VIGNAUX'S BILLIARD SCHOOL.

It is in an Ill-Ventilated Resort in a Dingy Parisian Alley.

SPORTING LIFE IN PARIS—EUGENE CARTER'S EXPERIENCES—DAILY GAMES BETWEEN PROFESSIONALS ON WHICH LARGE SUMS ARE WAGERED—THE FRENCH IDEA OF SPORT.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

Paris, December 5.

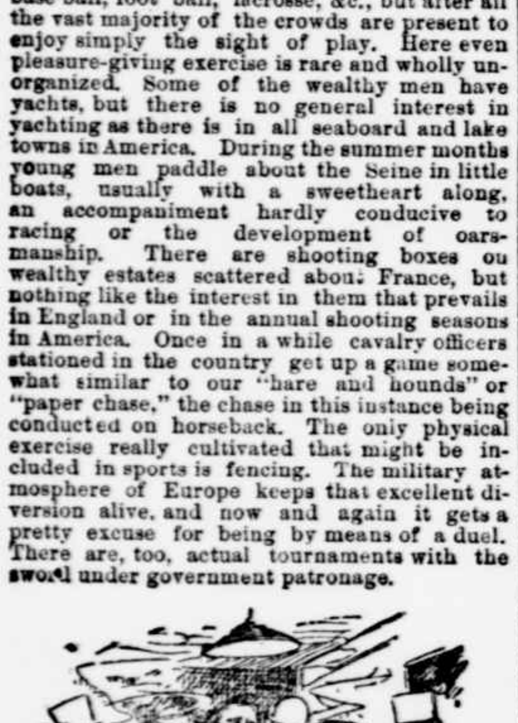
In one sense the French know nothing of sport; in another they are passionately devoted to it. They have no national game, no athletic clubs or tournaments; yet sport is one of the few English words adopted directly and placed with its various derivatives in the vocabulary of every-day French. "Sport" in French applies almost exclusively to horse racing, so nearly that an occasional exception is not worth noting. Every little cafe is an agency, or the headquarters of an agent for the pool sellers at the race tracks; so are many of the barber shops, and in some cases a street corner, with a doorway convenient in case of rain, answers the purpose of the book maker and his patrons. At every agency, whether it be cafe, corner or barber shop, the man with the book is expected daily at a certain hour, and his customers are always on hand. They comprise every order of human being, women by no means excepted. Those who have time and money to spend in going to see the races reserve their bets until they meet the pool-sellers at the course. The vast majority find their diversion and their daily hope in the brief call at the cafe where the reports of yesterday's events are posted, in the careful weighing of probabilities and the placing of their money. If they were successful yesterday they also experience the satisfaction of cashing their tickets.

MAURICE VIGNAUX AT PLAY.

In America the minimum bet accepted by a bookmaker is usually $5. Here it is five francs or about $1, and even this may be so hazarded as to cover two chances. That is, two and one-half francs may be laid that the horse named will win, and the remaining amount that he will be "placed," that is, come in second.

It cannot be that all the petty gamblers win or that all can afford a daily stake of even five francs, but so far as I have been able to observe, the same faces are at the same cafes every day when the agent sits down over his coffee and cognac to register the bets. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman with a huckster's cart stop pushing and bawling her wares long enough to enter what we would call in New York a saloon, here "cafe," and place five francs on a favorite racer; or the wife of the proprietor of the same cafe come from behind the bar during a lull in business to back or oppose her husband's play; or two or three kits of tools stowed under tables while their owners are knitting their brows over records and announcements. Where these get their money, or what proportion of it goes annually to swell the purses of the pool sellers we do not known and cannot surmise. It is evident simply that such sport as the French have partakes very largely of gaming.

I cannot imagine in France that typically American scene, several thousand people gathered in the open air to witness a game of base ball. It is not that there is no base ball game here, but that it does not seem probable that a Frenchman could be persuaded to sit for an hour watching a contest for the simple love of the game. There is betting on our games of base ball, foot ball, lacrosse, &c., but after all the vast majority of the crowds are present to enjoy simply the sight of play. Here even pleasure-giving exercise is rare and wholly unorganized. Some of the wealthy men have yachts, but there is no general interest in yachting as there is in all seaboard and lake towns in America. During the summer months young men paddle about the Seine in little boats, usually with a sweetheart along, an accompaniment hardly conducive to racing or the development of oarsmanship. There are shooting boxes on wealthy estates scattered about France, but nothing like the interest in them that prevails in England or in the annual shooting seasons in America. Once in a while cavalry officers stationed in the country get up a game somewhat similar to our "hare and hounds" or "paper chase," the chase in this instance being conducted on horseback. The only physical exercise really cultivated that might be included in sports is fencing. The military atmosphere of Europe keeps that excellent diversion alive, and now and again it gets a pretty excuse for being by means of a duel. There are, too, actual tournaments with the sword under government patronage.



BETTING ON THE MATCH.

These things recorded, all sports in France might be dismissed from consideration were it not for billiards. No account is taken, of course, of the games of the green table, but the mention of billiards tempts me to admit that the French have a national game, but they can hardly lay claim to it inasmuch as it was invented long before France was known and has since become universally cultivated. Billiards, however, is cultivated more systematically in France than elsewhere, and there are doubtless a greater number of good players here than in any other country, yet the atmosphere of gaming is as dense about this game as it is about the race track, and in this as in other things the French appear to think first of the wager and second of the game.

One of the most interesting institutions in Paris is the school of billiards kept by the great Vignaux. Any lover of the game who should come here would naturally inquire for Vignaux's hall. He would naturally expect to be directed to a large, elegantly appointed room, containing many tables, all as magnificent and attractive, at least, as similar places in America, kept by such noted players as Slosson, Schaeffer and Daly. If incidentally to his inquiries he should hear of the Vignaux school, his interest would be deepened and I am certain his expectations heightened.

So much the greater his surprise and disappointment. Vignaux's school is in the Passage des Panoramas, an intricate, narrow, covered alley leading from the Boulevard Montmartre. The building is dingy outside and dingier inside. The first room entered from the passage is less than twenty feet wide and perhaps fifty feet long. One billiard table is in the middle of the room lighted by two lamps with big reflectors to distribute the light evenly over the table. At one end of the table are tiers of benches for spectators; at the other a few rows of chairs. Along each side of the room runs a raised bench and a row of chairs, interrupted on one side by a desk for the cashier and on the other by a blackboard for the marker. This is the exhibition room, to which we will return later.

