Rich Mineral and Other Deposits in

Great Beds of Borax and Enermone

Veins of Sait Beneath the

ern Valleys.

It is uneafe to condemn any of

the desert lands of California as

worthless because the surface is bar-

ren of vegetation. Some of these

desert wastes are proving immensely

valuable owing to their mineral de-

posits. The barren lands of Kern

county have been found to cover in-

exhaustible reservoirs of crude pe-

troleum, and ground which a few

years ago no one would buy from the

government at 25 cents per acre is

worth at the present time much

more than the richest agricultural

land in the San Josquin valley. The

discovery of gold on the confines of

the Mojave desert at Randsburg and

on the edge of the Colorado desert

at Hedges and other points opened

new mining fields of great importance, which have since added mate-

rially to the mineral productiveness

of the state. Copper, borax, salt and

niter are among the mineral products

which these deserts and their inhon-

pitable and uninviting environments

are also yielding for the world's en-

richment, says the San Francisco

The saline deposits of the Califor-

nia deserte promise, however, to be

the most valuable of their varied

mineral resources. Death valley fig-

ures in the early annals of California

in the role of Dante's Inferno, and,

like the latter, on its portals was

plainly engraved the legend: "Me

who enters here leaves hope behind."

In later years this graveyard of emi-

grants and luckless mining prospec-

tors who attempted to cross its

parched floor and died of thirst and

the absorption of the moisture in

their bodies by the intense heat and

dryness of its atmosphere has proved

to be an inexhaustible source of min-

eral wealth. Covering the bottom of

the valley are great beds of burax

and the bleak ranges surrounding it

contain niter deposite which are

destined to outrank the famous beds

of Chill and Bolivia in productiveness

and wealth. Added to these are enor-

mous veins of rock salt and beds of

chlorides capable of supplying the

wants of the world for all time. The

elimate of this valley and its en-

vironments has undergone no change,

but its terrors have almost wholly

disappeared through the discovery

that nature has made it a great min-

Dr. Gilbert E. Bailey's account of

the saline deposits of California.

which is given in a California state

mining bureau bulletin, throws new

ligh; on the mineral resources of the

deserts. The known area of the niter

beds in these wastes aggregates 35,-

000 acres. The minimum thickness of

the surface deposits is put at six

inches. Rejecting 5,000 acres as un-

workable, the remainder of the sa-

line veneering of the mineralized dis-

trict is estimated to contain over 22,-

000,000 tons of a commercial product.

But there are strata in the formation

ranging in thickness from three feet

to ten feet, in which the niter is in

places practically pure. These strata

contain, taken as a whole, from 15 to

upward of 40 per cent, of the precious

mineral. Figures fail to express the

aggregate contents of these veins. Dr.

Bailey shows the wonderful similar-

ity between these niter deposits and

the Chilian fields which are now prac-

tically supplying the world, and from

which the little republic is drawing

enormous revenues. For the past ten

years they have been yielding an

average of over 1,000,000 tons a year,

valued at \$35,000,000 in round num-

bers. But as the niter in the Cali-

fornia deserts is more extensive, and

the volume of the mineral infinitely

greater than in Chili, we may form

some idea of the immense wealth

which will be finally drawn from

these wastes when the mineral de-

Floats Over Stars and Siripes,

above the stars and stripes on the ves-

sels of our navy is the church flag, a

broad white streamer with a blue

cross. Its presence marks one of the

most impressive sights on shipboard-

the sacred service held every Sunday

morning, attended by all officers and

men. Nearly all the denominations, in

their national assemblies have lately

protested against the growing secular-

ization of the Lord's day. In at least

one branch of the government service,

the navy, Sunday has gained rather

than lost with the years in tokens of

Baked Brans an Aceident,

some time with what was supposed to

be either typhoid fever or appendicitis,

was on the road to recovery when he

demanded solid food. His wife pre-

pared a meal of baked beans, of which

he ate a large quantity. Soon after-

ward he suffered great pain and died

in a short time. The post mortem

showed that the beans had perforated

his intestines. Now the widow is suing

for the recovery of \$5,000, the amount

of an accident policy she held on the

life of her late husband.-Chicago

Belief in Dreams,

Tess-Don't you really believe in

Jess-No, indeed, it's superstitious

to believe in dreams; and, besides,

it's a bad sign when you believe in

them, for it usually brings you bad

luck .- Philadelphia Press.

