IN NEW SPRING ATTIRE!

Every floor of our vast establishment is now decked with elegant new Spring Goods. Handsome Designs at new Low Tariff Prices. Such Elegant Goods at such Low Prices have never before been shown under one roof in the city of Kansas City. It will more than pay you to call and take a look through, whether you wish to buy or not.

Silk Tapestry Rocker, Solid Oak, like cut, worth $5.00.. **$1.98**

NEW SPRING GOODS AT LOW TARIFF PRICES.

Bedroom Sets, new designs.....	$ 9.00—worth	$15.00
Bedroom Sets, new designs.....	15.00—worth	25.00
Bedroom Sets, new designs.....	25.00—worth	40.00
Folding Beds, new designs	12.50—worth	20.00
Folding Beds, new designs	20.00—worth	30.00
Folding Beds, new designs	25.00—worth	40.00
Sideboards, new designs	10.00—worth	18.00
Sideboards, new designs	15.00—worth	25.00
Sideboards, new designs	20.00—worth	35.00
Extension Tables, new designs.....	3.50—worth	5.00
Extension Tables, new designs.....	5.00—worth	8.00
Extension Tables, new designs.....	10.00—worth	15.00

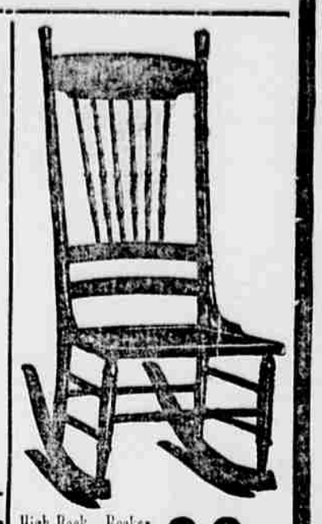
Long Time, Easy Payment Terms.

LARGE ARM ROCKER, like cut, cane seat and back, worth $3.00..... **$1.28**

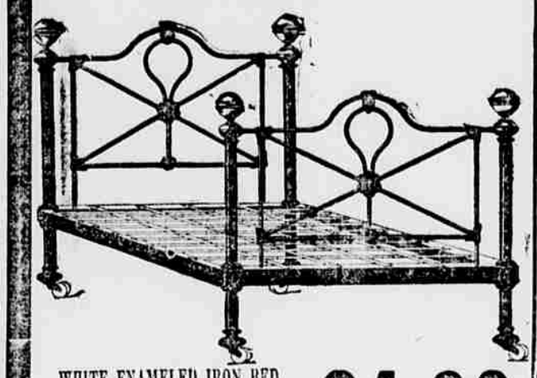
NEW SPRING GOODS AT LOW TARIFF PRICES.

Parlor Suits, new designs.....	$12.50—worth	$20.00
Parlor Suits, new designs.....	20.00—worth	35.00
Parlor Suits, new designs.....	30.00—worth	45.00
Baby Buggies, new designs.....	5.00—worth	8.00
Baby Buggies, new designs.....	8.00—worth	12.00
Baby Buggies, new designs	10.00—worth	15.00
Ingrain Carpets, new designs.....	25c—worth	35c
Ingrain Carpets, new designs.....	35c—worth	45c
Ingrain Carpets, new designs.....	50c—worth	65c
Brussels Carpets, new designs.....	50c—worth	65c
Brussels Carpets, new designs.....	65c—worth	80c
Brussels Carpets, new designs.....	75c—worth	90c

☞ **In case of sickness, loss of employment, etc., we extend payments. No interest ever charged.**



High-Back Rocker, Cane Seat, like cut, Worth $2.50. **88c**

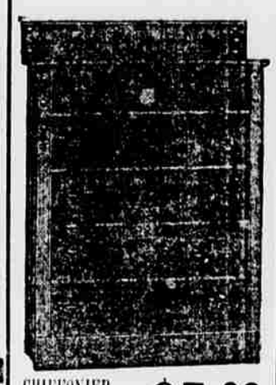


WHITE ENAMELED IRON BED, Brass trimmed, full size, like cut (no slats), worth $10.00..... **$4.98**

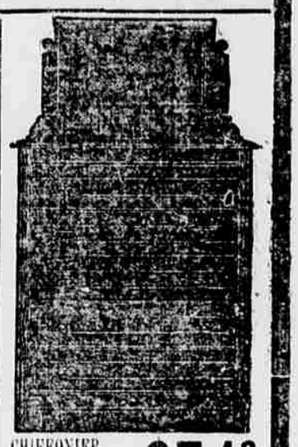
MAYSTERN & CO.

