

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Belows never seems to have any enemies in his circle." "No; he just won't loan money."—N. Y. Sun.
"I've got an idea for making automobile races safe." "What is it?" "Let 'em run in a brick tunnel with lots of manholes for the spectators to look through."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Proved It.—Mean Old Man—"I don't believe your story, nor believe that you are blind. Prove it." Beggar—"If I wasn't blind I never would have asked you for assistance."—Detroit Free Press.
Ascum—"I don't see why you patronize that cigar store. They give you a pretty poor weed there." Graphter—"I know, but they keep a big box of matches on the counter and you can take all you want."—Philadelphia Press.
"Flora," said Mrs. Stoyvesant, "I don't want you to call me 'mum-mum' any more. I want you to call me 'mam-mam'." "All right," said Flora, cheerfully. "I will. But if I call you 'mam-mam,' you must call me 'Flora.'"—Somerville Journal.
"You say you're hungry," said the pedestrian who had just been halted. "Well, why don't you go to work?" "Because I'm afraid that would make my appetite more troublesome than ever, sir," replied the tramp in a dignified manner.—Syracuse Herald.
"I don't see why Shoddyman is kicking so about the way the firemen deluged his factory with water. They got the fire out all right before it did much damage." "Yes, but the water ruined his stock." "What does he manufacture?" "Umbrellas."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.
One Interpretation of It.—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" he quoted. They looked at him in surprise. "Evidently," said the thoughtful one, "he is mercenary." "Why do you infer that?" asked the other. "I infer from his remark that he wants to be a millionaire sportman."—Chicago Post.

A GREAT MONEY-LENDER.

John Bull as Uncle—Almost Every Country in the World is His Debtor.
There is not a country in the world which has not had to borrow money from Great Britain, and there are few governments which have not had to fall back on John Bull when they've been in Queer street.
Guatemala, declares Pearson's Weekly, has borrowed a large amount of British capital. How do matters stand to-day? The bonds for £100 are worth somewhere about £23 only, and there has been no payment of interest since June, 1899. Even then only a paltry two per cent was paid, and half of that was not in cash. Honduras is a far worse debtor. The bonds which have a face value of £100 are dear at £5. All this is owing to the fact that Honduras spends far more than it earns.

Columbia, strictly speaking, owes British investors \$3,500,000. Nearly the whole of these debts are due to British creditors. This particular republic, in 1897, called its creditors together and made them an offer of a composition of so much in the pound. It wiped out its old debt by giving new bonds for £2,700,000, on which it paid 1/4 per cent interest. Even other countries, about which we know far more, such as Greece and Turkey, are almost as bad. A Greek £100 bond is worth from £31 to £44, according to its class. A Turkish bond, "series D," is worth but £26. That is why British creditors sigh.
Greece owes her existence to John Bull. Then the money she owes him! This must amount to somewhere about two and a half millions, excluding the loan of 1898, all of which is gone hopelessly. The latter loan was one of £6,800,000, and was guaranteed by Britain, France and Russia, each country being liable for a third of it. Should France and Russia decide to renounce their liability, poor old John will have to go bail for the full amount. Likely this loan will never be repaid.
Greece's old taskmaster is another unfortunate debtor. In 1881 the Ottoman government, being unable to meet its liabilities, was obliged to call together its creditors in order to enter into an arrangement with them. John Bull must have a sum of about £4,000,000 owing to him by Turkey. The sum is the balance still owing of a loan of £5,000,000 made in 1855 in order to help Turkey to fight Russia.
Egypt owes a loan obtained so recently as 1897. In John Bull's account of his expenditure there is a heading: "Special Services: Egyptian Government, Grant in Aid." Under this is an amount of £798,502.
This is because John lent Egypt something better than mere money. He lent her men with brains, who have made her into a healthy, prosperous country of the sort that pay off their debts in full. Egypt has other debts than monetary debts to pay off.

Seen on the Trolley Line.
It is a rather interesting sight to watch the efforts of a short motor-man when he attempts to hold in the circuit-breaker with one hand, and manipulate his controller and ring the gong, all at the same time. The fact that the circuit-breaker is installed to prevent excessive currents from passing through the motors adds zest to the exhibition.—Electric Review.
Correctly Diagnosed.
Naggsby-I noticed that Feathered used vinegar instead of maple drip on his cakes at breakfast, and didn't seem to notice the difference at all.
Vaggsby—I wonder who the poor girl can be!—Baltimore American.

FAST PLAY AT FARO.

Might Have Broken the Bank. But an Earthquake Battered In and Spoiled the Game.
"Don't you think it's time for a fellow to quit the gambling game when Providence gives him the straight tip?" queried the stout man with the railroad spike-shaped cigar, as he pulled his chair near the Cadillac window.
"Well, I do," he continued, "and I knew when it was up to me."
"You see, things had been going against me in the mines, and I was just thinking of holding up a stage or something nice and Christian-like, or Morganizing a bank, when an old pard staked me to a \$20 gold piece. This was in the southern section of California, and it was a long way back east.
"According to my idea I needed more of the mazzina, and I thought it was up to me to go against the bank and just naturally relieve it of its ill-gotten gains.
"I buys a stack of chips. It was a pretty small stack, pard, but it was the best I could do, so I takes a vacant stool and sets in.
"Well, I just soaks the stack on the ace to win and coppers a marker on the seven. Had no particular hunch or reason to do it, but that's the way it came out, and a couple of other bets worked me up to about \$160. I called the turn on a hundred of this, and let things go, for I saw it coming my way, and before the deal was out I was about a thousand to the good.
"This seemed to me to be pretty good money, and I thought I might worry back east on that, but something urged me to play that ace and seven again, just the way I started. So I planks down the money on the ace open and changes my mind. Thinks I to myself: 'I'll just let that thousand lay on that ace for a minute to lose, and I puts a copper on the stack.'
"I was keeping cases then, and suddenly everybody in the room felt a jolt. The windows rattled and the table rocked a little, but I had my eye on Mr. Dealer and sure enough the ace lost.
"I have a sigh of relief, but I then noticed the dealer reaching for my stack.
"'Hold hard there, pard,' I started in, when I noticed there was no copper on my bet. I was flabbergasted for fair.
"'Do you know that little rumble was the tailend of an earthquake, not very strong, but powerful enough, by gad, sir, to jolt the copper off my bet.
"'I took the hint and quit right there," said the man, according to the New York Telegraph. "Thinks I, 'Providence has given it to me straight and I lay down.' You can't play against earthquakes, my son."

EARTH IS SMALL.

Only a Mustard Seed in Size Compared with Other Bodies Circling Around in Space.
Sir Robert Stawall Ball has written a book called "The Earth's Beginning," which sets forth many facts familiar to astronomers, but not, says the New York Herald, to the generalities of people. For instance, the earth on which we live is a mighty globe 8,000 miles in diameter and 24,000 miles in circumference. But what is the earth in comparison with the sun? If we represent this big earth of ours by a grain of mustard seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a coconut. The moon swings 240,000 miles from the earth, yet the sun would more than fill the moon's orbit.
If every pound of coal in the world, a treasure which will supply the wants of mankind for centuries to come, could be thrown all at once into the sun it would not generate as much heat as the sun gives out in the tenth part of a second. And this stupendous orb, the sun, is rushing through space at the rate of 500,000 miles a day, carrying the earth and the other planets with it.
Drive a peg to represent the sun. Then draw a circle, a yard being the radius, and we have the track in which the earth goes round the sun. Inside this circle draw two smaller ones, and you have the paths of Venus and Mercury. Outside the path of the earth we shall draw another circle, with a radius of five yards; this will be the highway along which the majestic Jupiter wends his way. Inside the path of Jupiter we shall put a circle which will represent the track of Mars, and outside the path of Jupiter a circle with ten yards as radius will represent the track of Saturn. To complete one of its circuits of the sun the earth will require a year, Jupiter 12 years, while Saturn will need 30 years to accomplish its mighty journey.
Tremendous as these distances are, they seem as nothing when compared with the awful reaches which separate us from our neighbors beyond the solar system. Sir Robert, continuing to illustrate with his diagram of circles, says:
If we represented the nearest fixed star at its true relative distance it could not be put down anywhere within the bounds of the United Kingdom on our map. The nearest star would have to be put far away out on the continent of Europe, or far away out on the Atlantic ocean, far away down near the equator, or far away up near the pole. And our solar system is a mere speck in space. There are nebulae, the raw material of other systems, so much vaster than our own as to relegate us to nothingness.
A Wise Idiot.
A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling simpleton.—Ran's Horn.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Shakespeare's "King Lear" has just been translated in Japanese and will shortly be performed.
Mrs. Leland Stanford is erecting for Stanford university, which was built and endowed by her late husband and herself, the finest library building in the world, which she proposes to equip with the best assortment of books that money can buy. Rev. Heber Newton, rector of the university, is to have supervision of the library in its initial stages.
The widow of the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who served his time as a type-setter, has given his library to the old printers' home at Colorado Springs. Mr. Cummings had frequently stated that his intention was to make this disposition of his books, but his will made no mention of it. His widow, however, has carried his wishes into execution.
The king of Portugal inherits the scientific tastes of many members of the house of Braganza. His father was a patron of literature and art and no mean scholar. He was a great lover of English letters. The son is distinguished for his scientific acquirements and not long ago published a volume detailing the results of the scientific investigations made on a voyage on board the yacht Amelia.
Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, never submits to an interview. But she cannot avoid being written about. This is a pen picture drawn by a London writer: "A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (couched with gray) waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward. She is of the type of womanhood which accepts the responsibilities of life, which sees both the nobility of motherhood and the nobility of knowledge."
At a sale of books in Washington the other evening the auctioneer put up a set of Theodore Roosevelt's works and after a sharp contest among bidders it was knocked down at a figure slightly in excess of the regular store price. Then the auctioneer picked out a life of George Washington and held that up with the usual preface of choice comment. Silence followed the conclusion of his panegyric. Not a solitary bid was heard. Again the auctioneer tried the value of advertising, but not an offer was made. Tossing the book back on a shelf, he said in a tone of mingled contempt and disgust: "Go back to the shelf, George! You're not wanted; you're a back number. The times are too strenuous for you, George."

PAID BANDIT TO DEPART.

The Cuban Method of Ridding the Country of a Troublesome and Dangerous Outlaw.
Enrique Mesa, the notorious Cuban bandit, a worthy successor of Manuel Garcia and as desperate as the late outlaw, Harry Tracy, has left Cuba for a consideration of \$1,500.
Mesa had for some time been a source of great uneasiness to the inhabitants of small towns in the vicinity of Manzanillo, in the province of Santiago. He was also a thorn in the side of the rural guard. Like Tracy, he was a good shot; he was brave and fearless and a most dangerous enemy.
It is even said that the officers and men of the rural guard feared him.
At any rate Mesa killed and robbed and looted without apprehension by the rural guard, which is a mount military police organization. Mesa was an officer on this force until he killed a newspaper man with whom he had a dispute over politics. Then he took to the woods and became a professional bandit. He surrendered himself, with a half dozen of the worst characters in Santiago province. Raids were made on many small towns and the stores sacked by this gang. The people were afraid to resist, and the police, too, appeared anxious to avoid a conflict with the outlaws. In fact, Mesa threatened to kill on sight Capt. Betancourt, of the rural guard, if the latter dared to pursue him.
There are many idle men in that portion of the country where the "bad man" operated, and his followers increased until they numbered 40. The people finally got together and informed the government that they would pay Mesa \$1,500 if he would leave the country. The authorities agreed to this, and Mesa was waited on with the proposition.
On the day fixed he rode into Manzanillo, says a Havana correspondent of the New York Tribune, and, armed "to the teeth," he went to the steamer between two lines of his former companions, and later his enemies of the rural guard. When he boarded the steamer bound for Mexico the promised money was paid to him, which went to his men, who dispersed.
Military Conscription.
The compulsory enrollment of citizens for military or naval service is unknown in this country as a permanent institution; and twice only in the history of the United States were drafts temporarily resorted to by the government for the purpose of raising and increasing the armies in cases of special urgency, once in 1814 during our war with Great Britain, and once on May 3, 1863, when a bill passed both houses calling every able bodied citizen of military age to enter the federal service, or pay a commutation fee of \$300 for exemption, under penalty of being treated as a deserter.—Detroit Free Press.

GIRL GOES A-FISHING.

And Has an Experience Such as Inexperienced Anglers Are Quite Certain to Have.
My uncle, who is 83 years old, was induced by me—one of those girls that delight in all outdoor sports—to go for a day's fishing on the river, says a writer in Forest and Stream.
The bass were plenty in the Susquehanna, and from all reports also biting well.
Now, uncle was a great fisherman, usually coming in with an empty bait-box and an equally empty fish-basket—but still his enthusiasm was always great, and the immense fish that he lost and the many bites he had were truly remarkable.
For a long time this fishing trip had been planned, so one morning when the wind was in the south and clouds were overhead, our preparations were begun. Of course, the nearest creek was first visited for minnows, when, after a struggle with brush, ditches, tangled lines, and the loss of several hooks, we succeeded in capturing six, which, by the way, were nearly large enough for eating.
Well, we were tired with this attempt, and a little bit discouraged, but we at least had the consolation of knowing where to get some worms to finish out for bait.
Finally, about noon, we were on our way to the river, which was about a quarter of a mile away. Uncle was laden with the minnow pail, two anchors and the fish poles, while I had the bait-box, lunch-basket and an umbrella. We were indeed well equipped.
After securing a neighbor's boat, we had to fix the anchors and rig the fish-poles, and, as it was now long after noon, we concluded to eat our lunch. This task was soon completed, and we were at last on the water. At the mouth of a small creek, which uncle said would be a fine place for bass, the anchor was dropped and fishing was commenced.
We found that the minnows were all dead, as the pail leaked, and the water had nearly all run out, so we had to use worms for bait.
I had just thrown my line in the water, put up my umbrella (the sun was now shining), when, jerk went something at my line. Of course, I at once pulled it up, so quickly, in fact, that my umbrella went handle down in the river, and with my pole uncle's hat was knocked from his head and went sailing serenely down the Susquehanna. We pulled anchors with all haste and were away after the floating articles.
After a ten-minute chase they were captured and put up in the boat to dry, and we were again ready to fish—but, oh! what did I catch? It was merely an old rod which took me about ten minutes to free from the line. Uncle had a very short, slender pole, with which he was fond of throwing about half an hour without even a bite, he concluded that he had too short a line, and at once unreeled about 50 feet more and attempted to throw it; vain attempt—the line was wound around my pole, one anchor, and both oars, and in the struggle the bait-box was knocked into the river, where it immediately sunk.
No, uncle was not provoked, merely nervous; so nervous that a very vigorous jerk which he gave his line left his pole broken above the second joint.
It took us only a short time to go home, and when I go fishing again I shall sit on the shore and fish for shiners. Uncle will have to put in a new supply of fishing tackle and when next he goes he will doubtless consider it more profitable to go alone, or, if he takes me, to at least teach me how to pull in a roat.
HE WAS QUITE A BOY.
Only Sixty-Eight, and There He Had Been Envy'ing the Man of Seventy-Four.
Two elderly men were conspicuous the other morning in a sixth avenue elevated train. They entered at opposite ends of the car. One was short, slow, and heavy of tread, and yet obviously anxious to appear spry and youthful. The other was tall, spare and active, and only gave token of advanced years by the fussiness with which he dusted the car seat before settling down to his morning paper.
As the crowd thinned out at Park place the two men caught sight of each other and the tall one moved over to a seat alongside his friend, relates the New York Times.
"How spry you are for your age!" remarked the short one, with a symptom of envy in his tone.
"Age?" exclaimed the other. "Why, I have not begun yet to grow old. I am only 74."
"74? Well, well," puffed the stout one, "are you 74? I didn't think you were older than I am. I am only 68."
"Why," I exclaimed the lean one, tapping his companion playfully on the knee, "you are quite a boy yet."
Eggs'ese Pumpkin Pie.
Stew the pumpkin till very dry, press through colander; to each two cups of pulp allow one tablespoon (level) of butter, teaspoon cassia, one-half cup molasses, a little salt, clove and ginger (just a pinch), one teaspoon flour. Stir flour in a little cold milk just so it will not be lumpy, and add to rest, then give it all a generous stirring and add three cups of milk. You may vary the quantity of milk according to dryness of the pumpkin. Bake in deep plates.—Boston Globe.
Threw Them at Him.
"I suppose he got a divorce on the 'incompatibility of temper' dodge?"
"Not exactly. It was more the 'bric-a-brac and kitchen utensil' dodge."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THERE IS PROFIT IN WEEDS.

Provided That the Right Varieties Are Cultivated—Some Illustrative Instances.
A garden of weeds is not the unprofitable thing usually imagined—that is, if the right sort of weeds are permitted to grow therein. We know of a gardener who actually encourages groundsel, devoting a great piece of ground to its cultivation. Of all weeds this is the gardener's pest, but our present subject has an eye to business, relates London Tit-Bits. His groundsel crop—there are several during the season—is constantly hawked in the streets as food for birds. He declares that there is more money in a field of groundsel than in a field of beans or a cabbage plot. It is said that a certain farmer in the midlands grows the troublesome weed known as lady's mantle by the acre. Horses and sheep are fond of the lady's mantle, but few think to raise crops of it. As a fodder plant it might very profitably be cultivated, growing luxuriantly on any soil and practically taking care of itself until ready for the scythe.
A Yorkshire farmer cultivates the common vetch in great abundance on ground formerly devoted to turnips and oats. Not only is the vetch good food for animals, but it possesses medicinal properties as well. Horses will eat heartily of the cool, succulent herb when everything else is refused. Nettles are greatly in favor among poor people in the north of England during the early spring months. Boiled as spinach they are agreeable and wholesome—a fact which an elderly lady turns to account. One-half of her big garden in Lancashire is overgrown with the weeds, which she sells readily to the cottagers at a penny per big bundle. Common as is the nettle, it is tedious work picking a quantity, but in this garden it grows in such abundance that an armful may be torn up in a few minutes. Gladly then the penny is given to save a morning's tramp over the commons. The same lady grows chickweed, for laris and linets, easily disposing of it. As it springs up quickly fresh supplies are ever ready.
Another energetic woman cultivates blackberries for the market, and makes them pay, too. The care, fully tended berries are far superior in size and flavor to those of the wild variety, the crop is more certain, and there is no expense in their cultivation. She wonders why gardeners do not grow blackberries as a general thing. "They are more profitable than raspberries," she says, "and far more delicious. Everybody likes blackberries, and no matter how heavy the crop they are never left on one's hands. Several persons, acting on my advice, have introduced brambles in their gardens, and express themselves delighted with the results. In a couple of years the berries grow so large that they seem like a distinct species altogether."

A FEMININE MYSTERY.

It is a Puzzle Why Tall Women Are Melancholy and Small Ones Bristle and Cheerful.
Among the minor mysteries of life is the bewildering fact that, as a rule, the tall woman is of a melancholy disposition, while her smaller sister is of a bright, brisk and cheerful temperament. Science, so far as we know, has never addressed itself to the solution of this puzzle, and the amateur philosopher is therefore left to cudgel his brain and marvel, says the London Globe. Why length of limb should make for solemnity and melancholy, says a writer on this subject, is hard to determine; and there the matter rests. But it is not only on women that length of limb bestows the temperament of Melpomene. Sir Don Quixote was long and lean, while his cheerful squire, munching the crust of content on Dapple, was short and fat. In India there is no brighter and cheerfuller soldier than the little Goorkha; and of late it has been recognized that a stumpy Tommy Atkins is much more vigorous and alert in person in the field than his more magnificent brother of the guards. Length of limb seems to suggest to the mind the need of a stateliness of deportment, which never troubles the consciousness of "the small and tubby." We are left to conclude that the feminine side of our nation which is rapidly becoming famous for its extreme height, will some day become as serious and gloomy as Quakers, and then we shall take our pleasures more sadly than ever.
"The Biography of a Snowflake."
Under this title Mr. Arthur H. Bell describes the life history of the aerial frost flowers of winter. In order to have a fair start in life a snowflake should be built up on a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth, and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, our snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below, the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.—Knowledge.
Mexican Port Lost.
Ocos, formerly one of the principal Mexican ports on the Pacific coast, has almost completely disappeared in the sea, owing to the sinking of the harbor bottom after an earthquake.—Chicago Post.

BEAR HUNTS IN THE SOUTH.

Ancient Function to Which President Roosevelt Was Introduced in the Mississippi Lowlands.
The recent trip of President Roosevelt to the Mississippi lowlands shows that the method of hunting black bears in southern swamps has not altered a particle in a hundred years. Somebody living down there once found out the best way in which to get them, and the southerner is wise enough to know that there is no sense in trying to improve the best.
Then, as now, bear was hunted with a huge pack of nondescript dogs, containing pretty nearly every known breed, mixtures of all the breeds and some breeds unknown. The planters and other Mississippi residents did their best for the president, and that he did not get anything was due wholly to bad luck. The bears are there, the horses, the men, the swamps, and several hundred thousands of the dogs.
When a lot of men in Mississippi or Louisiana or lower Alabama, says the New York Sun, want to go bear hunting they begin, as a general thing, to talk about it six weeks beforehand—the southerner always likes to talk a hunting trip over before he starts; he gets almost as much enjoyment out of the preliminary talk as out of the hunt; and, as he is never in a hurry about anything, he talks slowly and at length.
The long talk ended, arrangements for the chase begin with the parties to it stealing every stray dog they can lay their hands on within a month. These dogs are shut up in a pen on some plantation and get well acquainted with one another, as torn ears testify when they are let out.
Dogs of every conceivable shape and color are prisoners, and of all sizes, from the little fleecy which runs along inside of the dooryard fence and barks at small boys to the heavy-headed, heavy-lidded cross between a mastiff and a deer-hound. Sometimes a lucky man picks up the product of a Newfoundland sire and a dachshund mother, and the product is welcomed by all as a mascot.
Southerners preparing for a bear hunt will steal any kind of a dog except a hound which shows blood or a bird dog. Those two varieties are sacred and not to be sent against a bear to be smashed up.
Dog appearances are deceitful. Occasionally a splendid specimen, with a bull or terrier strain, will turn tail and run like a streak at first sight of a bear; while a miserable, half-starved, droop-tailed, slinking brute, a mixture between a cur and a spitz poodle, will fight like a drunken devil, sailing straight in, with abject tail defiantly rigid and ears laid back, fastening a hold on the bear and enduring a death hug without a whimper.
Almost all these dogs have nose enough to follow a bear scent, which in the slushy, watery soil of the swamp is strong. They are taken from a big wagon when camp is reached and they stay there because they know that is the only place within 20 miles where they are likely to get anything to eat.
It is their business when the trail is found the next day to stay on it and run it out and bring the bear to bay, and they must be good enough fighters to keep the bear at bay until the hunters, guided first by the sounds of their barking and then by the sounds of conflict, approach near enough to shoot.
To the credit of these nondescripts it must be said that, while every pack contains a few defaulters, most of them go in as if they liked it, and are knocked right and left with smashed ribs or ripped sides, rolling over and over in the ooze and bloody from nose to tail root, but getting up and going in again if they are strong enough. Some great fights happen under these circumstances—fights wild enough and savage enough to make the men with the guns stand still and watch with staring eyes until pity for the dogs compels them to shoot.
There are plenty of bears in the southern swamps, and a hunt down there is probably the noisiest thing in the world except a socialist-labor convention. It is full of hard riding and hilarity, mud and blood, strange scenes and sounds and healthy fatigue.
Expensive Bulbs.
Five hundred dollars was often paid in Holland during the famous tulip craze for a bulb of the Admiral Wilkens or of the Gouda variety, \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a Viceroy, and \$2,000 for a Semper Augustus. In 1634 the craze became so great that all usual industries were abandoned. A choice bulb sold for \$1,900 in cash, two horses, a carriage and a set of harness, representing in all \$3,000. Persons frequently invested \$50,000 in a few dozen bulbs with which to begin business, mortgaging their houses or giving personal property in exchange. These extraordinary values checked the cultivation of tulips, as the bulbs could be bought and at once sold at a profit to speculators. Finally the real tulip lovers became disgusted, and in February, 1637, suddenly placed large quantities of the most valuable varieties upon the market. This produced an immediate and disastrous decline in the price of bulbs. Without a day's warning, thousands found themselves ruined. It was several years before Holland overcame the effects of this "strange mania."—Chicago Daily News.
To Lose Friends.
One sure way to lose your friends is to become a chronic kicker.—Chicago Daily News.

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