

A CATHOLIC JUBILEE.

Closing of the Century Celebration in Old Rome.

Elaborate and Impressive Ceremonial Known as the Closing of the Holy Door and Its Significance.

Many ceremonies took place in Rome in connection with the close of the nineteenth century, but none was either more interesting or imposing than that incidental to the closing of the holy door at St. Peter's cathedral. The last year of the century is jubilee year in the Catholic church, as all Catholics and many Protestants are aware. Therefore 1900 was marked by many ceremonies in connection with the period. The opening of the holy door took place over a year ago, and the ceremonial of closing was observed last Christmas eve. Owing to the delicate state of the present pope's health the building in which the opening and closing ceremonies took place had been heated to the temperature of Leo XIII's private apartments to avoid any possibility of his holiness taking a chill, says a London paper.

The ceremony of opening the holy door is declared to be symbolical of the fact that the church is open to all men so long as they go there after a thorough and sincere conversion. When the pope opens the door the three knocks which he gives to it represent the three continents—Europe, Africa and Asia—to which the pope offers the treasures which he is the medium for dispensing. The three strokes also are looked upon as symbolizing the joy that the jubilee causes to the faithful of heaven, earth and purgatory. The pope, who is seated on a raised throne in front of the large door in the middle of the grand portico, remains stationary for a brief while until the prince of the throne presents a golden hammer to his holiness, which the latter takes in his right hand and, rising from his throne, goes and knocks at the holy door. His clergy follow him, each with a candle in his hand. His holiness, after knocking three times at the door, says in Latin: "Open to me these doors of justice!" Then the choir adds: "This is the door of the Eternal One, and the just will enter in," etc. After this the master masons knock down the wall which incloses the holy door, the wall being so lightly put together, however, that his four sides are held together but slightly, the stones of which it is composed not being cemented. Thus, no sooner has the pope knocked at the holy door than it falls without any resistance. The debris of the wall is distributed among the worshippers, who hasten to gather it in order to put it among their precious relics.

While this is taking place the pope reverts himself on the throne, but after the demolition is completed the penitentiaries of St. Peter take their brooms, clean the floor, remove the pieces of brick and mortar from the passage—which are not looked upon as material to be held in light esteem, since relics are made of them—and wash the moldings and all round the door with holy water. This work being finished his holiness once more descends from his throne, singing the anthem which opens with the words: "Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus," etc., which the choir continues to sing after him. Arriving at the holy door the pope recites some prayers, takes the cross, kneels before the door, intones the Te Deum, and, rising again while singing, passes through the holy door, his clergy following him. Everybody who can go into St. Peter's to witness this superb ceremony or to take part in the vespers at the papal chapel. After the vespers the cardinals take off their robes and put on their red capes, accompany the pope to the door of his private apartments and then retire. After the morning mass on Christmas day his holiness goes to the lodge of the benediction, where he blesses the faithful in the form which is only used on the occasion of the jubilee.

The closing of the door is a very similar ceremony to the opening. The greatest solemnity is observed, and thousands of privileged pilgrims flock to the cathedral to be witnesses of what, except in rare instances, occurs but once in a lifetime. His holiness lays the first brick for the closing of the door, all the cardinals, monsignors and other dignitaries in Rome being witnesses of the operation. The bricks used for this purpose are about double the ordinary size, being covered with a thin layer of plate—in some cases of silver and in others of gold. They bear in relief the papal arms and the inscription: "Leo XIII. Pont. Max. Aperuit et clausit."

Paternalism in Mexico. The life of the hacienda is one of the characteristics down there; as it used to be in old plantation days, everything is grown or made on the farm. There is a fine specimen of one not far from Chapala belonging to a rich Mexican. The house rambles around three courtyards or patios and the stairway is on the first inner court outside the house. All the rooms are on different levels, with a step or two from one to another. Long galleries run around each patio. Close to the house, almost in the garden, is a lovely old church 123 years old. It is small and picturesque. Great pink oleanders like large bouquets on the low gray adobe will make a bit of color for an artist. On this hacienda they have a mill run by machinery, so that the flour grinds in the sacks and is taken down to the cars by a light train drawn by mules. —Chicago Chronicle.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Gold has been discovered near Apla, Kansas. For some years there have been no brook trout in Colorado waters. Last year nearly 5,000,000 brook trout eggs were placed in them.

