THE GOSSIP OF PARIS.

Mme. de Balzac—Martin, the Lion Tamer—The Polish Dancing Master—Zola's New and Worthless Novel—Picture Talk.

PARIS, April 14.—The necrology of the past week contains some names, celebrated in very different spheres, which the attentive observer of Parisian life cannot allow to pass unnoticed. I mean those of Mme. de Balzac, Henri Martin, the lion tamer, and Markowski, the dancing master. The collocation seems curious; it is one of those odd coincidences due to the irony of events. In a recent letter I spoke at some length of the marriage of Mme. de Balzac with the illustrious novelist and of the financial embarrassments, which harassed her later years—embarrassments, it must be added, due entirely to the lady's own imprudence and to that of her daughter. Mme. de Balzac died on the night of April 10, after a long illness, in the house 22 Rue Balzac, where the author of the "Comédie Humaine" died less than six months after his marriage with the widow of the Count de Hanski, *née* Countess Rzewuski, a descendant of the illustrious family that numbers among its members Wenceslas Rzewuski, Hetman and Grand General of Poland under Stanislaus Augustus, and Marie Leszczinska, Queen of France. Mme. de Balzac now lies in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, in the same tomb as her husband.

Ever since the death of Balzac his house at the corner of the Faubourg Saint Honoré and of the street that bears his name has been shrouded in mystery. None but a few very intimate friends of the family have entered it. Exteriorly the house presents the appearance of a half-finished building that had been abandoned for want of funds. Some of the windows are simply boarded up and the lower part is covered with posters and placards of all colors, the deposit of years of neglect. In the interior several of the rooms are uninhabitable and falling into decay. The salon alone, with its dome roof, formerly a chapel, was kept with jealous care by Mme. de Balzac.

A curious story is related of the arrival of Balzac and his bride in this house. The marriage, as the reader may remember, was celebrated at Berditcheff, and it was night when the couple arrived at Paris. When he got out of the carriage at the door of his house, Balzac was astonished to find all the windows brightly lighted. He knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, but in vain. In despair Balzac climbed over the wall, and what did he see? His valet, gone mad, was dancing through the apartments, which he had illuminated with as many candles as he could place, imagining that he was at a ball. If there were the circumstances which Mme. de Balzac entered her husband's house. Were they not, by their romantic strangeness, worthy of the master?

Mme. de Balzac must have been some 77 years of age. The testimony of all who have had the privilege of approaching her goes to show that she was a remarkable woman. Indeed, she must have had rare qualities to captivate a man of Balzac's capacity, and to inspire him with that boundless admiration which he has expressed in the letters published in the two volumes of his correspondence. We may perhaps hope that now her daughter, the Countess Mniszech, will make it her filial duty to publish her mother's letters to Balzac, so that we may complete the portrait of the woman whom Balzac called "the jewel of Poland."

Henri Martin, whose name chance has caused me to couple with that of Mme. de Balzac, was a great man in his way. He was the first who ventured to enter a cage of wild beasts, and with a speech followed by force of energy, coolness, and judgment in subjecting the will of lions and tigers to his own will. Martin never employed any of those fantastic means which people attribute to the tamers of wild beasts, and which Balzac himself has so poetically described in a fragment called "The passion in the Desert." Martin really *tamed* his animals, and impressed them with a sense of his superiority. He was a veritable king of animals, and it was not without reason that Charles Nodier said one night as he came out of Martin's menagerie: "At last we have a king." Martin would perhaps have been Bonaparte. Chance has made of a man of genius a director of a menagerie."

Martin's memoirs, written from his notes by M. Amédée Pichot, were published a few years ago. The volume is one of the most interesting and sincere books of the kind that I have read. Henri Martin was born in 1793. His father was at one time a companion in arms of the famous Massena, Duke of Rivoli. When he was 10 years of age he was engaged in a travelling circus, and for fifteen years he worked as a rider. Martin had remarkable success as a horse tamer. Then the idea struck him that he could tame tigers by the same means. He spent eight months in taming a royal Bengal tiger; then he tamed a hyena, and then a lion, which used to boast that he had never been seen with a whip in his hand. Martin's great success in Paris and London in the "Lions of Mysore," dates away back from 1830, when he was indeed the lion of the day. The frequent references to him in the novels of Balzac and Eugène Sue show what an impression was made upon his contemporaries by this man, who, from appetite for danger, bravado, and the passion of peril, took his daily bread, so to speak, from the jaws of a lion. By wonderful luck Martin escaped being devoured by his beasts. About 1840 he retired, and sold the greater part of his menagerie to the Zoölogical Garden of Rotterdam, of which establishment he was for some years curator. Then he retired into private life, to his village of Verchie, near Rotterdam, where he devoted his unlimited leisure to fishing and rose growing. He died at Overschie, last week, full of years.

The present year has been disastrous to the remnants of the gay Paris of the early imperial days. Nobile and Chiatagne have shared the fortune of Frascati and Valentino and become a prey to the picks and spades of the navvies. The famous restaurant of Le Moulin Rouge has disappeared from the carte du tendre. A day or two ago the renowned Markowski died in extreme distress in an obscure lodging house where you pay six cents. Markowski was in his time one of the celebrities of Paris, and his name occurs frequently in the anecdotic history of this second empire. His real name was Joseph Lev. Polish Jew Lyer and by trade a bookbinder, he came to Paris some time about 1845. One night at one of the public balls on the borders of Paris he danced a national Polish dance with immense success. The idea then struck him that his fortune lay in his legs, and he set up as a dancing master in the Rue Saint Lazare, and took the sonorous name of Markowski. In 1848 he opened a dancing class at the old Hôtel de Normandy, aspired to the successors of the elder Mabille, and had hitherto been the fashionable teacher, and made money. The same year he obtained the management of the balls at Enghien, and began that system of fêtes that were the delight of the young folks under the Empire. Markowski was the fashion. He invented the schottische, he had introduced the mazurka into France. He then further augmented his titles to immortality by composing the *Fraska* and the *Lubomanne*. In those days of fertility of invention how many dances did not Markowski compose—the *fango*, the *Impératrice* danced by Céleste Mogador, now Countess de Chabrillan, and Adèle Page, who died in the odor of sanctity a few weeks ago, the *chasseresse*, the quadrille of the *Souverains*? So Markowski conquered his place among the first dancing masters of the day.

But unfortunately for himself Markowski was a Bohemian. One day he lived like a prince, had fountains of eau de Cologne flowing in the midst of his salons, and invited all the minor journalists to marvellous suppers. The next day he was in the debtors' prison, or obliged to play the part of what used to be called in England "the Sunday gentleman." Markowski's days of glory were when he had his dancing saloon in the Rue Buffault. The three great ballrooms of the day—for the demi-monde—were those of Cellarius, Laborde, and Markowski. Markowski was the favorite, because all the vaudevillists, actors, and journalists had their entries free; the men did not pay, the women danced gratis, and the buffet gave credit. The only visitors who paid were the foreigners who came to study at leisure the conduct of a ball. The celebrities who used to frequent Markowski's saloon included all the young literary men of the time and some of the old ones—it was an epoch of gayety—Mürger, Roger de Beauvoir, Lambert Thiboust, About, Albert Wolff, Ernest Blum, Paul de Saint-Victor, &c. As for the women, the list would be too long to print. For names the reader may consult Nadaud's poem on the "Queens of Mabille," the *Dramatic Artists' Annual*, and the journals of the time. It was Markowski's specialty to start a *Venus* on the route for Cythera. It was he who discovered the famous Rigolboche, whose memoirs written by Henri Delauage, contain the profound remark that it is easier for a woman to earn a silk gown than a cotton one.

Of late years Markowski had been sinking lower and lower, although he always retained the manners, and never accepted a loan of money. Last year he had a ball called the "Jardins Canotiers" in a parlor on the Seine at Bougival, but as he kept up his old system of admitting the men free and allowing the women dances gratis, it is to be feared that he did not make money. I remember seeing him often last summer dance his famous *Fraska* with all the grace and elasticity that his sexagenarian bones would allow. It was like the dance of a grimacing skeleton in some Offenbachian tableau. You seemed to hear the joints cracking and the bones rattling.

No one can have visited Paris during the past three years without having been struck by the current of obscenity that pervades literature and journalism. In the novel particularly since Zola's last book there has been a tendency which has been constantly increasing in intensity. As it is, the kiosques along the boulevards are inundated with pornographic publications and the sellers offer filthy sheets with a crudity of expression that ten years ago would have made a whole regiment of cuirassiers blush for shame. In connection with this subject I heard a member of the jury of the forthcoming Salon make a curious observation the other day. Being asked whether the salon this year promised to be remarkable, he said after some hesitation: "It is very odd. Formerly elevated subjects used to predominate in the annual exhibitions; historical pictures, allegorical or poetical subjects. The painters seemed to seek the expression of some powerful or sublime sentiment. Now, this year, pornographic subjects predominate, and, as they are treated with infinite talent, we cannot refuse to admit them. Is it the result of the public taste? I mention the fact. You may draw your own conclusion."

Apropos of this unpleasant subject, I may mention that Zola's last abomination, "Pot-Bouille," will appear in book form in a few days. This book, destined in M. Zola's mind to be a faithful picture of the manners and morals of the Parisian middle classes, has been, as I have already intimated, a disastrous speculation for the *Gaulois* newspaper, which paid $6,000 for the privilege of publishing it in its feuilleton. From a literary point of view, "Pot-Bouille" has no value. In the whole dreary length of the volume there are not half a dozen pages worthy of Zola's work previous to the "Assommoir." From the point of view of truth of observation, the book has even less value than from the point of view of literature, it is utterly false. The author has limited the action of his novel to a single five-story house in the Rue Choiseul. He represents the half dozen families inhabiting the house as being acquainted with each other; whereas, in a Parisian house, one never sees, much less knows, one's neighbors above or below. Into this house Zola introduces a young counter-jumper, Octave Mouret, who proceeds to make love to all the women successively, from the ground floor to the attic. It does not even require a man to have lived at Paris in order to affirm that such uniformity of vice cannot be true; that while the French middle classes may contain black sheep, they are not so monotonously hideous as they are described in "Pot-Bouille." Finally, the middle classes belong to humanity, and humanity is not incessantly occupied from morning to night and from night to morning with the conception and satisfaction of carnal thoughts. All the characters in "Pot-Bouille" are prurient brutes. In no country does humanity exist in such conditions. But as "Pot-Bouille" represents creatures of pure imagination, doubtless M. Zola has conceived an ingenious or interesting plot. No; the book is entirely without plot. The successive seductions and adulteries are accompanied by a multitude of foul details minutely described in coarse and disgusting terms, and with a prurient meditation of the foulest erotism. In France public good sense has already done justice to this valueless and harmful production of a man who at one time had talent. I have spoken of the book frankly, and without circumlocution, in order to warn my readers against the contamination of it, and in order to beg them not to imagine for a moment that they will find in "Pot-Bouille" a study of French manners. To my mind, "Pot-Bouille" is the work of a man who is becoming a victim to a terrible monomania.

In a previous letter I announced the opening in May next of an international exhibition of pictures in the new galleries of the Rue de Sèze. Among the names of artists mentioned, some readers will be surprised not to see America represented. The organizing committee were indeed anxious to have America represented, and Mr. Whistler's name was proposed. But the majority pronounced against Mr. Whistler on the ground that he was so uncertain, not to say eccentric. He might send a fine picture, or he might send a picture that was merely eccentric. At this stage of the proceedings a preliminary list of exhibitors was published, rather prematurely. Since then the list has been much modified, and although even now I cannot give the complete and final list, I can state positively that the following artists have promised to exhibit: For America, George Boughton; for England, Alma Tadema, and in all probability Millais; for Belgium, Stevens; for Holland, Israels; for Italy, De Nittis; for Spain, Madrazo; for Russia, Bogoliuboff; for Germany, Menzel and Knauss; for Austria, Makart; for France, Gérôme, Baudry, Gustave Moreau, and Jules Dupré. Munkacsy's impressario, a Parisian picture dealer, refused to allow his painter to exhibit, and at the last moment Meissonier withdrew into the innermost depths of his monastic abode in the Avenue de Villiers, and refused to communicate with the world of mortals. However, the success of the exhibition is assured, and the opening is announced for the middle of May.

Speaking of pictures, a fine genre work by Dagnan called "An Accident" has been on exhibition this week at Goupil's gallery previous to its departure for America. This picture was in the Salon of 1880, when it was bought by Mr. Stewart. It is now the property of a well-known New York dealer, who, finding the Paris market cleared of all the fine works of Diaz, Rousseau, Millet, Corot, and Dupré, is obliged to endeavor to discover the Diaz and Millet of the future. To give some idea of the extent to which the United States drain the Parisian picture market, I may state that between the years 1876 and 1881 the pictures, engravings and tapestry imported from France into America represented a value of more than $8,000,000. Undoubtedly the future historian of French art in the nineteenth century will have to go to America to see its finest works.

THEODORE CHILD.

A Primitive Sort of Colony.

From the Memphis Appeal.

Yesterday afternoon an *Appeal* reporter met J. W. Niles, an intelligent colored man, who for several years has been engaged in the work of establishing negro colonies. From him the reporter obtained an interesting account of the Nicodemus colony in Kansas. He said: "Nicodemus contains some 300 horses, and is located in Graham County, this district being known as Solomon Valley. They have two churches there, a public school, one subscription school, a Post Office, and several stores."

"What do they do for money?"

"Well, they raise corn, pumpkins, and vegetables, and meet every Saturday night and exchange commodities. They give vegetables and other productions for drugs, clothing, and so on. I never knew before that men could live wi' hout money. For three years after the colony started there was not a team in it, and the men worked entirely with picks and spades. The colonists were of the worst class of negroes from Kentucky. Many of them went to live easily off the community. Now they are transformed into industrious working farmers, thus showing, as I have always claimed, that there was something to be made even out of the lowest negro."

"Have you any trouble with the white people?"

"A regular township government, the principal officer being a township trustee, who is a negro."

FASHION NOTES.

Pongee never goes out of fashion.

Mull neckties and scarfs are passé.

Shot or changeable silks are again in vogue.

Ribbons are again fashionable for neck wear.

It is the fancy to tie the neck ribbon on one side.

Lace is worn with everything and on everything.

White camels' hair is much used for tea gowns.

Historical and picturesque costumes grow in favor.

Brocaded China crape appears among late novelties.

Hip draperies and tunics are much tucked and gathered.

This is the month for chenille mantles, in d with silk or satin.

The English are surpassing the French this season in model costumes.

Morning wrappers are made of the new barred mull and nainsook muslins.

The costume à *Jupponette* take the fancy of the London æsthetes just now.

Picelle or Medici lace is the coming novelty for trimming dresses and bonnets.

In spite of efforts to make all evening dresses short, trains are worn extensively.

The hair, to be fashionably dressed, must fall low on the neck and also on the brow.

Hideous curtain paniers disfigure a large proportion of the Paris made dresses of this season.

Pale gray and terra cotta, pale blue and canary yellow, are favorite combinations for tea gowns.

Gentlemen's fashions are affected in a measure by the revival of taste for color in the toilets of ladies.

The dogma of fashion for hats and bonnets this spring is: Wear what you please, so that it is becoming.

Light shoulder pelerines, tied on the bosom loosely, will soon take the place of heavier spring wraps.

A loose, puffed drapery just below the hips all around the skirt appears on fashionable dresses for children.

The colors for neck ribbons are terra cotta, aurora pink, porcelain blue, mahogany, ruby and cardinal red.

Dressy morning wrappers are made of colored, black, and cream white surah, with trimmings of Medici or Scelle lace.

Ivory white Breton and Moresque laces are combined with the heavy ecru Scelle or Medici laces in forming neck lingerie.

The christening robes of babies of fashion this spring are of pale pink silk, profusely trimmed with white Valenciennes.

Dressmakers exercise their ingenuity this season in the creation of all sorts of trimmings for the bottom of the skirts of dresses.

Garden or tea aprons of sateen are much worn in London. The favorite pattern for this use is the Kate Greenaway border or group.

The long plain skirt of some rich heavy stuff, with a box-pleated ruche at the bottom, worn with a panier tonice, gains ground every day.

Diamond or paste buckles are much worn on all parts of evening toilets—in the hair, on the shoes, and fastening the bows and draperies.

Red and blue tulle veils are worn by eccentric women in Paris. They become the complexion and eyes, but make the wearer shockingly conspicuous.

Louis XVI. and Pompadour styles of dress take precedence of all others in Paris. This makes full skirts and bouffant hip and back draperies very popular.

The Paris modistes are making entire dresses of cream-colored antique lace, with shoulder capes and cuffs to match, over black, cream, and light-colored surahs.

The light materials, such as lectarian and tulle, formerly used for ball dresses, are almost entirely superseded by soft woollen vellinas and crapes, in all shades of color, and black and white.

Neck ribbs is are from one to two inches wide, and are worn around the neck inside the dress collar and outside the dress collar, fastened in front. Then they are tied in a long looped bow, with longer ends.

Deep and full box-pleated ruches, shell ruching, diagonal puffs, turret blocks falling over pleatings, and a row of short odd ruches, appear on the bottom of the skirts of late importation and some productions of costumes.

When tea gowns are made of white or tinted camels' hair, they have usually colars, cuffs, sashes pockets, and revers of velvet in various colors—toilet copper, red, aurora pink, terra cotta, bronze green, ruby red, and sapphire blue.

Demi-vies, or false fronts of natural curl or water waved hair, make the dressing of the hair a matter of only a few minutes. These fronts are now made so ingeniously that it is impossible to tell who does and who does not wear them.

The man of fashion at Nice frequently wears dark blue for full dress instead of black, and his waistcoat is oftener of handsome flowered damask or heavy satin than of cloth, while his neck wear is generally colored or tinted, is loosely tying, not tied in a stiff bow, and in it he wears a diamond pin.

NOTES FROM THE FARMERS' CLUB.

Corn Cake and Honey for All but the Lady Farmer with the Lunch Basket.

The club beamed. Sunlight danced upon the japanned steam pipes, and more particularly upon the head of Farmer Martin, which, being bald and beautifully polished, is admirably adapted for light terpsichorean exercises of this sort. The sunlight itself seemed pleased, and between dances spread itself out in lustrous diaperings upon that abandoned head like a skull cap of glory. The aged lady farmer with the brown lunch basket was there without the basket, that highly decorative and interesting object being replaced by a large Bible wrapped up in a newspaper. Other lady farmers were there also, including one especially young and pretty, with a fur-lined cloak and a Russian leather note book; and when Farmer Lambert came in with seven neatly tied bundles and his pockets stuffed with ears of corn there was no limit to the pleasurable emotion which prevailed.

Farmer Sherman's paper in commendation of the State of Vermont was a delightful bit of descriptive and ruminative literature. Farmers were tickled when he presented certain New England characters by such apt titles as Miss Virgin Frigidity and Mr. Beeswax. When he came to speak of places that had been familiar in his boyhood, and of forms that lay buried in the village churchyard, the voice of the essayist became choked, and he wept; whereupon Farmer Martin, to conceal his emotion, made pencil marks on the back of Farmer Chambers's shirt collar—a proceeding of which Farmer Chambers, himself quite affected by this pathetic reference to the last great natural transition of New England agriculturists, was wholly unconscious. And when the essayist, turning with the deftness of art from the slow measure of palms to the tripping accents of joy, paused in a wild defile of the Green Mountains and exclaimed: "Oh, could the poet laureate of the club have been there to mark the wizard air and become sensate of the weird forms!" Mr. Cutter, upon whom all eyes were admiringly turned, blushed, bowed, giggled, tied knots in his German silver watch chain, and turned in his toes in the most whimsical way. Farmer Sherman, in conclusion, said that amid the Green Mountains it needed not a muezzin on the top of a minaret to call people to prayer, that thereabouts Bob Ingersoll was of no account, and that a man in search of perfect peace and perfect nature should go to his mother-in-law in Vermont.

A large civil engineer spoke concerning a subtle scientific problem. Pending his remarks, the Poet Cutter set his boots on the backs of the heels, turning the soles straight up, and producing a quaint and interesting effect.

When Farmer Lambert ascended the platform and, as he unfolded his seven bundles upon the desk of the Chair, Farmer Martin, who has a waspish tongue, inquired in drawling and sarcastic accents, "Are those the seven plagues of Egypt, Doctor?" Farmer Lambert's only reply to his interrogator was a look which would have turned a Gorgon to a pillar of salt. This look having been accomplished, the farmer opened the bundles, whose contents were as follows:

Bundle 1—Pound of old original King Philip's corn, ground.
Bundle 2—Cake of corn bread on a tin plate.
Bundle 3—A small hunk of butter.
Bundle 4—A table knife.
Bundle 5—A box of honey.
Bundle 6—A dessert spoon.
Bundle 7—Another box of honey.

Great applause greeted the opening of the bundles. When it had subsided Farmer Lambert said that he had long been persuaded that Mrs. Adoniram J. Brown of Waterquoit, R. I., made the best corn bread in this country, and that he had sent to her for the receipt and a specimen for the benefit of the club. The receipt, the farmer was sorry to say, left him in some doubt, owing to one of the directions, which read as follows: "Dissolved saleratus, 3 teaspoonfuls." Whether three teaspoonfuls of the saleratus were to be dissolved, or whether there was to be taken three teaspoonfuls of a solution of saleratus, the farmer was not enabled by the wording of the receipt accurately to say. This important point he would learn from Mrs. Brown, and communicate to the club at some future time. The farmer then delivered a long and important address upon the art of making corn bread and the advisability of eating it.

Farmer Crane of New Jersey, after eating a large wedge of the cake, remarked that "he didn't see anything perticklar about that corn bread," and proceeded to devour a quantity of the honey with the assistance of the table knife. At each mouthful the knife disappeared down his throat to the hilt, Grant's throat, the handle, which caused the farmers who live on this side of the Hudson to regard him with interest and disapproval.

When Farmer Crane had finished, the rest of the corn cake and honey were distributed among the club. Farmer Chambers, securing a quantity of the honey on a sheet of glazed letter paper, attempted to feed the young lady farmer with a pearl-handled penknife; but she wouldn't have it. Nobody offered to feed the aged lady farmer with the knife, which worked her mouth in a nervous manner, presenting one of the most affecting spectacles to be imagined.

The corn bread and honey being all gone, the aged lady farmer not having secured a particle of either, the Chair directed the Secretary to write in the proceedings that the farmers for fourteen fat cattle would go in a railroad car if properly put together—the "properly put together" referring to the cattle, and to their disposition relatively to one another rather than to their anatomical construction. The Chair also, in a few appropriate words, took notice of the demise of Charles Darwin, saying that there had been none like him since Humboldt and Cuvier, and that nowhere in any of his books had the philosopher stated, the vulgar popular notion to the contrary notwithstanding, that man sprang from a monkey.

Miss Adamine Sindberg of Denmark, an artist, with an oil painting of a dog and a letter of introduction from the Peace Society, was presented to the club as a lady capable and willing to paint portraits of pet animals. She was advised by the Chair to visit Mr. Havemeyer's farm, and the picture of the dog was stood up on the platform.

Ex-Coroner Grover read a humorous paper, which held up human nature in a ludicrous light, and which invested with an atmosphere of mild absurdity many things.

Farmer Odell addressed the club concerning peaches, thereby winning a waver, made the week previous, from Farmer Martin, who had bet him the beer for it's that he would not be prejudiced in his favor. Farmer Odell said that he would bring to the club a specimen of a seedling peach raised at Hastings-on-the-Hudson by Miss Sophia Cook, and named the "Lorraine," in honor of Miss Cook's father, who was a nobleman of that vine-clad province of France. To a Farmer Martin's impertinent inquiry as to whether Miss Cook's father was called Le Comte de Cook or the Le Duc de Cook, Farmer Odell very justly returned no answer.

