AN "HONORARY FATHER."

The "Son" of Major Sweet, the Sulu Governor, Is a Mahometan Prince.

An army officer possesses the unique honor of having been appointed the 'father" of a Mahometan prince. Two years ago such a thing, if predicted, would have been regarded as the result of a very vivid imagination, but our extension of military rule to some peculiar parts of the world has made the incident not so startling as it might be, although it is sufficiently notable, says the Philadelphia Post. The officer is Maj. O. J. Sweet, Twentythird infantry, who is the governor of the interesting province of Sulu. In his mail recently was this letter from a native source. The text of the letter, was, translated, as follows:

"This letter comes from your sister, the Sultans Inchs Pamels, to my brother, Maj. Sweet, the governor of Piange.

"This is to inform you that I am going to Limana to follow up your son Attick, to enable him to see his flancee. It is necessary that I should be there before he is allowed to see her. I am letting you know this, as it is possible that I may not be able to return soon. The ceremony of asking a girl in marriage generally takes a long time, as it is never certain whether the party will be accepted or not. I beg you to watch over your son, the sultan, and over your grandchildren and mine.

"Don't listen to any ill reports that you may hear, but first inquire of me or the sultan whether they be true or not. People nowadays delight in making mischief and in creating enmity between the higher people as well as the lower classes; therefore it is always best to make inquiries on both sides as to the truth of these reports. I beg you to do this. Greetings and best wishes to you.

"Eleventh day of Rajab, 1318."

There is a situation back of this letter which should not be lost in the war department archives. The writer of the letter is the sultans mother and a great friend of Maj. Sweet, to whom she is of material assistance in the administration of Mahometan affairs. principally through the good will she has for the American governor and the influence she has had with her subjects, almost all of whom esteem and accept her counsel. She calls Maj. Sweet "father" and "brother," according to the transient inspiration.

The son, Attick, is 20 years of age, and the second heir to the sultanate. "Attick" is a nickname which is not relished by its bearer, whose real name is Datto Mahamad Aurural Umrak. He early evinced a fondness for Maj. Sweet, whom in turn he impressed by his natural brightness and amiable disposition.

The young prince soon grew to respect the American governor and to appreciate the interest which was taken in him. He expressed a desire to become Maj. Sweet's son, and promised to be faithful and obedient as toward a father. Maj. Sweet agreed to the proposition, and he and the prince exchanged documents to show that the officer accepted the honorary responsibility of "father" to the prince, according to the Mahometan custom of blood friendship. Among the first bits of fatherly advice given and taken was that young Attick should give up the opium smoking habit.

Recently Maj. Sweet had occasion to wisit a neighboring province on the government steamer, and he invited with him on that occasion his protege. In the course of the trip the prince took Maj. Sweet aside and expressed a wish to confide a secret to him. He said he had a sweetheart in Limana, and that he would be grateful for permission to visit her. Mai. Sweet was curious to inquire as to the plans of the young prince, as he already possessed the four wives allowed by his religion. He explained that it was his purpose some day to have the new wife care for the others in his house. This incident explains the text of the sultana's letter. The officers at Jolo. the headquarters of Maj. Sweet, describe the sultana as an agreeable, refined and charming oriental diplomat. Her personal appearance is said to be attractive, uniting a rare combination of oriental elegance and modern grace. She would be, it is said, in bearing and appearance a credit to a New York drawing-room.

Packions in Horns.

If the question were asked: Why do the rhinoceri grow their horns upon the nose, instead of on the head. like other animals? the answer would probably be that they require them for root digging and such like purposes as well as for war, and the nasal position renders them more generally useful than if they were fixed on the top of the skull. At present the rhinoceros is the only quadruped which has a horn of this kind, but a study of fossil mammals shows that he is the sole survivor of a vast number of creatures whose natural weapons were built on the same general plan. In fact, in the days of the rhinoceros' early forefathers horns of this kind were probably much more acommon than those such as we see on the heads of oxen, antelopes and sheep. In the course of ages the fashion in wearing horns has undergone a radical change, but the rhinoceros, who is essentially a conservative beast, has stuck to the older method. -Pearson's Magazine.

The sudden blazing into view of a star previously invisible ranks among the very rarest of astronomical events. Only 14 times since men first began to write down records of the skies has such an occurrence been chronicled; and but once before have astronomers found a "temporary" star rivaling in splendor Anderson's recent discovery in the constellation Perseus.—Science.

SOME SMALL HELPS.

Odd Items of Domestic Lore That May Come in Handy to the Housekeeper.

A simple and delightful way of preparing oysters and celery for lunchcon or supper is in this wise: Cut a cup of white celery in small pieces, and adding it to three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, allow it to simmer for a quarter of an hour. Add a half cupful of oyster liquor, half a cup of cracker crumbs, salt and paprika to taste, half a cupful of cream and a pint of oysters. Add the oysters after the liquid has boiled and remove from the fire as soon as the edges curl. Serve on toast or in crescents of puff paste, says the Washington Star.

In buying sponges, give the street venders with their chemically bleached wares a wide berth. Much of their stock in trade has been rescued from hospitals, dispensaries and the junkmen, and then prepared for market. A cheap sponge is an abomination, and a menace to health. Buy direct from reputable dealers. To clean a sponge immerse it over night in sweet milk, then rinse it thoroughly in cold water.

While the same old question, "How much does the baby weigh," still continues of abiding interest, the kitchen steelyards and grandpa's bandana handkerchief or cook's scales are no longer considered de rigeur for determining that momentous query. The up-to-date baby has a weighing basket of his own, from whose downy depths he gives ocular demonstration of his sweet young avoirdupois. Made of wicker, prettily gilded, shaped like a small canoe, lined with satin, quilted and perfumed and trimmed with lace and ribbon. Baby Croesus, in a condition as near nature as possible, looks forth from its shelter upon an audience of admiring slaves.

And yet—all hail, baby of the steelyards!

A new method of treatment for diphtheria which is said to be remarkably

successful is the swabbing out of the throat with common petroleum. Severe cases, given up by physicians, have been known to yield to this simple remedy.

In a recent volume on the cause and prevention of decay in teeth the writer attributes the increasing prevalence ofdental caries among civilized nations to the modern methods of manufacture of food stuffs, whereby the coarse and more fibrous parts are eliminated. This, he claims, acts in two ways. Firstly, owing to the absence of mechanically detergent constituents of food, more of the fermentable, acidproducing and germ-sustaining parts of the latter remain in contact with the teeth for some time after meals, and, secondly, that the tongue being less actively employed during the act of chewing and swallowing, fails to attain its full size and exercise its normal important function in model-

HAVING NO TIME.

ing the dental arches.

The Woman Who Is Always Too Busy to Take Care of Her Own Health.

The woman who has "no time for relaxation and systematic exercise" is precisely the woman who most needs to take it. Rest, exercise, diet, amusement and work are of equal importance in the vast scheme of living, if one would live sanely, that is, healthfully. The old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is perfectly true, and that all play and no work have the same effect is equally correct, observes an eastern philosopher, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I get all the exercise I need in going about my household," many women assert, but that is the greatest mistake possible. Under ordinary circumstances, a few sets of muscles are called into activity, and the mind, at the same time, is fully occupied. For physical exercise to be helpful, the mind must be at rest. A walk of 20 minutes' duration in the open air is an absolute daily necessity, and should be at a reasonably brisk pace. Deep breathing should be practiced on these walks, until it becomes a fixed habit. A good plan is to inhale slowly while taking seven steps, then exhale during seven. The mental application soon ceases to be necessary, and the walker almost unconsciously breathes in this way. Deep breathing is helpful in cases of insomnia

The average woman takes too little care of her health until she loses it, and then she takes too much care of it, with tonics and nostrums. She drinks two or three cupfuls of strong roffee for breakfast, eats meat three times a day, takes cakes and ices ad infinitum, and by the time she is 30 or earlier has established a chronic dyspepsia that is guaranteed to last until her death. There are many more illnesses from overeating than from overwork, and far greater danger to heauty.

Another hindrance to health, and consequently beauty is the wearing of unnecessary clothing. The body breathes through the skin, and when layer after layer of cotton and wool envelops it, so that no breathing is possible, the whole physical organism suffers. Every night before retiring. the entire surface of the body should be rubbed with the hand, inclosed in a glove of Turkish toweling. This opens the pores and stimulates the skin to a proper performance of its breathing and excretory functions. The woman who does this, then sleeps in a properly ventilated room, takes a warm sponge bath and a cold splash every morning, and eats sensible food does not need to worry about her complexion, unless something is radically wrong, demanding a physician's

MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

Aerial Structures Form Extraordimary Scene at the Frontier of Macedonian Territory.

Between the curve of the Macedonian frontier of the mountains of Khassia and the open town of Kalabaka, which terminates the long western plain of Thessaly, lie the monasteries of Meteora. A casual glance gives the ides of the whole space being occupied by lines of bare hills, but on a nearer inspection a curious amphitheter is found, carved out among the mountains, and this is occupied by a most extraordinary collection of rocks, on which are perched, like storks' nests or the turban on a Turkish tombstone, the aerial monasteries of Meteora. In one place a huge monolith is found literally crowned with buildings, as in the case of the monastery of All Saints, popularly known as Haglos Barlaam; in another a group of jagged rocks will have one point capped by a monastery, as is seen in St. Nicholas. The most striking features about these monasteries is the method by which they are reached, either by loose ladders hanging outside the perpendicular rocks or by being wound up by means of a windlass in a net at the end of a rope, says the London Illustrated News.

From its beautiful position, its size and the fair preservation of its buildings the monastery of Haglos Barlaam is a very good specimen of these fifteenth century monasteries, but what makes this one of especial interest is that the rope is said to be the longest used for the purpose—340 feet. The ladders to this monastery are not so difficult to climb as some, but inasmuch as they pull out every time you grip them and oscillate frightfully it is pleasanter to risk the net.

The monastery of Haglos Nikolas appeared to be in a totally dilapidated condition and entirely deserted when we visited Meteora, while the ladders, which rise from a neighboring peak and hang from the bare rock, are impracticable. All these monasteries are under the archimandrite, a man of commanding presence and saintly countenance. The village of Kastraki is jammed in between the outer rocks of this curious amphitheater and in the slit of this rocky wall at the back of the village stands a most peculiar hour glass looking monolith. The rocks on either side are perforated with strange holes, which in the fourteenth century were inhabited by the monks of St. Anthony.

CHARMING NEW PLAYTHINGS.

Bits of Dried Wood That Are Transformed Into Wonderful Figures and Animals.

Our modern toys are as ingenious as they are varied and pretty, but the young people of Europe and America have no monopoly in this regard, says the Youth's Companion. For centuries the children of the far east have delighted themselves with the very queer and interesting contrivances known as expanding water

toys.

They come in small wooden boxes similar to the little paint boxes that are so well known, and they look like dirty shavings, broken matches and dilapidated toothpicks. But throw one of them into the water, and the ingenious little toy at once shows itself to be something more than a bit of stick.

The wood has been kiln-dried, and as soon as it touches the water if begins to absorb the same and to expand almost indennitely.

As it increases in size it separates, and suddenly opens and becomes a very pretty toy. One stick changes into a flower pot containing a rose bush in full bloom, another becomes a fat mandarin carrying an umbrella, a third a sea serpent ferocious in its tiny dimensions. A whale, a tiger and a lady of fashion taking her daily promenade are all represented.

The figures are colored and present an astonishing variety in design and treatment.

How they are made and compressed is one of those trade secrets which are kept inviolate by the guild which makes a livelihood by their manufacture.

On rare occasions it is possible to get larger and more artistic figures, historical characters and portraits of great monarchs, poets and teachers, dwarfed trees and tiny houses whose doors and windows are full of inmates.

The ordinary kind cost a mere song, but the finer qualities are often very expensive. Expensive or cheap, they have for long years given pleasure to the children of Kyoto and Canton.

Signing of the Sain Trenty.

The sultan of Sulu was persuaded to sign the treaty with this country by means of a phonograph. The sultan and his suite were assembled on the deck of the man of war Charleston. and preliminary negotiations were completed and terms agreed upon, but the sultan would not sign. Every effort to put him in good humor had failed when Gen. Bates had a phonograph set up on deck. When it began to pour forth the words of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town, To-Night," the members of the sultan's suite were variously stricken with fear and delight. The sultan was amazed, and on being permitted to speak into the machine and hear his own voice reproduced, his suspicions of the Americans vanished. He promptly and in great good humor signed the treaty.—Golden Days.

Decrease in English Arrests.

Since the outbreak of the war in South Africa, a marked decrease in the number of prisoners up for trial at the assizes has been noted in England.—N. Y. Sun.

A LESSON IN COOKING.

The Vigorous Instruction of Hop Ring
in Baking Beans Broke
Him In.

It happened down in southern Arizona. "Tom" Preston had the contract for the boarding house at the Copper Matte mine, and he employed Hop Sing to preside over the destinies of the culinary department, says the Los Angeles Times. Hop, it is unnecessary to explain, was an almond-eyed son of the Flowery: Kingdom, and, like many of his brethren, had very definite ideas in regard to his duties. Any criticism from the men was duly resented, or, more often, calmly ignored. Now, an important article in the dietary of a mining camp is beans-those large, red "frijoles." When a man conveyed a spoonful of Hop's "strawberries" to his plate, they rattled like a rain of pebbles. Preston complained that they were not sufficiently cooked, and Hop, with one of his bland smiles, promised to do better next time. But the next time beans appeared on the table they again pattered on the plates like hailstones. After the meal was finished Preston went into the kitchen, and, placing a quantity of beans in a kettle of water, told the Chinaman to let them soak overnight. "I am going to show you how to cook beans," he said; but Hop only smiled, and replied: "You no

savvy how cook." Next morning Preston ordered two kettles of water placed on the stove, and, putting the beans in one, told the Uninaman when they cooked down to use the hot water from the other to replenish it. He returned at intervals to see that they were not alleved to burn; putting in a pinch of soda, and, when they were quite tender, added the salt and pork. and directed nop to allow them to cook an hour longer. Hop watched the proceedings with evident interest, but occasionally ventured to remark: "You no savvy how cook."

"That's the way I want you to cook beans," Preston commanded. That day the beans were excellent. and Preston was delighted with the result of his efforts. There would be no more half-cooked food served at that table. But the next time the dish appeared on the menu he was dismayed and chagrined to hear the old familiar clatter on his plate. They were about as hard and indigestible as bullets. He rose from the table, and, without a word, stepped into the kitchen, and dealt the Celestial a blow on the jaw that sent him sprawling to the floor. Then he kicked him under the table, and as the unfortunate creature crawled to the door to escape his wrath, he gave him another kick. which landed him in the road outside. A few minutes later, as he passed where the crestfallen culprit was nursing his bruises, he said: "Now,

you can come to the office and I will make out your time."
"What, you no want me to work for you more?"

"After what has happened I did not suppose you would care to work any more."

"Me savvy how cook beans now," he humbly replied. And so it proved, for the lesson had been well learned. Hop is still "chef" at the Copper Matte, and his beans are unsurpassed.

FRESH FEMININE FINERY.

Tasty Trifles That Are Now in Favor with Followers of the Fashions.

Soft chips and crinoline straws which can be manipulated easily into any shape are promised as a feature of spring millinery, says the New York Sun.

Aiglon belt buckles are distinguished by laurel wreaths and spread eagles in gold and silver, and then there is the Aiglon umbrella handle, which is a gold ball with an eagle perched on top.

A very proper ring to wear with your tailor-made suit is one large turquoise set in gold without any jewels. Empire ribbons of varying tints are woven with either silver or gold laurel wreaths, and effectively used for

chemisette fronts and stocks.

Squares of cluny lace, alternating with squares of jet galloon, are used for trimming silk petticoats, while another decoration is in floral designs of applique velvet.

Evening gloves, hand painted, with a spray of flowers from the shoulder down nearly to the waist, are one of the fads of fashion across the water. Some secret mixing of the paints prevents the heat of the arm from affecting it, and also obviates the possible chance of its cracking. The special flowers which decorate the gown are carried out on the gloves.

Perhaps the latest eruption of Napoleonic emblems is seen in the empire wreaths cut out of cloth edged with gold thread. These are arranged to overlap each other in a taffetta foundation.

The remains of a cold fowl, a little white sauce, one quart of chicken stock, three ounces of butter, egg wash and bread crumbs. Chop the fowl quite small and mix with the bechamel, which should be quite thick. Boil the rice in the stock gently for half an hour, then add the butter and boil until soft and dry. When the rice has cooled to allow handling form into balls, making a hollow in each of them, which must be filled with the minced fowl and covered with rice. Then egg and crumb.—Boston Budget,

A Simple Salad.

A salad made of roast pork, combined with celery, clives, lettuce and mayounaise dressing, is delicious and is sometimes mistaken for chicken salad. Cold year may be used in the same way.—Detroit Free Press.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PREMIERS.

Her Majesty's Manner of Treating with Them and Their Ways with Hor

The stories told of Queen Victoria and all classes of her subjects with whom she came in contact are innumerable. Many, of course, are quite apocryphal, and redound rather to the inventiveness of their narrators than to their veracity. Others, vouched for by high authorities, however, are just as good as the best efforts of the professional anecdotemonger, says the London News.

A story once very widely circulated was that Mr. Gladstone habitually treated her majesty with rudeness. This probably arose from the fact that Mr. Gladstone had not the art of trivial and easy conversation. "He was," says Mr. G. W. E. Russell, "so consumed by zeal for great subjects that he left out of account the possibility that they may not interest other people. He paid to everyone, and not least to ladies, the compliment of assuming that they were on his own intellectual level, engrossed in the subjects that engrossed him. Mr. Gladstone had manners, but no small talk. 'He speaks to me,' the queen is supposed to have remarked, 'as though I were a public meeting. and as he is said to have harangued her about the polity of the Hittites or the harmony between the Athanasian creed and the poetry of Homer, there would appear to have been some truth in it. The queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, tried to make a digression-addressed a remark to a daughter, or gave biscuits to a begging terrier-while the statesman restrained himself with au effort until the princess had answered, or the dog had sat down, and then promptly resumed: 'As I was about to say-' Even royalty quailed before this flood of verbiage."

Lord Beaconsfield's method was different. In early days he was disliked and distrusted, but by his address and social diplomacy managed. to convert this dislike into a friendship between himself and the queen unparalleled before or since in the relations of sovereign and statesman. As an astute flatterer, he is reported to have said in his last days that to flattery he owed his success, adding that when applied to royalty "you must lay it on with a trowel." His conversation with the queen was, it is said, led by him into discussions about water-color drawing and the third cousinships of German princes, this last, of course, a subject on which her majesty was an expert.

That Lord Palmerston was no servile courtier we know from his opposition to court influence with politics, from his independence in conducting international negotiations, and from that darkling allusion of his to the "power behind the throne," by which the influence of the prince consort over the queen in political affairs was understood to be referred to. On occasion, however, "Old Pam" could be the author of a neat compliment to her majesty, as when, in reply to her halfhumorous wish that she could speak in the house of commons on a topic which she was keenly interested in, he wrote: "Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duties to your majesty, and has had the honor to receive your majesty's communication of yesterday, stating what your majesty would have said if your majesty had been in the house of commons. Viscount Palmerston may, perhaps, be permitted to take the liberty of saying that it is fortunate for those from whose opinions her majesty differs that your majesty is not in the house of commons, for they would have had to encounter a formidable antagonist in argument: although, on the other hand, those whose opinions your majesty approves would have had the support of a powerful ally in debate."

There are two objections, hower, to this. Palmerston probably wrote it with his tongue in his cheek; moreover, from the style of the composition, which is distressing, it would seem that the etiquette of letterwriting to royal personages is entirely inimical to literary effort.

A Stunner.

One of those drummers who does a good deal of driving about the country delights in telling about an old-time boniface who runs a country hotel within a day's drive of Detroit.

"Sharp as a tack," declares the

"Sharp as a tack," declares the drummer. "Always as smooth as oil until some one tries to make a run on him, and then he can get back harder, faster and in fewer words than any man I ever heard talk.

"I saw a man come in there one day from the city. He is all right at home, but was feeling his oats that day and opened up on the old landlord by saying: 'Hello, grandad, get your frame into circulation. Don't set around like a bump on a log. I want accommodation for man and beast.'

"'Where's the man?' asked the old chap, in a flash."—Detroit Free Press.

Crops in Porto Rico.

Oranges and bananas reach a delicious perfection in Porto Rico, and frosts are unknown. The cultivation of various crops has increased enormously since 1896, averaging fully 50 per cent. all around. The cultivation of cane has increased 25 per cent.; of coffee, 25 per cent., and of tobacco, 200 per cent.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Real Thing.
Hotel Guest—Can you get me an un-

abridged dictionary anywhere in the

Bell Boy-I'm afraid not, sir, but there's a lady from Boston on the secend floor.—Sommerville Journal.

PIRATES WERE IN CLOVER.

Days When the Government Officials Protected Them from Justice,

Two hundred years ago at this season of the year the citizens of New York were scandalized by the rumored corruption of the men in high places. From the Whitehall guns to the wall and beyond, even to the king's farm, which was above Maiden lane, men and women doubtless gossiped about little else than how their neighbors came by their jewelry. At the town pump, in Broadway, and at the cage and the stocks in the slip-they wondered what percentage the authorities had received for the "protection" of pirates. In King street and Petticoat lane, at the Postern gate and the Jews' synagogue, near the fort, and the slaughter house they talked of the probable fate of Capt. Kidd, who was then languishing in jail, to the distress of his wife and little daughterand the excitement of the whole colony. No man of wealth and distinction was free from suspicion of complicity with the host of pirates who had notoriously made this city their place of refuge, says the New York Post.

Dominic Selyns had solemnly declared (before Trinity church had been chartered) that the condition of public morals was deplorable, and had eloquently urged reform. "Morals," he said, "have much degenerated, and evil practices have been introduced by strangers and privateersmen. Our calamities spring from the bottomless pool of heaven-high sins, foreign, but, nevertheless, without suspicion of foreigners. Money increases, high houses are built and land is made in water."

As a matter of course, the city was deeply stirred, for it is to be presumed that the "pious and excellent man" was as free with the expression of his opinions in the pulpit as in his letters to the classis of Amsterdam-Where this money came from to "build high houses" and to "make land in water" was what the reformers wanted to know, and they were quick to charge (for the evidences were plain) that the pirates were in league with the men in power. They had seen Gov. Fletcher drive in his six-inhand, so they charged him even with complicity with the evil deeds of Tew and Kidd and others. But this the governor had denied, saying that he had befriended the notorious Tew to convert him from profanity-"the vile habit of swearing."

Fletcher, however, had been succeeded by Bellomont, who, himself, was not free from suspicion of granting "protection" for a consideration. The council was split in contention. Information came to the governor that various members were affecting piracy and profiting thereby. He set about "purifying a corrupt government" by removing the suspected persons. In one day five were turned out of office; on the sixth a sixth resigned. Those who had been dismissed were at once believed to have been guilty of the darkest crimes. It was said that a diamond ring, worn by the wife of one discredited member, had been taken from the finger of an Arabian princess -that it had been the price of the pirate's protection. Men said that another had a box of eastern gold pieces hidden in the ground. It was said that a third was in the habit of entertaining freebooters at his home on Long Island. So it came about that wherever display of wealth was made suspicion was directed, and with some excuse, for it was notorious that the chief citizens had profited enormously by their "scandalous dealings" with pirates.

Under Fletcher's administration Tew had thrived. The governor said at one time to the house (with all the seriousness of the Croker of the present): "While I stay in the government I will take care that neither heresy, sedition, schism nor rebellion be preached among you, nor vice nor profanity encouraged. It is my endeavor to live a virtuous and pious life, and to set a good example. I wish you all to do the same." Nevertheless, he was an intimate of the pirate Tew. When he was accused of conspiracy with him he denied it, saying that Tew was a companionable fellow and worthy of conversion. Then it was charged that the governor's wife had received gifts of jewels: from the pirate, and that the governor had accepted a curious watch. What was said of the governor's conduct was said of that of all the officers of less power, and it was this scandalous condition of the administration's morals that led to the appointment of Bellomont, with instructions to proceed against pirates and reform the gov-

Capt. Kidd became the most notorious of all offenders. He came to New York almost with impunity to visit. his wife and little daughter, who lived in one of the best houses in town. Bellomont proceeded against him diligently and against all the others, but the practice of piracy was not at once stamped out. Kidd was caught in Boston a few-months more than 200 years ago. He was brought to New York and at last sent to England, where he was executed in May, 1701. From his capture and the upheaval of public opinion piracy declined. But for a long time the suspicion directed against all the public men of the period was maintained.

Two tablespoonfuls butter, one pair aweetbreads, cooked and chopped, three tablespoonfuls Parmesan cheese, three egg yolks, salt, cayenne, one tablespoonful butter. Melt butter, add sweetbreads and cheese, eook until cheese is melted, add eggs alightly beaten, and seasonings; just before serving add butter. Good Housekeeping.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS