BIG DAMAGES.

The Old Man Was Round to Have Satisfaction One Way or Another.

A small, wiry, middle-aged man came charging down the road in a high state of excitement. He stopped in front of the Possum Ridge school-house, jerked off his hat and coat and threw them down in the road, straightened himself to his full height and shouted:

"Whoop-e-ee! I'm little but I'm pizen, an' I'm achin' to chaw some-body up. Do you hear me in thar, you little spindle-shanked gander?"

The young teacher of the school came to the door and looked out, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"Why, Mr. Riley," he said, "is that 'you?"

"It air. It's all me, an' I'm all here. Whoop-e-ee!"
"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm hungry for blood. Come out here an' I'll chaw you up so quick that you won't know what's gone twrong with you. Dodgast you, I'll est you at one bite."

"Why do you want to chew me up?"
What harm have I done you?"
"You're gone an' wrecked my dar-

"You've gone an' wreeked my darter's life, dodblame you. You've tampered with her affections an' won her heart an' then won't marry her."

"Mr. Biley, I have never made love

to your daughter and I have never tampered with her affections."
"You have. You went to meetin' with her three times."

"Well, what does that zignify?"

"It signifies you got to take a lickfin', marry the gal or pay damages."

"But I never agreed to marry her,
Mr. Riley. I never mentioned the subject to her in my life. I never even

hinted at such a thing."

"That don't matter. You went with
her three times, and after that she
maturally 'lowed you meant to marry

"Well, I can't marry her, and I'm sorry if she is disappointed."
"If you don't marry her, dodgast you, you'll do one of them other two

things. You'll pay damages or be schawed up."

\$\mathbb{H} M don't want to fight you. Mr.

Don't make no difference what you want. I'm goin' to climb on you, an' when I do I'll make the fur fly. I'm little but I'm pizen, an' when I git my hands on you you'll think a half-dozen cyclones have got hold of you.

It's either a lickin' or damages."

"I won't pay any damages."

"Then look out fer me, fer I'm goin'
to light on you, an' when I git through
with you nobody won't know you from
a mess of sausage meat. Whoop-e-ee!

"Here I come."

"Hold on a minute. I don't want to have any trouble with you. Can't we spome to an understanding some way?"

"It's either a lickin' or damages."
"How much damages do you want?"
"I want lots of it, I kin tell you that right now. That gal is my own flesh an' blood, an' when I look at her an' see how you've broke her heart an' swrecked her life my dander rises an' my blood bites. Dadblame your onery skin, I ought to lick you; but if you'll put up money enough, I'll let you off."

"How much do you demand?"

"It's goin' to take a pile of it, fer,

by Grannys, I ain't goin' to show you

no mercy."

"We'll, how much?"
"I won't accept a cent less than two
dollars."

BORAX IN EUROPE.

Enteresting Particulars of the Process by Which It Is Pro-duced.

The greater part of the borax which mow enters into European commerce is extracted from borocalcite, a minweral which is formed principally of borate of lime. It is is found in great quantities in certain parts of Asia Minor, says the Scientific American. The process of treatment depends upon the reaction of borate of calcium and caustic soda, which, when **added, form borax** and carbonate of lime. It has been found that the caustic sods may be replaced by bicarbonsate of sods to obtain the same result, "the best method being to use a mixture of the two. In the process which is now generally used, the native borocalcite is reduced to a fine powder in 😘 mill. Of the powder, 15 parts by weight are taken, and 60 parts of waiter, and this is placed in a steamheated ressel, adding eight parts of bicarbonate of soda and two parts caustic soda, and the whole is boiled for about three hours. The mass resulting from this treatment is passed Into large filter presses, and the hot solution which comes off is placed in crystallizing basins, and at the end of a few days the borax may be collected in crystals; these are put to adry in a steam oven. They are often In irregular masses of large size, and these must be broken into small pieces, after they have been well cleaned. The small crystals thus obtained are assorted and put into barrela whose weight is from 100 to 800 pounds. The cake of carbonate of lime which remains in the filter press is washed with water until the borax is completely extracted, and is then sold to glass, paper or cement works. It is estimated that 100 pounds of borocalcite will yield 100 to 105 pounds of erystallized borax.

Indiana Increasing.

According to late authorities it is a mistake to suppose that the Indian population of the United States is decreasing. It is declared to be slowly growing now that tribal wars are at an end and the red man has learned not to tget into trouble with Uncle Sam. Poor. Lo is becoming a self-supporting agriculturist.—Chicago Chronicle.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

A great field of opportunity for religious work is suggested by the manager of a cotton mill at New Hartford, Conn., inviting religious teachers to work among the 200 or 300 Hungarian girls employed by him.

The new Turkish university at Constantinople will not accept students over 18 years of age. Except the theological courses (Koran, etc.), which will be open to 30 students, no faculty will accept more than 25 students.

Facilities are rapidly being provided by the New Zealand education department for the training of Maori chilfren. There are now 84 Maori schools in the colony, and a number of scholarships are provided for Maori children to enable them to proceed to the higher schools or to undergo a course of technical training.

Bowdoin college has revised its rules respecting compulsory attendance at church so that the rules now read reach student is expected to attend the church on Sundays." It had been found that the faculty would not expel a student for non-attendenance at church, and, rather than have a law that was a dead letter, the former rule has been modified. Daily attendance at chapel is still compulsory.

Jeanne de Lestonnac, who was recently beatified by Pope Leo, has a strange pedigree for a Catholic saint. Her mother, Jeanne Eyquem de Montaigne, was a Calvinist, while her uncle was Michel, de Montaigne, the skeptic whose philosophy is summed up in the phrase: "Que sais-je?" After being married and having borne seven children, Jeanne de Lestonnac, on her husband's death, became a Cistercian nun and founded the order of the "Filles de Notre

The three great luxuries in Siberia are churches, theaters and museums. Even the smaller villages can usually be sighted from afar by means of the white walls of their towering churches. These are all amply supplied with bells, whose rich tones roll in majestic harmony over distant hill and vale and break the monotony of the peasants' daily toil. Inside, these churches are highly ornamented with paintings, and they are presided over by married priests, who take a deep and genuins interest in even the poorest of the

A GALE AT SEA.

Graphic Description of a Thrilling Experience on the Atlantic Ocean.

The sea rose behind us in huge bil-

and the second

lows, says W. J. Stillman in the Atlantic, and as a wave overtook us and we lay in the bottom of the valley, and it so overhung us that it seemedimpossible that when it broke it should not bury us, the stern was caught by the forefoot of it, and the old ship began to rise and went up, up, up, until I was dizzy, and then we hovered on the summit a moment, looking out-though the distance was hidden by the driving spray-on such an expanse of mountainous waves as I had never pictured to myself, and while I looked the wave passed from under us and we went down and down with a rapidity of descent which was almost like falling from a balloon, and after another moment's rest in the valley came the shuddering half apprehension of the next wave as it rose above us threatening again, and then after again soaring aloft we raced down again into the driving of the spray. * * * Up and down like a child's swing, wallowing and rolling with the sea breaking over the side till the channels were full, pouring over the bows in green torrents and then in blinding deluges of spray and water over the stern; tearing along ten knots an hour, and yet always seeming to be left stationery by the waves that rushed by us-the great waves that obeyed the wind only to be crushed down again by it, spurting up here and there fitfully in pinnaeles which were instantly driven off in foam and froth; no combing waves such as the land dweller sees-for no wave could rise enough to comb-only great hills of water, crystalline with wavelets, streaked with spun foam, heaving as with an inner impulse, and leaving us in a contemptuous toleration to keep afloat if we could. And now and then two great waves raced each other, as they will at long intervals, till they ran close to each other, and we were thrown aloft a little higher still to see nothing more than a wild waste of foam, spray and watery chaos which defies human language to express it. This was the sea as I had wanted to see it, and as no painter ever has painted, or probably ever will paint it.

Pigeon Service in the French Army. Special attention has recently been paid in France to the use of carrier pigeons by the cavalry. The pigeons are carried in a basket attached to the rider's shoulders in the same way as a knapsack, says a foreign correspondent. Each bird is placed in a tube made of wicker and lined with hair the clasticity of which deadens the effect of the jolting. One, two or three such tubes can be carried in the book t. The birds are in a numbed condition when first taken out of the tubes, but they speeds ly recover unless they are left several days in the tubes, when the numbress ends in death. To prevent this, a lightform of folding cage is carried, in which the birds can rest and recover themselves during a halts and partake of nourishment. Twelve men belonging to the cavalry are serievery year to attend a course of instruction in the handling and treatment of pigeons at the military pigeon station at Vaugirard. -Detroit Free Press.

