#### STEAMERS ON THE CONGO.

There is Now a Large Fleet Plying on Eight Thousand Miles of Waterways.

Twenty years ago Henry M. Stanley, who had reached Stanley pool to begin his five years' work planting stations on the river, launched the first steamer on the waters of the Pool. It was the little En Avant of five tons burden. In the 20 years that have since elapsed Europe has not failed in a single year to send more steamers to ply on the great African river, says the New York

There are to-day 103 steamboats traveling up and down the upper Congo and its tributaries or preparing in the shipyards at Stanley Pool for launching. The flotilla has taken a prominent part in the pacific conquest and the economic expansion of the new Congo country. It has been very prominent in the work of exploration and of occupation. Without these steamers it would not have been possible to start so many trading and other stations. They could not, without the steamers, have procured sufficient supplies. The steamers also made it possible to develop the ivory and rubber trades, which have now reached large proportions. Belgian enterprise has placed nearly half of these vessels on the river. The fleet of the Congo Free State numbers 29 vessels, and Belgian trading companies have 19 steamers, making a total of 48 vessels owned and controlled by Belgian enterprises. The most important fleet after that of the Belgians is the French flotilla. In the past two years the French have sent 39 boats to Brazzaville on Stanley Pool, and most of them have been launched. The Dutch traders own ten vessels, the Germans two and English and American missionary societies have four steamers in their service.

It was a gigantic undertaking to transport the 50 steamers to the upper river. They had to be carried piece by piece on the backs of men. Not a few of the larger vessels were divided into more than 1,000 man loads; and after these myriad pieces were unloaded at Stanley Pool months were required to rivet them together and prepare the vessel for launching.

So nearly 18 years were taken in placing the first 50 steamboats on the upper river. A very different chapter in Congo history has been written in the past two years since the opening of the railroad from Matadi to Stanley Pool. Within the past 24 months half of the upper Congo fleet of 50 vessels have been carried on the cars to the Pool. While a month was required to carry the earlier boats over the mountains and down into the valleys along the 235 miles between the lower Congo and the Pool, an entire boat is now carried over the route in two days. Thus the railroad has facilitated placing steamers on the upper river; and now both railroad and steam vessels are working together in the commercial expansion of the country.

## TURNED OFF THE WELL GAS.

How the Owner of a Natural Producer Accounted for Its Suddea Failure.

Here is a story of the late Paul Rainey, the coke magnate, and his friend, the late Charles Latimer, eminent engineer. Mr. Latimer was a firm believer in the peculiar virtues of the divining rod. He used it with singular success. He wrote a pamphlet about it. He was widely known as a supporter of the claims that were made for it. Consequently when his friend Rainey went ahead and bored for natural gas without v consulting Mr. Latimer and his divining rod the engineer felt hurt and a little provoked, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why, man," he said, "here you've gone ahead and let blind chance guide you, while I would have located the sure thing if you had only ment me word."

"But I struck it," protested Mr. Rainey.

"Struck what?" cried Mr. Latimer. "Struck a pocket, that's what you've struck. You'll see. It can't last, I tell you. You've made one of the biggest mistakes of your life."

And thereafter every time Mr. Latimer met Mr. Rainey he berated him for scorning the divining rod, and warned him that his gas supply would soon be exhausted.

Mr. Rainey began to expect this attack every time Mr. Latimer came in sight. And he prepared to counteract it by saying: "But the gas still flows, Charlie." And the divining rod's backer would walk away, shaking his head in a foreboding manner. And then one day Mr. Latimer died very Buddenly.

"It was only a week or two before," said Mr. Rainey in telling the story, "that Charlie met me and told me for the fortieth time, more or less, that my well was no good, and by Jove the very day he died the flow suddenby stopped! Yes, sir, stopped right short on the day that Charlie died. Confound it, if I didn't believe that he went straight down and turned it off! Yes, sir, turned it off!"

India as a Coal Market. Andia is rapidly becoming an important factor in the coal market. The output last year was nearly 40 per cent. in excess of that of the year before, and a still further increase will be seen this year. Exportation of coal from India has already begun. he

coal is found over wide areas.—Indus-

trial Journal. The Goat as a Milker.

The goat produces more milk annually in proportion to its live weight than any other animal kept for milk production.-Chicago Chronicle.

