Not a Worthless Character.-"Her Bushand is absolutely worthless." "Mow can you say that? He isn't at all well, and his life's insured for \$5,000." -Philadelphia Bulletin.

the the daily papers .- Puck.

Mrs. Sharpe-"They call the bellthey in the hotel 'Buttons,' I believe. Ewonder why. Mr. Sharpe-"Probably Bucause he's always off when you need most."-Philadelphia Press.

How Cruel of Him.-Mrs. Mann-William, why do you race off to the alab every evening right afterdinner?" Mr. Mann-"I want to make up for all the evenings I lost while I was court-"-Chelnen Gazette. What," asked the eminent eriminal

Bawyer, "in your friend's defense?" "That, depends altogether on you," re-Hed the friend of the accused. "If had one we would be consulting a chenper lawyer."-Indianapolis News. Miss Ann Teck-"No, I don't like him. He accused me of giving the impression that I was younger than I really am." Miss Sharpe-"Oh, he wouldn't be so Section as that. Homerely accused you of trying to give such an impression."

-Philadelphia Press. Chouldn't Be Blamed.—"Think of the attence Job had," said the mother to or small son who had a boil on his mack. "Job was covered with boils." "Seewhiz," exclaimed the offspring; "you oughtn't t' biame him fer havin' Bots ov pashences he needed it."-Ohio Mate Journal.

BENEFICIAL TO THE EYES.

Mroad Range or Long Vista Among the Trees In an Aid to Mght.

"Speaking of the practice of wearing mes," said a well-known optician in Canal street, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "there is a curious thing about the human eye that the moverage person is constantly overlooking. We talk a great deal about the Induence of color, about glare, and all that sort of thing. Unquestionably malor has a great deal to do with the weakness of the human eye at this time. More figures as an important factor in me impairment of the human sight. In The matter of color there is so much amoting in these latter days that the are is kept in an almost constant strain. Bad is violently red, green violently green, and so on, until the eye is simmily strained beyond the normal in an Mort to visualize the hue, and the op-Me nerves are in a measure strained and Infered. But this is not the greatest Manger when we come to think of modmem tendencies so far as the human eye he concerned. There are other condithems which are infinitely more injurican than the matter of color. The glare Is bad enough, too. The electric and Ameandescent lights are simply fearful come one's eyesight. But the thing I quarwel with, more than with any other in-Seence, is the condition which limits

"The eye should have a broad range. e should have the opportunity of mering a long distance. We are denied This opportunity. We are bemmed and bedged in until the distance we are eapable of seeing is very short indeed. This is why I am a strong advocate of guziks or promenades. Green is naturally a restrut color, and if the city could he provided with long avenues and aplendid parks, where one's eyes could maretch out in a long vista, it would he a great thing. When we come to think of the thing seriously the benefit * **So** the human eye alone would amply finatify the city in building roadways amd parks and things of that sort to rest the human eye.

in the scope of one's vision.

The human eye needs rest. It may Mourt my business, the business of the explician, but it is a good thing. High buildings and loud colors and the glare and many lights are conditions which asimply force a majority of mankind to wesort to artificial means of seeing, and where conditions are rapidly producing mrace of spectacle wearers. The condi-Sions are bad. They should be cors weeted. Or at least the bad influences e bould be minimized so that the in-Tury would not be so great as it is. The eye should be given sufficient scope. It allould be given that range which would and tivate the finer qualities of this, the mers and most perfect of all human swgams. That's why I'm in favor of marks and roadways and all that sort all thing."

As His Child Saw Him.

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few exemings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one litthe daughter while his wife and anwher of the children were down-Sown. Darkness was coming on and the little girl was anxiously watch-For her mother's return. Her mervousness grew apace, in spite of The father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into

tears, saying: "I just can't help it! I need mammea, and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your maamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father.

"No, of course not." replied the Bille one. "'Cause then there's some grown-up person about the house."--Los Angeles Herald.

Plank Roads a Memory. Chicago had one institution in 1847 which it has since lost. "Plank roads" were built out into the country and were expected to take the place of railmads in developing trade.—Chicago Eccord-Herald.

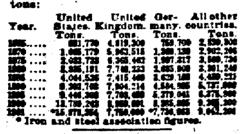
DEMAND FOR PIG IRON.

World's Per Capita Consumption Ingrenoes from 17 Pounds in 1870 to 57 Pounds in 1901.

In the five-year period 1866-76, the world's per capita consumption of pig iron was 17 pounds; in 1901 it was 57 pounds; while in the latter year the United States consumed 455 pounds per capita, and the United Kingdom, \$50 pounde per capita.

The effect of this remarkable increase in the production of iron in the United States has been strongly marked in its relation to our foreign commerce. Imports of iron and steel manufactures in 1882 amounted to \$67,-976,897 and formed 9.3 per cent of the total imports; in 1901 they had fallen \$17,874,789, and formed but 2.2 per cent. of the total imports. On the other hand our exports of iron and steel manufactures have grown during the same time from \$20,748,206 in 1886, to \$117,319,320 in 1901. They formed in 1883 about three per cent. of the total exports, and 15 per cent, of the manufactures exported; while in 1901 they formed eight per cent of the total exports and 28 per cent. of the manufac-

tures exported. The following table shows the production of pig iron in the United States, United Kingdom, Germany, and all other countries at quinquennial periods from 1865 to 1961, stated in gross



BIG PRICE FOR A PEARL.

Milwankee Jewelers Parchace a Gom Which Was Pound in the Mississippi River.

The largest perfect pearl ever found in the Mississippi river has been purchased by Bunde & Upmeyer, of Milwankee. The gem is nearly a perfect sphere, three-quarters of an inch in diameter. R was recently found in the river north of Prairie du Chien, by a pearl fisher. It weighs 121 grains, and the price paid was over \$10,000.

Louis W. Bunde said: "The formation is perfect. It is without a hlemish. and the shade is all that could be desired. It will eventually go to Europe to adorn the headpiece of some monarch. It can only be used in a tiara, headpiece or cluster. It might be used as a central pearl in a necklace, but for the fact that pearls of nearly the same size to be used in graduating could not be obtained. The pearl fisheries on the Mississippi extend from Hannibal, Mo., to Red Wing, Minn. The fishers average one-half ton a day in hooking shells, which are sold to button manufacturers. They are paid \$14 a ton, and consequently make good wages if they never find a pearl of great size. The shells in which these are found weigh about four pounds."...

GREAT PERIL FOR AERONAUTS

The Fatal Disaster to Severo Comes loomists,

The death of M. Severo has directed attention to the danger of experiments with aerostats. Experiments show that the descent of a passenger from a tram car at the moment the Severo balloon exploded alone prevented the crushing of the other passengers.

The scientific committee of the Aero club is putting pressure on the authorities to prohibit absolutely such experiments within reach of towns.

The latest ballooning experiment is proposed by Comtesse de la Vaux and Caustilon de Saint iVctor to realize M. Jules' "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

The aeronauts will start every morning at five o'clock and descend every evening wherever the wind takes them. They will refill thir balloon at the nearest gas works. They hope in this way to cover Europe from end to end.

TAPESTRY BRINGS THOUSANDS

Fifteenth Century Product Is Sold at Paris Auction for Two Thousand, Eight Hundred Dollars.

At the sale of the collection of Dr. de Saint Germain, at Paris, a fifteenth century tapestry representing a "Court of Love" was sold for \$2,800.

Two aplendid tapestries of the sixteenth century, of Italian manufacture, from the palace of the dukes of Zagarolo, which an expert valued at \$4,000, failed to realize more than

A sale of articles of the eighteenth century, in another room, realized a

total of \$18,800. A set of drawing-room furniture, comprising sofa and nine fauteuils covered with tapestry, of the time of Louis XVI., fetched \$5,900.

Send Shaving Sonp to Girls. Some of the young women at Teachers' college, Columbia university, have been amused and some are indignant over-receiving's sample cake of shaving soap, each with the advice that the brand of the sample is the only safe one for them to use. The men students at Columbia have also been favored by the manufacturers. It happened because in the college directory the names of both male and female students are printed with initials only and without the prefix "Mr." or "Miss,"

so that all received the sample soap. Fireproof Trains in London, All the new trains of the Central London railway are to be of fireproof. construction, steel and sabestos being largely used. Other precautions for the safety of passengers are being PRIMITIVE CARRIER.

L'ABELLE DE LA ROUVELLE-ORIEANS-JEUDI, 17 JUILLET 1998

Carlous Craft Used in Carrying Firewood from the Forests of Virginia,

Passengers on the Potomac river day boats, as they go up and down the river from now until fall will pass some curious craft which are illustrative of an interesting branch of commerce. It is an industry about which the general public knows but little, for the men engaged in it never come nearer than the hem of the elaborate garment of civilization which clothes the great city, says the Washington Star.

As the steamer slips down the river at a 12-mile-an-hour rate, there drifts across the course a two-masted schooner. Her gunwale is almost awash, for she is loaded deep with cord wood. Her two big mainsails flap idly, holding just enough of the light breeze to afford ateerage way. The sails are dirty and patched, the cordage is ragged and knotted and she looks very unkempt. A white man, in trousers, shirt and big straw hat lounges on top of the poop beneath which is the tiny cabin. A barefooted negro stretched out on deck holds the wheel, a couple of other negroes asleep forward on the wood pile complete the crew.

The big steamer being pressed close to the shoal water of the flats by the impudent little craft, stops, backs and passes on the other side. There is an exchange of a few sulphurous epitheta between the respective commanders, ending in a derisive laugh from the wood-carrier, and the vessels continue on their way, one the type of steam, progress and civilization, the other a relic of the good old days when nobody was in a hurry.

This is a sample of the wood-carrying schooners which ply between Washington and the estuaries of the lower Potomac, keeping up the supply of cord wood and kindling wood. They run eteadily through the summer and fall, discharging their pargoes along the river front, the captain going ashore to lay in his supplies of ham, coffee, flour and tobacco, and the crew indulging in a little gin, after their fashion. Then away for another cruise on the lonely reaches of the lower Potomac.

It is another world, this lower Potomac region. Here the river broadens to a width of five miles or more, opening in bays and reaches, into which empty tidewater creeks. These little waterways stretch far up into Virrinia and Maryland, narrow and sinuous, but with the tide on the flood affording sufficient channel for the woodcarriers. They are overhung by dense forests whose shade is grateful on a bot flay. Deep silence broods over the locality, broken only by the sullen plunge of the big-mouth base as he makes a dash for a bunch of grass minnows. The big-mouth bass attain a weight of five to seven pounds. There are also great yellow perch 12 inches long and the usual run of river fish.

When the wood schooner heads into the mouth of one of these little creeks she lowers her sails, and the hands pole her up the creek to"the wood landing where she is to take on her load. For miles and miles back of the landing stretches a forest of pine and oak. This is a wild region since the war left its mark of devastation upon it. You are now on the edge of the great "Wilderness" of Virginia. All the men who were not killed in the army and who since could get away have gone; the lands have grown up with pine trees; the fields are covered with scrub timber. A wood-hauler's road winds its way through the sandy goil; the country is flat and monotonous, and apparently good only for the use to which it now is being put, to furnish firewood for the cities.

It does not take long to get a load, even though the crew have to pause once in a while to feel the baited lines hung overboard as a lure to a stray catfish, big-mouth bass or "yaller peerch." The captain knows his crew will be all the happier if they can alternate their bacon that night with some "fried feesh." So, next day, with the ebbing tide, the little craft is poled down the creek and out into the broad water. where her sails are raised. There is not much wind in this region in the summer, and the sail to Washington is to be an experience of tacking and reaching. But it is not hard work. The air is soft and warm, the distant Maryland and Virginia shores are bathed in a blue haze, the river sparkles as the little waves lap the sides of the grimy old hoat; it's nice to stretch out on the wood pile and snooze until the captain calls for a shift of the

Then, when evening comes, they draw off from the main channel, drop anchor, hanging a lantern in the rigging to note their position. One of the negroes fries the bacon and makes the coffee, and soon after supper the whole outfit is asleep, to be turned out at first crack of day in the morning.

bondon's Ingenious Pickpockets. A plea for consideration was put forward on behalf of a pickpocket at Marlborough street on the ground that even a short sentence would carry with it the additional hardship to a gentleman of the prisoner's profession of being sequestrated during the coronation festivities. To the light-fingered fraternity this would certainly be a matter of serious loss. The plea reminds us of two men accused of pocket picking who tried to engage a now celebrated counsel to conduct their defense at the Old Bailey. There was one insuperable impediment to this consummation, namely, the absence of the necessary guineas. "Well, sir," said one of the men, "don't go away till we come back, and we'll see." Sure enough, they came back and produced the fee. Counsel was incautious enough to ask how they had come by the money. "Well, sir," was the reply, "we just went up the Strand and-we had a bit o' luck."-London News.

THE COLLEGE TRADE.

An Enterprising Groceryman's Way of Increasing His Jales of Candy and Pickles.

In the neighborhood of a fashionable school for girls within the lines. of the district, there is a small grocery store where the girls have been wont to wander almost daily for the purchase of cucumber pickies, crackers and little tid-bits that all crave and are not included in the regular meau of the school table. Becently the proprietor of the grocery store decided to sell out and return to his home inanother city, says the Washington

After some advertising he met up with a probable purchaser. At first the prospective buyer was not particularly struck with the possibilities of the location as a grocery mart of profitable proportions. He was just a little doubtful, when the proprietor with the desire to sell brought out his trump card.

"My good man," he said, "there is the college trade you have not counted upon in your calculations." What is the college trade?" in-

quired the newcomer. "It is lively at all times," assured the proprietor, "and you will find it

The "college trade" slogan carried the day, and the store was sold forthwith. The newcomer was to pay half the purchase price down and the other half within two weeks, during which time he was to have the privilege of withdrawing from the bargain if the "college trade" did not prove all that was predicted of it.

The new proprietor began business at the old stand in a very good sort of way, but during the first few days the "college trade" did not materializa, and he was beginning to grow uneasy. Occasionally girls came to the store and looked around, but did not seem anxious to make purchases.

One bright morning there was a mbsive in the mail that brought joy to the greeryman. His face beamed with newborn knowledge, and he understood for the first time the significance of the term which had induced him to take the business-"college trade."

The missive was a letter addressed to a girl at the college, in care of the grocer. In the noonday mail two other letters came. They, too, were addressed to college girls and the writing was of the hold, brave sort usually attributed to men.

For the next two weeks the "college trade" flourished magnificently, and whenever the mail was heavy the purchases by the girls were correspondingly large. The grocer was delighted to pay the final installment of the purchase money. He adopted the system of placing the letters in the show case where candied and sweet nothings were kept. Here the letters not only were easily seen by the girls, but the same time attracted their attention to dainty commodities with which the proprietor could be induced to part upon a slight consideration of so much per quarter pound.

Things were progressing boomingly and the embryo post office was gaining in popularity daily. Things were coming too easy to last, however, and a day-

or two ago the crash came. As bad luck would have it, the daily run of visitors brought to the grocery store a member of the college faculty. The member had been a girl herself not so many years ago, and while in the store her fancies led her to inquire whether or not candy was to be had there. The proprietor delightedly pointed the way to the candy showcase. But the beauty of the bonhons faded from the teacher's view as her eyes caught sight of a little package of letters in one corner of the case and she recognized on the uppermost one the name of a certain very pretty student at the school.

"What means this?" she demanded. as an appalling hush fell over the scene. The grocer confessed. The girls are no longer allowed to patronize the store. The "college trade" is but a sweet remembrance. There is no joy in the young grocer's life.

The Chiquitons Microbe. Ruthless bacteriologists destroy, one by one, our fondest illusions. Now faith in the purity of glaciers must go the way of other popular fallacies. Hitherto the man in the street had imagined that were all the waters of every city and plain polluted he would still find immaculate springs in the Alps. But M. Binst, who presides over a chemical laboratory at the Pasteur institute, having no such faith, obtained some ice from the glaciers of Mont Blane itself and placed it under his pitiless microscope. His verdict shatters the dreams of mountaineers. It appears that even the summit, which so long remained untrodden by human feet, has lost its purity, if it ever had any. The ice in question, and water melted therefrom, were found, on bacteriological analysis, to be "peopled with colonies of microbes." The statement which follows is particularly terrifying. It appears that "the germs in question were found to belong to the most varied families of bacteria." M. Binst accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blane glaciers by surmising that the mitrobes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys .-- London Tele-

People Who Speak Irish.

The Irish language is spoken in the Bahamas among the mixed descendants of the Hibernian patriots hanished long ago by Cromwell to the West Indies. One can occasionally hear negro sailors in the east end of London who cannot speak a word of English talking Irish to the old Irish apple women who gather around the docks.-Chicago Chronicle. HIS PET ECONOMY.

The Bookkeeper Never Bought Matches and Was That Much Abead,

"Got a match about you?" asked the

bookkeeper of the chief buyer. "Wonder you wouldn't buy matches once in awhile," growled the buyer. "I've been supplying you with matches for 'years."

"I never buy matches-never have and never will," said the bookkeeper. "It is my pet economy. 'Most every man has one."

And the bookkeeper was right. Nearly every manhas a pet economy, and will go to a great length to indulge it. At the Union club they still tell of a worthy old member who was partieular about using a certain kind of soap, but was not willing to buy it. They used the soap at the club, and he appropriated the cakes as fast as he needed them. He needed so many that the steward finally changed the brand.

The same spirit of economy in small things makes other people stuff themselves with bread in order that no butter may be left on their plate and wasted. Hundreds of men would not dream of buying a lead peneil. To save buying stationery others write their letters at hotels which are generous in providing writing material. Scores of men and women save pennies by picking up discarded newspapers in the elevated trains and ferryboats. And so it goes. It is not so much the actual money saved that moves people in these little schemes; rather an inborn desire to economize in some-

thing. But to return to the bookkeeper, the buyer and the matches. The bookkeeper continued:

"You are stingy with your old matches. I'll just take a lot and then I'll be independent of you." Then he emptied out half the box.

MAMMY MARY'S MESSAGE.

R Was Delivered Verbatim, But She Got Mad at the Meaorager.

In the course of her career Mammy Mary had met many distinguished persons, but her own importance as nurse for three generations in the family of Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, kept her from being overwhelmed by the honor.

When Mrs. Cleveland during the second term of her husband's presidency visited the Gordons at the corernor's mansion in Atlants, she expressed a désire to a see a genuiue old negro mammy. So the carriage was hitched up and Mammy Mary was sent for at Southerland, the Gordon country place, which she preferred to the noise and excitement of official life. When the coachman drew up he found her smoking her evening pipe. Not a step would she stir. .

"She done say," said the unsuccessful envoy, on his return to town, "dat she don' want to see no presidents; she done see enough presidents."

Mrs. Clevedand laughed heartily then she heard this. Then she proposed to go to the mountain, since Mahomet refused to budge, and the next day she drove to Sutherland.

"I am surprised. Mammy Mary." said Mrs. Gordon, before introducing the distinguished guest, "that you sent such a message. You have never been impolite before."

"An' dat nigger done tell what I say? Well, he never did have no sense. an' no mannahs! Co'se I spected he'd say I's sorry I's ind'sposed."

You! Cake. Take some nice thin slices of yeal, and season them with salt, pepper and nutmeg, grated; have ready some hardboiled eggs, sheed, and put a layer of these at the bottom of a basin or pan, then a layer of veal, then some slices of ham; over this strew marjoram, thyme, parsley, shred fine; bread crumbs and lemon peel, chopped fine; then a layer of eggs, real, ham, etc., and so continue till the pan is filled; poor some good gravy over the whole, cover the pan with a coarse brown paper, tie it closely over, and set it to bake in a slow oven; an hour will be sufficient to bake it; when cool, turn it out upon a dish, and serve; garnish

with parsley.—Boston Budget. Use of the Gas Stove.

Beans may be easily baked over night on a gas stove if you have one of the small overs which can be set on top of a stove. It is of the largest convenience, in fact, for many dishes. Set the over ever the simmerer, turned quite low, and at night put in the bean pot. In the morning the beans will be perfect for breakfast and the amount of gas consumed will be very little. There is one thing to be looked after when the simmerer is turned low: never leave it burning where a draft will strike it: The flame will be blown out and an escape of gas will follow .--Good Housekeping.

An Early Cup of Coffee.

A pervous invalid or a person bordering on a state of semi-invalidism should! never be awakened auddenly and with a start. No matter how refreshing the sleep may have been, such an awakeming gives a shock to the nervous system, and much of the benefit gained by the night's rest is lost. Carry a cup of hot coffee to an invalid's room, awake her gently and give her the stimulating drink at once. If the doctor objects -- as doctors frequently doto a nervous invalid's having coffee, then substitute for it a cup of hot cocoa or chocolate.—N. Y. Tribune.

Lemon Cream,

This is most valuable for removing sunburn and freckles. Put two spoonfuls of sweet cream into half a pint of new milk, add the juice of a lemon, half a glass of good brandy, a little alum and a square of loaf sugar. Let this come to a boil, skim it well, and when cool it is ready for use. -- Housekeeper. PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

The little, harmless-looking hyphen. is a mighty factor at times. If you write your landlord that you wish to release his house when your time expires you mean one thing; if you write him you desire to re-lease the premises you mean exactly the opposite.

Once more "Bill' Brown, one of the most renowned populat chiefs in Kan sas, is a candidate for the legislature. Four or five years ago, when he was chairman of the committee on railroads in the state assembly, he won fame by this remark in reference to a road in Pratt county: "Mr. Chairman, the road ain't got no termini at ary

end." Ervin Pfuhl, a citizen of West Pittston, Pa., has filed a petition in court asking that his name be changed to Folmer. The petitioner says he desires the change because the same hes now bears readily lends its aid to the. manufacture of various silly attempts ! at punning, such as "fool" and "fuil," and besides it is not easily prosounced, all of which is very annoying.

A memorial erected by Edward Longstreth, of Philadelphia, to John Fitch, who was the first to apply steam to the running of a bost, has been turned over to Warminster, Ps. It bears the inscription: "John Fitch here conceived the idea of the first steamboat. He ran a boat with sidewheels by steam on a pond below Davisville in 1785. Bucks County Historical society."

Out in Butler county, Kan., & caudidate for office, has adopted a novel mode of catering to the farmer vote. He travels around in a buggy, having with him a competent plowman. When he hails a farmer in the field the candidate's plowman takes the farmer's place at plow or cultivator and the work goes right on while the farmer stands in the shade of a tree and listens. to the tales the would-be officeholder has to tell. So far the scheme is be-Beved to be working well. One day recently when Senator Till-

man was especially interested in senate proceedings he declined to leave the chamber in response to cards sent in by friends, saying that he would be out in the lobby later. Then an old colored man from South Carolina wanted to see the senator. He could not write his name on the card handed to him, but the doorkeeper, at his dictation, wrote "Sam Jackson." The card was taken inside and in a minute Tillman ama into the labbe chatted with the colored man for a little while and then handed him a good-sized bill, saying: "Now, Sam. you go and enjoy yourself." I must go back inside." "Thank ye, Marse Tillman." said the old negro as he hobbled away.

WOLVES BAT A RAILROAD.

Rails of Rawhide Bevoured by Ravenous Brasts in the State of Washington,

About 1972 one of the first railroads of the northwest was built in the territory of Washington, from Walla Walla to Walluia, along the banks of the Walla Walls river, and following the general line of what is now the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's road between those points. The road was a primitive affair, says Recreation. and was built, owned, and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or huffet. cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of haring a right of way the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers; consequently the road was not a rapid transit one, as the trainhands had to get off and lay down the rail fences and protthem up again after the train had passed through.

The roadbed was constructed by laving cross ties six or eight feet apart, and on those laying wooden stringers for rails. The heavy traffic over the road caused the rails to wear in spots, so that train weeks and smash ups were of daily occurrence. These were not serious, for when the train crew saw a wreck coming their way, they would hop off and let it wreck.

The annorances, however, soon became detrimental to the interests of shippers, so the owner had to devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. Rails of standard railroad iron. were out of the question, as they had to be shipped "the Horn around," and freighted by wagon quite a distance. and strap iron could not be had, and the doctor, with Yankee shrewdness. finally hit upon the happy idea of substituting rawhide for strap iron. Cattle were plentiful, and rawhide cheap. so the doctor soon had his track layers at work putting the rawhide on the stringers. The rawhide soon became dry and as hard as iron, and answered the purpose admirably during dry weather.

The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snows, and skirmished for a living as best they could in the valleys. When the snow began to melt it softened the rawhide rails, and the hungry wolves soon found the track. When spring came and the snow bad melted the wolves had eaten upthe railroad track from Walla Walla to Wallula.

Wrong Diagnosia.

"What seems to be the matter, doctor?" asked the sick man's wife as she waylaid him in the hall.

"Stomach trouble," replied the pill dispenser. "What he needs is a change. I don't believe the water bere agrees with him."

"Water nothing!" exclaimed the wife, in a tone that was calculated to choke off any further argument. "I con't believe he has tasted a drop of water in ten years."-Chicago Daily

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

"dition bebdemedaire \$3.00.