PITH AND POINT.

It is as hard not to like a flatterer as St is to love a friend who always tells the truth. - Chicago Dispatch.

The prospect of going to the poor Sarm is not so terrible; there never was a poor farm with a piano in Atchison Globe.

Says an Irishman: "It's a great somfort to be alone—especially when your sweetheart is with you."-Chicago Daily News.

"The colonel has been presented with a fine rifle and a brace of pistols." Bo I heard. What office is he going to sun for?"-Atlanta Constitution.

Hobbs-"Well, how is the new cook metting on?" Mrs. Hobbs-"She's gething on her things preparatory to leavang."-Philadelphia North American.

"Ten years ago," said the holloweyed man, "I sold you some books." "You did," replied the victim, struggling to restrain himself. "Well, I've some in to ask your forgiveness. I'm going to join the church."-Philadelphia North American.

Frederick-"Flavilla, you pledged yourself to be faithful forever, and yet you say you have not grieved over our broken engagement." Flavilla-"Of course not; my heart is as true as steel -but when I set my mind to it I can be just as shallow and fickle as anybody."-Life.

Canvasser-"I have here a work-" Master of the House-"I can't read." Canvasser -- "But your children-" Master of the House-"I have no children (triumphantly), nothing but a cat." Canvasser—"Well, you want momething to throw at the cat." He sook the book.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

A Dinner That Came to Snew-Bound Soldiers When It Was Least Expected.

"You mightn't believe it," said an army lieutenant, "but once upon a time when three of us officers were out on the plains starving in the snow, 50 miles from any town bigger than a materiank, we were suddenly dropped into a feast of champagne, oysters, turkey and roast beef, and all the good things you can imagine a starving man would like to encompass. Of course, you don't believe it, but let me tell

"A force of 50 men with five officers were doing detail work in Montana one winter, and as amusements of all kinds were scarce, we were ready for mimost anything. One day three of us started out on a hunt and when night came we were caught by a snowstorm in an old cabin out on the plains. There was nothing to do but stop where we were, and making a fire with such parts of the cabin as we could spare, we made ourselves comfortable as poswille for the night. We had nothing 'as eat, and as soon as morning came we faced the storm which was still had and started to find headquarters. We were in fairly good spirits at first, but as we floundered around through The snow, able to make very little progress, and that in a direction we were mot certain of, matters began to look aerious, and when the shades of even-Bost and without shelter of any kind, we began to droop and to wonder how Song it would be until our friends **Mound** our bodies in the snow.

"Of course, we didn't mention anything of this kind to each other, but I will admit that we were not very cheerful, and when it had become so dark that we held hands so that we should not be lost from each other, L for one, felt that it was our last hand clasp on earth. We had become very silent now, and were struggling along aimlessly, growing a little weaker all the time, and colder and sleepier. As a sudden blast stronger Than the others swept by, I turned half round to shield myself, and as I did so I saw off to the left the glimmer at a light. It seemed to be rising from the snow, and we thought it might be some cabin half covered by the drift with a roaring fire inside streaming mp through the chimney. In any event, we let loose the strongest shout we had left and made for it, still clinging to each other. It was not more than a quarter of a mile away-if it had Been farther we never would have seen #t through the storm-and when we got to it we found it was a Northern Pacific railroad train snowed in. It was digging its way slowly through the drift, and when we came down over the snowbank onto it the trainmen "thought it was a 'hold-up,' but we told them pretty soon what the matter was, and they hustled us aboard. It was just after the second call for dinmer, the dining-room car was in full coperation, and there in the midst of the cold, the desolation, the distance from civilized homes and the howling storm, we sat down to a dinner which 15 minutes before seemed to be farther away from us than heaven. It was like a fairy tale, I tell you. We spent the evening telling our story to all the passengers, went to bed early, slept like moles, and the next morning the train had worked through and we got off at the first station to take the mext train back to headquarters."-Washington Star.

She Was Concerned.

A tiny child was waiting with her mother at a railway station, and a Hittle distance off was standing a soldier in Highland uniform. The child ansked her mother if she might speak the soldier, and being questioned as to why she wanted to speak to him, she replied: "I want to tell him his stockings are coming down."-Tit-Bite.

Sourlet Fever Shans the Tropies. A medical paper directs attention to The curious fact that scarlet fever has somewer been observed in an epidemic form in the tropical or subtropical segions of Asia or Africa.- N. Y. Sun.

LIKE AMERICAN SOIL.

Nature of the Grain-Producing Lands of Russia

Study of the Regions Shows That from a Chemical Standpoint It is Similar to That of Western Soil.

Farmers of the west will be interested in the similarity between the grain soils of this country and those of Russia, which is dealt with by Prof. Carleton, of the agricultural department, in a pamphlet just issued. The soil of the greater portion of the grain region of Russia and Siberia, says Prof. Carleton, is well known in that country as the "chernozem," or "black earth." It is a broad belt of prairies 600 to 700 miles in average width, beginning in Hungary and extending northeastward to the Ural mountains and then eastward into Siberia to unknown boundaries.

On the north and west are the "gray forest lands," and on the south and east are salt and alkaline districts and sandy wastes, and finally the Caucasus and Ural mountains. By both chemical and mechanical analyses the soil is shown to be remarkably similar to that of the American prairies, commonly known as "black loam." The depth is, on an average, probably a little greater than that of the western states.

From a chemical standpoint the soils of the two regions are similarly characterized by an exceptionally large amount of thoroughly humified organic matter, by the presence of an unusual proportion of phosphoric acid. and by a great amount of lime, potash and other alkalies. These soils are, therefore, alkaline, while many others, especially of the forest regions, are acid. It is well known that the substances thus more abundant in these soils than in others are just those needed by the wheat plant. In these regions the amount of alkali present may become so great as to injure plant growth, forming alkaline wastes, but these are found in certain restricted areas near the border of the black soil region, and even in the vicinity of these wastes the best quality of wheat is sometimes grown.

WEDDED TO HER WORK.

Miss Louise Yeunger Cancels Her Engagement to Marry, Because She Is Interested in Settlement Work.

Buried in the daily life of the college settlement is a romance of one of the resident workers which involves one of the heroes of the Spanish-American war who was with Roosevelt's Rough Riders. The girl, Miss Louise Yeunger. comes of a wealthy and socially wellknown family in San Francisco. One of her sisters is married to an Austrian nobleman and another is engaged to an officer in the Austrian army. Miss Louise, however, has dedicated her life to rescue work.

For her work in the East Side the young woman gave up this winter a brilliant social season in Vienna, and now, so absorbed is she in the settle ment labors, she has broken her engagement to the man who won fame in the battle of San Juan hill. The break is so sudden that few of their friends know of it.

The man is Dr. Robert Church, the idol of an old Washington family, and the man who conducted himself with such bravery and did such efficient work in rescuing wounded men under fire that he won praise not only from Col. Roosevelt but from all the writers who told of the bloody conflict. After he came from Cuba he met and in two weeks became engaged to Miss Yeunger, who is a friend of his sister. Now

comes the breaking of the engagement. "There isn't anything else to do." she said to a friend. "I am completely absorbed in my life here, and Dr. Church doesn't like it because I don't write him. I haven't the time, I'm too busy. So I have broken the engagement and am settled down here."

What Dr. Church, stationed in Cuba, thinks of it is not known.

HISTORY OF OUR SCHOOLS.

One of the Important Features of the Educational Exhibit of the United States at Paris Exposition.

One of the most important features of the educational exhibit of the United States to be made at the Paris exposition is a work in two volumes entitled "Education in the Uinted States," which has been planned and edited by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Cololumbia university. .

The work consists of 19 monographs, each prepared by an eminent specialist, which, taken together, give a complete view of the educational activity of the United States at the present

Nothing approaching this work in completeness or scientific character has ever before been attempted.

It is proposed to present an edition of handsomely-bound and numbered copies of the work to the leading governments, public libraries and educational institutions of the world.

Age as a Recommend. There is a physician in Coffeyville, Kan., who at the age of 99 years keeps up a regular practice. There is no reason, says the Chicago Times-Herald, why people should not have confidence

in such a doctor, especially if he ever

takes any of his own medicine.

Not Good as Stendy Diet. A nephew and namesake of Andrew Carnegie was married the other day. It is to be hoped, sympathetically remarks the Chicago Record, that the great philanthropist will not expect the young people to live exclusively on

TALES FROM AFRICA.

Traveler Returns with Accounts of Strange Sights and People.

Entered Region of Active Volcanoes and Veritable Sea of Liquid Fire -Cannibals Depopulating the Country.

Some of the London papers the Daily Mail, the Daily Chronicle, the Daily News and the Morning Postpublish a remarkable interview with E. S. Grogan, who has returned to England after a two years' journey in

Mr. Grogan, who traveled over 6,500 miles and represents himself to be the first European who has traveled through the continent from the Cape to Cairo, says that after leaving Lake Tanganyika, with eight porters, he entered a region of active volcanoes. where he encountered "enormous lava streams, forming a veritable sea, 40 miles by 60, and 100 feet deep."

This whole region he found devastated, forests and herds of elephants being buried in liquid fire. The neighboring country, he says, is occupied by some 5,000 Balekas, ferocious cannibals from the Congo, who live by man-hunting. His guides told him that the country, covering 3,500 square miles, had been until recently densely populated, but that the people had virtually been killed and eaten by the Balekas.

Proceeding along the west coast of Albert lake Mr. Grogan found the natives terrorized by raids of the Belgians. He declares that he thoroughly investigated this matter and found that the Belgian troops were in the habit of crossing the frontier, had shot large numbers of the inhabitants and had carried off the young women and cattle, tying up and burning the oldwomen, while white Belgian officers were present. He adds:

"From the north of Albert lake to Lake Myeru the whole country is in a state of chaos. It is administered by incompetent Belgians. Often the noncommissioned officers and troops are of the lowest type of native, and they are almost invariably cannibals."

BREAKS LONG FAST.

Milton Rathbun, the New York Man, Takes an Orange After Going Without Eating for 35 Days.

Milton Rathbun, the Fourth avenue hay and grain dealer, who started to do without food for 40 days to reduce his weight, broke his fast after 35 days and 6 hours, by eating an orange. Mr. Rathbun, who lost 43 pounds since he ate his last meal on the evening of January 14, said after the fast was over that he never felt better in his life. He looked, however, as if he had just arisen from the grave.

When Rathbun went to bed on Sunday night he had no intention of breaking his fast before morning. On retiring he felt a slight inclination to eat. He awoke shortly before midnight, feeling ravenously hungry. He thought this a warning that he had fasted as long as was good for him and decided to break his fast. He woke Mrs. Rathbun and together they descended to the dining-room, where he ate the following: Two oranges, one dozen oysters, five soda crackers, two-thirds of a cup of beef tea, and half a cup of

After breakfasting Mr. Rathbun returned to his bed. He woke again two hours later, still feeling hungry. He ate another orange and slept soundly until morning, when he ate crackers and milk. At noon he had his first regular lunch and now he will keep on eating.

DECLARES IT IS WRONG.

Rev Henry Frank, of New York, Se Thinks Regarding Reading of the Bible in the Public Schools.

"I denounce the reading of the Bible in the public schools as unqualifiedly wrong, unwarranted, and discreditable to our intelligence," said Rev. Henry Frank, pastor of the Metropolitan Independent church, New York, the other day. He had referred to the recent arrest of a resident of the city for refusing to allow his son to attend a school where the Bible was read. Mr. Frank termed the reading of the Bible in the public schools "an outrage upon the constitutional rights of American citizenship."

"The public schools," continued Mr. Frank, "are secular institutions. Their purpose is the teaching of science and sound philosophy, common sense, and practical ethics. The Bible, however exalted a work it may be, is, nevertheless, a religious text book.

"There are in this country millions of tax-paying citizens whose money austains the public schools, and who don't believe either in the especial sanctity of the Bible or in the particular sectarian deductions which are drawn from its variously construed texts.

Innovation at Oberammergan. The large iron theater now under construction at Oberammergau for next year's "Passion Play" is nearly

finished. The stage will be in the open air. The auditorium will be 143 feet long and will accommodate 4,000 spectators. There will be an office established for the purpose of assigning visitors suitable lodgings, and the tedious two-hours' drive to the village from the railyway will be abolished, se well-equipped electric motor carriages will take visitors from Oberau in half an hour. Needless to say, the villagers do not like these departures. They say it will detract from the devotional attitude which all visitors to the Passionsspiel are supposed to as-

UNDER CANNON FIRE

Graphic Description of a Beer Bom bardment by a British Soldier in Ladramith.

I wonder how many persons realize what a bombardment by modern siege guns means. They are mounted five or six miles from the town, and unless you happen to see the flash, the shell and the report reach you almost simultaneously.

Again, too, the artillery of to-day is such an exact science that there is no need for the gun to be within sight of the object it is intended to hit. Many of the pieces in the battery against us are 100 yards down the slope behind the hill from which they are firing, and have dummy earthworks on the sky line to deceive our gunners.

For this reason you never know when you strike them. It is a curious fact that during the four solid weeks that compliments have been exchanged between the enemy's batteries and our own, not one gun has been definitely put out of action. This would not have been the case had our investment been. delayed even a week. As it is the town suffers the discomfort.

So far I think the most dramatic incident of the siege occurred last Wednesday night. We were bombarded by the enemy for all he was worth during as terrific a thunderstorm as I have ever witnessed in any country.

We have had nocturnal cannonades until we wake up just to know they are going on and drop off to sleep again without waiting for the end; we have had thunderstorms, too, and welcomed them as clearing the air. But the two together, and both on a magnificent scale, was an experience that will never be forgotten.

The thunderstorm started first, and, I am bound to say, made a much better show than the bombardment-besides lasting longer. For a full hour before the storm reached us we sat in front of our tents watching the continuous sheet of light which played in the skies.

Incessant rumblings from far away were echoed among the hills around the town. Then the sheet of light was rengivith blinding flashes, followed by absolutely deafening crashes. The hills seemed to quake. It was worth climbing the one that backed our camp to watch the storm.

Just as we reached the summit we became aware that the Boers were contributing to the entertainment. But the thunder of their cannon was small beer compared with nature's thunder.

It is true that you could discern the flash of their guns upon the background of lightning that played over the hills, but it was like a match struck in front of a Crystal Palace set-piece. It is true, too, you could hear the sound of their cannonade dove-tailed into the roar of the storm, but it was like the firing of a popgun to distract from the noise of a gas explosion.

And so the unequal endeavor to create awe-inspiring effect continued. But it was not for long. A quarter of an hour after the Boer gunners took up the challenge of the storm great raindrops commenced to fall. Then came a soaking downpour, driving artillerymen and spectators of the scene

The storm, to emphasize its victory, lighted up the town and hills with two dazzling flashes. Two fearful claps of thunder followed them, and then the storm growled away in the distant hills, as suddenly as it had approached.

By midnight all was quiet, and the enemy spared us the cannonade he was accustomed to serve out at that hour. -London Leader.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

An English Traveler's View of a Common Custom of __Americans.

"It took me some time to grasp the American point of view in regard to letters of introduction," said an English traveler, chatting in the St. Charles lobby. "When we give a man a letter of introduction at home we consider that we are vouching for him socially, financially and every other way; so, needless to say, it is never done except among relatives or the closest friends. Here you don't seem to take the thing so seriously. When I was in Washington last week I was introduced to a very pleasant gentleman in the real estate business, and chanced to mention that I was going to Nushville next day. 'Oh, indeed!' he said, 'then I'll just give you a line to an old chum of mine there,' and immediately he took a pad of paper and began writing. 'By the way,' he remarked, after jotting down a few words, 'I didn't catch your name exactly. What is the proper spelling?

"The idea of a stranger giving me a letter of introduction to an intimate friend when he didn't even know my name struck me as very strange and amusing. However, I took it with thanks, and later found the Nashville man a very charming fellow. When I left he insisted on giving me a note to a friend in Memphis, who proved equally charming, and who, in turn, supplied me with an introduction to a prominent clubman here in New Orleans. The last letter I haven't presented and don't intend to, because it contains a glaring, although inadvertent, misstatement in referring to me as an old and cherished friend of the good natured gentlemen of Nashville and Washington. The process, as you see. has built me up an entirely fictitious character, and 'pon my word, I can't understand why such friendliness isn't continually and outrageously abused by impostors."-N. O. Times-Democrat.

Her Love for the Poor. "Do you work for the poor?" asked the philanthropist.

"Oh, yes; indefatigably," replied the society bud, with enthusiasm. "Why, I make it a point to go to every charity ball that is given."-Chicago Post.

Edition hebdomadaire \$8.00.

Group of Sightseers in the Low-

He Furnishes Information for a er House Gallery.

A CAPABLE CAPITOL GUIDE.

Many stories, some doubtless the work of the imagination, are told of the guides in the national capitol. Occasionally a new guide is installed, however, who feels it incumbent to earn his tips. One of these, recently graduated from a civil service examination, and still an applicant for promotion in the classified service, had a party in tow a few days ago. Pointing out a desk in the lower house he said:

"That was the desk of Hon. Sockless Simpson. He was the only congressman who didn't wear socks, and the reason was, so I am told, not because he didn't have any, but because he used to keep 'cm in his desk."

Asked about a certain member, he replied: "That is Hon. William Astor Chanler, one of the Astors, and husband of a celebrated woman who wrote a novel called 'Are You Alive or Dead?' He married her while he was traveling in Egypt studying the Spin-

"Which is Mr. Jefferson Levy?" asked one of the group. The guide picked him out and said:

"That's him writing. He gives dances and picnics at Mounty Cello. which he owns. He is kept pretty busy writing passes for people who want to visit his possessions, which descended to him from Mr. Thomas Jefferson, who hitched his horse to one of the pillows of the capital when he was 'naugerated president."

Then he pointed out a spot over on the democratic side and said: "That's where Congressman Roberts stood when he made his speech. He tried to break into the capitol with his three wives, who were up in the gallery when he was doing the speaking act on the floor. They let his wives in that day when women who didn't have but one husband, and some who-didn \$ have any, couldn't even get standin'

"Who is in the chair?" asked one of the young women in the group.

The guide strained his eyes a moment and replied: "Blest if I know that guy's name, but it ain't Henderson. When Henderson's in the chair things are quiet as a lot of mice in the house. But when Dave wants to take a smoke or something, and let the congressmen have it kind o' free and easy, he calls somebody to take his seat that the congressmen can have fun with."

"Who is Dave?" asked one of the group.

"Why, the speaker. We all call him Dave."

All this is vouched for by one of the group who paid the tip.-N. Y. Sun.

BAD BEDFELLOWS.

The Unenviable Experience of a Noted Naturalist with Rattiesnakes.

"When I was collecting specimens of plants and animals in Zacatecas," said the noted Dr. Maximillian Schumann, "I had an experience with rattlesnakes which came near being the death of me."

The doctor is the Belgian explorer and naturalist who went through Africa, and in telling of his adventures, he said:

"I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas to the southeast to examine some old Toltec ruins there. These are known as the Quemada ruins. They are very extensive. I got there late at night. I had shot a couple of doe on the way, and had thrown them across my pack animal.

"On my arrival within the ruins 1 lit a fire to get my supper, after which I spread my blanket and lay down. In the morning when I woke up, I threw my hand outside the blanket. and it almost touched a big poisonous rattlesnake. I escaped by the merest chance. Looking towards my feet, what was my astonishment to see rattlesnakes all over the blankets. There were no less than six of them. besides the one that missed my hand.

"The reptiles were not the Crotalus horridus, or diamond crotalus, known in California, but the Crotalus milarius, found in the hot regions. They are very poisonous. When I had—litmy fire in the evening I could not see the snakes, which I presume had crept along the walls.

"The altitude of Zacatecas and the old ruins is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and it gets quite cold at night. My fire was what undoubtedly attracted them. When they got out towards it they found my bed, and, discerning the warm blankets, crawled up on them and went to sleep. I have always thought it was almost miraculous that I escaped being bitten. As I did not want the snakes, having already all I wanted, I killed them. and nailed them all to the adobe wall with my card on each." - San Francisco

Science at School.

The following comes from an Australian school magazine: "If we break a magnet in halves, each piece becomes a magnet. If we break each piece in halves, each of the smaller pieces becomes a magnet, until we come 10 something which we cannot split up. Each of these pieces which cannot be split up further is called a microbe."-Household Words.

Conciliatory.

She I hope you are not angry with papa for kicking you, dearest? He-Oh, no, I never pay any attention to what goes on behind my back. -Tit-Bits.

For Weeping Women. Unless a woman is pretty in her tears she should do her crying in secret. -Chicago Daily News.

NAVIGATION ON THE SEA.

How the Big Ships Are Guided on Their Way Across the Trackless, Ocean.

Any one who has ever been a passengeronagreat trans-Atlantic liner of today knows what an important, imposing personage is the brass-bound skipper. A very different creature is he on the deck of his ship from the modest scafaring man we meet on land, clad for the time being in his shore-going togs. But the captain's dignity is not all brass buttons and gold braid. He has behind him the powerful support of a deep, delightful mystery. He it is who "takes the sun" at noon, and finds out the ship's path at sea. And, in truth, regarded merely as a scientific experiment, the guiding of a vessel across the unmarked, trackless ocean has few equals within the whole range of human knowledge. It is the purpose of this brief article to explain the manner in which this seeming impossibility is accomplished. We shall not be able to go sufficiently into details to enable him who reads to run and navigate a magnificent steamer. But we hope to diminish somewhat that part of the captain's vast dignity which depends upon his mysterious operations with the sextant.

To begin, then, with the sextant itself. It is nothing but an instrument. with which we can measure how high up the sun is in the sky. Now, every one knows that the sun slowly climbs the sky in the morning, reaches its greatest height at noon, and then slowly sinks again in the afternoon. The captain simply begins to watch the sun through the sextant shortly before noon, and keeps at it until he discovers that the sun is just beginning to descend. That is the instant of noon on the ship. The captain quickly glances at the chronometer, or calls out "noon" to an officer who is near that instrument. And so the exror of the chronometer becomes known then and there without any further astronomical calculations what-

Incidentally, the captain also notes with the sextant how high the sun was in the sky at noon. He has in his mysterious "chart room" some printed astronomical tables, which tell him in what terrestrial latitude the sun will have precisely that height on that particular day of the year. Thus the terrestrial latitude becomes known easily enough, and if only the captain could get his longitude, too, he would know just where his ship was that day at noon.

We have seen that the sextant observations furnish the error of the chronometer according to ship's time at noon. In other words, the captain is in possession of the correct local time in the place where the ship actually is. Now, if he also had the correct time at that moment of some wellknown place on thore, he would know the difference in time between that place on shore and the ship. But every traveler by land or sea is aware that there are always differences of time between different places on the earth. If a watch be right on leaving New York, for instance, it will be much too fast on arriving at Chicago or San Francisco; the farther you go the larger becomes the error of your watch. In fact, if you could find out how much your watch had gone into error, you would in a sense know how far east or west you had traveled.

Now, the captain's chronometer is set to correct "Greenwich time" on shore before the ship leaves port. His observations having then told him how much this is wrong on that particular day, and in that particular spot where the ship is, he knows at once just how far he has traveled east or west from Greenwich. In other words, he knows his "longitude from Greenwich." for longitude is nothing more than distance from Greenwich in an east-andwest direction, just as latitude is only in a north-and-south direction. Greenwich observatory is selected as the beginning of things for measuring longitudes, because that worthy monarch Charles II. (who seems to have done one wise thing) established it at a date preceding the foundation of all other existing astronomical observatories.

One of the most interesting bits of astronomical history was enacted in connection with this matter of longitude. From what has been said, it is clear that the ship's longitude will be obtained correctly only if the chronometer has kept exact time since the departure of the ship from port. Even a very small error of the chronometer will throw out the longitude a good many miles, and we can understand readily that it must be difficult in the extreme to construct a mechanical contrivance capable of keeping cract time when subjected to the rolling and . pitching of a vessel at sea.

It was as recently as the year 1736 that the first instrument capable of keeping anything like accurate time at sea was successfuly completed. It was the work of an English watchmaker named John Harrison, and is one of the few great improvements. in matters scientific which the world owes to a desire for winning a money; prize. It appears that in 1714 a committee was appointed by the house of commons, with no less a person than Sir Isaac Newton himself as one of its members, to consider the desirability of offering governmental encouragement for the invention of some means of finding the longitude at sea. Finally the British government offered a reward of \$50,000 for an instrument which would find the longitude within 60 miles; \$75.000, if within 40 miles, and \$100,000, if within 30 miles. Harrison's chronometer was finished in 1736, but he did not receive the final payment of his prize until 1764.- N. Y. Post,

Love and Mensies. A physician says that love is measles of the heart.-Chicago Daily News.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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