WHEN LOVE KNOCKED.

At my heart's door Love knocked one day.
"Open!" he said, but I heeded not,
For care was there and so I thought
There was no room. Love went away.

But soon again did he appear,
Much more persistent than before,
To him I opened wide the door,
When lo! dull Care rushed out with fear.

Love in my heart now reigns supreme,
And so when Care comes into view
I tell him, "There's no room for you,"
For Love makes life a happy dream.

## PAQUARETTE'S PAINTER.

BY BERTHA BOLLING.

He lived in a cellar that opened on a tiny court forlorn of shrub or flower. But the cellar was dry, and had a great south window through which the sun streamed gloriously — when the sun was shining—and the tiny court, with its patch of dusty grass, where here and there a persevering dandelion held aloft its golden pompon, was pleasanter to look on than the dreary alleys into which the other cellar-windows looked.

But when the sun was hidden, and the rain came down with its monotonous drip, drip, from the sides of the high brick wall that surrounded the little court, then the cellar seemed very dark and very far away from heaven, indeed; and the young painter was forced to come very near to the south window, which was his only window, and often, to hold his sketch close to the rain-swept window panes in order to work at all. And on these days he was not hopeful; for his dark eyes caught shadows of the sky without; his soul refused to dream those dreams of sunlit Spain for which the canvas waited, and only his homesick heart ached with longing for them.

And Paquarette disliked the rainy days as well. For when they came she could not sit on the rickety old flight of stairs, which, just outside the painter's door, led up to the garret where she lived; and on whose creaking steps she sat, on sunny days, like a very plump angel on a very uncertain Jacob's ladder, to watch, unnoticed, the painter at his work.

Paquarette was four, and herself a picture. Her round little face had not lost its innocent babyishness, nor her blue eyes their touching trustfulness; just as her plump hands still held their baby dimples. A sunburnt little face it was, for Paquarette could never remember to keep the high-crowned sunbonnet securely tied under her chin as it was put, and in an exciting moment it was sure to be pushed far back, until it hung on her shoulders, swinging on to the fat neck by the strings relentlessly knotted in front, [illegible] burnished, brownish curls free to the sun and air. And many exciting moments had she and the sunbonnet experienced since the painter came to live in the cellar.

He was not a person to attract a child, for his mouth was grave, almost severe; he rarely spoke or smiled, and his dark eyes were sad, save when they flashed ominously at times.

But he was at work on a great picture—a glimpse of Spain—and to the lonely child, who, when her mother went out to work in the morning, was left for a long day to herself, who had few toys and no companions, this picture, which grew in beauty every day, was a priceless treasure—a never-failing joy. Hour after hour she sat with hands folded in her lap, not moving, scarce daring to breathe, lest he, this magician who held on his thumb the strange board with its wonderful dashes of color, should look up, see her there and send her away.

She had kept her silent watch all through the making of the long gray wall that overlooked the deep blue bay; had even watched in silence a vine climbing slowly up the crumbling stones and blossom into a scarlet flower; and when the artist traced a lion in the stone, above the glowing blooms—painted it out—and in again—and out once more with one reckless sweep, throwing the brush far from him, with a fierce word hissing between his teeth, she trembled to the tips of her small bare toes; flung back the bonnet from her flushing cheeks, and leaned forward so far that she seemed poised upon the very edge of the dusty step, like a timid bird ready for flight.

He was striding up and down his brick-paved kingdom, muttering to himself:

"But I will have him! Yes, I will have him! Not the moment is not yet my own, but it will come. The picture shall be perfect. It shall be no longer a picture—but a realization, a living hour! She shall not forget! She shall not be another's!"

He stooped and picked up the brush from the corner where it lay, and, wiping off the sand it had collected, came back to his work with a quick impetuosity of resolve.

With steady hand he sketched the lion in again, then painted on with free, quick strokes, and in an hour a perfect reproduction was his, of the splendid form that drowsed in the shadow of the old Spanish fort.

"Ha, ha! my beauty, ha, ha!" he laughed, with a last caress of tone and touch, "I have you!"

"Yes, you've got him!" came in measured tones of complacent conviction from the window behind him.