At the beginning of the new century there were 57,000 army and navy pensioners in New England, drawing their pay through the agency in Boston. Much indignation is expressed in Munich papers because the state did not interfere with the sale to a lumberman of the largest linden tree in Bavaria.

In Salt Lake City, Utah, a number of street cars are being provided with letter mailing boxes. These cars will stop at certain points and letters placed in the boxes are removed by messengers in time to catch the mails.

A Florida man has purchased 200 acres of swamp land near Swan Bridge, and will turn it into a breeding place for alligators. These reptiles are becoming scarce, owing to the activity of northern hunters, and, as there is a steady demand for alligator skins, the speculator hopes to do well.

It will cost 62 cents per swear if you swear in Portland, a little town below the Water Gap, says a Stroudsburg (Pa.) correspondent in the Philadelphia Record. Swearing has become so obnoxious to some of the inhabitants that they have determined to enforce the old law against profanity.

Chickens are now plucked in a wholesale manner by the use of pneumatic machinery. There is a receptacle in which the bird is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5,000 turns per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particle of down, and the machine is ready for another.

SALT NOT A CURE-ALL.

"What is One Man's Meat is Another Man's Poison," is a True Saying.

The usefulness of saline preparations in the treatment of certain physical conditions was widely recognized by the medical profession years ago, but no doctor of sound mind believes that any new "elixir of life" has been discovered in salt combinations or in anything else. Who was the ancient sage who said: "One man's meat is another man's poison?" Various salts may, of course, be beneficial to one patient and injurious to another, but no sodium compounds, chlorides or phosphates will cure everybody, says the New York Tribune. Gen. Pleasanton thought at one time that he had found the true secret of long life and the universal healer in exposure to sunlight passing through blue glass. For several years in the '70s the blue glass craze had a wonderful popularity in New York and other cities and azure-tinted windows and glass rooms on roofs were plentiful in the Murray hill quarter of Manhattan. That delusion died away and all the experiments in stimulating motion in the hearts of dead turtles by salt saturation will soon be forgotten. The ablest physicians in this country and everywhere else are always glad to test thoroughly any new preparation which may help their patients and they certainly have no prejudice against any saline mixtures or amalgamations which may give promise of usefulness. But the average man or woman should not take up an exclusive diet of corned beef and salt pork or increase extensively the daily consumption of salt in any form without consulting a competent medical adviser. Salt will not transform extreme age into lusty youth, as Mephistopheles transformed Faust, nor will it prolong life to a hundred years, even if it is absorbed in profusion. As a western humorist remarked, Lot's wife is not now living. But surely there was no lack of salt in her case.

FEMINE FINERY.

Pretty Details of the Costumes That Are Now in Vogue Among Good Dressers.

In the Russian blouse that has just come in as the ideal of 1961 there is no pouch at all—only a fullness, says a fashion authority. Drap de Kar is new material for shirt waists. It is a soft woolen, something like a very fine cashmere, and comes in various lovely shades. Many of the new sleeves are gathered across at the top in such a way that the fullness does not stand up, but is allowed to flatten itself against the top of the arm. The new Swiss muslins show a great variety in polka dots in color and rather large in size, in the white grounds or in black on various tinted grounds. The new fur coats are long and finished with an abundance of tails that reach to the knees. Chiffon, net and gauze with narrow bands of silk stitched in at intervals make very pretty vests. One row of embroidered polka dots down the center of the bands is an effective addition. A low-crowned sailor hat made of taffeta silk or velvet, and trimmed with a bunch of roses or pompons at one side, is considered the chic headgear for young women to wear in the morning.

Triumphs of Mechanical Genius.

In 1831 Matthias Baldwin built the first American locomotive with his own hands, and it took him a year to do it. Nowadays if one man were compelled to perform the total labor of a single day in the Baldwin locomotive works it would take him just 20 years. In this he would need the help of modern tools. If he had not these tools the day's work would mean his lifetime. —Industrial Journal.

MOONSHINER TO BE AN ACTOR.

Old Billy Price Engaged to Give Realistic Performance in Melodrama.

