PITH AND POINT.

It is the things we don't do, rather than the things we do, that have the greatest influence on our lives.—Town.
Topics.

About the straightest thing in this crooked world is the outline of a railway on the map issued by the company.

—Chicago Daily News.

Visitor—"Whaffor yo' buhnin' candles 'stid o' coal oil? Kase yo' believe in de trust?" The Host—"I does, but de grocer don't."—St. Louis Republic.
"You must," said the Optimist, "learn to look on the bright side of things." "But my eyes are quite weak," replied the Pessimist.—Town Topics.

Mrs. Jones—"How do you like your new cook, Mrs. Smith?" Mrs. Smith—
That is not to the purpose. What is of more consequence is, how does our new cook like us?"—Boston Transcript.

An Atchison girl has broken up four love affairs of her brother, by inviting the girls to come and visit at the house and see for themselves what a selfish young man her brother is.—Atchison Globe.

He—"How do you like your new automobile? Is it hard to manage?" She—"Oh, no. The only trouble I have is that somehow I can't break myself of saying: "Get up!" when I want to start the thing, and "Whoa!" when I want the machinery to stop."—Automobile Magazine.

Brown—"I see you have left the Daily Screecher." Black—"Yes; they owed me six weeks' salary, but I got even." Brown—"What did you do?" Black—"I hid all the 'D caps' in the office during the big celebration in New York, and they had to spell Dewey's name '—ewey.'"—Cleveland Leader.

A Natural Inference.—"Well, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to an aged colored individual, "I see you are still in the land of the living." "Deed I is, boss," replied the old fellow, "an' what's mo', I's gwine to hang on foh anodder yeah." "Why, how can you tell?" asked the other. "Becase, sah," answered the old man, "I'se allers notis't dat ef I done live syah ma birfday dat I'se suah to live till it come "round agin."—Chicago Daily News.

ULSTERS ARE BARRED.

Man with a Satin-Lined Overcost to Spout Walks Into a Pawashop and Walks Gut.

There are," said a man of experience enough to know, "pawnbrokers' shops which will take anything; revolvers, accordions, overcoats, anything at all, and then, again, there are establishments where they lend money on nothing but watches and diamonds and that sort of thing. The familiar sign of three balls may be displayed outside, but inside one sees a calm, officelike place, with a desk, and a counter, or a table, perhaps, but no shelves around laden with goods. The things taken here are such as are kept in safes.

"Into a place of this sort walks rapidly a well-dressed man, evidently attracted by the familiar sign of the three balls, but clearly not acquainted with this particular establishment. Closing the door behind him he walks along the floor, taking off his overcoat as he advances—a handsome overcoat, the satin lining glistening in the gaslight as he throws the coat back from his shoulder. It is easy to see that he wants five or ten on the coat and he wants it right away. It might be hard to say just what he wants the money, for; he's perfectly sober, straight as a string, but something has happened, he's hit up against a game around the corner, perhaps, and sees luck in the next turn: but, whatever it is, he wants the money, and he wants it now, and he walks along the office floor taking off his overcoat as he goes.

"Two or three men standing there, customers, look at him in calm surprise, but say nothing. The clerk in his office, behind his desk, looking up to complete the business with one of the customers waiting, sees the man coming in taking off his coat. The clerk speaks promptly; with the calm, business-like and polite manner characteristic of the establishment, but at the same time conclusively: 'Not here.'

"The man with the overcoats understands instantly, perhaps he had begun to realize the situation before the clerk spoke, but not another word was necessary. He had pulled one arm out of the coat and thrown the coat back from the other shoulder; now he reached around with the arm that he had taken out of the coat and put it back into the sleeve again and worked the coat easily up on his back, turning and starting toward the door as he did so. In fact, he had never halted for a moment; his action had been continnous like that of a movement in a drill. As he turned toward the door the clerk turned to one of the customers in front of him, and the man with the overcoat, that garment now restored to its proper place upon his shoulders, opened the door and passed out, without having spoken a word."-N. Y. Sun.

