NCISES NOW UNNECESSARY

Ringing of Bells and Blowing of Whistles Are a Thing of the Past.

One of the enterprising manufacturing towns of Connecticut has started a krusade against the excessive ringing of mill bells and the prolonged blowing of steam whistles. The manufacturing eatablishments are the life of the place, and if the signals of prosperity are welcomed anywhere in the world they should be cherished in all their aggressiveness, one might suppose, in a bustling and hustling Connecticut town, The citizens of this particular place reports the Philadelphia Ledger, draw the line at 108 strokes of a big factory bell at 5:30 in the morning, when most of the inhabitants are enjoying the profound sleep which settles upon one about the dawn of day. It is suggested by one of the disgruntled that the bellringing practice is a survival of the period when there were few clocks and

no dollar watches. It is rank heresy to declaim against the bustle of trade, even if it take the form of unnecessary racket, in a community which finds it difficult to differentiate between mere noise and progress; but some of the citizens of Rockwille. Conn., possessing the courage of conviction, are agitating the question whether it is not possible to turn out as much work from the factories with a little less tumult in the bell towers and terrific blasts of the big whistles.

There was a time when the people could not be assembled without the aid of a bell. Within recollection every schoolhouse was provided with one. The childish mind is peculiarly oblivious to punctuality in attendance at school, yet several hundred thouusand public school pupils in Philadelphia manage to arrive in time for the first morning lesson without the aid of any signal save the home clock. In the majority of the Pennsylvania counties the courthouse is provided with a bell. Litigation apparently could not be conducted without it; but in New York and Philadelphia the judges are able to occupy the bench, the lawyers, the suitors, the witnesses and the jurymen theirplaces, more or less promptly, without the assistance of the bell in the steeple. The fact is, a great deal of very important assembling is accomplished without such aid. The theory that nothing is doing when there is no noise is exploded. In the early days of railroading the time table was not sufficient to waken the village, and it was thought essential that the depot as well as the locomotive, should have a bell to inform the traveler that it was train time.

CHAT WITH THE BARBER. He Says Men Don't Cut Their Own Hair. But Some Trim Their Beards.

"No," said the barber, "I never knew know a man who trims his own beard. He is a very good customer of mine; I have cut his hair for years, out he trims his own beard.

"He wears only a short pointed beard on his chin, trimming the sides of his face closely. He never could get a barber to trim his beard exactly as he wanted it, and so he took to trimming it himself. He bought himself a clipper for the sides of his face, and then with a pair of shears he was all equipped.

"He trims his beard every day, and he makes a pretty good job of it. A barber could tell that it was hand cut, so to speak, but you couldn't rell that now so easily as you could at first, because he's improved in his work, and now he turns out a pretty good job. So there's one man, anyway, that trims his own beard, but I never knew anybody that cut his

"You say you knew a man once that had 31 razors, one for every day in the month? Well, that's a good many razors more than I ever heard of. A good many men have a case of razors. seven, one for every day in the week. and plenty of men own two or three razers. But one razor will do very well, if it's a good one.

"What about the idea that a man rought to have more than one razor so that he can use a rasor one day. and then let it rest a day, that a razor improves by resting? Well, I don't take much stock in that idea.

"If a man's got a good razor, and he's got it in proper condition, it will cut and keep on cutting. I've got a customer who shaves himself with the same razor right along, day after day for six months. Then he brings it in to me to be sharpened, and I put it into proper shape for him, and then he starts again with it, using it day mfter day. "Don't I use the same razor many

times a day? Sure. What you want is a good razor in good order, and you can shave with such a razor any

"Difference in razors? Why, certainly. Some razors wear well and keep their edges, and some don't. You might buy two razors at the same price at the same time, and out of the same stock, razors, very likely probably in fact, made at the same time from the same bar of steel, and find them very different. It's in the temper."

Indicted for Snoring. In a small commune near Versailles, in France, the mayor formally indicted a citizen for the grave offense of snoring. The accused attended a meeting of the municipal council and was ac overcome by the eloquence of the mayor that he snored. This demonstration was so vigorous that the rest of the mayor's address could not be heard. The offender was charged with obstructing the transaction of public business and outraging the civic majesty.

WHEN LOVE IS ANTISEPTIC. Ways of Communicating the Tender Sentiment Without Scat-

tering Microbes.

According to a French physician, the hand contains over \$0,000 microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another. He advocates the substitution of one of the more dignified and distant oriental modes of salutation.—Daily Paper.

Her mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the ancient regime, but then it was comparatively easy. Now, under a code of etiquette founded chiefly on the latest fashion in facteria, he felt his position embarrassing. A kiss had long been considered a criminal proceeding on purely hygienic grounds. Impassioned speech was but the setting free of millions of microscopic prisoners desirous of a change of lungs. He must not even press her little hand. well knowing what malignant host science had placed within its few rounded square inches-not to mention those that lurked in his own extensive palm.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms towards her, longingly, like an amorous tenor at the opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes in circulation than even impassioned speech. He did not speak, feeling that the level, more or less sterilized conversation, which alone science still permitted to be sparingly used, would be out of place on this occasion. But he gazed upon her so ardently that the few thousand bacilli temporarily resident among her eyelashes were seriously inconvenienced by the rising temperature.

She smiled and shook her head gently. Everything was done gently now by persons with the slightest pretense of civilizzation, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy. But while he admired her discretion he doubted her meaning. Was it "No?" Or that she did not understand? Or that he was going the wrong way to work? Or that she deemed herself unworthy? He carefully sat down at his end of the conservatory and thought it out.

Then she frowned-frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs, happy tenants of the arches of her brows, would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling. As. however, he still remained motionless, her behavior became even more foolhardy and unscientific. With a primitive impulsiveness calculated to dispatch every microbe in the conservatory upon a new predatory errand, she rushed to the antiseptic fountain that played among the palms and filled a watering can from its cool disinfectant. The last thing to be civilized. he reflected, will be woman, but he had barely time to finish the quotation. For with the nose of the watering can she was tracing in pinkish spray upon the tiled floor the three letters Y-E-S.

Seaweed Is Valuable.

At last we seem to have found an excellent use for seaweed. A correspondent owned a summer cottage by the sea which, like the Biblican mansion, was built upon sand. Before long the doors began to sag and the whole structure to lose its balance on account of the shifting of its foundation. It was then that necessity, the mother of invention, came to the rescue, and the seaweed that was continually drifting in with the tide was impressed into service. This was scattered around the house, a few loads of soil sprinkled over it, and in a few years what before was nothing but barren sand hills became a carpet of vivid green, the envy of the neighboring dwellers. Also vegetables, flowers and even hedges made their appearance in time, and the great transformation was complete. No doubt many people who are situated in the same position will welcome this innovation as a godsend.—Outing.

Gigantic Gorilla. The French periodical, La Nature, publishes two photographs of a gigantic gorilla, the largest ever seen, which was recently shot in the Cameroons by M. Eugene Brusseaux and a party of sportsmen on the banks of the Sanga river. It was one of a family of three, whose footprints could be easily made out along the shore of the river. Its height was eight feet. The width across the shoulders was four feet six inches, and the right hand alone weighed over five pounds. The body of the animal weighed more than 700 pounds, and it required eight men to carry it to the residence of the sportsman who shot it. The carcass of the gorilla, which was only killed after eight rifle bullets had been fired into it, is being prepared for exhibition at the Berlin museum of natural history.

Riley's Rye Patch. James Whitcomb Riley was looking over a fence on his farm at a field of rye. when a neighbor who was driving by stopped his horse and asked: "Hullo, Mr. Riley, how's your rye do-

"Fine, fine," replied the poet. "How much do you expect to clear to the acre?"

"Oh, about four gallons," answered Mr. Riley, soberly.—Success Magazine. Unscathed.

Tom-I asked old Goldman for his daughter last night. Dick-What luck? ™Well, it was what you might call a run of luck. I got away."-Philadel-

obia Ledger.

INDIANS' SACRED ARROWS.

Oheyenne Tribe Has Endeavored for Years to Recover Them from the Pawnees.

The Dog Soldier band of Cheyenne Indiana from western Oklahoma lately completed a visit with the Skedes band of Pawnees, near Pawnee. The Cheyennes to the number of 300 came to recover two sacred arrows captured from them by the Pawnees many years ago, and this visit was the first time the two bands had met in friendly council since the time when both were on the warpath, says the Kansas City Journal. The Pawnees entertained the Cheyennes at a war dance and gave them many presents, including ponies, blankets, calico and provisions, but would not relinquish the sacred arrows. The Cheyennes performed what they called the lightning dance.

The two sacred arrows were captured from the Cheyennes in battle or Platte river, Nebraska, about 60 years, ago. A Pawnee who had previously been crippled, and who preferred death to the suffering caused by his wounds, had stationed himself far in advance of the other Pawnees in a clump of bushes. As he was picking off a great many Cheyennes with his arrows they saw that it was necessary to dislodge him.

Accordingly a bunch of Cheyenne warriors on horseback made a dash for the clump of bushes, their sacred arrow keeper in the lead. He had the arrows, four in number, fastened to e long spear, and as he struck at the Pawnee, the crippled man dodged to one side and grasped the spear. wresting it from the Cheyenne's hand. Almost simultaneously with the charge of the Cheyennes, a few Pawnees in the rear, seeing the danger of their crippled brave, rushed to his assistance. The Cheyennes were thus routed before they could regain their sacred arrows.

About ten years later the Cheyennes recovered two of their sacred arrows by giving the Pawnees 200 ponies. In their negotiations here the Cheyenucs were unable to convince the Pawnees that the two arrows still in the latter's possession should be surrendered at this time. The Pawnees said that if the Dog Soldler Cheyennes should prove worthy friends of the Skedee band after the intended visit of the Pawnees to the Cheyennes next summer, the Pawnees may listen to a proposal from the Cheyennes. At this time the Cheyennes must be satisfied with the presents they have re

NOISES OF AN IRON HOUSE!

Patter of Baindrops Sounds Like Cataract of Buckshot on the Boof.

"I had scarcely thought." said the middle-aged man, "that I should ever again hear the patter of the rain on the roof as I heard it in my youth, when I slept in the garret in the home of my boyhood. But now it has been brought back to me most vividly.

"In the summer just past I lived for a time in a one-story cabin built of torrugated iron. The little house had s nice little veranda across the front. and was very comfortable within. And besides these distinguishing features the little iron house had some other characteristic traits. For one, it was the most sensitive house I ever knew

to changes of temperature. "It was a lovely day on which we struck the place. As we sat on the veranda and looked out through an opening in the trees in front upon a broad and varied landscape of water. woods and mountains, and then up at a fleecy summer cloud, we thanked the good luck that had landed us there. And then, as that light cloud floated on across the face of the sun. we heard coming from behind us sounds which we realized in a moment came from the house itself. It was the iron roof, now in shadow of that cloud, contracting when the heat of the sun was withdrawn. And then, in a moment as the cloud passed on, we heard from the house again the roof expanding as the sun once more fell

upon it. "It was the most responsive house, by far, in a rainstorm that I ever slept in. On the first night we were there we were wakened by the sound of what we thought at first must be a buckshot cataract falling on the head of a giant drum. But in a moment again we realized that this was the sound of rain falling on our corrugated from roof. And talk about the patter of the rain drops on the old, moss-grown shingles! Why, on this roof the rain came down like-like buckshot? Like grapeshot; cannonballs, innumerable, countless, continuous millions of cannon balls pounding with a constant roar."

Some Physical Facts. A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also as a rule higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fiftyfour cases out of one hundred the left! leg is shorter than the right.

Beyond Him. Casey-Oi hear yer wife has twins agin, Pat. How many childer does thot mek?

Murtagh-Dom'd if Oi know; Oi'm ne addin' machine!-Puck.

PREFER OUR BOOTS.

ENGLISH DEALERS GLAD TO HANDLE AMERICAN MAKE.

Trade of Great Britain in Footwear Is on the Decline Through Introduction of Superior Goods.

