Why do you name your pacer China "It can't be beaten."-Norris-Egg T

town Herald. When the sluggard goes to the ant It is generally for the pleasure of secing some one else at work.-Puck.

Cholly-"Yaas, indeed. If any girl should wefuse me it would bweak me call up." Miss Pepprey-"Ah! but then you're so simple it would be easy to put you together again."-Philadelphia Press.

"Paw, what is stage fright?" asked the boy, opening his bag of popcorn. "Stage fright?" repeated his father, mointing to a veteran of the chorus; why, there is one."-Philadelphia Record.

"I notice you started to smoke last might when Miss Sweety was entertaining Mr. Slowpop," remarked the pianostool. "Yes," replied the parlor lamp. "I saw she was just waiting for an excuse to turn me down."-Catholic Standard and Times.

Gray-"They are beginning to have typewriters on the stage." Black-"I know; but it's a piece of affectation. No typewriter that ever was invented can begin to write as rapidly as the average actor with the common every-

"You know what Dr. Hale says about "lookin' up an' not down,' Jethro." "Yes, I know, Mandy, an' I'll never try it agin. I wuz lookin' up at th' top o' frome o' them sky seratchers in Noo York las' June, an' some slick feller went through my vest an' got my wallst, too "-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WORDS HAVE A BEGINNING. Mow Some Commonly Used Phrases

Came Into the English Language.

while others embody history. To the Words, like men, have histories, Satter class belongs the word "rigmarole." Everybody understands it as signifying a confused and meaningless Sumble, but few recall the fact that it comes from ragman's roll. Now, the ragman's roll was a crown document of "no small importance. It is a real roll of ancient parchment and records categorically the instruments and deeds by which Scotland's nobility and gentry gave in their adhesion and swore allegience to Edward L of England toward what alone of the thirteenth century. Naturally, it is a somewhat confused document, but possibly not quite so much confused as confusing to the good people of its own era, says the Chicago Chronicle. It must have been upsetting in those

days to discover that the lords and gentlemen thought to be stanchest for The old order had gone over to the inwading king. Yet there'ls something to the said for the lords and gentlementhey loved not Scotland's independence less, but their heads and their estates rather more.

Most of us are fond of venison-that is to say, deer's flesh. Formerly, however, that word had a wider meaning, Being used for any flesh hunted—that a, meat of venery. Venery is the old word for hunting-thus foxes and "wolves and badgers furnish "venison" no less than the lordly stag.

Car, the eynonym for a worthless dog, has somewhat the same derivation. in feudal England the dogs of the vil-lainage, no doubt mostly starving mongrels, were by law required to be cur-Sailed-that is, have their tails cut short, so that they might be readily distinguished from the stag and boar houses of the lords and gentlemen. The stag hounds ran true upon the meent, the mongrels would confuse and Toraw them of from it. Sometimes the

willein dogs had likewise to suffer "hombling"-that is, cutting away the awo middle toes from each foot, so they sould not run with the hounds. A curtail dog, or curtle dog, in time became simply a cur. His owners, the villeina. who lived in clustered hovels outside the castle walls, in like manner gave gies to the word village. Another wonderfully expressive

phrase--"to run riot"--also comes from the hunting field. Foxhounds run riot when they leave the drag of the fox and go racing and chasing off upon the scent of hares and rabbits, whose company the for seeks when he finds himself pursued. Indeed, in fox hunting parlance, hare scent is known as "riot."

The familiar phrase "on the pad," as signifying going hither and you, also throws back to Reynard, the fox. His feet are known technically as padewhen he gets up and begins to move about sportamen say he is "on the

Strange as it may seem, the word "tally-ho!" in a manner connects the hunting field with the coach. Tallis hors, pronounced tallyho-Norman French for "out of the thicket"-was the proper cry when the fox broke cover. The huntsmen and the master of the forhounds answered the cry with long blasts on the horn. Then when public coaches began to run their horns blew the tallyho blasts; further, 🗠 as luxury -progressed, finer coaches often took to the meet, and the throwing off, fine people who did not intend to follow the hounds, but to see them spectacularly. Between use and luxary the coach with seats on top crystallized as the tallyho. The tallyho it is Ekely to remain, unless all the world

should go automobile mad. Though the bankrupt is so common among us nowadays, few know whence he derived his unenviable cognomen. It is among the most interesting of words with histories. Lumbards, moneychangers of Venice, sat on benches round about the plaza of St. Mark's. Banco is Italian for bench. When one of the money changers defaulted the others fell to and broke his bench in little pieces. Afterward he was known as "benco-rupto"-that is, the man of the broken bench. Hence comes our word bankrupt.

These are only a few examples, but they serve to show how interesting is the study of word historics.

MAINE'S SPECTER MOOSE.

An Enmatched Glant of the Woods That Makes He Appearance at .. Rare Intervals.

The enormous moose that has been the wonder of the sportsmen in northern Maine since 1891 has again been seen, and this time under rather different circumstances from ever before. A bicyclist came close to the monster in the road between Sherman and Macwa,hoc, and was obliged to abandon his wheel and climb a tree for eafety. So he had a near view of the animal, reports the New York Sun.

Every story that comes from the morth woods concerning this moose makes him a little bigger than before. It is generally believed that no moose ever külled in Maine, or, so far as is known, anywhere else, has approached in stature or weight, much less in apread of antiers, this specter moose of Lobster lake. He is called the specter moose because of the weird appearance he presents at night, his color being a därty gray.

It was in 1891 that this moose was first seen in Maine, by Clarence Duffy, of Oldtown, a guide who was cruising around Lobster lake. Duffy did not get near enough to the monster for a shot, but he could see him plainly. Everybody laughed at his story. Not many months after that John Ross, a Bengor lumberman, was at Lobston lake, and one day, while crossing between Big Lobster and Little Lobster lakes in company with the foreman of W. L. Maxfield's camps, he saw the big moose. When he told his story of the monarch of the woods people began to believe that there was something up there worth shooting at.

For some years hunters searched the woods in vain for the big fellow. Not until 1895 was the monster seen again. In that year Granvlile Gray, a Bangor taxidermist, got eight of the moose, 41 some little distance, and since then he has had a second view. In 1899 Gilman Brown, of West Newbury, Mass., got nearer to the monster than any of the others and actually had a shot at him. He declared that the moose stood fully 15 feet high, and had antiers from ten to twelve feet across. He was so close to the snimal that he could count 22 points on one side of his antlers, and he thinks there were more. This is a greater number of points than has ever been known on any other moore. His shots did not bring the moose down.

This year the first sight of the big moose fell to George Kneeland, of Sherman, who is taking charge of his brother's lumber camp on Gulliver brook. In

telling of his experience Enceland said: "On may way back from Macwahos, coming to a long piece of rising ground, I dismounted from my bicycle and walked. I had got to the top of the hill and was just about to remount, when I may what I took to be a borse standing in the road some distance shead. Wondering what a horse could be doing there, I stopped and gave him a good look, when I found to my surprise that it was not a horse, but a moose, and an immense one, too. I waited a bit to see what he was going to do, but I hadn't long to wait, for he lowered his head and came straight for me with the speed of a locomotive. I got to a good, stout tree as quick as 1 could, and climbed high, where I would be out off reach of the moose's antiers and be able to see what was going on.

Meanwhile the moose came tearing down the road, and his antiers reached clear seroes the road at that place, brushing the branches on either side, I should think they would measure 11 feet, all right enough. He made straight for the bicycle, and, planting his forward naws either side of it, stopped to examine the wheel, smelling of it to his satisfaction, then raised his head, gave a tremen dous snort and raced off into the woods, breaking down the small growth of saplings as though they were rushes. The wind was blowing toward me, and that is probably the reason he did not discover me. I waited ten minutes in the tree, and then, finding that he had really gone, I slid down and mounted my wheel, and the way I streaked it for home was a cau-

tion." The average weight of moose shot in Maine is from 800 to 900 pounds, with antlers a preading from 4 to 41/2 feet, and rarely having more than 8 to 12 points on a side, while the bell, as the appendage under the animal's neck is called, is generally eight to nine inches long. All who have seen the big moose of Lobster lake aver that he must weigh at least 2.500 pounds, that his entlers spread not less than ten feet, while the bell is declared to be not less than 18 inches long. It is supposed that this monster wandered into Maine from British Columbia, as none approaching his size has ever been seen in Maine before. He is a great traveler, having been reported in almost every part of morthern Maine. The hunter who brings him down will win fame and a big pot of money at the same

Made Besolute by Winds. Between Formosa and the coast of China lies a group of 21 talands, interspersed with innumerable reefs and ledges, which are called the Pescadores islands. According to the investigations of a Japanese geologist these islands have suffered in a remarkable manner from the northeast winds. which blow with savage violence there during mine months of the year. The original area of the islands has been greatly reduced by erosion, and their surfaces are barren and desolate, so that the wind-whipped group forms "s quad-desert smidst the green island world of southeastern Asia."-Youth's Companion.

