Dapes Were Unable to Find the Place Where They Were Bunkoed.

"Did you ever hear of a cork safe?" asked a drummer who represents the latest thing in chilled-steel and burglarbaffling time locks, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "As far as I am aware," he continued, when everybody chorused a negative, "only one of them was ever built. It was made by an ingenious Dutch mechanic for a one-time famous confidence man named Dr. Baggs, who operated in Denver, Salt Lake and Frisco. The safe was a folding affair, made of paper on a backing of sheet cork and when it was opened up was six feet high, and looked exactly like the real thing. As it was always placed in a corner, it had only two sides, but every visible detail was complete-combination knob, hinges, lettering, bolt-heads and all. When folded it could be carried in an ordinary dress suit case. Baggs used the thing in a fake lottery office which was of itself a marvel of trick furnish-

When the victim entered the place it looked like an ordinary business establishment, with desks, railing, maps on the walls, safe in the corner, and several clerks at work on books. The instant he left a roll-top desk was opened up into a bed. The railing was folded together and slipped into a closet, a table was turned into a wash stand, a cabinet turned into a bureau, the safe was put away in its case, the curtains were pulled down and the room was to all appearances a simple sleeping apartment. By that means the poor dupe was never able to find the place where he had been bunkoed. I saw Baggs' old cork safe when I was last in San Francisco. It is now owned by a cigar dealer, who bought it as a curio, and while it is pretty badly battered, one. can still see plainly that it was a wonderful piece of mechanical work."

THE JOLLY HARBOR SEALS.

One of Them Up on the Platform ox Their Pool, Watching the The Red Fir.

"What's he watching the clock for?" a visitor at the aquarium asked of an ettendant, referring to the smallest of the three harbor seals there, the one with the blackest coat. It was up on the platform at the end of the pool, with its eyes apparently fixed on the clock that is secured to the front of the railing round the gallery. The hour was about two minutes of four o'clock, says the New York Sun.

"He's waiting for the whistle to blow," was the reply, and it certainly did seem as though the little black seal was watching for something.

The seale all know well the sound of the four-clock whistle, for that means their feeding time has come. The whistle is the signal of the closing hour of the aquarium, and the seals are fee immediately.

As the people set their faces toward the door the seals dash and slash and prance about in their pool, and jump up half or three-quarters of their length out of the water and look over the ralling, watching and waiting for the man with the food. As he walks along the pool toward the platform at the end the seals rush on the platform to meet him.

It may be that the little black fellow just happened to be up there at that Lour, and that it was looking at the vicek just by chance, and that it couldn't tell the time by it at all; but the seals all know sure enough the four-o'clock whistle.

A KNOTTY CASE.

in Which It Is Shown That Cows Are Valued More Than a Mere Human Body in Africa.

A Uganda woman had married three husbands at different times, and had had a son by one of them-the second, says a writer in Blackwood. The father unfortunately died, and the other two quarreled about the possession of the son, who meanwhile lived with his mother. As soon as he was old enough to take law into his own hands the boy elected to live with the first husband, and left his mother to do so; thereupon the third husband raided the first, carrying off ten head of cattle, and, as if to still further complicate the case, one of the cows calved on the road. It now fell to my lot to decide with whom the boy was to live, and what was to become of the cattle.

So much evidence was produced that I became utterly confused, especially when the mother crawled in on hands and knees to give evidence as to parentage, in which, by the way, she was flatly contradicted by her offspring. I finally decided that the boy was to live , with the first husband, and that half of the cows were to be returned to him, the remaining half, with the calf, being kept by No. 3. At this decision No. 1 was desighted, but I could never make out why, as five cows, even without a calf, are usually valued far above any mere human body in Africa.

Bursts Into More Pieces. The ordinary shell which was manufactured 30 years ago only broke into from 20 to 25 pieces when it burst. At the present time it bursts into 24%, while a shrappel shell, which only used to scatter 37 missiles, now scatters 340. A present-day bomb, when charged with peroxylene, breaks up into 1,200 pieces. and it is estimated that it would ef-

220 yards of the explosion. Poor Publishers! Publishers in Finland lose from \$6,000 to \$19,000 a year due to suppression of books by the government.

fectively kill anyone standing within

Pass the Asparagus. According to Liebig, the alkali in asparagus develops form in the human brain.

