A REIGN OF TERROR.

be Haves Made by Two Lions Among Onmps of Workmen in India.

If the whole body of lion aneedote, from the days of the Assyrian kings. till the last year of the nineteenth mentury, were collated and brought together, it would not equal in tragedy or atrocity, in savageness or in sheer insolent contempt for man, sarmed or unarmed, white or black, the story of these two beasts. The scene of their exploits was 130 miles from the coast, in the valley of a cool and swift stream, the Tsavos river. Filled by the melting of the snows on Kilimanjaro, bordered with palma and ferns, and at a further distance by a dense and impassable jungle of; thorns, its banks became suddenly the camping ground of thousands of hard-working Indian railway men, who, slept, in camps scattered up and down the line for some eight miles. Into these camps the lions came, thrusting their gigantic heads under the flaps of the tents, or walking in at the doors of the huts. Their first wicitim was a Sikh jemardar taken from a tent shared by a dozen other workmen, the next a coolle. Then they raided the camps regularly until the local length of rail was finsahed, and the bulk of the men moved up country out of the lions' beat. But some hundreds were left behind to build bridges and do permanent work. It was then that the lions' reign of terror began, which ended in the complete stoppage of an imperial enterprize supplied with every mechanism. and appliance of civilization, from Eraction engines to armed troops.

Perhaps, says the London Spectator, The strongest evidence of the pressure to which these beasts subjected the Cominant biped man is that they Torced him to become arboreal. If the setting of blood and bones was not see ghastly, the scene would provoke a smile. After hundreds had fied some 200 still remained, for whom the engineer, worn out by want of sleep himself, and by constant tracking of the lions by day and sitting up by smoonlight, endeavored to find safe marters by night, when they might be seen "perched on the top of water tanks, roofs and bridge girders. Every good-sized tree in camp had as many beds lashed to it as its branches would bear. So many men got up a tree once when a camp was attacked that it came down, the men falling sclose to the lions. Strange to say, They did not heed them, but then they were busy devouring a man they had

ENGLISH IN CANADA.

It In Spoken as a Rule Much as It Is Used in the United States.

I noticed in a Montreal paper the other day, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, a curious note about the ordinary propunciation of English by the Canadians, which is said to be "purely American." Says the Montreal writer: "I heard some people talking about the odd way our younger people are learning to speak English here in Canada. The people of 'Cape Town, who 'went into transport' con the arrival of the Canadian soldiers, and loved them at first sight, found it very romantic that some of them spoke French, but hardly less was the English that the rest of them spoke. They said they spoke with an: American accent. Crudely speaking, this was a sufficient description. Many of our people speak more Amer-Scan than the educated American, and yet we have slovenliness all our own. The question is how to mend this." I should say that the Montreal writer thad been guilty of slandering his own people in intimating that they spoke English with a slovenliness any greater than that which English and Americans employ. The Canadians, as a rule, speak English as the Americans do, many of them speak it as the Scotch speak it, and a few in some of the various ways that the English speak English in. But the most slovenly users of English are the English themselves. No Scotchman, no Irishman, no Welshman, no American, no Canadian, can rival a thorough-going Englishman in slovenliness of speech. The majority of the English-speaking Canadians who come to us in Boston use the language very well-some of them beautifully. The Canadian, well educated at Toronto or Magill, vields to no speaker of English in the purity "and excellence of his ordinary diction. But I can imagine how the boys who went out to South Africa with the contingent," and who were recruited largely from the farmers and small *tradesmen. of Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, or from the Eng-Hah-speaking sections of the province of Quebec, impressed the British born

mulekly than Abbe Perosi, says the New tork Herald. A short time ago a large number-of pilgrims from Lombardy arrived at Rome under the guidto make of Cardinal Ferrari, and on the evening before the day which was mad for their reception at the vatican the cardinal called on Perosi, who 's a native of Lombardy, and requested him to compose an appropriate pasce of music for the pilgrims, as Chey wished to surprise the pope by giving a musical performance in his presence. Abbe Perosi promised that would do so. That very night he momposed the music; early the next

smorning he gave the score to the per-

Sormers and directed four rehearsals,

and at half-past 11 o'clock his music

was splendidly rendered in the pres-

ence of Leo XIII., who was so delight-

and with it that he sent for the com-

poser and warmly congratulated him.

Bouth Africans as regular Yankees.

It is doubtful if there has ever been

ecomposer who could work more

Rapid Work.

PRILLS OF FASHION.

Pretty Trifles That Go to Make Up the Latest Costumes of the Ladies.

Silk waists dotted all over with fine beads sewn on at regular intervals as if they were pin spots, are one of the Parisian fancies, and with these is worn a collar band pointing down below the accustomed neck line in front and closely beaded all over, says the

New York Sun. Vells with velvet spots have been the reigning fashion for some time, but the novel feature which distinguishes them now is that you can select your plain net, choose the size and number of spots most becoming, and have them put on to order as far apart or as near together as you like. Fancy a pretty woman standing before the mirror arranging the becoming position of the spots on her weil while the girl behind the counter sews in little threads to mark the places, and you will have a new edition of the vanity of vanities,

but the result fully justifies the means. Neckties made of silk in the form of batwings are one of the many novelties in neckwear, pastel coloring being the choice.

Shirring is very much in evidence on the new thin gowns. Shirts are shirred around the top, eleeves from the shoulder to the elbow, and usually there is a shirred yoke to match.

Green Egyptian beetles are one of the fads in hat pins.

Gold braid which is the real thing gives a very chic touch to many of the new gowns. It is only a touch at the belt and wrists, however, and very artistically arranged with black velvet on a soft pale color.

Long silk and satin coats in colors as well as black are such an evident element of fashion that there must be some reason for their appearance. No doubt the elegant followers of the mode will find them useful at the races. and the watering places later on. A tan shade of satin forms one model. which is made in lengthwise and short cross bands on a dotted white net all above the knee. Below this point the skirt is of plain satin. The long bands are set in to give a good line to the figure and the short ones fill in between. Flowered pannette ribbon is used for a loose lining or a second rever, and extends all down the front on each side. It also plaits in at the back lining the high collar. Dull silver buttons are the fastening.

Mohair in both dark and light shades is very much used this season. Stylish traveling gowns are made of it, pretty afternoon dresses in the light colors sometimes striped with white, and for skirts to wear with light waists it is very desirable.

Belts are either very wide or very narrow, no medium widths being admissible if you would be up to date.

SAVED HIS LEGS.

Kept Them from Being Broken by Liberal Potations of Cold Water.

"Why, Frank, what's the matter with you?" I said, with inexcusable bluntness, says a writer in Life. "I never saw a swampier looking human being in my life. You look absolutely sol-

"I'm not surprised at that, I guess... I must be water-logged," my guest replied, with undiluted good humor, however. "That's partly why I accepted your invitation. You see, I've had to drink a couple of dozen glasses of water every night for the last two or three months.'

"The deuce!" I ejaculated. "What is it—a cure?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "It's more preventive than remedial. It's the only way I can keep from breaking my legs." "Oh, yes. Of course it is," I jeered. I hate to be jollied. "Undoubtedly it saved you from splintering your shinbones, and crushing your knees to powder, and smashing your thigh-bones to flinders."

"I believe, on my word, it did," he retorted solemnly, "Say," he continued, taking pity on my obvious curiosity, "you remember Maud Morenstont, don't you?"

"Certainly," I acknowledged. "She's that enormously fat girl, with the-" "Well," he continued, hastily. "I'm engaged to her, and she's a little sensitive about her weight, and of course, I wouldn't hurt her feelings for anything."

"Oh, I congratulate you," I said, impatiently. "But what's that got to do with water saving your legs?

"Why, she likes to sit on my lap," he explained, blushing a good deal, "and-and I stand it until it seems as though my legs would crack into a million pieces in another second. Then I ask her if she won't get me a glass of water, and that gives me a minute's rest, you see. Yes," he added, pensively, "I believe I've drank as high as 50 or 75 ghases when I've stayed a little

Dried-Apple Custard Pic. Stew nice dried apples until just done. Line pie-tins with crust and put in apples with as little juice as possible. For three pies take three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls and one pint of milk. Make a custard of the yolks and the milk, pour over the eggs and applies, and bake. While baking heat the whites with the engar to a stiff froth and put on the top; when done set back in the oven, which should be rather sool, until sufficiently hardened. Flavor with lemon.-Farm

and Firedde. Marlborough Pie. Six tart apples, six ounces of sugar, six ounces of butter or thick cream, cir eggs, the grated peel of one lemon and one-half the juice. Grate the apples, after paring and coring them; stir together the butter and sugar, as for cake; then add the other ingredients, and bake in a rich underpaste only. Cincinnati Enquirer

POREIGN GOSSIP.

