INSTINCT OF DOGS.

Col. Highir's Rory and Kathleen, and Their Reasoning Powers as He Told of Them.

The late Col. Rowland Higble, of what used to be St. Ambrose's, but by The grace of the board on grographic mames, is now officially St. Ambrose, was a famous judge and lover of dogs, and indeed of all other animals. Long before aniseed dogs were invented in This country Col. Higbie had his pack end live fox hounds, and he took prizes galore long before the Westminster what began to hold yearly exhibits of gowns and hats, says a London exchange. His horses outclassed anything at the horse show, even though they were trotting nags; and asforcats and other animals! The colomel hardly ever slept at home, for fear That some jealous animal or other might destroy him to prevent another overaffectionate animal from securing him.

It might be expected that the colonel had some good stories to tell of the intelligence of his favorites. He had. Buly his unexpected death prevented him from confiding them to the colmmns of his favorite weekly. As it is, here are two of his stories, noted down from his accounts of his pets, Rory and Mathleen, two dogs:

"In spite of their names," the colsonel would preface his tale, "these two dogs were not Irish setters or anything else Irish. Rory was whelped on December 11 and Kathleen on March 8. They were named out of contrariness. Rory's mother, Queen Anne, was a favorite of mine, the daughter of a very fine animal of which I had been very fond. Shortly before Queen Anne littered I sent her to a friend, Roderick McFarlane, who lived in Varsovie, about #600 miles away, in Pennsylvania. There Rory was whelped, and there Queen Anne died. Rory was only about six weeks old when Queen Anne died.

Here, as a rule, the colonel would interrupt himself to revile modern zailroads. Yes, they enabled one to get from St. Ambrose to New York in a day, but what of that? They killed more good dogs in a year than they were

"Rory, as I said," the colonel would montinue, "was whelped on December 11 and his mother was killed late in January. Early in March I was surprised to see a puppy, dirty, travelstained and disreputable, drag himself to my door and lie down on the mat. al did not recognize the little beast, but went to the door and let him in. To my surprise, he went at once to the old-Eschioned clothes press at the end of The hall, where I was wont to keep a lot of old rugs and things, and there sat and begged. The tears came into eyes, for that was what Queen Anne had been accustomed to do when she wanted to go to sleep. I took out an old mmg, red on one side and gray on the other, on which Queen Anne had slept, and threw it in a corner; the puppy hocked at it and whined. I could hardly see to do it, my eyes were so full of tears, but I carried the rug over to the corner where Queen Anne had slept and the puppy lay down and slept content-

"It wasn't for several days that I "his mother's tragic death Rory, who had seen it, pined and moped a good deal. After about a week he disappeared and it was thought that he had heen stolen. But not the little fellow had found his way to his mother's old Thome! He had never been there; but the wonderful instinct imparted to dogs had enabled him to find his way over 500 miles of tortuous route to his lbereditary home!

"No one can tell me that dogs haven't

more than instinct." Kathleen possessed even more wonsizerful powers of instinct or reason Than Rory. As Col. Higbie said, she was whelped on March 8, of pure breed. She was a small animal, liver and white in color, and noted at the colonel's for her exceptional intelligence. For the same reason that led Col. Higbie to dispose of Queen Anne, Kathleen was to be ment to a friend's place at Bremen, about 330 miles from St. Ambrose. This is Col. Bigbie's account of what happeneds

"It was in 1897, in May." the colonel would begin. "I had decided to accept an offer for Kathleen, made by a dealer and Bremen, and sat down to write him of the fact. I wrote, interrupting myself from time to time to speak to my wife. When I returned to my letter I suppose I must have read aloud what I had written. Kathleen, who had been willying in front of the fire, began to get wery uneasy. She got up, looked around, went to the door, scratched at it and would not be quiet when Mrs. Higbie predered her to stop. Finally I let her sut, and looking at my watch remarked to Mrs. Higbie that it was early; it was my habit to turn all the house dogs out about ten o'clock, and it was then only mine.

"Kathleen did not return, nor did she come back the next day. What had Thappened to her I could not imagine, muntil the day afterward, that is the second day after I had written the letiller, when I got word from the dealer in Bremen that Kathleen was there!

"I investigated the matter, and found That she had reached Bremen on the train that left St. Ambrose at 9:30 in The morning, and that she had been seen at the station in St. Ambrose all night before that train went. Then the truth mashed across me! She had heard me wend the letter, in which I said that I schould send her by the 9:30 a. m. train. Bhe had understood '9:30,' but not ች 🖦 🖦 , unless she thought it meant 'im-"mediately;" she had tried to get out of The room in time to get the train which shought went at 9:30 at night, had Theme around the station all night, and had taken the train to the right place "the mext day!"

To the day of his death Col. Higbie maintained with much justification that animals, especially dogs, had well developed powers of reason; and who ema deny it, after hearing these stories? HOW GLACIERS WORK.

John Muir Describes the Peculiar Methods by Which They Bedeat Mankind.

In general, glaciers give soil to high and low places almost alike, says John Muir in the August Atlantic, while water currents are dispensers of special blessings, constantly tending to make the ridges poorer and the valleys richer. Glaciers mingle all kinds of material together, mud particles and bowlders 50 feet in diameter; water, whether in oozing currents or passionate torrents, discriminates both in the size and shape of the material it carries. Glacier mud is the finest meal ground for any use in the park, and its transportation into lakes and as foundations for flowery garden meadows was the first work that the young rivers were always called on to do. Bogs occur only in shallow alpine basins where the climate is enol enough for sphagnum, and where the surrounding topographical conditions are such that they are safe, even in the most copious rains and thaws, from the action of flood currents capable of carrying rough gravel and sand, but where the water supply is nevertheless constant. The mosses dying from year to year gradually give rise to those rich, spongy peat beds in which so many of our dearest alpine plants delight to dwell. The strong winds that occasionally sweep the high Sierra play a more important part in the distribution of special soil beds than is at first sight recognized, carrying forward considerable quantities of sand and gravel, flakes of mica, etc., and depositing them in fields and beds beautifully ruffled and embroidered and adapted to the wants of some of the hardiest and handsomest of the alpine shrubs and flowers. The more resisting of the smooth, solid glacier-polished domes and ridges can hardly be said to have any soil at all, while others beginning to give way to the weather are thinly sprinkled with coarse angular gravel. Some of them are full of crystals, which as the surface of the rock is decomposed are set free, covering the summits and rolling down the sides in minute avalanches, giving rise to zones and beds of crytalline soil. In some instances the various crystals occur only here and there, sprinkled in the gray gravel like daisies in a sod; but in others half or more is made up of crystals, and the glow of the imbedded or loosely strewn gems and their colored gleams and glintings at different times of the day when the sun in shining might well exhibarate the flowers that grow among them, and console them for being so completely outchone.

AMERICA'S RICHEST CHINAMAN

He Is Chin Tan Sun, of California. and Is a Self-Made Milliemaire.

The most remarkable millionaire in California is Chin Tan Sun, a Chinaman, who is said to be the richest man of his nationality in the United States. Chin Tan Sun is a self-made millionaire. He came to the Golden Gate in the steerage of a steamer, the penniless son of a poor farmer in the Sun Ning province of China. From Frisco he went straight on to Ogden, Utah, where he went to work as a cook in the kitchen of a man who to-day would be glad to have his former servant's income for a single month in exchange for a year's

hard word, says the Chicago Tribune. Chin Tan was a tall, well-built "John," and he had ambitions above the kitchen. One of the first things he did was to fall in love with the pretty Scandinavian girl who was employed as a domestic next door to the house of his first employer. They were married, and soon after the couple went back to San Francisco, where Chin Tan Sun opened a store for the sale of Chinese merchandise. He was successful from the beginning. Soon he started a canning establishment for the preparation of goods to be exported to China. Then he became interested in a cattle ranch and in several gold mines. At present he employs several hundred white people in his factories and canning establishments, owns city real estate and big cattle ranches, runs a Chinese lottery and several merchandise stores in San Francisco, and is in the real estate business in Hong-Kong. In addition, he has shown that he is a power in the politics of the coast, and is recognized as one of the leaders in the highbinder tong of

California. Chin Tan Sun gives a share of the credit for his success to his white wife. to whom he is said to be devoted. In spite of his long residence in this country and his great wealth he still clings to his queue and to the characteristic Chinese dress.

. . Howitser Guns.

Howitzers are steel breech-loading weapons, weighing 2,500 pounds and having a length of six feet ten inches In loading a howitzer the gun is swung horizontally on the carriage. but for the firing position the muzzle is pointed high in the air, giving to the shell a long, curved course. Four kinds of projectiles can be used in a howitzer. The lyddite shell measures 27.225 inches and weighs 122 pounds nine ounces. The shrapnel, which contains more than 500 mixed metal balls, weighs slightly above 100 pounds and measures in length a little more than 19 inches. For the firing cartridge two pounds one ounce of cordite are

Romance Was Brief. They were pretending to play cards, but really they were making love, and they agreed to give each other what-

ever they cut. She cut diamonds.

don Illustrated News.

He cut a heart. Just then the old man came in, and he had already cut a club. And so they were not married .- LonCURED OF BOHEMIANISM.

Ita Adoption at Home at an Opportune Time Makes a Girl Hattafled with Old Ways.

I suppose there doesn't live a girl who hasn't at one time or other in her life been possessed of a desire to be bohemian, says a writer in the Washington Post. It's a frame of mind that usually sets in during the later teens or early twenties, and then there's a deal of sneering at conventionality, and railing at the ridiculous rules of society, and saying profoundly cynical things about dear old Mrs. Grundy. I have a girl friend who has just been having a virulent attack of that sort of thing. She caught it from some art students she had been great chums with, and the things which she has been saving would turn your hair white to hear. She has learned to smoke cigarettes and flip the top of a beer stein open by hitting it in some mysterious way on top. She takes in a lot of raggedlooking magazines, and she has taken to doing her hair in a wild, untidy, but unmistakably artistic fashion. Recently, when she began to rebel at the chaperon habit, her mother declared that things had gone far enough, but, being a woman wise in her day and generation, she lay low and said nothing until one day Francine-it used to be Frances-announced that Miss Wildways, the artist, was coming to dinner.

"And for goodness' sake, mother," she said, "let's try to get away from the deathly commonplaces of existence. Miss Wildways simply can't endure conventionality. Let's not be banal. I want things to be a trifle out of the ordinary, for she'll be so dreadfully bored if they are not."

Well, the day and Miss Wildways came. Mother was not dressed to receive her when she arrived, but moth; er didn't let that stop her. She ran downstairs in a kimono and greeted the guest cordially.

"Don't mind my dress, my dear," said she. "This is liberty hall, and we all do as we please. It was really too much of a bore to dress. Francine, dear, do run out and tell cook to send over for some cream. I forgot to order it."

Father came in a moment. He was smoking a pipe and wearing a amoking jacket. He didn't apologize for either, but he was as jovial as jovial could be. At dinner he calmly laid off the jacket when he rose to carve the roast, explaining to Miss Wildways that he believed in being comfortable instead of conventional. Mother echoed the sentiment, and, taking out a package of cigarettes. almost forced one on the guest. Then she herself, Francine's elegant, conventional mother, lit one and lay back in her chair, puffing it serenely, while she sent her brother Will out for a bucket of beer. It was the most agonizing dinner poor Francine ever lived through, but it was unconventional and as far removed from the commonplace as anything you can imagine.

It was only a day afterward that Francine began to pay some visits she had scorned to make for months, and she asked her mother to go with her. She has scarcely stirred out, in fact, without maternal chaperonage since that awful day, and she hasn't said bohemian once. Francine has learned a lesson that she will not soon forget.

EVENING CLOAKS. /

Something About the Materials, the Colors and the Make of These Garments for Fall and Winter.

The lightest tones of cloth are employed for these, especially the new ice tinge, which is a decided cream, with a dash of green in it. Many of the cloaks are of the princess form, with plaite stitched down closely on the hips and then allowed to flow out at the hem. There are panels besides, sometimes of fur bordered with chiffon. or more often of lace or velvet. These are worn over high-neck dresses for restaurant and theater wear, having lace sleeves and boleros of velvet.

All these cloaks and dresses have sashes, and the ends must of necessity be fringed. Many of them have pretty hoods, for hoods are coming in and figure on many of the tea gowns, giving the breadth which seems to be a neces sity of fashionable dressing. There are three-quarter capes and three-quarter sack coate, and their looseness is very becoming. Some of them that are made in cloth have the seams strapped with fur, and some with black satin, while some are made with the empire straps under the arm, making a termination to a black fur yoke, either cara-

cal, broadtail or astrakhan. The fastening is generally at the side, and the yoke is accompanied by wide revers and high" collars. Very elaborated tabs and buttons ornamented with gold replace these fur trimmings, and sometimes the only suspicion of color is the brilliant lining of the hood, subdued by gold or silver net. A good deal of style is introduced into these garments by a scarf tied at the chin, made of light chine silk, with heavy, netted, fringed ends .- Washington Star.

When Nero Fiddled. "By the way," said the Ancient Lady Clerk of the Spinnerian Regime, looking up from her desk right kittenishly the other morning, "there was a dispute at my boarding house table last evening over the date when Nero played the fiddle over burning Rome.

Does anybody remember?" "Why, don't you?" inquired the new and unsubdued young male stenog-.rapher in the room, in a surprised tone, and then the crushed ancient male clerks' muffled chuckles as they bent closer over their desks sounded like the rattling of bare branches in a winter wind.-Washington Post.

HE USED TO RUN A HOTEL.

And Consequently He Knew How to Sympathize with a Ningara Falls Landlord.

"I was up at Niagara Falls the other day," said a Washington man, "The summer rush had just begun. While I was in the office a guest entered to register. The landlord sized the new arrival up as a kicker while he was writing his name on the register, and before anything could be said about rooms, rates or conveniences, he ob-

" 'Perhans vou have made a mistake in the hotel. This is the Great View house. The Small View house is two

"This is the place I want,' replied "'But our rooms are small and the beds nothing to brag of.'

blocks down the street.'

'That will be all right. I've been sleeping in a hall bedroom or on a shelf for a year past.'

"There is no roaring to be heard here.

"'I'm glad of it." "'And the meals are very plain.' "'That suits me. I've got dyspepsia, and the plainer the meals are the bet-

"'You don't object to hand organs by day and squabbling babies by night? "'Not the slightest. I've roamed all

over Europe, and you can't have anything here to compare.' "The landlord saw that he had erred in sizing the man up, but he hated to

admit it, and therefore continued: "'My rates are thre: Collars a day." "That's cheap enough for a hotel here,' replied the man.

"'Do you look for rainbows over the 'Not a bit of it. If they come along, I'll take my share, but any old

bow will do for me.' "'Are you afraid of the typhoid fever?'

"'No, air.' "There's only one cataract here." "'I don't want any more. Give me the poorest, smallest room in the house, and if you want to put a man in with me, all right, and I'll use anything for a wash basin and furnish my own soap and towel. Your rates are three dollars a day. Here is \$100

to start on.' "'Lord, Lord, but what kind of a man are you?' gasped the landlord as

his head began to swim. "'I? Oh, I used to run a hotel here myself, and I know how to sympathize!' smiled the guest. 'Just let things go along the same as if I wasn's here. If it's handy, give me clean sheets once in two weeks, but don's go to putting yourself out or worrying over me. Here's 33 days in advance, and in case you run short any time just let me know and I'll lend you \$500 to get along with!" - Washington Post.

CALF'S LIVER AND BACON.

While It Is a Pamiliar Dish It Is One That But Few Cooks Can Prepare Properly.

This familiar dish is not often cooked properly on the home table. and therefore it is a more popular dish at first-class restaurant tables than at home. The liver must be cut in thin slices and laid half an hour in cold water to draw out the blood. The bacon must be cut in delicately thin slices, and must be the best smoked bacon, not the inferior salted meat which was once palmed off as the "best bacon" on an ignorant public. It is easy to get excellent bacon already sliced for use, and, although this costs a little more, it is trimmed from the rind, and of such a uniformly excellent quality that it generally pays to buy it. While the liver in soaking in water let the iron frying pan or spider heat very hot. Lay the bacon in flat, allowing two slices to every slice of liver. Shake the spider a little, and as soon as the bacon is done on one side turn it over on the other. It should cook in three minutes into crisp brown slices, not greasy soft ones. Take it up on a hot platter, and meantime have the calf's liver drained and wiped dry with a cloth, seasoned on both sides with salt and pepper, dipped in flour and laid at once in the steaming hot bacon fat left in the spider after the bacon is taken up. Let the liver cook rather slowly until it is thoroughly brown on both sides and very thoroughly done. Take it up on a hot platter, lay the slices of bacon previously fried on the slices of liver and serve it at once.-N. Y. Tribune.

A Royal Dish for Campers. "This rule was given me by an Idaho prospector, and he called it smothered quail," writes Sallie Joy White when giving valuable hints on cookery for camping parties in the Woman's Home Companion. "Before dressing the quail cover them all over with hot ashes, let them remain a quarter of an hour, then remove them, and you can strip off feathers and skin together. Split them open and the entrails will drop out, and the bird, thoroughly cooked, will be ready to eat after seas coning with salt, pepper and butter."