Farmer Jones, who was deputed by the club to attend the Atlanta Exposition and the Cattle Convention in Texas, read his report. He reported that he was much pleased by the exhibition at Atlanta, and said that the Texas Convention had been very gratifying to him. The farmer pointed a map of the United States upon the blackboard and located Galveston, Tex., to the club. The report, with the map, was ordered to be printed in the *Daily Sun*.

Farmer Lambert said that man has six surfaces, of which three are important. A 15-cent flesh brush, the farmer continued, is the proper thing for the other three. There was from the farmer's remarks concerning the surface of the digestive organs, the inference was that a man ought to be fed like a horse. It being 4 o'clock, there was no time to speak about the respiratory surfaces.

Adjourned.

*This bet was paid, immediately after the adjournment, in a pale foaming beer of the seventh evening, where Farmer Martin addressed the tapster familiarly by his Christian name, and where the tapster in response exclaimed, "Mellow! Here again!"

HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Human Mind will Forget, and Likewise it will Remember.

From the Little Rock Gazette.

In the latter part of 1865, when Gen. Steele was commander of the post at Little Rock, a Missourian named Robert H. Crowley, of Price's command, was captured somewhere below the city, brought here as a prisoner of war, and confined temporarily in the state House. From here Crowley was taken to Camp Chase, where he remained until the close of the war. Yesterday Mr. Crowley, who is a retired merchant in this city, Going to the State House, he searched for a time among the hallways, and finally took a $100 bill from a hole in the wall.

"When I was a prisoner here," said the old man, "I secreted a hundred-dollar bill in a crevice in the wall. I knew it would be impossible for me to keep the money through my prison campaign, and I thought by hiding it I might in after years come and find it. After I was liberated I went to my home in Missouri, where I engaged in business and prospered. At times I was very hard pressed for money, but I did not once think of the hundred-dollar bill which I secreted in the Arkansas State House during the war. About a week ago, while sitting with my family after the day's work had been accomplished, and while I was pondering how I could raise $50 with which to pay a debt, I happened to think of the hundred-dollar bill. I don't know why I thought of it, and, in fact, I cannot tell for the life of me why I should have ever forgotten it; but I did both forget and remember it. The recollection of hiding the money seemed like a dream. At the time when I was a prisoner I was weak and worn out. A $100 bill was not a very large piece of money. I did not hide it exactly; but secreted it in a place that to expert thieves I believed impossible to hide much longer about me. I seized the opportunity. To-day, when I went to the State House and found the money, I was moved with an indescribable emotion. As I took the bill from its hiding place and put it in my pocket came over me. For a moment I could see the hungry faces around me; I could see ragged forms, and I could hear the half plaintive, half revengeful voices around me. I felt for a moment as I must have felt when I placed the money in its hiding place; and, upon my word, although I had eaten a hearty dinner, I felt for a time as though I could eat a roasted mule."

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Flower God.

A cave-born child, to manhood nearly grown,
Who never yet had seen a tree or flower
Or any living green thing of the earth,
Was taken to the sunshine, where a pot
Of earth was set, and in the pot a seed
Was planted, and they made him wait and watch.

Two little leaves burst through the mellow soil,
At which he marvelled greatly; then two more;
Then leaf by leaf the plant built up itself,
A miracle of color and of form,
Instinct with life. He knew it was alive,
And spake to it, and when it answered not
He deemed himself beneath it, ignorant
Of the fine language that the wonder knew.

At last there came a bud; and then a bloom!
Slowly at first, then with a sudden throe
That trembled through the tissues of the plant,
A crimson glory opened to the sun,
A revelation to the poor youth's soul
Of beauty sprung from utter ugliness.

He fell before it, prone upon his face,
Then lifted up his wondering eyes and knelt,
And worshipped it, and it became his god.

One morning early when he sought his shrine,
The frost had been before him, and the plant,
Bloom, leaf, and stalk, upon the ugly earth
Lay like a blot, a shapeless, loathsome mass,
And soon there was no trace of it at all.

Then to the awestruck youth there came a sage,
Who mildly asked him: Where is now thy god?

His staring eyes were fixed on vacancy,
His face was half transfigured, as he spake,
And said: A while ago, and it was here;
A little while—now it is everywhere.
Fear not, my master; it will come again.

EDWARD WILLETT.

Dreams.

From the Congregationalist.

They are far away and silent.
Those voices sweet and dear;
There is space and time between us
This many and many a year.

The sounds of care and labor
Fill all my world by day.
I heed not mirth, nor music,
Nor mourning by the way.

Only the mill wheels turning,
And the hammer throts of pain,
In brain and spirit beating,
For ends of need and gain.

But when the night is quiet,
And weary brow and breast,
Thought's endless, loveless riot,
At last are hushed to rest,

Then comes the old life's longing,
A fierce and flooded stream;
On sense and spirit thronging,
And voices crowd my dream.

I see the eyes before me,
Beloved and mourned and missed,
And the sweet lips that love o'er me
That once I fondly kissed.

The darlings of my bosom
Cling to my heart once more;
And the dead years bud and blossom,
Far as the eye could reach before.

Ah me! I wake to sorrow
For dream and day are done,
And the weary, weary morrow
Of toil and pain begun!

Will it be so when I'm sleeping
Under the quiet sod,
When none shall come to their weeping,
And my soul is safe with God?

Shall the heart that life was breaking
With days of lonely pain,
In its rest, long sleep be waking,
And dream its dreams again?

Out of that tranquil glory,
Be the flood never more,
Shall I turn to the old, old story
Of mortal loss and woe?

Or will death put out this ember
Of love and vain regret?
It is sacred to remember;
Is it Heaven to forget?

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The Mill Wheel.

From the Boston Transcript.

"And shall you never come back?" she said,
Where she stood by his side in the porch, rose-covered,
Up in the jasmine over her head
A pale butterfly poised and hovered;
And ever through hush of the languid noon
They heard the beat of the ceaseless tune,
The mill wheel's tune, the mill wheel's tune, drawing—
The mill wheel plashing, droning, turning.

He was her first, and her dear, dear lover,
Scarce removed as the sun above her;
Much she worsh piped, and little knew,
With raptures in my and tears a few,
Ah, the chance that his coming had wrought her!
He found her merely a child at play,
She was only the miller's daughter:
Now it is time he should turn away—
Time he should loose her tender hand,
Time she should tremble, and understand:
Would the soaring butterfly wing him down
To a light on the printed flowers of her gown?

"Shall you remember the afternoons
We have lived," he said, "by the stream together,
When the sweetness as of a hundred Junes
Seemed gathered up in the summer weather?
The day that it rained, and we chose to clamber
And strive ourselves in the great mill chamber?
The talk we talked 'mid the bags of flour,
While we waited there for the end of the shower,
With up above us the roll of the thunder,
And the roar of the mill wheel booming under?
The day that we walked through the soft hay stubble,
Paid out with the sweet of the clover dead?"
She lifted eyes of innocent amazement:
"Nay, how can I forget?" she said.
Not a sound in the hush they heard,
Not a breath through the silence stirred,
But the hum of the mill wheel, never stopping,
And the play of the water, dropping, dropping.

Ah, the things that his touch had taught her,
Like straws whirled by in the churning stream!
She was only the miller's daughter:
The house of life, where she turned her dream,
She stood a minute, and sighed, and pondered;
The butterfly stirred, and fluttered onward,
The leaves of a jasmine star were shed,
"Shall you never come back?" she said.

After the Adjournment.

From the Courier-Journal.

Now the country legislator
Raketh out his little satchel
From the closet in his bedroom,
Rolleth up his pretty collar,
Extra collar, extra necktie,
Extra cuffs, and extra stockings,
Packs them in his little satchel,
Hies him from the Ancient City.

When upon his native heather
In the country he arrives,
Where the brooks go ripping seaward,
Where the peach crop can't be trusted;
Where the pink and yellow pumpkin,
Cantaloupe and watermelon,
Grow to sizes so enormous,
Fill their way into the sanctums
Of the editors of papers,
And are duly noticed therein—
He is everything to all men,
Here the country legislator
Is at home among his fellows.
To the country store he hastens,
Sits down by the stove and whittles
Where the clerk has hung the sign out:
"Cheap for cash" upon a pasteboard.

Gather round him then the voters
Of the town and of the county,
And he tells them all the story
Of the session that has ended.
Tells them of the great men gathered
In the House and in the Senate;
Tells them how he battled the dog law
For their county, and the sheep law,
And the fence law, and the gate law,
The little ditch law, the great drain law,
And made up their minds that they will
Send him back to the next session.

But there is another chapter
To the Tale of the Adjournment;
For the country legislator
Does not stay to tell his voters
Of the county that he came from
All the story of the session.
He will never dare to tell them
How he played the game of poker
In the hotel near the State House;
He will never dare to tell them
How he played it all one session,
Played it week days, played it Sundays,
Played it nights and Sundays and mornings,
Played it with the party fat members
Of the City Delegation.
He could never tell the voters
From the county that they came from
How the lucky poker players
Of the City Delegation
Won a mortgage on his farm lands,
On his sheep and on his horses,
On his cows and on the peach crop
That he hopes to raise this summer.

Oh, ye country legislators,
Take a warning from this story,
Never touch the game of poker
With the lucky poker players
Of the City Delegation.

The Sea.

From the Century.

She was rich—of high degree,
A poor and unknown artist he;
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That a bolide came from its spray;
And it broke as she gazed on its face the while
Into a countless dimpled smile.
"What is this, sirrah? I hear no life," said she;
"I don't believe he can paint the sea."

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with furrow and sudden shock,
Wild crests, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness for rock
In a sense, above those leaping crests,
The throughing sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable dash," said she;
"Why, it hurt anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With the hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band—
Not a sign of the Water to be seen
Except one little faint streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It is the very image of the sea!"

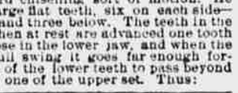
AN ELEPHANT'S HEAD.

Curious Things About It that an Observing Artist is Still Puzzled Over.

It is a common delusion that an elephant smells through its trunk, but the fact is, nevertheless, that an elephant's proboscis is not more legitimately to be considered as its nose than a snipe's bill is to be looked upon as its organ of smell. So says Mr. H. H. Cross, of the Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson Show, an authority on the subject of elephants. During more than nine years he was constantly travelling, as an artist correspondent of the London *News*, in Africa, Asia, and Ceylon, where he had every possible facility for studying those animals, both wild and tame. And, as elephants possessed a sort of fascination for him, he did not neglect his opportunities. He carefully studied their habits, and when he had shot one of them he studiously dissected it and made accurate drawings of the various parts. This work he prolonged until he possesses a fund of information.

The question having been propounded to Mr. Cross, "Has the elephant a nose? and if so, where does it begin, and where does it end?" he obligingly delivered a lecture on the elephant's head, illustrating it as he went along with sketches. "The elephant has one nostril," he said, "or what may properly be so considered, which extends downward from the air passages of the head, and has its opening in the roof of the mouth, very near to the front. Interiorly it communicates with the front or lower part of the single cavity which exists in the base of the elephant's proboscis. There is a valve in the trunk just below that opening, which prevents anything from that interior passing down into the trunk, and so being mixed with the animal's food and drink. That valve is under the control of the beast, opens when he breathes and closes when he fills his trunk with water in drinking, so as to prevent the ascent of the water, which would otherwise go direct to his lungs. His olfactory nerves are in that nostril, and anything that he wants to smell carefully he brings up with his trunk to the opening in the roof of his mouth. It is an open question, and subject to considerable doubt, whether he can smell anything, except perhaps an exceedingly strong odor, by an inhalation through the trunk. Travellers have imagined that wild elephants scented their approach at great distances, but it is most probable that the animals' warning came through their acute senses of hearing and sight, and not by scent. Below that valve there are two cavities through the proboscis, which is an elongated mass of powerful muscle, containing many nerves of sensation, all of which come near to the surface at the extreme end of the elephant's trunk, or close to it. The end of the proboscis is excessively sensitive, and even a slight blow on it will cause acute pain to the animal. It is generally imagined that when the elephant strikes a person, he strikes downward and with the end of his trunk; but nothing is more erroneous. He is too tender of himself to hurt that delicate branch of nerve points by dealing a blow with it, however light. When he strikes he doubles back the end and deals an upward or sidewise blow with the bent portion of it, the muscle of which he hardens up until it is almost like iron.

"In two respects, beyond that interior nostril, the mouth of the elephant is peculiar. In the first place, he does not chew his food with a sidewise grinding motion, but with a forward and backward rolling sort of motion. He has twelve large flat teeth, six on each side—three above and three below. The teeth in the upper jaw when at rest are advanced one tooth ahead of those in the lower jaw, and when the latter is in full swing it goes far enough forward to allow one of the lower teeth to pass beyond the foremost one of the upper set. Thus:



Quiescent. *Chewing.*

"There is no necessity for poking one's fingers between the teeth to get an idea of the force thrown up in that part of the brute. The muscles of the mouth at the sides are strong enough to hold the hand of the most powerful man so that he cannot pull it away, and the elephant frequently shows what his teeth are capable of by crunching to dust hard pebbles as big as hen eggs, seemingly just to amuse himself. The lower jaw does not open wide enough to admit of the separation of the teeth, which are well back, more than three inches. The second queer thing about the elephant's mouth is his tongue. It is often expressively said of a person that "her tongue is hung in the middle, and works at both ends." The elephant's is exactly the opposite, for it is hung at both ends and works in the middle. It is a powerful muscle, which the animal can flatten or swell up big and broad at will, and move the swelling along it either way just as he pleases. You can get the best idea of it by supposing a rubber tube fast at both ends, with a big ball inside, distending it and moving by its motion, backward and forward. You can pass your hand clear through under the middle of an elephant's tongue, but it is always safest to perform that experiment after the elephant is dead. The opening into the œsophagus is about four inches wide, and the animal can feel it is the business of that tongue to shove things up there for swallowing by humping itself and pushing.

"On each side of the elephant's head, in the temple, between the eye and ear, you can observe a hole. This is the opening of an external issue of a very small channel, which goes through about four inches of flesh, upward nearly as much more, and then penetrates the bone of the skull—which is quite thin at this point—into the brain cavity. Out of this cavity flows a kind of secretion of a pale-colored discharge, most abundant when the animals are excited or overheated. I cannot say that I have any definite knowledge of why those holes, or issues, as we commonly term them, have been there, and I am not certain that an elephant couldn't be built and run successfully without them. But I do know that the elephant himself