England sold to foreign countries 338 steamers and 266 sailing vessels in 1899. There are 30,000 more exhibitors at the present Paris fair than there were in 1889.

One hundred years ago Australia had: about 1,000,000 aborigines. Now they have dwindled to less than 100,000.

Physicians are in great demand in Brazil They are well paid, but their life is a hard one, as they often have to ride all day to reach a patient.

England no longer furnishes the largest contingent of tourists in Switzerland. The Germans and French both surpass the English in numbers.

From the Beirut district, in Syria, were exported last year to the United States goods valued at \$370,000, chiefly wool, rugs, Damascus inlaid woodwork, cotton lace and soap. Logs are the cheapest thing in Si-

beria, but if the forests are cut as rapidly for the next century as they have been of late years, reforestation will become as pressing a question as it is in America.

The Berliner Tageblatt pleads for lower railway passenger rates, and points out that for \$15 one can travel five times as far in Russia as in Germany. In Hungary the rates are a trifia lower still.

In Lodz, Russian Poland, the police recently discovered a retreat in which the socialist journal "Rabatnik," was published. Six people working in the place were arrested, yet the paper came out subsequently, despite the confiscation of the press. In this next issue was given the name of the person who had informed the police of the whereabouts of the press. The body of this person was afterward found pierced with a dagger.

-A BACK YARD CAMPAIGN.

The Ba-ad Man Went Forth to Slay, But Changed His Mind Very Speadily.

"What! throwing old fruit cans, cabbage roots and dead branches into our yard? Fine new neighbor, that, I must say. I guess I won't do more than a few things to him. O. I'll be modest in my demands. All I'll insist upon is that he come this side of the fence, throw the rubbish back and enter into an agreement to never commit like trespass as long as he lives here."

"But suppose that he refuses, dear?" "Then I'll take the law into my own hands. I'll make him think that the earth exploded, and then I'll pay my fine like a gentleman and a patriot. I'm easy to lead, but when it comes to riding me, I'm be-ad. That's what I

"Please don't have any trouble." "No trouble at all. He'll clean up or get cleaned out. I want everybody to understand distinctly that my house is my castle and that my backyard is not a dumping ground."

Then, says the Detroit Free Press, this vigilant defender of his rights took a look up and down Vinewood avenue to see that there was no policeman in sight to interfere with his campaign plans, hurried out the back way and came upon the new neighbor toss ing a dead grape vine over the fence.

"Here, you," yelled the proprietor, and there was dynamitic danger in his

"Well," and the offender straightened up. He is built on the lines of Jeffries, and that "well" sounded like a blast in a coal mine. "Er, howdy do. Glad to meet you.

I just wanted to ask it as a favor that you throw any old roots and bushes and things into my lot. The boys want 'em for a bonfire on the Fourth, don't you see?"

"Heavens!" he added, when safely in the house again. But when he learned it was all a practical joke put up, by his brother-in-law, limitations to the right of publication were hopelessly exceeded.

FOOD FOR BIRDS.

How It May Be Supplied Through the Long Winter and Pretty Nests in Summer.

-Food in winter and lodging in summer may be provided for a great number of birds in a very simple way. You have only to buy a few cocoanute. cut off the ends, like taking the top off an egg, which can easily be done with a sharp chisel and a mallet, bore holes through the sides, put a string through and knot it, and then hang the cocoanut from the creeper or a bough. Thus for a few cents you can provide food for birds for weeks or

months. Last winter our cocoanuts were seldom let alone for many moments. Birsd swarmed on them, lowering themselves down by the string, and, at last, when confidence was quite established, flying straight in. They worked away at them from early morn till dewy eve.

When all the nut is eaten the shells make excellent nesting-places, and will probably be taken possession of by the same birds that hollow them out, if the shells are left out through the summer. In this way both board and lodging are provided on most reasonable terms, with no extras. In the hardest weather the food supply is always available, and if you are away from home for a few days you know the birds will not be in

Strength of Plants.

The great force exerted by the growing of the stem and roots of plants is shown in cities, where they often raise and crack pavements. In a cemetery in Hanover, Germany, the base of a tree has dislodged the stones of a strongly built tomb. One of the stones, measuring 23 by 56 inches and 28 inches in thickness, has been lifted HOW TO SAVE A FLY.