He turned, and beheld his enthusiastic audience literally swept off its feet; for Paquarette, by aid of the rain tub, had reached his window sill, and, forgetting her fears, knelt upon it, leaning anxiously forward on her outspread hands and her plump face glowing with excitement.

"When did you see him last, my little one?" he asked, smiling oddly. The smile lighted his face in a way that was very pleasant, and Paquarette, gazing up into it, felt satisfied.

"Just before you rubbed him out the last time," she answered, gravely.

"And," smiling more and more, "do you like him better now?"

"Yes," said the child. "You said you'd have him, and you have him."

"How long have you been here?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Oh, every day! I sit on the steps, so I can see the picture. And I sit still, so's not to make a noise. I will go back!" And she began to crawl slowly backward, supporting her weight on her chubby fists.

He leaned forward, and, catching her by her arms, to retard the exit which seemed likely to end in the rain-tub, he drew her in again, saying kindly:

"You may sit here in the window, if you will keep as still as you have kept on the steps; and not get in my light and interrupt my work—" he had already turned to the easel again.

He took a little red apple from his pocket and tossed it into her apron.

The wind rose, and the curls, bereft of the sheltering bonnet, streamed back from the baby's face, and tangled themselves together. A cloud scurried over, and dashed a few big drops on her cheek; and presently the rain began to fall fast. Paquarette sighed, and drew on the refractory bonnet, preparatory to departure.

But the painter only drew the easel nearer the window, and went on with his work.

Already a little stream was running out of the gutter above, and splashing in the raintub below; and the white sunbonnet hung limply, like a wet cabbage-leaf, over the peachy face, when the child, twisting herself into a tiny bundle in the corner of the window-seat, that her shadow might not fall athwart the canvas, swung softly down to the edge of the tub, thence to the ground, and took her silent way to the lonely room in the garret.

But the next day brought the sun again, and with it Paquarette. And no sooner had she seated herself on the steps than the painter looked up, smiled a cheery good-morning, and motioned her to the seat in the window.

She came gladly; and this time he leaned far out and reached her with his strong hands, and lifted her up at one swing.

And she beamed with delight when she found he had folded an old coat to serve as a cushion for her; and, best of all, when he told her she might sit there every day.

It was two months later, when the summer had waned and departed, the leaves were drifting into brown heaps in the alleyway, and the dandelion blooms had resolved themselves into airy globes that broke [illegible] each rude wind, and sent a cloud of miniature white worlds soaring aloft from the dingy court, as if to seek a world of summer beyond the skies—it was then, in the early autumn, that one evening the picture was finished; and the painter said with a sigh: "It is done!"

Paquarette was not there at the finish. He had hardly hoped to complete it that day, but it had seemed perfect to her in the morning when she had viewed it from her throne on the ragged coat. And she was so filled with admiration and delight that she had found it hard to struggle against an expression of her feeling other than ecstatic claspings of her hands. But silence had been her watchword since that first delicious day, far back in a dreamy distance, when he had given it to her. And well she obeyed its warning.

When he had stopped once to criticise, she had told him, half-regretfully, that she would not return in the afternoon, as she was going out with her mother, who had a half-holiday that day. He had scarcely heard her then, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts; but now, when the work was done, and he laid down his brush, and was confronted by the old coat on the window-sill, he missed her presence from the accustomed place.

He covered the picture carefully at last, and went out for a walk in the twilight.

When he came back, he brought with him the morning paper, of which he had not thought till now, and, lighting his lamp, sat down by his pine table to read.

At the same moment an anxious little figure crept half-way down the steps outside, and leaned against the wooden railing, looking in. He was absorbed, and she kept her accustomed quiet, hoping he would see her soon, and tell her of the picture.

His eyes sped rapidly down the column and stopped, fixed.

There was a marriage notice! Her marriage!

He sat so still, and looked so white, that Paquarette was frightened, and tried to call her mother.

Then he had sprung to his feet, torn the sheet into a thousand pieces, cast it from him, trampled it, flung chair and table out of the path, and strode up and down the room like a wild beast, caged.

The trembling child gave but one more scared look in the direction of the easel, safe in a distant corner, then sped away up the dusky stairs.

Morning found the painter still pacing up and down—more slowly now—with face of ghastly pallor.

