

IN FASHION'S REALM.

Little Hats for the Woman Who Wants to Be Correct and Up-to-Date in Appearance.

Tails and tails are the correct adornments for fur muffs this year, styled beaus having been discarded by Dame Fashion.

Ribbons for trimming the modish beaver hats have a silk beaver finish and come in plain colorings and the most effective combination.

Heavy lace, especially in response work in a pastel pink, is worn as champagne, is used with artistic results on some modish gowns, creating especially well with pale pink, amber or pale blue.

Drapery net for mourning millinery resembles point d'esprit, pinked with tiny dull jet beads, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

The moonstone is in evidence as the setting for some of the newest sleeve links and fancy buttons.

The strapping fad has extended to silk petticoats, narrow bands of silk embellishing the finely tucked flounces.

Broadtail and gray fox is an effective combination in the coat line.

Some beautiful low bodices are trimmed with triple folds of the material, with a large Renaissance jewel as a central ornament.

Evening gowns of tulle or satin in light champagne color are relieved by a touch of light green.

Chinchilla is used for trimming smart costumes of velvet in dark violet, gray and brown.

Chrysanthemums with a fringe of unopened buds, bright red Virginia creeper, Parma violets with a fringe of stalks and roses flecked with brilliant and combined with tiny rosebud trails, are a few of the lovely effects in floral garniture for gowns of black net or crepe brought out this season.

As embroidery for evening shoes turquoise is blended with gold on black and white, and emerald mingle with the gold stitching. Rhinestones, finely cut jet and steel spangles are utilized for the adornment of black satin and kid shoes, and an extreme fancy is butterfly embroidery decorating the toes of some beautiful shoes.

According to an authority the first devoltee gown of which mention was made in the history of costume was worn by Queen Isabeau of Bavaria. The fashion was at its height in the time of the Valois kings and flourished during the reigns of Louis XIV. and his successors.

Embroidered hop sack is one of the new fabrics utilized for smart gowns. The grape-ornamentation has caught the fancy of the hosiery manufacturers and white silk stockings show a design of fruit and foliage over the instep.

A DOCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

Physician Says the Carpet is the Most Unsanitary Thing in the Modern Home.

"When the American housewife becomes thoroughly educated in domestic sanitation she will never have a carpet in her home," remarked a Detroit doctor, who has made a deep study of the germ theory, according to the Free Press.

"Why?" Simply because it is the most unsanitary thing in the house. No matter how careful the inmates may be in the matter of cleaning their shoes before entering the house, unless they were to adopt the oriental practice of taking them off and leaving them outside they are bound to carry in some dirt from the street. This dirt settles in the carpets, and when sweeping day comes it is stirred up and the top of the room becomes filled with it. It may not always be impure, but as nearly all of it comes from the street the chances are that it is, and when the sweeper, or whoever passes through the room during the sweeping process, inhales it whatever dangers may lurk in it pass into the lungs and perform their work of mischief. If you want to test this theory go yourself into a carpeted room that has just been swept, and notice how quickly you can become choked with the dust that is in the air.

"What would I substitute for carpets?" Rugs. And not large, heavy rugs, either, but small and light ones that may easily be lifted up and taken out doors for cleaning. Rugs, however cheap, on hard wood floors are better than the most expensive carpet you can buy, if you have regard for your health. They should be cleaned frequently, too, and always out doors.

"If this simple method were universally adopted you may be sure that we doctors would in time have fewer patients to take care of, and this fact should give you sufficient evidence that my suggestion is not made for a selfish purpose."

Barberry Preserve.

New England housekeepers make a delicious preserve from barberries. These berries are offered in New York markets in the autumn, and a few jars of the sweet lend an agreeable variety to the list of put-up fruits. Stem, wash, and measure the barberries, allowing a pint of sugar to a pint of berries. Cook together till they are boiled to a pulp and the fruit is tender. Add a quarter of a pound of raisins to every pound of fruit. Seal while hot in jars. Defer the preserving of barberries till after the first frost has touched the fruit.—N. Y. Press.

Cherry Sauce.

Ten large tomatoes, four large heads of celery, five large onions, one large green or red pepper, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one and one-half cupfuls vinegar. Chop fine, mix well and boil until thick, then bottle and seal.—Good Housekeeping.

