

HE GOT THE ORDER.

That Was Because He Had German Telephone Receivers.

J. G. Nolen, who is an old-timer in the electrical construction business, tells a good story on "Val" Blatz, the millionaire brewer, of Milwaukee.

Mr. Nolen says: "Our company had had some correspondence with Mr. Blatz regarding the putting in of a telephone plant in his big brewing establishment, and I was sent up to try to close a deal.

"I took a couple of our phones with me, in order to make a practical demonstration, should one be required, and I went with the intention of making a sale.

"I got to talking with Mr. Blatz, and showed him the advantages of putting in our intercommunicative system throughout his establishment. He listened attentively, and finally said:

"Yes, that is all so; very true. But, and he spoke with the conviction of one who was putting a poser, 'but my men down in the malt house and the warehouses and cold storage are all Dutchmen.'

"I, myself, though a German, and a graduate of the universities of Leipzig and Heidelberg, can speak English, but what good would your telephones be to my Dutch workmen, who cannot talk English at all?"

"Well, I saw how the land lay. Old Val could not get it through his head that the telephone would transmit anything but the language of America. I was bound to make the deal, as I said before, so I remarked to Mr. Blatz:

"I can put on some German receivers if you so desire. I have some with me."

"I connected up the phones, made a show of changing the receivers, and half an hour Mr. Blatz was talking to one of his 'Dutchmen' down in the malt house. He was delighted.

"You may put them in," he said, "and I shall want one German one in the malt house, one German one in each warehouse. English ones in my office and the business office, and a German one in the cold storage house."

"We closed the deal, and Mr. Blatz was glad to pay two dollars extra for each 'German' announciator we put in.

When the phones were shipped from the factory I had them labeled German and English, respectively, and the big brewer was perfectly satisfied.

"It was five years before I saw Blatz again," concluded Mr. Nolen. "He recognized me at once, and said, with a hearty German laugh: 'You are the accommodating gentleman who put in the German and English telephones for me. Well, you are a good one!'"

FRENCH FOREIGN TRADE.

France Alarmed at the Growing Commerce of Germany.

Jules Roche, at one time French minister of commerce, has just published an article in Le Figaro, which draws anything but an encouraging picture of the present status of France in regard to foreign commerce when compared to Germany. The article is entitled "The German Invasion."

According to the custom house statistics of 1897 the imports amounted last year to 4,000,000,000 francs, and the exports to 3,675,000,000 francs, which was an increase compared with 1896 of 201,000,000 francs in the imports and 275,000,000 francs in the exports. M. Roche admits that the progress is considerable, but he points out that the true state is shown only when a comparison is made with other nations, especially with Germany.

Taking 1872, the year following the Franco-Prussian war, as the starting point of comparison, M. Roche shows in that year the exports of France amounted to 3,762,000,000 francs and those of Germany to 2,900,000,000 francs. In 1896, however, the exports of France were only 3,401,000,000 francs, but those of Germany had increased to 4,892,000,000 francs. Consequently, between 1872 and the end of 1896 the exports of Germany had increased by 1,992,000,000 francs, and those of France had diminished by 361,000,000 francs—that is to say, an increase of over 68 per cent. for Germany and a decrease of close on 10 per cent. for France.

Her Little Mistake.

While traveling by train to Carlisle we stopped for a few minutes at Hellifield. A stout lady came hurrying on the platform and got into the carriage beside us. Just as she was sitting down a fish wagon was shunted on to the train, which caused the whole train to move a little. The lady was greatly surprised.

"Losh keep mel!" she said. "I ayekent I was heavy, but I never thought I could move a whole train!"—Answer.

Scoundrel Just the Same.

A favorite trick of a scoundrel is to place good men in such a position that they are compelled to stand by him.—Atchison Globe.

Facts.

Real knowledge consists not in an acquaintance with facts, which only makes a pedant, but in the use of facts, which makes a philosopher.

"CHICKENS" CAME HOME.

How the Curse of a Vengeful Trick Plagues Mr. Swift.

Mr. J. H. Swift, of Paducah, Ky., tells a good story on himself:

"Fifteen years ago, when I was but a seemingly incorrigible youth," said he, "I chanced while out hunting one day to trespass upon the farm of one of our neighbors whose acerbity to temper was known the country over, with the result that a severe chastisement was given me. At that time my anger knew no bounds, still discretion was not entirely overthrown, and I kept my own counsel, with the result that a plan for revenge at last occurred to me. So one dark night when all the elements seemed at war, with pockets well filled with Johnson grass seeds, I sallied forth and here and there scattered them about his magnificent field.

"In a few years the scattered seeds had covered the field, with the result that it had to be abandoned for agricultural purposes and eventually one of the finest farms in the old Blue Grass state was overrun with this pest. The years went rapidly by and soon both my father and the old farmer were gathered to their reward, each leaving a single child. It was only last year that my chicken came home to roost," so to speak, for I then led the hymeneal altar the sole surviving heir to that Johnson grass field in the person of the lovely daughter of my enemy of boyhood days.

"To-day," said he, sadly, "about all we have in this world in the way of reality is that magnificent waste of rapidly growing grass. Every time I look at that old farm I am forcibly reminded of the short-sightedness of human flesh in general and the fact that, after all, a strict observance of the Golden Rule is by long odds the best policy. To-day I am spending every dollar I can possibly rake and scrape together in a seemingly vain endeavor to render serviceable my wife's inheritance."—Kansas City Journal.

JOKER WEEPS REAL TEARS

At Bedside of Friend He Had Reported to Be Dead.

James A. Ryan, who keeps a saloon on Clark street, in Chicago, turned a practical joke upon the joker one night recently.

Phil Rose, who is one of Ryan's friends, and who keeps a liquor store at 202 Wentworth avenue, told a dozen or more of Ryan's friends that Mr. Ryan was dead, and he suggested that they go down and hold a wake over his remains.

The friends, taking the matter seriously, hurried down to Ryan's place, after first getting themselves into the proper key. Gus Anderson, of 461 Clark street, was the first to arrive, and he found his neighbor, Ryan, very much alive and doing a lively business. He told of the hoax, and Ryan quickly arrayed himself in a suit of black, with a white tie and a little of his wife's powder on his face, and lay down on his bed, looking every inch a dead man.

The friends arrived, and were ushered solemnly into the presence of the supposedly dead man. Everything looked real and funeral. The friends told each other in subdued voices "what a fine man Jim was," and comforted the "widow" who was helping the farce along. Then they returned to Phil Rose's place and told of the death-chamber scene. They appeared so sincere that the astonished Rose, thinking his joke had by a queer coincidence proved to be the truth, betook himself to the Ryan abode. He, too, was admitted to the silent bedroom, and looked sorrowfully and guiltily upon the quiet features of his friend. Then he burst into tears. "Ah, Jim," he cried; "poor Jim; little did I think I should ever have to shed tears of sorrow over that joke."

Ryan at this point rose up in his bed and said: "Come, old man, the drinks are on you."

Rose says he will never joke again.—Chicago Record.

Fatal Realism.

"I hear your company got mobbed in Dawson City," said the actor who couldn't go. "I thought you would wind up about that way."

"There was nothing wrong about the play," explained the actor who had come back. "It all arose from our presenting a Christmas dinner scene, in which we used real turkey. The jays piled up on the stage ten deep."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Literal Construction.

Mother (to little fat son)—That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your sister's share of the cake.

Tommy—You know you told me that I was always to take her part.—Fun.

Avoiding Contingencies.—"Joes is looking all over town for you." "So I understand; but I'm keeping under cover. It must be that I owe him money or that he wants to owe him some."—Philadelphia North-American.

The One Thing Unchanged.—Almost everything is done in a new way nowadays, except making love.—Somerville Journal.

ACCOMPLISHED CATS.

Some That Have Made a Record for Themselves.

It is doubtful whether the London cat is in the least degree more docile or biddable than his country cousin. He is more dependent on man, for no one ever hears of a London cat going off to live a wild life willingly, though they will often obey the order "Come," when they absolutely refuse to entertain the command "Go," and as most useful service involves this as the initial idea, the animal which refuses obedience to it is practically useless, except as a volunteer. The admirable sporting qualities, even of the London cat, should make him a most useful and amusing aid in sport, if he could be induced to cooperate with his owner. There is only one piece of evidence that, in ancient times, the cat was so trained—an Egyptian painting showing a cat bringing wild fowl to its master from a paprus bed—and very few instances are on record even of its being trained to retrieve in our day.

A visitor to one of the monasteries on Mount Carmel states that when several of the monks went out, gun on shoulder, to shoot game for the pot, he saw their cats marching out after them, to aid as retrievers; but he did not witness the sport. There is no doubt that cats can be trained to follow, like dogs. A workingman in the North Midlands recently owned a small cat, which followed him all day, and when tired was carried in a large pocket in its master's coat. So also a navvy some years ago owned a cat which had followed or accompanied him to work in most parts of north and western England, sometimes following him on foot and sometimes carried in the white washable bag, in which navvies keep their Sunday clothes.

But, as a rule, it is much easier to teach them not to do things than to do them. Recently in a large engineering works there was some regret that the best "foundry cat" was dead. The sand used for making casts in the foundry is mixed with flour. Mice come to eat the flour and spoil the "moulds." It is not desirable that rats and mice should be about in this loft, so cats are kept there. The cats have to be taught not to walk about on the moulds or scratch them up, and this "best foundry cat" was absolutely perfect in this respect. In these works most departments have a special cat. There is even one in the galvanizing shop, which knows quite well that the hot metal spurts when plates are dipped in, and has learned to get under cover at that juncture. It need scarcely be said that the London cat is a worse enemy to caged birds even than the country pussy, as in the daytime it lives more indoors. Whether it ever catches gold-fish out of a bowl we do not know; but there are no complaints of its robbing fishmongers' shops to gratify its taste in that line. On the whole, we imagine that the cat is happy in London, far happier, for instance, than the dog. Even if lost he has far more savoir faire than the latter. The stray dog attacks himself to some one in the street, who has at once the uncomfortable feeling that the dog is trying to make out that he has stolen him. The lost cat comes to a house and asks relief where it can most readily be given.—London Spectator.

DIDN'T FIT HIS CASE.—A Maxim and a Poem—The Bench Was His Ambition.

There is a poet in the law school at Ann Arbor who may one day be a judge. Several days ago part of a class was sitting around waiting for services to begin when one of the students fished a back number of Life out of a desk and began a careless study of its contents, as one will do when that is all there is to do. He was not interested at first, but presently something attracted his attention, and his face showed it at once.

"What have you found?" inquired the man nearest.

"A brief little thought to this effect: 'There are no benches along the path that leads to success.'"

"No benches?" remonstrated a tired-looking student.

"That's what."

"Hold on a minute," exclaimed a student with poetic length of hair, "say that over again, please."

The reader went over the line slowly: "There are no benches along the path that leads to success"—and the chap with long hair pulled a pencil and set to work on the flyleaf of his law book. Presently he held up his hand and the others gave heed.

"Here," he said, "is what I think of that sentiment," and he read:

"Then, prithee, life, what hope have they, Who of a legal mind, Have taken to the law and are judicially inclined?"

As a judge I should sit on Life first and on the bench later," said the first man, and the professor entered.

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The One Thing Unchanged.—Almost everything is done in a new way nowadays, except making love.—Somerville Journal.

ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTES PAR LE SHERIF.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une Propriété de Valeur Améliorée du Troisième District.

Connue comme le No 836 rue Deslodez coin de la rue Bourgogne.

Antoine Cassanova vs A. B. Cassanova

COUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT pour la Paroisse d'Orléans—No 53.167—En vertu d'un writ de saisis et vente à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous intitulée, je procéderai à la vente à l'encherre publique, à la Bourse des Encanteurs, Nos 629 et 631 rue Commune entre les rues Camp et St Charles, dans le Premier District de cette ville, le JEUDI 28 avril 1898 à midi, de la propriété ci-après décrite, à savoir:

Lot 1, 2, 3, dans l'îlot No 11, Herville, 6me district de la Nouvelles d'Orléans, borné par les rues Franklin, Prud'homme et Chauvin, et mesurant 100 pieds sur 100, avec une surface d'approximativement 1000 mètres carrés.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de propriétés de valeur du Sixième District.

Rosetta Gravel Paving and Improvement Company

—Succession de Arch. Stewart.

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ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de Propriétés de Valeur dans les Premier et Quatrième Districts.

Conditions—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ, Sheriff Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

Robert J. Malony, avocat pour le plaignant.

19 mars—25 26 avril 1 7 15 22

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

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Conditions—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ, Sheriff Civil de la Paroisse d'Orléans.

Harold W. Newmec, avocat du plaignant.

18 mars—18 25 avril 1 7 15 21

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