#### THE TIME FOR SPLIT PEAS.

inhes of Them That Are Nearly as Nourishing as Meat and Are Not be Expensive.

Peas pudding hot, peas pudding cold, Peas pudding in the pot nine days old. This rhyme, accompanied by a slapping of hands, is a familiar game to most young Americans, but few of shem know the dish, which is an old English one. This is the recipe:

Put a pint and a half of split peas m water over night, with a kind of carbonate of soda. Before boiling remove any of the peas that float. Boil the near until tender with a little salt. and any desired flavor, a bit of lemon pecl, garlic thyme, or a little of all three. Drain and rub them through eolander. When smooth, add two counces of butter, a dash of pepper and two eggs well beaten. Flour a pudding cloth or steamer, turn in the pudding and boil for an hour. Finely chopped bacon may be added to the padding if desired. As bacon and split peas may be kept on hand, this pudding makes a good dinner when emergencies arise, says the Kansas City Star.

An excellent winter salad may be made with either dried lima beans or peas. Soak until they are very soft, and boil in salted water until tender, but not mushy. Drain and cool Squeeze over the beans or peas the juice of an onion and add one or two bits from a can of tomatoes, which may be emptied and saved for another seccasion. When tomato is used a pinch of dried thyme gives a delicious Savor. Serve with a French or a sour eream dressing.

A delicious dish sold in vegetarian restaurants, usually under the name of cutlets or vegetarian beefsteak, is made as follows:

This is really a hearty meal in itself. Soak a quart of split peas over night ha a large kettle. Pour off the water and rinse; cover with three pints of water and put on the fire, with a spoonfol each of salt and sugar and two cloves of garlie. Don't omit the gar-Remember, the bane of American cookery is lack of flavor. If you have a ham bone or a chicken bone to put in, so much the better. Let the soup simmer for several hours on the back of the stove. Then add one or two cups of milk, a bit of butter and a dash of black pepper and it is ready to serve.

A delicious basket dish is made by rebbing a large bake dish with a clove of garlie. Turn into this a pint of split peas soaked until soft. Chop a large maion very fine and spread over the top of the peas with pepper and salt. If you have left over gravy or stock pour it over the mixture. If not, cover with water, spreading over all bacon est into the thinnest possible slices. Bake in the oven for two hours and med a little boiling water if the peas get too dry. This will be found a great improvement on baked beans. As split peas are sold as low as four cents a quart, these dishes will be Sound very economical, with potatoes at eight cents.

## WHY PA WAS MAD.

Wader the Circumstances It Would Have Been Hard to Preserve One's Good Nature

At the Schley banquet on a recent exening Rev. R. A. White, one of the speakers, told the following story, says the Chicago Tribune:

An old farmer walking down a country road one morning came to a spot where a huge load of hay had slid of the rack to the ground. A small boy, perhaps 12 years old, was working hard with a pitchfork, trying to pitch the hay back on the wagon. The farmer felt sorry for the poor little chap, and, as it was nearly noon, asked him to come and have dinner and take im little rest

"Come over to the house with me, exonny," he said, "and have some dinner. You'll feel more like working then."

"Well," said the boy, "I am tired and hungry, and I'd like some dinner very much, but pa would be angry with me If I went. He wouldn't like it a bit." But the farmer was persistent. Final-

By he persuaded the boy to leave his work and come with him, the boy expressing the fear as he left that "Pa'll Be awful mad."

They had a good country dinner, and the small boy displayed the best kind of an appetite. After dinner they lay down for half an hour in the shade of the big oaks. Finally the farmer escorted the boy back to the spot where The overturned load of hay lay in the highway. The poy picked up his pitchfork with a sigh.

"I feel a lot better." he said. "That dinner was great, but I tell you pa'll be awful mad at me for quitting work."

"What's the matter with your pa, mnyhow?" asked the old farmer. Where is he?"

"Who, pa?" answered the small boy.

"Oh, pa's under the hay."

An Improvised Couch, A girl who sighed for a luxurious divan in her room, and frowned dis-\*contentedly at the straight-backed sofa that occupied space there, had a happy thought that produced most satisfactory results—she simply had the back of the sofa taken off completely. This done, the rest was easy. Over it she threw a couchcover long enough to reach the floor, spiking it in place with hat pins, and with pillows piled upon it her heretofore hopeless piece became a genu-

Force of Habit. "Doesn't it seem much stranger Than driving a horse?" inquired the girl she had out to ride.

.ine delight. "Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," admitted the girl who coned the automobile and was runming it. "I haven't yet gotten over tabe feeling that I ought to push un I "The lines!" Brooklyn Eagle.

### HEALTH VALUE OF SCENTS.

Some Ideas of the Ancients to Which Science of the Present Is Paying Attention.

Science at present shows a tendency to turn back to some of the beliefs of the ancients regarding scents centuries ago. Scents were accounted more than luxuries.

Odorous herbs, notably/vervain, warded off the evileye. The Mosaic ritual is full of hyssop, nard and frankincense. Greece set cinnamon gates to its elysium, and surrounded it with a scented river a hundred cubits broad, which souls swam through and thereby purged themselves of earthly grossness, says an eastern exchange.

Pliny records 85 remedies derived from odorous rue, 41 whose base was mint, 32 balms from roses, 21 from lilies, bulb and bloom and 17 medicaments strong in the virtue of violets. Thus it appears that the violet cure for cancer is among the very new things that surface science scorned because they were so very old.

Now, say various experts, one must choose and use perfumes with an eye, or rather a nose, to health. So it is worth while to set down the properties attributed to various perfumes.

Pure violet essence is said to be especially suitable to nervous people. But it must be obtained from the flowers themselves, not the chemical imitations. Chemically derived perfumes are irritant, poisonous even, to persons of especially sensitive consti-

True flower scents are obtained in three ways: First, by spreading fresh blossoms upon glass thickly smeared with pure grease, letting them stand in the sun, and as they wilt replacing them until the grease is as fragrant as the flowers; second, by repeatedly infusing fresh petals in oil; and, third. by infusing them in ether, which is then distilled to a dry solid.

As this solid sells for \$250 an ounce, it is easy to understand why the ether process, though far and away the best, is not commonly used. But the scented grease and the essences made by steeping it in pure spirit are never cheap. After all the scent possible has been extracted from the grease it is still fragrant enough to make the very finest perfumed soap.

All the citrene scents, bergamot, neroli, orange-flower water-are refreshing, and in a degree stimulating, if properly prepared. To make a lasting perfume some animal base is

essential-musk, civet or ambergris. If the base is too strong, it makes the flower-scent curiously irritant. People who feel themselves faint in a crowded room, are often the victims of several scents simultaneously attacking their nerves. A single odor, no matter how strong, after awhile deadens the olfactory nerves. whereas a combination keeps them active.

Hay fever, which, it is believed by some, arises from the irritant properties of fine odorous pollen yielded by grass and wheat fields, is in a way a type of perfume action. Scant in general are not strong enough or acrid enough to set up violent ills. None the less, they have their effect. Witness the refreshment of lavender water when one is faint from heat or crowding. Lavender is peculiarly suited to high-strung temperaments. It is soothing as well as refreshing, without being unduly stimulating.

Jasmine should always be used pure. Alone it tones and braces the whole system, but in almost all its compounds is singularly depressing. Neroli is the exception. Jasmine and neroli together in faint essence make the scent of scents for all who have hysterical tendencies.

# JAPANESE PAINTERS AT WORK

Something About the Brushes They Use and the Skill of the Trained Artists.

The Japanese artist has made a most careful study of how to convey truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as though a speaker would use but words of most exquisite sound. To do 'this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare it with that of his European brother. He has learned to handle his brush with a directness and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious. He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of his hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study, says the New York Independent.

Listen to a description by a Japanese. He is not an artist himself, but is explaining how artists use a certain

The brush with color is passed over a piece of paper with a heavy stroke that spreads the bristles of the brush, at the same time bending them at the in. The brush is then turned so that the bristles curve toward the artist. and a light stroke will produce the hair-like lines. This is one of the ways of painting the hair or fur of animals."

Why Willie Stayed After School, Teacher Why were you not at school yesterday? Willie Green- It was my birthday.

"I don't stav at home on my birth-"Well. I guess you've got used to em."-Philadelphia Record.

#### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Abernethy declared that the best time to cat was, for a rich man, when he could get appetite, and, for a poor man, when he could get food.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, declares that it is not a bad thing for boys to fight occasionally, provided there is no feeling of malice.

A man in Baltimore, convicted of shutting up three horses in a stable without food for ten days, was fined five dollars and costs and "severely lectured" by the judge. The poor, starving beasts had eaten the bottom .out of their troughs. It was pleaded that it was the man's first offense of the kind.

Russell Sage employs a "bouncer" nowadays-a giant who stands within reach of everyone admitted to the aged millionaire's private office. The other day a man while talking to Mr. Sage reached for his hip pocket. The bouncer had him in an iron grip in about a second. The man was only reaching for a handkerchief.

The staff of the Harvard college ob-Bervatory presented Prof. E. C. Pickering with a silver loving cup, in recognition of his 25 years' service as director. Prof. Pickering is a high authority on astronomy. For contributions to science he holds two gold medals from the Royal Astronomical society of Great Britain and the Rumford and Draper medals awarded in this country.

The postal savings bank department of the English post office is said to receive more curious requests and inquiries than any other brach of the public service. Recently the following letter was among those delivered to the chief of one of the department bureaus: "Will you be kind enough to let me know if Mr. John Smith has got a hundred pounds in the savings bank, as he has been paying his addrosses to me for some time? I am cally a widow woman and do not wish to be taken in by him."

### LIOST NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The Little Wild Goose Road from Nome to Anvil City is a Money-Maker.

Miners back from Nome, which is now a city of six or seven thousand inhabitants, give interesting accounts of the Wild Goose railway, the most northern line in the world, one of the shortest, and probably for its length the most profitable, says a report in the New York Sun.

The Wild Goose road was built by C. D. Lane, the California man who has made so much money in Alaska. It runs from Nome five miles back into the country to Anvil City, and its running time is about an hour for the distance.

It has a narrow gauge, one engine, one box car and several flat cars. It runs only in summer, but last year its net profit was \$280,000.

The passengers ride on benches in the one box car and pay one dollar for the five-mile journey. The freight rate is \$40 a ton, the same rate that is paid for carrying freight from Seattle, 3,600 miles to Nome.

The road is not graded and its ties are laid on the frozen tundra, and when that thaws in summer the ties and the tracks with them sink deep into the mud. The engine consequently runs through black lakes whose waters splash furiously and threaten the engine fires.

There are several gullies on the line and the train rushes down one side with a speed that generally carries it up the other. If it doesn't reach the top it backs off and bucks at it until it succeeds.

The road doesn't possess a turntable, so the trip from Anvil City back to Nome is made backward, and in order that the engineer may see his track there is a window at each end of the passenger box car. Through these windows, also, the passengers get their only view, and the blocking of them by passengers' heads is the cause of many objurgations on the part of the engineer.

Collisions, of course, are unknown on the Wild Goose railway, but it is by no means an uncommon incident for engine and train to be tipped over on the tundra. Neither is this a serious matter, because they are so light that they are easily jacked back again. There is one drawbridge across Snake river.

The whole equipment of the road was brought to Nome in the spring of 1900 by one of C. D. Lane's steamers, and cars and engine were swung from lighters directly on to the tracks by means of big cranes set up on the beach.

# Signal for All Nations.

For some time a novel alarm signal has been in use on the Alps, and so successful has it proved that several European journals are now auggesting that it be made international instead of merely local.

The signal consists of a shout or whistle or a gunshot, which must be repeated six times. A traveler who loses his way on the Alps can also give the alarm by brandishing a lighted lantern six times at regular intervals. The essential feature of the signal is that the shout or the whistle or the gunshot must be repeated six times-no more and no less. Any one who hears such a signal is bound to respond immediately. Before, however, he goes to the assistance of the person in need, he must let him know that his appeal for help has been heard, and this he is to do either by shouting or whistling three times or by firing three shots. - N. Y. Herald.

When People Do Right.

People so seldom do the right thing that they feel as if they ought to be congratulated every time they do .-Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

## GRAY PARROTS AS ACTORS.

The Initative Ability of the Birds is Something Remarkable, Says This Account.

The capacity of the gray parrot for repeating words and sentences of human language and for imitating the cries and sounds made by other animals, both beasts and birds, is well known, says a letter to Nature. The remarkable apitude which this parrot. shows for "saying the right thing at the right time" is also, I believe, well known to those who have been familiar with intelligent specimens of the bird. But I was not, until recently, aware that the bird can be not only an excellent mimic, but also a good actor, and it is possible that some of your readers may be able to give other instances of what I now propose, with your permission, to relate.

My daughter had a very clever grav parrot, which, unfortunately, died after a severe illness of three weeks' duration. He was brought to my daughter straight from the nest in Africa, and had he lived another month would have been about two years old. He was a singularly clever bird, and of a charming disposition to his friends, though very shy and inclined to be hostile to strangers. He was an exceptionally good talker for his age, and showed remarkable intelligence in fitting his sayings to the occasion. He was very fond of both fruit and sugar, but I never knew him to ask for sugar at dinner or for apple at breakfast. For nuts, which were kept in a cupboard in the room, he would ask at any time, and in many similar ways he showed a vivid association between the words and the things represented by them.

But the remarkable, and, to me, novel, power which he displayed at so young an age was that of acting. He played with a bit of wood exactly as a clever little girl plays with her doll. For example, he would take the wood in his claw and would say to it, imitating the voice and gestures of my daughter or one of the servants: "What, are you going to bite me? How dare you? I will take the stick to you!" Then he would shake his head at the wood and say: "I am ashamed of you! Whom did you bite? Go on your perch!" Then he would take the wood to the bottom of his cage, and, putting it down on the floor, would hit it with his claw several times, saying: "Naughty! I'll cover you up, I will!" Then he would step back from it one or'two paces, but his head on one side and say, as he looked at it: "Are you good now?"

No attempt was ever made, deliberately, to teach him this or any other of his histrionic performances. He picked them up spontaneously from his own abservation and mem-

### A PECULIAR MONOPOLY.

New York Man Who Does Nothing But Make Signs for the Real Estate Dealers.

Within a stone's throw of Herald square there is a man who lays claim to being the only exclusive real estate sign painter in the world, says the New York Telegram.

"Strange as this boast may be," said he when questioned on the subject, "it is, nevertheless, true. I am the only man in the world who makes a living painting signs of a real estate nature exclusively, and I defy anyone to contradict what I say.

"I have had this announcement displayed prominently on the front of this building for some time, and no one has yet attempted to disprove it. How do I make out at it?

"I make out so well that I find that it takes all of my time and that of several assistants, without attempting any other kind of work. You would not think there was enough business of this nature to warrant my confining myself to it exclusively, would you? Well, there is.

"You see, in this section of the city there are a great many flats, furnishedhouses, and others whose occupants are continually shifting about. The owners and real estate agents are constantly having signs painted, and I get the lion's share of the business." "Why?"

"Well, because, in the first place, I satisfy my customers in the matter of price, and, secondly, in the matter of work. You would not think there was a knack in painting realestate signs, but there is. And I have found out how to make them most at-

"Wouldn't you undertake to paint any other kind of sign-for a consideration?"

"Nope," laconically. "It would knock my boast into a cocked hat if I did, and I could not afford to lose my reputation as the only exclusive realestate sign painter on the face of the

An Old German Monastery. South Germany's oldest monastery, the Benedictine abbey of Wessobrun, founded in 735, and confiscated in 1803, has been restored to the Benedictine order by Baron von Cramer-Klett, a Protestant, and will soon bereoccupied by monks. The baron bought all the lands and remaining buildings of the old abbey for 900,-000 marks from the Bayarian state, and sold them to the Benedictines for a nominal sum. -N. Y. Sun.

Noblemen in the Pulpit. An English paper mentions the names of some ten noblemen who are frequent preachers. Of these five are ordained priests of the Established church and one is a bishop who is a "lord" in his own right. Among these peers who are preachers is included Lord Kinnaird, an acknowledged authority on football, but not less resolute and zealous as a lay preacher.-Chicago Chroniele.

A Company of the Comp

Harmiess Substitutes for Alcohol-Tons of Chocolate Consumed in the Army,

It is a well-known fact among certain business men and women who are apt to become tired before the end of the day's work that two or three chocolate creams or a piece of sweet chocolate eaten in the middle of the afternoon will have all the reviving effect of coffee and none of its deleterious results. "It has been determined by science

that sugar is a much better stimulant than liquor of any sort," says the Worcester Gazette. "An experiment was tried several months ago upon dogs, with some very remarkable results. The animals were a breed of runners, and two of equal speed and endurance were taken and especially trained for the purpose. One was given a regular allowance of whisky. and the other a ration of sugar. After a period of time had elapsed the two dogs were taken out for a long run, with the result that the sugar fed dog ran faster and further with less fatigue than his whisky fed brother. At the time the various scientific journals made some considerable comment about the experiment. Now the circumstance is again called to the public attention, owing to the fact that the soldiers in the Philippines have consumed 40,000 pounds of a certain brand of chocolate bonbons each month. The use of the candies in the Philippines is explained by the army surgeons on the ground that in tropleal countries plenty of sweet is necessary for the preservation of health. The experiment made by the men has proved the correctness of the theory beyond a doubt. The soldier boys find that the feeling of a need of liquor is absent when they have plenty of chocolate or other kinds of sweetness.

"While liquor will undoubtedly be used for a long time to come, a substitute which is harmless in every respect will be welcomed not only by temperance people, but by those who need some stimulant to accomplish their daily toil in a world where the so-called strenuous life is almost necessity in the struggle for existence. The oldtime notion that sweet was unwholesome is thus exploded. As a matter of fact, many of the old ideas are being relegated to the rear of the car of progress. One of these seemingly strange theories was the furnishing of sailors in the service of the government with a daily allowance of grog. This was no army canteen beer, but a stiff glass of the ardent. It was supposed to give men the strength and necessary courage to go into battle and win. That was a long time ago, but the no distant future may see a ration of sweet chocolate distributed to the gunners just before the signal to begin firing is given. This is no idle dream, but the result of scientific investigation, which has made this generation healthier than its predecessor, and which should make the next one nearer perfection.

'A moderate indulgence in certain kinds of liquor will make their use a subject of discussion for many years to come. If, however, the time has arrived when alcoholics are no longer used as a stimulant for those who need something to make possible the completion of their tasks, a greater stride has been taken in the direction of temperance than all of the various organizations for the promotion since first they began to

# ARMY AND NAVY GUNS.

There is a Vast Difference in the Number of Men Required to Handle Them.

The number of men required to man naval guns of the British. French German and American navies is about the same, though the French are understood to have more men as a rule for some of the larger guns, says the Boston Herald.

For the 4-inch and 5-inch all services require four men to work each piece; for the 6-inch, six men are needed, and for the 10, 12 and 13-inch the same number.

As nearly all our 8, 10, 12 and 13inch guns are used in pairs and mounted in turrets the 12 men working them are protected by heavy plates of steel. For the little 1 pounders three men are necessary to work them rapidly, and for the 3 pounders and 6 pounders four men are assigned, and for the Hotchkiss

Treble the number of men seem to be required to work the same caliber of guns in our coast defense system, although there is no special reason for this, unless it be due to the fact that the army guns are mounted on disappearing carriages and are not provided with turrets, which naturally limits the space of the operators. An army 8-inch gun takes 18 men, and a 12-inch gun, the largest now constructed by the army, calls for 21

It will be seen, therefore, that a 13inch naval gun is operated by six men, while an army gun of one inch less caliber calls for 21 men. The navy gun can be fired just as rapidly with its six men as the army gun can be fired with its larger number.

Conspiracy. Mrs. Church-And you say your husband wrote these verses to you before you married him?

Mrs. Gotham-Yes; and there's a lot more of them. "I am surprised that you could

have married a man who wrote such poetry!" "I believed it was the only way I could stop him."-Yonkers States-

# . BONBONS AS STIMULANTS. - WHEN GAME SEASON OPENED.

How the Residents Were Made to Suffer by the Swarming Seekers After Game.

The dawn of November 1, calm and fair and beautiful, was like many lovely mornings of October. Nature had not marked off any sudden transition from the eighth to the ninth month of the year 1901. The little birds sang cheerily on bush and brier; the squirrels hustled about among the fallen leaves for the toothsome chestnut and the rabbits scampered through rustling dews and sheltering copie in the very fullness of long-eared liberty and legal . protection, says the New York Times.

Thus it seemed in the heart of nature, but not thus was it in the heart of man. The writer had just turned over in bed for that hour of sweet sleep which is said to enhance the attractiveness of noble features, when, bang! bang! came a shocking sound directly under his window! What was this? Did he dream? Was it the Fourth of July?

"Hello, out there!" he yelled; ! "what are you doing, anyway?" For his chickens were squawking

and flying around the back dooryard, and their antics suggested at once a poacher after domestic fowl. From the depths of the garden shrubbery issued this reply:

"To-day iss the law oudt! Der rab-

bits iss as much mine as yours!" "Get out, get out!" responded the man who had lost his sleep. "I will not have them shot! You are a tres-

"Com hee-er!" answered the disgruntled sportsman, waving his empty gun in a threatening manner, "Com hee-er!"

"No; I'll not come!" shouted the man in his nightgown. "I'll send a constable!"

After a lively interchange of personal abuse, in both choice and broken English, the intruder left and an attempt was made to catch the interrupted nap.

But, alas, the battle was on! The entire German population of Guttenberg, Union Hill and Jersey City had taken to the field. Men, dogs and guns waxed apace. By nine o'clock the uproar was terrific. Across the way a widow saw two

men, two guns and five dogs chase a rabbit under her barn. She protested and the contingent withdrew. Five minutes later the awakened sleeper ordered five men and five guns

off of his lawn. And still they came. Moved to desperation he got hurriedly into his clothes, sought for a potof black paint and brush and began furiously painting signs which read: "Shooting - Trespassing - Strictly Prohibited."

Some timid soldiers saw the signs and fell back, but a few old veterans had to be routed with violent language.

So the day wore on, until the beleaguered writer found himself unconsciously murmuring: "Would that night or Blucher would come!" indeed, appeared the strangest of all. It was the man on horseback!

Over in the near-by pasture lot loomed to the view a fat Teuton on a bay pony-game hag, big boots, short, double-barreled gun and all. Three stout fellows hammered the inoffensive bushes with sticks and four noble hounds wagged their tails and bayed aloud under the deep-voiced commands of their master. The observer looked, saw and fled!

Although the bunnies had shown themselves freely during the month of October on this 1st day of November the historian of the battle counted only one-and that one sought for wisdom and a refuge under the lady's barn. And this goes to show that Brother Rabbit knew something if Mister Man did not!

Young Weman Farmer, Hon. Lilah Constance Cavendish, the 17-year-old daughter of Lord Chesham, is the owner and manager of a black farm near her father's estate in Buckinghamshire. Here she keeps black cattle, black horses, black sheep, black goats, black dog, black cat, black rabbit-black everything that is to be seen on a farm! She had black chickens, and used to sell eggs to her mother, Lady Chesham, but one night a marauding fox came along and cleared, the hencoop. Of course, in a hunting country it is crime unspeakable to kill a fox, so Miss Cavendish took the opposite course and gave up keeping fowls, for her black farm must not make a monetary loss. The country people are amused and interested in her hobby, and the standing joke is that Miss Cavendish has everything black except her dairymaids!-

A Deserted Street in Paris. - - 4 A queer discovery has been made

London Mail.

in Paris in the shape of a street uninhabited and ignered by all. In the course of the work in progress for widening the Rue Vaneau, this roadway-which it would be incorrect to describe as a thoroughfare, considering that the ends were blocked upwas discovered. It had neither paving stones nor pavement, was two meters wide, and an old inscription showed that it was formerly called Rue d'Olivet. It would be useless to seek the name in a directory, for it is certain that until a few days ago no one knew of the existence of the Rue d'Olivet.-Paris Messenger. A Royal Whintler,

The czar of Russia is a wonderful 1 whistler, and can whistle the most i intricate variations on national airs. He entertains intimate friends in this way.-N. Y. Sun.

The Critic,

A critic is a grown-up boy who continues to throw stones.-Chicago

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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