GETTING AN ANTIQUE CHEAP.

How a Collector Secured an Old Mahogany Table at Very Small Cost.

When a man becomes a crank on the subject of antiques he will go to any extreme to gain possession of a coveted treasure, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a physician up the northeast way who has the craze, and has it bad. He made a professional call on an old Irish woman the other day, and, as her ailment was not of sufficient severity to keep hor from her household duties, he found her in the kitchen washing dishes. His eyes glistened as he saw the table upon which this homely operation was being performed. It was an old decrepit affair on three legs, but it was solid mahogany, with quaint carvings.

"That's a queer sort of a table to be washing dishes on," ventured the doc-

"Sure, it is that," replied its owner;

"an' I wouldn't be bothered wid it at all, at all, if I could afford a new one." The doctor was all solicitude in a moment. "Why, that's too bad," he said. And then, as though seized with a sudden philanthropic inspiration, he added: "If you will allow me I'll buy you a new table, and I'll take the old one off your hands." Of course, the old woman

was only too delighted. The doctor invested two dollars in a common kitchen table, in exchange for which he received the old mahogany one, which had been in the old woman's family for nearly a

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

This Account Says the American Pavilion Is a Beautiful and Attractive Structure.

Our cocher has been ordered to turn into the Avenue de la Tour Marbourg, and suddenly I find that we have come out upon the Quai d'Orsay, and are at the entrance of the Pont des Invalides, says the New Lippincott. Here cabby is ordered to halt, and looks on in surprise as we descend into the ankle-deep dust and proceed by means of our open sesame, to the place where four American flags at the corners of a large square indicate the inclosure chosen by our commissioner general for the American pavilion.

Here, on the rive gauche, in company with others of the Pavillons des Etrangeres, will stand the American pavilion, a beautiful and attractive structure, whose broad steps lead down to the water. Here Americans may land, and at once receive that welcome and attention which the visitor soon discovers is second nature to the commissioner general and his staff; and here, more than anywhere else in Paris,

will he find himself thoroughly at home. It is to our commissioner general and his untiring industry that we are indebted for the great amount of space which is to contain the great American exhibit, and even my gloomy guide is tempted to break into a triumphant smile at this new proof of American skill and energy.

INTENSE COLD.

Numbs the Senses and Produces in Alcoholic Intoxication.

The usual results of exposure to extreme cold are loss of energy, both physical and mental, followed by drowsiness and disinclination to move; the mental faculties become torpid and the senses numbed, while the victim is seized with an irresistible desire to lie down and sleep. If this desire is yielded to the lethargy passes into stupor and death follows. Occasionally these symptoms are preceded by others which resemble those of intoxication, and are due to a peculiar condition of the blood, which at a very low temperature takes up an insufficient quantity of oxygen, and so has an injurious effect on the nervous system. It was observed during the retreat of the French from Moscow that those who were most severely affected by the cold often recled about as if intoxicated; they also complained of giddiness and indistinctness of vision and sank gradually into a state of lethargic stupor from which it was impossible to arouse them. Other instances are recorded in which persons became delirious and died through a short exposure to intense

FAMOUS ZOOS.

South Africa Possesses Some of the Largest and Finest in the World.

The South African republic's zoological collection and gardens are the finest and largest in the world. The gardens, which are in the Lebombo region, are guarded by a whole tribe of Katlirs, and contain every species of wild animal to be found in South Africa. The zoological collection at Bronx park, New York, is a remarkably fine one. The gardens cover 300 acres, and one of its most important features is the natural environments provided for the animals.

The animals of South America, for instance, are given the free range of large inclosures containing miniature mountains, rivers and forests; while the tigers and lions live in sandy stretches, jungles and so on. The Yellowstone national park, of the United States, with its area of 3,575 square miles, forms a zoological preserve for almost every species of animal found in that part of the world. The London zoological gardens contain nearly 3,000 animals; those at Berlin about 1,500, and the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, about 1,000 animals.

Never Rains There, .

Rain has never been known to fall in that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile.

IS YOUR CLOCK ON TIME?

Some Interesting Observations Suggested by This Frequently Repented Query,

"One of the things I have learned in the course of my experience," said the middle-aged man, according to the New York Sun, "is that people don't like to have you ask: 'Is your clock right?' This is a question that we put to a great many people, and it is more or less annoying to most of them. I have seen men resent it with a start, though that would be something unusual; but, as a rule, most mer think well of their clocks, and they resent the question more or less in their hearts if they don't in word or manner.

"Doesn't every man think his own watch is a good timekeeper? He does. It may be a cheap watch that cost ten dollars or five dollars or one dollar, but he thinks it's a good one. All cheap watches are better nowadays than they used to be, but each man thinks he's got the still remarkable exceptional watch that really is a wonder. And the clock owner thinks the same of his clock. Whether it's in the jewelry store, the bakery or the butcher's, they all resent the question: 'Is your clock

"The question implies in some vague, indefinite way the idea of an assumption of superiority on the part of the questioner, for does it not suggest inferiority, at least on the other man's clock? and no man likes it. My conclusion is that nobody should ask the question idly-not at all, in fact, unless something really depends upon it. But if it should be really a matter of importance for you to know, then you may ask, and this time you'll find the question will not be resented."

MYSTERY OF NUMERAL NINE.

Soothsayers of Olden Times Attached a Sacredness to It-Some Curious Coincidences.

Among the magicians and soothsayers of ancient times both the figures nine and three had a certain amount of mystery and sacredness attached to them, and volumes have been written in explanation of their meaning in connection with the histery of men and the world. Apropos of this, a curious coincidence is noted in the fact that nearly all the great mining discoveries of recent times have been made in years ending with the magic figure nine. Thus the famous gold find in California fell in the year 1849. Ten years later, in 1859, remarkable discoveries of the same metal were made in British Columbia, causing a great rush of fortune hunters to these points, says Leslie's Weekly,

In 1869 the famous Comstock lode find became known to the world; in 1879 the gold-bearing region around Leadville and Tombstone, A. T., began to attract attention, and in 1889 the diggings at Clover Creek and in lower California became the objective points of great multitudes of excited and anxious seekers after sudden wealth. And now again, at the end of another decade, history repeats itself once more. The remarkable gold finds recently made at Cape Nome, surpassing in richness and extent anything yet discovered in the Yukon district, bid fair to make the year 1899 as notable as any in the annals of gold mining.

A HARD RAIN.

The Man from the East Was Not Accustomed to the Tides of the Northwest.

"It rains a great deal in the Puget" sound country," said the man from that section, according to the Washington Star, "and I heard of a funny incident not long ago about it. Some chap had come from the Missouri valley to take up his residence at Whatcom, on Bellingham bay, where there are very high tiles. When the boat landed him at the end of the long pier extending over the tide flats the water was low and the new man didn't notice anything but a wide stretch of sand between the boat and the town. It was in the evening about dark and was raining, and he went to the hotel on the front street and stayed there, going to hed without having gone out for a walk. The next morning when he got up he looked out and the tide was in, the water coming up close to the hotel. He gazed at the widespread waters for an instant, and, throwing up his hands in astonishment he exclaimed: 'Gee whiz, but it must have rained hard last night."

"Then he hurried downstairs to the office to find out if there was any danger from the flood, and the clerk smiled four or five times and gave him some much-needed information.

Tobacco a Necessity. One of the few things of which the Boers have an inadequate supply is tobacco. While spending millions for guns and ammunition, they neglected to provide themselves with an abundance of the soothing weed. Soldiers positively cannot get along without it. They can easier in many instances dispense with food. An editor in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, appreciates the situation. He has made an appeal to the citizens who remain at home to deny themselves tobacco in order that the supply of the men at the front may not be restricted.

Bad Roads in China. Lord Charles Deresford says that the roads in China are very bad. When he was in that country he complained of them one day to an American resident, who replied: "Yes, a mule was drowned the other day in the road outside my house."

The Red Fir. The division of forestry of the department of agriculture has 16 men in the state of Washington gathering statistics regarding the growth of red fir.

PART OF WRECKED SHIP.

How a Firm of English Shipbuilders Are Utilizing Hatf of a Stranded Vessel.

Probably the most remarkable schievement in the line of wrecking and rebuilding to be found in maritime history is represented by the reconstructed steamer Milwaukee, which was turned out in the summer of 1899 at the yard of C. S. Swan & Hunter at Wallsend-on-Tyne, England, says the Engineering Magazine.

The Milwaukee, a vessel of 483 feet length and 56-foot beam, went ashore near Aberdeen in September, 1698, a huge rock penetrating the hold for a length of 30 feet and to a height of eight feet above the tank top. When the salvage operators saw that it would be impossible to save the entire vessel it was decided to blow her in two with dynamite. This was done successfully and 180 feet of the fore end was left on the rocks, while the after end was towed to a dry dock.

The saved portion of the vessel depended for flotation until placed in dry dock upon a transverse watertight bulkhead at the forward end of the boiler space. It was towed to the Tyne and moored in the river until a new bow was built, launched and made ready for connection with it. So well was this done that a person ignorant of the facts would never know that he was looking at the original bow, while even those persons who knew the circumstances of the case were unable to point out the point where the junction of the new and old portions was made.

FROST SPOILED THE SPORT. Sad Misfortune That Befell a Party of Georgia Chicken Fighters on a Stranded Steamboat.

Forfy dejected and homesick gamblers returned to Kpoxville the other day, says the Savan ah News. On Christmas day, with 100 gamecocks, they left on a steamboat for an isolated resort down the river, where they expected to have a great cocking main and return to the city the next morning. The steamer carried no lifeboats. Before the destination was reached the steamer went on a sandbar and stuck fast "ten miles from nowhere." The weather was very coil and ice formed about the craft. The sports, determined to make the best they could of the situation, improvised a pit on the deck and held a few fights. As the hours went by and the night grew older and the ice in the river thicker, there came no hope of getting the boat off or of being rescued. Then someone became hungry, and it was ascertained that the sandwiches had given out. There was nothing to eat on board! For some hours longer the sports put on a brave front, but mally hunger got the best of them and they put their gamecocks-valued at five to one hundred dollars each-to slaughter. For two days and two nights they hung up on the sandbar, eating chicken that fairly tasted of money.

TWO TALL STORIES.

One Each from Boston and Philadelphia, So Both Must

A writer in a Boston publication says that not long ago a Lawk caught a fish in Long Island sound, but while flying with it to the woods to devour it at leisure, the fish floundered from the bawk's hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting. The dog caught the fish a it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to an appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, evidently impressed with the belief that

his good fortune may be repeated. A street car struck Guiseppe Marate. a sailor, in Philadelphia Christmas day, knocked him down and dislocated his shoulder. He was put into a wagon and hurried off toward the Pennsylvania hospital. The wagon ji mped over a rut in the pavement and the jar reset his shoulder. When he got to the hospital the surgeons found the shoulder all right, bandaged it and sent him back to his vessel.

Gorgeons Swords. Of gorgeous swords which are not so much weapons as settings for precious stones, the most valuable in England is said to be the one presented by the Egyptians to Lord Wolseley and valued at £2,000; but this sum is comparatively little for a bejeweled sword if the value of the sword brought over to Europe by the shah of Persia on his first visit—namely £ 10,000—can be taken as a standard of what a diamond-hilted weapon ought to cost. Those who can recall that wonderful saper, says Chambers' Journal, will be somewhat skeptical about the existence of the Gaikwar, the baroda's gorgeous blade, which is supposed to be worth more than 20 swords of equal beauty and value of the shah's; but it is popularly supposed that the diamonds, rubies and emeralds with which it is thickly incrusted bring up its value to about £220,000, which at four per cent, represents an income of almost £9,000 a year and renders the possession of such a sword something more than a mere luxury.

Rich Organ Grinders, In Italy is to be found a whole village of well-to-do organ grinders, who are now spending comfortable fortunes acquired in America.

Pigeons in British Army. Each pigeon used in the carrier service of the British navy costs the government £4 a year.

Some Smiths in United Kingdom. In the United Kingdom there are Jun ulu nutane named dans

ADEPTS AT LYING.

Pertinacious Untruthfulness Is a Dominant Trait of the South African Kaffirs.

The kaffir makes an interesting study. You cannot understand him all at once. It requires time, and a good deal of it. A new arrival thinks the kaffir is a born prevarientor of the truth, and has his reasons for so thinking, says the London Mail.

Suppose you catch a "boy" committing a misdemeanor. Ask him what he has been doing, and he will look up in your face, a picture of innocence, and reply: "Ikona, baas"-plump denial. Tell him you saw him do it, threaten him with punishment, he will still persist in maintaining his innocence He will still plead ignorance of the misdeed and mutter in astonishment or fear: "Ikona, baas." In fact, he knows nothing whatever about it. If the offense be one that cannot be

everlooked you proceed to administer reproof-with the foot, if you are not particular and wish to be impressive. What does he do? If he is a raw "boy," and not used to it, he runs off with a terrified look on his face; if he is used to it he retires precipitately with a satisfied smile, not necessarily because he has got the thrashing, but because he no longer has it to look forward to.

The only explanation for the systematic lying of the native in face of the most convincing proof is that the native mind is totally unable to form a conception of what we understand by truthfulness.

DESERVED HER CRACKER.

This Parrot Awoke Her Master When Burglars Came, and Saved the Silver.

A Philadelphia writer relates the story of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars, who had eneered through one of the front parlor windows. They crept through the hall-room past the bird and began jimmying open the sideboard in the dining-room, where the silver was kept. One of the other men gathered up the costly Turkish rugs on the floors and another was taking down the curtains when Polly spoke a.

"Is that you, Frank?" she queried. The burglars stopped as if they had been shot. Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key, The noise of the parrot awakened her master, Mr. Fister. He grasped a revolver, which he had bought only a few days before, and kept under his pillow, and made for the head of the stairs. He pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the lights in the hall-room. when he saw three men struggling to open the front door. He promptly opened fire, but they succeeded in getting away. Mr. Fister then went downstairs, where he found the parret in her cage under the plane. The cage was upset, but the bird uninjured. The owner placed her right side up upon the piano, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing and

"Is that you, Frank?"

WOMEN PRINTERS IN LONDON.

A Remarkable Business Society That Has No Counterpart in This Country.

Women are found now and again in printing offices in this country, engaged in typesetting and similar kines of work, but it would be hard to find a duplicate of the Women's Printing society in London, where the entire establishment is owned and managed by women, and all the labor, with the exception of heavy machine work, is done by them.

This society has ber carried on for a number of years as a successful business. Originally started by subscription for the purpose of training gives who were anxious to carn a liveliheod in this way, it rapidly developed into a prosperous concern, but it has not her sight of the aim of helpfulless to young women workers with which it was begun. It is managed on the e.operative principle. No dividend may exceed five per cent, per annum, and above that the surplus is to be divided

among the hands by way of bonus. Apprentices are taken for three years. many of them being girls just out of school of about 16 years of age. Some of the workers become at the same time share-holders.

About 30 young women are now employed.

No Doubt of a Personal Devil, The assertion which was made recently in England by a military expert that among the Boers there is a common belief that the Bible was written originally in Dutch, has called out from a correspondent of the London Daily News the following ancedete: "A Dutch minister, lately arrived in the Transvaal from Holland, was rebuked by an old farmer for having expressed doubts of the reality of a personal devil. 'I can show you his portrait.' said the Boer; and, taking down his family Bible, which was adorned with wood cuts of an antique type, he turned to a presentment of the conventional evil one, with horns and tail. 'There!' exclaimed the Boer, triumphantly: 'you have doubts about the existence of the devil. There is a picture of him, and that is the word of God.' The Boer fully believed the artist, as well as the writers, to have been inspired."

Wireless Telegraphy in Warfare. Apropos the use of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy in the war in South Africa it is interesting to note that it has been proved the cannonading does not interfere with the transmission of messages. The apparatus has been worked successfully and messages sent while the largest guns in the British navy were being STICK STAMPS ON STRAIGHT.

Attention Is Called to the Irreverence of Standing Great Men on Their Heads.

"Did you ever happen to think," said A. V. Rawdon, of Kansas City, to the New York Tribune man, "of how much better it would be if people would affix stamps nearly and in upright position upon their letters instead of in the helter-skelter manner which is so generally prevalent? Besides, is it treating in fitting manner the memory of those great ones in the history of the republic whose features are held in living memory by means of the post? The father of his country has not come down to us historically as one likely to enter the presence of a lady on his nose, or even when carrying you a notification that your bank account is overdrawn to do so while skating along on

his left eyebrow. "Do you think that he who wrote the sayings of Poor Richard and drew up the articles of confederation for the Δl_{\uparrow} bany convention would stand on hishead, even were he conscious that it was his lot to carry around patent medicine advertisements and book notices? Would the conqueror of Appomattox, after his wonderful trip around the world, rest easy if he knew he was repeating that triumphal progress every day and entering the uttermost corners of the earth on his ear, his eye or flat on his back? Or, again, is it befitting that the stern and rugged conqueror of New Orleans and uncompromisit gropponent of the United States bank should enter your presence prone upon his right or left side? I shudder even to think of him as standing on his head, on account of the agony this position would cause him, due to his spikelike hair.

"By all means stick your stamps on straight. It looks better, and besides pays a more fitting tribute to the nation's dead."

THE NEBRASKA "DESERT."

Big Crops Now Grow Where a Noted Writer Once Lampooned the Idea.

Thirty years ago Nebraska was part of the "great American desert" in the imagination of eastern people, and even of eastern people living as far west as Chicago, remarked a longwhiskered stockman, as he looked around the Union depot, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

D'ye ever hear of E. D. Webster, who was private secretary of Seward in Lincoln's war caldnet? Well, E. D. Webster was a great minn. He belonged to the o'd school of politics. He came cut to Omaha after the war, . and we were great friends, although Webster was 40 years older than I. We only differed about one thing. I thought Nebraska and Kansas and all that western country might be made to grow crops. Webster argued that the whole scheme was nonsensical.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said one day. "You take a peek of corn and plant it out there on that claim of yours. I'll take a box of Smith's lozenges and plant 'em on a strip joining your corn, and I'll bet I raise the bigger crop."

Well, that's all; only last fall I gathcred so bushels to the acre off of that

PARIS UNSPEAKABLY LOVELY.

Artistic Uniformity of the Buildings Is One of the City's Great Charms.

In the Latin Quarter and in the Paubourg St. Germain, winding streets. dingy old houses, therrow flotways and finely curved portals and easements give a libit of what old Paris must have been, writes a traveler, from Baris, to Ladies' Home Journal. Old Paris may have had its attractions, but modern Paris is unsprantibly lovely. The French are essentially classical in their taste, and love order and turn, and straight, strong Eres. No Quaer Annohouses, skyserapers, her gings riread work for them! The houses are all of gray stere, all of one height and every one of them is almost equally as fine as its neighbor. One reason for this uniformity is that the French mird cannot endure irritating inequalities: but a more corent reason is that when Louis Napoleon was rebuilding his capital he wanted everything very splendid. and so he put such an enormous tax on all buildings that did not conform to a certain standard of height and elegance that the builders found it cheaper to follow the royal regulations than to pay the tax.

Patti's Parrot.

Patti has two wonderful parrots, one of which talks all day long and imitates its mistress' trills and staccati in an amazing fashier, and can even dompose the most elaborate melodies. The other parrot-Jumbo by name-is an eddity. Patti brought him in New York for \$200. He was reputed to be the finest talking parrot alive. Once in her possession he became dumb. In vain she tried to coax him to converse. Months went by, until one morning the prima donna aweke with a bad sore throat. "Send for the doctor!" she cried, "for I have to sing to-night." The doctor duly arrived. As he entered the room the parrot uttered his first and last words. "Oh, doctor!" he exclaimed, in a strong Yankee accent, "I'm so sick!" And since that day, now several years ago, he has not uttered a word.

Ready for Emergencies.

The German war department, it is said, actually keeps in stock duplicates of all the bridges in the empire considered likely to be damaged or destroyed in case of war; and, what is more, it has duplicates of a good many French. bridges, and of other countries in which it is interested.

Value of American Live Stock. The live stock of the United States is estimated to be worth \$2,220,000,000.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS