PART TWO.

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WM. H. ENGLISH.

RELICS OF NAPOLEON.

Prince Victor's Interesting Collection — A Coming Auction Sale of Letters.

Boston Advertiser.

The Prince Victor Napoleon, it is said, has converted his study into a Napoleonic museum. Knowing his fondness for relics of his family and its former greatness, his friends and admirers are constantly sending to him such articles as may chance to come into their possession, which will add to his collection. Among other things he has the First Consul's red velvet coat (worn by him when the picture was painted which now hangs in the burgomaster's bureau of the Brussels Hotel de Ville); the holsters and saddle from Austerlitz; the Indian cashmere scarf he twisted round his waist at the battle of the Pyramids; the quaint little silver tea service which was the constant companion of his travels, and the handkerchief used to wipe his brow during that last terrible struggle with death at St. Helena. Canova's bust of Napoleon I is in one corner, and the walls are thickly studded with the various accoutrements of the Imperial Guard during the two empires. In one corner Prince Victor has set up the full-length effigy of a soldier of the Hundred Guards in all the glory of the tri-color uniform, now almost forgotten; and even the heavy Turkish curtains are adorned with shoulder-straps and grenades. High up over the fire-place the head of a great gilt eagle reaches the ceiling. Behind the Prince's accustomed seat is suspended the black and gold cuirass of the King of Westphalia and the fragment of wood upon which the letter "P" is painted, once formed part of the name-board of the good ship La Belle Poule, employed for the conveyance of the coffin of the dead emperor from St. Helena to France.

In this connection it is interesting to know that the letters of Napoleon I, which are soon to come under the auctioneer's hammer, are the most marvelous documents of the kind extant. Even during the consulate Napoleon scarcely ever wrote his own letters, and this collection is therefore unique because the epistles are all in the Emperor's own handwriting from beginning to end. They are, therefore, a powerful revelation of the Napoleonic mind. When dictating to his secretary the imperial thoughts often poured out in such torrents that half sentences were omitted and had to be filled in. The collection is full of instances of this kind. A modern short-hand-writer and type-writer would have been of great service to the great man, and, perhaps, also to posterity.

AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT.

It Is His Business to Find Out Things and Say Nothing.

New York Sun.

"I am an accountant; my duty is to mind my own business. When the book-keeper tells the junior partner that $331 cannot be placed without forcing a balance the firm sends for me and I find where the money has gone.

"If I am told particularly that I am to discover the whereabouts of that sum of $331 I do not concern myself about other sums. If I am told to make a general examination I report everything I find to one member of the firm and to no other person.

"My pay is $2 an hour and I work slowly as a rule. Some accountants hurry and miss important facts; others charge a lump price; but I find deliberation, care and keeping silence the best methods.

"Sometimes I examine corporations. Then I usually have to report to a lawyer. I give him all the facts and he does what he chooses with them. Once I examined a bank which a cashier had robbed. A customer had drawn out $20,000 just before the failure, although he had not a cent to his credit. The cashier was sent to prison for stealings of his own; the customer was never mentioned in the proceedings. The lawyer wanted to protect him and I kept silent.

"I am a reformer, not a detective. I was there simply to tell everything I found to the lawyer, and to nobody else. When I had told him, the responsibility was on his shoulders.

"Political investigations are the least pleasant. Every man in office wants something concealed, yet no one is willing to take the responsibility. If the investigation is conducted by a committee, I usually stipulate that I shall be amenable, and report to the chairman only.

"I tell him what I find in the books, and he makes public use of what he chooses. I avoid newspaper men at all times. By adopting these methods I have plenty of business. My income has never fallen below $3,000, and has never been above $4,000 in ten years of work as an expert. I probably make as much as any man in the profession. I do it by minding my own business."

The Scalper's Occupation Would Be Gone.

Omaha Republican.

A proposition that is favorably received in many railroad circles is to issue mileage books at 2 cents a mile, good on all roads, redeemable by any road and a settlement between the roads through a clearing-house. That is the point to which this question is tending.

THE CURSE OF AARON BURR

It Was Invoked Against the Town of St. Stephens, Alabama's First Capital,

And, Singularly Enough, Has Been Fulfilled to the Letter—The Arrest of Burr, and His Transfer Overland to Richmond, Va.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 3.—"The curse of Aaron Burr was on the place and it died by slow degrees."