Mount Rainler's Shadows. A recent visitor from the east to Puget sound describes with enthusiasm the wonderful shadow effects produced by, and upon, the gigantic snowy cone of Mount Rainier. It sometimes happens that the sky, as seen from the city of Tacoma just before sunrise, is covered with a dome of cloud 15,000 feet, or more, in height, while behind the wak, toward the east, the sky is clear.

Sauch circumstances the rising sun

asis the shadow of the great mountain upon the cloud curtain overhead in the form of a vast blue triangle, the of the peak. At other times the shadow the earth can be seen creeping up the cone in a distinct curve, while the cosh of sonset stains the snow above the line of shadow to a deep pink .--

THE BOER LANGUAGE.

Meaning of Some of Their Queer Words That We Now Often See in Print.

The language of the Boers in South Africa is grammatically the language of the people of Holland. They speak Dutch as their forefathers in Holland spoke it and speak it now. They are called Boers because that is a Dutch word which describes them. It means a farmer, and agriculture is the main pursuit of the compatriots of Oom Paul. A knowledge of Dutch would supply an explanation of the odd-looking words that are used now and then in the news reports from the republic. It would also enable one to pronounce these words as they should be enunciated.

Dutch diphthongs are not given the same sounds as their equivalents in English. The double "o" for instance in Dutch has the same sound as "o" in Rome, while the diphthong "oe" is pronounced by the Dutch as we pronounce "oo" in boot. The English pronunciation of these two diphthongs is the reverse of that given them by those who speak Dutch. And "ou" has the sound of "ow" in owl. The sound of "ui" is nearly like that of the English "oy" in boy. The Dutch double "aa" is the same as the English "a" in war. As there is no "y" in Dutch its place is taken by "ij," which is appared to """ in defu

sounded as "y" in defy.

If one, therefore, would pronounce Oom Paul properly he would say it as if it were spelled Ome Paul. The family name of Gen. Joubert would, for the same reason, be pronounced as if it were spelled Yowbert. The word Boer is pronounced by the Afrikander as if it were of two syllables, the first long and the second short, thus Boo-er. The plural is not Boers. It is Boeren, and it is pronounced Bo-

i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i
Boer (boo-er)Farmer
Buitenlander (boy-ten-lont-er)Foreigner
Durit and Charles from Citizen
Burgner (bunr-ker)
Burgher (buhr-ker)Citizen Burgerregt (buhr-ker-rekt)Citizenship
Burgerwacht (buhr-ker vokt)
Johnkherr (yunk-hare)
Journal of the sections of continues
Member of the volksraad; gentleman
Oom (ome)
Raad (rahd)Senate
Raadsheer (rahds-hare)Senator
Raadhuis (rahd-hoys)Senate house
Rand (rahnt)Margin; edge
Staat (staht)State
Statt (Stant)
Staatkunde (staht-kuhn-de)Politics
Staatsraad (stahts-rahd)Council of state
Stad (stot)City
Stemmer (stemmer)Voter; elector
Transvaal (trons-fahl)Circular valley
Trek (treck)Draught; journey
Trek (weck)
Trekken (treck-eh)To draw; to travel
Trekpaard (treckpahrd)Draft horse
Uit (oyt)Out; out of
Uitlander (oyt-lont-er)Foreigner
Vaai (fahl)
Vaderlandsliefde (fah-ter-lonts-leef-te).
Vaderiandsheide (ian-ter-ionts-leet-te).
Love of one's country; patriotism

Pretoria, the capital of the South African republic, is named in honor of its first president. Pretorius, who led the Dutch in the great trek, or journey, out of Cape Colony 60 years ago, and into the Transvaal to escape the dominion of England. Johannesburg is easily translated into English as Johnstown. The term Afrikander is used to differentiate the Dutch from the other white people of South Africa.—Toronto Globe.

A BASHFUL KING.

Difficulties Encountered by an Artist
in Trying to Paint a Royal Picture.

M. de la Neziere, who is just back from the west coast of Africa, has been spending some months in laborious attempts to paint the portrait of Samory, the vanquished king, under considerable difficulties. The dethroned potentate has the greatest objection to artists in general, and in particular deemed it a piece of gross impertinence on the part of M. de la Neziere to want to catch his likeness. His dusky majesty had to be coaxed with innumerable gifts of cigarettes, matches and coppers into giving the painter a sitting. Among all the presents showered upon him, small change, which he used promptly to put in his mouth as a precaution against pickpockets, was what

At last Samory was mollified, began to call M. de la Neziere by the only French word he knew, "camarade," and graciously consented to sit. The unfortunate artist's difficulties were not yet, however, at an end. When Samory saw his royal features being drawn upon canvas, he was suddenly taken with a bashful fit that lasted on and off for several weeks. He used every now and then to hide his countenance beneath his turban, and resolutely refuse to unveil. Whenever it happened that Samory's feelings of modesty were thus unaccountably hurt, the sitting had invariably to be given up for the day. At other times the fallen, but still capricious, monarch used seriously to disturb the painter's work by sprinkling him and his canvas with water. At last, however, M. de la Neziere succeeded in getting a few sketches of Samory, which he has brought back with him, and from which he intends painting a finished portrait of the dethroned king.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

His Opposite.

He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite.

She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighborhood.—Syd-

ney Journal.

Eggs for the Sultan.

During periods of nervousness the Turkish sultan restricts himself to a boiled egg diet, because this food cannot be easily poisoned.—N. Y. World.

THE ADMIRAL

How Naval Etiquette Arranges His Rank and Ceremonies Attendant Upon It.

The rank of admiral in our navy is too exalted to have any duties prescribed for it. Therefore the navy regulations are silent on the subject. In fact, they recognize the attitude of the position by merely specitying the honors to be paid to it, and nothing else. When Admiral Dewey arrives on board his flagship or leaves it officially the marine guard is paraded and presents arms, the band in attendance plays a march, the captain of the ship and other officers also at hand salute, the drums sound "four ruffles," the bugles the same number of flourishes and the guns thunder 17 times. Please note the ruffles, the flourishes and the drums, which are distinctive, for all the rest of the function is bestowed on other flag officers, irrespective of grade.

A vice admiral receives three ruffles and flourishes and is guns, a rear admiral two ruffles and flourishes and 13 guns, while a mere commodore gets but one ruffle and flourish and 11 guns. The only Americans who get more guns than the admiral are the president (or an ex-president), who is honored with the national salute, which is 21 guns, and the vice president or a United States ambassador, who receives 19. Ex-vice presidents don't count.

When the president is saluted his own distinctive flag is hoisted at the mainmast head. For the vice president or an ambassador or minister the national ensign is hoisted to the fore. But for a naval officer his particular flag is sent aloft, at the proper place, and flags and places differ. Thus, for a commodore a swallowtail blue flagthe "broad pennant"-bearing a single star-rises to the mainmast head; for a rear admiral a square blue flag with two stars goes up at the mizzen; for a vice admiral a similar flag with three stars appears at the fore, and when the fleet saluted the new admiral the other day the guns all spoke in chorus when a blue banner with four stars on it broke out at the main.

So far as I am aware, there is no one to rank him in any foreign navy except that of England, and there he is overwhelmed. In fact, an admiral in the British navy is at present the third grade down the ladder. Why, there are British admirals so lofty that ordinary terms of respect concerning them give out, and there is nothing to be done but to take refuge in expressions of awe!

