KANSAS FUNERALS | Yarns of Vermont Anglers | The Eve of Saint John | Beauty and the Beast.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BULES OUT CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Mutual Burial Associations Providing for Cheap Funerals Are - Given a Savere Set

Topeka, Kan.-If the attorney general of Kansas has his way about it the poor folks of this state will be forced to forego the pleasure of being buried in style.

About five years ago an ingenious Lynawker intented a scheme known as a mutual burial association, copyrighted it and has been living in clover ever since. The association issues policies to all who can show a certificate of good bealth, guaranteeing to furnish the holder upon death with a brat-class funeral, not to exceed \$100

adn cost. The organizer established state headquarters and a state association, with local chapters. In each town he went to the leading undertaker and made him the agent.

For every policy that is issued the inventors gets a small fee and when a member dies an assessment is levied upon the other members. This is calculated to amount to \$100 for each burial, but in some cases the undertaker, who gets all the assessment, rakes in more than that sum.

A good colin at least four carriages," a fine hearse and some flowers are guaranteed to all members when their time comes to be put under the sod. If a man lapses in his payments to the ammendiation he forfeits practically all that he has paid in. "

This fact is what has led to the -troubles of the association. The attorney general insists that this provision makes the associations insursuces companies, and as such they must incorporate and become subject to the supervision of the insurance commissioner. The fees and taxes which this would entail are such that most of the associations will be forced to quit business.

For a number of years the burial aseigthing have prospered. The plan is modeled upon the Chinese system of guaranteeing to take back to China the bodies of those who die in a forelen country.

The insurance commissioner is preparing to serve notices upon the companies that unless they comply with the ruling of the attorney general they will be prosecuted and all solicitors will be arrested for doing business without a license. It has been charged that there has been a lot of graft in connection with the conduct of some of the am visitions, and as under the insurance law their books and papers will be open to inspection the department will be able to find out if they are being honestly conducted.

As nearly as can be learned there Thre about 75 associations doing business and each will have to pay under the new ruling about \$350 a year to the

ARE USING PAPER MONEY.

People of San Trancisco Have Taken to It Since the Great Disaster.

San Francisco.-"Soft" money has been tried in San Francisco since the disaster, and, apparently to the surprise of the people, found to answer every purpose of the gold and silver they formerly handled. If it remains in use there the circumstance will constitute one of the radical differences between the old San Francisco and the new. Heretofore paper money in that city has been used only at the banks and hotels. In the ordinary channels of circulation there was none of it. The wage-earner received his pay in coin; with it paid the living expenses and so seldom raw a bank note that he hardly realized the existence of such a medium; while the small shopkeeper refused naper money when tendered by a stranger on the plea that he was no unfamiliar with it that he could not tell the real from counterfeit.

RUBBER HEELS WITH FLAT Washington Landlords Require Them in Apartments to Keep

"Washington, D. C .- Rubber heels for flat dwellers at the expense of landlords is the fatest tunovation of rental agents here. There is a clause in the more recent leases of apartments requiring every occupant to wear rubber heel shoes while in the apartment. The purpose of the innovation is to reduce the noise in crowded apartment houses, in apartment houses where go-carts are permitted it is specified that the wheels must be equipped with rubber

On moving into a house tenants are eent to a near-by shoemaker, who has a contract with the landlord to equip their shoes with noiseless heefs. Consequently there is never a complaint regarding the racket overhead in that house. Agents say few tenants object to the rubber heel clause.

'Opal Ring of 13 Stones.

A room flances shows an engager ment ring set with 13 opals - Th opal is a particularly modish gem, ac cording to London fashion writers, hence this defiance of superstition. It is asserted that old superstitions are losing ground, perhaps in favor of newer and more intriseting phenomena and their people are disregarding bil soile of traditions concerning the Auca.

Brandon, Vt.-When the sport is good at the opening of the Vermont fishing season torks expect to hear some rather lively yarns as well as to see fine strings of trout. They have not been disappointed this year. The trout have been big and the tales bigger, and altogether the nimrods have been having a happy lime of it.

"Talk about your queer experiences!" said Will Snyder when he got back from the Slab City streams. "I'll bet I'm the only man in Rutland county who ever caught a trout with an ax. Maybe you don't believe it, but I did. When I left here I was, of course, looking for anything over six. inches that would bite, but I was particularly anxious to get an old whopper that to my certain knowledge had been stealing my balt for eight years. He was in a deep circular pool, right by a big spruce stump that stuck ten feet out of the water, and the line would always break before you could get his nose out.

"Well, this spring I tried a new way. When he bit I let the line slack and crept over to the stump. What I saw nearly took my breath clean away, for on peering into the pol I made out the nose of the trout sticking out of a two-inch hole in the base of the stump. The book was in his mouth and the water was boiling where he threshed it with his tail. I went back to camp as quick as I could, got an ax, knocked the trout on the head and then chopped the stump off level with water. It was hollow all the way down, and I had no trouble in lifting out the fish. He weighed nearly three pounds and was sort of humped up from living in such close quarters. I also got back four rusty books that were sticking in the wood. I suppose the trout got washed into a hole by a freshet while he was small, and that a stone rolled against the hole kept him a prisoner until the next freshet came along and washed it away. By through and had to stay in prison eat-

ing what drifted his way." One of the biggest trout ever taken in the Otter above Danby was caugh: a few days ago by George J. Fiske, & lumberman, who is a student of fish and their hant's His Kill Vaere trout had raided his bait for several years and made up his mind to gr him. The fish lay in a cauidron shaped hole, and his favorite trick was to nip off the end of a worm without touching the hook. Fiske knew this, and he conceived a novel

Taking a block of sod about a foot square, he cut a slit in it and then laid in the cut his book and several inches of line. The hook was baited with a fat angle worm, and this was allowed to stick out of the fresh earth. The rest of the line was coiled on top of the sod. After clouding the water with mud Fiske set the sod affoat. and with fish rod in hand followed its coil unwind as he progressed. When the old trout got his eye on the worm he thought it had been washed in by a storm and picked it out of the earth. He also picked the hook, which a moment later had been driven in his tough jaws. When he was finally landed after a battle royal, he weighed close to four pounds.

Dalton Burroughs, of Mendon, tried the small brooks that flow down the west slope of Killington Peak, and at noon became disgusted because he could get few trout of legal length. Finally, while on what is known as the Eddy Brook, he came to an old mill dam. There was a hig pool below this and, thinking that he would certainly find fair fish here, he approached carefully and dropped in his book. A moment later there was a slight tug and, cautiously pulling up Burroughs saw that he had booked a five-inch trout. He was trying to shake it off, when there was a mighty splash below him, and a mink swallowed trout, hook and bait.

"Talk about exciting times," said Burroughs. "I certainly had one. That mink dived and fought and tried to get into the woods, but I had sense enough to keep him in the water until I could grope around for a club. Then I slowly recled in until he was almost up to the pole. He saw what I was up to and started straight for me, snarling and whining, but I killed him before he could get his teeth in

A two-pounder fell to James T. Barnes, of Pittsfield, in an unusual manner. Barnes had filled his basket and was taking a noon nap under a thick spruce with low-stretching branches, when he was awakened by the sharp cries of a couple of fish hawks just over his head. Peering from beneath the branches of the surnce he saw that they were in comhat over a large trout. Evidently one of the hirds had dived into a pool near by and risen with the fish, only to find another of its kind waiting to wrest the spoils from him. He tried to get away with his burden, but the fish proved too heavy for rapid flight and he was forced to take the defensive in a midair battle.

The captor of the fish was getting the worst of it, because he couldn't use his talons for weapons, so he dropped his burden, which fell at the feet of Barnes. It was a fine specimen and the fisherman lost no time in picking it up and clearing out. As he left the acreeching hawks were fighting flercely. - N. Y. World.

Very Trying. Mrs. Nevbore-1 bought a new piece. of music for my daughter to play, and I think she'll master it soon. She was

trying all the afternoon Miss Pepper - Indeed, she was: very!

A FIRMISH LEGEND

During the brief nights of summer in the northern latitude of Finland, and especially the shortest one-the Eve of St. John-there is a peculiar and beautiful phenomenon. The eastern and western skies are both bordered by the same warm glow, while in the zenith the most delicate hues of the sunrise and sunset mingle, so that the central portion of the beavens seems to be an exquisite canopy of rose color, white the north and south, still deep blue, appear to re-

cede from the eye. This phenomenon has given rise to a legend which can vie in charm with those of the ancient Greeks. A German writer preserved the gem found in the folklore of the people where it runs as follows:

Sunrise and sunset are brother and sister, who once were inseparable. It was their duty to precede their muth er, the sun, to announce to the earth her approach in the morning and clear the way for her progress by bidding the moon and all the stars to go

home. But once it happened that the pair, absorbed in their fraternal devotion, forgot to perform their office and passed through the heavens as if they had nothing to do except to gaze into each other's eyes. They were to radiant in their loving affection that the moon and stars forget to make way reverently for the sun; they lingered, bewitched by the charming spectacle. Nay, even mortals and all nature were so enraptured that, in their homage, the appearance of their-queen in her golden splendor re-

mained unnoticed. This unprecedented neglect and the boundless presumption of her subjects in offering the homage which was her sole due to her undutiful children incensed the sun. She instantly covered the sky with black clouds, punished the earth with rain, rander and lightning and created a system of order in the heavens which would prevent such argusence in the stars from occurring again.

When after many days, the curtain

of clouds was withdrawn, and the sky again looked down upon the earth, men saw with deep sorrow that the charming brother and sister no longer lived together. They have been separated ever since, for the wrathful mother redered that henceforth Sunrise must precede her alone, and Sunset must follow. So, stern and infectible, she always remains between them, and prevents them from gazing too long and too earnestly into each other's eyes. She does not permit them even to exchange a furtive glance; for every day, before Sunrise has left per couch, she sends the morning star to see whether Sunset has left the horizon, and drive him away if he lingered too late. Only in summer, when the days are so long that the Sun herself grows weary of the dis tance she has to traverse, and there fore grows less watchful, do things improve a little for the brother and sister. Then Sunrise, by coaxing and fair words, somet mes succeeds in de aining the morning star till she can put on her rosy robes. Swiftly darting through the gate of heaven with him she has the delight of exchanging glances with her brother before he descends into the depths. But on St. John's Eve the brother and sister bride the morning star, so that he lets Sunrise out a full hour earlier, and does not appear himself until the sun has left her sleeping room and is preparing for her daily pilgrimage, when it is shigh time for Sanset to disappear. For this brief hour the brother and sister greet each other with delight, clasp each other's hands and enjoy a few moments of purest happiness. This one hour gives them strength to persist through the year in the cheerful fulfillment of their duty, so that Sunrise daily greets the earth with a smile, though tears caused by grief for not finding her brother fall in streams. And Sunset, too, can smile a farewell to the earth, though his heart seems

The Worm Turned.

almost breaking with grief at being

compelled to go before his sister

He had dined well, but also had he tipped the head waiter, the captain, the regular attendant, the man who had poured his wine, and practically every other one on his side of the great room. Then, as he was about to leave, arose yet another before his face with: "You'll remember the waiter, sir?"

"Let me see," hesitated the guest, "what have you done for me?" "Toothpicks, sir," replied the very

humble servitor, with a gesture toward those unsightly instruments. "Oh, yes" (from the diner), "And shall I remember you you ask?" He laid a genial hand lightly on the astonished shoulder. "Why, bless you, I shall never forget your bonny, bonny face!" - Harper's Bazar

---Feminine Bullets.

It was the custom of Miss Susan B. Anthony to turn away wrath rather than answer a malicious questioner in kind. But one retort, which she gave to Horace Greeley, says a writer In the Boston Transcript, has become famous among her followers.

She had addressed the New York constitutional convention in Albany in 1867, and offered to answer questions. You know the bullet and the balor go together," drawled Mr. Greelay. "If you vote are you ready to fight?" "Yes, "Mr. Greeley," she replied, "Just as you fought in the late warat the end of a goose quill."

BY H. L. KINER I read before may eyelids dropt their shade.
The Legend of Good Women," long Sung b, the morning star of song, who

made
His music heard below.

—Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Dan Chaucer was that morning star of some A dog will Chaucer, if he gets a chance. He won't? Remain here: I will not be long. I've proof

in 'tother pants. I read, before my eyelids dropt their shads, 'The Legend of Good Doggles," lung ago, sung by the kennel kings who years to trade dogs for dogmatio

dough Our Shakespeare sings, in numbers high as height, of mongret whelp and hound of low design. I, too, have sung at them deep in the night, though not

melodiously. And, for the time, the transient throng around confest I made more noise than Shakespeare did. Yea, I'm a masistrom of far-reaching sound, when wrath removes the lid

The old colonial home across the way from my brick hashery, where the throng grows thin, an infare reveled in but yesterday, and we survived the

Daughter and dog the widowed master owns. The daughter, like incarnate sunshine, fills her path with amiles. The dog fills his with stones, and erring powter pills.

Each has a volce; the daughter, one that dreams the soul alive in harmonies of eld. The dog's voice rips up silence at the seams, and can't be squelched or quelled. Last night this demon bayed the shuddering dusk: sent frightened sleep avont the dreamless docks, and me in stience through the night-bloom musk, my nightshirt

filled with rocks. I love the daughter. At first sight it was, as flares the full-rigged frigate from the fog. I instant loved because: yes, 'twas Because. But how I scorn the dog! I hadn't slept a wink at 12 o'clock; wherefore, in sneaking, surreptitions socks. I prowled slow-poising quite the bluzest rock from my hard nest of rocks.

I meant to hit him in his evil head. not wound him merely upon legs or stiff and dead, then skidoo from His Nibs. How could His Nibs and his fair daughter sleep? I thought, with sudden and with gushing grief, they might wear nighteaps, gorged with rotton deep, or, maybe, they were deaf. In either case my love was leapped -- Donf vafeits that cannot count. And if with

'twould freeze love at the fount. For who could worship maid, however fair, if avalanching all ner sunny head, a nightcap, that would make an angel stare, hip-roofed her like a

absurd cotton they're nightcapped,

shed? But I sneaked on, my features fried in scowis. Woo-on-o through the night the anthoms of the brute, beset the blackness in a need of howis to tempt the wise to shoot. A thought came whizzing through the murky air. and swung against my thinker with a swat; suppose I kill the dog! Alas my prayer for ffer availeth not For o'er the body of the beast I'd rocked to his last sleep, her papa's rip and swear! My soul, e'en at the thought of it, was shocked. Then he'd deny my prayer!

My spirit, rent between the dog and girl, spun like a barndoor button in the doubt. Then came the dog! into my nightrobe's furl her forced his fierce-fanged shout I felt his cold nose feeling for my leg: 1 felt his breath on my denuded calves! I poised a rock, big as a dodo's egg, and split his skull in halves. The dog was dead. His legs stretched stark and stiff. To à last point his pointer tail was flung. lie hadn't time, after that fearful biff, to gather in his tongue.

"I've saved may legs, but lost the girl," I sobbed. Yet, her grim father, for his pointer's sake, would see to it that I was promptly mobbed. How my saved legs did quake! A voice fell from the colonnade above, a man's voice, deep and firm and bravely bold, the father of the fairy that I love, and asking: "Are you cold?" And I was cold. I shivered in the gust that sported through the alley, and unrolled, filling my eyes with microbistic dust and debris manifold. A bullseye lantern cut a round red hole down through the dusk to where I shud ring stood. If I escaped, I promised to my

soul that henceforth I'd be good. The lantern's evil eye revealed the gleam of a revolver! Oh, this murd'rous quarrel! The hole in that grim gun to me did seem some bigger than a barrel. May you, my reader, never, never stand at midnight in your nightgown with your breath catching on snags some bigger than your hand, while you stare straight, at death! "Oh, end-it! Shoot!" I gasped in deadly dread. "Why should I shoot? The dog is dead," said he. Then through a crevasse in my hopeless head, poured a hope-lit idea.

"A river rat, a houseboat bummer, lurks on my estate, far-known as Riverside. Gone to the dogs has he, like Stamboul, Turks. They leave him, unless tied. He followed me, this cur of low degree. I waited for a shot. You bravely killed this midnight auisance, haunt of tick and flea. In throwing you are skilled."

You should have seen how chesty I was then! A 74-gun frigate could not sail through ocean zones more grandly than I when the wind caught my robe's tall. A dinner in my honor for this eve, an auto ride to Riverside tomorrow. The game is, mine, the joker's up my sleeve, so I'll no trouble borrow. Except that river-rat at Riverside! Should I meet him, I mustn't tell too much. Ab ha! Ob ho! I'll get my future bride to play that I am Dutch! - Kansas City Star.

Butter that medales 18.30.

Milkweed Moses' Friend

BY KENNETT HARRIS.

"I, too, was oncet a tenderfoot," said Milkweed Moses, squatting before the Dutch oven and heaping a few fresh coals on the lid. "The callous is an inch and a half thick on my soles

-"I remember that full up' complete," be went on, seeing that he had the attention of his auditors. "I was walking along the Janeway trail, tryin' to make the White river crossin', an' headed fer the Mess Box butte, unknowin' in my tendrioot simplicity. My cayuse had up an' died on me ten miles the other side o' Porcupine, an' I was hoofin' it in high-neeled puncher boots that had my heets skun a

"Fin'ly I heard suthin' goin' pittitypat, pittity-pat behind me. I turned around an' seen a feller ridin' along the trail at a pretty lively elip. He ketched up with me jest as I got to a coulee where there was a little bunch o' lack pines

"Helio! he says, Travelin', or jest

gola' somewheres?" "I told him where I wus bound for an' he laffed. 'Keep right on,' he says; 'you'll hit some place if you don't strike White river. Where are you from?

"'Buchanan, Mizsours,' I says. "What's your name?" he asks, "Mose Pinckney,' I says.

"'Why, sufferin' snakes!' he says. You must be old man Pinchney's boy -old man Panckney of Buchanan. Well, shake!

"You know my pap, then?" I says. "'Know him!' he says. 'I know himbetter'n--'

"He broke off an' looked at the dim horryzon, shadin' his eyes with his hand. Seemed to me I c'd see a little dust right on the aidge of it, too. "He wus the best friend I ever had, says the feller, sort o' hurried, an' hoppin' off his horse, 'See here. You're tired Take thisyer horse an'

light out straight along the trail your best licks "But-"I says. 'Alu't no 'but' almut I', he says, frownin'. Don't I te'l you you're the on of my best felond? ! dear, kind pap a heap mor'n one mangy, flea-bitten roan. You're welcome to him as the flowers in May. "I says, if you owed my pip as

much as a dollar an' got out o' Buchanan alive 'thout payin' him you're a wonder.' You ain't got no time to about it if you want to air to-night says my mysterus benefactor, as he ontied a slicker that bulged a consid-

that saidle an' let's see you rd. Don't you worry about me! "He slapped the horse with his hand and it gave a jump that might night threw me an' then lit into a lope. As spon's I got him started I looked

erable in the middle with what looked

Hie a fiv pan an chuck tigg on

an' I see my father's friend duck down into the coulee. "After awhile: I took the notion to look back an', sure shough, there was some folks peltin' along behind me - Nout - a mile and a half Thee - was what had been the dust I didn't think they could have gained on me that much an' it made me, mad, because I'd begun to take a priderin o'd Roany's nerthemmass - We'll are about this.' I says to myself, an' I give him a touch of the quirt. He made a jump or two forward an' then one side sten-

that landed me in a bunch of sizebrush. "I tried to ketch him, but he lest walked away from me, noldin his head sideways so he wouldn't step on the bridle. If I moved out of a walk he done the same an' he could out-rot me. If I stopped he went to fee lin' again. I'd got right interested traten' about after him and jest nearly ketchin him so I didn't hardly notice anything until somebody hollered to me to throw up my hands. I looked around an' seen six good-sized business-like fellers with six extry-sized Winchesters all p'intin' right straight in my direction. Well, I throwed upmy hands an' one feller with a crooked nose rode up an' dropped a rope over-

" 'Gentlemen,' I says, 'I ain't got but \$12 about me, but you're welcome to that if you'll jest take this yer rope off me an' give me my horse an' let me

"They laffed at that. But one feller says: 'Where did you git your horse, podner?' An' then I told 'em about the feller my father'd been good to: "'I don't believe a word of it,' savs a man with a black beard, 'but if it's true I think we ought to hane him, Just the same. A young fool like him-

is bound to be hung sooner or later." "Two or three others fook the same view an' then I gathered for the first time that they'd done me the injustice of s'posin' I'd stole the horse I was a-ridin'. The man who owned him thought so p'ticular. They argued a plenty about it until fin'ly one of the crowd allowed the other feller couldn't have got far if I'd been telling the truth an' ft would waste time to hang me. We might shoot him,' he says. "The his legs an' leave him," says

"Six mortal hours, gentlemen, I laid out there in the hot sun, rolled up in mpe like a blame mummy, not able to stir hand nor foot

another felier. An' that's what they

done

"Fin'ly I heard a horse a-lopin" along an' pretty soon. I heard the crooked-nose man's voice askin' me how I found myself

"'It took us some time,' he says. cheerful, 'but we got your friend. I reckoned I'd best come back an' untie you. That's a good rope I've got on you an I'd hate to lose it." - Chicago Daily News.

Why She Wouldn't Pay. - 1 shall have to will you for a ticket

for that boy, maun, included a rope ductor, speaking to a quiet looking littic woman seated beside a boy on a Pennsylvania train.

I guess bot," she replied, with de-

cision. "He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole scat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing." "I've never paid for him yet," the

woman retorted "You've got to begin some time!" persisted the conductor.

"Not this trip, anyway." "You'll have to pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"All right, put him off, if you think that's the way to get anything out of -"You ought to know what the rules

of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him be-

fore."-Philadelphia Ledger

A Tasty Chop for Invalid.

Trim away every particle of fat from a neck or join chop, melt a piece of butter on a plate, sprinkle the chop with pepper and salt; dip both sides in the butter, and sprinkle a little lemon juice over the top, leaving it in the butter for at least two hours. Put the yolk of an egg on a-plate, with a traspoonful of grated cheese. Mix it together, and mask the chop freely with the mixture. Have ready some boiling dripping in a trying pan, lay in the chop, and let it cook thoroughly, first on one side, and then on the other; it will take oute six minutes to cook, the fat being kept boiling the whole of the time. Drain it on a piece of clean paper, and serve on a little mound of nicely masned potato, as hot as possible.

Involved Vociferosity. Gestlemen of the jury, empted the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the 12 Arkansas peers who were sitting in Judgment and on their re-Spective shoulder biaties in a damage uit against a grasping corporation for hilling a now. "If the train had been running as slow as it should have tern min if the bott had been rung as it ort to have been rong, or the whistie had been blosm as to should have been blown, none of which was did, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed! Puck.

Macaroni and Cheese. Into two quarts of boiling water break half a pound of macaroni Add aif a teaspoonful of sait and boil 20 minutes. Drain through a collander Line your well-buttered baking dish with cracker crumbs, then add a layer of macaroni, a liberal sprinkling of grath's cheese, dust with cracker crumbs, and use dabs of butter. Repeat this until your dish is full -Thenpour over all a cupful of milk or cream if you have it. Brown in the oven before serving.

Hollow Checks. To fill out the holiowrchecks, stimelate the circulation and build up the tissues, there is nothing better than the habit of liathing the face with The state of the second second

in there after the factor for his wife. saym water, pure Soap and a porrect complexion brush. Proper massage, with orange flower skin food and a movement with the finger-tipe will prove helpful. Make it a pracwere to sip a glassful of hot milk at Sections.

To Remove a Grease Spot. Here is a way to remove a greate

about, which neswers excellently: Eirst place, a double thickness of blotting paper on an ironing board. Lay the material on this and sponge well with benzine. Now put two more thicknesses of botting paper on top and iron with a moderately hot iron. Remember that benzine is inflammable. so don't do this near a fire or light, and see that your flatiron isn't at scorching heat.

Compliment for English. Chinese Commissioner Shang Cht Heng before leaving England for France recently paid the British quite a compliment in a farewell interview. He said "What has chiefly impressed me is the dignity and solidity of your nation. There is a compactness of spirit and conservatism which in spites of any political differences keeps therace well together. You remind me of the Chinese in this respect."

A Ham Sidedish.

Nice for luncheon is this entree of enid boiled ham: Chap enough ham to fill a coffee cup and add to it two ta- ; blespoonfuls of grated cheese, a little cayenne pepper and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Fry rounds of bread in butter and spread over the ham mixture. Grate cheese over the top and brown in a hot oven.

Paper Bags.

. Housekeepers should know that paper bags are made of composition of rags, lime, glue and other substances mixed with chemicals and acids. When the paper is dry it 's harmless, but if wet it is not fit to touch any sort of food, as there may be injurious conse-

His Superstition. "Jinx must be superstitions."

"What leads you to think so?" "He says he does not believe in borrowing umbrellas" "No, he believes in stealing them " -Houston Post.

Hot Water and a Cold Cream. - Don't try to put cold cream on a cold skin or the absorption wil; not ha thorough.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

12 tribe renandus un Ca iniane er dans tous les Etats du Bade Sa publishté offre donc un commerce des avantages excevotionneis. Prix de l'abonnement un l'autific de l'abonnement de l'abonnem