THE DRAGON'S TONGUE.

-BY-

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE great King Powerful was very sick abed, and all the physicians of his dominion came to the conclusion that there was no help for him and he must die. When this announcement was made there was great sorrow throughout the land, because the King was very much beloved by all his people.

One day, however, a very old and ugly woman came hobbling toward the royal castle. She was crippled, and she had to use a pair of crutches to get along at all. When she arrived at the castle gate the King's servant stopped her.

"You cannot get in here," the man said, "the King is dying, and no one is allowed to enter here except his physicians."

"But I want to see the King himself," replied the old crone. "I have an idea that I can save him, and I tell you if you do not let me pass, and the King dies before I can see him, his death shall be charged to you and I will proclaim you his murderer."

The servant, however, laughed only at the threats of the woman, because he thought she was crazy. He still refused to let her through the gate, and the old hag began to shout and cry that soon all the servants around the castle were attracted to the gate.

"I want to see the King! I want to see the King!" the woman continued to cry, and at last the men became afraid that her

The Old Woman Refused Admittance.

noise would hasten the death of their royal master. So two of the strongest soldiers were called and told to remove the crazy creature away from the castle gate. But it was too late. The King had heard the disturbance, the sounds of the shrieking woman having reached his bedroom. He asked one of his attendants to go and find out what was going on. In a few minutes the servant returned and told the dying King that an old crippled woman was wanting to see him.

"Let her come in!" the King commanded peremptorily. "I am almost dead and she will not be able to see me then, why should I refuse to grant her the last wish she will ever make of me."

The King's order had to be obeyed. The servants were told to let the woman pass and the old lady walked triumphantly through the throng of the servants, defiantly shaking one of her crutches at them. When she came into the sick room where the ailing monarch was lying propped up in the soft, silken pillows, the woman stepped close up to the bed and after she had looked into the King's face, she said:

"If you have a desire to live a little longer I think that I am able to tell you where you can find the remedy that will cure you?"

The King was astonished and he was inclined to believe that his servants were right and the old woman was crazy. So he smiled at her with a doubtful expression on his face.

"This is no laughing matter," she said, "and I should think that you, King, have certainly no reason to smile, because all your wise doctors say that there is no cure for you. Now I will tell you what it is.

"There is a very bloodthirsty and fierce dragon who lives in a large jungle in the forest by the sea. This dragon is the most dangerous animal that ever lived, and it is also one of the very strongest. That dragon has nine heads, and I suppose you will agree with me that such a monster is a very respectable foe. Now, if you can get a piece from the tongue out of the fifth head of that dragon and eat it, you will be well again and live for many years to come. Do not disregard my advice. I am the wise woman of the wilderness, and I know what I am talking about is the exact truth."

When she had finished talking, the woman made one bound and jumped through the window, and nobody knew what had become of her after that. The King's friends and ministers at once advised the King to send someone to find the dragon, kill him and bring the desired piece of the tongue to the castle. But the King did not seem to feel inclined to run the risk of anybody's life in a battle with such a monstrous animal as a nine-headed dragon; however, everybody urged him to make the attempt.

"It is better," they said, "to make a fight against the dragon with the possible chance

The Young Courtiers Repel the Hunchback.

of saving your life to the country than have you die here. You must think of your country and the people."

Thus the King was persuaded.

"All right!" he said; "let all the young noblemen of our court go out and fight the dragon, and whoever returns as the victor with the tongue as his trophy of the battle, shall marry my only daughter, and I will make him the first man in my land next to myself."

When this announcement of the King was proclaimed through the capital every young courtier bestirred himself, because the prize offered was coveted by everybody. The Princess, it need hardly be said, was a very beautiful lady and everybody loved her.

The very day on which the King made the request for the dragon's tongue a large number of young courtiers were seen to leave the city on their way to the forest by the sea. They were all fine and handsome men except one, who was a hunchback, and on account of his deformity the other fellows laughed and jeered at him all the way.

"What is the use of your going along with us, anyhow?" they remarked; "you don't suppose the Princess would marry you even if you should kill the dragon, which is not at all likely?"

But the little hunchback took not the least notice of these remarks. He had left his father's home for two reasons. First—Because he was very much devoted to the King, who had always treated him very kindly, and who had frequently saved him from being insulted by the other young courtiers, who happened to be better grown than he was. The second reason was that the hunchback was honestly in love with the beautiful Princess, and he thought if he should kill the dragon he would have a right to ask her to marry him, something which he would otherwise never have dreamed of doing.

