VACATIONS IN EUROPE.

Americans Can Go Abroad for the Summer as Cheaply as They Can Remain at Home.

Everyone knows that it costs him something to live in this country, no matter where he is; and every one knows that living is cheaper abroad than here, says Collier's Weekly. But the slight effort of putting these two facts together seems to be too great for the average mind, which never fully takes in the truth that, once arrived in a foreign country, an American can live more cheaply there than here.

The cost of transportation is, of course, one item to be taken into account, but this is reduced by common-sense figuring to a nominal sum. To the tired seeker after rest no beginning of a vacation could be more favorable than ten or twelve days spent on a slow, comfortable steamer of one of the smaller lines. The cost of such a passage is about $50 per passenger. The average man would spend at least half of that sum in caring for himself if he stayed closely at home during the ten or twelve days, and he would think he was a good manager if he made a hasty business trip to Washington on the other half.

As to his expense on the other side, it is a certainty that any American can live comfortably abroad for less than what he pays here. Of course, he cannot if he travels incessantly; but once the haunting feeling is lost, that this is his first, last and only opportunity, there will be no necessity for such hurry. He will see before him a vista of vacations, each spent in exploring at his leisure some small district of Europe, whence he will return with nerves calmed, with sane vision, with cool head and (this is an actual fact drawn from repeated observation) with not one penny less in the bank than he would have had had he stayed at home with the usual summer expenses. A man or woman who can afford a vacation anywhere (outside, of course, the regular two weeks' commercial vacation) can afford it in Europe.

Suppose that three concrete examples are taken as covering, roughly, the entire field of varying tastes. Take the case of the man or woman who is thoroughly tired and worn with the excitement and nervous strain of one of our terrible American winters of activity in all directions.

He has two or three months in which to recuperate before the wear and tear of an exactly similar winter begins. There are a dozen German towns, of the third or fourth class in population, where he can live, in greater comfort than in any American boarding house of moderate prices, for not to exceed one dollar a day. For this price he has a good room, of a quietness perfectly blissful to tired New York ears, four meals a day of hearty, wholesome German food, his light and heat, and what is almost sure to be the most quieting and restful of company. He spends his days out of doors walking or bicycling on the excellent roads through a country which, beautiful, historic and keenly interesting as it is, will make the trolley parks, picnic groves or even golf links of his usual summer resort seem tame and uninteresting.

BURIED IN HAREM FOR YEARS.

Bulgarian Officer's Beautiful Wife Stolen and Sold by Turkish Brigands.

A romantic story has come to light of the abduction of a wealthy married Bulgarian woman of good family and her incarceration in a Turkish harem for seven years, says a Berlin report.

Mme. Gerschoff, the wife of a Bulgarian officer stationed in Kaibilar, on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier, and who was then only 22 years of age, was of such surpassing beauty that her fame spread.

One day, when her husband was away at the maneuvers, a number of Turks entered the house, seized Mme. Gerschoff and carried her across the Turkish frontier. A servant witnessed the capture, but was unable to do anything but alarm the police, who were powerless as soon as Mme. Gerschoff had been conveyed into Turkish territory. The Bulgarian government took the matter up, but Mme. Gerschoff had disappeared and no traces of her could be found.

It has now transpired that she was conveyed to Constantinople and sold to a wealthy Turk for $1,000 by the brigands, who had kidnaped her.

She became an inmate of the Turk's harem, and remained in a bondage worse than death for seven years till the chance visit of a Russian woman doctor to the harem gave her an opportunity of escape.

The doctor, at the risk of her own safety, helped Mme. Gerschoff to escape and brought her to the Russian consulate in Constantinople. The Russian consul put her on a Russian steamship which landed her at the Bulgarian port of Burgas, where the authorities took charge of her and sent her back to her home.

German Nonagenarians.

A Dresden statistician has been having compiled a list of registered 72 persons who were more than 90 years old. Among her things, this list of them are relatively the aging. Eight, most of them over eight hundred and four of them has any teeth remaining.—Medical Journal.

Army Without Handkerchief.

The Russian army will be equipped with a handkerchief. He has an ornamental border of red and blue, with the Russian eagle and other patriotic devices.—London News.

MEAT FOR ENGLAND

Much of It Comes Fresh from Far-Off Australia.

Beef Preserved During the Long Voyage in Refrigerator Compartments—Features of the Traffic.

Few people have any idea of the enormous business that is done in frozen meat in the United Kingdom. To take the port of London alone during the year 1901 nearly 5,000,000 sheep were imported in the frozen condition, besides nearly 400,000 quarters of beef and nearly 1,000,000 packages of other produce, such as rabbits, joints of mutton and lamb, kidneys, kangaroo and ox tails and other things. At the Victoria docks alone there is accommodation in the shape of cold chambers for 500,000 sheep and for nearly 300,000 in the cold chambers of the West India dock and the Smithfield stores belonging to the London & India Docks company, and it must be remembered that London, though the principal port of the United Kingdom, is only one of several, says the London Globe. An immense trade in frozen meat is done at Liverpool, Glasgow and other ports.

In Australia and New Zealand the sheep and the quarters of beef, the rabbits, etc., are frozen at stations as near the cattle and sheep runs as it is possible to get them, the frozen carcasses being carried for 200 to 300 miles to the port of shipment in railway trucks fitted with proper insulation to prevent the heat from the outside atmosphere penetrating to the meat. Huge liners, capable, some of them, of stowing as many as 100,000 sheep, bring them to London, Liverpool or elsewhere, the temperature of the holds in which the meat is stored on board the liners being maintained at the same temperatures as that of the cold stores into which they are delivered on arrival—viz., about 15 degrees below freezing point.

The ships which are engaged in the traffic are literally packed from stem to stern with carcasses of sheep, quarters of beef, crates of rabbits, joints of mutton and lamb, etc. It comes principally from the United States and is known as "chilled meat." It is frozen so hard that it looks and feels like wood or stone. One old salt told the writer that a joint of mutton or lamb was much better and handier for knocking the top of a hatchway open than a handspike, it is so much harder and so much more convenient. The carcasses are all dressed in "shirts," consisting principally of coarse calico and on which the marks of the consignee are placed, so that all of the carcasses consigned to one merchant may be kept together. They are hoisted out of the ship's hold by a simple form of chain conveyor fitted with trays just the size to hold the carcass of the animal that is being dealt with. On the arrival on deck each carcass or package is tipped onto a chute, which conveys it to its store or to the railway truck which is waiting it. In the store the frozen carcasses are stacked in bins, one above the other, till they are wanted, when they are delivered to a chute, which conveys them to a weighing machine and thence to the cart or truck in waiting. In the railway trucks they are stacked in much the same manner.

All the frozen meat, except that known as "chilled beef," is frozen quite hard and is maintained in that state until it is required for the market, but with "chilled beef" a temperature a little above freezing is required. Frozen beef commands a very much lower price than chilled beef, and considerable trouble is taken to insure that the beef shall not be frozen. The steamer lines which handle "chilled beef" are fitted with special refrigerating apparatus, by means of which each chamber in which the beef is carried is kept at exactly the temperature required, and this is followed out when the beef is landed, it being kept in the special chamber referred to in which the temperature is always at about 33 degrees. Great care has also to be taken in chilling beef and in bringing it back to its normal temperature. If the chilling is done too quickly a sort of crust of chilled meat is formed on the outside and the meat inside that crust deteriorates, rendering the whole quarter bad on arrival. In the cold stores in which frozen meat is kept there is practically no smell, but in the chambers in which chilled beef is stored there is always a smell which are unpleasant, made when hanging. Chilling, in fact, is a somewhat delicate process to hanging in cold weather, but it is carried out more carefully, as the difference between the value of the meat if properly chilled and carefully thawed, as against meat carelessly handled is very great. The same thing applies to the preservation of eggs from vegetables and other substances. They must not be frozen.

Come Easy, Go Easy.

Tommy Watts: "Say, pop, what is meant by 'common clay'?"

Somers: "Oh, I suppose I will come d.

"Yes, some day you'll have to."

"That's just it. I won't mind it so much when I have to."—Philadelphia Press.

Strenuous Treatment.

Lady (to beggar who has had massage treatment): "Have you had the chilblains?"

Beggar: "Oh, bad fate, stunning cave. "Who gave it to you?"

"My old woman with a kettle at hot water."—Chicago Daily News.

DRUMMING OF THE GROUSE.

Process by Which the Sound Is Produced Described by an Observant Woodsman.

A particular description of the manner in which the male grouse drums is given by Edward Banks, of Price county, Wisconsin, who has spent some time in observing it at this pastime, if it may be called a pastime. Banks has been building a cabin amid the hemlock woods near Long lake, going to his work just after daybreak and putting in all of the day hours with ax and saw, relates the New York Sun.

Early in May he heard a grouse drumming. As usual the sound seemed to be a long way off, but he decided to investigate and began moving softly among the trees. He found the bird within 50 yards, got within 20 yards of it, hid behind a big birch and watched it.

The grouse stood upon a dead log nearly three feet through and bare of bark. It was standing motionless when Banks saw it, apparently half asleep.

Soon it began to show signs of uneasiness, poking its head first to the left and then to the right. Then it squatted, bringing its breast within an inch of the log, and began to drum.

The drumming lasted for eight or ten seconds, then ceased, and the bird became once more erect. Fully five minutes elapsed before it drummed again. So long as he watched, intervals of from three to five minutes passed between the drummings.

It always preceded the drumming by the signs of uneasiness, moving its head to right and left, sometimes shifting its feet upon the log. Just before the drumming started, when it had squatted into position, it spread out the gray feathers of its tail as widely as they would go, making a fan just as the turkey gobbler spreads its tail when it struts.

This fan the grouse brought down upon the log and held it there, pressing it against the timber as tightly as possible, and it kept it so while the drumming lasted, not relaxing the tension until the last sound had ceased. While drumming the head was stretched far forward and the neck was rigid.

The bird always began its drumming by two or three tentative flaps, given slowly and producing only a softly muffled noise. It seemed to be doubtful of its ability to drum and appeared to be trying how it would go.

After these two or three flaps it brought its wings sharply against its body and sailed out into the full tide of its instrumentation. The strokes, at first slow, increased swiftly in rapidity, finally merging into the thunderous roll made by the wings of the grouse when in full flight. Then the drumming ceased abruptly, not shading down into slowness and softness, as it had begun.

Sometimes, having completed its beats, the grouse would walk up and down on the log for two or three feet, evidently immensely proud of itself. Always when the drumming was resumed, it took its original position, standing with its feet in exactly the same place.

In making this sound the rear edges of the wings were brought down and forward. The grouse, in fact, seemed to be scooping its wings forward and slapping itself upon the breast in much the same manner as a man slaps himself upon the chest in cold weather; only, of course, the wings were not crossed. The wings were brought as far forward as possible and outstretched before they were slammed against the body.

On every clear day since then this grouse has drummed on the same log, standing in the same place. It keeps it up for hours in the morning, goes away shortly before noon and returns about two o'clock in the afternoon, drumming nearly until sunset at intervals of five minutes.

Banks is certain that it does not brush the log with the tips of its wings and that such contact has no part in producing the hollow, thunderous notes of the drum. There is short green moss on the log where the grouse stands, and though the bird has drummed there not less than a dozen times this moss shows no signs of having been disturbed.

Banks is certain that the female is nesting somewhere near. When the hen is sitting the male bird does not wander far from the nest.

Hostage for a Nickel.

Almost daily one sees records of different persons being detained in default of various large sums of money. Here is a little girl who the other day offered to place her little flaxen-haired brother in trust for the tiny sum of five cents. The transaction, or what might have been one, took place in a certain barber shop in town. The barber had just finished rounding off the little fellow's bangs and was heaping all manner of praises on him for his good behavior during the process of the operation, and the little sister stood proudly by, happy in the thought that she was guardian through such an ordeal. Finally the time came to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and she handed over to the barber a bright ten cent piece.

"Oh, haircuts's 15 cents," remarked his tonsorial highness.

"Is it? But that's all I have with me! Well, you keep him here," remarked the sacrificing little guardian, "and I'll run home and get the rest."—Philadelphia Press.

A Happy Medium.

Furniture Salesman: Here are two chairs—a Louis XIV that is worth $10 and a Louis XVI for $18.

Buyer: I like the last one, but haven't you perhaps a Louis XV? I don't want to pay more than $12.—Woman's Home Companion.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The thriftiest robber on record was the Maine highwayman who held up a citizen the other day and after taking his purse, which proved to contain only a few dollars, picked his teeth for more than $100 worth of gold.

At the time when some anxiety was felt in Washington regarding the health of Gov. Taft, of the Philippines, Secretary Root cabled an inquiry as to his condition. The governor answered saying he had just completed a horseback journey of 25 miles and "stood the trip well." As Mr. Taft weighs 250 pounds, the secretary could not resist the temptation to inquire by cable: "How is the horse?"

Gen. O. O. Howard occasionally addresses juvenile patriotic clubs. An organization of this type entertained the veteran at a sociable and dinner. A little chap near the general displayed a good appetite. "You eat well, my son," said the old soldier. "Yes, sir." "Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot." Gen. Howard's eyes beamed on the boy. "Yes, sir; but I've been practicing eating 12 years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.

One of the most enthusiastic baseball cranks in the country is a blind man, James Judge, of Minneapolis, a master steamfitter, successful contractor and mechanical inventor of pronounced ability. He has been totally sightless for 40 years, and never saw a baseball game in his life, but he never allows business to interfere when he wishes to "see" a contest on the diamond. Mr. Judge is always accompanied by someone who tells him of the various plays, and he yells as loudly as anybody, even shouting: "Down in front!" when someone obstructs the view of those who can see. He is an inveterate smoker, too, thus disproving the oft-heard statement that one must see the smoke in order to enjoy a cigar.

Andrew Carnegie once paid a debt which his mother incurred long ago in the highlands of Scotland before her son had earned his first dollar. When leaving Scotland Mrs. Carnegie had borrowed a few shillings from a neighbor and as the years rolled by the debt was forgotten and left unpaid. Not long ago it came to light in a curious way. An enterprising advertising manager offered a prize for the best suggestion as to how Mr. Carnegie should use his wealth. One of the answers was that "the best thing Mr. Carnegie could do was to pay his mother's debts," and in this way Mr. Carnegie first learned of the 15 shillings his mother had forgotten to repay. He made inquiries, found that two daughters of his mother's friend were living, and paid them each $45, being at the rate of compound interest at five per cent, twice over.

SHE DSDN'T WANT FIXIN'S.

This Heiress Had No Use for Anything But "Just a Plain Little Home."

They sat crowded into a narrow seat on a Wabash avenue grip car. He was a tired-looking man with a babe in his arms; she was a tired-looking little woman, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it, George?" she said, with more enthusiasm than anyone would ever have suspected her of having stored away in her anaemic-looking body. "Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it?" she went on. "Just think, $3,000, George, and it'll be our own."

George grunted.

"Ain't it grand, $3,000?" she repeated.

"I can fix up the barber shop a little now, I guess, and you can get a diamond if you want it," the husband said, as he shifted the sleeping babe from one arm to the other.

"No, we don't fix up no barber shops and we don't wear no diamonds. We're going to hang on to that $3,000 like it was all the money in the world."

"I know, but I could make a lot more money if the shop had a few of those fancy fixin's. Fixin's draws trade."

"Yes, but George, you don't get any fixin's with my money. It was my pa that died, and he didn't leave no $3,000 for barber fixin's, and I'll be thinkin' a long time afore I say buy any fixin's with my $3,000. I'm goin' to buy us a home, and there won't be any fancy fixin's. I want just a pain little home."

"Ain't you ever goin' to buy no diamond?" asked the husband in astonishment.

"No, I ain't a goin' to buy no diamond."

"Well, you're the funniest woman I ever saw. Now that we're rich you don't want to do a thing with the money. I wish your pa had never died and left us anything."

The wife said something as the two got off the car. It was something about diamonds, but she said it in a way to let those who heard her know that she didn't hanker much after any of Kimberly's gems.

Literary Dangers.

Literary Young Man (at social gathering): Miss Jones, have you seen "Crabbe's Tales"?

Young Lady (scornfully): I was not aware that crabs had tails.

Literary Young Man (blushing fearfully): I beg pardon, madam; I should have said, read "Crabbe's Tales"?

Young Lady (angrily scornful): And I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either.—Stray Stories.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

She: "You say you are devoted to art. What is the particular art that you love best?" He—"Thou art."—Kansas City Times.

Hewitt—"Gruet has queer ideas about dress." Jewett—"Yes; he wears a silk hat with an automobile face."—Town Topics.

"How would you present a dog from going mad on Saturday?" "I dunno." "Kill it on Friday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Och, Tirince, me boy, is that you? Some wan dead?" "Yis; poor Mickey O'Toole." "When did he doi?" "Yisterday." "Begorra! He had a foine day for it."—London Tit-Bits.

Salesman (recommending blue necktie with large pink spots)—"But wouldn't you like one like that? I'm selling a lot of them this year." Sarcastic customer: "Indeed! Very clever of you, I'm sure."—Harvard Lampoon.

An Insinuation.—Miss Cutting—"That dog of yours seems to be remarkably intelligent." Softleigh—"Yaws, indeed! I—aw—couldn't begin to tell you all he knows." Miss Cutting: "No; of course not."—Chicago Daily News.

"Your new boss is an old campaigner, I believe," remarked Crumley. "Well," replied Worrit, "he's a great handshaker." "Is that so?" "Yes, he has shaken nearly all the old hands who were in the shop before he took charge."—Philadelphia Press.

Flatbush—"I thought your wife was superstitious?" Bensonhurst—"So she is." "Why, she told my wife she planted some garden seed on a Friday, and it came up quickly." "So she did; but it was the chickens that brought it up."—Yonkers Statesman.

GAMBLER SAVED HIS FRIEND.

Advanced Money Lost at Poker and Won It Back with More from Sharpers.

In one of the prosperous mill towns in Wisconsin on the shore of Lake Winnebago, there used to be a game of poker going on which carried no limit. Big sums of money were won and lost and as the chief of police sometimes took a hand, it seemed a safe game to try, relates the Philadelphia [illegible]

A traveling man from New York came along one day and was made welcome in the game. So welcome, in fact, that they did not let him get away until he had left $2,200 behind. The money belonged to his firm, and when he got back to New York exposure and disgrace stared him in the face. He went to a gambler friend of his and told him the story.

As the play was described the gambler knew that it was crooked and that his friend had been robbed of his money. He loaned him $2,000 to make good to his firm and then took a quiet trip west. When he reached this town of the game he posed as a traveling man with plenty of money. He was a "good fellow," spent his money freely and was soon invited to "sit in" at the game. He cheerfully complied, and in several successive hands $500 or $600 with such good grace that he was considered an easy mark.

Soon any night came and the word was passed around that there would be a good game that night. The chief of police thought it was a good thing that he invited the chief from a neighboring city.

It was a good game from the start. The limits ran high and the interest followed them. The gambler wanted patronage until it was time for a big jack pot. Then he let things to the cards and there was no player among the six who had less than a straight.

Two of the players were given four of a kind and he thought he reserved a straight flush for himself. When the last bet was made Mr. Gambler raked in $12,000 and the spirit of the crowd was broken. They all quit and were about to leave when he ordered more wine and said he wanted to tell them a story.

They listened and he told the experiences of the traveling man who had been fleeced in the game and saved from disgrace by his gambler friend. In the story the man was not named, and the town was not indicated. The story wound up with a well-drawn account of how the gambler journeyed to the west, sat in the crooked game that had robbed his friend and ended by winning $12,000.

"This is the town, this is the game, and I am the gambler," he said, in conclusion.

There did not appear to be anything for them to say, so they went home [illegible], but the citizens of Lake Winnebago heard the rattle of the chips much less frequently after that.

Not Very Complimentary.

Nellie: How did you work father so beautifully?

Jack: With diplomacy, my dear—pure diplomacy. I told him I wanted to marry one of his daughters. He glanced at me and asked me which one of the six. I said Laura.

"You said Laura?"

"Yes; as diplomacy, my dear. He flew into an awful rage, and said I couldn't have her. He said she was too good for me. I insisted. He grew madder. I said insisted. Then he roared out, 'You can't have Laura, you jackanapes! Nellie is quite good enough for you!' And that's the way I got you, Nellie, dear. Wasn't it beautiful diplomacy?"—London Tit-Bits.

Spanked at Once.

Fiery Female (lecturing on temperance)—And I argued with my husband for 12 long years, and at last induced him to sign the pledge. I was so overcome with joy that I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

Voice from the audience (seriously)—Served him right.—Stray Stories.

A FEAST OF NEEDLES.

Tale of a Goat that Ate Twenty-Three Threaded, and Literally Sewed Himself Up.

Some interesting stories are related concerning the sailors and their trade in animals. On an island in the Bay of Rio de Janeiro there exists a somewhat curious breed of goats, and on one occasion, when a vessel of the United States navy put into that port, a sailor made a trip to the island, saw and admired the goats, and, declaring that he would like to have one for a pet, purchased a handsome billy and had the animal transferred aboard ship. William was fairly well behaved, but he had an astonishingly unnatural and depraved appetite. The Harlem goat, which the comic journals credit with living on a diet of tin cans and circulars, was a dainty epicure compared with this Brazilian goat. The officers could not sleep at night for thinking that perhaps he would eat the brass railings of the ship before morning, while one old salt declared that by all that was holy he had seen William make a meal of a can of powder. Consequently all hands were on the watch for several days to prevent him from swallowing any matches. For the vigorous appetite of the goat recorded finally in his undoing, relates the Washington Post.

One day the sailors were busy sewing and mending some sails and tarpaulins, and when the meal time was announced they left their needles and thread lying where they could pick them up again when they returned. While they were gone William came along, saw the thread, and, taking it for granted that it was some new variety of hay, gobbled up thread, needles and all. When the sailors returned he was nibbling away on a piece of sail cloth. Even then they could not believe that he had swallowed their needles, but suspected that some of the loafers on shore had stolen them during their absence, until, some days later, a thing occurred which revealed the whereabouts of their missing sewing material. A day or two after this occurred William looked somewhat groggy. Later he indulged in fits at intervals of every 30 minutes or more until death put an end to his misery. His condition excited the curiosity of the ship's surgeon, who held a post-[illegible] examination through his anterior, in each case the thread attached. He was literally sewed up.

RAINY DAY IN A ZOO.

Some Animals Like the Damp Atmosphere, Others Fume and Look Disconsolate.

"The effects of a rainy day upon the animals of a zoo," said a keeper in the New York municipal park the other day, "are very interesting to watch, as anything I know in connection with a collection of beasts. Each one takes the damp atmosphere in his own particular way, just as people do, only I may say that animals are a heap more cheerful about it," says the New York Mail and Express.

"Now, take that big timber wolf over there. While he will persist in a [illegible] and skins about as gay as you please. All the wolves are the same, but others [illegible]

"But the lions are different. They [illegible] and crouch and crawl to the [illegible] and [illegible] about as much as a dog pan of warm milk. Then they will sleep, not a [illegible] one to get into the arms of a lion or any of the cat family.

"Snakes are kept in just a certain temperature all the time and you would think that the damp air would cause death to them. Perhaps it does, but I have always noticed that all the reptiles are active and cheerful, if a reptile can be cheerful, when it rains.

"The deer family, the bears, the various sorts of wild goats, chamois and the like don't seem to mind the rain a bit.

"Birds, however, are the most down-in-the-mouth, disconsolate, dreary things in the world on a rainy day. They don't sing, hardly chirp, but just settle down as be as miserable as possible. Excuse me from the feathered tribe when the clouds are hanging low.

"You'd be surprised," concluded the keeper, "how many people brave the rain and show to go through the zoo. Last Sunday and you know how it stormed scores of people were here, and we weren't surprised as it's an old story to us. I've seen people stand for hours in the rain watching the seals enjoying the downpour. Why do they do it? Oh, I know more about animals than I do people. Ask some of the rainy day ones sometime."

A Reminder.

Chappie—You are a keen study, Cholly.

Sidonie—Yes; my wife told me to stop at the market and get some things, and I took a look at it.

"Have a cigar. May be that'll help you a little."

"Eh? What's it? Now I remember. She scribbled on a list."—Philadelphia Press.

No Need of It.

"You used to live in a paper here, didn't you?" asked the visitor in the village.

"Yes, but it failed."

"What was the reason of that?"

"Why, when the club fever got started here the women organized eight clubs, and after that all the local news and gossip was circulated before the paper came out."—Chicago Post.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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