Consul Hamm, of Hull, England, has made an interesting report to the department of commerce and labor on the boot and shoe trade of Great Britain. He quotes a correspondent in a leading Yorskhire paper to the effect that the English boot and shoe trade is on the decline, and points out pertinently the important part played in England and on the continent of Europe by American shoes, attributing the falling off to that fact. He begins with a quotation from a correspondent of a leading Yorkshire paper, which says:

"The manufacture of boots and shoes is now one of the most unprofitable and upsatisfactory of English industries, and the difficulties of the producer are steadily increasing. The present position has been caused by a variety of reasons over which the producer has had little control. Competition has of course played an important part, but that is the only point for which any responsibility rests upon the manufacturer. The method of making changed with remarkable rapidity a few years ago, and the introduction of mechanical appliances to supersede the old-fashioned handclosed boot necessitated a large output if the machines were to pay their way. This has led to overproduction, and the market has been flooded with millions of pairs of cheap boots and shoes. But the bulk of the money which the public pay for their footwear is represented by the cost of raw material, viz. leather.

"The price of the latter has been steadily advancing for about four years, and it has now reached a point never known in the history of the trade: Compared with 12 months ago. the cost of all classes of leather has increased by fully 121/2 per cent., which is an important item in the original expenditure of the now popular half-guinea boot. The increased competition among manufacturers caused a corresponding shading of profits which for awhile was permissible in consequence of the saving effected in the make-up by machinery. But against the advance in the market values of leather manufacturers have been almost powerless. The burden has therefore been borne more or less patiently by the boot manufacturer until to-day he is one of the most embarrassed of traders. The English public were never more neatly shod than to-day, and boots are being sold cheaper than ever, although the cost of leather is now fully 50 per cent. higher than, say, five years ago. Taste has also played an important part in bringing about the present situation. The boot manufacturer, too, complains that paterfamilias does not now spend so much as of old in 'clothing' the foot. The consumption of boots and shoes is therefore, pro rata, much smaller than in the days of our forefathers. Besides all this there is the constant craze for something cheaper."

The correspondent doubtless outlines the situation correctly, with the exception, perhaps, that he does not give sufficient weight to American competition. One of the most popuhar stores in Hull sells nothing but shoes made in America or on American models. They are shapely, comfortable and durable. They range in price from ten shillings five pence (about \$2.50) to 16 shillings (about four dollars), and they compare favorably with the boots and shoes sold in America at the same prices. The basis of their popularity is contained in the following remark frequently heard from men and women: 'I never wore a well-fitting, comfortable shoe until I put on one of American make. This is probably the main reason, and not the price of leather, why the boot and shoe trade in England is in an unsatisfactory condition. English boot and shoe manufacturers get their hides under a free-trade tariff. The American manufacturers pay a duty of from 15 to 35 per cent. on their imported material. And yet the latter are underselling the former and getting possession of the world's mar-

Fishing by Telephone. Izaak Walton, reincarnated in the twentieth century, could further his knowledge of the finny races with a telephone. In Norway they have a telephone by which the sounds of fish may be heard. It consists of a microphone in a hermetically sealed steel box, connected with a telephone on shipboard by wires, each sound in the water being intensified by the microphone. The inventor asserts that, with its aid, the presence of fish, andi approximately their number and kind, can be recognized. When herring on smaller fish are encountered in large numbers they make a whistling noise, and the sound made by codfish is more like howling. If they come mear the submarine telephone their motions can be distinguished. The flow of water through their gills produce a noise similar to the labored breathing of a quadruped.

Mervy Prince. The other day the crown prince and princess of Germany while riding in a motor car came suddenly on an equestrian whose horse reared and became unmanageable. The prince leaped out, seized the horse and quieted it, while the princess snapshotted the scene with SALE "STUMP SPEAK

Minitrel Man Once "Amongs: Us" Is No Longer in Evidenc. Amongst Us.

The stump speaker, long a familiar figure on the minstrel and va-acville stage, has gone, and has left no succossors. He was a comedian, cracked up as a rule, and known instantly by his ill-fitting coat, large shoes, high collar, soft hat and cotton unbrella.

