

EMPERAL CAPRICE.

How the Empress Anna Punished an Offending Noble.

Empress Anna of Russia in the last year of her reign carried out one of the most "mighty and magnificent" caprices that ever entered into the head of even a supreme monarch.

In 1739 one of her nobles, Prince Golitzin, offended her, and she varied the usual programme, did not send him to Siberia, but instead made him court page and buffoon.

When the wedding day came there was a procession of 300 persons, mostly peasants, from every part of Russia.

The bride and groom rode in the midst in a great iron cage placed on the back of an elephant.

After marching through the principal streets of St. Petersburg they went to a building we hear of as the duke of Courland's riding house, and there supper was served in many different fashions, for each guest supped as he would have done at home, and the customs in different parts of Russia then differed greatly.

SYSTEM IN CONVERSATION.

Secret of the Transformation in a Bashful Young Man.

As an overgrown boy—for I was six feet tall at 14—I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it.

I found it difficult to convince my associates of later years that I then habitually sat mute while others chatted. A word or two of remembrance from my mother had in a single day corrected this during my senior year, so far as the family table was concerned, and this emboldened me to try the experiment on a wider field.

I said to myself, thinking of other young men who made themselves quite agreeable: "These youths are not your superiors—perhaps in the recitation-room or the playground hardly your equals.

I had, of course, something in common with them elsewhere?" Thus influenced, I conquered myself in a single evening and lost my shyness forever. The process was unique, so far as I know, and I have often recommended it to shy young men.

A Home-Made Tire Cement. The following is recommended by the Allgemeine Tischler Zeitung as a strong and lasting cement for rubber either on metal or wood, and hence will serve for cementing bicycle tires.

A poultry paper makes the statement that short-legged chickens fatten best, and the sage who runs the White Cloud Globe says he has noticed the same thing about people.

More Trolleys. The syndicate operating the street railways in Mexico are introducing electricity as a motive power. The company owns 140 miles of road.

HORSE WOULD GO, SO THEY HAD BUILT A FIRE UNDER HIM.

He was a very balky horse, and a rebellious spirit caught him just in front of the stage door of the Herald Square theater Saturday afternoon as the funny men and women of the "French Maid" were leaving the theater.

Comedians Bigelow, Mostyn, Redway, Honey and Armstrong all fired suggestions at the disconsolate driver. The man—one of the licensed venders gentry—gave them all a test, but his nag and cart remained immovable.

"You have enough there to burn a house," ventured Mann a few moments later, as the venter dropped a flaming match into a heaping pile of combustibles.

"He'll need it all, or I don't know my own plug," answered the venter. When the piebald realized what was being done to him it appeared a toss-up whether he would kick the fire out or merely shatter the dashboard.

A third thought came to him, however. After swinging his speckled head full around and grinning at Evans, he moved about five feet. This freed him of the fully developed conflagration, but brought the bottom of the cart right against it.

A yell of delight went up from the crowd at this, and the driver started for Evans, who just here made a quick fit through the stage door. When the crowd succeeded in getting the cart from the fire there was a big charred leak in its bottom.

The punishment apparently seeming adequate, the piebald peacefully permitted the venter to continue his way.—N. Y. Telegram.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Curiosities of This Great Institution—The Gold King's Throne Room.

Some of the curiosities of the Bank of England are well worth describing. In the printing room a man sits at a little table, and every three seconds a machine hands him two complete five-pound notes.

The vaults where the gold is stored are still more curious. In the antechamber to the gold king's throne room are a few men attired in almost mediaeval costume, commanded by a very modern personage, who wears a frock coat and a silk hat.

The vaults where the gold is stored are still more curious. In the antechamber to the gold king's throne room are a few men attired in almost mediaeval costume, commanded by a very modern personage, who wears a frock coat and a silk hat. The latter, with the assistance of another, who is also sprucely dressed, unlocks the iron gates of the vault. Around the white-washed cellar are ranged trolleys, upon each of which rest bars of pure gold to the amount of £80,000, the particular vault to which visitors are admitted contain £2,000,000 worth of bullion.

In another vault every note which is returned is stored for five years, and here is kept one, for £25, which stayed away for over 100 years. It has been calculated that during that period the loss on the note in interest amounted to over £6,000.—London Truth.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"The execution of Dr. Pritchard, the prisoner, was carried out during the period of a general election," says a London exchange. "One of the journalists who witnessed the execution, and who also had been working hard on the election reports, began his introduction for his Edinburgh paper in the train in this wise: 'The execution of Dr. Pritchard at Glasgow yesterday adds another to the long list of liberal victories by which the recent recess has been distinguished.' Then he fell asleep."

What May Happen. Congressman Dennis (ten years hence)—Mr. Speaker, I desire to present a bill granting a pension to Mr. Fake Scribbler, former editor of the Hullabaloo, whose health was ruined by the excitement consequent upon waging in his columns the late war against Spain.—Philadelphia North American.

FAT AND STATURE.

Among the highest mountains that have never been ascended to the summit are Everest (8,840 meters), Dapsang (8,755), Dawalagiri (8,534), Tagerman (7,619), Khan Tengri (7,316).

THE INTENT STRANGER.

Made a Good Living by Posing Before Show Windows.

He was poorly and thinly clad and looked cold and hungry, yet on the three occasions on the same day that I passed the art store he was standing outside at the window, his nose glued to the pane, and seemingly staring intently at a large engraving of Michael Angelo's masterpiece, "The Last Judgment." Perceiving him thus for the third time riveted to the spot, my curiosity was so aroused that I approached the window, and, feigning shortsightedness, asked:

"Will you kindly inform me of the subject of that large picture?" "That there is what they call Mackael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,'" was the reply.

"Oh, I thought it would prove some such great work of art," I remarked, "for I have noticed you hanging over it every time I went by the man out, but he remained as dumb as an oyster. I then went on: 'I am an admirer of the fine arts myself in my humble way, but you must be an enthusiast.'"

"Don't care a red for art," said the stranger. "Don't? Well, that's strange. Perhaps you are attracted by the theology of the production?"

"Never took no stock in theology," he rejoined. "I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "May be, then, you had a fac-simile of Michael Angelo's great work in the home of your boyhood, and the sight of that beautiful engraving recalls the old happy days when you were your father's pride, your mother's joy—when, bareheaded and barefooted, you chased the butterfly on the sea and—"

"Fiddlesticks, old gentleman! Fiddlesticks! You're only wasting good wind!" the man of mystery interrupted. "Never had no home to speak of, and never was no father's or mother's pride, but the contrary; and as for hustling after butterflies, I never would cross the street for a bushel basket of them sort of curios."

After cudgeling my brain a moment or two for some other conceivable reason for the stranger's presence, I tried again: "Well, in that case, it is just possible that the proprietor of this store pays you to stand here as a decoy to draw the attention of the public to the window?"

"Once more on the wrong scent, boss," returned the man. "He is more likely to order me off as hurting his business."

My curiosity had now reached fever heat, and I resolved to clinch matters at once. "Here is a dollar, my friend," I said, producing a bill of that denomination. "That becomes your property if you will explain the reason of your prolonged stay at this window?"

"Now you're talking! That's what I call biz!" exclaimed the stranger, with sudden animation. "Well, then, listen. I'm here because I know a little people's curiosity, knowing that there's lots in this world of ourn like you, boss, able and willing to pay handsome to have that annoyin' passion gratified. To-day I am at this window, and to-morrow I will be somewhere else. That's all there's to it."

"And you find it pays?" I queried. "Purty fairly. Your dollar jest makes my takes-in so far six and a quarter—all spot cash. But that's consider'ble better than ord'nar' mind."

"How do you account for to-day's boom?" I asked. "Oh, one elderly gentleman who took me for a Royal society president a little under the weather donated me \$2.50, and a lady what declared that my physiog reminded her of some party called Titian, she knuckled me down two dollars. So, y' see, that was a big lift from only two patrons."

"Don't the police trouble you at all?" "But seldom," was the reply. "They stare puzzled like, like most everybody else, but it takes more gall than even your average cop has about his person to crowd a great artist in hard luck."

"And it's only art store windows, then, that form your pasture ground?" I suggested. "Oh, by no manner of means," came the response. "I'm nearly as much to home at book stores. Guess to-morrow, for a change, I'll locate at a book-store winder. Then it'll be the great-author-gone-to-seed dodge. Any mortal thing you like to name for a straight-up-and-down, clean, honest living. That's my religion."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Hard on Love. "I can't see any sense in representing love as blind," said the Sweet Young Thing. "You don't understand the metaphor," said the Savage Bachelor. "It is only a polite way of saying he is half-witted."—Indianapolis Journal.

Feit Querred. She—Didn't you feel queer when I refused you the first time? He—Yes, I felt queer.—Town Topics.

Bulletin Financier.

Jendi, 16 juin 1898.

COMPTES D'ÉCHANGES (CLEARING HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE ORLEANS.

Juillet cette semaine... \$5,812,640 00 \$585,634 00

Même temps la semaine... \$5,626,705 00 \$663,359 00

MARCHE MONETAIRE.

Nouvelle-Orléans... 7 1/2

MONNAIES.

SOVERAINS Victoria... \$4 80 @ 4 90

LONDRES.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE ORLEANS.

ACTIONS ET OBLIGATIONS.

Canal et Banking Co... 100 70

FRANCAIS.

AMERICAINES.

INDUSTRIELLES.

FINANCIERES.

COMMERCE.

TRANSPORTS.

ENERGIE.

INDUSTRIELLES.

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Bulletin Commercial.

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COTON.

MARCHE DE NEW-YORK.

MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

MARCHE DE HAVRE.

MARCHE DE BRUXELLES.

MARCHE DE ROTTERDAM.

MARCHE DE LONDRES.

MARCHE DE PARIS.

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MARCHE DE MELBOURNE.

MARCHE DE AUCKLAND.

MARCHE DE WELLINGTON.

MARCHE DE DUNEDIN.

MARCHE DE CHRISTCHURCH.

MARCHE DE HAMILTON.

MARCHE DE TAIPEI.

MARCHE DE MANILA.

MARCHE DE CEBU.

MARCHE DE BATAVIA.

MARCHE DE SOERABAYA.

MARCHE DE SURABAYA.

MARCHE DE YOKOHAMA.

SECOIRIES.

Le Board of Trade donne les cotations suivantes...

Le Coton Exchange a rapporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 1,850 balles et 250 a arriver.

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