SCENES IN LITTLE FRANCE.

ITS INHABITANTS AND OCCUPATIONS.

THIRTY THOUSAND FRENCH PEOPLE IN NEW-YORK—THEIR MODES OF LIFE.

New-York in its business parts is fast becoming a city of foreign quarters. They have received no name as yet, but colloquially men speak of going into the German quarter, when some where about the Bowery extending to Avenue A is meant, or into the Jewish quarter, which every one knows to be from Chatham Square to Grand, between Chatham st. and East Broadway. There is a Hungarian quarter forming beyond Grand st. in the same direction, extending to Houston. The Italian quarter was Cross'w st. in the days of organ boys and wicked padrones, but has recently been developing itself on the west side of town. The French quarter within recent years has become very populous, and is at the present time displaying some peculiar phases not without interest.

It is calculated that there are in New-York State some 45,000 French people, 30,000 of whom live on the west side of this city, between Canal and Fourteenth sts., chiefly on Mercer, Greene, Wooster, South Fifth ave. and Thompson sts., and on the transverse streets Bleecker, Houston and Third. There is a touch struggle going on between the invading French and the original negro possessors, and it by no means follows that the latter will be vanquished. The colored people not only retain much of Thompson and Wooster sts., but they are developing much strength in Bleecker st. All around De Pauw Row, the ancient home of the good old New-York mercantile aristocracy, are stores belonging to Frenchmen, groceries kept by Italians who have gained the confidence of the negroes, and billiard saloons frequented by fashionable darkeys who play pool with as much enthusiasm as any white-skinned "shark," and puff cigarettes with equal grace.

It is a strange fact that the French, though so numerous, have not succeeded in doing what the negroes have done. They have no place of evening resort, where they can play their beloved dominoes and exchange the small scandalities of friendship. The French cafe, with its bustling waiters holding a coffee-pot of abnormal size in one hand, three newspapers under each arm, and a tray in the other hand containing small glasses of brandy and liquors and four pieces of sugar on a plate, does not exist in the French quarter of New-York. With all the American love for Paris, and for Parisian ways, the cafe has never been able to establish itself among them, and the very French who live within our gates give up apparently without a struggle the most cherished of their institutions. The American barbarism, with the German annex of cold meats, garlicky sausage, fragrant cheese, pickles and bread. The billiard tables are of the large American size, and are not of the dimensions specially adapted for the French three-ball carom game. The Gauls are vanquished, and have to accept a foreign yoke in this particular.

But in other matters this quarter is forced a little France. The tricolor floats proudly on Bleecker st. from two hotels, and in the great majority of houses in the quarter the signs not only indicate French inhabitants but show their occupations to be of the highest importance. Numbers of them are connected with art industries. The signs show that the thousand little details of the art stores are manufactured by Frenchmen dwelling here. One sign is "Mosaic borders in wood, brass, pearl and ivory, domestic and colored veneers." Another says, "Antique handles a specialty." A third is of a man who makes the perfumery, brushes, etc., of Paris, a fourth is of a worker in marqueterie, both in wood and metal, a fifth announces "Wood mouldings covered with metal and brass flutings," a sixth is of a maker of plaque holders and of "passe-partouts." Five or six advertise themselves as makers of antique furniture. Many are workers in brass and bronze, and bronzers of iron. One man must be eagerly sought for in this land of patents. He makes patterns, models and drawings for inventors. The great industries, however, are flower making, and feather dyeing and curling and the making of artificial leaves. One family have a sign for "artificial entremets" ready promptly for dinner parties.

Then, besides these, are the signs of those who minister to the needs of the workers. Being French they will live around them their little French commodities and comforts. There are scores of restaurants which proclaim a "cuisine bourgeoise," one of the things which few travellers in France are ever fortunate enough to find, but which, when found, shows that the French have indeed reduced the art of cooking to a science, and are there supreme. But the name is not the thing, and these restaurants offer only a travesty of true French cookery, which, when a failure, is more insupportable than the failures of other national cooking. The prices are moderate; if one attends the table d'hote, he pays twenty cents without dessert and coffee, thirty cents with those luxuries. This includes wine, but the wine is Californian, for the French of this city have discovered that Californian wine has all the excellent medicinal properties of wine, and they know only too well that the cheap wine of France is a manufactured article simulating the flavor, but deficient in every valuable quality of wine. When the stranger enters one of these establishments he is charged nearly a dollar for what the habitues get for thirty cents. Strangers, therefore, come once or twice, and find that on the whole they prefer other places.

Besides the restaurants there are the drinking saloons, kept by Frenchmen, but frequented by Italians, negroes, Frenchmen, Germans even, but this is rare. There are French shoemakers, hatmakers, tailors, grocers, stores of "charcuterie," which embraces every variety of prepared food eaten cold, but more particularly preparations of pork. They have in Wooster st. a dry goods store called the "Bon Marche," like the famous one in Paris. They have their own expressmen, who are Frenchmen, and who do the business of the quarter, so that those who do not speak English are not embarrassed. They have their butchers and their bakers and their little stores where the early workman with his long loaf under his arm can get his bowl of coffee, with milk, for five cents. It combines quantity and quality, is wholesome, hot and full of aroma, and many an American living in a fashionable boarding-house and breakfasting on salt mackerel or raw beefsteak, washed down by the most villanous beverage ever made under the name of coffee, may envy the French inhabitant of this quarter the hearty and agreeable breakfast he gets for seven cents. Then the French workman must have his smoke, and he gets his tobacco at a regular French store, a "debit de tabac." He smokes his "caporal" in a "pipe Garbier" of clay, but shorter than the English, and much more artistic in shape. And he sleeps at night on a real French mattress made by a competitor round the corner.

The Frenchman has not yet thoroughly "cottoned" to the American oyster. These bivalves are so terribly dear in France that he does not know them save by report, and does not consider them as an article of food, as the regular New-Yorker does. Oyster cellars abound in Bleecker st., but they belong to the negro part of the population, which is intensely American in its ways of life. Nothing is more refreshing to the cosmopolitan philosopher then to see a party of four dusky beaux and belles extending themselves on the side walk in Bleecker st., gazing with unconcealed scorn at the "Mossoos" who wish to pass, and descending in triumph for oyster stews down the steep steps of some favorite haunt. The Frenchmen, on the other hand, regard the negro element with fraternal interest. They do not affect to conceal their opinion that they are superior to the Italians, and they ogle the dusky belles whose heads protrude from the once fashionable balconies of the street with the air of men who recognize beauty under every color. The American has so definitely French that the head-gear of the Frenchmen does not betray them. The difference is in the overcoats, which are of fine glossy broadcloth, and not of the thick beaver which Americans use, knowing how cold it can be in New-York on occasions. To promenade is the true luxury of a Frenchman, and Bleecker st. is the home of the "flaneur" who does not know enough of the town to wander to Fifth ave. Sundays, to his horror, are observed with Britannic rigor, and on that day there is nothing for him save the promenade. Therefore, on Sundays the streets of the quarter are full of people. All the drinking saloons in this part are closed, for the Frenchman obeys the law that he regards with dislike and scorn. There is no "petit verre," no dominoes, no billiards, nothing but the promenade. This is terrible to the French nature, in winter time especially, and accounts for the fondness with which San Francisco is regarded by Frenchmen. One wrote recently to his friend that he arrived there on a Sunday, but heard the click of billiard balls and the battle of deathless everywhere, and so he recognized that he was in a civilized country.

TERRAPIN FARMING ON THE HIGHLANDS.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A GEORGIA CRACKER.

He was a veritable Georgia cracker, and he had come from the foothills of his native State to take in the sights of the metropolis. A TRIBUNE reporter stumbled upon him at his hotel, and asked him if he would be "interviewed."

"Wal, now, yer see, that's just what I do want the wust in the world. What are yer gwine to ax me about? I'm a farmer, yer know, a tar'pin farmer, so yer better ax me sumthin' about that, 'cause it's sumthin bran new, and yer folks ain't heerd nothin' of the bizness, I warrant. Has yer, now? No! well, sakes alive, if I ain't jumped smack into the best kind of stockraisin' in the whole country I'm a liar. Tar'pin farmin', I call it. I'll tell yer all about it, an' I don't keer if yer git every word of it in the papers, 'cause it's my monop'ly an' I've got it patuted. I ain't none of yer free traders—yer can jest bet yer life. But I'll tell yer what I was agoin' to.

"Yer know I come up here about every onct in two years to look 'round an' see what's new. Well, last trip I tramped about Washington Market an' stumbled agin a old friend of mine. He was a layin' on his back with his front door open an' a peepin' an' a wondrin' what he was doin' there. He looked like he knowed me. I axed the butcher where he got him. He said Georgia. 'What port?' said I. 'Up about Possum Trot.' 'What's he fer?' 'Fur sale.' 'How much?' 'Three dollars.' Sakes! it like to hev tore my breath away. Them critters six! Stranger, I didn't tote much baggage them days. I an' my gripsack was on the train in fifteen minutes goin' to Georgia. I didn't say much about my bizness, but I thought a right smart heap. Got thar I set the ole woman an' the gals to work a-pickin' up tar'pins. We all jet kept our mouths shet an' worked mo'nin' an' night, an' purty soon there was about 300 of the critters a crawlin' about my pastures, an' the woods was cleared o' 'em. I reckin it was the fust tar'pin farmin' ever done in this country. It was slow bizness, powerful low, an' the darned things wouldn't eat a bite an' they always had the skulks. Whenever I went nigh one he jest closed the front and back doors of his shell an' possumed till I went away from him. They wouldn't be coaxed, an' you couldn't drive 'em, an' the only way to do was to let 'em have their own way. I swung a bell about the neck of a ble old fellow that the gals called Abraham, 'cause he looked so patiarch-like, an' yer oughter hev seen him. He pranced about wonsen a cat with paper shoes on, but he got used to it an' behaved. By an' by he learned to jingle the bell an' the other tar'pins learned what it meant, an' they got to followin' the old fellow jest like a flock of sheep. I thought that was doin' purty well, so I felt encouraged, sorter. I didn't have much trouble to keep my feed for 'em, 'cause they wouldn't eat corn, or hay, or wheat. Blamed if I knew what they did eat, stranger.