Me Had It. "The fact is," said the fat man; "Imarried because I was lonely as much as for amy other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy. "Well," said the lead man, "you - have mine."-X. Y. Word.

A SUBJECT OF RIDICULE.

Van Silkerson Burned His Mustachq and Was Made the Mark of Joshem.

In relighting the stub of a cigar the other evening Van Silkerson burnt one side of his flowing mustache so seriously that he was compelled to stop on his way to the office on the following morning and have the hirsute ornament shaved off, says the Washington Ster. Van Silkerson had been wearing the mustache ever since his arrival in Washington, 15 and odd years ago, so that his friends and sequaintances were not aware that he had a receding upper lip and a protruding jaw that made it out of the question for his upper and lower teeth to come within more than half an inch of meeting. His office mates looked upon him freezingly, as upon an intrusive stranger, when he sat down at his deak. When they finally recognized him they gathered in a circle around his deak and said things to him like these:

"Hey, Van, when's the fight coming of, anyhow?"

"What you trying to do, Silky, look like a Gibson man? "I didn't know you had the . Na-

poleonie bug, Vani" Bay, does a fellow's face hurt much when it's on crooked that way, old man?"

"Say, what you paying your election bets for, before the election, Van?" "Say, Silkerson, maybe if you buy the fellow a new bike or something he'll call the bet off."

"Don't you mind 'em. Van: there've been a lot o' great men that weren't beauties-look at Beaconsfield, and our own Benjamin Brewster, and Bill Bykes, and that bunch!"

"What's good for an ingrowing mug, anyway, you fellows?" "I tell you what, Van, I'd raise the

dickens with any man that 'ud do me that way!" "Why don't you paste some hemp on that chart, Bilkers?"

"It's a good thing you've got your 30 days' leave coming to you yet, Van -you can go away and catch up with your face again!"

"Say, how d'ye expect to get on the police force now?" Why didn't you give her a lock of your hair instead?"

"Don't you let these people bother yon, Van-they're Jealous because they haven't got regular features!" "What do you care? You've got

your health!' "Ain't you afraid to go around that way without a license?"

'Didn't I tell you you'd pull it of some day?"

"What caused this cave-in, anyhow?" "Hey, Van, why didn't you get your heir clipped, too? What's the use of

piking? "So long as he doesn't take to drink

over it, all right!" "Did you hit him back?" How Van Silkerson ever contrived to get through the day without carnage is still a mystery to him. He closed up his deak with a migh of re-Hef, and thought of his bome yearnfully. There, at least, he could find peace, away from the burly jests and the raucous voices of his office mates. He slipped his latchkey into the front door with a feeling of rest and security in his bosom. His little four-yearold girl met him in the hall. She gazed at him in a frightened way for a minute, then, recognising him, the

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, bursting into the dining-room to her mother, "papa has lost his mouth-bangs!" Van Silkerson left on his 30 days' leave the next morning.

surveyed him critically. Then she

laughed real merrily.

GOOD USES FOR DEAD MEN.

Apt Replies of Soldiers to the Questions of Their Commanding Officers.

"The good old sappers of the British army were admirable fellows, as brave as lions, though sometimes rather stupid. It was told how a certain peninsular general rode down to some sappers who were digging trenches, and. fixing upon one of them, commenced to closs-question him on his duties. You must know that a gabion is a basket which can be filled with earth and so made to stop a bullet and a fascine is a bundle of faggots.

" Now, suppose the first sapper in the trench you were driving were killed,' said the general, 'what would you do with htm?

"'Stuff him in a gabion, str,' said the stolid sapper.

"'And what would you do with the second if he were killed? said the offi-

eer in surprise.

"'Make a fascine of him, sir." "The general rode off without an-

other word! "I don't see what criticism he could well have made to such eminently practical suggestions," I said, laughing.

"No; he was in as difficult a position. as an officer I once knew who was acting as president of a court-martial that was trying a soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence-and it took an unusually long time-had been given the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense. 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Maj. Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table the ole' blooming time, and Capt. Smith 'as been making me into a karicatoor on the blotting pad, and as for Lieut. Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad. his commission a year, and don't count

An Ideal Husband. An ideal husband may not always be in position to afford porterhouse steak, but he never lets his wife put on her rubbers in public without has sistance.—Atchison Globa.