Me In a Fool.

The man is a foor who imagines he can turn the current of a woman's will by force.— Chicago Daily News.

CATS BROUGHT ILL LUCK.

Things Seemed to Be Coming His Way But There Must Have Seen One Cat Too Many.

"We are more or less auspicious when it comes to black cats," said a well-known young man about town to a Washington Star reporter, "and I was one of the firmest believers in the black cat good-luck superstition in Washington until a few days ago.

"I had gotten tired of doing the same thing in my department over and over every day in the year, and, being a member of one of the learned professions, I decided to attempt to secure a transfer to another department, where my training could be put to advantage to myself and incidentally to the government.

ly to the government.

"I am from a state where the senior senstor is a power in state and national politics; a man almost unapproachable by reason of his prominence, but who is personally one of the stanchest of friends to his friends, and whose recommendation usually carries, as it is seldom given. I hap-

pen to be one of his friends.

"Next to myself, the person most interested in my ambition was my sweetheart. One night about a month ago, on our return from the theater, on her doorstep sat a jet black cat with a white star on its breast. The eat followed us in the house in the most friendly manner, refused to go out until it was time for my departure, and then followed me to the sidewalk. My best girl, in a rhapsody of delight, declared that it was ordained by the stars that I was to get my appointment.

my appointment.

"Two or three days later, on the eve of my departure for the great and wicked city which is my home, I stepped into a restaurant on Eleventh street for lunch. A cat as black as ink, with a white star on its breast, came in the door, walked right up to my table, and remained there until I finished my meal. When I told my sweetheart about the cat's visit when I saw her that evening, she had another spasm of delight, saying that defeat for me was impossible.

"I left for home about two weeks ago, and on the very first night of my arrival, as I was leaving the hotel, a big black cat with a white star on its breast came out of the cafe and rubbed its arched back against my shins. I returned at once to the writing-room and wrote my girl about it. I received by return mail a letter of 16 closely written pages, explaining that with the third black cat thus thrust in my pathway my appointment was inevitable, and that she could hardly contain her joy.

"On the day before I was to see the senator I stopped at Shanley's, on Broadway, for lunch. I was paralyzed with delight when the fourth black cat suddenly came up to my table and purred about my feet in the most friendly manner.

"Need I tell you that the senator was kindness and graciousness itself. and lauded my ambition to get up in the line of my chosen profession? Need I say that the indorsements of my district leader and congressional candidates and those of my professional friends were literally thrown at my head? Need I say that my sweetheart wrote me an 18-page, double-lined letter every day, telling me that I couldn't lose? Need I add that everything in the big city I wanted came my way? Is it not idle to tell you that one of the great men who directs the councils of his party, and who is a power therein, united with the senator in an indorsement which, had it been at the beginning of the administration, ought to have given me an assistant secretaryship, and perhaps wished me luck?

"And need I tell you that the cabinet officer to whom I presented my papers frankly told me that having no places vacant he could not give me one? That I had my trouble for my pains, and that the four black cata threw me down hard? That my sweetheart's nose and eyes were so red from weeping that she could not go to the theater, and that I have for disposal the strongest set of indorsements which can be picked up on Pennsylvania avenue in an hour's

Curious Irish Pledge,

A society has been formed in Ireland for the purpose of pushing the sale of Irish goods and putting a stop to the sale of foreign goods under Irish "colors." This society is called the Irish Shop Assistants' Industrial league, and is the result of a resolve among young men patriotically disposed to serve Irish goods wherever possible. The members sign a pledge which runs as follows: "I hereby promise to do my atmost to seil an Irish made article on every possible occasion (when not det-'rimental to my employer's interests), and to do all in my power to promote the objects of the league for the purmore of upraising the industries of country."- N. Y. Herald.

Bread and Milk for Society.

Many women of fashion are following the rather widespread custom of a large number of business men of weak digestion and have acquired the notion that a return to the bread and milk of their childhood is a good thing for them physically and mentally. They have, in fact, in some places given bread and milk something of a standing as a luncheon "dish." either as the whole meal or as an appetizer. The order is served in fainty bowls of the most delicate thing and artistic shape.—Chicago hronicle.

The Difference.

pow. N. Y. World.

Friend -Does your town boast of a football team?
Suburbanite No, we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It has been found that a dozen Portuguese systems contain about six grains of phosphoric acid; French systems have about four grains per dozen.

According to Mulhall, the production of ten in 1888 was as follows: China, 290,000,000 pounds; India, 90,000,000 pounds; Japan, 40,000,000 pounds, and Ceylon, 9,000,000 pounds.

Stevedores put 22,782 bales of cotton on board ship at New Orleans the other day, thereby surpassing any single day's record in the history of that port. On the same day two vessels cleared with 22,000 and 11,000 bales respectively.

In lithographic printing aluminium plates are fast taking the place of stone as printing surfaces. The stone is, of course, always worked flat, while the thin aluminium plate may be bent around a cylluder and consequently worked much more rapidly in a printing press.

According to a report published by the home office in London showing the mineral productions of the world for the last year, the United States easily leads all its rivals in this form of wealth. Great Britain ranks second, but far behind the leader, the total product of the United States having been about \$720,000,000, while that of Great Britain was \$400,000,000. Germany stands third, with nearly \$250,000,000.

In observations on the microscopic life of Arctic regions, Dr. Levin states that, with the exception of a single species of bacterium found in one bear and two seals, the intestinal contents of the white bear, seal, shark, eider duck and other Arctic vertebrates were absolutely sterile, but bacteria were almost invariably present in the lower marine animals. These observations on germ-free intestines are of special importance and interest, as they confirm the idea of Pasteur and others that

bacteria are not essential to digestion. P. A. Minakoff has made an exhaustive study of the nails of the hand, some of the results of which he regards as of medico-legal importance. Among other things he asserts that the sails of the right hand in a right-handed person are wider by from one-half to two millimeters than the corresponding naits on the left hand; while is left-handed persons the reverse obtains, and in the ambidextrous the nails are of equal size on the two hands. The thickness of the nail diminishes progressively from the thumb to the little finger.

LEARNED HIS LESSON.

After Which He Knew Enough Not to Rub the Court the Wrong Way.

Some of the members of the bar were discussing contempt cases, because of a recent notable event in the state, and one of the little coterie related a personal experience, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I read law at home and had my examinations through a little country lawyer who knew a great deal but never had a big case and was notorious for his ability in abusing justices of the peace. It may seem a preposterous statement, but I had never heard or thought of such a thing as contempt of court when I had my first professional experience in a common pleas court. No sooner had the opposition attorney made an objection than the judge ruled against me.

"I proceeded to inform him that he was wrong, that he knew he was wrong and that I wished he would quit his pettifogging. The lawyers in attendance were temporarily petrified, the venerable judge glared at me over his glasses, finally smiled in a forgiving sort of a way and told me to proceed. Very soon there was another well-taken objection and again he ruled against me. This practically took the props from under my case, and I went at the judge as my instructor had been accustomed to go at a justice of the peace in a back

township.

"Your honor.' I declaimed, 'is a political accident. In the eternal fitness of things you should be digging coal or cleaning out underbrush. You have no more sense of justice than a Zulu chief of mercy. Thank Heaven there is a higher official tribunal in this state that'—but there I was halted by a fine of \$200 or 90 days in jail. The judge took me to his private room, he learned my story and remitted the fine. To pay \$200 at that time would have pauperized me. I now have quite a reputation for never rubbing the court the wrong way."

The for Apple Refuse,

Nearly all the liners now leaving the port of Philadelphia for Germany and Great Britain carry in their holes hundreds of barrels and hogsheads of apple waste. Apple waste is the peelings, cores and other refuse of appless It is gathered from the manufacturers of apple butter and kindred compounds, and in England and Germany marmalade and wine are made of it. A very palatable apple wine is imported thither and in certain colonies is much onjoyed. Excellent marmalades, very expensive and very beautifully labeled and put up, also come back for consumption. Both are made of apple waste, but few people know that .- N. Y. Sun.

Not Love Spats, However, "James, dear." said Mrs. Northside, "what sort of a ring is it that prize fighters battle in?"

"An engagement ring, my dear." replied Mr. Northside, — Pitteburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Deposed Ruler. Spudds-How do you like your new

sook?
Henpeck--Oh, fine; my wife isn't boss

Henpeck-Oh, fine; my wife isn't boss of the establishment any longer,-...Detroit Free Press.

