DEGENERATE BEARS.

the Adirondacha They Have Recome a Race of Mere Camp Followers.

"The tameness and impudence of the bears in Yellowstone park have been commented on a great deal of late by the newspapers," said a native Adirondack dweller, according to The New York Sun, "but I doubt if those bears can beat our Adironwhich bears much in that respect.

"There was a time when the Adirondack bear was as wild and shy and fierce as his Pennsylvania or Sul-Bivan county brethren are reported to be, but, as a rule, he has got over it, and degenerated into a thieving camp follower and hanger-on around club houses and hotel and camp grounds, a pensioner on the marbage pail and the refuse supplies.

"At camps or club houses where they have not been disturbed, bears have in many instances forgotten their shyness and fear of danger to such a degree that they come swaggering to the very kitchen doors, and, if not chased from there, do not besitate to enter the camp itself and mose around for choicer morsels than the garbage pail contains. Bears became such a nuisance in this way at Marry Benson's place, in the Peseco lake region, last season, that he ipitched into one impudent old chap one day with a horsewhip. The bear went back to the woods, stopping every few steps to rub himself looking back at Garry each time in evident surprise at the reception he had

areceived. "Nobody at Benson's camp would Think of killing one of these shaggy introders any more than he would think of killing a woodehuck. Garry Benson says that kicking them off the premises and stoning them is only a temporarily relief, but the horsewhip once laid well over a bear, he finds, causes that bear to give that place a wide berth there-

"At the district school at Sander's Mill, on the Mad river, a big bear came slouching out of the woods one day, a week or so ago, and advanced directly on the schoolhouse. Some wit the children had eaten their lunchcon on the grass in front of the bullding.

"The year stopped and licked up the crumbs and remnants of the reyeast, and then stuck his head in at the school house door. The screams of the pupils and the school ma'am frightened Bruin, and he hurried into

the woods. "The next day the bear came to the schoolhouse at about the same hour, and ate the crumbs and crusts he found on the grass. He didn't wenture to the schoolhouse door megain, though, and after he had eleaned up the remnants of the rebool lunch he went slowly back to

"His visits became of daily regular-Sty: and, it being evident that he me with no evil intent, the teacher, and new and then a pupil, took to tossing him an apple or other bit of luncheon, and finally to feeding him out of hand, until now, so it is reported, that bear has almost quartered himself in that school district. and lunches regularly with the Sander's Mill school children and teacher."

DRESS FIVE TIMES A DAY.

.menult of Recent Order That Army Officers Must Wear Uniforms on Duty.

Officers of the army on duty in the war department wear uniforms the mane as if they were on duty at military posts. Occasionally an officer is Sound who does not appear in uniform, That it is only for a day or two at most. ways the Washington Post. The practice has resulted in making nearly every room occupied by officers a dressand room, where wardrobes are kept. Mest officers dislike very much to appear on the street in uniform; it makes them too conspicuous. Uniforms for use in the department are kept in a merdrobe, and the officers put them son when they arrive in the morning, stake them off and don civilian dress to go to luncheon, and upon their return In the afternoon and departure for home later go through the same proc-. They don't like it, but it is an order. For people doing business at the department it is much better, for a stranger knows whether he is talking with an officer or a clerk, and if famolliar with the emblems can tell the

wask of the officer. Several attempts have been made to have an order issued in the havy department which would direct officers on duty, there to wear their uniforms. but the officers have always made it plain that such an order would not be

"It is all very well," said an officer of the army, "so far as discipline is conzerned, but uniforms are not needed in the department or about headquarters Sim a city. In garrisons where the uniform is worn all the time, and where all men are soldiers, it is of course, a good practice and essential, but it is a great annoyance in other places where only a few men are in uniform out of moveral hundred thousand."

The Feminine View. "Man wants but little here below." sighed the aimless man with the baggy

fromsers. "What man wants," said the squarejawed mother-in-law of the party aforesaid, "is a woman to set him an example in the art of getting a move on himself." Chicago Daily News.

Great Florists. Japanese florists have succeeded in cultivating a rose which looks red in the sunlight and white in the ebade.--N. Y. Sun.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

When the king of Siam is attired in his full complement of royal robes and and is wearing all his state decorations their value amounts to some-

thing like \$1,000,000. John Sargent, the famous portrait painter, has a morbid dread of publicity. For 20 years he resisted all efforts of photographers to get him in from of a camera and only consented recently because a fake picture printed in an eastern newspaper has been extensively copied. Even then the picture made him look 20 years older than his age. It is not believed that he ever consented to be interviewed.

A lot of young fellows in an Ohio town had a good time with a tramp recently. They took him into a shed, gave him a good bath, shaved him and cut his hair. They then bought a new suit of clothes, white shirt and standup collar and dressed him out complete. But when they attempted to burn his hobo clothes he objected and fought for them with such desperation their suspicions were aroused and upon searching they found \$1,400 sewed up in the coat.

The Paris Correspondent prints a selection of Emperor William's utterances with a view to portraying himas he sees himself. "I am your emperor," he once said to the Germans. "by an immutable decree of God." Again: "What I require of my people is a fidelity that never wavers." "The assertion of an emperor must not be disputed." "Frightful was the time, bitter were the years before Germany had an emperor." To a gathering of German bishops he said: "Regard me as the intermediary between you and Germany's ancient God."

It has almost passed into a proverb that physicians and lawyers are constantly being asked for advice by acquaintances in the course of ordinary conversation. A medical man having a downtown office says that at a so-'cial gathering recently a wealthy woman of his acquaintance asked him with every appearance of innocence how long babies should be allowed to sleep. Refusing to rise to the familiar bait, the doctor answered. quietly: "In just the same way as short babies should be allowed to sleep." Then he blowed and moved away, leaving the lady with an unusual flush on her face.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, the noted New York church, told of a snub an old lady once gave him. "I had the habit in my youth." said Dr. Rainsford, "of conditioning all my proposed actions with the phrase: 'Dec volente,' or, 'God willing,' or something of that sort. An aged woman, the head of an aristocratic family, invited me one morning to dine with her the followinng night. I shall be delighted to dine with you, madam.' I said, 'if I am spared.' The terminal phrase seemed to displease her. Perhaps she thought she sniffed cant in it. She frowned and said: 'Oh, if you're dead I'll not expect you.

LIFE OF AN ANT QUEEN.

Within Artificial Surroundings the Insect Lives to the Age of Fourteen lears.

How long may an anti queen live? In their natural habitat some queens doubtless have short lives; but by reason of the protection afforded them, and the seclusion enforced by the workers, they probably live much longer than other members of the community. Within artificial surroundings they attain a comparatively long life. The oldest emmet queen known to science was one preserved under the care of Sir John Lubbock, late Lord Avehury. writes H. C. McCook, in Harper's Magazine. A number of years ago during a visit to this distinguished naturalist at his country seat, High Elms, Kent, the writer for the first time saw this venerable sovereign, diving in the ingenious artificial formicary which had been prepared for her. She was then in the prime of life, as it afterward appeared, being seven years old.

In the summer of 1887. Sir John was again visited, this time at his town house in London. After greeting; he was asked about his royal pet. "I have sad news to tell you," he an-

swered .--"What? Is the queen dead?"

"She died only yesterday. I have not had the heart to tell the news as yet even to my wife."

Having offered my hearty condolence, I asked to see the dead queen Sir John led the way to the room where his artificial nests were kept. The glass, ease which contained the special formicary in which the old ant had dived was opened up. Lying in one of the larger open spaces or rooms was the dead queen. She was surrounded by a crowd of workers, who were tenderly licking her, touching her with their antennae and making other demonstrations as if soliciting her attention, or desiring to wake her out of sleep. Poor dumb, loving, faithful creatures! There was no response. Their queen mother lay motionless be-

neath their demonstrations. "They do not apepar to have discovered that she is really dead," remarked Sir John. Afterward he wrote me of another queen which died at the age of 14. The ants dragged her body about with them when they moved until it fell to pieces.

The Bertillon System. Since the introduction of the Ber-

tillon system in France 20,000 persons who have committed crimes and who were concealing their identity, have, by means of the system, been identified and brought to justice; and among all these not one mistake is known to have been made. -N. Y. Sup.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Pop, what is a tamen ?" "A famine, my son, is a stremuous cure for m-

digestion." -- Yonkers Statesman. There Are Others, Mrs. Wise treading) - "I see by this that the emperor of Japan has ten men to carry his umbrella." Mr. W.see "That's nothing. I guess 20 men have carried mine." -Detroit Free Press.

Enough Said .- "She ain't at home, sor," said the new maid, returning from the floor above. "Are you sure of that?" demanded Mr. De Trop, suspiciously. "Faith, Oi am not, but she seems to be."-Philadelphia Press.

Husband-"Are you aware, my dear. that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?" Wife-"Goodness gracious! what do you do with all the rest of your monev?"- London Tit-Bits.

Indirect Way -- 1 hear Meterman sat out in a rainstorm writing a spring ode." "Yes, and made \$10." he sold the poem?" "No, he caughta severe cold, used a patent remedy and then sold a testimonial to the manufacturers." -- Chicago Daily News.

A Terrible Test .- "I should like to be sure that he is truly devoted to me. said the sentimental girl, "You want to put his affection to some crucial test?" "I do." "Let's have him come around some-morning and see you in a wrapper and curl papers." Washing-

Paying the Penalty,-Mr. Workhardd -"My dear, I have jost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poorhouse for dinner." Mrs. W .- "Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us?" Mr. W (sadly) -"No, I have no credit anywhere. I always paid cash."-N. Y. Weekly.

EXPENSIVE FOUNDATIONS.

Millions of Dollars Sunk Beneath the Surface for the Erection of - Tall Buildings.

In connection with a recent American "skyscraper" building, it is reported that the foundations, which go five stories below the street level, will cost something like £100,000, this being quite irrespective of the price of the ground; but this is by no means a record even here in England, for the huge excavations at Whitehall, intended for the war office and other buildings, will run it pretty hard, and in the case of a Manchester block of buildings the huge total has been surpassed, reports London Tit-Bits.

In this latter case, Lowever, the shifty character of the ground constituted a veritable quicksand, into which tens of thousands of pounds were literally flung, only to be absorbed, as it seemed, everlastingly, just as, years before, Chat Moss swallowed up everything that the best engineers of the world could throw into it, during the construction of the Manchester & Liverpool line. There is, as propertyowners cannot disguise from themselves, one whole district of Lendon. where houses and shops, many of them only recently built bulge and crack and have frequently to be "shored up;" and a great engineer has lately said that in order to build safely in this crowded, teeming part of London the foundations of every house would cost more than the place itself. In a short walk of half a mile or so the writer counted more than 50 houses that either were or had been cracked from basement to roof, and in every case this was because a sufficient sum had not been spent on the foundations of the buildings.

In some towns, the hidden foundations béar such a startling proportion in the way of cost to the general structure of the buildings that, within the area of a few principal streets, millions sterling are sunk beneath the street level, never to be seen by man. In a certain populous Yorkshire town an old quarry, covering a huge space and tremendously deep, happened to be in a part of the town that became fashionable. The work of filling in this vast opening took some years, and before a single stone of the splendid houses that were afterwards to stand there was to be seen a sum of over £100,000 had been spent in filling up the great gap and in securing the deep cement foundations upon which mansions were to arise.

Novel Charity Event.

A lady in Buda-Pesth recently gave a charitable luncheon party to the poor of her district. She placed no limit on the number of invitations, and the result was that 2,000 people' arrived, all eager for the treat. Eventually the police had to draw their sabers to keep order among the revelers. There were no two opinions about the success of the function. The guests to a man declared that they had never assisted at so immense and exciting a luncheon before in their lives. They were quite cut up when the time came to go.-London Mail.

Tough Microbes.

That the microbes which cause disease cannot be killed by firing them out of a gun has been proved in official government experiments. Mierobes of malignant pustule, of abscesses and of the intestines were smeared upon the face of the gun wad, put next the powder, and fired into sterile gelatin in agar-agar. In each case the microbes developed, each after its kind, in the medium receiving the wad .-- Science.

19 00 Staves from America.

The immense quantities of oak staves used in the wine districts of Spain all come from the United States, and most of them from New Orleans. One cooperage concern in Andalusia buys 175,000,000 staves a year.-Industrial Journal.

HIS QUIET EVENING.

dard Task to Get a Little Yap Where There is a House Full of Relatives.

The family was quite aghast when Mr. Kennedy announced that he was going to bed immediately after dianer. Mrs. Kennedy at once put him through a severe cross-examination to learn if he were ill, and the younger members of the family listened with great interest. Mr. Kennedy declared that he was not ill, but only very tired. and felt that 14 hours of sleep would make a new man of him.

"We will all be just as quiet as mice," his wife said.

He went to his bedroom and for half an hour afterward the family kept an almost breathless silence in their desire to aid his rest. Gradually, however, the tension relaxed and they began again so move about and talk.

Mr. Kennedy had just sunk into his first sleep when he heard the voice of Fannie in the next room. She seemed to be conversing with her mouth full of hairpins, but even then her voice carried remarkably well. "I wonder if that lovely Barry Fittemer will dance with me to-night. I believe I'll hold one dance for him. Bess" this last in a tome of agony--"I can't find my white slippers anywhere!"

Bess, from a room across the hall, reminded her sister that poor papa was sleeping, and so they lowered their voices to a rasping whisper that seemed to tear the nerves of their vietim. He was just about to rice andremonstrate with them when two doors slammed and they were off to their dancing party.

He was falling again into that blessed state between waking and sleeping when the houseman went into the cellar and apparently diverted himself by shifting several tons of coal and then shaking down the fire until the house quivered.

Mr. Kennedy was dozing off again when Ellis came into the room on tiptoe, breathing hard: "Papa, are you awake?" he asked. His father gave a confirmatory groan and he went on, "Mr. Grev is downstairs and he wants to know if you've forgotten that the ward meeting is to-night and that he's going to speak about those things you suggested.

Mr Kennedy had forgotten both these things, but he contented himself. by sending a message to the effect that he was too tired to go out anywhere that evening. Ellis left the room with elaborate epirtion and Mr. Kennedy tried to compose himself again.

All sorts of things seemed to be going on below stairs. Gertrude played the piano; the baby shricked as one in great agony; his wife held a long. animated conversation over the telephone; the door bell rang several times, and Mr. Kennedy's curiosity was at constinual war with his fatigue. At last, however, his fatigue was victorious and he was sleeping lightly when he was disturbed by the sound of footsteps which stopped at his door. He lay quiet. The cloor knob was turned slowly and Mrs. Kennedy glided in, carrying a candle in her hand like another Lady Macheta. She stopped at the bedside. Her husband breathed deep, but could not keep his eyelids from fluttering.

Mrs. Kennedy observed this. "I just slipped in to see if you were really asleep," she said. "Now, Isn't there something I could do for you that would make you rest better-couldn't I rub your head with cologne or make a mustard plaster or do something?"

Mr. Kennedy sat up in bed suddenly. "There's no rest for me in this house," he exclaimed, excitedly, ""I'm going" to dress and go out to that ward meet-

"But then you can't rest - and we're all keeping quiet for you," his wife answered.

Mr. Kennedy smiled unkindly, "But it, will be even quieter at the ward meeting," he said. "Po-sibly I can catch a nap while Gray is talking. Anyway, don't expect me back before 12 o'clock."-Chicago News.

TALES OF PRECIOUS STONES.

Up to Eighteenth Century, India Was Supposed to Be the Galy Diamond Country.

Not until India was discovered were diamonds known to the western world. The Indians called rock crystal an "unripe diamond." and up to the eighteenth century India was supposed to be the only country where that precious stone could be found. Yet as far back as 500 B. C. a "didactic history" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote: "We drink out of a mass of gems, and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds.

It is difficult to desermine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations which traded in them were atract of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definité locale.

"Diamon" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substances to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph, beloved by Bacchus, but saved from him by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem, whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine color, and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from

intoxication. The pearl was thought to be a dewdrop the shell had opened to receive. Amber was said to be honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea, and congested.

NEW BEDFORD'S WHALERS.

Hardy Men of the Sea Who Ride Hand-in-Hand with Death Every Day of Their Lives.

We have raised a race of men who have gone down to the seam ships on the most hazardous of enterprises. No men have hourly for a lifetime taken such disastrous chances as our whatemen, and their voyages have been frequently erowded with moving accidents, hairbreadth escapes and distressful strokes, says the New Bedford Mercury. And we go to these men, like Desdemona, "with a greedy ear to deyour up their discourse." The records of the thrilling voyages of our whalemen are kept in log books and in the hundreds of volumes stored in old sail lofts. How many of us have pored over them to have our nerves played upon after the manner of the fictionists, but it is not there. And we seek out the man whose ship is struck and sunk by a whale in midocean, and who takes to the boats and reaches land after weeks of buffeting, and she men whose ships are conshed in the ice, and their story is as prosaic as the story of the man who goes to the day's work in an electric car. We are thailled by the boat journey of Dr. Kane, of a tramp in the arctic ice by Nansen. Lately a man arrived here who had made a boat journey in fludson bay as remarkable as the journey of Dr. Kane, and he had nothing to say excepting that it was four weeks and five days from the time he left his ship in a whaleboat with two comrades until he reached a fur station. In answer to persistent questioning a reporter dragged from him that it was "hard work," and a shipmate spoke up for the adventurer and explained to the reporter that there was not a minute of those five weeks, night or day, when the little boat was not menaced by the floating ice which piled up about them, on occasions as high as the church steeples. And against Nansen's performance we can produce a whaleman who put a half dozen pieces of hard bread in his pocket and, in midwinter, left his ship in the Arctic, in latitude 75 or thereabouts, and walked 1,500 miles back to civilization. And to save him

ers wanted to talk with him. Hence it is our habit to say often in the spirit of criticism or at least regret that our whaleman is not "imagina-

he couldn't understand why the report-

KING AND BARBED WIRE.

An Entertaining Fable from the Orient That Has a Highly instructive Moral.

Being out on his bike one day for a spin, the king came across a pensant who was stretching wires from post to post by the roadside, relates the Boston Globe. Never having seen a telephone line of that make before his majesty paused and asked: "Prithee, son of toil but what sort

of a machine do you call this?" "Sure, but it's a barbled wire fence, your highness," was the answer. "That is to say, the wires have chin who kers

on them at 'ritervals of a foot.' "And what's the object?" "To keep stray cows out of the field. When they run up again the whiskers they stop in surprise." "I dunno about that," mused the king in combtful tones. "I'm no cow,

but I think I could go through that fenting askiting. Eve run over about everything in Persia up to this date. and I guess I'i, try your whiskered fence. Just stand aside while I play a tune on those wires.

"It's my duty to warn your blessed majesty that a bit of astonishment is waitin' for somebody," protested the peasant.

"It's for you, probably. Look out for splinters when I strike."

The ruler of all Persia and boss of the sun and moon mounted his bike and took a little turn up the road to get a start, and then he came down like a runaway car with broken brakes and uttered a whoop as he struck the

An hour later, when he opened his eyes, he was claying grass in the next county, and the peasant was patiently waiting to see if his neck was broken.

"I remember all," said his majesty, as he sat up, "and there's no need of your going into explanations. In telling you that I was no cow to be stopped by a whiskered fewer, I didn't think of asses. I now correct the oversight and will limp home, and it will be just as well for you that the brotherly feeling between us continues and you keep your mouth shut."

Moral -Things may not be what they seem, but it is better to take it for granted-that they are and pass on.

Taxes in London. Practically only the buildings are taxed in England, and this tax the occupant pays. There is now a strong movement in favor of taxation of "ground rents" and "site valwes," and the introduction of the plan of laying assessments on property for local improvements, as in this country. It is vigorously opposed by the wealthy class, especially by the dukes, who own the ground upon which London is built. -N. Y.

No Longer a Wonder. The Brooklyn bridge has lost place

as one of the wonders of the world since the building of the Williamsburg steel bridge, a mile farther up the East river, and the bridge now building to Blackwell's island will be more wonderful than either. -- Indianapolis News.

Matter of Numbers. "And all his rich aunt left him was

\$100? Weren't the relations between them pleasant?"

"O yes, they were pleasant enough, but there were too many of them."-Chicago Tribune.

AN AUTOMATON CAT.

The Brilliant Conception and Invention of an Englishman.

Constructs a Tabby Which with Bleetrie Eyeballs, Explosive Month, and Pin-Covered Hide, Puts All

Other Felines to Flight. A genius hailing from North London has been struck with a brilliant con-

ception for ridding back gardens and outhouse roofs of philandering cats. It consists of nothing less than the invention of a fearsome automation tomeat made up of a tin frame and

covered with a fur coat. "Tom" is as black as the darkest night, with a stiff black tail standing up defiantly in the air, and a ghostly look in its sightless eyes, which, when roused to anger, send forth a light calculated to make even Ulysses tremble. This baneful glare is produced by a four-voit electic battery stowed away in that portion of "Tom's" anatomy generally occupied by the digestive organs.

The general principle of construction, according to the British inventor, is based upon powerful clockwork, released by a lever when the tail of the at imal is moved.

The clock works a pair of bellows, with two loud-screeching reeds, at the some time forming contact to light the lamps in the eves, and forcing outward a dozen long needle points, which come up through the skin of the back. The tail also acts as a trigger, and releases a haramer formed of the lower jaw of the cat, which explodes two percussion caps in the mouth.

One night an experiment was made. The clockwork was wound up and the beast placed in a back garden. In due course a ferocious tabby of loose charactor and with chips off its ears walked up to the stranger to give battle, while a dozen of his lady friends sat around to see the fun.

In feline language, the tabby appears to have asked his lady friends not to crowd into the ring, and to watch closly while he prepared "Tom" for the updertaker. He began by walking up to a wail and sharpening his claws. Then, he came back wagging all-that was left of his tall in an aggressive and insulting manner, and took the measure of his silent enemy.

Without the slightest provocation he flew at the sutomatic dat, removed a lump of loose hair from his back, and broke his tail in half.

That ended the first round, but it was only the signal for the tin tomest to get into action. The tail exploded the percursion caps in the cat's mouth with al, sound resembling that of a 4.7; the electric eyes biazed out like Lady-mith search lights, while heart remained shricks rent the air from the beliews inside, and the needle points got their

business ends into the moby cal Within a few seconds the gar fen wastclear, and pale-faced pussies were tearing off through the water streets in search of home comferes. It was more than a month before they ventured to peep over the wall-to see if the "black terror" was still in possession.

WAKES, THEN DIES.

Woman, Who Has Slept Since Way 21. 15-3. Passes Away Sear Saint Quentin, France.

Marguerite Boyenval, of Thenelles, near Saint Quentin, France, who had been in a cataleptic state since May 21, 1883, was awakened the other day and died the next morning. For some time she has been suffering from phthisis, and it is believed that the effect of this malady on her system conduced to her reawakening.

She moved her hand six days before her death for the first time and grouned slightly. When Dr. Charlier took hold of her arm she said: "You are pinching me," and subsequently replied to questions by "Yes" and No." She was, however, in a state of great weakness, and gradually

sank, finally dying, Marguerite Boyenval's lethargy was caused by fright. She had had a child, which died shortly after its birth under circumstances which led to the opening of a judicial investigation. One day in May, 1883, while Marguerite was ironing, a neighbor said to her: "The gendarmes are coming to arrest you." Marguerite had a series of fits and gradually fell into her long slumber.

WILL INDUCE SLUMBER.

Two Distinguished Berlin Physicians Discover What They Think Is Sure Cure for Insomnia.

Two distinguished Berlin physicians, 1 Prof. Emil Fischer and Von Mering, have discovered what they regard as an infallible cure for insomnia. They call it veronal. It has been used with remarkable results, it is said, in a large Berlin hospital by Prof. Lilienfeld, who expresses the firm conviction that no other medicine to produce sleep approaches veronal in certainty and intensity. He administered 450 doses to 60 patients of both sexes, and after the dose the patient was fresh and felt as if the sleep had been wholly natural. In all of the cases the heart and lungs performed their functions with the utmost exactitude.

A Much Kissed Woman. A New York man has been ordered to pay a young woman \$3,000 for kissing her 1,236 times. This girl, says the Chibago Record-Herald, should equip herself with a cash register.

Canada's export trade per co just two and a half times as i

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS