FAMOUS HERMIT KINGDOM.

Brilliant Work Done by the Late Gens. Dye and Le Gendre in Cores.

Americans have won distinction in many countries, but not often in Corea, and hence the notable part played by two Americans in the politics and vicisaitudes of that land during the last few years is especially worthy of mention. These two Americans are the late

Gen. William McE. Dye, and the late Gen. W. C. Le Gendre. Like a romance the life of each reads, so picturesque and full of incidents were their careers. A Frenchman was Gen. Le Gendre, being born in that country in 1829. He came to the United States in 1855, and during the civil war did good service as commander of the Fifty-first New York regiment. At the close of the war he was appointed United States consul at Amoy, and two years later (in 1867) he went to Japan and entered the mikado's service. His sterling qualities soon become known, and he did such good work during the war with the Shoguns that he was ennobled at its close.

For 20 years the general was one of the most prominent figures in Japan, during which time he worked vigorously and successfully with the object of abolishing coolie traffic and building up the Formosa tea trade. He then went to Corea and entered the king's service, with the result that he was soon appointed vice minister of home affairs. In this capacity he labored as strenuously as ever he had labored on flelds of battle, and he was recognized by the monarch and his court as one of the ablest men in the kingdom.

Gen. Dye's career was equally full of surprises. From major of police in Washington, D. C., he came to be vice minister of war in Corea, and the chief adviser and protector of that country's king. He went to Corea 12 years ago for the purpose of organizing and instructing the king's army, making his residence in Seoul, where there were 12,000 soldiers, whose duty it was to guard the palace and act as police. He quickly established precincts and systematized the work of the department.

So far as possible, he armed the soldiers with modern guns, most of which came from the United States. The best that could be done, however, for the provincial soldiers was to give them the old muzzle loaders, and many, indeed, were obliged to retain their flintlocks. Many other innovations he introduced, but it was not until the Japanese invaded the country that he came into real prominence.

The Japanese desired to gain control of the palace guards, but the king insisted that they should be under his direct orders, and he asked Gen. Dye to live in the palace while the turmoil over this and other questions was in progress. Consequently the general was in the palace when the queen was murdered by Corean and Japanese conspirators, in October, 1895. His own life at that time was in great danger, and he was warned to leave the palace, but he refused to desert the sovereign. Nay, he even helped the king to escape to the Russian legation several weeks after the queen's assassination. His assistants in this perilous enterprise were Je Pom Chin, recently Corean minister at Washington, and a woman in the royal household. Thanks to them, the king was carried safely out of the palace in a woman's chair, which was kept

closely curtained. Gen. Dye under his contract was entitled to a month's leave of absence each year of his service, but so threatening were the conditions that the king was never willing to let him take a vacation. He remained in Corea therefore year after year, working continually and burdened with responsibilities which would long ago have shattered a less stalwart and self-reliant man. Finally his health broke down, and returning to his home in Muskegon, Mich., he died there of a stomach trouble contracted during the civil war .- N. Y. Herald.

DUSKY JOAN OF ARC.

A Fearless Woman Who Is Leading a Brigade of Filipino Warriors.

One thing not generally known is that a saddle-colored Joan of Arc is leading a brigade of the ragtag army. She is described as being about 35 years of age, a pure Filipino and very plain looking; she was dressed in trousers, high boots, short khaki jacket, and carried a handsome belt with two revolvers attached.

She wore one of the United States service hats, and on her shoulder the straps of her rank. The natives gave her every honor, and said she was perfectly fearless on the field.

Her husband, whom she was with when he was killed near Imus, was a major; when he fell she seized his revolver and tried to reform the flying "gugus," but in vain. For this she was commissioned in her husband's place, and has since been promoted for bravery to a brigadier.

There is also a full-blooded Chino in the insurgent army who ranks as a brigadier on Gen. Ricarte's staff. He was with Aguinaldo in Heng-Kong, and served with him against the Spanish. His hair has been cut short, and he is noted among the Filipinos for his diamonds and cruelty. He wears gems worth \$5,000 on his person. The natives say that prisoners receive the cruelest of treatment at his hands, and his own men are treated with the utmost severity for slight breaches of dis-

cipline. There is also a Jap, holding a major's commission, and an Australian who is a lieutenant colonel. This man does not speak Tagalo. He is probably the officer heard several times during engagements giving commands in English.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Man and Woman. woman likes to be told she looks fresh, but a man doesn't,-Chicago Daily News.

BODKIN AND THE MOUSE

The Disasters of a Determined Campaign Against Four-Footed Household Pests.

"There's no use in talking," exclaimed Nehemiah Bodkin, banker, philanthropist and economist, the other morning after breakfast, at the same time glancing knowingly at his wife. There's no use talking," repeated Bodkin, in a patronizing manner, "this house has got to be rid of the multiplicity of perambulating, little fourlegged cusses, otherwise known as mice, that infest this place from cellar to attic. I tell, you, Mrs. Bodkin, there has got to be a stop put to this nonsense, or else the neighbors will accuse us of running a rat incubator and doing. our best to infest the neighborhood. But, madam, this rat problem is about to be solved and at the hands of Nehemiah Bodkin."

"Why, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Bodkin, who knew only too well the results of following her husband's economical streaks, "were you not aware that there are men who hire out as professional rateatchers who could clear our house of the pests in a few hours,

"Not another word," broke out Nehemiah, at the same time endeavoring to increase his stature and casting withering glances at his wife he almost roared: "Do you expect me to pay out good money to professional good-for-nothings, who couldn't catch a rat after it had been stricken with the blind staggers? No, Mrs. Bodkin, I have decided to attend to this matter myself, and shall not call in any outsiders either."

With this remark, Bodkin arose from the table. He crossed to the opposite side of the room and opened the door into the vestibule just in time to see a tiny mouse dodge through the grating in the hall register. All the ire in Bodkin was at once aroused, and rushing over to the register he slammed the shutter to with such force that he nearly lost his balance. Resuming his equilibrium, Bodkin surveyed the scene with a look of evident superiorty. He had trapped one of the little pests and now he had a chance to get square, and also to show Mrs. Bodkin that when Nehemiah Bodkin said he was going to rid the house of rats there was no fooling about it.

Closing the doors leading into the vestibule, Bodkin donned his overcoat and gloves, the former to keep out the cold and the latter to protect his hands from gore. He considered that that particular mouse would be past history in about the smallest fraction of a second. Then seizing a poker from the kitchen he repaired to the scene of conflict. Mrs. Bodkin had in the meantime discovered what her husband was up to. She had heard the racket in the vestibule, and surmised that operations were to be begun at once. Taking up a position at the head of a stairway, Mrs. Bodkin had a commanding view of the situation

from behind a convenient portiere. With a look of determination on his countenance, Bodkin stalked over to the register and prepared to dispatch the offender on first sight. He removed the grating quickly, out jumped the mouse, and kerwhack sounded the poker as it came in contact with the hardwood floor, where the mouse had been a short time ago.; But his mouseship hadn't given up the ghost by any means. It just whisked about that vestibule like a streak of greased lightning, finally taking up a position in the shelter of one of the massive

legs of the hall stand. Bodkin, finding that he had not knocked the mouse into smithereens at the first whack, became furious, and swore that the next blow would put the finishing touch on that mouse and no mistake. Turning about, he espied the mouse under the stand, the animal being in the act of winking the other eye, or at least Bodkin thought so. Holding the poker high above his head, Bodkin prepared for a magnificent finale. The poker descended with terrific force, struck one of the carved legs of the stand, rebounded into space and proceeded to knock over the chandelier globes. Bodkin, in the meanwhile was performing an acrobatic feat on the floor with a fleeing mouse and Mrs. Bodkin

as the only witness. Bodkin recovered himself in an instant, grasped the poker from a mass of broken glass and hurled it at the fleeing mouse, the only result being to smash the umbrella holder. Now, Bodkin was mad in earnest. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow and sulphur laden currents of atmosphere were being exhaled in all directions, while the poker was whacking here and there, breaking the glass in the hall stand, hacking the paint and plastering and leaving destruction in its wake. Just then, however, the mouse got in the way of a piece of flying debris, and it was all over.

Bodkin was triumphant, and waving the dead mouse aloft, he called for his wife, who thereupon emerged from her position at the rear of the portiere and came timidly down the stairs.

"Behold what might hath done," was his salutation. "And now Nehemiah Bodkin can depart for the office in peace. Meanwhile, my dear, you can send for a man to straighten out a few things which I have disturbed. Good-by:"-N. Y. Sun.

Spaghetti Mexican Style.

Put a tablespoonful of lard and butter in a porcelain saucepan. When hot add one-quarter pound of spaghetti broken into desired lengths, half an onion sliced, one large tomato sliced, pepper and salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Stir to prevent burning and allow to brown slightly. Then add one large cupful stock or hot water and boil until the water has been absorbed, being sure the spaghetti is tender .-

BASED ON NOTHING.

That Is the Way with Most of the Fears That Beset Fair Maids and Matrons.

The cause that implants the spirit of fear in the bosom of the gentle sex is a subject that may well puzzle the most devout student of human nature. The mouse is considered one of the most harmless of creatures, and yet it has been responsible for more cases of hysteria than any animal many times its size.

One woman, who all her life has carefully searched beneath her bed before retiring, at one time found herself in possession of a folding monstrosity, the intricasies of which she had first to solve before taking her well earned rest. But such is the force of habit. After pulling down the bed she would carefully look beneath it, for no other reason than that she had done so ever since she was a child.

A favorite illusion is that of having one's legs seized, either from behind in going upstairs or on getting into bed. Women have been seen scuttling upstairs in the dark, setting at defiance all the laws of locomotion in a ludicrous attempt to keep their legs some distance ahead of them and beyond the reach of a mysterious clutch. Girls will also make flying leaps into bed to eliminate the same improb-

ability. Many women search diligently in closets, bureau drawers and all sorts of improbable places before resigning themselves to sleep. An old house-keeper, whose table silver, in two baskets, was always placed in her bedroom after the evening meal, was one night awakened by what she considered suspicious sounds from the lower regions. Cautiously leaving her roomladen with the silver, she pitched both baskets into the hall below, calling out as she did so: "Take it all and please go," then fled precipitately and barricaded herself in her room. Needless to add, she found both baskets and scattered contents the following morning, a little the worse for the rough handling she had given them.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHAGGY FURS.

Rough Robinson Crusoe or Automobile Coat Is All the Rage at Present.

The very latest fad is the rough, shaggy fur coat which automobilists are having made for wear when the thermometer falls toward zero point. One of the swell furriers has an order for three or four overcoats which will make the wearers look more like Eskimos than New Yorkers.

These coats are made of wolf skins, with seal collars and cuffs for those who have not a fortune to spend on automobile coats, and of mink for the owners of extra long purses, the beautifully shaded and veined fur making a truly regal garment.

Outdoor sports are so much the rage, even in winter, among the smart set that these Robinson Crusoe coats have come to be a necessity with women as well as men. This fact is very apparent from the orders on the swell furrier's books. The garments designed for women are loose, more shapely than the old-fashioned ulster, but a good deal on that style, and are from 38 to 46 inches long, according to the height of the wearer. The favorite furs for these coats are seal, mink and sable.

The collars of these coats are perhaps the most distinctive feature about them, and to the initiated will at once stamp the garment as being the proper thing. They are very high and pointed, protecting and covering the ears completely. They give the costume a touch of warmth and comfort that is very pleasing, and certainly conveys most adequately the idea of being just the thing for an automobile drive on a day when the thermometer is coquetting with zero.

Coats on this model have been worn for a long time by men and women who have been obliged to brave the keen wintry winds sweeping across the prairies, though, of course, on a cheaper scale. All fur coats in the far west are worn with the fur outside, and those who have tried it say that the skin is warmer when worn in that manner .-

New Colors for Gowns.

The coming season's gowns, especially the dark blues, have mostly a touch of yellow in them, and for this daffodil would be an exquisite shade. Mme. la Mode is showing a strong partiality for brown, such as sunsets and cinnamon, golden brown, nut brown and chestnut; and these, together with evening glow, red, brown and copper shades, which are all new colors, are most temptingly produced in this delightful material. Blue is greatly in favor-certilean, sapphire and dark peacock, turquoises and the lightest azure. In the grays silver gray and smoke are notable. Dove's wing, mouse and seal are quite new, and so is the Nankin blue. Both black and white, together with cream, are well represented, together with the sunflower, tangerine and nasturtium, brilliant flame and bulrush. The fabric itself is noted for its thickness of pile, and we cannot too cordially recommend it.-Washington

A Fragrant Sachet.

Take one ounce of coriander powder, Florentine orris, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag root, two ounces of powdered lavender flowers, half a scruple of musk and half a drachm of sandalwood. Mix together well and pass several times through a fine sieve.—N. Y. World.

During the Quarrel. Hubby (angrily)-Whatever I say

Wife (sweetly)-Of course it does, dear. You say it so loud that it goes all over the neighborhood.—N. Y.

HERO OF TELEGRAPH KEY.

A Nervy Operator Who Stuck to His Post with One Hand Shot Away.

A recent dispatch from Altoona, Pa,. says: Howard Bowman, little more than a boy in years, is the hero of the hour. With one hand terribly mangled, and weak from loss of blood, he stuck to his post in the Pennsylvania railroad signal tower at Garway, his uninjured hand at the key of his telegraph instrument. When assistance came, six hours later, the plucky young operator collapsed.

The superintendent of the Cambria and Clearfield division received a message from Bowman about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, just after the morning train up the mountain had departed, asking that a substitute be sent up at once, as he had accidentally shot off one of his hands. Bowman was informed that the train had gone, and that no help was available unless an engine were sent up with an operator aboard.

"Don't send engine," was the quick response. "Several freights coming down. I'll stick to it till afternoon

train.' At three o'clock, when a substitute operator reached Garway, Bowman was prostrate on his desk, his bloodless face telling of the pain he had suffered. At sight of the relief man he sank back in his chair in a faint.

During the six hours that he nursed the stub of his hand he answered every call on the line and kept a careful record of everything that trans-

pired. For several days a squirrel had been disporting himself on the boughs of a birch tree within a stone's throw of Bowman's window. Bowman finally borrowed an old shotgun, intending to take a shot at the squirrel. Not being familiar with guns, he rammed home a double charge of powder. When the squirrel appeared again he fired at it. The gun exploded near the butt, and Bowman's left hand was almost carried away.

Grasping a coil of insulated wire, Bowman wound it about his wrist, inserted his pocketknife as a handle, and with it twisted the wire around his wrist so tightly that the flow of blood was retarded, though not stopped entirely.

Bowman is 23 years old, and recently was married. His heroism in standing to his post as he did will probably bring substantial recognition from the railroad company.-Washington Star.

THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

Cattle Raids and Consequent Peuds Were Common Among the Mountaineers.

The wealth of the clans consisted not in silver and gold, but in flocks and herds. Some of the latter were bred in districts from which they had been forcibly "lifted," but their possessors would point to the consideration that their late owners probably held fourfooted property of which they also had, by similar means, forcibly deprived their original owners. And thus the practice of "cattle purloining" among the clans was based upon a give-andtake principle, which, however, was haracterized by a maximum of "taking" and a minimum of "giving." The cattle forays, or creachs, as they were called, were ordered by the chiefs, and were, naturally enough, regarded as a declaration of enmity against the clan thus despoiled. They were conducted with great secrecy, and bloodshed was, if possible, avoided. When however, as was frequently the case, these predatory incursions were accompanied by loss of life, the feud became interminable until ample vengeance had been taken Revenge was inculcated as a duty, the neglect of which was accounted a disgrace to the living and a dishonor to the dead.

But cattle raiding was not the only, or indeed the primary, cause of the feuds which for centuries made the Highlands the seat of internecine warfare between the clans. The most trifling incidents generally operated in the same direction. An insult, some times a fancied insult, was sufficient to set the heather on fire. Nothing more clearly exemplifies the relationship which existed between the chief and his clansmen than the fact that the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to a clan was to speak in disrespectful terms of its chief. That insult could only be wiped out in blood, and as a rule no time was lost in so expurging it. It sometimes happened that a clan smarting under an affront was numerically too weak to take its revenge in the only way which was open to it. It bided its time, however, and sooner or later tasted the sweets of revenge. The clans had long memories for injuries sustained, and the germ of implacable hatred was often transmitted from father to son, growing in intensity, until finally extinguished in propitiatory blood. - Gentleman's Magazine.

How Women Dress in Siberia. Common class women in Siberia wear shawls or kerchiefs on their heads, while the rich women wear no head covering whatever. A traveler recently returned from that part of the world says that a Russian woman who is otherwise trim and modern in dress will go about with her hair disheveled to the point of the ludierous. Less attention is paid to the head and feet than to other parts of their toilet. "It is odd enough to see them," says this same writer, "defying dripping decks and muddy roads in the thinnest of heelless slippers, while the breezes play havoc with the loose tresses of their hair. Their shirt waist is a feminine terror, with a broad turnover collar, fancy cuffs, cotton bows, many buttons and numerous frills, in place of the natty

American shirt waist." - St. Louis

Globe-Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

The bilious man is never an optimist .-- "Ram's Horn Brown," in Indianapolis News.

The minute a man tries to be a "sponge" somebody ought to "soak" him.—Elliott's Magazine.

It is a good sign when a young girl eats potatoes, bread and meat, instead of candy, pickles and that sort of

thing.—Atchison Globe. The Two Kinds Confused .- Student (in geology class)-"The carbuncle is greatly admired for its rich red color and-and-" Tutor-"And what, else?" Student (desperately)-"And the agony it causes those upon whom its admirers are dependent for luxuries."-Jewelers' Weekly.

"Did you have a good passage?" was asked of a recent traveler. "Fair; but I couldn't sleep. The first three nights I couldn't tell whether to shut the porthole and go to bed, or to close the bed and go to the porthole. And the last three I spent in reading the customs laws."-Life.

Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said:
"Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too, sire?" Louis, penetrating the artfulness of the question, replied: "And the partridges, too." The dish was of gold.

CITY COMMUTERS.

Passengers Who Come Together Daily on Certain Elevated Trains See Different Persons.

"I ride down town and up town again, on the elevated road, every day at about the same hour, as I have been doing for years," said a city dweller, "and I never meet the same people twice. People that go over the same ground in the same manner on the surface roads tell me they have the same experience, then never see anybody they had seen before. This seems at first rather curious; you would think you'd meet people, going like yourself, at fixed hours, every day; but when I come to think of it, perhaps it is simple enough; I go at hours when there are lots of trains running, with only a minute or two, or even less, headway. There are thousands of people who go and come as I do, at approximately the same hours, and who perhaps vary from it less than five minutes any day; but I suppose the chances, if they could be figured out, of their striking absolutely the same train and the same car with ourselves every day would be very small. So we travel every day at the same hours, with different people, and think what a big town it is, and what allot of people there are living in it."

"But I traveled on a way train. They tell me that on the express trains on the elevated you may find day after day the same people together on the same trains. The man that lives in Harlem, doing business down town, wants to get an express train. He wants to get down at a certain time, he knows what train he must take from his elevated station to make it; and as likely as not he hits that train every morning, with a lot of other men who do the same thing, and it's the same way going up at night. So men that travel on these trains come to know one another, or rather to recognize one another as men they see on the trains. And the guards that run on the expresses come to know many of the passengers as regulars, and in the course of time they may come to know some of them personally; while the guard's experience on way trains is substantially that of the passenger; he may make certain stations at the same hours and minutes day after day, and yet pick up different passengers every

"Other times when passengers meet on the elevated are at hours when the trains are all local and further apart, as very late at night, say after one o'clock, and very early in the morning, say before six o'clock. These passengers include besides the limited ordinary travel the many-take them altogether-workers in various occupations that, in a great city, keep more or less men busy at all hours, day and night. The man who works till one or two o'clock in the morning gets home as soon as he reasonably can after work is done; he doesn't miss a train, where trains are eight, or twelve, or whatever they may be, minutes apart, if he can help it; and so he is likely to take the same train every morning. The man who goes to work at five o'clock in the morning doesn't get up any ear-Her than is necessary to get his breakfast and get the train that will land him at his station in time.

"The man going home late may meet the same men morning after morning going by the same trains; the man going to work early may see, morning after morning, when he gets aboard at his station the same man, who has come from some other station further up the road, always in the same corner and always asleep, getting in here such additional sleep as he can on the way

"And these, the men who meet, or at least travel by the same trains going home from work in the early morning; the men who travel together, early, on the way to work, and the people who travel by the elevated expresses, might, I suppose, be described as the city commuters."-N. Y. Sun.

Crushed. Spilkins is a college graduate. The other evening he was calling on a young lady and they were talking over the results of the Saturday football games. "Were you a football player, Mr.

Spilkins?" asked the young lady. "Oh, yes, indeed. I was quite a star

in my day." "Oh, you were. One of those falling stars, I suppose." Spilkins went home early.—Detroit

Free Press.

LONDON SUBURBAN TRAFFIC. Over 500,000,000 Passengers Carried Annually-300,000 Accommodated Every Day at Single Station.

