TOURISTS IN MEXICO.

A Paper of That Country Resents Chicago Advice to American Travelers.

An American authoress advises tourlists intending to "do" Mexico (lucky if they don't get "done" here) to learn a little colloquial Spanish, and provide themselves with smoked glasses and their own soft pillows. Further counsel is to "wear their most disreputable garments and eat what is set before them, giving thanks that it is no worse!" This curious advice is given in a Chieago-published book, and it may account for the antiquated aspect of the tourists from the region tributary to the Prairie Babylon, the men often resembling superannuated clergymen let loose once before they die, and the women like the characters from Miss Wilkins' sad stories of raral American life, or like Hamlin Garland's female characters from the lonely regions of Jowa and Wisconsin. Provided with kodaks and other portable cameras, these odd gentry come a snap-shooting among us, pitying the poor, drinking no wine unless furnished them gratuitously, ostentatiously averse to bullfights, but always there on Sunday afternoons, expecting the whole busy world to act as guides, and animated by a determination to "do" Mexico "on the cheap," as the English phrase puts it.

The average personally conducted pilgrim has mentally resolved before leaving home to spend here just \$5.67 more than the sum paid the excursion managers. They are cheap trippers, and the curio dealers regard them with apprehension. Among them are a few generous and jolly souls who have come to Mexico in a happy mood, seeing the best of this picturesque land and letting the dollars go without pinching the eagle till it shricks. These are the tourists whom Mexico yearns to see, for whom she poses when the kodak is leveled on her, and who find the people cordially responsive.

But to our mutton—not lamb, but the real old article. For example, the stale witticisms about Mexican hospitality:

"When the stranger enters a house, he is assured by his host, 'it is yours, menor, accept it'-and his it remains, in the assurance of the free-handed Don, as long as he chooses to stay, albeit his soul is never gladdened by the sight of the title deeds, properly signed and registered. The same apparent generosity is shown in the matter of furniture, horses and jewels. * * * But woe to the practical American who mistakes this pretense ·for real generosity. A certain countryman of ours who had most unwillingly accepted a horse that was fairly forced upon him, because he no longer dared to refuse it, was made aware of his mistake in the most disagreeable manmer. 'What sort of a man is that friend of yours?' inquired the donor of an acquaintance of the recipient. 'He must be a thief; he has taken my horse.'

Shades of the spreading chestnut tree! For 20 years these ancient jokes have been doing duty in books of Mexican travel, and now they are as pleasing as the embalmed beef of Chicago. A mere verbal formula, derived from the hospitable Moors through the Spaniards, is made a hinge for platitudinous reflections. When, in English, we write: "Yours very truly," we usually mean that we are nothing of the kind; "Your obedient servant" we use when we are mortally offended with the person to whom the letter is addressed, and as for "Sincerely" or "Faithfully yours," we leave comments to the modern Schopenhauers who write on the "conventional lies of civilization." As well might these absurd formulae be taken seriously as the common "esta a la dispocion de d." (It is at your serice.)

Our advice to tourists is to come here with a sunny temper to match a sunmy land, with politeness to equal the courtesy of Mexicans, with an abundance of spending money, and a merry heart. Odd ways they will find. quaint Arabian ceremonial vestiges, any amount of picturesqueness, no little dirt, without which the picturesque does not exist, but a tolerant good humor in all classes, and a wish to see American tourists in their best clothes so we may get a hint of what is correct and up to date in the great republic. Good clothes and pleasant manmers open well-guarded doors, and don't amoke your glasses and see things darker than they ever were here.-Mexico Herald.

Regularity in the Order of Injuries. A queer fact, well known by medical men connected with hospitals, is that the doctors can tell with almost absolute certainty which classes of fatalities and accidents fit in with given days and even hours. One of the doctors connected with a leading hospital in the center of the city said the other day: "We will begin with Monday. That day furnishes by far the highest proportion of mishaps to work people, but I must say that this proportion is rapidly diminishing. Nearly all the attempted suicides come in during the very early part of each day, and the Birst accident batches early in the day have a large number of men who work on scaffolds among them. Hardly a morning goes by without a scaffold casmalty case. After 11 o'clock in the morning most of the cases arise from street accidents, and when evening somes cases arising from drunken rows and deliberate assaults begin to come in. Nearly all the 'domestic' caseswhere wives have been assaulted and so co-ere late night and Saturday ones. It would take me a long time to group the regular order of accidents as they come in day after day."—Philadelphia

The Silent Watches.

The affent watches of the night abould be replaced by an alarm clock

OLD IRON FROM CUBA.

Vast Quantities of the Debris of War Collected and Shipped to This Country.

Mr. A. O. Saylor, a recent passenger from Havana, has been engaged for the past year and a half in a curious and interesting business. Briefly told, it was a traffic in the debris of war. "I have been buying up old iron and steel," he explained, "and have shipped away, all told, more than 35,000 tons. The stuff we secured was chiefly the wreckage and debris of war. For example, there were about 4,000 tons of old cannon balls scattered between Morro and Cabanas. They were obsolete projectiles, mostly round, solid shot, intended for the antique muzzleloaders, with which the fortifications fairly bristled. We made the Spanish authorities an offer and took the lot at bargain counter prices. They have been shipped to American foundries, and will probably be made into stoves and pots and kettles.

"But the great old iron mine was the ruined sugar plant. During the war over 65 large sugar houses were destroyed by the insurgents and Spanish armies, and a vast quantity of machinery was left in a state of indescribable wreckage. We secured tons of that sort of stuff-all of it we could carry away. The only limit was that of the transportation facilities, for we were unable to operate with profit except in localities where we had easy access to the railroad. It does not pay to haul old iron any distance overland in Cuba, even if one gets it for nothing to begin with. In many instances the owners of estates would have been only too glad to let us take away the debris to get it out of the road, but we would have lost money on the transaction

"As a matter of fact, every Cuban estate was littered with old iron even before the war. Here the sugar belt is continually traversed by junk dealers, who pick up all the old metal as fast as it accumulates, but in Cuba there are no such itinerants, and all sorts of odds and ends collect on the ground. I have seen dozens of wells that were filled to the top with broken machinery - rusty wheels, pulleys, shafting, pipe, plates, chains-enough to stock a junk shop. When the railroad was near we bought the iron at from \$2.50 to \$3 a ton. There was a very fair profit in the business, but nothing remarkable.

"Next to the plantations," Mr. Sayfor went on, "the three trochas which had been built across the island by Gen. Weyler were our most prolific field. They are now being dismantled and yielded up an enormous quantity of railroad iron, most of which we shipped abroad. The blockhouses, which were erected along the line of the trochas at short intervals, also contained a good deal of old iron, and some of them were entirely plated with rails. Of course, what we purchased is only a fraction of the total amount, but we were obliged to stop operations for the time being owing to the fact that the railroads are now busily engaged in moving the sugar crop and cannot make us special rates. We will start in again after the sugar season is over."--N. O. Times-Democrat.

AT LONG RANGE.

It Is Said More Horses Than Men Are Killed on the Field of Battle,

In the Franco-German war, 1879, at Gravelotte, the German cavalry lost 200 horses and 100 men, while their artillery lost 1,300 horses and 950 men.

lery lost 1,300 horses and 950 men.

At Vrinville, a terribly flerce battle, the German cavalry lost 1,600 horses and 1,400 men, while their artillery lost 1,000 horses and 730 men; but at the battle of Woerth the German cavalry lost only 50 horses to 60 men. This shows that when the fighting is close and hot the men fall in greater numbers

than the horses.

From the relative loss of men and horses you can tell whether it was a defeat or a victory; for in a victory the difference between men lost and horses lost would not be very great, while in a defeat and retirement the loss of horses would be immense.

In a well-contested hand-to-hand fight of cavalry the loss of horses is about equal to the loss of men. When the British troops were engaged in the Peninsular war they lost in each of the 15 battles an average of 18 horses to 19 men, showing flerce and close fighting.

On the other hand, the loss of horses is very great when the cavalry have to go a long distance over open ground before delivering the charge, as they are exposed to the enemy's fire. At Fontenoy the French killed 87 British cavalrymen and 337 of their horses.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Docking Horses. Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting were honored by a place in the category of sport, rightly now relegated by law to the catalogue of outrage. This custom of docking was once applied to English roadsters, hunters and harnesshorses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their cock-tails. It fell into disuse with the decline of road-coaches, and we owe its unwelcome revival to their partial restoration.—Blackwood.

Names of Denmark's Kings.

Denmark's kings for 384 years have all been named Christian or Frederick.

This is not the result of accident. It is the law of Denmark that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick and Frederick by Christian. To attain this, and without the changing of names, in case of death or other reason, every Danish prince, no matter what other names he may receive, always includes Christian and Frederick among them.—

PITH AND POINT.

