

MONKEYS HARD TO "TAKK"

Agile Little Creatures Refuse to Look the Camera Fairly in the Face.

"One of the most difficult brutes to photograph is the monkey," said a man who makes a business of taking the pictures of all sorts of animals and birds, to a Washington Star reporter.

"You may try as much as you like, but you will never succeed in making a monkey look straight into the center of a camera for even a second. Its glance always shifts off from one side to the other. Nor will it ever catch your eye full or fix its own upon yours, and I have come to the conclusion that a monkey cannot look at a camera any more than it can a human being in the face."

"Take a dog's head in your two hands and look into its eyes. The beast will return your gaze, not for long, perhaps, for the contemplation of human intelligence distresses all animals. But it is not so with the monkey. I hold its head as patiently as you please between your hands, and it will cast its eyes up to the ceiling and keep on winking, or cast them down at the floor, as if asleep, or twist them around in a most absurd fashion to look over to one side or the other, but never, even in passing by it, will it catch yours."

"Why is this? I don't know, unless it is that the animal has some secret regarding our own origin that it does not wish us to find out. However, if they are bashful, they are very inquisitive, and if I were to leave my camera unattended for ten minutes in a cage containing a dozen monkeys half the family would be busy taking photographs of the other half."

GREASY NOSES AND LIVERS.

A Little Medicine Is All That Is Now Needed to Remedy the Trouble.

"A greasy nose is as sure a sign of a disordered liver," explained a physician to a Washington Star reporter, "as anything that I know outside of real sickness, and by studying this as a barometer much trouble can be averted. In these days when a full outfit of medical granules for liver troubles can be secured for ten cents at any drug store there is but little excuse for it, except in rare cases, when ten cents' worth of medicine won't do the work, and where a physician is necessary."

"I was much amused at reading in a New York paper recently an article written by one of these modern beautifiers of a preparation that was said to be a sure remedy for a greasy nose, and how much vinegar, spirits of wine and a half-dozen other things should be used in a preparation to wash the nose, and after telling all of these things up with advising that some liver medicine should be used in connection therewith. Now, I can assure you that the liver medicine would effect the cure without the rose leaves and the other stuff, and, indeed, in spite of it, I don't mean to say that one of those swollen, three times enlarged and fiery red proboscides can be reduced with a little liver medicine, but what is known as greasy nose will be removed by it."

WALKING FROM DAY TO DAY.

A Traveler Who Reports That He Has Found a Unique Spot in the Fiji Islands.

There is one place where you can walk from one day into another. Yes, there is a part of Vanua Levu, the northern of the two main islands of the Fiji group, which is crossed by the 180th degree of east longitude, and given in a street in a town running north and south of this line, it would be, say, Sunday on one side and Monday on the other, and a few years hence it might also be the 19th century on one side and the 20th on the other, but, of course, not for very long.

W. S. Gilbert was once thinking of threading an opera on this line—the meridian of course—and if he has given the idea up, the world has lost a good deal of laughter. One can imagine the stage representing the street with a white line down the center with churches open and public closed on the one side, with public open and churches closed on the other side. The idea of a man trying to serve another with a writ under such circumstances would also be rather funny, because, you see, it would be a trifle difficult to serve a writ which is dated to-day yesterday, and while yesterday was catching up to to-day, of course the other man might have got into to-morrow, and so on. The idea is distinctly Gilbertian.

Peculiar Boycott.

Sulz, a Swiss town in the canton of Aargau, is suffering from a peculiar boycott. The town recently dismissed its school teacher, after 50 years' service, without giving him a pension, and advertised for a new teacher. There were no applications for the place, the Aargau Teachers' League having put the town on its black list and declared that it would not remove the ban until the discharged teacher received a pension. The town decided to sue the teachers, but no lawyer in the canton could be found to take up the case. Other professional men have also decided to have nothing to do with Sulz.

The Pope and His Birds.

It may not be generally known that the pope has a collection of birds of which he is very fond, including some gaudy-colored parrots, while among other pets are pelicans, ostriches and fawns. These receive his frequent attention. He has also a vineyard, so much the object of his special care and attention that he may almost be called its cultivator.

A GREEK CHURCH IN LONDON.

The Ancient Inscription Over the Door Is Still in Good Preservation.

In 1876 one Joseph Georgeirenes, archbishop of Samos, came to London to obtain assistance in publishing a book of devotions for the use of the orthodox community, says Notes and Queries. He found his compatriots at the west end of London without a church, and on his application to Compton, bishop of London, gave him a piece of ground in Soho fields on which to build one. The bishop's name, by the way, is still preserved in that of the adjacent Compton street, as also in Frith street is the name of one Mr. Frith, who acted for his lordship in the matter.

Georgeirenes succeeded in collecting some £1,500 and the church was ultimately built. It was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin and over its door was placed a stone-incised inscription, which exists, in excellent preservation, to this day. It is in rather fantastic modern Greek characters, impossible to reproduce in type, and has been translated as follows: "In the year of salvation 1877 this temple was erected for the nation of the Greeks—the most serene Charles II. being king of the royal (lit. born in the purple). Prince Lord James being the commander of the forces, Rt. Rev. Lord Henry Compton being bishop— at the expense of the above and other bishops and nobles, and with the concurrence of our humility of Samos, Joseph Georgeirenes, a native of the island of Melos."

IKE DIGGES' STACK OF BLUES.

Failed to Win Because He Had No Chips to Finger—Died in a Hayloft.

"All gamblers are superstitious, religiously superstitious," said one of the old ones, who sticks to the business even in New York. "Have you ever noticed how a gambler thumbs and fingers his chips when he is at a faro table? An old sport wouldn't play faro if he couldn't play with his chips. I knew of a suicide that happened in a gambling house in my town a good many years ago, and it was on account of what I am talking about. Ike Digges was his name, and he used to drive a stage. He was clean gone on faro. One night after he came in from a long trip he got \$20 worth of blue chips, and everything was coming his way, when somehow he lost his grip on his chips and they fell to the floor. He never took his eyes from the dealer until the last card was out of the box, and then he saw he had lost. He never stopped to pick up his chips, but went out to the barn, and about an hour later one of the hands came in, and, after buying a stack, asked in a sort of funny way what the house had done to Ike Digges. The dealer said 'nothing,' and asked why.

"Killed himself in the hayloft a little bit ago," said the barn hand. But nobody paid any attention to it until the next day, when the dealer said he noticed Ike 'turn pale under the gills' after he'd knocked his chips from the layout.

ONE BOY PUMMELING ANOTHER

Different Views Taken of the Incident by People in a Passing Street Car.

That men may look at the same thing very differently, each according to his own temperament or habit, was shown on a street car passing a house upon whose doorstep one boy stood pummeling another. They were both small boys. The boy who was being pummelled stood wedged as far as he could get into the angle formed by the door and the side of the doorway. He was making no effort to defend himself except to cover his face with his arm, while the other boy pounded him as hard as he could, which, however, was not hard enough to do any great damage, says the New York Sun.

Of three passengers, mental impressions of whose faces were taken as they watched the boys while the car skipped past, one was evidently disturbed. To him the sight of a small boy forgetting himself in passion and striking another little fellow repeatedly as hard as he could was a distressing sight.

Another man looked on quite undisturbed by the sight. In fact he smiled as he looked. He didn't worry over the boy who was crowding in the corner without resenting the blows, and the efforts of the other little chap were amusing rather than otherwise.

The Babies of a Single Year.

It will probably startle a good many persons to find that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe. Imagine the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the 12 months had passed by. Going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,300 an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babes was drawing to a close there would be a rearguard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old children.

Want the Celtic Gold Ornaments.

Irishmen of all parties are prosecuting the movement for securing the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babes was drawing to a close there would be a rearguard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old children.

THE TINY WHITEBAIT.

A Fish That Has Only Recently Appeared Upon Our Hotel Tables.

It is only of late years that "whitebait" has appeared on the menus at our leading restaurants, or that the tiny fish answering to that appellation could be bought in our markets, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. For many years, we regarded them as distinctly an English dish, and made no effort to obtain their equivalent. Everyone knows the genuine whitebait of England, which are born and bred and caught in the Thames, and are supposed to obtain their peculiarly delicious flavor from London mud and refuse, but whether they are a lilliputian variety of the finny tribe in themselves, no one seems exactly to know.

In this country almost any young fish that is from one to one and one-half inches in length and are caught in quantities are sold in the market nowadays as whitebait and are cooked in the English and served up not only crisp with thin slices of brown bread and butter, making a delicious dish, whatever they are. The English recipe for cooking whitebait commands that they should be drained on a clean napkin, thoroughly absorbing all the water; then roll them in flour and afterward drop them in some very hot fat. As soon as they become crisp drain them on a sieve, and after drying them a minute or two before the fire sprinkle on them a little salt and send them to the table to be served with cut quarters of lemon, cayenne pepper and slices of thinly cut brown bread and butter.

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE.

He Was Seeking Information and the Fair Young Girl Had Great Fun with Him.

He was a tourist, notes the Washington Star. He had come to this country for the purpose of getting some impressions, and he had refrained from reading even a guide book, so as to keep his mind free from prejudice, he said.

"There are lots of Yankees in this country, aren't there?" he inquired with the studied nonchalance of the man who prides himself on being able to pump people without their suspecting it.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne demurely; "a great many."

"And there are some Sioux and Arapahoes, and Plutes and Philadelphians."

"Oh, yes. And besides them we have Apaches and Baltimoreans, and Californians and Wimdoughais, and ever so many more."

"Dear me! I don't see how you remember their names. I recall reading in a book on America that there was once a tribe known as Diggers. Are there any of them around here?"

A SOCIABLE SEAL.

The Strange Story Told in Scotland of the Remarkable Conduct of a Sea Animal.

A gentleman residing in Broughty Ferry, who owns a seal, took a run down the river the other day, accompanied by some friends, for the purpose of having a seal hunt, says the Edinburgh Dispatch. On the banks at the mouth of the estuary they saw large numbers of seals, old and young. Believing that these creatures are attracted by whistling, they tried the experiment, and were surprised to observe a young seal following in the wake of the yacht. Continuing to whistle, the creature followed up the river, disappearing for a time, and then reappearing with its head above the surface of the water. It was not far off when the yacht reached its anchorage in the West Ferry bay, and after the yachtsmen went ashore they were more than astonished to see the young seal flopping up the beach behind them. So tame was the creature that they had no difficulty in capturing it. It was carried to their home. It was well fed and cared for. Not having a proper place for keeping such a pet, it was resolved to restore it to its natural element, and the yachtsmen proceeded down the river to the neighborhood of Broughty castle, where it was placed in the water. So attached, however, had the seal become to its captors that it refused to leave and again followed them home to West Ferry.

An Electrical Congress.

In order to celebrate in a fitting manner the discovery of the electrical pile, Coma, the birthplace of Alessandro Volta, has decided to hold an international electrical exposition, and a congress of electricians in 1899. The electrical exposition will illustrate the progress of electricity during the nineteenth century, and the congress of electricians will treat of the most recent progress and the numerous applications of electricity.

Sunset Bell.

In Seoul, Corea, a town bell proclaims the fact that the sun has vanished beneath the horizon. No man is allowed in the street after that hour, under penalty of a flogging; but, strange to say, women are permitted to go around as usual, visiting their friends or strolling for pleasure.

Bulletin Financier.

Mercredi, 23 novembre 1898.

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Change de monnaie... 7,800,200-00 \$1,338,190 00

MARCHE MONÉTAIRE.

Nouveaux-Orléans... 70-00

MORNAIS.

Or... 132-45

ARGENT EN LINGOTS (PAR OMBRE).

Le STERLING est calme.

VENTES À LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS.

\$1,000 Canal and Club RR. Mort (34) 102

ACTIONS ET BONS.

Oréal et Banking Co... 100 131

MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

Plus haut.

MARCHE DE HAVRE.

Plus haut.

MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

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MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

Plus haut.

Bulletin Commercial.

Mercredi, 23 novembre 1898.

MARCHE DE LA NILE-ORLÉANS.

Le Coton... 2,200 balles à 2,700 à livrer.

MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

Plus haut.

MARCHE DE HAVRE.

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CHOUCHOU.

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