

HE LOVES THE BIRDS.

FRANCOIS COPPEE AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG.

It is a Touching Sight to Watch the Poet Feed His Pets in a Public Garden—A Man Who is Loved by All and is "Dear Master" to the Students.

Francois Coppee, the author of "For the King," has a great many friends in Paris, but none of them is more devoted than the little birds that live in the Jardin du Luxembourg.

They are not the only ones that know what Coppee has in his pocket. All the Latin quarter people who come and go through that corner of the Luxembourg garden which faces the Odeon know that the gentle author rarely misses a day in his devotion to the birds.

As soon as the circle of spectators—workmen in blue blouses, students in corduroy and slouch hats, nursemaids with bareheaded children—see such as these elements, which might possibly be disturbing, have taken themselves far enough out of the way, the birds close in around the poet until sometimes a hundred of them will be fluttering about his head or hopping about his feet.

One crumb after another is thrown out in this direction and that, and occasionally a few are scattered on the ground, so that the less adventurous and weaker spirits may have their share.

"Come, come. You know your friend Coppee. Give me a proof of your affection, as I am giving you a proof of mine."

There is a great flutter then among the birds, a great cocking of pretty heads, much sharp glancing of bright eyes. Finally one particularly brave little creature makes a wide curve toward the imprisoned crumb, but his courage deserts him on the way, and he circles back to his place without his prize.

"See, my little friends, it is a good crumb. Where is your confidence? Have I ever betrayed you?"

As if ashamed of having hesitated so long, a bird makes a dart toward the outstretched hand, poises with fluttering wings above it, picks daintily at the crumb and then bears it away triumphantly in its bill. After that it all goes merrily as a marriage bell. Two or three birds will be eating from his hand at the same time. They light on his shoulder, on his arm, on his hat.

The spectators meanwhile are full of breathless interest. A child whose loud cry of delight startled the birds into sudden flight is unconsciously jerked back by his nurse with an emphatic "Tais-toi." The students talk in an undertone about the dear master, as they call Coppee.

Last winter, when there was an unusual amount of snow in Paris, Coppee was particularly attentive to the wants of his birds, which in their turn were more than ever appreciative of his good offices, for the snow made pretty poor picking for them.

"Dear master," they would say affectionately, "you must be more careful of yourself. You know you are not strong, and it is cold, and we need you as much as the birds do."

To the birds and the students he is always "the dear master." It was Coppee who wrote and read the poem for the unveiling of the bust of Henri Murgur in that same Jardin du Luxembourg. Murgur's name is idolized by the whole Latin quarter, and it is doubtful if the students would have permitted any one of whom they did not approve to take part in the ceremonies at the unveiling of his monument.

Coppee is not married, although, in French fashion, he has a friend to whom he makes mysterious references in his writings as one who is dear to him and in whose heart he knows he will leave inconsolable regret when he dies. However that may be, he will be sure of plenty of sincere mourners—the students of the Latin quarter and the birds of the Jardin du Luxembourg.—New York Sun.

MR. CARROLL'S GREAT IDEA.

It Puts a Man at His Best When He is Held Up by a Robber.

Taylor Carroll is engaged in devising a formidable system of defense for lone pedestrians when they wander in dangerous places where police protection is ineffective and the risk of being "held up" is ever present.

Mr. Carroll's design is still in its rudimentary stage, with numberless minor details to be elaborated, but his central idea is well developed. He says he has not yet prepared diagrams or experimental apparatus, but has merely outlined it mentally.

"I would have a small storage battery worn in a belt," he said, "with small copper wires running from it up through the sleeves and connected with each hand on the great or middle finger with a copper ring the thumb can reach in the palm of the hand.

"The ring should be placed beyond the reach of the thumb except in cases of emergency, so the thumb will never discharge the battery accidentally."

Mr. Carroll is not a practical electrician or mechanic, being an actor by profession. He has not figured up the weight of the storage battery to be carried on the belt, nor is he adverse to considering the advisability of substituting a dry primary cell.

In his zeal for the application of scientific methods to the protection of the citizen the inventor has apparently left out of sight everything but the tactical advantage of the lonely pedestrian attacked in front by the bold marauder or clasped from behind by the lurking garrotter. Thus he has not yet figured out how a slim young man is to avoid assuming Falstaffian dimensions when he braces storage batteries and arsenals around his waist.