"An' let me tell yer, if yer ever want to go in the bizness, that tar'pins—highland tar'pins are better to raise than sheep. They don't git a-huntin' out at night—fact is, they like it an' had rather do it. Does cain't worry 'em neither. Why, I've seen a dog chaw on one all day an' then give up the job an' go over to my neighbor's an' kill a sheep. But to git along. At the end of the fust year I counted my flock of tar'pins an' there was jest 300 of 'em, jest exactly! countin' Abraham! Well, didn't that beat my time now? Yer know I jest started with 300 of 'em! Thinks I, that won't do. Oughter be some sort of interest on the bizness to make tar'pin farmin' pay, but how in the bizness was there to be any interest if the blamed things didn't hatch? Curus, warn't it? Nary egg the whole year, neither, nary one. Well, I sorter fell to ruminatin' about how there wasn't no big thing in tar'pin farmin' nohow, and I low'd to tell the old woman of it. She said she told me so, she told me so, till I was mighty nigh distracted, an' I begun to feel sorter sold like. One night there cum up a thunder storm, one of the ornarest let-slows ever yer saw. Now the tar'pin pasture was slopin' like and purty steep, an' there wasn't no grass nor nuthin' growin' in it. Wal, as I said, there come a power of rain one night, an' next mornin where do you reckin, stranger, I found the tar'pins? Give it up? I didn't find 'em, an' I never expect to find 'em. The rain jest washed 'em away down the hill into the swamp an' they were gone for good. It's the only thing I've got agin tar'pins—they can't stand freshets. But if yer can invent some way to learn 'em how, you jest go into tar'pin farmin' high land tar'pin farmin' an you're everlasty fixed. Book ye, stranger, come again."

A FIGHTING CROW'S VICTORY.

MORE THAN A MATCH FOR TWO CUPS.

"Jake" and "Jim" were two cronies in a Western town. Jake was a self-made man. He believed in self-help. "A man that can't help himself ain't worth helpin'," was his sententious way of summing up his experience of mankind. So toward the man under him he was disposed to be rather harsh and profane. But his heart was tender toward the dumb portion of creation. "They can't help themselves, and that's why I help them," he used to say to his friends when explaining his frequent interference in their behalf. Woe betide the luckless small boys whom he found tormenting a stray dog or cat. And if he found a man abusing a horse, his tongue, and fists, too, if need be, were promptly brought into action in defence of the animal. Occasionally he took charge of the smaller creatures that he had rescued from their brutal tormentors. At the period to which this story relates he had in his possession a crow which he had taken from a gang of "hoodlums" whom he found pelting it with stones in a vacant lot. Jake tried to teach it some of the amenities of civilization, but with small success. It was as ill-favored a looking bird as could well be imagined. Its turn and battered plumage gave to it a woe-begone appearance. It was of a taciturn and morose disposition, and its confidence in human nature appeared to have been shaken beyond all hope of repair. It peeked at everybody that came near it. Jake was often chaffed about the unfortunate bird and none were fonder of joking Jake about his protégé than his friend Jim. Now Jim was a man of some leisure and single. He squandered all his surplus affection on two diminutive black and tan dogs that were said to be unequaled at rat-killing. They were pert, noisy and in irksome little nuisances. Jim was as usual one morning teasing his friend about his unlucky crow. To these sallies Jake, who was not skilful at repartee, replied by sundry ominous growls, strongly flavored with "cuss words," in the use of which he was an adept.

"Now, jes' tell me what that bird's good for, anyway!" said Jim with persistency. "He's ugly enough to scare a witch."

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed Jake, his patience fairly giving out. "I'll bet drinks for the crowd he can lick them two onery, snivelling little curs of yours until they are blind, if he can't blank blank me." And to give additional emphasis to his words he brought his fist down with a resounding crash on the table. "What do you mean it?" asked Jim, his eyes wide open with astonishment. "Mean it! of course I do. Do you take me for a sucker?" replied Jake in an indignant tone. "Call the boys and trot out your dogs."

The boys were found not further off than the nearest saloon and required no persuasion to transport them saloon speedily to the little room where the novel combat was to take place. Meanwhile Jake had brought in the crow from an upper room. He had backed himself into a corner, and there blinked suspiciously at the crowd. The two black and tans, yelping and eager, were with difficulty restrained from throwing themselves on the apparently doomed bird. Nobody would back the crow at any odds. A few among the crowd murmured that it was a "cruel shame," but they were unceremoniously hidden to "shut up" by the unfeeling majority, who perceived that if that sentiment prevailed the "dishes for the crowd" would not be forthcoming. Jake, doubtless, felt much chagrined that, contrary to his favorite principle of helping the helpless, he had been provoked into proposing such a cruel conflict. But it was too late to retract, and he stoutly protested unfounded confidence in the fighting prowess of his crow. "Are you ready?" at length asked Jim. "In a minute," was the prompt response. "Let me first give my bird a dander up." Jake stepped up to the crow and poked his foot at it. The crow spread its clipped wings, and pecked at the boot viciously. "He's game, sure enough," now Jim ready. "She'll do, she'll do!" said Jim, as he placed his dogs on the floor. The spectators, in excitement, rushed at the crow as dogs are put on of a third-rate boarding house scamper down on the dining room when the first grand note of the dinner bell is heard.

It looked as though it was all up with the crow. He was thrown on his back and both dogs grabbed him. The crow made no noise but clawed vigorously and did some effective work with his sharp beak, drawing blood from one of the dogs at a terrible rate, and the other. After the lapse of half a minute the dogs drew off spitting and coughing and pawing at their mouths, which were full of feathers. With the exception of the feathers it had lost the crow was none the worse for the round, and having regained his feet, stood like an old veteran calmly awaiting another charge. It was then seen that his feathers contained him unexpected assistance both as a means of offence and defence. They choked the dogs and filled their mouths full from the sharp teeth. As long as the supply of them lasted the crow was apparently in no great danger. Soon the dogs made another rush at him, and again he clawed and pecked while they filled their mouths with feathers and then withdrew to pick their teeth. In this way five rounds were fought, in the course of which the crow shed his main reliable feathers but was not hurt in other respects, and got in some good licks on the noses of the dogs. The crow was riding in public favor and was warmly applauded, but to these demonstrations he appeared quite indifferent. When it came to the sixth round the ardor of the dogs had manifestly abated. It was a short round. One of the dogs received a peck in an exposed portion of his lingering to a corner. The other dog seemed to miss his companion. It was only after repeated exhortations to "sic 'em!" that he gathered sufficient courage to make another rush. He soon obtained a mouthful of feathers and then beat a retreat. Evidently he was desirous of coditating on some other plan of attack. He looked appealingly at his master for advice and assistance, but that gentleman with such energy again mercilessly adjured him to "sic 'em." The dog was evidently of opinion that that game was played out, and instead of rushing wildly on the crow as before, he approached it slowly and began to bark at it. Then the crow, to the astonishment of all, assumed the offensive. He ruffled such feathers as were left, spread his wings, stretched out his neck, and hopped toward the dog uttering a succession of harsh "caws." Half denuded of feathers as he was, he looked like some avenging phantom crow, and might well have smitten terror to the heart of a larger and stouter dog than Jim's black and tan. The dog barked with increased volubility and energy. Still the crow continued to bear down on him. Then he dog began to retreat, still barking and facing the crow, until he had backed against the legs of one of the spectators. He unceremoniously dived behind them and ceased his barking. The crow without a dissenting voice was pronounced the victor. Jim acquiesced in the decision, merely exclaiming, "Holy Moses! who'd a thought it?" To which the man who had spoken replied that they would be blamed if they had ever thought anything of the kind. The crow was at once lifted high in public esteem, and the sunshine of popularity caused to exercise a wonderful regenerating influence over his spirits and temper. He became quite sleek, fat and sociable, and no man ever passed any disparaging remarks about him. He became in fact one of the pets of the boys.

PRAYER MEETINGS IN FIFTH AVENUE.

A speaker at a West-Side mission experience meeting recently said that he lived on Praise-st., corner of Hallelujah-ave., on the sunny side corner. A lady said: "Thousands of the poor of New-York are starving for salvation." "So are the rich," said a voice. Another speaker remarked that he was in a business which carried him to the houses of the rich, and that the people would be surprised if they knew what was going on in some of the Fifth-ave. mansions. Some of the rich were uneasy about their souls' salvation, and were holding prayer meetings in their own houses. He had, only a day or two ago, filled an order for 150 camp chairs to be delivered in a Fifth-ave. mansion where religious meetings were in progress.

A "smokeless engine" has been invented. Such a piece of mechanism is possible, and the time may also come when some genius will bring out a locomotive that won't "choo" while it is at work.—Norristown Herald.

THE DOMESTIC MAIL.

VARIOUS SUGGESTIONS AND INCIDENTS.

THE WASHINGTON SECRET SERVICE OFFICE

From Correspondence of The Boston Traveller.

