

HOBSON-CRAZY.

Girl Lug Off an Old Uniform as a Souvenir of Their Naval Hero.

An ensign on the New York recently had been acting as escort to several young women who were curious to see the ship, and as he passed the door of the room that Hobson occupied just before he sank the Merrimack the ensign casually mentioned the fact. The girls stopped at once and insisted upon entering. They sat on Hobson's chairs and bed, examined everything minutely, and asked a hundred questions.

"And this is Hobson's room, isn't it?" eagerly asked one of them, looking at a worn-out uniform hanging in the corner. The ensign murmured something which the girls took for "yes."

"Oh, if I dared!" exclaimed the girl, hesitatingly, and then said, with sudden decision: "Yes, I will; I'm going to have a button."

"A button!" exclaimed the leader of the party with some scorn. "Why, Mr. Hobson will never wear that uniform again. It's too old. I believe I'll take the whole coat."

The others were silenced by this piece of daring, and all looked quickly toward the ensign. He merely smiled, but his silence was a sufficient consent, and they took possession of the coat.

"If you are going to take the jacket, you had better take it all," suggested the ensign. "Hobson would have no use for the other part alone." And so they bundled it all up in a piece of brown paper and hurried off the ship, as if they feared the ensign would change his mind.

"What are those girls lugging off with them?" asked the officer of the deck as the girls went down the gang-plank carrying their package tenderly.

"Oh, that's a souvenir," answered the ensign, laughing. "It's a worn-out uniform of some petty officer, but they think it's Hobson's, and insisted upon taking it, and I wasn't hard-hearted enough to disappoint them."

The measure was started by Belgium's Queen Against Lace Made by Machinery.

The stamp of royal approval has been placed upon the boycott, that engine so often employed with effect in bloodless warfare. Queen Marie Henriette of Belgium, seeing danger to many thousands of her people in the introduction of machines for making lace, wrote to her sister queens throughout Europe and received their cooperation in a movement to boycott the product of such machines.

Half a dozen passengers entered an elevator in a big downtown office building. Doctors office there almost to the exclusion of other professions.

One boy with a package asked to be deposited at the second floor. A woman stood mute while a medical man thought he would leave at the fifth.

The conductor turned an inquiring head and the remaining passengers with one voice chiming in full chorus shouted:

"Seventy up," murmured a gentle voice as the car reached the indicated floor.

Two men seeking the tenth floor glanced at each other with grins of appreciation as a stenographer, and a pretty one, by the way, entered the car. She seemed unconscious of having created more than passing interest, but the conductor was alive to the situation.

"The lady wins," he muttered to himself as he gave the lever a yank and the car shot upward again.

French Peas Which Have Been Held in High Favor for Years Are Now Home Grown.

Only a few years ago practically all the canned peas consumed in this country were imported from France, the famous petit pois. At that time it was deemed impossible to produce the required quality in this country, consumers desiring firm, even bright green goods, and though sulphate of copper was used in securing that color it made comparatively little difference with the trade.

American packers, however, experimented with the object of producing a pea the equal of the French article, and how well they succeeded is now an old story. Starting with good seed, and under careful cultivation, the American pea now equals the imported product of France, and our packers have built up an industry which has become an important feature of the great canned goods trade of the country.

The careful selection of seed has resulted in a variety having all the desirable qualities of the French product and requiring the addition of no coloring substances to make them attractive. American canned peas stand on their merits. Wisconsin and New York are the leading pea-packing states, although others are rapidly developing the industry.

Daily Floating Population. It seems an easy matter to compute "the floating population" of the land, but to estimate the real population afloat is quite another task. A recent computation as to the population afloat on the Atlantic, however, calculates that last year there was a daily average of 3,651 vessels at sea, with 44,890 men in their crews. Every day also 1,804 steamers, with crews numbering 63,263 men and 32,556 passengers, were afloat on the Atlantic. This made a daily average for the year of 3,155 vessels and 130,272 persons spread over the whole Atlantic surface.

Girl Their Lips. Fashionable Japanese young ladies, when they desire to look attractive, gild their lips.

Cats That Don't Mew. In South America there is a race of cats which does not know how to mew.

POETESS GRINDS CORN.

Member of a Famous Literary Family Runs a Grist Mill in New Jersey.

Mrs. Ada Cranahan Norton, poetess and member of a famous literary family, runs a gristmill at Hightstown, N. J., and thereby, with the addition of what is brought in by her pen, earns a good living. Mrs. Norton is a daughter of Rowena Cary, eldest sister of Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose verses are known throughout the world. She owes most of her literary standing to Alice Cary, who gave her much assistance and encouragement at the start.

In 1893 she moved with her husband to Hightstown, N. J., and took charge with him of a quaint little flour mill, built in such a fashion that the machinery could be easily run by a woman. Three years ago her husband died, and since then Mrs. Norton has had sole charge. She has built up a reputation for herself and her mill since then, and farmers for ten miles around drive to the little mill with their corn, although there are mills nearer home to which they might go.