Leading out from it at one end is another room in which is a table used almost exclusively for pin pool. A placard conspicuously posted declares that "wagers are absolutely forbidden," but no pin game is ever played without at least one silver franc for each contestant on the middle pin, and whenever that pin is knocked over in any but the reliable way the unfortunate player adds another franc to the pile. I saw one game between two good players that passed with so many misadventures that the original two francs on the pin had been increased to twenty before they fell from a proper stroke and were pocketed by the player.

A narrow, dirty stairway winds from this room to the upper floor of the school. An attendant conducted me up this on the occasion of my first visit when I had called with a friend to play a game in Vignaux's place. I felt that here at least something might be found corresponding to the comfort and elegance which are combined in the average American hall. No; the upper floor consisted of two small rooms, each just large enough for one table, two chairs, a cue rack and a small stand for the inevitable coffee, brandy or absinthe that accompanies Paris diversion. I do not recall that the dull walls were graced with a single picture, and I am certain that the chairs were not cushioned. The table and implements were fairly good.

And this comprises the whole of the business place of the most expert billiard player in France. If there are other rooms in the institution they are not for billiards. None other, in fact, are needed, judging from the public patronage. The upper rooms are in so slight demand from casual players that I doubt seriously whether the income derived from them would be considered profitable by an American. Yet from 2 o'clock p.m. to 6:30, and from 9 to midnight, Vignaux's is crowded every day. People go there not to play, but to bet their money on professional games.

EUGENE CARTER.

Vignaux employes several of the best billiard players in France. It is their business to play against each other during the hours just mentioned. The public knows that the playing will be of a high order and that it will be strictly honest. None of these hired experts could afford to play other than his best, for the patrons would speedily recognize it, refuse to back his game, and then his occupation would be gone. These games are played in the room first described. When the contestants have been appointed by the manager, the style of game decided and the odds announced, for it is seldom that players are evenly matched, the spectators crowd about the table to make their bets. The players stand at either end of the table, each with a book in hand to register the bets laid on himself and to collect the money. After all who wish to bet have deposited their money and named their choice the books and cash are locked in a tin box and placed on the cashier's desk. The game then proceeds and at the end the backers of the winner receive their money less twenty per cent. This amount is deducted for division equally between the players. It sounds like a heavy tax, but no admission is charged and the omnipresent refreshments are served at ordinary prices. Still, if any American sport feels that he would object to laying fifty francs for the sake of winning thirty in a game where the chances had been as evenly adjusted as the handicap of odds could effect that, I shall offer no arguments against his attitude. I can only say that wager-loving Frenchmen do this day after day, not only at Vignaux's but in many other billiard rooms of less fame in Paris.

The games, as I have said, are of a very high order and it would naturally be thought that all pains would be taken to secure the best conditions for play. The table is as good as possible, it is thoroughly renovated at intervals of a few days. The players, of course, use their own cues and good balls are provided, but the atmosphere is so exceedingly bad that the balls must deteriorate rapidly. All who wish to, and that means nearly everybody, smoke constantly; no arrangement of the windows and doors, opening for the most part into covered areas or passages, would give proper ventilation; even with the most brilliant play in progress it is difficult to keep the eyes open.

Among Vignaux's employes this summer and autumn was Mr. Eugene Carter, the remarkably expert cushion player from Wisconsin. He has been in receipt of a good salary and plenty of distinction, but he has not experienced unalloyed happiness.

"Can't do myself justice here," he explained; "the atmosphere is so bad that both balls and cushions get out of order quickly, so that fine playing is almost out of the question. I feel as if I were using sledge-hammers half the time. Besides that I have the most dreadful 'off' days. It's reasonable enough, for if the air has an effect on ivory that the player can distinguish, why shouldn't it affect the player himself? That I might pass without complaint if it were not for the fact that my experience here is not teaching me anything. I cannot improve under such conditions, and besides, one of the chief inducements under which I came here was that I should have the privilege of playing with Vignaux. I beat him at cushion caroms several times and then he went off into the country to stay rather than take any more defeats from an employe. The other players, while magnificent billiardists, are excessively jealous and hard to get on with. I have to play all sorts of games at all hours every day and be in call all the time whether I am to appear or not."

Mr. Carter said a good many other things not wholly complimentary to the French, but he may get over that when he is once more in familiar atmosphere and in sound of a familiar language. I had the pleasure of seeing one of his games with Vignaux and I know that soon after it the famous Frenchman betook himself for an extended vacation into the country. A curious feature of Mr. Carter's experience has been that though he speedily demonstrated his great superiority in cushion play, the habitues of the place would not back his game unless the opponent allowed odds from 40 to 60 in 150. They could not seem to persuade themselves that "Monsier Cartay," as they called him, could play billiards. I saw him play once at balkline with the most expert players at that game in France, Vignaux alone excepted. Carter was allowed forty points. He ran out in four plays, leaving his opponent with a modest three points to his credit. Naturally enough Carter was occasionally defeated, but on the whole he has made a strong record here.

The Vignaux "school" is not entirely misnamed. The salaried experts give lessons in the morning to ambitious amateurs, using generally the tables in the upper rooms. From these lessons and their percentage on the bets laid they earn from $12 to $15 daily the year around. It would seem that Vignaux's income from the establishment must depend largely upon the sale of drinks, but in addition to this he does a business in billiard implements and repairs.

Two small points to conclude with. There are no buttons on a wire to count with here; the score is kept either by pressing a knob at the side of the table, which registers the play on a dial somewhat like a street car conductor's punch, or by marking with chalk on a miniature blackboard sunk in the rail.

There are many halls in Paris where the tables and implements are not so very unmentionably bad where the cost of the play is only forty centimes or eight cents an hour. In the more attractive places it costs as much as twenty-five cents. In all cases it is expected that refreshments of some kind will be called for during or after the game.

Frederick R. Burton.

Bunko in London in 1816.