A CURIOUS MEAL.

Troop of British Soldiers in South Africa Reduced to a Diet of Jam and Monkey.

During the South African war, says London Tit-Bits, our soldiers have had some very queer meals, such as mealicobs straight, jappatties cooked with Dublin, horse flesh, mutton, etc., but the most curious meal I have ever eaten was down on the Portuguese border while on the march with Gen. Buller.

Any soldier who was with Gen. Buller at Lydenburg will remember that after the occupation of that place we were short of rations, and had it not been for the guides (who were instrumental in finding a cache in the mountains) we should have fared badly indeed.

About three days after we had occupied Lydenburg I was told off with my troop to escort a convoy to Niels Spruit (a small station on the Portuguese border, about 20 miles distant) to bring back rations and forage. On the way down we met many natives, who, as usual, clamored for some small trifles, such as matches, etc. Having nothing else but my rations, which consisted of four biscuits, and one tin of beef, I gave them away, thinking that I should be able to get plenty at the end of the journey, but I was to be disappointed, and found to my sorrow that the convoy was to be foraged and arrived, as the rations had not arrived. Of course, I was left without food, which was an awful predicament to be placed in, especially as we had two days' journey in front of us, for, though it only took one day to go down, it takes longer to return with the wagons loaded.

On the journey down (being on the right flank) I noticed lots of monkeys and troops of baboons, who ran off as we approached, chattering and grunting, into the woods. Suddenly it struck me, why not shoot one of these monkeys? I have heard of people eating them in some parts of the world, so why not me? I must tell you that the men, like myself, had been foolish enough to give their rations away, and so were placed in the same situation as myself, so I suggested that we should shoot a monkey, to which they agreed. Well, we soon shot one, a fine fellow, and it was pitiful to see the others, who, instead of running away (as we thought they would), gathered round the dead creature and cried like human beings, but as we came up, they made off, jabbering and crying out piteously.

We carried the monkey to our bivouac, and soon had it skinned. We then made a fire, there being plenty of wood about, and in about an hour's time Mr. Monkey was ready for dinner, frizzling and crackling like a sucking pig. I have tasted a good many dishes in all parts of the globe, but this one took the cake; for, to our dismay, we had not got one biscuit among the lot of us, the only thing we had being a tin of jam, so that there was nothing else to do but sit down and make the best of it. I must say that it was not bad at all, and I think most of us made a hearty meal, but I should not care to eat it too often, and I don't think I shall forget in a hurry the time I feasted on jam and monkey.

SKIING IN AMERICA.

Americans Are Backward in Many of the Best Winter Sports and Miss a Lot of Fun.

It is a mistake to suppose that skating can be enjoyed only by our Canadian friends, says Country Life in America. Everyone who lives in a hill country where there is any snow at all should try this exciting pastime. A pair of skis and a pole cost about a dollar and a half. The runners are usually six or seven feet long, about four inches wide, and the pole may be ten or twelve feet in length. On account of the small expense and informal nature of the sport, skiing is just the thing for those parts of the United States where the winter is essentially a changeable season. Some sports may demand a steady winter; skiing does not. In certain parts of the United States skiing has already "caught on." For example, a good many of the Cornell students carry their skis to the classroom and slide home on them. In the mining camps of the upper Michigan the Swedes and Norwegians come flying down their race-courses, shoot off a sort of spring-board, rise to a thrilling height and achieve an astonishing leap before they tumble into the waiting snowbank. But the ski is a good thing for everyday use and fun. One can pole along on the level fairly well in almost any kind or depth of snow, and on a crust skis are quicker than snowshoes. Skis cost less than a good pair of skates or a good bobbed, and they furnish a novel method of sliding down hill. It is easy to learn. Two or three tumbles do the business. If you get one foot well ahead of the other you are certainly a "gooner." The man who leans back is likely to have a laughable "mix-up." It is best to stand erect, or crouch forward so as to brace oneself. The pole is trailed behind and used to steer by.

The people of the United States are provincial in the matter of winter sports. We have been missing "a lot of fun," and it is high time that we look to skiing.

Too Trivial to Be Noticed.

