FOR ONE LONELY VOTER.

Remarkable Election Held in a District in France.

A enrious election took place at Les Sables, in the department of the Var, recently, when a single elector drew up the whole list of candidates and was the only one to vote. He naturally voted for his whole list, himself included. The commune contains about 500 inhabitants. Some time ago the municipal council resigned. Elections were held on November 25 last, when only four men came to vote. There was to be a second election last Sunday The whole day passed and not a solitary voter appeared. A quarter of an hour before the legal limit of time elapsed a benevolent citizen at last appeared, drew up a list of eten candidates, including himself, and voted. A quarter of an hour later the election was declared legally valid, and the other nine candidates were duly notified of their election. They have since declined in a body to be elected by a single vote. The good natured citizen, therefore, who alone voted now constitutes by himself the town council of Les Sables. What is stranger still is that he may invoke a precedent. In fact, on a previous occasion, another citizen was also the sole voter at an election, and voted for himself, remaining legally in office for ten years. This would indicate that political activity is at a low ebb in the Var. and yet the French prime minister, M. Clemenceau, is senator for that department. Perhaps his energy makes up for the negligence of the rest.

SHERIDAN VERY MUCH ALIVE. Good Joke Brought Off in the Days of the Regency.

The First Gentleman in Europe dictated to Sheridan a letter making fun of the grotesque appearance of a crony of the Prince's, Maj. Hanger, at a ball given in celebration of the Queen's birthday. The Major, on receipt of a letter, hastened to show it to the Prince, who insisted that only a duel a outrance could wipe out the insult. On examining the handwriting the Prince said he had no doubt at all it was Sheridan's, and the author of "The School for Scan--dal" was accordingly challenged. The duel was of such vindictive deadliness that it was not till three shots on either side had been interchanged. and till Sheridan fell, that the honor of the Major was satisfied. "Killed, by G-!" exclaimed Capt. Morris, in a voice of horror, and he and his rincipal, the Major, fled the field. Enspeakable was the relief of the remorseful Major when Sheridan turned up that night at the Prince's dinner table. "How-how-how is this?" he stammered. "I thought I had killed you!" "No, my good fellow," replied Sheridan, "I wasn't good enough to go to the world above; nor as yet quite bad enough to go to that below; therefore, I deferred my departure. But, I say, Hanger, didn't I die well?" It was then explained to the mystified Major how he had been hoaxed by the Prince, who had arranged that the pistols should be charged only with powder.

Open to Grave Doubt. Richard Harding Davis was talking in New York about the life of a re-

"A hard life it is," said he. "It is a life that taxes all the energies. I don't care how great a genius a man might be, how resourceful, how persevering, how alert, all these qualities would be brought in play if the man turned reporter and on many a good story he would still fall down

"Reporters are often snubbed. There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson.

"The bank had gone up through a defaleation, and Jimmy went to .interview its head. But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door.

"'Young man,' he said, 'I always make it a rule to mind my own busi-

"'Were you doing that, said Jimmy, when the cashier made his haul?"

Long Talks in London. Those who sometimes complain of

the inadequate telephone facilities of London doubtless do not realize that the metropolitan telephone's area is by far the largest city telephone area in the world, covering over 640 square miles, a space in which Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, New York and Thicago could all be set out with room to spare. The difficulties and the cost of building and maintaining a uniform telephone system at uniform rates in such a vast area, especially without proper facilities for constructing underground conduits for the wires -- facilities which have always been re-Insed by the authorities though denied to no other electrical undertakingare not in the least appreciated by the average telephone loser.—London En-

Bill Knew Grease.

One day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said:

. "Dolly, pass the grease." "Why, William," said his wife, "you

-should call it gravy." "Wa al, says Bill, "I guess if it got on your tablecloth it would be greame."

PRAYERS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Request for Special Exhortation Put Bather Strongly.

The late Gen. Alfred Holtt of Dover, N. H., was for many years general in chief of the militia forces of the state. Yearly musters were the custom during the early part of the last century, such annual occurrences being a great public display, and the approach of muster day was looked forward to as a season of great local

One particular year the muster at Barrington, N. H., was looked upon as of more than ordinary importance in that the governor of New Hampshire was the guest of honor. An unusually large crowd assembled, for the great man's presence was regarded as an especial compliment to the town. The soldiers appeared in much more elaborate regalia than was their wont, bands of music were present, and the whole countryside was in its

gala mood. Gen. Hoitt did not fail to appreciate the importance of the occasion. It was the custom to open the military exercises with prayer, and Elder Sherburne of Barrington was the chaplain of the town regiment. Just before the exercises began the general bustled up to the clergyman. and in his most earnest and excitable manner addressed him as follows:

"Elder, this is a great day for Barrington! She will never see another like it on the Lord's earth! We've got the governor here, and a bigger crowd than we'll ever see again! Now, elder, all I have to say to you is, go in and pray your d-dest!

PLEA FOR PLAIN WORDS.

Historian Objected to Use of Greek in Conversation.

Freeman, the historian, it was said was apt to grow irritable over matters of intellectual difference. One day he was at the Macmillans', when the conversation turned upon the subject of Ireland. Mr. Macmillan said that, for his part, he was in favor of granting autonomy.

Whereupon Freeman began to growl at the use of a Greek word.

"Why can't you speak English?" demanded he, "and say home rule, instead of speaking Greek, which you don't know?"

One of the guests flushed with anger and ventured to reprove Freeman. calling his attention to the respect due their host, and at the same time paying tribute to Mr. Macmillan's remarkable abilities. But although Freeman did not apologize in so many words, he smoothed the matter over by a humorous repetition of his criticism. Later, some one mentioned "There you go again!" exclaimed Freeman. "Why can't we call it toe-woe?"

A New Device for Seances.

A German spiritualist, writing in Psychic Studies, describes a new apparatus for obtaining what is known as direct writing. It consists of a cubical box about a foot each way, the front being formed by a conical bag of soft but closely woven black silk. Through a hole in the tip of the bag a pencil is placed, so that the longer part is inside the bag and the point outside. "The notion is that a spirit hand can materialize inside the conical bag or sleeve," says the account, "and can direct the movement of the pencil over the paper. A medium, a country girl of 14, who can only read, write and work the simplest arithmetic, placed her hands on, the top of the box, in full light, and soon the conical bag swelled out as though a hand were inside, and the pencil began to write. The box and bag being entirely closed and dark inside, there is no obstacle to the materialization of a hand within; thus direct writing can be obtained in a lighted room."

Founded on Self-Respect.

Certain outward social forms may be acquired by a study of etiquette, but true politeness does not consist in the intentional, or even conscious, observance of any code of manners.

A truly polite man, consequently, does not think out or learn a special line of conduct. He simply does that which his instincts prompt him to do, never worrying himself or others to decide what ought, or ought not to be

done in a given set of circumstances. Real politeness is much more than a question of external conduct. It is an expression of character on the part f one who combines sympathy for others with a proper degree of selfrespect. Indeed no one can properly respect his fellows who does not properly respect himself.

New Style of Paper.

"Right in the middle of a story, my paper gave out," said a newspaper woman, "and I sent in haste to the local stationer's around the corner. I wrote a note as follows: "Please send a pad of yellow paper, 8x10, unlined preferable."

The maid brought back the pad, on the wrapping of which the proprietor had written: "Hope this will do. It is yellow and unlined, but we are all out of proferable."

Absent-Minded.

Stranger (with suitcase)-Can you advise me, sir, as to the nearest route to the leading hotel? The Native-Straight ahead three blocks. Two dollars, please.

Stranger -- Eh? Native - Beg pardon Force of habit. My card. I'm Dr. Pellet.

BEGAN SELLING RAT TRAPS.

A Millionaire Made His First Money in That Way.

Joy Morton, the Chicago millionaire and president of the International Salt company which has extensive salt interests in Hutchinson, Kan., made his first money by selling rat traps, says the Kansas City Star. That was before his father, J. Sterling Morton, became secretary of agriculture in President Cleveland's cabinet, and when he and his brother, Paul morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance company, were boys in Nebraska City,

Neb. Joy Morton and his brother were on their way west the other day and were at luncheon at the Hotel Balti-

more when he told the story. "In those days the patent right was not in such bad repute," he said. "A man came to Nebraska City with a patent rat trap and I purchased the privilege of selling the devise in and about the vicinity of my town. The rat trap was a device fearfully and wondrously made and the price was five dollars each. It consisted of a large grab hook on a strong, heavy spring. When a rat nibbled at the bait he tripped the spring and the hook swung over and nailed him. The trap had one fault. It was good for only one rat, for after it had killed one none of his companions would go near it again for a long time, because they scented the blood on the wire. The eligible customers in my territory conceived that five dollars per rat was too extravagant a plan of extermination and I sold only six traps. It was the first money

PUT END TO ONE CROP.

I ever made."

Last of Persistent Questioner, if In-

structions Were Followed. A well known congressman was addressing an agricultural meeting, and in the course of his remarks expressed

the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops. One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he

would recommend. "Everything in turn," he replied. "Well," said his interlocutor, "if Swedes don't come up what then?" "Sow mustard," said the congress-

"And if mustard doesn't come up,

what then?" And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the congressman's patience being exhausted, he put anend to his questioning amid roars of laughter, by saying:

Oh, sow yourself, and won't come up.

Cabby Found Out.

Cabby is very often a most sagacious person. One night Rev. John Williams, a newly-returned missionary, took a cab in a dubjous frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only knew that his host lived in Harcourt street.

"What am I to do?" he asked of

"Never mind, sir," was the reply. "I'll find it for you."

"But you can't; you don't know his "Leave it to me, sir-leave it to

me; I'll find him." They drove to Harcourt street, and the man, beginning at the end, knocked at every door and made an inquiry. Halfway down the street he rejoined his employer and said: "It's

all right, sir; it's here." "How do you know?" "I asked, sir, "does Rev. Mister Williams live here? And the maid said! 'No; but he's dining here to-night."

Through Long Use.

Stray Stories.

"Ask any sea captain of long stand. ing," remarks a veteran skipper, "and he will tell you that long use of the teescope, the quadrant, and other instruments for making calculations at sea, has the effect of drawing the sight from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly and often through the instruments.

"This peculiarity of vision is common to all skippers and other ships' officers who have had very long experience on the sea. I can discern objects at an enormous distance with my right eye, but am searcely able te read with my left. The tendency of Nature to adjust itself to conditions is beightened in this case by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially try-

An Epic on the Sefa.

The only article of furniture that has had an epic all to itself is the sole, though, considering the many hours of sweet repose which must have been spent upon it by tired humanity, it deserves to have had many. Cow per's placid poem upon it was inspired by his friend, Lady Austen, who suggested the sofa as a subject for his muse, and out of this beginning grew the whole structure of "The Task." In "The Sofa" Cowper opens with a "historical deduction of seats from the stool to the sofa."

Woman, Lovely Woman. Fair Guest (at wedding)—They say the groom is a bright literary light. Another-Yes, but she really ought to have married a railway conductor. Fair Guest-Why, Maud, how you talk! Why should she have married

a conductor. Another-He might teach her hew to manage a train.

STHE COAT ON THE ARM.

Showing Importance of Making & "Front" in New York.

It is better to put on a stiff front and keep a stiff upper lip in this town than to have no front at all and bite your lip. It is not always the man who strolls down Broadway wearing a bland smile with a faded 'mum on the lapel of his coat and with his overcoat carelessly swung across his arm who dines at Del's or who owns a seat on 'change or who goes to Europe every year to buy pictures for his gallery. Sometimes a smille covers an empty stomach and an aching heart on the Great White Way. Through the midway of the great commercial artery between Herald Square and Longacre there stroll every day scores of men who carry their overcoats over one arm, regardless of temperature, simply because their "bennies" do not fit. The other day a portly chap who held a good place last season with a theatrical company strolled down Broadway. "Better slip on your coat," said a friend. "It's pretty cold, old man." "Oh, no, me boy," was the reply; "I'm not afraid of penumonia. Besides," and his voice took on a confidential tone, "don't you see me boy, I've outgrown this coat by 40 pounds and could not get into it with a shoe horn. I can't afford a new one, but I don't like to have it thought that I don't own a coat, you know. My suit, you see, will stand scrutiny, so I wear a chest protector, and everybody thinks I'm so hardy. It's a great scheme." Then he swung off up Broadway, a picture of mystery-Pittsburg, Dispatch.

ALASKA'S GREAT FISH RIVER.

Nushagak the Basis of Important Canning Industry.

How many readers ever heard of the Nushagak river, asks the Youths Componion. Not many, it is safe to say. Yet the department of commerce and labor pronounces this river of western Alaska "one of the important fishing streams of the world." The fish which the Nushagak furnishes is salmon, the taking, canning, freezing and salting of which is an Alaskan industry, the importance of which is shown by a recent report issued by the department of commerce and labor. The first two canneries were built in 1878. Since then the number has increased until in 1902 there were 64 establishments, which put up more than 2,500,000 cases. Low prices since then have somewhat reduced both the number of canneries and the output; nevertheless, since canning began in Alaska, nearly 22,000,000 cases have been sent In order to provide some terpoise to this tremendous drain the packers combined to start hatcheries. These have been carried on with important results and increasing success. In 1905 the United States bureau of fisheries took up the work, in addition to what had been done by the packers. There are now nine batcheries, from which about 450,000,000 fry have been

Valuable Chairs. The value of chairs is strictly relative. Enormous prices have been paid for chairs in recent years, notably the \$100,000 for a set of half a dozen Louis XIV. chairs uphoistered in Gobelin tapestry, originally made for Marie Antoinette. Even this price, however, was exceeded by sums paid for three of the Hamilton palace chairs, one of which brought \$3,900. A most valuable and historical interesting suite of furniture is that which, more than a century ago, was presented by Warren Hastings to Tippoo Sahib, and which was purchased at the Londesborough sale for \$5,000. The suite consisted of a card table and sofa, two small cabinets and four armchairs, all of solid ivory most exquisitely carved. But probably the most costly chair in the world is one of the treasures of the shah of Persia. It is of solid gold, thickly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls and sapphires. Its value is estimated to be \$2,500,000.

HIT Back.

Walking along a road in the remote west of Ireland, two tourists were passing one of the cottages, or, as they are better known in the country, "cabins," of the pessantry. This particular "cabin" was even a more than usually dilapidated specimen of its class, and the chimney, consisting mainly of the remains of an old top hat, presented a comical, if pathetic, appearance.

Tipping his friend a wink, one of the tourists accosted a youth who was sitting contentedly on a feace. "I say my boy," he said, "does that chimney draw well?"

"Shure, thin, it does," was the prompt reply: "it draws the notice o' iverey fool that passes by:"

Not the New England Variety. "O! they're real swell people," said the Chicago man; "an old Mayflower family,' I believe."

"You mean their ancestors came over in the Mayflower?" asked the visitor from the Best. "O! no. I mean they made their

money in 'Mayflower Hams,' oldest brand o' hams in this section."

Succeeded. Bacon-You say Grafton is a suc-

Egbert-He certainly is." Bacon-But I understand his business methods are questionable; why, then call him a successful man?

Egbert-Because he's kept out of

EXCITING INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

Burning Hat Not Unnaturally Cause of Great Commotion.

 An exciting incident occurred in a church at Heaton Moor, Manchester, England, during a recent service. While the congregation were singing the last hymn a tall waving plume in a young lady's hat was ignited at a gas bracket and began to blaze. The flames were observed by a member of the choir, and he immediately left the choir stalls and ran down the chancel. Pulling off his coat as he went he rushed past the lectern and down one of the aisles to where the lady was standing. Two school boys sitting behind saw what had occurred, and instantly began to search for the hat pins. The lady, not knowing the reason for such a liberty, had not recovered from her first shock of indignant surprise before she was stunned with amazement by the apparition of a wild-eyed, coatless person unmistakably bearing down on her. The congregation naturally turned round to follow the movements of the sprinting choirster. Just before he reached her the school boys solved the mystery of the hat pins and and dragged the hat off her head and stamped the fire out with their feet. This act, however, was too late to save her from the intention of her imperious rescuer, who enveloped her face and head with his coat. The congregation were inwardly convulsed, the young lady collapsed, and the reaction of the excitement was clearly defined on the face of the gallant gentleman as he retraced his steps to the choir stalls.

TO BREAK INTO SOCIETY.

One Must Be Able to Contribute to the General Gayety.

Some one has said that to get into London society you must feed people. amuse people or shock people in New York, according to Good Housekeeping, you must at least attract their attention.

Having once attracted their atten tion you must make it evident, if youare an outsider, that you have something to bring: Beauty, if it is conspicuous enough; brains, if they are coined into the small change of social intercourse; money, if you know how to use it.

It is not enough to be well born, well bred, well off, well dressed, well educated. Not a block of the residential parts of New York but is filled with people who are all of these

There is another requirement in order to be desirable socially, namely, to have something to contribute to the general gayety. Men have does not go and ask another for a job on the ground that there is nothing against him. But women seem to feel that an absence of any disqualification should set them in soclety at once.

Voice of American Women. Why is it always the women of America who are rebuked for their

way of speaking when it is really the men who deserve a sooiding? American women have their peculiarities, but their voices and their accents are at any rate careful, and have a refinement of their own not an English finish, but a very perceptible one, says a writer in the London Chronicle. On the other hand American men very seldom have what one musi call, so as to be understood, an educated voice. The first thing that strikes the new comer in the United States is the uncultivated speech of gentlemen. It is unlike anything in Europe, unless some of the intonations in south Germany may be likened to it. And this makes the very great difference between Boston and the other cities. The Boston man has the very sound of Oxford. But let us cease to complain of the clear and elastic pronunciation

Told by the Teeth.

"A man carries a good barometer in his teeth," declares a deutist of large experience. "The teeth are peculiarly affected by damp weather, especially bad teeth. When strangers begin flocking to my consulting room complaining of toothache and pains in the jaw, I know that we are going to have a spell of bad weather: A good' bit of it is neuralgia, but is is a sure

"This rush of business keeps up un til the bad weather is well set in, and when business falls off I know that we shall soon have better weather. When toothache patients are few and far between I am assured that we are in for a spell of fine weather."

le Marriage a Failure?

Maria, the colored maid, had been neglecting her work shamefully. Her mistress remonstrated, but in vain. Finally Maria's carelessness called. forth a sharp remike. To soften the sting the mistress added: "Maria, I think you must be in

Maria, who was resting ruminatively on her broom handle, drew herself up and replied with great dig-

"'Deed, ma'am, L's a married 'oman!"-Juige.

One Exception. Ned-I called upon Miss Outertown last night, determined to win her. She accepted me all right. Dick-Good for you! Carried every

thing before you, eh? Ned-Not everything. When I started to catch the last train home I carried ber father's buildog behind me.

A PURE AIR RHAPSODY.

Draft, Not Cold, Is the Thing That Is 

Keep your thoughts on pure air in the home. Don't be afraid if it is a little cold. None of Peary's party caught cold all the time they were in regions away below zero. Pure unadulterated cold is healthful. It is not all the time pleasant, but one can wrap up sufficiently to provide against the discomfort of it. That is easy. That is what they do with consumptives-wrap them up warmly and pat them out into the fresh, cold air.

It is not the cold that hurts; it is the draft, which disturbs the temperature of the body and consequently the equilibrium of the circulation, which in turn stuffs up the capillaries, and there you are sneezing, wheezing, coughing, hocking, grunting and making yourself a public calamity. If one cares to enjoy an interesting scientific research of his own, let him. get in a nice little draft, with his side or back to it, and then pay particular attention to what is going on. Pretty soon he will feel a sharp dryness in his throat, a tickling twinge in one nostril, a sort of dingy feeling along one side of the head, and an impudent chill crawling down one leg and gnawing at the ankle. Then he gets up with a mean cold, which, by gentle care of himself, will last him three

Therefore, flood your home with fresh air, cold or hot, better cold, but keep an eye on that draft; it is always just on the outside, waiting to catch yo nunawares; it is a mean conspiracy and usually aims at nice, thoughtless people. A draft is a worse enemy to a happy, healthy life than all the mince ple, shrimp salad, hogshead cheese, and Weish rarebit that one can eat at 12 o'clock at night. So, please do not mix your cold with a draft.--Ohio State Journal.

EASY ROAD TO MINER'S HEART.

Child Beggars in Camp Early Become

Worldly Wise. "The mining camp child usually develops into the greatest beggar as a class that child life ever sees," said H. D. Smith, of Milwaukee. "I have never been in a mining camp yet where there were children that one of them did not stop me every now and the and ask for some money or a piece of ore Their plaintive wails are to.

be heard on all sides. "A story is told of a little girl in Dawson who made it her custom to ask every miner she saw for a nugget. She was a cute little thing, and her request was nearly always 30ceded to After a while she had \$3,000 worth of auggets collected in this fushion. As a rule, the miner is a generous fellow, particularly in a gold camp where the inhabitants have prospered and where most of the men have claims of their own. Nearly all of them parry loose gold around in their pockets and think nothing of giving

little chunks of it away. "In camps where they are not thus supplied with gold they usually are free with their money and the begging child is tossed anything from a

nickel to a dollar." -Duluth Herald. Bethnal-Green. Bethnal-Green, whose lawless state has just been revealed before the police commission, seems, in the past, to have been as idyllic a spot as its rural-sounding name suggests, accord-

ing to the London Chronicle. .. By coach," wrote Pepys, in June, 1663, "to-Hednall-Green to Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries I even saw, and good. This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bethnal-Green, so much talked of and saug in ballads \* \* \* Readers of Percy's "Reliques" will recall that famous Blind Beggar-That daylye sits begging for charitie,

He is the good father of pretty Bea-It is a far cry from Pepy's strawberry-growing days to Matthew Arnold's 'squalid streets of Bethaal-Green! .

Wood Pavements.

The five cities in which the largest amounts of wood pavement are found are, in order, Indianapolis, New York, Minneapolis, Toledo and Boston. Together these cities have more creosoted wood pavement than all other cities in the United States combined. The total amount of this pavement in use in this country at the end of the year 1905 was about 1.400,000 square yards, equivalent to nearly hight miles of pavement on a street 30 feet wide.-Woodcraft.

Welsh Rabbit Fiasco.

"When I was starting my apartment," remembered the bachelor, "several of my lady friends wired me they would bring a small party of people up for Welsh rarebit. I went out and bought a channe dish, the handsomest I could find; a dozen plates, stiver knives and forks and spoons and napkins, and a table to set the rabbit out on, so that the rabbit, which at a restaurant would have cost me about a dollar all told, cost me about \$35. And then they didn't come."

Shopping Politeness. "Never point, my dear," said the

mother, gently "But, mamma," objected the littie girl, "suppose I don't know the nameof the things?"

"Then let the salesman show you all he has in stock until he comes to the article that is desired."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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