CHINESE IDEA OF WOMAN.

Views of an Oriental Ambassador at Washington - Independence the Loadstone of Womanhood,

In a Washington dispatch the World prints an interesting interview with the Chinese minister to the United States, who says:

"Independence is the loadstone of

'American womanhood." Such, at least, is the best judgment of Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the first Chinese minister to America who has been able to converse with Americans in their native tongue. In his native land Mr. Wu Ting Fang was known as an admirer of beautiful women-a reputation which has in no way suffered since his entree into Washington society.

"And by beautiful," he said, slowly, "I don't mean red lips, nor bright eyes, nor glossy hair; I mean, too, a beautiful soul.

"But what can you know of their zouls, Mr. Wu?"

"O, that is simple. The soul is not hard to find. It is felt in the touch, and seen in the eyes, and heard in the voice."

"But if you meet one just once, you may call her beautiful, and you cannot so soon have discovered her soul?"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Wu. "If she be old enough to have entered society, surely she is old enough to have developed a soul, good or bad. And it cannot fail to be evident.

"But the real beauty-it is time that perfects, time and the true spirit, the spirit of love, and charity, and forgivenness; the spirit of hope and of gentleness; the spirit that makes others glad; that remembers the hearts of others and in that memory forgets itself."

"And there are such?" "Many. The land of my birth is filled with them; people whom old age cannot touch, because they make it beautiful, with a beauty that years cannot wither."

"But why, particularly, in the land of your birth?

"Because the education is different: so is life, likewise ideals and ambitions. Physically our women fade earlier than yours. Perhaps they have not so much to start with at least from an American standpoint.

"In China a woman is pretty according to her deeds. A wife is a good wife according to her-"

Mr. Wu hesitated. "You will not like it," he ventured.

"What is it?" "Gentleness. It is not an American

quality, I think." "Very well," he said. "I concede gentleness may sometimes be an American attribute, but an accident of birth, is it not, rather than training? It is not an ambition, is it, like it is to be inde-

pendent? "What does independence win for the American woman? Happiness? I think not. Husbands? Impossible. Is the independent woman lovable? Don't you know that it is the dependent, gentle, confiding woman who gets a man's whole heart and keeps it warm, who makes his home a garden spot, who rears his children so they make him. proud? What, then, does she win, this independent woman of yours? A livelihood? Yes. But her independence cre-

ates the need. "Then let me tell you another thing that says more for our Chinese women than I could say in a lifetime. There is no divorce there. Several divorce laws have been made, for China wants to be prepared for emergencies, but they are not used. The Chinese women have a way of making the best of a little. And marriages there are not made in the same offhand menner they are here. Young and inexperienced girls and boys are not considered competent to choose partners for themselves, and they are not given the chance to form hopeless attachments with improper

persons. "The homes in China are all harmony. Our women are not afflicted with independence. A son's wife and his mother cannot clash, for how is a mother to find fault with the wife she has herself chosen?"-Chicago Tribune.

# JAPANESE LADIES.

They Have Few Domestic Duties and Are Always Very Agreeable

Beauty, from a Japanese standpoint, consists in a long, oval face, regular features, almond-shaped eyes, sloping slightly upward, a high narrow forehead, and abundance of smooth, black hair. Their movements are graceful, although the style of their dress prevents them walking with ease; their feet and hands are delicately formed, and their manners unquestionably

charming. They take little or no exercise, and one wonders sometimes how the little ladies employ their time-there seems so little to be done in a Japanese house. To begin with, there are no regular meals. The shops near at hand supply daily numberless little dishes. which seem to be eaten at all hours of the day and night-a few pecks at a time-with those impossible little chopsticks. Very little is kept in the larder except some slices of daikon. fermented turnip, some rice and sweet

biscuits. "The honorable live fish" is sold by men who carry around large water tubs from house to house and cut off as much as is required from the unfortunate fish, and replace the sadly mutilated but still wriggling remains back in the tub.

Eggs are cheap and plentiful; bread is never used, so there is no necessity

The great stand-by is tea. A Jananese lady is seldem seen in her home without the quaint little tea tray by her side, and the inevitable pipe, containing one whist of tobacco, which is in constant requisition.—Detroit Free SOUTH AFRICAN STATES.

Their Names Are Distinctive and All Have Meaning and Fine Appropriateness.

Persons who are not familiar with the Dutch language sometimes wonder at the singular names by which localities are known in South Africa. All, however, have a meaning and appropriateness which will be at once recognized after a little explanation. "The Cape" signifies but one place, the southernmost point of Africa, Cape of Good Hope or Cape Town. The ancient Dutch settlers gave it the name of Kaapstad. The Cape of Good Hope is a promontory, over 600 feet high. There is a highthouse built at the extreme end of it, but it is seldom visited, Cape Town being quite a distance from the cape. Cape Colony has an area larger than

that of France. Next to this colony is another British possession, Natal. This was first explored by Vasco da Gama, and, being Christmas day, he called it Terra do Natal, Land of the Nativity. Its present capital, Pietermaritzburg, is quite a pretentious town. Durban, its commercial seaport, was originally called Port Natal.

To the northeast of Cape Colony, between the Orange river and the Vaal, is what is called the Free State, the Vrij Staat of the Dutch. Its official title is the Orange Free State, but it is often called the Orange Republic. The capital, Bloemfontein, was named in honor of the ancient house of the Stadtholders in the Netherlands, the house of Orange-Nassau. In fact, the flag of the Free State, like that of the royal house of Orange, is white and orange, and in all public ceremonies the president wears an orange scarf. England conquered this republic in 1848, but a few years later she restored its independence, having the Crimean war on her hands at the time.

Transvaal, "Across the Vaal River," was first called the Dutch-African Republic, but this was changed to the

South African Republic. The land beyond the Transvaal frontier, called Bechuanaland, is a British protectorate. The word boer is Dutch and is applied to the rural land proprietors or farmers. In Cape Town you will hear of English boers or of Dutch farmers, according to the language used. Both have the same meaning. In Dutch there are: Vieboeren, raisers of cattle; kornboeren, raisers of grain; wljnboeren, viticulturists, etc. The origin of the word is rather curious. In 1652 a ship's doctor of the Dutch East Indian company, Jan von Riebeck, disembarked at Cape Town with some sailors, soldiers and workmen and a gardener and his wife. Their object was to found a station where the company's vessels would be able to obtain fresh vegetables, eggs and milk and fresh meat-in fact, the edibles necessary to keep the crews from getting scurvy. The gardener's wife was given the care of the cows of the company and was called "deborein"-the peasant. The others, the soldiers, sailors, etc., received small grants of land and planted maize, wheat, cabbages, tobacco, tulips and other vegetation. These were the first boers or peasants. Afterward, increasing in numbers and establishing themselves in cities, they became known distinctively as the Boer people.-N. Y. Sun.

## HOW STATES ARE POPULATED.

Natural Obstructions Have Been Surmounted and Great Hardships Endured.

When the Pennsylvania farmers builded a ship and floated down the Ohio river into the country which now bears that river's name they set the precedent for future westward migration. Going in the easiest manner possible to the easiest possible destination, they obeyed the geographical law of least resistance by which habitation has been made the thickest where it could become so with the minimum of difficulty.

When the gold hunters receded from the Colorado mountains, leaving only the mountaineers to fight it out with the isolation and the altitude, and to found a state 15 years subsequently, and when the emigrants who could no longer stand the overland trail, camped by the wayside in Kansas, and, in the face of Indians and cyclones, began growing corn and wheat, another law was obeyed and another precedent established, namely, that the character of peoples is determined by the amount of combat with the natural obstructions of progress.

These two laws conjunctively—the law of least resistance and the law of greatest conquest and endurancehave fixed upon the area of the United States a population as varied as the topography, a replica in almost every respect of its physical features.

Population climbs hills and crosses rivers and pushes through the winds of the prairies only so rapidly as it is easier to do these things than it is to remain stationary. Community character evolves into the adventurous and the experimental, or holds sturdily to the struggle with the present, or lingers in the complacency of battles won, according as its environment permits, requires or prohibits.-Arthur I. Street, in Ainslee's.

She Wasn't Alone. Browne-There was a burglar got into my house last night, and I immediately hurried out to find a policeman. Towne-You surely didn't go and

leave your wife alone, did you? "Certainly not! Didn't I just say there was a burglar in the house?"-N. Y. World.

Spanish Courtesy, \... In the Spanish Bibles and prayerbooks the name of the Saviour and those of the saints are always printed with the title "senor" (Mister) before them, as Mr. John the Baptist, Mr. Saint Paul, Mr. Saint Matthew, etc.-Chicago RecLIKE MOLTEN SILVER.

A Traveler from the North Says Behring Sea Phosphorescence Surpasses All Description.

"I have often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of southern seas," remarked a traveler from the north to a Star reporter, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples of it in the Atlantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know it prevailed to any extent in northern waters until during the past summer. In August last I was on board the revenue cutter Mc-Culloch, in the Behring sea, about 63 degrees north latitude, bound north, when one night about ten o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was blowing sharp enough to raise the white caps, and the whole sea looked as if it were lighted from its depths by a million are lights, throwing their whitest rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, but every crest that broke, showered and sparkled as if it were filled with kight. From the sides of the ship great rolls of broken white light fell away, and she left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach.

"But about this hour was the most striking display. Here, it was as if the ship were plowing through a sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond, and was driven far down below, lighting the depth as if all the electricity of the ocean were shooting its sparkles through the waves and turning itself into innumerable incandescents that flashed a second and then shut out forever. I stood on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turmoil of the waters until I began to feel as if we were afloat upon some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of me. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up as the deck there was a pale, wierd white, that made one feel as if the 'Flying Dutchmen' were abroad upon the seas and had passed by us. The masts towered in ashy gray above the decks, and every rope and line stood out distinctly in the light, but cast no shadows. It was all as ghostly as if we had gone up against the real thing, and it was a positive relief to get back into the ward room, where there was something more human. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I went to bed at 11 o'clock I could still see the silver shining through the air port in my state room."-Washington Star.

## ABOUT LEPROSY.

The Disease Is Due to the Action of a Special Bacillus-Little Danger of Contagion.

Leprosy is a disease from which this country is in general free, although perhaps not so absolutely free as is commonly believed. Physicians who are in position to know say that few if any of our large cities are without their quota of lepers. Most of these go about without restraint, the malady not being far enough advanced to make them conspicuous, and indeed often not being recognized as leprosy even by a physician, if they chance for any reason to consult one.

There are two forms of leprosy, kumown as the tubercular and anaesthetic. In the first of these the bacillus attacks the skin and mucous membranes chiefly; in the second form the nerves are mainly, or at first exclusively, involved.

The first form is more rapid in its development and course, and causes much disfigurement in its early stages; the second is of slow progress, and at first is almost unrecognizable from the patient's appearance. Later, however, it causes the loss of fingers, toes and other parts, resulting often in the most hideous deformities.

While much has been written of late about the spread of leprosy, and many alarmists predict the most direful results in this direction from our recent territorial acquisitions in Porto Rico, Hawali and the Philippine islands, there is really no cause for apprehension

The disease is due to the action of a special bacillus and is therefore spread by contagion; yet this contagion is very weak, and a healthy person might pass his whole life in the same house with a leper and never contract the disease. The danger of contracting leprosy, even in countries where it is more or less prevalent, is therefore very slight, unless one is thrown into intimate relations with a sufferer, especially with one who has reached the ulcerative stage of the disease.

The treatment of leprosy is very unsatisfactory. From time to time reports are published of remarkable cures effected by some remedy, but, just as in the case of the repeatedly proclaimed "consumption cures," investigation soon shows the reports to be unfounded or exaggerated.

Cleanliness and proper living are the best measures yet known for the treatment of the disease, as well as for its prevention in the case of those who may be exposed to its feeble contagion.-Youth's Companion.

An Acceptable Son-in-Law. Daughter's Lover-Major Mobile. I have called to ask you for your daugh-

Maj. Mobile-But are the stories true, sir, about you raising fighting cocks and dogs, playing craps and poker, and keeping 14 different brands of whisky in your cellar? "They are, sir."

"Then, God bless you, sir! Take her and be happy, and make this house your home, sir."-Judge. Cut Their Acquaintances.

Some men cut acquaintances while scraping them—barbers, for example. -Chicago Daily News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

London has 51 inhabitants per acre; Paris, 115.

At meetings of the British cabinet no official record of any kind is kept of the proceedings.

A new type of electric railway car is being used in Brussels, the object of which is to reduce air resistance. The front of the car is triangular in shape, the controller and motorman being stationed in the angle. It has been found that the new car is very efficient.

The oldest steam engine in the world has recently gone off duty after working more than 120 years. It was built in 1777. It has a beam engine, the beam being of wood; the cylinder 32 inches in diameter, with an eight-foot stroke. This veteran engine has been in the service of the Birmingham Canal Navigation company.

The water supply of Havana is collected from springs at the base of a range of coral hills, and carried through a masonry aqueduct 33,000 feet long to a reservoir holding 21,000,000 gallons. The consumption and waste of water in the city is estimated at 173 gallons per capita daily. The city is supplied by gravity from the reservoir.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the re-

A German doctor has devised a plan for massaging rheumatic joints. He takes the patient's hand and puts it in a deep glass which is two-thirds full of quicksilver. The mercury exerts an equal pressure on every portion of the fingers and the pressure increases rapidly as the fingers sink further into it. The hand is alternately plunged and raised about 20 or 30 times at each treatment, and after a second visit there is a marked diminution of the swelling.

### WILD DUCK AS A MOTHER.

The Most Secluded Places Selected for Nests, Which Are Watched Jealously.

The wild duck is apt to be rather quaint as a mother. She often seems to have the most singular idea about sites appropriate for the nursery.

It is practically an essential for the well-being of her babies that the nursery should be close by the waters' side, for the little ones like to take to the water as soon as hatched. They have small use for the land except to rest on, and they are rather restless. The water is their element, and yet the old mother duck will sometimes choose for her nesting place a spot remote by more than a hundred yards from any water, sometimes she will even choose the humble, but yet considerable, height of a pollard willow; and how she conveys her young brood from these situations to the water is one of those problems of natural history which, like the cuckoo's way of conveying her egg into a wren's nest, will probably go on vexing till the end of time.

There are theories in plenty, but no certainty. And often she will make her nest or lay her eggs (for her notions of nest architecture are primitive) in a spot that seems specially. selected for its absence of covert. And yet no one can say that she is not an affectionate, even an overanxious, mother. When you come near her nest and startle her off it, she does not go away, as a wise woman would, stealthily, secretly, so as not to reveal to you its existence, but with a flutter and a commotion and often with an affectation of a broken wing (as if to lead you off in pursuit of her, rather than leave you looking for her eggs), that tells you as plainly as if she had quacked it out: "I have a nest there; please do not go looking for it; but come and catch me; I have a broken wing." She has a charming

idea of human simplicity. She has only too many reasons for her overanxiety. It is quite pitiful. She is a pitiful object herself, as she goes about in her lame and incompetent fashion. But the real dangers that menace her young family are

many and terrible. On shore, as soon as hatched, or even while still in the shell, they are the most attractive prey of rats, both gray rats and water voles, and no sooner do they take to the water than a hungry pike is looking out to gobble them up or a heron, ostensibly bent on fishing, is not at all above skewering one of them on his bayonet beak, if it should come his way. So all these adequate causes for most poignant anxiety more than excuse Mother Duck for her fussiness even if they be no excuse for her habit of pitching her nursery tent in sites that really are not very eligible.

But this mother has chosen a fairly secluded spot. For the most part she will be found sitting closely, if she be approached with caution, or else will move just a foot or so from her nest, and remain watching jealously, lest her eggs take any harm. And close beside her in the same covert is Mother Pheasant on her nest, less suspicious and more trustful, for she, something of a domesticated person, having been brought up under a barndoor hen, and so learning the ways of civilization. If the wild duck mother could learn only a portion of her trustfulness she would be a more contented woman.—Country Life.

No Choice. Newlywed-Yes, I'm married now. I tell you, old man, there's no place like homel

Hennypeck-That's right! But Tre else is a man to stay?—Puck.

THE BOER AND HIS RIFLE.

There Are Differences Between the Weapon Used Now and Twenty Years Ago.

In the war of 1879-80 the Boers displayed deadly accuracy with the rifle, but their weapon then was very different from the arm used recently at Dundee. The rifle of 20 years ago was built on the lines of the British Martini. It was a hammerless arm of about nine pounds' weight, with a 30-inch half-octagon barrel and a shotgun-butt stock. The caliber was 45, with a bullet weighing from 405 to 450 grains. The powder charge was 90 grains, in a brass-drawn cartridge case. The rifle was sighted up to 2,000 yards. Besides the usual stationary sight it had a reversable front—that is, a sight capable of being used as an ordinary front sight, and, by a single motion, it was changed into a pinhead sight, covered with a ring to keep it from being knocked off. On an occasion where particular fine shooting was demanded this front globe was further covered with a thimble-shaped hood, shading it perfectly. The usual standing rear, or fixed, sights were on the barrel, while on the gun's grip was a turn-down peep that was regulated by a side screw to an elevation of 2.000 yards. The peep and globes were never used under 700 or 800 yards. "I was very much interested in the

Boer riflemen and their weapons," said Archibald Forbes, who was with Sir Evelyn Wood's column in South Africa in 1879-80. "They are marvelous rifle shots. They shoot their antelope and other game from the saddle, not apparently caring to get nearer to their quarry than 600 or 700 yards. Then they understand the currents of air, their effect upon the drift of a bullet, and can judge distance as accurately as it could be measured by a skilled engineer. They can hit an officer as far as they can discern his insignia of rank. Sir George W. Colley, the commander in South Africa, was killed at a distance of 1,400 yards at Majuba Hill. We lost terribly in officers at the fight mentioned, and also at Laing's Nek and Rorke's Drift, from the deadly rifles of the sharpshooting Boers."

The Boer weapon that did such execution the other day is the sporting model of the Mannlicher, a German arm, perhaps the most powerful weapon of its caliber and weight in the world. The military Mannlicher is used in the armies of Austria, Holland, Greece, Brazil, Chili, Peru and Roumania. The ideal Mannlicher is a sporting rifle known as the Haenel model. It is a beautifully finished arm, weighing about eight pounds, and costing in South Africa 200 German marks. The rifle barrel is 30 inches long, the carbine 24. It has a pistol grip and sling straps, and is hair triggered. Its caliber is 30. This rifle has an extreme range of 4,500 yards, and a killing range of 4,000. At that distance the bullet will go through two inches of solid ash, and nearly three of pine, quite enough force to kill, if the bullet struck a vital part. At 20 yards it will shoot through 50 inches of pine. The bullet for war is full-mantled, with a fine outer coating of copper or nickel. That for game shooting is only half mantled, leaving the lead point exposed so that it opens back or mushrooms when it strikes. For deer, elk and bears there can be no better arm. Though the bullet makes but a small oritice where it enters the expansion causes it to tear a hole as large as a man's finger. where it makes its exit. Traveling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second the force of this bullet's blow is tremendous. There has been much discussion over the dum-dum bullet. It is a soft-pointed missile, but by no means so deadly or destructive as is this Haenel-Mannlicher bullet which the Boers are using. If it strikes at close range, or 1,000 yards, or under, and does not flatten, the Mannlicher bullet bores a hole right through a bone, without splintering. But when it upsets the shock is terrible. The bullet literally smashes the flesh and bone into fragments. It has been charged that the Boers are using the soft-pointed bullet in their deadly Haenel-Mannlichers. - Chicago Inter Ocean.

Eight Can Dine in This Clock. The largest suspension clock in the world is now in use in the Liverpool street station of the Great Eastern railway at London, England. The case of the clock is 20 feet high and 10 feet square, and has four dials, leach of which is six feet in diameter. Thirty people can be accommodated inside the case, and, on one occasion, dinner was served to eight guests at one time within its limits. Access to the clock is had by a trap door in the roof, a removable iron ladder leading down to the top of the case. The clock is regulated and wound by electricity, and the only persons who visit it are those who are attracted by curiosity. Not far off is the first illuminated church clock ever set up, that of St. Bride's, which began to show the time to belated Londoners in 1826. The regulation of clocks by electricity was also a London invention. The first circuit, consisting of 108 clocks, was perfected in 1878.—Chicago Tribune.

Atheism Encourages Suicide. The figures taken from the official records of three Bohemian fraternal benefit societies, for periods of from three to five years, show that in every 1,000 deaths there were in the first 100 suicides, in the second 200 and in the third 333. The circular calls attention to the fact that along with this remarkable prevalence of suicide in these societies there exists a general infidelity. and argues that there is a connection of caues and effect between them .- Chi-

No Advice Wanted. Richmond-I want to talk to you like a friend and brother.

Bronxborough-If you do our friendship ceases .- N. Y. Journal.

OUEER THEORY ABOUT TASTE.

Pessimistic Rensoners Contend That: It Is Only a Trick of the Imagination.

There are some pessimists who urge that the whole question of refined taste is a great illusion. "Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and 'why think?" they say.

Distinctions of taste are truly a morbid affectation of the jaded. It is only a trick of our imagination, they argue, that causes us to differentiate between styles and to detect a difference in various brands of cigars, or to imagine that the wine of one year is superior to that of another.

"For," they conclude, triumphantly, "if you smoke in the dark you are altogether unconscious of the fact, and in the dark the oldest port wine will be undistinguishable from the most modern sherry, even to an experienced wine taster."

True, but to smoke a cigar in the dark is the same thing as to listen to music in a vacuum. Our five senses work together in the apprehension and appreciation of phenomena, and willfully to incapacitate any one of them is like marching to battle with one's hands tied behind one's back. There is no doubt a vast amount of humbug in all connoisseurship; from the experts on the origin of seed peas up to the cultivation of that school of critics who deny that any Italian painter painted any of the pictures attributed to him.

Botticelli's masterpieces, they tell us, were painted by a friend of his; if this was the case, that friend is Botticelli. Even experts in handwriting, as the Drevfus affair has shown us, are not always infallible. Happily, however, these are practical tests, and occasionally the judgments of intuition are confused by circumstantial evidence.

But even if taste is an illusion, it is a pleasing one. That is to say, those who are favored with it in a reasonable degree are happier than those without it, for we shall always derive considerable satisfaction in thinking that Mozart's melodies are lovelier than those of Mascagni: the pictures of Whistler better painted than those of Bourgereau; the books of Tourgeneff and Flaubert and Miss Austen better books than those of Georges Ohnet, Paul Bourget and Marie Corelli, even though we may be mistaken, though in reality Flaubert be a fraud and Miss Corelli an artist.—N. Y. World.

### ABSENCE OF MIND.

He Was Thinking of Nothing in Particular and Made a Queer Mistake.

On a recent rainy evening a man walked across Cottage Grove avenue at a rather dark corner, with a letter in his hand, intending to drop it into the mail box that is fixed there. He was thinking of nothing in particular, except of avoiding as much as possible the pools of mud and mire that made the crossing rather unpleasant at that point; but just as he reached the vicinity of the mail box his attention was drawn to a couple of pretty girls who were laughing and chattering togetherat the roadside, waiting for a southbound car to come song. Of course, their being there was no concern of his, but for all that he stopped and stared at them with as much coolness as if he had known them. While he was thus halting with his letter in his hand one of the girls looked up at him with a half reproving glance that he accepted as a hint to mind his own business, and he then sidled slowly backward toward the mail box, still, however, keeping his eyes directed toward the girls. A train of cars was approaching, and they were adjusting their skirts preparatory to boarding it, and so as not to appear too watchful of their movements the man moved his hand toward the mail box, without looking at it and tried to force his letter into the opening. He was not surprised to find his hand in contact with a wet surface, for the rain had moistened everything; but he was very greatly surprised when he found the mail box begin to move and heard a gruff voice emerge from it. "What the dickens are you up to?"

said the voice. "I-I-beg your pardon," said the man, bringing his eyes rapidly away from the retreating train of cars, "I only wanted to mail a letter."

"Well, you needn't want to mail it!" down my back," said the gruff voice, which turned out to be that of a man in a shiny wet waterproof, who was standing near the mail box waiting for some one.

The absent-minded one begged pardon once more, turned swiftly to the real mail box, posted his letter and vanished, wondering what would have become of the letter if he had really mailed it down the other man's back. -Chicago Evening News.

Kimberley's Drawbacks.

Only those in search of wealth would willingly live at Kimberley. It is an unpicturesque region, the flat, bleak country being unrelieved by foliage or any eminence taller than an ant hill. Sometimes eight months elapse without a shower of rain, consequently life in the town is rendered almost unbearable by fierce, choking dust storms. The thermometer on these occasions often reaches 100 degrees in the shade. Kimberley, however, has its compensations. Its winters are delicious, and it produces 90 per cent. of the diamonds exported from South Africa. The inhabitants include many of the old diggers, who still speak of the town as "the camp."—London Mail.

Oom Paul's Penmanship. Oom Paul can handle a rifle much better than he can a pen. His signature is cramped and scarcely legible. Re signs bimself "S. J. P. Kruger,"," his full name being Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger.—N. Y. World.

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