there is but one drawback to their sovereignty. A head waiter can "fire," but he cannot

"The head waiter in a first-class hotel," said the manager of a down-town hostelry, "is paid from \$50 to \$100 a month and board. Figure up what it cots a man to board outside, and you will see that the average clerk or bookkeeper has a small income in comparison with a head waiter.

"He is in full charge of all the subordinate waiters, is responsible for everything that goes on in the diningroom, and can discharge any waiter that comes under his displeasure. But he cannot engage anybody. He is thus prevented from letting out competent help merely that friends of his may get the jobs. When he needs help he makes out a card stating how many men he needs, sends it to the office and the men are engaged.

"A really A1 head waiter is worth his salary. There is something about his massive dignity, his perfect control of his subordinates, his attention to the comfort and enjoyment of guests that gives the patrons a feeling of ease and pleasure. They like to cat in a place where every detail is seen to by so able a man. He almost hypnotizes them. They believe that he makes it a special point to find them the Best seats, to send them the cleverest and quickest waiters, to see that nothing is too hot or too cold, and that the best portions of everything are served at their particular table. The head waiter is a ne-

cessity. "Second waiters get \$45 a month and board-not bad wages, either. We do not allow tipping. Yes, I know that the average waiter cannot resist a tip and will naturally do his best for a patron whom he knows to be a liberal tipper. The head waiter, I fully believe, always does his best not to see the other waiters accepting any tips. It would not be policy for him to hover, hawklike, in the aisles and stop every man who was accepting money-so, irrespective of the rules, he forgets to look at the man who is taking a dime or

"In hotels, where indiscriminate tipping goes on at all times, a second waiter will about equal his salary with tips-that is to say, his income from gifts per month will be from \$40 to \$50. I do not think that head waiters exact a percentage of tips from their assistants, although I have heard rumors of

A particularly stately head waiter declared that his profession was one in which no ordinary man could hope to

"To be successful as a head waiter. and to gain the salary which is attached to the position," said he, "a man must be suave, quick witted and commanding. He must be able to enforce perfect obedience from his waiters without having to bully them or threaten to "fire' them half the time. He must be a man of good appearance—that goes without saying. No one of scrubby or undignified appearance could hold the respect of his employes or act in a manner pleasing to the diners.

"Many head waiters are wealthy, and several men have bought hotels of their own, in two or three cases the very hotels in which they were employed. A man in such a position should be able to save a large percentage of his halary. and the knowledge which he gains during his career as a headwaiter should certainly fit him for the ultimate control of a hotel or restaurant.

"I do not believe that many second waiters graduate to the rank of head waiter. Good head waiters are born. not made, and fit naturally into their

positions. "Tips? Well, in New York, Washington or New Orleans tips will run from \$50 a month upward. I do not think they will average more than \$20 a month in Chicago. No, the head waiter does not demand a percentage of his subordinates. Unless he could keep an eagle eye on every waiter and note down the exact amount each man received he could not get a fair percentage-the men would 'knock down' on him and not report one-fifth of the tips presented them. The head waiter himself occasionally receives handsome gifts from old patrons, but he does not figure on such things as a rule. He does not need to."--Chicago Daily

She Meant "Acrobat," But-Mrs. Casey-Luk at thot, now! Isn't the bye a born diplomat? Mrs. Cooney-And phat is a diplo-

mat? "Whoi, a diplomat is wan av thim fellys that kin twisht themselves anny old way and then twisht themselves back ag'in!"-Puck.

Not So Bad. D'Auber-Here's my latest picture, The Battle." I tell you war sa terrible

thing. Cynicus-Oh, I don't think it's as bad as it's painted.—Philadelphia Record.

AMONG THE AFRIKANDERS.

The Boer Women Have an Intense Hatred for the English and Are Prolific.

"The Boers of South Africa are a distinct race by themselves," said Louise. V. Sheldon, who lived three years in South Africa. "They are and always will remain primitive men and women, who prefer to live on isolated farms, farfrom any neighbors. The Boer's ancestor, probably some Dutch or French Huguenot exile, 'trekked' to the command of the outlander, who came and took possession of his slaves and farm. But he will not 'trek' again to please any enemy.