Success that is overrated is soon evaporated.—Chicago Dispatch.

He—"Miss Wellon's complexion is so fresh." She—"Yes; fresh as paint."—

Moonshine.

One plum pudding on the table is worth two in the stomach.—Chicago Daily News.

"Did you know that he now passes the plate in church?" "No. But I've often seen it pass him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Did you hear," asked Mr. Northside,
"of the big fee that Spiffins gave the
minister that married him?" "I
didn't," replied Mr. Shadyside. "How
much was it?" "He handed the minister a dollar bill and told him to keep
the change."—Pitssburgh Telegraph.
Cash No. 13 (to floorwalker)—"Say,

will yer please give me a pass to go home? Me sister is going to trow herself away this aft, and I want ter be in at her finish." Floorwalker—"Why, what do you mean, child?" Cash 13—"Ah, she's going ter git married. See?"—Boston Traveler.

Wireless Telegraphy. — "Suffering cats!" exclaimed the war editor of the yellow journal. "I can't make head or tail of this dispatch from our special correspondent in South Africa. "James," called the editor to the office boy, "ask the South African correspondent to step in here a moment."— Catholic Standard and Times.

"My wife is a wonderful woman."
"Ever write a book?" "No." "Play, perhaps?" "No." "President of a woman's club?" "Wrong again." "Has political aspirations?" "Not one." "Then for goodness' sake what's wonderful about her?" "We live in a flat, and she succeeded in having our janitor discharged."—Philadelphia Record.

BEEF KILLING IN MANILA.

Novel and Striking Scenes in the Public Slaughter House of the Filipino Capital.

A visitor from foreign parts in the city of Manila, whose sensibilities are not too acute, will find it worth his while to "drop in" at the public slaughterhouse, in the place known as Arroceres. This is on the river bank to the northeast of Manila, and is a much-frequented spot, where, besides the slaughterhouse, are located the to-bacco factories, the botanical garden, a Spanish theater and the kiosko, designed for public dances.

The proper time to visit the slaughterhouse is about midnight, for this is when the principal business of the place is done. Owing to the tropical heat, in which fresh meat becomes putrid in an incredibly brief period, it is necessary that the killing of animals should be done at night and the meat distributed at once for immediate use. All this work is done in the square at Arroceres.

When operations are at their height the scene is picturesque in the extreme. The great majority of the animals slaughtered are the large native cattle, most of whom are brought here, to tell the truth, not because of their being in a specially fat and julcy condition, but because they have outhved their usefulness elsewhere and are here to be converted into beef as a last resort. The killing is done entirely by natives trained in the business until they have become experts. The cattle are led in from the pens at the side of the building and are held by stout ropes over long troughs that run up and down all through the structure, and into which the blood flows when the animals are first struck. The fatal blow is given with a large, sharp knife in the spinal cord. just back of the horns. As a rule one blow is enough. The animal drops without a sound and scarcely a quiver. It sometimes happens, however, that the thrust miscarries and the beast is only badly wounded. Then sometimes a terrific and exciting struggle ensues before the enraged animal is subdued and the finishing stroke given.

A specially novel feature of the proceedings is the rush made by the native women and children, who are always present in great numbers, to collect the blood as it flows from the freshly killed animals. This product of the slaughterhouse is greatly prized by the natives, and is served up in various simple forms at their meals. It costs them nothing except the struggle to catch it as it drips and flows in the slaughterhouse, and this price many of the poorer class are willing enough to pay. The scramble for blood is not attractive to a casual visitor, for the stuff gets spilled and streaked around over the hands and clothing of the people, and the scene is grewsome enough. As soon as the animals are killed the meat is cut up and distributed at once among the local markets in all parts of the city. -Leslie's Weekly.

Somali Life. The camel yields them milk-frequently the only food of the nativesgives them meat and hides, facilitates transport from one place to another, and forms the means of exchange. which at any moment it is possible to barter for other articles, thus taking the place of money. The Somalis also accommodate their existence to the wants of the camels; they go with the herd wherever pasture is best, or where rain has recently fallen; and on this account one may frequently not find the trace of a village where yesterday a place was full of life and people. The camels, in fact, carry away the village on their backs miles dis-tant. * * * Such are the chief events in the life of a Somali. Everything is governed according to some ancient unwritten law, not contained in any codex, not dictated by any tribunal, but still sacredly observed and carried out for centuries throughout the whole region inhabited by the Somalis .- "Sport in Somaliland."

"DID HE HAD IT?"

The Funny Phrase That Ever Afterward Tormented Its Regretful Originator.

There is no end to the instances of things one would rather have expressed differently. Take for one of them the words of the German delegate who went with a party of some 50 bruders from eastern cities to the national convention of a benevolent order held in the west. They had a very jolly time, and they all took large amounts of money with which to amuse themselves. As the order has a reputation for the benevolence and free, open-hearted disposition of its members, the convention attracted the attention of a large number of unscrupulous persons, and there were as many crooks in the city in which the convention was held as there are at the largest agricultural fair in these United States, while the lightfingered ones who could not afford to leave their homes kept track of the trains which carried the delegates, and were at the stations to meet them when they passed through. The party got off the train to stretch

themselves at Buttalo. There was a great crowd at the station, and one of the men who carried his wealth in a wallet in the pocket originally designed for a revolver lost the wallet and all it contained. The party was soon very for the man who had lost all his spending money, and the of them figured that a contribution of two dollars each would put the bruder back on a comfortable basis, if not where he started from, and they acted on the suggestion and gave him a purse of a hundred. There was only one objection. This came from the German delegate. When they told him of the unfortunate one's loss of \$200 and the plan for the contribution he scratched his head doubtfully and sail: "Did he had it?"

doubtfully and said: "Did he had it?"

The oddity of the phrase and the fact that the German delegate was singular in expressing such a suspicion made it a catchword on the trip. This was uncomfortable, because when they arrived at the convention city the German delegate left reau in the hotel. The bureau proved as unsafe as the pistol pocket. When the delegate returned there was a great hue and cry, and he gathered the fellows about him and told them the story. They all with one accord shouted: "Did he had it?"

This clinched the matter, and none of the party ever met out making use of so happened, too, annual convention ticket, a circumst have reminded the ture of the year had been likely to forget it. They shouted "Did he had it" that time until he wished heartily that he had not come. He was never known thereafter to express any doubt when some one called for aid for a bruder, in distress.— Gazette.

GREATEST OF ALL.

English Boy Hero Whose Exploits
Have Never Been Outdone by
One So Young.

While Gen. Lawton's 12-year-old son has been made a captain for bravery, and a boy bugler of England's Fifth lancers has been pluck at the bat le of Elandslaagte, there is one boy whose grit in England's Crimean war made him a name that has lasted even to this day.

The boy, whose name was Thomas Keep, went with the English army to the heights of Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. Shot and shell fell about him like hail: but, notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness toward the wounded. Instead of soing into a tent to take care of hims if after a battle, he was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades, stepping carefully over one body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the sufferers, and saved the life of a sergeant and several of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted from want. A Balaklava, again, he assisted the wounded. He did his duty by day and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At Inkerman he was surrounded by Russians about 20 minutes, and, to use his own words, "thought it was all over with him." He received one shot, which passed through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers, but he was unhurt. He helped, with all the bravery of a man, to get in the wounded. He waited on the doctor when extracting the shot from the men, and on the men before and after. Some of the wounded say they would not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Small Transaction.

"And he only gave you a dime for

finding his big pocketbook?"

"That's all. He said he would have given me more but the money in the pocketbook wasn't his. He was only holding it in trust for a client. So he gave me a plugged dime."

"Yep. But he said if I'd bring it around to his office in a day or two he would give me a nickel for it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Men Who P y Their Bills.

The credit man of one of the large department stores in New York was asked what class of customers was most trustworth. "Army and navy people can have all the credit they wish, and no questions asked," was his reply. "The standard of business morality in the army and navy is positive assurance that we will get our money "—N. Y. Journal

TRUE IRISH BLOOD.