1104 AND 1106 MAIN ST.

NO MAIL ORDERS FILLED ON THESE GOODS.



CHIFFONIER, Hard wood, like cut, worth $10.00, **$5.98**



CHIFFONIER, with glass, hard wood, like cut, worth $12.50, .. **$7.48**

THIN SHEETS OF GOLD LEAF

HAMMERED OUT UNTIL 150,000TH PART OF AN INCH THICK.

The Film Is Almost Transparent—Sheets of Gold and Silver Made by Hand as They Were Hundreds of Years Ago.

Goldbeaters hammer the precious metal into sheets so thin that green rays of light will pass through them, and each sheet is but the 150,000th part of an inch thick. The slightest whiff of air will send the gold leaf scurrying as though it were pigeon down.

When Julius Hess, one of Chicago's four master goldbeaters, came out of the room where the heavy, short-handled hammers were beating the yellow metal into gold leaf, his hair, eyebrows and beard were spangled with the bits of gold which float about the shop.

He carried in his hand a piece of parchment on which was written the deed for some good old English land, for the deed was dated far back of the year 1700. The lawyers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they wrote out deeds, indentures and bonds on new parchment in the quaint round handwriting of those days, had no idea that a few hundred years later those same legal documents would be cut up into strips and sent to the goldbeaters as a great city took what was to the lawyers an unknown wilderness. Yet that is the fate of many old English parchments. They are dug out of strong boxes, the seals are cut off, and they are used by goldbeaters as bands around the books in which the precious metal is expanded in length and breadth and shrinking in body to an almost infinitesimal dimension.

Goldbeating is a retiring sort of trade. It hides itself away in residence districts, and if it were not for the modest sign over the front door few people passing on the wide avenues would think that the muffled strokes of hammers coming from the first flat were made by goldbeaters.

Mr. Hess explained that the stone blocks on which the gold was beaten required the solid earth as foundation, and, as solid earth in the downtown districts meant subbasements, the trade went into quiet residence streets where it could get light, air and the earth as well. Here for ten hours a day the heavy cast-iron hammers fall on the books, which are interleaved with pure gold.

These hammers rebound far above the goldbeaters' heads after every stroke, thus saving them the trouble and fatigue of lifting the 20-pound and 10-pound hammers. A goldbeater is a silverbeater as well, and goldbeaters not only make gold and silver leaf, but leaf from aluminum, copper, composition, and white metal leaf, the grosser metals. The lettering on plate glass windows, the gilded domes and towers and the gold-covered columns are not all coated with pure gold leaf, but with alloys of copper and tin and other yellow metals which give a gold effect. Aluminum is largely used in place of silver, and white "schlag" metal is the substitute used for cheaper work.

Gold and silver leaf is beaten out entirely by hand, but the baser metals in some shops are beaten under trip-hammers, which pound away at the rate of 200 blows a minute, and enable a man to do two or three times the work he can do by hand.

The gold which is beaten into leaf is the almost pure metal, which has been melted at a greater temperature than fusibility requires, for this extra heat gives the gold a greater malleability. It is cast in bars or flat ingots, and sent to the goldbeater in that form. He rolls it into a long, thin ribbon about two and a half inches wide, and then cuts the ribbon into squares. Girls do this work, placing the squares between sheets of a peculiar paper called "French" paper. This looks like an exceedingly fine, close grained oil paper, and each sheet of it is about five inches square. Three hundred sheets are piled on one another, and a square of gold is laid in the center of the French paper between each sheet until about 300 squares are in this "book," or, as the goldbeaters call it, "catch." The catch is carried out to the goldbeater, who slips over it the bands of parchment, binding all the leaves with the gold squares between them into a solid block.

The catch is laid on a block of stone, which has been faced up square, and with a 20-pound cast-iron hammer the goldbeater begins to flatten out the gold. The hammer has a short, thick handle, and if the goldbeater had to lift the hour-glass shaped piece of iron each time his would be an arduous task, but the catch and the solid stone anvil are so elastic that the hammer rebounds to a height of a foot above the workman's head. He then has but to bring it down with some force and it lifts itself. He lets the hammer fall on the center of the catch for a time, and his rule is always to hit inside of the gold, else the metal will not work out. The catch is beaten nearly half an hour, and by that time the gold has expanded to the size of the sheets of French paper.

Girls then take the catch, remove each sheet of gold and cut it into four squares, so that each sheet is evenly quartered. The girls cut the leaves of gold with a "filling wagon," which consists of two pieces of sharp-edged reed or bamboo, set in a frame, so that the parallel cutting edges will divide the sheet into the proper size in one cut. The leaf is cut on a soft piece of leather, so that steel knives cannot be used. The leaf is handled with pieces of pointers made of boxwood, and the girls become so expert in cutting and handling the delicate sheets that they lay each square exactly in the center and with a gentle puff of breath smooth it out without a crease.

The quartered sheets are laid in the "shoder," which is like the catch, save that the leaves are goldbeaters' skin. About 1,000 of the gold squares are filled in the shoder, and it is beaten with a 12-pound hammer for an hour. Again the leaves are cut into quarters and are placed in the "mold," which, like the shoder, is made up of goldbeaters' skin, and the hammer pounds it for nearly seven hours, until the gold has spread out to the edge of the mold. The leaves are then ready to be cut into squares three and three-eighths inches on a side and laid in books—twenty-five leaves to each book and twenty books to a pack—so that a pack contains 500 sheets of gold leaf.

Silver is beaten the same way; first in the catch, then in the shoder, and last in the mold, but the intrinsic value of the gold in a pack is $4 and that of silver 25 cents.

The goldbeaters' skin, which plays such an important part in the manufacture of gold and silver leaf, is a fine membrane taken from a particular part of the intestines of an ox. It is cut into pieces from twenty-five to thirty inches long, and the fat is removed by dipping it into a potash solution, it is then scraped with a blunt knife. After being stretched on a frame two membranes are glued together and cured with a preparation of isinglass and then coated with the white of an egg. The membrane is cut into five and five and one-half inch squares, and as not quite three skins can be taken from one animal it requires nearly 400 oxen to furnish enough skins to fill a mold of 1,000 pieces. The new skin is used only in the mold, and will last for about 200 beatings. It is then used in the shoder. Sometimes a single misstroke with the hammer will ruin every skin in the mold, but this does not happen often.

Before the mold and shoder can be filled with the partially beaten gold leaf the goldbeaters' skin must be heated to remove even the suspicion of dampness. As ignorance of the process the pieces are screwed down into presses heated with gas or steam, and then after being dried each sheet is rubbed with "brime"—powdered talc, a translucent rock found in Scotland. A rabbit's paw is used to brush the brime over the skins, and then they are ready to be filled in with the gold leaf.

When he has someone to fill the catch, the shoder and the mold, a goldbeater can average about 1,250 leaves of gold or silver a day. Each 500 leaves contain exactly four penny weights of pure gold.

The last beating in the mold calls for the greatest skill and judgment on the part of the goldbeater. At first, for nearly an hour, he allows his hammer to fall on the center of the mold, turning it every few strokes. This drives the gold out from the center and makes wide cracks in the edges of the leaf, but as the hammer begins to work out toward the edges of the mold the gold welds together again, for gold has the peculiarity that it will weld cold. The goldbeater continues to beat the mold even after some of the most forward leaves have crept to the edge and crumbled off in the shape of dust, for he wants to bring all the leaves to the edge, and when this is done the leaf is ready to be put into book and sold. Gold leaf, by means of various alloys with silver and copper, is given different colors—red, pale red, citron, lemon and almost white. Absolutely pure gold is seldom beaten, but the silver is .23 fine.

Aluminum leaf became an important product of the goldbeater when the McKinley law went into effect, and at the same time copper leaf, white schlag metal and composition, used as a substitute for gold leaf, were first manufactured on a large scale in this country. But the reduction of the tariff on the finished product, while the tariff was maintained on the raw material, gave German and English goldbeaters a chance to compete, and they have practically driven the American product out of the market.

The aluminum comes to the goldbeater in sheets. He cuts it into strips and runs it through a set of rollers, which reduce the metal to a thin ribbon about two and a half inches wide. The copper comes from Germany in the shape of long double sheets of thin metal, and it, too, is cut into strips and rolled. Aluminum, copper, composition and white metal leaf are beaten under triphammers. Each is beaten twice and the triphammers beat the metal into foil in about an hour, so that each workman can make about 29,000 leaves of these baser metals a day. He could not turn out 10,000 leaves of white metal, 5,000 of copper, 2,500 of aluminum by hand, and this advantage which the triphammer beating has over hand work, said Mr. Hess, is all that enables the American goldbeater to keep himself in the market so far as aluminum, copper, composition and white metal leaf are concerned.

The lively hammers pound flakes of foil out of the books in which the leaf is forming, and the workmen are covered with the white foil of aluminum and the yellow foil of copper and composition.

In the mummy room of the Field Columbian museum are mummies wrapped in cloths and wearing masks heavily laid with gold leaf, and Mr. Skilt says that these same mummies are over 2,000 years old. This gives some idea of the antiquity of the art; but it goes back even further than that, for archaeologists have found gold leaf on jars and other household utensils which were made 2,000 years before Christ.

The art was well known in the times of Homer and Pliny, as any student of the dead languages well knows, for both refer to it. African travelers have found natives, who, though they had never heard of white people, were quite expert in hammering out gold into thin sheets. Brass workers claim that their art is the oldest, but both legend and history show that the goldbeater hammered out bracelets, armlets and thin leaf as far back as knowledge goes.

Dentists use gold leaf for filling teeth because gold will weld into a solid mass when cold. The dentists' gold leaf is put through the shoder and mold, but is taken from the catch, for they use heavier leaf than goldbeaters, bookbinders and sign painters.—Chicago Record.

Trancemogrification.

London Punch: Now that hypnotism is in the air our conversation books will have to be remodeled, as thus:

Good morning. Have you hibernated well?

Yes, I have had a most successful trance this winter. Have you laid up at all?

Only a few days at Christmas, just to escape the bills.

Well, you take my advice, old man, and rent a private catacomb on the three years' system. It comes much cheaper in the end and you save all your coal and gas, to say nothing of clothes.

We've started a Nirvana Club in our neighborhood on the tontine principle. The last person who wakes gets the prize, unless the first who comes to makes off with it.

It is capital, anyway, when you are taking a tour. Saves all the trouble of sightseeing. You are just packed off and forwarded from place to place, with an automatic kodak, which records everything you visited. Try it!

Will, some day. By Jove, I must be off! I've got to attend an amethyst concert, absolutely painless.

And I've got a mesmeric dinner party on to-night. All the bores will be put in glass cases and fed mechanically.

Good-by, then. Sleep well!

A Magnifying Show Window.

London Answers: One of the most extraordinary ideas for attracting custom on record was that of a fruiterer in a Midland town. Instead of the ordinary plate glass a large number of rough magnifying glasses formed the window. Seen through one of these panes an orange looked as large as a pumpkin and cherries as large as apples. A great disadvantage attaching to this novelty was the fact that at the distance of a few yards from the window it was quite impossible to see into the shop. Everybody knows that you must hold a magnifying glass very close to the eye to see anything through it. Nevertheless, for some time, at all events, the enterprising proprietor did a roaring trade.

Atchison, Kas., March 30.—(Special). The Burlington and Missouri river depot at Highland station, was destroyed by fire last night. Several box-cars on an adjoining track were also burned. The fire originated from a defective flue.

ONE HUSBAND'S WAY.

From the Argonaut.

Ceylon is a country where matrimonial relations are apt to get a trifle strained. The usual opinion is that the climate is mostly at fault. So it was generally assumed by a society which could not afford to throw many stones indiscriminately that the climate was to blame for the trouble between the Dexters.

It appears, according to experts, that a good deal depends on seasoning. The first two or three years are the trying ones. After that the matrimonial cart may be expected to go smoothly. That is why some men marry daughters of the land, or girls born on the island, in preference to importing wives from Home. The unmarried man is wise in his generation, and tries to avoid running risks.

But Dexter had been foolish enough to become engaged to a girl at Home, and in due course he married her. This interesting event happened at the end of his six months' leave, and he came back with his brand new bride and set her down in the midst of his plantation, just as he would have brought a new kind of shrub, and expected it to grow naturally in its new surroundings.

He was a reserved, passionless sort of a man, who had never wasted much thought on the other sex, and it really did not occur to him that he was engaged in a risky experiment. He knew something, and had heard more, of what was going on around him. But it did not come within the range of his ideas that his wife should follow the example of other men's wives.

Mrs. Dexter was a very attractive little body, as she speedily discovered. At first she was rather taken aback by the novelty of her position, and was shy with her husband's old friends. As for the women-folk she was not long in doing them up and putting them on a proper footing. But with the male portion of society she was not so exacting or discriminating. Anyhow, as time went on, the Dexters' house became a gathering place for several men, but very few women. Dexter himself did not seem to notice the distinction. All he noticed was that his wife kept up her spirits well after the first inevitable homesickness, and that she never complained of feeling lonely. He was not a very observant man.

If Mrs. Dexter had been wise, she would have taken care to divide her attentions. There is safety in numbers, and she really meant no harm. But she was young and inexperienced, and the Man was neither. So Mrs. Dexter was clever enough to compromise her effectually and to get his out way—up to a certain point. This happened about six months after the arrival of the little woman, and at a time when, as luck would have it, Dexter was more than usually busy.

The Man had contrived to clear the field of rivals. He was not of a particularly nice sort, though he was on such good terms with Mrs. Dexter. As regards reputation, he was one of the worst hated men in the district—by husbands. And the strangest thing was that he was not a good looking man. On the contrary, he was rather ugly. Perhaps it was his swagger and bounce that proved so irresistible.

It became a matter of course for him to be in constant attendance on Mrs. Dexter. Not a day passed that they did not spend almost entirely together, walking, riding, or driving. The people in the neighborhood looked on with interest. They expected a repetition of the old story. And in the nature of things it happened that the husband was the only person ignorant of the threatening tragedy.

One day, however, Dexter was suddenly brought to his senses by a chance remark. It was not intended for his ears, but he heard it and it went home. He followed its example, and having arrived at his own house, sat on the veranda and considered the situation for an hour and a half. At the end of that time he inquired for his wife. She was out, as usual, with the Man; and the servant who answered his question seemed to treat the event as in the usual order of things.

Dexter did not try to obtain any more information. He simply went to his room and changed his clothes, rummaging about as if in search of something. Then he came out, looking quite cheerful, lighted a cheroot, and asked which way Mrs. Dexter was likely to have gone. Having learned that he walked briskly in the direction indicated.

In the meantime, Mrs. Dexter and the Man were sitting together in a favorite dell, about half a mile away. She was rapidly approaching the stage where fears and guilt begins. Whether she would ever actually have transgressed is a delicate point. She had resisted the voice of the tempter so far, greatly to the tempter's chagrin.

They had, in fact, reached a positive difficulty. He was getting rather angry, and she was not exactly happy. So that it was something of a relief to both of them to hear some one approaching. They neither of them looked to see Dexter. He was supposed to be some miles away shooting.

Unfortunately, their calculations were wrong, for it happened to be Dexter who disturbed their sylvan solitude. He knew his way well, and came straight into the opening, to find them sitting side by side on a fallen tree. And when he saw them, he stopped for a moment and looked at them, a grim smile on his face.

They both saw him at the same instant. The Man jumped up instantly, with an oath. As for Mrs. Dexter, she uttered a slight scream. The husband was the coolest of the three.

He walked up to them slowly, with the smile gradually effacing itself. The Man was far from happy. He saw danger in the pale face and steady eyes, and under his swagger he was, like most of his class, as arrant a coward as ever walked.

Mrs. Dexter simply sat still where she was, her eyes glancing alternately from the Man to her husband, and back again. After her first exclamation she did not utter a syllable.

Dexter did not waste many words.

"Get out, you confounded blackguard," he said.

The man had expected something more violent. Then, cur-like, he began to pluck up courage. He even began to swagger a little, as usual, and stood up straighter. But Mrs. Dexter, who was watching him closely, noticed that his hand trembled as he curled his mustache.

"I have been thinking the matter over," Dexter continued, "and it seems to me that one or other of us is superfluous. I can only see the one way to settle the difficulty. Here we have a fine, open spot, well lighted, and in every way suitable. We have also a couple of weapons, and, in addition, a friend to give the signal."

As he spoke he produced from his coat pockets a brace of revolvers.

"They are exactly similar and both are loaded. Pray examine them and make your choice. Then we will agree to a distance and begin."

He grasped both pistols by the barrels and held them out to his opponent, looking at him keenly the while. Mrs. Dexter had risen and walked up to them. Husband and wife kept their eyes fixed on the Man's face.

But the man did not offer to take the revolvers into his hand. His swagger had gone. His cheeks shook like a jelly fresh from the mold. His knees were unsteady, too, and his hands quivered. As Dexter moved nearer to him he drew back, shrinking from the outstretched pistols as if their barrels instead of their butts were presented to him.

And Dexter smiled.

Mrs. Dexter did not smile. Her face suddenly became crimson. Then, with an irresistible impulse, she clenched her fist and struck the Man heavily across the mouth.

"Coward!" she exclaimed.

The word seemed to cut him like a knife. He staggered back a pace or two, gazed blankly from one to the other, and then fled.

They listened to his retreating footsteps without speaking. Then Dexter quietly put the revolvers back into his pockets and turned on his heel to go home.

As he did so, he looked back over his shoulder to where his wife stood, with her face turned in his direction.

"Is there any reason why you should not come with me?" he asked.

She lifted her head, and for a moment her eyes flashed with indignation, and her face became red with the sudden anger. Then as quickly she subdued the feeling.

"You have the right to ask," she answered humbly. "No, there is no reason."

And then he put his arm around her and they went home together. G. F. H.

Literal Readings.

The Cornhill Magazine: It is by no means necessary to go to Swiss hotels or foreign health resorts to find choice specimens of English "as she is wrote." The notice, "Any one trespassing on these grounds without permission will be prosecuted," was posted up in Ireland, and on that ground may perhaps be excused, but the following intimation, which appeared some years ago at an English watering place, was really alarming: "Visitors are cautioned against bathing within 100 yards of this spot, several persons having been drowned here lately by order of the authorities." An Irish tramway exhibits the misleading warning, "It is dangerous to walk on the line by order of the directors." A tricksy sprite seems to be ever at the elbow of the framer of warning and threatening notices. The following specimen was to be seen by the side of the high road near Canterbury a year or two ago: it is probably still there: "Traction engines and other persons taking water from this pond will be prosecuted."

United States Treasurer Morgan yesterday mailed 26,696 checks, aggregating $1,838,168 in payment of interest due April on United States 4 per cent consols of 1907.

THE WRONG UMBRELLA.

And the Charming Creature Had Made a Fuss Over It.

From the Chicago Tribune.

She was young and pretty, with a baby mouth and a white forehead which modestly retreated under her wavy hair. She was evidently near the stopping place, for she had turned in her seat and was watching for it. At last she turned and took up the umbrella which was propped against the seat. As her eye fell on it a change passed over her face.

"Why, this isn't my umbrella!" she gasped.

The other passengers became interested at once.

"The woman who sat next to you got out a block or two back," said the man with the vociferous tie. "She had an umbrella."

"Why, she must have taken mine and left her old one behind! Conductor, I think it very odd that you failed to notice it. It was a lovely silk one with a twisted silver handle, and I only got it at Christmas."

"Very sorry, ma'am," said the conductor, "but folks usually carry their own umbrellas, and I—"

"It is a high-handed outrage," said the old gentleman in the silk hat, "and it is my belief that the street car companies are none too good to be in collusion with robbers."

"I know a lady who was sure that her pocket was picked in one of these cars not more than a year ago," said the woman in the old-fashioned wrap.

"It was such a lovely umbrella, too; the handle was—"

"You should notify the police at once, madam," said the old gentleman.

"I just shall. Stop at the next corner, conductor."

"And here is my card in case you should require a witness," said the old gentleman.

"The thief was doubtless the woman who—"

"I didn't like the looks of her a bit when she first got in," said the woman in the old-fashioned wrap.

The victim arose to go, expressing her opinion of the thief, the conductor and the car company as she did so.

"Hadn't you better take this umbrella anyhow, ma'am?" said the conductor.

"The idea! Why I wouldn't be seen carrying such an old thing. No, the street car company is welcome to that also," and she laughed hysterically as she stepped from the car.

"Let me see," she said, as she stood on the crossing. "I wonder which way I ought to go to reach the police station." As she stood, undecided, she was greeted by a friend.

"Oh, Katie," she cried, "I have lost my lovely new umbrella!"

"You have done nothing of the kind," replied Katie crossly. "You left it in my room, as usual, when you were there an hour ago."

"But what umbrella was—"

"And what I want to know is, where is the umbrella that you took by mistake from the rack in the hall as you went out? It belonged to the new boarder, an old maid from St. Louis. She said she had been warned about those boarding house thieves before she came, and I could only prevent her giving the police a description of you by coming right after the umbrella. Where is it?"

"Oh, Katie, what shall I do? I told the conductor that I wouldn't carry the old thing. It is in that car."

And she pointed to it, a mere speck on the rails, the raindrops pattered softly down on her lovely new bonnet.

SHEEP INDUSTRY OF PATAGONIA.

Immense Flocks Owned by European Companies—Ravages of Animals.

Down in Punta Arenas, a port on Terra del Fuego island, there is much enthusiasm over the sheep industry, says a writer in the New York Sun. A manager for a French company, owning something over 100,000 sheep, with the necessary horses, said that they made 3 francs (about 60 cents) on every head clear of all expenses from the sale of wool alone. The increase of the lambs averaged about 90 per cent of the ewes, and this was an additional profit. When told that estimates made up the coast called for 100 per cent increase, he replied that that could be had only when labor was abundant enough to care for the lambs when first dropped. The lamb at birth does not know anything—not even its own mother. Such helpless beings need great care, though after a week or so they require no more attention. The long-wooled varieties of sheep are in favor there. A common ewe will weigh from 160 to 180 pounds in the fall. The lowest average of wool sheared is said to be seven pounds a sheep. A printed table of statistics which the manager carried showed that the average yield in 1893 in all the Argentine was 4.4 pounds, while that of the United States was exactly that of the lowest yield of his flock—seven pounds. His range was considered poorer than the average, but it had sustained two sheep per hectare (two and a half acres).

The one disease to which Patagonia sheep are liable is the scab. This is kept under by dipping them in various kinds of baths, the expense for bath running from $80 to $90 gold per year for every 1,000 sheep. The next greatest expense is for the killing of panthers. A common night's work of a panther is the killing of sheep to the value of $100 gold. Every shepherd, therefore, carries a carbine, and must be supplied with all the cartridges he wants. These rifles sell for less money in Punta Arenas states than in New York gun shops, but the annual expense for rifles and cartridges on some ranches runs up to hundreds of dollars. Foxes and a species of wildcat make havoc with the young lambs, and so these must be exterminated, too. What with hunting down vermin and looking after the sheep to keep them on the range and to dip them for the scab, the French manager has to employ a man for every 2,500 sheep in his flock. On the whole, his flocks, numbering a little over 100,000 sheep, cost the company 200,000 francs (about $40,000) per year, while the sale of the last clip yielded 500,000 francs (about $100,000), and the price was not high. In his judgment it would be a very poor business man who, after starting with a good outfit and 1,000 ewes on the Patagonia range, did not attain an income of $20,000 gold a year at the end of ten years.

AN INNOVATION IN THE HOUSE.

The Electric Bell to Dispense With the Pages on the Floor.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

During the recess of congress some changes are to be made in the hall of the house of representatives. One decided improvement is to be effected in the matter of cloakrooms. Last fall, during the closing hours of the late session, Mr. Cannon secured the adoption of a resolution appropriating $100, or as much as may be necessary, for the purpose of introducing the electric bell system in the house. In the new order of things a member will simply hit his desk with a push button, with which he may call a page from the lobby near by, thus doing away with the presence of twenty or thirty pages on the floor and the old fashion of calling them when needed. These pages are all the time bustling about the house, vastly adding to general confusion and careless members attract their attention by clapping loudly, often to the serious interruption of the men who are addressing the house. It has frequently been noticed that the new members have mistaken these clouds for applause in honor of their remarks. These members will be likely to miss the old system, but every one else agrees that it is high time modern methods were introduced for the purpose of mitigating to some extent the nuisance of disorder and confusion on the floor of the house.

Story of the Princess of Wales.

The following pretty story is told of the Princess of Wales, to illustrate her knowledge of housewifely duties: The princess visited an old protege of hers, living in one of the cottages at Sandringham. The good dame was knitting a stocking, and the princess took it out of her hand, saying: "You can't do the heel as fast as I can." And she sat and chatted with the old lady, knitting the neatest heel possible. It is needless to say that sacred stocking was treasured in a drawer with the needles just as the princess left them. The story is all right enough in its way, but the pessimist would be inclined to believe that it was an excellent display of advertising enterprise on the part of the good dame, and that already that royal stocking has been sold to at least a score of relic hunters.

The president has made all necessary arrangements to remove to Woodley Monday if the weather is favorable. It is his purpose to make frequent visits to the White House, not confining them to cabinet days, but coming to town whenever the state of public business requires it.