Nor does he forecast the possibly tragic consequences that might some day result from the clasp of a loving hand upon the thumb and palm that carried the potential copper apparatus he describes, making inadvertent electrical contact and producing a catastrophe when only encasement was intended.—Chicago Tribune.

GENERAL GRANT'S FUNERAL.

The Procession in New York Was Eight Miles in Length.

The procession, eight miles long, wended up Broadway between lines of old soldiers—flags veiled, drums muffled and arms reversed. The Grant family, except Mrs. Grant, who was unable to be present, followed in four carriages, succeeded by the general's old staff, his cabinet officers and detachments from Grand Army posts.

Over the ashes of the man who had said "Let us have peace" all bitter memories were forgotten. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressmen Hiscock and Reed, Senator Morrill with Senator Cockrell, Sherman with Ransom, Ingalls with Harris. Famous Confederates, distinguishable by their gray silk sashes, fraternized with Federal chieftains.

Moving in the Bowery. There was a moving in the Bowery a few days ago, and it was watched with interest by a score or so of passersby. A stout Italian bootblack was transferring his stand to some other part of the town.

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WHAT BECOMES OF OLD WHEELS!

Once True and Stanch Friends Now Gone to Pieces.

Have you ever wondered what has become of the thousands of old solid tire wheels that were in such universal use before pneumatics revolutionized things? A reporter put the question to a dealer the other day.

"A few were converted into pneumatics and cushions and are still on the streets," he said, "and some were taken by the dealers as part payment on new machines, and are still stowed away in their shops, there being no sale for solid tires. The secondhand dealers and repairers bought a great many of them up, dissected them, so to speak, and are now utilizing the parts in repair work.

"Some have gone to the country, and Josh Hayseed may be seen complacently peddling down to the mill for a bag of corn. Machinists use them for making models, occasionally a pushcart will be seen mounted on two rusty old wheels, and even the boys on the street take the small wheels for the making of express wagons.

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AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

A Burglar Conferred a Favor by Opening a Safe.

The proprietor of a large store on High street went to his place of business at an unusually early hour the other morning. In fact, the sun had not yet risen when he turned the key in the door. On entering he was surprised to find a man trying to open the door of his safe.

"Don't be in a hurry, my friend. Come back and sit down awhile and smoke a cigar while I straighten things up a bit, and then come home to breakfast with me. You have done me a great favor."

"Why, how's that?" asked the burglar in great surprise.

"Well, you see, I had the combination of the safe on a bit of paper, and last night I accidentally locked it in the safe and forgot how to work it. I spent most of the night trying to get the thing open and came in early this morning to have another try at it."—West Medford (Mass.) Windmill.

A Terrible Scene.

Strohschneider, the famous aeronaut, astonished the natives of Stockerau, near Vienna, by carrying a young bar-barrister on his back along a tight rope 80 meters in length fixed to the church steeple. A few days later flaming posters appeared on the walls announcing that Strohschneider would effect a balloon ascent in the company of Herr Pramper the popular landlord of the White Rose.

All at once the landlord plunged head-long into space. A shout of horror arose from the spectators, who ran to the spot where they expected to find Pramper lying with broken limbs. What was their astonishment at discovering, not a corpse, but a lay figure dressed in one of the landlord's suits. The mannikin was conveyed to Stockerau in triumph.—Herriedener Laubfrosch.

For Wheelmen.

A certain lawyer's face was a puzzle the other day as he pored over a pamphlet. Finally he broke out with: "What the deuce they call this The Law Bulletin for I can't see."

Blackie's Student Days.

He wandered in the Hars and the Black forest, clad in wagoner's smock, mixing with the people—especially the miners—geologizing as he went, and making intellectual pilgrimages to Welm and Wurtzburg. At Gottingen Otto-fried Muller and Heeren, the historian, seem to have influenced him most.

Neander once started his disciple by remarking, "You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to the observance of the Lord's day."

"I think much of the outcry against candy is the result of wrong methods of use. It can often be safely taken at meal time with good results. Scientists say that the food value of sugar is very great. A pound of sugar contains much more energy and power to support animal life than a pound of meat.

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