to ourselves to snub us or to bully us.

letter ran thus:

ply with before entering upon the under-taking? Yours truly, "Jons."

humble servant, JACQUES."

This letter was written four years ago. The dear fellow is still waiting for that consul's reply Of course, his English friend is now established in Cairo, comfortable and prosperous, doing a roaring trade in pills with the new proteges of her Britamic majesty.

Mary Anderson's Home.

a grand house where some of the most no-table of English people in literature and so-ciety have sought her company. She entertains delightfully-always with her mother's chaperonage. The great hall which opens from the vestibule, with a ceiling nearly to the roof, and surrounded by a gallery, is filled with objects of art. Every part of the home displays the good taste and culture of the young actress. Here she has received Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton and Lady Betly, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Pembroke and the Dean of Westminster. Admired and courted by all, she is still the honest, generous minded American girl who never forgets herself by neglect of old friends. Recently, among a number of distinguished people, she entertained an actor who one "supported" her on her first trips through the United States. She introduced him with the exclamation: "Ah! bow well I remember the days when we used to barnstorm through Kentucky."

The perversity of human judgment has work that has since proved its right to

lished, the (then) celebrated poet Waller said of it, "The old blind schoolmaster. John Milton, hath published a tedious

poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as a merit it hath no Pepys in his Memoirs thus speak

Hudibras, "When I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by and by, meeting at Mr. Town send's at dinner, I sold it to Mr. Battersby for eighteen pence."-Youth's Compan-

"Getting to be a great business," said one of the observing clerks in the model room of the patent office, as he toyed with a model of a new cash register. "There is hardly a day now but that ap plications for patents on cash registers are made. It amounts to almost a mania with inventors. The patents on these machines are numerous, but the number of successful registers is comparatively small. Next in the way of devices for compelling people to be honest is the bell punch and register for street cars. There s no end to the patents in this line. Next in this line comes the systems of railways for carrying cash and packages in the big stores. There are new patents of this kind every day, notwithstanding the fact that the different systems in use seem absolutely perfect and give entire satisfaction."-Washington Post.

Little Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over, "Papa," he sobs, in tones of anguish, "how could you marry such an ill tempered woman as mamma?'-Newport News.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS 'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve

25 cents a bottle.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Sait Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 2 fect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 2 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Coeffran Druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street Lancaster, Pa.

The Verdiet Unanimous. The Verdlet Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Praggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies
"I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very
best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief
in every case. One man took six bottles and
cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing."
Abraham Hare, druggist, Beliville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever
handled in my 29 years experience, is Electric
Bitters." Thousands of others have added their
testimony, so that the verdlet is unanimous
that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the
Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a
bottle at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 137 & 139
N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

nuch for him. Well, he is quite right, out he does not attempt to do anything himself. As a clover writer on French f. As a clover writer on French ers said, "He is taken charge of, bag and baggage, by the government on his travels, and carefully looked after in his demicile as if he were a child." The man clothed in government uniform assumes that arrogant, not-to-be-ques-tioned air which would send an Englishman into fits.

Two young chemists (one English, the other French) were in partnership in Paris, and one day made up their minds to start afresh in Egypt. Each wrote to his consul in Cairo. The Englishman's

By return post he received a most po-lite letter containing all the detailed in-formation he wanted.

Continued next Saturday

I thanked the young lady, went to the cafe, and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominoes with a friend. He asked me to allow him to finish the game, which, of course, I was only too glad to do, and we returned to

little Norman town. Having broken the glass of my watch,

I inquired who was the best watchmaker in the place. It was a M. Perrin, I was told. I made for M. Perrin's shop. The shop

was closed, and the shutters up. Outside was stuck a card, on

they will be back on Tuesday. It was Saturday. M. and Mme. Perrin were enjoying a holiday.

I admired their independence, and waited till they returned to have my watch repaired.

Nobody wants to know the time in Normandy, and for three days I did as

my happy compatriots.

he sells you something you may take it for he is jealous of his good name as a course, but that is not an absorbing point with him. He is satisfied when he has made a modest fortune and moves on to make room for another man. So that he has enough to give his never very numerous children a sound education and a good start in life, and procure the modest comforts of life, he is content.

