# THE HOWL OF WOLVES.

المعارك والمنطقة كالمنافر والمناور أرافه والمتكرين

Meard Frequently in Northern Minmesots Woods-Increasing Rapidly.

Despite the encroachments of civ-Elization the timber wolves of northera Minnesota are increasing rapidly in numbers, and every year are more of a menace to the live stock of settlers, and to game of all kinds. Their depredations are not numerous and mever daring during the summer and fall, but after the snow is on the ground and it is not so easy picking for a living, they become bolder and hunger screws their courage to desperation. Reports from all sections of northern Minnesota are to the effect that wolves are more mumerous than ever before.

Many wolves are killed every year this region, but it is going to take m greater incentive than now exists in the present bounty of a maximum of eight dollars to make any great inroads on the wolf family. The timber wolf is not as cunning as a fox, but he is every whit as smart. They are naturally suspicious of any food that they do not kill themselves, though they sometimes make mistake and eat poisoned meat that is put out for them, but not always. The work must be done by an expert or the chances are that the wolf will not touch it, especially if they are not ravenous from hunger. Wolves also have a keen understanding of firearms, and seem to be able to smell powder from afar, says the Minneapolis Trbune.

One of the most amusing incidents that probably ever happened in conmection with wolves was in the neighborhood of Carlton a few years ago. There had been a dance at Carlton and one of the musicians was returnand home to Thomson, a few miles way, when he was filled with terror by the howl of a wolf a short distance ahead and to one side of the road. He stopped, and in a moment a timber wolf walked straight across his path into the brush. The musician hugged his horn and strode Sorward, expecting every instant to see more wolves, and he was not disappointed. Another wolf deliberately crossed the road ahead of him, and stopped for a second in the hedge of the brush to survey the quaking musician. The latter stopped and finally found his voice. He yelled and the wolf vanished. He started forward again and in a moment another wolf stepped into the road-While the musician was gazing at this newcomer, there was a pro-Bonged howl behind. The musician Tooked back, and although the temperature was below zero the perspiration stood out on his brow in beads. In the road behind him were -two wolves and they walked slowly soward the frightened man. A happy thought struck the musician. He baced the horn to his lips and blew thoward the wolves. They leaped into the woods as if they had been fired rapon by a rapid fire gun. The mumician gathered courage from this, mand turned to try the horn on the other wolf, but he, too, had taken to the tall timber. Giving a few more wild blasts on the horn the musician "took to his heels and ran about a equarter of a mile before he looked hack. When he did he saw four convolves trotting behind at a respectful distance. The musician was mearly winded when he resorted to the horn again. Turning about he exharged the wolves, meantime blowing the most unearthly blasts from the horn. Again they vanished, and again the musician took to his heels. The wolves dd not molest him further, for he was soon in Thomson and the wild beasts would not follow him there.

# A PUZZLED SCIENTIST.

Wasn't Sure of His Ground When It Came to Horse and Mule Men of science do not know every-

bithing that is worth knowing, says the - Chicago Chronicle. A railway conductor whose route ran through the foothills of the Rockies relates: "I once had a party of college pro-

fessors and students going out to Kansas and Colorado in search of : relics of past ages. There was a pro-Immor who had written more about the arift period, the stone age and all that than any other man alive, and a cowboy who boarded the train insisted on seeing him for a moment. I brought about the interview, and when they had been introduced the cowboy said:

"'Professor, I've heard what a maighty smart man you are, and I want to ask you a question. If you + can answer it I'll tell you where your party can find the most of the bones of a mastodon. I saw them less'n a week ago with my own eyes."

"'I shall be glad to answer any question, cheerfully replied the pro-

Frseor. "Then tell me why a horse should have two sets of teeth and a mule only -me, though both are grazing animals?

"The professor sat right down, and the smile faded from his face and the cowboy laughed and went his way. A male has just as mouv teeth as a horse. of course, but it was evident that the great man hadn't studied him. He Booked seriously for a long time and then turned to me and said:

"Didn't that young man twist Maings about? Isn't it that a mule has two sets of teeth and a borse only

# How He Was Victimized.

". Josh - How did Silas get swindled? Biram-Why, a feller offered to insure him against bunco steerin' an' -collected a ax months' premium!-

#### UNDERGROUND ROBBERIES.

Wells in the Yeighborhood of Ice Factories Are Likely to Lose Their Water.

"Underground robbery is a new variety, of course; but it is always the incredible that happens," remarked the last man who had found a chance to talk. "We've had a good many things stolen out of our backyard since we began to live on the old place where we are now-my father's old place; but the theft which grieved us most was that our old well-our old well, that was dug about 40 years ago. You can replace shovels, axes, hatchets, coal, wood, or kindling which is stolen from your premises, but you can't re-

place an old well." The other men all stared, and one of them said that he didn't see how anybody could steal a well, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"That's true, too," said the other man; "it is astonishing, and we couldn't believe it for a long time. Our old well suddenly began 'acting up,' and we sent for the pumpman, thinking the pump was out of order. He said we needed a new pump; so it was ordered and put in place-a \$15 pump. Goodness! I wish I had that \$15 back again!

"For a few days the water seemed to come all right; and then the well 'acted up' again; water wouldn't come at all. Sent for the pump man again, and told him his old pump wasn't any account-didn't bring up any water. He investigated the matter and returned the astonishing verdict that there wasn't any water in the well, not a drop. We could hardly believe it; but had to accept it. Weeks and months went by, but the weil never came back to business at the old stand. The whole family grieved over it, and the neighbors, too. That old well had been a local patriarch, so to speak. On a train, one day, I was telling another man about the unaccountable disappearance of our good old family well, and he asked me if any new ice factories had started up in the neighborhood. I told him that one had just begun operation a block away from us, just about the time we lost our

"'That's it,' he said, 'ice factories always sink very deep wells, and that ice factory has drawn off your well. That happened in our town once, and five other wells in the same neighborhood went, too. By jimminy! what we need in this country is a society for the protection of wells."

"This is a true story," concluded the speaker, "and our swolen well has never come back."

### WOMEN WHO LOVE TO CLIMB.

Many of Them Take Delight in a Most Difficult and Dangerous Pastime,

Mountain-climbing is one of the pastimes in whch women of the present day take a keen enjoyment, although it is always fatiguing and oftentimes attended with danger. To be a good mountain climber one must possess strong will-power, firm footing, a steady head and a sound heart. Among the women who have obtained distinction as mountainclimbers are several of royal birth, such as the late empress of Austria. ex-Queen Margherita of Italy and Queen Helene of Italy. Frau Aurora Herzberg of Bavaria is one of the most enthusiastic of mountain-climbers and celebrated her seventieth birthday by climbing a mountain of considerable height.

Woman's interest in mountainclimbing is of recent date, but every year new names are added to the list of those making the ascent of celebrated mountains. Those living in mountainous countries are most apt to become good climbers, but it is foolhardly to attempt any ascent, even of a slight nature, without training, and no one who has a predisposition to dizziness ought ever to attempt to climb a mountain or pass. To those who can stand the fatigue and face the danger the delight...of standing on one of these immense heights, breathing the pure, fresh air and enjoying the scenery is compensation for all the trouble incident

Queen Helene of Italy is a skillful mountain-climber and in her girlhood often accompanied her father and brother on mountain expeditions in Montenegro in pursuit of game.

The usual dress of the woman mountain-climber is a very short cloth skirt, with coat, and small Tyrolese hat.

A number of English women have proved themselves as courageous and skillful as their continental sisters in mountain-climbing, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and American women have shown also that they possess the requisite qualities for successfully ascending mountain

Through the Wrong Door,

A man who figures somewhat prominently in Philadelphia social circles was attending a grand ball recently in company with his wife. While dancing a quadrille he noticed that his pants were ripping and hurriedly retired to a dressing-room with his wife, who procured a needle and thread and began sewing up the rip. While the man was standing there without any pants on he heard the rustle of skirts and it occurred to him that he had taken refuge in the ladies' dressingroom. He appealed to his wife and she shoved him to a door which opened, as she thought, into a closet. Opening the door quickly, she shoved him through and locked the door. Then the man began pounding the door. "Mary," he sereamed, "I'm in the ballroom!" The door, instead of opening into a closet, opened into the ballroom .- Chicago Chronicle.

Raitien hobdomedaire \$8.00.

#### UNDER SPELL OF WITCHES.

The British Government Is Endenve oring to Suppress Voodoo Doctors in Jamaica.