"The Boer women are very prolific, many of them having from 15 to 23 children. This is not an uncommon fact, and these children are ruled by their mother with a strong but silent hand. The women of this race are tall and massive, with giants for sons, whom they bring up in barefooted freedom to.

run over their native veldt,
"Good features and a beautiful complexion are common to the Boer woman, and, although she may only live in a primitive house of cement and clay, she is most careful of her looks. When in all ox wagon or cape cart she drives with her face swathed in folded linen, allowing only the eyes to remain uncovered. The hot winds that sweep over the country from the Kalhari desert blister and burn and play havoc with the skin.

"She is not as ignorant as one would suppose, but she lacks that worldly wise self-possession which the English woman has cultivated. She is in a way shy and speechless before a foreigner, unless he or she is an American; then a metamorphosis takes place. Her eyes sparkle, a little added color flies to her cheeks as she says: 'You come from a republic like our own.'

"She is energetié to such a degree that it tires an American woman who is not a club woman to watch her. Her religion is of the Dutch Reformed creed, and she and her family 'trek' into town every three months to a beautiful church built of stone, erected at a cost of \$50,000 or \$60,000, in a village of not over 1,000 inhabitants.

"Her lazy, black native servants have to be told every day from the time they arrive from their distant huts in the morning until night just what they must do. The Kaffir has no memory for the white man's work, and therefore a sharp stick well laid on his back is the only argument which the Boer frau uses and which will make him work.

"She can always get servants, strange to say, while her English neighbor will be forced to do her own work through lack of understanding how to rule them. Until one lives in the country and closely observes the customs of the Cape people in governing the native the servant question remains as difficult to solve as

"The Boer frau stays at home and runs the farm (of several thousand acres) while the men of the family go to war, and her inherited and acquired hatred of the English is so intense that she glories in being able to send her sons to destroy them. She is extreme in her likes and dislikes, and the Englishman has no bitterer foe than the Boer "The English have no love for primi-

tive, uncultured people, and they have on several occasions presumed upon the outward appearance of timidity in the Boer, and in turn been soundly thrashed.

"No one but Americans could ever amalgamate with the Boers, and that will never be, because Americans have enough to do in developing nature's storehouses in their own country, for the poorest mines in Cripple Creek, Col., which are not considered worth working, are richer than the richest mines in the Johannesburg gold fields."-N. Y. Tribune.

OPPOSED BY THEIR OWN SEX.

The Main Reason Why Women Fatt of Recognition in Government Departments.

"Why is it that women are practically debarred from receiving promotions to the higher places in the government service?" asked a government clerk of a quarter of a century's experience. The question was put to several ladies in the treasury department. Before any one of them had time to reply the questioner proceeded to answer his own interrogatory.

"It is because they are held back by members of their own sex," he said. "Some time ago a lady in one division I know of was so favorably regarded that she would have been made chief of that division, but as soon as her prospeets became known her fellow-clerks of the same sex became indignant and united in a protest. They declared that they could never work under her; that they would a thousand times rather have a man than a woman to 'boss' them. They wouldn't allow her to 'lord it over them.'

"That is only a sample of many cases. Women can be depended upon to autagonize women under such circumstances. Not only did they do so in the case I have cited, but they actually gave the marble heart and the icy hand to this woman after they defeated her prospects of a promotion. I am satisfied that one of the most influential obstacles to women in their effort to secure equal recognition with men comes from their own sex."

The man who asked and answered the questions then moved off, before his audience of lady clerks had an opportunity to reply to his assertions .-Washington Star.

A Slight Return. "The last laundry I patronized was the worst T've struck yet."

"In what way?" I got back was the buttonholes."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why, I sent 'em six collars, and all

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Points for the Ladies About the More Recent Features of the Upto-Date Dress.

Many of the winter coats are short, with plain coat sleeves, and are just long enough to clear the waist beneath. Buckles are to be found in every conceivable size, quality, material and price, the latter ranging from five cents to \$50 in the dry goods stores.

Buttons are being much used as a trimming. A greater diversity in the shape of pocketbooks is seen this season than

ever before, and more kinds of leather are employed in their manufacture. Levant, wild steer, walrus, sea lion and fancy pressed leathers are among the new ones. Dog collar belts continue in favor,

and can be had in seal, suede morocco, patent leather and cowhide. Side, Pompadour and Empire combs

are found in real and imitation tortoise shell and with rhinestones.