And this is how in France you see the good things of this world more equally divided than in England. There are few colossal fortunes; but in the provincial towns pauperism is not known as an in stitution, which makes up for it. I do not hesitate to affirm that not only does the small French bourgeois not covet wealth, but that he is almost afraid of it. He prefers comfort to luxury. He considers \$1,500 a year a very snug income. When his government securities assure him this sum, he knocks off work and prepares to make himself happy and comfortable for the rest of his life.

You may well imagine how ansusing it is to hear sometimes that the good fellow has the reputation of being unmanageable and revolutionary.

about the new ministry about as much as I am concerned about the ministerial crisis in the Sandwich Islands. He is so easily manageable that for peace' sake he will endure things that would rouse an Englishman to rebellion. He has the good fortune to live under a government that looks after him and sees to all his little wants, which makes and sells him fireproof cigars, matches that have "struck"-that is to say, which obstinately refuse to strike-and that keeps his public accounts and carries them to the fourth decimal, a luxury which costs him a good fourth of his revenue in per-

sonnel and red tape, but which saves the

millions. The Frenchman is kept in order by a legion of civilians in uniform, command, and sets him down at his des-

When the English appoint a new government official, it is another servant that you add to your household. When we French appoint a new government official, it is a new master that we give

"DEAR SIR-I am about to open business as a chemist in Cairo. Will you be good enough to tell me what are my chances of success in Egypt, and what formalities, if any, I should have to com-

MONSIEUR LE CONSUL GENERAL-I am desirous of setting up as a chemist in Cairo. Dare I hope that you will spare a few minutes of your valuable ime to give me such information and advice as you may consider likely to be of use to me? With many apologies for intruding upon you, I have the honor to be, Monsieur le consul general, with greatest respect, your most obedient and

Mary Anderson's home on Mount Walt-ham, at South Hampstead, says Truth, is in

Unappreciated.

often been illustrated in sneering dispraise or utter neglect of a new literary immortality. In the case of some masterpieces lapse of time or the death of their authors seems necessary to open the eyes of critics to their merits. Soon after "Paradise Lost" was pub-

Rage for Patents.

What Puzzled Willie.

Special Motices.

LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 28 cents a bottle.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Discass fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest test, but her years and occidence in the coughed incessantly and could not sieep. She bought of us a bottle of Pr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she siept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Lather Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, 187 & 189 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

Duffy's Pure Mait Whiskey free from adultera-tions of foreign substances, and it deserves to meet with great success." The well-known Dr. R. W. Hutchinson, of New York, says: "I highly recommend Duffy's Pure Mait Whiskey and prescribe it extensively in my practice." Hev. B. Mills, of Princeton, Jowa, says: "I have used Duffy's Pure Mait Whiskey with great benefit to my wife, who is a confirmed invalid, if know from experience it is a pure and most valuable medicine. I am also using it in the case of my son, who is threatened with con-sumption. I am a Presbyterian clergyman and a doctor of divinity, but I am not afraid to re-commend Duffy's Mait Whiskey as the purest and most efficient tonic that I know of, and my experiencellis a large one."

MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S -CELEBRATED-LIVER PILLS!

READ THIS!

Sloux Falls, Dakota. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, pimples on the face and body, impure blood, etc., by using regularly Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared only by Fleming Brothers, Pittsburg, Pa., the market being hill of limitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but of the same pronunciation. Always look for the signature of Fleming Bros. and C. McLane, Pittsburg, Pa., on the wrapper. All others are worthless when compared with the genuine McLane's.

nov2b-lycotTu,Th,S&w

DR. MUHPHREY'S SPECIFICS are scienti-cally and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the

27. KIDNEY DISEASE 5.
28. NERVOUS DEBILITY 51.0
30. URINARY WEAKNESS, Wetting Bed, 5.
32. DISEASES OF THE HEART, Palpita-

SPECIFICS. Tu.Th.S&w CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after Eating, Pain in the Side, de. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying com-plaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing computator, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. they will not be willing But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle ac-tion please all who use them. In vials at 25 cts; five for \$1. Sold everywhere or sent by mail

DRUNKENNESS. In All the World there is but One Cure, DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary; it is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and ere he is aware, his complete reformation is effected. Is page book of particulars free.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR FAHRNEY'S TEFTHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Oplum or Morphia mixtures. Will relieve Cole, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cents. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents, ian+lydeod&w

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Of the Human Body Enlarged, Developed,
Strengthened, etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of
humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested
persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by writing to the ERIE MEDICAL
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Elv's Cream Balm Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell,

TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied to each nostril and in greeable. Price of cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. sepli-lydaw No. 56 Warren St., New York.

Coal.

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TOBACCO SHOOKS AND CASES. WEST-ERN HARD WOODS. Wholesale and Retail, by
B. B. MARTIN & Co..
n3-lyd 424 Water Street, Lancacter, Pa.

COAL DEALERS.

564 North Prince street, YARDS-North Prince Street, near Reading LANCASTER, PA.

MAX O'RELL, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," "John Bull

and His Island," "John Bull's Daughters," Etc. Now let us pass on to the different working classes of society. There, too, we find woman's sovereignty indisput-able, and the men in leading strings. In be French household the woman is perfect, and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and he that, after all, much worse might sappen to him. The wife knows all her ad's affairs, and when he has few savings to invest he does not think eath him to ask her advice. She ws, as well as he, the current price of stocks at the Bourse; and if he should be seized with a pruriency to embark is speculation, she brings to bear all her inice over him to induce him to buy consols or any other government securities. Call on her husband on business and if he is from home you will not nee

she has all the affairs of the firm at her finger's end.

She is the goddess of economy and or Every little bourgeoise keeps a memo-andum book, in which she writes down

to make a second visit on that account

all her expenses. Nothing is forgotten, not even the halfpenny to the blind begcar who plays the flute at the street cor The French woman has a genius for cookery, and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married believe there is a saying in England that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; but I fancy there are many

English women who do not use this path way as much as they might. The politics of matrimony is a science inborn in our women. Let a French wo man be rich or poor, she has always the charm of feminality. She is always smart, always alert, and has a little fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On ndays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle class French woman is lady like, not only in her dress, but in he with cheap jewelry, this great stamp of ch. You will never see her loaded vulgarity; and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she the wife

of a gentleman or of a small tradesman Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because she knows that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even her stock of clothes is scanty, her clever brain and fingers help her to cover ficiencies by constant little changes With two or three dresses in her posses sion, the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well filled

I have often in England heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity, and, in my quality of Frenchman, surely I ought to be a good a judge of the point as the English tourist. How can French women, who are perhaps, of all women in the world, the most initiated into the affairs of their husbands, be frivolous? If frivolity con sists in trying to remain young and at-tractive as long as possible without becoming ridiculous, then the French bour-

geoise is frivolous. If, again, frivolity consists in making home cheerful and gay, and preventing a husband from being absorbed by t this is nonsens Is she frivolous, this woman who is the friend and confidante of her husband-who, in im portant matters as well as in the smallest, has both a consultative and deliber ative voice in the household? It is she who knows, with her economy and good management, how to face the danger when, from one cause or another, the family revenue diminishes; it is she who knows, with her energy, how to ward off ruin from her threshold. If this woman were frivolous, how could you explain the adoration for the mother which, even to the lowest of the low you find in French children? How could this be, unless she were the example of all domestic virtues? If a Frenchman of 40 would hesitate to take an im portant step in life without first consult ing his mother, surely it must be that he

recognizes in her a wise guide. It would

be mere naivete on my part to dwell longer on this absurd charge of frivolity. Take now the shop keeping classes There you will see the wife the active partner of her husband. Behold them both as the commercial traveler displays his goods on the counter. The wife is supreme. Her objections are without appeal, her opinion final. It is she wh generally has charge of the books and the cash box, and neither books nor cash were ever intrusted to better guardianship. She is not a mere housekeeper, with or without wages; she is the partner, not merely a sleeping partner. This not only enables her to be of great help to her husband, but it also enables her, if she happens to become a widow, to carry on the business without her husband, to be independent and to bring up her children. She has not, to obtain her living on her husband's death, to become a working housekeeper or a nurse; she is the mistress of her own house as before, and now the head of the firm. In her shop she is most polite, but never servile; and if you wish her to take you for a gentleman, don't keep your hat on

while you are engaged with her in a commercial transaction.

I have still present in my memory the following little anecdote: A well dressed man once entered a perfumer's shop where I was purchasing a pair of gloves. Keeping his hat on all the time, he addressed the perfumer's wife in a most offhand manner. But what exasperated the dear woman was that, after inquiring about the price of some score of articles, he prepared to

"He didn't think he wanted any-"I think you do," replied the woman, who was not to be wholly without a re-

venge; "you want a few lessons in po-liteness, at all events." It is said that Louis XIV, the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his court. If so, no man need think that he derogates from his dignity by keeping his hat off

in a respectable shop when he is served I might say a word or two on the drawbacks of the influence of women on Frenchmen; but there is no doubt that this influence has polished our man-

You cannot obtain a perfect notion of ench industry unless you pay a visit our peasantry. I must say that now an ceases to be attractive. She does not even attempt to look so. Sunarnt, hale and hearty, behold her, dear nglish tourist, that is the fortune of ance. She has a coarse serge gown on

and almple snowy cap. She is crean and tidy and the personification of industry. I do not doubt, however, that, thanks to the blessings of gratuitous and compul-sory education, the time will soon come when she will want to imitate the ladies of the town in her habits and dress, an that her sons will despise the dear land where they were born, and will all want to be clerks, and swagger in town with high stand up collars, tight trousers and sticks. Thank goodness, this sickening spectacle is not yet to be seen in France

This good, hard working, thrifty woman is the backbone of the country The amount of work she can get through is simply prodigious. You will always see her busy, either working in her field selling the produce of her little farm in the market place of the nearest town, or engaged about her little household Whether she takes her cow to the field or is on her way to town; whether she is sitting behind her wares waiting for cus tomers, or in a railway station waiting for her train, look at her fingers busy on a pair of stockings. She does not know what it is to be idle for a single moment. She has never left her dear village, and for her the world is made up of her "three acres and a cow." But she has got them, and, thanks to her frugal habits and splendid management, he family can live and thrive on them. She is not attractive, but she is a picture of

health and contentment. Shares and bonds may go up or down without disturbing her peace; she holds none. She trusts her savings to nobody. Bankers, she thinks, company directors and stock brokers, may be very respecta ble persons; but when the old stocking is swollen with five franc pieces, she rounds off her little family domain and buys a new field-something she is quite sure to find in its place when she wakes up in the morning. Her daughter goes into service, and makes a capital ser-Like her mother, she thinks but of one thing-saving her wages. She does not get a new hat every month to get

photographed in it; she puts her money in the savings bank. Let me give you an example of her frugality, and allow me to take it from a personal recollection. My mother has a housemaid who has been with her

twenty-five years. Not long ago, while in France, I took aside this old servant: "I know how devoted you have been to my mother," I said to her. "You are not strong, and I dare say you will not wish to go into service again; but make vourself easy about this. If anything should happen to my mother, I shall see that you are comfortable for the rest of your life. But," I said inquiringly, "

have no doubt you have something of your own by this time?" Imagine my surprise when I heard her tell me she had saved over 10,000

francs, all well invested, including one share in the Suez Canal company! Since I have mentioned the Suez canal why should I not take the opportunity for trying to explain the uneasiness that was some time ago created in France by the British policy in Egypt? You must bear in mind that the Suez canal was not made by big capitalists. It was made by the savings bank of France; by the 'old stockings;" that is to say, by the small bourgeois, the working people and the servants. When we reflect that the riches of France arise from the economy imposed upon every French house hold by the women, I might even say that the Suez canal is the work of the French women. This canal is essentially a national enterprise, and the least French mechanic will tell you "we have made the Suez canal." You will find very few French families possessing as

many as ten shares. They are spread all over the country. Well, let a few unscrupulous jour nalists attempt to prove to the peoor protect Egypt in order to seize the Suez canal, and you will easily imagine the effect. What a pity that nations can only talk to other nations through their political press! What a pity it is that the British people cannot let their French neighbors ow in plain words that they admire them for the gigantic work they have made, and that they will never dream of

being connected with the Suez canal otherwise than as good customers to help them get good dividends! These same women of France did something grander than this. It was they who redeemed their beloved coun-

try, and paid off the Prussian eighteen

IV-LOVE IN FRANCE.

years ago.

All Frenchmen Love Because They Can't Help It - Restrictions on Unmarried "Young Folks"-French Marriage Cus-There is probably no being in whom the bump of amativeness is more developed than it is in the Frenchman. The poor fellow must love; he cannot help it. At 12 years of age he is deeply in love with a little girl he has met with her mamma in one of the public gardens of the town, and to whom he prettily lifts his hat before beginning a game of ball or hide and seek. He does not declare his love. In the distance he throws rapturous kisses at "her;" when near he casts down his eyes and looks silly. He

dreams that his little lady love is being carried off by some miscreant, that he comes to her rescue, saves her, throws himself at her feet, and declares himself her slave forever. At fifteen he loves a portly matron of

ome forty summers, to whom he sends anonymous verses. He loves in silence once more. From eighteen to twenty he loves publie characters. Actresses have drawers full of poetical effusions addressed to

them by the upper forms of our public schools At twenty-well, at twenty-the less we speak of what he loves the better. The best excuse that can be advanced in his favor is that his education, as I have attempted to explain in another chapter, does not prepare him for manhood. Indeed, the French boy's change from youth to manhood is like a shooting of rapids. He has never known what it is be free; how can he be expected, as a rule, to make good use of liberty the

first time he is thrown into the world? The break is sudden, a plunge that often threatens a capsize. From twenty to twenty-five he seldom marries. When he does he often makes a bad match. He has noticed a pretty little milliner passing every day at the same place. He has admired her; by and by he follows her, proposes matrimony and marries her. The parents at first grumble, will have nothing to do with the young couple for some time,

and generally relent on the arrival of the first baby.
As a rule, the Frenchman does not marry before he has reached the age of thirty. From thirty to thirty-five is the age at which he takes the great step. Old bachelors are not impervious to Cupid's darts. You often see Frenchmen entering the holy estate for the first time at fifty or sixty. Their decided love for good cookery and white linen frequently beguiles them into marrying their cook or laundress. These are the brides often led to the altar by retired officers, and

installed in apartments in some suburt of Paris. The Frenchman has his characteristic feature in common with men of all countries; each time that he loves, it is for

ever. When crossed in love, he seidon goes the length of committing suicide He does not go in for such extreme meas ures; he generally prefers resorting to homosopathy; he loves "another." Like cure like: similia similibus curantur. Flirtation is not a French pastime. A

few married women may indulge in it; but girls, whatever may be said to the contrary, very seldom do. A woman who flirted would pass in France for giddy, not to say fast; she knows her countrymen too well for that. She is aware, when she coquettes with them, what she is exposing herself to. If French girls felt inclined for a little

flirtation, how could they indulge in it? Good heavens! What would her mother and father say if they saw her taking a walk by herself during the day-if it came to their knowledge that a young man had actually dared to whisper words of love into her ear before he had laid bare his heart and made a clear statement of his finances to them in the first place? Even when he has obtained consent of the parent, and his visits to the house where his flancee resides are permitted, the young couple are not allowed to see each other even for a moment without the presence of a third party. The pleasant operation familiar to Eng-lish lovers by the term of "spooning" is absolutely unknown to courtship as

of, but she has to bear it.

mother-in-law.

perity.

of all this.

her life a bed of roses. And-she goes.

Adolphe and Fifine are happy at last

The ceremony of matrimony is the

logue, as it not unfrequently is in coun

V-THE FRENCH AT WORK

Gallie Laboring Men and Their Peculiari-

ties-The Patient Peasant-He Is for

Peace and Not War-Shopkeepers of

Things have greatly changed since

that exact and most impartial observer

La Bruyere drew the following picture

of the French peasantry two hundred

years ago: "You see," said he "certain

wild animals, males and females, about

the land, dark, livid, naked, and all

burnt with the sun, bound to the soil

which they dig and stir with unflagging

patience. They seem to articulate words

and when they stand up they show a hu-

man face, and, indeed, they are none

other tean men; at night they retire to

their dens, where they feed on black

bread, water and roots. They save other

men the trouble of sowing, digging and

reaping, and deserve not to lack of that

own cottage, cultivates his own field.

and demands nothing beyond peace and

fine weather. No doubt this cottage of

his would appear to an American tour-

lst to be lacking of many comforts. It

is carpetless, it is true, but it belongs to

him, and that makes up for many draw-

backs. He is contented and rich like

the rest of us, not in the things which he

how to do without. He is peaceful, sim-

ple, sober and laborious. His ideal of life is the independence which is the

fruit of labor and economy; he is satis-

fied with very little in the days of his

strength, because the prospect of eating

his own bread near the door of his own

cottage when his strength is gone makes

him happy. So be works steadily, un-

ceasingly, with a wife who is a true help-

mate. He is no fire eater, no dreamer

of new worlds to conquer. The surging

passions of great towns are horrible to

him. He wants to be left alone, and

So eager is he after this blessing that

in 1881 his representatives in parliament

upset the first Ferry ministry by a ma-

jority of 355 to 68 on account of the ex-

pedition to Tunis, although that expedi-

tion had been highly successful from a

military point of view. In 1882 the

Freyeinet ministry was defeated on the

vote of credit which they asked to en-

able France to join with England in an

armed intervention in Egypt. In 1885

the second Ferry ministry was upset by

a majority of 306 to 149 on account of

the Tonkin expedition. So much to

show how aggressive the French nation

is! The permanently aggressive nations

are the nations where the people are op-

pressed and wretched. Militarism is not

compatible with national prosperity and

happiness. The prosperity of the com-

mon people, and the use they are learn-

ing to make of liberty, are the great facts

which will tend to make France a nation

more and more peaceful. The French

peasant might well express a wish that

the government should still improve his

position; but he is quiet, and no govern-

ment thinks of him particularly. If he

were to make as much noise as the Paris

The real pretender in France is not the

Comte de Paris or Prince Victor Napo

leon, not the Duc d'Aumale or Prince

Jerome; the real pretender is the Paris

workman. If you speak to him of "the

people," it is he, and he alone, whom he

quiet peasants, laborers and other rural

toilers he totally ignores; he is the "sov-

ereign people." The Parisian workman

is not satisfied with the old cry: "What

is the capitalist? Everything. What

oaght he to be? Nothing." His new cry

is: "What is the workman? Nothing.

member of the commission appointed by

the late French parliament to inquire

into the Paris workman's life, asked one

of them to get up the budget of his fami-

ly expenses. Weer describing minutely

all the necessaries, the workman put

down: "For music halls, theatres, dis

tractions-three hundred francs." And

on the number of parliament suggesting

that the last item might, perhaps, be re-

duced, the Paris workman indignantly

retorted: "Do you think that we as "co-

What ought he to be? Everything."

workman, he might be listened to.

cries for peace at the top of his voice.

bread which they have grown."

Today the Fre

tions upon engaged people.

France-French Officials.

and now we will take leave of them and

wish them long happiness and pro-

practiced in France. As soon as two young French people are in love they want to die, unless their parents immediately consent to their marriage, which is very seldom the case. Well, to wish to die under these circumstances is a trifle irrational, but love and reason seldom go together. Of course they never do die. They live all the while, and are almost inclined to think that in love matters plain sailing is not so sweet or so romantic as obstacles to overcome. What lovely letters crossed love suggests to them! Letters invariably written at midnight-French lovers never write by day-midnight, "when all is in repose around them." Letters full of "All is known; we are lost! What will become of us? Ah! forget me as soon as you can; we shall never be each other's. As for me, I shall die of it; I know I shall. Then you will marry another woman. I will pray in heaven for your happiness. Perhaps now and then you will come to the cemetery and lay a bunch of violets on my tomb. You know, beloved one, that violets are my favorite flowers. You won't forget that, will you? I weep, I weep and I weep. Farewell!" And this shiver giving letter, how to post it the following day? The poor child canno go out alone. The housemaid is coaxed and bribed. She becomes the confidante. She posts the letter, receives the

answer, and plays the part of love's Cupid may delight in mystery, but this is not business. However, things

come right in time, as we shall see pres ently. When the Frenchman in love has an opportunity of making a viva voce declaration to the mistress of his heart, he generally sets about it in theatrical fashion. He goes down on his knee. Now, a man, except he be very young, with irreproachable features, can scarce ly afford to do this; he runs a thousand risks of appearing ridiculous and show ing his little defective points. While he is on his feet, that small bald spot on the top of his head is not noticeable, and the unpicturesque male attire of the Nine teenth century looks well enough. But let a man who is no longer a slim Apollo get down on his knees, and pour passionate protestations to a woman with the slightest sense of the ridiculous, and I maintain be is running a risk of killing what little tender sentiment she may have for him. His face is red, or perhaps purple, with the unwented exertion and excitement as he warms to

his subject. Out of this red face gleam two eyes that show all their white. All the time the little demon of obvation may take inventory of all these blemishes. No, no; a man should not allow a woman to contemplate him in such a servile attitude. He should not abdicate his dignity in going on his knees to implore favors that the dear

fellow is probably destined to pay enough All this puts me in mind of a play of Emile Augier, in which an aristocratic lady relates how she was saved from a foolish entanglement of her affections by her lover going down on his knees and declaring his passion. He had on his nose a little wart, which at ordinary times was scarcely noticeable; but as the poor fellow grew more and more carried away by his fervor, redder and redder grew this innocent little excrescence, till at last the comicality of the thing struck her, and she could not help bursting out laughing. "That wart saved me!"

she exclaims, to the delight of her lady friends on the stage and of the audience. Let us now come to matrimony. 1 have already said that young people in France cannot marry without their parents' consent, and that at no matter what age. However, when a man is over twenty-five and a girl over twenty-one,

they may compel their parents to give them that consent. This extreme measure is very seldom resorted to, for it has to take the form of a summons through a notary; but relentless parents sometimes wish to receive such summonses, in order to be able one day to tell their children, in ease the match should prove an unhappy one, that they wash their hands of it. As soon as the young lover is accepted by the girl's parents he is received in the family; not, however, on terms of in-timacy, as in England. He pays frequent but official visits, brings presents to the young lady, many of which afford him the opportunity of conveying to her a little billet doux. The day before the wedding he brings the corbeille; that is to say, a casket containing valuable presents of lace, jewelry, etc. The contract of marriage, settling money matters, is signed before a notary and in the presence of the relatives and the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. As a rule, they are married by the mayor of the town on that day. The

real wedding is a religious ceremony that takes place the following day in the morning. People with a little pretension to style have for many years followed the English fashion of going away for the honeymoon as soon as the wedding breakfast is over. But twelve or fourteen years ago such was not the practice; high and low spent their wedding day much alike;

that is to say, as the lower middle classes still do. This is how the eventful day is passed: The morning is like the proverbial Apai one, all smiles and tears. The process of the elaborate toiles is interrupted at every moment by tender embraces. Mamma, between the pauses of the petticoats, must clasp her dear Fifine in her arms, and listen to her assurances that "she can never, never be so happy as she has been with her dear petite mere," at any rate not happier. But neither tears nor embraces have hindered the little white robed figure from being decked wy effectively.

At last are quite ready, and the bridegroom having arrived, the bridal ing to live like brutes?" The present house of deputies is all party sets out for church, the bride and occupied with the question of employers her father occupying the first carriage, and the bridegroom and his future mother-in-law the second. The friends follow, and in this order the little procession marches up tor whaltar. The ser-

and employed, granting one by one all the demands of the latter. Nobody seems concerned about the rural population, by far the most interesting of all. How is that? Simply because the peas-

convey Tay

they there than mamma falls again on the neck of her sweet child, and again by the frost, the hail or the drought is for him to make the best of it; wi gives way to her feelings. Indeed, by this time the event is felt to be the Paris workman goes to the music halls, smokes eigars and talks politics. halls, smokes eigars and talks politics. Suppose the country engages in war, the Paris workman assumes a uniform and sings war songs, but the peasant sees his land laid waste and his cottage burned down; and this is why you will understand that he feels it his duty to hate the a great one all round, and one that demands much outlet for the feelings. Everybody kisses everybody else, and there is a general chorus of felicita-tions. The next item in the programme is the wedding breakfast, a simple affair given in the family appartement to the Germans in a theoretical way, but hopes and trusts that he may not live to see the members of the family only. If the fa-ther lives in Paris, and his purse will adday when he or his sons may be called upon to avenge the disasters of the ter-rible year 1870. mit of the carriages being retained all day, the bridal party drive to the Bois de

Boulogne or Vincennes to pass the after noon; but this time the young couple are not separated, and mamma has to hand her daughter over for the first tetea-tete with Adolphe. It is awful to think The most festive part of the day's pro-ceedings comes in the shape of a dinner and ball at a great restaurant. To this entertainment acquaintances to the num ber of a hundred or two are frequently invited. Of course, in the case of a bride taken from a home large enough to admit of it, this takes place in her parents rooms. At midnight, when all are engaged in the whirl of a waltz, Fifine is

discreetly led away from the ballroom by her mother and an old lady of stand ing of the family, but not before the bridegroom has had a whispered intimalegislature. tion of her departure from the lips of the lady who is now signed and sealed his This last part of the comedy is the most solemn of all. Arrived in the home which is to be her daughter's abode henceforth, of course the dear soul can not help feeling moved once more, and this time terribly. The process of the morning's toilet is reversed to the same accompaniment of tears and embraces The honor of taking off the garter is claimed by the old lady (generally an aunt of the bride). Adolphe, punctual to little attention, or even none at all. the whispered rendezvous given him in

the ball room, arrives, and it is mamma in the summer-I entered a hatter's shop at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. A well who comes to open the door to him This scene may be more easily imagined dressed, lady like girl came out of the than described. The moment is awful back parlor and inquired what I wanted. for all concerned. The poor mother "I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," throws herself into her son-in-law's arms, I said. and, with all the fervor of her heart, ex "Oh, that's very awkward just now!" horts him to take care of the treasure she has handed over to him and make

There is something to be said in favor I was not only amused, but struck with admiration for the indeperdence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' resi-dence in England, a little cene of that prologue to courtship, instead of the epidescription was a great treat. tries where society imposes no restric-An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance. "My brother waited for you for quite

the shop together.

Another time, I happened to be in a

"M. and Mme. Perrin are out of town;

In business the Frenchman is probity

his neighbor: minister; do you know who he is?" never heard his name before."

If the French are industrious, the are not so in the same way as the Eng lish. The French never, or very seldom allow themselves to be completely ab sorbed by business. They always set apart a certain portion of time to the amenities of life. They are as serious as you like at work, but in a moment they will exhibit any amount of good humor at play, and again will resume the harness as quickly as it was thrown off. you go into a shop at dinner time-I speak now of the small provincial towns -you may run the risk of receiving very

"Not at all," I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so."

am sorry for that," I said; "If you step across to the cafe, I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to you."

itself, as a rule, and his punctuality would almost make an Englishman smile. He may rather hamper his commerce by attention to trifles, but when for granted it is what he represents it; tradesman or manufacturer, and likes to hear compliments of his goods. He likes the money made out of them, of

supposes you mean. The millions of

treasury at least half a crown per annum. The centimes column is guaranteed exact by every government clerk in France, and thus it is that Frenchmen get consoled for the little errors which occasionally occur in the column of the from the prefect down to the omnibus conductor, who takes him under his protection, demands his fare with an air of tination as if he were a parcel. Whatever his government is, he is constantly complaining of it; but the dear man ought to know that nations have the gov-

A great prejudice imposed upon Eng-lish speaking people on the subject of France, and one which I should very much like to destroy, is the belief in the importance of our Anarchists. This belief is kept alive by a few journalists, who love to fill their columns with the sayings and doings of French Anarchists. The Anarchists! Well, we keep the article as the English and Americans do, and they are about as important as theirs. France, honest, economical, hard working, ignores them. They are no party, no power, in the state. They are no represented in our parliament. I believe at the German Anarchists alone, of all the parties owning that generic name in

Europe, have a true representation in the

I remember once-it was at St. Malo,

"Well, you see," she said, 'my brother is at dinner;" and after a pause of a few seconds she added: "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?

gone to the cafe with a friend now." ten minutes," she said to me; "he can I see him?"

He is so easily manageable that every time we have a new ministry he says to "I see M. So-and-So is made prime "Not I," answers the neighbor; "I had And both seemed to be concerned

I have an interesting illustration of

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