LIFE IN PARIS.

AMERICAN WOMEN JUDGED BY PARISIANS—WOMEN PAINTED IN PASTILE.

[From a Regular Correspondent of the New York Tribune.]

PARIS, Sept. 19.—Paris is still at the seaside, to-morrow it will be given up to the chase. At the seaside women bathe like men, and in the hunting field women carry guns like men. The huntress Diana is no longer a myth, except that the huntress Diana went naked in the woods and prairies, while our young ladies, armed with fowling-pices, followed the chase in a serious costume. Two young Americans who started to-day for the Chateau Orgeval, conducted their operations in the following costume:

For the brunette American a veston of chestnut velvet, the color of burnt bread; loose trousers gathered at the knees; leggings of yellow leather, and leather bootees; a colored skirt with pink stripes; a melon hat ornamented with a pheasant's wing, and Swedish gloves.

For the American blonde a tunic of olive green cashmere, sleeves of gray silk, trimming and collar green, fastened with frogs and green olives; by the side hangs a chatelaine of Russia leather; skirt of steel-gray silk with large hollow folds beginning at the hips; a princess hat of green felt, with a gray plume at the side fixed by a bird of Paradise.

You should have seen them going through their exercises with a charming little gun, a jewel from an English workshop. They would do more slaughter than the most resolute Frenchwoman.

I heard just now a Parisian man and woman talking very freely of the Americans. According to a Parisian, the American woman is the health of Paris from the point of view of money, of gayety, and of pleasure. "See," said he, "the American society has closed its houses and started by express in all directions. Its emigration makes a great void in Paris, for it has taken in the capital a most important place. The finest hotels of the new quarters belong to Americans—the Riggses, the Paynes, the Simms, the Smiths, with plenty of Sons & Co.

The front boxes of our theaters belong to the golden lorgnettes of Boston and New York. The finest turn-outs in the Champs Elysees and the Bois belong to Americans; and who would wear toilets which turn all heads at the races and the opera if not the Americans? Who are the amateurs who buy the best pictures and objects of art? Such Americans as Mr. Stewart and Mr. Stebbins. Finally, who furnish the most splendid dowries for the old nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain? Always Young America. But while a residence in Paris only brings out more strongly the Anglo-Saxon character of the men, it changes the women into exaggerated Parisians. The most extravagant toilets are worn by the young American.

These disheveled chignons under improbable hats—she is always the first to display them; and as to those ear-rings representing locomotives, steamers, and omnibuses, are not all these the inventions of Chicago and Washington?" "But," said the young Parisian lady, "we can say this for them: the American woman in Paris, in compensation for her eccentricities, has two eminent qualities which characterice her actions—an extreme integrity and absolute certainty in her relations. For instead of scandalizing each other as we too often do, the American women sustain and defend each other with unshaken fidelity. They have the *esprit de corps* to the highest point, and if any one dares to lack in respect to one of them, he has soon the whole body at his heels. The French women would play an entirely different part in our country if they had this solidarity."

The foreigners have supplanted the Parisian of other days, it is true, but the Parisian of to-day is more eccentric than the Americans. The Parisian of other days would not have worn on her head a basket of flowers and fruits; she would never have worn a miller's hat, or a sailor's, perched on her chignon. She did not cry out, "Look at my dress, which has taken forty yards of stuff." She passed simply, and it was enough for her to be called a woman *comme il faut*. But we have changed all that. Now, the Parisian woman travels in Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Ireland, and brings back eccentricities which she Parisianizes to her liking. The results, in toilet and manners, have made of Paris a cosmopolitan city, and the center of unbridled luxury and supreme elegance.

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Our actresses are becoming curiosities of art as well as our women of pleasure and women of fashion. It is hard to compute the time which they must pass morning and evening before their glasses. It is said that they are establishing schools of design and of pastel in convents, as painting the face has become the necessary part of every young girl's education. They must paint their eyebrows, their eyelashes, their cheeks, their beauty-spots and their lips, and they do it with a really remarkable talent. "It is entirely natural," said Madeleine Brohan, "because it is painted on nature. There are those who put on red and those who put on white, according to the expression which they wish to give. You will hear sometimes an impertinent passer-by observe in the street, 'There is one who has paid for two cents' worth of sentiment.' Happy lovers paint themselves red, unhappy lovers paint themselves white; paleness is precious to stricken souls.