A Philadelphian who had been ill for

respect.-Chicago Chronicle.

The only flag ever allowed to float

posits are intelligently opened.

eral storehouse.

Chronicle.

Parched Sands of the West-

California Wastes.

400 VALUE TO BOUSEKERPERA.

A List of Beats, Pick and Powl from Which to Choose Templing

A woman whose daily struggle with the problem of variety in the principal dinner ment dish was the most troubleseens part of her housekeeping, ant down one day and made a list for her own benefit of the different peasibilities in this line which she could get from her own knowledge, and from a study of one or two cook books. This abe had typewritten, and it proved of tinestimable service, says an exchange. Speaking of it one day to her marketman, who served fish as well as meat and poultry, he asked the privilege to have copies printed, which he sent out to his customers, to their mutual sadventact.

The homemade list may be of value the other housekeepers. It reads: Steak, shops, pot-roast, roast beaf, sorned beaf; mutton roast, boiled mutton, boiled lamb; liamburg steak, kidney, lives—boiled and fried; trips—fried; vasi-hoiled, reasted and fried; pork—fried, and. Pash—fresh, bahad and fried. Bass—boiled, brotled and fried. Rannages—pork, belegue. Feultry—dunks, geoos, fried chicken. Fish—fresh eed—fried, halled and hrolled. Balmon—fried, halled and hrolled. Balmon—fried, Muttalish—bried, and fried. Balmon—fried. Whitelish—baked and fried. Reasted. Whitelish—baked and fried. Reasted. Whitelish—baked and fried. Reasted. Dried beef. Pleked-up coddish. Belled codish and pothte. Corned-beaf hadh. Codish balls. Stewed beef, chicken, or lamb, with

RITS OF PRMININITY.

Pretty Bétalle of the Costemes That Are in Vojne the Current Season.

Presentation and braids will be the first and papular choice in the autumn, says the Detruit Free Press. Green wells are no longer considered movelibs, and they are rivaled by brown suffs, which may be found in

many different shades.
Sashes are tied either at the side of back, or fastened in front with one of the many beautiful sask plus that are shown by jewelers and novelty deal-

Word comes from Paris through a trustworthy source that all kinds of passementeries, especially frogs and military ornaments, are favorite dec-

The box has in a great degree given place to the frilly shoulder cape iniahed with very long scarf ends of handsome lace, or of accordion-plaited pet of chiffen tied with velvet hows, or brightened here and there with clusters of roses or soft hully silk

Pointed bodices are finished with closely fitted darts in the old manner, but cleverly draped in slightly bloused style in front, and in close clinging fashion at the side above the stinight-fronted corset, to give the effect of length and slenderness.

Baltimore Fried Chicken. Cut tender chickens into convenient pieces for serving and steam in oven juntil tender, closely covered. Dip in milk and cover with crambe; fry in pork fat, to which you have added some butter, long enough to brown [well, and taking care not to smoke the Tat. Shake some flour in the pan, and nome more butter, and pour in a pint of cream or a cupful of milk and a cupful of cream mixed. Pour over the jehicken on the platter, which has been garnished about the edges with triangles of delicately browned toust. Sauces, where cream is used, should not be allowed to stand before setting, and only sould once.-Ladies' World, New York.

Whipe of Bureacte, Why do such an extraordinary number of people indulge themselves so wantonly in verbal cruelty? It is unsecommon for those who, so far as action is concerned, leave little to be desired, to go about armed with the whip of sercesm, with which to torement their neighbors. They get so much pleasure out of watching the accurate way in which their cuts go home and the winces of their victims "that finally the sport becomes absorbeing, and they do not spare even those they love, until one day they find to stheir horror that they have destroyed ahat delicate plant known as natural affection.-London Spectator.

Eggs in Tomateca. To make a delectable but-weather dish, select large tomatoes that are ripe, yet firm, and of good shape. Plunge them into bolling water for a moment and remove the akins. Cut out the hard stem ends, making in each a hollow sufficiently large to hold a broken egg. Into each of these hollows drop a fresh egg without breaking the yolk, season with butter, pepper and salt, and bake in a moderate oven until the tomatoes are tender and the eggs are set. Serve on rounds of buttered toast, either plain or with "cream sauce.-Washington Star.

Plam Tride.

