

accomplishes her end with less coffee than any other housewife in Pretoria.

After Mrs. Kruger has listened to a Bible reading from the lips of her husband, she has the dishes to wash, the little house to keep clean, the beds to make, the pots to burnish, the stockings and socks to darn

And Oom Paul must be very hard on the heels of his socks, for no writer has ever come out of the heart of the Transvaal who has not described Tanta Kruger with a basket of stockings and socks in her lap, spectacles on her nose and a darning needle in her hand

If the wife of President Kruger is not darning stockings she is sure to be absorbed in a pastime equally important. Every stitch in every dress she has ever worn, and every stitch in the dresses of her daughters for many, many years, this good lady sewed.

She believes in one black dress for best, one for every day and one for mornings. She has two bonnets; one she wears to church, and one she wears to market. Her church bonnet is a piece of her own handiwork, and it ranks second only in notoriety to that famous "topper" of her husband.

Tanta Kruger loves animals, and here is a story bearing out that affection for dumb creatures. The people went to her when they were erecting a statue to their beloved chief to ask her opinion of the sketches, and to beg her to add any suggestions. The drawings represented him in his black coat, old-fashioned top-hat and best black suit. His wife looked at them with delight. She thought them beautiful. The tears were in her big, brown eyes in the excess of her gratitude and pride. Then, modestly, she made a request. She begged that the crown of the top-hat might be left hollow so that the birds could always be able to drink from it. And so the hollowed crown of the hat catches the rain when it falls, and the birds flutter around it to drink and bathe.

This is only one of the pretty stories, full of tender pathos, which are told of this unique woman. There are others that tell how her people love her, how kind she is to everyone, and how she worships her Oom Paul. When he dies, the people say she will die, too. He is her lord and master—her idol, her strength.—*Ex.*

The Tallest Woman.

THE tallest woman, probably, in the world, is Miss Ella Ewing, of Gorin, a little town not far east of Kansas. She is twenty-six years old, according to the family Bible, and measures eight feet four inches. Miss Ewing was born at Gorin, and when twelve years old measured nearly seven feet, but kept on growing, to the amazement of her family and the neighbors.

In her girlish years she was quite sensitive about her height, because the other children used to tease her, but when she discovered that it was worth fifty dollars a week from circus and museum managers she took another view of the case. She earned enough money to lift the mortgage from her father's farm and retired to private life. Miss Ewing has had several offers of marriage, but is still unwed.

The Table Set for Two.

THE sunshine falls on the window-sill,
And the day looks in at the open door,
The kettle sings, and the dear old wife
Goes back and forth o'er the kitchen floor
With plate and platter, and fork and spoon,
As every day she is wont to do,
And she lays them with a quiet grace
On the homely table set for two.

Oh! the bread is like the sea's white spray,
And the cloth is clean as mountain snows,
From the pantry shelf to the kitchen store
The dear old wife on her errand goes.
The morning-glories over the porch
All in a riotous tangle run,
The cat lies curled asleep on a chair,
The old dog blinks at the noonday sun.

But the dear old wife is sad to-day,
And the morning hours have seemed so long,
For her thoughts are of the long ago,
When the old house rang with mirth and song;
When the red-checked boys and merry girls
Came trooping in through the open door,
Some wander now 'neath an alien sky,
And some will come back no more—no more.

There are empty chairs against the wall,
And the wide old rooms are strangely still,
The day is sad, though the sunshine falls
Like the sifted gold on the window-sill,
And the dear old lady in her quiet way
Does the homely tasks she is wont to do;
But the tears fall fast as she sadly thinks
Of the lonesome table set for two.