Potato Omelet. One cupful of sweet milk, three eggs

well beaten, a little salt and a tablespoonful of flour, with one cupful of mashed potatoes. Mix until smooth, Turn into a hot frying pan with plenty of melted butter; turn when brown, frying both sides .- Good Housekeep-

Tomate Scallops. In making tomato scallops, place alternate layers of bread crumbs and tomatoes in a buttered baking tin. The tomatoes may be either canned or fresh. Sprinkle pieces of butter and salt and pepper over each layer. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown.--Ladies' World.

BIRMINGHAM'S JEWELRY.

Business Occupies Miles Near the Center of the Town - Arrangements for Preventing Waste.

Birmingham jewelry is known all the world over, and the jewelry quarter, occupying some miles of streets half a mile from the center of the town, presents a curious aspect to the stranger. Outwardly, save for the signs over the doors, the houses look like respectable middle-class dwellings; within they are hives of industry, and the swarms of respectable and well-dressed workersa large proportion women-pouring in and out of the workshops at midday is one of the sights of Birmingham, says the London Leader.

The wealth stored in the shops of these makers of chains, rings and cutters of diamonds is almost fabulous. The supervision of the quarter is one of the most serious anxieties of the police superintendent of the division, and day and night the streets are patrolled by lynx-eyed detectives and plainclothes policemen. Hundreds of the jewelers keep lights burning in their rooms near the safes in which they store their valuables, and their curtains are removed from the windows, so that the safe is under police observation from the street.

The disappearance of the light would immediately be reported and the darkened room would be entered by means of keys kept at the police station. At holiday times some of the jewelers prefer to consign their valuables to the bank, and in that case the mesenger conveying the parcels is always shadowed by a couple of colleagues or police detectives on either side of the

road. At the same time intimation is sent to the police station that the usual light will not be kept burning. A large number of the houses are electrically connected with the police station, so that the entry of any marauder would promptly be intimated to the police. This has inconvenient results sometimes, when, during a thunderstorm. the sergeant in charge hears a dozen alarm bells all ringing together, and for the moment assumes that a big jewelry raid is in progress.

A curious development in the management of the shops quite recently adopted is the elaborate series of arrangements for preventing waste. Years ago sharp speculators made handsome bargains by the purchase of the sweepings from the various shops. Generally the first man who came along with an offer for the shop "rubbish" got it at his own price. The rapid growth in prosperity of such speculators opened the eyes of the jewelers, and the screenings are now offered to the highest bidder, with the result that one firm alone realized \$7.500 a year by the sale of its refuse to refiners.

All the work is done over tins, which draw out from the workman's bench. The contents of the tins are collected each day and passed through a sieve to separate the filings and dust from the larger pieces of silver. Eventually the dust is cast into bars, which are paid for by the refiner in proportion to the quantity of gold or silver he finds in them. The sweepings of the shops are also taken care of.

Every day they are collected and burned with paper or other jewelry wrappings, and the ash thus produced is put in a bin. Once or twice a year the dust is well mixed, and samples are sent to various assayers, and the highest bidder becomes the purchaser. Even the water used in the washing basin by operatives before leaving the. shops is treated with the same care. The soapsuds pass through a drain in such a way that all sediment is left behind.

The residuum is periodically taken out and allowed to dry, and sold in a similar fashion to the sweepings. The dust produced by polishing is similarly carefully collected in boxes, and workmen specially liable to accumulate dust on their hands are required, after finishing work, to brush their hands with a hare's foot. After a time this is burned, and the ash deposited in the dust tub already mentioned. The black aprons share the same fate.

SMALL BOY WAS CAREFUL.

Me Was Not Anxious to Violate the City Law by Smashing the Heavy Truck.

The narrow strip of asphalt which the city laid in Michigan avenue from Randolph to River streets for the benefit of cyclists is a constant bone of contention. All of the traffic in the district is of the heaviest kind, the great trucks of the wholesale houses constantly passing and repassing, and most of the drivers showing a decided preference for running the wheels on one side of their trucks on the asphalt strip.

A battered tandem on which two small boys were mounted wound its sinuous way among the trucks the other day, in momentary danger of being wiped off the map by a threehorse team. The lads tried to stick to the asphalt track as long as possible, but a heavily-mounted truck had the right of way in front of them. "Hey, there," yelled the steersman of

the tandem. The driver turned slowly around and looked over the heavy load to see what

was the matter. "Pull out, will you?" yelled the lad in a shrill treble. The driver smiled and turned to his

three horses again. "Say, pull out there," demanded the lad. "I don't want to run into you and get pinched."-Chicago Chronicle. Why She Said It.

Bobbs-My wife told me last night that I was the smartest man on earth.

Dobbs-Huh! She was talking through her hat. "Oh, no. She was talking for her hat."-Baltimore American.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE.

Love Laughs at the Enmity of Nations, Just as It Did in the Chivairie Days of Old.

Marriage is the only lottery that a Chinatown bachelor does not make a rule of playing. This is not because he does not care to establish a household of his own, but because the supply of marriageable maidens is very scarce, says a San Francisco correspondent of the St. Louis Republic.

But Lee Yuen, a Watsonville merchant, has married, and the announcement of the marriage has caused a flutter of surprise to pervade Chinatown. And his bride is a Japanese girl. Shitako Kawamura is the maid whom Lee Yuen has married. Behind the marriage there is a romance. It is the romance of a face at the win-

wittle Miss Kawamura, black-eved and ivory-skinned, was a resident of the Methodist mission in the heart of Chinatown, and Lee often passed that way. One day he looked up and the face at the window looked down. This thing was repeated many times. And then he decided to storm the castle and seek the hand of his fair lady. This he did in a very polite and genflemanly manner, armed with excellent references. He laid his case before the matron of the mission. So the matron sent for the maid at the window and presently her little feet came pattering down.

There is no love lost between the Chinese and Japanese nations, each regarding the other with lofty and inborn disdain, and if the truth were told, down in the bottom of his heart, no doubt, Lee believes that he has married beneath him, while his little wife, possibly, entertains the same secret concerning her superiority to her husband. The enmity between the nations is an old one, and present events are tending to increase it.

California has a law against mixed marriages, but Chinese and Japanese are all classed as "yellow." The Japanese do not like this, and point to the fact that their emperor traces his descent back 2.500 years, while the Chinese can boast no such blue blood as this, but are a mongrel race of several Asiatic breeds.

The ceremony was performed at the Methodist Mission home. A supper followed the ceremony, and then Lee Yuen took his bride away.

The bridegroom is 35 years old and the bride 20. The little Jap girl says. she married Lee because he is a good business man and of good standing, and that when a girl is 20 she should seriously consider a good offer of marriage. Lee says he would have married a white woman, as Chinese wives may not be imported, but as this was against the law, he chose to ask the Japanese girl to share with him his lot in life. He confesses that he likes the little black-eyed girl very much. She is a bright girl, having come to this country two years ago with her mister to acquire an English education. She speaks English intelligently, writes poetry and paints cattails and chrysanthemums on silk in artistic

"CHEWING MILK."

It Is Weither a Pastime Nora Fashion, But a Remedy for Various Diseases.

"Chewing milk" is not a pastime nor a fashion nor yet a commercial enterprise. It is one of the newest cures, or, rather, a means to one of the newest cures, being the latest improved, not to say approved, method of taking the lacteal fluid. It is prescribed in all cases where milk is the chief article of diet-such as brain fag, nervous exhaustion and prostration and the rest of them so common to America and Americans that they all come under the general head of "our national malady." Milk, taken regularly every few hours, is, so the doctors say, the best of remedies for all nerve troubles. Few human stomacha, however-whether because of the nerve troubles or not isn't known -can digest milk. If drunk in the usual way, and in spite of all its other virtues, it is sure to coagulate imthe stomach into a hard, well-nigh indigestible mass. Chewing milk instead of drinking it causes it to coagulate in the mouth, and sends it to the stomach in small pieces, more easy of digestion than the large mass. These are the principles upon which doctors recommend chewed milk for invalids, and they advise well persons not to despise it. Already many persons have become converts to the new order of milk mastication. It's a little awkward learning to chew the liquid at first, but, once mastered, they say there's quite a fuscination in the thing. At almost any restaurant howadays, says the New York Evening Sun, are to be seen a number of men and women with tall schooners of milk before them and a queer objectless working of their jaws, which, if you don't know better, might make . vou think them mildly crazy. But they're only chewing milk.

Palace Car for Dogs. In England a sort of special palace ear has been built for dogs. Each dog will have a species of loose box constructed on highly luxurious and hygienic principles, provided with running water, elegantly nickeled food receptacles and even thick and velvety mats to lie down upon, while plate glass windows will allow them. to admire the landscape.

By Imperial Command. All classes in China dress by imperial command, and when the Peking Gagette announces that the emperor has put on his winter hat on a day prescribed by centuries' unvarying astronomical custom, all China does likewise and turns over the chair cushions, exposing their "winter side."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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