THE HAPPY ISLES.

Their breezes bear the orange scent,
  About their groves the wild doves drone.
  The sunshine girds their shores. Content
Has made them utterly Her own.
  But far they lie—ah, far
  Beyond the tossing bar,
  Beneath the sunset, and alone.

The long lagoons are lapped in calm,
The shadows are ringed with surfless sheen;
The shadows slant from palm to palm,
  But dim they lie—ah, dim
  Upon the utmost brim
  Of sea and sunset, fairly seen.

Within thine eyes I gaze, and there
The chart is plain. Ah, Sweetheart, be
My pilot while the winds are fair.
Come, then, Beloved, sail with me.
  For near they draw—ah, near,
  And clear they grow—ah, clear.
  Beneath the sunset on the sea.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

"DI."

HERE we are at the old willow. What do you say to coming to anchor for a bit?" he remarked, bringing the Canadian close in to the bank.

"That is just what one finds so impossible in life—coming to anchor, I mean," she said, dabbling her left hand in the water.

"Look here, Di," he jerked out presently, "what is the good of beating about the bush? There's something wrong, and you are worrying yourself about it, and I am going to make you tell me everything. You used to tell me everything once, Di, without invitation," he added, with an attempt at raillery that was chiefly pathetic.

"Don't be a duffer, Hugh," she observed. "May I not be sententious now and then without being forced to explain that I mean nothing at all? Now, will you please amuse me? It is a shame to waste an afternoon like this."

"Of course it is," he echoed. "You see, dear, all the gods and the fairest of mortals—meaning your delightful self—seem to be conspiring for my happiness; when the gods behave in this odd kind of way we are told to distrust them. First of all, I have you—have had you quite fast, since the days when I robbed orchards, and you, like a sec-

"I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY."

ond Eve, ate the apples; then I have secured two firsts and a reasonable chance of a fellowship; lastly, a most commendable maiden aunt sees fit to die and endow me with the wealth that perishes. It is too much, you know, Di, not a doubt of it; the stagey thing to happen is for me to lose you, and thereby make dust and ashes of all my other possessions."

"Do you know," he recommenced presently, "I can't, for the life of me, help feeling sentimental, and gray, and awfully sorry for myself, when I think that Cambridge is over and done with. Look at that bit of Clare there, gazing out upon King's with such a genial eye; then there is the willow above us, and the bridge from which one used to listen to the nightingales, and—and the Fen sunsets one has seen, and the cheery life. All gone, Di, forever and forever."

"All gone," she echoed in a voice that was almost tragic by comparison with the half-flippancy of his.

"Staying up here indefinitely as a don is not the same thing," he went on. "The glamour wears thin, and one slips into formula in place of feelings, and acquires uncanny views of women. You have met Roberts often lately, haven't you? He is only just 30, and yet he has settled into his groove as if he were 110. As a coach he is marvelous, and I have every admiration for the way in which he has pu l-d me through, but—but—I should have liked to exhibit the genuine Roberts to you, Di; you would have been edified, I think. I never met a man who could so effectually turn his blind eye to the good qualities of women."

"Ah!" murmured the girl. "Let us go down the river again," she said after a pause. "I have something to say to you, Hugh, and it will be easier if we are in motion."

"I have often wondered what would happen to Roberts if he met his destiny written large," he mused audibly. "It would knock him clean out of time, I fancy, should he lose. That is the worst of these men who go on in smiling indifference to amatory dangers: they are pulled up with a horrid jerk. Don't you think infant vaccination with love lymph is to be advocated? You don't take it half as badly in that case."

"Oh, Hugh, why will you be so—so frivolous?" pleaded the girl, something between amusement and desperation in her voice.

"Can't help it, Di, for the life of me; I was born so, you know."

"I am going to tell you a story, Hugh," she went on with more composure, "and you shall give me your verdict on it. Don't stop; I can't bear to remain still. The story is about a woman and a man of whom the woman was very fond—so fond that she had promised, almost before she grew up, that she would marry him. She did not know that love meant something else, until—until she came up to Cambridge one May week. Hugh, please don't look at me in that way; it is only a story. Well, she met some one very often, more often than she had a right to do, during that week; she did not realize the end to which they were drifting—she was merely interested in drawing a grave, book-hardened man out of his shell; being rather willful, she could not be confronted with a solid wall of ice and not wish to thaw it."

The man's face was the color of damp parchment. "Go on," he said as she halted in the telling.

"She succeeded, Hugh. It all came about on the night of a certain college ball, beneath an old willow—the same under which we anchored not long ago. The wall of ice melted suddenly en masse, and the rush of water carried both of them away. It was then that the woman learned the added element which converted fondness into love; it was then that she lost sight of honor and allowed the man to kiss her."

"Good God!"

She had not dreamed that Hugh would take it like this. Sorry, very sorry, she expected him to be, but not anguished. She had grown up with him, and tragedy always seems out of place with people who have become dovetailed into our lives by commonplaces.

"Hugh, you must not think I—gave you up," she said, with the silly struggle of a sheep that sees the slaughter-house door before it. "I told him almost at once that I was bound to you, and I shall not break my promise. Only I had to confess, because it would not have been right to conceal it from you."

They were close in to the left bank of the river, and a step was audible on the pathway. Both looked up. Both turned their eyes from the bank to each other, and a light broke in on Hugh.

"That's Roberts, the man who pulled me through so well," he observed, chaotically. "Would you like to land, Di?"

"No, no!" she cried.

But the canoe was already brought to, and he had leaped on shore. Mechanically she took the hand he held out to her; mechanically she responded to the confused greeting of Eustace Roberts, classical coach and father of unnumbered firsts. One among the last-born of his offspring seemed to be somewhat intoxicated this afternoon—perhaps the heat had been too much for him.

"You're a decent old sort, Roberts," he remarked, hilariously slapping his precentor on the back, "and I—congratulate you. Should never have expected it. Sly dogs, you cynical beggars. Don't mind me—enjoy this kind of thing, you know. Good-by, good-by; I must be off. No good missing Hall, you see, for the sake of being de trop."

Before they could stop him he was well out in the middle of the river and paddling hard in the direction of King's.

"Poor chap!" muttered Roberts.

"Poor chap!" said the girl. "Is that all you can find to say appropriate to the occasion?"

"Yes; the rest is away behind, shut up beyond the reach of words," he responded, gravely.

Had His Share.

Recently a medical man told this tale at a professional banquet.

"Not long since," said the doctor, "a member of the medical profession died, and in due time approached the gates of the beautiful land. He was, of course, accosted by St. Peter.

"'What is your name?' asked the aged doorkeeper.

"'Sam Jones,' was the reply.

"'What was your business while on earth?'

"'I was a doctor.'

"'Oh, a physician, eh?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Made out your own bills, I sup pose?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Collected 'em yourself?'

"'Why—why—yes, sir,' stammered the wondering shade of the physician.

"And then St. Peter threw wide the portals and said: 'Go right in, my friend; if you've done that you've had punishment enough.'"—Colorado Springs Facts.

The Highest Tower.

The highest tower in the world is presently to be built as one of the great attractions of Buffalo during the Pan-American Exhibition, which is to be held in that city in 1901. It is to be 1,152 feet high and 400 feet square at the base, and will be a much more ornamental building than the Eiffel Tower. It will be served by no fewer than thirty-three electric elevators, sixteen of which will run only to the first landing, 225 feet above the level of the ground. The whole journey from the bottom to the top will necessitate four changes of elevators, and will take about six minutes, while the elevators will have a carrying capacity of 10,000 an hour. The estimated cost of this tower, which will be built of steel, is $800,000, or about twice as much as that of the Eiffel Tower.

Eating and Weight.

It has been seriously asserted by many people that we are naturally lighter after a meal, and they have even gone the length of explaining this by the amount of gas that is developed from the food. Average observations, however, show that we lose three pounds and six ounces between night and morning; that we gain one pound and twelve ounces by breakfast; that we again lose about fourteen ounces before lunch; that lunch puts on an average of one pound; that we again lose during the afternoon an average of ten ounces; but that an ordinary dinner to healthy persons adds two pounds and two ounces to their weight.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Bessie, Bessie, come quickly, and bring kitty with you," called Aunt Ella up the stairs.

"What for, Auntie?" was the answer, as Bessie came running down. She held a pretty little tabby kitten of three months old in her baby arms.

