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A PERSIAN ROMANCE.

Hark! as the twilight pale
Tenderly glows,
Hark! how the nightingale
Wakes from repose!
Only when, sparkling high,
Stars fill the darkling sky,
Unto the nightingale
Listens the rose.

Here where the fountain-tide
Murmuring flows,
Airs from the mountain-side
Fan thy repose.
Eyes of shine glistening,
Look on me listening;
I am thy nightingale,
Thou art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves
Fainter it flows
Now, as her balmy leaves
Blushingly close.
Better than minstrelsy,
Lips that meet kissingly
Silence the nightingale—
Kiss me my rose!

SAM MULTIPLE'S SCHEME.

For a town house, the Multiples were content with a modest flat in the neighborhood of Victoria street. Sam had purchased a fine place in the country, but he and his wife liked to come up to town occasionally for a little mild dissipation and relaxation from the restraints of country society. Mrs. Multiple had once been a well-known and popular actress, and Sam himself had an undercurrent of Bohemianism in his nature, so that they were both delighted to escape periodically from the imposing grandeur of their country seat. In a suit of six or eight rooms, with half that number of servants, they were able to enjoy to their heart's content the pleasures and attractions of the metropolis, freed from domestic cares and worries. Mrs. Multiple revisited the scenes of her former triumphs, and, so far as her husband permitted, renewed old acquaintances with old theatrical friends, while Sam made mysterious excursions into the city, from which he invariably returned looking more radiant and prosperous than ever.

One morning Mrs. Multiple, who had gone out alone to do some shopping before lunch, came in looking so pale and agitated that her husband immediately inquired what had happened.

"I have been followed again by that horrible man who had the greatest impudence to speak to me yesterday," she said, with a nervous laugh.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Sam, indignantly, as he started to his feet.

"He followed me all the way down the street, almost to the door," Mrs. Multiple said; "dont do anything rash, Sam," she cried, as her husband rushed to the window.

"Is that the man? Look, Loo, quick!" exclaimed Sam Multiple, excitedly.

"Yes, there! he saw you, Sam, and is jumping into a cab," said Mrs. Multiple, peeping through the lace curtains.

"I know him," growled Sam, as he watched the cab drive off. "You are highly honored, my love. That is the Hon. Martin Choke, brother of Lord Jugular, and related to half the swells in the peerage."

"Then he ought to be all the more ashamed of himself," said Mrs. Multiple, untying her bonnet strings with an angry jerk. "I am not a nervous person but he frightened me."

"He is one of those depraved and vicious men—for he must be getting on for 60, though he is excellently made up—who are a disgrace to civilization," said Sam, who was evidently more seriously annoyed and indignant than he cared to confess. "He goes about insulting helpless ladies and girls with his odious attentions, and renders the streets of London absolutely unsafe in broad daylight."

"Somebody ought really to give him in charge," remarked Mrs. Multiple. "I felt strongly tempted to do so myself."

"Why didn't you?" inquired Sam, putting up his eyeglasses.

"Oh, well, I didn't like to make a fuss, and, besides, think of the scandal and unpleasantness," replied Mrs. Multiple.

"Yes, I know! The scoundrel guesses all that. Besides, no great harm would happen to him even if he were charged. The influence of titled friends and relatives would be brought to bear upon the magistrate, the proceedings would be treated as a joke, a garbled report—if any—would appear in the papers, and the only person who would suffer would be his unfortunate victim, by having her name brought before the public in connection with an unpleasant affair. No, it doesn't pay to prosecute in these cases!" added Sam, shaking his head.

"I wonder he has never been thrashed," exclaimed Mrs. Multiple, full of virtuous indignation.

"So he has, but, you see, he is getting to be an old man. A sexagenarian is tolerably safe from personal violence," said Sam, moodily.

"Then it seems he can pursue his disgraceful conduct with impunity!" exclaimed Mrs. Multiple.

"So he found, I expect. But this time, Loo, I fancy he has caught a Tartar. If we don't contrive somehow to give him a lesson between us I will eat my hat," said Sam, bristling up.

"Is it worth while, Sam? I am quite capable of taking care of myself," said Mrs. Multiple, suddenly mistrusting her husband's intention.

"Yes, it is worth while," replied Sam looking unusually grave." It is a duty which every man and woman owes to society, or rather to the community to help to scotch and stamp out these cowardly pests. Now, Loo, I have an idea and you mustn't refuse me your assistance. We shall both of us have to do a little bit of acting, but that will remind you of old times."

Sam Multiple lighted a cigarette, and proceeded to unfold the plan which he had concocted for the Hon. Martin Choke's edification. Mrs. Multiple was startled at first, but her husband soon overcome her objections, and imbued her with his spirit.

The next day Mrs. Multiple repeated her shopping expedition and returned home with her elderly admirer in tow. The Hon. Martin Choke might well have been suspicious of the lady's sudden graciousness. Instead of shunning him as heretofore, she had permitted him to speak to her, and had even invited him to lunch in her husband's absence. But when a man is strongly convinced of his powers of fascination, he does not easily divine that he is being trifled with. It did not seem to enter Mr. Choke's head that Mrs. Multiple was acting a part, and he followed her with a smiling, self-satisfied and complacent mien.

Mrs. Multiple led the way into the snug apartment where she and Sam had conspired together the day before, and invited her gallant to be seated. Her manner was so perfectly easy and natural that Mr. Choke was more than ever impressed with the belief that he had made a conquest; but, almost before he had time to open a conversation, a thundering knock was heard at the street door.

"My husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Multiple, starting up with an excellent appearance of horror and amazement.

"I thought you said he was out," said Mr. Choke, uneasily.

"But he has returned. It is his knock. Gracious heavens! what shall I do?" cried Mrs. Multiple, rushing frantically to the window, and wringing her hands.

"My dear lady, there is no cause for alarm," said Mr. Choke, recovering his presence of mind. "You have only to introduce me as an old friend that you knew before your marriage."

"This is dreadful! Horrible! cried Mrs. Multiple, in a frantic state, too frightened, apparently, to listen to reason. "He will not be deceived, and has evidently watched me. He saw you from the window yesterday, and told me who you were."

"Pray calm yourself, madam. You will betray yourself and me too, if you go on in that fashion," said Mr. Choke, getting alarmed at the state of affairs; while the sound of the knocker reverberated a second time through the house.

"There! The man is opening the street door," cried Mrs. Multiple who had worked herself into a perfect frenzy. "He is coming in. Here! You must hide instantly," she added, suddenly throwing open the door of a small boudoir adjoining, as though by an after-thought.

"I assure you, dear madam, there is no occasion," protested Mr. Choke.

"There is! My reputation is at stake," cried Mrs. Multiple, vehemently.

"But the servant who opens the doors—"

"He will hold his tongue. If my husband does not see you, his suspicions will be allayed," said Mrs. Multiple. "I will lock you in and give the key to the butler. You shall be released as soon as ever you can safely leave."

There was no time for further parley, and Mr. Choke somewhat reluctantly yielded to the lady's urgent entreaties and stepped into the boudoir. The door had no sooner closed upon him than Sam Multiple burst into the room and confronted his wife with a terrible aspect. The scene that ensued had been carefully rehearsed, and was well calculated to deceive the anxious listener. Sam vowed and declared that he had seen a man enter the house, and, in spite of his wife's eager denial he continued to upbraid her fiercely. His rage and jealousy were so great that he swore he would strangle the intruder; and he certainly succeeded in impressing Mr. Choke with a wholesome dread of meeting him in his present mood. Fortunately, Mrs. Multiple's indignant protestations of innocense seemed to disarm him, and he gradually grew calmer, though it was evident that he was still angrily suspicious. With considerable ingenuity his wife at length prevailed upon him to accompany her into an adjoining apartment, and poor Mr. Choke felt unspeakably grateful to her for providing for his escape.

"Well, Loo, how did I do it?" inquired Sam, with a grin as soon as they were out of ear-shot of their prisoner.

"Very well indeed, Sam. I believe you would make an actor, my dear," said his wife, sinking into a chair from sheer exhaustion.

"By Jove! Loo. You were first rate," said Sam, admiringly, mopping his forehead. "I shouldn't care, though, to play the jealous husband every day in the week. It's infernally fatiguing. Thanks, my love, I think I will take a B. and S.

"What is to happen next?" inquired Mrs. Multiple, as she handed the grateful draught to her husband.

"I think we can now proceed," said Sam, after imbibing the refreshment he needed. "Hi! Simmonds" he roared in a voice of the thunder, audible all over the premises.

"You will frighten poor Mr. Choke out of his wits, Sam," said Mrs. Multiple, putting her hands to her ears.

"Serve him right," said Sam, spitefully. "Simmonds! Bring me my revolver!" he shouted with increased vigor.

The butler made his appearance, bearing no weapon, but carrying over his arm a suit of livery. The twinkle in his eye plainly showed that he appreciated the serio-comic drama that was being enacted.

"Now, Simmonds, do you recollect what you have to do?" inquired Sam.

"Yes, sir, answered the butler, promptly; "I'm to say that you've locked the street door and put the key in your pocket."

"Exactly. I'm still raging with jealousy, remember, and wouldn't hesitate to kill any one I found on the premises," said Sam impressively. "You must look agitated and frightened yourself, you know."

"Bear in mind, Simmonds, that you are risking your place in order to assist him to escape," interposed Mrs. Multiple.

"Yes, and the only plan you can think of is to pass him off as a friend of yours who has stepped in to have a chat," added Sam.

"Don't overdo the part," said Mrs. Multiple earnestly.

"No; and you must be realistic. A £5 note wouldn't be too much to ask for the service you are rendering him," said Sam with a wink.

"I'll make a point of that, sir," returned the butler.

"He surely won't consent to disguise himself in livery," said Mrs. Multiple incredulously when the butler had departed on his errand.

"He will if Simmonds carries out my instructions," answered Sam, with confidence. "It will be explained to him that otherwise he will have to remain where he is all night with the risk of detection."

"And you promise to turn him out into the street dressed like a lacquey?" continued Mrs. Multiple.

"Not only so, but I shall take care that his wife sees him," said Sam, complacently.

"His wife! Is he a married man?" cried Mrs. Multiple in amazement.

"Very much so; and from all accounts Mrs. Choke curls his venerable whiskers for him," answered Sam.

Before Mrs. Multiple had time to express her amazement at this information, the butler entered the room, crimson with suppresed laughter.

"He's a putting 'em on!" he exclaimed, with a spasmodic burst which he smothered with his hand.

"Hush! you idiot," whispered Sam, with a furious gesture. "Have you frightened him?"

"He was trembling like a leaf when I went in," said the butler, composing his countenance with difficulty. "He had just heard you call for a revolver. He wouldn't hear of putting on the livery coat at first, though he swore he would do anything rather than remain in the house. I persuaded him by saying that I would bring his clothes to him, if he would wait at the nearest public house where he could change."

"Quite right," said Sam, nodding approvingly. Now, go and hurry him up. Don't give him time for reflection."

The butler disappeared again, and Sam commenced to arrange his somewhat disordered attire. Mr. Choke had evidently lost no time in disguising himself, for a moment later stealthy footsteps were audible in the passage. In an instant Sam had bounded out, and came face to face with Mr. Choke, who started back as though he had been stung.

"Hullo! What does this mean?" exclaimed Sam, fiercely.

"Please, sir, it's a friend of mine," said the butler with promptitude. "I was just agoin' to ask you for the key to let him out."

"What do you mean, sir, by having friends at this time of day?" cried Sam as though glad of an excuse to vent his ill humor. "Why the fellow must have been here two hours and more. Where does your master live?" he inquired, addressing Mr. Choke abruptly.

The latter was evidently quite unprepared for this question, but Sam's manner was so peremptory that he had opportunity of considering his reply. He mentioned the name of a street in dangerous proximity to the one in which he resided, apparently because it came first to his mind.

"I will speak to you afterwards, Simmonds," said Sam, taking his hat from the stand with an impulsive movement, "and as for you, sir, I shall accompany you home and complain to your master. I don't choose to have other people's servants lurking for hours about my house, and I've no doubt your master will be gratified to hear how you waste your time."

Sam did not wait to observe the effect upon Mr. Choke of this startling announcement. The fact was, he hardly dared trust himself to look at him, for, after a single glance at her unfortunate admirer, Mrs. Multiple had retired with precipitation into the background, and Sam feared every moment that her mirth would prove infectious. He therefore hastened to unlock the door, and Mr. Choke followed him into the street, apparently in a hopelessly dazed condition. But all of a sudden the unfortunate man seemed to realize his position. He started, glanced nervously around him, and then put up his hand to hail a cab.

"Hi! What are you about?" cried Sam. "I don't want a cab. It is a short distance, and I prefer to walk. You lead the way and I will follow."

Mr. Choke looked painfully undecided for a moment, and glanced at Sam as though he meditated making an appeal to him. He checked himself, however, and started off with an air of desperation down the street at a rapid pace. Sam followed more leisurely at a little distance, keeping him well in sight, and evidently keenly enjoying the episode.

What Mr. Choke's feelings were, it was not difficult to conjecture. He shambled along, with his eyes upon the pavement, overwhelmed with confusion and keenly conscious of his ridiculous appearance. The clothes he wore were many sizes too small for him, and, though the livery was of the quietest description, the brass buttons and the striped waistcoat were unpleasantly conspicuous. Possibly he may have consoled himself with the reflection that he was not likely to be recognized in such a garb, but if so, he was cruelly mistaken. Sam had arranged a hat half a dozen irreverent young members of the club to which Mr. Choke belonged, should be on the alert, and the consequence was that the poor wretch met more of his acquaintances in a short distance than he had ever done before in his life. But at Sam's particular request, none of them gave any outward sign of recognition, so that the victim was spared the anticipation of the endless chaff and ridicule that awaited him.

Sam had guessed, from the resolute manner in which Mr. Choke hurried along, that he had resolved to adopt the wisest course under the circumstances, and make the best of his way home without wasting time in futile attempts to allude or shake off his persecutor. He was therefore not surprised when Mr. Choke passed without stopping, along the street which he had given as his address, and turned his steps desperately towards his own residence. On reaching his destination, he paused on the doorstep, and turned to Sam.

"This is the house," he murmured, as the latter came up.

For a single moment Sam felt softhearted and inclined to be merciful. Mr. Choke's piteous expression was more touching than the most eloquent appeal. But the recollection of the man's gratuitously insulting conduct to his wife decided him not to falter in his purpose. He, therefore, said quietly:

"Very well. I will speak to your master."

Mr. Choke gave a kind of gasp, and proceeded to unlock the door with a latch-key. He probably intended, in the comparative security of his own house, to reveal his identity and to get rid of Sam before Mrs. Choke came down, but, unluckily, they had no sooner entered the hall than a severe-looking elderly lady appeared at the top of the staircase. The instant she perceived Mr. Choke she threw up her hands and exclaimed:

"Good heavens. Martin! What is the meaning of this?"

"Pardon me for intruding, Madame," said Sam, advancing politely, "but I have a complaint to make against your man. He has been hiding in my house for the last two hours, and I am sure you will consider his conduct no less reprehensible than I do. I don't wish to insinuate that he had any felonious intentions, but I fear he came after my maid servant, and I particularly object to love-making on my premises.

As Mrs. Choke seemed transfixed with horror and indignation at her husband's misconduct, Sam took the opportunity to retire, deeming that he had said enough to leave the Hon. Martin in a considerable fix. He therefore placed his card on the hall table and disappeared, perfectly satisfied with the issue of his scheme.

The Colonel's Horse.

The love which the average Kentuckian bears his horse would, if bestowed on a human being, form a beautiful picture of brotherly affection. In this world, though, it is not the fate of man to be the happy recipient of a regard so deep and melting in devotion.

The other day Colonel Powell, of Kentucky, moved into our neighborhood says a correspondent. Five minutes after introduction I knew him to be the second cousin of old General Gatmore, who owned Claybank, a wonderful horse, that young Nat Sevier offered $5,000 for one Sunday when Joe Billings rode with him over to the pike on a spotted mare, once the property of Luke Daniels, who bought the roan horse from Sam Caldwell, who rented the Spicer place after buying the bay filly which old man Spencer gave five hundred dollars for at a sale held on Johnson's stock farm. I thought he would present a bill for this information, but he didn't, continuing to enlighten me on points of which, without his aid, I would ever have remained ignorant.

"You know Tobe Spillers, of course?"

"No," I replied.

"What!" he said in a tone of regret, "don't know Tobe? Why, he bought the Beason five-year-old last May. You know Tom Lycns, I reckon?"

"Never saw Tom."

"What! Why he gave Nick Pryor two fifty for his sorrel," and the Colonel, although prodigal, yet not desiring a further intellectual squander, left me to fight my way alone in the fogs of non-information.

He moved into a house adjoining mine, and the first thing he did was to convert the wood shed into a stable. Shortly afterward he insisted on my coming over and looking at his horse. Finally yielding to persuasive earnestness. I went over. Conducting me to the stable he opened the door and said:

"Now, here's a hoss that is a hoss. Whoa, Diomede."

I recognized at once that the animal was evidently a horse. He had the conventional four legs, two ears and a tail, but aside from these points I saw nothing to convince me that he was a "hoss" that was a "hoss."

"Yes," I replied, "he's a horse."

"You bet he is. Look at his eyes, will you? Whoa, sah. Did you ever see such a tail? Whoa, sah. Just look at his head, will you?"

I saw at a glance that he had a head, and acknowledged as much.

"You bet he's got a head. Well, suppose we go into the house."

We went in and he talked about horses.

"How old is your little boy?" I asked.

"Five years old next spring. I bought him at a sale held on the Bragg place."

"What, bought the boy?"

"Oh, no, the hoss. Thought you was talkin' about him. Don't know how old the boy is," casting a carelesa glance at the child. "Well, suppose we go out and look at the hoss again."

He reminded me of a man inviting some one to drink, and as I had no horse to "set up," I suggested to the Colonel that I did not care for any more and that I did not like to see all of the expense fall on him, but he generously waived my objections aside and conducted me to the stable.

"Have you noticed his fetlocks?"

He had me there, for I was not certain as to what constituted his fetlocks, but noticing my embarrassment, the Colonel, in his unbounded generosity, pointed them out and said: "Just as careful about trimming 'em as a barber is about cuttin' the hair of a Senator. Whoa, Diomede. Look at that step, will you? We are neighbors now, you know, and whenever you want to look at him, why just come over."

I acknowledged his kindness, and we went back to the house, when, after securing more lore that impressed me how ignorant had been my former life, I arose and remarked:

"Well, Colonel, I have business on hand, and must leave you."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry," he replied, "we'll go out and look at the horse again, pretty soon. Don't forget to come over at any time."

The Craziest Craze.

"Who is that young man?"

"The one leaning against the show case?"

"Yes the same."

"He looks like a dude or a fashionable loafer, but he is really a detective, placed here to watch the ladies."

"To prevent stealing?"

"Oh, no; the ladies who visit our establishment do not steal. They peculate. They carry small scissors with them and snip pieces out of the curtains, draperies and even each other's cloaks and dresses. They cannot help it. The crazy quilt rage has become a mania, and now that the storekeeper will no longer give samples, and they have begged all the neckties and pieces from their friends, they just appropriate a patch from anything they see. I know a dozen ladies who have elegant garments ruined by a piece cut out. One lady wore a blue velvet brocade suit to church, and when she got home one of the tails of her basque coat was gone. She thought some evil-minded person had done it to distress her, but a few days after she discovered the piece in the block of a crazy quilt."

The gentleman was one of the proprietors of a large and elegantly appointed establishment on Woodward avenue, and while he talked he watched a beautiful girl who lingered near the superb plush drapery of one of the portieres. The young man leaning against the show-case also watched her in a sleepy, indifferent way, but ready to spring and stop her hand if he saw a suspicious movement.

"But," said the representative of the press, "these are ladies of position and wealth. They can buy all the pieces they want for a crazy quilt."

"Ah! that's all you know about it. There is not a bit of pleasure to them in what they call commercial patchwork. It is like smuggling. There must be a spice of adventure in it, and there is. They beg all the old Knight Templar badges, menus or mottoes printed on ribbon, bookmarks, neck-ties—why, a bashful man is actually afraid to call on a lady, she demands so much of his wardrobe—and odds and ends obtained by the most hazardous proceeding.

"I have no doubt a pocket-book filled with money would be no temptation to those ladies, but an old-gold satin lining in a man's coat sleeves will be cut out and appropriated without a struggle. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true," and the disgusted proprietor reached into his coat pockets after a handkerchief. It was gone, and so were the pockets. They had been quietly abstracted while he was explaining the modus operandi of the crazy-quilt business, and as they were blue satin they no doubt form a harmonious discord by this time in a demented counterpane.

Somewomen's destiny is to love down, excusingly, pityingly.

Overwork and Death.

Dr. Mills, of the University Hospital, Philadelphia, said in a lecture upon "Overwork and Death" that members of Congress and senators were constantly giving away under the strain of unusual nervous excitement and mental strain brought on from various causes. Statistics showed the average age, taking all classes of men in the United States, to be about 50 years, and this shortening of life is due almost entirely to over-mental activity or irregularities in life. Taking the average age of a few of the most eminent English and American statesmen, that of the English was found to be 72 years and that of the American 70. The English chief justices have averaged a life of 68 years, while the Americans only reached 60. He said that, taking 146 representatives and 59 senators of the American Congress and 121 members of the British Parliament who had died during the period from 1861 to 1883, he found that the average age attained by the members of the British Parliament was 68, while the American representatives only reached 55 and the senators 61 years.

These deaths were caused by a general breaking up of the system and debility, brought on by overwork, nervousness, mental worry, and irregular habits. The strain attending too constant work in the committee rooms frequently brought it on. The more direct cause of their succumbing to this strain was, however, the change in their manner of life. Mental activity and exertion, under proper conditions, rather favored longevity, but the attempt to perform any amount of mental laber by one trained for physical exertions occasioned great mental strain and resulted in shortening life. Men coming to Congress, he held, frequently made an entire change in their mode of life. From habits of unusual physical activity they changed to activity in intellectual and social pursuits. The strain upon an untrained mind occasioned by pressing and perplexing committee work, together with the excesses, irregularities and excitements of a new social life, soon effected an entire breaking up of the nervous system, and brought on a premature death. He said this premature breaking down extended to all classes of men engaged in active life, and the average terms of life was much lower in this country than in England. His studies included, beside senators and members of Congress, justices, judges, legal and medical practitioners, railroad men, merchants, journalists and all classes engaged in active pursuits. The break downs, he said, were apt to occur before the age of 50, and they were frequently occasioned by overwork or worry alone; but frequently again they appeared in the form of ordinary diseases, such as pneumonia, Bright's disease and the like, the susceptibility to these diseases being occasioned by the breaking up of the system from overwork or irregularity.

The most marked symptoms preceeding this wrecking of the nervous system, he said, were peculiar head troubles, pains in the back of the neck and head, vertiginous attacks, and in addition great weariness after but slight exertion palpitation of the heart, dyspeptic symptoms and an unnatural hunger shortly after meals.

This premature decay, he thought, was more common in America than elsewhere, on account of our liberties and opportunities. It began in the schools. All the children having equal chances, equal incentives, and equal ambitions, they arrived at equal mental attainments. The son of the blacksmith and the son of the scientist strove for the same end; but while all men were equal in this country in a physical or moral sense there was a different of mental inheritance, which rendered natural to the one what was laborious and next to impossible for the other. It was as destructive to the longevity of the youth inheriting physical force to strive too hard at mind work as it was for the youth of delicately constituted mind and weak physique to undertake manual labor.

Meissonier's Home.

M. Meissonier lives at No. 131 Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris. The exterior appearance of the edifice is odd enough and gives no hint of the surprise of the interior, the architecture of which is in imitation of that which the Moors brought into Spain. One enters a court closed in by several pieces of wall, joined at right angles, along which runs a columned gallery reached by a dozen steps. In the day time this gallery has a rather cold appearance, but by moonlight in the beautiful summer nights it looks rather romantic, with its deeply-projected shadow, from which the stone columns appear to issue with a bluish gleam. On the left is a long glass passage, through which one reaches the apartments by means of a wooden staircase with broad balusters. First comes a spacious parlor, ornamented with bronzes and paintings, and beyond is the studio. The study is of cathedral-like proportions. In it reigns a certain disorder, perhaps a trifle on purpose. Here and there are nothing but sketches, rough drafts of paintings, models of horses in wax, etc. In a large bay window, seated before a very small easel supporting a tiny canvas, behold the matter, a little old man, with flowing beard, which descends to his breast in rolling waves like those of an ancient river. He is very simply dressed in a short vest and knee-breeches. Let us enter unobserved, and we will surprise him painting a sketch in which one already sees, as in a mist, the profiles of soldiers of the time of Henry III peep out with their long pikes and steel helmets. At home the old man speaks in a loud tone of voice, with that military accent which recalls the sad days of the siege of Paris, during which he could be seen galloping through the streets, glorious and magnificent in his new and gaudy uniform of staff colonel. Meissonier has said that it is but just that those who paint masterpieces should be as well lodged as those who buy them.

Wealth and Industry.

Missouri is making rapid progress in wealth and industrial matters. The statistics for last year have just been made public, from which it appears that the taxable property in the State was $656,250,413, an increase of $6,983,171 over the valuation of 1882, and $54,528,000 over that of 1881. The State taxes collected last year amounted to $3,345,378.

Those who can command themselves command others.

The Mighty Amazon.

In the year 1509 a Portuguese explorer of some note, named Orellana, discovered the Amazon river and ascended it to a distance of about two hundred miles without making a landing. At several points along the river Orellana attempted to land, but each time was warned off by the appearance of large bodies of armed women, who, with lance in hand, stood ready to contest the right of landing with Orellana. The explorer returned to the open sea and gave the great river the name of Amazon, though it is still known throughout Portugal and Brazil as the "Rio Orellana." This great river is more than 150 miles wide at its mouth and draining an area of more than 2,300,000 square miles. So immense is the flow of fresh water that the sea is often discolored for a distance of more than 150 miles off shore.

"Fifteen thousand miles on the Amazon," is the title of a recent English publication which gives a most interesting detail of travel by steam on the Amazon and its tributaries. The author started from Para on one of the steamers of the Amazon Steam Navagation Company, taking with him on board a steam launch 40 feet in length, with very light draft, and fitted with a small cabin and kitchen. Leaving the large steamer near the borders of Bolivia, he proceeded in his own small boat, traversing the upper Amazon and its branches, going far into Peru and Bolivia, southward to within 100 miles of the headwaters of the Parana, which empties into the sea through the Argentine Republic. Returning via the great Madeira river to Manoas, the explorer ascended the Negro, going well into the United States of Colombia and Venezuela, and thence through a short natural canal, this daring adventurer entered the Oronoco, and steamed its entire length, coming out at Demarara in British Guiana. The time consumed was nearly one year, and during this time the author had traversed the Amazon and its tributaries more than 15,000 miles. The writer has never had such an experience, and few men live to-day who have.

The Indians of the upper Amazon are a wild, fierce, treacherous people, many of whom are cannibals, and can only be civilized by the liberal use of powder and ball. General Sherman once said of the American Indian that "the only good Indian I ever saw was a dead Indian." The same may be said of the Indians of this country, and it is a waste of time and money to make an effort to civilize them. They will not be civilized.

Only last year a French exploring expedition set out to explore the interior of French Guiana. Before starting they obtained permission to enter the territory of Brazil should occasion require. This permission was, however, quite unnecessary, as no one can define the boundary of either country, and even if they could, there is no one who could enforce any law or rule which might be made by the imperial or the French government. However, the party proceeded to the supposed western border of Guiana and there divided into three sets, each to go by the compass in different directions; to travel four days, blaze their way, and return on the same route to the starting point. At the close of the twelfth day two of the parties had returned in safety, but the third did not come. After awaiting a few days longer the returned parties set out in search of their comrades, following carefully the blazed way through the undergrowth. On the third day they came suddenly upon an open plain, wherein was a camp of Indian squaws and old men, the young bucks evidently being out on a hunting expedition. The Indians did not evince the slightest alarm, but received the invaders with apparent kindness. The Frenchmen questioned them through an interpreter as to the lost comrades, but were assured by the squaws that they had not passed that way. However, a search was instituted, and in passing a tripod wherein hung a kettle over a slow fire, the Frenchmen discovered the heads of two of their comrades being boiled whole, quite as a cook would prepare a calf's head. Further on they found the remains, cut up and hanging in the sun, undergoing a curing process preparatory for eating. The Frenchmen, quite horrified, turned upon the little camp with their Spencer rifles and made short work of the wretched cannibals, then hastily making their way back to Cayenne, set sail for Europe.

Quick Work on the Frontier.

While persons of wealth, learning and leisure in eastern cities bother their brains over the questions that interest the welfare of society, the practical citizens of little towns on the western frontier resort to measures that settle them at once. During the past few months discussions have been going on in all the cities where medical colleges are located, in respect to getting bodies for dissection, regulating the practice of medicine, elevating the standard of doctors, and diminishing the number of physicians. Nothing practical, however, has been accomplished.

They manage things differently out on the border. A month or so ago, an alleged doctor located in a small town near Denver, Colorado. He hung out his shingle, and it was not long before he was summoned to visit a sick woman. He called on her and prescribed some medicine, which the patient took. Shortly afterward she died. The doctor was asked what the drug was, but he could not tell. He was also unable to state the complaint the woman was troubled with. On being asked to show his diploma, he admitted that he had none. The friends of the deceased held a consultation, as doctors often do, and decided to hang the unfortunate practitioner to the nearest tree, which was not far off. With the enterprise and energy that characterize western men, they strung up the adventurous practitioner till he was as dead as his patient. Had there been a manufactory of doctors in the vicinity the body would have been turned over to it without the formality of asking the permission of the county commissioners. As there was none, they allowed the buzzards and wolves to devour it. There is an opening for a courageous doctor in this place, but he must take the chances.

Tin ore is said to have been recently discovered near Harney, Pennington county, Dakota, in a mere abundant quantity than at any other known point in the United States.

—The value of school property in the South is about $6,000,000 against $188,000,000 in the North.

The "Cour Des Miracles."

It is announced that the first blow of the pick will soon be struck on the houses of the Rue des Filles-Dieu that the Municipal Council of Paris has devoted to demolition. Certainly no Parisian will regret it, the narrow and filthy lane of old Paris, into which the passer by dare not penetrate, and which is like an ulcer right in the heart of the capital.

This Rue des Filles-Dieu, the obliteration of which is now but a question of a few days, has its history, a strange history that deserves to be recalled. In the first place, let us remark that it took its name from a convent founded in 1226 by Guillaume III, Bishop of Paris. This convent was destined to receive, in the words of the chronicle of the period, "women who had fallen into beggary."

There, behind this convent was the famous "Cour des Miracles." What sinister souvenirs are instantly evoked by that name! According to the magnificent description Victor Hugo has given of it in "Notre-Dame-de-Paris" it was a vast irregular and ill-paved square, like all the squares of Paris at that time.

At night fires, around which swarmed strange groups, shone upon it here and there. Sharp laughter, the wailing of infants and women's voices were heard. The hands, the heads of this crowd, black against the luminous background, described there a thousand bizarre movements. Men, women, animals, age, sex, maladies, all seemed to be in common among the people who lived there, and all huddled together, mixed, confounded, grumbling.

The "Cour des Miracles" was in the past the haunt of all the ragamuffins Paris contained, and they were numerous. Counterfeit blind men, counterfeit lame men, counterfeit lepers, wretched men and women, scoundrels of every description found shelter there. When day dawned they scattered about through the city, returning only in the evening. Then began unbridled riot, monstrous orgies, brawls in which the knife played the principal role.

When the adventurous passer risked going there he was followed by blind men, one-armed men, men on crutches, Jacks-in the bowl, who demanded charity of him in every language, and when he strove to back out the Jack-in the-bowl had recovered his legs, the one armed man barred the road with both his arms, the blind man glared at him with flaming eyes—all these beggars, simulating infirmities of every sort, suddenly straightened themselves up and became thieves and murderers.

The sinister inhabitants of the "Cour des Miracles" called themselves the "Truands." They were divided into three principal categories: "the Capons" or thieves, the "Francs-Mitous" or mendicants, the "Rifodes" or vagabonds. An elective King—the "King of Thune"—governed them. He had his banner and his coat-of-arms, to wit: a dead dog borne on the end of a pole.

The "Cour des Miracles" enjoyed the "right of asylum." Bohemian, ruined scholar, good-for-nothings of all nations and all religions, unfrocked monks, robbers and assassins could take refuge there without fear; the police dare not go there to search for them. When the soldiers of the watch, the agents of the provost, the King's men, ventured into the labyrinth of lanes leading to the "Cour des Miracles," the cry of a "Truand" posted as a sentinel gave the alarm, and then from every direction bounded the beggars, ready to seize the policemen as if in a gigantic spider's web. The latter, overcome with fear, hastened to beat a retreat before this rising *en masse* of the army of crime.

In 1654 the historian Sauval wrote the following description of the "Cour des Miracles:" "It is a square of considerable extent and in a very large *cul-de-sac*, muddy, foul, irregular. To get there it is necessary often to wander about wretched little streets, winding and dirty; to enter it one must descend quite a long declivity, tortuous, rough and uneven. I saw there a house half buried in the mud, shaking from top to bottom with age and rottenness, which was not four toises square and in which dwelt more than a hundred persons. In all parts the square is environed by low hovels, buried, obscure and disfigured, full to overflowing with wretches."

Two years later, in 1656, an army of archers invaded the "Cour des Miracles." The "Truands" strove to resist but were not given time; they strove to flee, but the quarter was surrounded. Mendicants, real or counterfeit infirm people, thieves, vagabonds, all were sorted out, examined and sent either to prison or to the hospital. The royalty of the "King of Thune" was broken—the "Cour des Miracles" had had its day. Now, even the spot upon which it stood is doomed to disappear.

"Send Fur Me."

A life insurance agent who had been working up a considerable business in Fort Scott, Ks., was one day approached by a tough-looking customer who wanted to take out a $5,000 policy. He inquired about the cost and other particulars and finally remarked:

"Well, stranger, when you kin put the figgers down about one-half you kin send fur me."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Mebbe not, but them's my terms."

When the man had departed the agent went out to inquire who he was, and a citizen replied:

"Why, that's Bill Callahan. What did he want?"

"Wanted some insurance at half-rates."

"Give it to him!"

"I'll see him hanged first! Why should I make a reduction to him?"

"Because you've get insurance on at least twenty of us here, and if you don't come to Bill's figures he'll kill a full dozen of us before the year is out! Better consult the interests of the company and make a reduction."

The next day William had a policy on which a shake-purse paid the first premium.

Building Stone.

A peculiar kind of building-stone is found in some localities in Oregon, having the property of being uninjured by the action of cold, heat or moisture. It is called granite sandstone, is very rich in silica; of a close, fine grain, highly crystalized, unlaminated, and of a fine brown color. On being brought to a white heat and suddenly plunged in cold water, it comes out as solid and firm as at first.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Mary Anderson's fortune is estimated at $350,000.

—Meissonier, who is now seventy-two, does not dye.

—The population of Belgium is about 5,050,000 souls.

—The State of Texas now has 172 organized counties.

—The Governor of Massowah, Egypt, is a Marylahd man.

—For every novel printed in England ten are rejected.

—Grave-yard insurance has reappeared in Fall River, Mass

—Georgia's penitentary now contains 1,322 prisoners.

—Savannah has the oldest opera house in the United states.

—Canada's net debt is $153,436,714—about $30 per capita.

—New York City has one church to every 5,000 inhabitants.

—A tramp cut off an Ohio girl's long hair and fled with it.

—Boston is importing wool direct from Australia.

—An Australian, exhibited as a curiosity, died in Cleveland.

—On sea and lake there are 755 United States light houses.

—There are 600,000 depositors in New York savings banks.

—A young woman of Moundsville, W. Va. eloped with a tramp.

—Russia produces annually about $4,000,000 worth of honey.

—The oldest log cabin in the country is near Montgomery, Ala.

—A bill to flog wife beaters passed the Massachusetts House.

—The imperial family of Japan has a genealogy of 124 emperors.

—Meerschaum has been discovered in Paris of North Carolina.

—A whale sixty feet long has been killed off Beaufort, S. C.

—The loss of property by the Ohio floods is over $10,000,000.

—A ten-foot alligator was captured near Waxahatchie, Texas.

—There are nearly 10,000 directors of companies in Great Britain

—There are 160 pupils in the Indian government school in Nebraska.

—Chicago's new public buildings are to be twelve stories in height.

—Eighteen thousand homesteads were entered in Florida last year.

—George Crain, founder of the Oneida Community, is dead, aged 75.

—Furstenfield, in Germany boasts of the oldest tree in the country.

—An Edinburg fish dealer has paid $76,000 for Scottish salmon rentals.

—Montreal claims to have made about $1,000,000 by her ice carnival.

—During 1883 4,340,000 boxes of sardines were packed at Lubec, Maine.

—The street-cleaning brigade of Paris numbers thirteen thousand men, women and children.

—In the room of a single umbrella fiend, in London, over nine hundred stolen umbrellas were discovered.

—Sims Reeves, the tenor, has arranged to come to this country on a farewell tour.

The Spanish Army averages one officer below the grade of brigadier general to every five privates.

—Buckhorn, Texas, claims to have a ten-year-old girl that weighs 155 pounds, and gains a pound every four days.

—A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons to humanize the children, computed at 60,000, who live on barges and in traveling vans.

—A block of ice found on the bank of the Tuscarawas river after the break-up contained five unusually large water snakes frozen fast.

—The fishermen of the Frith of Forth, on the east coast of Scotland, believe that it is unlucky to make their first sale for the day to a broad-thumbed person.

—Nine-tenths of the inmates of hospitals for the Insane who recover are said to be those who are sent within a year after the first manifestations of their in firmity.

—The storm cloud that preceded the recent fearful cyclone in South Carolina is described as having been "a dense round cloud, perfect red and ablaze with electricity."

—The hillsides north and west of Marshfield, Oregon, were recently strewn with dead rob