

WHY HE WAS GREAT.

Accomplishment That Brought Undying Fame to Mr. Jones.

It was in an Illinois village of about 1,500 inhabitants and two or three strangers were sitting on the hotel veranda waiting the supper bell. Presently a man dressed in working clothes came along the street and up the steps. He had just taken the only vacant chair, when the landlord came out and said:

"Ah, Mr. Jones—glad to see you very glad. Will you step in to the bar and have a nip, and then let me introduce you to these gentlemen."

The man had his nip and his introductions, but he was not a talkative man, and after resting for a few minutes he rose up and passed down the street.

"Gentlemen, I was glad of a chance to introduce you," said the landlord. "Did you notice what a head he has on him?"

"It looked to me like a very common head under a very shabby hat," replied one of the guests.

"Great lands, but how can you say that? Why, everybody says he's got the head of a Napoleon on his body. You just ought to see him with his Sunday clothes on."

"Are you trying to make us believe he is some great man?" queried another.

"Of course he is," was the emphatic reply of the landlord. "If you took him for anything common you're way off."

"He can't be the governor of the state?"

"No, he isn't the governor."

"Nor a member of congress?"

"No."

"Perhaps he has invented a flying machine or perpetual motion?"

"He is a bigger man than that, sir."

"He don't look like a revivalist, an orator, an anarchist or an explorer."

"Bigger than all them, sir—bigger than all them," smiled the landlord.

"Then you'll have to put us on. Wherein does his greatness lie?"

"Gentlemen, Mr. Jones does not care for adoration, and if he happens to call again don't be too effusive in your demonstrations. I said he was a great man, and so he is. He is the sole and only man for 20 miles around who can hang a screen door or file a buck saw."

The landlord waited three long minutes for manifestations of applause, but no one came he retired and jingled the supper bell.—Philadelphia Press.

IN THE CAFE.

The Soup Was Consumed, But the Gentlemen Didn't Want It.

"Wasn't there a tinkle in X., Y., & Z. when the news of that wreck came in? Why, she fell off four points in as many minutes. And, I say, I was right!"

The stock broker was interrupted by a voice of a dusky waiter, who sidled up and inquired:

"Any you gemmen hab sc-o-p?"

"No, no, no. Let us alone; we're talking business."

The waiter glided away, and in a moment the three men were talking shop with as much earnestness as before. Chicago wheat was being thoroughly sifted conversationally when the waiter who had disturbed them before ambled up, and with a spacious smile observed:

"Did you gemmen wants o-o-p?"

"Hang it all, no. We don't want any of your soup. Let us alone."

With growl the three men began their conversation again, and were soon mixed up with congress, the Kansas Pacific and a wild conglomeration of quotations, when, as if by magic, the self-same waiter loomed up at their side. This time he adopted a patronizing air, and, bending down low to catch the answer, asked:

"Which one of you gemmen was it dat wanted s-c-o-p?"

The conversation immediately stopped, and the eyes of the three men were directed at the waiter. One of the men pushed his hat back on his head, and looked steadily at the grinning coon.

"Look here," he said, "tell me, for God's sake, is this soup compulsoy?"

The waiter's smile broadened, and, as if he were glad to give the required information, he replied:

"No, sah! It's consummey."—Minneapolis Tribune.

A Melbourne Custom.

The Melbourne Argus describes the unusual spectacle of a funeral coming to a standstill in front of a public house. It occurred in Swanston street, Melbourne. People who stood about in the immediate vicinity wondered whether or not the landlord was dead, or whether the hearse driver was thirsty or the chief mourners were concerned about the heat, and desired to slake their thirst before proceeding further on their mournful journey. All speculations were, fortunately, wrong. The cortège had come to a standstill merely that the chief mourners might read the cricket scores posted on the publican's window.

EXPLOSIVES ON SHIPBOARD.

Methods Adopted for Storing Them in the British Navy.

The British navy has not been without its Maine disaster, though, fortunately, these have been unattended by any question of foul play—and they have taught us a lesson. The last such catastrophe was in 1882, when the gunboat Doterel was sunk and 145 lives lost through an explosion in one of her magazines.

Since that time great attention has been paid to the storing of high explosives on board all the ships of our navy. The magazines are now huge iron tanks built separately into the ship. The sides, bottom and crown of these are made of thick steel plates, weighing ten pounds to the square foot. These plates are lap-jointed and strongly riveted.