The sun was high, the voices of school children floating in to him like harshest discord from the streets below as he flung himself into the chair he had left the night before, and buried his face in his arms.

There he made a resolve.

An hour later, he arose stiffly, with the hesitation of an old man, approached the shelf above the fire-place, and took down a small vial. It was half full of a dark fluid; and he looked, absent mindedly, at the grinning skull and the cross bones that the label bore, grotesquely colored in orange and red by his own hand. Then he drew out the cork. He raised the bottle to his lips, and paused; for a soft voice said, pityingly:

"I thought you were sick! Do you have to take bad medicine?" And Paquarette slipped down from the window, and stood looking up at him with innocent, tender eyes.

He turned from her, and leaned his head against the rough shelf.

"Don't! Please don't!" pleaded the trembling voice, while the little hands caught at his own. "I know you feel bad; but look here, what I've brought you—a whole orange all for yourself! I didn't ask for it; I bought it with my red beads. Look!" She tugged gently at his coat sleeve with one hand, holding the orange up to him with the other.

He let his arm drop until it fell about the baby shoulders, the hand still holding the vial; and she went on, soothingly, as a mother persuades a tired child, as her own mother might have done with her:

"Now! I'll take the nasty medicine away—I'll put it over here—and you shall eat your orange."

She drew the uncorked bottle carefully from the tense fingers as she spoke, and trotted away to put it on the table.

Then she came back, smiling.

And the man stooped down, and put his arms around the child, and held her close. And she caught up a corner of her apron, and wiped away the tears from his cheeks.

"Do you like it with sugar, or just so?" she asked.

There about the plump, sunburnt neck showed a narrow white circle where the beloved red beads had left their impress. He bent his head and kissed it, thanking God for trust and innocence.

Twenty years have come and gone; but if you should happen to wander down a certain pleasant street, and up a winding staircase, at its end you would find there an artist's studio; and in it, the artist himself, surrounded by his pictures.

He loves them, passionately. But if you should tempt him to tell you which he loves the best, and counted as his masterpiece, he would point you proudly to one of a baby girl, barefoot, and clad in a checked apron, with a white sun-bonnet, pushed far back, forming a background for the curly head; with dimpled mouth smiling, and trustful eyes of blue looking warmly into yours, and one little hand caught in a string of bright red beads hanging about the chubby neck.

And when you are gone away the artist will perchance open a [illegible] near by, and take out the cou[illegible] [illegible] them with tender eyes—so long, perhaps, that the door will open very softly at last, and a dark head thrust itself into the opening; and when its owner sees what the artist is doing, she will slip quietly along until she is behind his chair; and then ask, softly, as one white arm goes around his neck:

"What, dreaming?"

And the artist draws her to him.

"Thank God, I am not dreaming now!" he whispers, fervently.

And both the soft arms are clasped around his neck, and the blue eyes, still sweet and trustful, look into his; and Paquarette stoops, and kisses the painter.—The Home Queen.

### The Queen's Coachman.

Queen Victoria's state coachman, Edward Miller, is an old and faithful servant, who has held his post for thirty-six years. He drove the Queen to the Duke of York's wedding, on which occasion he handled four horses from the box. There were no postilions. The supreme control of the royal stables rests with the master of the horse, an office at present held by the Duke of Portland. Next to His Grace in command is the crown equerry, Sir Henry Ewart, who is really the acting chief. Sir Henry, by the way, looks after the naming of the horses. His duties, however, are not all so light as this one. The immediate control of the mews is in the hands of Mr. Nicholas, who was formerly a lieutenant in the royal horse artillery. He has under him a staff of about sixty officials.

One of the most interesting relics of the old Buckingham House is the "riding horse," which has other interests than that of the grammarian's escape. In it the royal children were taught horsemanship, and on the wall one may see the iron brackets used when they practiced lemon cutting.—New York Recorder.

### A Methodical Pussy.

A feline of which the ticket collector at the Shackamaxon Street Ferry is the proud and happy possessor has literally made a name for itself. The cat came to the ferryhouse about six months ago as a homeless orphan, and, being a mottled animal, was duly adopted under the appropriate name of Speck. Since that time Speck has manifested a lively interest in the affairs of the ferry, particularly in the arrival of the boats. Before the arrival of a boat the methodical puss takes up her station just inside the gate and remains there until the last passenger has landed. Then she retires into the waiting room and reappears just in time to see the boat leave the slip. At all hours of the day and night while the boats are running the cat continues a mysterious vigil, and in recognition of her peculiar trait the ticket collector has lengthened the name of his intelligent pet, it now being known as Inspector.—Philadelphia Record.

## SIMON BOLIVAR

### CAREER OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN LIBERATOR.

**Like Washington, His Ruling Passion Was Patriotism—His Signal Service to Our Far Southern Neighbors.**

There is an equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan Liberator, in the Central Park, on the west side, near the Eighty-first street entrance. It was presented to the municipality of New York twelve years ago in the name of the President and people of the Republic of Venezuela, and was the work of an unrenowned Venezuelan sculptor. There is another equestrian statue of Bolivar in the capital of Peru; there is a Bolivar monument in the capital of Venezuela; and the Republic of Bolivia was called by that name seventy-one years ago in honor of Bolivar. It was to Bolivar that all of these three South American countries owed their deliverance from Spanish rule, and each of them pays honor to his memory as its liberator. Bolivar was a native of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and he died in the prime of his life, in the month of December, sixty-five years ago, after his work of liberation had been completed in South America.

As the name of George Washington is loved in the United States, so is that of Bolivar in Venezuela, and in Peru, and in Bolivia. In Caracas there are statues of both Bolivar and Washington, as in New York there are statues of both. The ruling passions of both men were patriotism and the love of freedom, though in several personal qualities the two were unlike each other.

It was in his capacity as liberator that Bolivar rendered the very highest service in Spanish America. His country, and all but one of the other countries of the southern continent, were provinces of the Spanish monarchy, governed by agents sent from Spain; their affairs were administered in the interest of Spain, for the enrichment of Spain; the Spanish rule was tyrannical and corrupt; the people were despoiled. Bolivar drew the sword for deliverance and independence; he won successes wherever he waged war; he carried his flag southward from the Caribbean Sea along the slopes of the Andes; Spain fled from his presence; foreign domination fell before him; one Spanish province after another was relieved from the yoke of the European monarchy, which had been borne for centuries; and, largely through his heroic and persistent efforts, the whole of Spanish South America became a chain of republics, far better off under republican governments than they ever were under the despotism of Spain. This was the prime service of Simon Bolivar; and it is no wonder that his name is acclaimed from Caracas to Lima.

We have said that Bolivar was in many respects unlike our Washington. But we do not care at this time to mark the differences between the two men. Bolivar's love of power and dictatorial disposition were elements of his creole character which did not prove disadvantageous to his cause during his stormy and victorious career. We desire to keep in mind here but the one all important fact, that it was mainly through his achievements that vast domains in South America were at last relieved from their long thraldom to a European Power, enfranchised and turned into self-governing republics.

It was while yet a young man that Bolivar entered into the struggle for independence. The story of his campaigns in the Spanish viceroyalty of New Granada is a thrilling one. It was in 1819, after many victories over Spain had been won, that Venezuela and New Granada were united in a republic under the name of Colombia, and Bolivar was made President. It was three years afterward, when the enemy had taken his departure, and a constitutional government had been established, that the revolutionists of Peru asked his assistance in driving the Spanish army from that country. He marched southward upon Lima, entered the city in triumph, was chosen dictator, crossed the Andes, defeated the Spanish forces there, reorganized the Government, and resigned the dictatorship. The Spanish province which now constitute the Republic of Bolivia also asked his aid after taking his name; and not the least of the services which he rendered in their cause was the preparation of a code of laws. The subsequent career of the Liberator, after he had returned to his own country, was troublous, and he resigned the Presidency in 1830, a few months before his death, at the age of forty-seven. He had earned his title. Spain had been driven from South America. "Among the facts," says one of his biographers, "which stand forth strongly in his favor, are these: That he conquered the independence of three countries, and secured their recognition by other Nations; that he gave them laws which guaranteed to all the administration of justice; that he did not receive from having had the control of the treasuries of Colombia, Peru and Bolivia; and that he expended in the people's service nearly all the large fortune which he inherited."

Such were the circumstances under which the deliverance of Colombia, which then comprised Venezuela, was accomplished. It was accomplished through a long war waged by a great Venezuelan leader, and illustrated by heroic deeds. The Spanish power in South America was overthrown. Europe was defeated there, as she had been defeated elsewhere in America.—New York Sun.

### A Curious Indian Custom.

A curious method of obtaining horses is practiced by some of the Indian tribes. It is called on the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe decides to send out a war party, the first thing to be thought of is whether there are enough horses at hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

When this decision is reached a runner is dispatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war party from his tribe, who require horses. On the appointed day the warriors appear, stripped to the waist. They march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen, far out on the plain, a band of horsemen riding gayly caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground, in circles which constantly grow smaller, until at last they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each rider selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and, as he rides around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of the man he has selected with the heavy rawhide whip until the blood is seen to trickle down. If one of the smokers should flinch under the blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace.

At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle in the hand of the smoker he has selected, and at the same time hands him the whip, saying:

"Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark."

After all the ponies have been presented the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient for their homeward journey. The braves depart with full stomachs and smarting backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when their friends shall be in distress and their turn comes to smoke horses with them.—Philadelphia Times.

### Most Wonderful Light in the World.

In the lamp house of the Government lighthouse station at Thompkinsville, Staten Island, is housed the most wonderful light in the world. The light itself stands fifteen feet high, the face of its bull's eye is nine feet across and its lenses are as much as four inches thick. It is capable of flashing a ray of light equivalent to the power of 250,000,000 candles, and the distance from which it can be seen on clear nights is practically limited only by the curvature of the earth. The flash will have the intensity and blinding glare of a stroke of lightning.

That part of the light which revolves weighs fifteen tons, and so exquisite is the mechanism by which it is moved that the pressure of fingers will turn it. A child could control the machinery, and the motive power which propels it is a single bit of clockwork incased in a box two feet square.

The light consists of two concave disks about eight and one-half feet in diameter. These disks are placed back to back about a foot a part, and in position look like tremendous double concave magnifying lenses, so large that they could not be cast in two single pieces, and had to be built up in segments, and the whole strung together on a great iron skeleton. And this, in point of fact, is precisely the case.

Back to back the lenses inclose a hollow interior, into which is thrust a powerful electric light. This light of itself is about 7000-candle power. When its light is projected through these huge magnifying prisms its power is intensified more than 35,000 times.

It is altogether beyond the human imagination to grasp the possible effect of 250,000,000 candles, which is the illuminating power of this new light house wonder. At the present time the finest oil lamp which ingenuity has been able to devise may be seen on a clear night some thirty-five or forty miles at sea. The new light may be seen at a point 120 miles away.—Spare Moments.

### The Rock of Gibraltar.

The rock of Gibraltar, which is one of the strongest fortresses in the world, is connected with Spain by a low sandy isthmus, which is constantly guarded by English and Spanish soldiers. There are many natural caves in the rock, which are the home of large numbers of very small monkeys. It is the only place in Europe where wild monkeys live. The original name of Gibraltar was Gebel al Tarik, which signifies Tarik's mountain, it being so called from a Saracen warrior named Tarik ben Zeyad, who in 711 a Saracen warrior named Tarik ben Zeyad, landed there, and built a fort, which, after passing several times from the hands of the Saracens, or Moors, to the Spaniards, and back again to the Moors, was at last captured from the Spaniards by the English in 1704, and since then has remained a British possession.—New York Sun.

The Bank of England has 1160 officials on its payroll, which amounts to about $1,500,000 a year, and 1000 clerks. If a clerk is late three times he receives a warning, the fourth time he is discharged at once.

THE DAINTY MAID AND THE ROSE.

"Oh! tell me your secret, my dainty maid"
So asked her a red-red Rose;
"I know you've a lover you love full well
As far as a maid's love goes,
But that is changing—from day to day
"It changes, as every one knows—
I'd give my life for the one I love!"
So sighing—the red-red Rose.

The dainty maid tossed her dainty head,
And gathered the red-red Rose;
"Then I'll be the one you shall love," she said,
"As far as a flower's love goes.
And so we are quits!" she gayly cried,
(For now in her bodice it glows;)
"Your love shall be mine if it last but a day—
"T's my life!"—sighed the red-red Rose.
—Susan D. Brown, in Puck.

## PITH AND POINT.

Some of the mirrors which are being held up to nature appear to be blurred.—Puck.

Just attempt to sell a man "his choice" between two articles, and see how quick you will sell neither.—Puck.

Be careful of your old shoes. They will come in handy at your wedding, and much handier afterwards.—Adams Freeman.

"Oh, I am single from choice," said she
In a low and winning voice.
She glared at the speaker savagely,
When he asked her "From whose choice?"
—Judge.

The sting of a bee, according to a scientific journal, is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. Your imagination does the rest.—Philadelphia Record.

Grinnen—"What are you going to take for that frightful cold you've got?" Barrett—"I'll take anything you'll offer. Do your want it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Imitation may be the sincerest flattery; but the modest man who controls the original, genuine, world renowned patent article has no use for that sort of adulation.—Puck.

I saw you in my dream last night, old friend;
I knew I slept and likewise dreamed, for
When
We met you coldly passed me up and wide—
Awake, you would have boned me for a ten!
—Detroit Free Press.

"Miss Gush hasn't much of a head for mathematics." "Why so?" "During the evening I have heard her tell how, on three different occasions, she was 'frightened half to death.'"—Puck.

"You talk as if your shoes were too tight, old man." "Oh, no. They're very large." "Oh, that may be." "Well, then, what—" "I wasn't referring to their size. I merely said they were tight."—Chicago Post.

Susie—"And so you are an old maid, auntie—a real old maid?" Aunt Ethel—"Yes, Susie, dear—I'm a real old maid." Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—"Well, never mind, poor, dear auntie; I am sure it isn't your fault."—Boston Courier.

"Won't you put your name down for something for this charity?" "No, I will give nothing!" "Well, then, you write your name for $30 for appearance sake?" "For appearance sake? Oh, well, I am not stingy.—I will write $50."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Vansock (to visiting guest)—"Won't you stay to dinner to-night? I bought a pair of splendid canvas-back ducks because Ferdinand has gone hunting, and he always likes to have a game dinner when he comes back from a shooting trip."—Judge.

"What kind of a man is Skinner? Does he do much in the way of entertaining?" "Entertaining! Why, Skinner is a good enough fellow in his way, but he thinks too much of his money to spend it in feeding people. Really, I don't believe Skinner is hospitable enough to entertain a grudge."—Boston Transcript.

### She Could Whip Him.

West Virginia, the Mountain State, is full of interesting characters. Back of the rather aristocratic little town of Phillippi are fastnesses not yet disturbed by the onward march of civilization. A well known politician was canvassing through that section for votes, when he came to a cabin where a young woman was holding a man on the ground by his ears.

"Done got enough?" she asked.

"I give up," he said. Then the girl released the man, who went away looking very much abashed.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the politician.

"Thar wa'n't no trouble," replied the girl. "He juss axed me to marry 'im, an' I've allus said I wouldn't marry any man I could whop. Kinder looks like I couldn' fin' one. I've tried mos' of 'em 'round hyar, an' none of 'em ain't equal to it. I tol' 'im all about it, an' I didn't want ter whop 'im much, but he jess went down soon as I tackled 'im. I reckon I'll never be an ol' maid. I kain't abide havin' no man that ain't mo' of a man than me."—Washington Star.

### Foreigners in European Cities.

Le Siecle, Paris, says that there is no chief city in Europe which contains such a large proportion of foreigners as Paris. In London there are 95,000 foreigners; in St. Petersburg there are 23,000, or twenty-four to every 1000 inhabitants; in Vienna, 35,000, or twenty-two per 1000; in Berlin, 18,000, or eleven per 1000. These portions are small in comparison with Paris, where there are 181,000 foreigners, or seventy-five per 1000, to which number must be added 47,000 naturalized French subjects. In Paris there are 26,863 Germans, and in Berlin there are only 397 French people. As a general rule, foreign competition is less keen in the occupations engaged in by women than in those of men, always excepting the occupations of domestic servants and governesses.

the district of Kieff, there were 40 cases of cholera and 14 deaths from that disease. [illegible] candidate in the race. [illegible]