FRILLS OF FASHION.

Peretty Adjuncts to the Contumes That Are New Everywhere in Yogue.

Tortoise shell buttons flecked with Swall gold are a feature of the tan cloth souts, says the New York World. Sable seems to se the only fur which is considered elegant enough to be used alone without any other fue In combination with it. Almost als the fur garments show some combination, the least effective of which is chinchilla and ermine. Contract in color is necessary to produce a good result.

If you see any deep round lace colhars, or collars of fine embroidered batiste on the bargain counter, de mot pass them by, for they will give a fashionable touch to your summer gowns later on The latest bolero, out low, shows several circular collars, and any sort of collar in the Louis XIII. style is a good investment.

For trimming ball gowns silver seems to be taking the place of gold, and in combination with lace on pale blue tulle or net it is very attractive. Silver gauze roses are used effectively and lace with silver flounces woven in. he another form of decoration.

Chiffon roses and poppies with silwer centers are another feature of trimming on the ball gowns, but the chiffon must match the costume in

Jeweled brooches seem to have found some really practical excuse for their existence and are used to fasten collar bands at the back, to hold up istray locks of hair, and to fasten dainty little boleros in front. The fashion of pinning them on just anywhere entirely for show has passed

with many other fads and fancies. The smartest muffs are very large. either in the oblong flat shapes with ruffles at the ends and a bow for a finish, or, if in long-haired furs like sable, made soft and round, with a finish of tails. Wonderful creations are made of scraps of fur, chiffon and welvet or lace and satin and fur. as you like. There seems to be no rule for these confections, which can be wery easily fashioned out of odds and ends. The very latest fancy in muffs made of ostrich feathers dyed to mratch the feather boa which is of exactly the same tint as the gown.

OLD-STYLE GRANDMOTHER.

It Is to Be Regretted That She Is All Too Repidly Becoming a Thing of the Past.

Persons who still cling with some love to old ways and old fashions will read with approval Temple Bailey's dainty little lament over the "Passing of the Grandmother" in the Woman's Home Companion. He says, in part:

"The status of the grandmother of the past was fixed and immovable. Maving once acquired the title she was allowed no other. Her individuality, as woman, wife and mother was lost, and she was ever afterward recognized as one who should set aside all personal ambition and dedicate herself to

the care of her children's children. "To-day we have few grandmothers of that type. Secure in the doctrine of individual rights, the grandmother of modern times declines to sacrifice her life to the demands of others. Her life is her own, she argues; she has raised her own children, and now is her time for rest; her daughter must

attend to the rising generation. "But from the children's standpoint the passing of the grandmother is a calamity. They will read the stories of the past, and will long for the tender hearts and willing hands that gave themselves in service. Perhaps the hearts are just as tender to-day, but the hands are engaged in other work. and childish minds have a strange way of looking for actions rather than motives. The children want the grandmother whose kitchen is a fairy-land of spicy odors and forbidden syeets, not the grandmother who drives them to the fine candy-shop and treats them to chocolates and Scotch kisses. In their small minds, better is the corn in the popper with molasses-taffy made at home than ice-cream and marrons glace from the confectioner. The modern child may have many adwantages, but he will still envy his ancestors who in childhood sat and watched the molasses bubbling, bubbling, as it boiled in a cauldron, the fire-light making flickering shadows as their grandmother told them tales of primitive days, of bears and Indians and wars."

How to Cheer the Mck.

If you know anyone ill-and be sure to always keep some of the great inwalld tribe on your list-make them calls when you have on your prettiest things. If to dainty gowns and furbelows are added the freshness and vivacity of youth-divine gifts held only for a brief, brief time—what life and cheer may be carried to the weary, suffering ones of earth! And according to the beautiful law of compensation, when we do most for others, we are unconsciously doing the most for purselves. It is the little things of life that count in the long run, anywaythe word of sympathy spoken just at the right time to the sorrowing, the word of encouragement to the discouraged one who feels that there is no use trying to fight the battles of life any longer. Cultivate sympathy: an other words, not only head, but heart .-- Isla May Mullins, in Woman's \ Home Companion.

Buckwheat Shortonke.

Take four cupfuls of nice sour milk (freshly churned buttermilk is the best), add a level tempoonful of sods (more if the milk is very sour) and a heaping tempoonful of salt; add sufficient buckwheat flour to make a very estiff batter; pour this into a buttered hin and bake immediately for about 20 minutes .- Ladies' World, New York.

SPORTS IN MILITARY CAMP.

Mow the Canadian Soldiers Amused Themselves in South Africe.

While the Canadian Mounted Rifles madeaname for their soldierlike qualities in South Africa, they also entered into competition with the British soldiers in all the sports of a military camp and in a majority of cases got the best of the Tommies, says an eastern exchange. Trooper Maycock, of Learnington, gives the following socount of how they did up the other fellows in a horse race:

"While we were stationed at Belfast we had nothing to do but the usual duties of camp. Sometimes a forage ing party would go out on the veldt and capture any stray horses which were found, as we could use all we secured. In one lot we captured was a small black mare and some of the knowing ones thought she had speed in her. We had several brushes with the British horses before that and came out second best, as their animals were thoroughbreds and ours were only common cavalry horses. Accordingly we worked over the little black mare for some days and tested her speed. She was a marvel at running and when the trap was ready we sprung it on the British officers and men. We got up a race and entered the little mare. The British officers entered their nage and the distance to be run was fixed at five furlongs.

"The Canadians put their money to gether and one of our fellows opened a regular book. You should see the Tommies get down on their nags and we never said a word. They put up all the money they had and when there was not another shilling in sight the starting judge took his place and the horses were ready to go. Trumpeter Hughes, who afterward died in Cape Town, was up on the little mare and he handled her like a professional jockey. It did not take long to get the bunch started and they had not gone far when the black mare forged shead. She kept placing more daylight between herself and the bunch all the way, and won pulled up. Of course the Tommies made no complaint, as everything was on the square. The Canadian boys who went into the scheme cleaned up a nice little sum, but after that we could not pull off any more races, as the Britishers were afraid of our game."

OUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

These in Vegue Among the Girls in the Country of the Brahmina

Girls who send out wedding invitations to 500 friends, and who have a small fortune expended on the florist. the engraver, the caterer, the bridesmaids and the ushers, to say nothing of the payment to the fashionable officiating clergyman, these girls have one kind of wedding, says the New York Herald.

The girl who slips off after the day has done, meets her intended and rides on a street car as near to the Little Church Around the Corner as the car will take her, joins hands with her partner in the study of the assistant rector, with the house servants as witnesses, and with never a present or a congratulation, this girl has another kind of wedding.

But the girl who lives in Trivandrum, under the dictatorship of the maharajah of Travancore, has yet a different and distinct experience. Sir Rama Varma was a notability. Not only was he entitled to the suffix of the letters "G. C. S. I.," but he was also known far and wide as the maharajah. He has passed on to the Nirvana of all good Brahmins, but his tribe increases. The four granddaughters of Sir Rama have been envied of the rest of Travancore. Before they were married, the services of the most expert astrologers in the land were called in to forecast the day most auspicious for the ceremonies. The date being agreed upon, the grandmother of the girls set about the selection of four eligibles. When such a quartette had been picked from the local swells, the astrologers were again called upon. this time to approve or disapprove the choice. There was a great consulting of horoscopes-and the wise men gave their consent.

Finally, the state erected a gorgeous pavilion, and in this the four couples were married, the actual ceremony consisting in the tying of a necklace around the neck of the bride by the groom, in the presence of the Brahmin priest and relatives, after which there was a four days' celebration and procession of the newly mated-a procession aided as to spectacular effect by the presence of an elephant guard and white-clad Nair girls. The ages of the brides of this occasion ranged from six to ten years.

History's Verdiet, . A distinguished British veteran sava in a service paper: "I cannot join in the chorus of approval raised by the London press for the liberal arson of Dutch property in anticipation of the final settlement of differences between Briton and Boer. I can remember how severely Lord Clyde reprimanded Sir Hope Grant for burning an Oudh village whence some of his men had been shot. 'It's monstrous folly, sir,' cried Lord Clyde. 'Don't you see you drive every man in the place to join the budmashes when you burn down his cabin?' Lecky, in his volume in 1798, attributes much of the rebellion in some countries to the destruction of houses by the soldiery-militia and fencibles, the nery sort of lads Kitchener will have under him."-St. Louis Re-

Speaking Kindly of the Dead. 'It is said of every dead man that it was in his home circles that his good qualities showed best, even though he slammed doors and got cross with regularity.--Atchison Globe.

FITS OF THE BLUES.

A Blessed Balm That Never Fails to Soothe When One Is Low Spirited.

The blues! What are they? Webster defines them as "lowness of spirita." How they unfit us for our duties of the day; how they silence our kindly words and smother our smiles. What a wet-blanket feeling they give to everything. Even the dog slinks away, all his friskinese subdued, when he looks us in the face and discerns our "lowness of spirits," says

a writer in Ladies' World, New York. We see a cloud upon our sky, perhaps it is a very small one; sometimes we feel it instead of beholding; just a faint depression, a little dismat dampness, a forlornness we cannot account for. We immediately forget that no life can be entirely cloudless; we think we have all the trouble portioned out to humanity; the spirit of gloom settles on us; we succumb, and

lo! we have the blues. Who hath a cure for them? We may take peppermint for our stomach's sake, rub camphor on our aching head, bathe our rheumatic limbe with liniment and our bruises with witch hazel; but how shall we minister to our "lowness of spirits?" Let me whisper it to you; or shall I shout it from the house top? There is a blessed balm that never fails to soothe, which is found in doing kindly deeds and speaking comforting

One rainy day, not long ago, I sat at my desk vainly endeavoring to chain a few words together in coherent form. Whether it was the awkward material I had to deal with, the clumsiness of my brain or the depressing downpour outside, I know not, but I felt my "lowness" stealing o'er me. Just then the small boy of my household very timidly reminded me: "You said on a rainy day you'd paste some pictures in my scrap book." Being exceedingly desirous of wooing the Muse, I said: "Don't bother me now, dear." The child's voice was obediently silenced; but not the far more insistent voice of my heart, that firmly repeated the words my memory had taught . it: "Do something for somebody quick." The pen and paper were laid aside, the dining table took the place of the desk, and the ambitious scribbler was immediately transformed into an interested mother delighting ner little son by gayly pasting the gaudy bunches of flowers, and the pictured birds and animals into amusing clusters on the white pages before her; laughing joyfully herself as she brought sunshine into a heart too young to understand a "lowness of spirits," but which felt a dejection not unusual on a dark and gloomy day.

There is never a time when we cannot find something to do for somebody. It may be only to write a few simple, kindly words; to run across to a neighbor with a book we believe she will enjoy reading; to copy for ome acquaintance a poem, we are sure she will like to have. Perhaps we are using odd moments to make a dainty gift for a friend; if so, take a few stitches on it and see how quickly the gloom is dispersed. If you see nothing else you can do, just sit quietly for a few minutes and think of the pleasures you have had. That trip you enjoyed so much last summer, can you ever forget it? That bunch of roses your husband brought home on your birthday, what a sweet gift that was. Those endearing words your prattling child lisps to you every day, what could be more comforting? Think and think, my sister, and still think on till sunshine has banished shadow and you can rise up with a sturdy will, turn your back on cloudland where the Blue King reigns, and go bravely fort to cheerfully meet whatever the coming hours may bring.

HE WON'T MAKE A MISTAKE.

Man Who Got a Porous Present Does Some Serious Thinking for Himself.

"Yes, I live in Albany," replied the man with the double chin when questioned by his fellow traveler, "but I'm thinking of making a change and mov-

ing to Buffalo." "Don't like the town, eh?" was queried.

"Why, yes, I like it well enough. Yes, Albany is a very nice town." "Not good for your business, then?"

"Yes, I'm doing fairly well." Nothing further was said and then the man with the double chin seemed to think some explanation ought to

follow and he said: "You see, a curious thing happened the other day and after studying over it for awhile I think I have found the solution. I was called into an office where a number of citizens were gathered and one of them made a little speech and presented me with a

sponge." "With a sponge? That was curi-

"Yes, rather, but I think I know what it means. A sponge is porous, you know. It absorbs. It takes up." "And you—you—"

"I have been absorbing and taking up wherever I could find a man to lend me a dollar or drop a good thing. The good people of Albany have evidently got on to it and I think I shall move. I may be mistaken, yon know. The thing may have been intended as a compliment and the whole town may be sorry to see me go, but somehow I take it the other way and shall pack up next week and go farther west."

His Nerve, He-Oh, yes, I have heard him sing.

I admire him very much. She-Really, you don't mean it? Why, his voice is awful.

"It isn't his singing I admire; it's his nerve."-N. World.

A REMARKABLE AMERICAN. 2

A Busy Philadelphia Doctor, Who Raised Millions for Public Works.

The late Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, is the subject of a biographical sketch contributed to Century by Francia Newton Thorpe, which reveals a character and career too little known throughout America.

"In Philadelphia a bronze statue was unveiled, December 20, 1899, to the memory of William Pepper. It stands amid the ereations of his genius, and marks the culmination of his life-work. Thirty years ago the site was, a plowed field, part of the Blockley farm; to-day it overlooks the buildings, some 25 in number, of the University of Pennsylvania, the academic home of about 3,600 students annually. Adjoining is the University hospital, the Free museum of science and art, and the permanent buildings of the Philadelphia Commercial museuma.

"Dr. Pepper was the son of a physician, the celebrated 'elder Pepper,' as he is called, to distinguish father and son. The father pursued advanced medical studies together with Oliver Wendell Holmes in Paris, when American students rarely went abroad. On his return to Philadelphia he became professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the university, acquired an extensive practice, and died in 1864 at the early age of 56. A few months before the father's death the son graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

"Great physicians are rare, and rarer is the man who also is at the same time equally great as man of affairs, as educator, and as public benefactor. Such a man the son became. In 1870, at the age of 27, he projected the University hospital, and boldly set out to raise an endowment fund of \$750,000. In less than four years he had secured more than \$500,000, including two appropriations of \$100,000 each from the legislature. Thehospital was formally opened in 1874. Its creation was necessitated by the removal of the university from its old site, where the post office now stands. No such task had ever before been done by a citizen of Philadelphia, and its performance gave Dr. Pepper rank among the first men of the city. After some 30 years of action his public account stood something like this:

"Institutions founded: The University hospital, the Commercial museum, and the Philidelphia free library. Institutions reorganized and recreated: The University of Pensylvania. Public reforms: The improvement of the city's water supply, and an entire change in the attitude of the public mind toward education and the ideals of life. To carry out these plans. Dr. Pepper raised above \$10,000,000 and secured about 100 acres of land from the municipality, lying near the heart of Philadelphia. To the execution of this task he gave the service of one of the most acute and at the same time most practical minds ever vouchsafed to man. To this service of his genius he added the personal gift of nearly \$500,-000, which he earned in the practice of an exacting profession. It may be doubted whether any other American has run a like career.

"His sudden death of angina pectoris. at Pleasanton, California, August 26. 1898, occurred just as he had completed the first week of his 56th year. He had sought rest and health too late: His physicians said of him that at his death he had the heart of a man of 80. He had literally worked himself out-A brave man, endowed with genius; & unique man, delicately aggressive, incapable of wronging his fellows. inspired with lofty ideals for the health, welfare, and happiness of his fellowmen, and treating little minds as loving parents treat mischievous children-this man had gone and left behind him, as Disraeli said of the great duke. 'the contemplation of his charac-

POWER OF AN OCEAN LINER.

What It Would Take to Run One If Propelled by Human Labor.

In the problem of the application of motive power to transportation as a form of production, in the sense that it increases the value or utility of a product, the significance of the development of motive power transcends almost any other consideration, writes Prof. F. R. Hutton, in the Engineering Magazine. A somewhat impressive example can be derived from the rough calculation of the meaning that would attach to a transatlantic liner with a 20,000 horse power engine were that engine to be replaced by 20,000 horse power of human muscles. To run night and day there would have to be three relays of men at the treadmill or other appliance which would be used. Each eight-hour shift at each 10,000 horse power engine would be 100,000 men, or 200,000 for the two engines. Three shifts of 200,000 men would give below decks a population of a city of second grade.

If the problem, moreover, were put in the form of high speed transportation, such as is represented by the locomotive condition, it disappears practically in the field of the unthinkable. It needs, therefore, but a moment's consideration of the widespread significance which the railroad bears to the modern economic method to bring out the debt which the modern community owes to the motive power problem.

What Hart Her.

Mrs. Heartless-Just to think. my husband fell and broke-and broke-Mrs. Simpythetik-There, dear, 1 heard all about it; the poor man broke his leg; it's a great effliction, I know, but-

"Oh, I didn't mean that; you haven't heard the worst-he was carrying my new Venetian vase when he fell, and broke it, too."-Ohio State Journal.

THE BOY CHORISTER.

Singing Masters Have Much Distoulty in Securing This Kind of Talent.

The forming of a boy choir seems to be a matter of considerable difficulty. Singularly enough the Sunday school furnishes very few recruits for this purpose and in almost every instance the choirmaster is forced to apply to

the public schools for boys. When he has obtained the necessary permission he goes straight to the classroom and sees the boy personally. Then his troubles begin. Who would believe that the pugnacious, small, public schoolboy edges shyly off when it comes to a question of dealing at close range with a strange "grownup?" This, nevertheless, is just what happens. But finally, by dint of much persuasion and many allurements, several hundred boys are won over to accept an invitation to visit the church.

So far, so good. But when the appointed day arrives, out of this goodly number perhaps a single dozen lads appear. The resolution of the rest melted away when it came to the crucial point of actually entering upon an experience so atrange and unfamiliar, says a writer in London Truth. When the voices of the dozen coursgeous ones are tried, possibly half of them will be found worth the training. So that the promising 200 er 300 recruits have dwindled under the choirmaster's eye to a meager five or six.

Thankful for this scant nucleus at least, he begins training his little company. A single rehearsal and then more excuses begin to come in. This boy has decided that the rehearsals take too much time from his play. That boy has chanced to mention the choir practice at home and for some reason or other his parents withdraw him; and so on. until even the scant remainder of the original array has sunk to a mere two or three and, with a sigh, the choirmaster thanks the propitious fates for even these.

Then the master begins to exercise his ingenuity in other directions. He offers a bonus to the members who will bring in other boys. Sometimes this device works admirably; the flourishing choir of St. James' church, of which Mr. Henry Hall is master, is maintained almost wholly in this manner. In other instances, a boy will persuade his friend to remain until the bonus is paid and then, having received his share of the reward, the new recruit departs again on his way.

A CHINESE CATERER.

Modern Business Methods Applied to Oriental Residents in New York City.

The delivery system of retail trade is unknown in the Chinese empire, and even when a Chinaman becomes a storekeeper in the United States he tries as far as possible to pursue the methods of his native land. By degrees he absorbs western ideas, and after a time does business in a queer, half-oriental and half-occidental manner. Up to a short time ago, every laundryman went to Chinatown to purchase his supplies. The task required considerable labor in carrying home heavy bundles, and more or less time. In the present year one almond eyed adventurer has started a system of catering and purchasing. He began by calling at laundries, obtaining orders, delivering goods and receiving a commission upon his purchases from both buyer and seller. Trade prospered, and this summer he started a wagon route, which now covers Manhattan, the Bronx and Brooklyn. Besides filling orders, he carries with him standard articles, for which there is a constant demand. Among these are sauces. Chinese cordials, dried mushrooms, lichee nuts, joss sticke, tea, ginger root and fresh vegetbles.

His innovation is a wonderful surprise to his countrymen, and he is at present the hero of the hour. It must be said that his commissions are reasonable. They are three cents upon all purchases amounting to 30 cents, or five cents for purchases between 30 cents and a dollar, and five per cent. above that figure. He receives a small commission from the merchants in Chinatown, varying from three to five per cent. Once a week he makes a trip out to Queens, and there obtains a cargo of vegetables from the Chinese farmers who live in that county. These he does not buy, but brings as a common carrier to Chinatown. The freight charged reimburses him for the extra time consumed in making the journey. He displays considerable shrewdness, and to prevent rousing the curiosity or mischief of the small boy, he dresses in European clothes. Usually he takes with him as a bodyguard some tough young man from the Bowery. From their appearance they would be taken for ordinary hucksters.

Beyond the Pale. "Of course, you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggetly to the girl she had just cargaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl, "althought I would rather you didn't, for Mrs. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon." "In what way is she eccentric?"

"She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety." "H'm, not so much in that."

"Then she says she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm, she is eccentric, then!" "And, finally, she has never attended a bargain sale, and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy!

"O, the weman's mad! Isha'n't trouble her for your character: you can come in when you like!"-Cassell's

PITH AND POINT.

In a multitude of counsellors there isn't so much for each counsellor .-Detroit Journal.

Diogenes once saw a youth blushing and addressed him: "Courage, my, boy, that is the complexion of vir-

tue. It is said that laughter will cure indigestion; but the trouble is when a man has indigestion he doesn't feel

like laughing.—Chicago Daily News. "Do you think, Minnie, that men are bald because they always wear their hats?" "Oh, no! They always wear their hats because they are bald."-Das Kleine Witzblatt.

The Parrot-"The canary is getting pretty throaty, isn't he?" The Thrush - I should warble! He's about ready for the first of his farewell tours."-Town Topics First Need.—"What ten books would

you take if you had to pass the rest of your life on a desert island?" . "Oh, I wouldn't take books at all. I'd take things to eat."-Indianapolis Journal. Jane-"It is always a surprise to me what a lot of homely women get

married." Berths-"No doubt it is a reflection that gives you a great deal of encouragement, dear."-Boston Transcript. Credited .- Hoax-Borrowell gets a lot of credit for the way he keeps his family dressed." Joax-"Yes; they

teil me there's two or three collectors at the house every day."-Philadelphia Record. Mr. Newlywed-"I actually believe you like your pet poedle better than you do me." Mrs. Newlywed--"Nonsense, George! You know I would do as much for you as I would for the

dog."--Ohio State Journal. THE TEACHER BRIDE.

One of the Lessons She Was Giving to Her Charges-Has a Mortifying Conclusion.

A pretty teacher in one of the public schools of the city recently took the time-honored "class of one" in that knowledge beside which all other is mere driveling foolishness and vanity and vexation of spirit, says the Brooklyn Citizen. More recently still they were married, and the young woman went back to her third-grade pupils, for it had been agreed between the two that she was not to give up her work.

There was a great flutter in the school on her return. She had not taken "the girls" into her confidence before she left for that never-to-beforgotten two weeks' trip, and the "girls" revenged themselves with real hard slaps and pinches and called her a mean thing and all sorts of invectives before they kissed and forgave her. Then the second bell sounded and the young matron went to her own room.

There is no doubt that the children were glad to see her, and she, not being at all the conventional schoolma'am, had an almost irresistible impulse to line them up and hug them one by one. A large percentage of the boys were mere noisy, mischievous, stupid little animals, and some of the girls were too provoking for anything, but there was nothing but ... affection for them all in the little school teacher's heart. She regarded them from a new point of view entirely. Something had opened her. eyes, or had blinded them with a kindly mist, or both.

But the point of the matter was that the children had not been informed of their teacher's change of condition, and the difficulty was to inform them of it. Thinking of this made the little school teacher answer questions at random and wander in her explanations, and she blushed to find the infants looking at ther in M wide-eyed wonder as she came with, a start from the composition of the third or fourth little speech which was to enlighten them.

At last the opportunity came. One of the children addressed her as "Miss Smith."

"Not. 'Miss Smith," Johnnie," she corrected. "Mrs. Jones. My name is Mrs. Jones now, because I'm married." She blushed very much as she said this, but she felt that now w 3 the time to go through with it, turning from the wriggling and et barrassed Johnnie, she addressed the room: "You must not call me 'Miss Smith' any more, but you must say 'Mrs. Jones.' Now, all who understand that will raise their hands."

"Now, what is my name, Lottie?" continued the limite teacher, singling out a girl. "Mith Tmith."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little teacher.

Walking over to the blackboard she wrote "Mrs. Jones" in fair round script thereon. "Now, all of you tell me what that is," she said, and the chorus came: "Mrs. Jones."

"That is better," said the little "A great teacher, smiling at them. deal better," she added, and she wrote again: "Mrs. Jones," and again below that: "Mrs. Jones."

She made a motion as if to wipe out what she had written, but checked herself and stood with her back to the door, looking with a rapt smile at the board. And while she was standing there the door opened. and the principal, who was a horrid man, entered quietly and stood looking at her.

Fat Fiat Dwellers. The tendency to chesity is greatly

dependent upon racial and individual predisposition. It is much more pronounced in the well-to-do, who est more and take less exercise, than with taborers. Dwelling in flats and using a lifts are further causes for the increase of obesity, while the popularity of the cycle is a natural reaction against this reduction of physical labor,-London Medical Prem.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Est très répendus en Louisians et dans tous les États du Sud. (Sa publicité offic donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quetidienne, \$12.00 Edition hebdomadaire \$8.00. IAIPO \$8.UL