GUARD GRAVEYARDS.

Chicago Cemeteries Carefully Protected from Marauders.

Armed Watchmen Patrol the Silent Cities of the Dead During the Night and Shoot Without Asking Questions.

Every cometery in Chicago and in its suburbs has a watchman, whose work it is through the dark hours of the night to make the round of the vaults and the graves. Under the belief that it must be a hard task to find men willing to stand guard by musty tombs and new-made graves when the moon is in the dark the officials of several Chicago cometery companies were asked if they did not ever find difficulty in getting men to make the nightly rounds, says the

Tribune of that city.

"Difficulty? Bless you, no," was the answer. "The place of night watchman in a cemetery is one that is sought after. It may strike some people as being an uncanny sort of a job, but its 'uncanniness' makes it attractive. There is no more trouble about getting a man to make the round of the tombstones than there is to get one to sit on a stool and figure up how much the lot-owners owe."

An easy way to commit suicide and to save friends the trouble of carrying the body far, for a resting place after death is to scale the wall of Graceland or the fence of Calvary some time between midnight and dawn and go meddling around some newly-made grave or go fooling with the lock of some granite vault. So ghouls confine their operations to unguarded country cemeteries. Every graveyard guardian ia Chicago and vicinity is armed and is said to be a crack shot. The Calvary watchman cannot well miss his game, for he carries over his shoulder a heavily charged double-barrel shotgun, and shot scatter pretty well at a distance of 25 or 30 yards. This guardian of Chicago's Roman Catholic dead can follow up this shotgun fusillade with revolver bullets if necessary.

It fell to the lot of a man recently

to make an extremely early call at Graveland cemetery. The sun was just coming up as the visitor entered the burial ground. The fact that it was daylight saved him. As he stood on one of the walks near the center of the cemetery, for he had gone thus far undiscovered, a man on a bicycle whirled down on him. It was a case of stand and deliver your intentions. As a matter of fact the visitor had gone there in the interest of a certain newspaper whose city editor had heard that the newly erected monument of a prominent man had been overthrown. He wished to get the story into an early edition. If the editor could have entered Graceland just as the tips of the willows near the pond were being gilded by the rising sun he would have seen his emissary walking briskly toward the gate just a few yards in advance of a cross-looking man on a wheel. It was eight o'clock before the actual facts touching the condition of the injured monument could be learned.

There are signs posted about a Jewish cemetery northwest of Chicago, which say succinctly:

Any Person Seen in This Cometery Between Sundown and Sunrise Will Be Shot. No Questions Asked.

It might seem at first thought that the robbery of a grave well filled in with earth would be the question of too much time to allow its successful accomplishment. As a matter of fact, in those parts of the cemeteries which are set aside for the sale of single graves the bodies are placed so close together that in digging one burial place the side of the coffin in the next grave is often uncovered. The graves are frequently dug the day before the interment takes place, and in cases like this the taking of a body from the adjoining place of sepulcher by way of the newly dug grave would be the matter of but a

minute. It is not, however, any great danger from grave robbers that leads to the extraordinary vigilance exercised over cemeteries. There are ghouls of lesser degree, those whose booty is the flowers left by friends on the resting places of their dead. The rare blossoms which are to be purchased on the street at such extraordinarily cheap prices are at times those which the day before had been part of the trappings of a funeral. There is a sale for the wire forms in which claborate flower designs are placed, and these are not infrequently stolen.

Siberia a Land of Churches.

The three great luxuries in Siberia are churches, theaters and museums. Even the smaller villages can usually be sighted from afar by means of the white walls and the towering domeshaped eupolas of their churches. These are all amply supplied with bells. whose rich tones roll in majestic harmony over distant hill and vale and break the monotony of the peasants' daily toil. Inside, these churches are highly ornamented with paintings, and they are presided over by married priests, who take a deep and genuine interest in the poorest of the flock .--N. Y. Times.

The Earth's Shadow.

The earth has a shadow, but few ever observe it or, if they do, have no knowledge of what they are looking at. Some of as have seen on beautiful summer evenings just before sunset a roseate arc on the horizon opposite the san, with a bluish gray segment under it. This is the shadow of the earth. The same shadow is always observable on the occasion of an eclipse of the moon.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ANTIQUITY OF POLO.