To begin with, there are two honorary admirals of the fleet, to-wit: His royal highness, Albert Edward, prince of Wales, K. G., K. T., G. C. B., K. P., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O., and his majesty, William II., German emperor, etc. Then comes the following imposing array of five admirals of the fleet, namely, Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, Sir John E. Commerell, H. R. H. Alfred Ernest Albert, reigning duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (the duke of Edinburgh), Rt. Hon. Richard James, earl of Clanwilliam, Sir Algernon McL. Lyons, and Sir Frederick William Richards. All of these officers outrank Dewey.

Then come nine admirals, beginning with Sir Nowell Salmon, aide-de-camp to the queen; Sir Michael Culme Seymour, now commander-in-chief at Portsmouth; Hon. Sir Edward R. Fremantle, occupying the similar position at Plymouth, and Sir John O. Hopkins, who commanded the English squadron at the Columbus celebration as a vice admiral, but who now is the admiral commanding her majesty's Mediterranean station. Besides these are Admirals Fairfax, Erskine, Butler, Jones, Adeane and Tracy, and to every one of them Dewey is junior. So that when it comes to comparing the rank of our solitary admiral with that of the numerous British sea dignitaries above mentioned the occasion is obviously not one to invoke screams of conscious superiority from the American eagle under the supposition that he alone occupies the top rail of the fence. He does not-he

perches much lower down. If Admiral Dewey's fleet should join that of Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Dewey would fire a salute to Hopkins, and Hopkins would return it. Dewey would make the first official call, which Hopkins would return. If the flagships were under way, Dewey would not pass ahead of Hopkins. Dewey would follow Hopkins' lead in the time of hoisting colors in the morning and lowering them at night, but on the Fourth of July or any of our national holidays Hopkins, regardless of his superior rank, would follow Dewey in dressing ship and in hoisting and lowering the ensign. If the two officers were about to go from a ship into the same boata rather remote possibility-Dewey would go down the gangway first, but on leaving the boat to go aboard ship Honkins would first go up the side ladder. In event of its being necessary for the two fleets to act together, Hopkins would take command, although he might put his orders to Dewey in the form of requests or even suggestions. That is about as far as courtesy goes. Of course, Dewey would not ask Hopkins' permission to go or come or perform any evolution he saw fit.—Park Benjamin, in Independent.

Never Caught Alive.

In Lake Derwentwater, in England, there is a species of fish called vendace, which are never caught alive. They are said to frequent the deeper parts of the lake and are never met with in the rivers. One or two dead specimens of the breed which have been found in the lake are treasured as curiosities. They have a strong resemblance to garfish, and are about four or five inches

Benny's Synonym.

"Benny," said the pretty schoolma'am, "you may give me a synonym for the expression: 'He had an end in

view."

"He sees his finish," replied Benuy, promptly.—Judge.

GETTING RID OF THE CHEESE. Her Liking for Fromage de Brie Is the Cause of a Wife's Terrible

Trouble.

"My husband means all right," conaded Mrs. Begrum to a friend, "but he sometimes does things a ten-yearold boy should be spanked for, and I cannot chide him, for it would hurt his feelings. Once he heard me say I had a passion for fromage de brie cheese and rye bread and one evening not long ago while he was sipping a glass of beer in a saloon he noticed some brie cheese and conceived the brilliant idea that it would be a gracious act to bring some home to me, so he bribed the waiter to wrap up a large portion. He was very late that night and I was asleep when he came in. I wonder that the odor of that cheese did not awaken me, but I slept on and he put it under a large bowl and went to sleep without mentioning it, doubtless intending to give me a surprise in the morning."

"Yes, he surprised me all right. I was alarmed when I first woke up, but soon found the cheese, and after rais-: ing the windows the atmosphere was not so bad. I forgot to tell you we are in a boarding-house and I did not wish to offend the people, either with my bohemian tastes or the odor of that horrid cheese. I had no opportunity to throw it away without exciting suspicion, and as I intended calling that morning upon a lady who is also fond of brie I concluded to take it to her. The weather was torrid, and after I got on the street car I noticed people staring at me suspiciously and the conductor kept his eyes on me. Finally the espionage became unbearable and I alighted four blocks from my destination. I had not walked a half block before a miserable little dog began following me, sniffing at the paper. He was soon joined by other dogs, and when I reached the crossing four of them were trailing along behind me. People began to look out of their windows and pedestrians would shy off when they passed and then stop and stare at me.

"It was awful, and I never had an opportunity to discard that abominable cheese until I was within a half block of my destination. There I found a vacant lot thickly grown up with weeds, and into these I threw the hateful package as far as I could and then ran as fast as my skirts would permit to my friend's house, and fairly bolted in at the door. Perhaps I should not have run, for a number of men who were watching me hastened to that clump of weeds to see what I had thrown away, and then they had the brazen effrontery to walk up and note the number of my friend's house.

"If I live a thousand years I will never look at fromage de brie again, and I have told my husband that it does not agree with me and if he loves me never, never to bring it into the house."—Chicago Chronicle.

MONKEY COURTSHIP.

A Smart Feminine Simina That Helped Her Lover Out of a Dilemma.

A friend who was encamped in the woods recently witnessed the following occurrence:

A troop of monkeys, which seemed to be a picnic party under the charge of chaperons, came to cross a creek by his camp. They came along, traveling, as usual, from tree to tree by interlacing limbs, and at the creek side soon found some vines which made a suspension bridge.

made a suspension bridge.

There was considerable skylarking going on in the procession, but the chaperons marshaled all across the bridge except two. These two had dodged behind trees and palpably and deliberately got left on purpose, and, when the rest of the picnic was safely out of sight, they selected a nice, narrow seat, where they sat extremely close together, apparently deep in conversation and as happy as could be.

After some time the larger one spied a fruit hanging not far below him, and began to reach down to try to get it. His reach proving too short, he took a twist around the limb and swung for it, but even his tail was too short, and the fruit still hung a foot or more out of

his reach.

His smaller comrade saw the difficulty and solved it at once. She grabbed the tail firmly, loosed it from the limb, while at the same time her own tail took a turn around it, let her comrade's tail twist about her wrist, and then, all securely braced and anchored, she reached down until she lowered him in reach of the fruit. He gathered it, and in a minute was back by her side, and they were eating the fruit together.—Forest and Stream.

"It is strange what queer ideas we had when we were young," said a gentleman the other day. "My father once asked me how I supposed the French managed to spell wagon wheel, when they had no 'w' in their language. I never could solve the problem."

"And when I was a boy." replied another, "I thought it was an easy matter to translate from foreign languages. I had an idea that the only difference was the alphabetical characters, and if I were to learn the Greek alphabet, for instance. I would have no trouble in turning Greek into English. I found out my mistake after I went to school, though."—Harlem Life.

An Expert.

Bramble—Clarence seems to have made a great success as a criminal law-

Thorne—Yes; they say he won't touch a case now unless the man is guilty.—N. Y. Journal.

Mrs. Hicks—Do you have any trouble in keeping your children clean?
Mrs. Wicks—Not a bit. I don't try.—Detroit Free Press.

MAIL ORDER BABIES.

Hundreds of Children Thus Find a

Home-Matching Hair and

Eyes to Suit Patrons.

Everybody knows of the hundreds of babies found in the streets and parks, in the empty buildings and niched in door stoops of any great city.

What everybody does not know, however, because the facts are harder toget at, is that a very considerable proportion of these waifs find adopted homes in various parts of the country, comfort and a tender care in marked contrast to their unpromising origin.

The matron of the infant asylum or

The matron of the infant asylum or the babies' home knows all this. She knows the mainspring of human nature about as well as any official in christendom and can scent from a person's manner, or their letter of application or the manner of the agent intrusted with the task of finding them a baby whether or not to entertain their proposition.

"I get as many orders for babies in the course of a day as a dry goods merchant gets for suits or a hatter for hats," said the secretary of the adop-

tion committee in a public institution.

"The orders from a distance come in the morning's mail. The city physicians send in a number, either orders from their own patients direct, or orders received through physicians in other towns.

"A doctor rung us up just now to know if the particular type of baby he is in search of is yet in stock. This order has hung on for weeks and weeks. His patient, a sentimental woman, has set her heart on a fair-skinned girl baby with golden curly hair and brown eyes, a rare combination.

"We sent one little girl to her on approval, a beautiful child, but her hair began to darken and she was returned. She is going out again to-morrow, however, to be the child of an estimable clergyman who has lost his wife and whose sister keeps house for him. They don't care as to the color of baby's hair and eyes just so she is healthy and good-tempered.

"In the mail orders for babies many inclosures are sent to guide in choosing, locks of hair, photographs, detailed descriptions as to length of limbs or general build of baby, its construction, complexion, etc. The lock of hair I am asked to match as exactly as possible, that sent having been cut from the head of some friend's or neighbor's baby whom the applicant admires. The photographs are to give an idea of the type of features desired.

"The other day there came a faded old-time daguerreotype, the likeness of the prospective foster father when he was an infant and whose general type and physique it was hoped might be repeated in the foster child who was to be as their very own.

"We keep those babies whose lineage we know something of in a separate list from the little foundlings with no name and no age save that given to them here and set down on the admission card tacked at the head of their crib.

"A well-to-do Illinois farmer applied for a baby the other day to be company to his wife, whose own children were all grown up and gone away. 'Give us anything, either a boy or girl,' he said, 'and of any age under five, but not one whose father was a drunkard or a lunatic or who has gone to prison. We want a child with a chance to turn out a comfort to us and not a trouble. I've seen it in my time that 'as the twig is

bent the tree will grow.'

"The child of an Englishman, born three weeks ago, and whose father had deserted the mother since coming to this country, has five well-appointed homes open to it. A wealthy widow has seen it three times, and declares that no other baby will suit her. A prosperous hardware manufacturer has

applied for it.

"A lawyer and a real estate broker with childless homes are both after it, but a physician, a noted child's specialist, is the favored applicant. Twelve years ago he married a trained nurse whose love of children amounted to a passion. They have had no child and the committee judges that at their hands the little one stands the best chance of consistent care and tenderness.

ness.

"The majority of people who plan to adopt a child secure it from an institution at a distance from their homes. A lady traveled all the way from southern California to New York to select an infant. This child lived only five years and then she again made the journey to get another.

"People adopt children for many different reasons," said the experienced matron of this institution. "Some take them through kindliness. They have means more than they can dispose of, and it is brought to their notice how many babies go begging for parental care.

"A good many only want them as toys, as playthings to amuse them or to give additional opportunity for the exercise of lavishness in dress or equipment. Some take them because of a genuine love for children, and these realize that the charge of any child, even of one's own, means trouble as well as pleasure."—Boston Globe.

Information Wanted.

"Miss Upperten—Clara," began the young man, "you have no doubt noticed that my attentions of late have been more than that of a mere friend. I love you, Clara, and in asking you to share my lot I—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said the practical maiden, "but has the lot you wish me to share a good house on it with all the modern improvements?"—Chicago Evening Post.

A Mysterious Fish.

The home of the shad when it leaves the river for the sea after spawning is unknown, and nothing whatever is known of its habits or food.—Albany.

Argus.

HOSPITAL SHIPS.

The United States Can Furnish Great
Britain with Models for
Her Navy.

There have been in our army officers who have looked upon the English army as a model, and so we have not been surprised to receive a letter of expostulations from one of these, who is apparently much stirred up at the discovery of flaws in the armor. Our critic objects to the frank way in which we pointed out the errors and 2 failures in several branches of the British service, and inclines to the belief that we are too severe. On the contrary, we have been very lenient with our British brethren, realizing human imperfections. We have said nothing of the botch they have made of the transport service. What would our correspondent say if we had quoted this from the Civil and Military Gazette of India, to show the shortcoming of the transport service?

"Singularly enough, up to this year not a single hospital ship was kept up in times of peace. Suitable ships are according to regulation and precedent to be hurriedly obtained and fitted out when required. Taking an average of the last ten years, it has been ascertained that India alone invalids about 150 officers and 2,000 men to England yearly, while the colonies send about another 50 officers and 800 or 900 men. These figures are exclusive of women and children."

The Gazette, with some bitterness.

notes that "under existing shiftless and unsatisfactory arrangements these invalids are sent home on ordinary troopships, which are designed for the conveyance of healthy men." There is a hospital provided for noncommissioned officers and men, but it is never large enough to accommodate anything like the number of sick which are regularly sent back every voyage. Officers who are ill have no hospital accommodations whatever provided for them and are, perforce, obliged to live in a cabin with healthy comrades. Cases regularly occur of officers prostrated with dysentery, abscess of the liver or Peshawar fever, sharing a cabin with two, or, perhaps, three others, and almost entirely deprived of trained nursing, for the number of skilled medical attendants allotted to a troopship carrying upward of a hundred and fifty. invalids is so small as to be almost ridiculous. In addition to three officers, one noncommissioned officer employed as dispenser and three or four privates of the royal army medical corps comprise the entire medical personnel of one of her majesty's troopships or transports. There are no nursing sisters, and not even a matron on a troopship in case of sickness among the women and children.

"We have some cause for shame,"
says the Gazette, "that we have already
been forestalled in this humane and
necessary reform. The Austrian Red
Cross society has just established a
permanent ambulance ship, which is at
present stationed at Trieste, in readiness to proceed wherever its services
may be required."

It is not in keeping with its usual fairness of spirit for our Indian contemporary to fail to credit the United States with furnishing to the nations of the world an example in the matter of hospital ships, both in the Spanish and Philippine wars. We have heard of British officers who have declared that the American system of hospital ships has begun a new era in the conduct of distant wars. —Army and Navy Journal.

IN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Tremendous Strain Given the Nerves
of New Operatives by Thunderstorms.

"Although you may never have thought of it," remarked an old telephone man during the progress of the thunderstorm, "one of the most severe tests to which a girl aspirant for employment in a telephone exchange is ever put to is her ability to retain her courage and self-possession while the lightning is playing just such pranks as it is playing now.

"Ever been in a big telephone office when a severe electrical disturbance was taking place in the atmosphere outside? No? Well, it is just the sort of place to make one lacking in steady nerves feel 'kind o' squeamish,' as the fellow said when he was getting ready: to have the critical interview with his sweetheart's father. The lightning: seems to prefer telephone wires to any other kind as a field for its gyrations. and the way it makes things hum and crack among the instruments is a caution. Some day, if you want to get an idea of what I mean, just put your ear to the receiver while a big storm is in progress. Don't hold it there too long, though, or you may get a shock that will interfere with your hearing, if it doesn't do even worse. Having tried your experiment, just multiply it by a few hundred or a few thousand: to correspond with the number of receivers in a telephone office, and you will understand what the green telephone girl is up against in her first storm.

storm.

"Of course, all sorts of precautions are taken to prevent accident, and there is really not the slightest danger. But the strain on the nerves is a stunner at that, and the young woman who weathers it the first time usually turnsout to be all right as an operator."—
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Tomatoes by Weight.

In the canning factories tomatoes are bought by weight, not measure. They are washed and scalded by machinery, peeled and cored by hand. Then they are sorted, packed in cans by machinery, sealed and steamed for about an hour. The cans are next soldered, cooled, labeled and packed in cases.—Philadelphia Press.

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