"The cleverest paint themselves with an art so delicate that they do not appear to be painted." "What, my dear," said an old Duchess to her daughter-in-law, "you, too, put on red and white?" "Yes, it is to correct the faults of nature. I suppose in your time you had no need of painting." But the Duchess might have replied that people painted throughout antiquity. Sappho put on chalk to soften the heart of Phaon. Sapania put on rouge to conceal the ravages of love. At Rome, when generals entered the city in triumph, they bedaubed themselves in token of gory victory. Mlle. Guimard said to Marshal Richelieu, who reproached her for painting herself at twenty years of age: "The Roman generals put on red paint on days when they entered Rome in triumph; is not every day for me a day of triumph?"

Reminiscences of Josephine and Marie Louise.

[Grace Greenwood in the New York Times.]

Our friend, the old French lady of whom I have already spoken, says of Josephine: "She was not pretty, but she was the most graceful woman in the world." Of Napoleon, whom she remembers as First Consul and as Emperor, she gives a singularly vivid description. She says that though in youth he was thin and sallow, and in middle age stout and pale, his face always had a strange beauty—stern, yet delicate; something almost fearful. "His eyes were like blue steel, yet, when at rest, they had an absent, dreamy look; it was only when they regarded you that you felt their power; then something cold and sharp seemed to pass through you.

"His finely curved chin was firm as marble, but it had a dimple fit for a young girl. He had a small, beautiful mouth, which seemed always ready to smile and never smiled. His speech was abrupt and startling; it made one tremble if he only said *Bon jour*. There was something *menacant* about him, even in his pleasantry. He played roughly, especially with the Empress Marie Louise, whom he treated as a child, sometimes tossing her in the air, and carrying her down stairs on his shoulders."

Of Marie Louise she said: "Her neck and arms were fine, her complexion was not bad, but she had an ugly face, unmeaning eyes, and a vile nose." The old lady startled me by adding that as a wife and mother that august dame was *sans entrailles*.

KERR'S FIRST SPEECH.

[From the New York Mercury.]

Now that Hon. Michael C. Kerr, or as they call him in his own Hoosier State, "Mike Kerr," has been elected Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives, it may not be uninteresting to relate the somewhat sensational affair which first attracted public attention to his remarkable qualities. It was a good many years ago. Kerr had just hung out his shingle as a lawyer in New Albany, Indiana, and was waiting for clients. One of his first cases was a suit which had to be argued at Paoli, in Orange county. Paoli was then a wretched little village of a hundred inhabitants, or so. The only decent building in it besides the court-house was the United States Hotel, a large frame-house, of which Mr. Godfrey Harrison was the landlord.

This Harrison was a sort of adventurer. Although not forty years old he had been in business all over the country. Finally he had opened a grocery store in the thriving railroad town of Seymour, and there he had taken a leading part in lynching a gang of outlaws, among whom was the eldest Reno, whose five brothers were afterward summarily executed by a vigilance committee at the same place. Harrison was known to the Reno boys, as they were called, to have adjusted the noose round their eldest brother's neck, and they had sworn to take the executioner's life for it. Mysterious assassins had repeatedly fired upon Harrison after dark, and finally, owing to the supplications of his wife, he had sold out his store in Seymour and moved to Paoli, where he had bought the above mentioned hotel.

When "Mike" Kerr arrived there in the evening preceding the day on which he was to argue his case, he was the only guest at the United States Hotel. He went to bed at an early hour, and was awakened about midnight by a furious pounding against the front door. He listened a few moments and heard parties in front of the hotel shouting, "Come out, Harrison! Your hour has come now! The Reno boys are here. Remember Jake Reno. Come out, or we will burn your house down!" To these calls were added horrible oaths, and the pounding was renewed with redoubled violence. Suddenly Kerr's door opened, and the landlord, pale as a sheet, stepped in:

"Mr. Kerr," he said hurriedly, "my deadly enemies are at the door. They want to revenge themselves upon me for participating in the lynching of Jake Reno at Seymour. They have sworn to kill me, and if they get into the house they will do it."

"But will they get in?" asked Kerr.

"They can not very easily," replied Harrison; "for the front and back doors are well secured, and it will be very difficult for them to open the window shutters."

"What kind of arms have you in the house?" asked Kerr.

"Only a double-barreled rifle, and I doubt if the people in the village would dare to come to my assistance. They knew the desperate character of the Reno boys too well."

"Humph!" said young Kerr, "then we are in a pretty bad box here!"

"Yes, we are," replied the landlord. "My poor wife, who has been ailing for some time, is now half dead from terror, and the two servant girls are on their knees in the kitchen, praying for help."

Kerr reflected a moment, then he jumped out of bed, and hurriedly dressed himself.

"What are you going to do?" asked Harrison.

"I am going out into the yard, and shall speak to the fellows," replied Kerr, quietly.

"For God's sake, don't!" said Harrison. "They are a desperate crowd. They will shoot you like a dog!"

"I will risk it," rejoined Kerr, and slipped out of the back door. Going round into the front yard he saw in the dim moonlight four young fellows busily engaged in building a fire in dangerous proximity to the front door.

When they caught sight of his slender, straight form, one of them shouted to him, "Halloo, who the deuce are you?"

"I am Michael C. Kerr, from New Albany, and who are you?"

"My name's Billy Reno, and them three is my brothers."

"What are you making so much noise for at this unseemly hour?" asked Kerr, with the utmost imperturbability.

"Stranger," replied Billy Reno, "mind your own business. We've come here to string that infernal scoundrel Godfrey Harrison, who murdered our brother at Seymour; we'll hang him on this ere tree, so we will!"

"My friend," said Kerr, "there are four men with wives in the house."

"Why don't they show fight, then?" yelled the Reno boys.

"I will tell you," replied Kerr; "they have not fired upon you yet because I have prevailed upon them not to do so until after I had spoken to you."

Kerr's fearless manner had evidently impressed the four outlaws.

"What do you want to say to us, then, stranger?" asked Billy Reno, after a pause.

"That you are engaged in a very poor business," replied Kerr, bluntly. "All you are going to accomplish by your violence is to frighten a sick lady, who is in the house, half to death, besides standing a good chance to get killed ourselves."

"Stranger," said Billy, after another pause, "you seem to be a man of sense. But would you let your brother be murdered by a fellow, and then do nothing to the murderer?"

"Who murdered your brother?" asked Kerr.

"Why, Harrison. He was one of the lynchers at Seymour. We have sworn to kill him."

"Look here," said Kerr, "I told you my name. I am a lawyer in New Albany. If Mr. Harrison had a hand in putting your brother illegally to death, you come to me, and I pledge you my word that I will prosecute him for it, and it shall not cost you a cent, either."

The boys were silent.

"Besides," added Kerr, raising his voice, "all of you are very young men, I see. The world is open to you. It is easy for you to make a good living. You ought to know that violence will sooner or later bring you to jail or to the gallows! Don't be fools, and, instead of risking your lives in a fruitless and cowardly undertaking, go home and behave yourselves. If you will do so, I, Michael C. Kerr, will help you whenever you need my services."

He had become quite eloquent by this time, and when he had closed his impressive appeal the Reno boys shook hands with him and quietly left the place. We need not say how warmly the landlord and his poor frightened wife thanked the courageous young lawyer for the important service he had rendered them. When Kerr, on the following evening, left for home, Godfrey Harrison insisted upon accompanying him to New Albany, where he told a number of citizens all about Mike Kerr's plucky speech to the outlaws. The affair became the town talk. Kerr got plenty of clients in consequence, and a few months afterward he was elected prosecuting attorney for Floyd county—the first step on the ladder to distinction and fame.

THE CONFIDENCE OF DRESS.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his new book published this week, says: "If a man has not firm nerves and has keen sensibility, it is, perhaps, a wise economy to go to a good shop and dress himself irreproachably. He can then dismiss all care from his mind and may easily find that performance an addition of confidence, a fortification that turns the scale in social encounters and allows him to go gaily into conversations where else he had been dry and embarrassed. I am not ignorant—I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared 'that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow.'"

WHO SHOULD RULE IN THE SOUTH.

While we belive that in most of the Northern States a preponderance of the intelligence, the high purposes, the honest motives and the enlightened conscience of the citizens has hitherto been at work in the Republican party, and is still to be found there, and while we believe that the great interests of the nation as a whole are likely for some years to come, to be safer in the keeping of that party than if given over to its opponents, we have been convinced by the events of the last few years and are more and more confirmed in the conviction every day, that men of the Conservative party in the Southern States are much better qualified to control their local administrations, and are able and disposed to give those States much better governments than they have ever had or have any hope of securing through what is spoken of there as "Radical rule." There the state of things is the converse of that in the Northern States. The intelligence, the culture, the best motives, and the most conscience are to be found as a rule in the Conservative party. In general, too, we believe that the motives of those who make up that party are purer and the purposes higher than those which have animated their opponents. And aside from any theoretical considerations, they form the active and responsible body of the citizens, and their interest is in good government.

The native Southerners, who, by tradition and the stress of events and circumstances, find themselves so generally in opposition to the Republican party, have every possible incentive for desiring well-ordered communities, settled industries and a state of things which shall foster the growth and development of their material interests and the promotion of peace and prosperity.

They have every reason to wish for wise, stable, economical and efficient governments, for all they have and all they can hope for depends on this. It would also be conducive to their well-being to do right by all their citizens, conceding to them equality before the law and exact justice in all their relations, and we have no doubt that a very large portion of them are willing and anxious to do this, and that this sentiment will extend with every passing year.

They have among them many of the worse elements of society, ignorant, prejudiced and brutal, which cause a deal of mischief and obstruct their better purposes, but they will bring these more and more into subjection, until they will be no more troublesome and miscievous than the corresponding elements in other sections of the country.

On the other hand, the "Radicals" of the South have been made up largely of negroes, who mean well in the main, but are densely ignorant on the subject of political duties and responsibilities, and easily led by designing men and adventurers from other parts of the country whose purpose has been to advance their own fortunes regardless of the interests or well-being of the States in which they have settled. Their leaders and managers have in most cases proved themselves to be unscrupulous tricksters or unconscionable villains.

The Radical governments of the Southern States which were inaugurated under the reconstruction acts turned out to be in most cases the most outrageous parodies on free government ever tolerated by intelligent men. Extravagance, recklessness and official plundering characterized them from first to last. They burdened those exhausted and disheartened communities with taxes to grievous to be borne, they piled upon them loads of debt which will hamper their energies for years to come, and they mismanaged affairs in the most disgraceful way.

As soon as the Conservatives succeeded in wrenching one of those States from the clutches of the plunderers, they began the work of reform, and there can be no question that the government of Georgia, for instance, in the last two or three years has been a vast improvement on what went by the name of government under Bullock. Arkansas was in a state of chaos and disorder, and suffered from wretched maladministration until the Conservatives succeeded in framing and adopting a new constitution and electing a Governor of their own. There is little doubt that Mississippi and Louisiana, under Conservative governments, would begin that career of peace and recuperation which has been so auspiciously begun in their sister States.

The single case in which a Southern State has escaped from abominable misgovernment without overthrowing "Radical rule" is that of South Carolina. After a series of ridiculous and shameful burlesques on State administration, all the better elements, knowing it to be hopeless to attempt to elect a Southern Conservative, united in support of Mr. Chamberlain, a Republican and a man of Northern birth, who has proved to be what the best of Republicans are in the North. His administration has been one of thorough reform, honesty and efficiency, but there is danger that South Carolina can not maintain the position which she has succeeded in gaining. The recent election of ex-Governor Moses and Mr. Whipper as Circuit Judges indicates that the old influences are still at work trying to pull the State back into its degradation.

We wish, for the sake of the Republicans, that it were otherwise, but we are forced to the conclusion that at present it is better for the Southern States to have the Conservatives in the ascendency. They may be wrong in some of their views on national questions, but they give the States far better local governments than they have ever had from Republicans.—*Boston Daily Globe Dec. 23d.*

French and American Women.

Albert Rhodes in his book, "The French at Home," says:

The face of the American woman is more beautiful than that of any other country. It has delicacy of coloring and feature, and finesse and intellectuality in expression; but the body supporting the head, regarded from an artistic and hygienic point of view, is inferior. For breathing and digesting, the upper part is lacking in depth. In a word, the American is more fragile; she is hardly a Diana, and the French is something more, although not the Hebe of Rubens.

The American has more intellect than her French sister, but the latter has softness where she has pertness. There is nervous excitability and cleverness in one, mellowness and equality of character in the other. The forced, brilliant vitality of woman in America is subject to fits of reaction, for nature has its limit. In the French woman the mind is more even and cheerful, and in the absence of exhaustive and irregular demands made upon it, the uniform health is better.

In qualities of purely mental character the equal of the American woman cannot perhaps be found in the world; but with all her knowledge and intellectual activity, she lacks that which made the Greeks what they have been and the French what they are—organic cultivation. Entwined in these words are taste and art. A riper civilization, though not a purer, shall invest her with a knowledge of these things and a harmony of character now possessed; and with it will come, alas! that decadence in morals which always marches on the heels of the Beautiful in every age and in every climate. It is sad that such heavy tribute should be exacted as the price of an added enjoyment, but art is inexorable.

An economical party explains that March is the cheapest month to travel in, as nature spares the voyager the trouble of raising the wind.

Did you ever come down stairs on Sunday morning, and ask your wife to put a button on your wristband, but what she lifted her eyes to heaven, and with clasped hands, assured you that, when that shirt was put away, there was a button on it?