Such was the fate of the town of St. Stephens, the first capital of Alabama, as told your correspondent by a gentleman familiar with its history.

Aaron Burr was captured at St. Stephens on the night of Feb. 19, 1807. When his wonderful powers of persuasion failed to induce his captors to release him he became very angry, and, in an outburst of passion, exclaimed: "My curse be on this vile spot. The fates will one day destroy it, and not one stone shall be left to mark the place where it stood."

The curse and prophecy of Burr have both been fulfilled, and not a stone is left to mark the place where once stood the first capital of Alabama.

When the Tombigbee settlement was established, in what is now Clarke county, on the Alabama river, above Mobile, about 1790, a fort was built and called St. Stephens. When the Indians had been driven from the country, and there was no longer any need of a fort, a town grew up and it was given the same name. The first Territorial Legislature met at St. Stephens in 1818, and the town remained the seat of government until Alabama was admitted to the Union, when the capital was removed to Cahaba.

At one time St. Stephens contained a population of 1,800 souls. It had a bank, and a newspaper was established there, but only three issues were published.

Aaron Burr's fleet of flat-boats, floating down the Mississippi river, was stopped at Natchez, by Governor Claiborne, and the leader of the rash expedition placed under arrest. Burr easily gave bond in the sum of $10,000 for his appearance.

While Burr remained at Natchez he was a social lion, the people vying with each other in showing him attentions. He went into court, and, through his attorney, demanded a release from his bond, as the Attorney-general of the Territory had declared he had committed no offense triable before the Territorial court. The application was overruled, and that night Burr set out across the country, well mounted, accompanied by a friend, and disguised in a suit of home-made jeans. His disappearance was unknown until he failed to appear in court the following morning. Gov. Claiborne sent out proclamations in all directions, offering $2,000 reward for the capture of the fugitive. Burr's purpose was to reach Pensacola and make his escape to Europe from that port.

A few miles east of St. Stephens, Ala., lived Colonel Hinson, an old acquaintance and warm personal friend of Burr.

One February night two young men, Perkins, a lawyer, and Malone, clerk of the court at St. Stephens, were absorbed in a game of chess at the little village when the tramp of horses was heard and presently a hail at the door. The pine fire blazed on the hearth, and, as Perkins opened the door, a flood of light was thrown on the features of a horseman at the step. The splendid animal, richly caparisoned, the clear quick tones of the speaker, his flashing eye and the exquisite fit of his boot were all observed instantly by Perkins. The stranger inquired for the hotel. It was pointed out to him hard by. He then asked to be directed to Colonel Hinson's, and was assured the distance was quite seven miles and the trail almost impassable. The travelers headed their horses toward Hinson's and rode away in the darkness.

The young men were about to resume their game when Perkins suddenly exclaimed, "That is Aaron Burr! I have seen the proclamation; it describes the men who spoke to us." Perkins at once hunted up the sheriff and informed him of the situation.

About 11 o'clock that night the two mounted travelers hailed the inmates of Colonel Hinson's house. Mrs. Hinson was alone with her children. The travelers dismounted, walked into the kitchen and sat by the fire.

Perkins and the sheriff were close on the trail. Approaching near the house Perkins suggested to the sheriff, who was a brother to Mrs. Hinson, to advance alone. Soon supper was announced and the company adjourned to another room to partake of it. One of the travelers conversed delightfully at the table. The listeners were fascinated by his manners. He thanked Mrs. Hinson several times for the bountiful meal so quickly prepared at so late an hour.

Supper ended, the elder of the strangers, he who had spoken so pleasantly, returned to the kitchen, and ere his companion could follow Mrs. Hinson at the previous suggestion of her brother, the sheriff, whispered in his ear the startling question, "Have I not the honor to entertain Colonel Burr?"

The young man hurried out without returning an answer. The sheriff joined the party at the kitchen fire, and listening to the music of Burr's talk he forgot to make the arrest.

