PICTURED IN PARIS.

The Men Who Make Up the Municipal Council.

ELECTIONEERING METHODS.

Paris Cabs and Cabmen — How They Are Taxed and Regulated — A Countess Who Played a Game of Cards With Her Driver.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, June 5, 1893.

SUNDAY IS ELECTION day in France. It is also election day in Paris, a city of such pretensions and such real influence that the doings of the rest of the country seem insignificant compared with what goes on therein. An ordinary alderman or municipal councillor of Paris is as important in some ways as a deputy. The elections of April determined who these personages shall be. There are eighty in all, each representing a district, and they have at their head, in place of a mayor, the prefect of the Seine, who, strangely enough, is an officer of the national government.

The majority of these city councillors has long been made up of socialists far more advanced than the radicals who rule the country at large. They have always shown considerable impatience of the check imposed on them by the national government, and municipal autonomy or home rule for Paris was one of the issues of the last election.

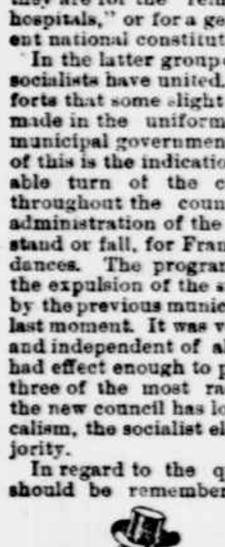
The most curious part of all French elections to outsiders, and something difficult for Americans to get used to, is the variety of particolored posters plastered over every dead wall and church portico or column for several days beforehand. These are red, green or yellow, according to the candidate's affiliation. Some were posted up as "radical revolutionary socialists, approved by the revolutionary committee." Then there were simple republican socialists, republican progressists, and so on through fifteen or more varieties, as in the national politics there are not two great well-organized and exclusive parties, but an indefinite number of groups, each with its own program shading off into extreme socialism or mild conservatism. No one claims to be anything else than republican; monarchy does not trouble the Parisian. The sandwich man was also utilized to the utmost, bearing front and rear, vast red or green placards, "Vote for So-and-so," followed by the title of the candidate's special group in politics.

A REPUBLICAN PROTECTIONIST.

These groups run into and complicate each other. The real divisions, however, are four, of which three only are really political: Conservative or moderate, comprising the so-called municipal and progressist republicans; radicals of various stamps and autonomists; socialists of many varieties, some of whom are for advancing as possibility, and some favorite leader, whose name they take, may dictate Possibilist, Broussists and Allemanists—others for an immediate social revolution—Blanquists and others scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary radicals. The fourth group is made up of those who resolutely put aside present politics until essential grievances are redressed; they are for the "reinstallation of the sisters in hospitals," or for a general revision of the present national constitution.

In the latter group conservatives and extreme socialists have united. It is owing to their efforts that some slight breach has at last been made in the uniformly radical ranks of the municipal government. The main significance of this is the indication it furnishes of the probable turn of the coming general elections throughout the country, by which the radical administration of the last fourteen years must stand or fall, for France is apt to reel as Paris dances. The program, remonstrating against the expulsion of the sisters from the hospitals by the previous municipality was sent out at the last moment. It was very moderate in its terms and independent of all "practical politics;" it had effect enough to prevent the re-election of three of the most radical councillors. But if the new council has lost something of its radicalism, the socialist element still has a sure majority.

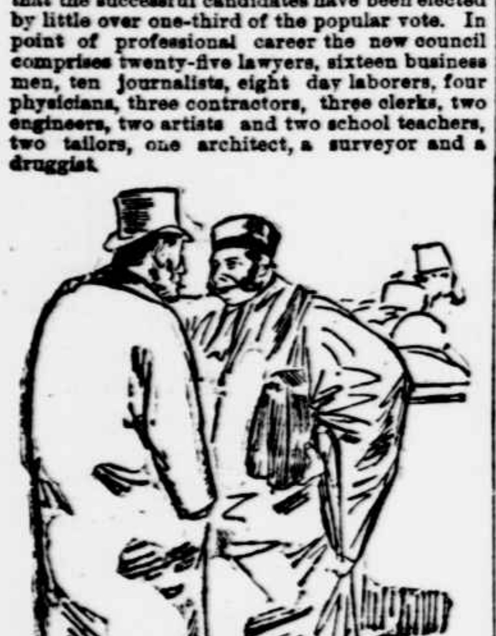
In regard to the question of the sisters, it should be remembered that these religious women were expelled from the city hospitals without being replaced by any trained nurses. Moreover, the check which their experience and organization imposed on the younger members of the medical profession, who swarm in these hospitals, is now quite wanting. Even the illustrated newspapers of the boulevard, which are least in sympathy with religion, represent young nurses and fresh fledged doctors dancing down the wards, while the patients in vain demand quiet and aid. Zola is perhaps as fair a judge of the situation as could be wished; he is certainly beyond suspicion of favoring clericalism. He has expressed with his usual frankness what he considers to be the real mind of the inhabitants of Paris in this matter:



CONSERVATIVE MUNICIPAL COUNCILLOR.

"Whereas absolute respect is not always shown to priests, the greatest infidels never say anything which might wound the sisters. The witticisms most in use stop short in presence of their white bonnets. It seems to me there is something in this fact which weighs more than any number of speeches for or against. The Parisian who rails most at religion has not a word against them—therefore they must call forth his respect."

The figures of the present election show that the city councillors of Paris do not necessarily represent the wishes of the majority of the citizens. In fact, the districts are so apportioned that the successful candidates have been elected by little over one-third of the popular vote. In point of professional career the new council comprises twenty-five lawyers, sixteen business men, ten journalists, eight day laborers, four physicians, three contractors, three clerks, two engineers, two artists and two school teachers, two tailors, one architect, a surveyor and a druggist.



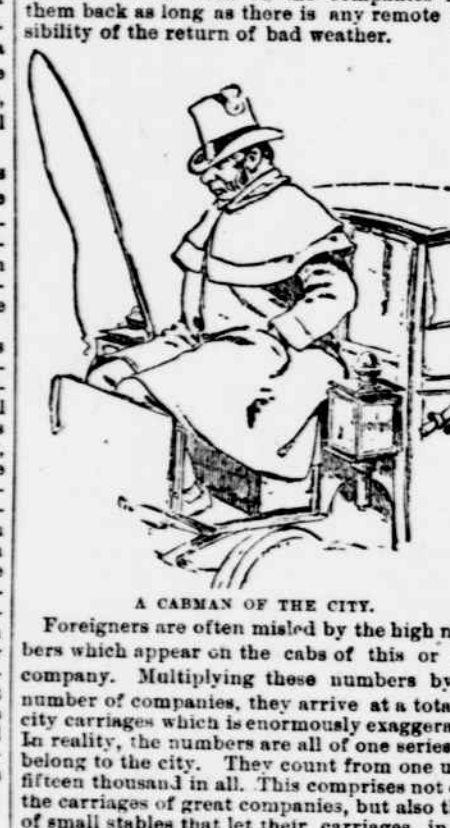
COUNCILLOR AND LAWYER.

The election posters recall a recent lesson in taxation which the French government has received from experience. With its usual thrift in balancing the budget, it decided to tax all the posters and placards to which the Parisian advertiser is so immoderately given. It was estimated that the tax would surely bring in 8,000,000 francs a year. Accordingly it was voted, but an altogether unlooked for result followed. First, the posters no longer appeared, so that barely one-twelfth of the expected amount could be collected; secondly, the owners of blank walls estimated their loss at 1,200,000 francs, and, thirdly, 500 laborers were thrown out of work.

The finger of public authority, which is inserted in all private affairs of French life, has never been more uncomfortably visible than during this last spring with its absolutely sunny weather. At last the temperature rose day after day as high as 80° Fahrenheit in the shade; yet the cab companies still sent out their closed winter coupes only. In a city like Paris, where a great deal of necessary locomotion has to be done in a carriage, this was certainly not consulting the comfort of the public. After much wonderment and remonstrance in the press some one has at last worked out the reason of the matter.

A CABMAN OF THE SUBURBS.

All cabs to let in Paris must bear an official number, for which the city is paid 1 france a day and the general government receives a tax of 50 or 100 francs a year, according as the carriage has two or four places. Now, to save the winter cabs from paying their number during the summer months when they are laid up, a certain official is charged with transferring the numbers to the summer open carriages before they come out; at the same time he is supposed to make an examination of the solidity of the vehicle. The result of this regulation is that when the open carriages come out it must be once for all. And so the companies keep them back as long as there is any remote possibility of the return of bad weather.



A CABMAN OF THE CITY.

Foreigners are often misled by the high numbers which appear on the cabs of this or that company. Multiplying these numbers by the number of companies, they arrive at a total of city carriages which is enormously exaggerated. In reality, the numbers are all of one series and belong to the city. They count from one up to fifteen thousand in all. This comprises not only the carriages of great companies, but also those of small stables that let their carriages in the public street. Thus the Compagnie Generale has all the numbers from 1 to 5,000. No. 1 exists, but is never used—I do not know why—and No. 13 is never put on the streets because of the superstition connected with the unlucky number. Between 5,000 and 11,000 come the smaller companies and stables. From 11,000 to 13,000 belongs to the Urbaine, then a thousand more is given over to two-seated carriages, and a last thousand to those seating four and driven by two horses. It does not follow from this that 15,000 cabs are ever in use at one time in Paris. Each company uses only those numbers which experience says may be profitably employed, and pays taxes accordingly. Thus the Generale has only 3,000 out of the 5,000 numbers to which it has a right. On the whole Paris has an average of 10,000 cabs constantly on the street.

PARIS SOCIALISTS.

Of course, where everything is arranged by law and other means of getting about are often quite wanting, a coachman is obliged to carry a passenger whenever he is asked at a fixed tariff. If he refuses he may be denounced to the police and the matter can end in his losing his place. Adventures, agreeable and otherwise, are sure to result from this.

One of the best of these and quite authentic, it is said, happened to an independent sort of countess. She had been passing the evening on the right side of the river; but when she was ready to return home her own carriage was not to be found. It was late and the rain was falling heavily, and there was only a single closed carriage at the neighboring stand. The coachman, a red-faced bully, was keeping himself dry outside and wet within while playing at cards in a wine shop close at hand. By persuasion of a policeman he grumblingly took his seat and drove the countess off across the river toward her home in the Faubourg Saint Germain. But, after crossing the bridge at the Concorde, she was terrified to see that he whipped up his horse and took an opposite direction to the right one. She did not dare to leap and it was useless to cry out amid the storm. At last he drew up in the deserted parade ground in front of the Invalides. Calmly descending he blew out one of his lanterns and got inside the cab with the other. Then seating himself opposite the terrified lady he peacefully drew a pack of cards from his pocket.

"Now, madame," he said, after recalling how she had broken up his game, "you are going to play against me!"

She controlled her fright enough to pay attention to the game, and won. Thereupon, with the utmost content, he hung up his lantern again and drove the lady to her home. At the door he refused all pay, declaring that she had fairly won the game. I am sorry to say that the countess remembered his number, and his drunken freak caused him six months in prison.

STERLING HEILIG.

A Ban on Matrimony.

From the Fort Worth Gazette.

The opening up of the Trinity river to navigation as far as the Three Forks has encouraged a spirit of bold iconoclasm in Dallas that threatens to play havoc with domestic institutions. A late illustration was the resolution brought before the school board, provoking an animated contest, which declared in substance that a married woman should give her undivided attention to the babies; the husband should support the wife; the girls should have a chance; hence, married women should not be employed in the public schools.

The *Gazette* will not venture to enter the field of polemics against the Dallas school board, nor will it be unkind enough to suggest that the real inspiration behind the resolution was a penchant for pretty faces, unincumbered with mortgages, but it would like to be furnished with an accurate computation of the chances of marriage of a Dallas man by a Dallas school marm if she should be forbidden to support her husband.

A Bad Spell.

From Texas Siftings.

Dr. Curemquick—"Well, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by smallpox, and I find you suffering from rheumatism."

Mr. Manhattan Beach—"Well, you see, doctor, there was nobody in the house who could spell rheumatism."

Dr. Curemquick—"Humph! It seems to me that your entire family is suffering from a bad spell."

Quite a Difference.

From the Boston Transcript.

Rollo—"Tell me, pa, is there any difference between common salt and chloride of sodium?"

Mr. Holliday—"Yes, Rollo, a great difference. Salt is two cents a pound at the grocer's, while chloride of sodium is fifty cents a teaspoonful at the druggist's."

OCEAN PIRATES.

To Catch Them is a Task for Uncle Sam's Navy.

NOW IN CHINA SEAS.

Pirates of Barataria and the Mosquito Fleet—The Corsairs of the Barbary Coast and How the United States Suppressed Them—Freebooter Kings of Madagascar—Two Female Pirates.

WITH A CERTAIN class of Chinese this Government has been at war continually for a century past. They are the pirates of the eastern ocean—the scourges of commerce in those waters. Mostly they are Mongols—mighty men of giant strength and stature, who wield two-handed swords six feet in length and think nothing of cutting a man in two at a blow. Little resemblance do they bear to the small-bodied people from the neighborhood of Canton who come to the United States as laborers. Two dozen of their heads, cut off by the executioner and cast in plaster, which adorn a shelf in the National Museum at Washington, give a notion that they must be the most horrible villans imaginable. In fact, the scenes of butchery and outrage enacted when their freebooting junks capture a vessel are usually too dreadful for description. It is remarkable that whereas piracy was common all over the world a century ago, so that no unarmed ship was safe anywhere from being pounced upon by nautical cutthroats, at present this form of crime is practically limited to the China seas.

To catch pirates is part of the business of all vessels of the United States navy. When a freebooting craft is overhauled she is seized and a prize crew is put aboard to fetch her to the nearest port belonging to the captor. There she is condemned and sold, the persons who manned her being handed over to the civil law for punishment. A ship without a nationality which commits depredations is a pirate. However, France regards and treats as a pirate any ship found on the high seas whose papers are irregular, even though she has done no violence. A vessel flying a national flag without right to do so may be taken and confiscated by any ship representing the nation to which the colors in question belong. The United States and England both regard slave traders as pirates. This country hangs slavers. The last execution of this sort occurred in 1861, the capture being made by the sloop of war Mohican. Up to that year, by treaty with Great Britain, Uncle Sam was obliged to keep a certain number of men and guns on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade.

THE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Slavery being wiped out in both North and South America there is no longer any traffic in negroes between Africa and the new world. Trade in such merchandise still prospers on the east coast of Africa, however, where a British squadron is maintained for the sole purpose of capturing Arab dhows which carry cargoes of blacks. As late as 1830 the United States maintained a fleet in the West Indies with no other object worth mentioning than to catch pirates. About 1840 the island of Barataria, near the mouth of the Mississippi river, had become a great rendezvous for freebooters. A number of armed schooners—dubbed the "mosquito fleet" on account of their size—were sent by this government to nose out the robbers, cruising around the gulf and the Florida Keys. One of these little vessels was commanded by a young man who died in Washington a year ago, Admiral David D. Porter.

In 1832, while taking a load of pepper in the harbor of Quallah Batoo, on the west shore of Sumatra, the American ship Friendship was seized and looted by piratical natives. Commodore Downes was sent to avenge the outrage. He found the place defended by several small forts, which he proceeded to take by assault one after another. They were defended with desperate courage by the Malays, but all of them were captured after great slaughter. It is by inflicting salutary lessons in cases of this sort that the safety of United States commerce is assured. One of the latest instances of piracy with which our navy has had to deal occurred in 1871. A steamer called the Forward, without a nationality, had been committing depredations in the Southern Pacific. The sloop of war Mohican pursued her into the Teacapan river, on the west coast of Mexico. There the Forward ran aground, and her people fled to the shore, opening fire from the banks upon the Mohican. The latter boarded the piratical craft while under fire and burned her.

IN THE WEST INDIAN SEAS.

The squadron engaged in hunting out pirates in the West Indies had always a sufficient occupation. Up to 1830 freebooting was a regular business in these waters, numerous vessels being constructed especially for carrying it on. They found refuge in the curious little harbors around the island of Cuba. All over that region there are ever so many uninhabited islands and keys, with harbors secure and convenient for the cleaning and refitting of vessels. These isles have plenty of water and abound with food in the shape of turtles, sea fowl and fish. Thus they were most admirably adapted to the purpose of roving outlaws. At the same time the commerce of Great Britain, France, Spain and Holland with the West Indies afforded countless prizes in the way of merchant craft. It was hardly possible for ships of war to catch the rovers among the inlets and little bays which they knew so well. From these refuges their piratical expeditions set forth to Guinea and the Azores, sailing even as far as Madagascar and the East Indies.

In 1695 William III, King of England, fitted out an expedition against the pirates of the West Indies. The object of it was chiefly to get booty, because the rovers had become so prosperous that their treasure-laden vessels were apt to be the richest sort of prizes. For this purpose the monarch, being in great need of cash, formed a sort of company with half a dozen noblemen and gentlemen. They put in the money, while he contributed his royal influence and approval. The gains secured were not to go into the British treasury, but were to be divided among the speculators. What was contemplated was in effect a piratical expedition against pirates—rather a curious anomaly, to be sure. Robert Livingston, the first of that name to emigrate to America, was at that time in London. He joined the enterprise and recommended one William Kidd for the command of the spoil-seeking ship that was to be sent out. Kidd was a merchant of excellent repute. He had commanded a privateer in the war against France. Having sailed all over the seas frequented by the buccaneers, he was familiar with their haunts.

CAPT. KIDD'S ADVENTURES.

William III gave Kidd his commission as "our true and well-beloved Capt. William Kidd." A frigate, carrying twenty guns, called the Adventure, was purchased for $30,000, of which sum Kidd and Livingston furnished $3,000 each. The vessel sailed in May, 1696, and arrived in the harbor of New York in July following. There the crew of 80 men was increased to 155. For reasons best known to himself, Kidd, instead of seeking prey on the American coast, started for Madagascar, which was at that time a great rendezvous for pirates. Unfortunately, he failed to catch any of the freebooting vessels there. In short, no game could be found, and want of money and provisions finally drove him to piracy of the most unmitigated sort. He captured a rich Indiaman, with a great amount of treasure on board in gold and jewels. Having thus crossed the Rubicon, he burned the Adventure and transferred his crew to the Indiaman.

In consequence of this and subsequent predatory acts Kidd was proclaimed a pirate in England and was proscribed as an outlaw. A general amnesty to freebooters being declared by William III at the same time, he and another nautical robber named Avery were specifically excepted from the offer of pardon. Avery had at this time obtained a reputation even more extraordinary than Kidd's. He was reputed to possess a powerful fleet and to have married a daughter of the great mogul, captured on board of a pirate. A play founded on the supposed facts in his case was being performed at London theaters entitled "The Successful Pirate." Much amazement would the public have felt had they known that at this very period Avery was seeking concealment in England, an outcast and a beggar. As a matter of fact, he had got great spoil and had returned secretly, bringing it mostly in the shape of diamonds. These he was afraid to dispose of, but finally placed them in the hands of certain trustworthy merchants. They, though not at all aware of his identity, perceived that the jewels had evidently been gotten by fraud. So, having got possession of them, they refused to pay him and laughed in his face when he protested, thus showing that piracy is a popular occupation on land as well as on the sea. In this manner Avery was reduced to poverty and died miserably.

By this time Capt. Kidd found himself in a bad scrape. It would have been more prudent for him to continue his piratical career boldly than to take the course he did pursue. But, holding a freebooting commission from William III, he imagined that he could bluff his way out of the difficulty. So he divided the booty with his men and left most of them on board of the stolen Indiaman with the part of the treasure that was theirs. It is believed that the ship and all on her were lost in a storm, for they were never heard of afterward. The guilty commander bought a sloop and sailed in her to New York by way of Long Island sound, hovering for some time along shore before he could make up his mind what to do. It is supposed that he buried the bulk of his gold and jewels before landing, and people have been trying to dig up that missing booty ever since. On reaching New York he was arrested. He made a strong defense, contending that he had not robbed any vessels which his papers from the king did not entitle him to take. Though there was no doubt of his guilt evidence against him was so incomplete that he would have escaped if he had had a fair trial; but the powerful backers of his speculative enterprise required a scapegoat and made him the victim.

WOMEN AS PIRATES.

Two of the most extraordinary of the pirates who scourged the waters of the West Indies were women. One of them was Mary Read. She was a native of England and had been dressed as a boy from childhood for the purpose of hiding a family secret. At one time she served on a British war vessel, where her sex was not suspected. Finally she took passage on a ship bound for Cuba, which was captured by a pirate. Having nothing better to do she adopted the piratical trade. One of her cutthroat shipmates was Anne Bouny, who was likewise disguised as a man. Anne, not imagining that Mary was a female, fell in love with her, revealing her own sex. Mary was thus obliged to make a similar revelation. These two extraordinary persons took their part with the men in every conflict. The facts regarding them are perfectly well authenticated. While fighting bravely their ship was at length taken by a war vessel. They were tried for their lives at Jamaica, where Mary died in prison. It is not certain what became of Anne, but she was not executed.

Madagascar has been spoken of as a great rendezvous for pirates. It became such during the seventeenth century, when a lot of cutthroats made themselves masters of a large part of that great island, awing the natives into submission. Stirring up wars among the inhabitants, they were able to determine the issue of every conflict by the superiority of their weapons. From the prettiest of the female captives they selected as many wives and concubines as they wanted, thus providing themselves with extensive seraglios. By excessive cruelty they made themselves as much feared as if they had been so many demons. On one occasion they would all have been killed by the aborigines, who formed a plot to take them unawares, had it not been for a warning conveyed just in time by a woman. Quarrels among themselves finally induced them to dwell separately like so many feudal princes, each with his retainers occupying a citadel in the forest which could only be approached by labyrinthine paths defended with formidable thorns. One of these men had been a waterman on the Thames; the others were common sailors. Descendants of their numerous progeny are plentiful to this day in Madagascar.

THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.

It was the government of the United States that put a quietus on the terrible Barbary corsairs. For 300 years, up to 1818, these robbers held the trade of Europe at their mercy. All nations—for a long time even this country—paid tribute to them. When Ferdinand and Isabella drove out the Moors thousands of desperate men left Spain and crossed over to Africa, where they settled at Algiers, Oran and other points. Thereupon they proceeded to harass the Spaniards on the sea, making descents upon the coast from time to time, massacreing the men and carrying away the women. No attention was paid to them for many years, and meanwhile their strong places on the Barbary shore became populous and well garrisoned. They were reinforced by Turks from the Levant. The first of these Turkish piratical commanders, Barbarossa—or Red Beard—who made himself Sultan of Jiljil, became a terror to the civilized world. During his lifetime and for centuries afterward the vessels of no nation were safe from the pirates of Barbary.

It seems astonishing that the powers of Europe should have permitted the ravages of these pirates. International quarrels and jealousies were largely responsible for the fact. Policy induced France to be friendly to Algiers, because the latter damaged the commerce of her enemy, Spain. The Dutch allied themselves with Algiers in order to obtain protection for their own ships. Even England subsidized the robbers so that their depredations might be directed against her foes. So late as the early part of the present century the European nations gave bribes under the name of presents to Tunis and Algiers to induce them to let their vessels alone. They put up with all sorts of indignities. Consuls general were made to creep on all fours into the presence of the Bey of Tunis—a common soldier elected to his authority by Turkish militia. The Danes sent a fleet to beg leave to hoist their flag over the consulate in Tunis, and the bey demanded 15,000 sequins for the privilege.

A COMMERCIAL TREATY BOUGHT.

No attempt worth mentioning was made to put down the scourge from 1560 to 1816. In 1799 the United States bought a commercial treaty from Tunis for $15,000 in cash, twenty-eight cannon, 10,000 balls, a quantity of powder and some jewels. During the period mentioned, covering nearly three centuries, the consular officers of Great Britain and other maritime nations were subjected to every conceivable affront. In 1683 the acting papal consul and many of his countrymen were blown from the cannon's mouth by the Bey of Tunis on some slight pretext. Nothing was done about it. Half a dozen years later the same outrage was repeated with impunity. In 1808, because the tribute was late from Denmark, the Danish consul at Tunis was put into irons and set to labor with slaves. From 1618 to 1622 460 British vessels were captured and brought into Algiers, the officers and crews being imprisoned and enslaved. During the ten years from 1630 to 1640, 3,000 Englishmen were confined in Algerian prisons. The women captured went to supply the bagnios of Algiers. There was no attempt at reprisal, though efforts were made to ransom the people. The fighting galleons of Barbary even cruised in sight of British ports. On one occasion they sacked the town of Baltimore, in County Cork, carrying off the inhabitants. All this time there was no war.

During the first few years after arriving at the dignity of independence the United States accepted this situation and made the best of it. Meanwhile the Barbary corsairs took many American vessels and made slaves of the people captured. At length Congress was appealed to and several frigates were built for the purpose of making an armed resistance to such outrages. The Bey of Algiers heard of these preparations and hastened to conclude a treaty with this government. To make the agreement binding Congress agreed to give a large annual tribute in money. When news of this got abroad the Bey of Tunis demanded tribute also, and likewise the Pasha of Tripoli. The latter wrote to the President, saying: "It will be impossible to keep peace longer unless you send without delay 10,000 stand of arms and 400 cannon of twenty-four pounds each." The six months' notice given by the pasha having passed he declared war by chopping down the flagstaff at the United States consulate.

COMMODORE DECATUR'S VICTORY.

This was rubbing it in. A squadron under Commodore Preble assembled at Gibraltar and sailed against Tripoli. The biggest ship of the fleet—the Philadelphia, thirty-six guns—went ashore and was captured by the enemy. Her officers and men were robbed and half stripped, and the rovers towed the vessel into the port of Tripoli. Under the very guns of the forts she was subsequently boarded and burned by Stephen Decatur and a few bold companions, who had approached her in a small sailing vessel disguised as a trader. They got away in safety after accomplishing the exploit. On January 25, 1804, Preble arrived off Tripoli with the frigate Constitution, three brigs, three schooners, six gunboats and a bomb vessel. The result of this show of force was a treaty of peace. Further outrages brought about in the next year a combined attack on Tripoli by the United States on land and sea. This was followed by an arrangement providing that no further tribute should be exacted; yet, to bind it, this government paid $60,000. From that date the power of the Barbary states rapidly waned. In 1816 the British compelled Tunis to abolish Christian slavery. Soon after that the English and Dutch attacked Algiers and demolished the Algerian fleet. France then stepped in and conquered Algiers, subsequently annexing Tunis also.

Up to within very recent years piracy has always been very bad on the Mediterranean. Shortly before the commencement of the Christian era freebooting was extremely popular in those waters. The rovers then used to tie their prisoners back to back and throw them into the sea. Some of them captured Julius Cæsar when he was a young man. They offered him his liberty for twenty talents in money—about $18,000. He laughed and of his own accord offered them fifty talents. While waiting for the ransom to arrive he joked with them and taught them to repeat poetry. When they forgot their lines he called them barbarians and said that he would crucify them. On obtaining his liberty he fitted out a squadron and took his former captors, making his jest earnest by executing them to a man.

Nevertheless, piracy subsequently grew to a prodigious extent on the Mediterranean. The rovers erected arsenals and set up watch towers. They had at least 1,000 vessels. Their oars were plated with silver, their sails were dyed with Tyrian purple, and the stems of their ships were gilded. They did not confine their industry to the water, but looted no less than 400 cities. Wherever they caught a Roman citizen, they would assume toward him a mockery of great respect, and, hanging out a ladder over the side of the vessel, they would offer him his freedom, compelling him to descend into the sea. This was the original method of walking the plank. Finally, they were wiped out by Pompey the Great. However, one may look farther back than this in classical history for piratical precedents. One of the earliest was afforded by Jason's filibustering expedition in pursuit of the booty of the Golden Fleece.

RENE BACHE.

How They Got Their Heavy Bills Paid.

From the Chicago Tribune.

They met on state Street one sunshiny afternoon.

"How is your husband?" asked the woman with forget-me-nots on her bonnet after the first greetings were over.

"Feeling pretty well, thank you," replied the woman with the lace cape. "He always is well in the middle of the month."

"The middle of the month?" blankly repeated the woman with the forgetmenots on her bonnet.

"Why, yes; there are no bills coming in then, you know. You see, about the 28th he begins to complain that he is feeling badly, on the 29th he is worse, and by the first of the month I really tremble for his life under the excitement of going over the accounts."

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman with the lace cape, "That's nothing; why, my husband threatens to get a divorce every time my dressmaker's bill is presented."

"Do you cry?" asked the other woman, breathlessly.

"Not at all; I tell him there is nothing which would please me better."

"But you don't mean——"

"Of course I don't; but he is so contrary that he wouldn't do it then for the world, so he just pays the bill and says no more about it."

"Oh! Now my sister Julia has an excellent plan—you know she is awfully extravagant. Well, when a bill comes in that horrifies even her she lets down all that yellow hair of hers, and when her husband comes in he finds her weeping bitterly."

"Yes, yes; go on," cried the other woman, eagerly.

"Of course, he asks why she is crying, and she says: 'Oh, Harold, I am such a wretch; here is So-and-So's bill, and it is awful. You are so generous that I know you'll pay it without a word, but I just hate myself for costing you so much money.' Then she cries and tears her hair."

"Well?"

"Well, he says the bill is not so large after all; kisses her, comforts her and pays it without another word."

"What an awfully nice man her husband must be. Now, there's Cora, her husband used to rave like a madman over her bills, though he has plenty of money. Finally Cora determined to stop it. Oh, it is too good. What do you think she did?"

"I don't know. Tell me quick."

"She laid all her plans, and one day her husband brought home a swell friend to dinner. As they mounted the front steps an errand boy with a huge bundle came up also. Cora met them at the door.

"'What is this?' asked her husband. You see, he thought she had been buying dry goods."

"Yes, I know; go on."

"'They wants the things on Saturday, mum,' said the boy. 'All right,' said Cora, taking the bundle. Then she turned to her husband and said: 'You know, dear, you told me that I was ruining you with my extravagance; this is some plain sewing I intend to do in order to pay my bills—it shall never be said that I ruined my husband.'"

"Well, I never; what was the end of it?"

"Oh! her husband has never complained of a bill since, she says. And you know how Cora dresses?"

"Yes. There's Gwendolin, too; she manages well."

"What is her plan?"

"Why, about the last week in the month her table begins to grow poor——"

"But that is no way——"

"You don't understand. Her husband is a great eater, but awfully stingy. He complains; she says: 'Yes, dear, I know, but I fear we are living beyond our means; the bills will be coming in soon and we must economize.'"

"What then?"

"He flies into a rage and says he pays the bills and he won't starve to death."

"Well?"

"Well, when the bills do come in and he complains she just says: 'Yes, dear, I see we must economize on the table.' That settles it."

"Of course. Oh! look at those lovely India silks. I am dying for one."

"And so am I—but, really, my bills——"

"And mine, too. Still, we might try Gwendolin's plan; let's go in and look at them anyway."

GO-TO-BED STORIES.

Horrible Tales Which Destroy Slumber and Make a Body Nervous.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"I wish I were able to write all the go-to-sleep stories that are told to the little folks all over the land every night," said a tender-hearted mother the other day. "It makes me positively sad to think of the small brains that are filled with distorted images, hobgoblins, ogers, giants and the like, just as reason is losing its hold upon them for several hours. I don't think mothers realize what an influence upon a child's life, and even upon its life after it has ceased to be a child, is exerted by this apparently trifling matter of how it goes to sleep.

"Every night when I watch my little daughter working off the big thoughts that sweep over her brain, as her tired body begins to relax while her mentality seems to be briefly and proportionately stimulated, I tremble to think of the harm that could be done to her or any child—for Mabel is not an abnormal child in any way—by an ignorant nurse or thoughtless parent.

"The fact that every normal child cries out for a bed-time story shows that its mental nature needs it just as its physical nature craves sweets. You want to give your child pure candy, so give him the unadulterated story. Leave out the fearful personalities, the grim and gigantic figures—these, even if they are properly vanquished by the gallant hero, are too distinct for the crib-side tale.

"Sit down by your little one's bed and speak low and evenly. Weave a fanciful but quiet story that tells of pretty fairies and birds and flowers and droning bees and loving little boys and girls—these woo sleep to the weary but active brain, not with the suffocating pressure of the gathering storm lit with lurid flashes, but with the soft clouds of the sunset horizon that change from rosy pink to tender enveloping gray, and gradually deepen into restful gloom."

His Regret.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Sympathetic Friend—"Don't worry about it, old fellow. You'll get on your feet again some day."

Business Man (who has just failed for half a million)—"The only regret I feel just now, my friend, is that I refrained from ordering tenderloin steak with mushrooms at dinner yesterday because I thought I couldn't afford it."

A Case of Tail Wagging the Dog.

From Vogue.

Mr. Modish (protestingly)—"What, another check! But I gave you $50 yesterday to buy a dress."

Mrs. Modish—"Yes, I know that, dear, but I want a hundred more to buy material for the sleeves."

Jersey Assurance.

From Puck.

Farmer (to newly arrived city boarder)—"Gosh! ef there hain't a mosquito. Fust one I've seed around. Brought it with ye, I s'pose."

Everybody likes HIRES' Rootbeer because it gives everybody health as well as pleasure. It's the purest beverage that human skill can compound from the purest ingredients of nature. There is not one drop of anything in this delicious temperance drink but what promotes good health and happiness. It's delicious flavor is acquired by the skillful blending of the most wholesome herbs, roots, barks, and berries, and not by essential oils and flavoring extracts, of which the many counterfeit "Rootbeers" are composed. A twenty-five cent package of the genuine HIRES' Rootbeer makes only five gallons, but five gallons of good, pure, health-giving Rootbeer is a hundred times better than ten gallons of wishy washy stuff made of health-destroying chemicals. Be sure and get HIRES'.

Made only by the CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.

FREAKS OF THE GRIP.

Remarkable Ways in Which This Disease Afflicts Its Victims.

New York Dispatch to the Philadelphia Press.

Some remarkable cases of grip which are now under treatment were described to me this morning, and, although I have not the permission of the physicians to give the names of these patients thus strangely afflicted, they were willing that I should describe the details.

One of the cases is that of a young woman whose home is the home of luxury, whose father is distinguished among the leaders of New York thought, and whose husband is a man of wide influence and much wealth. She was taken about ten days ago with that prostration which indicates the coming of the grip, and in a day or two the disease was fully developed. She suffered excruciating pain. It seemed as though every nerve in her body was exposed and touched by hot irons. To relieve this suffering opiates were given, and when the disease had run so far that pain was benumbed there followed a remarkable reaction. The sense of feeling, in fact all of the senses, were as completely overcome as is the case in sleep. A part of the brain was active, as was evident from her muttering talk to herself. The will, judgment, the reasoning faculties were all benumbed, so to speak, and the young woman was almost literally in the condition of one who dreams. There was this difference. She could not be awakened as the dreamer can. The physicians declared that this condition would continue until nature had restored strength to the exhausted nerve centers, and he assured her family that she was not suffering, and was really on the road to recovery. In his opinion this trance-like condition may last a week longer.

Another case quite as remarkable as this was reported to one of our medical faculties yesterday, and, strangely enough, the patient is himself a physician of considerable local repute. He was seized with distressing symptoms while on a visit to a patient a few days ago, and immediately summoned a physician to diagnose his case. The remedies for grip were indicated by this diagnosis, and they were given without avail. The patient suffered such pain as caused him at times almost to faint. His body seemed to be composed of nerves laid bare. Opiates were given to relieve the pain, and when in the course of the disease these symptoms had passed away, the patient relapsed into a state of trance. He has no feeling; there is no sight in the eyes; he does not hear or taste. He occasionally talks a little, and there are indications that he dreams not unpleasant dreams, as is the case with the young woman above described. He will probably lie in this state of trance for some days to come, and when nature has done its work will gradually regain his faculties and his senses.

Other cases are reported—so many, in fact, that it is now suggested even by careful medical men that this trance-like disposition is one of the later manifestations of this mysterious disease. The explanation which is given is that the trances are caused by the poisoning of the blood, which is one of the most dangerous results of the grip. The first manifestation of this poison is in attack upon the nerve centers, all of them. If the attack was confined to the nerves in one locality—as, for instance, those of the face or the sciatic nerve—medical treatment could be applied with probable good results. But it is impossible to give such treatment when the entire nervous system has been brought under the baneful influence of this poison. The only treatment possible, then, is that which deadens the pain by the use of opiates, and when such suffering has passed away in the course of the disease to allow nature, aided by such science as medicine has at command, to begin its restorative work. When the poison is entirely eliminated from the system then its trance-like influence is gone.

Hysteria in violent forms has been noted as one of the results of grip, but until recently no such pronounced trance-like cases as seems now to be the tendency. In one of the earlier epidemics of grip a young woman was brought to this city for treatment for violent hysteria. One of our ablest alienists, a physician who is also noted for possessing common sense, was called in. He studied the case with great thoroughness and was of the opinion that grip had caused such weakening of the woman's will power as could only be remedied by mental treatment. One evening the young woman began to shout and cry and laugh in alternating paroxysms of great violence. The physician was sent for, and, instead of going himself, prepared a prescription, which he directed the attendant to give the young woman once every hour until the violence was subdued. Early the next morning he called and found the patient still very hysterical. He asked the nurse if the prescription had been given as he directed, and when told that it had he said, in a very loud voice: "Then there is nothing more for me to do but to go away and let her die." He went from the room, but loitered in the library, and a few moments later was summoned by the nurse, who said: "Doctor, when you left the room she quieted down for the first time and asked me if you meant what you said. I told her that you did, and I did not know but she would collapse. Instead of that she got up and seems to be herself."

"As I expected," said the doctor, and when he saw the young woman he perceived that this mental treatment he had given had effected a cure. It needed that rather than medicine to restore her perfect mental health, and she has never been ill a day since then. The prescription which the doctor put up contained nothing but sugar and water, and when he spoke of the case afterward he pronounced it one of the mysteries of the grip.

Another case recently reported is that of a very estimable woman, an actress, of fine repute, who developed violent hysteria as a consequence of the grip. Medicines availed nothing, and her case was so remarkable that she was taken to one of the wealthier hospitals for special treatment. There her case puzzled the physicians, and it was at last agreed that violent shock might prove the proper remedy. A very famous physician of the city undertook to administer the shock, and when the woman was screaming he injected into her mouth, with considerable violence, a stream of ice-cold water. She stopped, gasped, looked wildly about for a moment, and an instant later was herself, excepting that she seemed to wonder where she was and what was the matter with her. She recovered rapidly and is now playing.

One of the abler railway managers of the city on Sunday last, having been to Easter service, in the morning was taken with a violent fit of coughing and seemed likely to strangle before physicians could reach him. There was a spasmodic contraction of the larynx, and for a time his life was in great danger. When this trouble was overcome and a diagnosis made it was found that he had the grip and its first attack was with this awful suddenness and danger. One of the ablest of the young lawyers of this city on Monday last bought tickets for Florida, where he was to go upon legal business. On his way home from the ticket office he was seized with a peculiar sensation, indescribable, not exactly painful, but, as he said, more awful than pain would have been. He called at the house of his physician, who took his temperature and found that it was 103, so that instead of taking the train for Florida he took to his bed. Yet that morning he felt perfectly well when he went to his office, and his was another case in which the grip had seized its victim almost with the swiftness of thought.

I might narrate a dozen other cases illustrating the strange manifestations of this mystery of disease which it was thought New York would escape this year.

THE GHOST OF TARA.

Residents of a Town in Iowa See and Hear Strange Things.

From the Tara Boomer.

Railway men and citizens of Tara, Iowa, are in a ferment of excitement over a ghost that is said to be haunting the Rock Island bridge over the Lizzard river. The bridge in question is a small wooden pile bridge over the North Lizzard, three-quarters of a mile north of Tara. It was on this bridge that William Roberts, a young man working with a pile-driving crew, lost his life a couple of years ago. The station agent first discovered the haunt one evening as he was going home for the night. He saw the headlight of a locomotive apparently on the bridge. He thought that a special train was coming and that the train dispatcher at Des Moines had failed to notify him. He rushed back to his instrument and wired Des Moines, asking about the special. He was told there was no such train. The operator was mystified and investigated. When he got to the trestle there was no light, no sign of any train.

A few evenings afterward Section Foreman Chilgrin, while returning after nightfall with his section men, noticed the light of a locomotive apparently moving on the bridge. They stopped the hand car with a jerk and hustled the car off the track to let the train pass. The light came no nearer, and after waiting awhile they put the car back on the rails and worked up to the bridge. As they approached it the light grew dimmer and finally disappeared. There was no sight or sound of a train. Suddenly the section men heard the clanking and rattling of machinery and then a dull thud, like the falling hammer of a pile driver.

The men were badly frightened and afraid to cross the bridge. Since then a number of skeptical Tara citizens have seen the strange sight and heard the ghostly pile driving. Ghost hunting parties are organized every evening, but no one has as yet captured his ghostship.

New Triumphs of Surgery.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

A new thing in the surgical world is a curious brass button recently designed by a surgeon for the purpose of joining together two ends of an intestine that has been cut. The button consists of two parts, into which an end of the intestine is fastened. When the two parts are pressed together between the thumb and forefinger they are caught by a spring and held in place. Then the intestine grows together, an opening remaining through the button all the time. When it is completely enveloped by the new tissue nature repairs the ravages of disease so thoroughly that the button becomes detached by the decomposition of the tissue holding it, and it passes off.

Another recent discovery in surgery is a new needle with an automatic spring eye which disappears when passing through the tissues and reappears when the pressure is removed. The eye is sprung into a slot on the concave side of the needle near its point. It is the invention of a prominent surgeon, who aimed to secure a stronger needle with an eye which would carry a thread without tearing the tissue.

The constant aim of surgery is to reduce the rate of mortality in certain dangerous operations, and with this object experiment is going on all the while. These experiments are often continued for a long period of time upon the dead body before being once tried on a living subject. This was the case with a new operation which was tried for the first time in New York. This operation, which is just now exciting the attention of the surgical world, is called symphyseotamy, and it is said to be hardly less dangerous than the one for which it was supposed to be a substitute. It was intended to take the place of the improved Cæsarian operation. Symphyseotomy consists of splitting the bones of the pelvis. It was tried twice in Philadelphia since the first operation was if the kind in this country, which took place in New York, and it was not followed by any disastrous result. In the record of all the cases here and in Europe since this operation was introduced the mortality is lower than the Cæsarian method, and it is hoped that it may be perfected so as to dispense with the latter altogether.

The protection of the eyes after the performance of an operation for cataract is another matter to which attention has recently been drawn by accidents happening when these organs are in a delicate condition; for at least two weeks after this operation has been performed it is very necessary that the eyes should not be touched. With this object in view an oculist has designed a pair of wire shields to be worn like a pair of spectacles, and to be kept on day and night until all danger of injury is over.

Oculists have recently been trying a new anæsthetic made from the leaves of the small-leaved cocoa of Java. It is closely related to atrophine, and with it, it is said, the iridectomy can be performed painlessly two minutes after putting three drops in the eye.

Women in Business.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

America had, in 1890, 2,700,000 bread-winning women and girls working outside of their own homes. There were 110 lawyers, 165 ministers, 320 authors, 588 journalists, 2,061 artists, 2,136 architects, chemists and pharmacists, 2,106 stock raisers and ranchers, 5,135 government clerks, 2,438 physicians and surgeons, 13,182 professional musicians, 56,800 farmers and planters, 21,071 clerks and bookkeepers, 14,465 heads of commercial houses, 155,000 public school teachers (based on census of 1880).

Anticipatory.

From Truth.

She (at the breakfast table, Albany)—"Dearest, do you realize that we are going through the longest tunnel in the world today?"

He—"No, I didn't. Waiter, bring me some fried onions."

With and Without.

From the Boston Democrat.

"Money makes the mare go," remarked Johnson.

"Yes," said Jiggers, "the lack of it sometimes makes men get a move on also."

LADIES' GOODS.

LADIES, SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. All those who find it impossible to keep their hair curled during hot weather should use Perpetual Curling Fluid. Call and have your hair curled and be convinced, or buy a bottle and get circular with testimonials and address of reliable ladies in the city who have used it. We guarantee it a vegetable compound. Does not injure scalp or hair. Mrs. ADAH N. GIBBONS, je23-2t* 61 H st. n. w.

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