From the London Guide.

Money droppers are no other than gamblers who contrive that method to begin play. It is an almost obsolete practice, and its twin cheat, ring dropping, not less disused. "What is this?" says the dropper. "My wiggy! if this is not a leather purse with money! Ha! ha! ha! Let's have a look at it." While he unfolds its contents his companion comes up and claims a title to a share. "Not you, indeed!" replies the finder; "this gentleman was next to me, was not you, sir?" To which the countryman assenting, or, perhaps, insisting upon his priority, the finder declares himself no churl in the business, offers to divide it into three parts and points out a public house at which they may share the contents and drink over their good luck, &c. The found money is counterfeit or screens or else Fleet notes. They drink. An old friend comes in, whom the finder can barely recognize, but remembers him by piecemeal. La bagatelle, the draught board or cards exhibit the means of staking the easily acquired property so lately found, but which they cannot divide just now for want of change. The countryman bets and if he loses is called on to pay; if he wins it is added to what is coming to him out of the purse. If, after an experiment or two, they discover he has little or no money they run off and leave him to answer for the reckoning.

Yes, champagne is elevating, but like the elevators in a public building, it brings down quite as many men as it uplifts.—*Boston Transcript.*

DANCING THE GERMAN.

A Word or Two About Ideal Partners and the Chosen Man to Lead.

A popular young society woman and her partner in the cotillion the other night were discussing, over some chicken salad and champagne in the supper room, the fun that was to be found in dancing the german.

"You know very well, Mr. Smiffkins," she was saying, "that it all depends upon one's partner. The ideal partner, I take it—and you are too well aware of my meaning to think me rude in saying so—is the one you see very little of. Now, I consider you such a one. We have been dancing together for two hours past and I haven't had the pleasure of your company for more than fifteen minutes of the time. The girls took you out so often that you didn't depend on me at all, and so I was entirely at liberty to fly around as I liked and to take turns with every man in the room. When I go home tonight I can say that I've had a simply delightful time and I will thank you for it."

DANCING WITH A "STICK."

"You are awfully good to say so, Miss Falconer," replied the graceful youth in dress coat and expansive shirt front, "and I can with the utmost sincerity return the compliment. The jolly evening I've been having contrasts very agreeably with one I spent at a german in Baltimore last week. My partner on that occasion was what we men call a 'stick.' You know what that sort of young woman is like. She may be rather pretty than otherwise, and no fool perhaps, but she lacks sparkle utterly, doesn't know how to dress and dances better with girls than she does with men. With her own sex she is very likely to be popular; but the men simply will not take her out, because after one trial they discover that she is a stick. She doesn't go, and that is all there is about it. Doubtless she is as good as she can be; but her place is at the fireside knitting stockings and not at a cotillon. You are made—supposing you her partner—to feel this dismal truth more and more acutely as the evening progresses. She is very apt to refuse supper, so that you are obliged to refrain also, though you may be

OVERCOME WITH HUNGER AND THIRST,

and if you get her into the refreshment department she compresses her lips with an air of sanctimonious disapproval when you venture upon a third glass of champagne. As a rule you have chosen her because of some family obligation; in fulfilling your duties toward her as a partner you feel that you are doing your duty as a man and a gentleman and that you will go to heaven when you die. But you are unhappy. While the dancing is in progress no one takes her out, and when you yourself are taken out you are haunted at every step by the shadow of that unfortunate girl, sitting upright on her chair and pretending that she is enjoying herself, while in reality she feels unutterably miserable. You take your men friends up to her and introduce them, saying as you are about to do so: 'For God's sake, old man, do take her out.' But they won't do it; at any rate, not more than once. You are doomed for that evening. And when you put her into her carriage, after all is over, you feel that the german, so far as you are concerned, has been a bitter failure and a disappointment."

THE MASCULINE "STICK."

The lady laughed melodiously behind her fan.

"Why, Mr. Smiffkins," she said, "you men are not nearly such sufferers as we women from the evil of dancing parties called the 'stick.' For every such bore in petticoats there are a dozen in pantaloons, and it is not in our power to avoid them, as it is in yours. It is not often that you are compelled to ask a girl you do not think desirable to be your partner; but, if a man whom I don't like asks me, it is not easy for me to escape. Let me give you a picture of the typical male stick. He is an excellent fellow, and probably well liked by other men, who speak of him as a person of solid attainments. But he is heavy, deplorably heavy. He takes his pleasure seriously and pursues the routine of gayety as if he were attending a funeral. Dances badly, is a little embarrassed and most desperately polite; bestows compliments with an elaborate effort that makes one feel uncomfortable. In short, he turns what ought to be the fun of a german into a distress and fatigue. Now, would you like me to describe for you the ideal partner?"

"By all means, Miss Falconer. Pray do so."

"Well, he should be good looking and clever, to begin with, and, more important still, he should know all the men well and take pains to introduce those of them to you whom you don't know. He must dance like a dream, of course, and it is necessary that he should be a favorite with all the girls, so that he will be taken out all the time. That, briefly expressed, is my definition of what a partner ought to be. Now, perhaps, you will describe for me your notion of the ideal girl to dance a german with."

THE IDEAL FEMALE PARTNER.

"With pleasure, Miss Falconer. My ideal partner is an awfully pretty girl, with lots of sparkle and vivacity, small talk in plenty and an acquaintance with all the men. She must entertain a good deal, so that the men will have that additional reason for flocking around her and giving her favors. She is well dressed of necessity and a first-rate dancer. From the beginning of the german to the end she is no trouble to her partner; when you are not out she is, and she keeps up the excitement, enjoying it all immensely until the close of the festivities. If she does not eat voraciously she is not unwilling that her partner should. All the men like her and are eager to take her out, and, when it is time for her to depart, having seen very little of her during the evening, you give a last gentle squeeze to her white-gloved finger tips and leave her with the impression that she is a charming young woman and that you have had a jolly good time."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LEADER.