Lawyer Perkins waited outside until he grew cold and impatient, and, having little confidence in the sheriff, he hurried back to St. Stephens and informed Capt. E. P. Gaines, who was in command of the fort, of the situation. Captain Gaines, at the head of a squad of soldiers, followed lawyer Perkins, who acted as guide, and before morning they had surrounded Hinson's house, where the fugitive was stopping. With vehement denunciation of Governor Claiborne's proclamation and its unwarrantable assumption of authority, protesting against the insinuation of his guilt, and warning Captain Gaines of the danger of his own course, Burr submitted to arrest and was taken to St. Stephens.

Burr remained a prisoner at the fort for several days, and used all his powers of eloquence in efforts to induce Captain Gaines to release him, or at least give him an opportunity to escape. At last, his patience exhausted, Burr gave way to his anger, and, after bitterly denouncing his enemies, he closed with the words: "My curse be on this vile spot. The fates will one day destroy it, and not one stone shall be left to mark the place where it stood."

Captain Gains soon fitted out an escort for the prisoner, who was to be sent to Virginia. He was sent up the river in a canoe to a point where horses had been provided. Along the river bank, as the party proceeded, ladies were seen on the banks waving their pocket-handkerchiefs and some in tears, bidding adieu to the gallant man under disgrace.

Lawyer Perkins was placed by Captain Gaines in command of the party of eight civilians and two soldiers, who were to deliver Burr at the journey's end. It was a long march of a thousand miles through the wilderness, swimming the unbridged creeks, in peril of the savages and certain of great hardships. Five men rode single file along the narrow Indian trail ahead of the prisoner, and five followed close behind. Every man had given his word of honor before he started to do his part toward carrying out the orders he received. A single tent was taken along, and this was stretched nightly for the prisoner's use. It was heavily guarded. Hundreds of Indians often watched the procession for miles. Forty miles in rain or sunshine was the usual day's march. Burr sat erect, with never a word of complaint. Drenched with rain all day, day following day, and for the night given a wet quilt on the bare ground, he continued his way as unconcerned as if he were one of a party of free men. As the march entered the older States a breakfast was ordered at a wayside house. The inquisitive host began to talk loudly and fiercely of "Aaron Burr, the trator," asking news concerning him. "I am Aaron Burr," sharply exclaimed the prisoner. Thereupon the host, so confident a moment ago, now became the ex-Vice-president's most obsequious servant.

The long journey was made without accident, and in due time Burr was delivered to the authorities at Richmond, Va.

Less than twenty years after Aaron Burr left St. Stephens a prisoner the town began to decay. By slow degrees at first, then more rapidly as the center of population moved toward the interior of the State, until the old capital became almost a "deserted village." Long before Aaron Burr died the town he had cursed had only a few hundred people left in it. Old citizens, who remembered Burr's curse and prophecy, moved away when the decline set in and people who heard of the curse kept away from the place. Finally time obliterated every trace of the fort where Burr had been held a prisoner for several days, and St. Stephens became only a steamboat landing on the Alabama river. At last the only merchant who remained died, the last family moved away and soon time and element did the rest. St. Stephens disappeared from the face of the earth. New towns grew up around it, but the old town of St. Stephens is no more. "Not one stone is left to mark the place where it stood."

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

A Hard-Fought Conflict, Which Deserves to Rank High in the Country's Records of Valor.

Written for the Sunday Journal

In contemplating the many hard-fought battles upon our American soil, who can look at the historic page of our country's valor, and the bright heraldry of this vigorous Republic, without a thrill at the record of those glorious deeds of daring and bravery which have distinguished our wars from the time almost upon which Christopher Columbus first set his foot on the shore of the Western hemisphere, until the present. When the days of privation and hardship endured by the Western rangers in their attempts to quell the haughty and cruel savages of our borders are recalled, language is unable to give expression to the feelings of the loyal and patriotic citizen.

A short distance from Lafayette, Ind., lies the battle-ground of Tippecanoe; and, if any of the boys who read this article should ever visit the famous spot, they will always find some one in the neighborhood ready to escort them over the ground and point out the position of the troops during the contest; the place of first attack by the enemy; the rock upon which Joe Daviess fell and expired, and the mound which contains the bones of the fallen heroes. This noted battle was fought on Nov. 6, 1811. It was between the Shawnee and Pottowatamie Indians and the whites. The Indians were led by Elkswatawa, the prophet, a brother of Tecumseh. There were three brothers—triplets—Flumshaka did not seem to distinguish himself in any particular way. Tecumseh formed in conjunction, a project to unite all the Western and Northern Indians in a defensive alliance against the whites. He visited all the tribes, and his brother, the Prophet, began to preach against the influence of the white people. In the fall of 1811 the Prophet had a force of several hundred Indians collected at Tippecanoe. On the evening previous to the engagement General William Henry Harrison (grandfather to our President) with a few hundred mounted Kentucky rangers and a large number of foot soldiers arrived at the Prophet's town, about a mile from the battle-ground. The few Indians the troops found there manifested a disposition to form a treaty with General Harrison, and pointed out the very spot where the battle was fought as a good place for his encampment, where they promised the chiefs of the band should wait upon him the next morning.

Many of the officers doubted the faith of the Indians and were inclined to camp in some other place. However, the site was a favorable one; the troops were much fatigued from a continuous forced march for several days; and so, after making the necessary precautionary arrangements, the tents were struck and the camp-fires kindled. On either side of the encampment was a slight declivity, at the base of which a fork of the Tippecanoe creek meandered through the prairie. The soliers slept with their rifles in their arms, prepared to fight at the word, should the Indians prove treacherous and attempt to attack them. Before daylight the Indians advanced, unperceived, in a large body and surrounded the brow of the encampment hill on both sides. A sentinel at the extreme rear of the camp was fired upon, tomahawked and scalped before "alarm" had been given to the camp. Harrison shouted "to arms!" but the favorable situation of the enemy prevented the fire of the white soldiers from being at all destructive, while on every side were falling the bravest of the men. Defeat stared them in the face, and the chill look of death was settling in ever countenance. All the chances of victory seemed against them as the war-whoop rang on the still morning air with its duskiness which preserved the Indians from the firing of the forces. At this critical juncture Daviess shouted to his rangers to follow him to the charge as the only chance of success. His command was obeyed, and they rushed down the declivity upon the foe on the left, and manfully faced the fire of the Indians. Daviess fell, yet with his last breath he cheered his men to victory. The determined spirit of the rangers struck terror to the savages; the prediction of the Prophet had proved false, and their line gave way. Numbers of the red men lay dead. The retreating whoop of the fugitives started the remaining wing, and in a few moments the field was in the quiet possession of the white men. The scene exhibited at the return of daylight was a terrible one. Forty of the strongest and bravest of that camp were lying dead, and the groans of the wounded were awful to the ears of the survivors. A deep grave was dug between two or three large oaks, and the fallen soldiers slept there together. The troops left the second morning after the engagement, and the ground was not visited by white men for several weeks. A few days after the battle the Indians returned and disinterred the bodies of the dead soldiers, stripped them of their clothing, and left them exposed on the ground, and for ten years their bones were bleaching upon the field of their glorious death. On the Fourth of July, 1821, a large number of people met and collected the scattered and bleached bones, and placed them together in one large sepulchre upon the hillside, to the right of the battle-ground. The inscription "Rest, Warriors, Rest!" was placed above them. Of course, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon people whose duty it was to care for the dead, for in those turbulent times it was almost an impossibility to do so. Of late years the surroundings have been so beautiful by both nature and art that future generations will forever regard the spot with that sublime patriotic feeling which permeates the hearts of the American people. Will the day ever come when our country shall forget to honor her brave defenders, and lose the recollection of the deeds that have made her what she is?

In 1812 and 1813 the Indian chief Tecumseh was in alliance with the English and commanded the Indian portion of the campaign of that time. He received the rank of brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Thames in upper Canada. The British were commanded by General Proctor, with an auxiliary force of two thousand Indians, led by Tecumseh. The American forces were under General Harrison. Colonel Johnson led the cavalry. The battle was a victory for America. Six hundred were taken prisoners, and Tecumseh was killed, it is said, by the hand of Colonel Johnson.

MARY C. SMITH.

Living Up to Side-Whiskers.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is a fact that side-whiskered men are seldom seen in new and busy communities. There is a good reason for it. Side-whiskers are expensive. They make a man look dignified, and lead him to cultivate slow ways and a careful style of costume. In order to keep up first-class side-whiskers a man must have leisure and money. If he gets up early and rushes around town in a bob-tail coat he will look out of place, and people will stare at him with pained curiosity. Atlanta as yet has very few side-whiskered men. They will come in time. When we have more wealth and leisure there will be lots of solid old fellows here sunning their mutton-chops on the promenade. But we must wait awhile.

WOMEN OF THREE NATIONS

Max O'Rell Discusses Characteristics of English, French and American Women.

The Latter Compare Favorably with French Ladies, but Show No Gratitude for Courtesies Extended Them by American Men.

[*Copyright*, 1890.]

A man was one day complaining to a friend that he had been married twenty years without being able to understand his wife. "You should not complain of that," remarked the friend; "I have been married to my wife two years only and I now understand her perfectly.

The leaders of thought in France have long ago proclaimed that woman was the only problem it was not given to man to solve. They have all tried and they have all failed. They all acknowledge it, but they are trying still.

Indeed, the interest that woman inspires in every Frenchman is never exhausted. Parodying Terence, he says to himself: "I am a man, and all that concerns woman interests me."

To the Anglo-Saxon mind this sometimes appears a trifle puerile, if not also ridiculous. But to understand this feeling one must remember how a Frenchman is brought up.

In England boys and girls meet and play together; in America and Canada they sit side by side on the same benches at school, not only as children of tender age, but at college and in the universities. They get accustomed to each other's company; they see nothing strange in being in contact with each other, and this naturally leads to reduce the interest or curiosity one sex takes in the other. But in France they are apart, and the ball-room is the only place where they can meet when they have attained the age of twenty.

When I was a boy at school in France I can well remember how we boys felt on the subject. If we heard that a young girl, the sister of some school-fellow, was with her mother in the common parlor to see her brother, why, it created a perfect commotion, a perfect revolution in the whole establishment. It was no use trying to keep us in order. We would climb on the top of the seats or on the tables to endeavor to see something of her, even if it were only the top of her hat or a bit of her petticoat, across the recreation yard, at the very end of the school. It was an event. Many of us would even immediately get inspired and compose verses addressed to the unknown fair visitor. In these poetical effusions we would imagine the young girl carried off by some miscreant and we would fly to her rescue, save her and throw ourselves at her feet to receive her hand as our reward. Yes, we would get quite poetical, or, in plain English, quite silly. We could not imagine that a woman was a reasoning being with whom you can talk on the topics of the day, or have an ordinary conversation on any ordinary subject. To us a woman was a being with whom you can only talk of love, or fall in love, or may be for whom you may die of love.

This manner of training young men goes a long way toward explaining the position of a woman in France as well as her ways. It explains why a French man and a French woman, when they converse together, seldom can forget that one is a man and the other a woman. It does not prove that a French woman must necessarily be, and is, affected in her relations with men, but she does not feel, as the American woman does, that a man and a woman can enjoy a tete-a-tete free from all those common-place flatteries and compliments that badly-understood gallantry suggests. Many American ladies have made me forget, by the easiness of their manner and the charm and naturalness of their conversation, that I was speaking with women, and with lovely ones, too. This I could never forget in the company of French ladies.

On account of this feeling, and, perhaps, also of the difference which exists between the education received by a man and that received by a woman in France, the conversation will always be on some light topic, literary, artistic, dramatic, social or other. Indeed, it would be most deplace for a man to start a very serious subject of conversation with a French lady to whom he had just been introduced. He would be taken for a pedant or a man of bad breeding. In America, men and women receive exactly the same education, and this, of course, enlarges the circle of conversation between the sexes. I shall always remember a beautiful American girl not more than twenty years of age, to whom I was once introduced, as she was giving to a lady sitting next to her a most detailed description of the latest bonnet invented in Paris, and who, turning towards me, asked me point blank if I had read M. Ernest Renan's "History of the People of Israel." I had to confess that I had not yet had time to read it. But she had, and she gave me, without the remotest touch of affectation or pedantry, a most interesting and learned analysis of that remarkable work. When I related this incident to my friends in France, they exclaimed: "We imagine your fair American girl had a pair of gold spectacles on!" "No, my dear fellows," I said, "nothing of the sort; a beautiful girl, dressed with the most exquisite taste and care; most womanly; no gold spectacles, no guy; an American woman, however learned she may be, is a sound politician, and she knows that the best thing she can make of herself is a woman, and she remains a woman." If, in a French drawing-room, I were to remark to a lady how clever a woman looked, she would probably closely examine that woman's dress, to find out what was wrong about it. A French woman will seldom be jealous of another woman's cleverness; she will far more readily forgive her this qualification than beauty.

In many other respects I have often been struck with the resemblance that exists between French and American women. When I took my first walk on Broadway, New York, on a fine afternoon, some two years and a half ago, I can well remember how I exclaimed: "Why, this is Paris, and all the ladies are Parisiennes!" It struck me as being the same type of face, the same animation of features, the same brightness of the eyes, the same self-assurance, the same plumpness in women over thirty. To my mind I was having a walk on my own boulevards. The more I became acquainted with American ladies, the more forcibly this resemblance struck me. This was not a mere first impression. It has been, and is still, a deep conviction, so that when I return to New York from a journey of some weeks in the heart of the country I feel that I am returning home.

After a short time a still closer resemblance between the women of the two countries will strike a Frenchman most forcibly. It is the same subtlety, the same suppleness of mind, the same wonderful adaptability. Place a little French milliner in a good drawing-room for an hour and at the end of that time she will behave, talk and walk like any lady in the room. Suppose an American, married to a woman much below his status in society, is elected President of the United States; I believe at the end of a week this wife of his would do the honor of the White House with the ease amd grace of a highborn lady.

In England it is just the contrary. Of course good society is good society everywhere. The ladies of the English aristocracy are perfect queens, but the English woman who was not born a lady will seldom become a lady; and I believe this is why mesalliances are more scarce in England than in America, and especially in France. I could name many Englishmen standing at the head of their professions who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves up to the level of their husband's station in life. The English woman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in. Like the rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on. I am bound to add that this is, perhaps, a quality, and proves the truthfulness of her character.

In France the mesalliance, though not relished by parents, is not feared so much, because they know the young woman will observe and study, and very soon fit herself for her new position.

And while on this subject of mesalliance why not try to destroy an absurd prejudice that exists in almost every country on the subject of France?

It is, I believe, the firm conviction of foreigners that Frenchmen marry for money—that is to say, that all Frenchmen marry for money. As a rule, the foreigners, discussing these matters, have a wonderful faculty for generalization. The fact that they often do so is not to be denied, and the explanation of it is this: We have in France a number of men belonging to a class almost unknown in other countries—small bourgeois, of genteel breeding and habits, but relatively poor, who occupy posts in the administration offices. Their name is legion and their salary something like $400 or $500. These men have an appearance to keep, and, unless a wife brings them enough to at least double their income, they cannot marry. These young men are often sought after by parents for their daughters, because they are steady, cultured, gentlemanly and occupy an honorable post which brings them a pension for their old age. With the wife's dowry the couple can easily get along, and lead a peaceful, uneventful and happy jog-trot life, which is the great aim of the majority of the French people. But, on the other hand, there is no country where you will see so many cases of mesalliance as France. Indeed, it is a most common thing for a young Frenchman of good family to fall in love with a girl of a much lower station of life than his, to court her at first with perhaps only the idea of killing time, to soon discover that the girl is highly respectable and to finally marry her. French parents frown on this sort of thing and do their best to discourage it, but rather than cross their son's love, they give their consent and trust to that adaptability of French women of which I was speaking just now, to raise herself to her husband's level and make a wife he will never be ashamed of.

The Frenchman is the slave of his womankind, but not in the same way as the American is. The Frenchman is brought up by his mother and remains under her sway till she dies. When he marries his wife leads him by the nose, and when, besides, he has a daughter on which he generally dotes, this lady soon joins the other two in ruling this easy-going, good-humored man.

The American, I believe, will lavish attention and luxury on his wife and daughters, but he will save them the trouble of being mixed in his affairs. His business is his, his office private. His womandkind is the sun and glory of his life whose company he will hasten to enjoy as soon as he can throw away the cares of his business. In France, a wife is a partner, a cashier who takes care of the money, an adviser on stocks and speculations. In the mercantile class, she is both cashier and book-keeper. Enter a shop in France, Paris included, and behind "Pay Here" you will see madam smiling all over as she pockets the money for the firm. When I say she is a partner, I might safely have said that she is the active partner, and by far the shrewder of the two. She brings to bear her native suppleness, her fascinating little ways, her persuasive manners, and many a customer whom her husband was allowing to go away without a purchase, has been brought back by the wife and induced to part with his cash in the shop. Last summer I arrived in Paris on my way home from Germany to spend a few days visiting the exposition. I one day went into a shop on the boulevards to buy a white hat. The new-fashioned hat, the only ones which the husband showed me, was narrow-brimmed and I declined to buy. I was just going to leave when the wife, who, from the back parlor, had listened to my conversation with her husband, stepped in and said, "But, Adolph, why do you let monsieur go? Perhaps he does not care to follow the fashion. We have a few white broad-brimmed hats left from last year that we can let monsieur have a bon compte. They are up stairs, go and fetch them." And, sure enough, there was one which fitted and pleased me and I left in that shop a little sum of twenty-five francs which the husband was going to let me take elsewhere, but which the wife managed to secure for the firm.

No one who has lived in France has failed to be struck with the intelligence of the women, and there exist few Frenchmen who do not readily admit how intellectually inferior they are to their country-women, chiefly among the middle and lower middle classes. And this is not due to any special training, for the education received by the women of this class is of the most limited kind; how to read, write and reckon, and their education is finished. Shrewdness is inborn in them, and a peculiar talent for getting a hundred cents' worth for every dollar they spend. How to make a house look pretty and attractive with small outlay, how to make a dress or turn out a bonnet with a few knick-knacks, how to make a savory dish out of a remnant of beef, mutton and veal—all this is a science not to be despised when a husband in receipt of a $500 salary wants to make a good dinner and see his wife look pretty. No doubt the aristocratic inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia, in London, and the Four Hundreds (with capital letters) of New York may think all this very small, and these French people very uninteresting. They can, perhaps, hardly imagine that such people live. But they do live, and live very happy lives, too. And I will go so far as to say that happiness, real happiness, is chiefly found among clerks of limited income. The husband who for a whole year has put quietly by a dollar every week, so as to be able to give his dear wife a nice present at Christmas, gives her a far more valuable present than the millionaire who orders Tiffany to send a few diamond rings to his wife. That quiet little French couple whom you see at the upper circle of a theater, and who have saved the money to enable them to come and hear such a play, are happier than the occupants of the boxes on the first tier.

In speaking of nations, I have always taken much more interest in observing the "million" who differ in every country than the "upper ten" who are alike all over the world.

People who have millions at their disposal generally discover and adopt the same way of living. People who only have a small income show their native instincts in the intelligent use of it. All these differ, and these only are worth studying unless you belong to the staff of a society paper. I am proud to say England and America are the only two countries in the world where these official organs of Anglo-Saxon snobbery can be found.

The source of French happiness is to be found in the thrift of the women, from the best middle class to the peasantry. This thrift is also the source of French wealth. We have no railway kings, no oil kings, no silver kings, but we have no tenement-houses, no unions, no work-houses. Our lower classes do not ape in ridiculous attires the upper class, either in their habits or dress. The wife of a peasant or of a mechanic wears a simple snowy cap and a serge or cotton dress. The wife of a shop-keeper does not wear any jewelry, because she cannot afford to buy real stones, and her taste is too good to allow of her wearing false ones. She is not ashamed of her husband's occupation. She does not play the fine lady while her husband is at work, she saves him the expense of a cashier or of an extra clerk by helping him in his business. When the shutters are up she enjoys life with him, and is the companion of his pleasures as well as of his hardships. Club life is unknown in France, except among the very upper classes. Man and wife are constantly together, and France is a nation of Darbys and Joans. There is, I believe, no country where men and women go through life on such equal terms as in France. In England, (and here again I speak of the masses only), the man thinks himself a much superior being to the woman. It is the same in Germany. In America I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt. She receives at his hands attentions of all sorts, but I cannot say that I have ever discovered in her the slightest trace of gratitude to man. Will you have a fair illustration of the position of woman in France, in England and in America? Go to a hotel and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-room. In France you will see them arrive together, walk abreast toward the seat assigned to them, very often arm-in-arm. In England you will see John Bull leading the way, followed by his meek wife with her eyes cast down. In America behold the dignified, nay, majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a queen going toward her throne—and Jonathan behind!

MAX O'RELL