The Fight That Ended the Brief War of 1881 the Probable Cause of Present War.

England in the course of her history suffered-as does every fighting nation many defeats, but never one so humiliating to her national pride as her defeat at Majuba Hill on February 27, 1881, by the rude Boers of the Transvaal. That she then accepted that defeat was due to the existence of a Gladstonian cabinet in England and the ever-present desire of that party for peace at any

It is to avenge that defeat-outlanders' grievances and suzerainty complications notwithstanding — that Great Britain is now in the field in South Africa with the pick of her army and her most trusted generals.

February 27, 1881. It was on that day that Gen. Sir George Colley, an officer of experience and undoubted personal bravery, after a forced night march took up a position on the summit of Majuba with his force of 600 British soldiers. Since his defeat by the Boers at Laing's Nek on January 21 his communications had been constantly attacked by the burghers, and on taking up the highly important strategic position on Majuba he determined to once more assume the offensive. The Boer forces filled the valley commanded by the hill, and when they discovered the position taken by the British forces they manifested every symptom of panic and made what at first seemed a general movement to retreat. They, however, did not do so. The counsels of Gens. Joubert and Smidt prevailed, and the Boers settled down to preparations for

an attack. On the English side overconfidence and the inevitable panicky feeling that always seizes a soldier when surprised by a daring movement such as that made by the Boers contributed to the day's defeat. To Gen. Colley and his officers the position on the summit of the hill appeared impregnable. Its flat saucer-like top commanded the plain on every side, and no thought seems to have been given to artificial fortifica-

The Boers, however, knew that the sides of the hill which rose precipitately from the plain were scarred by deep cliffs and gullies. Up these Joubert determined to send a band of his picked men, and to cover their operations the men in the valley opened a brisk fire on the soldiers on the hill. So accurate was the shooting of the Boers that the English soldiers kept under cover as much as possible, only rising now and then to return a volley. Little harm was done by this long-range firing on either side, and so confident of their security were the British soldiers that with every volley they hurled taunts at the enemy in the distance. For six hours this firing continued—that was the length of time it took the 250 Boers who attempted the ascent to climb the hill. Once there, one party of 60 burghers occupied a small peak standing on the skirt of the summit, killing by a single volley the small British picket that held it. The rest of the Boers poured themselves over the saucer-like edges of the flat-topped mountain and took the British soldiers completely by surprise. The movement was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that the English force could not awake to a realization of what had happened. They fancied themselves penned in to slaughter, and all the efforts of their general and his officers could not recall them to discipline. They precipitated themselves down the side of the hill into the very hands of the Boers, who advanced to meet them.

A handful of them remained to fight and be killed, among them Gen. Colley, who, when he saw all hope lost, took his life with his own hand. Cameron, the war correspondent, who was taken prisoner by the Boers and immediately released, described the scene as one of the wildest confusion. The defeat at Laing's Nek had already demoralized the handful of British soldiers, who felt isolated in a strange country, and this new and startling attack was too much for them. Had the men yielded to the rallying of their officers they could undoubtedly have withstood the attack of the Boers and Majuba would mark a different page in English military his-

Of the 600 British troops who occupied the summit of Majuba Hill over 300 were killed in retreat. The Boer loss, according to Boer accounts, was only one killed and five wounded.

Majuba Hill ended the brief war of 1881.—Collier's Weekly.

Dewey's Love for Canes. The victor of Manila had, and it is said still has, a great passion for collecting cares. One day the admiral, finding his bodyguard beating some dusty clothing with a priceless stick, told the man to stop, and asked him if he knew what he was doing. The man looked at the stick and the clothing carefully and then said with a puzzled tone of voice: "I was cleaning your clothes with that old stick." The admiral shook his head sadly, and replied: "That stick came from far up in the interior of Brazil, and is worth more than a dozen suits of clothes. If you must do it, use the clothes to clean the stick, but never the stick to clean the clothes." A small puppy dog on shipboard took an antipathy to one cane, and assailed it with tooth and claw whenever he found himself near it. At the end of a week the admiral caught the little fellow gnawing his imaginary enemy. He took the stick away, with the remark: "It is a terrible waste of value for a one-dollar puppy to ruin a

\$50 cane."—Demorest's. She Learns to Believe It.

A girl never believes a man when he tells her he isn't worthy of her love, but before she has been his wife for a year she discovers that he has told her the truth.-Chicago Daily FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The fashion of rouging the ears has been adopted in Paris. Templehof, a suburb of Berlin, has 40 inhabitants whom the rise in prop-

erty has converted into millionaires (in marks), with an income of \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year. Most of them were peasants not many years ago. The London authorities have de-

cided upon the novel municipal step of devoting £10,000 to the erection of a building to shelter families whose houses are in progress of disinfection after outbreaks of infectious diseases.

The Kaffirs live in peculiar balloonshaped huts, made by planting long, slim branches or trunks of trees in a circle and bending their tops to the center, where they are fastened. Native flat grasses are then woven in and out between these branches.

A barometer 36 feet long has been placed on the tower of a Paris church. Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China years ago, and one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sounds of persons' voices that were dead—a machine similar to the phonograph.

M. Maspero the Egyptologist, who was a charge of the excavations from 1880 to 1886, has again been called to take charge of the antiquities in Egypt. His chief task will be the transfer of the objects in the Gizeh museum near Cairo to the new museum that has been built in Cairo itself.

A Hungarian philologist, Dr. Anton Velics, thinks he has discovered the original language of man. He has found that the great groups of languages, Indo-Germanic, Semitic, Hamitic and Altaic, are all based on between 200 and 300 ancient Chinese roots, some of which have disappeared from the Chinese language and are now found only in Japanese. He has published his theory in Hungarian, but is going to translate it into German, so that other philologists may be able to criticise it.

THINK MEN GROW ON TREES.

There Are Some Indian Tribes That Still Hold to That Singular Belief.

The Sioux Indians still share with the old Aryan and Semitic tribes in the belief that there are trees that bring forth human beings, and others that bear various portions of the human body, and in the fourteenth century an Italian traveler, on arriving at Malabar, was told by the natives that the country abounded with a tree that bore men and women. The latter were attached to the limbs by the nether extremities and were full formed when the wind blew, but when the wind died out they soon withered. These specimens of humanity reached

the length or height of three feet. In the first book of the Mahadharata, mention is made of forms of dwarfs that were to-be found on a large fig tree. The Arabs are still strong in the belief that somewhere in the southern ocean there is a tree that bears a nut that resembles the face of a man, and when in its fullness the mouth opens and gives voice to the cry: "Wak! Wak!" The Chinese reverse the order of things, and, instead of believing that the trees give birth to men, claim that in the beginning the herbs and grass sprang from the hair of the human family. They have preserved the tradition, too, that somewhere within the borders of the Flowery kingdom there is a wonderful lake by whose margin grew trees whose leaves developed into birds, and also that, if a jar be broken on the waters, birds of the most brilliant plumage will at once arise from the pieces and fly off.

In Central India there is a tribe called Khatties that claim to have their origin from a stick of wood. When the five sons of Pandu, the heroes whose exploits are told in the Mahadharata, had become simple tenders of sheep, Karna, their illegitimate brother, wishing to deprive them of their last resource, prayed to the gods to assist him. He struck the earth with his staff, which opened, and from it sprang a man who was called Khat, meaning begotten of wood, and by this name have his descendants ever since been known .--Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How He Won His Promotion. "Mr. Green," said the city editor, "I am pleased to tell you that you are getting along very well in your work. At first I did not hope for much from you. Your vocabulary appeared small and your spelling was very bad, but you have improved much in the last month. I suppose you have been putting in your evenings studying?"

The new reporter kicked his left toe against his right heel.

"I'm afraid I ain't," he said. "Then how do you account for the improvement in words and spelling?" inquired the city editor, who was a kindly man and hadn't been a city ed-

itor long. "I dunno, unless it's eatin' the alphabet soup they give me up to my boarding house."

Whereupon the new reporter was immediately transferred from the suburban to the joke department.—Detroit Free Press.

Evolution of the Cranberry. The cranberry is a product of the 'country's development, coming forward in the last 50 years from a small, hard, bitter berry to a handsomely shaped and good-sized fruit. As the quality has improved the berries have increased in popularity with consumers, until supplies are hardly sufficient to satisfy normal demands. Rhode Island was the first state to apply scientific methods to cultivation, and the system adopted there has extended to other states, notably Massachusetts, New Jersey and Wis-

consin.-Chicago Chronicle.

SHOT THE VICTOR MOOSE.

How a Candid Maine Hunter Fell Afoul the Game Laws and Got Into Trouble.

A game warden who is on duty at the junction of Allagash and Aroostook rivers in Maine has lately arrested Fred Houseman, of Springfield, Mass., for having in his possession the bodies of two bull moose, both of which were killed on the upper waters of the Allagash. When Houseman had been taken before a trial justice, and had told his story, the tale was so convincing and showed so little evidence of intentional crime that the hunter was allowed to go home after filing a bond for his appearance at the spring term of court. Houseman, accompanied by two reg-

istered guides, left Northeast Carry for the Allagash region early in October. He intended to pass a month drifting down the river and proposed to secure all the big game the law allowed. He shot a young bear after crossing the carry into Chamberlain lake. Before the bears' meat had been eaten up he secured a big buck deer. Meantime, he and his guides had kept the camp larder well supplied with partridges and rabbits. After passing Seven islands, and when nearly out to the Canada line he captured his second deer, thus completing the quota allowed by law. He had seen several small moose on his journey, and after October 15, when open time for moose began, he tried to get one. There were plenty of chances for shooting small spike horns, but as he wanted a big head for mounting he refrained from shooting, knowing he would have to pay a fine of \$500 and run the risk of going to jail for six months if it was known that he had killed more than

one bull moose.

One day when he was more than 50 miles north of Swan islands he heard a great cracking and tumult among some elder bushes near the river. Running his canoe to bank and creeping through the brush he saw two bull moose battling for their lives in the muddy swamp. One was a lean and scraggly old fellow with antlers that spread five feet from tip to tip. His body was small and badly emaciated, but that great stumplike ornament on his head was worth \$200 to any hunter. The other moose was clean-limbed and fat, but his antlers were of the commonest kind, of no value to anybody except the original owner. The fight had been in progress for some time when Houseman came along, as the bog was badly wallowed and punched full of holes that were red with the blood of the combatants. The men who saw the conflict say there is little chivalry in a moose fight. The bulls backed off for a distance of two or three rods and then came together head-on like two rams, after which they hooked and gouged and pushed in a manner that was very unprofessional. Both animals pawed the earth and bellowed before making a rush, but when fighting at close quarters neither one uttered a sound. They met midway in the lists four times without either one gaining a signal advantage, although Houseman saw that the older moose was getting badly winded. The shoulders and necks of both animals were torn to ribbons from coming in contact with the prongs of antlers, and their fore legs were dripping with blood. In the fifth tilt the younger moose leaped to one side just before the meeting, and as his older adversary rushed past he butted his foe in the ribs, hurling the veteran upon his side in the mud. Rearing on his hind legs, the young moose brought his sharp hoofs down upon the neck of his foe, driving his head into the mud and severing his windpipe as with a knife. Not satisfied with killing his enemy he gored and mutilated the body so long that Houseman, fearing that the precious antlers would broken and ruined, took up his Winchester and shot the victor in the

midst of his triumph. As soon as he killed the young moose, Houseman had involved himself in a case where ethics and law were at variance. If he had been allowed to exercise his own choice, he would have killed the old moose for the sake of the antlers, and would have eaten the tough dry meat without murmuring. Since the young moose had preceded him in the slaying process and had rendered the meat of the dead animal unfit to eat, the hunter felt justified in utilizing the flesh of the younger animal for food. Loading his canoe with the head of the old moose and the dressed quarters of the young one, he proceeded out to the settlement and told a truthful story to the waiting warden, who, complying with the letter of the law, placed him under arrest. It is the opinion of Maine lawvers who have looked into the case that it will take a judge as wise as Solomon and as cunning as Sancho Panza to untie the knots of law and equity which Houseman in his candor and innocence has put upon himself .-

The Bachelor Reflects. A woman can hide a secret just about as well as a sandwich-man can conceal his business.

Woman's real greatness consists in being able to cry over the little disappointments of life and laugh at the big ones.

There probably never was a woman that weighed over 140 that didn't just love to sit on her husband's lap.

If a woman could have all the new clothes she wanted and wasn't allowed to keep any old ones she would be perfectly miserable every rainy day she stayed home.

A woman always remembers longest some little fool thing her husband said when he was out of patience and the tender way he patted her face once when she was sick .- N. Y. Press.

RITES OF JAP FANATICS.

The Old Ceremonial of Walking Over Fire Is Still Practiced in the Flowery Kingdom.

The religious fanatics who have a habit of walking through fire and not singeing a hair have again appeared in Japan.

These are the devotees of the god of the Ontaki mountain, a very terrible person, indeed, but one, they say, who takes care of them when there is any fire about.

Like the Greek of old, your modern Jap-unless he is a very advanced person-"sees gods in thunderstorms," and so on, and above all puts their favorite habitation on the top of the highest mountains—where nobody goes to

This is the halcyon season of their year when the devotees of these many mountain deities go through the various and generally dangerous acts of homage. The occasion of the recent demon-

stration of perfectly public fire-walking was the special festival of the god of the mountain Ontaki, and the scene of the wonderful performance a small Shinto temple in the Kanda quarter. In the first place there was a long,

blazing and smoldering heap of damp straw. Underneath this was a bed of lighted charcoal. By the time that the walking began

the straw had been consumed. It was now almost dark, the lurid glow upon the faces of the white-robed worshipers and the crowd of Japanese against the surrounding rail was most weird.

Some stood by one side of the fire and with huge fans made it hotter even than before. Then two of them took each a wand, attached to the end of which were shavings or strips of paper; a third took a flint and steel; a fourth an offering of salt."

Placing themselves one at each end and one at each side of the blaze, they went through a long and impressive ceremonial, indulging in much waving of wands and marching or dancing about the fire like Americans on the night of an old-fashioned presidential election, each man in his turn assuming the position occupied by his predecessor.

At length and suddenly, after carefully stepping on some of the scattered grains of salt, one of the men deliberately walked through the fire from end to end. He took seven paces, the seventh pace landing him just clear of the fire at the other end.

Others then, but at the first only men, followed his example. Some of the old men hurried a little; but most of them, old or young, were very deliberate, stamping each foot hard into the redhot charcoal at every step.

Examined afterward, the feet were found quite soft, and not a trace of fire upon them. Before the people walked through the fiery furnace the center of it, where they walked, was beaten flat with long poles. They therefore,, had a level surface to walk on and they did not get the sides of their feet burned. Of course the secret of this whole performance lay in the fact that the feet

were carefully protected by the salt, which is a non-combustible substance. But even then the operation must be painful and dangerous, too. The feat of fire walking is a very un usual thing in Japan. There were present at its performance some Europeans

who had been 25 years in the country

and had not only never seen it before,

but never heard of it. It appears that those who walk through the fire expect to obtain from the god certain indulgences for themselves, relatives and friends.-Philadelphia Press.

LONDON'S WOMAN BARBER.

She Is Charming and Accomplished, and Is Endowed with Hypnotic Power.

The Lady Barbers' association—the original one, mark you-has existed 11 years. Its present address is 65 Chancery lane, and its latest proprietor, Mme. St. Quentin, who has been in possession since June last. She is a charming and accomplished ladylearned in the mysteries of hypnotic influences, and has even views on Buddha. In response to the invitation contained in the announcement that madame was at home, coupled with the parenthetical promise of tea, the writer descended to the pleasant basement room, with the electric lamps diffusing brightly warm color through the crimson shades, and beheld the priestess of the razor performing the customary rites upon various stubby and upturned masculine chins. It seemed so entirely pleasant a process that the writer remembered with a secret joy that he had not been shaved that morning. Presently it was his turn, and, placing his head upon the pad, he suffered himself to be lath-

ered and prepared for sacrifice. To be shaved by a deft-handed woman is almost a magical process. There is none of the "slishslashing" of the gentleman whom a bountiful nature intended to be a hedge carpenter. No, no! There is something smooth and gliding over one's cheek, with here and there the pressure of delicate fingers, and presto! one emerges with a chin that is equal, without a shadow of deprecation, to every domestic and ante-marital demand upon it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Fairy Tale. "Goodness! Where did the Joneses get that big silver loving cup that is in

their parlor window?" "Why, it was given to them by the neighbors that used their lawn-mower and telephone all summer."-Indianapolis Journal.

Couldn't Break It. Subbubs-I understand your servant

has left your home. Farfromtown-Yes, she left our home. Thank heaven, she couldn't destroy that.-N. Y. World.

REPORTING A STORM.

How the News of the Portland's Wreck Was First Given to the Public.

The reporting of the storm developed many splendid examples of good work on the part of the newspaper men, bright and active young fellows fired with the zeal of service to their journals and the public, says Sylvester Baxter, writing of the great storm of last winter. Except in actual warfare, the reporters and correspondents seldom encounter the exciting events they chronicle. But their work brings them close after and in following the trails of disaster by land and sea, in spanning broken communications, and in getting their news back to the home office, they found in this widespread calamity an abundant field for the exercise of the hardy virtues. The greatest feat was that which brought to Boston the first news of the Portland's wreck. Charles F. Ward was the district correspondent of the Boston Herald, on the south side of Cape Cod.

On Sunday morning he found the rail and telegraph communication cut off. Feeling that there must be disasters along the shore, he drove from his home at Chatham 20 miles up the cape to Hyannis. There he found the telegraph line that runs down the cape still open, and he called up friends at different points to learn the news. On Monday he received from Truro some meager facts about wreckage from a large steamer coming ashore, including the tonnage mark "2,283 tons," that identified it completely with the Portland. Appreciating that he was the exclusive possessor of news of transcendent importance, he determined to get it to Boston as best he might. A special working train was about starting up the line from Hvannis and this took him as far as East Sandwich. Here there was a great washout, and he had to walk several miles to Sandwich. Thence a carriage took him to Buzzard's bay, where he had to wait for the Tuesday morning train to Boston. At 11:30 o'clock that forenoon he reached the office with his news, thoroughly exhausted by the

DEWEY'S UNIQUE REBUKE.

Scribner's.

strain and hardships of his journey.-

A Remark of His That Kept His Men on the Broad Grin for Many Days.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the things Dewey said at Manila during the naval battle; but, whatever his remarks may have been, it is safe to assume that they

were forgible ones. Though a quiet man under ordinary circumstances, he speaks out when there is occasion, and his flow of language at such times is described as lovely. Sailors do not mind such things as rough talk so much as they do having language addressed to them that they do not understand, when they know that it has an uncomplimentary significance. Most of all they dislike to be called farmers, in

Well, it is related that on a day in 1885, when the Pensacola, Capt. Dewey in command, was in the Mediterranean-she was then the flagship of the European squadron-a shift of wind accompanied by a rapid fall of the barometer gave warning of changing weather. Presently a white squall came up and there was busy work for all hands, the executive officer in the waist, the officer of the deck on the quarterdeck, and the midshipman in the fo'-castle bellowing and repeating orders, while the sailors jumped through the tops like monkeys. Just then something fouled the clews of the maintopsail, at the very moment the squall struck, and bungling for a moment or two nearly cost the vessel a spar. Dewey, from the bridge, was looking on, and everybody was in tremulous anticipation of a severe rebuke. But he only turned to the

officer of the deck and said, mildly: "Will you kindly tell me what was the matter just now with the agricultural population on the maintopsail

yard? This remark percolated through the midshipmen to the crew, and being duly translated, it produced an effect from which the men did not recover

for days .- Boston Sunday Journal. Home of the Blenheim Spaniels. Blenheim, the palace of the duke of Marlborough, is noted for its dogs and cattle, and its fame in these lines of live stock is almost two centuries old. The Blenheim spaniels are known around the world, and are prime favorites in many lands as ladies' lap-dogs. One sees them to perfection on the estates, where they number hundreds, and are carefully bred to keep up their ancient excellence. The chosen dog of the kennels for the duchess is a diminutive creature weighing but a few pounds, being a direct lineal descendant from the little dog which faithfully followed the first duke of Marlborough through the entire battle of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube in 1704, and thus founded the canine honor of the name. The "hall mark," as it were, on this strain of dogs is a spot on the top of the head, and this distinguishes them from all other spaniels of their class; but even in the home kennels this coveted mark of good descent is growing less and less frequent as the decades go by .- Edward Page Gaston, in Woman's Home Companion.

"Remember," said the moralist, "that

poverty is no disgrace." Tve been remembering it all my life," answered the young man with a cynical tone. "I've been remembering it so hard that I am getting brain fag. I'd like to have a chance to get rich and forget it awhile, just for the

sake of the rest."—Washington Star.

Jokes. A joke which is too broad will probably fall flat.—Chicago Dispatch.

FISHING IN PORTO RICO.

Industry Is Not Large, But Features Are Interesting-Sam Juan's Supply.

An article on the fishery trade of Porto Rico, by W. A. Wilcox, gives an interesting account of the methods of our colonial brothers in gathering sea

The writer describes the conditions in Algarrobo, Sabanita, Bayamon and

"Algarrobo," he says, "is a small fishing settlement in the suburbs of Mayaguez. The fishermen's houses scattered along the beech, are surrounded with cocoanut trees and banana plants, the leaves of which form the roof and sides. This settlement has 14 fishermen who use four dories and one sloop. This sloop, the Francisca, was built at Algarrobo, at a cost of \$1,200 in Span-'ish money. It weighs seven and a half tons and is the only vessel used in the fisheries in the island that is of sufficient tonnage to require registry at the custom house. It was built soon after the close of the late war, and had made but three short trips up to the last of January, 1899. It is 30 feet long, 91/2 feet beam, with five feet depth of hold. In the center is a well seven feet long, with 30 11/4-inch holes on each side to admit the water. Aft of the well is a small compartment for sleeping quarters, and forward is a small galley for cooking. Her fishing gear consists of 40 set pots, by which most of the catch is made, a small trawl with

100 hooks being used occasionally. "The catch of the fishermen of this place is made along the coast, the sloop going as far as Mono island, 42 miles distant. Sardines are used for bait on the trawl, the pots generally,

being set without bait. "The eatch is sold to the neighboring villages and plantations, and the fish market of Mayaguez is better supplied than that of any other place on the island. Fish are peddled along the route to the city, being suspended from poles on the shoulders. No fish are cured, and any surplus is thrown away."

Mr. Wilcox describes the method of catching fish at Bayamon, a place five miles south of San Juan, with which it is connected by rail.

"Bayamon," he says, "is supplied with fresh fish taken from the Bayamon river by six resident fishermen, and by others that live along the river bank to the north and south. Other persons: fish only for their family use. None of these men give more than a part of their time to fishing. The catch is taken with hoop nets, cast nets, gill nets and haul seines, all netting being handmade by the fishermen. A few

fish pots are also used." Of Palo Sedo, a small fishing village at the north of the Bayamon fiver, the

writer says: "It has a population of about 200, including 60 fishermen, who use 25 small sail and row boats. The catch of these men is chiefly made in the evening and at night and forms a portion of the fresh fish supply of the city of San Juan. It is taken in and near the mouth of the river and in the bay, a few boats using trolling lines outside of the harbor. When used in the river they are attached to the shore by a line; when used outside they are weighted with stones and anchored to a buoy, although when well water-soaked they

use no weights."—Fishing Gazette. CORRESPONDENCE CLASS.

Clever Idea by Which a Young Woman Who Needed the Money Makes a Living.

It seems a very strange fact that in these days of higher education for both men and women any woman seeking a means of earning a living should be able to make an excellent income teaching people how to write their letters properly. And yet such is the case, and the woman in question not only makes a fair living, but has more to do sometimes than she can attend to. According to the wem-

an herself it came about like this: "I was hard pressed at one time forsome way of earning an honest penny, and I had thought and thought of how I might do it, and there was no tangible result to be obtained, seemingly. One day a girl came to see me, and in

the course of conversation said: "Miss B I would give anything in the world to be able to write as well as you do. You never seem to be dazed by any complication. You always write the proper thing in the right place. Do you know, I wish you were poor, and I would get you to teach me your art.'

"'My dear,' I cried, 'I am poor, and 🐂 🕍 at my wits' end to get some way of making money. You have put an idea into my head, and you may help me to make a beginning. Let us form

a "correspondence class." "It was rather uphill work at first, but after the first class was formed another soon followed, until I have as many as 12 or 15 going at once. I find that a class is most beneficial, as the pupils correspond among themselves, and, by reason of their numbers, provide a greater variety of subjects.

"It does not necessarily follow that a girl is unintelligent or badly educated who is a poor correspondent. This gift comes naturally to some. while to others it is denied, and these latter unfortunates would do better to cultivate it than to be indifferent to ? their proficiency in the art of letter writing."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Venerable Prelate. Pope Sophronius, patriarch of the Orthodox Greek church of Alexandria, who died recently at that city, was the oldest prelate of the Christian world. He had been a priest for 87 years, a bishop for 78, archbishop for 70, and patriarch for nearly 35 years. He was 107 years old when he died, and he retained his physical and intellectual vigor almost to the last.—Youth's Com-

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