"I will venture to take a great deal of that speech as complimentary to myself, Mr. Smiffkins, for that you mean it to be so accepted, whether sincerely intended or otherwise, is unmistakable. It seems to me, however, that the enjoyment one gets from a german depends to a great extent, after all, upon the leader. If he does not do perfectly all is a failure. You will yourself own that the leader of a german is born, not made. The man who was chosen to lead this cotillon tonight always does it admirably; he combines all the many qualities necessary—a merry temper, quickness, imperturbable good humor, and an unselfish eye for every one's fun. A leader like him can keep a german going from midnight to 4 in the morning without tiring anybody, while a poky, timid man will weary all the people in an hour. One great mistake often made, especially at big germans, is to lead out two couples from one side and two from another without order, instead of going right along down, so that there is no certainty when anybody will get his or her turn, the couples get dissatisfied and uncomfortableness generally results. A leader, too, should never attempt an innovation unless he is prepared to carry it through; we have both of us often seen that rule violated fatally. Another thing I believe in is that a leader should never object to privateering, so long as it is done to only a mild extent and unostentatiously. There is no use in running a dancing party as strictly as if it were a Sunday school class. But the music is striking up in the parlors; suppose you give me your arm."

ONE OF NATURE'S REMEDIES.

Pine Apple Juice is Said to be a Specific for Diptheria.

From the Chicago Tribune.

It is said that nature has her own remedy for every ill to which flesh is heir. Some of her remedies have not yet been discovered and some that have been found out have not become generally known. Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diptheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the south, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the pure juice of the pine apple.

"The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman, when interviewed, "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down south for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pine apple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diptheritic mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucus membrane of his throat sore. Among those who have tried the cure on my recommendation I may mention Francis J. Kennett, the board of trade man, whose children were all down with diphtheria and were cured by this remedy. Mr. Kennett confirmed the statement."

Maud—"And so you are going to marry Charley Demare. It was only a month ago that I heard you say you positively hated him."

Belle—"Yes, I know, but that was when he was going with that horrid Jenkins girl."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

Human Nature as Observed by the Man With the Pestle.

The druggist was behind the stained-glass screen putting up prescriptions. His assistant had gone to supper and he was alone working with the mortar and pestle and marble and knife, scraping, grinding and mixing as fast as he could while a customer waited. The front door opened with a sharp click and a lady hurried in. She looked in the candy case, the cigar case, and leaned her hand on the case of toilet articles, while she rapped on the glass sharply and stamped on the floor with her French heels. Then she peeped through the prescription screen. Then she pounded on the floor with both feet, at the same time pounding the marble counter with a package she found at hand. She was in a hurry. But the druggist was in a hurry, too; his knife scraped more quickly on the mixing marble, but he did not come from behind the screen. Directly the lady, raising her voice to an angry pitch, called out:

"How long is it going to be before you wait on me?"

"In a moment; in a moment," came the voice from behind the screen, and the mixing went on at a double quick. Two minutes later the druggist came from behind his screen wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Give me 15 cents' worth—", then the voice sank to a whisper as the lady leaned far over the counter. The druggist reached up on the shelf where the whisky for medicinal purposes stands, and poured out a small quantity of that liquid in a phial. Then he hastened to finish his prescription. The lady put the bottle in her muff, and began leisurely to look over the soaps and perfumery tied up in yellow and blue ribbons for Christmas. After spending five or ten minutes in this pleasing occupation she went slowly out, and still more slowly down the street, stopping to look in the windows on the way.

The druggist drew a long breath as he wrapped up the prescriptions. "I presume," he said to a Star reporter, who was sitting in the store, "there is never any one who comes into a drug store who is not in a hurry. They all come in as if there was a death pending in the family, and demand to be waited on at once. If they want only a cake of soap or a tooth brush, it must be had at once. This is the case with women particularly, but there are lots of men who are just as bad. A woman who will spend an hour in a dry goods store to buy a three-cent package of hair pins will come in a drug store for 10 cents' worth of perfumery and order all work on prescriptions to stop until she gets it. Sometimes a man will come in for a cigar and make a great fuss until he gets it. Then he will sit down quietly and smoke it or go out and talk to a friend in front of the door for half and hour.

"The other morning I had just got out of bed and was washing my face, having unlocked the front door first. Just as I had my head in the water a man came in the store in a great hurry and called out for some one to wait on him. I said I would be there in a moment—as soon as I could dry my face. He could not wait patiently, but began to grumble. I hurried out with the water dripping off the end of my nose and running in cold currents down the back of my neck. The man wanted a postage stamp. Did he get it? Well, no; I don't think he did. He got a very forcible expression of my opinion of him."

Execution Methods in China.

The Soo-Chow correspondent of the *North China Herald*, reporting recently the execution of eleven pirates in that city, refers to the manner in which executions in China are fixed. In other countries the criminal knows beforehand the day of his death, and has time to prepare for his fate. But in China all is different. Had the Hebrew prophets lived in that country they would certainly have chosen an execution as the emblem of sudden destruction. At Pekin the vermillion pencil marks the death warrant, which is immediately handed to a courier, who instantly mounts a horse and rides off to his destination. The posts supply fresh horses, and he goes onward, sleeping and eating in his saddle, never halting by day or night, in sunshine or rain. After riding 700 miles he reaches Soo-Chow and delivers the warrant to the governor. Three messengers are immediately dispatched, one to the district magistrate who presides at the execution and who repairs at once to the place, a second to the camp for an escort and the third to the jail. The victims are bound, dragged before the image of the lord of hades, which is in the prison, and pay their respects. They are then placed in cages, carried on coolies' backs, and at a rough trot the cortege sets out for the execution ground. The nerve and blade of one executioner is never trusted in Soo-Chow to take off more than three or four heads. If there is a greater number of criminals assistants are employed. There are generally from fifty to one hundred executions per annum in Soo-Chow, where all the criminals of the province of Kiang-Soo, with a population of 21,000,000, are executed. They are mostly pirates.

No Chance for Hankinson.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You have thought me presumptuous in seeking your—your friendship, have you, Miss McGinnis?"

The proud beauty shook her head and the costly diamonds in her ears sparkled and flashed in the mellow light like an arctic aurora borealis, with the radiant dog star for a center, whirling and glittering in a jeweled kaleidoscope. The sight dazzled the eyes and dazed the brain of Marcellus Hankinson, and confused images of a paradise luminous with rainbows, shimmering sunsets, the glory of melting black eyes, and pervaded by an intoxicating perfume of musk, patchouli and cinnamon essence danced before his vision.

