

OUR PARIS LETTER.

VICTOR HUGO, THE FIRST POET OF THE AGE.

His Home and His Love for Children—His Definition of Paradise—How He Dresses—Changing His Mind.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, April 21.—Last month Victor Hugo celebrated his eighty-third birthday, and for a moment the eyes of the whole literary world were directed towards the creator and defender of Romanticism.

Victor Hugo's home is a little hotel remarkable only for its furniture and its garden. The latter offers the poet a greensward ever in winter, and during the summer months towering trees throw a soft shade over his walks.

Victor Hugo gets up when he wakes up. He allows nature to govern his sleeping and his rising. He first reads the newspapers, beginning with The Rappel, which may be considered his organ.

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These animated sprints with this intrepid

BOWERY ARTISTS.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERIES WHICH PRODUCE NOVEL WORKS OF ART.

Mania of Shop Girls and Clerks for Being Taken in Fancy Costumes—Designs with Heads Pasted on Them—Sunday Work.

[New York Times.]

In the heart of that portion of the Bowery, where photographers' exhibits are the most numerous, is situated the studio of an artist who is even more enterprising than his neighbor.

An astonishing number of athletes, who, however, did not appear at home in tights and whose attitudes resembled those usually assumed by mercantile young gentlemen when behind the counter, figured among the specimens.

Another picture represented a young man of nerve standing in a cart to which was harnessed a high kicking and furious nag, which was blowing from his nostrils huge clouds of smoke.

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SOME NEW YORK NOTES

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION NOT FOUND ON THE SURFACE.

Indigent Writers and Trustful Landladies. The Semblance of Success—How It Creates Success—Ladies Going Out at Night Without Escorts.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 7, 1885.—There is nothing about which the majority of men and women are so ignorant as the financial ability and possibility of writers.

They don't know that there are degrees of ability among the pen and ink fraternity. To most mediocre minds a writer is a creature with any amount of enviable fortune stored up for him in the future, no matter whether he is a collector of Bowery news or an incipient Carlyle.

Trustful proprietors of boarding houses have been swindled again and again by over-hopeful members of the writing fraternity, and still they have not ceased to look for the unfledged genius who is one day to become rich and famous.

To the uninitiated there is a fascination in knowing writers; not that they find them so very interesting, but they like to brag about knowing them. It sounds intellectual, and intellectual people are very fond of touching elbows with those they believe to be brainy.

From our eyrie perch we could see the misty outlines of the ranges of the Big Smoky looming up into the clouds in the background, while before us lay, in variegated forms of beautiful hue and shape, the low-lying foothill approaches, and it was easy to fancy we saw the dusky forms of eager hunters in pursuit of the game they loved to bring in as the fruit of their toil.

Here, too, the youth of the nation drank sweet waters from its fountains; climbed hand in hand to the highest peaks; gathered pine cones, chestnut burrs, or many-colored pebbles in the tracks of the rills, which, with every rain or snow for ages past, have rolled like mighty tears down the face of nature; stood poised in breathless silence watching and harkening to the bounding rocks sent down the steep mountain sides; or sat wrapt in dreamy thought while the balmy air cooled the heated brow and entranced the senses with its delicate fragrance into sweet forgetfulness of the present.

Among the queenly laurel and starlike ivy grows a dusky red flower that scents the air with the perfume of the pineapple, and which, the old folk say, the shy Indian maid went to gather and put in her bosom to enchant the senses of her warrior when he came to woo.

If it were not for the sturdy fact that over a thousand souls refused to be removed, and clung so tenaciously to their beloved mountain to be deluged, we would paint these dark, sweet wild flowers as a gift from the war god of the Cherokees to the kindly Chilhowee, in memory of the loss of his favorite people, but truth having quenched the bright spark of poetry, we appease the desire to render homage to the ancient home of our friends and kinsmen by wreathing the royal purple flowers and dark green leaves of the stately laurel into a chaplet, and place it with reverent touch on the brow of their grand Chilhowee.

NEW YORK pays great homage to appearances. "It is not heat so much as the semblance of heat that we need," says Colonel Sellers. Here it is not always prosperity, but the semblance of prosperity, which passes in both the social and commercial market.

Great business enterprises, or rather enterprises that pass for great, are often projected and engineered through by a successful combination of assumption and shrewdness. For instance, not long ago, a certain invention was to be pushed. By an ingenious scheme one of the interested parties got for it a terrific "boom" in the way of free advertising.

Then the stock company was formed. The man who undertook this was inspired. Nature had fitted him for just such a place as he found himself in. She had given him an important-looking figure, an elegant carriage, and a distinguished face. His words carried conviction. His appearance substantiated his assertions. He looked so efficient, so prosperous, so elegant that no one could doubt the soundness of his judgment or the wisdom of his operations.

The fur-trimmed apparition would leap from its carriage, dart into a business man's office, and say, with the utmost grace of manner: "My dear Mr. So-and-So, I reserved just two minutes to see you, because I didn't want to disappoint you. I have a few shares left and I was determined to give you a chance to get some of them if you wanted

THE HOME OF THE CHEROKEES.

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From Whence they were Removed to the Indian Territory. (Original.)

There are only two of us, and being country editors, we were a trifle more than elated when the senior announced that we had in our struggle for financial existence come out 15 cents ahead.

It was at Maryville, in "Loyal Blount," we caught our first glimpse of the Chilhowee mountain range, the "Frozen Deer" of the Cherokee, who loved his pure, health-giving springs, gurgling streamlets and lofty shade trees as passionately as do the mountaineers of Switzerland their Alpine homes.

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