

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

And the Mystery of How He Keeps His Feet and Steers Clear of Danger.

"Drunken men, of course, do fall down cellarways and that sort of thing," said Mr. Noleby, according to the New York Sun. "We read about it occasionally in the papers, but still such mishaps are comparatively rare. Men seem to stagger up to the very verge of such places, and then sheer off in safety. Probably everybody that has lived in a city has at one time or another followed some drunken man with his eye and seen him as he pursued his zigzag course along the sidewalk, lurch up to and fairly lean over the top step of some basement stairs, seen him still leaning, as though he must inevitably topple over and go smashing down to the bottom, only to observe him finally sway back, away from the steps, to start again on his devious course and bring up a moment later on the curbstone hanging in the same manner and in the same danger of falling, now into the gutter.

"But he doesn't fall, and one wonders what preserves him. He staggers on his way, and stumbles sometimes, but recovers himself and never quite goes down. Again he skims smooth and straight along the very edge of some danger spot, but keeps right on into safety. And so he pursues his crooked and dangerous way with a dip or a dive now and then that brings the heart into the mouth of some passer-by who chances upon him suddenly; and at times it seems as though he must go down, but something keeps him up, and some instinct, apparently independent of himself, turns him back from the brink. With such glimmering of sense as he has left, if he has any, he struggles hard to keep up. He may not realize it himself, but instinct makes known to him that if once he goes down he can't get up. "Pursuing a straight course, you soon come up with and pass the staggerer going criss-cross, steering out, perhaps, as you pass, to avoid collision with him."

LOATHED CIDER.

Two Knights of the Road Who Had No Use for Anything That Worked.

A farmer named L. C. Hamer, who makes frequent trips to this city with produce, and whose place is near Mount Rose, O., a little settlement just north of Madisonville, is responsible for the following story: He was driving toward the city the other morning with a load of cider in barrels, when he met two specimens of the hollow variety trudging along the pike. They stopped before his wagon, one politely lifted his hat and asked: "What's the nearest town?" "Mount Rose," answered the farmer. "Ah! sweet name!" answered the tramp. "I think we'll just stop for the rest of our lives when we reach there. Couldst prefer us a drink from one of the barrels?"

The farmer immediately drew a quart cup full of cider and offered it to the pair. They drank it, each made a wry face, and the one of grandiloquent speech, who must have at some time been a member of a variety troupe, drew himself up and said: "Dost know that thou hast insulted us in offering cider? We have a holy horror that amounts to a loathing for cider."

"Why?" asked the farmer. "Because," answered the tramp, with a farewell wave of the hand. "Because it works."

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TREASURE OF TEXAS MATRON.

Her Husband's Thirty-Two-Year-Old Wedding Shirt Still Preserved.

On the 27th of November, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. King, of Nacogdoches, Tex., celebrated their wedding anniversary. On that occasion Mr. King wore the identical shirt in which he was married in 1856. The ancient garment was in good condition, having been treasured carefully by Mrs. King all these years and only brought out on wedding anniversaries. She launders it herself, no one else being allowed to lay a finger on it. Mr. King, who is a native Texan, served in the confederate army, and at the close of the civil war settled near Nacogdoches, where he has lived ever since. In 1856 he was married to Miss Mary Jane Maroney, a niece of Gen. Thomas J. Rusk. In those days dress shirts were rare in that part of the country. The garment which Mr. King wore at his wedding is home-made and hand-made of white cotton goods. It has a bosom after the mode of negligee shirts, with transverse plaits. Mrs. King says it will last for many a year yet, and her husband declares he will last as long as the shirt.

Lake Water Raised by Storms. The tidalike effects of gales on lakes having no ordinary tides is very considerable. In the Chapihan a gale will raise the water on either side six feet, causing a total difference of level of 12 feet, and in Lake Erie heavy gales occasionally cause a difference of level of more than 15 feet.

Has a Wasp for a Pet. Perhaps the strangest pet ever kept by a man was a wasp, which Sir John Lubbock caught in the Pyrenees and resolved to tame. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand, and in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Siberian Sunshine. The Russian meteorologist, Prof. Woeikof, calls attention to the almost uninterrupted sunshine that prevails in winter in the Irkutsk region of Siberia. He thinks it would be an ideal place for consumptives and for raising plants under glass.

LAST MAN ON THE MAINE.

Capt. Sigbee Requested His Officers to Proceed Him Off the Wrecked Ship.

Capt. Charles D. Sigbee in his "Personal Narrative of the Maine" in the Century, speaking of the scene following the explosion, says: "It was a hard blow to be obliged to leave the Maine; none of us desired to leave while any part of her poop remained above water. We waited until satisfied that she was resting on the bottom of the harbor. Lieut. Commander Wainwright then whispered to me that he thought the forward ten-inch magazine had been blown up into the burning material amidship and might explode at any time, with further disastrous effects. He was then directed to get everybody into the boats, which was done. It was an easy operation; one had only to step directly from the deck into the boat. There was still some delay to make sure that the ship's stern had grounded, and still more because of the extreme politeness of the officers, who considerably offered me a steady hand to step into the boat. Lieut. Commander Wainwright stood on one side and Lieut. Holman on the other; each offered me a hand. I suggested the propriety of my being the last to leave, and requested them to precede me, which they did. There was favorable comment later in the press because I left last. It is a fact that I was the last to leave, which was only proper; that is to say, it would have been improper otherwise; but virtually all left last. The fine conduct of those who came under my observation that night was conspicuous and touching. The heroism of the wounded men I did not see at the time, but afterward good reports of their behavior were very common. The patient way in which they bore themselves left no doubt that they added new honors to the service when the Maine went down."

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SPANISH SOLDIERS.

Their Return to Spain Will Surely Embarrass the Nation and Hasten a Crisis.

"A Spaniard" in the Fortnightly Review says: The loss of our (Spanish) colonies means the absolute disappearance of all industry and commerce which the inhabitants of those islands were forced to support. Factories, workshops, magazines—all must be closed, and thousands upon thousands of operatives turned adrift on the world, homeless and helpless. A hundred thousand soldiers will come home to swell their ranks, sickly, mutilated men, no longer needed to fight their country's battles, and no longer able to carry on the struggle for existence under the ruins of the old order of things. The greater number of 30,000 military officers will be deprived of their command and placed on the reserve list, where the pay is such that a captain, who generally has a wife and family to support, receives about 24 sh. a day. Agriculture, which is dying out, cannot support these legions of famishing men, women and children, nor are soldiers the kind of people who take kindly to the hard, humdrum life of the fields. When these multitudes have felt the pinch of hunger, and see themselves thrown back upon the laws of nature to keep them, and their loved ones from dying, then the internal crisis will have begun in its very truth, and the tocsin of the revolution will be sounded. In that day the army will decide, by its attitude, whether Carlists or republicans shall triumph.

NURSES IN INDIA.

Rules Which Govern Them Are Very Stringent and Confine Them Closely.

Judged by the standards which seem to prevail in British India, the Philadelphia nurse—in spite of her increased duties now that so many sick soldiers are under her care—must have an easy time of it, says the Philadelphia Press. Let her, at all events, read and take comfort from these rules, just promulgated for the benefit of the "Nursing Sisters" engaged in tending plague patients in Calcutta: "Sisters must be in to dinners every night, and must not leave the premises after dinner, except with the leave of the lady doctor. Such leave will not be granted more than once a week. * * * The address at which the sister will be must be given to the lady doctor. Sisters going out driving are required to let the lady doctor know their destination and their escort (if any), and she is at liberty to modify the arrangements made if she shall deem it necessary. Visitors to the sisters must send in their card to the lady doctor. Sisters to be in bed by 11 p. m. Visitors may be invited to afternoon tea with the consent of the lady doctor at the expense of the person who invites them."

This supreme "lady doctor" corresponds to our head nurse, and sways a rule which extends to the very servants of the nurses under her.

Black-and-Tan Tigers. "Glance at your family cat or your fox terrier, or the cows in the field. All their markings, and those of nearly all domesticated animals are mottled and totally irregular. This is the curious result of domestication. Wild animals are, as a rule, marked with beautiful regularity. Look at the stripes of the tiger, the spots of the leopard, the absolutely even streaks on the zebra's coat, and a dozen other similar instances. There is very little doubt that all these animals' colors could be changed if they were tamed by men and kept in captivity for a few generations. Fancy a black-and-tan tiger, or a leopard with the irregular markings of a tortoise-shell cat.

THE COLOR LINE IN CUBA.

Some Rubbing of It Will Have to Be Done Before a Stable Government is Formed.

There will have to be some rubbing of the color line if the good people of Cuba—the natives of all shades, the Spanish Cubans and the other residents of foreign descent—combine to form a stable government. It is estimated that about 40 per cent. of the people of Cuba are colored. Under universal suffrage they would control many parts of the island. To an American or Spaniard the Cubans in the least. There is practically no color line among the Cubans proper. It is not an uncommon thing to find families of white Cubans in which a cousin, a nephew or an aunt is unmistakably colored. Nor is African blood a bar to the finest Cuban society, provided the person is descended on one side from a family of honorable connections, says the Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Spaniard, however, draws a distinct difference between the African blood he may have inherited from Moors and the colored admixture in Cuba. In a general way he classes all Cubans as negroes, and refers to all the Cuban struggles for freedom as "negro uprisings." He notes with surprise, yet not with surprise, the fact that similar to his in Illinois and North Carolina, yet are honestly preparing to turn Cuba over to the Cubans.

A REFUGEE FOR NEGROES.

The Island of Hayti May Serve to Help Settle Racial Troubles of This Country.

An experience of a third of a century since the war has shown that the white and black races in the southern states will never harmonize, says the Chicago Tribune. The recent injustices inflicted upon the blacks in North Carolina are but one item in a situation prevailing all over the south. To a certain degree Bishop Turner is right when he says there is no "manhood future" for his race in these states. It would be for the mutual advantage of both whites and black if the dissevered negroes in the cotton states could be induced to go to some country where they could live their own life and develop in their own way. The world has not failed to note what a poor stagger the blacks of Hayti have made at development during the century of independence which they have enjoyed since they got rid of the French and Spanish yokes. But this is the fault of the people and not of the island. There is no better or more convenient country in the world for the American negro to emigrate to than this same rich and luxuriant island of Hayti. If our discontented southern negroes cannot improve and progress there, winning for themselves an increase of wealth and of comfort, then they cannot do it in Africa or anywhere on earth.

SLEEPING MACHINES.

Ingenious Mechanical Apparatus for Bringing About the Condition of Slumber.

Experiments have been made recently with some curious devices in the shape of "sleep machines." Sleep will sometimes result from fatigue of the eyes. Looking at trees or other objects as we rush along in the train will frequently "send us off." An ingenious gentleman has produced a machine for this purpose. It is a box surmounted by two fanlike panels, one above the other, revolving horizontally in opposite directions. These panels are studded with mirrors that throw upon the retina a vibrating flood of twinkling light.

A similar effect is produced by staring at a bright ball placed high above the head, so that some slight strain is caused by staring at it.

Another apparatus for causing drowsiness is formed of clamps for squeezing the arteries leading to the brain. The clamps remain in position for less than half a minute, and by that time the sufferer from insomnia has been placed in a state of somnolence by the decreased flow of blood to the brain.

Still another method is to arrange an electric battery in the bed so that a mild current acts upon the spine.

Gladstone at Church. A writer in the London Church Gazette tells this story about Mr. Gladstone: "It happened to be in a church one Sunday morning when Mr. Gladstone came in; it was a church he attended very rarely, so he was quite unexpected. He had much difficulty in finding a seat, for it was a free and open church and apt to crowd up dreadfully. A curate deacon, whom we all loved, but whose forte was not preaching, happened to be in the pulpit, and caught sight of the prime minister as he hurried in and looked around for a chair. It was almost his first sermon, and, nervous before, this quite upset him. This Mr. Gladstone quickly perceived, and picking up his hat and umbrella, he scurried to the top of the church, and, finding a seat among the children, sat through the whole of a long sermon with his hand to his ear, paying the most marked attention to every word. This gave the curate—I am sorry to say he is since dead—more courage, but after the service Mr. Gladstone took an opportunity of thanking him."

Fish with an Elastic Stomach. The good old rule that a receptacle must be larger than its contents finds apparent refutation in the case of the chismodon, a fish popularly known as "the black swallower." It is noted for its voracity and for the enormous distensibility of its stomach, which permits it to swallow fishes larger than itself.

Bulletin Financier.

Lundi, 2 janvier 1890.

Table with financial data including 'Lundi, 2 janvier 1890', 'L'Union de la Nouvelle-Orleans', 'COTON', 'MARCHÉ DE LA NITRÉ-OFFICIEL', and 'L'ALCOOL 36°/100'.

Bulletin Commercial.

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VIENNE

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