Old Billy Pritts, for years king of the moonshine gang operating in Somerset and Fayette counties, Pennsylvania, is the latest star to flash upon the histrionic firmament. After living for 40 years as an outlaw with a price on his head, Pritts was run down and captured by revenue officers last August. Aided by his two sons, he stood siege for nearly a day and was wounded in the leg before he surrendered, says a southern exchange. Pritts was taken to Uniontown, where he was held for trial in the United States district court. His patriarchal appearance so impressed several of the town's business men that they went on his bail bond. He was at Uniontown when he first saw a play. He was greatly impressed. The production was one of the melodramatic type and showed life in the wilds of the Tennessee mountains. A battle with moonshiners was one of the features of the play.

It was at the height of the battle that Pritts laid the foundation for his stage career. The play-acting moonshiners were being slowly overwhelmed by the revenue officers when Pritts, with the experience of an old campaigner, saw an opening. Leaping from his seat he yelled: "Look out, boys! They're comin' up behind! Give it to 'em back through the brush!"

Pritts made the hit of the evening. A Pittsburgh theatrical man who was in the audience hunted up the old moonshiner after the performance and made him an offer. He explained the nature of stage work, and offered him more money each week than the old man had ever seen in a bunch in his life. Pritts was delighted.

"I guess," he said, sorrowfully, "I can't ever go back to my stillin' agin, an' I reckon the money will come in handy. What'll I have to do?"

"Do?" responded the theatrical man, "why, just what you've always been doing. You'll be my leading man. I'll get up a play and have you make whisky on the stage. There'll be a battle with revenue officers, and you'll save the heroine's life and be pardoned and live happy ever after."

"But," said Billy, with a grin, "I don't think I'll be pardoned. They caught me dead and I guess I'm in for it."

"Oh, but the play will come after," said the theatrical man. "After you've served your time, you know."

"I can't understand," Billy went on. "They tell me it is agin the law to make whisky. That's what I'm arrested for. Wouldn't it be agin the law to make it on the stage as well as any other place? Then if I'm to fight the officers every night I guess I'd be in jail for the rest of my natural."

After the make-believe features of the business were explained Pritts agreed to sign a contract. "I've got a still up in the mountain that is just the thing," he said. "Good for 60 gallon any day. I'll have 'er brought down so you can look at 'er."

Thus the new theatrical star was discovered. Pritts will be put on the stage as soon as he is out of his present troubles.

ELECTION EPISODES.

Amusing Incidents of the Recent Political Contests in England.

At a place called Beccles, during the recent elections, says Youth's Companion, a voter who observed going to the polls in a donkey-cart. The donkey was profusely decorated with the radical colors, while the voter wore a tory rosette. Challenged as to this seeming inconsistency, he cheerily replied: "Oh, I'm going to vote for F—the conservative candidate; my donkey's for S—(the radical); but then, he's an ass."

Kingston-on-Thames was contested by Mr. Skewes-Cox in the conservative interest. His opponent was a Mr. Burt. The radical agent placarded the town with: "Ex-Skewes-Cox and vote for Burt." Nevertheless, in spite of this artful invitation the tory nominee was returned with a very respectable majority. The member returned for South Oxfordshire, Mr. Hodge, was a local man, and he was opposed by Mr. Samuels in the radical interest. The fact of Mr. Hodge's residence in the division naturally gave him an advantage, and this was thought to be discounted by the radicals in the following way. Thousands of placards were distributed, bearing the words: "Mr. Samuels if elected will live here."

Unhappily the bill-posters employed by Mr. Samuels' agent were destitute of a sense of humor, or else they were secretly of conservative proclivities, for a great many of the announcements found their way to the walls of pigsties and ramshackle buildings. To Study a London Fog. Rev. J. M. Bacon, F. R. S., proposes to make a balloon ascent during one of the thick, impenetrable fogs which visit London during the winter months. He proposes to ascend to the higher limits of the fog and to explore scientifically its constitution. He also proposes to discharge small cartridges of gun cotton at great heights, in order to ascertain whether the concussion will dislodge or disperse the fog in any way. He has carried out several experiments with similar cartridges for acoustical purposes at varying altitudes. —Science.

HOUSEHOLD LORE.

Items of Information Regarding Bed-clothes, Table Linen and Dollies.

For the outer covering of beds there are all sorts of pretty and novel things in white and colors. Possibly the handsomest are those of heavy linen, embroidered in white by hand. Some of the more elaborate have the whole center embroidered, a broad embroidered border outlined with drawn work and a wide hem finished with a row of drawn work at the head. On brass beds these quilts take the place of the valence, hanging down on all sides. The monogram frequently appears at one side of the embroidery center. The durable Marseilles quilts come both plain woven and embroidered, in white or in colors, says the Washington Star.

The fancy for embroidery also extends to the finish of sheets and pillow cases. "Shams" are still much used, though many housekeepers prefer cases, into which the pillows are buttoned. These are large and square. They are laid aside at night, however, in favor of smaller pillows with plain covers. Monograms or initials for sheets are two or three inches high and worked in the center just about the hem. For pillow cases the letters are smaller.

Sheets for double beds should be three yards long before hemming. This allows for a three-inch hem at the top, one-half the width at the bottom, and leaves the sheet a little more than 2 1/2 yards long after shrinkage in washing. A sheet large enough to tuck under and stay where it is put is the only kind sure to be a comfort to the user. The thrifty English fashion of covering the ends of comfortable beds with a width of thin muslin or cheese cloth, which can be removed and washed whenever soiled is one that commends itself to all housekeepers. The untoward tendency of light-colored comforts to show soiling where they are tucked under the neck of the sleeper is in this way obviated.

In purchasing table linen the cream weave will be found more durable than the white or half bleached. While pattern tablecloths are more desirable for "best" than those cut from the web, the latter will be found much cheaper for everyday use. Cheap, sleazy damask is never advisable, the loose weave rendering it a poor investment, in point of service. The medium grades of either Scotch or Irish make will be found unequalled for satisfactory wearing qualities. Before hemming a tablecloth see that it is cut by the pattern. The thread makes the pattern and if one follows the pattern it takes less time than pulling the thread. While hemstitching makes a pretty finish, it cannot endure hard usage, and is, therefore, inappropriate for cloths that have to be frequently laundered. The best way to hem everyday linen is to turn and baste a narrow hem, then folding the hem back again on the right side of the cloth, sew the hem to the cloth by hand in an over-and-over seam. Then flatten and press the hem in place. The monogram or initial of the house mistress should be wrought diagonally in one corner in white linen or outline silk.

A new wrinkle in luncheon cloths is to have them woven in two tints, yellow and white, pink and white or green and white. With gold-banded china the yellow and white combination is remarkably effective. Nothing, however, is in better taste than the rich, thick, solid linen which is usually handsomely decorated by hand embroidery or border sprays and a center garland large enough to sprout a vase of flowers or fruit piece. The pure white affords a capital background for crystal and silver as well as fancy dollies and pretty dishes.

Quantities of dollies are now sold, so many people using them without a tablecloth for breakfast and luncheon on Sunday night tea. Those of heavy linen with solid white embroidery are most durable and exceedingly popular. Very effective also are the Japanese grass linen sets, which come in both white and colored embroidery with Japanese floral designs.

Now, a young woman known to this page is advocating a society for the suppression of a superfluous amount of observation. She would have her masculine visitors too interested in her conversation to discover that she has nibbled a tiny piece of the nail of the middle finger of her left hand. She would have her auditors too plunged in intellectual ecstasy by her fancy to observe that the bow on her right slipper hangs by a single thickness of cotton and is in imminent danger of being lost.

The men who pride themselves on their powers of observation this young woman says do not see that the sanitary condition of their city is hopelessly bad, they do not notice that their own hats are a trifle dusty, nor that their own coats do not fit as they should. All their energies are concentrated on finding flaws in the costumes of the feminines whom they meet.

"Sometimes," says this girl, savagely: "When I go down to greet my cousin, feeling that I look unusually well and hoping for a word of praise, and all I hear is, 'go upstairs, girl, and brush your hair again.' I feel that there should be a school to teach discrimination in observation, for it's a great talent to observe only pleasant things and to let the eye travel over unpleasant ones without taking note of them, and that is what the really courteous person does, don't you think so?"

THE CAPABLE WOMAN.

Knows Just the Right Thing to Do in Any Emergency That Confronts Her.

The capable woman is just as likely to develop to perfection in the backwoods as anywhere else. Environment has not much to do with producing her. Like the poet she is born and not made. There is no college or institution of learning which can turn her out to order, says Table Talk.

The capable woman knows just the right thing to do in any emergency which may confront her, and she does it. She has confidence in herself. She does not think it necessary to run among her friends and ask everybody's advice before she does as she has a mind to do.