The troupe of noblemen had to travel for many miles before they arrived in the jungle, and the farther they went the more pronounced became their feeling against the hunchback. At last—they had just arrived at the entrance to the forest—their aversion against the poor, deformed young man broke out openly. They all knew him to be exceedingly brave and fearless, and they had an idea that he might kill the dragon before they would. So they suddenly stopped, and surrounding him, they demanded of him to return at once to the court or they would kill him. But the hunchback was not to be frightened by their threats, and there would probably have been a bloody fight among the young men had it not been that the crippled old wise woman from the wilderness suddenly appeared on the scene.

"What is the matter here?" she asked.

For a moment all the young fellows were aghast at her unexpected appearance, but at last they remarked:

"What business is it of yours; nobody has called you!"

But the hunchback, who respected age at any time, told the old lady what the cause of the trouble was, and she at once became furious.

"Now look here, young men," she said, "you shall all have an equal chance to fight the dragon, if you promise to be friendly among yourselves, but if you don't nobody shall find the dragon, and your King must die."

When the young fellows heard that they promised to leave the hunchback alone, and they all continued on their road. Not long after, they heard a terrible noise, like the roaring of distant thunder. Presently the sound of the noise came nearer and nearer, and in a few minutes they saw the monstrous dragon before them.

It was an enormous beast. Huge eyes glared out of his many heads like large, fiery globes, and from his many eyes and nostrils he blew a breath of flame and venom. The majority of the young men flew at the first view they got of the animal, and there were only a few who advanced toward the dragon. But Hunchback was ahead of all of them. He at once drew his sword and began his attack upon the fiendish-looking monster before him. The dragon did not seem to notice his approach at first, but when he did, and he opened his nine mouths all at once, the rest of the young noblemen fled too, and Hunchback was left alone to fight the battle. But he was undaunted, and he vigorously commenced his attack. Adroitly he kept out of the animal's reach, to prevent the poison and fire to reach him. Whenever an opportunity occurred, however, he advanced, and using his sword in the best possible manner, he succeeded in chopping off several of the monster's heads. The fight was a long and bitter one, and the young hunchback would probably have succumbed at last had it not been for the crippled old woman again, who came to his assistance. She used her crutches as well as Hunchback his sword, and after a battle

The Fight With the Dragon.

of 12 hours and 35 minutes, the dragon expired in his own black blood. Then the young man picked up the fifth head, cut out the tongue and disappeared from the scene of the fray.

He returned to the court as quickly as his horse would carry him, and he was surprised when he found all the other courtiers already awaiting him. Hunchback at once went into the castle and gave a piece of the dragon's tongue to the King, who was immediately cured. Then the young Princess was called, but when she was told that she was to marry the Hunchback she objected at first. However, her father had made the promise and she could not refuse.

The wedding was a very grand affair, and the whole country rejoiced in the event. When the bride and groom were about to enter the church to be made man and wife, behold! the wise woman of the wilderness stood at the door.

"Young man," she said to the Hunchback, "please accept this apple as a wedding present from me and when the clergyman makes you the husband of the Princess eat it."

The Hunchback promised, and as he stood before the altar in the church, he put the apple in his mouth and ate it. But what a wonder occurred now! as he swallowed the apple piece by piece, his hunchback shrunk more and more, and when he had eaten the whole fruit he was as tall and as handsome as any young man in the land.

Of course this pleased his wife, the Princess, very much indeed.

BY WAY OF APOLOGY.

How a Boston Boy Made Amends for Calling His Father a Fool.

Boston Courier.]

There was a small boy who fell into the bad habit, apparently from mere imitation, of using the word "fool" with a frequency which was, to say the least, disconcerting. He did it not in malice, but none the less his parents felt called upon to check the habit, lest it become too strong to be broken up. He was continually reproved, and continually he forgot, and at last his father threatened him with condign punishment if he should again be guilty of using the offensive epithet. Not long after he forgot again, and in answer to some remark made by his father the boy said: "Oh, what a fool you are." Instantly he apprehended what he had done, however, and before anything could be said he added, by way of apology and reparation:

"Oh, but you are a good fool, papa, a good fool, a good fool!"

The Equilibrist in the Bosom of His Family.

Mrs. Prof. Limberade—You don't know how I git rested when you're to home, Bernardo.—*Puck.*

ROYALTY AT HOME.

Oddities of Manner and Habits of Life of Royal People.

THE FADS OF EUROPE'S QUEENS.

Carmen Sylva, the Beautiful Poet Queen of Roumania.

ROYAL EMANCIPATORS OF WOMEN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Queen Victoria has just waked up to the fact that the sun—which, unlike her, never sets on the British possessions—has seen more of her dominions than she has. She now is wild to travel. Living quietly for years, it was thought that she was entirely domesticated, and only cared for funerals and baby-watching; but her recent visits to the continent have completely demoralized her, and she wants to go to India with Albert Victor of Wales. She has Indian attendants at her table, and has even commenced the study of Hindoostanee. At another time she insists that she will make a voyage to America. She is the crankiest of all the Queens. Ex-Queen Isabella is the fattest. Christina of Spain the smartest, Margherita of Italy the most lovable, the Empress of Germany the most domestic, the Queen of Roumania the most cultured, the Empress of Russia the most generous, the Queen of Portugal the most graceful, the Emuress Frederick the most stubborn, the Queen of Sweden eats the most, the American President's wife has the least to eat.

In Sweden it is customary to eat every two hours, and the enormous appetites terrify all foreign visitors. An American friend of mine, tall, matter-of-fact—a regular Yankee—related to me one of her mistakes at the Swedish court. She was to be presented to the Crown Princess, and knew nothing of court etiquette except that she was expected to kiss the hand of the Princess, who is very short and petite. Being the stranger, by Swedish custom, she was obliged to advance first. When seizing the Princess' hand as if it were a pump-handle, without bending, she raised it to her lips and gave it a resounding smack. To her mortification she saw the next lady sink almost to the floor, scarcely touching the royal hand with her lips, but she was bright enough to repeat her kiss exactly the same on her exit, and to hear the whispered remark, "Americans never stoop." She was a "woman's rights" champion, a cause which excited more enthusiasm in Sweden than any country in the world.

ROYAL DINNER PARTIES.

The royal dinner parties of England are the most formal and studied in the world—to beginners they become a frightful ordeal, and they rarely at the end can tell what the meal consisted of—to old stagers they are a frightful bore. The novices are expected to arrive early so as to be posted by Sir Henry Ponsonby on court etiquette. The Queen usually receives her guests for afternoon tea in her own sitting room and remains a short time with them chatting on light subjects, then they are permitted to wander over the castle or stay in their rooms till dinner time, which is at 9. She says a few words to each guest as she enters the dining room and then leads the way to the table. It always seems so discourteous for no one to step up and offer the old lady his arm, but it would require an equal rank to do so, and she enters and leaves the room alone. There is a little conversation at the table. Each guest is asked one question by the Queen and can make one reply. The pauses between are dreadful, and the mechanical parceling out of questions and answers makes it seem as if the Queen were putting a Bible class through its catechism. Each one waits for his turn to come next, and in the embarrassment the "answers" are often of the most stupid kind.

German court dinner parties are much more brilliant, for when the young Emperor William gets into the heat of a good conversation he does not like to leave off, so all the guests get all the benefit of the spirited talk, which often continues for hours at the table. Next to Bismarck, his most confidential friend is a nobleman, whose American wife is the only woman in Germany who dares to converse on politics. This is her second husband. On her first marriage the Emperor of Austria had so much regard for her that he raised her to the ranks of Princess in her own right so she might be her husband's equal. The chief embarrassment at the German royal table is the edict of the Emperor forbidding any French words to be used on the menu. The new German words are so unfamiliar in their application and often so absurd in their literalness that it is very hard to remember them, especially as a frown from the royal eyebrows rewards any slip back into the old court language.

COURT PLEASANTRIES.

Russia keeps up the informal habits of Peter the Great, and the conversation is very gay and general at the court table with much the brilliancy of an officer's mess on a grand scale. In old times in Russia wherever a guest made a distasteful remark a trumpet sounded. The offense repeated the too talkative person was led away and his tongue cut out. Nero used to have a pet tiger extended beside him on his couch who at a sign sprang at the throat of any indiscreet babbler. In contrast to this life it is almost painful to mention the clock-work formalities of other courts and the mapped-out rules for conversation at Victoria's table seems absurd.

The Prince of Wales is a brilliant table conversationalist and likes to tell original stories, but resents the liberty when any gentleman forgets himself over the wine enough to tell one to him.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales, or Prince Edward, as he is called by his family—"collars and cuffs" by his future subjects—and his brother George, the nation's favorite, were brought up in a very quiet way, although they got into a rather fast set at Cambridge. Once on board the training ship, when they made their voyage in the Pacific, some one came on deck and found Prince Albert Victor giving his younger brother a fearful knocking about, and when asked the reason, said: "I'm larruping this kid because he won't sing God save his grandmother."

There has never been a time in the history of the world when people really cared so much for splendor and publicity. And no time when so much was spent on dress, gorgeous homes and splendid entertainments. All of course with no outward show of enthusiasm or pleasure and a dignified acknowledgement that we must take our pleasures sadly. The royalties in an endeavor to please people and seem simple are laying aside their crowns and ermine robes, which will soon be found only in museums, when, of course, denuded of the splendor which was the proper mark of their station, they will look like every ordinary people and will soon be hurled from their thrones in contempt. People who pay to support a royal family like to see their pets in all their glory—the gold state carriages blazing with jewels—the milk-white steeds and glittering regalia.

ROYAL WORKERS FOR WOMEN.

But it is not these aggressive man-haters who are accomplishing women's emancipation. They make the most noise about it, but it is such women as Christina, of Spain, and Carmen Sylva, of Roumania, who are really advancing the right of woman to develop herself to her highest and best. Carmen Sylva is but little known, for she does not belong to one of the great ruling powers, but her name has gradually spread till everyone knows it means something very sweet and noble without knowing much about its owner. Roumania is semi-barbaric, and to see the Queen and her court ladies is a dream of the Arabian nights, for they all wear loose dresses with girdles set with jewels and diadems with long floating veils. The Queen is not young, her hair is white, but she has a poetic, beautiful expression, almost the only beautiful Queen in Europe, for it is real beauty of expression, like a "lost Lenore" that she has, and not a mere pink and white society mask.

She is very accomplished—her poems and stories the world is beginning to know; she also paints, is a finished musician, in fact, loves all the arts and encourages all artists.

Her court reminds one of the scenes in the poems of Rossetti and Swinburne, where strangely beautiful women sit all day weaving garlands of strange flowers, sing sad songs, or gaze into silver mirrors, for the artistic mind of the Queen gathers rich types of beauty, such poetic characters around her that in their strange Oriental costumes they seem as if of some enchanted land. Not that they have any æsthetic sentimentality, far from it, for the Queen is very sensible, but she is also very unconventional, so that they will spend their mornings beneath the great trees of the park. They have brought their embroidery, we will play on a lute or read from some favorite poet—it is a court of culture. It is the most ideal thing in modern Europe.

The girls who have had the privilege of being educated under the direction and with the companionship of Her Majesty are eagerly sought after by the nobles, as they are the most cultivated ladies in the world. But they dislike very much to leave the lovely court; all life seems hard and accidental after it.

Nothing there is done merely because it is the fashion. The morning talks are an art-education; the dinner table is a symposium. The Queen does not believe in mere poetic idleness and dreaming away one's life amidst the beauties of nature. She encourages the girls to have original ideas on dress, on the management of children, and is most urgent that they should study household accomplishments and cooking. She is a kind of "mother superior" and they all love her with most passionate devotion.

THE LOVE FOR DISPLAY.

To prove how much greater is the desire to see royalty and to assist in its pageants is to-day than in the olden time I can give some very interesting figures which were given to me by one of the guardians of Windsor Castle.

Of course, we all remember the enormous sums recently paid to witness the Centennial parades in New York City—miles of troops marching by, occasionally broken by some livery stable carriages full of black-coated Aldermen. To go back into the distant past we find that to witness the coronation procession of Edward I. seats only sold for one-half farthing, and there was no great demand at that price. When Edward II. came to the throne people had either doubled their wealth or their loyalty, for they were willing to give one farthing to see their ruler pass by. Edward III. they treated likewise, but for Richard II. and Henry IV. they were willing to give one penny. Henry V. seems to have made almost as much of a furore with his dashing beauty as George Rignold did for the ladies, raised the price of window seats to two pence, which was kept up at the same figure by Henry VI., Edward IV. and even by Richard III., who attracted more from fear than love. Henry VIII. was a favorite with men and women so four pence was not thought too much to see him. While the extravagance at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth when people paid sixpence for seats was rebuked from the churches, which were still more to be horrified when to see James I. and after Charles I. a shilling was given. Old writers speak of the "paroxysm of absurd joy" which induced folks to deny themselves of two shillings and sixpence to see Charles II., but they did the same for James II., and for William and Queen Anne went up to five shillings. In George II.'s time luxury had began to demoralize the European courts, people paid ten shillings to see his gilded coach pass by, and many were crushed to death in the crowd. With George III. the absurd extravagance of modern times and the desire of rich tradespeople to mix in royal circles and to outdo royal splendor had set in and seats sold for from one to ten guineas, while at the jubilee of Queen Victoria almost anything asked was given for a good window, and the prices ran up into thousands. Whether the coronation of the Prince of Wales will put a climax on these sums or whether it will mark the dissolution of the British throne the fates alone can tell.

OLIVE WESTON.

DIAMONDS IN HIS CANE.

How a Shrewd Smuggler Tried to Elude the Customs Officers.

New York World.]

Among the novel patterns in walking sticks brought over from the Paris Exposition there are some, and by no means the most bulky ones, which have proved very profitable to their owners. Several of them are to be seen at the present time in the limbo where smugglers' tools find Government safe-keeping.

"As a matter of fact," said a customs detective yesterday, "I don't believe one-half of the diamonds brought to this country pay any duty to the Government. Look at this cane, a plain, straightforward piece of native bamboo it appears to be, doesn't it? It doesn't weigh over eight ounces, and the knotty head, where the bamboo's roots grew, with its little silver plate for the owner's name, looks the very pink of respectable property. That came over the ship's side a day or two ago carelessly held in its owner's hand. A cablegram had been sent from Berlin to the Secretary of the Treasury giving his name and address and the name of the ship on which he sailed and the kind of article he was likely to smuggle. That description was sent to the Collector here, from Washington, and was given to me. I met the steamer, and the first thing my eye rested on was that cane. I went through my man's baggage; it was diamonds I had been told to look for, and found, as I expected, nothing suspicious.

He smiled when I asked him to go into the search-room, explaining that I regretted to have to obey such disagreeable orders, but that duty was duty, etc. He took it in good part, and I stripped him to the buff and found nothing. I was beginning to be puzzled. I looked in his mouth and in his ears and between his toes, and in every conceivable cache, but found no diamonds. He smiled all the time. I thought perhaps he had swallowed the gems, and thought seriously of asking him to take an emetic with me. But I couldn't go quite that far legitimately. He kept on smiling. At last an inspiration seized me. I picked up the cane, pressed that little silver nameplate, found it yielded and opened inward, discovered that the whole of the naturally hollow bamboo was loaded, and bagged my game. By this time the smuggler had ceased smiling.

Betrayed With a Smile.

Ticket Pumper—I never saw an Eyetalian ragpicker give up a ticket with a smile before. I guess I'll watch it—

—If those rags haven't all got Italians inside of them, I'll never pump another ticket!—*Puck.*

PARIS BOULEVARDS.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Describes the Streets of the French Capital.

PAVED WITH WOOD AND ASPHALT.

Kept Clean by an Army of Male and Female Sweepers.

SHADED BY THOUSANDS OF TREES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, September 24.—The French are a people who literally live in their streets. The broad footways are crowded night and day, especially during this exhibition summer. Bitumen makes walking so easy that it is almost less fatiguing to walk than to stay in-doors. And then there is every inducement to walk. How can a people appreciate a fireside ingle whose fuel is the more often a bundle of sticks, who dine at restaurants, and who live on flats? They have not the comforts of home life, and they do not want them. They prefer the pleasures of public society. A Frenchman—at any rate, a Frenchman of a large proportion of the middle class—would not think of spending a couple of idle hours in his own drawing room. Why should he do so?

The street is his drawing room. And a very handsome one it is, too, with its clean, tidy, well-swept thoroughfares, its bright cafes and shady boulevards, its white-looking house fronts, prettily decorated shop windows and splendid edifices.

The streets in Paris can, of course, be dirty—for even here rain will at times fall from the clouds—but in the mud there is not so strong a feeling of clotted grease that the London smoke produces in the dismal thoroughfares of that huge metropolis. The Municipal Council here do their work of cleansing the streets well and with methodical regularity.

The work is a gigantic one, and worthy of attention. The total length of streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares generally is set down at about 600 miles, of which nearly 200 miles are planted with trees. If the whole of the population, estimated at the last census to number 2,239,928, should turn out for a walk the same day at the same hour, it is computed that each individual would have only 42 centimeters (or 16½ inches English) in length of ground to stand upon. The expense of keeping these thoroughfares in order and repair is 18,212,600 francs per annum, so that if an equal distribution of the outlay among the population were to be made, each inhabitant would have to pay over 8 francs a year in taxes for that purpose alone.

A BIG JOB.

The whole of this vast undertaking is managed by the director of "la Voirie," or commission of public ways, and the work distributed under four distinct headings: 1. The purchase and storage of materials; 2. The employment of paviers, road menders and laborers; 3. The watering of the public streets and thoroughfares; and 4. The sweeping and carting of mud, filth and snow. Each of these respective branches figures for a sum of 4,500,000f in the municipal budget.

The best stone used for paving purposes is unquestionably the old compact sandstone quarried at Fontainebleau and a few other places on the outskirts of the Paris basin. There are three varieties, known respectively as pif, paf and pouf; the former is too hard for cutting, and the latter too soft for paving; the right sort is the paf. A hard granite, which comes from Cherbourg, has been much used of late years; but its surface is polished too rapidly by the carriage wheels and grows slippery.

The footways are partly furnished with lavas and basalts from Volvic, in Auvergne, and partly with a mixture of bitumen and gravel. Wooden pavement has in a measure taken the place of the old system of macadamizing the broader thoroughfares, such as the Champs-Elysees, the Rue de Rivoli, the Place Vendome, the Place de la Concorde, the Avenue de l'Opera, the boulevards, etc. The traffic over these roads is enormous, and is of a sort which most distresses and wears any road—namely, such as is caused by cabs, omnibuses and spring wagons. After numerous experiments with different kinds of wooden pavement, the plan finally adopted is to form a bed of lime concrete for base, and then deposit, narrow side upwards, small blocks of pine wood, previously steeped in tar, and of the size of ordinary bricks. Between every row an interstice is left, a quarter or half an inch wide, filled up by gravel and sand, well rammed in, the whole being coated over with another concrete where tar is the binding medium. Experience has tested this plan to be next to perfect.

AN ARMY OF STREET CLEANERS.

The cost of sweeping the Paris streets, according to the latest official returns, is considerably above $1,000,000 annually. The number of persons, both male and female, employed in the work is 3,464, including regular sweepers and extra hands.

The rapidity with which snow is cleared away from the streets of Paris is a sight worth seeing. To effect this, the capital is divided into 29 districts, each of which is farmed out to a contractor, who engages to clear it on his own responsibility. It is for him to hire carts and laborers, and to apportion out the work in accordance with the plans; and he is heavily fined if in any part of his district the business is not proceeded with in due course. The streets themselves are divided into three categories—first, the great thoroughfares, which are ordered to be at once cleared of all snow lying on them; secondly, the intermediate streets, in which the snow is first brushed aside into two long heaps, stretching along their sides, and thirdly, the smaller roadways, in which the snow is merely swept into a single rampart along one side.

To each contractor, and also to the directors of the ponts et chaussees, a map is given, in which these several categories of streets are colored in red, blue and yellow, so that the work goes on with regularity and according to the set design. The concierges and shopkeepers are liable to be fined if they do not clean away the snow from the pavement in front of their several abodes. To speed matters and help the sweepers, the municipality makes use of a large snow plow, shaped like a harrow, which has a triangular wooden frame with a steel prow in front at its apex. It is drawn along by horses; the steel prow acts like a plow on the snow and casts it in ridges on each side of the roadway. When the main bulk has thus been cleared, what snow remains is thrown aside by strong sweeping machines, with one horse in front and a revolving brush behind, which go over the ground after the snow plow. The omnibus and tramcar companies, who are interested in furthering the work, place horses and materials generally at the service of the authorities whenever a heavy fall of snow occurs. In the districts bordering on the Seine the snow is cast into the river as fast as it is removed from the roadways; in others, it is conveyed to plots of waste ground, where it is piled up; or else, when there is water enough in the main sewers and the slope allows of so doing, the snow is discharged into them.

400,000 SHADE TREES.

The shade trees planted along the quays, avenues and boulevards, and in the squares, parks and gardens, must also be attended to. There are upward of 400,000 sorts in the capital and suburbs, including the elm, lime, white and red chestnut, plane, ash, birch pine, sycamore and pseudo-acacia. Of the more recently introduced samples of trees now acclimatized I may instance the Paulownia and Cathalpa, with their frondent masses of gaunt, green leaves; the hardy Ailantus, or Japanese varnish tree, which seems to pull through all weathers, thriving mostly when others succumb; the Judas tree, which bears a fine bunch of red flowers; the stately Triacanthos, or thorn tree, which is supposed to have furnished the thorns with which the crown of Christ was made, etc. All of these exotic trees may be found at one point or another of the boulevards. These and the rest of their more homely congeners must be kept trimmed to a height of nine feet above the sidewalks and the latter must be kept clear of leaves.

The work is in charge of 216 men, headed by a sub-engineer and two forest inspectors, at a cost of 375,000f annually. This does not include the Bois de Boulogne, which alone entails an annual expense of 550,000f, half of which goes in salary to the guards, gardeners and workmen; nor does it comprise the Bois de Vincennes, which costs every year 370,000f. There are 87,400 trees in the city alone, and as 92,000f is spent on them annually, each tree may be said to cost the municipality 1f 05c. a year. A general inspection of the trees in and around Paris takes place once every twelvemonth in September, when the inspector, accompanied by the head gardener, blazes such of them as are old or too sickly. These are replaced by saplings from the city nurseries before the following spring.

NURSERIES AND FOUNTAINS.

The Paris nursery grounds are situated in the Bois de Boulogne. They have a total superficies of 12 hectares—2½ acres each—and are divided into two parts, one in the plain of Longchamp, and the other near the lake of Auteuil. The latter, seven acres in extent, is sheltered by the Bois itself from the north and east winds, and, consequently, is in a most favorable position for the cultivation of pines, firs and other conifers. Owing to the able cultivation of the soil, those trees grow there with remarkable vigor and possess magnificent foliage. In order to secure the successful transplantation of them, a year beforehand a trench is dug around them, leaving in the center a sufficient mass of earth to nourish them. That ground is then secured by a sort of box nailed together on the spot, with openings between the boards so as to allow the new roots to pass through and find their nourishment outside. The trench is then filled in again, and the tree can wait a year or two without any danger. The collection of conifers consists of 224 species and varieties, altogether 23,118 in number. The same ground contains 157 sorts of trees which shed their leaves, in all 33,600. In the islands of the lake the director has brought together some fine resinous trees, and others of a deciduous nature, intended to form a splendid arboreum. The whole Paris nursery in the Bois de Boulogne possesses 98,000 trees and shrubs of various kinds.

Out of the total general quantity of water supplied daily from various sources in the French capital, upward of 150,000 cubic yards is applied to the cleansing of the public streets and sewers, and to the supply of the numerous ornamental fountains in the various quarters of Paris. It is a pity, however, that watering carts are not more generally in vogue in the French capital; they are not only more expeditious than the old-fashioned hose, but more convenient to those who enjoy a drive without such impediments at the roadside. Pedestrians would also escape the danger of being unmercifully sprinkled with a combination of dust and water, as only too frequently occurs on all the chief thoroughfares of Paris. In the Champs-Elysees, for some occult reason, a watercart appears on one day, and the hose people the next. Paris, however, is really too big to be watered effectually on this antediluvian method, and the sooner the more business-like system is introduced, the better will it be for the public.

FRANK LESLIE.

A FISH-CATCHING MACHINE.

An Oregon Contrivance That Scoops Up 225 Salmon Per Minute.

New York Sun.]

"The thing that amazed me most on the Pacific coast," said a New Yorker recently returned from a trip to that side of the continent, "was the Oregon salmon fisheries. Think of 4,000 men doing nothing for several months in the year but catching, cleaning and canning salmon, and you may grasp some little idea of the stupendous character of these fisheries. And that army of men is employed about the mouth of the Columbia river alone. Since the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad fisheries have been established 300 miles from the mouth of the river. Passengers on that railroad in the fishing season may see the novel wheel fisheries operating at many places on the river. The way those wheels take the salmon from the water it seems astonishing that there are any fish left to furnish material for another season's fishing. I visited one of these wheel fisheries near Dallas City.

Imagine a wheel 40 feet in diameter and 8 feet across the face, resembling an immense water wheel. Instead of paddles, this wheel is fitted with three buckets, made of coarse and strong wire screening. The wheel is fastened to a shaft, to which is attached machinery that lowers and raises it at the will of the operator. The buckets are so constructed that anything that enters them is thrown toward the center of the wheel and to one side, where there is an opening above the water line that leads to a large tank. The buckets open down stream. When in operation the wheel is lowered six feet into the river, up which the salmon are making their way in untold numbers. The force of the water revolves the wheel, the average revolutions being five per minute. As it turns the buckets scoop up the salmon, which are forced back and out of the opening in the side of the wheel into the receiving tank. Each bucket, when the fish are running lively, will turn into the tank an average of five salmon to every delivery, and each bucket will make 15 deliveries a minute. One wheel may safely be calculated to run into the tank 75 salmon a minute, or 225 a minute for the three."

Soot vs. Tool.

Amateur Musician (who has just received an anonymous gift)—At last I am recognized! I knew that in spite of carping critics, my genius would be acknowledged, in the end!

—*Puck.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-ON-

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The career of a man like Henry Shaw, who died not long since in St. Louis, teaches over again lessons which we cannot too often con. As first, that in this country the man born to poverty may rise to wealth unhindered by artificial barriers; may stand a prince among his fellows, with no thought as to his origin on the part of others, save one of gratitude for the example of one able by industry, economy and perseverance, to be the architect of his own fortune, and build out of unlikely materials a notable fortune.

But more and better, such a career shows how successful man may lend a helping hand to others not so successful, and raise them up. Think of the pleasure Shaw's Garden has given to multitudes, of the recreation gotten in the parks open by him, of the future aid that is to come to the toiling multitudes through his bestowments to St. Louis.

Thank God, such instances are not uncommon. The Bates Public Library in Boston, the Astor Library in New York, the Girard College in Philadelphia, the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore—what are these but so many philanthropic land mark set up by dead hands that shall live and help forever? "The land," says one, "is filled with these monuments, which rise fair and stately in colleges and schools, nobly endowed; in comfortable homes for the else homeless, old and young; in hospitals for all sorts and conditions of the sick and maimed; in asylums, refuges and retreats for the unfortunate. Their number is legion, their beneficence untinted, their usefulness inestimable."

We pray for the day when the example of such benefactors shall be universally contagious; when our rich men and women shall likewise recognize their stewardship, and when it shall be disgraceful for any person of wealth to live or die without making the world better, sweeter and more sunny for their passing through it. When poverty sees that wealth is thus helpful, the bitterness between labor and capital will vanish like a nightmare at daybreak, and the poor will thank God for every dollar such wealth coins.

High Pressure of Modern Life.

Unrest, hurry, is a bad characteristic of these times. We do everything by telegraph. We live as well as travel by the lightning express. The late Sir Henry Holland, a polyglot man, in a charming book of personal recollections covering 60 years of the Nineteenth century, says: "People walk faster in London streets than they did when I first knew them. And this augmented speed of locomotion is carried into every department of life—politics, art, literature, commerce and social existence. The charm of tranquil leisure is less and less sought after." This, which is true the world over, is truest of all in our country. Like the old Mississippi steamboats, we are built on the high-pressure principle; and, like them, we are liable to blow up. This hurry makes business harassing and wearing. Our merchants die at the top—in lunatic retreats. It ruins home life; for that demands repose. The home should be a breathing spot, a place uninvaded by fret, and sacred to peace. Go slow. You will get there just the same, and save your health and prolong your life in the bargain.

They Didn't Mean It.

In an article in the *Observer* Dr. Charles Robinson says he once knew the hymn, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," given out in a sanitarium and sung by 200 invalids, all of whom had come there because they wanted to "stay," and were doing their easiest and best not to leave this world.

A Senseless Bargain.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The millions whom Xerxes commanded now avail him nothing. The wealth of Cræsus cannot now redeem his life. It is now no comfort to Alexander that his haughty legions once trod the world into vassalage. Where now is the dust of Cæsar "that kept a world in awe?" and how much is Napoleon profited by a name to live when he is dead?

But if to exchange the soul for a world were a senseless bargain, what shall be said of us who can hope at the most but to gain an infinitesimal fraction of the world? What kind of a bargain will we drive if we barter for this the essential part of ourselves? Esau is fixed in the contempt of the ages—Why? What did he do? Why, he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. There are those to-day who outEsau Esau. They sell their birthright for nothing. What sort of an epitaph will wisdom write on their tomb?

Intemperance in Germany.

German writers are beginning to face the statistics of intemperance, and are discovering appalling revelations. The following is making its round through the press: "Germany annually spends 430,000,000 marks for its army, but not much less for alcoholic drinks, which cost 406,000,000 marks. The statistics show that the intemperate class furnishes 30 per cent of all the insane, 50 per cent of all the poor, and 70 per cent of all the criminals."

FAIR PLAY FOR THE PARSON.

It was a touching story which the late Lord Shaftesbury told of some of the greatest roughs in the East End of London. A young clergyman in one of the most wretched parishes had asked his advice as to how to deal with the terrible human vice and misery of the place. Lord Shaftesbury had counseled him to begin by establishing a ragged school, and had at the same time furnished the necessary funds. The school met with immediate success, but it was impossible, in spite of all the Vicar's efforts, to induce the people to come to church, and the young clergyman finally resolved to meet them by preaching in the open air. He selected one of the worst courts, and had the benches from the school taken there for his hearers to sit upon, but was dismayed when he came upon the scene to see the front rows occupied by a number of the most notorious roughs of the neighborhood, who, he thought, had come to break up the services. To his surprise, however, everything went off quietly, and when the services were over he stepped up to the leader of the gang, told him he had not expected to see him there, though he was very glad to welcome him, and asked what had brought him. The man said: "Well, sir, you've been very good to our little kids, so I said to my mates, 'Parson's going to preach in—court on Sunday night; it's a roughish place; let's go and see fair play.' That's what brought us."

She Had Lost a True Friend.

A very pleasing incident at the funeral of the late S. S. Cox is mentioned in one of the daily papers. It is worthy of notice as showing true generosity on one side, and lively gratitude on the other. It is no wonder that the dead Congressman had so many friends, and was so sincerely lamented by men of all parties. "Seated away in the corner was a modest woman in mourning, who wept copiously. Nobody seemed to know her. To a reporter she told her story. She said her name was Charlotte J. Morgan, and that she lived at 25 Sanders street, Salem, Mass. She was the widow of Francis Morgan, who had died in battle at the heights of Fredericksburg. He had left her only the legacy of a loving memory and a faithful love. Times were hard on her. Year after year she had sought for enough bread from the nation to keep her alive. She met with no success. Eight years ago she read of "Sunset" Cox, and wrote him her story. He made inquiries, found her deserving, and, going to work in earnest, secured for her not only a pension, but $2,000 back money due. She had only heard of the death of her benefactor in time to reach the home yesterday morning, and place her modest bouquet as a tribute to his memory."

Sunday Sermonettes.

THIS above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Polonius, in Hamlet.*

"HERE, my sagacious friend," said Louis, "take this purse of gold, and with it the advice never to be so great a fool as to think yourself wiser than another.—*Quentin Durward.*

TOM TWEEDLE played a good fiddle, but nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice and is now—nothing.—*Shenstone, Men and Manners.*

MANY men want wealth—not a competence alone, but a five-story competence. Everything subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning rod to their houses