

as well as general interest, brought about a catastrophe.

Turning to one of the neat patients, he genially addressed him.

"Well, my friend, how are you?"

"Quite well, my President," replied the invalid, in accents of perfect sincerity.

"Are you well treated in this Hospital?"

"Very well, my President."

"And what illness are you suffering from?"

The patient remained speechless.

"I ask you what your illness is?"

"I—I do not know, I have not been told."

The President turned to a Sister of Charity who was standing near.

"My Sister, what illness has this good man?"

The Sister stammered. "I do not know, Sir, the doctor has passed no opinion."

"Is the doctor attending the case present?"

"Here he is, President."

"Doctor, what is your diagnostic of this malady?"

The doctor is at a loss. He has not expected this question. As the *Figaro*, which brings a detailed account of the curious scene, states—"before the grand Presidential rank, he was hypnotised."

"Here is a singular Hospital, in which nobody knows what is the matter with the patients," exclaimed M. Faure in tones of displeasure. "Gentlemen of the staff, I regret to tell you, you are found wanting in your duties."

And the President finished his visit in a bad temper.

But the day's misfortunes did not terminate here for the unlucky Hospital of Arles. Its direst mishap was due to the high spirits of the mock patients. These had watched M. Faure rapidly passing through the wards, and had concluded that his passage terminated their duties. Glad to be released, refreshed by their comfortable rest, fifty patients, commenced a frenzied impromptu dance of joy in the centre of the first ward of the Hospital.

Now, by ill-luck, it chanced that M. Bourgeois (Président du Conseil) had been hindered from remaining with M. Faure, and took it into his head to follow him. The first thing he beheld on opening the door of the first ward, was the spectacle of half a hundred patients dancing a frantic sarabande in the middle of the floor. M. Bourgeois turned and fled.

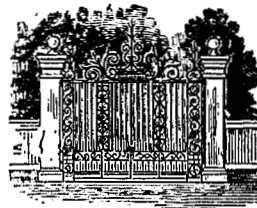
"Of this Presidential visit," writes the *Figaro*, "which had given birth to so many hopes, there remains only a bitter memory, and bitter mutual accusations, interchanged between administrators and physicians, who impute one to the other the responsibility of their general defeat."

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

UNBREAKABLE WARE.

TO Hospital officials, and especially to the great army of Sisters to whom broken crockery is as a continual nightmare, the Thetford Unbreakable Pulp Ware should come as a veritable boon and blessing. The material is light and most durable, because it is not brittle nor liable to chip, and the newest wardmaid can be trusted to drop or throw it about without breaking it. All kinds of bowls, bottles, and ward utensils at remarkably cheap prices, as well as most artistic and handsome ornaments, are made in this Pulp Ware, and we can confidently recommend them therefore to our readers. We hope that the visitors to the Nursing Exhibition next month will observe the excellence of the material and workmanship displayed in these wares. They can be obtained through any earthenware salesman.

Outside the Gates.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES and her daughters have returned from their visit to the Dowager Empress of Russia at Nice, and are expected to remain in town for the season.

The Queen sent a beautiful wreath to the funeral of the late Shah of Persia, bearing the inscription: "A mark of sincere friendship." The new Shah is described as being like his father physically, but "calm, reserved and quiet," which was not characteristic of the late ruler of Persia.

By order of the Porte all the London newspapers of the 4th inst. have been prohibited from entering Turkey on account of the particulars of the Shah's assassination contained in those issues. The authorities continue to do their utmost to conceal the murder from the people. Their efforts are, however, unavailing, as the fact is known in all the bazaars of Constantinople.

Great preparations are being made at Moscow for the coronation of the Emperor of Russia on the 26th inst. Nearly all the houses of the city already float the Russian flag, and everything and everybody wears holiday attire in spite of the bitter cold and snowfall. Visitors are constantly arriving from every quarter of the globe. The streets are paraded by groups of peasants in sheepskins and straw shoes, with long staves and bundles with tin pannikins on their backs,

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