

THE FRENCH GAMES.

Rules and Regulations That Will Govern the Coming Contests.

G. Spalding, American Director of Sports at the Paris Exposition, Brings Back Some Valuable Facts for Athletes.

A. G. Spalding, American director of sports at the Paris exhibition, brought back with him from Paris some useful information for American athletes who intend to compete in the French games. This information has to do principally with the rules in vogue over there, and is as follows:

The track will be of cinders, and will measure 400 metres. There will be a special course for the steeplechase event. Nobody must touch with any part of his body that part of the course which lies over the starting point. Every race will be started by pistol.

The 50 and 100-metre runs will be run in straight lines. Every runner will have his line marked out by having cord staked on the ground. These cords will be about 1.2 metres apart. In the 100-metre straightaway hurdle race there will be ten hurdles, 9 metres apart; 15 metres between the first hurdle and the starting point, and 14 metres from the last hurdle to the finish. The height of the hurdles will be 1.06 metres. Every hurdler will have his own hurdle, and must not deviate from that line during the race.

In the 200-metre hurdle race there will be ten hurdles over the course, 15 metres between each hurdle, 35 metres from the start to the first hurdle, and 30 metres from the last hurdle to the finish. The height of the hurdles will be 1.06 metres. In the 400-metre hurdle race there will be ten hurdles 90 centimetres in height, 35 metres between each hurdle, 35 metres from the start to the first hurdle, and 40 metres from the last hurdle to the finish.

In the steeplechase event the hurdle will not be higher than 2.10 metre in height. Since there is a ditch to jump in this race, the runners may leap it or jump into the water, just as they choose. In the high jump each jumper will have three trials at every height. A trial is not counted as long as the jumper does not displace the bar. The ground must be perfectly horizontal, and must be an elevation of at least one metre in front of the bar for the high jump, and 1.50 metres for the pole vault.

In the broad jump each of the jumpers will jump three times, and three trials will be accorded to the five making the best jumps. To fall backward, to re-appear after jumping or to go over the line with either foot constitutes a trial. The shot will weigh 7.25 kg. A circle of two metres in diameter will be laid out. Every contestant must throw the shot three times; three new trials will be given to the five making the best puts. The discus will be declared the winner who throws the shot the furthest in eight attempts. The discus shall weigh 1.923 grams and shall have a cavity in the center for the placing of lead. The same rules hold good for the discus as for the shot put.

SQUIRREL INN OPENED.

Church Temperance Society of New York Starts a Cheap and Clean Eating House.

The Church Temperance Society has opened Squirrel Inn, at 131 Bowery, New York city. Squirrel Inn is on the east side of the Bowery, one door above Grand street. It occupies the basement and first two floors of a five-story building, the three upper floors of which are to be fitted up as soon as plans for their use are formulated. On the first floor is an up-to-date restaurant, where a palatable lunch can be had for a dime and where a satisfying meal—either breakfast, dinner or supper—will be served for 15 cents.

The menu card shows that the cost of small steaks will be ten cents; real cutlets, mutton or pork chops, omelette, or three fried or boiled eggs, with bread and butter, the same.

In the rear is the kitchen, as completely equipped as that of any first-class hotel.

Equally attractive is the second floor, which is to be devoted to the purposes of a free library and reading room. On the shelves of the bookcase are 400 volumes, presented to the society by W. R. Hearst, and more than a score of choice pictures, also the gift of Mr. Hearst, adorn the walls.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

It Is Not in Business—So Declares Mrs. Almon Hensley to New York Women.

"Women were not intended for business. It is a disgrace to our civilization that women should jostle and elbow men at the doors of public office," said Mrs. Almon Hensley to the Hundred Year club the other night at the Hotel Majestic, New York. Her theme was "The Nervousness of American Women." This she attributed to insufficient rest, air, and exercise, over-eating, and unwise eating, fashions in dress, social amusements, unhealthy literature and bad thinking.

"Our women," she said, "are resorting to narcotics and stimulants to keep themselves keyed up to the necessary pitch. We all eat too much. Nine-tenths of all our troubles come from overeating."

"The nervousness in our women is largely due to the construction of the corset and the heavy clothing suspended from the hips. I have never known or heard of a single great woman who compressed her waist or squeezed a member five feet into a four shoe."

German Student Wanderers. German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this year 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor.

Billiards for the Y. M. C. A. The ministers of St. Paul have approved a project of making billiards one of the features of the Young Men's Christian association rooms.

THE SLY CAPE DUTCH.

How the Afrikaners Manage to Help the Boers Without Sacrificing Themselves.

The Cape Dutch are pretty shy. Most of them sympathize with their kinsmen in the Transvaal, but they want to retain their power, even if the republicans are beaten. Meanwhile every Dutchman is at liberty to join the Boer forces. In the Amsterdam Eigen Haard J. A. Wormser describes how the thing is managed to the following effect: "Not two hours by rail from Cape Town is the beautiful valley of the Paarl. Opposite the town of Paarl is Franche Hoek, one of the oldest Huguenot settlements. Both places together have about 8,000 inhabitants. Over 400 young men have already vanished from there. They go 'on business' by rail to Worcester, Matjiesfontein, Triangle, or Beaufort West, and write from there to papa: 'I am going a little farther. Never mind where.' The 'old man' can swear that he does not know where the boys are. Two days later they are with the Boer forces.

"The Afrikaner likes to manage these things in such a way that he does not, in more senses than one, 'lose his head.' He joins his compatriots, and hopes to come back with a conquering army.

"An open rebellion would be more dramatic, but the Boer cares nothing for advertisement. The republic did not advertise their armaments. The Cape Afrikaner does not advertise that he is tired of British oppression when he has a British garrison right near him. The Dutch mayor of this or that town reads off some gubernatorial proclamation. But as he would like to be burghmaster when the Free States come, he does not inquire very anxiously whether his hearers are deeply impressed or not."

TRAVELING BACTERIA.

Precautions Taken by Railway Companies to Protect Passengers from Infection.

A medical journal calls attention to the general neglect of sanitary and hygienic methods in the management of sleeping cars. There are stringent regulations about the transportation of dead bodies in baggage cars, but there is no adequate and systematic provision for protecting living travelers from exposure to disease-producing germs in the bedding or upholstery.

It is customary to cleanse the blankets and cushions of dry dust and cinders by subjecting them to powerful currents of air, driven by steam, but it is said that they are seldom so thoroughly treated as to remove the danger of infection. Unless railroad authorities take prompt measures, it seems to be the duty of state boards of health to interfere for the safety of the traveling public.

This is only one case among many in which "new occasions teach new duties." Almost every invention or advance in modern life creates situations which require the fresh application of old, eternal principles. It requires the strong pressure of law or of public opinion to secure the adoption of new and needed methods, even when health, comfort and life are at risk. Only the nimble-minded can keep up with the incessant demands for readjustment.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

Are Regarded as the Present Lowest Type of Modern European Civilization.

The lowest type of modern European civilization are probably the Russians. While writers and travelers vary as to the future of Russia, nearly all are agreed as to the utter degradation at present of the Russian peasant. He is always on the verge of starvation, and is absolutely improvident, while his gross and complete ignorance is combined with the most extravagant superstition. Like all low natures he is thoroughly distrustful of reform, and as a climax to his infirmities he is a confirmed drinker. Middle class in Russia there is practically none. The small shopkeepers combine exorbitant charges with shameful usury; manufacturers and producers are nearly all foreigners, and the larger trade of the country is chiefly in German hands. Education may, after the lapse of several generations, remove the inherent dullness of the people, but it will be no easy matter to root out evils which are the growth of centuries of serfdom and distress.

March of the Telegraph. Along with the rapid extension of chess has gone a steady improvement in the mechanical appliances of the telegraph, says Ainslee's Magazine. The sending and receiving instruments in use to-day bear little resemblance to the crude instruments used by the inventor. Indeed, of the inventions which Morse contributed to the development of the telegraph, the only one that has not been replaced by some improvement is the one he himself looked upon as merely incidental to his larger scheme. That is the alphabet of characters used in telegraphic communication. It is in use in all parts of the world practically as when first perfected, and as the Morse alphabet it perpetuates the name of the inventor.

No Freeman Printer in Stripes. The prisoner printers on the Star of Hope, published in Sing Sing prison, objected so strongly to having a prisoner for foreman of the office that he has been removed and another man not a prisoner put in his place.

Way of the Owner. Col. Badger-Powell, we are told, pronounced his name Baydenpole. If he can stand that, says the Chicago Tribune, nobody else has a right to object.

A FORTUNE IN ORANGES.

A San Francisco Clergyman Who Owns Beautiful and Valuable Groves.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D., pastor of the first Presbyterian church in this city and professor in the seminary at San Anselmo, while attending to the arduous duties of his ecclesiastical charge, has found time to make a fortune. He is a man of great wealth, says the San Francisco Bulletin, not inherited, but the result of his own foresight and wise investments.

About five miles from the beautiful town of Riverside, in the choicest part of a region where land is marketable at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,800 per acre, Dr. Mackenzie owns 90 acres, all in bearing oranges. The land is covered with trees in full bearing and is worth in its present condition about \$150,000. The income must be very large, for orange groves pay a large profit on the capital invested.

Dr. Mackenzie started the orchard in a small way a number of years ago. He had a few acres, which were carefully planted. He tended his place with great zeal, and it is said that Mrs. Mackenzie herself went over the first few crops and sorted and boxed them, a labor she would not trust to less careful hands than her own. This prudence gave the crop a superior quality and a reputation. With his annual profits Dr. Mackenzie extended his acreage until he became owner of the present large and extremely valuable grove.

Of course he has made a fortune out of his oranges. He has taken care of his wealth and is now perhaps the richest clergyman in California.

PROJECTILE AIR.

New Theory That Bubbles Driven by Manner Bullets Explode in the Body.

Physicians in South Africa now have another theory for explaining away the charges made by both Briton and Boer that the other is using explosive bullets, says the New York Sun. The extensive laceration often found in bullet wounds is now said to be due to the air which the bullet drives before it into the wound. The existence of this phenomenon can be proved easily. If a round bullet be dropped into a glass of water from the height of a few feet it will be seen that when the bullet touches the bottom a large bubble of air will become detached and rise to the surface. In this case the bubble will usually be from ten to twenty times the size of the bullet.

Now a Mauser bullet traveling at high speed is said to carry before it a bubble of compressed air of large dimensions. Experiments made by a surgeon who fired a pistol ball into a glass of water showed the bubble to be one hundred times the size of the ball. From the appearance of the wounds and from these experiments it is concluded that the mass of air driven by a Mauser bullet explodes in the body of the wounded man with sufficient force to cause extensive laceration. This destructive air bubble is well known to surgeons under the name of projectile air.

GENESEE TRAMPS IN CHURCH.

All Varieties of Beggars and Impostors Fasten Themselves Upon the Congregation.

A rich congregation does not need to go to the poorest part of the city to do mischief, for it can create, if it so please, a nursery of genteel tramps within its own borders, writes Ian MacLaren, in Ladies' Home Journal. When a minister and his people have the reputation of a soft heart, and by that is often meant a soft head, the news spreads far and wide, and there is an immediate accession to the number of worshippers. Tradespeople of the lower class who wish to push their business and do not feel sufficiently confident about the goods they sell; young men who have lost their situations because they wouldn't do their work; families of women who would consider it beneath them to do anything for their own living and are adepts in what may be called genteel robbing; incapable men of business whom no bank would get with fifty dollars, but who hope to get a thousand by quoting the Sermon on the Mount—all these gather and sit down within the sheltering walls of the Christian asylum.

Sounds Heard in a Balloon. Mr. J. M. Bacon, the Englishman, who with his daughter made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears. At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the balloon they were startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. Investigation showed that this sound was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

"Silent" French. An "ex-dragon" writes: "Having served under 'Silent French,' I was not in the least surprised to find that he had relieved Kimberley. He is an example of still waters running deep, a man of few words, but one of the most 'business' generals in the army and a rigid disciplinarian. I heard him summed up by a trooper whom he had sentenced in a word or two to 14 days' confinement to barracks: 'Old French don't bark a bit; but, crickey, don't he bloom! well bite!'"—London Chronicle.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

Some That Never Give Warning to Mankind by Appearance or Odor.

Man seems to have no instinctive knowledge of injurious plants from their appearance. Many of a poisonous nature have purple flowers, and early education has made some people suspicious of this color, but there is no native instinct that warns them against such risk. Children play with the poisonous fox-glove, monkshood and deadly nightshade, and display no natural fear of their deadly properties, while such plants as the dropwort, hemlock and fool's parsley are as attractive to the eye as the harmless parsnip and carrot, which they closely resemble. Man has, however, an instinctive dislike to the taste of nearly all poisonous plants. A large number of them are noted for their bitterness, a quality that seems repulsive to all children, and is only acquired in things wholesome by adults after experience. Some plants, it would be almost impossible to eat, as the nux vomica or strychnine, with its acrid taste, and the monkshood, or aconite, from the tingling of tongue and lips that it causes. The flavor of prussic acid in laurel leaves, and in the bitter almond, seems to suggest danger, but this is the result of education. While the sense of smell guides many of the herbivorous animals in their choice, we find that this helps man but little, although it is said that all the poisonous toadstools have a disagreeable odor.

A MESSAGE TO MANILA. Travels Three-Fifths the Circuit of the Globe—The Course It Takes.

To pay practically \$25 for a brief ten-word message to the Philippines may seem extravagant, but when one reflects that it travels three-fifths of the distance around the globe in completing the journey, passing under the direction of half a dozen different companies, the cost seems far from exorbitant, says Ainslee's Magazine.

The ordinary course of such a message would be from New York to Cape Breton, N. S., thence to Heart's Content, N. F., where it dives under the Atlantic, to reappear on the coast of Ireland. From here it is forwarded to London, which is the great center and clearing house for the cable business of the whole world. From London the message will be forwarded either across the English channel and overland to Marcellus, or by the Eastern Telegraph company's line around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon. Through the Mediterranean, across Egypt, through the Red sea to Aden, through the Arabian sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast to Hong-Kong, and across the China sea to Manila. Notwithstanding the many hands through which it passes, the message is forwarded with reasonable promptness, with perfect secrecy and all the way in English.

MAKERS OF WILLS.

Find It Very Troublesome to Draw Up the Papers in Bavaria and Prussia.

Bavaria seems to have placed the most effective pitfalls and barbed wire entanglements in the path of the guileless maker of wills. In that country it is imperative that the most simple will must be attested with all solemnity by seven separate witnesses, who must be present at the same time; and their action must be sanctioned and their signatures must be authenticated by a public notary. Prussia has also its special complications, under the code of Frederick II. That monarch, distrusting "ignorant notaries, or ministers, or casual persons but little learned in matters of law," decided that only wills made in solemn form before justices or judges should be valid. To these experts all particulars must be told, any questions they choose to put must be answered, and they finally draw up the document, read it to the testator and append their signatures. If it is preferred the will may be drawn beforehand and submitted to the judges, who, after due inquiries to satisfy themselves that all is right, will sanction and confirm it.

Blowing Him Down.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, an eminent divine, great at long sermons, three hours were nothing to him. On one occasion he was preaching in the abbey, and had got well on in his "tenthly, my brethren," without any indication of the stream's running dry. Now, the abbey is a showplace as well as a church; and restive under the eloquence of Dr. Barrow. Accordingly, as the veracious chronicler records, they "caused the organs to play until they had blown him down." Here, again, you see the organs blew. Whether the organist was asleep—not unlikely, for organists prefer a sleep to a long sermon any day—and one of the vergers officiated at the keys, I do not know, but I confess I should like to have heard that "blow" Isaac Barrow name.

Industrial Farm in Cuba.

In the province of Matanzas, Cuba, at Ceiba Mocha, an industrial relief farm is carried on by a New England relief society. Its first crop of early potatoes, planted last November, is reaching the markets, and is said to be practically the same as Bermudas. They are of a bright, rosy color and excellent flavor. Nearly all the cultivating and harvesting was done by war widows and orphans. During the insurrection 8,000 reconcentrados were crowded together at Ceiba Mocha. Eight hundred are left. Five thousand are in a cemetery near by.

BOGIE MAN OF HAVANA.

Capt. Pitcher of the Police Court Has Become a Terror in Name to Children.

When little children are naughty in Havana the nurses and the mothers no longer frighten them into silence by tales of the mysterious bogie man who will come and "eat them up." The terrible bear who hugs bad boys and girls to death when they disobey their parents, the gypsies who steal them and carry them off into the woods forever when they play outside their own yards, the organ grinders who press impudent and overcurious children into service as penny-begging monkeys, all pale into angels of the most blessed and beneficent character beside the bugaboo which is being held up before the vivid imagination of Havana's child world. A mother has but to whisper "Pitcher" into the ears of the children and awestruck silence follows.

"Capt. Pitcher will come and get you and carry you off to the dark, dark vivac," they say, and the back of disobedience is broken.

This is a little tough on Capt. now Maj. Pitcher, says the New York Sun, for, so far as known, he has never eaten any Cuban babies, but his record as a dealer in justice as the presiding magistrate of the provisional court is something fierce. He has uttered the sentence, "10 or ten days," the limit allowed him, with such monotonous persistence that it now slips out in his sleep and his name has now come to be one to conjure with among all evil doers. There never was such a judge in Havana before and if the Cubans have already told of his work and its influence upon crime but at that time he had not been transformed into the bogie man. As his fame has grown it has at last reached babyland, and now he's the terror of the tots.

WITTY MIND OF THE AMEER.

Draws a Comparison Which Finally Penetrated the English Sense of Humor—His Criticisms.

The ameer, who is a diligent student of things English, has compared the imperial parliament to the Kabul Turkish bath. Riddle—Why is parliament like the Kabul Turkish bath? Mr. Frank Martin, who was the ameer's listener when the comparison was made, could not guess, because he had not been there. The ameer, says the London News, would not be drawn, but simply advised Mr. Martin to go to the Hammam. When he went he found the bath full of men, and the high dome overhead reverberated with calls for towels, soap and loud-voiced conversation, until the meaning of any individual words and the words themselves became lost in the confusion of sounds and but added to the uproar.

The ameer's riddle was answered. It will be seen from the report which includes this story that the ameer, who is not so long ago was thought to be dying, is lively indeed. He criticizes Russians and English with delightful impartiality. But he reserves a good deal of sympathy for Great Britain, and regrets that he cannot help us with his forces in the present war. He thinks his hardy warriors would be useless after crossing the ocean. They are not of the kind who are "never, never sick at sea."

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

They Are Perfectly Satisfied to Be Governed by English Laws.

The majority of Americans in England are perfectly satisfied to be governed by English laws, and by English authorities, without any wish to interfere in their administration. It is the same with the English here in the United States. If we do not seek naturalization, if we remain true to the old flag, it is because we feel that we can do so without giving offense to our American friends, and above all, without any conflict with the obligations which are imposed upon us by the hospitality which we enjoy here. We are not treated like outlanders, but with the same degree of cordiality and friendship that Americans invariably meet with in England.

There is so much sympathy between our two countries, so great an analogy between their institutions, the system of law and justice being almost identical, that it is possible for our Englishmen in America to remain loyal to our queen and to fulfill our duties of well, let me call it—honorary citizens of the United States at one and the same time. If we do not apply for naturalization, it is because we do not feel the need of franchise, and if we do not want the franchise, it is because we do not experience the necessity of having any voice in the government. The English in the Transvaal only asked to be allowed to participate in the administration of the republic by means of a parliamentary vote, because they considered that they were badly governed, and were consequently dissatisfied with their own condition and with the authorities to whose rule they were subject. We Englishmen in America are perfectly satisfied with the system of government that we find in the United States, and are content to comply with all the laws and usages of the land, without desiring to modify them in any way. In fact, there is no reason why we should wish for any change. We have not the slightest objection to being governed by native-born American citizens; and as for those eminent American statesmen, legislators, judges and bosses in general who are of Irish birth—well, we English have long been accustomed to be ruled by the Irish.—Forum.

MESSIAH ON THE PLAINS.

A Notable Annual Musical Event of the West That Attracts Thousands.

"Because of its surroundings, and uplifting by its earnest methods and teaching, the Easter performance of 'The Messiah' by the Swedish colony at Lindsborg, in central Kansas, is each spring one of the interesting events of the west," writes Charles M. Harger of "Singing 'The Messiah' on the Plains," in Ladies' Home Journal. "A musical festival that, out on the comparatively sparsely settled prairies, can bring together 10,000 people during Holy Week, many of them coming 200 miles, must be excellent indeed. The growth of the audiences in this instance, year after year, indicates a thorough appreciation of a worthy rendering of Handel's great oratorio.

"The Swedes are a singing people, and the religious sentiment is strong in their hearts. The one cherished day for this colony of perhaps 3,000 families is Easter, and the chief glory thereof is 'The Messiah.' Four hundred men and maidens participate in these renditions. The orchestra numbers 50 pieces and is supplemented by a three-manual pipe organ. The leaders, directors and soloists are all members of the Lindsborg community and teachers in the college there."

Valuable Skulls. The director of the geological survey has had an appraisement made by experts to determine the value of the specimens of fossil dinosaurs belonging to the collection of the late Prof. O. C. Marsh, which have been turned over to the national museum in Washington. According to this estimate, the skulls of the monster triceratops, or "three-horned beast," are worth at least \$5,000 apiece, while other skulls vary in value from \$50 to \$250. The head and neck of the triceratops were covered by an enormous bony helmet seven or eight feet long.

Area of Cuba.

The total area of Cuba is about 45,000 square miles. Of this 15,000 square miles is uncleared and unexplored forest; 7,000 square miles is devoted to pasture; 10,000 square miles susceptible of cultivation has never felt the plow, and only about 12,000 square miles, or a little more than one-fourth of the entire area, is or ever has been productive.

SNOW AND HILARITY.

Why Should a Winter Storm Raise the Spirits When Rain Depresses?

There is something in a snowstorm irresistibly provocative of good nature and joviality in man. A rainstorm depresses the spirits, but a snowstorm raises them. Everybody seems to "feel good" when the snow falls, and the more heavily the snow falls the better everybody seems to feel. The fact is well known, but what is the explanation of it?

A big snowstorm, practically considered, is a plain nuisance. It interrupts traffic, paralyzes business, is a source of inconvenience to everybody, of danger to not a few, and of considerable pecuniary loss to many. To resent being put to needless inconvenience and loss is the common disposition of man, but nobody seems to mind the inconvenience and loss occasioned by a snowstorm—they are counted apparently as part of the fun.

The other morning, when the storm was at its height, when not a street car was running in Rochester, and the streets were almost impassable even for pedestrians, everybody was in holiday mood. A broad grin of perfect contentment with the situation adorned the faces of every man on the drifts. Everybody had something of a cheery nature to say to everybody else. Grave business men felt and yielded to a temptation to throw snowballs at other grave business men, and even to tumble them into snowbanks. Merchants with no customers to attend to spent their time inventing and manufacturing facetious signs with which to ornament the snowbanks that blocked their shop fronts.

"Particularly prominent snow mountains were labeled 'Spion's kop,' 'Chilkoot pass,' 'This Way to the Klondike,' and so on. Such facetious legends as 'Keep Off the Grass,' 'No More Deposits Required at This Bank,' 'Strawberries To-day,' 'Ice Cream Soda,' caught the eye and amused the mind of the passer-by. Everybody with a vehicle of any sort shouted offers of rides to struggling pedestrians, and the offers were frequently accepted. Two coal sleds went down Main street laden with a freight of laughing men and women whose appearance indicated that they would feel rather out of place in a coal shed under ordinary circumstances. Everybody seemed to regard the snowstorm as a sort of carnival.

Of course, this good humor didn't last all through a storm that wore its welcome out and got to be a bore before it was over. Then the myriad minor inconveniences due to the storm and the interruption to business began to be taken seriously, and there was a good deal of growling. But during the first day of the storm everybody seemed to be pleasantly excited by it.

Why is this? What is the mysterious connection between snow and joviality? Why is a natural phenomenon that is really a good deal of a calamity regarded an occasion for joviality by men who, as a rule, are only too ready to growl at any trifles that interfere with the accustomed routine of their daily lives?—Rochester Democrat.

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Strange, Indeed.

Mojigger. That's a funny thing. Thingumbob—What is it? "Miss Passey was an old maid before she married, and now that her husband is dead she has become a young widow."—Philadelphia Record.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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