Th government is making great efforts to do away with the "obeahman," or witch doctor, who practices among the superstitions blacks of Jamaica, and the lash is inflicted to discourage this kind of quackery, says the London Express. An obeahman named James Fletcher has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and 18 lashes of the eat-o'-nine-tails for practicing witchcraft. A bus driver whose wife was ill with malarial fever went to the obeahman, who obtained 71/2 pence from him with which to purchase a candle to be used in ceremonies intended to remove the "duppy," or curse. Taking the candle, the witch doctor blackened it, pushed it into a bottle, and remarked: "This will make a devil of a confu-

sion." Next day the obeahman called at the patient's house with two small bits of paper made into parcels and asked for a match, with which he lit the paper. It exploded and left a horrible smell and smoke in the house. The patient did not improve, and the accused explained that he had discovered that it would cost three pounds to completely remove the "duppy." They compromised on ten shillings.

The "doctor" dug some holes in front of the house in which he put his witch candles. After some incant tions he took up an old can which he called his "stinking pot." This he filled with fire. A pint bottle of rum was then opened. He threw some through the north door, saying: "That is for my duppies," and then some in his "stinking pot," and right round the house and on the furniture. The "doctor" threw some white powd my composition on the fire which caused a great smoke, stilling the children. Then he told the p lient's husband to take it round the louse and pass it over his wife three tim's. He acted according to the instructions. The "doctor" then said: "Well, sir, if the devil himself is here he will have to fly." Accused opened a pan and threw some powder in it, then he took a red candle and placed it over the hole. He then took a green candle and placed it in a hole and lit it. Then

he collected his fee. A policeman who had hid during nearly the whole of the experiments heard the "doctor" say: "Those candles, as soon as they burst, will drive away the duppies for seven years." The sentence, which in England may seem harsh, was imposed by the resident magistrate, A. L. Vandryes.

# EXPERIENCE WITH A PISTOL

The Girls Concluded It Was Too Expensive to Keep in Their Apartment.

"No, we don't keep a pistol in our apartment any more," said the girl who draws for the magazines and shares a small flat with a young woman who teaches in one of the private schools, according to the New York Tribune. "Not since an experience we had last winter. Before that we did, and we had a perfect beauty of a pistol, too," she added, in a tone of regretful reminiscence. "Silver mounted and handle inlaid with pearl. We spent a good deal more than we could afford for it, but we didn't like those plain steel things. Now it's gone, though. I had to give it away, and I don't suppose Marian will ever consent to our having an-

"You see, this is what happened. I was the one who knew more about handling a pistol, so I used to sleep with it under my pillow. We were both awfully afraid of burglars, and after there had been a series of robberies in our neighborhood we were soterror-stricken that we were ready to take alarm at the slightest sound. One night, to our horror, we were both aroused by a creaking noise, and then a light bump, just as if some one, tiptoeing around, had stumbled against something. For an instant we were simply paralyzed with fright. Then, looking tremblingly about the room, I made out, over in one corner, a tall, dark figure, perfectly motionless. I reached cautiously for the pistol, aimed it and fired twice. The figure did not fall, and the horribly strange hing was that it did not move nor make a sound. Yet I felt sure I had hit it.

"Although we were frightened half" to death, we felt we must get up and light the gas, to investigate. By that time people from the other apartments in the building were rushing to our door to find out what the shots meant. Well, the light revealed maters. I had simply rained Marian's new \$40 automobile coat, which hung on a hook in that corner. The noise we heard? Oh, that was some one on the floor below who had come in late and stumbled against a chair."

Limit of Microscopic Power. Prof. McKendrick, in his presidential address to the physiology section of the British association, in September, remarked that the smallest particle of matter that can be seen with our present microscope is between one-four-hundred-thousandth and one-five-hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter. The diffraction of light in the microscope forbids the possibility of seeing smaller objects. Yet the living spores studied by physiologists are sometimes, probably, even smaller in size than the most minute particle that the most perfect microscope can show. Science.

Why He Fell. "Why did you fall?" asked the judge. "I lost my balance!" said the de-

fendant bank cashier. The judge had intended to make his sentenced merely 99 years; but after that he decided to double it .- San Francisco Bulletia.

### TYPICAL OF HUNT FOR GOLD.

A Camp Cook's Stirring Story About a "Bearing Tree" in an Arisona Desert.

During the summer of 1895 I had been on a prospecting trip through the deserts and mountains of central and western Arizona, which terminated in Yuma county, where I disposed of my burros, and, accompanying a freighter, started for Congress Jet via the Bonanza mine in the Harqua Hala mountains, Harrisburg and Cullen's Well, says a writer in the Los Angeles

Times. I had been asleep in the bottom of the freight wagon, but the heat grew so intense that I was awakened, and sitting up I noticed the yucca tree with the letters B. T. cut in the bark, and near by there was an old camp ground strewn with rusty tin cans. The ordinary observer might not have noticed the tree, but as I have followed surveying I recognized the jucca as a "bearing tree" of some survey, and wassurprised at seeing it, as I supposed the country never had been surveyed.

On arriving at Congress Junction, a station on the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railroad, I found the agent to be a friend, and as at that time there was no place of accommodation there but the railroad section house, he invited me to share his quarters until the train for Prescott arrived

While enjoying cigars after supper I was giving my friend a history of my trip, and incidentally mentioned having seen the bearing tree, when with an interest greater than he had before shown, he said:

"Did you notice signs of an old camp ground anywhere about there?" "Yes, not more than 100 yards from

the bearing tree. Why?" "Well, there were three men here who were looking for a yucca bearing tree near an old camp ground. They spent three weeks in the search, leaving here with enough water on their wagon for one night's dry camp and returning every second night for water. After three weeks' search without finding the tree, they gave it up and went away, only about a month ago.'

"Why were they so anxious to find

that tree?" I said. "Well, it's like this," my friend replied. "One of the three men had been a cook with the surveying party who marked that tree; the other two were employes of the Wells-Fargo Express company in San Francisco whom he had interested in his tale, and who were bearing the expenses of the search. It seems that the cook, according to his story, had been with the surveyors all through their trip. The party were accustomed to leave camp early every morning and not return until night, and as the cook had but little to do during the miccle of the day, he used to prospect around among the hills, within walking distance of camp, and it was while they were camped near this bearing tree that-he found the wonderful rich gold mine, and he wanted to find that camp ground, claiming that if he could only have that place as a starting point he could find the mine."

"How rich did he say the mine was?"

I asked. "He knew nothing about mining, but he said that with only a case knife he pried out over \$40 worth of gold from

the rock." "Gee whiz!" I exclaimed; "if he found such a bonanza as that, why did he not locate it or stay with it?"

"Well, there were several reasons. To begin with the cook was a green Englishman who had only been in this country a short time, and he was afraid to tell anything about what he had found, or to show his gold, fearing that the rest of the party would rob him of both gold and claim; so he kept the whole matter secret, intending to come back afterward; but it was several years before he got around to it. The way he happened to come back now was this: He had drifted to San Praneisco, and was there dead broke, when he happened to mention what he had found in Arizona to an acquaintance, an express driver, who told the two men that came down here with him. He told them that, with the bearing tree as a starter, he could go right to the ledge, and he had no doubt about being able to find the bearing tree; but as I told you, they spent three weeks looking for it.

"Now, if you can only get track of these three men," my friend continued, "they would probably let you in on it, if you showed them the lost camp. Do you think you could and it again?"

"Most assuredly I can." "Well, I'll try and reach them, and and let you know." The next morning I left for Pres-

When in Congress Junction again I found that my friend had gone to Oregon or Washington, and I never heard from him again. On two occasions I went out to the lost camp and searched the nearest hills for gold, though with no success; and I would greatly like to know if the cook really did find gold as he de-

tale out of his imagination.

scribed, or if he made the whole

"Do you mean to say that you have not read all of Shakespeare's plays!" "No," answered Miss Cayenne. "To tell the truth I did not mean to say it. As in the case of most people, the confession slipped out quite by accident." -Washington Star.

Then Maybe You Won't. Before calling a man a fool pause

and reflect on what he could call you without jolting his veracity.-Chicago Daily News.

### WANAMAKER KEPT THE PRIZE

Result of a Sunday School Competition That Made Him Feel Very Queerly,

That John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant and former postmaster general of the United States, superintends a Sunday school in addition to his other interests is current history, but there is a chapter in that history which hitherto has not been published, says the New York Times. It is called the story of the prize which was never awarded. Mr. Wanamaker's school had convened as usual on bright Sunday morning, and Mr. Wanamaker announced before recitations that he would confer a substantial money prize upon the pupil who gave the best answer to the following question: "Whom do you love above all others?"

Upon the announcement a number of little hands went up. Mr. Wanamaker selected one of the children, and said: "Well, whom do you love best?"

"It was a little girl, who replied: "I love my brother best."

Mr. Wanamaker was much pleased. He said that the love of a sister for her brother was one of the sweetest affections, because, as long as brothers and sisters loved one another, there would not be discord in families. Then he asked the little girl's

"Bessie Crawford," she replied. Then he proposed the question to a bov.

"I love my parents best," the lad replied.

Mr. Wanamaker was once more highly pleased, and spoke at length upon the fourth commandment, and

the lesson derived therefrom. This little boy, when asked his name,

said that it was Eddie Brady. The next answer was from a boy who had been impatiently attempting to attract Mr. Wanamaker's attention ever since the annoucement of the prize. At last the boy was asked: And whom do you love best, my boy?" "I love our Redcemer the best of

all," was the answer. "Ah." exclaimed Mr. Wanamaker, "that is the answer; for it embraces all the others." In a really eloquent speech the former cabinet member pointed out that the love of the Redeemer was the idealization of all Christianity, and eulogized the spirit which had prompted the answer. Finally, after a well-rounded peroration, which would have done honor to any pulpit clergyman, Mr. Wanamaker turned to the boy and requested his

"My name," came the proud reply.

"vas Levi Guggenheimer!" The Philadelphia papers contained a report the next morning stating that John Wanamaker was seriously indis-

# FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES.

New Features in Skirts, Effective Headdresses and I'p Date Wraps

Handsome buttons are the raze this season, and at their best they are really articles of virtu, hand-painted and enameled. Semiprecious stones are very much worn in this form, as well as in every other, and there are turquoise and topaz buttons, buttons of coral, amethyst and amber used on tailor-made gowns, says a fashion authority.

Tight-fitting skirts have provoked rivalry in petticoat makers, who are vying with one another to produce the petticoat which shall occupy the least space. One of the most recent has light-weight jersey cloth for a top, the elastic fabric fitting like a glove to the figure. Silk ruffles finish these skirts to a depth of 12 or 14 inches. In veils there is very little that is

new, yet there is great variety. The large chenille dot with a thread of gold or white silk marked in at one sideof it is one fancy. There are also small chenille and velvet dots, varied in size, forming different patterns on the net, and there is the veiling with a border of graduated dots. White dots, with the black ones on black net, forming a sort of rail-fence design, are anexample of one of the novelties. Very effective for a headdress for

evening are two peacook's feathers made entirely of sequina in colors, reproducing the effect of the feathers with remarkable accuracy. The two feathers are carried straight up from two small knots of black velvet, which finish a band of the same material, which is to be carried around the coil of hair.

In carriage wraps and best frocks there is no doubt that the highest geniuses in the sartorial art are trying to establish a universal desire for black relvet Louis XV. coats, with wonderful old brocade waist-coats. lovely buttons and fantastic jabots of lace. Velvet gowns, too, are getting popular, generally made very simply, with sometimes a deep corselet band of embroidery.

# Individual Pear Puddings.

Individual pear puddings may be easily and quickly prepared by this recipe: Wash and core large pears, put them into a shallow baking pan and set in a steamer; when they are tender, take out and fill each pear with chopped, preserved ginger and Its sirup; arrange them in a dish, sift sugar over them and cover each with a stiff meringue. Set them in the oven to brown, and serve.-People's Home lournal.

Cheese and Marmalade Sandwiches, Water thin crackers, neufchatel or clubhouse cheese, orange or peach marmalade. Spread one oracker with a thick layer of the cheese and the other with marmalade, press together and serve for afternoon or evening entertainments .- Good Housekeeping.

To the first of th

#### MIDWINTER PRESERVING.

Delicious Marmalades That May Be Prepared During Feb. ruary.