If the Insect Has Been Drowned, Bury It in Sait for a Short Time.

A couple of late workers had just dispatched a sma' hour supper in . restaurant the other night when a predatory fly, which had been swooping hungrily about the table, brought up in a finger bowl, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Now watch me," said one of the pair, "and I'll perform an interesting experiment. To begin with, I'm going to drown that fly." "Oh, don't kill him," exclaimed the other, touched by the same spirit of mercy that animated Uncle Toby; "take him out and let him go." "I'm going to kill him temporarily," replied the first speaker, and picking up a sliver, of a match he proceeded to force the unfortunate fly under water and hold him there despite his frantic squirming. Presently the struggles of the insect became feebler, and at last the delicate legs ceased to flutter and were drawn convulsively against the body. To all appearances the fly was stone dead. The experimenter lifted him out of the bowl and deposited him carefully upon the tablecloth. He turned him over with the sliver of wood, but there were no signs of life.

"Now comes the resurrection," he said, and poured a heaping teaspoonful of salt over the inert insect, burying him from sight. "It will take some little time," he continued, "possibly ten minutes, but I feel certain chough of the result to wager the price of our supper that the fly comes to life." "I'll go you," said the other; "that fly is as dead as Caesar."

Both pulled out their watches, and eight minutes had ticked away when there was a slight stir in the salt heap and out walked the fly, as good as ever. He preened himself briskly, shook his wings and soured into space. "I can't explain it," said the man who tried the experiment, "but I've never known the thing to fail. It would have made no difference if I had submerged the fly half an hour; he would have come around just the same when buried in salt.. Perhaps there's a hint for the resuscitation of human be-

AS TO SOFT CRABS.

There Are Some Requirements to Be Observed Before an Epicure Will Est Them.

"The soft shell crab season is just now in full bloom," lately remarked a New Orleans clubman, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but, strange to say, it is next to impossible to obtain these delicate crustaceans properly served at any hotel or restaurant in the city. The trouble is that they make no effort to keep them alive, and 15 minutes after a crab has been gathered to its fathers it is no more fit for human food than a papier mache

Easter egg. "The proper way to handle a soft shell crab is to keep it alive in a bucket of wet moss until it is wanted for cooking. Then take it out, wash it, drive sife blade under the head, roll it in cornmeal and fry it light brown over a hot fire. Treated in that way it is one of the greatest delicacies in the world. The flesh is firm, sweet, juicy, and exquisitely tender. The right way to eat it is to turn it over on its back, lift off the tender under-plate with your knife blade, pass a coffee spoon down the depression in the center, removing everything except the true pads of luscious white meat on each side, and then thank the gods that you are alive. But at most of the places here crabs are simply butchered. They are killed and cleaned as soon as they arrive, and put on ice until called for. That ruins them, for the reason that the flesh undergoes a certain deterioration almost immediately after death. It loses its sweetness, becomes dry and crumbles in the mouth like so much cornmeal. It doesn't taste any more like the real thing than hard cider tastes like champagne. I'm surprised that our local cooks haven't long ago

mended their ways. "In Charleston, Savannah, Baltimore, Mobife and a dozen other cities I could name, a dead crab could not be served. The patron always insists upon seeing it first, and unless it is alive and kicking he countermands the order. I have often seen foxy old epicures pinch off one of the small claws, so as to be sure they were getting the same crab that was exhibited in ad-Vance."

Verbal Monstrosities.

In the new part of the Oxford diotionary will appear a verbal monstrosity that rivals the often quoted honorificabilitudinity, says the London News. It is incircumscriptibleness, which contains exactly the same number of letters, viz., 22. "Incir," etc., means the quality of being incapable of circumscription or limitation. Byfield, a pious writer of the seventeenth century, appears to be the only author who has ever had a fancy for using the word, which, by the way, rivals Mark Twain's German word that could only be properly appreciated by being spelt out along the parapet of the great bridge over the Danuhe at Buda-Pesth.

Have Cheap Venison. Venison is only two cents a pound at St. John's, Newfoundland. It is the staple food during the first-five months of the year, in which they are isolated, except by cable, from the rest of the world. Two or three thousand caribon are killed every autumn and the flesh is cured or salted down for winter use. In spite of this wholesale slaughter the number of deer on the island shows no diminution.

" He Talks on Just the Same. Many e-fluent talker is unable to say the right thing at the right time.—ChiLO AND HIS "BUFFALO" HORNS

How the Wily Red Man of the Southwest Utilizes a Product of the Slaughter House.

The Montana Indian is something of a schemer himself. He comes to town and sometimes walks all over the place without saying a word to any our, says the Anheonda Standard. Sometimes he brings in a few sets of polished mounted cow's horns, which he sells for a dollar or two a set. He never frequents saloons. He looks into clothing store windows, but never bucks the slot machines in eigar stores. He frowns as he passes a restaurant, but smiles while walking through the sweet-scented alleys

back of cheap boarding houses. In a horse trade he takes the prize. if there's one to be taken, for he was never known to get the worst of such a bargain. The reason of this, however, may lie in the fact that he begins the negotiations with nothing to lose and everything to win. However, he has the reputation of a

Where his schemes shine brightest is in the sale of polished "buffulo" horns. He lives out near one of the mlaughter houses on the south side, and there he secures his "buffalo" horns, all sizes, curves and consistencles. He picks out a set of ox horhs of symmetrical proportions, scrapes the scales off and boils the horns in a solution of glycerin, wood ashes and water. This treatment softens the horns, so that a case-knife will easily remove all the exterior accumulation. Then fine sandpaper is used to give the first polish, followed by a thorough rubbing with a fiannel cloth slightly saturated with oil. A varnish or shellac is then applied, and the horns are in condition for mounting. Then the work is turned over to the squaw, who does the really artistic work. Red fiannel and braid, beads sometimes, and a strip here and there of buckskin, a few brass-headed tacks and the mounted "buffalo" horns are ready for the market.

Mr. Buck comes to town and the tenderfoot asks him where he "ketchem buffalo horns." "In Yallowstone Park," grunts the

big buck. "How much?" asks the intending

purchaser. "Two dolls."

"Too muchee." "No, no: cheap; thue dolla, ugh." The tenderfoot inspects the work and satisfies himself that they are really the horns of an almost extinct species of the majestic western animal, and he hands over the coin and walks away proudly with his prize.

The Indian moves off down the street, turns the first corner and disappears up an alley.

PROTECTING SONG BIRDS.

Mensures Lately Adopted by the Swins Government for This Purpose.

"Switzerland has not many feathered songsters," says James T. Dubois, consul at St. Gall, according to the New ist are carefully protected, not only by law, but by the fostering care of the people, particularly the German speaking people, of Switzerland. In 1875 a law was enacted prohibiting the trapping or killing of song birds, or the robbing or molesting of their nests. in any part of the Alpine republic. But in northern Italy bird morder is epidemic, and this spirit has spread over the Swiss-Italian scanton of Tessin, where the willow wren, hedge sparrow, blackcap, swallow, nightingale and little singers of all kinds are victims of the trap, the net and the gun.

"As the seasons come and go the the Swiss birds make their pilgrimage south, and in going and returning across the land of northern Italy and the Swiss canton of Tessin they are mercilessly pursued by hunters of all ages and all classes. On the Lago Maggiore it is estimated that at.least 60,-000 of the feathered songsters are trapped or killed every year, and in the region around Bergamo, Verona, Chiavena and Brescia many millions are indiscriminately slaughtered to satisfy the demand of the tables and of the millinery establishments of the world.

"One of the schemes is to cover the limbs of trees and the rocks, and even the telegraph wires, along the line of the bird migrations with a certain paste of such adhesive qualities that whenever the birds stop in their flight for rest or food they are held helpless -captives. Hundreds are often captured in a very small space by this simple

"During the last year the border police of Tessin captured and destroyed 13.000 bird traps set to imprison these weary little flyers. Authorities are being urged to take the most rigorous measures to suppress the evil. The criminal courts are having many more bird lay violation cases than formerly, and bird catching and killing crimes which in former years were either overlooked or punished only slightly are now enforced, and the song birds of Switzerland may yet survive the attempt to exterminate them."

Pretty Parasites.

A singular class of plants is the air plant, or parasites, which do not grow with their roots in the ground or the mud, but attach themselves to trees or other plants and feed on stolen sap. Fungi and lichens, which you see growing on the bark of trees or on old wood, are parasites. The mistictoe is one of our prettiest parasites, and our Spanish moss one of the most familiar to us.

Girls Preferred.

In Germany and Holland girls are chosen in preference to young men in all employments in which they can be advantageously employed.

*THE GOOD FELLOW GIRL."