London, with its population of 5,000,-000 or 6,000,000, furnishes the opportunity for the movement of an immense passenger traffic; consequently it is not surprising that that great metropolis can boast of a single omnibus line carrying 200,000,000 people a year, at an average rate of about three cents each. What is more remarkable is the fact that each one of this multitude is invariably provided with a seat. To convey them some 1,200 busses and 16,000 horses are required. The company itself is a remarkably prosperous one and pays big dividends. While our own steam roads enjoy a Boston traffic of less than 50,000,000 passengers per year, it is safe to say that the London railroads handle upward of 500,000,000 per year. If we are to believe the London Engineer, one of the most conservative of weeklies, the Waterloo station of the London and Southwestern railway surpasses all other stations in magnitude of traffic.

Were not the reputation of the Engineer so trustworthy its estimates of this traffic would seem incredible. It states that the Waterloo station has to deal with 800 trains per day, and estimates that each of these represents 400 passengers and 80 packages, which gives 320,000 passengers and 64,000 packages to be moved in 20 hours, the working day, an average of 16,000 passengers and 3,200 packages. But as the traffic is unequally distributed, from 8 to 11 there are 165 trans; from 5 to 7 p. m. 200 trains, or 66 per hour.

There are ten platforms and 16 tracks at the Waterloo station to handle this immense business, consequently it is not surprising that the Times and other London journals contain numerous complaints of serious delays in the train movements. The average Southwestern train is given 12 coaches, many of them equal in length to two ordinary ones. This gives 9,600 coaches for an ordinary day's work, but when the specials are required there are as many as 1,050 trains run, requiring 1,260 coaches in and out of the station in 20 hours. Twenty thousand people make a huge: crowd, yet it is claimed that 16 times as many enter Waterloo each day. Add to this the great piles of baggage and the station must be a very active local-

A notable feature of the London. steam railroads is what are designated as "workingmen's trains." These two-cent fare trains were decreed a few years ago by parliament to enable workingmen to get away from the squalld quarters of the city. The Great Eastern, for instance, was compelled to run a train out, and in for 20 miles, on which the fare for a part or the whole distance is a penny, or only two cents, a cheap rate, but not the lowest in the world. Although the railway managers bitterly complained of and denounced this act of parliament, compelling them to run two-cent-fare local a trains, the result has been that instead of only the limited number that parliament actually required of them they have themselves voluntarily added hundreds to the number, and the larger roads are carrying from 3,000,000 to 5,-000,000 upon these trains each year. Ag evidence of the profitableness of the uniform two-cent fare the railways though not compelled by the parliamentary act to return the workingmen until or after six o'clock, the actual fact is that most of them allow a return trip any time after the noon hour.

Some of the London railroads sell a season ticket for \$25 a year good for a distance out of four miles, which the holder can use as often as he pleases. One of the railroads, the Great Eastern. referred to above has recently expended in enlarging and improving its Liverpool street station, which accommodates a daily average of 175,000 passengers, \$10,000,000 for the purpose of better accommodating its suburban traffic. Other roads are expending millions upon millions to increase their accommodations to this class of business. One corporation is promoting the construction of a trolley line largely upon its own locations for the purpose of relieving its main line of its suburban traffic, which is so rapidly increasing. At the recent semiannual meeting of stockholders of the London railways more than one chairman in speaking of this suburban business claimed that it was a very profitable character and warranted the large expenditures it required.

All this is in marked contrast to the local railroad policy developed at a recent hearing before our own railroad commission, where in behalf of one of our Boston railroads figures were submitted that apparently showed that the suburban traffic within the 15 mile limit of the hub cost upward of \$400,000 last year more than was received for it, with no allowance for the large capital employed in its manipulation. And while representatives of some of the other roads submitted no figures they did not hesitare to claim that higher rates upon suburban traffic should be obtained.-Boston Transcript.

Three Hundred Years Old.

Salem, N. J., is notable for being one of the oldest towns in that state. On(of its most venerable objects is a brick dwelling on East Broadway, once occupied as a hotel, which was erected in 1691. The building is in a fair state of preservation and is referred to with a pardonable pride by the people of the little town. The courthouse was built in 1735 and justice is still administered: from beneath the broad arch which spans the stagelike platform upon which the presiding judge sits.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Place in the Menageric. "What's the matter, old man?" "Been speculating in stocks." "Were you a bull or a bear?" "Nope! Just plain ass."-San Fran-

cisco News Letter.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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