Cut damson plums in half, and cook until tender in a little sirup; drain, and rub the pulp through a coarse sieve. To a cupful of the pulp when cold add the stiffly whipped whites of four eggs. Fill glass custord cups half full of vanilla custord, and when very cold put a large spoonful of the trifle can top, hesping it up roughly. Serve very cold. Good Bousekeeping.

"Beware."
"The Old Gentleman Marriages are

made in Heaven, my dear.

The Young Lady—And we should beware of imitations." — Detroit Press.

DESERTED VILLAGES.

Many Small Terros of New York

State New Desolate.

Places from Which the Tide of Suiterguice Mas Tarped and Presponler Vacified — Abandoned distriction Mesos.

The same of the same There is a remanes about deserted cities and villages that always charms us. There is something in the feeling that here a people lived and struggled and died, or, in defeat, went away, that awakens at once a keen human interest, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. So we are roused to a high pitch at the story of a lost city discovered in the wilds of Thibet or Yuestan, and picture to ourselves a life that is gode and try to imagine the romance and mystery of it all. It is not hard to understand, therefore, the interest that one who loves a mild form of exploration feels when he stumbles all unswares upon a ruleed village of our own country and our own civilization.

The mountain regions of the Empire staje are fertile in such ruins. If one will take a train on some one of the reads running into the mountains of Builtivan oblinty he may step from the cars within four hours into the midet of as pretty a valley as one would care to see, the valley that separates the two ridges of the Chawangunk mountains. It matters not what his station may be: Ellenville, Wurstboro, or any one of helf a doma others. He climbs into a lonely looking stage, and drives down toward the village. Deserted houses stand on every corner-cottages, most of them, suggesting that workingmen might have been their oceupania. Now there is a deserted frame building. Its paint has worn away, the shingles are loose, window panes are gone, and one can see that is has been descried for years. Youder are the remains of a fire; over there is a deserted hotel.

The Adirondacke are full of remnants of old-time life that lack even small villages to perpetuate their memory. One who travels northward toward Mount Murcy hears of the upper from Works, and on his arrival there sees the remains of a great stone furnace and the frame work where once a giant trip hammer played. A readway, new grown to underbrush, runs to the deserted mine in a mountain of iron ere. The Hudson dashes past as a marrow trout stream, and one feels that the river sould tell good stories of these shi ruine if it would. And so it could. Here, in the century's carly days, was a great fron mime. Pive hundred men were employed. There were homes, a hotel, stores, a bank. A well-kept road ran eastward and south, and over this went a neverending line of wagons, hauling from to Lake Champlain and bringing in supplies. Then came a shooting, the death of the superintendent, a change of hands and an awakening, when mines with better methods of transportation underselling them in the markets. So the mine closed, the village disappeared, and, save for the members of a sportsman's club who come here in summer, not one soul remains on the spot.

Similar evidences of a bright part one finds in many a part of the great North woods. Half a dozen kinds of mines have closed and left their decaying buildings to tell the story. Almost every stream of any size has its deserted villages built up in the days when tanneries thrived and left without an occupant when improved methods of transportation elsewhere rendered it impossible for the mountain region, with no railroad, to compete.

HER HAIR CAME DOWN.

A Queen Whose Looks Tumbled Over Her Shoulders at Her Coronation.

Ring Edward of England had thoroughly studied the part which he was to have been called on to play on coronation day, and by the advice of his intimate friends he had taken special pains to prevent a recurrence of the ludicrous incident which took place when his ancestor, George III., was crowned.

At the last moment this monarch funcied or was told that it would be impossible for him to keep the crown on his head while the archbisop of Canterbury was uttering the benediction over him; he therefore removed it, and, as he placed it on the seat beside him, infimated to his wife that it would be necessary for her to do likewise.

She at once started to remove her own crows, but forgot that it was fastened to her hair by numerous pins, and the result was that, when she at last succeeded in removing it, her hair was completely disheveled.

Her appearance was, in consequence, so little in harmony with the solems, nity of the occasion, that the prelate was forced to smile, and only by a great effort did he succeed in controlling himself sufficiently to be able to place his hands on the heads of the king and queen, whose hair was falling over her eyes and down over her shoulders.—Pittaburg Dispatch.

Omelet with Green Peppers.

Cut one green pepper in half; fumove the seeds and chop fine. Melt
one ounce butter in a saucepan; add
the peppers, a pinch of salt, and cook
five minutes; remove, and when cold
mix it with six eggs and finish the
same as plain omelet.—Ledger
Monthly.