The same of the sa

"STAR-EYED EGYPTIANS."

Their Social Condition Is Far from Enviable in These Degenerate Days.

TOTAL STATE OF THE STATE OF THE

The condition of the women in Egypt has greatly changed since the old days when Cleopatra reigned supreme upon the Nile and had the whole wrold at her feet. Miss Carrie Buchanan, a missionary of seven years' experience, testifies that woman's lot is, perhaps, the most deplorable feature of the country. "They are rated below brutes," she says. "A man might speak of his domestic animals, but to mention his wife's nama in public is a breach of etiquette in its worst form. If it does happen that by a slip of the tongue the wife's name is spoken the husband spits on the ground immediately afterward, to show his contempt and cleanse his mouth.

"Most of the people in Egypt," says Mrs. Buchanan, "are of the Mohammedan faith, and are yet controlled in a large measure by the ruling hand of the Turkish empire." She says it is the religion that has caused numerous uprisings in Egypt and that the spirit of the Mohammedan faith is responsible for the riotons and unruly Boxer element in China.

"But Egypt is facing a brighter future, and with the 196 schools flourishing, with an enrollment of 20,000, 4,000 of which are girls, there is ample ground for encouragement. Many of the wealthy Egyptians and those of the higher classes are now desirous of bringing their daughters up in the style of the American women and are sending them to the mission schools

for American education. "One of the greatest hindrances the missionaries experience is the lack of home life and influences, which form a foundation on which to build character. When a woman enters into the matrimonial contract under the Mohammedan law she practically enters upon a life's imprisonment. A small percentage of the population that is not Mohammedan is less strict in imposing matrimonial obligations. and a wife may leave the house five years after the marriage ceremony, providing there has been no death in the family. Each death adds one year to a wife's exclusive domestic duties, and so many members of the same family live under the same roof that unless health is extraordinarily good chances are very meager that the wife will get an outing until the last rites are said over her body

OILS FROM THE WHALE.

This condition has eliminated all that

is implied by the word home.".

Posses Qualities Which Still Make a Demand for Them for Certain Purposes.

"Whale oil." said a dealer in offs to a New York Sup man lately, "is to some extent used as a lubricating oil, but not to a very large extent; when used for lubricating purposes it is more often compounded with mineral oils, which are cheaper. Whale oil is used for tempering steel; it is still used in a limited way by some people as an illuminating oil. Whale oil is used for making whale oil soap, used for killing worms on trees.

"Sperm oil is a fine lubricating oil, nsed on fine machinery, large and small; the fine sewing machine oil is likely to be sperm oil. It is used for illuminating purposes in safety lamps in mines, and it is used to some satent for lamps in warehouses, because of its small liability to explode, sperm standing a higher degree of heat than mineral oils. It is used as a signal oil on shipboard, for lamps and lanterns, and for side lights, and so on: and on steamers for a lubricating oil. For all of these purposes mineral oils and lubricating compounds have more or less supplanted it because of their greater cheapness, but sperm oil is nevertheless in demand for them. There are some other uses for whale oil and for sperm oil, which are still sold to larger and smaller users by the barrel or the can or gallon. Whale oil brings somewhere about 50 cents a gallon and sperm oil 60 cents or thereabouts, and the desirable qualities, for some uses, of these oils, once so commonly used, make a market for the comparatively small and diminishing quantities of them now brought to sale, even though their prices are higher than those of the oils that have so commonly sup-

planted them. "There is an oil produced from some part of the head of the whale that is much more costly than either whale or sperm oil. It sells, in fact, for as much as ten dollars a gallon. This is watch oil, and it may be bought of dealers in watch supplies. It is used for oiling watches and also for oiling the arbors, or journals, of the wheels of tower clocks. It is not only a fine lubricant, but it withstands cold remarkably well, not freezing except at an extremely low temperature, for which reason it is very desirable for such use in cold and exposed situations."

She Was an Immune. "I should think your mother would punish you for that," said the neighbor's little girl to the one who had disobeyed.

"She can't." was the confident reply. "I've been sick and I'm not well enough to be spanked yet, and she can't keep me in the house because the doctor says I must have fresh air and exercise. Oh, I'm baving a bully time."--Chicago Post.

A Composite Affair. _"All of us fellows in the graduating class," said the new-fledged medico,

"have decided to grow a beard." "That should be easy," replied the sureastic man, "if you all work together. How many bairs is each to

contribute?"-Philadelphia Press.

GETTING INTO MANILA.

Voluminous Information Is Required of All Who Are Permitted to Enter the City.

It was easier for that man to pass through the eye of a needle than to enter the gates of Heaven, so said the Teacher of old, and a more modern teacher has arisen to ordain the same difficulty as regards entry into Manils. Why? Is this city a much tobe-denied paradise? Surely those who have had much experience of it will my "No!" (with a capital N). And yet, before one can enter here, one has to write a perfect and complete little history of one's self, authenticate it and hand it over to the special department which holds the key of Manils. Upon embarking on board a steamer at Hong-Kong bound for Manila one is handed a large sheet of paper, and on this paper is an array of questions, all relating to the would-be voy-

ager's most private and personal concerns-an array fit to frighten the timid traveler and cause him to change his mind as to the destination of his journeyings. First in order, of course, is the column for the full name-half the name or the initials will do, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A stern fate decrees a truthful statement of your age. No giddy young thing of 49 is allowed to pervert the truth and drop any of her years. She must not figure on this document as "23 years and seven months." "Sex" is the next question and John Thomas Smith must be careful to announce that he is not "feminine," even though be may possibly be effeminate! Whether you run in single or double harness must ment be confessed to or wos betide the prevarientor. Occupation, whether able to read or write, nationality, last residence, seaport for landing and final destination in the Philippines are some of the further questions to be asked and then, to prove that the intending traveler is no would-bestownway, he must state the fact of his possession or otherwise of a ticket to his destination, and furthermore he or she must even say whether the ticket was purchased with his or her own or other people's money. Then the condition of one's finances must be declared and the actual sum of money constituting one's worldly possessions, and "if 30 or less" how much cash one has, so that if one has "30" one must be very careful not to under or over estimate the amount.

Is the immigrant going to join a relative?-that relative's name and address must be given. If he has even before been in the Philippines, whether he goes to work, under contract or otherwise, are vital questions to be truthfully answered. Whether he has ever been in prison.

almshouse or lived on charity, probedeeply into his most intimately private affairs. For, though he might mever have been in prison, the truthcolling traveler might feel that he should say if he has not be ought to have been, while the answer "Not yet!" to the question whether he is a polygamiet won't pass.

Finally, the condition of his health must be stated-his mental as well as physical and if he tells the truth when he arrives at this stage of the self-examination he will be very apt to say, "hordering on invanity," And then, to close up, he must state whethor he is crippled or deformed! If we have only the \$30, made so much a point of he may be mentioned as crippled financially, and by the time he gets through he will in all probability conclude that there are other green fields and pastures new and direct his footsteps toward them.

BOERS THEIR OWN GUNNERS. Don't Have European Experts-Kruger's Look Into the

Pature.

"I wish to correct the impression that generally prevails as to the presence here of foreign experts," writes Allen Sangree, in Ainslee's. "No greater mistake is current than this. The Transvaal artillery, which is supposed to be managed by Russian and German gunners, is really in the hands of young Boers, and the engineering feats that have been accomplished must be credited to the Transvasi farmer. He it is who builds pontoons out of railroad ties, hauls a 12-ton cannon up a mountain and executes damage with artillery. To belong to the latter one must be a burgher, and nearly every gun to-day in the Boer forces is sighted by lads between 17 and 21 years old. The foreign attaches will all testify to this, and, furthermore, bear me out in saying that better marksmanship with big guns is not to be seen than behind tho

"In bidding good-by to Mr. Kruger I asked him if he and his people would accept an asylum in America, to which he replied that it was impossible. 'We are a peculiar people,' he said, and if God wills that we lose our independence then it is better we should all pass away. Wherever a Boer would live he must ever brood over his thoughts. The women will never forget that their husbands died at the English hands; the children will grow up to hate the conqueror, and wherever is such bitterness there could no happiness be. No, it is better that we die, for then each burgher can say to himself: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." "

Boer parapets.

Helping Him Out.

"When was Louisiana ceded, dad?" "Eh? Seeded? Why, I s'pose it all depends on what they expect to grow. Don't ask me no more such fool questions."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOT WINNING TIP ON WAITER.

Man from the Country Visits the Races and Plate in an Approved Manner.

