

SINFECTING A SHIP

Heat, a Thorough Germicidal Agent, Is Used.

When the vessel has tied up to the wharf in New Orleans, the first step is to remove the bedding, the hanging cushions and other cloth fabrics to a quarantine shed. Here they are hung on a framework consisting of a series of racks suspended from a long running on a track and so arranged that the whole thing may be run inside one of three great disinfecting cylinders in which the station is equipped.

These cylinders are enormous steel rollers five feet in diameter, six feet in diameter and fitted inside with conical coils of steam pipe. The cylinders are covered with asbestos and heated in fact, when the cylinder is on, they are afloat in steam. As the clothing is placed inside and the cylinders closed, dry heat is forced through the pipes at a temperature of 250 degrees, and this is followed by heat raised to a temperature of 275 degrees. For five or six minutes pumps put upon this steam which is sufficient to force it through

ty mattresses or bundles of clothing, a period which varies from five minutes to an hour, the cylinders opened, the racks are run out, and rapid evaporation which follows dries the clothing to dry almost immediately. The clothing is unharmed in this process, and the material is as strong as when it was first made. It is an interesting fact that if a freshly laundered shirt or collar is put into the under it will emerge thoroughly wet and apparently in need of another washing. The explanation is so simple, however, that it is immediately noted to its original condition, not the gloss being removed—Leslie's utility.

YOKOHAMA BY NIGHT.

Thin Illumination Makes the City
Skin to Fatryland.

row of electric lanterns in the black bow of a wall is the first impression the newly arrived traveler has of Yokohama as he steps from his "sampan" to the wharf at night.

to begin to swing, and with a silent, rest rhythmic movement they are rushing toward him. A moment later he discovers that each lantern is actually a person, who is no less than half a yen an hour to him; any where his fancy may lead him. But so where he will the lantern always there, dancing and swaying and dipping.

The lantern on the rickshaw is a characteristic detail of the night picture of Yokohama. It is a series of lantern dishes of color under a cloud of starry sky. It is a very soft light, for it is only half of the sea and of the tropics, with smiling, doll-like people gliding about everywhere, hardly seems real. It isn't fairly land, because faires are not supposed to be there, but it is a little like these Japanese. Certain it is that things anywhere in the round world could be more beautiful than lanterned Yokohama.

It is the lantern that the bride

the emul from the foreign quar-
ters entered the native city he soon
wondering maze of lights. Through-
Yokohama gas lamp posts are few
far between, a fact which makes
the lantern illumination all the more
spectacular. They are not hung at reg-
ular heights or intervals, but make a
tangle of soft colored lights
in front of the buildings and
across the street.—New York Mail
Express.

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

**Letter That Was Stolen and the
Rascal Who Stole It.**

Maj. G. Jayne during most of the
war was the personal assistant of
Gen. M. Stanton, the famous war
minister. One day Lincoln was
not in the office of the War De-
partment, and the "captain," as
"boy," said he, "there is a letter I
like like to have you look at." The
young picked up the letter and found
it was from General Dix. It conveyed
information that several hundred
prisoners had escaped from Libby pris-
on at the aid of Abbie Green, a wo-

famous during the war. The let-
ters said that, as the fact of Ab-
bie's assistance was well known, she
was obliged to go to the White
House and even there on her way
to Washington on the flag of true
loyalty.

"Now, my boy," said the president,
don't think what I should say to
cancel your would steal the letter.
I have a bill passed through con-
gress to grant \$10,000 to the relief
of Le Green." Mr. Jayne "stole the
money" and the next day both branches
of congress passed the bill to grant
\$100 to Abbie Green. The following
night "Honest Abe" sent for Jayne
N.

I told you I didn't know what I
said," he said, with a twinkle in
his eye. "You thought you would steal
the letter and have Congress act on it.
Well, I've made up my mind what to
do."

You go down to New York —
— get, Abbie Green, take her down
there at the treasury, and don't you
ever give me the "steal money!"

—Orleans Times-Democrat.

Caught a Tartar.

So many of his learned brethren in the Church of England, the Dean of Canterbury, and a host of country gentlemen, were his converts. He was perhaps, after Bacon, the last of the very best handwriting the last century.

About 1880 the then bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Macgregor, surprised one of his secretaries by saying: "I have just received an anonymous note, but I got one this morning. It is badly written, and I can hardly see it out, but from the signature it is sure to be abusive. The man has said himself 'A Tartar'! See if you make it out."

The secretary, who knew the handwriting, rather startled his lordship by saying: "It's nothing alarming. It's sure to be abusive. The man has said himself 'A Tartar'! See if you make it out."

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—London Tit-Bits.

An Old Hand.

What was the first thing your husband said when you got started on a wedding cake?

"Excuse me while I go forward and take a smoke." You know it was the

Experienced.
 e—Your friend, Miss Dashway, has
 a military air about her.
 e—No wonder. She has participat-
 in no fewer than seventeen engage-
 ments.—Chicago News.