The Game Was Played in Asia in the Tenth Century.

Early Patrona Were Hulers of the Country - Popular with the Greeks in the Twelfth Century-Later History.

Just when and where the first game of polo was played is not definitely known, but it is well known that in the early part of the tenth century the game was played in parts of Asia, principally in Persia, India and Japan. In the latter country, where it was undoubtedly played in the sixth century, there is a tradition that the game was known to the people 600 years before Christ, says the Rider and Driver.

Many old eastern writings make reference to the game under the Persian name of changan.

Among the early patrons of the game some of the more distinguished were Harun-Alraschid, the amir massud of Ghazni, the Emperor Akbar and the Shah Abbas, the Persian monarch. The latter, a great patron of the game, evidently found it a great relief from mental labor to gallop about on a wild-little pony and endeavor to bit the chaugan ball harder and oftener than any of his courtlers.

The plains of Agrae furnished a great polo ground for the Emperor Akbar, where three centuries ago he might have been seen within a quadrangle formed by howdahed elephants and squadrons of horsemen playing chaugan with his courtiers on the present site of Taj. The sticks they played with were topped with gold and silver, and when a stick broke the pieces became the property of those who picked them up. The emperor must have been quite an enthusiast upon the game, for it is recorded that frequently on dark nights he went out upon the plain and played for hours, using blazing wooden balls that seethed and spluttered as they bounded over the ground.

Polo was probably first played in Europe by the Greeks in the twelfth century, for a Byzantian historian tells us how the Greek emperor, Comnenus, took a "cropper" while play-

ing a chaugan match. In India chaugan was played for ages in Munnipore and the valleys of Thibet before it was taken up by the English. It is probably from this place that the game derived the name of polo, for it is probably a corruption of pulu, the Thibetan name for. the game. In 1859 J. F. Sherer, a lieutenant in the English army, haveing become interested in the game from seeing it played by the Munnipories, organized a European polo club in Cachar, and by playing exhiamong the young officers and merchapts of his acquaintance. It was largely through the efforts of Sherer that polo became popular in Calcutta, where in 1864 he was tendered a great dinner in recognition of his services. He has since been justly called "the father of polo." The game has since spread throughout all India and is placed from the Himalayas to Ceylon, and the great tournaments held vearly at Murat and Umballa, which are attended by large and appreciative throngs, are strong existences of its popularity. Nor is its popularity confined to India alone, for polo is played to-day in almost every civilized coun-

try in the world. The way in which the first game of polo came to be played in England is as follows: A number of young officers quartered at Aldershot were sitting in a tent after lunch when one of their number, who had been read- ing a paper, anddenly interrupted them with: "Listen to this, boys," and then he read aloud an account of a game of polo played by the Munnipories. "That must be a great game," enid one; "let us try it." Suiting the action to the word, he ran out and ordered the horses to be brought, while the others supplied themselves with hockey sticks and a billiard ball. With this crude outfit and upon big horses was the first game of polo played in England. It was soon evident that the game could not be played successfully upon tall horses. and ponies were brought from Ireland for polo purposes. Other regiments took up the game, until tournaments became quite common. Large clubs were started at Lillie Bridge and Hurlingham, and the latter place is still the favorite resort of polo players in England.

Russia's Pioneers.

The Coesacks are the arms and leguof Russia, while the moujik is the backbone. The Cossacks won Siberia for Russia when they were the daring fringe of her population, grown adventurous and warlike by their frequent conflicts with the Tartars who crowded Russia's borders. In them is conrentrated the enterprise and aggressveness which the moujik lacks. They cut the path and the moujiks followed, and the descendants of these hardy pioneers live throughout Siberia to-day, forming a hereditary military caste. So strict are the laws of heredity among the Cossacks that it is almost impossible for an officer who was not born one to obtain a commission. in a Cossack regiment..., N. Y. Sun.

Chicken Pie.

Cut up a chicken weighing about five pounds and let it simmer in one quart of water until tender. Line a large baking dish with nice paste, put in a layer of chicken, cover with very thin strips of the paste, over this put bits of butter, then the remainder of the chicken, pour in the liquor in which it was cooked and cover with paste. Bake in a moderate oven till a delicate brown.— People's Home Journal.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS