

JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS.

Wonderful Posters Produced in the Orient - Impressions on a Spectator.

Whoever thinks that Posterland was originally situated in Egypt should take a look at the Japanese color prints exhibited in the library of the Drexel Institute, and be convinced that it was discovered in picturesque Japan. Each of them is a handbill, an invitation to a dramatic performance, and shows some character or scene in the play, a quotation and the artist's signature, sometimes his seal as well, for Japanese artists at the end of the eighteenth century had regular seals. It is in reality block printing; the Japanese learned this color printing from the Chinese, who were adepts at it 2,000 years ago. To the ordinary person it would seem that such a hand bill would be enough without going to the performance at all. However, after one got used to such treats one would probably pass scant time with them, even though they were marvels both as to drawing and color. A lovely one, for instance, shows pink skies, terra cotta trees and a maroon building. Now, isn't that picturesque? And the skies vary from a very timely military blue to odd black wishes, which might be the tails of so many horses belonging to the Valkyries themselves.

One is at a loss whether to try and make out what the plays which each print represents were about, or whether to be content with simple admiration. The thing that most strikes one about the men is their tempestuous expressions. Lots of us innocents have always supposed life in Japan altogether lovely, but in these prints not one is to be found who isn't enraged to the point of looking cross eyed, save the one who is evidently eloping with a lady through a dark garden, where only a heathen god is watching. They nearly all carry swords and, what's worse, wield them with stunning force. They have fierce side whiskers, too, and wonderfully, uncomfortably long hips.

As for the gentler sex, a tragedy queen with wild black hair and a style as intense as Bernhard's own chains one. One is glad not to offend her, for she is just as bloodthirsty looking as the men. Here is the leading old woman, too, a capable-looking creature, who could look after two or three debutantes and still have time to pursue the even tenor of her own tempestuous way. The path of the flirtatious young man in Japan must be exceedingly thorny, if all duennas are like these. The maiden aunt is an inspiration compared with many to which our own stage treats us. And the soubrette! What swirls of chrysanthemum-showered drapery! What tantalizing piquant perkiness! No wonder some women have adopted their enchanting little kimonos for negliges. Their "Pompadour" locks everybody has appropriated. What damage must have been done in the heart of the gallery god, or whatever corresponds to him in the Japanese theater.

With all the men villains (we've only their looks to judge by) and all the other sex so many bundles of artistic curves, one ceases speculating as to what it's all about, and becomes lost in a study of their hands. Such hands! Each finger expresses volumes, and every little muscle and joint seems to tell a story of its own.

How different are the prints representing the Chino-Japanese war! A terrific man-o-war is plunging away through the beautifully green sea, leaving behind the wreck of a Chinese craft which looks like some grotesque sea monster. One snowy scene is so real that the falling flakes seem to have been peppered on after it was finished. What splendid vivid crimson flames soar up from each and every cannon! Pictures of war are inspiring, but war itself—that is too terrible. It seems odd to see the Japanese soldier in occidental dress, but there he is. One sees where some Chinese came with the red-haired Germans (in Japan red hair stands for a German) to offer peace. A proud day it must have been for Japan.—Philadelphia Record.

Coral May Become Fashionable.

Queen Margherita of Italy intends to be seen a good deal this season wearing coral jewelry, in order to encourage an industry which of late years has somewhat fallen upon evil days. It would not be surprising if the fashion were to spread to London, as coral is becoming to almost any complexion, and can of course be had in any shade, from a rose-pink so delicate as to be almost imperceptible, up to a vivid red. If a revival of the dainty old filigree setting should also set in, the outcome should mean many pretty things of a kind that would be quite a novelty to the girls of to-day.

The Proper Sauce.

"You wouldn't serve mint sauce with Wall street lamb, would you?" asked the observant boarder. "Certainly," replied the cross-eyed boarder. "Serve that variety of lamb with United States mint sauce. Brokers would not care for it without"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

Studies That Are Being Inaugurated for Busy People.

It is a hopeful sign, hopeful in more ways than one, when business people arrange their affairs so that they can take a little time from their daily occupation to study the beauties of art and nature. The benefit of this, not only to themselves, but to their families, is past computation. Interested and encouraged by the conversation of their elders, the children will soon become enthusiastic, and will take up with a greater degree of intelligence the various branches of study, many phases of which will be to them as household words.

