Nearly 20 years ago the diseases of whisky, wine and beer were brought to the attention of the great Pasteur, says the New York Press, who put his vigorous mind to work to learn what were the causes of fusel oil, sour beer and vinegar cider. He discovered that nature intended we should have from the matural process of fermentation a soft, pure wine that would not go sour, a wider that should be like champagne and never be vinegar, and a whisky that should contain practically no fuse' ell. "Fusei oil," you understand, i. amylic alcohol produced during alcoholic fermentation. Amyl is a hypothetical radical. Amylic alcohol is a

hypnotic. Why is there so much bad whisky? Because it is not possible to produce a good whisky with bad or diseased microbes; no good whisky can be produced without some age and aging is expensive. There are sickness and disease among microbes, just as in the human family. A grain of corn contains sevaral million microbes. Ninety per cent. are diseased, having smallpox, cholera, scarlet fever, etc., while ten per cent. may be healthy. If the ten per cent. are put to work they will eat out all the sugar in the mash, of which the whisky is made, and produce a pure whisky without fusel oil. Fusel oil is produced by diseased germs, whereas bealthy ones produce pure alcohol.

After many years Pasteur was able to find on the grape, pear or other fruit. the healthy microbes which produce pure alcohol. These he gathered in separate tanks and with the increase made a ferment that has given in France a nearly perfect wine. Very little whisky is drunk in France, but Pasteurs disciples have discovered that when the ardent spirit is treated with pure or healthy microbes it becomes aged almost at once: that is, instead of having to be laid aside for five or ten years to get rid of the fusel oil, the elimination of the oil by means of the healthy microbes is equivalent to five or teb years of aging.

The process of aging whisky is so expensive that the cheap producer and cheaper retailer have sought all kinds combinations to make "pink elephant" and other sorts of tipples. These can only be made with chemicals which will kill germs, and it happens that the slaughter is most terrific among the germs in the stomach which are necessary for the digestion of our food. The death of these not infrequently results in the death of the person swallowing the chemicals. It is the activlity of the stomach microbe that causes a yearning for food or gives us what we call appetite. Men who drink on an empty stomach all sorts of bad whisky hardly understand the deadliness of the habit. Topers who live long always take a bite of something with each drink.

### PHOTOGRAPHING PEACOCKS Procedure of the Artist Who Makes the Gaudy Birds His

Specialty. The peacock paced the green lawn before the house of white marble, and the photographer had his costly camera ready, but the bird would not spread its

tail, relates an exchange. Out of his overcost pocket the artist took two strips of cherry-colored silk. "Taking peacocks." he said, "is my

specialty. I use this silk to make them spread their tails with." He and the gardner then pursued the peacock over the lawn wildly. They caught it at last. The gardener, kneeling, held its legs, and the photographer

bound its feet up in the cloths of cherry-

colored silk. In the process both men got several ugly nips in the face. "Now, then," said the photographer. rising with a grunt of relief, "now he'll

spread his tail." And, indeed, no sooner did the peasock become aware of the handsome trappings on its ugly, scaly feet, than a great completency manifested itself

in its strut, and the bird's tail gradually began to spread. "Up with her! Up with her!" he called, focuseing busily through the Ene German lena.

And in a little while the tail was spread in all its superb spiendor and the photographer made some beautiful photographs.

At the end he said explanatorily: "Peacocks are very conscious of their exceedingly ugly feet. They think of their feet a great deal, and at such times they feel too humble and goodfor-nothing to dream of spreading their tails. Now and then they forget their feet and let their tails go up. But this is rare. Cover their feet with red. cloths, though, and their tails go up all the time. A peacock only spreads his tail when he is pleased with himself, and nothing gives him more pleasure than fine red cloths upon his hideous

In the Congo Valley. A peculiarly of the southern part of the Congo valley is that one side of the hills is usually bare, the other covered with thick vegetation. This difference is due to the fact that one side gets little moisture while the other is dampened by fogs blown against it every morning. The natives often shave off the hair from one side of their heads, the effect presenting the same

kry.-N. Y. Post. Our Growing Navy. When Uncle Sam has finished all the ships now building for him his navy will meed for the manning of all its vessels 3,087 officers and \$2,368 men. This is more than twice as many as the law now provides for.

appearance as the bills of the coun-

## INSULTS OF THE CHINESE.

Inveterate Inscience Toward Foreigners Through System of Elaborate Etiquette.

"The Chinaman, especially he of the higher and official class, has enveloped himself in a subtle and elaborate mesh of custom and etiquette, in which it is his delight to entrap the ignorant and unwary foreign devil," says the King. "And the strangest thing about this Chimese propensity is that it is by no means necessary, in Chinese eyes, for the object of an insult to be aware of his position. It is enough for them that he is degraded thenceforth in their eyes, and in those of all who are capable of appreciating the fact that he has been subjected to this species of moral degradation

"It will be apparent, therefore, how extremely important it is that a minister who is intrusted with the interests and prestige of his country in China should be thoroughly conversant with this insidious danger and vigitantly on his guard against all attempts to degrade his office and weaken his influence in the far cast.

"The very puerility of these Chinese. insults tends to increase their danger. For, unless a European is sufficiently versed in their hidden significance to resent them immediately, his loss of face and caste is as great as though he had knowingly and tamely submitted to them. He is henceforth a subject for scarcely veiled contempt and derision, and a recognized target for Celestial fooling and levity.

"On the other hand, nothing confounds a Chinaman quite so much as when the object of his insidious attempt suddenly displays an acquaintance with the actual significance of the attitude adopted toward him. He becomes hopelessly disconcerted, and his respect is proportionately as great as his contempt would have been had he succeeded in escaping detection.

"The following story will afford an excellent idea of the Chinaman's inveterate insolence toward foreigners through the medium of his elaborate system of etiquette. I was calling on some English friends in Shanghai a few years ago. They had not long arrived from home, and were comparatively new to the country and its pecultarities. Among the numerous subsects of interest they had discovered in their novel surroundings they displayed for my inspection a Chinese visiting card which had been left upon them by a high class Chinaman a day or two before. It was of red paper, about four or ave inches long by three in breadth, and printed with large Chinese characters.

"My friends expressed some pleasure" at its possession, and I noticed that it occupied a prominent place in their collection. Moreover, from their account, their visitor had seemed a very amiable and genial gentleman.

"I comewhat startled my friends as I picked up their tressure by remarking: 'The brute! Did he have the insolence to leave this on you? Anyway, don't leave it about where it can be seen." "'Why, what is the matter with it?"

they queried. "Now, my friend occupied an official position under our government, which lent an additional importance to the matter; so I hastened to explain that their visitor's interesting red card, with. its imposing proportions, was a pleasant little attempt to mark his contemptuous sense of their infinite inferiority to himself, and to indicate, in fact, that he was a much bigger man than my official

"'Well, I don't care what the fool

thinks,' observed the latter. " 'But in China you must." I explained. If you accept the Chinaman's insolent estimation of you you will have lost caste forever in your future dealings with him, and every one, Chinamen, and possibly foreign rivals as well, who are aware of your loss of prestige, will not hesitate to attempt to take advantage of you. But at the same time you have a splendid chance of asserting yourself at the outset in a position of corresponding superiority and advantage."

'But how can this be done.' hearinquired, 'except by refusing to return the beggar's call?"

"No," I said; 'you must do that. It is part of your opportunity, and as soon as he realizes that, contrary to his expectation, you understand his etiquette and have seen through his action, he will be thoroughly disconcerted and crawl to you in future. You need do no more than simply leave upon him your own card a good deal bigger in size than the one he left upon you, and with your own name printed in larger characters than his. That will finish him completely, and, absurd as it seems, little things are often big things in China, and you will place yourself in a better position to do good service to your country's interests than you could otherwise ex-

# Much-Titled Man.

Field Marshal Sir George White is entitled to put a vast string of initials after his name, for he has the grand crosses of the Bath, the Michael and George, the Star of India, the Indian Empire and the Victorian order, to say nothing of the D. C. L. of Oxford and the LL. D. of Cambridge and Dublin. It is believed, however, that he would trade most of them for the plain bit of bronze with "V. C." Sir George smelled a great deal of powder before being called upon to make his famous defense of Ladysmith.

# Queer Causes of Suicide.

Reasons for self-destruction are often very curious. Men have been known to put an end to their lives to escape toothache or other pains. The dread of disease has been known to affect the mind to such an extent that the victim has destroyed himself rather than face it. Weariness of money and good things to eat have been the cause of suicide as

## FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

The Concordat Is So Equable That It Is Satisfactory to Meither Party.

Perhaps the concordat is as fair a contract as ever bound two antagonistic parties, says a writer in Success. .Indeed, so equable is it that it satisfies neither party. Napoleon intended it to be a common asylum for church and state-not a citadel whence the government might fire on the priests, nor a bastion whence the church might aim its guas at the civil powers. In turn each party has used the concordat as a weapon. The church bewalls it and the state cries out against it-yet neither is willing to give it up.

For a quarter of a century the radical left has promised that, when it should come into power it would destroy this antique agreement. Well, it has come into power. The other day, by 210 voices to 68 it voted down a motion to abrogate the concordat. M. Combes threatened to destroy and lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." The priests, used to the imprisonment of the concordat, are not quite sure that they want the liberty and responsibility of the open world. They keep up a dismal complaining behind the bars; but if the doors stood wide open they would have to be prodded out into freedom.

The main concession of the concordat, that over which the fight is keenest, has to do with the bishops. In return for state support and state pay, the church yielded to the government a certain interference in the selection of bishops and archbishops. How large was the power awarded the state in this matter? Upon this pivot the entire quarrel swings. The papal bulls always held the the same language: "Presidens nobis nominavit"-"the president has designated to us so-andso as his choice for bishop." . Now the French government insists upon the omission of the little word "nobis." Such an omission would make the phrase read, "the president has named so-and-so bishop.". Thus the maintenance of the word "nobis" would concede to the church its right to select the bishops of France; its suppressionwould transfer that right to the state.

Round this troublesome dative the entire battle of state and church is be-Ing fought. Who is to choose the bishope? In untroubled times, indeed from the adoption of the first concordat in 1516, the two powers discussed and adjusted the matter in friendly conference. Now the republic insists upon naming its own bishops and demands that the pope shall give them the canonical institution.

Blandly the pope has refused to recognize the nominations of three bishops selected by M. Combes. So far, the victory is with the vatican. More difficult is the problem of getting rid of undesirable bishops—those who see **Baior profit in serving the molitical** masters of France than the hierarthy of Rome. The discordant Bishop Gray, of Laval, still clings to his see. Subtly he plays the game of politics. Withal, he takes life in a broad, hedonistic way. That other bishop, Le Nordez, of Dijon. is also a thorn in the side of the

# SMOKE JUGGLERS' TRICKS.

Stage Performer Who Makes Snakes, Trees, Flowers, Etc., of the Fumes.

In the Paris music hall the people looked at one another expectantly: "A smoke juggler," they said. "What

on earth can that be?" Then the juggler, a japanese, little and brown appeared. He held in his hand an old pipe—the straight stem of the bamboo, the tiny bowl of silver-and first he bowed and smiled to the audlence: then he nodded to the leader of the orchestra. The violins began to play a quick, gay music.

The juggler put the pipe in his mouth and took a deep inhalation. Then, running lightly and swiftly about the stage, moving his head oddly, as though balancing something, he drew long lines of smoke, issuing from his mouth, that took the form of a great bird.

For a moment the bird hung before the audience. Then the outlines of smoke uncurled and dissolved. The bird was.

There, was a burst of applause. 'The juggler ran like the wind across the stage, and lo, six huge smoke rings floated at an even height. The man stood before the last ring and blew an arrow of smoke clean through the rings. Six rings of smoke, with a smoke arrow piercing them, met the people's gaze.

The juggler made snakes of smoke, flowers of amoke, waterfalls, trees, tem-

"An odd act," the people said. "A quite unique act, this smoke juggling."

# Where He Saw It Before.

The cleverest daughter recently made a beautiful shade for the piano lamp from a pink evening dress, and trimmed it with roses from her last summer's hat. That evening a young man called on her, and to low-toned music they chatted. "How do you like our new lamp

whade?" she asked, demurely. He studied it for a moment.

"The last time I saw it," he replied. "I was dancing with it."-Smith's Weekly.

# International Names.

A glance at the passengers on German trans-Atlantic lines is liable to startle the observer. For instance, "Herr and Frau Patrick O'Brien" were among those who arrived in New York a few days ago on the Kaiser Wilhelm er Grosse. Another distinguished passenger who sailed recently was "Herr O'Donovan Rossa."

## DYAMA. THE BOY IN AMERICA

fapanese Commander as a Pupil in One of Our New York Schools.

Field Marshal Oyama, who is in command of the Japanese armies in Manchuria, was once a pupil in the Temple Hill school, at Geneseo, N. Y., and there are a number of old residents in Genesco and Rochester who remember the famous Japanese warrior as a young man, says the New York Times. Oyamas came to Geneseo with Kekujero Saiga, who later became a count and lost his life in the Chino-Japanese war.

Walter G. Patterson, one of Geneseo's leading residents, remembers Oyama and relates many amusing experiences of the young Japanese, whom he describes as an understeed boy of 15, heavy set, but bright-eyed and keen-

"I am perhaps the first man who saw Oyama under fire." said Mr. Patterson the other day. "Eight miles from the school is Conesus lake. On Saturday morning crowds of students who lived in the third hall started afoot for the lake. Midway was a peach orchard belonging to 'Tomp' Campbell, which was a favorite place with us boys. On the morning I refer to, while climbing a fence, Oyama was the last over. Suddenly Mr. Campbell appeared with a shotgun. He took aim at Oyama and fired a charge of rock salt into his body. Oyama stood the pain stoically as one of the fortunes of war to be encountered when raiding peach orchards. Oyama and Saiga readily caught onto all the schoolboy tricks, from tying a cow to the school bell rope to locking teachers.

"The first instance I recall, after the two boys were enrolled was a put-up job on them by other students. As usual, however, the Japs came out victorious, while we were discomfited. Oyama and Saiga could speak little English at that time. On Saturday the boys wanted to get permission to go off grounds and go into the country after shellbarks. It was against the Jules of the academy for the students to leave the corporate limits of the town, and to do so we had to 'work' the teachers. Oyama and Saiga were anxlous to accompany us. The rest of us thought we saw our chance to have a little fun without doing anyone any sarm, so we told Oyama that H. D. Gregory in full meant 'Hunkee Doree' Gregory, and that J. J. Jones was Jumping Jack' Jones, and that both were titles of great respect, akin to your honor' and 'your reverence."

"We then told Oyama togo to the principals and address them as Mr. Hunkee Doree' and 'Mr. Jumping Jack.' This they did. The result was that the professors tumbled to the trick and arranged a nutting holiday for Oyama and Saiga, while the rest of us were kept in bounds all day.

"I never saw Oyama more enthusiastic than one night when all the seniors who roomed on the third floor of the dormitory building put up a job on 'Hunkee Doree,' who was very strict, and had ordered that there be no loud noise after nine p. m. The boys provided themselves with fish horns as a prelimivary. The stairs leading to the third hall entered at the door squarely out of the sidewalk from the floor below. and were consequently easy to barricade. After nine o'clock Oyama and the rest of the seniors moved a portable wardrobe against this opening from the lower floor with the door of the wardrobe open. All this was in the dark, so that anyone coming upstairs would walk squarely into the wardrobe. When everything was in readiness the boys raised a rumpus and blew the horns, and the professor came rushing up and right into the wardrobe, which was promptly swung around and the door fas-

"The professor finally kicked his way out, but not before Oyama had hawhawed and got off a lot of pigeon English announcing his keen delight, with the result that he was brought before the faculty next day, when he solemnly declared that he had moved the wardrobe. into its place as a trap all by himself. He refused absolutely to implicate any of the rest of us. The wardrobe weighed about 300 pounds, and Oyama could not have budged It."

# Bain Caused by Artillery Fire.

The present war in the far east is providing further data for those who believe that rain can be brought at will by the use of artillery fire, in which direction many experiments have been made, especially in the arid deserts in the western states. According to an official report by Gen. Kuropatkin during one of the fierce artillery duels carried on to the south of Mukden the incessant firing brought on a torrential downpour of rain, although the sky had been previously free from clouds. The French Gen. Chapelle, who is following the Russians' operations in Manchuria, confirms this phenomenon, instancing other occasions when the same thing happened to his own personal knowledge.

# Long Way Bound.

A curious eample of artistic evolution is found in the case of Sig. Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly." Originally an American book, it was converted into an English play, from which it became the libretto to an Italian opera, and now it is being returned to its original tongue to fit Sig. Puccini's music.

#### &Ancient Shorthand. Recent excavations in Egypt have re-

vealed a bond of apprenticeship of a slave for two years to the "semiograph," to be taught to read and write shorthand, or "the signs that your son Dionysios knows," the teacher receiving in all the premium of 120 drachmae. This was dated about A. D. 100.

Many Have, Evidently it is soothing to have a good conceit of oneself.

ODD WAYS OF THE MORAY Queer Denizens of the New York Aquarium That Interest the

The great green morays and the smaller spotted morays at the aquarium glide through and to lie in sections of drain pipe that have been placed on the bottom of their respective tands to add to the comfort and naturalness of their surroundings. These sections of pipe, says the New York Sun, give them refuges such as they might find in the perforations through the coral rocks of the waters of Bermuda, whence the morays came.

Visitors.

There are always visitors looking in at the big green morays and the spotted morays in their pipes, and scarcely less interesting than the sight which these morays thus present is that of presented by still another moray here, a young green moray in still another tank, which spends a good part of its time hanging supported on a little ledge of rock which juts out from one side of its rock-lined tank.

The young green moray's tank to lined with tufa rock, from up the Hudson, a rock that might by those unfamiliar with it easily be mistaken for coral. Perhaps the young green moray, which is about 39 inches song, and which came from Bermuda a year ago last August, so mistakes it and finds enjoyment in it accordingly. At any rate, it seems to like to hang itself on that projection.

There are five other jutting out places in the rock lining over which it might lie, but this is its favorite one, which it prefers to all the rest-a spur of tufa three or four inches in length and perhaps six inches wife, which sticks out from the right side wall of the tank about three-quarters of the way up from the bottom. Over this apur the young green moray bangs 14self, with the middle section of its body resting on the shelf and its head and that section of its body banging down from one edge of the spur and fis tail section hanging down from the other; it is like a tippet thrown across and hanging down from a bracker on

And there the young green moray will hang for hours at a time, as it might hang itself over some coral branch in its native waters, with many visitors pausing to look at it. When it is hungry it will come down from its bracket of rock and glide around on the bottom in search of food. Or if it were hanging on the spur, with head and tail suspended, when the attendant that feeds it comes along with the food it would, when the wire screen over its tank was raised. Hft and curve upward its head and that section of its body, ready for its dinner. The roung green moray has become more or less tame, as very many fishes do in captivity, and it will take food from the hand.

# HIS TIME WAS WASTED.

Man of Science Enlarges Upon Genius to Poet Who Is Exasperat-

ingly Dense.

"It is among our scientists, not among our poets or our painters, that modern genius is to be found," said a scientific man, according to an exchange. "The world's great minds today turn to science, rather than to the

"What do you mean?" said a poet. "I'll illustrate what I mean with the case of Haeckel. I'll take one little portion of Haeckel's work.

"Haeckel, though a German, wrote in English a monograph on the radiolarians—a monograph in three volumes, weighing 39 pounds, that occupied the

man 12 long years. "The radiolarians are microscopic sea animals. Haeckel had discovered, classified and named 150 of them when Prof. Murray, of the famous Challenger expedition, came to him with a little bottle in his hand. This bottle contained water, and in the bottom of it there was a deposit that looked like mud.

" 'It is mud, isn't it?' said Haeckel. "No, sir.' Murray answered. 'It is dredged from the bottom of the ocean, and every particle of it is a radiolarian's shell."

" 'No.' said Haeckel. "Yes, said Murray, and I have brought it to you because you are the only man in the world capable of handling it. Take it and make the most of it. It is yours.

"Hoeckel spent 12 years examining under the microscope the deposit in that little bottle. He found no less than 4,000 absolutely new specimens of these radiolarians, and each one of these radiolarians had to be drawn, described and named.

"Think of the mammoth labor! Think of finding a new and appropriate Latin name for 4.000 creatures, each so small that, even under the microscope, they looked alike to all save the expert. Think of the monstrous tedium of sketching and describing each of those tiny creatures—of writing, in a foreign tongue, three ten-pound volumes on them! Could anyone but a genius have finished such a work?"

"Perhaps not." said the poet, "but what was the use of the work after it was finished?" The acientist reddened with rage.

"The use?" he shouted. "The use? Oh, go away. You are not worth talking to."

#### · Vesuvius Restlers. After all these years and just as Pom-

pell has been nicely excavated, old Vesuvius has begun to get restless. No doubt the venerable Italian volcano resents the recent Mount Pelce disturbance and has decided to do a little more "erupting" just to hold the championship firm.-From "In the Trail of the Traveler," in Four-Track News.

## GREAT SLAYER OF BUFFALO Jim White, Passous Man in the Texas Panhandle, and Some of

His Doings.

"A man who had kifted 100,000 buffalo would be something of a unveity now, no doubt, but there passed away a few years ago a man who, to the best of my belief, accompilated that slaughter during a rather brief career. He was Jim White. Never heard of Jim White? Well, I'm surprised." Col. William Rodney-Bill" Rodney, of Sonora, Mexico, as he prefers to be called-settled back in his chair in the lobby of the National and blew rings of smoke reflectively, says the Washington Post. "It was let me see somewhere in the '60's, before the S. P. went through, as we reckon time out my way Before the Southern Pacific crossed Texas,' and 'after the S. P. wentthrough -- there's dates for you, as chronological as the raigns of the Ptole-

"Well, Jim White and I were youngsters then, in the Texas Pan-Handle, working for Tommy Owens, who owned as swell a bunch of losghorus as could be found in the southwest. Buffalo were as pientiful as cattle in those days. They ranged in enormous herds from Mexico to Manitoba, great big herda, living avalanches of hoofs, bides, and heads. The Indians and the white men, too, for they were worse than the indiaus, knowing better, used to kill something outrageous.

"It was nothing to murder a dozen of the finest animals that ever walked on four legs, cut out their tongues and leave the carcasses on the plains to feed the coyotes. Jim White was known as the keenest man after buffalo in the west, and I reckon he got his share. He was a wonder.

"One time, I remember, we had been on a long secut after cows in what is now Course county, New Mexico, up by the headwaters of the Peros - We wers :out of meat and wanted some bad. Jim. said: 'All right, we'll get some. There's buffalo not far off-I can smell 'em." Finally we came up with the herd. The plains were black as far as the eye could reach. We didn't want to start the whole bunch off, wanted to keep 'emaround in case we should need more food, and while we were planning howto cut out a fat ..... or a herter, we saw an old bull, separated from the rest of the bunch and over a little rusing ground. We went after him. . I shot. the brute and down he went. I got off my horse, walked up to the beast, pulled out my knife, and ran the blade reflectively across his muzzle.

2

"Up jumped the buffalo, as mad as a hornet. Jim White yelled out that I had only creased the brute, but I knew it myself. My horse was terrorized, hewasa't much good, anyway, and I knew I had no show at getting away | [ kept my right hand on the buffalo's left rump, and around and around we went, faster ughtning, the buffalo trying to get at me and roaring like mad

"Jim didn't dare to shoot, because as like as not he would have plugged methe buffalo and I were closer than war -but he kept yelling out directions, like a man siways does when he's in a safe place, cool, calm and collected, and the other fellow's up against it

"All this time I was side-stepping like. a dance hall girl I still had my knife. in my right hand, but I got it in my left somebow, and then I began prodding for the buffalo's heart. I plunged the binde in up to the handle, but missed the right spot and the bull outdid anything he had cone before I got ready for another lungs and let him have it. That time the blade got through the ribs to the very heart. A surgeon couldn't have done if better, and the buffalo dropped. Was be dead? Well, he sure was, son. I reckon he was the only buffalo that was ever killed by a knife. Jim White used to say so, and Jam knew

Strange Disappearance. The German on his native heath has some peculiar notions about wit and humor, some of them being droll and others dreary. A tourist with his brideasked a driver if there was anything remarkable about the mountain ther were ascending, and he answered:

"No, nothing peculiar about the hill fiself, but there is a queer story connected with it." "Please give us the legend."

"Well, once upon a time a young lady and gentleman went up this mountain together, and hundreds of people saw them go higher and higher until they disappeared, and they never came back."

"What became of them?" "They went down on the other side." -Sunday Magazine.

Benny on the Crocodile.

The crocodile is a large animal that inhabits the Nile and loves to go on the sandy beach to bask in the sunshine and lay eggs. It looks some like a dachshund, only there is more of it at the ends and it is bigger. Therewas a crocodile once that escaped from a circus. It roamed o'er the country, seeking in vain for pigs and smallchildren to devour, and died of starvation in great anguish. You can ride on the back of a crocodile, but it is more comfortable to use a saddle. It is usually quiet, but is terrible when roused. We all ought to be thankful we are not a crocodile.

-Chicago Tribune.

Culture's Earmark. Willie (listening at the keyhole)-Gee! I bet that man talkin' in there comes from Boston. Johnny-How do you know?

BENNY.

Not Often Too Young "How soon should a girl marry?" "Well, not before she is asked."--- IIIIacis State Journal.

"He says 'whilst.' "-Chicago Trib-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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