#### EDITING MANUSCRIPTS.

Ludierous Blunders Are Sometimes Made by the Most Experienced Authors.

"Most authors are furious at the bare suggestion of 'editing' their manuscripts," said a man who used to be a reader in a big publishing house, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but you would be surprised at the ludicrous blunders made by the best of them. When a writer is accessible, the usual plan is to mark the bad breaks' on the proof slips and send them to him, with a discreet note requesting a correction; but when a house is getting out a book in a hurry or when the author is abroad, this is often impossible, and then the situation becomes very ticklish. I remember, for instance, I was once reading the proofs of a novel by one of our bestknown and crankiest women writers. She was away on a visit to Mexico and had left strict orders to 'follow copy' to the letter. In one of her early chapters the hero was shaving himself after a long hunting trip, and was exactly half through when interrupted by the sudden arrival of the villain. A stormy scene followed, and eventually all hands adjourned to a fashionable ball. The authoress evidently forgot that her man was still half shaved, and I took the liberty of finishing the job. When she saw the book she was as mad as blazes because I had interpolated eight or nine words, and I swore I would never again play the barber to save anybody's reputation.

"Another writer, for whom we got out a story, made one of his characters 'empty his revolver' at a retreating burglar, and a moment later sent two bullets crashing through a window' to show a rival how quick he was on the trigger. I called his attention to the inexhaustible pistol, and he never spoke to me afterward. In an earlier novel by the same gentleman you will find reference to the hero's 'dark, smooth-shaved face,' and on the very next page he is 'twirling his mustache.' I noticed it in proof, but remembered my experience with the lady and let

it go.
"It is a common thing for writers to marks, art locate well-known streets, parks, art galleries and monuments in the wrong cities, and they make the sun rise and set at all the points of the compass. We had to delay a book for a whole season once because the author located the Windward islands off the coast of South Carolina, and then went away to Japan before anybody discovered the mistake. To make the correction involved changing the whole action of the story, which, of course, nobody dared to do."

### NOVEL REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

Practice Climbing Stairs and Your Surplus Fat Will Be Quickly Taken Of.

Not so very long ago a Philadelphia Inquirer man got off at the twelfth floor of a big office building instead of as he had intended. it was a case of going down instead of up, he concluded to walk back to the floor he wanted instead of waiting for the elevator. At the foot of the stairway he almost ran into an acquaintance, whose office is on the twelfth floor, and whose weight very nearly approaches 300 pounds. The acquaintance was puffing and blowing as he prepared to ascend the flight of steps leading to the floor above.

"Makes you blow to climb a flight of stairs, doesn't it?" remarked the re-

"Climb a flight of stairs?" disdainfully rejoined he of the 300 pounds between puffs. "Why, young man, I've just climbed 11 flights and I'm going to do another."

"Mean to say you've walked all the way up here?" "That's just what I mean. Eleva-

tors are running, too." "I know that. Came up in one my-

self a few minutes ago. But how on earth do you account for doing all this climbing? You don't look crazy." "Neither am I. Never was more sen-

sible in my life. Just made a new discovery, that's all. Realized how fat I've been getting the past three years?" The reporter nodded in the affirma-

"Well, it was in spite of everything I could do to stop the accumulation of tissue. I was afraid I would soon do for the fat-boy act in a side show until one of my friends bet me a bottle of-of ginger ale that I couldn't climb three flights of stairs in this building. I won the bet, and in doing so discovered when I weighed myself a few minutes later that I had lost nearly a pound in weight. That gave me a tip, and the next day I climbed five flights. the next day six, and-well, now I do the whole blamed 12 every day, and I'm losing flesh so rapidly my clothes have to be taken in once a week at least. It's a great scheme, and it isn't patented. either, so if you know any other fat men in town I don't mind your letting them into the secret."

## in Trouble.

Mrs. Turtledove-Do you know, dear, I'm afraid Harry does not love me the way he used to.

Mrs. Kissimee-You do not mean to say he is cross to you. "No; but he says that he is hanker-

ing for a square meal; that he'll starve to death if he does not get away from a chafing dish diet before long. And he used to be so enthusiastic over the things I cooked in the chanug dish when he came to see me! Men are so changeable!"-Boston Transcript.

The Experience of Fathers. It is the experience of fathers that they get more enjoyment out of daughters who are not the popular

Globe.

craze with young men.-Atchison

#### GEN. CHAFFEE.

Something About the American Officer Who Wrote to Field Marshal Von Waldersee.

"That letter in which Gen. Chaffee 'called down' Field Marshal Count von Waldersee for German looting must have been an amusing document," said an ex-officer of volunteers, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Chaffee is a blunt, rugged old campaigner, who has spent the best part of his life fighting Indians and cussing mule-whackers all over the wild and woolly west, and he knows no more about diplomatic blandishments than a Zulu witch doctor knows about modern bacteriology. His note to Von Waldersee was undoubtedly 'hot stuff,' and I can imagine the amazement of the polished and dignified German field marshal as he perused its contents. 'Gott in himmel!' he must have exclaimed, 'what kind of a wild man is dot, anyhow? Chaffee was the idol of the rank and file throughout the operations in Cuba," continued the exvolunteer, "and a good many quaint stories were circulated there illustrating this very phase of his character. One of them, which I recall on the spur of the moment, is peculiarly apro-

"During the engagement at El Caney Chaffee was in command of a brigade in Lawton's division, and on the morping of July 1, when the fighting began, he was saddled with 300 or 400 of our Cuban allies. As a matter of fact, the native pariots were more of a nuisance than anything else, and Chaffee was perplexed to know what to do with the detachment. Some distance northeast of El Caney and well out of the real zone of action there was a very small and dilapidated Spanish blockhouse, perched on a little ridge, and, happening to notice it, he told the Cuban colonel, who was an extremely pompous individual, to take his troops and capture the position while the main attack was in progress. There couldn't possibly have been over a dozen Spaniards in the blockhouse at the time, and the work of taking it was really child's play, but. instead of making a charge, the Cubans proceeded to deploy themselves about a mile and a half away, and opened a long-distance bombardment. If any of their bullets carried that far they certainly did no damage, and the Spaniards probably never knew they were being as-

"During the heat of the general engagement the allies were forgotten. but early in the afternoon there was a lull in the action, and while Chaffee was consulting with some of his regimental officers a Cuban aid came rushing up and reported that the native division was out of ammunition. 'My colonel desires that you send him immediately some cases of cartridges.' he said, in conclusion. Chaffee looked at him with a sardonic grin. 'I don't think you fellows had better burn any more cartridges,' he said, slowly, Those Spaniards might find out you were shooting at 'em, and if they did they'd come over and kick your whole blankety blanked cowardly crowd all the way down to Matanzas. Tell your colonel that with my compliments.' he added. The aid turned purple and went away, boiling with indignation.

"I heard this story from an officer who was present, and he chuckled gleefully as he told it, for everybody had been cautioned to treat the Cubans with the greatest deference and had found it difficult to obey the order. Chaffee was probably animated by the same spirit of candor when he opened his now-celebrated correspondence with Von Waldersee."

## WHY HE PAINTS HIS FACE.

Reasons for a Time-Honored Custom That Is Prevalent Among the Indians.

Every paint mark on the Indian face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indian's may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint he decks himself not only with his own individual honors and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only or many; in fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English nobleman, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion Sometimes he will wear all his honors

at one time, says Pearson's Magazine. Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dogfish. painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered heterogeneously on the surface of the face; the peculiarly long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears even though in many oddly assorted parts. the sign is one of great value and indicates a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honorable symbols painted on the Indians' faces. There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds-dog-salmon, devilfish starfish, woodpeckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, sea lions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats, and all manner of foot, claw or beak marks-each with a special meaning of its own.

Progress. First Convict-Did the new arrival explain how he looted the 'Steenth national?

Second Convict-Oh, yes! It is plain that the art of eliminating a bank's aurolus has made great strides since we were in the business.--Puck.

A Common Observation. What a failure most of us make of life.—Atchison Globe.

#### . PERPETUAL MOTION.

Log Choppers in the Woods of Maine Think They Have Discovered the Secret.

There are two things of which Maine people never tire-trying to enforce the prohibitory liquor law without actually creating a drought, and rigging up perpetual motion machines. Now, while the hundredth attempt is being made to close the saloons, or most of them, the perpetual motion people have come to the front with some more inventions. and the new contrivances attract just as much attention and inspire just as much faith that they will go as the schemes of 50 years ago.