His stage effects, relates the New York Sun, consisted of a plain wooden table, on which there was a suns of water, and one of his chier duties was to amuse an audience Letween acts which required some netting. Among the best known of these entertainers were "the Great Unsworth." Senator Bob Hart, Add Ryman Schator Frank Bell and at one time Hughey Dougherty.

The stump speaker parodied the spread eagle political orators, well known at an earlier period. He would enter from the wings in a condition of great excitement, and, placing his cotton umbrella upon the table and removing his hat, he would drink the water, explaining that this was the Hould which he had been looking for everywhere. "Besides," he might add, "I had a very pressing engagement with your sheriff and it is only a few minutes ago that I was able to leave him. If he finds that I am here, he may come along shortly!"

The stump speaker was accustomed to choose a theme for his remarks notable for the fact that, having selected it, he never referred to it again. Sometimes he would begin:

"My subject, ladies, gentl men and fellow democrats, is the life the Indians lead on the plains, and as the first part of my eloquent discourse I. will tell you what happened when I went down to a party in Thompson: street the other night."

One of the most effective of the introductions was the one used by Bob Hart, which was as follows: "Fntering" your beautiful city for the first time yesterday. I alighted at the Grand Central depot in the company of one of your public officials, wearing a uniform and having on his chest a shield upon which were the words. 'Metropolitan Police." We had no sooner entered the spacious station than my escort inquired for Maria-Black Maria, I think he said, and I was escorted by two liveried mercenaries to a seated wagon, the doors of which were barred and the sides inclosed, to the corner of Center and Leonard streets -the Tombs, I think they call the hotel-where a room was specially reserved for me."

Unsworth originated many of the political allusions which have since been much quoted. One of them was: "Free wool! As a republican, I am in favor of free wool! Abraham Lincoln made more free wool by his emancipation proclamation than any of those who criticise us could do in many years."

Theatrical representations no longer require such entertainers between the acts, and the stump speaker as he existed in other days has disappeared.

STRANGE SNAKE-BITE CURE

Gall of the Reptile Injected as a Remody Said to Be Effective.

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you." is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying pan into the fire, and it can not certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times, when an antidous is more recommendable, says Cham-

bers' Journal. Dogs are not, however, the only animals whose bite is to be feared; and those people whose travels have led them to far lands know that poisonous anakes are much more to be dreaded.

Though by far the greater proportion of those persons thus bitten die, there is a certain number who recover, thanks to prompt measures, and thanks also to the administration of the exact remedy which any particular anake bite re-

It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the eld adage mentioned above-which thus serves a turn -an almost certain cure for snake bite is the injection of a small portion of the bile of the reptile which has attacked inyone; and which the snake being generally killed on the spot-is natural-

ly at hand. The gall bradder is extracted, its contents filtered, and the fluid injected under the skin. The method sounds somewhat complicated; but no snake-bitten. person will complain if by this means he escapes a rapid death.

The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering fromthe poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worsethan an abscess at the point of penetration of the serpent's tooth.

Acrography in France. While wireless telgraphy in England is still in private hands, the first government station for public use has been opened in France. A decree signed by the minister of commerce places a station at Onessant at the disposal of ships of all nations. if the owners have trade relations with, or the ship is bound to France, Corsica. Algeria. Tunis, Monaco, or Andorra. Full details as to charges and other matters are set out in the decree. The general regulations in force will be those of French inland telegrams.-London Globa

Decollete. "Did you see Mrs. Loutte at the hon last night?" asked Mrs. Gaddie. "Yes," replied her husband.

."This morning's paper says she was dressed entirely in black." "Well-er-no; I wouldn't say that she was dressed entirely."-Philadel-

phia Press.

COINS OF LAWATE

Worth Carolina Cash of w That Is Now at a Pmium.

Prof. W. E. Hidden, of Newark, N. J. spent a week recently in Rutherfordton; as the guest of M. O. Dickerson, clerk of the superior court of Rutherford county. Prof. Hidden is an eminent geologiet and mining engineer and his name will be recognized as the origin of the name of the beautiful stone called hiddenite, a valuable emerald green gem found in western North Carolina. It was so named because of its discovery by Prof. Hidden shout 1881, while exploring Alexander county, N. C., says the Syracuse Telegram.

The interesting announcement is inade concerning the visit of the eminent gentleman to North Carolina that he is here seeking data concerning the late Christopher Rechtler, who was a resident of Rutherfordton many years prior to the civil was and there coined the gold mined in the mountain region. round about. The Bechtier one deliar and five-dollar praces were once extensively circulated in North and South Carolina, and passed at their face value everywhere.

The fact is they contained a greater ratio of gold than those of the linited States mintage, but under the coinage laws of the government the Bechtier mint had to close shop. Thousands of. dollars meanwhile had got into circuistion, but many of the coins drifted to the United States mint at Charlotte, where they were reminted, while others tell into the hands of parties who preserved them as curios. We have seen quite a number of them in upper South Carolina, but those who possess them cannot be induced to part with them. These North Carolina coins bring all kinds of prices, and he is a lucky man who has more than one of them.

Prof. Hidden during his visits to North Carolina learned of Mr. Bechtler and his mint, and became greatly interested. He is gathering data to write a biography of Bechtler and a history of his coinage operations. It'is stated, however, that he will get out an edition. of only 250 copies or his book. Prof. Hidden has a fine collection of Bechiler coins and wants more of them, offering. handsome prices for this historic North: Carolina gold money.

GRAND CANYON'S SILENCE.

Impressions from the Heights That Linger in the Memory Even Painfully.

The best possible view of the canyon. is from the top, says William Allen White, in McClure's. There the atmosphere piles up over the crags and peaks heneath one's feet, and through this atmosphere, when the day is at its height, the actinic rays of the sun paint marvels in the huge, gaping furrow in the earth.

From the rim one gets two impresmona-so strong they seem almost tooig for the soul to hold—like the soulsmiting terror that comes to one who pazes long at the stars. The two impressions are of numberless infinitely reaching horizontal lines and of eternal

There are few curves in the stretches if stratified rock that make colored ribcons many miles long; and the human eve is not used to taking in so much. Over these vistas the dry air of the desert quivers with the heat. Perhaps it is the river mist rising, perhaps it is sheer delusion; but in the motion that seems as stir the radiant air, a white wraith. hoats, eluding the eyes that would locate it, yet ever present in the sunlight. that falls upon the facing cliffs. One feels that this illusory apparition is the spirit of silence that dominates the scene. And it is the silence of the place that appalls; for such a turmoil, even of rocks, as rages beneath one, would seem in the nature of things to need some wild. voice to release its wraith; but here is eilence so deep that an engine's scream. could not rend one corner of the meas-

ureless pall. One is bewildered with the maddening thrall of pulsing air, and throbbing color, and beckoning lines, all leading to dreams of infinite life; and against that -the silence of infinite death. Indeed, the spirit of the thing below seems to creep into a man's soul through his body and lay hold upon his heart and his nerves.

At night, as he lies in his bed, the terrible depths that strained his eyes by day reach up and grapple him. Many a man has clutched the bedclothes in a tremor of fright at the recollection of the scene. The phantasm of this red pit is real; as real as Nature's other; manifestations that move her children.

Risk Versus Security.

There never was a harder muster than the uncertain. "Nothing venture nothing win," is a true preverb, and sometimes it is a good guiding principle. If a single question and not a general principle were under discussion we might say that the conditions warrant a venture. As a rule we are profoundly convinced that a sure dollar is better them a possible ten dok lars; that comfort is always preferabled to wealth in a lottery. The one thing to be avoided above all others is instability of income. This is not to suggest that under all conditions a man, should prefer the settled and sure .-- Independent.

Convinced He Was Siek.

An Irishman had appendicitis. They took him to the hospital, laid him on the operating table, gave him ether, and tied a small monkey on a shelf where he would see it when he regained conscious-

"Phwat's that?" About there at "Sh-be quiet! That's what we took from you."

He uttered a groan and said: "Be ye child or devil, I dun know, but your mother is a very sick man!"-N. Y.

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