Should any side or the back of a coal bunker be exposed, that side is built of plates that weigh 12½ pounds to the square foot. This additional strength is in order to prevent any explosion of coal gas that may occur in the bunker from tearing open the magazine. Further, the plating is stiffened with heavy iron bars that make all parts of the surface of equal strength.

Should the magazine be placed near the engines, or in any other place where there is a high temperature, it is coated with asbestos.

All the lights are in what are called "lightboxes," placed outside, the light penetrating into the magazine itself through thick glass illuminators, which are protected by gratings of brass wire. The keys of these boxes are kept by the gunner of the ship. Near them is a stock of candles ready for use in case the electric current should fail.

Entrance to the magazine is from the top, but out of what is termed the harding-room. The hatch of this is in line with the crown of the magazine, and the floor of the room is lead covered.

For ventilating purposes air is pumped in at the bottom, and passes out through a specially constructed up-take, but on very dry days air is let into the magazine naturally, in order to prevent too much moisture accumulating on the cases and thus causing the powder to deteriorate.

In an engagement the magazines would be kept closed down, so as to prevent the enemy's shot from entering them, and air would be pumped in, or the men working inside could live but a few minutes.

Before entering the magazine the men have to leave behind them their knives, pipes and matches, and to put on special boots that are studded with brass nails.

With the old-fashioned powder a spark caused by the friction of a nail in one's boot with the floor was sufficient to cause an explosion. Nowadays there is far less danger of accident. Many of the explosives now used will only ignite by detonation. Prismatic and pebble powders if set on fire will frizzle away like a fuse, while cordite, if handled with ordinary care, is quite harmless.

All the bays (i. e., recesses) are marked with the number of cases that are to be stowed in them, and they are provided with strong wooden uprights to prevent the cases from being thrown out of place by the motion of the ship. The doors of all the magazines open outward, so that if in a violent storm the cases broke loose they would not block the entrance. No fuses, tubes or other articles that contain their own means of ignition are ever stowed in magazines. All such articles are placed in special storerooms far away from the powder. Quick-firing ammunition cartridges for machine guns and rifles and dry gun-cotton also have their separate compartments. All magazines are fitted with a flooding arrangement, so that the ship can fire, they can be at once filled with water.

There is a quarterly examination of the dry gun-cotton to ascertain whether acid is accumulating. If it is, the explosive is at once saturated with water. Wet gun-cotton, being a very safe material, is kept in an ordinary storeroom, and is weighed periodically to detect deterioration, a plug being at the same time removed in order that gas may escape. The "warheads" of the Whitehead torpedoes, being filled with wet gun-cotton, are stowed by themselves and tested in the manner just described. But the "pistols," which contain dry gun-cotton, and the detonators for igniting the wet gun-cotton in the torpedoes are placed together in a compartment that can be flooded if necessary.

The only other dangerous explosives carried by our warships are the filled shells, which are given a place to themselves. None but the most stubborn fuses are fitted to these, unless they are at the gun and ready to be fired. Their dangerous nature is indicated by their red-painted heads. The broad red band around them. Seamen are trained to handle them with the utmost care. Even signal lights and rockets are kept carefully out of the way of irresponsible persons. In fact, every possible precaution is taken to prevent an accident with explosives occurring on any of our warships.—Invention.

EXTRAVAGANT MILLIONAIRE.

Grand Palace, Built by Baron Grant Just Before His Bankruptcy.

One of the most dramatic, if not actually one of the largest promoters of the age, so far as the liabilities were concerned, was that of Baron Albert Grant, of "Emma mine" notoriety. Grant was the uncrowned king of the financial world of his day and generation. He made millions almost as deftly as the late Mr. Barnard Barlow, and he spent them right royally. He bought Leicester square, and presented it, a gift, to the people of London. He gave a dinner to nearly a thousand city magnates, at a cost which was popularly reputed at the time to have exceeded £1,000 hundred guineas a head; and which, in any event, undoubtedly established a record in extravagant dinner-giving which has yet to be beaten. And he started out to build a palace in Kensington which should "knock spots off" all other private residences past, present or to come. Everything was got up regardless of expense. The ballroom walls were inset with panels of pink Italian marble, costing 800 guineas each. In the entrance hall were four pillars of porphyry, worth £4,000.