Rooney—Were yer iver shtrucked by lightning, Pat? Casey—Oi don't remember. "Don't remember?" "No. A mon that's bin married tin years don't remember sich troubles as that."—Judge.

YOUNG ROYALTY IN GERMANY.

A Number Who Will Soon Come to the Front in a Spectacular Way.

The members of the royal family, who have been hitherto in the infant class, will now play a leading role in court society. There is, first of all, the crown prince, a lusty, fun-loving young lad, who has just reached the age of manhood, and for whom the court intrigues are trying to make a brilliant match. At present gossip has it that Princess Alice, of Great Britain, the daughter of the duchess of Albany, is to be the favored one. But the crown prince, like his father, insists upon making his own choice, regardless of political considerations. But if predilections go for anything he will doubtless marry a member of the British family, and Princess Alice combines both royal English blood and beauty. She is now living with her mother in Potsdam, near the royal palace, and is the favorite of the kaiserin at little family gatherings, country strolls and drives around Sans Souci, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

After the crown prince comes Prince Adalbert, who is now living in Kiel, and is to be the future lord of Germany's navy, just as Prince Wilhelm, the next eldest of Kaiser Wilhelm, became chief admiral. Prince Adalbert is being bred for the sailor life, however, and will not be seen much at court. The third member, however, is a charming, handsome lad called Eitel Fritz, who is to enter at Bonn university with the crown prince and has already become a social lion. The remaining children are still to be kept to their studies.

As in all court centers, society is divided into various sets, each of which has its own leaders by virtue of office or lavish entertainment. The most exclusive court set is that with which the kaiser and kaiserin surround themselves at the new palace in Potsdam, in which are included Prince and Princess Henry, the arch prince and duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the empress; Prince and the beautiful Princess Leopold of Prussia and the different reigning leaders of the Prussian houses affiliated with the royal family. This circle is the simon-pure "Hohenzollern" society, in which only family relation counts. Then come the members of the royal cabinet and their wives, with Chancellor and Countess von Buelow at the head. Countess von Buelow is an Italian by birth and one of the most brilliant of social entertainers at the old chancellor palace in which Bismarck lived when in Berlin. Adjoining this estate are the ministerial residences and gardens of Baron von Hiehoffen, minister of foreign affairs; Minister von Rheinbaben, minister of finance; Minister Posadowsky, minister of culture study, and others. All the ministers are supplied with palatial residences by the government, where they entertain according to their measure.

ANOTHER SURE CURE.

Man Who Could Not Sleep Tried Mince Pie and Dropped Off Like a Log.

"Every newspaper one picks up these days offers a sure cure for insomnia somewhere in its columns," said a man who believes that he hasn't slept any worth mentioning for ten or twelve years, relates the Detroit Free Press. "But I have tried many of them without any benefit whatever. Recently, however, I've devised a peculiar remedy of my own. The formula cannot be filed at the drug shop, and you may not always have the panacea in the house; but, at any rate, it won't hurt you to hear about it. "Being a bad sleeper, it is my habit to sit up after all the rest of the family has gone to bed. I read all the papers, look over the magazines, and sometimes doze a little over my reading. My wife says that's really the reason why I don't sleep better in bed; but, of course, that's not so. Well, the other night, when ready to go to sleep I felt a wakeful fit coming on—felt as if I could never go to sleep again and had never been asleep since. I was born. Instead of going upstairs, I wandered into the dining-room aimlessly. There I remembered that we had had excellent mince pie for dinner, so I rambled into the pantry, found a whole mince pie and ate one-third of it. Then I went up to bed. Yes, sir, and slept like a top—didn't know a thing till morning. After two wakeful nights I tried mince pie again, and with the same excellent results. I give you the experience for what it is worth, and you take it at your own risk. A man simply can't stay awake on mince pie—it holds him down."—Yes, sir!

King Penniless.

Wealthy as King Edward of England is, he found himself without money the other day, and at a moment when he needed it badly. The queen and he were attending divine service in St. Paul's cathedral, and in due course the poorbox was handed to them. The king thereupon put his hand in his vest pocket for some money, but found none, and, though he searched pocket after pocket, he was unable to produce a single penny. Much discomfited, he turned to the queen, probably with the intention of asking for her purse, but he was too late, for the official with the box had passed on. After the service the king mentioned the incident to the bishop of London, who had officiated, and said that he would be obliged to ask him for a small loan, adding, humorously: "It is not the first time I have borrowed money."—N. Y. Herald.

VETERAN WHO KNEW SPANISH.

He Had Been to "Cobradi Capello" and "Boa Constrictor," and You Couldn't Lose Him.

Like all wars, the difficulty with Spain developed a crop of warriors like Bret Hart's man who was with Grant. They are yet returning from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

A consequential small negro stepped into a drug store on Chestnut street to buy something they did not keep, and, having been made to understand that fact after considerable trouble, he remarked to the man who had waited on him:

"I see dar's a gentleman jest come byar to 'establish a class' in teach Spanish. 'Pears like ter me ef de peoples byar wants ter learn how ter speak Spanish dey'd better des go ter Cuba, an' 'Porty Kikey, an' 'aroun', an' 'learn' hit des laik I did—by extrac' wid de people."

"So you have been to Cuba and Porto Rico, have you?" "Oh, yes; yes, sah. I've trabled mighty neah all ober de worl' myself."

"Whereabouts in Cuba did you go?" "Des all ober; ev'rywhar, neahly." "Well, what places did you visit?" "I was in de city of Havana, an' 'odder cities; in fac', I was des all ober de place."

"Did you go to 'Cobra-di-Capello'?" "Oh, yes. I members dat place berry well; hit's right on de coast."

"Then there's a tow way in the interior; right almost in the middle. Let's see. What is the name of it? Boa Constrictor? That's it—Boa Constrictor. Did you go there?" "You des bamp I did; dey was a consergent camp dere, an' I was sent wid a 'spatch to de gin'ral. I members dat place mighty well."

"Did you ever happen to get to Canine de Hydrophobia?" "Law, yes. Our regiment was camped dar. Dar's a nice spring right in de oberskrubs ob de town, an' I tel' ye we enjoyed drinkin' dat watah. Dat's a nice place."

"You learned to speak Spanish right along, did you?" "Laws-a-mussy, mister, I learned to speak Spanish des as well as de natives; an' dey all said so. Spanish ain't no hard langwig. All yer got ter do is ter make hit sound des as little like yer own langwig as yer can, and you're got it."

Then the man behind the counter, who speaks Spanish pretty well, addressed him in language which, being interpreted, expresses the thought: "You are a low-down, contemptible, worthless person."

"Yes, sah; dat's hit. You've got it, boss. Whar'de worle did you learn Spanish?" "Yes, sah. Dat's de trufe what you says. But I've got ter go to de post office, right erway," and thus speaking the learned traveler and linguist departed.

SETTLERS LEAVING BRAZIL.

Thousands Abandon Their Land and Are Moving to New Fields in Canada.

The pretentious scheme inaugurated by the Brazilian republic some years after the fall of the empire, and upon which vast sums of money were spent with a view of settling up by Europeans the great tract of country in the Province of Parana along the Rio Negro, has apparently resulted in complete failure. Multitudes of Europeans who were induced to settle there are leaving in disgust and are coming to Canada, says an Ottawa report.

About ten years ago hundreds of families from the Roman Catholic settlements of Russian Poland were transported to Brazil at the expense of that country, and after suffering many years of fruitless labor and disappointment and from broken promises on the part of the Brazilian authorities, have relinquished the lands granted them, and have decided to cast their future lot in the Canadian Northwest.

It is for the purpose of making arrangements for this exodus of Poles from Brazil that Alexander Kinney, who has lately arrived there from Rio de Janeiro to interview the Dominion government upon the subject. In the memorandum presented to the government on behalf of the Poles it is set forth that out of 150,000 Polish settlers in Brazil there are now 10,000 desirous of coming to Canada. In the event of monetary assistance being granted them they promise to redeem it at the maturity fixed by the government.

The British minister at Rio de Janeiro substantiates the allegations of the memorandum. As soon as the first contingent of Poles is successfully settled in the west the whole colony will leave Brazil for permanent settlement in Canada, thus following the example of the Patagonian Welsh.

Horror of Africa.

The worst horrors of African exploration have only just been made known. An unfortunate Frenchman, who has lately returned from the west of that continent, related to a sympathetic audience that he had received 22,000 offers of marriage during his tour. On one occasion 753 brides were offered him at a time, but, with the gallantry of his nation, he refused to accept any lest the rest should be jealous. Otherwise the country, the lecturer seemed to think, is safe enough if the explorer is not endowed with his fatal gift of beauty. These great men are all adorably modest.—Detroit Free Press.

Precession Too Swift for Him.

Mr. Upjohn—Who you would tell Kathleen she cooks her steaks too much? Mrs. Upjohn—You are three girls late, John. The name of the present one is Mollie.—Stray Stories.

NEW WAY UNPLEASANT.

He Was Used to Holding Up a Hank When He Wanted Money—Old Methods Superseded.

When civilization reached Pin-Hill City, a bank was established, and one of the first customers was old man Johnson. A few days later he wanted money, and entered the place with a gun in his hand, relates the Boston Globe.

"Want some money to-day?" queried the president. "Well, it's ready for you."

"Say, I don't understand," exclaimed the old man, as he backed off. "I'm here to hold this bank up for \$30."

"But you don't have to. Just sign this check, and I'll hand over your money."

"And I don't yell or shoot?" "No."

"And the sheriff don't come after me?" "No. Put your name to this."

"I can't do it—can't do it, nohow," said the old man, with a choke in his voice. "If that's the new way of doin' things, I'm out of it. I want my money, but I want it in the old way."

"Well, have it in the old way, then." The old man tramped forward to the cashier's window, rested the muzzle of his gun on the ledge and yelled out:

"Come down, or you are a dead man!" "Certainly. Here's thirty."

"And—and is that all there is to it?" "That's all."

"Then I'll be hanged if I want it," he said, and he threw the money back and went outdoors and sat down on a barrel of sugar in front of a grocery, and shed tears.

"HARDENING" OF CHILDREN.

A Few Helpful Rules Given—All Results Appear to Follow Unwise Measures Sometimes Adopted.

Hecker is outspoken in his objections to the methods pursued in the so-called "hardening" of children by the means of cold douches or baths. As a rule, children thus treated are more susceptible to nasal catarrhs, throat affections, bronchitis and pulmonary inflammations than those who have not been subjected to the "hardening" process, says the New York Medical Record. Furthermore, such measures frequently give rise to pronounced anæmia and various disorders of the nervous system. Children so "hardened" are especially prone to acute and chronic intestinal disorders.

While in healthy children a properly conducted "hardening" process is often of advantage, it must be remembered that there are no hard and fast rules, and that every case must be treated according to the individual indications. The fundamental principles of a proper "hardening" system are as follows: (1) Gradual acclimation to the air of the room; (2) gradual acclimation to outdoor air; (3) gradual acclimation to cold water; (4) suitable clothing, varied according to the weather and time of year. Great care should be observed in acclimating the child to cold water, and the effects of the same should be carefully watched, the endeavor being at once suspended on the first appearance of any unfavorable symptoms.

On no account should any of the "hardening" measures be commenced until the nursing period is passed, and in all cases the process should be one of gradual advancement.

THE DEFECT IN THE RECORD.

English and French Rather Mixed in the Minutes of a Religious Conference.

At a Baptist convention recently held in the south the minutes of the first day were recorded by a man of calm and deliberate speech, while one of the speakers of the occasion was a quick-tempered gentleman named French. By some oversight no record was made in the minutes of Mr. French's words, and when the minutes were read next day Mr. French was quickly on his feet, with the remark that he objected to the minutes being accepted.

"On what grounds do you object?" questioned the presiding officer. "I object to the English; the report is not in good English," said the gentleman.

A pause ensued, while everybody looked at the recording secretary, who slowly rose to his feet.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked, in calm, deliberate fashion, "I won't defend the English of the report, but I admit there was no French in it."

A burst of merriment greeted his words, and the minutes were accepted.

Chestnut Pudding.

Boil one pint of the large Spanish chestnuts—remove the shells and thin skin—press through a sieve or put through the meat chopper. Cream one-half cup of butter with one-half cup of sugar, add to this the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one cup of milk, one-half cup of bread crumbs, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix this all thoroughly together with the chestnuts, then add the beaten whites of the eggs, place in a buttered mold and steam for about one hour. Serve with custard sauce or whipped cream.—Washington Star.

Meat Balls.

One bowl finely chopped cold meat, one cup mashed potato, a little onion juice (scraped off grated onion), gravy or milk to mold, season with salt and pepper to taste.—Boston Globe.

AN UNTIDY PRINCESS.

Caroline, Afterward the Queen of George IV. of England, Was Bloated Only in the Extreme.

To be delicately clean in clothes and person is as much a matter of course to-day as is the habit of wearing garments or shaking hands. That it was not always so, says London Modern Society, we were reminded a day or two since when perusing a letter of the first earl of Malmesbury, written when that astute diplomatist was sent to escort the Princess Caroline of Brunswick to England to be the bride of the prince of Wales, afterward George IV. The way was long in those days, and hostile armies lay between Brunswick and England. The princess, with her mother, the duchess (sister to King George III.), and escorted by Lord Malmesbury and a large retinue, set out on December 30. It was April before she was safely landed on British soil. Poor Lord Malmesbury did his best with his eccentric charge, and used the time in trying to fit the ill-educated, unregulated girl, who even then took rank as the princess of Wales, for the perilous position into which she was to be thrust.

He was distressed to find that Princess Caroline boasted that she could jump out of bed and appear en grande toilette in the course of five minutes. Remembering what toilet meant in the days of hogus and powder, this seemed to him only about time enough to get a dairymaid ready for filling the milking pail. He writes to his confidential friend, the then duke of Portland, in pathetic dismay:

"I have had two conversations with Princess Caroline on cleanliness and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible for a man, to inculcate the necessity of great and due attention to every part of dress—as well as to what was hid as to what was to be seen. I know she wears coarse petticoats and coarse linen and thick stockings—and these never well washed nor changed often enough. I gave her credit for her boast of a short toilet. What I could not say farther on this point, I got said through women, through Miss Musche and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly her education has been neglected on this point, and how much her mother, although an English woman, was inattentive to it."

The earl was a little bit mistaken in that last remark. The duchess of Brunswick, although the sister of King George III., was as utterly German in training and in ideas as she could possibly be. She inherited all the regrettable qualities of the first two Hanover kings, and she early married one of the most despotic of the petty potentates that swarmed in Germany under the somber shadow of Frederick the Great.

It appears as if no woman ever born could have been fitted to be the wife of the profane prince—it would have needed the nature of an angel and the patience of a thousand Jobs to have put up with him as a husband. But in all Europe there could not have been a creature less suited to reform Carlton house than Princess Caroline. It is on record that her father wished a certain Mme. Rosenzweig to accompany her to England as her "reader," and when the request was refused the duke took Lord Malmesbury aside and explained that the lady was quite insignificant and unimportant, but that he much wished her to accompany the princess. For "Caroline writes ill, and spells ill, so is accustomed to trust to Mme. Rosenzweig on all occasions." And this at a time when letter writing was a fine art, and the most flippant person prided himself on the turning of neat phrases and the graceful expression of pretty conceits.

The earl sums up the character of the unfortunate Caroline in these words:

"She has quick parts, without a distinguishing understanding; ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse. Talkative, prone to confide in misshapen friendships that last 24 hours. Some natural morality, but no strong notions of its value nor of its necessity. Without a grain of dignity or an idea of decorum."

Was it much wonder that poor Caroline wrecked herself, and that she and her precious husband betwixt them nearly wrecked the English monarchy?

Occupations and Color of Hair.

Dr. Bedloe has said that there is a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of his hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark, straight hair enter the ministry; red-haired men are apt to be given to sporting and horseflesh; while the tall, vigorous, blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travelers and emigrants.—Detroit News-Tribune.

No Cause to Complain.

"See here," remarked the guest to the new waiter, "there doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter, nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table—it was the one on the other side of the room."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Afraid to Make a Mistake.

He—It is reported that you and I are engaged. She—Didn't you deny it? He—No; I was afraid to do so without first seeing you.—Stray Stories.

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