The latest perpetual motion idea has been brought out by two boys, Jere Shannon and Patrick Kelley, of Bangor, and they have applied, through Lawyer Brian J. Dunn, for a patent, says the New York Sun. Last fall Shannon and Kelley went into the woods together to work at chopping logs, and on the first Sunday in camp they found a lot of pulleys, chains and iron balls that were parts of some machine long ago

broken up. To pass away the time the boys began tinkering with this truck, and finally they got it fixed together, apparently, in its original form. No sooner had they got the parts fitted together than the machine began to move, much to their astonishment, and it kept moving, while the two boys sat and watched it with bulging eyes. They finally left the contrivance, still in motion, and went to bed, supposing that it would run down by morning. But in the morning the wheels were whizzing just as cheerfully as ever.

Now, for the first time, it dawned upon the young woodsmen that they had stumbled upon a perpetual motion invention, and, fearing that some of the others in the camp's crew would steal it from them, they carefully took it apart. Then they got a bill of their time and started for Bangor, where, after constructing a new model, they hired Lawyer Dunn to get a patent for them.

While neither Shannon nor Kelley will give any very accurate details of the machine, they say that, in a general way, it consists of iron balls, which, rolling down short, sluice-like spokes to cups in a wheel, force the wheel to revolve. Each ball, having accomplished its part toward turning the wheel, drops into an elevator, whence it is returned to the center of the wheel by the power created by the downward roll of the following

The inventors, or discoverers, say that one ball rolling down a sluice or spoke will furnish sufficient power to raise three balls in the elevator, and that, consequently,...there is nothing to prevent the wheel from turning indefinitely.

Another perpetual motion man is William H. Doyle, of Hermon, who has contrived a big wheel with an elaborate system of springs. He is 78 years old and has been working on his idea for half a century. Pretty soon, he declares, he will have perfected a wheel compared with whose going qualities Tennyson's brook must be considered as a shortlived, halting, hesitating failure.

#### PRETTY DOVES LOVE MUSIC. A Maryland Woman Who Has a Cote of Pigeons Which She Cares for Tenderly.

Mrs. E. H. Lackmar, of Easton, Md., is very proud of and greatly attached to her cote of doves. Her flock is one of the most interesting things in Easton, according to the Chicago Times-Herald. The product of a pair of doves. male and female, she got about four years ago from her sister in Baltimore, have amounted to about 100. The old male bird disappeared about a year ago. He was probably caught by & cat, a hawk or an owl. The widow mourned her loss and refused to be comforted for several months, but was finally prevailed upon to remate with one of her own descendants.

Mrs. Lachmar's doves have full liberty. There is a cage for their home and nesting places, but they are not fastened up in it. Its door stands open and the birds go out to the fields and woods or loiter about the house at their pleasure. When evening comes they are pretty sure to return to their cote. Occasionally, however, one will disappear. He has either deserted and joined a field flock, been shot or captured by some enemy. Mrs. Lachmar can handle them at her will, but they are shy of her husband. When alarmed by the appearance of a dog or cat, out of doors as well as infloors, they will fly to her and perch on her shoulder for protection instead of flying to a tree, as the wild ones do.

Two eggs compose the nest litter and both are sure to be hatched. The mother bird sits on the nest at night and the male during the day. They will hatch six broods in a summer.

Requirements for Citizenship. Until a few years ago Minnesota accorded the right of suffrage to civilized Indians certified by district courts to be fit for the exercise of the suffrage. In Florida a requirement of suffrage was enrollment in the local militia. Tennessee provided that persons of color who were competent witnesses in a court of justice against a white man might vote in that state.-N. Y. Sun.

Other Women Present. Shoe Clerk-Are you being waited

on, ma'am? Fair Customer-No; I want a pair of walking shoes.

"What price and size, ma'am?" (Rather loudly)-"Threes!"

(In a low tone)-"Yes, three dollars. Size, 6 D." Philadelphia Press.

'Threes?''

Edition hebdomadaire \$3,00.

#### A DOMESTIC CATASTROPHE.

In Which the Independent Spirited Mr. Housekeeper Gets the Worst of It.