She doesn't send for the doctor every time she has an ache or a bad feeling. She doesn't get frightened every time she hears a noise she cannot account for. She goes and finds out what the noise originated from. "She does not throw cold water on her family. She encourages effort, she assists every enterprise with well balanced strength, and she inspires all those who come within her influence.

She knows how to do things. If the house should catch fire she would try her best to put out the flames before she rushed into the street and so give the fire a chance to develop strength and destructiveness. If anybody in her vicinity should break a limb or cut an artery she would not scream or faint away, but she would render such assistance as lay in her power until medical aid could be procured.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Bachelor—"You can't tell a woman anything." The Benedict—"Oh, yes, you can; but it wouldn't be wise to do so."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Towne—"That was a rather disreputable looking man you just spoke to." Browne—"Sir! That was my brother." "Oh, beg pardon; I might have known that."—N. Y. World.

The Blessed Child—"The naughty boy told me to go to the bad place," said little Algernon. "Yes," said his fond papa. "But I told him I never went anywhere without my papa."—Philadelphia North American. "I'm glad to hear," wrote the old man to the youth at college, "that you favor the sun-bath as a means to health. When you come home vacation time I'll give you 15 acres of it, behind a spry mule, with not a tree to cast a shadow on you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Trait.—Mrs. Knowsit—"So you are engaged to Miss Sweetleigh. I do not wish to discourage you, but I understand that she has said that she had absolutely no wish to know how to cook." Mr. Wise—"That's right. I proposed to her as soon as I heard it."—Baltimore American.

Derivative.—"I'm trying to get some information about a friend of mine named Fox, who came out here," said the stranger from the east. "They tell me he died of some throat trouble." "I guess that's about right," replied the cowboy. "What was it? Bronchitis?" "Bronchitis? That's a new one on me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a bronco."—Philadelphia Press.

OBSERVANT MEN.

There Are Those Who Seem to See a Great Deal That Is Unpleasant.

There's a man known to this page who would be a most delightful companion if his powers of observation were not so well developed, says the Baltimore News. He's an entertaining youth and a clever one, but, actually, before he has fairly entered his hostess' library he is apt to say to her, if he knows her sufficiently well: "Miss Marie, there's a rip in your sleeve at the shoulder," or, "Your collar has become unbuttoned in the back. Can I give you any assistance?"

He's entertaining, as was said before; but he's not at all popular, for even the neatest of maids feel uncomfortable in his society, and horribly aware that a basting thread hangs from the edge of her skirt in full view of his lynx eyes.

There's a hereditary theory abroad that men do not notice women's dress, but the man of the twentieth century certainly does. He may not be able to describe the fabrics any more than his grandfathers knew by name the lustrous, chintz and sprigged muslins by their sweethearts; he may call tulle "tully" and point desprit "dotted mosquito net," but he knows all about effects. He recognizes the latest cry in hair-dressing at a glance, and steps prudently clear of the maid who looks like an 1899 edition of the girl of today.

That is how much the modern masculine creature knows about woman's clothes. Now, a young woman known to this page is advocating a society for the suppression of a superfluous amount of observation. She would have her masculine visitors too interested in her conversation to discover that she has nibbled a tiny piece of the nail of the middle finger of her left hand. She would have her auditors too plunged in intellectual ecstasy by her fancy to observe that the bow on her right slipper hangs by a single thickness of cotton and is in imminent danger of being lost.

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What a Patent Costs. In the course of its progress through the office, up to the issue and mailing of a patent, an application passes through the hands of 32 persons. An applicant pays \$15 to have his claim examined, and in case he is granted a patent and additional fee of \$20 is required. Attorneys charge from \$25 up, according to the work demanded by the cases, and as the applications number about 40,000 annually, it will be seen that there is a good deal of money to be divided among the patent lawyers whose signs cover the faces of the buildings in the vicinity of the patent office. An inventor is not required to employ an attorney, but probably 99 out of 100 do so.—Chicago Chronicle.

Old Clever Hay.

In 1879 D. Tennyson, a Marshall county (Kan.) farmer, built a barn, and to add to its weight so that it would not be blown away by a cyclone, as the old one was, he stored 30 tons of clover hay in the loft, where it remained untouched until recently. He is now feeding it to his stock and it is as bright and wholesome as if it were out of this year's crop.—Cleveland Leader.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A Philadelphia policeman recently arrested his son on a charge of theft. John McAuliffe, the celebrated painter of horses, who recently met with a fatal fall from a window in New York, had in the course of his career painted portraits of every hope of note in this country.

The schoolchildren of Mississippi have voted in favor of the magnolia as the state's flower. The legislature is expected to accept their choice as decisive and formally to make the magnolia the state's floral emblem. According to Herbert Putnam, congressional librarian, libraries are growing all out of proportion to librarians. He directs attention to the fact that whereas there are now some 8,000 libraries in the country, there are not more than 500 or 600 especially trained librarians.

A fat baker appeared in a Paris court to have a woman fined for keeping a rabid dog, which he claimed had bit him, inoculating him with rabies. When he was through with his complaint, the woman put the dog on the judge's desk and removed from its mouth a Queen of false teeth.

When ex-Queen Liliuokalani visited the island of Maui not long ago for the first time in ten years the steamship which carried her was surrounded by natives, bringing gifts of all kinds, fruits, vegetables, fowls and even pigs. There was music, dancing, a great feast and the whole steamship was decorated with their garlands. John Hartman, justice of the peace at Millville, N. J., got into a wordy war with some visitors to his office and used language of the sulphurous variety. After the fuss was all over he asked the mayor for a warrant for his own arrest on the charge of disorderly conduct. "I caught myself reghanded," said he, "and why shouldn't I pay a fine just like any other citizen? I'm an honest man, even if I am justice of the peace." A small fine was imposed.

CHINESE PRINCES LOSE CASTE.

Common People Are Shocked When Their Rulers Perform Menial Labor.

Included in recent advices received by the empress of China are translations of Chinese accounts of the conduct of the allies at Peking and other happenings there taken from interviews with late arrivals from the capital and printed in the native Shanghai papers. Of all that has occurred in Peking that which seems most to impress the average Chinese is the fact that nobles and high officials, even princes of the royal line, have been compelled to perform manual labor. The bitterest reproaches are heaped upon these because they did not possess sufficient courage to destroy themselves rather than submit to such degradation, a degradation which has fallen not upon themselves alone, but upon the country.

While the trouble in the south seems to have abated, it is by no means over, for the empress brings news that over 100 boats, all of which were "commandeered," containing Black Flags have arrived at Canton to demand wages, and many outrages are reported to have been committed by these troops. They made a determined attack on the Roman Catholic church at Lok Cheung, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

The annual popular fete of Toshio-ko in the Kanda district of Tokio, was the scene of a terrible accident. Great crowds attended the festival, and when the affair was at its height heavy rain fell. A rush was made for shelter and 20 people were crushed to death. Kerosene lamps fell to the ground and exploded, the burning oil running over the floor and setting fire to the building. Three hundred and twelve wounded people were carried out of the building.

The following mail advices have arrived by the Empress of Japan. The North China Daily News says it is strange that his majesty the emperor, Kwang Hsu, and the empress dowager should have selected the shensi province as a place of refuge, a province which cannot be mentioned in the civilized world without a shudder, owing to the great calamity that has fallen upon it.

The latest news from the plague-ridden province of Shensi is that the market town, where their majesties are abiding, human flesh is being hawked about the streets for sale. The famine is at its acute stage, and the death rate is appalling. The poor have no food but grass and roots, and many of them who have money have been driven to buy and eat human flesh.

The magnitude of the operations of the newly formed branch of the Standard Oil company in Eicho, Japan, is astonishing inhabitants. Two special officials have been dispatched by the Japanese customs in connection with the handling of the company's plant. The company will project a line of delivery pipe 45 miles long. The Japan Mail says indications point to a combination of all the Japanese oil men.

Hubbing It In. "What pawt have you—aw—werved for me?" asked young Softleigh of the fair manager of the amateur theatricals. "Why, really, Mr. Softleigh," she replied, "I'm afraid I have overlooked you, and all the parts have been assigned. Oh, by the way, there is the part of the heroine's father. I think it would about fit you."

"The pawt is weally of little—aw—consequence, doncher know—just so I'm one of the—aw—actahs," said Softleigh. "What am I—aw—supposed to do in the pawt?" "Well," replied the fair manager, "as the heroine is supposed to be an orphan, your cue is to remain dead." —Chicago Daily News.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

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