There is a certain variety of preserving that can be done in February better than any other time of the year. In this month the seedless, red-skinned oranges come from California, and take the place of the Valencia, from Spain, to a considerable extent. Some seedless oranges are dry, but this is not a necessary characteristic of the variety. The best seedless oranges have the delicious sweet, reddish orange peel as well as the juicy pulp of Spanish Valencia fruit. These are to be chosen for the marmalade as well as for orange extract, which is made exclusively from the peel. Superior lemons are also sent from California in the latter part of winter, and have a thin skin and juicy pulp like the Messina temon of which they are probably a variety, says the New York Tribune.

Prepare, if possible, all preserves of oranges or lemons as well as of orange peel or lemon peel during the last month of winter. March, however, is not too late, and the quiet of Lent can be used for making these confections.

For orange marmalade, select juicy fruit with a rich colored skin. Remove the thin, yellow peel; put it to: soak over night in a light brine made by mixing a cupful of salt with a gallon of cold water. In the morning drain the orange peel, wash it well, cut it in fine strips, and boil it for 20 minutes in water. Drain it and repeat the boiling, and rinse it again in cold water. The third time it has boiled cook until it is tender. Drain the peel earefully a third time in cold water. Squeeze the juice from the oranges from which the peel was taken, and allow a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Put the sugar, juice and strips of peel, which have been cooked until tender, in a porcelain kettle, and boil the sirup until it becomes a jelly. It can be tested by cooling a little when it has boiled steadily, but not too rapidly, half an hour. If it then curls before the finger thrust against it, it is ready to put in. Place in earthen marmalade jars and seal them up when it is cold, after covering the top of each with paper dipped in alcohol. Paraffine paper is excellent, and effectually keeps off the coating of mold which is so apt to cover any preserves placed away without a cover of alcohol paper.

A marmalade of bitter oranges can be made in the same way as sweet orange marmalade, but a pound and a half of sugar must be allowed to a pint of juice.

A lemon preserve in which is used the thin, yellow peel of the lemon with its juice, in exactly the same way as the orange peel and juice in the above recipes, is sometimes much liked. Allow a pound and a half of sugar to a pint of juice.

To prepare orange or lemon extract, fill a bottle having a large neck with strips of the thin outer peel of the fruit as it is obtained, and cover it with 90 per cent. alcohol. When the bottle is full cork it and set away for at least six months. At the end of this time strain the extract off and throw away the peel. When oranges are cut up for supper the peel should always be saved for extract or for candied orange peel.

For the latter soak the peel over night in weak brine and cook it three times in exactly the same way as it was cooked for marmalade. Wen it is done allow a pound of sugar to every pound of peel. Make a heavy sirup of the sugar, using some of the last water in which the peel was boiled. Cook the peel down in this sirup, and when it is nearly absorbed take it from the fire and add dry sugar to absorb the moisture. Let the peel dry on a lightly buttered platter.

# POISON ENVIRONMENT.

Failings of Propie Who Are Always Complaining of Their Hard Lot in Life.

We know a number of people who complain of their fate and hard luck, and what they call their "iron" environment, who age, themselves, their worst enemies. Unconsciously they poison and devitalize the atmosphere of their surroundings by the pictures of failure which they are constantly creating in their minds. Their pessimism, exhaling from every pore, envelops them in a dense but invisible atmosphere, through which no ray of light or hope can enter, and yet they wonder why they do not succeed. They expect bright pictures to come from dark ones, hope from despair, cheer from gloom, says Success.

These same people would think a farmer ridiculous who should sow nettle seeds and expect them to produce wheat or corn; or one who should plant the deadly nightshade in his garden and hope to see the rose or the lily flourish on its stem. They do not seem to appreciate the fact that, everywhere in the universe, like produces like; that, whatever thought we sow, we must reap in kind; that the sour, gloomy, pessimistic seed sown in the garden of the mind must produce its own peculiar fruit. Grapes will not grow on thorns, or figs on thistles.

A Premium on III Tempest, We are generally too ready for the sake of peace to put a premium on ill temper, and to give the cross person. the right of way. This is often cowardly and almost always a mistake. Ill temper should be gently resisted .--Ladies' Home Journal.

In Several Pieces. Hicks-You know that rare piece of china that you have always admired?

Wicks-Yes. "Well, Mrs. Hicks got a new parlor maid last week and it is plural now."-Somerville Journal

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

cott.