FRILLS OF FASHION.

The Latest in Materials and Trimmings for Up to Date Costumes.

Lace and chiffon boas are the fashionable fancy in neckwear for the first cool days before furs are in order, but the former are easily made by sewing lace edging, slightly gathered, around a silk cord so that each row will lap well over the other. The lace winds around to the ends like the grooves in a screw, falling each way from the middle of the back. Little shoulder capes of these same gauzy materials, made with long stole ends, are also a pretty novelty, and the truly fashionable feather boas are either gray or white.

Deep plum, garnet, gray and tan are the fashionable colors for cloth and vel-

vet gowns. Velvets, both plain and fancy, are to

be very much worn. Narrow bands of fur, and especially sable, are a prominent feature of dress trimming for gauzy evening gowns, as well as velvet and cloth costumes.

Long black kid gloves are worn with the black evening gowns, which, by the way, have been very popular this season with matrons and maids alike.

A boa holder of gold, set with imitation gems, and shaped like a serpent doubled in one deep loop, is one of the geason's novelties.

The new variety in taffeta silk has the pliable qualities of a soft foulard, while it is much heavier and more suitable for gowns than the thinner kind.

Collar bands on the new gowns are built very much on the lines of those worn during summer, pointing or rounding up at the back of the ears, or finished with modest little tabs or frills of lace at the back.. There are all kinds and conditions in the combinations employed, so, with any measure of taste, it is hardly possible to go amiss. Lace and silk, lace with pipings of velvet in tiny stitched bands of silk, silk and velvet, one material covered with tiny tucks and the other with stitching, colored satin covered with cream lace and edgings of fur with lace, are some of the variations of this especial portion of

the costumes. French flannel petticoats with silk flounces below the knee must appeal to the average woman who likes to be warraly clad in cold weather, and still another innovation in the underwear department is an under petticoat of balbriggan, with ruffles of embroidery at

the edge. Black ribbon velvet is well up in the list of dress trimmings, and the special feature of its use is threading it through lace for yokes, vests and bands,

as the case may be. Gold buttons with mock gems of various kinds and colors in the center are used on some of the elegant costumes, and again we see small gold buckles at the ends of bands of fancy braid put on the bodice, cadet fashion, from either side of a fancy vest.

Round handkerchiefs embroidered with your favorite flower is the latest

Black velvet embroidéred in oriental designs with gold braid and colored silks is used effectively for yoke collar and vest of an imported gown of old rose red cloth.

The back in many a cloth bodice is made quite plain without any seam .-

SYNDICATE PLAN FAILED.

Ruse of a Lot of Lazy Fellows Is Exposed by Their Suspiclous Wives.

In one of the big offices of the city where many men are employed the disconsolate fellows have evolved a brilliant scheme in the way of a labor-saving letter-writing device. During the vacation season the wives and families of about 15 of these men went away to various points in Michigan and the east to visit for a month or so, leaving them to battle alone with the cold, cruel world-and the world is especially coldand cruel to a man whose wife is out of

Of course all these devoted wives expected a letter at least once a week giving the minutest details of hubby's comings and goings, whom he saw and what they said, what he was doing with all his money, just the exact degree of lonesomeness he felt, how the birds and flowers at the house were doing and all and singular the themes that interest woman who has forsaken her nest for a brief respite from household cares. Some of the women-those who had not been long married-expected a letter every day, or at the very outside three times a week.

Now, this involved a considerable amount of labor, so these men held au informal convention and decided to write a syndicate letter to their wives. They cast lots to see who should write the first letter, and after that the duty rotated until all had an opportunity. Fifteen sheets of what is known to newspaper men as "flimsy" were manifolded on a typewriter and the writer threw in all the loving terms he could, dodging details by giving a few generalities about the conditions at the

various houses. Then a copy of the letter was mailed to each of the wives. But the brilliant scheme was destined to be short-lived. for some of the women realized the trick and came home unexpectedly. It is not known what they said, but it was noticed that some of the men who had entered into the plan with great glee were not nearly so enthusiastic about it after a brief interview with

their wives .- Chicago Chronicle. Different Sieeves.

We may once more have the pleasure of delving into our chests and boxes for pieces of plush, velvet, satin or almost anything out of which to cut sleeves. The merest color connection is sufficient, and usually where a gown has a gimp yoke or vest of a certain fabric, the sleeves match that part of the waist in kind .- Detroit Free Press.

BABIES AND COMMON SENSE.

Old-Fashioned Notions in the Care of Young Children vs. the New Training.

"I always smile to myself," said a sweet old lady the other day, "when I hear old-fashioned folk pooh-pooh the ways of the modern mother. I just wish I had known as much when the stork brought my first little one. Did I have a thermometer to test the water of his bath? No, indeed, and there's no telling how often the little cherub was nearly parboiled. And those dreadful long-tubed nursing bottles! I understand that the present-day mother would as soon give her little blossom a dose of poison. I don't wonder at it. The milk always did sour in them, and of course it never occurred to me to boil the paraphernalia. Another thing that I've noticed is that this generation of women make such sensible mothers. They read up-to-date books on baby training, and they know such a lot about pulse-beats and temperatures and things of that sort that we always relied upon the family doctor to tell us about."

"I was just reading the other day," chimed in the skeptic, "that an old doctor who has been officiating at births for 40 years says that each year's crop is a little bit worse and more troublesome and nervous and fussy and collicky than that of the previous 12 months."

"Don't you believe it," the sweet old lady declared. "I have always said that a nervous mother will have a nervous baby, although it doesn't invariably happen that way, particularly if the baby is not a nursing child. But your grandfather will tell you how he walked the floor o' nights, or else how he terrorized a small infant by spanking or something of that sort. Babies have had stomach aches and teething fracases ever since Cain and Abel worried Eve into a condition of nervous prostration and gave Adam a hopeless case of insomnia.

"I often think of the time when my first baby made this earth a paradise for me. My mother always superintended the daily bath. It was a great event. The room was got boiling hot and all the clothes were laid out, and if a single garment was overlooked and had to be hunted up after the bathing performance had begun I was called to task for my negligence in good shape. The whole family stood about in awe as the event progressed. Baby was dabbled as gently as if he were a piece of cut glass or made of real lace and chiffon. We used to think that the water must be put on carefully and removed with the greatest gentleness. It was all in great contrast with the work of the mother of to-day, who puts her baby into a tubful of water and lets him splash and kick and enjoy life. My baby was pinned so tightly into his clothes that when once dressed his little body felt exactly like a bolt of ribbon or a pudding bag-a full, well-stuffed pudding bag. And those pins! They nearly were the death of me. We didn't have safety pins those days, and the most amazing number of the little sharp steel ones were used. Sometimes I've undressed my younker half a dozen times just to see if the pin points weren't sticking in the wrong and pain-giving direction. But it's different now. A mother told me the other day that only one safety pin was used in the wardrobe of her small daughter, and that they'd been thinking seriously of doing away with that one, only they hadn't found anything that was quite so convenient in the way of buttons or tapes."--Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW TO DRESS THE HAIR.

Practical Suggestions for Arrangement of the Coils of the Coming Season.

All the latest hair dressing shows that the pompadour is to be the fashion for the coming season. To arrange the hair after this style, divide the front part into three pieces, combing the hair forward, and then turn it back to the crown of the head. The hair should be slightly waved.

For the new hats, and also for everyday occasions, have the hair coiled high on the head in a figure eight, with the top raised to be like a loop. The front in pompadour, and at the back of the coil or twist put in a pompadour comb to keep the twist above the crown of the head. This style of hairdressing is suitable for women of from 20 to 45 years of age.

Elderly women generally wear their hair high on the head, but below the crown. The front is parted and arranged in soft waves that are drawn down over the forehead, giving a more softened look.

For young girls there are two styles of hair-dressing. One way is to part the hair in front, to roll it at the sides. and to arrange it low in the neck at the back. This is particularly pretty for curly hair, as the knot at the back of the head is very becoming.

Young girls also wear their hair in pompadour with a bow on the top of the head, the ends braided and turned up, and tied at the nape of the neck with another bow of ribbon. Sometimes the very end of the braid is put up back and fastened under the bow on the top of the head. All these methods of dressing the hair are the best styles for the coming season.—Harper's Bazar.

Table Linen Edging. Heavy linen lace is most attractive for edging table linen. In table squares and teacloths there is a simple hemstitched line of drawn work at the hem. and an edge of the lace around. Doilies for platters come oval, edged with the lace, and elaborate centerpieces are chiefly lace, with a small center of fine plain linen, the face cutting into it in fanciful designs. The elaborate drawnwork designs show elaborate floral patterns in colors of silk .- N. Y. Times.

A TRAMP BISHOP.

Episcopal Prelate Who Has Footed 8,000 Miles Just for the Fun of It.

Hale and hearty Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Delaware, has returned from his annual pedestrian tour. He mamped 220 miles along country roads, over mountains and through a desolate region of southwestern Virginia, acquiring a rich coat of sunburn on his kindly face, and losing a few pounds of flesh from his rotund form. He was away from Wilmington exactly two weeks, 11 days of which were devoted to the tramp of 220 miles. The greatest distance traveled in any one day was 32 miles; but the roads were in no condition to add to the pleasures of a pedestrian tour. He did not travel on Sundays, nor did he attend the services in village churches, but he sought the seclusion of the woods where he improvised an altar and said the services of the Protestant Episcopal church. To persons whom he meets. while on these long walks through the country Bishop Coleman is only an idler and merely "Coleman" to the chance, acquaintance.

Bishop Coleman is 62 years of age, and retains the vigor and activity of youth. He attributes his remarkable physical condition to his love for walking. Since boyhood he has been fond of walking, and with the exception of very few years he has made an annual tramp ever since 1861. He estimates that he has covered 8,000 miles in this manner. While out in a blizzard several years ago, he contracted a cold in his left eye and lost the sight of it as a result of his fondness for pedestrianism. When about the ordinary duties of his diocese Bishop Coleman is dignified in appearance, yet democratic in manner. He has a round, smiling face and probably is as widely known and respected as any other Episcopal bishop

in the United States. When starting on his annual walk, Bishop Coleman is transformed in appearance. An old linen duster, that has done service for many years, replaces the cloth of the church; rough clothing takes the place of his usual neat attire; heavy walking shoes encase his feet, and an old black broadbrimmed hat covers his head. An old silver watch, with a black cord instead of chain, that it may not tempt thieves, and a heavy cane, complete the equipment of the tourist. The bishop left Wilmington on the morning of September 5 last and made his way toward the wilds of Virginia. Just where he went he will not say, as he does not care to embarrass those whose hospitality he enjoyed incognito. He always travels in this manner, and perhaps for the first time since he adopted this plan he was recognized this year. Passing from one room to another in a railway station at his starting point, he heard some one cry: "Hello, bishop." Surprised, the bishop wheeled about, and recognized a little girl whom he met at a seaside resort in July last. He was acquainted with the entire family, and declined an invitation to dinner, as he

desired to follow his itinerary. At the outset the bishop said he discovered a new reason for traveling incognito. As he was reclining one afternoon under the shade of a schoolhouse. somewhat weary after a long day's tramp, two passing horsemen saw him. "That old fellow's got a big load on, I

men, audibly. "Lifelong abstainer as I have been," the bishop said the other evening, "I was the more amused because only a few minutes before I had approved of the sentiment of two men with whom I was in conversation that I would as

reckon," remarked one of the horse-

soon drink a quart of kerosene as a

quart of whisky." Plodding along, the hishop met another pedestrian, an Austrian, who found delight in viewing the country from the road. This was the first time in the bishop's career as a tourist that he met another person who was traveling for the pleasure in it. A friendly conversation followed, the bishop imparting information to the foreigner. who was making his first pedestrian, trip in this country. The first night. like many others, was spent in a farmhouse. The bishop rapped at the door and the man of the house opened it. The farmer was about to give the bishop lodging for the night when his wife, from the head of the stairs. started a parley with her husband and the supposed tramp, finally withdrawing all objections when she saw the bishop's benign face. At one house the bishop was asked what he had to sell. and after sleeping for a night in another farmhouse he was cautiously asked if he was not a revenue officer hunting for moonshiners, as he was suspected of being a detective. An intelligent farmer informed the bishop that he was surprised to see such a man living as a tramp, as his face was that of a refined person.

"What is your name?" this farmer asked.

"Coleman," responded the bishop. The farmer said he regarded walking as the hardest work, and could find no pleasure in it .-- Wilmington (Del.) Dispatch.

Sure Sign.

"You know that red-headed, freeklefaced, big-nosed Mr. Bruce, don't you?" asked the girl in blue of her friend in pink as they lolled on Margate exten-

"Yes. What of him?" "Mabel Wilson is engaged to him."

"Did she tell you?" "No: but vesterday morning she asked me if I didn't think he was handsome."-Stray Stories.

Where Nathan Hale Taught School. The old schoolhouse in East Haddam, Conn., in which Nathau Hale taught the year after his graduation at Yale, is to be preserved by a patriotic society.-Chicago Tribune.

DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1804

baly Four of the Original Coinage of 19,570 in Existence-Others Are "Restrikes,"

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1804," said a gentleman of this city, who owns one of the finest private collections of medals in the south. "The dollars of that date are popularly supposed to be worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000 apiece, and if a few originals could be produced I dare say they would bring that figure easily enough. But it happens, unluckily, that there are only four on earth, and they are locked up in the vaults of the treasury building at Washington, and couldn't be bought at any price. They are what are know n as the 'test pieces,' which are always laid aside whenever a new coin is struck, and the rest of the issue is at this moment quietly reposing under several miles of deep blue sea. The true story is rather interesting. In 1804 the mint at Philadelphia is known to have turned out 19,570 silver dollars. That was the entire issue, barring the test pieces I have spoken of, and it was never put in circulation. The whole lot, just as it came from the stamping presses, was dumped into an iron chest and put ou board a merchantman bound for China. It was directed to the captain of a United States frigate then in oriental waters, and was intended to be used in paying certain expenses connected with the service. The merchantman ran into a Chinese typhoon and went to the bottom, where to the best of my information she still remains, iron chest and all, and that is the reason your Uncle Sam is the only collector in the world who has a complete set of American dollars. Every other collection, including my own, is short one issue, and the gap will never be filled until the sea gives up its own."

"Do you mean to tell us, then," said a listener to the foregoing, "that all the diamond dollars' now in private cabinets are counterfeits?"

"By no means," replied the collector. "I own an 1804 dollar myself, and there are at least three others to my knowledge, in the south. They were issued by the government, and are perfectly good and legal coins, but they are not originals. They are what are known technically as 'restrikes.' In the early days, when the mints had a few coins left over from one year to another they would change the date by striking them with a special die, an operation that can always be detected by an expert. For some reason or other, nobody knows just why, a few dollars of the 1800 issue were restruck in 1804 and put in circulation. It is probable that the total number was not over 40 or 50, and a good many have been lost. The ones in existence are worth \$150 apiece. and you may rest assured that all the 'diamond dollars' not mere imitations belong to this little lot of restrikes. Of course some of them have been sold to green collectors as originals, and I was myself the innocent cause of such a transaction only a few years ago. A friend of mine, who lives in an adjoining state, and who owns a great many rare and beautiful coins, telegraphed me one day asking whether \$500 was too much for a genuine 1804 dollar. I took it for granted that he knew the facts about the issue, and after puzzling over the message for a considerable time concluded that it was an obscure joke of some kind, and that I was simply too stupid to see the point. So I wired back advising him to buy a bushel at that figure, and he promptly closed the deal. It turned out afterward that the cain was a restrike, and my friend has never quite forgiven me. What deceived him was the fact that the piece was known positively to have been locked up in an old chest in Savannah since 1812. That did away with the counterfeit theory, and the only thing he was doubtful about was the price."-N. O. Times-Democrat.

TREAT FOR THE LOGGERHEAD.

A Feast of Cabbage Is Provided Twice a Week for the New York Aquartum's Big Turtle.

Free, the big loggerhead turtle at the aquarium, which measures about six feet, from tip to tip, would eat in the course of his travels considerable seaweed and marine vegetation of one sort and another, which he does not find growing in the peol in which he now lives. They give him, in the place of seaweed and stuff, cabbage. Twice a week he receives eight or ten leaves of cabbage; he would eat a whole head if they would give it to him. He takes the cabbage from the hand of the manwho feeds him; he would, no doubt, take the hand with it, if he could, not from any particular ill-nature on his part, but because he would naturally nail anything that came his way, and he is big enough and strong enough to hold on to it. So that while he will come up now and take his, cabbage leaves from the hand, care is taken not to let the hand that feeds him get too

close to his powerful beak. The big turtle has been in the aquarium nearly a year. It came up, doubtless, from Florida; a voyage of a distance not unusual for such a turtle to make. Big as it is, the loggerhead was for months after its arrival a most inexpensive boarder at the table which the city spreads at the aquarium; for days and weeks at a time through the winter it went without cating anything whaever; but when spring came it found its appetite and it has since been eating freely and with apparent enjoyment of its food, two or three pounds

daily of cut-up codfish or herring. Well cared for, apparently in good bealth, calm and tranquil, it is still quite clear that the big turtle would prefer to be free; for though it has been here now nearly a year it still spends a share of its time moving slowly around the pool, with its beak to the wall, seeking a way out .- N. Y. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

There is nothing to some men, except that they are smart and well educated. -Atchison Globe.

When a man discovers he is being driven to despair he should get out and walk .- Chicago Daily News. An Art Criticism .- "Shed look better without so much powder and rouge

on." "Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Like Many Others .- Willis-"Tanke leigh never mixes politics and religion." Wallace-"Takes his politics straight,

eh?" Willis-"No; he mixes whisky with it."—Puck. Foreign to Him.—"Daddy?" said the little colored boy. "Well?" "Wat's the nationality of them 'coon' songs they

sing in the theayters?"-Philadelphia

North American. "Put me off at Beacon street," said the fair passenger to the Boston trolley conductor. "I will notify you when Beacon street is reached," replied the conductor, "and be glad to assist you to alight, but I couldn't entertain the brutal thought of putting you off, my dear lady."-Philadelphia North Amer-

May-"Did you see Miss Woodby's fall gown? It's something terrible, but she thinks it's fine." Fay—"What sort of thing is it?" May—"Why, she's simply taken an old dress and put one of those fashionable trains on it." Fav -"Ah! I suppose she believes "All's swell that ends swell." - Catholic Standard and Times.

M'KEE'S BIG INVESTMENT. His Calf Grew Into a Cow and He Had an Elephant on

His Hands.

A problem which has caused James McKee, of Brooklyn, many a sleepless night and worried him into a state bordering on nervous prostration was happily solved recently. The pigs in the clover puzzle was an easy proposition compared with the one which bothered Mr. McKee, and which was also a difficulty with relation to live stock. The problem concerned the removal of a cow that had been domiciled as a calf in McKee's back yard and had grown too big to be taken out by way it had been brought in or by any other avenue of egress from the premises.

McKee bought the calf about a year ago from a butcher who was leading it to slaughter. Goats were common in the quarter, and McKee calculated that the calf would prove an innovation in the way of a pet. So he led the little animal home and installed it in the back yard, to the delight of his own children and the envy of those of his neighbors. He took the calf through the front door of the house and the hallway, which is the only manner of getting into the yard in the rear.

This back yard is bounded on all sides by tall tenements, and there is not so much as an alley leading from it to the street. But the situation of the yard never entered into McKee's calculations with respect to the future of his new pet. One day he decided to sell her.

A German butcher from Hunter's Point called to look the cow over. The animal was fat and sleek and the butcher decided to buy it.

"But how I get her owid?" he asked ! Mckee, seeing only the narrow hallway leading to the street through the house.

Then for the first time a realization of the situation dawned upon McKee. "Holy smoke, but I never thought of that!" he gasped, gazing helplessly

about. The butcher shrugged his shoulders, Suddenly, however, a brilliant idea struck him. He procured a tape measure, took the measurements of the cow and then measured the width of the hall door. Then he did some expert figuring. Finally he reached a conclusion in the matter. He decided that if the cow could be reduced in avoirdupois to a certain degree she might be shoved through the front door. So he gave instructions that the cow was not to be fed for several weeks, and then left.

Then the neighbors took a hand in the game, and many and divers were the suggestions made to McKee for getting the cowout of the yard. One proposed that a tunnel be dug under the house, another that a balloon or a derrick be pressed into service, and still another that the house be moved out of the way. But McKee acted upon none of these brilliant ideas.

The cow had lost much weight, and was led through the back door without trouble, but it was still too big to pass through the front door, and there it stuck. The butcher on the outside pulled and tugged until he got red in the face, and the Mckee family on the inside pushed until they were exhausted, but the cow held fast in the doorway. Finally the butcher got an ax and chopped away on either side of the cow, and the animal at last was squeezed through.

"The next calf that I buy," remarked McKee, wiping the sweat from his brow, "will be a rabbit."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Unpardouable Sin. Judge-What made you assault your

lawyer? Dooley-He insoolted me, sor. He rootlessly thrampled upon the dearest prejoodices av a dhown-throdden race; he mocked the tindherest sinsibilities av a unfoortoonate nation; he made a byword an' a hissin' av me sacredest feelin's, an' in me humble risignation jeered at the misfoortoons av a licked but not vanquished paple. An', yer oner, Oi'll allow no man to dho all thot widout pokin' him wan in the jaw av

"Dear me! And how did he make such a comprehensive foozle of it?" "He asked me, yer 'oner, me name, an' whin Oi told him Albert E. Dooley, The says: 'Oh, yis; Albert Edward, av ecorse. Named afther the pri'—an' thin Di pushed his face."—N. Y. World.

SEA SWALLOWS CEMETERY.

Trees Swayed, Church Bell Tolled and Waterspouts Spread Wide Havoc.

Reports lately received here from eye-witneses of the Alaskan earthquakes in the early part of last September go to show that the shocks were even more appalling than any yet known on the Pacific coast.

The center of the disturbance seems to have been in the vicinity of Yakutat bay, where, among other strange happenings, an entire graveyard was swallowed by the sea, so that when the earthquake was over it was possible to row out over what had once been the ancient burying-ground, and to see far down in the depths the tops of tall . trees still standing erect, with all their branches and foliage in what henceforth will probably for ages to come remain the bed of the ocean. The only trace of the graveyard above water was the top of a very tall pole which had stood on an elevation in the center of the cemetery and was surmounted by a cross. A portion of the extreme end of the cross was left above the surface of the waves.

Near Yakutat the shore was plowed with great furrows about four feetapart, which originally were 20 feet in depth, and now have been filled in with sand until they are only about five feet

Great waterspouts rose in the bay. They bored enormous holes in the sand and earth, which they lifted high into the air and spread them over miles of territory far inland.

The shocks began on September 3 and continued at irregular intervals and with varying force until Sunday, the 10th, when the worst and most terrifying of all took place. The Indiana were nearly insane with terror when the first heavy jar came on the morning of that day. The missionary, Mr. Johnson, was not intending to holdservice that day because he did not think it safe for the people to assemble in the church building. But the Indians. begged him to do so, to propitiate Oukow-their name for God, who, they said, was angry at the earth and was shaking it in His wrath. To appease them, he consented, and the coincidence that during the service there was not a single earthquake shock confirmed them. in their belief that it was all owing to the anger of the Deity.

When the service was over the worst shock of the day occurred. Men were unable to stand erect, the trees waved to and fro, as in a terrible hurricane. and the church spire swayed so that the bell kept up a continuous and ominous tolling which frightened the poor Indians more than anything else.

Had the earthquake occurred at high instead of low tide it is believed the entire village of Yakutat would have been swallowed up .- N. Y. World.

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

A Dead Spot in the Caribbean Sea. That No Floating Flank Can Get Away From.

"There is a dead spot in the Caribbean sea," said the first officer of a Brazilian ship, chatting at the custom house the other day, "that ought to becalled the port of bottles. It lies very nearly midway between Cartagena, in Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and at a guess I should say it was due east of Cape Gracias a Dios. It is out of the steamer tracks and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering sea-

grass and barnacles. "The last time I saw the place was in '95, when I was on board a tramp from Rio that had changed its course a little to take up some rubber at a Central American port. While we were passing through we noticed a floating sparand among a lot of rubbish attached to it was a peculiar looking round object, bright red in color. We put off a boat to investigate and it proved to be a patent buoy, which had been set adriftfrom a Florida lighthouse station in '93, and was part of a systematic attempt to ascertain the speed and direction of currents. Inside was an official memoranda which was afterward returned to the navy department with data of when and where found. Butwhat is a good deal more interesting is the fact that while we were securing the buoy we discovered three bottles sticking in the drift, all covered with weeds and slime. One was empty and the other two had papers inside. The first was a memorandum that the bottle had been dropped from a yacht off the Grand Cayman in, I think, the year 1892, and the other inclosure showed that it came from a ship bound for his Montevideo, on what date I forget. In each case it was evidently the whim of some idle passenger, but it was a little odd that we should find the whole collection together.

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the dead spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such a still place as I have described."-N.O. Times-Democrat.

Patagonia's Future. Dector Moreno, the director of the La Plata museum, during a recent visit to London, gave a lecture on Patagonia. in which he declared that that country does not deserve its bad reputation. Although its present population is small and scattered, it has, he avers. a healthy soil capable of supporting a large population, and it presents a vast field for human industry. In Dr. Moreno's opinion, Patagonia is a remnant of an ancient antarctic continent. --Youth's Companion.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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