THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE MORNING CALL.

France is the world, Paris is France and I am Paris. This is the idea if not quite the utterance of every Parisian journalist, egotist, duelist. As these duelists are as plenty as flies, and as I go to Paris next year, verbum sap.

But Paris! Paris the beautiful, Paris the pitiful, Paris the pious and Paris the profane; the best and the worst city in the world; the best city to live in, but the worst city to die in on the globe; that is Paris.

I had a friend taken ill at the Hotel Louvre. They ordered him out. I got a private room in which he soon died. I had to pay six months' rent and pay for the entire renovation of the house, even to wall-paper.

This beautiful city, almost within hail of London, is as unlike her as possible; the people, their pleasures, their food—all things as unlike as may be. Paris is full of Londoners, but if you find a Parisian in London he is either in exile or in debt. For my own part I prefer London all the time if we except November, "the suicide month," as it is called, because of the dense and depressing fogs. Yet this same yellow fog prevails in Paris as well: only last year the list of suicides, surpassing any past year, was attributed to the dismal fogs. And rain, and snow, sloppy, slippery, slushy snow, with everything as cold as an oilcloth, and no fire nor fuel at all to speak of.

So much is constantly said in favor of their French cooks that it is worth our while to take up the subject seriously and ask if they are really better than our own, or even than those of London. It is to be conceded that the French cook is more amiable, pliant, and less nomadic than the cook of elsewhere; but I think his advantage ends here; and there is much to be said against him. To gather this whole subject in a nut shell, let us look at those whom he feeds. Will a Parisian, fed on French cooking, compare with a Londoner in size, strength or manhood of any sort, either physical, mental or moral? He will not. He is nearly a head shorter in every sense; and this indisputable fact ought to put this fashionable fad and nonsense about French cooks out of all question.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Yes, I know it is claimed that their incessant wars have broken down the French, but this is folly. Other nations fight also. The Frenchmen of Paris are small and weak and worthless and cowardly because they don't know how to cook or eat. Then, also, the inseparable cigarette may have a bit to do with the muscle, or rather the want of solid fiber of the Parisian. But the peppers and spices of the cook are at the bottom of all that is bad in Paris, and the male portion of Paris is almost entirely bad, weak, quarrelsome and cowardly.

Paris, or rather Parisii, like many another great city, first laid her foundations on an island, where Cæsar found her and fought her long and cruelly, conquering her only after the women had fought even more valiantly than the valiant men. And they are fond of telling you that these are the women who cut off their hair for bowstrings during the siege. And we can well believe this of the Parisii, for if you turn back the page of history for your first heroine, whether princess or peasant, you find her a French woman. Look at Joan of Arc. Select the noblest lady you have in mind, and ten to one it will be Marie Antoinette. Pick out the most unselfish girl that ever chose to die that her country might live, and you will tell me it is Charlotte Corday. You find that the women of France are and have ever been the noblest, purest, best. They are as good in every way as the men are bad, and that is saying they are good indeed.

Paris never had a hero or a statesman. Outside of art and science and letters you search history in vain for a great Parisian. Yes, there was one great Parisian, but he was a Corsican; and his greatness was in the code Napoleon, not in his incessant wars.

Paris is in every way the cleanest and most artistic city in the world. She is in the heart of an undulating plain or basin, is built of limestone, granite and other like soft-toned stones, taken largely from the very ground on which she stands. Everything was with Paris, from the time she first left the site of Notre Dame and began to spread out on the river banks. But her great rival across the channel had everything against her from the start. She stood in the mud and in a marsh to her waist for centuries. She built an embankment from Richmond Hill almost to the sea. The island of England was impoverished time and again in laying the foundations of London. I once attended the ceremony of laying a certain portion of the mighty Thames embankment—one of the greatest works of this age—and found that they had gone forty-two feet below tide water, into the Thames mud, to get solid bottom.

London is black, New York is brown, Washington City is red, but Paris is of a soft silver-gray hue and wonderfully pleasant to see, either in storm or sun, and restful to the eyes.

Over in London an Englishman on Sunday eats a chop, goes to church, goes home, eats a roast, then follow tea and bed, and if he smiles even once the whole solemn Sunday through it is an accident. Here in Paris only the women go to church on Sunday, and that only in the morning, as a rule. Here the streets are at full tide, surging with humanity until midnight, and with what gayety of dress, music and wine, while all the Sunday through solemn old London is like a graveyard, and you see almost nobody on the streets at all, except those on their way to or from church. The Londoner is religious and is not ashamed to confess that he believes there is a being above himself. The Parisian, as a rule, laughs at the idea of a God and leaves his prayers to the women and their priests.

Paris owes much to her poets and other scribes; they have celebrated their city and themselves certainly for centuries, so that Paris is to-day a part of all the civilized world through her literature.

There is no man or woman but turns the face some time in life toward Paris, the Mecca of the whole earth, and her scribes simply refuse to believe there is any other city. But much as she owes to her poets, she owes much more to her honest, industrious, devoted and devout women.

Ask any observing and honest man you please what to him is the chief charm of Paris and he will tell you it is the quiet, sweet, simple-hearted and sincere women of Paris. I don't care whether the woman be a grissette or an aristocrat, all the way up and in every class there is that indescribable charm of sweet sincerity, piety and truth which the heart of man demands before he can rest or feel at home. Having found this in Paris he lingers long, goes, and comes again. And so it was that the women of Paris built Paris; it is the women of Paris who will perpetuate her—not her blustering, bullying little men.

As I explained before, the climate of Paris is nothing to boast of. It is a little better than that of London. But there are so many petty annoyances that have got to be endured there that London is a better place in which to pitch tent than Paris, in a general way, for a man of the world.

But ah, the Parisian woman! Now please don't misunderstand. This Parisian woman is not pretty. She is not nearly so beautiful in any way as the American woman; but there is that something about her which rests you. Should I venture to advise the American girl on this subject I should say let the French language alone, let the French dresses alone, but get hold of the Frenchwoman's delicate sense of touch, purity, piety, serene reserve and equipoise of character, and you can then, with your superior beauty and culture, spin the world on your finger tip.

Whenever I see an American girl trying to talk French I avoid her. I think you will find most men so disposed in this. I don't know why it is so, but it is only a new man and one of little insight who counts French an accomplishment in a woman. He is too apt to think her French, what little there is of it, is rather rancid and has been procured at the cost of better things. And again, all good men have a deep-seated dislike for the male milliner and his dresses, and the American girl who talks dress and tries to talk poor French when she ought to be trying to pick up a little good English, is a long way below par in the estimation of the men of England and the United States.

The most striking thing in Paris after the soft color of the city is its perfect content with itself. No beggars, no deformities, no mutilated folk sitting on the curbstones grinding out mutilated music, nothing at all but gayety, pleasure and extreme politeness. This politeness is native to the Parisian, but it is often overdone and becomes an oppressive nuisance on the part of a good many Americans abroad. It is to the genuine French politeness as brass is to gold, and is so easily detected that the silly fop and would-be Frenchman is quietly pitied or laughed at by both genuine French and genuine Saxons.

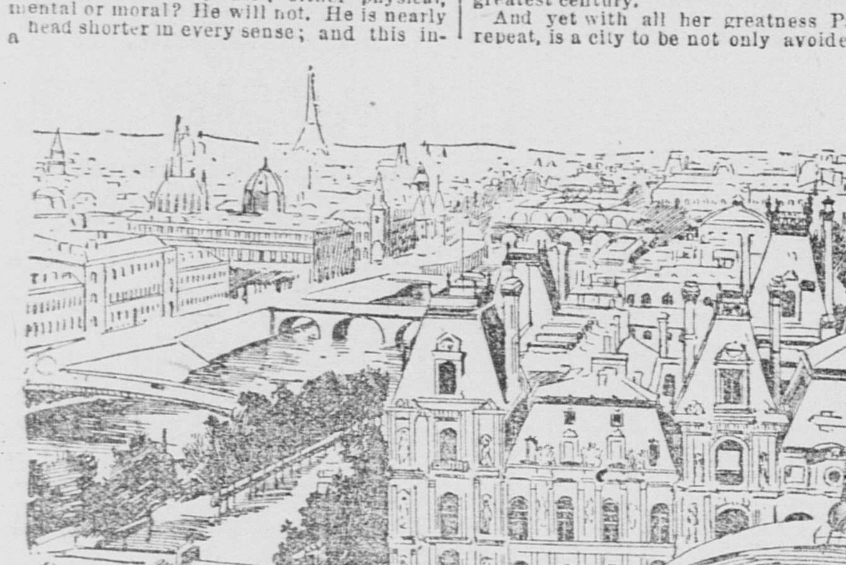
The walks and drives are clean, comfortable, beautiful with flowers, and there is much all along in this line to admire, but there is nothing at all to adore. The general dead level of all this broad Paris basin makes anything like a grand or striking landscape impossible as compared to our own cities.

The famous Bois de Bologne is not half so grand, or pretty either, as Fairmount Park at Philadelphia. Even Cincinnati has far more imposing grounds. St. Paul surpasses Paris in this line also, although born but yesterday, and even our own Golden Gate Park is far more attractive, striking, vitalizing and spicier than any drive of like space in Paris.

But, alas! the parks and drives on this continent are merely American, and so the American girl don't see much in them. She has never read a novel or a poem with the warm love-currents coursing through this park or that shady place, and so she goes to Paris, bows down before nature in a French novel and falls forthwith to furthering the French language. Possibly what we need is a poet or a story-writer to idealize our parks and drives and the thousand things that surpass Paris, from the golden poppy to the mountain peak. Let us have loyal women. Let each American woman love her city as the Parisian woman loves her Paris, and then will follow something of that same French refinement and gentleness which has made Paris the fashion, the center of the social world, the wonder, the greatest of the many great cities of this greatest century.

And yet with all her greatness Paris, I repeat, is a city to be not only avoided but despised. Paris is a city without Faith or Hope or Charity; a hotbed for the planting and the perpetuation of folly, and it will be well for the world when another Saint John shall cry above her ruins, "Babylon, the Mighty, is fallen, fallen!" And this feeling prevails largely through all provincial France. The provinces are so truly religious, so honest, so industrious, that they can but be disgusted with Paris and her perpetual source of madness and folly. Of course any true Frenchman, whether in San Francisco or Quebec, feels flattered by the admiration and continual pilgrimage of the world to Paris, but in his heart of hearts he is out of patience with the irreligion and insincerity of her foppish and foolish men. And this same true Frenchman, if asked, would say, "Cherish your own cooks, your own capitals, your own country right down to the core and let Paris alone."

JOAQUIN MILLER.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

THE BOON.

The Sheikh had wandered many a lonely day
Along the grim and parching desert way.

His Nedjid steed, at once his stay and pride,
Beneath the burning sky had failed and died.

And now the master struggled on and on
With but a scanty creese to lean upon.

One morn it chanced the well-nigh famished man
Strayed on the pathway of a caravan

That late had passed, and scanned with fevered gaze
The brown plain, fervid 'neath the noonday blaze,

Thinking from some o'er-burdened camel's pack
A fallen boon might lie beside the track.

As ranged his eye along the barren land,
He saw a sack half-buried in the sand.

He darted, seized, and, in his frenzied haste,
Scattered its precious contents on the waste—

Not dates nor grain, but strewn in gleaming whorls,
Mocking his vision—iridescent pearls!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SAVED A LIFE TWICE.

A Mastiff That Is Not Afraid of Cold Water.

New York Sun.

Every day when Bill Burdge trudges down from his little shanty in Navesink Highlands, N. J., to the Shrewsbury River to dig some clams he stops at the East River Annex Hotel and whistles. In answer to his whistle a magnificent mastiff dashes out to rub him with extravagant signs of welcome. "Clams, Dave," says Bill, and the pair walk down to the river, a few rods from the hotel, where Bill churns up his clams while Dave sits on the shore and watches, occasionally taking a few winks of sleep.

Dave is the property of Sam Johnson, who runs the Annex Hotel; but the best affection of his canine heart is given to Bill Burdge, the broken-down veteran of the war who does odd jobs in the summer time and digs clams in the winter for a living. Dave's love for Bill is only equaled by Bill's love for Dave, and the two are well-nigh inseparable. The friendship has existed for years, but it has been closer and warmer since last October, when Dave saved Bill from being killed by two vicious bulldogs. The Sun told then how the veteran, walking downtown one Sunday, was attacked by Sam Johnson's fighting bulldogs; how he was pulled down and torn by the savage brutes, who had almost killed him when he shouted to Dave for help; and how the great mastiff, hearing him from his place in the hotel, came to the rescue, fought off the bulldogs, and saved his friend's life. The owner of the bulldogs, who also owns Dave, took care of Bill until his wounds were healed and he was able to wander about again with the mastiff for a companion. The scars on Burdge's head were not healed when, on last Friday, Dave again saved his life.

After all the other clamdiggers stopped work on account of the thinness of the ice ice on the Shrewsbury River, Bill kept on. It was his only way of making a living, he said, and, anyway, he guessed the ice would hold out. So, disregarding the warnings of the other men, he went out Friday on the ice and cut a hole, Dave, of course, going with him. As he was chopping at the hole there was a cracking sound, and a long shiver ran along the surface of the ice. Dave didn't like it. He sniffed and whined, and finally, catching Bill by the coat, tried to pull him back to the shore. Bill says there is no doubt about this.

"Shut up, Dave," he said. "This is all right. If you don't like it, go ashore. Go on now and lie down."

The mastiff, after a few barks of remonstrance, trotted to the beach and lay down. Bill chopped his hole through and began churning up the clams with his rake. He had lifted out a few dozen, when suddenly there was a rending, crashing sound of the ice. Bill remembers giving a yell and hearing an answering howl from Dave, who rushed out over the trembling surface. The next instant the man went down in a mass of broken ice. A piece of ice struck him on the head, rendering him powerless to help himself, although he retained enough consciousness to remember the points of this story. Dave, he said, was coming toward him in great bounds.

"Help, Dave! Come in, boy!" cried Bill from among the floating ice.

The dog leaped in. He reached his friend and seized him by the collar. The ice had broken away for yards around, and it was a desperately hard fight for the mastiff, powerful as he is, to get back with his burden to the solid edge. But he made it, and the last thing Bill was conscious of was that Dave, after two ineffectual efforts to lift him up on the ice, had dropped him.

"I'm gone now," thought Bill, and he fainted for good.

About this time Frank Brady happened to look out of the Annex Hotel door, which faces the river. The first thing that met his view was Dave crawling out of a hole in the ice.

"That's a fool trick," remarked Brady to himself. "Must be Dave's off his base. Wonder what he wants with swimming this time of year."

Then he saw Dave, after getting a firm footing on the solid edge, bend down his head, brace his feet and pull. Then there came into the range of Mr. Brady's vision the limp form of Bill Burdge. Dave deposited Bill on the ice (Mr. Brady is now the sponsor for the story), licked his face, sniffed at him wonderingly as he received no return to his caresses, and then seizing the inanimate form by the collar again dragged it toward the beach. About this time Mr. Brady was doing a 100-yard dash over the ice.

"Drop it, Dave," he ordered as he reached the pair and, half dragging, half carrying Burdge, he got himself into the hotel. Dave trotted alongside with drooping ears and a sadly inquiring expression as he gazed into his friend's white face. Then he sat down upon the floor of the hotel and whined. A few hot concoctions and some smart rubbing administered by Mr. Brady soon brought the unconscious man to himself again, little the worse for the cold bath, except for a slight bruise on his head where the ice had struck him. When he regained consciousness his first thought was for the dog.

"Where's Dave? Did Dave get me out?" he asked feebly.

The mastiff, hearing his friend's voice, bounded over to him with wild barks of joy. Burdge threw his arms around the dog's neck. His voice, Mr. Brady says, was unsteady as he spoke.

"That's twice, Dave, old boy," he said, "twice, and it was life an' death both times."

NOT TO THE MANNER BORN.

A Young Lady From the West at the Inauguration Ball.

Washington Star.

"I beg to be excused. I don't belong in this round-up. I'm off my reservation."

That was the peculiar reply a very stylish and remarkably handsome young woman made when a society reporter struck her for a description of gowns, which must have been "fetching" indeed with that girl's splendid brunette beauty inside of them.

"Oh, well, most everybody is strange here now," was the society reporter's cheerful response. "We are very anxious to have all the notable people—"

"That's it. I'm not a 'notable,'" said the brisk young woman. "Dad's not an officeholder nor an officeseeker. He's just a plain, every-day cattle baron, and we're not in it this trip. We're stampeded."

"Stampeded!"

"Si, we don't feed with these kind of cattle, you know. Our crowd is 'R.;' these people all belong to the 'D.' dash range, and they've turned off the water, burned all the grass, cut all our fences and stampeded us in great shape. Four years from now, if you happen to be around here, you will find the national range in the hands of the old bosses again and I'll have no objection to giving you a description of my harness. Just now I'm a stray and object to being bunched with this outfit."

The objections must have been intelligible to the society reporter for they were accepted, and the daughter of the "plain-every-day cattle baron" was excused from being "branded" as mixing with a breed of political "cattle" by which she declared she had been "stampeded."

INVITATIONS TO SMILE.

A Kansas City man calls his dog Christopher Columbus. This is rather overdoing the matter. Christopher had three barks, while the Kansas City canine had but one.—Rochester Post.

His Life a Failure.

Mabel—I don't like Harold Hitop. He's always trying to kiss me.

Claire—What do you expect him to do? Never try?

Mabel—N-no, not exactly. But he might succeed once in a while.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the Latest.

About the latest way of earning a living is to be a pressman in a morning newspaper office.—Philadelphia Record.

A Serious Fault.

Artist—I don't believe there is a single fault in this picture. It is exactly like you.

Customer—Mercy, no! Don't you see the wrinkles that are in my face are in the picture too?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unexpected.

Miss Pinkerly—Why, Mr. Tutter, what are those little pockets for in the sleeves of your overcoat?

Tutter—Don't you know, really? Why, they are for a lady to put her hand in. I will show you if you let me have your hand.

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, Mr. Tutter—George—this is so sudden.—Clothier and Furnisher.

All Put On.

"Did you notice Blank's widow has put on mourning for him?"

"Oh, yes, any one can see that it's every bit put on."—Life.

A Candid Opinion.

He—Don't you think woman can do a deal toward elevating the stage? He—She can lower her hat.—Life's Calendar.

A Left-Handed Compliment.

Author—Well, what do you think of my new drama?

Friendly Critic—Splendid! The villain in particular is admirably portrayed. The very words he utters are stolen.—Life.

Unkind.

Jeune Premier (at the amateur theatricals)—I say, old man, have you got the stage fright?

Heavy Villain—No; I think she is in her dressing-room!—Truth.

Will This Never Stop?

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliette who was found dead by Romeo."—Drake's Magazine.

Her Inheritance.

Asker—Didn't your wife inherit something from her mother?

Stuckley—Yes, a good deal.

Asker—What was the nature of it?

Stuckley—Mostly temper.—Detroit Free Press.

It's Never Rejected.

"The last thing I sent to Life," said Melancholicus, "was accepted immediately."

"What!" cried Scribe in astonishment, "what was it?"

"A check for an annual subscription."

Life.

Chronicled in a Woman's Album.

Pierre Loti's likes and dislikes were chronicled by him lately in a lady's album. His favorite color is "changing mother of pearl," his favorite perfume the wild "pinks of the dunes," his favorite animal "the cat," his favorite color for eyes and hair "it has often changed; it depends on whom I care for." In answer to the question, "Which is the vice you most detest, and why?" he writes: "None. I have immense pity for them all." His favorite occupation is "to wander about in the open air in the East," his favorite pursuit "riding or gymnastics." His ideal of earthly happiness is "to be handsome, young, agile, and strong"; the pleasantest time of day, "the evening on shore or very early morning at sea," the country to live in, "India, Persia, or Mohammedan country"; his favorite nation, "the Arabs, because of their tranquillity." As to his hero on history he writes: "I know so little of history." As to his hero of fiction, "I have no interest in any." As to his favorite writer, "I do not read."

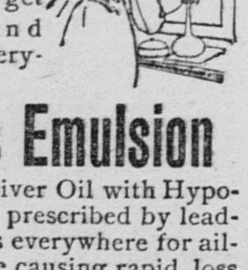
Raising Bees in Africa.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Wakawiroboas, a tribe of semi-savages, who inhabit Kabara, a village situated in Central Africa, not far from the Victoria Nyanza Lake, raise bees in a very original manner. Sir J. Thompson found a hive in nearly every hut. The hive is nothing more than a hollow piece of wood built into the wall of the house, with an outer exit for the bees. The thick fumes and smoke of the interior of the hut impart to the honey a perfectly black color and a very disagreeable taste. But this state of affairs does not seem to disturb the bees nor the Wakawiroboas, who seem to enjoy their sable delicacy.

Looking Better

feeling better—better in every-way. There's more consolation in that than well people stop to ponder. To get back flesh and spirits is every-thing.



Scott's Emulsion

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

Scott's Emulsion will do more than to stop a lingering Cough—it fortifies the system AGAINST coughs and colds.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

WOMEN AND HOME.

The Triumph of an Irish Sculptress.

LATE STYLES IN DRESS.

A Novel and Picturesque Hat—An Elegant Bathrobe—Very Becoming Gowns.

Here is a story from the New York World with a warning for all philanthropic young woman who would fain convert street gamins into bellboys and stray tramps into tidy gardeners and coachmen. In 1889 Miss Mary Redmond of Dublin, who is, by the way, the youngest sculptor in Ireland to receive commissions for important public monuments, received a commission to make a statue of Father Mathew.

About the same time she rescued a "charity boy," named Richard Hunter, from starvation, and took him into her studio as a model. In May, 1891, her clay model was finished. It represented Father Mathew in his Capuchin dress, with his right hand upheld in the act of blessing. The girl was awaiting the judgment of the committee. Meantime the charity boy, having proved obstreperous, had been dismissed. One day

Miss Mary Redmond.

on going to the studio the boy met her at the door and gave her the information that he "had done for her statue," together with a blow.

She secured the protection of a passing friend, who held the boy until the police could be summoned. When the party entered the studio it was found that the statue had been entirely destroyed.

The wretched boy was condemned to seven years' penal servitude for assault and destruction of property, and the brave girl, having begged for an extension of time, set to work again with such indomitable zeal that within a month the figure had once more taken shape. On May 21, 1892, the committee visited the studio for the second time and inspected the completed clay cast, which they pronounced would "contrast favorably with any existing portrait on canvas or in stone."

It has been finished in Carrara marble, and has proved a great triumph for the young sculptress.

VELVET SKIRTS AGAIN IN FASHION.

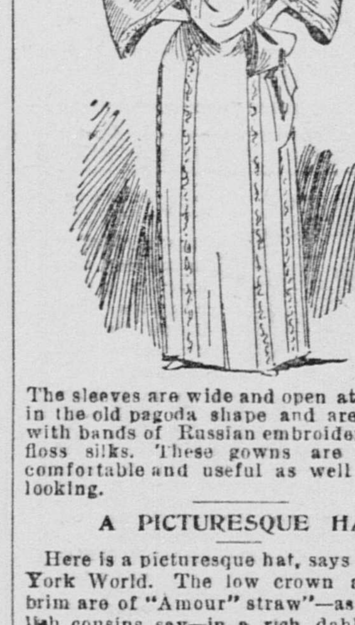
The woman who can afford many dresses, says the Chicago Tribune, will doubtless model one of her early spring costumes after a recently imported London frock. This has a skirt of golden brown velvet and a vest of the same, while the bodice of cloth is tight-fitting. Over the shoulders are cape-

like revers graduated to a point in the waist under a band. The sleeves are only full at the elbows.

The velvet skirt gives the gown a smart look, but it must of course be velvet of the very best quality. It is a long time since velvet skirts have been worn for walking. The secret of the avoidance lies in the fact that the inevitable spot of mud cannot be brushed away easily from a velvet surface, and, with the long skirts that last season trailed their disgraceful length behind women, the spot of mud had to be seriously considered.

FAIRY-LIKE GARMENTS.

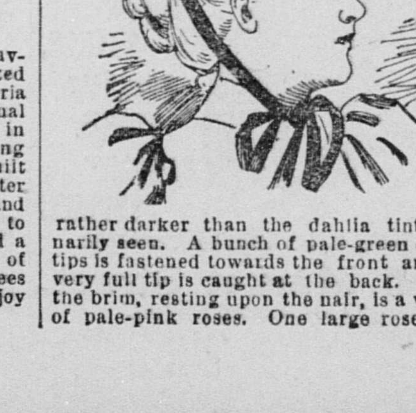
Charming peignoirs, or bath robes, says the New York Tribune, are now made of pale blue, pale pink or cream white silk flannel. They are very loose, of course.



The sleeves are wide and open at the wrist in the old pagoda shape and are trimmed with bands of Russian embroidery in light floss silks. These gowns are extremely comfortable and useful as well as dainty looking.

A PICTURESQUE HAT.

Here is a picturesque hat, says the New York World. The low crown and broad brim are of "Amour" straw"—as our English cousins say—in a rich dahlia shade,



rather darker than the dahlia tint ordinarily seen. A bunch of pale-green ostrich tips is fastened towards the front and one very full tip is caught at the back. Under the brim, resting upon the hair, is a wreath of pale-pink roses. One large rose, with its foliage, stem and thorns, lies against the crown, just under the shadow of the curly tips. The tie strings are of dahlia velvet.

A COMING-OUT GOWN.

The readers of the Gentlewoman, an English publication, were recently invited to send in designs for a debutante's ball gown, the best one to receive a prize. The one that best accorded with the editorial idea of what a bud's frock should be was designed by Miss E. Knox, and departed

a little from the conventional standard, which decrees that pure white is the only possible thing for a coming-out dress.

Her design, given herewith, was meant to be executed in palest apple-green satin, veiled entirely with fine tulle on which are sewn single sprays of lilies of the valley. A thick garland of the same flowers, with pale green leaves, are to edge the bodice in empire style and to trim the skirt and sleeves.

A POPULAR SPRING WRAP.

The most popular of all spring wraps, says the Chicago Tribune, will be the cape, which is so easily adjusted, so daintily dressy, and may be made at comparatively small expense by the home dressmaker. Black satin promises to be the fabric most

worn in spring capes, supplementing the costly velvet and yet more costly fur of the winter.

Velvet capes of bright colors are shortened to the waist for spring wear, and plaited to the yoke in Watteau effects. Some velvet and satin capes are made up with lace, either jetted or plain.

A practical cape for a business woman is of army blue cloth, edged with three rows of black satin ribbon and lined with black satin. It has a fitted shoulder frill, also lined, and smart revers at the front.

COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

Blessed are the children of to-day, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But they owe their grannies little. Much of their blessedness they owe to fashion. More they owe to their adoring mammas. There was a time when it was considered almost a matter of religion to dress the children in such styles as would tend to "toughen"

them. Then low shoes were affected, and little boys were but partially covered with white stockings. Heavy colds were the inevitable result. Now it is the fashion to have small boys' legs incased in leather leggins, and the result is that the boys run and shout with leathern lungs.

One little frock is made of silk warp cashmere of a delicate green tint, trimmed elaborately with smocking of silver thread. The dress is made all in one cut with a deep yoke, the smocking reaching from the yoke below the waist, the skirt hanging in well-regulated pleats. Over each shoulder is a full puffing of cloth of silver. The loose sleeve is caught at the wrist and above the elbow with a band of narrow silver smocking.

Annuity in Corn That Must Be Paid.

Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A curious case has been decided in a French country town. In the year 1634 the famous Marshal Boufflers pledged himself and his heirs or the eventual proprietors of his mansion at Crillon to bestow every year on the vestry clerk of that village three measures of corn on condition that the latter should instruct the children of the parish in the catechism and chant the Latin hymn, "Qui Lazerum," in memory of the Marshal's wife, in the chapel of the place.

The Crillon mansion passed through many hands, and is now the property of the Duke de Levis-Mirepoix. Of late years, since the law regulating public instruction, the clerical teachers had been replaced by lay masters, who did not fulfill the first part of the contract signed by Marshal Boufflers. The Duke de Levis-Mirepoix accordingly stopped the annual supply of corn, but the mayoralty of Crillon instituted proceedings against him.

The tribunal has decided that the Duke de Levis-Mirepoix, not being a descendant of Marshal Boufflers or in any way a member of the latter's family, was not empowered to cancel a gift made by the Marshal, and accordingly the proprietors of the Crillon mansion will have to continue furnishing their annual tribute of corn.

The Widower.

Experience counts for much, be sure,
Young man, your charms cannot allure
Like those of that more practiced wooer,
THE WIDOWER.

The young man garbs himself with care,
Curls his mustache, anoints his hair;
But, after all, who wins the fair?
THE WIDOWER.

The youth beside the gateway glares,
The widower gaily mounts the stairs,
And off the belle bewitching bears—
THAT WIDOWER.

"Confound him!" cries the maddened youth,
"I look as well as he, forsooth!
I wish I could get at the truth,
ON WIDOWERS?"

Would learn his charm, distracted swain?
Wouldst find thine efforts not in vain?
Wouldst pierce the secret of his reign?
THE WIDOWER?

Full well he knows what women like,
He knows what traits their fancy strike,
Lures them as sportsmen lure the pike—
THE WIDOWER.

He knows that teeth are gleaming white,
And breath full of perfumed delight
They love. He uses SOZODONT each night,
THE WIDOWER.

HE LOVES BRUTES.

A French Journalist Fond of Animals.

AURELIEN SCHOLL'S HOBBY.

Sketch of the Successful Career of a Parisian Newspaper Man and Dramatic Author.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to have but little influence in Paris. However, from time to time we hear of meetings organized by its members and plans devised for the punishment of those who ill-treat dumb creatures. One of the most enthusiastic members of this society is M. Aurelien Scholl, the famous journalist. He adores animals, and his garden in the Rue de Clichy is thronged with dogs, cats and even members of the feathered creation. A servant is employed to care for the wants of all these pets, and in his will M. Scholl names each dog, each cat, each parrot, each chicken and allows to each a pension, these pensions to be properly expended by friends, also designated in the will. Last year one of his favorites—a beautiful dog—died and M. Scholl's grief was very great. No one but himself was allowed to touch the dead pet, and by his loving hands it was placed in a

Aurelien Scholl.

little coffin and buried in his garden. A monument marks the spot where rests "one of my best friends." Those who know Aurelien Scholl but slightly never dream that he has so kind a heart, for his manners are brusque and unrefined.

The famous chroniqueur was born at Bordeaux, and when he was in college he sent dramatic criticisms to the principal journal of the town. When his father discovered the manner in which Aurelien spent his time he was very angry, and had not one of the professors interfered the young journalist might have been compelled to leave the parental roof. Naturally his desire was to continue his chosen profession in Paris, but the father said: "You will ruin your life. I should not object could you ever earn ten or twelve thousand francs yearly; but you will always be poor." Little did the father dream that the son, in whose talent he had so little confidence, would ever earn by his journalistic work from 75,000 to 100,000 francs a year.

The young aspirant for fame decided to leave home even without his father's permission, but he had no money; when a little boy his mother had given him a savings bank, in which she placed ten francs each time he took the medicine prescribed by his doctor. This bank he emptied and borrowed six hundred francs of his sister, who, to tell the truth, had but little hope of again seeing her money. With a friend Aurelien Scholl carried away secretly all his personal effects, and as he feared to take the train a place was secured in the diligence. At last, after days of diligence travel, Paris was reached, and when every sou was spent he had no prospect for the future. There was nothing to do but to return to Bordeaux, and the youthful runaway, instead of receiving punishment, was overjoyed to hear his father say, "Go back to Paris; I shall give you two hundred francs a month for five years, but afterward you must care for yourself." To Paris he returned and arrived the day of the coup d'etat, the day when all newspapers were suppressed.

When all was calm again Aurelien Scholl found a position on the journal called Paris Lundi, Paris Mardi, etc. Since then he has written for most of the important journals in Paris, but he has also theatrical aspirations. "Rosalinde, or Ne Jouez pas avec l'Amour," had a certain success, and after its production at the Gymnase Theater it was played seventeen times in St. Petersburg and many times in French provincial towns. "Jaloux du Passe" was brought out at the Odeon Theater in 1861 and "Le Repentir" was produced at the same theater in 1876. "Chaines de Fleurs" was played at the Theatre des Varieties in 1866 and "Une Vieille Lune" was represented at the Kursaal, Ems, before an audience composed of princes. Its interpreters were Febvre of the Comedie Francaise and Mlle. Philippe of the Porte St. Martin Theater.

Besides these, several other comedies by Aurelien Scholl have been performed at various French theaters, all with more or less success. It is most amusing to hear Aurelien Scholl relate how the good people in Bordeaux looked upon him as their dramatist, and how each year, when he went there to visit his family, he felt himself a personage of vast importance. One morning a friend said to him: "Lambert Thiboust is here."

"Then I was in trouble," relates Scholl, "for Lambert Thiboust was the famous vaudevilliste, whom I had only seen in a Paris cafe. Naturally he would not remember me, and yet if we were not seen walking arm in arm through the streets of Bordeaux it would be said that my position as a Parisian journalist could be nothing, since I was not known by Lambert Thiboust. These thoughts passed through my mind in a second, and my decision was made. 'Ah,' said I, with disdain, 'M. Lambert Thiboust is here.'

"'Yes. Do you know him?'"

"'I know him, but I never speak to him.'"

"'You do not speak to him?'

"'My dear friend, Lambert Thiboust is not a man with whom one should associate, and because I know him I advise you not to make his acquaintance,' and my friend said no more. The next day Lambert Thiboust came up to me with outstretched hands and was delighted to see a familiar Parisian face in Bordeaux. I confessed my ruse, and he only laughed, but from Bordeaux we went to Pau, and there together wrote 'Fille du Colonel,' of which we were proud, but unfortunately this play was never presented."

When Victorien Sardou made his dramatic debuts it was Aurelien Scholl who accused him of plagiarism, of arranging the works of others—in fact, of literary piracy. To-day Scholl admires Sardou, and regrets the attacks he made on the dramatist—attacks that at the time he considered justifiable.

Aurelien Scholl is a novelist, also, for he has published "Les Nouveaux Mysteres de Paris," "L'Outrage" and "Les Amours de Theatre."

Aurelien Scholl is preparing his memoirs. These will be published in two volumes, and will contain letters from George Sand, Gambetta and many other distinguished people. In his desk are many manuscripts, some of which are completely finished; of these, a number only need reviewing and correction, but as the chroniqueur is very severe for his own work, friends think these manuscripts will never be published.

The home of Aurelien Scholl, as I have said, is in the Rue de Clichy; the house is large, but simply furnished, and the most striking room is the library. Every theatrical work of importance is here found, and the tables are covered with works of new writers, for Scholl loves to encourage budding genius. Paul Bourget he thinks worthy of consideration, but among modern novelists Guy de Maupassant is his ideal. The sad fate of this writer is a great sorrow to Aurelien Scholl, and he will not believe that Maupassant's brilliant mind is darkened forever.

Aurelien Scholl appreciates art, especially the art of Courbet, Manet, Daubigny and Stevens, and many works of these masters are hung on his drawing-room walls.

Aurelien Scholl invites friends to breakfast very often, but he dines at home only when he has guests. He is one of the historical habitues at Bignon's restaurant, and he is well known at the Cafe Riche, Maison Doree and other fashionable resorts.

He rises very late, fences with his master, Frey, for an hour, then breakfasts. After breakfast Scholl takes a cup of coffee, changes his coat for a red flannel blouse, puts on spectacles and writes until 4 o'clock, then his carriage is ready for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. At 5 o'clock he is seen at Tortoni's, where he takes a glass of vermouth, and at 7 o'clock he dines. After dinner, in winter, he goes to the theater; in summer to the cafes chantants in the Champs Elysees, rarely, if ever, to a soiree.

A remark quite characteristic of Aurelien Scholl is this, "Having known intimately all the celebrities of our epoch, I ask myself if I should not have been just as happy at my home in the province—'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.'"

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

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READING IN ICELAND.

A Few Volumes of the Old Sages Still to Be Found.

Atlantic Monthly.

One naturally expects the clergy to be more or less educated and to have books as a necessary accompaniment, but one hardly dares to expect much of the ordinary farmers of so poor a land as Iceland, yet, in spite of all drawbacks, the Icelandic farmer manages to have a few books and sometimes a remarkable number. On my trip to Hecla and Krisuvik I omitted no opportunity in looking over the books in the farm houses.

Sometimes I found nothing but the Bible and the psalm-book or an old treatise on farming or some practical religious work, but a little inquiry usually brought out a few volumes of the old sages. At a farm house almost under the shadow of Hecla I found on the chest of drawers in my bedroom several school books—one for learning Danish—a volume of tales and the usual psalm-book. Against the wall hung a portfolio partly filled with Icelandic newspapers.

The members of the family appeared to be very intelligent, and by no means to have limited their reading to the few books in sight. A day or two later we were at Skumstathir, on the southern coast. As we had just come from some of the places most famous in Icelandic story, I asked our host if he had a copy of the Njalssaga. He was a tall, shrewd-looking man of over 60, with a strong face, a mighty, hawk-like nose, a little fringe of beard under his chin, and sharp, penetrating eyes.

He thought there was a copy in the house, and presently returned with a well-worn volume published in Copenhagen in 1772, having a part of the title-page printed in vermillion. Other books were lying about the room. A bunch of newspapers published at Reykjavik hung against the wall, and the first number of a new religious newspaper was handed about as a specimen copy.

Books turn up in unexpected corners. While we waited for the wind to subside so that our horses could safely swim the Olfusa we stayed at the home of the ferryman. He opened a bottle of port wine for us, and when I asked for a book to while away the time he brought a small armful for me to choose from.

Articles Left in the Cars.

New York Times.

A brown paper parcel of goodly proportions was turned in at the lost-article bureau of the Wagner Palace Car Company a few days ago, the contents of which gave a fair idea of the kind of articles that travelers on the rail leave behind them in their forgetfulness. The bundle aforesaid contained the collection of lost articles made by the conductor of one sleeping-car for the month of December. The variety of articles thus accumulated was amusing as well as interesting. When the bundle was untied on the broad table in the lost-article bureau, the first thing that rolled out was a silver-handled shaving-brush. There was no accompanying razor, the owner probably having remembered to put that useful instrument back in his satchel. A full set of false teeth nestled cozily in a cluster of false hair and a small copy of the Episcopal prayer-book was jammed against a neat leather-covered pocket flask. Of tooth-brushes and hair-brushes and combs there were half a dozen each. Other things in this odd collection included a baby's milk-bottle, a pair of ladies' slippers, one patent-leather shoe once worn by a man, a woolen undershirt, manicure set in russia morocco case, two or three empty portemonnaies, and, most singular of all, a dainty little bonnet so attractive in form and color that it is a wonder how any woman could have forgotten it.

A Cat's Trip.

Yorkshire Press.

A good cat story comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat, which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and though she was searched for high and low she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost, when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on October 25 as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy; but it is not made clear whether the cat was not stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India and carried back in the ordinary course. Under any circumstances her adventure are, however, sufficiently remarkable to deserve credit.

RUSSIAN BEAR DOGS.

They Are Very Savage and Fight on Slight Provocation.

Temple Bar.

Alongside ran our small pack of bear dogs, a breed peculiar in this district, but much resembling the Eskimo dog in general appearance, with powerful frame covered with a long wavy coat and set on short legs with broad feet, a short, thick neck, broad head, with a short, sharp-pointed nose, small erect ears, bright, intelligent eyes, and a magnificent bushy tail curling over the back like a squirrel's.

They are very savage and spend most of their leisure time in getting up fights among themselves; nearly every one of our small pack showed by a hanging ear or a gashed lip that he had not been made free of the guild without paying his footing.

In bear hunting these dogs are invaluable; their keen scent enables them to detect his berloga, or winter lair, at a considerable distance and through all but the deepest snow; while, when he is started, they will follow his track with unerring patience, giving tongue every now and then to assure the hunter it is all right and guide him through the forest till the final chorus tells that they have come up with the bear, and you rush up to obtain an easy shot as he stands at bay.

The dogs are very active in avoiding the fierce blows which the bear aims at them, and soon learn the wisdom of attacking him in the rear, so that, though every now and then they limp away bleeding from an ugly gash from the bear's claws, after sitting down in the snow and licking their wounds carefully over, they trot contentedly home and come out the next day as keen as ever. We usually took out five, all good dogs and all different colors, Sobol, a splendid irongray dog, with a voice like a bloodhound's and a frame wiry and strong as a wolf's, holding the proud position of leader.

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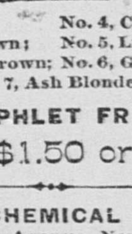

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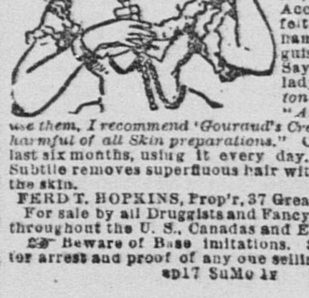

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