The building was scarcely finished when the crash came, and it remained for a long time a brick-and-mortar white elephant on the hands of the trustees in bankruptcy. Eventually most of the interior fittings and decorations were disposed of piecemeal; the grand staircase, which had cost to build some £16,000, being acquired by the representatives of the late Mme. Tussaud for a trifle over a fourth of that sum. It now forms the main approach to the upper and principal suite of rooms of the new exhibition buildings in the Marylebone road.—London Mail.

A PARIS PRISON.

Mazas, a Famous Place of Confinement, to Be Demolished.

That salutation sometimes heard on the boulevards, "So you have at last come out of Mazas, old boy!" will have to be abandoned forever. The famous prison near the Gare de Lyon, which may be compared to the Holloway citadel in London, has been itself condemned, after having long existed as the place of condemnation of law breakers. Every day exactly 80 prisoners out of the 900 confined in it are carefully handcuffed, placed in a black van, and removed to the Sante, which is to be demolished hereafter. Mazas was built in 1845, and took the place of the La Force prison. It was for patriotic reasons called after Col. Mazas, who was shot at Austerlitz, but his family protested against so equivocal an honor. Hence the jail was officially known as the House of Cellular Confinement. The public, however, continued to refer to it as Mazas, and that appellation will stick to it in history. It was originally given because it was on the Boulevard d'Austerlitz, and the memory of the brave colonel was thus sought to be perpetuated. Of late years the prison chiefly contained persons condemned to one year or less, and was far more comfortable than in the old days, when the system of solitary confinement in cells was rigorously practiced. Mazas had a few habitual offenders, who purposely broke the law in order to be sent there for the winter. One of these had contrived to make himself so agreeable and popular in the place that the governor used to shake hands with the fellow when he came to pass the rough weather inside the hospitable walls of the old House of Cellular Confinement.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Artists Are Born, Not Made.

A good Rockland minister had prepared an address for the Sunday school scholars. His subject was a wick and a good heart, and to make it more interesting to the children he had drawn on a blackboard two figures of a heart joined together. One was merely an outline drawn with white chalk, the surface appearing black. This was to represent a bad heart. The other figure, filled in with chalk, represented a clean white heart.

"Now," said Mr. Chase, pointing to the drawing, "can any of you children tell me what it is?" A little five-year-old boy raised his hand. The minister nodded encouragingly. "Speak up loud," he said, "and tell us what it is."

The little fellow shouted out:

"It's a termatir!"

Mr. Chase will stick to his trade and not try to be an artist.—Bangor Commercial.

Secret Disclosed.

Mr. E. Econome—Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make puddings without milk and have them richer?

Mrs. E. Econome—Yes, and sent him a quarter.

"What did he reply?"

"Use cream."—Stray Stories.

Better Left Unsaid.

Fond Parent—The child is full of music.

Sarcastic Visitor—Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape.—Tit-Bits.

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coming to a standstill in front of a public house. It occurred in Swanston street, Melbourne. People who stood about in the immediate vicinity wondered whether or not the landlord was dead, or whether the hearse driver was thirsty or the chief mourners were concerned about the heat, and desired to slake their thirst before proceeding further on their mournful journey. All speculations were, fortunately, wrong. The cortège had come to a standstill merely that the chief mourners might read the cricket scores posted on the publican's window.

ANNECES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTES PAR LE SHERIFF.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une propriété de valeur améliorée du Troisième District.

Comme comme No 518 rue Mandeville, entre les rues Victoire et Moreau.

Luke Gherich vs (Miss) Kate Manning.

COUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT pour la Paroisse d'Orléans—No 57-321—En vente d'un writ de saisie et de vente à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire intitulée "L'Amour et le Maréchal" contre le Propriétaire de la maison située au 101, boulevard des rues Victoire et Moreau, Mandeville et Marigny, lequel est mis en vente à 100 francs la m² et mesurant vingt-cinq pieds sept poies et huit lignes de large sur vingt pieds sept poies et huit lignes de profondeur, avec deux portes et deux fenêtres.

Un certain lot de terre, avec toutes les baies et améliorations qui y trouvent et toutes les privilégiées qui y appartiennent, soit une partie de la maison ci-dessus vendue, soit une partie de la maison située au 101, boulevard des rues Victoire et Moreau, Mandeville et Marigny, lequel est mis en vente à 100 francs la m² et mesurant vingt-cinq pieds sept poies et huit lignes de large sur vingt pieds sept poies et huit lignes de profondeur, avec deux portes et deux fenêtres.

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