A new hat that has gained wide popularity because of its becomingness to almost every face has appeared this fall in silk and velvet for street and carriage wear. The wide brim is bent to suit the wearer, and the simple quill and sash decorations are replaced with elaborate trimmings.

Placket buttons and loops come in all sizes and shades, and may be had to match any dress goods or trimming. Those of metal seem to be the most popular, especially those in enamel and jewcled effects.

The newest Boston bag is a combination of leather and velvet, in shades to

match dresses or trimmings. New combination pocketbooks, which accommodate gloves, handkerchiefs and small articles, are somewhat longer than formerly. They come in three sizes, the medium being the most popular, and in dainty colorings.

Belt buckles are growing smaller. The newest ones are seen in the same old metals, but in design and size they have changed considerably in the last few months. Cut steel gives a genteel, rich and

stylish effect to any costume. Jeweled buckles are not as desirable as formerly. Enamel continues to please feminine fancies. Women who strive for individuality

and originality are using old coins, cameo brooches, Japanese filigree and army buttons for buckles and with picturesque results. The buckle and crush belts of satin

and velvet have almost entirely crowded out leather, kid and metal belts. Vivid hued waists are worn with skirts a deeper shade. Thus, a rose

pink with a dark red skirt; golden yellow with old gold; sky blue with navy Shoulder capes cannot be made too small. Some are no more than collars,

and fringe is receiving favorable attention .- N. Y. Tribune HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Winter Dressing of the Dining Room -Cleaning a Muddied Mackintosh, Etc.

The cradle, which has been under the ban of "baby specialists" for the past few years, is again restored to favor, now in authority urging that the motion properly controlled is excellent exercise for the infant. This news will be received with joy by many a mother who has felt that the emoluments of motherhood were not quite complete without the delight of swinging the soft, warm little bundle away into "bylow land." Of course, the quick, jerky motion of an unevenly rocked cradle is bad, but the long, easy swing in the big rocking chair, or the "hush-a-byebaby" erooned to the swaying accompaniment of the crib, is among the most delightful memories of mother and baby.

The habit of drinking a quantity of water daily is an important one, and one essential to the well being of every child. The tiniest-baby should be given a teaspoonful of pure water many times during the day, increasing the amount as the baby grows older. Of course, the water given a child should be boiled. unless some of the bottled spring waters are used. By having water always at hand the habit of frequent drinking may be encouraged.

A muddled mackintosh may be cleansed by spreading out flat on a table, then scrubbing with soapsnds and a small brush. Riuse off carefully in clear water, wipe with a soft cloth and hang up to dry in the air, but never near the fire. Rubber overshoes should be treated in the same fashion.

In "dressing up" the dining room for winter, have the curtains to reach sills only, as this economizes material and gives a smarter look to the room. A mantel slip of the same color and material gives an English touch, favored by many. If the ice is carefully washed before

it is placed in the icebox, lettuce, radishes and encumbers may be kept fresh and crisp by being placed in the pan that receives water from the icebox. If a supply of last season's nuts is

still on hand, a soak in salt and water for 24 hours before using will be found to improve them .-- Washington Star.

Crepe and crepon are the most popular fabrics for the building of the sheath-like skirts that still prevail, despite rumors to the effect that plain skirts were to be no more and that there is to be a return to the plaits at the back of the skirt. One charming model, seen recently at the play, was of pale pink crepe, made with four seams: one in front, one at the back, and one at each side. The skirt, which accordingly fitted like a glove, was entirely plain save for a sharp flare below the knee. Clinging as this skirt was from the softness of the material, it in no way interfered in the matter of walking as the skirt of ultra cut is said to

do.-Detroit Free Press.

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KEEN SPECULATION.

How Jibson's Mother-in-Law Got Him for a Steady Tenant.