Mrs. Russell Sage Discusses One of the Products of the Period.

The "good fellow girl" is a product of modern society, says Mrs. Sage, according to the Washington Star. There could not possibly be any congeniality or even sympathetic interest between

me and this fin de slecle creature. I was not a "good fellow" when I was young. Yet I had a good time. I was bridesmaid nine times, which shows that I was neither friendless nor neglected, and I entered into all the social pleasures of the other young people. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. but there wasn't a "good fellow" girl among us.

Since that time this new kind of a girl has come upon the social horizon. She plays tennis and golf. She talks about horses like a jockey. She is proud of her wlang vocabulary. She isn't easily shocked. She rides a wheel in abbreviated skirts. She smokes a cigarette if she feels like it.

In truth, she has lost the sweetness, refinement and dignity that makes womanhood beautiful.

Some men will like her free manners and speech. She will doubtless get married, because she will have no hesitation in helping the man along if he seems at all backward. She is not hampered by any traditions of past. She boasts that she has cast aside the shackles that bound her sex. She believes that she revels in a newly-found and delicious freedom. She does not know that many of the men who find her companionable

do not admire her. Nor do I think they would call ber their ideal of what a wife and a mother should be. Too often she loses their respect and wins nothing in return-As one man once said to a girl of this

"She is a good comrade, but It wouldn't want her for a wife."

To my way of thinking, the old fach ioned girl can never be improved upon. She was gentle, home-loving and homemaking, and she was very sweet and lovable. She could not tool a coach. She did not know any slang. She wouldn't have ridden a wheel under any circumstances, and she would have scorned to be thought "one of the boya." And she won a measure of respect, admiration, love and homage of which any woman might well be proud. I am glad to say there are still many girls like her. May the "good fellow girl's" reign be short.

FILIPINO MARKSMANSHIP.

Like That of the Average Spaniard. It In Anything But Accurate.

The bad shooting of the Filipinos is well known to all who have followed closely the reports that have come from our eastern possessions, but if many of the Filipino officers were provided with range-finding field glasses, as Maj. Marsh reported one officer was, then the miserable shooting of the men must be due to nervousness or excitability, rather than to errors in estimating distances. In his report of his expedition that was sent out to capture Aguinaldo, Maj. March, of the Thirty-third infantry, says that when his men found the body of the insurgent general, Gregorio del Pilar, who was killed in the fight at Tila pass, that officer had in his possession a French field glass provided with a device for finding the range of objects, evidently similar to that described in these columns recently, says Shooting and Fishing.

Another report tells of a fight in which the insurgents were behind a barricade waiting for our men to come up on their front and be slaughtered. So confident were they that they set all their sights for a certain spot in the road, 600 yards away, where the Americans were expected to appear. They did appear, and suddenly, but on the rebels' flank. In the fight that followed the good Mausers were harmless, for the natives neglected to change their sights. as was made evident when the latter were found on the field after the rebels lay down for good or ran away.

Value of Rubies.

"It is impossible to set any definite value of rubies at present," said a New. Orleans jeweler, reports the Times-Democrat. "The mines were ex-. hausted several years ago, and the few fine stones that remain on the market are worth whatever one chances to ask. They are far more valuable than diamonds—in fact, the price is purely arbitrary, depending chiefly on how badly the purchaser wants the gem....The last mines to be worked were in Siam, but they are nowentirely closed down. Practically the same thing may be said of emeralds. A few find their way to the dealers. now and then, but the supply has dwindled to almost the vanishing point, and to secure a fine specimen is purely a matter of luck. They are no longer kept in stock by the wholesalers, and when one turns up it brings a fancy figure. I am speaking, of course, of first-class stones. Both rubies and emeralds vary enormously in quality. Sometimes it is hard to tell just what they lack, but its absence is unmistakable, and constitutes the difference between a true gem and a mere colored stone. For example, I have a fourcarat emerald that I have tried to sell? for \$100. It is a pretty stone, and seems outwardly to be perfect, but it lacks something. I have seen four-carat emeralds sell for \$600. They were the same size, same weight, same shape, same color as the one I have, but, ahi. -the difference!"

Hatrotas.

The fact that there are 10,000,000,000 hairpins manufactured in this country annually doesn't prevent a hair from getting into the butter occasionally. Chicago Daily News.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Let très répandre es Lo figiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. 18a publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne. \$12.00 Edition hebd-madaile \$3.00.