Unlike most mills, the one conducted by Mrs. Norton has the water wheel actually in the building. The lower part is inclosed. In its former days the wheel and lower part were open, and in winter the wheel was very apt to be frozen and, becoming immovable, would cause the poetess untold vexation. All this is done away with by her little scheme of inclosing the wheel.

Mrs. Norton lives in a house scarcely 100 feet from the mill, large, artistic and considerably older than the mill. The mill is in a peaceful, poetical place. The poetess does not forget her literary work, and even when engaged in her duties at the mill her fancies keep busy.

THE LADY WON. An Amusing Occurrence in a Big Office Building Elevator in Chicago.

People who ride in "lifts" in this city acquire some queer experiences at times. The calling of the floors where passengers desire to disembark or embark not infrequently produces some amusing situations. It all depends on the style of the person making the announcement. Of course, conductors are mute participants to the game. Here is one happening which is certainly out of the usual run, says the Chicago Chronicle.

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TAMED THE HUMMINGBIRD.

The Little Feathered Visitor Made a Pet of Its Delighted Captor.

Mr. William Wicke, a grocer at the corner of Lake street and Harlem avenue, Oak Park, is the proud possessor of a tamed hummingbird, which flew into his place of business a few weeks ago, says a Chicago paper.

Mr. Wicke and his family were much delighted to see such a bright assortment of colors come ditting in the window, and decided to make the bird their prisoner. Mr. Wicke at once started to train the new member of the family by placing honey in some flowers which were in the show window. It took the bird but a short time to know what sweets the flowers contained, and it soon flew down from its abode on one of the shelves and devoured the honey as if realizing that it had found a home which completely answered all the requirements of hummingbird life. As its education progressed, the bird learned to eat honey from the end of Mr. Wicke's finger, whenever the grocer dipped his digit in that saccharine substance.

The unusual fact of a tame hummingbird drew many people to Mr. Wicke's store, and proved, finally, that under the brilliant plumage of the gentle-looking little creature there exists a strain of jealousy and fighting blood. It was not brought out until a woman visited the store wearing a hat in the trimming of which nestled an artificially "upholstered" hummingbird. The "real thing" no sooner saw the imitation, than the hat became a ring, in which was fought a pitched battle, as intense as the hummingbird bill could make it.

When the fight was over, the store was full of feathers and the woman full of wrath. Her anger was only placated when pay was offered for the damage, and she saw the ludicrous side of the unusual battle.

MARINA'S MOURNING. A Little Chicago Girl Who Wore a Red Dress and a Green Hat When Her Sister Died.

One of Chicago's best-known music teachers has a pupil who lives out on Center street. The girl, says the Inter Ocean, has a marvelous voice, and her father interests himself a great deal in her future. The father of the girl keeps a saloon, and the family lives in the rear of the building. Marina has plenty of money to spend, and the way she lays it out in clothes is a source of positive distress to a sister died, and Marina went into mourning. She came down to take a lesson in a long crepe veil, a red dress, and a green hat. The music teacher threw up her hands in horror. She decided to go out on a friendly visit and make a few suggestions, especially as she wanted Marina to appear well at a fashionable rehearsal. She was received with smiles by the whole family, who felt greatly honored. Marina was sent into the saloon for a bottle of wine, and the visitor was royally entertained. When she rose to go the mother said, presenting a basket:

"I had here a little present I gift you."

There were two live chickens in the basket, with their legs tied together. To refuse the small testimonial was to run the risk of losing a favorite protegee. The music teacher heroically ordered a cab, put the poultry under the seat, and drove off.

"I ordered the driver to take back streets and by no means to drive over the cobblestones on State street," says the music teacher.

"I fairly shook with terror whenever those chickens peeped."

SECOND-HAND WATCHES. Commercial Museum Correspondents in India Make Suggestions in Their Letters.

Among the most valuable correspondents of the Philadelphia Commercial museum in India and other oriental countries are American missionaries. Two of these, from whom considerable valuable information has been received, have suggested as a means of introducing and popularizing American products a floating exposition on board a vessel and should include a full and complete collection of American goods. After spending some time in Indian ports the vessel could visit various Chinese ports, and give the Chinese an opportunity to see what the United States has to sell.

The museum's correspondent says that there is an opening in China for the disposal of a limited quantity of second-hand watches. The native watch repairers are skillful and work cheaply. They will take a watch that a jeweler at home would not think worth repairing and fix it up so as to get several years' running out of it. Old watches, the missionary thinks, which accumulate on the hands of jewelers could be disposed of for the value of the silver in them.

Mystery of Small Coins. There are, it is claimed, 100,000,000 old-style copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of them are still outstanding, but are never seen. A million of three-cent articles are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one comes across one of them. Of the 800,000 one-half-cent pieces not one has been returned to the government for coinage or is held by the treasury.

Knives in India. Knives, when intended for sale in India, are usually made with rings in the handles. The natives carry them tied to their girdles.

Bulletin Financier.

Jouidi, 19 janvier 1899.

COMPTEUR D'EXCHANGES (CLEARING HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

MARCHE MONETAIRE.

MORNING.

CHANGES.

VENTES A LA BOURSE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

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