When the general superintendent of the household department is sick there is no amount of good will on the part of the rest of the family that will induce things to run smoothly. In this case the wife had the prevailing malady. As so often happens, the girl left just when she was most needed. She was paid what was coming to her one evening, and the only notice she gave appeared in her absence next morning. Then the husband came out at his best and declared himself, says the Detroit-Free Press.

"I'm a very busy man and this is one of my busiest seasons, but I'll be blanked if we'll have another girl round here to bunso us and increase mother's nervousness. Not while I've got a wiggle left in me, and they tell me I'm a mighty well preserved man. I'll work nights before I'll be imposed on. Half the women are cringing slaves to their hired help, and I'll not stand for it in my house. Not me. One thing I'm mighty glad about is that we use stoves, for I was raised with them and know all about them. Get the ash pans together here, and I'll empty them in the al-

Five were accumulated in short order and the eldest daughter suggested that he "run out with them." two at a time. He looked at her pityingly and piled the five up like boxes. He had rubbers over his slippers and his hat was pulled down to meet the upturned collar of his coat. "Just put that sieve full of dry garbage on top," he directed. Then he seized the load, looking to one side of it to pick his way, and gave orders that the coal pails be got together so that he could fill them.

The lower pan was hot, but he hung on grimly and hurried. The rubber dropped from one foot, the slipper slipped, and he came down so hard that he saw stars with his eyes shut. He was buried for a few minutes in ashes, garbage and pans. He kicked his way out and things that he said were more than enough to have him "churched." When his blinking eyes caught the neighbors laughing he scattered the pans, threw the sieve at a cat on the fence, recaptured the rubber, ran for the house and made the air sizzle while he was searching the directory for intelligence offices.

# HER DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

He Had Saved Her and She Rewarded Him in a Fitting Manner.

When she entered the pharmacy the proprietor was too busy stacking almanacs to hear her footstep. She tapped on the brass scales and he came out smiling, says the Chicago Daily

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with a courteons bow.

"Ah, monsieur," she replied, "you can do nozing now; you have done much in ze past. I come to say zanks."

The pharmacist was puzzled. "I am afraid I don't recall the circumstances," he said, shaking his

"Ah, monsieur's memory is weak. Two years. I come one night. Ze wind. How ze wind blew zat one night two year ago! Ah. monsieur, and ze sleet. Horrible ze thought! I come and ask for ze polson. I was ze one miserable singer. My voice fail. No longer ze audience call for Marie. Ze audience hiss ze song. I no longer want life. I come for ze poison. Monsieur sell ze belladonna without ze prescription or ze-

question." "Did you take it!" gasped the

pharmacist. "Monsieur will listen. I stand in ze dressing-room. I would take ze poison in ze moment. While I wait I have one idea. I put ze belladonna in my eyes. Zey shine like stars of ze north. Glorious! I run out on the stage. In ze box sit ze rich old man. He fall madly in love with my bright eyes. He beg me to marry him. He worth many millions. I am his wife to-day. Suppose monsieur had refused ze poison on zat wild night two year ago?"

"It would have been bad for you." "Horrible! And now I will buy somezing of monsieur. Give me two stamps and one postal, please!"

The pharmacist sighed and opened the stamp drawer. When his visitor was at the door smiling a farewell he beckoned her to return.

"Waz ze change right?" she queried. "Yes, but you forgot to take an almanac."

He forced a collection of variegated pamphlets in her hands. "Here is a good selection. Calendars, recipes, jokes and the pictures of

great men who take preparations."

Wilhelmina's Present from Her People The Dutch national present to Queen Wilhelmins on her wedding was the picturesque forest of the Orangewoud, in Friesland, near Heerenveen. There is a chateau in the center of the forest, surrounded by pretty gardens, which was built during the seventeenth century by Princess William of Nassau Dertz, and the domain re-

mained in the possession of the Orange

family until 1795, when it became the

property of the country.-Chicago Chronicle. A Bad One. Manager (to the new actor)-Your performance of "Hamlet" is the very worst I've ever seen. If there had

been any money in the house I should have been bound in honor to return it at the doors. As it is, several friends have sent in and peremptorily demanded that their names should be removed from the free list .- Tit-Bits.

#### POREIGN GOSSIP.

Montreal's death rate in 1960 was 35.47. There were 7,351 deaths. The income tax of India is levied on

all incomes of £33 and upwards. The green goods business is flourishing in Corea, where court officials are permitted to circulate debased and

even counterfeit currency. The text of the proposed law for the prevention of malaria in Italy provides, among other things, for the gratuitous distribution of quinine to the

poor by municipal authorities. Henequen will continue to be Mexico's most important article of agricultural export for a good many years to come. The value of this fiber shipped during the last fiscal year was over \$26,000,000. Coffee comes next in importance with a value for the export crop of nearly \$11,000,000.

The Cape of Cairo railway is at present being extended from Buluwayo to Wanki, a place about 200 miles farther north, where a great coal discovery has just been made. It has also been found that the Zambesi can be much more easily crossed at this point than at the part originally selected.

The typhoon of the orient is an own mister of the West India cyclone. It is generally in low latitudes, late in the summer or early in the autumn, at the western edge of the Pacific, not far from the Philippines. It begins its career by moving westward, but in time returns to the coast of China and Japan.

There exists in Mexico 10,234 mining titles to 25 different classes of mines distributed throughout 26 states and territories. Silver mines naturally lead, numbering 4,109. Gold mines number 958, while 2,220 are classed as gold and silver mines. The silver and lead properties number 1,510, copper, ti 286, and mercury, 113. -- Modern Mexico.

#### SYMPTOMS OF CROUP.

Some Advice About the Disease Which May Serve as a Guide to Proper Treatment.

Croup is an inflammation of the larynx, occurring in young children, which is accompanied by a tough, fibrinous deposit covering the vocal cords and other parts of the mucous

membrane of the larynx and traches. Physicians are not agreed as to the true nature of croup, some believing that it is simply a diphtheria of the larvnx, others that it is a disease entirely distinct from diphtheria. The truth probably is that it is sometimes one and sometimes the other; and as it is often impossible to decide which it is in any particular case, it , is always the safer plan to act as if it were diphtheria, and isolate the patient accordingly, says Youth's Com-

panion. The symptoms of croup are simply those of suffocation, varying in intensity according to the thickness of the membrane filling up the larynx, and the degree of the resulting obstruction. There may be only a slight huskiness in the voice and cough, or the voice may be very feeble, or even be reduced to a whisper, while the breathing is rasping. After the change in the voice we may look for progressive shortness of breath, which may increase rapidly until suf-

focation is imminent. The skin becomes cold and blue, the nostrils dilate widely with each inspiration, and the whole body heaves with the effort to draw air into the lungs through the almost closed larynx.

The short breath of true or membraneous croup differs from that of false or spasmodic eroup by being constant. In false croup the attacks come on in the night, and during the day the child may seem nearly as well as usual; but in true croup there is no relief, the condition growing steadily worse and worse.

In diphtheritic croup the child is seriously ill with fever, depression. 8 weak pulse, and all the other signs of a dangerous disease.

Formerly the only hope of relief in severe cases of membraneous group was in tracheotomy, that is to say. cutting an opening into the windpipe below the larynx and inserting & curved tube, through which the sir could reach the bronchial tubes and lungs. This is now almost entirely supplanted by intubation, or the insertion of a tube between the vocal cords, thus restoring the natural channel for the passage of air.

In cases of nondiphtheritic eroup this procedure often saves the child's life, but when the case is one of true diphtheria the little patient has still the original disease to contend with, although he is saved from suffocation.

How Sharkey Treated. Tom Sharkey, the prize fighter, re-

cently went into a drinking place and joined thirty or so of his friends. Drinks flew about rapidly, and Sharkey each time took a cigar. The able seaman was much preoccupied every time it was his time to buy, and he soon had all pockets filled with perfectos. Sharkey soon began to discourse on his favorite topic of money, and remarked proudly that when he got too old to fight he would have enough money to keep him the rest of his life. "And if you don't have the money, you'll have enough eights to start a

eigar store." The sailor overlooked the thrust, and when the other fellows had laid out their spare change he turned to the crowd and said: "Well, boys, it's my treat. Have a cigar!"

And he handed each a weed from him pockets.-N. Y. Press.

Mr. Johnsing-So yo' want to marry mah daughtah, ch? What am yo' prospects? The Suitor-Well, I ain't got no title

to lib up to.—Puck.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS Est très répandus en Louisians et dans tous les Etats du Sud. (Sa publisité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12.00