This sample book in which you see pasted bank and national notes, with the word bad punched out in each, contains $25,000, and we have here the histories and photographs of 2,500 criminals, perhaps 10 per cent of whom are women. William E. Brockway is the most notable person in the entire collection. He is called the "King of Counterfeiters," and occupies the first place in this album. Next to him are his two pals Doyle, the man who passed the money, and Charles E. Smith, the most expert engraver of "crooked" work in the country. In all of their operations Brockway furnished the money, laid out the plans, and was the brains of the gang. Doyle passed the "stuff" and Smith was the engraver. Doyle is now serving a twelve years' sentence in the Illinois State Prison. Brockway was captured some eight weeks ago on the charge of counterfeiting some railroad bonds, samples of which we have here in this office, and Smith is living with his family in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Smith engraved the plate from which the famous $1,000 7-30 bond of the issue of '65 was printed, and $83,000 worth of it were actually redeemed at the Treasury Department before it was discovered to be a counterfeit. The impression was so good that the experts were unable to determine whether the bonds were genuine or counterfeit, and the matter was only decided when the Government issue bearing the duplicate numbers came back for redemption. Smith also engraved what is known as the Hamilton $50 greenback, and the $100 note on different banks, which are the finest known of these series. Several years ago a very shrewd dodge was played by one of Smith's confederates on R. H. White & Co., of Boston. A woman entered their store and looked at some very expensive shawls. Finally, she made up her mind to take one, and tendered a $1,000 bill in payment. The clerk took the money to the cashier, who sent it to the bank to find out whether it was genuine or not. The answer came that the bill was good beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then the clerk said that the shawl would be sent to the woman's address, but she proceeded to get very angry, and said that if they could not take her money without question that she would go elsewhere and she flounced out of the store in great rage. About an hour afterwards she returned, and told the clerk that she had visited Jordan, Marsh & Co's., Shepard & Norwell's, Hogg, Brown & Taylor's and C. F. Hovey & Co.'s, but that she had been unable to find a shawl which suited her as well as the one she left in their establishment. She said she would take it with her, and tendered a $1,000 bill in payment. The shawl was valued at $200 and the woman took it away with her, together with $800 in change. The bill first tendered was genuine, the second was a counterfeit, and the firm was just $1,000 out of pocket.

Smith engraved the plate from which this counterfeit note was printed, and it was so nearly perfect that only a minute examination would have caused detection. Smith also engraved the plate from which the $1,000 6 per cent bonds were printed, but we captured the entire issue before any of them had been passed, amounting in all to $201,000. Now I wish to call your attention to two curious facts. Counterfeiting runs in families, and without exception the men engaged in it are all poor. For instance, take the Ballard family. Thomas, Benjamin, George and John, four brothers, all in one clutches, together with an accomplice, their brother out of jail, but we are satisfied that he is an honest man. Thomas Ballard is a wonderful fellow. He is the only person we know of who, we have, has succeeded in imitating the fibre paper upon which the genuine notes and bonds are printed. At present he is serving a thirty years' sentence as a reward for his discovery. He is a chemist of no ordinary attainments, and he invented a process by which he was able to take a genuine two or one dollar bill, and completely obliterate the traces of ink from its surface. Then with a counterfeit plate of a higher denomination, he would print upon the genuine paper, and thus raise the note. Speaking about raising notes, here is a check on the Third National Bank of New-York, which was raised from $131 to $26,908, and paid, in 1876. The perpetrators worked off with chemicals all that was written in the check except the signature, and I regret to say that they have never been able to discover who did it. Here are three steel plates which were engraved by Ulrich for a five dollar issue. The engraving is done on soft steel, and when completed the plate is hardened. To give you some idea of the amount of labor it takes to engrave these plates I can only say that we have evidence that Ulrich was fifteen months completing them. Perhaps the greatest curiosities in our entire collection are the bills which made their appearance about four years ago, executed with a pen entirely by hand. At first we thought that it must take a great amount of time for the rascal to turn out one of those bills, but now we think that he produces about one a week. The denominations are fifties, twenties and tens, and they are turned into the Treasury for redemption from all parts of the Union.

BE DIDN'T ENGAGE HER.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and, as there was no girl in at the time, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle and leads the gay society circles; she is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's aging shoulders.

So she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink silk and Spanish lace, with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, "Love's Young Dream," but it had left pleasant memories with both.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macedonia.

"My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs. ——. Can you send one up there to-day?"

"No, sur," said the woman stolidly, "tha' ain't one in now."

"Why won't this one do?" asked the gentleman curtly, turning upon the young lady, who in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

"I'm, now, she ain't no girl," said the mistress of the intelligence, but the gentleman paid no attention to her.

"See here, Miss, or Mrs. what's your name," he asked abruptly, "can you do general housework, wash, iron and cook? If you can and are worth your salt, you can get a place—d'ye hear?"

The girl shrunk hastily from his extended hand, and he asked:

"Are you a German or a Swede? Because if you can't speak English, why don't you? What's the matter with you? Are you deaf and dumb, are you?"

By this time the indignant girl had collected her wits, and, rising from her chair, she walked out, leaving him staring after her.

"She will meet and she will miss him,
There will be one vacant stare."

But he will never know what fate did for him in the intelligence office.

A FORTUNATE CANADIAN.

Montreal Correspondence of The Buffalo Courier.

There is a pleasing little anecdote in connection with the carnival, of a Frenchman's getting "rich in a day," a fact almost unparalleled in the history of Province of Quebec Frenchmen. Baptiste Laporte lives in a little story and a half gray shake plastered mansion near the Bonsecour market, where he kept a small retail fur store. Here he has lived for the past fifty years on the hill just overlooking the old Bonsecour church, the oldest sacred edifice in Canada, being built a hundred years ago. Baptiste was poor, for though his furs were always of the best quality and "the finest in the world," his establishment was comparatively unknown and consequently little patronized.

Things went on pretty much the same for Baptiste for twenty-five years. He left with his dog, gun and snow shoes every fall and returned home in the spring to his Marie with his toboggan well packed with precious and valuable furs to be sold for the next season. He generally did not manage to sell more than half his stock out from year to year, but by an ingenious plan his wife managed to preserve these furs so that when the time came for Baptiste to summon up all his enterprise and attract customers to his shop he was as fresh and perfect order as if he had just stretched them on the little pine sticks to cure after shooting the animals in the bush. Baptiste decided to remain home this winter to enjoy the carnival. He did not wish to take advantage of the opportunity to make money, like too many other tradespeople, but merely to enjoy himself. However, a happy thought struck him, and he advertised his furs in all the local papers.

It grew very cold a day or two after the opening of the carnival, and as an American gentleman said, "the mercury having got so high up in the glass during the first part of last week that it almost took two thermometers spliced together to gauge it, was now to be found down knocking the bottom out of the concern." This change persuaded the American visitors who had come here unprotected against the frost further than by a "plug" hat and a silk handkerchief to "go in for" furs, and Baptiste's was soon found to be the cheapest place in the city. In two days his whole stock was sold with the exception of half a dozen red fox skins and half a dozen silver fox skins, the latter being purchased in the pelt $150 for the lot. Baptiste yesterday was a poor French Canadian farmer, to-day he is, thanks to the carnival, worth $50,000. He had several daughters who were always employed evenings, making up the furs he brought home.

TEA CULTURE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From Correspondence of The Baltimore Day.

Will tea grow in America? is often asked. Here is the answer: Seedlings just three years old I measured seven feet high. Will tea made from these plants be good tea? Yes, for I have made the best tea I ever drank from American leaves. I say "best" not because the leaf grows better here than in China, not "best" because the tea was fresher, for tea is never so good as it is at the place of growth—it loses both in quality and strength, and the absorption by it of any surrounding moisture or bad odors is another cause of deterioration. Tea should be put in metal-lined packages as soon as cured of a suitable size for family use, and not in big chests that are open to outside influences. Will tea pay to cultivate in America? That is the question and one not easily answered. To successfully make tea requires a climate that will, in the season, continually force out new leaves in the place of those that are picked off; it is warm moisture that does this, and wherever our climate offers these advantages means to be found out, for the experiment has not been carried far enough. Most people imagine it is the expense of making the commercial article out of the leaves wherein lies the difficulty, and they talk about cheap Chinese labor, etc., but you might as well compare the "cheap Chinese" mode of transportation by coolies over mountain roads to our railroads. Tea making, which in China is a tedious process entirely by hand, under European management in India is a simple and quick process done by machinery, and no doubt, if tea making ever becomes an industry in America, Yankee ingenuity will greatly simplify and excel the cumbrous English tea machines now used in India.

In one respect American tea would be a great advantage to our people. It would be an educator, for it would simply be American tea made on American principles; it would be a departure from the foolish adulterations of China; it would be without any Oriental glamor of humbug; and the community would open their eyes to the fact that in many cases they had been buying tea to look at, not to drink, that they had been paying China millions of dollars a year for what the trade politely calls "style," that the chemist calls Prussian blue, gypsum and plumbago, and which the wily Chinaman knows is often the cloak that covers a poor quality of leaf. It is no use for a reputable dealer to tell of these abuses, the public only smiles and suspects a deep-laid plot to humbug with something else. But one of these days, when the old lady—public, who has been as particular in the selection of her favorite "gunpowder" as she is in the shade of her dress, will be given some American tea, and as she delights in its aroma, its soothing influence, she exclaims at its uneven shape, its motley color, its absence of "style." Then the scales of prejudice may fall from her eyes; she may too—who knows—add to her old age, and one of the missions of American tea will have been accomplished.

A FLOUR BROKER'S RUSE.

From The St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Mr. Fred P Harriott, the husband of Clara Morris, was for a number of years a flour merchant of New-York city, and during that period he handled flour from the Minneapolis and other Minnesota mills. He chatted pleasantly a few evenings since, and related how he had succeeded in introducing Minnesota new process flour when it was a new thing, and not regarded with favor. Mr. Archibald, the owner of the Dundas mills, was a visitor to the warerooms of the Harriott Bros., and had been permanently engaged in shipping the Minnesota flour produced from the soft wheat by the old process. The Harriott Bros. were the importers of Hungarian flour, and Mr. Archibald there saw samples of this famous flour. He examined it critically, and with his broad mind at once declared his ability to make the flour; went to Hungary and studied the process, changed his mill and commenced to produce the flour. At that time the Harriott Bros. had a large customer in Boston, an Italian, who used the lowest flour in the manufacture of macaroni. Occasionally broken packages came to hand and these were repacked in the ordinary barrels and billed as broken packages, and 60 cents additional charged for the barrel used in the shipment. When the Archibald flour under the new process began to arrive Mr. Harriott was so well satisfied that it would pass muster that he sent the Boston Italian five barrels on the first shipment; after the receipt of the Minnesota flour, billed, as before, broken packages. The proportion so shipped was gradually increased until a large proportion of the whole was billed as "broken packages." No remonstrance came against the quality of the flour, but at a subsequent settlement the son of Italy protested vigorously against the bill for the barrels. Mr. Harriott told him he was free to close the account, and some discussion ensued, in which the indignation of the Italian was a conspicuous feature. Mr. Harriott turned to his bookkeeper and asked him to look up the account of Hungary vs. America.

"You have not made objection to the quality of the flour I have sent you," he continued, addressing his customer. "Nearly one half of it as you say, has been received in broken packages. The flour shipped in that way is nothing more than American flour made in a little mill up in Minnesota. If you can use half of the whole amount consumed in your business of American flour, you can use all American flour. Will you look, Mr. Bookkeeper, and see how the account stands? A balance of $6,000 did you says Well, if you want to close the account, I'll stand the broken package bill and you may stand the balance. You have been using Minnesota flour at $8 per barrel, instead of Trieste flour at $17." It was a revelation to the Italian, and he did not close the account. He's using Archibald's flour to this day, and making just as good macaroni as he ever did.

"And speaking of Italians, the Americans are becoming experienced buyers of importers recalls an incident in my experience. Some time ago I found a shoemaker in ill health struggling along in Boston. He knew something about hoes. I had a piece of land in San Bernardino county, Cal., which I offered to sell him, and gave him some help to get out there with his family. He prospered in bee culture, and when we were in California the last time I went and saw him. We were about going to Europe then, and he asked me to take over an American queen. He was crippled so that the American queen bee possessed vitality vigor than the Italian. I consented, and he improvised a box for it by boring in a piece of wood, put in some honey, some wax, and some of the flowers of Southern California, and gave it to me. Two months later I was repacking our trunks in Boston when I came across my California bee. I said to Miss Morris, 'Will I guess the queen is dead.' I had forgotten all about her. A tap on the box showed, how true, that the queen was alive and when I opened it in Paris I presented her to the American queens, accounting to instruction, and no sent the bee, as desired, to the Department of Agriculture. Upon returning from Switzerland the consul said that he had a letter of commendation for me to bear to my California friend from the Department of Agriculture. The American's claim proved true. It was satisfactorily demonstrated to the Department that while the Italian queens produced but 10 per cent of working bees the American queens produce 64 per cent. My California man is sending all the bees he can spare to France now in little packages by mail that cost him two cents to post, and is getting $9 apiece for every one of them."

LIFE AT THE HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

From Correspondence of The Philadelphia Times.

A street car passes, drawn by a melancholy-looking mule. On the car hangs a placard:

BLACK DAN AND THE BEAR
WILL RESTLE TO-DAY
AT CASTLE PARK.

I board the car and am carried through an entirely new part of the town, northward and above the Arlington. The valley widens again. We cross the Josephine cottage, the Avenue Hotel and a number of very pretty private residences. These became rarer after awhile and at last the mule is trudging between the tracks over a country road. Again the strains of martial music assail my ears and I discover a third band playing furiously in one corner of a little two acre enclosure. A man at the gate relieves me of a quarter and I am free of the place.

There is a cottage in the rear occupied by a Frenchman as a restaurant. In one corner, chained to a tree, lies a gigantic bear—the biggest black bear I ever saw. A notice is pasted on the tree:

BEER FOR THE BEAR.
25 CTS.

Scattered about in the park are a hundred or so of spectators. I do not like to show ignorance by inquiring the meaning of the placard, but quietly wait. Presently a young man, evidently not a member of a red-ribbon society, gently approaches the bear, who looks at him lazily and blinks his eyes. The young man lazily and blinks his eyes. The young man displays a bottle of beer. The big beast (the bear, I mean) rises on his haunches and licks his jaws in token of approval. The biped, after one or two feints, rolls the bottle over to brum, who seizes it, uncorks it with his teeth and takes a tremendous pull. After a rest he takes another. This time he has emptied it, and letting it roll to a distance gazes at it with an expression half melancholy and half comical. "Treating the bear" is a daily amusement with the visitors here. His powers are great. He has been known to make away with twenty-five bottles at a sitting, or rather a squatting, without hanging out any signal of distress or emptying himself otherwise than as a perfect bear. Whether he had a headache the next day or not no one knows.

"Time" is called for the wrestling bout, and a negro in a ragged suit of clothes steps forward and prepares for battle. This, it seems, is Dan. The bear at first seems disinclined to move, but is prodded into activity by the blows and insults heaped upon him. He shows considerable skill and does not lose his temper. Occasionally he handles Dan pretty roughly. In the first round Dan rolled a hat of some touch material down over his eyes and made a dash at bruin. The latter dodged, and, rolling aside from Dan, who had slipped and fallen backwards into the bear's hug, laid hold of his arm with his teeth, pinching it severely, as was evident from the expression of Dan's face. The negro finally freed his other arm and struck bruin a terrific blow on the snout, at the same time shouting: "What's de matter wid you? Bear!" The bear loosened his hold and Dan handed off for repairs. After pausing to regain his wind Dan, evidently a little disheartened, made another rush, but the bear stooped, caught him roughly, and, falling backward, flung him bleeding and half-senseless into a pile of rubbish twenty feet away. Poor Dan picked himself up and retreated toward the house, turning from time to time to bestow a farewell curse upon his late adversary, whose eyes shone with a merry twinkle as they followed the vanquished darkey.

"The show" was ended, and the crowd made a rush for the bob-tail cars.

ADVERTISEMENT LITERATURE.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Not long ago a man stood absorbed in thought at the counter of a newspaper office in this city. He was writing something on a scrap of paper, and as a friend passed him he caught at him as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"Give me a word," he exclaimed.

"Certainly," said his friend; "what kind of a word?"

"Oh, anything you can think of. It doesn't matter what."

"How would collaborate do?"

"Couldn't be better. Thanks, ever so much," and he inserted the word and handed in the advertisement.

The next morning the friend read:

"Furniture sold on collaborated time to parties desirous of coling to collaborated housekeeping."

A Detroit paper gravely announces in its advertising columns:

"To Rent—An elegantly furnished room to a gentleman already heated."

Among the artistic advertising notices: are the following:

"Two young women want washing."

"Wool and wool split."

"Teeth extracted with great pains."

A cheerful advertisement is this:

"Try our coffins. You will never use any other."

INDIANS IN WASHINGTON.

From Correspondence of The Philadelphia Record.

We almost always have some Indians here. They want to see the President once in a while and the Secretary of the Interior, and the President and the Secretary of the Interior want to see them. The Indians always have a very good time. They are the guests of the Nation. As such they are brought here in good style, carefully shown all the attractions of the town and lionized to a certain extent by the people in a certain sort of society. You see them at hotel hops and at the President's levees, if you attend these delightful entertainments, and now and then at a Senator's house they dance and sing for his guests. They don't usually get what they come for; but they always get something, and sometimes it seems better than the thing they asked for. Then they have lots of fun as they go along. I don't suppose their constituents are always satisfied with the way in which these delegations conduct their mission; but then, you know, constituencies are always unreasonable, and in this case they are very ill-bred as well.

One thing that these Indians usually carry back to their friends is a profound respect for the Great Father's power, acquired during their inspection of the Executive Departments. Some New-Mexico Indians recently at the capital carried back with them ideas somewhat more extravagant than usual. They began the story with the remark that President Arthur was the wealthiest man in the world; that in his great treasury gold and silver were as plentiful as the sands on the plains of New Mexico, and that in his great storehouse the President had 200 wives, who have nothing else to do but count out paper money for him all day long. You may imagine the rest.

THE VULGARITY OF IT.

From The Philadelphia Call.

"What a vulgar set those Simpsons are!" said a New-York young woman to her mother. "I declare I am almost tempted to cut their acquaintance entirely."

"What have they been a-doing of?" asked the mother, with fashionable languor.

"You remember Jackson—Mary Jackson—who used to work for us? She was employed in some capacity in the kitchen, I think."

"Yes, I remember the girl very well, and a nice young woman she was, too. Always neat and respectful."

"Yes, she was an excellent servant. She is now employed by the Simpsons, and, mother, what do you suppose they call her?"

"Call her?" repeated the mother; "why they call her Jackson, of course."

"No, they do not," and her the young lady's lip curled scornfully; "they call her Mary."

THE MARKETS.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF PRODUCE.

*Per North River, Vessels