

BREVETES OF FUN.

Cruel Girl.—Freddie—"Aw, I couldn't get along without my watch."

A Great Obstacle.—"It will never do to let women have equal suffrage."

Tom—"That friend you introduced at the club last night seems to be a melancholy sort of fellow."

—His Idea.—He (at church)—"I wonder why those two pretty girls across the aisle look so sad?"

—The poet had handed in his effusion, and it warmed his heart to hear the editor exclaim again and again: "Capital," "Capital," "Capital."

A CIRCULATING LETTER. Was Started On Its Never-Ending Trip Half a Century Ago.

Probably no letter in the world in all time has been traveling so long as that of the class of '44 of Yale college.

Some 50 years ago some of the members undertook to keep a letter circulating, each man receiving, adding whatever he considered would interest the others, and when the epistle got around to him again, removing his previous effort and replacing it with a new one.

At present the letter makes a long journey in the interval between its arrival to any one man. A Worcester member is John A. Dana. He has just received the regretful comments of his classmates on the death of their old friend at college, Col. John W. Wetherell, with comments on the newspaper biography which Mr. Dana had inclosed at his last sending.

A CLEVER THIEF. Canine Thought He Was Doing Just the Proper Thing. A score or more of butchers, errand boys and patrons of the Farmers' market, on Broad street, above Columbia avenue, participated in an exciting chase after a thief, and, though the culprit escaped, they managed to recover the stolen goods.

A CAPRICIOUS WELL. Flows When Everything Else is Dry and Vice Versa. "One of the most remarkable natural wonders I ever saw," said a gentleman from the Purchase the other day, "is an old unused well on the Tennessee river, down in our country."

"Nobody knows who dug the well or why it was ever dug, as it is not near any farmhouse or village. But the unusual thing about it is its freakishness. For instance, last summer during the drought, when water was at a premium, I went to the well, while fishing in the neighborhood, and found it over half full of the coldest limestone aqua pura I ever drank. But every fall and winter the well goes dry, and there is seemingly no stream from which the well can draw its supply of water. An old man who lives near by told me that last summer was the only time he had ever known limestone water to rise in the well."

"Why," said the old river man, in speaking of the mysterious well, "I have drawn the very best of iron mineral water out of it at one time, and white sulphur at another. The negroes say the well is haunted because steam rises from it in the winter time, when there is not a drop of water in it. The blacks shun it as they would the boss denizen of the infernal regions, swearing the water is poisoned and that a draught from it means death to him who swallows the potion. And it is as queer and freakish a spot as ever I saw."—Louisville Post.

CREOLE PROVERBS.

Some of the Everyday Philosophy of the Tropics.

It is curious and interesting to observe how the same ideas repeat themselves in different language and with different accessories in various countries. Sometimes the likeness is so close that we suspect imitation or adaptation; in other cases it looks as if it were simply the same homely wit evolved out of it, or acting under, experiences common to all men. A collection of Creole proverbs from Guiana, Hayti, Louisiana, Martinique, Mauritius and Trinidad has been compiled by that brilliant delineator of tropical scenes, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. They are of peculiar interest for the Creole is a strange race, compact of many strains, with a strange, pathetic history. And in glancing through the collection we find ample illustration of both aspects of the subject above referred to.

In a few instances the similarity is so great as to approach identity. Thus: "A new broom is a clean broom" and "When the cat's away the rats give a ball" are so close to their English parallels that it is unnecessary to cite these. Sometimes the only or the principal change is in the local color. "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood" is represented by "You haven't crossed the river yet; don't curse at the crocodile's mother." Instead of the skeleton in the cupboard, we have "Every bedchamber has its mosquitoes in it." The goose becomes a hen—"When your hen is laying, don't put her in the pot." The vinum of the Latin proverb becomes something a little stronger—"Rum always speaks the truth," while "You can't teach an old monkey to make faces" is at any rate more respectable to age than "Don't teach your granny to suck eggs." Sometimes, again, the change seems to go further still. There is more than a substitution of accessories. A new idea is introduced or implied. "The weakest is always in the wrong" is more than a mere variant on the Napoleonic epigram about Providence and the big battalions. We say "still waters run deep," but to those who know how dead stagnant water can be under a tropical sun there is a sinister significance in the creole form: "The waters that sleep kill people." And we are sensible of both similarity and difference when we compare "Cast thy bread upon the waters" with "What you lose in the fire you will find in the ashes."

But in many cases, though the ideas may be familiar enough, we might find it difficult to match creole proverbs with English equivalent. "It's the old pot that makes the good soup" might well be the motto for a conservative association. "If your petticoats fit you well, don't try to put on your husband's breeches," reminds us of one of Mrs. Lynn Lytton's scolding diatribes; and "Eating one doesn't wear out the teeth" makes us think of Oliver Twist and his impudent demand for more. In some of these sayings there seems to lurk a somber irony. "It is when death comes for you that you think about your life," "He who kills his own body works for the worms;" "The leprosy says it loves you while it is eating your fingers." There is something here more mordant than is common in proverbial philosophy. Those who are proud of low aims and ignoble ambitions may find a word for them in the homely saying: "Chickens don't boast what good soup they make." A delightful laxity in the law of slander seems to be indicated in the brief sentence: "The tongue has no bones," while, on the other hand, a strictness in the legal code is hinted at in this: "He who takes a partner, takes a master." A patriotic, if mistaken, zeal is shown in the protest against the custom of the rich planters who send their sons to be educated in Europe. "He went to school a kid, and came back a sheep." That we should learn by the misfortune of others seems to be the moral of this saying: "If you see your neighbor's beard on fire, water your own." "Behind the dog's back it is 'dog,' but before him is 'Mr. Dog,'" reminds us at once of a certain bar-ack-room ballad: "Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy go away. But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band begins to play."

Good people who are over-sanguine as to the immediate accomplishment of all their little plans are quietly assured that "when the sky falls all the flies will be caught." Two pithy sayings deal with the roof of all evil: "Money is good, but it's too dear;" "Money has no blood relations." Fair-weather friends are hit off rather neatly in the next: "It's when the wind is blowing that folks can see the skin of a fowl."

But one might go on quoting, not indeed, ad infinitum, but at least to the tune of 300 or 400 proverbs. Two more must suffice, a little homely, perhaps, but strong and shrewd: "Mustn't tie up the dog with a string of sausages;" "The shoe only knows whether the stockings have holes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

Sooner or Later Comes to Grief, But Others Come First.

Everybody said Tom Alley was a good fellow; another way of saying that Tom was a bad lot generally.

To be sure, he was nobody's enemy but his own; it would have been better for his friends had he been their enemy also. It would have been less expensive for them.

But he was really a kind-hearted fellow. He was always ready and willing to do a favor; so ready, in fact, that the person he ran his legs off for, as the saying is, was quite insensible of Tom's kindness.

Tom was as free with his services as he was with his money, or anybody else's money. The cry of distress was never uttered in Tom's presence in vain. If he had no money of his own he made himself almoner of anybody's money who happened to be nearest at hand.

He had a way of saying he knew of a poor woman who was actually suffering for food or fire, as the case might be; that he hadn't the heart to see her suffer, and he would end by borrowing a dollar of you.

It was your dollar that helped to alleviate the poor woman's distress, but Tom received the blessings of the poor woman.

However, it was right that he should. It probably never would have occurred to you to give the dollar; it is not at all likely that, but for him, you ever would have heard of the woman or she of you. Then it was not your dollar that she received, to speak with accuracy. It was Tom's dollar. What was loaned to Tom was equivalent to a gift. When Tom gave the dollar to the woman, therefore, was he not giving what was his?

Though Tom was a borrower, he was equally free to lend and he often borrowed from A to lend to B. Unfortunately for the satisfying of his generous instincts, he never had any money of his own to lend.

You may think it strange that Tom had any friends, his acquaintance being so expensive; but it is a fact that Tom was much sought after, by tradesmen especially.

This was because he was a good fellow. Had he not been quite so good a fellow, they would not have been obliged to seek him so often.

Few men were so much thought of. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker were thinking of him a good deal of their time; so were the friends who had loaned him money from time to time.

They might at times think uncharitably of Tom; but he never entertained an unkind feeling toward any of them. On the contrary, he was always ready to sink deeper into their debt.

But this was long ago. Tom is out of fashion now. When he became moody and ceased to be a good fellow, first one and then another happened to be out of money or decided to furnish him with comestibles or what not on tick, and then, as we are so prone to imitating another's example, Tom's acquaintances generally first fled at his approach, and finally had the temerity to refuse him boldly and face to face.

But they still speak of Tom as a good fellow; but he cannot bank on that reputation any longer. His health is gone, in consequence of drinking so many other persons' healths; and as he is out of work, he can no longer work his friends.

The good fellow is certain to come to grief, sooner or later; but his friends and his shopkeepers come to it first.—Boston Transcript.

Bulletin Financier.

Vendredi, 1er avril 1898.

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

Jeudi 31 Mars 1898. Total: \$7,516,687 00

ETAT HEBDOMADAIRE DU CLEARING-HOUSE.

Compté par Thos C. Herndon, Directeur. Billets des Etats-Unis et des Banques Nationales: \$ 1,445,000 00

Passif: Circulation: 22,163,200 00. Total: \$26,928,000 00

MARCHÉ MONÉTAIRE.

Nouveau-Orléans. Papier exceptionnel: 7. Prêt sur gage: 4. Taux de la Banque d'Angleterre: 3 1/2.

MONNAIES.

Souverains Victoria: \$400 00. 50 francs: \$800 00. 100 francs: \$2000 00.

LE STERLING EST CALME.

Commercial (60 jours): 47 1/2 @ 48 1/2. Trésorerie (à vue): 48 1/2.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Entre les appels de 10 A. M. et de 2 P. M. \$3,000 000. Actions et Bons.

Canal et Banking Co.: 100 121. Union Pacific: 100 100.

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AVOINE—No 2 de l'Ouest 33 c.—C. Orléans

SON—7 1/2 c. POIN—Prime \$13 00 à 14 50: Orléans \$15 50 à 16 50

Les postes de ce vendant aux prix suivants: maïs 50 c. de plus par boisseau; avoine 2 1/2 c. de plus par boisseau; son 8 c. de plus par 100 livres, et le from 25 00 à 30 00 de plus par boisseau.

PROVISIONS.

CHIFFRE OFFICIEL DE LA BOURSE POUR LES COTONS EN GROS. YVES POLEK: \$10 20 à 10 30. Nonveau: \$10 50 à 10 75

BULLETIN COMMERCIAL.

Vendredi, 1er avril 1898.

COTON.

MARCHÉ DE LA NIE-ORLEANS. SUR PLACE. Le Coton Exchange a rapporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 2 200 balles et 900 à arriver.

N. O. FUTURES.

Calmes. Janvier: 5 89 1/2. Février: 5 89. Mars: 5 88 1/2. Avril: 5 88

MARCHÉS DIVERS.

Aujourd'hui le middling était calme. On a traité 111 1/2. Liverpool: 5 9 1/2. Bombay: 5 13 1/2. Calcutta: 5 13 1/2

MARCHÉ DE NEW-YORK.

SUR PLACE. Par balles: 3 50 à 3 60. Par 100: 2 50 à 2 75. LIÉGERS: Par balles: 2 50 à 2 75. Par 100: 2 00 à 2 25

MARCHÉ DE LIVERPOOL.

MARCHÉ DE HAVRE.

SURETÉ ET RELASSE.

ENTRUFUGAL—Stabia.

MARCHANDISES DIVERSES.

RAVAL STORIES.

TONNELLES.

CHARRON.

WINE ET LIQUEUR.

Cognac—In Wood. Par gallon. Grand Duffay & Co. vintage 1895: \$4 85

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