Judging from the Color There
Could Be No Mistake
About That,

"The most ludicrous mishap I ever witnessed on the stage," said an actor at a little supper party the other evening, "occurred one night years ago in a small town in northern Iowa. I was new to the business then, and had joined a weird barnstorming company headed by an old actor of the name of Fitzmorris. We had a blood-andthunder repertory a yard long, but our chief attraction was an Irish melodrama called 'Lion-Hearted Larry; or the Cotter's Oath.' It had the usual plot of canned Irish melodramas-the honest, but financially embarrassed peasant, his beautiful daughter, the poor, but gallant lover, otherwise Lion Hearted Larry, and the villainous landlord, who insists on the daughter's hand or immediate eviction for the whole family. The great scene of the play was the rescue by Larry of the beautiful daughter from the castle of the villainous landlord, at the climax of which the heroic lover was fired upon by a file of British soldiers. At the report of the guns the white shirt which he wore was suddenly suffused with red. 'You are wounded!' the heroine eried. 'Yes,' replied Larry, 'but 'tis true Irish blood, ever ready to be shed for the cause of Erin!' This rather irrelevant remark, together with the gory shirt front, never failed to bring down the house. Needless to say, the character of Lion Hearted Larry was assumed by Mr. Fitzmorris. "The 'business' of the blood was man-

aged very simply," continued the story teller. "A small rubber bulb was filled with a solution of cochineal and fastened under Larry's arm. At the right momenthe gave it a squeeze and a crimson torrent poured over the shirt, which had a piece of water-proof cloth at the back, the front being renewed for each performance. We were playing a week's stand at the little Iowa town, I have already mentioned, and the day before 'Lion Hearted Larry' was put on Fitzmorris gave the property man careful instruction in regard to preparing the material for the blood effect. Whether the 'prop' man had conceived some grudge against 'Fitz' we never ascertained. He was a crabbed old Englishman, and perhaps he didn't like the tone of the play-anyhow he went into the scene loft where a lot of colors were kept mixed, and filled the rubber bulb with bright green liquid paint. That night several hitches occurred, and everybody got nervous and excited. When the time came for the rescue scene Fitzmorris got into his costume as quick as he could, felt the bulb to see that it was in the proper place, and a moment later was on the stage. There things went all right up to the climax. The castle was entered, the orchestra played a few bars of tremolo music, Larry emerged with the beautiful colleen on his arm, and up jumped the ambuscaded soldiers. Bang! went the guns, and 'You are wounded!' shrieked the heroine. 'Yes,' shouted Larry, pressing the bulb, 'but 'tis true Irish blood--' He never got any further. His ample shirt front had suddenly turned emerald green, and the howl of laughter that went up from the audience nearly peeled the paper off the walls. Fitzmorris himself was so amazed by the phenomenon that he was unable to move, and stood there transfixed, his arms outspread and his mouth wide open. On that tableau the curtain fell. Then he came to himself, grabbed a club and began a frantic search for the 'prop' man, but that individual had disappeared, and we saw him no more during our stay. The epigode broke up the performance and ruined our business for the balance of the engagement. I'm told that l'itznierris was afterward known as Green Blood Fitz' on the north Iowa and Wisconsin barnstorming circuit."- N. O. Times-

LANGUAGES IN LUZON.

Spanish the Only Official Tougue-Difficulties in the Way of Trade.

Here is a curious and difficult thing about the American occupation of Luzon. The official language of the courts, the only medium, indeed, of communication, is the Spanish language. The American and Tagalo to transact business must use a tongue foreign to both. A few interpreters of English and Tagalo are to be found, but until the people of the country learn English there is to be much misunderstanding and misinterpretation. Just now there are mutual strugglings to get forward. The schools are beginning instruction in English, but some years will be necessary before this knowledge is practically available.

Your soldier man, however, doesn't worry much about the difficulty of the language question. He leans easily and familiarly on the counter of the little booth or shop, and attempts bargains in a jargon of English, American slang, Tagalo and Spanish. There results a "pigeon" of questionable type. The vendersays: "You care egg cook, Pretty goo'-fiv' cents?" And the soldier man retorts: "Aw, g'long. Muy heap, No Mabootey. Give you ten cents por tres. Sabe? Ten cents-three. Sabe, three?" But the lady sitting tailorwise on her counter answers: "Yo no entiendo. Egg cook. Pretty goo' fi' cents. Quiere?' Still they make a trade. Unfortunately, next week may see him in Ilocos or Pampanga, perhaps another province, and if he knew Tagalo perfectly it would not avail him one iota. The many dialects will make it a matter of years before there can be certainty of any understanding. It is surely a great problem that is to be solved .- N. Y. Trib-

Not for Third Parties.
When two souls have but a single thought the thought seldom interests outsiders.—Chicago Daily News.

OCEAN PEDDLERS.

Trading Vessels That Go to Many Out-of-the-Way Corners of the World.

The man with a pack on his back, trudging from village to village and offering for sale at cottage and farmhouse a miscellaneous collection of wares, has his counterpart in the ocean peddler, ranging in size from a schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific, to a steamer of 1,000 or 2,000 tons burden.

The ocean peddler starts out from Hamburg or San Francisco, the chief home ports of the trade, with a definite object in view. Sailing from the former city the course is generally laid either to the coast of Africa or South America, having in the hold a varied assortment of goods likely to be marketable in the regions visited—coiton tabrics, trinkets, arms, ammunition, liquors and all spare room filled up with coal.

As the largest profits are often derived from the sale of contraband goods, such as munitions of war to insurgent bodies, and as detection by regular authorities would lead to confiscation, several thousand rounds of cartridges are probably cone up in innecent-looking cases, stamped "Corned fisef," and a few stands of discarded terman army rifles in packages labeled "Glass, with Care."

The captain of such a vessel must possess not only ability as a navigator, but an expert knowledge of the requirements of his trade in addition to a plausible tongue wherewith to burter and win over the good will of an ill-disposed official. If he does not own an interest in the shiplit is generally required that he shall in her cargo.

quired that he shall in her cargo.

Trudging along over the ocean at a seven or eight-knot gait, saving his coal as much as possible, the peddler opens his trade by casting anchor in, say, a South or Centra. American port, when, having squared the commandant, he invites merchants and others on board to inspect his stock. Duty, of course, has to be paid by the purchaser, but in certain cases that difficulty is often overcome by the visitor to the ship going ashere swoilen out, perhaps, to three times his normal size by as many new suits of clothing.

by as many new suits of clothing.

The greatest good fortune that can fall in the way of an ocean peddler is for an American or British, man-of-war to put into some out-of-the-way port in which he is lying, short of coal. Then from his spare stock he sells a few hundred tons at as hard a bargain as the necessity of the purchaser permits him to drive.

On the Central American coast the peddler usually times his visit at about the opening of the coffee season - that is, early in the new year, so that when he has sold out his wares he is able to load up, almost to the water line, with the principal expert of the country.

the principal expert of the country. That the ocean-peddling trade is not without its dangers is illustrated by a story told by a mate of one of those vessels. In order to preserve his respectable character the contraband goods are sometimes stored in places likely to escape the vigilant eye of the customs officer, and in the case in question the mate's bunk was chosen as the safest repository for certain packages of dynamite consigned to the leaders of a Nicaraguan revolution. All went well until the night before the ship was due to arrive at her destination, when a thunderstorm occurred—the lightning playing about the masts in an alarming manner. The mate confessed that the idea of turning in upon a bed of dynamite under such circumstances was not conducive to peaceful repose, even to one accustomed to sleep through all manner of dangers; but with the reflection that if a flash found its way to his bunk he would not be likely to be made aware of the fact, he slumbered serenely through his watch below, and next day delivered the "canned tomatoes" safely to the consignee.

The ocean-peddling trade on the Pacific has been shorn of much of its profit since the interisland passenger traffic in natives, who too often were carried as passengers, much against their will, to dive for pearls on the great Australian bank, has been effectually suppressed. Still, a considerable trade is carried on in small articles of hardware, old clothes, personal trinkets and an occasional case of "dry goods," which, if seized, would turn out to be remarkably wet.—N. Y. Sun.

The Hospital Orderly, The position of hostital orderly, though not such an easy one as that of the patient, is also not to be despised. The hours off duty are many, and the work by no means hard. The orderly is supposed to undergo a course of training; one of his duties is to write accurate reports. These begin in a crude and elementary form. A night report on a serious case which demanded hourly attention ran thus: "Patient were of no trubbel." (As an amendment to this report, "Nurse and patient slept well" was suggested.) Another on an unpopular sergeant was brief: "Jackson is a confounded newsance." More advanced specimens are these: "Saunders 'ad is nurrishment reglar, he also 'ad bleeding from the nose." "O'Flannagan were very restless and would not sleep without I sot beside 'im and took milk reglar." But why wonder at these efforts of ignorant orderlies, when medical students have been known to write notes thus: "The house surgeon dressed the wound looking red and angry;" or, "Patient complains of severe headache, but has no children."-Cornhill Magazine.

He Craved a Favor.
"Say," called the victim from beneath
the bed coverings.

"Well?" asked one of the burglars, gruffly.
"Would you fellows mind carrying off that ornamental watch dog of mine in the front yard along with the rest

of your swag?"-Philadelphia North

American.

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