"No, Mr. Hankinson," she replied.

"Ah—er—thanks!"

The young man ventured to take her hand.

"Asphyxia McGinnis," he said, in a rich baritone tremolo, "in all the eleven months and sixteen days during which I have enjoyed your acquaintance I have never conducted myself otherwise than with the utmost respect, have I?"

"You have not, Mr. Hankinson."

"I have never seemed to—aw—feel my oats, as it were?" he went on anxiously; "never stayed later than 11 o'clock on ordinary nights nor later than 9 o'clock when we were reading Browning or Schlegel?"

"I think not, Mr. Hankinson."

"We have seemed to coincide in our views of philosophy, the tariff, the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the comparative value of the various foods as regards nutrition," persisted the young man, "while in the matter of dialect stories we have—we have always jibed exactly."

He edged himself a little farther forward in his chair and proceeded:

"In view of all this, Asphyxia, and moved by a resistless passion that—that yanks me right along on its tempestuous bosom, I am emboldened to——"

"Please say no more, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss McGinnis, haughtily. "I did not at first apprehend the bearing of your remarks."

"Is it possible that you did not know what I was going to say? Do you pretend Asphyxia McGinnes," he demanded, hotly; "that you were not encouraging me—that you didn't egg me on?"

"I certainly did not, sir. Such an idea never entered my head. I may as well tell you, Mr. Hankinson, that my heart is not free. I may as well tell you"—the proud heiress of millions breathed a tremulous sigh, the haughty look faded from her eyes and her voice sank to a low, dreamy murmur, like the echo of a distant waterfall—"papa is going to Europe next week to buy me a prince."

Actresses and Corsets.

New York Letter to Chicago Herald.

I find that very few actresses wear corsets upon the stage. Fanny Davenport is guiltless of them, as one can easily discover when seeing her in "Tosca." Modjeska wears an invention of her own—a sort of cuirass of buckskin that comes up to the armpits and down over the hips. Cora Potter never wore a corset and Miss Eastlake told me she had never had one on. She wears instead a whalebone waist. Jessie Millward wears a bandage below the belt. Bernhardt wears a flannel waist, not for support, but for comfort. This is all very well for women with perfect figures, but who would wish to see our fat friends going about without stays? However, there are plenty of women to buy corsets and this article of feminine attire grows more beautiful and expensive. What do you say to white brocaded satin corsets, bordered with real ostrich feather trimming, which sell for $40 apiece? Pink is a favorite color just now and these rose-hued corsets are certainly lovely to look at and cost a pretty penny. Pale green satin is also much in vogue. Black is a bit passe, though many ladies will cling to black corsets and underwear for the sake of contrast.

Summum Bonum.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

—Robert Browning.

THE ATHLETIC MAIDEN.

She Must Give up Her Freckles if She Would Win a Duke.

A London letter in the San Francisco *Argonaut* says: If one may judge by the constant reference to the fact in the American papers, it would seem that the American girl (as she is to be found at home, for I certainly have seen no sample on this side) has become an athlete. I, of course, refer to the fashionable girl. Whether this is another phase of angiomania or not I do not know, but am inclined to suspect it is. All I can say is, if this be true, and there ought to be no reason to doubt it, the American girl is making a big mistake. Her mistake is two-fold. In the first place, in "going in" for athletics, either for sport or exercise, she is not imitating the best class of English girl, as no doubt she fondly imagines; and, in the second, in thus masculining herself she is destroying her greatest charm and attraction in English eyes. Apart from her easy, self-possessed manner, her conversational powers, her store of information on all subjects and her money, her delicate skin, peach-like complexion and fragile frame have given her that delightful effeminacy of tout ensemble which is rarely, if ever, seen in English women outside of old family portraits in the picture galleries of the aristocracy. Sun-burned cheeks, throats and foreheads and freckled noses may betoken health, but such so-called indications of health are not indications of beauty.

THE ENGLISH IDEAL.

If so, why are all the portraits of the English nobility's mothers, grandmothers, great-grandmothers and great-aunts, which one sees staring down from the walls of every great house in the kingdom—why are they of pink-and-white-skinned women, with soft, pale faces and slightly-built, fragile figures? Now and then you may see a fat old dowager in a turban and with a bust to out-Juno Juno, but it is the fat of indolence and ease, not the developed muscle of the dumb bell, the foil and the boxing glove. All, however, have pale faces and delicate, transparent skins. I do not mean to say that all the women who sat for these portraits had pink-and-white cheeks, soft, pale skins and slight, willowy figures. Doubtless the majority had. Why not? Who can say to the contrary?

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S GREAT CHARM.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen consider their old family portraits as models of womanly beauty. They look on them as sort of ideals, however, and simply because they never nowadays see in real life their counterpart, not in feature, but in color. Now and then, perhaps, there might be a complexion of that sort, but very rarely. I speak, of course, of their own countrywomen. Therefore has it been a surprise to them, which might be termed an awakening from a delusion, to find the skins, complexions and slender outlines of their female ancestors' portraits reproduced in the American girl. This (with her own or her "popper's" money) has been her greatest charm in their eyes.

I do not mean to imply that her own or her "popper's" money would not have sufficed if her complexion had been that of and Iroquois squaw. Still, let us, for the romance of the thing, believe that it would not. At all events, we can assume that in all the titled marriages which American girls have made of late years among the British nobility, their beauty was what first attracted the Englishmen's attention.

So, therefore, I say to American girls who want to marry English dukes and marquises, earls and barons, lords and honorables and sirs, preserve your beauty; wear your veils and broad-brimmed hats; keep out of the sun and wind; dread tan and freckles as you would the bite of a rattlesnake; retain your peach-like skins and your fragile figures.

A Portrait of Wesley.

From the Oxford (Eng.) Magazine.

Lincoln college has recently purchased a picture of John Wesley which has been pronounced on competent authority to be either the original or a replica of a picture painted by James Williams and sold by him September 10, 1743. Some confusion was created in the minds of the purchasers by the discovery in Oxford of a mezzotint engraving by Faber of Williams' picture with the name of Charles in place of that of John Wesley. However, a visit to the Hope collection has set doubt at rest. There are two or three engravings of Williams' picture with the title of John Wesley. Besides, the features of the two brothers are different, and John Wesley is always represented with his hair flowing, while Charles appears in a round, bushy wig. More than this, it is stated in Smith's "Mezzotinto Portraits" that on No. 4 of Faber's engravings of Williams' picture John was altered to Charles, probably to suit a change of popular taste. The minds of the purchasers have therefore now been set at ease. Their picture is not perhaps a great work of art, but is interesting as representing John Wesley at the time he was a Fellow of Lincoln, and younger than in the more common representations.

Bad for French Cider.

Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.

French cider is likely to be very inferior both in quantity and quality this season. The apple harvests in Brittany and Normandy have given very unfavorable results and in Picardy, where the cultivation of the juicy fruit has been greatly increased of late, the apples were numerous but mediocre. It is from Picardy and a few districts in the departments of the Morbihan and the Ile-et-Vilaine that most of the cider supply for 1889 and 1890 will have to be drawn. The weather has been responsible for all this and the owners of orchards have found their most energetic efforts to prevent a bad harvest unavailing. Parisians, however, who consume comparatively little cider, will be undisturbed by these bad reports from Breton and Norman orchards, but the numerous and long-suffering swallowers of the refreshing beverage obtained from the fruit which was fatal to Adam who inhabit the northwestern portion of France will have for a considerable time good cause to grumble at the badness of their favorite drink.

Mothers Strangely Equipped.

From the Johannesberg Standard.

The author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quartermain" has had much laid to his charge—from plagiarism to downright lying, but as time goes on it becomes every day more apparent that the only South African romancist has a considerable modicum of truth at the bottom of his seemingly most bizarre conceptions.

Take, for instance, the Mapai, a small tribe of bush people living between the Kaverezi and Yankotoi, who, among a number of other curious habits, slit the skin over both shoulders in the form of a loop and which, by being upheld, permits a second cuticle to grow beneath. A corresponding slit is made on each side of all the young ladies of this interesting people, the loops, when the girls develop into womanhood, forming four "natural" resting places for a child, either at the breast or back, the straps of flesh on the shoulders being for the hands or arms and the others for each baby leg.

Popular Errors as to Health.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Dr. George H. Rohe, a professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in his lecture at the Young Men's Christian association on "Some popular errors concerning health," said: "That 'one man's meat is another man's poison' I do not hesitate to say is a fallacy. Idiosyncrasies with regard to food or medicine exist, but far less frequently than is generally believed. An article of food which ranks as a special enemy of good digestion is pie. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says pie, often foolishly abused, is a good creature at the right time and at angles of 30 or 40 degrees. In semicircles and quadrants it may sometimes prove too much for delicate stomachs. There was Emerson, a hopelessly confirmed pie eater, never complaining of dyspepsia, and on the other side Carlyle, feeding largely on wholesome oatmeal, groaning with indigestion all his days.' The verdict of the individual stomach, whether it belong to peer or professor, should be rejected as a universal criterion on dietetics. It is a popular fallacy that such medicinal agents as quinine are dangerous from the after effects they leave on the system. Another error dunned into the ears of children is that 'one should rise from the table hungry.' The sensation of hunger is the cry of the tissues for food, and, being a natural demand, should always be appeased. Young children start up at night fretful when the mother, to avoid this very trouble, has put them to sleep without supper. Soothing sirup or paregoric is given when food would often give relief. Much of the ill health of brain workers is due to their lack of eating sufficient food. Of course an appetite artificially stimulated is likely to carry its possessor to extremes. In health the appetite alone should be the guide as to what, when and how much to eat.

The Place to Hold the Fair.—Joe King says he thinks the best place to hold the fair is around the waist.—*Texas Siftings.*

Foodlebboy—"Not at home! Why, I told her I'd call this afternoon."

Footman—"Yes, sir; so she told me when she gave me the message."—*Judge.*

HORSE FLESH IS ALL RIGHT

So Says Carter Harrison of Chicago, Who Has Eaten It.

Chicago Special to the New York World.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison is an enthusiast on horse flesh as food. This is what he says on the subject:

"The aversion to horse flesh is merely a whim, as shallow as the superstition of a heathen about his religion. He cannot logically explain it, neither can the average citizen of Chicago explain why he would not rather eat horse meat than pork. Certain animals are tabooed as food on account of sanitary reasons, but surely no one can say that a horse is not much cleaner than a hog or a duck. In India the bovine species was made sacred years ago, for the simple reason that it was a hard thing to rear cattle in that climate, hence to preserve the species it was made sacred. The hog is nearly always infested with trichinæ microbes. It was tabooed by the Jews hundreds of years ago and has since remained on the taboo list. Carrion-eating animals, of course, are out of the question as an article of food. Now, what is the matter with the horse? Everybody knows what that animal eats and how clean he is. Look at the comparison—a nice, healthy horse and a dirty, puddling duck, that searches the gutters and sink holes for its food, which is everything from carrion to tin cans.

"In my travels I have found many people who like monkey flesh. I ate it in Ceylon, and the flesh is delicious. Bring such a dish before some of our Chicago 'four hundred' and they would flee from it like a grouse from a hunter. But why? The monkey, like the horse, is a clean animal. Simply because a great many monkeys resemble old men in appearance, and the resemblance would sicken the hungry man. I have eaten rattlesnake! If you can decapitate one before he thrusts his fangs into himself or your body you will find the flesh, when roasted, tender, palatable and of a flavor between young lamb and chicken. There is no use talking; horse meat is good, and the day is not far distant when this fact will be generally recognized and horse flesh will be for sale in all of our markets."

TWO WILD WESTERNERS.

Taking Lessons From an English Expert with the Walking Stick.

From the New York World.

Col. John Arkins of the *Rocky Mountain News* and Major E. B. Sopris, the Denver coal baron, who are stopping at the Fifth avenue hotel, have hired an expert Englishman to teach them the art of properly carrying big silver-headed canes with a view of "doing the swell" on 16th street, in Denver, when they return to the Rockies. They have purchased two of the heaviest handled canes that they could find on Broadway and take lessons daily. They are now so far advanced that they can readily tell a man's weakness by the manner in which he carries his stick. A gentleman passed through the rotunda of the Fifth avenue yesterday carrying a light cane by the middle in a horizontal position.

"There, now," said Major Sopris, "that man you can see is accustomed to carrying bundles."

A man with his cane sticking out of his pocket caused the major to remark that he must have once driven a stage. In like comments the two westerners manifested the influence of their studies of the English walking-stick.

"We've got so far now that we can hold the stick at the proper angle," said Major Sopris, "but we can't make it carry us along yet."

"You see," said Col. Arkins, illustrating the idea with a lead pencil, "when you take the stick by the point, with the big end hanging down behind, if you give it the right swing it will pull you right along and you can't help following it."

"There must be a little mud on the ferrule," said Maj. Sopris.

"Oh, yes, you must have mud on it," reiterated Col. Arkins, "and you must take hold of it right close up under the mud."

"Wrap a lavender kid glove around it," suggested the major.

"Exactly," said the colonel, "and have a glove on your hand besides, but you must not soil the glove—that's where the science comes in."

"Then you stick your arms out this way," and the major illustrated the angle with his own arms.

"And begin to pump," said Col. Arkins.

"And try to fall down, but the stick holds you up, you know," Major Sopris added. "I have seen them balance it on the outside curve of the thumb, but you've got to be away up in caneology to do that."

The westerners wait for nightfall to bring out their sticks and take their lesson. Major Sopris had a young man pointed out to him who was said to change his clothes twice a day. Immediately the major ordered ten suits from tailors in the neighborhood.

"None of these ducks are going to get away with us," he said proudly to the clerk at the hotel desk. "We'll give 'em three suits a day if necessary, and as for those big-headed canes, we'll paralyze Broadway with them after our little Englishman gives us a few more lessons."

Albert Victor's Marriage.

From the London World.

An imaginative "London correspondent" announces that Prince Albert Victor's marriage is now "definitely arranged for next May or June," although he is not able to give the name of the bride. As a matter of fact Prince Albert Victor is not now likely to return from India before the summer, and there is really no serious idea of his marriage at present, but the queen has always wished that he should marry his cousin, Princess Alix of Hesse. A great deal of nonsense has been talked and printed about Prince Albert Victor's "new house" in St. James' palace; but he is merely to occupy the apartments of the late Duchess of Cambridge, which are to be redecorated and refurnished for him, and the interior of the house is being reconstructed, as it is very badly arranged, all the rooms opening into each other.

Betting in England and America.

From the Inter-Ocean.

Wealthy turf organizations have multiplied in the United States within the last ten years to an extent that we now probably offer more money to be won by the horses than is done in England, and also have more racers in training each year. But in the betting phase of racing there is no comparison, so much heavier are the betting operations in the tight little island. When Laureate won the Cambridgeshire recently his owner, Mr. Hammond, won $180,000 from the books. No such winning over a single race has ever been made in this country. When Troubadour won the suburban his owner, Capt. Sam Brown, won somewhere between $70,000 and $80,000, and that is probably as much as has ever been won on a race in this country by one person. On the other hand, the big sum won by Mr. Hammond on Laureate's victory is frequently exceeded.

In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* the noted English trainer, John Day, gives an entertaining glimpse of the great scale on which the big plungers of the English turf have carried on their betting operations in certain noted instances when, he says:

"To give some idea of the extraordinary wealth of men in this occupation and the way they obtain it I may mention that Davis lost £40,000 to Mr. Bowes, the owner of Daniel O'Rourke, in one bet when the horse won the Derby. While at dinner the day after the race Mr. Bowes expressed some anxiety as to whether Davis would be able to meet his engagement, for he knew of others to whom he had lost largely, and, in fact, Davis was said to have been hard hit. Mr. C. C. Greville being one of the guests at the table that evening and hearing the conversation, mentioned the circumstance to Davis the next morning on the course, who immediately wrote Mr. Bowes a check for the amount and gave it to him. This wealth was made and tens of thousands of pounds more by small sums received at the list in shillings and half crowns by a carpenter—for that was once the occupation of Davis, the greatest bettor known.

"We had then as owners of race horses the Dukes of Beaufort, Newcastle and Hamilton, Lord Stamford and the indomitable Marquis of Hastings, Messrs. Saville, Chaplin, Strut (no Lord Arlington), Sirs Frederick Johnstone and Hawley, all of whom know how and when to bet. Lord Stamford lost over Hermit for the Derby £70,000, and Lord Hastings did the same, but on Lecturer for the Casarewitch, the latter won £75,000, and he thought but little of winning or losing £10,000 on a race.

Paying Them Off.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Managing Editor—"Did you pay the artist who illustrated that great poem 'Christmas Chimes' on your first page?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir. Sent him a check for $350."

"Good. How much did you pay the engraver?"

"I sent him $75."

"Yes. Is any money left?"

"About 17 cents."

"Very well. Send it to the man who wrote the poem."

PLENTY OF QUAIL.

North Carolina a Paradise for Sportsmen.

From the New York Times.

To many local sportsmen, and local signifies that class of the fraternity who cannot spare the time necessary for a longer trip than a few miles from metropolitan circles, a few days' outing among the woods and fields of North Carolina would afford sport with the quail which would satisfy their expectations and ideas of what "good shooting" is.

In the southern states quail are called partridges; therefore, should the northern sportsman be invited to have a shot at the partridges, after flushing a bevy of th[illegible] he would discover them to be what he kn[illegible]ws at home as quail. Correctly speaking, q[illegible] is the Virginia partridge, and the name of partridge has been adopted in all sections of the south to designate the Bob White.

In the suburban districts of New York quail shooting was good in days not long ago, but it is not easy to find the birds in the usual places, and this scarcity of game is one of the reasons why sportsmen would be overjoyed by a visit to North Carolina, where it is an easy task to start out from any of the towns bordering the mountain belts or the upland counties and in a few hours' walk start a flock of these game birds. Many times, two seasons ago, while out for a ramble through the woods and over fields, the writer would startle a number of quail which could have been easily bagged. I could pick up my gun almost any day and find, without the assistance of my pointer, enough birds within a radius of five miles to afford excellent sport, and with my dog along I could flush bevy after bevy from among the low brush, out of the broom sage grass, or in the pea fields, which afford open shooting, making it an easy matter to mark the birds down should they scatter.

Of recent years on most of the lands in North Carolina where good shooting is a certainty "posted notices" confront the sportsmen, but in the majority of cases the owners of such property are hospitable people, and will allow privileges to those sportsmen who observe and respect such privileges by doing no injury to the planter's crops, stock, fences or buildings and leaving a few live birds for the land owner's pleasure. Ten to one, after the field has been worked, the planter will invite the hunter to refresh the inner man, while he extends to him the hospitality for which southern gentlemen are noted, and, on bidding good-day, will proffer an invitation to come again, "and perhaps I will take a turn at the birds with you."

Northern sportsmen in quest of good shooting should take a trip down to the Carolinas, and they will get it at a not expensive outlay. Accommodations can be procured on reasonable terms. One dollar and fifty cents a day, or $25 a month, will cover the cost of eating and sleeping, and the expense of getting there is not great. The journey is a little more than a day's ride by railroad, which is short indeed to the enthusiast, especially when he is assured that at the end of the line game in plenty is to be had.

Politeness in Seoul.

From The Home Magazine.

The natives in the east who have become familiar with foreigners and their customs take very readily to the custom of calling—and eating—on New Year's day, and one lady had a very peculiar experience with a native official in Seoul last year.

She was keeping "open house," and had made some preparations for receiving her guests in the proper manner. Among other things, she had prepared with her own hands a very excellent cake, which she expected to distribute in little bits to all who might favor her with a call. A party of native gentlemen arrived, and, having given one of them a cup of tea, she placed this fine cake before him, with an invitation to help himself. She then went with the others to another room, and was gone some time. When she returned she saw to her horror that her beautiful cake had all but disappeared down the throat of the poor fellow, who had tried his best to do the polite thing—according to his country's customs—and not leave any of the food set before him, thus showing his appreciation of the host's table and hospitality. The lady's vexation was banished by a feeling of commiseration for the miserable man, who seemed to be very much in need of an emetic just then. It is said this call was his first and last on that day, as he declared to a friend that foreigners must be all stomach, if they could go from house to house and do justice to the hospitality of each.

What Tickled a Hoosier.

From the New York Sun.

One day I was riding along a highway in Indiana when I came upon a pile of bedding and articles of crockery and hardware in front of a farm house, and seated on the horse block was a corpulent old man with a very red face. Naturally enough I asked him what had happened, and he went off into laughter which lasted a full minute before he could reply.

"Them duds belong to Ben and Mary."

"But who are Ben and Mary?"

"Ben's my—my—ha ha! ha! I've laffed till I'm almost dead. Ben's my son, and Mary is his—ha! ha! ha!—wife."

"But who tumbled those things out there?"

"I did."

"And where are Ben and Mary?"

"She's gone home and he's broke for the woods. Stranger, excuse me, but I'd have to laff if there was a corpse in the house. It's too durned funny for anything—ha! ha! ha!"

And he yelled and whooped until he could have been heard half a mile. When he sobered up a little I asked:

"Is there a joke in this somewhere?"

"Is there. Whoop! I should say there was! Go into the house and you'll find the old woman nigh dead with laffing."

"Well, what is it?"

"You see, Ben got married about three months ago. Purty good boy, but inclined to be tricky. He married a purty fair gal, but she's dreffully ambitious. They cum home to live and about a month ago wanted me'n the old woman to deed over the farm to them and be taken keer of the rest of our lives. We didn't like the ide, but they hung to it, and so last week I made out a deed and handed it over. It wasn't a deed describin' this farm, but some other farm, though it all looked reg'lar nuff."

"You doubted their faith, eh?"

"I kinder did, and so—ha! ha! ha! Say, stranger, don't think hard of me, but I've got to laff or bust. Just tickle me way back to my shoulder blades."

He went off into another fit and when he got his breath again he continued:

"This mornin' was the sixth day since they got the deed. As soon as breakfast was over Ben said they'd concluded to git along without our valued company, and suggested that as it was nine miles to the poor house we make an early start. He intended to turn us smack out doors without a dollar, but he got left. I told him he'd better look into the deed a bit and he went to town and diskivered the trick I had played. You orter seen them two when they come back! Why, why——"

And he laughed again until I had to pat him on the back to prevent a catastrophe.

"They were the humblest, down-troddenest, used-upest, gone-to-pieces pair you ever sot eyes on. Ben got a plug of terbacker and a hoss pistil and left fur the woods, and Mary tied a wet towel around her head and hoofed it fur her father's house. I've brought out their duds and piled 'em up here, and if they don't send fur 'em before noon they kin go to the dogs."

"Well, they deserve it."

"Yes, they do, but it was a narrer escape fur me. If that deed had bin all right me'n the old woman would be paupers today. But it wasn't all right, and—and—"

And I had driven at least half a mile before I lost the sounds of his laughter.

A King Burns His Sisters and Brothers.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The Church missionary society have received news from the Uganda mission up to September 2. Mr. Mackay states in his letter that the revolution in Uganda of October, 1888, which drove Mwanga from the throne and the missionaries from the country, had continued intermittently, and that disaffection was increasing among the people as the result of Arab influence at the court of Uganda. After his expulsion Mwanga had taken up his quarters at Ukumbi, where the French priests had settled, at the south end of the lake. After a time he was induced to remove to the northwest corner of the lake, where, at a place called Dumo, he was joined by several thousand of his adherents, many of them native Christians, and others from the disaffected Waganda. Emboldened by the possession of this force, he attacked Kilema, the reigning king of Uganda, and defeated the king's troops; but in a second attack Mwanga was himself defeated and retreated to one of the Sesse islands. Kilema was so enraged at his defeat, and fearful that the Christians with Mwanga would follow up their victory and secure one of the princess, with a view to placing him on the throne, that he had every one of both princes and princesses (his own brothers and sisters), as well as his own and Mwanga's children, burned to death in the huts where they were confined as prisoners. Mwanga had afterward established himself on an island near the mainland, and was awaiting a chance to renew his attack on Kilema.