SURE OF OBITUARY

ONE REASON WHY MR. SPARROW. GRASS LIVES IN COUNTRY.

There Are Others, of Course, But This One is Paramount-Sort of a Letter of Recommendation to St. Peter.

One argument against the rush to the cities is the city obituary column. I have known men to lead long, useful and honorable lives in the city and get only four or five lines at last, whereas if they had stayed on the farm the country papers would have given them columns.

We don't have porcelain bathtubs up here in the hills. Steam heaters and janitors are scarce. There's a good deal of snow, too, and no delicatessen around the corner. But there is always the satisfaction of knowing that the local paper will print a fine piece about us when our turn comes to be shoveled on, as Shakespeare puts it.

I may have to raise my own turnips, instead of paying a market gardener three prices to raise them for me, and a grocer six prices for bringing them to me. I may work hard in the sunlight and the air of the fields when I might be lolling in the gaslight and the dust of a factory. I may have to send my children a mile to school instead of two miles to a sweatshop; and perhaps there is a Plymouth Rock rooster on the premises instead of one of them things your newspaper calls planoletups. I admit the country's disadwantages freely. But when this vale of tears is done with me and I am laid to rest under the pine trees in the old family lot. I know there will be a generous write-up by Editor Green in the Backwoods Weekly Guide, Joyville and Passaic county papers please copy.

I shall not go out like a common critter of the pasture, without a letter of recommendation to St. Peter. There will be a long article right down the middle of the first page, and Lemuel Green will spread himself to make it a first-class job. He will tell the neighbors all the good things in my history that the neighbors, can think up to tell him; how I was industrious, sober, honest, patient under brial, kind in prosperity, a loving son, a devoted husband, a fond father, a faithful friend, a man true to principle and spotless in character, a worthy citizen, whose loss is a severe blow to all.

Would there were more of my kind. He will recall my public deeds and private virtues; the time I ran for sheriff on the Prohibition ticket; the poor families I helped shelter the year the dam broke, and the time I carried water to save the Widow Garwin's cottage from the flames and caught my last cold. No matter how lowly my life has been, I shall go out in style and good order, and a loving hand will write "The End" after my own has dropped the pen. You see, Mr Editor, the country still has something the city can't offer.-"Simon Sparrowgrass" in Newark News.

Women's Convoy Corps.

The mothers and sisters of the Boy Bcouts of England, not to be outdone in the matter of home defense, have organized themselves into service companies under strict military orders. It is no idle, movement for show or spectacular effect, but the outcome of a serious purpose. In case of war a well-trained body of women fully uniformed and equipped for hospital work and campaign hardships.

Under the general name of the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy corps, the organization has been in existence for a little over a year and is steadily growing. Riding, camp and hospital cooking, bicycling, home nursing, laundry work, signaling and stretcher drill are included in the training. Riding drills are held monthly after the "raw recruits" are first broken into service. In the stretcher drill a real man is employed to give practice in lifting a body on and off a stretcher, as well as in binding up wounds. Particular attention is paid to dietary kitchen methods, and the preparation of simple dishes that will tempt the jaded appetite of sick and wounded is the subject of practical consideration. The training; in every department is as thorough as "It is modern.—Harper's Bazar.

Chinese Ingenuity. "I hope our dear Dr. Wu Ting-Fang"

is on the right side in these Chinese troubles," said a diplomat at a dinner in Washington.

"Dr. Wu," he continued, "used to tell me many illuminating anecdotes about the Chinese character. I remember one allout ingenuity."

"A Chinaman, the anecdate ran, found his wife lying dead on a field one morning—a tiger had killed her. "The Chinaman went home, procured some arsenic, and, returning to

the field, sprinkled it over the corpse. "The next day the tiger's dead body lay beside the woman's. The Chinaman sold the tiger's skin to a mandarin and its body to a physician to make fear-cure powders, and with the proceeds he was able to buy a younger wife."-Washington Star.

Wonderful Experiences. "When I was out in the country last summer," said the beautiful chorus girl," I milked a cow."

"Oh, you haven't anything on me," replied the artist's model. "I visited an aunt of mine in the country last fall, and one evening I helped her wash the dishes."

POCO CHARLIE'S HARD LUCK

Surely His Hoodoo Was on the Job When He Selected New York's Mayor as a Butt for Wittlelsm.

If you happen to be walking on a New York street, and a man approaches you, wearing a shiny hat and a V-shaped beard, do not address him as "Little Whiskers," no matter how merry you may feel. For it is just possible that he may be Mayor Gaynor. Everyone knows that Mayor Gaynor believes in the complete liberty of the citizen, and abominates the misuse of power by the police. Just the same, Horace, have a care. He had just completed writing an impassioned letter one recent day, in which he hung the police force by a hair over the bottomless pit because one of their number had arrested a man without evidence for a conviction. And then Mayor Gaynor, who is a fond pedestrian, stamped out of his office and across the Brooklyn bridge on his way home. He encountered one Poco Charlie, who desired to be comforted with food and drink.

"Get away," snapped his honor. "Aw," said Mr. Poco Charlie. "yuh ain't sore, are vuh. Little Whiskers? Lemme rub youh'r brush for luck."

Mayor Gaynor's eyes are peculiarly cold and gray. Mr. Poco Charlie hastily abandoned his desire to stroke the mayor's whispers. "They was bristlin' so I think they'd a cut me." he confessed later, "and I'd likely come down wit' blood poisonin'."

Mayor Gaynor went his way-which led to a police telephone on the bridge. Five minutes later the measured clomp of flat feet might have been heard approaching the spot. The plain clothes men were ordered out, to repress mendicancy in general, and in particular to lead into grief and desolation the gent called Poco Charlie, who had addressed the mayor of our fair city as "Little Whiskers." For the remainder of the winter Mr. Charlie will be provided with quarters on Blackwell's island. And the mendicants who had begun to swarm through the streets until they were almost as common as in General Bingham's term as police commissioner, have largely faded. One mathematically inclined police officer discussed the event. "Poco Charlie," said he. "had 5.000,047 chances-according to the latest census of New York cityto win and one to lose. And when he called the mayor 'Little Whiskers' he picked that one chance and lost."-New York Letter to the Cincinnati Times-Star.

Resourceful Woman.

Miss Mary Donnelly, cashier of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's new "suffrage lunchroom" in New York, was praising during an afternoon lull the resourcefulness of her sex.

"Let the anti-suffragists beware," she said. "Woman is bound to get the vote everywhere. She is too resourceful to lose.

"How resourceful woman is! A girl sat in a train one day with an uncut magazine in her hand. She wasn't reading; she couldn't. She was just lifting apart the edges of the uncut leaves and nearly standing on her head to peer at the text and pictures within. So an old gentleman across the aisle took out his knife shyly.

"But the girl didn't look at him. She kept on peering betwen her uncut pages. And finally the old gentleman opened his knife and reached across the aisle, but-

"The girl drew a hairpin from her pretty coiffure and proceeded to cut the leaves briskly. "The old gentleman drew back and

his neighbors smiled, thereupon he said, sotto voce: "'I've heard that woman can do

anything with a hairpin; but, at any rate, she can't sharpen a pencil without a penknife.'

"At that moment the girl, still intently reading, took a pencil from her pocketbook, bit three or four splinters of wood off the end of it, and calmly made a note on the margin of her magazine."

Costly Job. It was snowing and Miss Urban

looked out upon the Newcomb's suburban garden and thought: "How can anybody live in the suburba?" Just then Mr. Newcomb wandered into the room and she asked: "Who clears off that path to your front gate after a snow?"

"Oh, I have a man do it," he replied.

"It's such a short path. I should think you'd do it yourself." remarked Miss Urban.

"It is less expensive to hire a man," responded Mr. Newcomb. "I tried doing it once myself and it cost me seven dollars. You see, in the first place, I had to buy a snow shovel, that was \$1.50. Then I rulned a perfect good pair of buckskin gloves-that was another \$1.50--and then, just as I was in the middle of the job, I caught the string of my eyeglasses in the handle of the shovel and sent the glasses smash against one of the plazza posts; that was four dollars more. I can hire a man to do the job for a quarter."

He Was One.

"I'm surprised, said Cabble "that Taft hasn't hit upon a real remady for the trust evil."

"Perhaps it's rather a hard thing to do," suggested Wise. "Nonsense! Why any fool could

frame up one. I know I could, '

Behind the Times. "Atlas was foolish to hold up the world with his shoulders." "Why so?"

"He could have held it up better with a trust of some kind"

MADE UNITED GERMANY

HONOR ACCORDED AUTHOR OF "DIE WACHT AM, RHEIN."

Town of Tuttlingen, Birthplace of Max Schneckenburger, is Preparing to Erect Monument to Its Famous Citizen.

Neldingen, Gutmadingen, Gelsingen, Immendingen, Mohringen, Tuttlingen -all these are passed before reaching our first camp. But of these Tuttlingen is our darling. We have not passed a village that could have made us happy for many days; each with its ruined castles, its medieval tower. its steep gables, its colored tiles, cheery peasants; but, writes Poultney Bigelow in "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," all this, and more, too, is united in Tuttlingen. This little town also has its feudal castle, its ruined battlements, its legends, and its quaint gables; but it has more than this-it has the proud distinction of having educated the port who made United Germany. The war-song that has made all Germans merge their local differences in one great purpose—the common fatherland; that united Bavarians and Prussians, Saxons and Wurtemburgers, in 1870: that brought victory over the French, and an imperial crown to the house of Hohenzollern-that song is "Die Wacht am Rhein," written at the age of twenty-one, by a lad whose schooling was obtained in Tuttlingen. It is needless to say that his name is Max Schneckenburger.

The people of Tuttlingen are now raising the money needed to place here a worthy monument to the man who has made their town famous. They have placed a square pedestal upon the bank of the stream as a mute invitation to help on the noble work. Of course, we brought our mite from across the Atlantic, and promised to stir our friends up also. In Tuttlingen is a committee of the leading citizens, who are prepared to receive and acknowledge contributions. Little is known of Schneckenburger.

He died in 1845 when only thirty years of age. His father blackened boots and lifted trunks in a village tavern near Tuttlingen, but was obviously of superior character, for he eventually became a small merchant and married well. Max was, too, poor; but in Tuttlingen he was thoroughly schooled and then sent to Switzerland, where the post of errand boy was given him in a grocery store. His short life was one of hard work and small earnings, far from his beloved fatherland, and seeing of the world only what appeared in the course of trips made as a commercial traveler. His widow assures us that a day never passed that Schneckenburger did not kneel in prayer for his fatherland, and his motto, chosen at the age of fifteen, was this word alone. "Deutsch." In 1840 he wrote "Die Wacht am Rhein" as an indignant protest against the French pretentions of that time, but the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan had been fought before his country was made to know the source of their inspiration. Schneckenburger is another of the many names that humanity loves to honor, but which, alas! humanity discovers long after its honor has ceased to be of any material conse-

Got Rid of His Creditor.

Lespes, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm." was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Leanes beheld him, with consternation. draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all tho apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will." "What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneastly. 'Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit sufcide together." answered Timothee tranguilly. It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.

Art of Happiness.

Happiness is about the most misunderstood thing on this earth. People believe that they know just what it is, and invariably answer that they are striving for it daily Yet the average person's hazy idea of happiness consists of a palace, six automobiles, three or four househoats, an army of servants, tons of stuff to eat and drink and a full-sized mint of money.

If one would only figure out wherein lies his happiness he would be better armed for the fight. The trouble is that we do not know what we want. And that is why we struggle along, day after day, in a leisurely, careless manner. There is an idea hovering over us that there is a bright future ahead, and we stop our thoughts

First determine what you want. Plan how to get it. And then fight for it. Happiness will be realized in the struggle, and when you finally get what you want supreme hapiness will be yours.

SHOULD BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Childish Mind, Groping in Darkness, is Craving for Information That is Denied It.

Every trace of useful information is carefully concealed from the very young child. A rattle, or at most a rubber doll, is its only plaything. As it grows elder it is very slowly and gradually introduced to the various forms of the animal king lem. Of the mysteries of numbers stall of languages it has as yet no onception. Its constant questions are for the most part answered "humorously" and hence incorrectly, or they are not answered at all. This eternal "humor" is most galling of all. Why should a haman infant be such an irresistible joke? The lower animals take their young serious:y and train them from the start with a very defnite purpose in view. Yet their possibilities are infinitesimal as compared with those of the average baby. And we sit calmly by and enjoy the "humor" of childhood and invist that the child is entoving itself also, even though its little soul may be thirsting for information which is lengthingly denied it. And we containe to put off the inevitable day wher the child will have to take life a courty and hence, according to our gradition. sadly.

One important point which is quite overlooked by the upholo of the brainless child is the far that nonsense and silliness are just as taxing to the infant mind as useful informaflon would be. It requires no more mental effort to realize that A is A than to grasp the extraordinary fact that a mass of brownish softness is a "fuzzy ittle Teddy bear, yes it is." In fact, the letter A has a distinct advantage. And at a more advanced age it is certainly less puzzling to be told that five and five make ten than to have one's own respectable pink toes described as a series of pigs going to market or entering into the various other activities of life.—Sigmund Spaeth in Harper's Weekly.

TURNED LEAVES OF ROMANCE

Vangy Found, as Others of Her Sex Have Done, That Man Was Ever Fickle.

"Will you have a cup of tea, Vangy?" asked Mrs. Greene, as Vangy came in from hanging out the clothes. "Ah don' cayah ef Ah do, Mis Greene. It right col' on de roof an' Ah's mos' chill to de marrer ob mah bones. Yo's bery kin'" as, yie'ding to Mrs. Greene's suggestion, she deposited her portly form on a chair near the kitchen table, "Yo's allus tryin' to make a pusson comf'able. w-o' cos' Yo' min's me ob mah m vo' ain' as ol' as her, but yo' like her in yo' mannahs. Oh, yes'm, Ah likes sugah in mah tea. Weneber anybody ast me of I like sugah in mah tea Ah t'ink ob a gamman fr'en' Ah was 'gaged to oncet. 'W'are he now?' Lor, Ah dunno, he lef de city. He ain' no 'count no how an' Ah don' cayah ef he nevah come back. Dere's jes' as good meat in de hash as ober come out ob it. Mis Greene. 'W'ot's his name? honey. His name Mistah Dobson, at dat time. He use come 'roun to mah house to take his af'ernoon tea wif me an' maw. He mighty sweet on me den. Ah 'member one day he come an' maw, she po'd out a cup o' tea fo' him an' he taste it an' den he say mos' 'grayshatin' like. 'Mis Vangy, would yo' min' puttin' yo' li'les fingah in mah tea-on'y de ve'y tip ob it?' 'W'ot yo' wan' me put mah fingah in yo' tea fo'?' Ah say. 'W'y. he say, 'yo' maw fo'got to put in de sugah an' I cayn drink tea 'less it bery sweet.' Now days." she concluded with a shake of her head, "he wouldn't drink his tea; Ah reckon, ef Ah was to put mah whole han' in."

Bomb's Deadly Work.

Paris is truly a city of tragedies. At a quarter past eight the other morning there was a terrific bomb explesion on the Place de Montrouge. Policemon rushed up, and found a young man of eighteen, Alfred Hervo, shricking with pain, and rolling in agony on the ground. His face and hands were covered with blood and his clothes were burning. Two policemen put the fire out, put Hervo in a cab, and took him to the nearest hospital. The other policemen found the bomb. It had been made of two metal soap boxes tied together, and filled with powder and nails. Hervo declared that he knew nothing about the bomb. He was on his way to his work, saw the thing lying on the pavement, and kicked it off into the gutter. It broke open, and wondering what the black stuff in it was, Hervo lit a match and bent down to find out. An explosion followed.

Fashions Long Kept Up. The British admiralty's annual order for black silk handkerchiefs for the navy, recently placed for 90,000, led to inquiry:, "why black?" it is said to be as mourning for Nelson's death at Trafalgar. Another instance of long-continued mourning is shown in the dark clothes officially worn by the Anglo-Saxon race; at the decease of the duke of Gloucester, Queen Anne's heir-apparent, the bar went into mourning and has never doffed this, though the lapse of the Stuart dynasty on the British throne was scarcely to be regretted. Doubtless the largest following of one fashion by men was after Alexander set the style of having the face cleanshaven; this was kept up by the Graeco-Roman world for five hundred

WHEN THEY WENT BACK HOME

Humorist Records Some Surprises That Attended the Occasion of . Popular Celebration.

During a recent Old Home Week in an up-state village the following "never-will-amount-to-anythings" were

in attendance; John Wilson Clarke, who was always too lazy to do the chores, came up from New York in his big sevenpassenger car. On account of pressing work he could stay but a few

Ex-Gov. Silby Kirkwood, who was naturally thick-headed and half-baked in his youth, stopped over in his private car to see his old home

Dr. Willus G. Dyer, one of the bestknown surgeons in the country, called the town fool when a boy, dropped in and left enough money for a town library. Miss Caroline Jensen Atwood, too

stupid to learn in the old red schoolhouse, now a popular anthoress and playwright visited her relatives. Charlie Druke, the spendthrift, shut

up his Wall street office long enough to attend. One of the most noticeable features of the whole celebration was the absence of the men and women who

Lack of memory in their old age accounts for the fact that not one of the old fogles present ever said anything but good of anybody, including the successful boys present .- Don. Cameron Shafer in Judge.

gave much promise of originality and

worth during their youth.

DICKENS FITTED FOR STAGE

Kate Field, Excellent Judge of Character, Confident He Might Have Been Great Actor.

No one ever paid a much higher tribute to Dickens than did Kate Field. She had the soul of a poet, a discriminating taste in art and literature and wide knowledge of the world. In mentality she was fully as strong as either of her brilliant brothers. David, Dudley, Stephen J. or Cyrus W., and she certainly was as good if not a better judge of character. She cace wrote an appreciation of

Dickens in which she declared the world lost its greatest actor when Boz became a writer. She gave a description of one of Dickens readings that was masterly in its vividness of detail. Such versatility as she credited Dickens with displaying as he assumed the character of first one and then another of his creations, the pathos, the humor, the tragedy he put into a tone; the marvelous way in which he stirred the emotions of old and young in his audience, would appear to be a bit extravagant were it not that now and then in later years some old man, looked upon as stern and unemotional, told with faltering voice how he stood in line all one night to buy a ticket to one of Boz readings, and then went on to talk just about as Miss Field wrote, only before he got as far along in his story the tears were running dayn his writkled cheeks-his old beart strings still atune to the magic of The

Difference in Icebergs.

No two icebergs appear to be exactly alike in size and shape. Some look, for all the world, like Arabs' tents as they glide along, and others like cliffs, castles, cathedrals, yachts, and occasionally they resemble some well known animal. Some of the pinnacles of a large berg rise nearly 1,000 feet above the water, while the base may occupy an area of ten or twelve acres. Seen through a powerful glass, one may detect waterfalls upon these islands of ice, and all kinds of arctic birds, and perhaps a few scals.

Then the colors are almost beyond description. The stately pinnacles glisten in the sun like powdered glass. At times the berg is pure white, at others it looks greenish.-From Harold J. Shepstone's "Icebergs" in St. Nicho-

"Liked to Be Gulled."

Sir William Gull, the well-known London physician, was once the victim of an amusing piece of reparter on the part of a fellow practitioner. The occasion was a dinner party at which several distinguished medical men were present. The conversation happened to turn upon the subject of quackery, and Sir William Gull evpressed his conviction that a certain amount of it was essential to success in practice, adding: "It is an example of the old saying. Populus vult decipi" (people like to be deceived). "Quite so," said the host; "now, can any one present give an English equivalent to that?" "Nothing easier," dryly remarked a well-known physician of one of the Manchester hospitals. "The public liked to be 'gulled."

Prossic "Ghost."

"Thinking they had seen a "ghost," a number of Dundee (Scotland) townsfolk, while walking through the cemetery recently, took to their heels and summoned the nearest gatekeeper. The "vision" which had aroused their alarm-that of a figure in scanty attire standing behind a gravestone, had vanished when they returned with reinforcements, and all there was to be seen was a large piece of red flannel. It afterwards transpired that the owner being greatly irritated by the flannel, which was next the skin, had gone to the cemetery with the idea of getting rid of it, which he could not do without shedding his garments.

PARADISE FOR THE ACTOR

Australia is the Place Where the Peonie Make Real Gifts to Stage Favorites.

The actor, bronzed from a long sea voyage, was praising Australia, whence

he had just returned. "Australia's the place!" he cried enthusiastically. "l: a pretty actress makes a hit over there, the warmhearted Australia aren't content with passing flow over the footlights to her No, .). They pass her a box of gloves, a nozen pairs of silk stockings, a turker, a for muff, or a case of wine. Who in Milparinka my wife got passed a fallot dress, a Lewis hat and ten pounds of writing pa-

"As for me-"

The actor made a great gesture of arm and shoulder to indicate modesty. "As for me," he aid, "I don't want to brag. I was asser one to boast. At the same time, this I will say. No jeune premier ever nade the hit I did in Parrabetta, Quir idi and the other one-night stands. To you see these rants? Passed u to me by a dis-Unguished society watron of Murrumburrah. How do got like this shirt? It's one of a ha! Mozen that I got from a Mudgee and And this furlined coat, my hou to the real thingnone of your cheup and natty imitations-but real . -genuine Australian rat I thought I'd drop when a Culsons usher passed it over the footlights with the compliments of the Gulgong Bachelor Girls' Social."

STRANGE SPREAD OF RUMOR .

It is So Mysterious That Greeks and Romans Made of It a Deity.

The phenomena of Rumor-its mysterious origin and marvelous spreadso impressed the ancient Greeks that they made of it a delty. Phoeme. to whom altars were raised. This deity, however, was not so completely personified as the later Roman Fama, but considered rather as a divine veicethe Vox Dei, as Grote puts it, passing into the Vox Populi. The classic case is the news of the Greek victory over the Persians at Plataea, in Bosotia, which Phoeme was said to have communicated to the Greeks as they went into action at Mycale on the other side of the Accean, a few hours later, although there was no telegraphy in B. C. 479. Grote compares Michelet's account of the storming of the Bastile. which more than once emphasizes the fact that nobody proposed it; the whole populace seemed simultaneously inspired.

Wife Who Nags

The worst thing that the bad fairy could wish upon a man is a nagging. fault-finding wife. The most savory of the dishes prepared by her hand tastes flat and stale if served up with the sauce of her complaints, and the cosinst of homes is a place of unrest if it is the storebouse of her recriminations. Even if there is just causo for jealousy, cagging is an aggravation rather than a cure.

It breeds the spirit of antagonism and the case of the injured party is hurt rather than helped.

The only safe cure for straying affections is to make oneself so attractive, so agreeable, that the desired leve and attention is irrestitibly held . to its original moorings. Sometimes sudden evidence of indifference awakes the errant one to the fact that the straying may be mutual. Sometimes renewed outbursts of affection, of care and interest, is the tonic of weakened ardor. Sometimes splendid results are accomplished by wearing smart and becoming clothes and brushing up the wits and vivacity.

Swift's Joke on Partridge. Partridge, the almanae maker, who taught Old Moore his business, will be remembered as the victim of an extraordinary practical joke played on him by Dean Swift.

Against Partridge's almanac for 1708 the dean published a rival almanac predicting Partridge's death on March 29, about 11 at night, of a raging fever. And on March 30 appeared a pamphiet giving an account of the almanae maker's death with his confession that he was an impostor. This was followed by Swift's "Elegy on the Death of Mr. Partridge," which so completed the deception that the Stationers company struck Pariridge off the rolls and applied for an injunction against the publication of almanacs in his name.

Partridge advertised that he "was not only a ive, but was also alive upon March 29." But no one believed him. -London Chronicle.

"Nervy" Woman.

A prominent citizen says the "nervlest" woman he ever saw was one who, instead of boarding the car promptly, inquired for the conductor. The conductor was inside the car collecting fares, but hurried to the rear

"I beg your pardon," began the woman, "but is that car coming you." der as crowded as this one?" "I can't tell from here," returned the conductor, almost savagely, as he

gave the signal for the car to proceed.—Indianapolis News.

Courteous Rejoinder. "I wonder why Solomon was consid-

ered the wisest man?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife. "Probably, my dear, because he had

so many wives to give bim good ad-

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Arandus on Louisieus d'Anglitour'i lori Liniu In Sute (Me publicité laftre donn les des avantages exponitionnesses Cfrix de l'abannementé une l'emus ... Editioni Constitung .