THE COLLECTOR WHO KNEW.

Another Illustration of the Danger and Folly of Being Too Self-Confident.

"The trouble with you fellows is, you want things, but you know nothing about 'em. You come over here and earry home a lot of truck that a European collector wouldn't give house room, and when you see a real-, ly good thing you don't know it, or you won't pay a price for it unless some dealer makes you. You see, you don't know; that's what's the matter; how can you? Nobody in America wanted antiques before the scentennial. If you'd lived here 20 years, like me, you'd learn some-thing; you'd find out that collecting

isn't a thing of money, but knowing. We had been walking in Venice down a narrow calle while the collector was speaking, writes a correspondent of the New Yor Post. "Look at that old brass scale," he resumed, pointing to a fish stall in the little outdoor market on which we had just emerged. "There's a gem, not very old, but of the finest seventeenth century Venetian work. If you saw that in a New York dealer's, all cleaned up, you'd give up a good deal for it; but you'd 'a' passed it by a dozen times if I hadn't spoken about It. See that old junk stand over there? I never pass a thing like that; you can never tell what you may pick

up-if you only know." We had scarcely reached the stand when the collector thrust out his hand with swiftness of a hawk darting on its prey, and swooped upon a little jewel box.

"Carnelian! Russian, I should say, from the Ural mountains. It's not of great value, but it's a pretty little thing, if it was cleaned up. It's mine, anyway." To the keeper of the stall: "Quanto.?"

The Venetian slowly uncoiled himself and came down from the church steps, where he had been sleeping.

"Does the signore want the pretty trifie? The signore knows its value better than I, and he'll be generous?" "I'll give you a lira for it; it isn't worth it, but one mustn't be hard with the poor."

"I had hoped I should get five!" "Well, I'll make it two." "It is the signore's."

"There, you see!" exultingly chuck-Ged the collector. "That's what it is to know. An exquisite carnelian Russian je del casket for 40 cents. You'd mever have thought of looking among a lot of rusty old iron for a thing like

that, would ye?" While speaking he held the box with a miser's clutch. "May I see it, please?"

He refrectantly handed it to me as withough fearing I might make a sudden dash down the calle with his

handing the box back to him. "It's not carnelian at all; it's glass, nothing but glass." "Glass!" drawing a magnifier from

"Phew!" said I. contemptuously.

his waistcoat pocket, and mutely examining the purchase. "I'm-I'mafraid—it is!" he said sheepishly. "Of course it is." "I don't-know"-sadly. "Yes, it is

glass! you see, it's so dirty. Oh, well! we all make mistakes, at times. Do you want it?" disgust taking the place of sadness. "You can have it for a quarter."

"Well, I guess it's worth a quarter." I think my eyes must have snapped.

And that is how an almost unique example of the cinquo-cento came inso my collection of Venetian glass.

CANOPIES AND TENTS.

Signdy Summer Shelters Designed for the Lawn and Seaskore Outings.

"That is what is called a lawn can--opy," said the salesman, to a customer who saw one of these contrivances for the first time set up on the floor of a store, and who asked about it, says the New York Sun.

It was a six-sided construction, having posts at an angle and a suitable Framework at the top, upon which the roof covering is stretched. The roof covering is of canvas; while the side panels between the angles are protected each by a blind or shade, composed of thin, slender wooden slats, alternately red and white, for sightwhiness make, which can be separately rolled up or let down in any panel to

keep out the sun or the wind. This lawn canopy is about eight feet in its greatest height, and about seven feet in diameter; big enough to hold a table and two or three chairs. It is supported by guy ropes from the posts to pegs driven in the ground. Taken down it occupies little space, and can be placed into s box made for the purpose.

Tents for the lawn and the seashore and elsewhere are, of course, made in various styles and sizes, and the materials of which they are made are handsome and sightlier now than ever. Such tents are provided with awnings that can be thrown up supported by slender poles in front of the tent door, and obviously they may easily be picturesque features of the scene in which they appear.

Rest Before Enting.

The value of a slight rest before timeals is, according to a physician, very great. Indigestion more often arises from eating when tired or excited than is understood. In his dietary for a consumptive patient, a very well-known specialist insists upon a full 20 minutes' rest before all meals, except breakfast. Five minutes' complete rest, of mind as well as body, is none too much for the person of average health, and it should be taken regularly.- Detroit

COOKING RHUBARB.

Various Ways in Which It May Be Turned into a Tasty Dich for Dessert.

. Rhubarb is very wholesome and popular in the spring, but beyond its use in pies, puddings and sauces, most housewives do not know how to prepare it. The part of the plant best adapted to culinary purposes is the footstalk of the leaf, which, unless quite young, is carefully peeled and cut into small pieces. Originally the leaves of the plant were boiled as a potherb, says the Washington Star.

Little tartlets of rhubarb are made with puff paste. The rhubarb, stewed, sweetened and flavored, is mixed with an equal weight of beaten egg. Then a spoonful is set on a piece of paste, and when the crust is done the rhubarb tart is finished.

Or for a change the rhubarb may be half cream in place of egg, or, again, a custard may be formed with egg and milk added in half weight to the stewed rhubarb.

Half stewed rhubarb and half cream is the formula for rheubarb cake. A plate is limed with good pastry, the mixture is spread thickly over this, another crust is laid over the top and the whole baked.

Cream is almost as much an essential in good rhubarb cookery as gelatin. In the case of the pie or pudding mentioned above the addition of cream when served at table is a necessity if the best enjoyment of the dish is to be gained. A little gelatin added to the juice before it is put into pie, pudding or tart will always improve it.

Still another dainty dish may be made for the nursery tea by means of rhubarb and gelatin. The stalks are stewed and the juice withdrawn, flavored and sweetened. No coloring is necessary, as the aim is to have rhubarb snow or rhubarb sponge, whichever the children elect to call it. The juice is mixed with gelatin in the degree right to make the jelly-rather more than half an ounce to a pint. Then for a pint the whites of two eggs are beaten up into froth. A pinch of powdered sugar or a pinch of salt will aid the egg white to whisk up. When the snowy egg froth is ready the jelly ought to be getting thick for setting. In any case it should be cold. The "snow" is then whisked into the cooling jelly and the whole beaten together for some time. The sponge is a beautiful dish, wholesome, dainty, very attractive either for ordinary tea or party table.

WHY THE COWBOYS LET GO.

The Gang Found a Woman with Speciacles on Installed as Town Marshall, and Felt Hurt.

"I was one of the founders of Graysville. Col., said an ex-cattleman who had been out of the business long enough to have the horns rubbed off him, relates the Detroit Free Press. "In fact, the hamlet was built on my own land and for the convenience of three or four of my ranchmen. When the town officers were named I had a funny streak on, and I put up the name of a woman to be city marshal. She was accepted and she did not hesitate to take the place. I had about 25 cowboys on my ranch, and one Saturday afternoon the whole gang started off for the new town. None of them had heard of the female officer, and were calculating on scaring the marshal half to death and then locking him up. My crowd came straggling back some hours before I had looked for them, deep disgust written on every

"'Well, boys, how do you like the new town? I asked. "They simply shook their heads in

"Anybody get hurt in the fun?" "Didn't hear of anybody," muttered

""You don't seem to have had much of a time. You, there. Joe, what was

"'Wrong? Wrong?' he indignantly repeated. 'This gang went up to Graysville to skeer a man with a gun.' # #Well?"

And this gang found a woman with a pair of spectacles on.'

"And this gang was so hurt in its feelins that it never took even a drink of whisky before it started back!" "'Well, I'm sorry,' I said.

"Yes, sir, and you named the woman for the place, and durn our hides if we don't settle up and get our money and be 40 miles away by sunrise!

"Out of my gang," said the colonel, "18 left that night, and more than 40 men in all left the ranches. Before we could get new men to replace them we had to pay that woman \$250 to resign and let a man take her place. I continued to recognize rights, but we had no more female officials running the public affairs of Graysville."

Pocketbooks.

One quart sponge, set saide until about ten a. m., then add one egg well beaten, two tablespoons augar, one of melted lard, a little salt; set away until three or four o'clock, then roll one-half inch thick. Spread with butter ,cut in strips 21/2 inches wide and four long, lap ends over, let them rise until very light in the pans. Bake quickly.-Good Housekeeping.

Everything in its Place, Dinwiddle-Where shall I find the

searing underclothes? Department Store Floor-Walker-Two aisles to the left, right next to the cough-cure and patent-medicine counter.-Judge.

Chocolate Pie.

Four tablespoonfuls of chocolate. melted over teakettle; one egg. onehalf cupful sugar and one cupful milk. Vanilla to flavor. Meringue, if preferred .- Ladies World, New York.

TRAINED SEALS.

Can Be Taught to Balance an Upright Pole and Play Upon Musical Instruments,

It must be admitted, says Pearson's Magazine, that the performance given by these animals is little less than marvelous. It is no exaggeration to say that they show an almost human appreciation of what they are doing. Watch one of them as the trainer advances with a long pole, something like a billiard cue, on the end of which reposes a small fish. The pole is held upright, and a sea-lion carefully places his nose in position to support the butt end. Several times he draws back his head and looks along the pole still outstretched in the trainer's hand. Finally it is adjusted on the very tip of his nose to his liking, and, as the trainer steps back, releasing his hold of the pole, the sea-lion shuffles across the stage balancing it with all the steadiness and watchfulness of a human juggler. He travels the full length of the stage, his eyes fixed intently upon the top of the pole, and rapidly swings his head, now sideways, now backward or forward so as to maintain the balance. His companions follow him on his course; in their eyes you can read the hope that he will stumble or lose his balance, for then the prize will be theirs. One, indeed, gives him a slight push to accelerate the downfall, but the quick eye of the trainer sees the action, and he is recalled to his seat. The polebalancer at length reaches his station, a box about three feet high at the farther end of the stage. His paws grope for the box; he cannot see it, for his whole attention is concentrated on the top of the pole. Now he lifts himself up, higher, a little more, and he is on the top of the box; a word from the trainer, the pole is thrown in the air, and the fish comes down into his destined place—between the jaws of the sea-lion.

"The Seal-Skin Band" is another of their wonderful acts. Every animal is equipped with some instrument, and at a signal each one attempts to outvie the others in noise-making. With drums, cymbals, horns, and hells they unite to make "music," and if the melody is of a rather doubtful character, they certainly make up in vigor for what they lack in harmony.

FIGHT WITH A MUSKALONGE.

There is Reen Sport in Capturing This, One of the Gamest of American Fishes.

Suddenly there is that strange, silent easing up once more, but this time you remember your lesson and take advantage of it. Then you begin to breathe again in the belief that the fight is almost over and your cramped wrists and fingers are about to get a well-earned respite. Over? The ridiculous idea is knocked out of your head with another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake and shows him to you in the flooding sunshine only 30 feet away. Prowided you don't drop the rod out of your hands in admiration at the sight, you have a fighting chance. So has he, says a writer in Scribner's.

"Careful," says the guide, in a trembling whisper. "If that feller's a ounce he's a 20-pounder. Hold him there a minute. Keep stiddy. I'll head into deep water."

Once, twice, three times your rod dips into the lake, and still the strain never ceases, still that swift running ereature below keeps up his plucky struggle. You feel the drops of sweat on your forehead, though the early morning air is cool as the breath from some snow-clad mountain. Gradually he weakens, and you know that, barring accidents, you have won. Up, closer and closer, you draw him along till at last he floats there within a foot of your boat.

No eyes so wicked as a musky's. They glare up at you like an angry dog's, seeming to watch every motion you make. Be careful. Here it comes -his final despairing leap for liberty. As he makes it his powerful tail sweeps against the stern and deluges you with water. But the hooks hold, and once more, for the last time, you draw him again to where the guide waits with a revolver in his hand. A shot back of those glittering eyes, a shiver down the whole length of him, a swift jerk into the bottom of the boat with the gaff-hook-and you lie back in an ecstasy of exhaustion .

Points About Cancer,

Long and careful inquiries by German doctors indicate that cancer is not probably hereditary, but that it is perniciously contagious. In certain districts the number of sufferers in proportion to the population is much larger every year than in other areas. Dogs and cats in many instances become cancerous, but few horses and cattle are attacked. Men and women are stricken on the average earlier in life in this generation than in those which preceded it. It is hoped that these German investigations of this frightful curse, which are to be kept up persistently and upon a scale both liberal and extensive, may result in the discovery of some remedy for cancer. But, of course, that can be only a matter of conjecture.-N. Y. Tribune.

Old-Fashioned Grandmother-Now, Rhoda, you know you wear that towering hat, with all those feathers on it just to attract attention. Up - to - Date Descendant - Why, grandmother, that's what they built the Parthenon for.-Chicago Trib-

Sugar in Sap. Sugar exists not only in the came. beet root and maple, but in the sap

of 187 other plants and trees.-Sci-

PITH AND POINT.

Many a man's pessimistic views of life are due to his acquaintance with himself .- Chicago Daily News.

Tact .-- A philosopher defines it as presence of mind enough to hold your tongue.-Cincinnati Tribune.

"Snaggs is posing as a wealthy man," said Munn to Scadds. "Oh, pshaw! Why, that upstart hasn't got more than one million to rub against another."-Town Topics.

Mrs. Wright-"Here is an advertisement of a man who offers to teach you how to enter a room for five dollars." Wright-"Burglar or dancing master?"-Detroit Free Press.

Nell-"He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel." "Belle-"I know, but she got mad and tore it up." Nell-"The idea! Why?" Belle-"He headed it 'Lines on Mabel's Face.' "-Philadelphia Rec-Willie-"Who is that man, Tommy?

Is he your father?" Tommy-"I suppose so. He's the man who sends me off to bed when I ain't sleepy, and rouses me out of it when I am."-Boston Transcript. "The automobile," I remarked sententiously, "has come to stay." "Only

until we can send for some more gas-

oline," insisted the chaffeur, for, indeed, there was nothing else the matter with the vehicle.—Brooklyn Life. A farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking by catching hold of her leg while in the act. Just so; and a bee can be cured of stinging by catching hold of her sting while in

the act. Try them both; it's fun."-

NOBODY STOOD UP.

London Tit-Bits.

New Street Car Conductor's Scheme for Getting All the Fares Didn't Succeed.

Old street car conductors sometimes have a great deal of trouble with their "understudies," says the Indianapolis Journal. It is the custom of the indianapolis company to "break in" new men by sending them out over the lines with experienced employes who have been long in the service. This is done in order to train the new men to act as substitutes or "extras." Recently a Brightwood line conductor had one of the new men in charge. On the first trip the beginner was shown how to collect fares, how the rod connecting with the indicator should be manipulated to show a ticket, how it should be worked to indicate a cash fare, and how the trip reports should be made out, in the meantime teaching him the names of the streets and when to call them. On the next trip the understudy thought he had learned his part so well he asked permission to run the car himself under so wision. The old conductor watches he new man collect the fares and saw that he missed a number. When he returned to the rear of the car he was informed that he was five short—that there were 30 passengers and he had collected only 25 fares. Without waiting for further advice the new man put his head in the door of the car and shout-

"All who have not paid their fares will please stand up."

Not a passenger moved. Perhaps they were too amazed-probably as much astonished as the old conductor. The silence was becoming almost painful. Finally a suburbanite nudged his neighbor and asked him why he didn't

stand up. "Can't lie," was the reply. "I'm hon-

est. Paid my fare." By this time the humor of the situation began to dawn on the other passengers. The men laughed and the women smiled—all except five girls in the front part of the car, who were so busy talking they had not heard the new conductor's "stand up" order nor witnessed what followed. One of the girls had a bunch of transfer tickets partly concealed in a glove. The old conductor knew where the missing fares were and had intended to tell the new man, but the latter did not give him time. The incident was ended by the old conductor walking to the talkative girls and saying: "Fares, please," as if nothing had happened. The transfers were surrendered without the girls knowing an attempt had been made to introduce an innovation in street car ethics.

y Ever Wanderers.

At Lord Rothschild's magnificent house, or rather palace, in Piccadilly, as at his country seat at Tring, and in all the other Rothschild residences in England and on the contient, there is always in a conspicuous place, generally among the cornices, a piece of stone or marble left undressed, uncarved, and in a rough and unfinished state, which, by reason of the beauty and splendor of its immediate surroundings, at once catches the eye. This is in compliance with the rule among all orthodox Jews that they should have no permanent abiding place until they are restored to the Holy Land, and this unfinished bit of stone is to mark that the abode is merely temporary and incomplete.-London M.

Famous Fair Estate. The fight over the famous Fair estate of San Francisco lasted over seven years and cost the heirs in round numbers a million of dollars for court and legal expenses alone. Besides this \$800,000 was spent in settling the claims of various relatives. When Senator Fair died his wealth was estimated at \$14,000,000, and this, despite the great outlay in connection with the suits, is said to have increased to \$17,000,000.-Detroit Free Press.

Census of India.

The first census returns show that the population of India is 294,266,701.

TAME HARES GREW FIERCE.

How as Englishman Made Friends of the Animals and Taught Them Old Tricks.

· In August last a keeper brought me two leverets only just able to feed themselves. They had been captured in a field of long clover, their mother being with them at the time, says a writer in London Field. I put them into a low, wide tin bath, wired all round and over the top. They were at, first terrified and sat huddled together for the remainder of the day and night, refusing food of any sort. In the early hours of the morning I succeeded in feeding them with some warm milk-and again later-till, by

degrees, they began to nibble clover. I tamed them by slow stages till they would eat from my hand and let me nurse them. But as their fear of me gradually diminished I was amazed to find how forcibly and persistently they were prepared to resent interference. They flew at me, bit and scratched me, making a most peculiar hissing sound, and so ferocious and hurtful were their attacks that I was forced to defend myself with a pair of

thick gloves. Then followed a series of boxing matches, the assaults upon me frequently lasting several minutes, with periodical rests, when they would retreat to a corner, regain their wind and attack me again more savagely than before. When completely beaten they would let me stroke them and lick my hand as usual, and be friends again.

One of these hares is now a most engaging animal, knows the perfectly and will jump up on my knee, climb up and kiss me when told, sit up and beg, jump through a hoop and shake hands, always giving the right paw. It will also seek its food when I hide it, and does all in its power to show its affection for me. It lives in the house, is koose all day and thoroughly enjoys a good roll on the rug, where it frequently lies stretched at full length before the fire. It also plays with two retriever dogs, of whom it has no fear whatever, and often lies between them

In the early part of last December I received two full-grown wild hares from Norfolk, and I-was anxious to discover if it were possible to tame and train them. They sulked for a week, eating little, but I kept them near me and by degrees tomed them. " . bing nd, come to them to fee o i sir objetica i **my** me when co

shoulder was a relief them a sit. Then, as we there were, when all fear of me had left them, the real trouble commenced; they flew at me, biting and scratching, and making that grunting and "hissing" sound already mentioned. Very slowly, almost despairingly so, we made friends, but, unfortunately, this friendship is not extended to others, who are treated with scant courtesy if they interfere with them. They know me very well, and will sniff my hand or my clothes most noticeably before allowing themselves to be touched. They possess keen intelligence, rare cunning and a dogged determination that I have not seen equaled in any other animal. They have a peculiar method of indicating irritation or fear: unlike rabbits, which stamp their hind feet in a similar predicament, they make a loud rasping or grating sound with their teeth, which is instantly received by the others as a signal of alarm.

THE ROYAL CROWN.

Thousands of Jewels in One to Be Worn by King Edward at the Coronation.

The crown which is to be worn by

King Edward is one of the finest of regal coronets and contains a remarkable number of jewels, no fewer than 2,755 diamonds having been used in its ornamentation; while among the 17 sapphires is one particularly large and flawless stone said to have once formed the famous ring of Edward the Confessor and supposed to give its wearer the power of curing cramp, says the London Sketch. Yet another sapphire to which historic interest attaches is that which was left, strangely enough, by George III. to Cardinal York, the last legitimate descendant of James II. Set prominently, so as to be seen by all those who look their monarch face , to face, is "the fair ruby, great like a rocket ball," which was given to the Black Prince by the then king of Castile and which was imbedded in the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt. What is called "Edward the Confessor's Crown" is very much simpler, but it plays a greater part in the coronation that does the state crown, for, even when not actually worn by the sovereign, it is always placed in a prominent position during the course of the ceremony. This crown is composed of fleur-delis studded with pearls; a number of arches rising from the rim meet in the middle, where they are embossed with huge pearls.

Oracular Observations. The reflections of a bachelor are

usually cast on women. Conscience is a wee small voice that whispers with compelling force: "It won't pay."

Rome was not built in a day-at least not in our day. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, when Gabriel blows his final

horn.

He who fights and runs away may hope to live to draw his pay. If improved machinery throws people out of employment, then invention must be the mother of necessity. Pride may go before a fall, but it's

sure to come back again. Nothing venture, nothing win, except a reputation for being closefisted.-Kansas City Star.

DEAR TRAVELING IN CUBA.

The Average Rate is Seven Cents & Mile for First-Class Transpostation, and Small Comfort.

Cuba has 124 railways, with more than 2,000 miles of track for the lot, yet traveling in Cuba is not cheap. There are lines which charge passengere 12 cents a mile.

The average rate is about seven cents for first-class passengers and five cents for second-class, and travel on some of the lines means many hours of miserable jolting over a wretched roadbed. Freight rates are as exorbitant as passenger rates. So detrimental is the railroad extortion to the welfare of the country, in fact, that a modification of rates by military order was talked of, but the legality of the step was doubtful, says a recent re-

The entire railroad system of the island is valued at \$70,000,000. But of the 124 miles only 17 are public lines in the generally accepted sense.

The rest are private roads, built for the transportation of sugar cane to the grinding mills. It is a curious fact. that five of the principal lines, representing nine-elevenths of the public roads, are controlled by British capitarists.

Cuba had a railroad 43 miles longbetween Havana and Guines, which began to run only a few years after the first American line was opened, but the development of railroading under Spanish rule was on a very different scale. Some people night not call it development at all.

But all that has changed under American occupation. A new line now in process of construction by Sir William Van Horne and his associates of the Cuban Central railway, connecting at Santa Clara with the line from Havana to Cienfuegos, will revolutionize the island's railroad eystem, open communication with Nipe, the best harbor on the whole Cuban coast line, and prepare for profitable cultivation an area estimated at 10,000,000 acres, or about one-third of the total area of the is-

ICE TOO HOT FOR FILIPINOS.

Natives Who Had Never Seen Frozen Water Before Thought It Would Burn Them.

"Now that an ice plant has been built in Manila by the government, the natives will soon learn what a wonderful luxury ice water is on & hot day," said a former captain of the Thirteenth Minnesota volunteers in the Philippines, reports the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"The water pumped into Manils from the Mariquina river is warm and unsatisfying to a thirsty American, though the Filipinos have never known anything better. It is the same all over Luzon and, I suppose, on the other islands. The water is always disgustingly warm, though it may come spouting up out of the ground from the most delightful looking spring. The islands are of volcanic origin, and I suppose it is evenhotter under ground than above, which accounts for the fact that the springs are never cool. Coming up from Legaspi, Albay province, to Manila on the transport Meade early in 1901, we had a number of Filipinos on board, among them being a little brown boy about ten years old. On the boat was an ice plant, which kept the passengers supplied with ice. We took the boy to the machine one day and gave him a piece of ice. He took it in his hand, held it gingerly for a few seconds, then dropped it and exclaimed: 'Mucho caliente,' which means very hot. He had never touched anything so extremely cold before and could account for the sensation it produced only by supposing that he had been burned. He gained courage after a short time, picked up the ice again and played jokes with it on the older natives and dropped a chunk down the neck of a big, brawny fellow, causing the victim to dance frantically around the deck, yelling at the top of his voice that something was burning him to death."

Malay "as She Is Spoke." A missionary burning with commendable zeal to introduce monogamous ideals into the Jolo archipelago started thither from Manila. He located the Parang. With considerable graciousness he began to make friends among the people, and set himself to learning the spoken language, which is an offshoot from the Arabian with a Malayan admixture. When he had applied himself for nearly two years he felt that he was ready to proclaim a message in their native tongue, and through a Nakip, a local officer, who understood a little English, announcement was made of the meeting to be held. It was well attended. The missionary spoke fervently for nearly an hour in what he believed to be the natives" own patois. When he had concluded the Nakip approached and thankedhim brokenly, but added that it was a waste of time to address his people in English. "Especially cannot the Joloians understand when you use such big words in English. I, myself, who am something of a scholar, could not know your meaning," added the Nakip gravely.- \$

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. A Lesson in Horticulture. Four-year-Nellie was with her father one day while he was hoeing

potatoes. There were turnips on the other side of the garden, which, of course, never needed any hoeing, and Nellio

very earnestly asked: "Papa, how do the turnips grow?" "God makes them grow, my child," he answered.

"Well, that's funny," said Nellie. "I never saw Uim in here hoeing them."-Little Chronicle.

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