

WOODED BUT NOT WON.

How Young Loch-Invar Shattered His Rival's Dream. Gerald Massingham, like young Loch-Invar, had come out of the west, says the Cleveland Leader. His father had made \$11,000,000 in the shingle business and the family moved in the best circles.

But Frisella Boylston did not look upon wealth as the only earthly blessing. Early in life she had acquired a fine case of compound astigmatism and now, in the flush of glorious womanhood, her friends could point with pride to the fact that nothing less than 18-horse power lenses would do her a bit of good.

The young man held her little hand in his and sighed seven times in rapid succession. They were lovers. At last in trembling tones he said: "Frisella, do you realize how happy you make me? Your very presence is a species of intoxication. Your smiles lift me above the earth and your sordid affairs, your voice is as the sweetest music in my ears. Each and every word that you utter—"

But she suddenly drew back as if he had struck her with a baseball bat. She seemed dazed for an instant. She passed her hands across her brow as if to brush away some blinding substance. Then she cried out: "Am I dreaming, or is this a horrible reality? Gerald, have you been talking to me?"

"Why, yes, darling," he replied, looking at her in wild-eyed amazement. "Then begin again where I interrupted you," she said. "Each and every word that you—"

But with a wild yell of terror she fled and the tender romance was ended.

POINTS ABOUT FLAGS.

The Two-Starred Flag on the Governor's Island. The president of the United States has his very gorgeous flag; the secretary of the navy and the assistant secretary have their flags; admirals have theirs, and so do commodores; but it isn't known very widely, perhaps, that generals of the army also have flags, which are hoisted sometimes, says the New York Sun. The other day the Governor's Island tug left the landing on her center flagstaff; on the blue field of the flag were two white stars. The major general commanding the department of the east was on the tug, and the little blue flag signified the fact to all who saw it and knew what it meant. To those who didn't know what it meant, it seemed as if the flag was simply the resting of a full-sized American flag, of which had been blown away during its faithful service. The flag gave warning to the Governor's Islanders that the general was coming, and so let them prepare to receive him as regulations prescribe.

The blue flag with white stars hoisted at the bow of one of our men-of-war when in port is the jack, and is run up on the jack staff. It is a sign that the vessel is in shipshape. When the ship's wash goes up to dry, the jack comes down because not even the best of ships is in order with the wash flapping in the breeze. If the wash is up, and the vessel suddenly has to fire a salute, down comes the wash; because a vessel with its wash up isn't in a fit condition to do the polite. As soon as the wash is hauled down, up goes the jack, and the salute is fired. Then down comes the jack, and up goes the wash again.

Clifford Howard contributes to the Ladies' Home Journal an interesting article upon the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., and their religious customs. "Upon the death of one of the congregation," he writes, "the event is announced, not by the monotonous, mournful tolling of the bell, but by the deep-breathing, melodious music of trombones, playing in the open belfry choir of the church by the trombone choir; and as the deep, sweet notes of the familiar hymn are borne to the people below they reverently drop their work to listen. 'Hark!' they whisper, 'the horns are blowing; some one has gone home!' 'Gone home!'—perhaps nothing more beautifully expressive of the perfect, unquestioning faith of these devout people than that expressive utterance, the sincerity of which is ever demonstrated by the lack of mourning at the passing away of a member of the household, however dearly beloved; so true and heartfelt is the Moravian belief that death is but the entrance to a brighter, happier home. The trombones are also used at the touching funeral services held at the grave; and amid their sad, yet inspiring, strains the departed one is led to his eternal rest. On all occasions, whether of death or joy, the trombones lend their sweet solemnity to the solemn breath. From the steps of the choir, and in all their services their melodious tones are ever present."

The ideas and views of this fisherman were so radically opposed to the ideas and views of the man who represents that region in the senate that it was an invariable surprise to the visiting lawyer when he would up his remarks, as he always did: "Wal, they ain't no sorter use in bothin' my head 'bout those things, fer ez long ez 'Gene Hale is in the senate he'll save the country from goin' ter the dogs."

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MADE MISERABLE BY "18."

This Conductor Has Good Reason to Be Superstitious. No more firm believer in the proverbial bad luck associated with the number 13 is to be found in the city than Conductor Samuel Sharp, of a German-town local train, says the Philadelphia Record. His parents had 13 children, of whom he was the youngest, and none of them ever prospered. As the thirteenth child, however, Samuel had more troubles than any of his brothers and sisters. After countless mishaps during his school days he started in earning his living as a newsboy on the cars when he was 13 years of age. One Friday, the 13th day of the month, not long after he entered the service, there was a wreck on the road and he was laid up in a hospital with a couple of broken ribs for 13 weeks.

Some years later, when a brakeman, his uncle died and left him \$1,300, but just as he was about to get married on the money, the bank failed and he lost it all, including, of course, more disappointed than if it had never been left to him. Gradually he worked his way up. He became baggage master, and then he did marry. Unwittingly, however, he went to housekeeping at 1313 South Thirteenth street and his young wife died within the year, leaving him broken-hearted. Since he has been conductor his train has run over 13 men and he hopes that he has now reached the limit. It is an utter impossibility to get him to touch the 13th trip on a commutation ticket, and when he has pressed his hands his punch to the passenger, with the request to do it for him.

MORAVIAN VIEW OF DEATH.

A Beautiful and Impressive Custom of the Moravians. Clifford Howard contributes to the Ladies' Home Journal an interesting article upon the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., and their religious customs. "Upon the death of one of the congregation," he writes, "the event is announced, not by the monotonous, mournful tolling of the bell, but by the deep-breathing, melodious music of trombones, playing in the open belfry choir of the church by the trombone choir; and as the deep, sweet notes of the familiar hymn are borne to the people below they reverently drop their work to listen. 'Hark!' they whisper, 'the horns are blowing; some one has gone home!' 'Gone home!'—perhaps nothing more beautifully expressive of the perfect, unquestioning faith of these devout people than that expressive utterance, the sincerity of which is ever demonstrated by the lack of mourning at the passing away of a member of the household, however dearly beloved; so true and heartfelt is the Moravian belief that death is but the entrance to a brighter, happier home. The trombones are also used at the touching funeral services held at the grave; and amid their sad, yet inspiring, strains the departed one is led to his eternal rest. On all occasions, whether of death or joy, the trombones lend their sweet solemnity to the solemn breath. From the steps of the choir, and in all their services their melodious tones are ever present."

THE RAT-CATCHER OF PARIS.

An Official Who Has Caught Over 1,000,000 Rats in His Time. The French are essentially a practical people. They leave little to chance, and this is probably why they are so successful in business, says the Sketch. Paris boasts of an official rat-catcher, a certain M. Henri Dayve, who is, in his way, quite a character. He has served the town in his capacity of chief rat exterminator for 35 years, and he tells with pride, unaided by the use of a trap, of having killed over a million of his own kind. He is extremely proud of his profession, and on his card is emblazoned a crest formed by two rats rampant. Nowadays M. Dayve's labors are comparatively uninteresting, but during the siege the official rat-catcher made a small fortune, for not only the common folk but the purveyors of the great restaurants were only too glad to pay 20 cents each for a well-fed rodent. Indeed, in time a plump rat ran up to as much as 60 cents. M. Dayve and his assistants—for his post is by no means a sinecure—searched out the victims in the famous sewers. M. Dayve often turns an honest penny by selling live rats to those who delight in what may be styled a rat battle, for there is very little sport about rat-catching conducted on the prepared rodent plan. An amateur will often pay as much as \$13 for 100 live rats.

COURSING COYOTES.

They Gave the Dogs All the Run They Wanted. "Coursing used to be one of our great sports in Nevada in flush times," said an old newspaper man in the San Francisco Post, "but instead of using jack rabbits we had gone to dog the race of coyotes. There was another advantage. We could use one coyote until he got so old and rheumatic that he couldn't run and then make a rug of his hide. It was this way: "We would catch a good, big coyote in a box trap, take him out on the alkali desert, which was as smooth as a table top 20 miles in every direction, turn him loose and sick the dogs on him. It didn't take long for the coyote to realize that his chances of getting away were very small unless he could find a hole, and he had sense enough to do that. He would run straight to the hole, and the dogs would follow him. Then he would lie down and commence sniffing toward it. All we had to do was to sit down and watch the race for about half an hour, till the coyote completed the circle and ran back to the hole. Then we closed it, carried him back to town and kept him for another race the next week."

CRUSHED THE CONDUCTOR.

A Passenger's Quick Wit Roundly Reproved Him. The passenger on a crowded car the other day were immensely amused at the discomfort of a conductor, who was both rude and disabling, but was cleverly circumvented, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The conductor handed five pennies in change to a well-dressed woman. She requested that a nickel be given to her instead, as she had no purse and the pennies would probably be lost. Gentle as was the request, it irritated the conductor, and he said: "No, I have to take your pennies and you can do the same." They will buy just as much as a nickel." The woman remained silent and the conductor proceeded down the car. At that moment a man who was about to pay his fare touched the lady's arm and handed her a nickel, taking in exchange the pennies, which he immediately gave to the conductor. It was all done quietly and quickly, yet many saw the play, and all who did smiled with satisfaction.

VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

PAR GEO. G. FRIEDRICH & CO. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Le Magasin et Residence en Bois A DEUX ETAGES, Nos 600 et 603 Rue Felicite, coin St-Thomas. -ET LA- Desirable Residence Double A DEUX ETAGES, Nos 1813 et 1817 rue St-Thomas

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PAR D. DANZIGER. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Dans le Deuxieme District, a un demi lieue de Marché Tremé, Nos. 1617 et 1619 rue Orleans, Maintenant occupé par un magasin de Dry Goods et de Notions appartenant à un bail expirant le 30 septembre 1898 à raison de \$75 par mois.

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VENTES A L'ENCAIN.

PAR PAUL & GURLEY. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Vente en Partage Placement de choix Deuxieme et Troisieme Districts Propriétés de valeur et munératrice à deux corps de logis

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PAR KINGSTON & HORN. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Cottage Double—No 1034 rue Royale. Succession de Mme Benjamin Gentile, No 55,039, Division B—Coeur Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans.

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