

MISTOOK HER NODS.

A Congressman's Aunt Slept as He Drove Her Sight-Seeing About Washington.

"Let me, while I think of it, tell a relation story told me by the new congressman from Ohio, writes 'A Cabinet Member's Wife,' giving her 'Inner Experiences' in the Ladies Home Journal. This is his first term in congress. When he and his wife came to Washington early in October they brought along an elderly aunt of his wife's for a visit before the season began, as she was too deaf to enjoy society. One day he took the old lady out to drive in a high, open vehicle, called here a trap. His wife was unable to go at the last moment, so the aunt mounted behind, and he in front, as he drove himself. Being new to the place they had hardly any acquaintances. Greatly to his astonishment in a short time, as they drove along, people began to bow to him from every side. He said that for one short moment he saw himself a great man, but at the same moment his surprise increased, until he turned around to express his astonishment to his aunt Priscilla, even if he had to shout, and in turning, the mystery of the bows was solved—the old lady sat bolt upright, sound asleep with her head fallen forward. Every lurch of the vehicle bowed her head, and the people along the streets were only returning what they took to be her salutations. He spoke to her, but she could not hear, so he turned about and drove home. When he stopped in front of the house she waked up, and was mortified to death."

THE OLD RULE APPROVED.

Character of a Prospective Wife May Be Accurately Judged from Mother's Nature.

"I have great faith," said an old married man who was telling a younger companion just how to choose a wife, "in the old saying which calls the mothers of fair young daughters 'warnings.' In selecting a wife, always go by the mother of the girl. It's a good rule, and I've never yet known it to fail. There's a good long stretch of future before most people who make up their minds to get married, and for a considerable proportion of that stretch the girl will be much more like her mother than like herself. It's easy enough to choose a wife so far as the present is concerned, but if you want to know something of your wife for the future you should take her mother into account. When you see a truly charming mother you may be pretty sure that her daughter is to be depended upon when she reaches the same age. Long before I was more than aware of the existence of my wife I thought her mother was one of the loveliest women in the world. I was only a little chap, and she, a brilliant young paragon, was, of course, unaware of my devotion, but my allegiance never lost its hold, and when I grew up I promptly fell in love with the daughter of the woman whom I had so long admired."

LIFE OF A FIRE ENGINE.

Twenty Years of Work May Be Expected of One Before the Junk Man Gets It.

The life of a fire engine in this city in its first use is ten years. It is then rebuilt and is good, either in regular service or as a reserve engine, for ten years more. After 20 years of service the old engine is sold at auction, says the New York Sun. It is then bought by another city or town for use as a fire engine, but this happens very rarely. The engines are heavy, and they must be drawn by horses, so they are not adapted for use in smaller cities. The old engine is often bought by a contractor, for use, for instance, in pumping out cellars. In such service a steam pressure of 50 pounds might be ample for the work, while in fire service a pressure of 150 pounds might be required. In such work as this the old engine might last three or four years more. Sometimes the discarded fire department engine is bought by a junk dealer, who breaks it up for the metals it contains, and this is what they all come to at last.—N. Y. Sun.

Peculiar Funeral Customs.—Swiss funeral customs are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a formal, black-edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy and stating that "the mourning" will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table, covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop little black-margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them.

Torn Jersey Rejected.—A New Jersey court has upheld a railroad company in refusing to accept a torn jersey note, declaring that while the government is bound to redeem mutilated bills of this character private parties are not obliged to accept them as legal tender. One effect of this decision should be to decrease the amount of mutilated currency in circulation, giving the government the trouble of taking care of it, as it always stands ready to do.

Calro Climate.—After a month or so of June weather in midwinter and of the unvisited sun of the tropics, the pleasures even of prize fighting and thrashing natives begin to pall. Living is excellent at the Calro hotel, and people from northern climates who have been accustomed to eating heartily of heating foods keep going on doing the same thing with the flesh pots of Egypt. The result is that they get out of condition.

SPANISH BOY KING.

A Very Small Monarch Who Has a Great Number of Very Big Names.

One of the most interesting monarchs of Europe is a bright boy only 12 years old. He is King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, and he has so many names and titles that one would think it would make him dizzy to remember them all. No doubt he spent a day or two learning them, as one of our boys would learn the capitals of the western states. His eight names are Leon, Ferdinand, Marie, Jacques, Isadore, Pascal, Antoine and Alfonso. Besides being king of Spain, he has 27 other titles. King of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Navarre, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of Majorca, of Minorca, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corcega, of Murcia, of Jaen, of Algraves, of Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, of India and of the Oceanic Continent. He is an archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, of Brabant and of Milan, count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol and of Barcelona and lord of Biscay and Molina, and so on.

But in spite of all his dignity he is very much a boy. Although there are always courtiers at his heels to serve him, he likes to ride and run and swim as well as any other boy. In fact, he doesn't get half so much fun as he would like—a boy king's life isn't easy. Alfonso is a great favorite with the Spanish people. They call him "el piquenito"—"the little one"—and he is cheered wherever he goes. His mother is now ruling Spain as queen regent, but little Alfonso will be crowned king as soon as he reaches the age of 18.

GOING TO JAIL IN STYLE.

The Unique Way They Have of Surrendering to the Law in Germany.

Mark Twain has described the students' prison in German universities and the police constable or beadle who addresses his captive thus: "When will it be convenient for you to be locked up?" Then the student consults his engagement list and names the day. But this spirit of quiet resignation to the needs of the law seems to be a feature of the German generally, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Witness thereto is a scene which lately took place before the gates of the Rummelsburg prison near Berlin. A bicycle party rode up at full speed and halted before the iron-sheeted door. There were three gentlemen and three ladies; they had ridden up in pairs, and when they dismounted they rested their bicycles against the prison walls. Then they grouped themselves in a picturesque circle before the gate, and champagne bottles and glasses appeared in the gentlemen's hands. They drank a toast to their next meeting and sang "When Mortals Part" and prison walls intervene. Then, having taken the pledge of fidelity in the form of a kiss (they would probably have objected to taking the pledge in any other form), the bridegrooms separated from the brides. The former vanished, man and machine, within the prison walls; the ladies mounted and rode resignedly away. The criminals had been guilty of rioting and reveling on New Year's night. They and their bikes had only a few days to serve.

THE MENDING HABIT.

Humorist Burdette Pleasantly Points Out the Danger of Becoming a Confirmed Cobbler.

"Let a man once fall in the habit of pottering, of tinkering at his house, his body, his character, and always there is danger that he will become a confirmed cobbler," writes Robert J. Burdette, of the "Mending Basket," in Ladies Home Journal. "Where he should rip off a rotting roof from ridge to cornice, he is sticking in a shingle, a piece of slate, a scrap of tin, amid ever-increasing leaks, dry rot and general decay. He braces and bolsters and patches walls and fences until his farm looks as though it had a combination of St. Vitus' dance and delirium tremens. He tinkers at his poor, perishing frame with curials and lotions, pills and plasters. He braces up his decaying virtues with good resolutions, and punctures his virtues with good intentions. He fences his follies with certain—or rather, uncertain—limitations. And, after all, he is the same old man. Decayed and decaying, weak here and warped there; out of plumb, disjointed and covered with patches that do not renew him nor mend him at all, but merely emphasize his degeneration."

Five Schools of Art.

The following sketch on the various schools of art recently appeared in the Munich Jugend: "If he paints the sky gray and the grass brown he belongs to the old school. If he paints the sky blue and the grass green he belongs to the realistic school. If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple he is a colorist. If he paints the sky black and the grass red he is an artist of great decorative talent—great enough to make posters."

Camembert Cheeses at Halifax.—It is said that two tons of Camembert cheese on the French steamer La Champagne were sold in Halifax when that ship arrived there disabled. It is declared that it was the first Camembert ever seen in Halifax, and the British subjects there, not knowing what else to do, boiled it and ate it with orange marmalade.

Austria Has No Colonies.—Austria is the only empire in the world which has never had colonies, or even transmarine possessions.

Gems Sold to Buy Guns.—The sultan of Morocco, in order to furnish his army with modern weapons, is sending a large portion of his famous gems to Germany and England for sale.

AN ANIMAL PARADISE.

Dogs and Cattle of All Kinds Are Treated Very Humanely in Holland.

The animals which are lucky enough to live in Holland are fortunate creatures. Cows and pigs do the landscape in every direction and roam with the sheep and horses in the pastures bordered by the canals, which they cannot cross. In Switzerland, on the other hand, the cattle are kept shut up most of the time in dark, stifling little stables because there are no fences, and otherwise the animals would stray, says the Chicago Evening News.

The happiest dogs live in the Hague, for muzzles are not compelled, and for everyone seems to take his dog along when he goes for an airing. A touching story connected with the history of William the Silent, prince of Orange, may have had an influence in disposing the Dutch people to a general regard and love for dogs. On the monument of this prince in a church at Delft is an inscription referring to a favorite dog of his. On one occasion when he was in great danger from Spanish assassins who were about to enter the tent where he lay asleep the dog jumped on his bed and by barking loudly awoke him in time to make his escape. Afterward, when he was assassinated, the same dog is said to have pined away and died of grief. The fine statue of William at the Hague also has the dog at his feet, looking affectionately up to the face of his master.

Horses are treated very humanely in Holland and the barbarous check rein is conspicuous by its absence. In none of the large cities of Europe will one see the straight check, which draws back a horse's head painfully. Side check reins are sometimes used, but never in convenience the horse.

A MIXED RACE.

Americans Are a People Composed of Almost All the Other Nationalities.

Not all Americans are Anglo-Saxons. Even in the south, where the proportion of people drawn from that source is greatest, there are strong infusions of French, Irish and Scotch-Irish blood. In the west are extensive German, Irish and Scandinavian populations, in the east a vast Irish population, a large Canadian-French element, and an immense number of Germans. Even what is called the Anglo-Saxon stock is mixed with Dutch, Huguenot and Scottish contributions. When this country has fought to do she does not look to one race among her people, but to all, and her foreign relations cannot be planted on the affinities of Anglo-Americans, or any other ethnic element, says the Syracuse Standard.

When we have cleared our minds of error, prejudice and injustice, enabling ourselves to understand what Americanism means—how it is not the predominance of any race or religion—we shall perceive the exact worth and character of the friendship subsisting between Great Britain and the United States. There is a common language; there is a common law; there are many common political ideas; there are common interests in trade, so that the prosperity of the one is more or less intertwined with the prosperity of the other; and lastly both are free states, having an active, educated public intelligence peculiarly responsive to the appeals of a universal humanity.

TWO AGAINST ONE.

Yet One Could Not Help Feeling Sorry for the Wife—Showered Her Mother's Name.

A former well-known newspaper man some years ago went to England and brought back an English wife, who still loves her mother country. The couple have several children, among them a bright seven-year-old boy, who is thoroughly American. The other evening, while at dinner, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, the husband and wife were discussing the prospects of war with Spain, and during the conversation the wife remarked: "Do you really think the United States could defeat Spain?" "Defeat Spain!" exclaimed the husband. "Well, I should say so. We can lick any country in the world, and several of them put together. Well, I should say so."

The English-born girl flushed slightly, her love for old England stirred her heart, and she responded: "Well, I guess the United States couldn't whip England." The seven-year-old boy had been quiet up to that point, but he knew some history. He looked at his mother and said: "Can't whip England! Why, we did it twice already and we can do it again!" The mother gasped in surprise, the father smiled broadly, and the boy triumphed, for his mother had no more to say.

Dawson's First Anniversary.—"The River Trip to the Klondike" is described in the Century by John Sidney Webb. The author says: "The way back to Dawson over the trail was not so easy, but I got there soon after the town had celebrated the first anniversary of its discovery, on August 17, 1896. The saloons were crowded. Such signs as 'This game never closes,' '\$25 and \$50 limit,' 'Straights barred,' 'Flush beats three of a kind,' indicated the drift of the miners' amusements. It is worth noting that in all of the stories about great fortunes made in this country, no one speaks of the man who 'took out' \$90,000, and the only gold mine he had was a saloon and dance-house."

Genes Sold to Buy Guns.—The sultan of Morocco, in order to furnish his army with modern weapons, is sending a large portion of his famous gems to Germany and England for sale.

Bulletin Financier. Bulletin Commercial

Jendi, 2 juin 1898.

COMPTOIR D'ÉCHANGES (CLEARING-HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Quotations des 85,641,358 00 \$691,522 00

MARCHE MONÉTAIRE.

N. O. FUTURES.

MARCHE DE NEW-YORK.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

ACTIONS ET MONS.

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laissent de 26 à 500, plus élevés pour le porc et le bœuf, les autres articles sont en hausse.

BOURSE.

Le Board of Trade donne les cotes suivantes pour les lots de déchargement de café.

MARCHE DE LA NILE-ORLEANS.

Le Coton Exchange a rapporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 1,050 balles de 500 à arriver.

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