Jibson was a crushed man. Even the fellows who daily labored with him in the same bank and were wont to pull off their coats as they entered the place in the morning and hail him with a cheery "Hello, Jibson!" noticed it. That evening he was badly "snagged" for the first time in the history of his connection with the concern, and labored over his desk until nearly midnight to discover a deficit of two cents in the accounts, for Jibson was too conscientious a man to force a balance. The clerks, one and all, resolved, if possible, to probe the mystery, but it was unfathomable. But it was no mystery to Jibson's home circle. Five years before Jibson had fallen violently in love with the sweetest little girl in the world, had married her and had taken a flat. In their own quiet, unobtrusive way they were happy. Then Jibson's mother came to visit her daughter for s few days. This event happened just two weeks after the marriage, and Jibson's mother-in-law was still with them. A month or so after her advent she proposed that Jibson rent a house. She knew of one, she said, in the suburbs, an ideal home. Jibson weakly. consented to visit the premises, and two weeks later Jibson, his wife, mother-in-law, the maid of all work, Alexander, the dog, and the canary bird were installed in the new home. Then Jibson's mother-in-law took charge. She issued a mandate to the effect that they must economize. She stated that she would purchase Jibson's cigars hereafter. And she did. At a department store.

Poor Jibson never complained, not even when she brought a brush and box of blacking and commanded that hereafter he was to shine his own shoes. His little wife looked on her mother's executive ability with awe, and even the butcher and baker, with whom he had daily arguments, treated her with wholesome respect. The policeman onthe heat-well, she caught him sitting in the kitchen one evening, and since that time he had passed the house on tiptoe. Jibson noticed that his motherin-law was more careful of the premises than seemed consistent with one who was merely visiting a family who rented, and did not own the place, but his brain was in a whirl and he let it go at that.

One day he heard with amazement that his mother-in-law had discharged the servant for leaving the imprint of her smutty hand on the wall paper in the dining-room.

"But you informed me that the landlord was to repaper the house this spring!" ventured Jibson.

"The landlord has decided to do nothing of the kind," asserted his motherin-law. "The wall paper is still in firstclass condition!" One morning Jibson's mother-in-law induced him to visit a real estate office and sign au agreement to keep the house for a period of five years longer, and against his better judgment Jibson did so.

That evening matters came to a crisis. Mrs. Potts, Jibson's mother-in-law, haddecided that Alexander, Jibson's dog, must go: Alexander had never liked Mrs. Potts, and on several occasions had snarled and bared his teeth at her. Jibson, meek as he was, rose up in wrath and declared that if Alexander left the house he would go, too.

'Alexander, madam," he declared, "has more right, in this house than you! You came here five years ago to visit us for two weeks. I now desire you, madam, in the words of the poet, to 'take your clothes and go.' "

"What!" yelled Mrs. Potts. "You order me to leave this house?" "Yes!" thundered Jibson. "Leave my

"Your house! Ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Potts. "Jibson, you are a born fool! This is my house!"

"Wha-at?" stammered Jibson... "Yes," retorted his mother-in-law. "And, remember, you have signed an agreement to rent it for five more years. I paid \$1,000 down for this place when you two were married, and since then I have been saving up the rent you have paid me and paying off the mortgage. Last week I made the last payment, and am now the owner of maincumbered property. After this you can buy your own cigars and have your shoes shined at the barber shop on Sundays, but I think it is a wasteful ex-

travagance!" And some time later Jibson confidentially related the circumstances to a friend and said: "I honestly believe that some day she'll be speculating in railroads!"-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Good Oyster Chowder.

Fry till crisp four ounces of salt pork ent into dice. Peel and cut in lengthwise strips three potatoes, fry them in the pork fat for a moment, add the liquor from a quart of small oysters, together with a cupful of water, and cook until the potatoes are tender. Pour boiling water over two large or four small pilot biscuit and let them stand until softened, then drain and add to the chowder, together with a pint of hot milk. When boiling add the oysters carefully freed from every particle of shell, season with a teaspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of pepper. and serve as soon as the oysters are plumped.—Housewife.

Imitation Worcestershire Sauce. Put half an ounce of cavenne into one quart of good white vinegar. Peel and bruise three cloves of garlie; mash fine five anchovies; bruise 12 whole cloves and two blades of mace; mix all the ingredients together and shake thoroughly; cover and stand aside over night. Next day rub the mixture through fine sieve; add two grains of powdered asafetida and put the mixture into a demijohn: cork and stand aside for ten days. Then bottle and seal.—Ladies Home Journal.

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