"I had a very laughable experience during this meeting," said a bookmaker's clerk at the Brighton Beach track to a party of his friends the other night on the way home in the trolley, relates the New York Sun. "You see wife's folks live up the state. and generally once or twice during the year some of them come down to pay us a visit. Well, here a couple of weeks ago my father-in-law came down on business and bright and early one morning he bobbed up at the house and announced to me on the quiet that he was going to the track with me. I didn't like the idea much, for my wife was opposed to such a plan, and often told me so. Still I saw no way out of it, and made up my mind to make the best of a bad bargain and take the old gentleman off with the promise that he would never tell that he had been there with me. We had no trouble in getting away for the old gentleman helped matters along by telling my wife a whopping lie right at the start about having business to attend to that would keep him away all day long. Having faith in her father's honesty. my wife awallowed this and we started off together.

"On my way down my father-in-taw asked me so much about the horses that were to run and how to go about the placing of a bet that I half suspected that he had some other motive in view than a more visit to see the races run. I hinted as much to him, but he pretended not to understand me and I had to drop the subject. When we finally arrived at the track I fixed him a good seat, got him a programme and told him to stay right there, so that if I got a chance to get away for a Yew minutes I would know where to find him. Thus fixed, as I thought, for a nice afternoon. I left him and went down to work. Things got real busy in short order and I soon forgot all about my charge in the grand stand. when I was reminded of him in a frant way. One of the messengers who place bets came to my stand, handed up a ten-dollar bill to be placed on a horse called Waiter, saying as be did so that the old hayseed who was making the bet was on the worst hind of a dead one. The reference to the harseed brought back to mind my father-inlaw, although at the time I did not in any way connect him with the messenger's remark. The bet I recorded called for \$120 to \$10, and I smiled, for I agreed with the messenger that the horse was a dead one, as he had ealied it.

"The race was run and Waiter eimply played with his field and won about as he pleased. Still this fact didn't worry me much except that our book only had that one bet to pay on Waiter. and I said to myself I"!have a chance ow to run up and see how the old ger tieman is getting on. The boy soon turned up for the money, and, after having some fun with him about the hayseed whom he thought picked dead ones. I went in search of my father-inlaw. I just reached the stand in time to see the messenger hand him the money I had paid to him only a few minutes before. I was dumfounded, and showed it clearly, but the old manonly grinned and said: 'I couldn't help that slide, Charley; everybody was asking me to play it, and I thought I would, and I'm d-d glad I did, for that \$120 will fix things up real nice at home this winter when things are Even after all this I was at a loss to understand just what he was, driving at, for I couldn't imagine the old gentleman playing horses. I took him down to the stand with me, and there he explained how after I left he walked around the stand and met at number of colored men, all of whom her described as being very polite to him, and he said that every one of them came up to him and in a nice, friendly way said: 'Weiter, Waiter, Waiter, sir.

"'Now, I read that little book you gave me, Charley,' said my father-inlaw, and knew that a horse named Waiter was going to start, and I thought that as all those colored men were kind enough to tell me about it.

why. I would make a bet just once." "I was quite anxious to learn who the kind colored men were, and when I took him back to the grand stand he pointed out several of them to me, and I near had a fit. They were waiters, and had held him up just as they would any other man with theirs "Waiter, waiter, sir.' I told him who, they were and what they were there for, but it was some time before I could convince him of the truth. Finally he began to see through the whole thing,? and we both had a good laugh. Bright! and early next morning my father-in-it law started home, and I'll bet by thisle time he has started a new barn or something of that sort with the \$120 he won on the tip the kind colored man, gave him."

Taploca Padding with Cream,

To make tapioca pudding, wash three-quarters of a cupful of pearl tapioca; pour one quart of boiling water over it and cook in a doubled boiler till transparent, stirring often;1 add to this half a tesapoonful of saltate core and pare seven apples, put thems. in a round baking dish and fill the hollow with sugar and lemon juice; pour the tapioca over them and bake p until the apples are soft. Serve hot or cold, with augar or cream. Canned peaches or pears may be used instead I of apples.-Home Magazine.

Crulleri.

To one pint of bread sponge added three-fourths of a cupin of sugar, one egg, one fourth teaspoonful lemonal extract, one-fourth teaspoonful of aoda. Mix up stiffly. When light roll? thinly, cut into small squares, fry in i boiling hot lard and roll in powdered augar.-Ladies' World.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS