

## A WOODLAND MEMORIAL.

Wonderful Natural History Asylum  
in Honor of Gilbert White  
of Selborne.

A memorial as appropriate as it is well deserved is about to be established at the main entrance to the forest of Woolmer, once the crown properties of England, reports the Boston Transcript. This inclosure is to be set aside as an asylum for the wild birds and animals of the country. Gamekeepers and watchmen will guard it day and night. Neither cat nor dog nor any known hostile intruder, either man or beast, will be permitted to enter, and at the gate will be erected a statue of Gilbert White, the person who lived and ministered in the little village of Selborne and immortalized it with his natural history of the place. He was neither warrior, statesman, poet nor artist, but a simple-hearted and reverent gentleman who remained at what was considered a lowly and unimportant post and made daily discoveries among the mysteries of nature right at his own door. He lived in constant and loving intimacy with birds and flowers and animals. He knew their habits and chronicled their histories. He did much for science, but more as a teacher of humanity in ways of kindness and as an interpreter of the lower life to the higher. We might have had a Thoreau and a Burroughs if there had not been a White, but there can be no doubt that their philosophy has been enriched and their tastes stimulated by his labors. Humble as was his field apparently his achievement has stood the scrutiny of 100 years and more, and his memory is more honored to-day than ever before. Many names greater in their time have had their day and stand before us only in moldy memory, but his fame grows fresher with each returning springtime.

## SIN OF OMISSION.

An Enthusiastic Lawyer Who Spread It on Too Thick in Defending His Client.

## TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

So Long Since His Last Visit He Had Forgotten How to Behave Himself in Church.

For ten long years he had not been to church. One Sunday morning he concluded to lay aside his heathenish ways and surprise the rector. He is naturally of timid disposition when it comes to publicity, and with a sweet girl friend hanging to his arms, his best suit of clothes on, a collar higher than usual and the prospect of meeting a number of friends who he knew would be ready to grieve him, he was anything but comfortable when he walked into the church and was shown to a seat near the front by the usher, says the Louisville Commercial.

For an hour he managed to stand it, but it was an awful strain. The perspiration oozed out and wilted his collar; it dripped from his finger tips; there was a hot time in the old church for him.

He glanced behind him and noticed that his friends were smiling. Then he concluded something was wrong with his apparel. He feared it might be his hair had not been combed. At communion he could stand it no longer, and he asked the fair girl if she was ready to go. She assented and they hurried out. As he went the smiles on the faces of his friends deepened, and here and there one of them made a peculiar motion. He had forgotten his overcoat in the excitement and they were trying to call his attention to it.

Once on the outside he missed his coat, and then it all flashed upon him. But he would rather have lost his coat than have gone after it. Just as he was about to abandon the garment to the foreign missionary society a boy came along and he gave the younger 25 cents to slip in and get the coat. When it was once more in his possession and he was on his way home he made a mental resolve that he would not go to church again until he was more composed.

## MURDERING QUEEN'S ENGLISH

A Queer Old Southern Character and One of His Remarkable Speeches.

"There is such a thing as overdoing your part," declared a man of the law who now has the knowledge gained by much experience.

"Shortly after I began to practice in the west I was called upon to defend a man who had drawn a revolver on another and threatened to kill him. The accused did not have a character above reproach, but the prosecuting witness was also shady in reputation, and I made the most of this fact. I pictured him as a desperado of the most dangerous type, a man that was a constant menace to the community and one who would recognize no other law than that of force. Such men as he, I insisted, made necessary the organization of vigilance committees and injured the fair name of the west among the older communities of the country."

"The jury returned a verdict of guilty and my man was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. As soon as court adjourned the foreman of the jury came to me and said: 'Young feller, you spread it on too thick. After that there rip-sorthin' speech of yours we couldn't do nothin' else 'an what we done.'

"I don't understand you, sir?"

"You don't? Why, we found the guilty 'cause he didn't shoot."

## NOT AFRAID OF MICE.

TypeWriter in New York Works Daily with One Perched on Her Machine.

Not all women are afraid of mice. One of them who is not is a typewriter in a down-town office and a pet mouse is her constant companion when she is at her work. He is a neat, trim, well-fed little fellow, who sits atop of her machine in the cunningest way, seeming to enjoy the click of the keys and particularly the clang of the bell, says a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

The young lady says that by some means the office boy fastened the mouse up in the machine one night and that she found it there the next morning perched on the roller, frightened and hungry. She gave him a bit of the cheese that she had brought for her luncheon and made the little fellow understand that she was good friends with him. So from that day to this he has slept in the machine every night and seems now to know aid to want no other home.

She attached has the young lady become to her queer little pet that she says he is her mascot and that she would not know how to type her notes without the bright little companion who has been with her so long.

Momitors of '61.

Curious pan-châky-looking vessels were the ironclads that bombarded Charleston in the late unpleasantness. That bombardment was regarded as something unspeakably dreadful in its day. The monitors that performed it are now being put in shape at League Island, near Philadelphia, to assist the new monitors in making Spain's fleet disappear. There are six big turreted monitors in the American navy, any one of which naval experts declare able to give a terrific battle to any two of Spain's warships. Many naval officers have more faith in these than in any other defense that the United States has.

How They Catch Rogues in Paris. — A year ago policemen stationed at the crossings of principal boulevards of Paris were provided with handsome white enameled "billies" and helmets. The patrols are now armed with a weapon new to the history of police annals. It is a piece of chalk. When surrounded by a crowd of hostile toughs who bustle the guardians of the peace the patrolmen deftly puts chalk marks on the clothing of his assailants, who are thus arrested when reinforcements arrive.

## Extent of the Black Race.

According to computations the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

## Alabama's Schools.

In Alabama there are 4,663 white schools, 2,283 colored schools, 4,764 white teachers, 2,266 colored teachers, 194,892 white pupils, and 113,615 colored pupils.

## A FORTUNATE RUB.

Boothblack Receives an Unusual Fee for a Shine.

Twenty dollars for a "shine" is a fabulous amount, but that is exactly what was realized by a knight of the brush in front of Camden station the other afternoon. The fortunate man was George Emory, one of the best-known characters around the depot, and last night he was congratulated on every side on his fortunate "rub." George, as he is familiarly known, has been blacking boots at Camden station for nearly 17 years, and he is a familiar figure to the hundreds of regular patrons of the road. He is a cripple, having lost both his legs in 1881 in a peculiar manner. In that year he was an oyster dredger, and one cold night down the bay both his legs were frozen. They did not receive proper care, and when Emory reached Washington, both the limbs were amputated.

George has a very pleasant face, and his pitiable condition has very often drawn forth presents, but yesterday was the first time he ever received \$20 for polishing two shoes. The man who made the present was not long past the voting age, and was very neatly dressed. When the brush manipulator had finished the job the customer asked him how much he generally charged.

"Oh, five or ten cents, as you choose," said Emory.

"Will you take what I give you and promise not to look at it for five minutes?" asked the gentleman.

Emory did so, and when the allotted time was over he found the big note in his hand. He carried it into the ticket office, where a close inspection showed it to be genuine. Emory says that he doesn't care if the young man comes every day. — Baltimore American.

## STING OF THE BEE.

The Toxic Properties of the Honey-Maker.

Over in Jeffersontown is a quaint old character, Capt. Bill Taylor, who is noted for his many peculiar sayings and his frequent assault and battery on the queen's English. Capt. Taylor, says the Louisville Post, has a collection of big words and he just drops them into his conversation here and there without regard for their fitness or correctness. Some years ago, it is said, he gave it out among his friends that he was going to have a dance at his house and he wanted everybody to attend. But it rained on that night and there were very few present. Even the musicians did not put in an appearance. But Bill was equal to the emergency and, mounting the kitchen table, he said in a loud, boisterous voice:

"Friends, we will have to correspond this dance until some more superstitious occasion, when the inclemency of the weather will not be so severe and the music will be more deranged. By that time I will build a condition to my house and everything will be more initialed."

Capt. Taylor is the man who killed bad John Tucker, the Point evangelist and ex-convict. Only a few months ago he was acquitted of the charge in the Jeffersontown circuit court. He claimed the ghost of Tucker haunted him until he hunted up a medium and apologized to the spirit of the dead man. Since then he had had rest from the persecutions of the ghost.

**DELIVERED HER MESSAGE.**

And the Talkative Young Miss Obligingly Lingered to Explain the Note.

A sweet little girl who wore a blue checked apron and whose hair hung down her back in two big braids walked into the Commercial office the other morning, says a writer on that Louisville paper.

"Are you the Commercial?" she asked the smallest man in the office.

He modestly said he was, and then she handed over a short note bearing these words:

"Wanted—A wife; must be beautiful and about five feet high. Address J."

"You see," said the little one, who had lingered, "he boards near where I live, and one of the ladies in the house sent me down with this. I don't know a thing about it myself. But, law, he's awful old, and ma says he don't know no better. She says that no girl that knew him would have anything to do with him on account of his age. The hired girl told my ma that he had false teeth an' dyed his hair, but, law, I don't expect he's that bad off. They do say, though, that he wears corsets and that he's cracked two looking glasses primping himself. 'Course I don't know, myself, but, that's what they say."

Then her blue eyes sparkled and she went out feeling she had done her duty in every particular toward the man whom none of the neighbors seem to like.

## How Peking Is Lighted.

Peking is advancing. So at least one gathers from the Peking and Tientsin Times, which announces that a couple of gas lamps and three petroleum lamps now illuminate the capital of the celestial kingdom. This uneventful departure, however, is not due to native enterprise. The gas lights are set up in front of the Russian embassy, while the three lesser luminaries shine for the benefit of the customers of the Russo-Chinese bank. Throughout the rest of the city wayfarers still have to follow their noses as soon as darkness sets in.

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## Kites for Weather Signals.

Weather officers in Montana propose to use kites to display weather signals, so they can be seen by the ranchers at a distance.

## Extent of the Black Race.

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## L'ABEILLE DE LA NILE-ORLEANS

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce Edition quotidienne, \$12.00 ; Edition hebdomadaire \$3.00 ; Edition du Dimanche, \$2.00.

## VENTES A L'ENQUAN.

PAR JACOB A. REINACH.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE

## SPECULATEURS,

CEDUX EN QUÊTE DE RÉSIDENCES,

UNE OCCASION DE PLACEMENTS

SUPÉRIEURS.

CETTE IMPOSANTE

RÉSIDENCE

DE CHOIX EN BRIQUES À DEUX

ETAGES

SOLIDEMENT BATIE,

CONNUE COMME LE NOUVEAU NUMÉRO

MUNICIPAL

1141 RUE PRYTANÉE,

ET FORMANT L'ENCOIGNURE DE LA RUE CLIO

ET PROCHIÈTE EN PLÈNE VUE DE

CETTE PROPRIÉTÉ SE TROUVENT

L'ÉGLISE ST-Paul ET LA

PLACE MARGARET.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON.

CONDAMNATION—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.

SHERIFF Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

WARRIOR GARDEN, avec l'avocat

15 avril—16 22 29—mai 6 13 19

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

VENTE D'UNE PROPRIÉTÉ DE VALEUR

AMÉLIORÉE DANS LE SIXIÈME

DISTRICT

CONNUE COMME COTTAGE DOU-

BLE, NOS 618 ET 620 RUE

ROBERT,

ENTRE LES RUES LAURAL ET JERSEY.

THIRD DISTRICT BUILDING ASSOCIATION vs

CHARLES A. THOMPSON.

CONDAMNATION—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.

SHERIFF Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

WARRIOR GARDEN, avec l'avocat

15 avril—16 22 29—mai 6 13 19

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

VENTE D'UNE PROPRIÉTÉ DE VALEUR

AMÉLIORÉE DANS LE PREMIER

DISTRICT.

CONNUE COMME LE NO. 730 RUE GAYOEY,

ENTRE LES RUES PERDIDO ET GRAYER.

PATRICK J. BOURKE vs M. et Mme JOHN

BOKER.

CONDAMNATION—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.

SHERIFF Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

WARRIOR GARDEN, avec l'avocat

15 avril—16 22 29—mai 6 13 19

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

VENTE DE PROPRIÉTÉ DE VALEUR

AMÉLIORÉE DANS LE CIN-

QUIÈME DISTRICT.

CONNUE COMME NO. 301 AVENUE OPE-

SUS, COIN DE LA RUE BELLEVILLE.

AGUSTO CRESPO vs Mme M. HO-

TON, veuve de John I. Trotter.

CONDAMNATION—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.

SHERIFF Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.