SOME HAN PROIT LORE. WEALTH IN DESERTS

The Storekeeper Was What Hight Appropriately So Called a Reg-

nias "Negovelepedia."

Beised with a turn for investigation, the reporter stopped in front of a West side store, the show window of which was filled half way to the top with nice, fresh-looking aggs. He entered the store to see if there was anything he didn't know about eggs, related the New York Times.

"What is there new in eggs to-day?"
the repester asked the storekeeper.
"Well," said the storekeeper, picking a sad-looking article of hen fruit-from a basket and handling it with care, "in this particular egg I would be willing to bet a flock of hens against a red-headed woodpecker that the new-est thing is a chicken. The chicken is new, but the hen is old. Did you want some eggs?"

"No," said the reporter. "I am seeking knowledge. What is the largest agg you put on the market?"

egg you put on the market?"
"Oh, the Brahma in the biggest of all eggs, and the yallerist. The next, as to size and yaller, is the Houdan, with the Langshan rolling up a mighty close third. The favorite white-shelled eggs are the Leghorns. Plymouth Rocks, Hamburgs, Dominicks, and the game chicken eggs. There dm all, and it won't take but a minute to put you up a dozen or so of each."

"Do you know what the outcome of the different varieties of eggs is when they cease to be useful as eggs and go forth to encounter the dangers of the wide, wide world as chickens?" inquired the reporter, ignoring the exceeding had taste of the man in-talking shop.

The man put the dubious egg cautiously back in the basket and leaned thoughtfull against the counter.

"Do you know," persisted the investigator, "which egg evolves the ingredients for the deceptive fricasee? Which one is responsible for the weakness of the chicken soup that pales the boarding house tureen? Which egg contains the germs of the unrelenting assailant of the gastric juices, the insidious potpie?"

The storekeeper changed to his other foot and gazed up at the ceiling.

"Can you tell me," the reporter went on, "against which egg will the allegation lie that foists the gutta-percha apring chicken on the confiding and unauspecting summer boarder? Are you on to all these possibilities of the antelneubated egg?"

And the reporter paused for reply. The storekeeper put the basket of suspicious eggs out of reach.

"Am I on to 'em?" he exclaimed. "Well somewhat! I'm what you might call an eggcyclopedia. Now, as to broilers, sonny, the Plymouth Bocks and the Brahmas hatch out the most promising, and you can put your money on the Wyandottes for second place. A Brahma or a Plymouth Rock youngster will be ready for the gridiron eight weeks after he knocks a hole through his shell, but it takes the Wyandotte a couple of weeks longer before he is fit to sizzle over the coals. The Leghorn is hardly big enough to split for the iron before four months have passed over his head, and by that time he is tolerably well, fixed as to sinew, and there ain't any more juice in him than there is in a nutmeg. He's the chap the summer boarder gits to gnaw, I should reckon, and I shouldn't wonder but what, in the rough, so to speak, he stands for the supineness. and the pallor of the soup that has placed the boarding house menu in the hall of fame. The Leghorn wasn't cut out for meat for man to eat. The Leghorn's destiny is eggs.

"But then! Age is the great leveler, after all, when it comes to that. There ain't much choice among any of the breeds when they have got along in years. One will make as uncertain a fricassee, as exhausted a soup, as indigestible a potple, and as rubbery a spring chicken as t'other one will—when age has stolen on.

"And let me tell you this, sonny, as to eggs. When they are in the glad heyday of youth is the time for you to grab your eggs! If you wait until to-morrow it may be too late! I can put 'em in a paper bag."

"No. Not to-day," said the reporter as he walked away, stuffed with egglore, and the storekeeper didn't seem to like it.

Fire Chiefs in Buropean Chies. Very few European chiefs of fire brigades have been trained or have worked their way up as firemen. In Paris the chief must be a soldier, and the department is a regiment of infantry, placed at the disposal of the city of Paris by the war office. In Berlin the chief and most of the men are veteran soldiers, though many are artisans and mechanics. In London the chief officer is from the navv. and nine-tenths of the men under his command are sailors, while in Glasgow the chief officer a master mechanic by trade, and every fireman must be a skilled worker of some kind. In Nasso, Sweden, the fire department is made up of 150 women and the "waterworks" are four enormore water tube.—Chicago Chronicle.

Betrayed by Gardie.

In order to trap a spiritualistic medium at Genoa garlie was secretly introduced on two occasions into the food she ate just before holding the seamces. In each case the spirits she evoked are alleged to have had a strong odor of garlie about them.—London Mail.

Another Table.

She—Has Mr. Cutt got good table manners?

He (absently)—I should say so. Why, if he happens to deal the cards wrong he apologizes for an hour.— Chicago Daily News.

RTS IS PITE AND POINT.

The winters are very cold in Manchuris, the ground being frozen to the depth of several foot.

Bristol, England, has municipalized the docks and harbors at a cost of between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

Liverpool bosats of having one of the best street relirond systems, not only in Great Britain, but in Europe. The city owns the system.

The annual birth-rate in European Russia is 46.3 per thousand and the death-rate only 33.6, which results in an annual surplus of births of over 1,600,000.

Paris, according to the latest census returns, has a population of 2,650,000 persons, of whom over 1,300,-000 are either foreigners or provincials.

In a rock garden at Calverley, near Leeds, England, there are 1,200 species of perennial and alpine plants. Many of the specimens are extremely rare. The French government has decided

to install in the Pantheon, Paris, the famous pendulum by which Foucauld, in 1857, demonstrated the rotation of the earth. Smyrns in the smartest town in

Turkey so for as trade is concerned. It does a bigger business than Constantinople. It is the headquarters of the wool and of the rug and carpet trade.

A number of the Irish consus re-

A summary of the Irish census returns, presented to parliament, shows that during a half century more than \$.000,000 persons have emigrated from Ireland, and that 80 per cent. of these have gone to the United States.

Human skulle are a strange article of commerce. Yet such is the demand which has arisen among curiosity dealers in Europe for the skulls of New Guinea native ancestors, which have ornamented the poles of native dwellings in New Guines, that the Australian government has inhibited the trade, says the London Express. Large prices were offered the blacks for the strange relics, and it was feared that the temptation was becoming so strong that as the supply of genuine ancestors ran low, fliegal methods of procuring spurious once would be adopted.

A WONDERFUL BPOCH.

Recent Daily Newspapers Have Seen of More Moment Than Ancient Chronisies,

When we consider how short is the ordinary limit of a president's term of office, and then reflect upon all the great and stirring things of actual bistorical importance that have occurred in a space of time longer than that time by a mere bagatelle of weeks, we shall begin to realize into what a whirl of history-making our latter days have been plunged, says Harper's Weekly. Two wars of magnitude have been begun and ended; the colonial empire of a once powerful nation has gone down into the dust; the colonial empire of a great Anglo-Saxon people has been welded, strengthened and increased; a great and enlightened queen has died; a great and enlightby an assassin's hand; great discoverfes in science and wonderful strides in surgery have been made; vast industrial enterprises have been born and brought to a successful though early maturity; disasters unparalleled Bave benrred upon sen und land, aud where once a smiling city nestled among the soft verdure of a tropical_ hillside now stands a smoking wilderness, with naught of life left to tell of that which used to be. The reader of to-day does not need to rummage through his Pliny or his Plutarch, his chapters of revolutionary days, his chronicles of happenings to kings and other rulers, his stories of Newton, Galileo and of Jenner, in search of passages to stir his soul. His daily newspaper for four years past has given him these things in great abundance, and whether it has been of the woes of Pelee, the horrors of Peking. the naval victories of Santiago and of Manila, the privations of war in Transvaal or Philippines, that he reads from those flying leaves of journalism, he will find nothing in all the printed pages of the historians to surpass them. It has been a wonderful period, fit in interest at least to bring one century to a close and to start another

mpon its cycle. Out of Might.
Fritz Scheel, director of the Philadelphia orchestra, has a fondness for American slang and colloquialisms that is far in excess of his aptness in acquiring the exact words and sense. When he first came to Philadelphia, in the summer of 1899, he was struck by the expression "Out of sight!" spoken with fine heartiness to indicate pleasure and satisfaction with the general order of things. Scheel determined to make use of it at the first opportunity, and to that end repeated it over and over to himself, always keeping in mind the circumstances under which it should be uttered. Mr. Elias met the musician one afternoon when the latter was playing at Woodside park, and sheerily called out:

"How are you, Fritz?"
"You don't see me!" was Scheel's prompt and amazing reply.—Philadel-

What He Did Not Understand.

The professor of mechanics at a certain college once gave a lecture upon the locomotive, and was particularly struck by the absorption of one juvenile listener. He spoke to the atudent after the lecture, and asked him: "Well, I suppose you understand all about the locomotive now?" "Yes," was the reply. "All but one thing." "And what is that?" said the professor, kindly. "I can't imagine what makes the locomotive move without horses." — Chicago Chronicle.

STORIES OF JESSE JAMES.

Why Robert Ford Shot the Hotel Bapperade and the Case of John A. Barbank's Gold Watch.

The recent disinterment of the famous bandit and outlaw, Jeses James, has brought up quite a number of interesting recollections of the man who for nearly 10 years held the middle west in terror and fear. One of these statics, which, by the way, happens to be singularly apropos as well as new, is now going the rounds concerning the true inwardness of his death at the hands of Robert Ford. Ford, it is said, had no thought whatever as to the reward at the time he killed Jesse James. It appears that for a longtime previous to the killing James the latter, for some unknown reason, had become suspicions of Ford, and had determined to kill him. This suspition was, so the story runs, entirely unfounded, Ford having no notion of betraying James, who was living in 81. Joseph. Mo., under the alias of Howard, relates the Washington Post. At all events, Ford subsequently

learned of Jesse's misgivings, and tried his best to show the latter that his fears were groundless. This only made mafters werse, the result being that Ford made up his mind to kilt Jesse before the latter killed him. On the day, therefore, that Jesse met Ford on the street and invited him to his house, he did so, intending to kill him when he got him there, and the removal of his revolvers (for the first time in his life) was not, as some have supposed, through carelessness, but an act premeditated and for the purpose of throwing Ford off his guard. But Ford had seen Jesse do tricks simflar to this before, and was not deceived, and when the former got up on a chair to hang some pictures he took the chance thus afforded of ridding himself of an enemy and the country of its most noted outlaw.

Another curious memory of the James boys' career was the case of John A. Burbank's gold watch. It appears that some years after the civil war the legislature of the then territory of Dakota presented Mr. John A. Burbank, a wealthy resident of Richmond, Ind., with a very handsome gold watch for some especially valuable and meritorious service that he had resdered the commonwealth. Some time after this occurred Burbank bappened to be on a stage coach en route from Malvers, Mo., to Hot Springs, Ark., and, in crossing the border between the two states, the roach was held up and robbed by the James hoys, who took Burbank's watch. The watch fell to Jesse's share of the spoil, and he took such a fancy to it that he wore it. constantly until the day of his death, a period of 22 years. At the time he was killed, the watch, after an absence from its owner of 32 years, was returned to Mr. Burbank, who probably has it to-day, if he is still living.

UNCLE SAM AS BUSINESS MAN.

Weak Ones and is Often at
Great Disadvantage.

Few questions arise in congress more persistently than this; whether a certain work shall be undertaken by the government or by "private enterprise." One year the dispute is over the printing of postage stamps; should they be printed at the government printing office, or should the stamps be made by an esgraving company? Another time the question concerns the laying of an ocean cable; should the government or some stock company do it? Recently there has been a controversy regarding the proposal to build warships in the navy yards, instead of letting them out to regular ship builders by contract, says Youth a Companion.

Some persons are by theory committed to the government plan; they would have the railroads and telegraphs, like the post office, operated by the government. In New Zealand, they point out, the government does almost everything, from lending money to paying old age pensions. Completely carried out, this policy is usually described as "state socialism."

Public men who oppose this tendency, and who try to keep Uncle Sam from undertaking, as they say, too many things, argue that everything which the government does for itself costs more than if it were done by private enterprise, and that the taxpayers have to make up the difference. The post office, for example, is operated at a loss, whereas private companies do similar business at equally low rates at a profit.

As a business man, Uncle Sam has some strong points and some weak ones. He can buy supplies cheaply, because he is a large cash customer; he does not have to advertise his wares, and he is sure of his market. He usually blots out competition. His greatest difficulty comes in seeming inability to utilize low-priced labor for low-grade work-a result of the political influences that affect the retention and promotion of employes. Managers, moreover, are not so economical of the mation's. money as they would be of that taken from their own pockets.

The Thoughtful Girl.

Madge—Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening.

Marjorie—Yes, going to ait with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirtwaist."—Portland Oregonian.

"Jimmie says he wouldn't care to go to school in Arizona."
"Why not?"

"He heard the teachers use cactus for switches."—Chicago Daily News.

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L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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