The College of Pharmacy of the city of New York, together with botanical societies, formed and forming, are to make a concentration of effort to put within the reach of business men and women a knowledge of the local flora and the principles of botanical science. A course of lectures is arranged for during the coming season's excursions into the country, and object lessons and every facility for the most thorough instruction obtainable under the circumstances will be afforded.

This is a most admirable move, and one that will meet with the approbation of intelligent people everywhere. In all cities and large towns there should be botanical classes and regular courses of lectures. The knowledge thus acquired would be of the utmost advantage in every household. To be able to discriminate between wholesome and pernicious vegetable growths of all sorts is a great point gained, and this is what a comprehensive study of botany enables one to do. If the time which is spent at table in useless, senseless and oftentimes vicious gossip about persons were occupied in the discussion of a plant, a shrub, or a tree, that had points of interest—and every specimen of vegetation has many—then the world would be the gainer in two ways; first, by suppressing an existing evil, and second, by the diffusion of extremely useful information.

As a supplement to botanical studies, people living in agricultural districts could take up the investigation of scientific farming, horticulture, floriculture and dairying. Very few people who make their living at these occupations understand them thoroughly, and in almost all instances would be more than pleased if they could learn to make three dollars where now they make but two.

THE STUPID BOY.

Not Always as Stupid as He Looks—Often Stupidly Judged.

Here is a lesson and perhaps encouragement for parents who have a stupid boy, for no doubt there are a few stupid boys in this closing century. It is said that when Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of English preachers, was a boy his father thought him very stupid, and used to say if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac was not taken; he grew to be one of the greatest preachers of England, a professor in the University of Cambridge and a teacher of Sir Isaac Newton. It is well to remember that a boy is not necessarily stupid because he is pronounced stupid. He may be stupidly judged. The fire of intellect may kindle slowly; it may seem to be smoldering under a heap of ashes, hopelessly suppressed. Genius does not always shoot up like a skyrocket. It may come like the rising of the sun to meridian splendor, slowly, steadily. Do not be discouraged by the apparent stupidity of the boy or girl. Give him or her a fair chance. The first movements of the great sea-going vessel are apparently awkward and hesitating as she tries to turn to get out of the harbor. But watch her graceful, splendid movements as she plows the ocean or weathers the storm.

Moreover, a stupid judgment of a boy is damaging to him. To call him a dunce, a blockhead, an idiot is very unwise as well as unkind. It may discourage him, may for a long time paralyze his efforts, may even permanently affect his character. Give the stupid boy a chance, and it will be known ere long whether he is really or only apparently stupid.—Baptist Courier.

Cutting Acquaintance.

Wooley—Snithers says he makes no acquaintances among medical students.

Not in Boston.

"Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in the natural history class, "what is a panther?"

A Loveless Lesson.

Clara—Well, I have enjoyed 64 proposals so far in my life. May—that surely ought to be enough to last you for six years yet. Clara—Six years, yet? What do you mean? May—Why, dearest, there won't be another leap year until 1904.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SECRETS OF LONGEVITY.

Prescriptions Centenarians Have Left as Legacies to Younger Generations.

The men and women who have lived to a great age have always had prescriptions of their own. Food by weight, said Cornero, and he took daily 12 ounces of solids and 14 ounces of liquids. Johannes de Temporebus, who is credited with having lived 300 years, had an equally pithy prescription—"oil without and honey within." Inunction with oil figures largely in old remedies. "People who wash themselves were always catching cold," was the philosophy of "Lady" Lewson, a Londoner, who lived to be 106. She smeared her face and neck with hog's lard. "Smoke all you can," was the prescription of John de la Souit, who managed to live 130 years. "Sup of roasted turnips," was the advice of John Wilson, who died at 116, and had tried the diet for 40 years. Avoid cherry trees, might have been the counsel of the old lady of whom the war records:

"That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten, And died from a fall from a cherry tree then."

Old Parr, the Shropshire worthy, lived to be 152, and died of a plethora. Dr. Harvey made a post-mortem of him, and found all the organs healthy. Taylor, the water poet, claims to have found Old Parr's secret as thus:

"His physician was good butler, which the soil Of Slop yields, more sweet than candy oil, And garlic he esteemed beyond the rate Of Venice treacle, on best mitochondriae."

London gin was Thomas Whittington's prescription, and he lived to 104 upon it. It is recorded of him that he "never took any other liquids, as liquids, into his stomach than ardent spirits—London gin, of which compound until within a fortnight of his death he took from a pint to a pint and a half daily"—a veritable Myer Van Dunck! An old smugger, when asked for his account of his longevity, said: "I used to get my feet wet nearly every day, and I was drunk nearly every night." Nor can we miss her old Brawn's epithet, the Cornish beggar:

"Here Brown, the quondam beggar lies, Who counted by his tale, Some six score winters and above, Such virtue is in ale, Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth, All did his death deprive, And could he still have drank his ale He had been still alive."

It is evident from such prescriptions that centenarians themselves have more humor about them than philosophers. The moral is pretty obvious. There are no effective prescriptions, not even Sir Isaac Holden's avoidance of bread. The good constitution is the first thing—the sound heart and brain. When Sir William Jenner went to see Sir Moses Montefiore, just before he reached his hundredth year, he said: "His pulse was wonderfully well for a man of his age." Some physicians profess to be able to discover "the heart of longevity." Mediocrity of condition favors longevity, and so do light, agreeable pursuits. The presence and conversation of the young cheers the spirits. Moderation is better than any form of restriction as to drinks or diet. The wisest centenarian is the man who leaves no prescription behind him. It is a bad legacy.—London Standard.

DRUMMER FILLED THE BILL.

What Came of an Author's Leaving an Important Memorandum Behind.

A certain author, who is somewhat of a traveler, leaving a hotel in great haste to catch a train, forgot some valuable memoranda. Among the papers he left on his writing table was the following:

"Mem: Must fill order for two poems—one on war and the other on progress—for the Magazine. Must finish them soon."

A drummer, with a literary turn, occupied the room later and, in order to test the value of a name, wrote the poems on the subjects assigned by the magazine editor, signed the literary man's name to them, forwarded them, and awaited results.

The landlord and several guests were let into the secret. In a very short time a letter came from the editor, which was as follows:

"Dear Sir: We have just received the poems, for which we thank you. We note a departure from your old style, but we are not sure but that these poems are the best and freshest you have done in a long time. We will forward check for them to your business representative in Blank, as instructed by you some time since. We know we are going to get some good work out of your southern tour. Truly yours, etc."

It will be inferred from the above that the business representative has a little surprise in store for the literary man, when his travels are ended.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Loveless Lesson.

Clara—Well, I have enjoyed 64 proposals so far in my life. May—that surely ought to be enough to last you for six years yet. Clara—Six years, yet? What do you mean? May—Why, dearest, there won't be another leap year until 1904.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Bulletin Financier. Bulletin Commercial

Jendredi, 28 avril 1898.

COMPTOIR D'ÉCHANGES (COLMARING-ROUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

La Coton Exchange a reporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 2,200 balles à 30 centes. Le marché est facile. Les cotons sont de 4 1/2 à 5 centes plus bas que les cotons ordinaires.

Le STERLING est stable. Les traites de banque à 90 jours sont de 47 1/2 à 48 1/2. Les traites de banque à 60 jours sont de 47 1/2 à 48 1/2.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Actions et obligations de diverses sociétés.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Jendredi, 28 avril 1898.

COMPTOIR D'ÉCHANGES (COLMARING-ROUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

La Coton Exchange a reporté aujourd'hui des ventes de 2,200 balles à 30 centes. Le marché est facile. Les cotons sont de 4 1/2 à 5 centes plus bas que les cotons ordinaires.

Le STERLING est stable. Les traites de banque à 90 jours sont de 47 1/2 à 48 1/2. Les traites de banque à 60 jours sont de 47 1/2 à 48 1/2.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

Actions et obligations de diverses sociétés.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS.

Le Board of Trade donne les cotes suivantes pour les lots de chargement de café.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.

GRAINS ET LIQUEURS. Cotes de café, sucre, etc.