"Cook says there is a mouse back of the kitchen, dear," replied Auntie, as she lifted the little girl off the last step of the stairs.

"A live mouse!" cried Bessie, trotting down the passage after her Auntie. "Why, hasn't it run away? It will be kitty's first mouse, won't it, Auntie?"

"Yes, and I think it will be mousie's first kitty, too. Cook says it is a very little one," said Auntie.

Opening a door at the end of the passage, Bessie ran into the kitchen.

"Where is the mousie, cook?" she asked. "I've brought kitty."

"Be very quiet, Bessie," said cook as she led the way to the little yard back of the kitchen. "He'll come out again in a minute if you wait."

Bessie put down the kitten, who, never having seen a mouse before, sat down on the steps wondering why he

"WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE THING!"

was awakened from his cozy nap on Bessie's soft bed. Very soon the dearest, tiniest, timidest gray mouse Bessie had ever seen ran out from under the gate, and looked round with his bright black eyes. He did not seem a bit afraid of kitty, but ran up to him and held up his little nose for a kiss. As kitty was not very big, no doubt mousie thought it was his mother.

"Kitty thinks, 'What a funny little thing,'" said Bessie in a whisper, as he bent down and smelt it. Mousie gave a little jump, and ran away as fast as he could go. Then kitty sprang after him.

"Oh! he will kill the poor little mousie," cried Bessie, jumping up from her chair.

"No, he won't. Look, dear! He's gone!" said Auntie. And sure enough, at that moment Master Mousie reached his hole under the fence, and ran into it with a squeak of joy.

Bessie picked up the kitten. "Poor kitty! don't be disappointed! Never mind if you have lost him. I'll give you a nice dinner instead."

Then she added, as she ran upstairs, "You're a very good little kitty to let mousie run home and not kill him."

Just a Little Boy.

There is a boy in our town,
  (And he is wondrous wise),
Who, when the rain comes pouring down
  And clouds o'erspread the skies,
Says, "I'll just smile the best I can,
  No matter how it pours;
And we'll have sunshine in the house
  If it does rain out of doors."

When naughty words swarm through his brain,
  And clamor to be said,
He shuts his teeth together tight
  And says, "I'll kill you dead,
Unless you will be sweet and kind,
  And good and full of fun;
You can't come out until you are—
  No, not a single one!"

He thinks when he's a grown-up man,
  With wise and sober face,
He'll do some wondrous deed to make
  This earth a brighter place;
But nothing in this whole wide world
  Can give more lasting joy,
Or make more solid sunshine,
  Than just a little boy.
—Philadelphia Times.

Punch and Judy Are Great Favorites.

Paris' old-fashioned theaters still have Punch and Judy shows. The audience are models of attention. The children sit serious or lightly laughing, following with delighted eyes the evolutions of the notary, the gendarme, Pierrot, Mother Berlingu, and the others that take the places of the characters our own young people know.

The theaters are in the open air. All through the fall into early winter the bare-legged little folk come to them, rosy-faced and hardy. Under the bare branches of the horse chestnut trees of the Champs Elysees they spin their tops when it is all but freezing. The play is a much longer one than is given here, and there is always a wheezy old accordion to furnish the music, but Mr. Punch fights his way through it all and meets with the same end at last.

A Baby Sandow.

There is a nine-months-old baby in Chicago which is a wonder. For the first four weeks after it came to this world it was like any other baby, just a soft little kicking bundle of hunger. Then his papa, who is Mr. A. A. Stagg, the teacher of athletics in the Chicago University, took the little Stagg in hand and started in to make a baby Sandow out of him. First he exercised the tiny arms and legs every day, and the baby cooed and laughed and thought it great fun. And he was hungrier than ever. The baby's papa would roll him and tumble him, pull him and wool him and haul him and maul him till the friends of Mr. Stagg were afraid he would hurt the little fellow. But Mr. Stagg knew just how to handle a bundle of human muscles, be they ever so tiny, and now that the baby is 9 months old it can do things that very few little ones a year and a half old can do, and it is better and stronger in every way than most babies. It has never had a sick day.

This baby athlete will raise his body straight up from a lying position without using his arms, will raise his body, by the leg muscles alone, from a crouching position to an upright one several times in succession, will arch his back like a wrestler, and will stand up on his papa's hands and balance himself like a bareback rider. His papa has made him a little trapeze, to which Baby Stagg hangs while he is swung roughly about, and draws himself up by the strong muscles in his little arms like an old performer. Every baby in the block is being trained in athletics now—and they are all hungry all the time.

Why It Was Bedtime.

"Bobby, you must go to bed now."

"But, ma, it isn't time!"

"Yes, it is; your Uncle Robert and your father are going to tell what bad boys they used to be at school."

Nellie's Motto.

Auntie—What is it you are embroidering on the tidy for grandma?

Little Nellie—The good die young.

BOOK AGENT IN HARD LUCK.

His Recipe for the Benefit of Drowning Men Did Not Work.

"I'm through," said the book agent wearily. "I've notified the house that they may no longer expect me to risk my life handling their goods. For the last thirty days I have been touring the State with a universal compendium of knowledge, containing first aids for the wounded, treatment for snake bites, how to bring a drowned man to, and a thousand and one other things that every man should know, bound in calf and sold at a price within the reach of all. I traveled on my wheel, and that enabled me not only to work the small towns, but the surrounding country as well. One day I chanced to call upon an old farmer. I tried to get him interested in the great work that I was handling, but without success until I showed him the chapter on drowning; then I saw that I had him. There was a small lake near where the boys went swimming and the old man lived in fear that some one would get drowned.

"Well, when I showed him how fully the book treated the subject I made a sale. It was a hot day, so I acepted an invitation from the old man's sons to go in swimming with them. I was hardly in the water when I was seized with a cramp. I shipped a good deal of water, but I managed to reach the shore without much trouble, although I was greatly exhausted. While I was gasping for breath the old man came running up with the book that I had sold him. Finding the chapter on drowning he read the directions to his sons and told them to go ahead. Before I knew what was going to happen I was seized by two of his husky sons and hung up by the heels and pounded on the back until all the breath was knocked out of me. Then I was rolled over a barrel and pounded again; then a bellows was jammed down my throat and I was pumped so full of wind that I thought I would burst. They tried every fool idea that was in the book, and it was only owing to a sound constitution that I lived through it. I'm through! I can't afford to take the chances that are in the business."—New York Telegraph.

Great French Disasters.

Twenty-five thousand French prisoners were taken by the German troops at the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-German war, on the 31st of August, 1870, while on the following day, as the result of the German victory, over 83,000 French soldiers surrendered, together with 70 mitrailleuses, 400 field-pieces, and 150 fortress guns. About 14,000 French wounded were found lying on the battlefield, and about 3,000 escaped into Belgium and laid down their arms. On the 27th of October, in the same year, Marshal Bazaine, after fighting and suffering several defeats in the neighborhood of Metz, surrendered with his army, including Marshals Canrobert and Le Boeuf, 66 generals, about 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men, including the Imperial Guard; 400 pieces of artillery, and 53 eagles or standards.

Strange Money.

Chocolate is still used as money in certain parts of the interior of South America, as also are cocoanuts and eggs. According to Prescott the money of the Aztecs consisted of quills full of gold dust and bags of chocolate grains. Before the introduction of coined money into Greece, skewers or spikes of iron and copper were used, six being a drachm or handful. The small, hard shell known as the cowrie is still used in parts of India and Africa in place of coin. Whales' teeth are used by the Fijians, red feathers by some of the South Sea Islanders and salt in parts of Abyssinia. In parts of India cakes of tea and in China pieces of silk pass as currency. Oxen still form the circulating medium among many of the Zulus and Kaffirs.

Bridge Burned with Electricity.

A novel method of destroying a wooden bridge has recently been tried with complete success. Weighted wires are placed across certain beams and heated by means of electricity; the wires burn their way through the wood, aided by the weights, and the bridge falls.

Latest in Roses.

The latest thing in roses is in the possession of an East Anglian rose-grower, who, in his catalogue, says that its name is Kruger, and that it requires a warm position and much disbudding.

If an honest man is the noblest work of God it might be policy to keep an eye on the self-made man.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

A wholesaler in this city had one of the brightest and most impressive lectures on advertising read to him by a country merchant last week that he has ever heard in his life. This country merchant is not one of the ordinary merchants. He is a character in his way, a Hibernian, and with his full share of the proverbial wit. This merchant lives in a small city of the State, and buys the better part of his goods in this city. He was on a buying trip, and, passing a wholesale house, he observed paper napkins in the windows. He went in to look at them, for he had sale for such things in his store.

"An' do ye have paper napkins to sell?" he asked of the wholesaler. He did have them, he said. "An' how the divil do I be knowin' that ye have paper napkins to sell, if I don't come down here and happen to see them in the windy? Why don't ye till a man ye have paper napkins? Why don't ye advertise in the Commercial Bulletin? Thin we'd know what ye had to sell." The merchant told him that he did advertise in the Bulletin, which was true.

"Ah, yis," said the merchant. "An' how do ye advertise? Ye put a cut of yer buildin' in the paper. Now, what the divil do I be wantin' to see the cut o' yer buildin' for? I don't care for yer old buildin'. It's what's in yer buildin' that interests me. If ye have paper napkins, say ye have paper napkins, and don't be a showin' us a picture of your big store. That's the way I'm goin' to sell these paper napkins I am buyin' of ye. I put an advertisement in me paper at home to tell the people of me town thet I have paper napkins to sell and the price they have to pay for them, and be the powers they come and buy thim." This wholesaler told me that he had more good advertising sense rubbed into him in ten minutes by this merchant than he had found in books in the past ten years.—Hardware Trade.

Cost of Living in Paris.

"To prove that we are economical young women shall I tell you how much we pay at the pension?" writes a girl in the Ladies' Home Journal, who, with a girl companion, is traveling in France and giving the benefit of her experience to girls who may go to the Paris Exposition this year. "The tariff card, tacked on the wall of my rose-twined Marie Antoinette room, says the price is nine francs. Then how do I come to be paying only seven? One learns over here to marchander—'to haggle, to bargain.' If madame's prices read 'from seven francs,' and you write to her asking if she can let you have a room and at that price, she will pobably reply that the only rooms she has unrented cost ten francs. But if you are wise enough to ask her if she has a room for seven francs the answer will be 'yes.' We are, of course, beyond the pale of the bathtub, electric lights and big tips; the maid who cares for our room is satisfied to receive a modest fee, and it is with a thrill of delight that we pick up our candlesticks and say 'good-night' just as they do in novels. We are comfortable and happy on two dollars per day. The fact that we are alone does not bring us a moment's annoyance, nor subject us to any unreasonable restraints."

Passing of the Lily.

Bermuda lilies are becoming scarce. If means are not soon adopted on behalf of this branch of the lily family it will soon, like the buffalo, practically disappear. Although a native of Japan, the Easter lily is best known to Americans as being common in Bermuda. The soil of the island is of peculiar composition, coral dust being an important constituent. It was at one time very rich, but the production of the bulbs of the Bermuda lily has exhausted it to a great extent, hence the danger that the flower will disappear. But the exhaustion of the soil is not the only thing that threatens the lily. The flower itself is suffering from exhaustion. Floriculturists have not yet been able to hit upon a name for the disease. The bulbs are getting smaller year by year.

Using Unemployed Land.

For two years and more Columbus, Ohio, has tried the Pingree plan of using unemployed land as gardens for the poor, and has found it practical and eagerly adopted by those who are in need of help. Last year the number of families who tried it was more than double that of the year before. Sixty widows were among those who preferred the potato patch to the washboard. Every city would be the better for allowing its waste and unemployed land to furnish food for those who are poor, and who are glad to work in the fields for their support.

A Beggars' Trust.

According to the New York police most of the successful beggars in that city belong to a trust. The beggars' trust is said to own a large house in Brooklyn, which provides every description of beggars' supplies, including bogus wooden arms, legs, humpbacks, pitiful placards for alleged blind men and cripples, etc. The beggars pay the trust a certain percentage of their earnings, and the trust regulates the hours of their labor, selects the districts, furnishes a list of charitably disposed people and looks after members when ill.

Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

Charity is religion with its coat off.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Quaint Incidents of Travel Along the Great River.

Passenger service on the Mississippi River is in a fairly satisfactory condition. Between St. Paul and St. Louis, and from there to New Orleans, there are large and well-built craft, with comfortable state-rooms equipped with running water and spring matresses. Each steamer has a long cabin extending from stem to stern, where the tables are set for meals, and where the passengers dance in the evening. There are a piano and sundry easy chairs. It costs about as much on the boat per day as it does at a good lake-side hotel, so that a passenger virtually has the pleasure of travel for nothing. The chief difference between the life on a boat and that at a summer hotel is that, instead of viewing the same prospect day after day from a piazza, you have a new view from the boat every moment. The boat stops at every town, so that the passenger may become familiar with the urban as well as the country life of the valley. The freight of the river is always taken to and from the boat on the backs of negro roustabouts. There has been no advance in the manner of handling it since the steamboats first plowed the river. As soon as the boat's nose touches the shore the gangplank is lowered, and a seemingly endless procession of negroes begins to move back and forth, carrying on board the bags of flour, which, on the northern portion of the river, often makes the bulk of the cargo. Plows, boxes, lumber and merchandise are the other products. River levees are much the same everywhere. The cargoes, however, are varied. They all present a picture of a hundred years ago. At Memphis, from the bluffs to the water's edge, is an immense inclined plane of granite paving stones. In the center, about two hundred feet from the bluffs, runs a wide road the entire length of the levee, and disappears among the compress factories and oil mills, whose great bulks and tall chimneys appear in the distance. Between this road and the bluffs the levee is nearly level; from here to the river there is a steep descent. Above the road come and go continually a swift stream of cotton loads and empty drays, and great piles of small cargoes to and from local jobbing houses; below it there are, during busy hours, a conglomerate mass of drays, mules, cotton bales, sacks of cottonseed, darkies, and all sorts of freight. Beyond is the long row of steamers that line the shore, and in the background sweep the waters of the Mississippi. The center of activity may be one boat, such as the Big Sandy of the Memphis and Cincinnati line, just arrived, bringing a cargo of 2,000 cotton bales that have been picked up along the river mouth. The huge pile of boxes and furniture, and bags of cottonseed are being carried, one piece at a time, by a long stream of lazy darkies, over the gangplank into the bowels of the big boat. There some laborers, returning by way of the stage plank at the prow, roll out before them the cotton bales and pile them in rows some distance up the levee. Above the din of wheels rumbling over the rough pavement, drivers shout to their stupid mules. There are picturesque oaths and snatches of melody. Escaping steam, shrill whistles, the creaking of loading and unloading freight, and the bellowing of overseers, who are, as a rule, active darkies, with monstrous lungs and an inexhaustible supply of big words, mingle in busy confusion.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Mr. Gladstone's Courtesy.

The following little story illustrative of Mr. Gladstone's courtesy, is fresh to us. It comes to us from an old resident of Llanfairfechan. The incident occurred at Penmenmawr, in the summer of 1890. About 1,200 feet up the mountain is a small farmstead, Pen Penmaen, at which resided a woman over 70 years old, who brought her weekly stock of provisions in a large basket up the steep ascent from Llanfairfechan village. One hot Saturday, soon after beginning her upward climb, she sat down to rest. Mr. Gladstone, seeing her, entered into conversation. She chatted freely, and detailed the contents of her basket. He lifted it, and, finding it heavy, offered to carry it for her.

The offer was accepted, and the veteran statesman bore the basket load to the white-washed farm cottage, near the summit. A party of tourists approaching from the Druid's Circle path respectfully saluted Mr. Gladstone, who, having set the heavy load down at the old woman's door, strode vigorously across the mountain path to Penmaenmawr. "Did you know that was Mr. Gladstone who carried your basket for you?" inquired one of the party. "No, indeed; I don't know Mr. Gladstone," replied the old woman, "but I know that is a kind gentleman, whoever he is."—London Chronicle.

Hebrews in the British Army.

It is interesting to note that among the troops mustered into the service by the British war office are several companies composed exclusively of Hebrews. In Bombay there are two companies of Hebrew soldiers, and the army register shows that thousands of Hebrews have enlisted in the British army in recent years.—St. Louis Republic.

Foreign Ores for America.

Two hundred thousand tons of iron ore and 150,000 tons of copper ore have been bought in foreign countries for shipment to Philadelphia during the coming year, and more than 200 ships will be required to transport the cargoes. The ores come chiefly from Spain, Cuba and the mines on the Orinoco.

Bread Baking in France.

In France the bread is baked in rolls about the size of a man's arm and four feet long.