

PARIS LETTER.

AFFAIRS OF MOMENT IN THE BUSY FRENCH CAPITAL.

Legislators Inaugurating a Leveling Process in Religious Beliefs—The New Military Law and its Effects—Bitter Feeling Against Germany—Interesting Gossip.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, July 12.—The legislators at the Palais Bourbon seem to be just now inaugurating a most comprehensive leveling process in regard to the religion professed by the bulk of the French people, as, indeed, to religions in general. There has been a hot discussion in the Chamber of Deputies concerning a new military law, which imposes three years' service in the army upon all Frenchmen who have attained their twentieth year, with qualifications, however, as to time and conditions of service in favor of medical students and pupils at the Polytechnic and normal schools and others similarly situated. This new law, it will be seen, differs but little from the one which has been in force since 1872, save that, although containing 120 articles, it makes no mention of another special class of citizens—the seminarists or ecclesiastical students and members of the priesthood generally, as well as schoolmasters, all of whom have hitherto been exempt from conscription. This important omission was at once detected, raising, as might be imagined, vigorous protests from the Clerical Right in the chamber, and scathing condemnation in the Catholic royalist press. When the measure came on for discussion M. de Treppel, Bishop of Angers, mounted the tribune and eloquently advocated an amendment in favor of the citizens left out in the cold. The canons of the church (a reference which provoked much merriment amongst the Radicals) forbid a priest to carry arms or shed blood, except in self-defense. It had been said that Pope Julius I and Cardinal Richelieu had commanded armies, the one as a temporal sovereign, the other as minister of war, but neither ever used arms or shed any man's blood. The priest's duty is to preach peace, charity and the forgiveness of sins, to be prayerful and kindly, and therefore his ministry is utterly at variance with the profession of arms. In Austria, Germany, Spain and Portugal the clergy are exempt; in Switzerland they simply act as army chaplains, while during the civil war in America they were never subjected to military service. Moreover, the seminarists were not of much importance in the army, numbering only some 1,500 annually, whilst financial and similar considerations prevented the enrollment of 50,000, 60,000 or 70,000 ordinary citizens every year. Even Napoleon himself, though often sorely in need of soldiers, never sought to impress the seminarists. The clergy were ready to pay their debt to their country, but they would pay it voluntarily, because for them, as indeed for all the Catholics of France, there was but one motto: Dieu et Patrie.

This speech elicited a reply from M. Hanotaux, followed by a powerful harangue on the clerical side, by M. de la Martinere, deputy for the Manche, who pleaded exemption for schoolmasters and missionaries. Lastly, M. Rouvier, president of the council, representing the government, insisted that compulsory service must be compulsory for all. There was no sectarian animus on the part of the government, no desire to persecute or unwarrantably interfere with any particular vocation or class of persons. As a result, the bill for amendment was defeated by 384 votes to 172, whilst another by M. Laurens, in favor of placing theological students in the hospital and ambulance service in war time, also fell to the ground. Seminarists and teachers will therefore perform military service precisely as other citizens.

The anti-German agitation "marches" with vigor in the ranks of the people, led by Radical organs like the France and International, but the calmer and more serious portion of the press uniformly condemns noisy manifestations like the one held the other evening at the Cirque d'Hiuer, when M. Sansboub, president, and M. Henri Deloncle, delegate of the Patriote League, and M. Paul Deroulede delivered passionate harangues, glorifying as martyrs Koehlin-Claudian and Charles Blech, the two Alsatiens recently arrested by the Germans as spies. The high Court of Leipzig, which sentenced them to two years' imprisonment in a fortress, ostensibly because they belonged to the league, was denounced in the strongest terms, and the meeting dispersed singing the popular song: Bou langer is the man who can do it. Ah! a-a-h! a-a-h!

Three more Alsatiens are now being tried at Leipzig on the more serious charge of furnishing plans of fortifications to the French government, whilst several youths have been punished more or less severely for uttering "seditious cries," such as "Vive la France," &c., and a young girl finds that German justice will not permit her to wear a tri-colored apron on German territory. These Draconian acts of the conqueror are all being treasured up in the French memory against the "glorious day of revenge," which may dawn at any moment according to the chamber that the French should tax the stranger within their gates. Italian professors are objected to at the Marseilles Conservatoire of Music. In the Paris municipal council a motion has been made that all German workmen should be ejected from France, even those who exercise the profession of scavenger! The Temps, however, in its usual calm and serious style, contrasting pleasantly with the humbug published in some of the boulevard sheets,

tells the people that the international code of commerce does not permit this, and that even if it did it would be well to consult the artists, theatres, cabinet-makers and "latest Paris fashion-makers" whether the French shall continue to do business with the foreigner. I could mention some big establishments, owned by Frenchmen, who are only too glad to get Germans to do their work, and Americans, English and Russians, too, but the finished article. Business has no fatherland.

You have, no doubt, heard through the cable of Baron Selliere, now confined in a private asylum as a lunatic. Whether the light of reason is quite extinct within him or not is a question. The baron arrived but recently from America, and had only been in Paris three days when he was incontinentally seized and carried off to his present abode at Vanves. A storm raised by his friends resulted in an interpellation in the chambers by M. Gaillard, deputy for Vancluse, who, as his name implies, is a very "lively" fellow. He wanted to know, you know, from the mouth of the minister of the interior how it all came about. Was not the baron possessed of enormous wealth likely to excite covetous desires amongst his relations? M. Fallieres, minister of the interior, read medical certificates attesting insanity, and concluded by bringing in a new insanity incarceration bill abrogating that of 1838. Next morning a letter purporting to come from an American lady appeared in Galvani's Messenger, in which it was stated that the baron's sister, the Princesse de Sagan, had caused her brother to be kidnapped. She had already attempted to get her son, the Prince de Talleyrand-Périgord, placed in a madhouse, but failed, and a judgment of one of the Paris tribunals obliged her to allow him 90,000 francs per annum. The fair writer affirmed that the baron was not mad, but might go mad if kept where he was. Later on a learned body of menyclept the Medico-Psychological Society, sat and reported on the question. Dr. Motet said he visited the baron at his aunt's residence. He was terribly excited and used his stick freely on the furniture and knick-knacks; he cursed everybody, declaring himself the cleverest man in existence, who was about to marry a rich American lady worth \$400,000,000 in hard cash. He intended to kill his aunt and mother. There came a relation of the police way in which he was received by the President of the republic, as also by his holiness the Pope. The baron had walked several thousand miles with his mother and another lady (both dead). Dr. Motet thought it well to order his removal to the asylum kept by Dr. Falret, at Vanves, and he was taken thither. Selliere had written his correct genealogy, as follows: "Jupiter and Juno, Confucius, Solomon, &c. There arises in the desert a scion called Mahomet, from whom I am descended. I am the grandson of Don Juan of Austria. Mahomet had one legitimate daughter, my grandmother, the Queen of the Virtuous." Dr. Motet added that in lucid moments the baron would thank his attendants for their care of him. After this testimony a timid person might feel some apprehension if he found the baron sitting opposite him in a train in one of the tunnels near Monaco. But there are certain zealous believers amongst his friends who persist that he is the victim of persecution, and shortly after his arrival at Dr. Falret's institution an attempt at rescue was made. In the dead of night carriage wheels made a crunching noise near the patient's quarters, situated in a brick building near the entrance. Several men descended, and two made an attempt to open the door. The appearance of the warders alarmed them, however, and they decamped. Five men, armed with six-shooters, have since kept guard over the madman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chunks of Information for the Benefit of the Curious.

RAHWAY, N. J. Dear Sir—What is nicotine? J. F. D. Nicotine is a kind of poison with which manufacturers of Havana cigars soak cabbage leaves to make them taste like tobacco. It takes its name from Old Nick, an individual who spends a large portion of his time in the hottest place known to theology. An allusion to this connection between tobacco and his Satanic majesty is found in the old poem beginning: Tobacco is an Indian weed; It was the Devil who sowed the seed.

BOSTON, MASS. Dear Sir—If not too much trouble, and if it does not intrude too much on your valuable space, I would like to know what the papers mean by "bucket-shop." I supposed that it meant a place where buckets were put out somehow or late it seems to be a place where they make power to control the financial business of the country. CASH. A bucket-shop is a place where a man can sell what he does not own, and buy what the seller does not possess. It is a first-class place to invest money securely—so securely that he cannot get it back when he wants it. It is called a bucket-shop because a man who has taken a course there graduates feeling a little Paul.

PAWUCKET, R. I. Dear Sir—I have seen the word heroism in print often. What kind of a machine is it? I work in a factory in this town, but there are no looms of that kind here. WEAVER. It is not strange that there are no heroisms at work in your factory. They are only used in the weaving of camel's hair shawls. How the spelling of the first syllable got changed is not known.

CAMDEN, N. J. Dear Sir—What is the correct form of an invitation when a marriage occurs in the afternoon? DOURT. For afternoon weddings the hour of the ceremony should be followed by the letters "P. M.," which is the only ornament the invitation wears to distinguish it from a morning specimen. The invitation should proceed from the bride's parents, and should reach the invitee in the form of a card bearing the following, neatly engraved: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Mary Jane, to Charles James Rafferty, at 3 P. M. on Thursday, August 4." If the girl is not called Mary Jane, some other name may be used. The same may be said of the other names in this sample. The old form of invitation issued by the groom—"Come round at 8, and see me capture a mother-in-law"—is no longer in vogue. Neither is the custom of spelling "presence" "presents" sanctioned by good society, although the latter sense is generally understood. WM. H. SIVITER.

There are some falsehoods on which men mount as on bright wings toward Heaven.

IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

WHITE WOMEN WHO HAVE EXPLORED ITS SAVAGE WILDS.

The Beautiful Young Dutch Heiress Who Spent a Fortune and Died a Victim of Fanatical Hatred—Lady Baker's Tacit-Civilized Dress Frightens the Aborigines.

[Copyrighted, 1887.]

The patient wives of humble missionaries are not the only white women who have visited Central Africa. Ladies of aristocratic lineage have been there. Women of enormous wealth have



braved its fevers and suffered in its jungles. The wives of well-to-do merchants have entered the savage wilderness of the great lake region; and the wives of explorers have buried themselves for years in the depths of Africa ready to share any fortune that fate had in store for their husbands. Many books are full of the adventures of white men in the dark continent. It is the purpose of this article to narrate the experiences of white women who have witnessed the unfolding of some of Africa's profoundest mysteries. The story of Alexandrine Tinne's travels in Africa is unsurpassed in



pathos and romantic interest. Here was a young and beautiful woman, one of the richest heiresses in Holland, the daughter of a Dutch baroness, an especial favorite of the Queen, in whose young heart the love of adventure and a burning desire to add to geographical knowledge grew until they became a consuming passion. Turning her back upon her brilliant prospects at home she became, when twenty-two years old, an African explorer. Accompanied by her mother and aunt, with ten Dutch female servants, a retinue of men servants, Egyptian soldiers and negro sailors, 200 souls in all, with the completest equipment money could buy, she set out from Khartoum for the Upper Nile soon after Speke had discovered the source of the great river. Traveling on a steamer provided by the brother of the Khedive, with four Nile boats carrying her baggage and native escort, she visited the great hunting grounds of the slave captors, passed through the deadly swamps of the Upper Nile, and, after a journey of a thousand miles, the longest made up to that time on the upper river, she returned to Khartoum to reit her expedition.

Amid all her subsequent wanderings in the swampy, feverish region of the Bahrel Ghazal affluents of the Nile, many hundreds of miles south of Khartoum, amid scenes of suffering and death among her followers, Alexandrine Tinne kept a stout heart and an unwavering purpose



to devote her whole life to African exploration. In those savage regions her mother died in her arms, and in the bitterness of her grief Alexandrine for a time secluded herself in the solitude of her tent. She discovered several rivers which later travelers have fully explored. Her naturalist, Dr. Heughlin, has embalmed the fruits of these journeys in one of the most interesting of African

books of exploration. The two expeditions cost Miss Tinne \$100,000. She had spent three years in the Soudan. Soon after she organized an expedition which in cost, splendor and daring was to eclipse her previous exploits. She set out from Tripoli to cross the Sahara and explore the Mohammedan countries south of it to the Nile. Her queenly fortune, however, could not shield her from the fanatical hatred of the wild Saharan tribes. She was shot to death in the desert by the Touaregs, the youngest, fairest, richest woman who ever entered a savage wilderness.

Why are men honored with all the glory of achievements in which their wives have a large, perhaps an equal share? Sir Samuel Baker is called the discoverer of the great Albert Nyanza, but the eyes of his blonde wife rested upon its broad expanse as soon as his own, and together they reached its white, sandy beach and drank of its refreshing waters. There are few perils of African travel that Lady Baker has not known. Deadly swamp fevers have wrecked the frame of this delicately nurtured English woman, and once she came near dying of sunstroke. African chiefs usually ask explorers why they left their wives behind. To Sir Samuel, on the other hand, they sometimes suggested with great coolness that if he would give them his wife in exchange for several of theirs it would be a pleasing arrangement. The huts in which Lady Baker was often compelled to sleep were sometimes so small that it was more convenient to dress her hair in the open air. Her hair was very long, and the sight of it always drew a crowd. Blonde hair over three feet long was to the untutored African mind as great a freak of nature as Barnum's two-headed girl.

Once Lady Baker, by her tact and quick wit, probably saved her husband's life at a critical moment when he was confronted by some mutinous soldiers. The brave little woman suddenly discovered that the great black fellows would obey her stern command, though Sir Samuel had lost all control of them. On two other occasions she rescued him from assaults of quite a different nature. Near the Albert Nyanza, Sir Samuel gave their freedom to a number of poor women he had rescued from the slave dealers. One of the poor half-nude girls, with a face beaming with smiles, rushed up to her deliverer, threw her arms around his neck, and while her castor-oil ringlets hung over his face and dripped upon his shoulders, showered

kisses upon his lips. Lady Baker, who, her husband naively remarks, did not seem to enjoy the performance, any better than he did, called some of the camp men to extricate the half-mo-

tered gentleman from his dilemma. A precisely similar incident occurred during their travels in Abyssinia. It appears that the poor girls imagined that the white man could have no motive to set them free except to take them as his wives. They thought they were his wives, and had a perfect right to be affectionate. When Mrs. Pringle traveled up the Zambesi, five years ago, the sight of a white woman in long skirts so frightened the nude damsels she met that at first sight they fled into the bush as fast as their legs could carry them. Her husband is an English merchant, who had occasion to visit the region of Lake Nyassa. In a canoe propelled by native paddlers, who were clad only in a loin cloth, Mrs. Pringle and her husband journeyed far up the Zambesi and Shirre rivers into the beautiful Alpine district of Central Africa. Like Lady Baker, Mrs. Pringle made a sensation whenever she combed her hair in public. The aborigines thought that hair so long and straight was worth going many miles to

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MORMON WOMEN.

THEY CLAIM THAT THEY ARE MARRIED IN THE EAST.

One of Them in an Interview Holds up Strongly for Her Religion and its Customs—Their Views Concerning Certain Noted Men—The Future of the Sect.

Garfield Park is a bathing resort between Ogden and Salt Lake City, where the dense water of Great Salt Lake obstinately resists all endeavors to sink. On an excursion train thither from Ogden I remarked to a man alongside of me that there seemed to be a good many women on board the car. "Yes; all in the car are Mormons, and they haven't any horns, either," volunteered a shrill, perky voice behind me. A small-eyed fat woman was the speaker. The man testified at once that when he worked on a railroad and told his fellow-workmen he was a Mormon they whispered to themselves, "Why, he has no horns; looks like one of us; talks like us; works as well. Why, they told us at Denver Mormons had horns!" This was but a sample of the vile things told about them in the East, chimed in the woman, who it seemed was his wife. Anybody could see they hadn't horns. Down at Salt Lake City even more atrocious slanders, with just as little foundation in fact, would be heard from the traitors and gentiles. Traitors, I was informed, were apostate Mormons.

In further talk I learned from the lady that she was her husband's first and only wife. Her father was a former Mormon missionary in England, now in the penitentiary "for conscience's sake," or, in other words, for polygamy. President John Taylor and John C. Cannon, also "for conscience's sake," were in exile, to escape similar immurement. I suggested an appearance of inconsistency between President Taylor's hiding and exhortations, to the more lowly of the church, issued from his safe retreat, to brave the penitentiary before surrendering faith—and numerous wives. No; this hiding was also "for conscience's sake." These hidings were old men—"poor old men, to be so persecuted," she added sympathetically. "They kept out of the way, but they would willingly go if they were caught!"

I then delicately wondered if she would like to have her husband take other wives. She said she would rather have him marry more wives than go around among strange women; she could not complain if he treated her right; he would only be doing his duty to his church. This was parrot-like, and evinced no enthusiasm about fellow-participants in conjugal polygamy. "But, without the alternative of the strange woman?" I suggested, after some hesitation. Her enumeration of Eastern vices thereupon was startlingly direct and candid, and given without the slightest blush or hesitation. To leave the alternative out of the question was like trying to base an argument on imaginary or impossible premises, in which profless discussion she did not care to expend her breath. It was a fundamental Mormon belief. I saw at once, that man would either marry more wives, or take to licentious ways. Mormon emigrants were sometimes stopped in New York, I had noticed. So they had been; but this would not always be; the time was coming when transportation by rail would be unnecessary; they will come riding in the clouds—I might laugh, but I should see it just the same. The Bible prophesies that trains shall go like lightning. Chariots were the coming Mormon mode of transportation. She could not dispute that she had transpired in the endowment house, of course; but if I had gone through it once myself I should not deem it such a dreadful affair as people believe. Their first marriage is legally binding, and the legal ceremony—with other additional Mormon forms, of course—is performed in the endowment house. They are "bound together for all eternity," and shall live together in the other life.

It is also their belief that George Washington, General Grant and General Garfield were men especially endowed by God for great purposes, who did not live long enough to reach the truth of Mormonism. Mormons are often baptized for them; prayer after death has its value; all great men of history have been prayed and baptized into paradise; they were born in darkness, and did their best, according to their light. The idea of licentious old Mormons going down into the water to purify the world's heroes had something so ludicrous about it that my gravity was almost upset. The time will come, she said, when all people shall be Mormons, and the present persecution of the Mormons is brought about by Providence to sift out the traitors. Miracles are daily performed. A woman who committed adultery was stricken dead in the tabernacle, and another who had consumption still lives! The gentiles also think Mormons ignorant; such was not the case. Cannon at Washington was "the most intelligent man that ever walked up the steps of the Capitol."

Despite the protests of the bigoted among them I found that the Mormons are weakening in their polygamous belief. Mormon children, recognizing their own misery when contrasting their estate with that of gentile associates, are kept in the fold with difficulty after reaching years of discretion. This commingling with gentiles, and the strict enforcement of the law against polygamy, are undermining Mormonism. E. C. SAVIDGE.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

HE MISUNDERSTOOD. Sympathizing Anarchist (to one of the condemned)—How are you feeling? Condemned—Blue! "O, cheer up. You may be free yet. While there's life there's hope." "That's no comfort." "No comfort! To have hope." "O, excuse me. I thought you said 'While there's life there's soap.'"

SHE WANTED AN EXPLANATION. Miss Gusher—And so you have just come from India, Mr. Tripper? Mr. Tripper—Yes. I saw the Hindoos, the Parsees, the Sikhs, the— Miss Gusher (interrupting)—The six what, Mr. Tripper?

MRS. MCCORMICK EXPLAINS. "Mamma, what's a pharmacy?" asked little Jimmy McCormick, as he met with the word for the first time. "Pharmacy," replied the worthy lady, "must be an agency where they sell farms."

QUITTING. There is usually a sequel to every event if you seek well for it. What your uncle advances on your overcoat may be considered a clothes shave. It was probably a little fawn which said, "Call me early, mother deer." A contemporary, discussing the degree of Rebekah, speaks of "women Odd Fellows." Would not "old maids" have covered the ground? The proprietor of a Bowery restaurant sued one of his waiter girls because she ate two of his pies. One would think that the crime carried its own punishment with it. A NEST OF THIEVES. How a French Bank Was Systematically Robbed by Some of its Officers. Relative to the arrest of M. Mouvet at Constantinople for having pillaged the Banque Parisienne, of which he was manager, of about 3,000,000, it is instructive to note that the bank contained a veritable nest of thieves. Mouvet had as accomplices M. Auguste Louis, director of the branch establishment situated in the Rue de Rennes; M. Bonaventure, cashier at the head office of the bank in the Rue Chauchat, and M. Kuhl, chief of the bookkeeping department. These men all being in the league, the mode of procedure was easy. When M. Mouvet consented to advance the sum to imaginary individuals on the security of stock and shares deposited with the bank. The cashier, M. Bonaventure, certified that he had received the stock in deposit, and had the money representing the simulated loan sent to the branch house. Rue de Rennes. When the inventory was made M. Kuhl, chief of the bookkeeping department, undertook to do what was necessary.—London Standard.

Table Etiquette in Zanzibar. Talking of eating reminds me of the way the operation is performed by the Arabs. Five of them seat themselves round a large bowl of rice, surmounted by a skinny fowl, all being curried. Two seize the wings with their fingers and two the legs, and simultaneously tearing these off leave the carcass to the fifth, afterward taking out the rice by handfuls, and dextrously conveying it to the mouth with a peculiar jerk. One mark of hospitality shown to guests when at table consists in the chief's rolling up some rice into a ball in the palm of his hand and aiming it at his guest's widely-distended jaws. On one occasion this piece of civility was shown to myself; but not being an adept in the art of swallowing rice balls when so projected the effect was anything but what my kind entertainer anticipated; for, independently of being nearly choked, the grains were scattered, or rather sputtered, over the table in a manner that elicited roars of laughter even from the very grave Arabs. This, of course, was the last experiment of the kind tried upon me.—Overland Monthly