If you believe one of the Romanys, of Milwaukee, then the richest man in North America is not one of the Vanderbilts, Astors or Rockefellers, but a simon pure gypsy, whose name is simple John Smith. He lives in Mexico, is 80 years old and the owner of countless acres, of myriads of cattle and sheep, of gold, silver and onyx mines, of railway and bank stock and of plantations without number in the heart of Mexical States.

co's richest states.

Smith's wealth has never been figured up. He cannot tell himself. His sole ambition is to become the richest man in the world. And it is this hope that keeps him vigorous and drives dull care

John Smith has no settled home. He has a hundred homes on his different estates, and he moves from one to another. In each he sees what is going on, and gives his orders. Then he moves on again. The Milwaukee gypsy, a solid business man, who comes home now with the story of John Smith's amazing wealth, saw him at Orizaba. They be-

came great friends.

"God alone knows how rich I am," said Smith, simply, "but I think I am

the richest man on the continent."

Smith was plainly dressed in a suit of English tweed, with hobnail shoes. But his home was a revelation. Outside it was a veritable fortress, with stout walls of masonry, loopholed for defense, if necessary. A two-story wall inclosed it in a space as big as two blocks, and a great moat surrounded that. There were the regulation drawbridges and portcullises.

Two massive inner doors barred the last entrance. Once open it was a wonderful place, with a courtyard in the center, where played perfumed fountains and where a beautiful garden grew. The entire inclosure was paved with brilliantly polished onyx—the ransom of a king in cost—taken from one of his mines. Even the stables where Smith's herd of pet Jerseys were housed had the same costly flooring of onyx.

Servants lounged about, but one of the old man's eccentricities was to have his own children wait upon him at table. It was an incongruous picture to see him clattering around on the splendid flooring in his coarse suit and hobnails, while a soft light fell on the strange scene shed by great candelabra

of solid gold from his mines.

Smith is an English gypsy. He went to Mexico before there were any rall-ways there, and was the first man to haul machinery from the coast to the gold mines, which now yield him an incalculable income. He got in on the ground floor on everything that has made Mexico so rich to-day.

made Mexico so rich to-day.

But his life has been a series of adventures. Twice he has been shot down by Mexican thieves who attacked his gold trains. He was left for dead each time. All the gypsies in Mexico are wonderfully proud of him and call him "Our John."—Milwaukee Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

EASY LIFE IN NICARAGUA

1

When the Family Is Out of Money
Somebody Goes Out and Gets
a Little Gold.

"When I was in the Olancho district, in Nicaragua, last month," said a visitor who is largely interested in mining in Central America, "I had an opportunity of seeing how the lazy natives tap nature's till when they

need some small change. "Near our camp by the river was a hut occupied by a typical Honduranian family, consisting of husband and wife, grandfather and grandmother, and a dozen or so assorted children. The only one of the crowd who did anything except rest and smoke was the wife. At intervals of perhaps a week she would sally out with the family tinpan, erstwhile used for cooking, and proceed to an old placer digging on the river bank. There she would squat, throw a few gourds full of dirt into the pan, fill it up with water and begin the usual circular motion of gold washing. She was very skillful and would keep a little sheet of dirty water spraying over the edge like a miniature cataract. When the water was exhausted a few spoonfuls of sand would be left in the bottom of the pan, and, spreading it out thin, with a bit of stick, she would go over it grain by grain, looking for 'color.' Whenever she saw a speck of gold, she moistened the stick on her tongue and picked up the particle by adhesion. Each bit of the precious metal was stored away in a quill, plugged with clay at the ends, and I have known her to take out as much as a quarter of an ounce in the course of one day. Usually her limit was about two dollars, and when she got that she stopped. Then the head of the house would arise languidly and start for the nearest store 12 miles away. Sometimes he would trade the whole amount for whisky, but as a rule he brought back tobacco, salt, meal or

calico.

"There are hundreds of native families who live in exactly that manner in Olancho. Sometimes the woman will be lucky enough to strike a rich pocket, that will yield a dollar or more a pan, but they never dream of washing it out at once and getting a stake. It simply means that they can secure their usual amount with less work."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Ironcloth.

Ironcloth is made for the first time in the United States at a Worcester mill. It is a great industry in Manchester, England, and in Germany, but no American manufacturer has before attempted it. Ironcloth is used very extensively for overcoat and ulster linings.—N. Y. World.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Paris has 60 licensed horse butchers, and they annually sell 5,000 tons of

horseflesh.

Paris society has taken up the fashion of elaborately decorated and expensive visiting cards.

The sum of \$120 has been signed for the establishment of a chair of brewing and malting at the University of Birmingham.

A company in London insures umbrellas. If you can prove that your umbrella has been stolen the company pays you what it was worth.

The shepherds of Germany predict the weather by observing the wool on the backs of their sheep. When it is very curly fine weather will prevail.

Dr. Carl Peters, the explorer, states that besides gold he has discovered mica, saltpeter and diamonds in a district practically uninhabited at an altitude of 8,000 feet in Mashonaland.

Seven London barber shops are in the hands of female tonsorial artists. Strange to say, the lady barbers are not fond of talking to their patrons while the latter are under their manipulation.

Just before a marriage ceremony in Lithuania the bride's ears are boxed. This is in the interest of the bride, should the marriage prove an unhappy one. She can sue for a divorce and assert that she was forced to marry.

Rome's "League Against the Abuse of the Knife" has had a setback. The president of the society got into a discussion with some friends in a railway carriage and settled the point by drawing his knife and stabbing one of them to death.

A Paris gymnasium instructor claims the record for long tramps, having walked 57,000 kilometers, or about 35,000 miles, on ordinary roads. Among his trips were Paris to St. Petersburg in 38 days, Paris-Geneva-Venice and Paris-Berlin. He tried to walk to Madrid, but was stopped by the Spanish authorities when he reached Barcelona.

AN ALASKAN HOME.

How the Family Passes the Evenings After the Day's Work Is Over.

An Alaskan hut is not the worst

place in the world-far from it. Its

interior consists of a square floor of earth flanked on all sides by two wide ledges rising one above the other like a terrace. On the lower one rest the cooking, weaving and fishing utensils, the knives and needles, pots and pans. On the upper ledge, with much display of wonderfully woven blankets, are the beds. In the center of the room glows the fire; the smoke groping its way out of a hole in the roof. After the day's work is done and the stomachs of both people and dogs are full the family gathers around the fire. Facing the door sits the father, next to him the mother; on one hand the sons, and on the other the daughters, even to the third and fourth generation, it may be. Beyond these are the servants or slaves. Each has his place, and takes it as a matter of course. Without, in the darkness, the dogs clutter about the door and howl. The mysterious and implicable sea keeps up its thunder. The snow-capped mountains, with their illimitable glaciers, lie just beyond. The shafts of the northern lights dart through the sky, like the harpoons of a Titan with incredible celerity. Is it strange that amid scenes so wild and fearful, superstitions, also wild and fearful, spring into existence? Or can one be surprised that in an unlettered country the story tellers are of mighty power, and tell tales that affright the children till they scramble to the safe shelter of their mother's arms? When the family sings in strange, broken, yet rhythmic measures, the dogs howl louder than before, and the women sway their squat bodies back and forth unceasingly, keeping their hands occupied meanwhile at their tasks of weaving or braiding. The men carve their spoons or cut curious figures from the black slate. The suitor for the hand of one of the daughters enters slyly and takes a seat with the sons. No protest is made. The father and mother go on with their little tasks, the young girls giggle after the fashion of girls the world over. And the suitor thus unrepulsed, contents himself, thinking his case won. The oldest among them chants some old folk song, and the father rises. It is the signal for good-nights. The ashes are spread over the fire, and by the light of a few fishes' tails, dried for the lighting, the family goes to bed, forgetful of crashing bergs, of the mysterious aurora, of the mountains where the snow lies forever and alway. So is home made anywhere, where the spirit of home exists.-Self-

What should a lady do when she wants to sneeze in church?" was the query recently addressed to the editor of a local paper. He was very busy and excited; the printers were waiting for copy, and the proprietor had threatened to supersede him if he did not bounce the circulation up a thousand a week. In his anxiety he missed the point of the inquiry, and answered it thus:

Culture.

"It depends upon why the lady wants to sneeze in church. If the young lady is pretty, and wants to attract the attention of some eligible young man, the sneeze should be gentle and distinctive; almost anything will produce the irritation of the facial organ necessary to effect the purpose. But if the lady is old, occupies her own pew, and wishes to show off her new bonnet, then a violent sneeze—or a succession of sneezes—is necessary, and we should advise upsetting an ounce or two of cayenne pepper in the pew."

There is a fresh editor on that journal now.—Stray Stories. WOMEN MUST WEEP.

The Painful Scenes Often Witnessed
Amongst Inquirers at the
British War Office.

There is a constant stream of cabs and carriages along Pall Mall conveying anxious inquirers to the war office for the latest dispatches and lists of wounded. Military men, naval officers, white-faced women and wondering children throng the doorways, one lobby being specially set apart for women, inside which are mothers, wives and sisters, eagerly scanning the lists pinned up on the green-baized board.

"Nuthin' about him yut," says one worn-looking young woman to her mother. "Nuthin'. D'ye think he's killed?"

"No, no, course not. Come on out, and let's get back; you're better at home."

But the wife's anxiety seems to chain

But the wife's anxiety seems to chain her to the bare little room, where one well dressed matron was trying to keep back the tears from her proud eyes. One of the carriages outside contained two women. The eldest stepped

asked the younger."

"Yes—no—no. No. I'm afraid. I daren't. Go, go; oh, do hurry." The drawn, terribly expectant face sank back amid the furs. A minute later the

out. "Are you coming to see?" she

elder woman returned.

"Home!" she said, briefly. "Well—well, what news, what—" The face of the mother, with its set, stony grief, was sufficient answer; the delicate glove was splitting with the unconscious grip on the carriage door, and with a half-stifled sob from the wife

the carriage rolled on.
Scenes of this description were to be witnessed all day, and groups of men with care-lined faces stood around the gentlemen's entrance.

"I've come up to see about my brother," said one. "He's wounded severely, and I'm afraid—he's more than an ordinary brother; we were twins and chums. Poor Bert!"

"My son's dead, I hear." A tall, commanding man the last speaker, addressing the young man who had referred to his brother. "You mustn't worry, lad; you mustn't worry; the fortune of war. We all expect it, don't we? We all expect to hear of our lads—our lads—but, damme, sir, we don't want to!" and with a husky cough the old man reliked examples."

walked away.

Up to a late hour the streams of anxious callers at the war office continued. Men and boys fresh from the factory and workshop eagerly scanned the typewritten "List of Casualties." These fellows as they came across the name of a brother or friend killed were not as a rule demonstrative. "Poor old Bill," or words to that effect, was all that escaped their lips.

The stream seemed as though it would never stop, but as the hour of midnight approached there was a falling off, until at last the lonely sentry was left to pace a deserted street.—London Leader.

ORIGIN OF THE NEWSPAPER.

It Began with Written Circular Letters Issued by the German Traders.

The well-known Acta Diurna, in Rome, in the time of Caesar has no historical connection whatever with latter-day newspaperdom.

Modern journalism is not of Roman, but chiefly of Germanic origin. In fact, what are now newspapers are really only developments of a kind of circulating letters which, as early as the fourteenth and fifteenth century, passed between business houses principally in the interests of trade.

These "Zeitungen," or "Tidinge," were written, not printed.
In the greater centers of popula-

the greater centers of popular tion were found men who made it their ocupation to send out these reports, usually to business houses, but often also to political and other authorities. Of the famous Fugger Zeitung, 28 volumes are preserved in the university library at Heidelberg. These written circular letters, both "ordinari" and "extraordinari," as occasion required, became almost a regular institution as the postal system became generally introduced.

Probably the strangest thing in connection with the history of journalism is the fact that it was exceedingly slow to make use of the art of printing for its purposes. Indeed, almost the whole sixteenth century had passed before this innovation was thought of, although, during that reformation period, questions of public prominence were brought before the people in countless tracts, pamphlets, etc., often with illustrations, but never in the shape of a regularly printed periodical.

The transition to this stage was caused by the publication in 1583 of the Relatio Historico, by Michael von Aitzing, of Cologne, the success of whose printed account of a Cologne church controversy first suggested the idea of publishing every sixth month, at the time of the Frankfort messe, a general report of the news. This undertaking soon stimulated rival en-

The oldest venture of this kind, however, is not, as has been generally supposed, the Frankfort Journal, but a certain Relation, which appeared probably in Strassburg, and 52 numbers of which dating from the year 1609 are still found in Heidelberg.

terprises.

The Journal was not published till 1615, the first English paper, the Weekly News, in 1629, and the first French journal in 1630.—Leipzig Daheim.

Choosing His Line.
Grandpa—Yes; it's quite possible

that you may distinguish yourself when you grow up.
Grandson—Yes. I was trying to think what sort of a great man it's easiest to

FEATHERED HUNTERS.

Peregrine Falcon Hawks That Find
Their Quarry Among the Swiftest Flyers of the Air.

It is bird life which more truly than any other exists in the "shadow of death." The time-honored expression is not used figuratively alone in the case of the bird, for it is literally often shadowed by death in the form of the predatory hawk. Many members of the hawk family pass to the far north to breed. There they tarry and hunt, delaying their southern journeyings until the great tide of migration of the other birds set in toward the southland.

In this season the hardy native sparrows, the open-water fowl and the birds of the swamp stretches are making their way toward their warm winter resorts. The migrations of the birds, for some reason unknown to the scientists, take the form of lines. The feathered creatures will pass by the thousands on a straight north and south line not more than a mile wide. Then there will be a stretch of country miles in extent where but few birds are to be seen, although the food prospects are as promising as in the grass and water stretches along which the birds are passing in such immense flocks.

At this season of the year anyone who wishes to witness some of the dark tragedies of bird life need do nothing more than seek out one of these migration lines and there with an opera glass follow the evolutions of some big bird of prey which is always certain to be present within the field of vision.

Take, for instance, a stretch of the Blinois or the Kankakee river; follow the bank for a mile and there will be witnessed almost certainly a happening in falconry which will render tame the reading of some of the old-time stories of this "sport of kings." In European falconry the quarry was usually a heron. Along the Illinois river the prey will be a swift-winged widgeon or an arrowy-flighted teal.

The huntsman is the peregrine falcon who loves duck meat above all other food. This hawk gets its name from its traveling proclivities. It is found in all parts of the world, in small numbers, however, and the bird of Asia differs little from the one of Illinois. The falcon strikes the duck when in full flight with its talons extended and its feet thrust forward. The chase is cruelly interesting. The duck attempts to zigzag, but the extreme rapidity of its course renders this difficult. The hawk with strong wing beats comes nearer and nearer. There is a half whistle, half scream of triumph, and the talons sink deep into the back of the quarry, which is borne to the nearest point of land, there to be torn to fragments by the powerful beak of the enemy.

The hunting habits of the marsh hawk do not present as thrilling a spectacle as do those of the peregrine falcon, but its method of "beating up" its prey is picturesque to a degree. The marsh hawk has an impartial taste. A jack snipe, a field mouse or a Virginia rail are alike pleasant to his palate. The bird seeks out a stretch of country where in different places any one of these little creatures may be found. The hawk flies leisurely over the tops of the tall, dried grass and reeds in the rail's retreats, hoping that the mere knowledge of his presence will cause the starting into flight of one of the bird innocents. The marsh hawk can give lessons in the starting up of game to any of the pheasant hunters of Great Britain, and when the quarry is once started the hawk, unlike some British sportsmen, never misses its aim. The marsh hawk hunting over a stretch of gray waste land adds life and beauty to the scene. It kills enough harmful mice to pay for the game it kills, but its race is passing away because of the wantonness of hunters, who grudge the marsh hawk its dinner, though there may fall to the guns dinners for a score.

The pigeon bawk, a common hawk in the vicinity of Chicago, is so called because its flight and form resemble that of the pigeon, and not because it is particularly fond of pigeons as a food. The bird is no larger than the ordinary tame pigeon, and yet when it does pick out one of these birds as a delectable bit it strikes it down with ease and has been known to carry the quarry some distance. A Rogers Park carrier pigeon fancier was watching for the return of one of his birds from a long flight. It eame in sight apparently with another bird behind it. The bird in the rear proved to be a pigeon hawk, and it struck down the homing pigeon at the very doorstep of its owner. One of these small hawks entered the pigeon loft of a Highland Park fancier, and there wantonly killed three or four birds, contenting itself with eating one. A number of heavy-bodied birds from Dr. F. M. Ingalls' Highland Park cote went foraging recently in a field at some distance. A pigeon hawk appeared over the scene of the feeding and all the birds rose wildly. The hawk dashed into the middle of the flock and struck down two, one to the right and one to the left, more quickly than it takes to

tell the story.

The small birds have their foes as well as have the larger ones. The sparrow hawk picks up sparrows, larks, warblers and finches. The coopers' hawk dearly loves a quail dinner, and others of the taloned tribe help to bring terror and more than one occasional death into the songsters' ranks,—Chicago Chroniele.

People Who Sharpen Their Teeth.
Recent studies of the Kaders, a race of short, dark-skinned, curly-haired natives living in the Anamalai hills of southern India, show that they possess a remarkable custom not elsewhere known in India, viz.: the sharpening of the incisor teeth. This they accomplish by chipping the teeth to a point, giving them the form of cones.—Youth's Companion.

Bigamy.

Bigamy is simply an overissue of matrimonial bonds.—Chicago Daily News.

SLAUGHTER OF HAMSTERS.

How the Destructive Little Rodent Came from China to Germany and France.

The farmers around Berlin recently presented themselves at one of the public buildings with evidence that they had killed 80,000 hamsters in six months, and received the reward offered for the destruction of these harmful rodents. The hamster is a sturdy little animal related to the rat, with a large appetite for grain and a thrifty habit of storing considerable quantities in his hole for future consumption. His skin is of some value and as there is a price on his head, and the grain he steals and caches is worth recovering, there is a little profit in hunting him. There are too many hamsters, and, like the surplus population of Europe, he tries to remedy the evil by emigration. He has only recently appeared in certain cantons of Belgium and France, and the reception he has met would grieve him if he were at all sensitive. There is, just now, a loud appeal for drastic measures to stop the invasion, and it is little wonder that the ravages and fecunditiy of the animal have alarmed the thrifty farmer folk, who leave not a kernel of grain for the gleaner when they reap their fields and, much less desire to support ham-

The hamster is a native of the Chinese empire and his overland journey to the Atlantic has taken a great many years. He traveled by slow stages to the southern part of Siberia, then made his way across Russia, and finally appeared in the domain of the German emperor. The French include him among the evils of the Franco-Prussian war. They say he never crossed the Rhine until he saw great masses of men and horses marching to the west. He followed after them to see what was going on, was pleased with the country and has never rejoined his brethren to the east.

This is not the first time that an invasion of rodents has been attributed to a marching army. The famous remark of Marquis de Cherville that the only enduring result of the Napoleonic wars was the introduction to the west of the Persian rat was not intended merely as a witticism. It is a wellauthenticated fact that the troops who were hurried westward from the steppes of Asia and the plains of eastern Russia to take part in those gigantic atruggles were followed by many thousands of gray or Persian rats that foraged in the deserted camps and found a good living in unconsidered trifles. The marquis might have added that these formidable eastern rodents were a more thorough scourge in their way than were the Visigoths and Vandals, for they almost extinguished the race of the black rat which they supplanted

in the west. But the Persian animal had really secured lodgment in the west long before Russian soldiers marched against Napoleon. In early times the people of western Europe knew none of these rodents except the mouse, but during these crusades vessels from the orient brought the black rat to Europe, and the gray rat came to England as a stowaway on merchant vessels about 1730 and was introduced into this country, or was first observed here, in 1775. The American chapter in his history thus dates from the year before the declaration of Independence. This spe cies is to-day the common rat the world over, for it is stronger and more aggressive than the black or brown rat. and has supplanted those animals in almost every country.

It is possible to keep noxious rodents within bounds, but it is very difficult to exterminate them. At present the hamster is giving most trouble. He advances slowly, but seems to keep every region he adds to his domain. His presence was not severely felt in eastern France till three years after the German invasion, and he was not observed in Belgium till 1878. Ten years later the Belgian minister of agriculture offered a bounty for his destruction, but in spite of the war upon him the animal has held his own and pushed further afield, defying the Belgian minister by invading cantons he had not vet preempted, and then attacked France on the Belgian as well as the French side. He is a hard problem to solve, and all that can be done seems to be to earn as much bounty money as possible.

The far east is the grandfather of the west, and a very large part of living things, including man and much vegetation, has been traced from the orient to the occident. There are exceptions, however, to this general law of migration, and the latest that has come to notice is the case of the little insect pest known as the jigger, which reached the west African coast in a sailing vessel from Brazil in 1872 and arrived at the Indian ocean last year, having crossed the continent in the equatorial regions, 2,700 miles, in 26 years, traveling from west to east .- N. Bird Charmers in Paris.

One of the prettiest Parisian sights is that of the bird charmers in the Tuileries and the Luxembourg Gardens. Every fine afternoon may be seen admiring little crowds watching the bird charmer and his feats, pigeons quietly pecking crumbs from the crown of his hat, sparrows flying up to his fingers, snatching a bit and returning for a second or third. These caterers for public amusement are amateurs. The graceful little exhibition is gratuitous. rewarded only by the confidence of feathered friends and the admiration of the public. It is pleasant to see how easily and amiably French people are amused-business men, shopkeepers assistants, soldiers, elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, all stopping to watch the sight. As we know, bull fights have not succeeded in Paris. The fiery populace of the capital prefer the bird charmer.-Westminster Gazette.

SAYINGS OF OOM PAUL

Shrewd Remarks by the Conservative President of the South African Republic.

Kruger sprinkles shrewd illustrations through his discourses as can only a person gifted with natural expression. Speaking about England's desire to own the Rand mines, he

"I'll tell you, the gold fields are like a beautiful, rich young lady whom everybody wants, and when they can't get her they don't want anyone else to possess her. That is our position among the nations of the world."

When a delegation of outlanders

when a delegation of outlanders brought a petition to him, he said to them: "Oh, you are just like my monkey. You know I keep a monkey in my back yard. The other day when we were burning some rubbish the monkey managed to get his tall burned, whereupon he bit me. That's just like the outlanders in Johannesburg. They burn their tails in the fire of speculation, and then come and bite me!"

Kruger forces his religion on one constantly. Two-thirds of my questionshe answered with Scriptural quotations that usually were pat. When I asked him if he intended to seize Delagoa bay before the English took possession, in order that he might have a seaport, he answered, briefly: "Cursed be he who removes his neighbor's landmarks!"

I asked him why he did not give the outlanders the franchise. This, I thought, would open up an extensive field, for it has furnished tomes for the archives of Great Britain and the Transvaal. Oom Paul disposed of it in one paragraph.

"A man," he said, quickly, and without removing his pipe from his mouth, "cannot serve two masters. Either he will forsake the one and love the other, or else hate the one and cleave to the other. Now, the English, though they behave themselves properly and are loval to the state in a way, invaribly fall back on the queen when it suits their purpose. The Germans are not so. Well, we have a law for bigamy in this country, and a man must put off the old love before tak-

ing on the new."

An answer could hardly be more concise and graphic. It defines Kruger's attitude in a nutshell.

"In America," he told me, "the Englishman merges with Americans. He loses his identity. Here he emphasizes it. When an outlander shows a disposition to share our prosperity and troubles alike, him I give the franchise."—Allen Sangree, in Ainsley's Magazine.

SHAPE OF PORTO RICO.

All Maps of the Island Proved to Be Misleading and New Surveys Being Made.

One of the most curious results of the annexation of Porto Rico will be an alteration in the shape of the island as it is known to the world. The coast survey is now at work finding out what the real shape of Porto Rico is, and it has already learned enough to show that the old Spanish surveys are not only worthless, but that they give a positively false impression of the formation of the coast.

Porto Rico has always had a strangely regular shape on the maps. Islands take all sorts of shapes, but it is unusual to find one in the shape of a circle or a square. But Porto Rico has been of an oblong shape, looking almost as exact and precise as a child's building block. It has looked as if the sea, disgusted with the queer shapes assumed by islands, had determined to throw above its surface at least one island as even in contour as a cigar box, just to show that it could be done.

The coast survey is beginning to find out that Porto Rico has irregularities and considerable ones, like all other islands. At the eastern end, which the Spanish surveys make as sharp as the edge of a board, there is really a long northwestern slant into the ocean. This will make the island bigger than has been supposed, unless, as is quite probable, the coast survey has to gouge a big hole in the southeastern end of the island, corresponding to the rise to the northwest. No one can tell what shape Porto Rico will be, when it is finally sur-

No one can tell what shape Portc Rico will be, when it is finally surveyed as an American possession, but it seems certain that it will not be the insular freak it has appeared on the Spanish surveys.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Studied Proposal.

A young lady was acting temporarily as hostess, and her time was much occupied. One of her admirers, a nervous and absent-minded lover, perceived that this would be the case, and to facilitate matters he determined to bring affairs to a point. He didn't get a chance.

"Afterward," says the object of his ill-starred devotion, "I found this memorandum on the floor, where he had dropped it in his agitation. It reads thus:
""What ion rise in salary Mention

"'Mention rise in salary. Mention loneliness. Mention pleasure in her society. Mention prospects from Uncle Jim. Never loved before. Propose.'"—Collier's Weekly.

Apologetie.

Bridget—I can't stand missus, sur.
Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a
pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you.
"Sure, sur, we all make mistakes."—

Brooklyn Eagle.

To Be Pronounced in Sections.

The Flemish philologists have in

To Be Pronounced in Sections.

The Flemish philologists have introduced a new term into their language. In Flemish an automobile is a snelpaadrelooszoondeerspoorwegpetroolriituig.—Chicago Chronicle.

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