The Christening.

(Abridged from the February Harper's.)

No, I won't forgive our parson—not down to my dyin' day.
He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers say.
But to christen my boy, my baby, with such an orful name—
Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he was to blame.

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Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on sayin' No,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube, he fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he fairly made me cry;
For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus Percival Guy.

Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic an' grand!
He might 'a held up his head then with the proudest in the land.
But now— Well, 'tisn't no wonder, when I look at that blessed child
An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't be reconciled.

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'What will ye call him?' says Parson Brown, bendin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names writ full an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as if he didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, and Rube was gittin' red,
So I kinder scrowled at Uncle Si, and then I shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm feard I haven't caught it."
"Jee-hoshaphat!" says Uncle Si out loud, before he thought it.
The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't understand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas' hand.
But that word did the business; an, before I got my breath,
That boy was named Jehoshaphat. I felt a'most like death.
I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the aisle,
An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her kinder smile.

LLEW.

"Oh, Teddy! can't you get any more apples than that? I'm sure I could if I were only up there," cried a girl standing with up-turned face under an old apple tree, from which a small boy was trying in vain to gather a few apples.

"I know you could. Do come up, Llew. There is no one here to see, and I won't tell."

"Why, Teddy Chesleigh! I am eighteen years old," with indignant emphasis.

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd do it. But there is a bough of daisy apples right near the fence. You might reach that."

"I will," she replies, after a moment's hesitation. "Here goes," and looking around to assure herself that no one was within sight, she tosses down her hat and mounts with nimble steps the rickety old fence, catching the branch, heavily laden with delicious fruit.

"Oh, Teddy, they are elegant!" she exclaimed, with a gay little laugh, disclosing a row of white, even little teeth.

She makes a perfect picture there, her uplifted arms forming a frame for the bright, laughing face with its crown of bonnie brown hair, which the wind blows recklessly about, and her slender figure, in a close-fitting dress of soft, clinging gray, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky, while the wind, throwing the dress aside, shows a pretty little foot and slender ankle.

Clutching the branch lightly in both little brown hands, she gives a vigorous shake, when looking down to note the result of her shaking, she sees, much to her horror, a young gentleman, equipped for hunting, standing not far off, whom she immediately recognizes as one whom she has met during the past winter at Albany.

With a little gasp she turns her crimson face up to her brother with a reproachful glance, but, undaunted by her indignant frown (in the true sympathetic sympathy, [illegible]) situation immensely.

The gentleman turns toward the more friendly face and addresses a few remarks to him about the apples, thus giving Llew an opportunity for descending from her exalted position.

When she is again on the ground, she tries in vain to smooth her hair, which is blowing in dire confusion all over her face. The gentleman now raises his hunting-cap, and smilingly offers his hand, saying, "Miss Chesleigh, I believe?"

"Yes," she answers, her face bright with blushes, as she hesitatingly holds out a little, tanned hand. "Am I not speaking to Mr. Delmarre?"

"At your service. I must beg pardon, Miss Chesleigh, for my untimely intrusion," with a smile still lurking in his dark eyes as he looks at the still-confused maiden.

"I grant it, but I wish to assure you that I do not do such undignified things often, but the fruit did look so tempting."

"Let me congratulate you on your success," glancing at the goodly number which lay on the ground. "I used to be quite an expert in all such matters, and have come into this country to renew my skill, and as a beginning have started out to hunt, but awkwardly broke my gun at the first attempt to use it."

Then Llew calls to Teddy, who is gathering up the apples, and adjusts her hat.

"Come, Teddy, it is getting late, and auntie will be worried about us. Besides it is tea time." Then she says to Mr. Delmarre, "I must say good-by for to-day, but if you spend the summer here we will be such near neighbors that we shall probably see each other often."

"Allow me to walk with you, as I go this way and am beginning to think it is supper time, also." Then, as silence gives consent, he walks on with them, helping Teddy carry the fruit. The conversation is carried on chiefly by Teddy and Philip during their short walk, for Llew has not yet quite regained her composure.

When they reach home and Mr. Delmarre has left them Teddy receives a severe scolding, but, as usual, proves invulnerable. But Llew succeeds in extorting a promise that he will never, never tell. For she knows her aunt Mary, a sedate spinster of uncertain age, who has presided over the household since the death of their mother, would be utterly shocked.

Her father is a middle-aged gentleman, almost too indulgent at times to his motherless children. He seldom goes away from his farm, but Llew spends several months of each winter with her fashionable cousins in Albany, where she had met Mr. Delmarre.

Adjoining the Chesleigh farm is the land of "old John Delmarre," as he is generally called, a crusty old bachelor, whom none of his neighbors know except by sight. He is the uncle of Phil Delmarre, who is the old man's favorite, and as we have said he had come to spend the summer months with his uncle.

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The summer months passed quickly by, and Phil, in spite of all the beautiful women he had seen, and women, too, who had bestowed on him their choicest smiles, fell desperately in love with this little maiden, whose indifference to all his attentions only made her more charming and desirable in his eyes.

So it was not strange that one day while on one of their numerous excursions, and while Teddy had gone farther down the river to fish, he should take this most excellent opportunity of making Llew acquainted with his great love for her, and offer her his heart and hand.

Llew, taken by surprise, replies, in the usual way, that she is sorry, but does not care enough for him to marry him, etc. Only one consolation does she give him, and that is that she loves no one else. So Phil is comforted in a degree, thinking that some day he may be able to win her love.

He leaves her there and wanders down the banks of the river, for in his great disappointment he can hardly bear to see her.

Suddenly he hears a sharp cry and his heart almost stands still, for it is Llew's voice. Can she have fallen into the water? Blaming himself for leaving her there alone and so near the water, he rushes back and sees Llew standing on the bank wringing her hands while in the water he discovers Teddy.

Without hesitation he throws off his coat and leaps into the cold river. He is a good swimmer, but Teddy has become unconscious and is very heavy, and it is not without difficulty he gets him to the bank.

Llew is standing perfectly motionless, but this moment has brought to her the knowledge that she loves Phil Delmarre with all her heart, and that without him her future life would be a dreary blank.

When Phil reaches the bank with the unconscious boy in his arms he carries him to his uncle's house, which is not far away.

Llew follows, silent and unremonstrating, and they soon reach the place where Mr. Delmarre is enjoying his morning cigar on the porch, and as the little procession neared the steps he calls out to Phil in a gruff voice:

"Hello! What's up now? Looks as if you'd been near the river!"

"Yes. We've had an accident," replied Phil, still holding the boy in his arms.

Here the old housekeeper made her appearance, much to the relief of Phil, who began to give orders for her to prepare a bed for his little charge, and for once she did not wait for her master's bidding, because the distressed looks on Llew's face, who was standing by, touched the heart of the old woman.

When Llew was left alone with the old gentleman she summoned up all her courage and walked up to his chair and stood before him, much to his surprise, for all the neighbors had looked upon him as an ogre, and no one had ever before been known to speak to him unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Mr. Delmarre, I am very sorry that we have been obliged to intrude upon your quiet household, but it was quite unavoidable, and I can only hope our stay will be as short as possible."

She stood waiting for an answer, but received none save a deep grunt, which very nearly made her jump.

Just then Phil came out, his dripping garments being changed for a dark suit that was very becoming to him.

"You had best go to your brother," he said in polite tones, leading the way.

"Yes, but let me first endeavor to thank you for the great service you have——" but here she was interrupted by Phil.

"Let us not discuss that. I am going for a physician. There is the room," and he hurried away. Llew and Mrs. Smith made Teddy as comfortable as possible, but when he recovered from his sleep he was delirious. When Phil and the doctor came he was in a restless sleep.

The gold old doctor pronounced him too ill to be moved for a week or two, to Llew's great horror. To stay a week with that horrid old man!

None knew what the old man thought, for he kept his thoughts to himself, and sat most of the day on the porch with either a cigar or paper.

Phil next went to Teddy's aunt, but Teddy would have no one near him but Llew, so her aunt packed a few things in a valise and sent them to her.

It was not long until the whole town had heard of the accident, and one and all declared that "it was the strangest thing they had ever heard of that old John Delmarre would allow them folks at his house."

Mr. Chesleigh, Aunt Mary and the doctor paid regular visits at the farm, and Teddy improved slowly under Llew's tender care. She seldom left his bedside, and her newly-discovered love grew stronger as she learned more of Phil's noble nature. He was the light of the house, kind to everybody, but his great kindness to Teddy would have won Llew's heart alone.

departure, and preparatory to this Llew has persuaded him to take a nap. She is sitting near the lounge, her deft fingers busily employed in putting the finishing touches to a smoking cap for Mr. Delmarre, sen., whose heart she had won by making herself necessary to his comfort in a thousand little ways, such as reading his newspapers to him and making dainty dishes for his luncheon.

In the meantime her thoughts are with Mr. Delmarre, jun., whose heart she had won long ago.

Suddenly the door opens and the object of her thoughts comes into the room. With a pretty jesture she places one finger on her lips for silence. Thinking himself unwelcome, he is tiptoeing his way out of the room when he hears his name, "Phil," pronounced in soft, low tones.

Turning with a surprised glance, he retraces his steps and comes to her side, and is still more astonished to see her piquant face bent low over her work, and covered with blushes.

"Phil," she repeats, with one swift, shy, upward glance, "do you remember that once I said I could never repay you for saving Teddy's life?" her voice trembling slightly.

"I beseech of you not to allude to that day," for he remembered another incident of that very day—one that brings painful thoughts to him.

"But I have changed my mind, and will give you a very worthless gift, but one that you once asked for, and—and,"—then breaking down and covering her face with her hands. "Oh, Phil! Don't you understand? *Must* I propose to you?"

"Oh, my darling!"

But just at this juncture Teddy rises upon one elbow, and is watching these interesting proceedings with two large eyes, from which the signs of sleep have fled.

"Well, Llew, I always thought you had a lot of cheek, but I *didn't* think you'd have the gall to propose to a fellow!"

"Oh, Teddy!" cries Llew reproachfully with burning cheeks, while Phil breaks into an undignified roar, at which Llew's face grows rosier still, as she beats a hasty retreat, but rushing into the arms of old Mr. Delmarre, who, holding her tightly, marches into the room.

"What's up now?" he exclaims, with a smile that has become quite common to him during Llew's stay.

"So I'm not to lose you after all? I had quite decided to ask you to remain here, if this scamp didn't," nodding toward Phil, "for you have become quite indispensable to—the family."

Then, taking the hand o the confused girl, he places it in Phil's, and gently pushes them from the room. From there they go into the little garden.

Here we will pause for lack of space and leave our readers to imagine what took place in the garden.

FINIS.

In Sweet Disorder.

A "sweet disorder" in the arrangement of the hair is not only allowable just now about the temples and upon the crown of the head, but it is considered very proper and "stylish" to allow numberless short stray zephyr locks to fall carelessly from either side of the graceful French twist, which carries most of the hair high to the front and sides of the head. The fashionable young lady thus coiffured naturally gives the idea to people not yet instructed in this art of hair-dressing that she has either forgotten to make her usual toilet or has recently encountered a gale. The straggling wisps, nevertheless, are noticed upon every other "society" girl one meets just now. They are fashionable, and we know what fierce, violent objections may quickly be crushed out and over-ruled by that magical assurance. Critically, however, the latest style in hair-dressing is an untidy one, but no more so than the wearing with the most carefully-made and handsome toilet of a dingy and soiled undressed kid glove—a fashion which still obtains with many best-dressed people.

LIFE IN PARIS.

A People Who Live for Amusement.

SURVIVAL OF DUELLING.

The Theatres, the Catacombs and Funeral Customs.

RACE FOR TITLES AND RIBBONS.

A Young American's Impressions of the Gay Capital.

PARIS, December, 1885.—There are, amongst others, two undertakings which equally fill the soul with a chilling sense of impossibility—the attempt to pick up a piece of quicksilver between the tips of the fingers and the endeavor to catch upon the point of a pen the character of the mercurial Parisian.

And as are the Parisians, so have they made Paris. Like the people whose character it reflects, it seems one great city of contrasts, where luxury and want divide the merry miserable world between them. Everybody wears a silk hat, but it often crowns a very shabby suit of clothes. A national proverb declares that "What woman wishes, that God wishes;" yet in the middle of winter women are employed to sweep away the snow from the streets of Paris. The boulevards of the rich are the sunniest and gayest of the world, but they are thickly interlaced by the dark streets of the poor. The fashionable avenues are thronged with the gay and the rich, but never so thickly that wan, miserable faces do not glare out between their laughing forms. The words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" are written in huge letters over the door of every public building, but the streets are lined with deformed and wretched human beings begging for bread, and two-thirds of the community are buried at the public expense.

Yet the same principle will disentangle both Paris and the Parisians from this web of contrasts. Paris depends upon the Parisians; the Parisians depend upon the character of the Latin race, from which they are descended; the Latin race, in turn, depends upon that iron law which forces the character of a people to develop in the groove marked out by the physical character of their surroundings. And so the Latin race, living under sunny skies with the struggle for life changed into a feast by nature's prodigality, become a race of men quickly developed, bright and passionate, but volatile and capricious, and with great tenacity of character.

Such a character, with a few local modifications, is the typical Parisian, with the ruling principles of all his eccentricities. He is the same Parisian yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. The light-hearted, valiant chevalier, of whose love-making and wars the troubadours sang, the refined and artificial nobles whose exquisite sensibilities Moliere so mercilessly ridiculed, and the active, quick-witted bourgois, who throng the streets of Paris to-day, are but variations of the same great type whom Mr. Tanie describes so well as the "Frenchman, gay, mischievous, who wishes to amuse himself and amuse others, who talks easily and too much, who knows how to talk to the ladies, who loves to shine, who exposes himself from bravado and from enthusiasm, who is very sensitive to the idea of honor and less sensitive to the idea of duty."

In his better side, he presents the well-known type of the quick-witted, brilliant being, the natural talker and charming facile tongue. When the Romans first invaded Gaul they declared that the Gauls prided themselves upon two things—fighting bravely and talking well. The French have never since forgotten either art.

It is this brilliant side of the French character which appears most forcibly at first sight. The French wit and vivacity are forced upon the notice at every street corner, at every theatre. Wherever two or three Frenchmen are gathered together their tongues begin to clatter and their arms begin to fly; the resulting thoughts may not be very profound, but they are generally bright and interesting.

This quick wit of the French race is reflected in its brightest form in the French woman, that sparkling, vivacious creature, whose eyes, when she is alone, "seem to carry on a conversation with the chairs, for lack of better company." Balzac declares that all the attractiveness of a French woman resides in an "indescribable grace." In truth, she is not pretty, at least to the fastidious American taste, but with her black eyes, sparkling vivacity, coquettish grace and intensely feminine ways, she tugs away at the masculine heart in a most irresistible and alarming way.

But there is another face to the shield. There must be two sides to every truth in this world where "we see all and the contrary of all." From this quick-wittedness and versatility, as Mr. Tanie has pointed out, there follow all the other national characteristics which are so puzzling at first sight. This quickness and natural precocity soon cause a need of new and agreeable sensation; a delicate and exacting spirit soon finds the old amusements wearisome and crave new and varied pleasures. Being restless and unsatisfied with life's real pleasures they turn with unsatisfied longing to seek their pleasure in superficial forms, trying to find newness in new combinations, chiefly pleased with what is new and striking, they become easily restless, frivolous, dilettantes, gallants and libertines.

Theatres are a good index of national life. Of all the forty theatres of Paris there are but two which at the present moment offer serious dramas of high order. Aside from these there are nothing but comedies, burlesques, vaudevilles, melodramas and opera bouffes. Many of these, it is true, are very bright, and of high literary merit, but they lack all real depth and earnestness, all sincere and elevating effect. The two serious dramas which are now being played owe their success to other causes than their intrinsic nature; one is successful because the leading *role* is played by Sarah Bernhardt, the other, "The Jacobites," Cappie's new drama, owes most of its popularity to the wonderful interpretation given to the leading *role* by the young *debutant*, Mlle. Weber, the new-born genius, about whom all Paris has been talking, and the two leading theatres quarrelling, whom the leading critics declare a rising star destined to shine as brilliantly as Bernhardt, perchance as the divine Rachel herself.

Pailleron, the greatest of the modern French comedy writers, has admirably summed up the frivolous, superficial side of the French character and the French society, in his famous comedy "The world where one is bored," in a scene between a young husband and the unsophisticated wife, whom he is just initiating into the mysteries of Parisian society. He begins the lesson as follows:

It is "a world where one talks and where one poses, where pedantry takes the place of science, sentimentality of sentiment and affection of delicacy, where one never says what he thinks and never thinks what he says; where assiduity is a policy, friendship a calculation and gallantry even an instrument; the world where one swallows his cane in the anti-chamber and his tongue in the drawing-room; the serious world, in short."

"But that is the world where one is bored."

"Precisely"

To strengthen this impression of French superficiality it is only necessary to talk with an average young Frenchman for fifteen minutes. The words which are most constantly in his mouth are the different variations of the verb "to amuse oneself." His adjectives are of the same class; everything of value must be either "chic," unheard of, or gay; that is, it is either bright, new or amusing; in these three words are summed up all the cardinal virtues in the trialogue of the modern French youth. The newest book, the latest freak of intelligence or phantasy is that which rules the day. Novelty seems synonymous with amusement, and amusement with life.

When the Renan's philosophical drama, the "Pretre de Nemi," a book of the profoundest philosophical thought, came out a few weeks ago, I was told by a bright young French friend that I ought to read it. When I asked him why, he replied: "Oh! it's a new book and everybody is reading it; it has had ten editions in as many days." Not a word of its views, or its depth, but it was new, it was all the rage; it was, therefore, amusing and should be read.

This same friend is a hard student, working at his books steadily all day, and devoting his nights to dancing, theatres and all the world of social life, coming home generally at about 1 in the morning, rising at 7 and beginning the round of work and amusement over again.

This the French call life. He said to me one day, "Ah! it's only the Parisians who really know how to live; we amuse ourselves every moment of the time; we really live, the rest of the world exist."

I know another young man, not a hard student indeed, but a fair type of the exaggerated specimens which this intense desire for amusement produces. He is naturally a bright young fellow, but his nature has been so far corrupted in this eternal struggling after pleasure that he can see no other side to life. The first article in his creed of philosophy, as with so many of his fellow beings, is that amusement is the only thing worth working for. And he does work for it, hard. No wonder that the French have a "horror of ennui pushed even to a religion." It is a deity whom they worship with all the devoutness born of fear. This young man's vocabulary of adjectives is chiefly confined to the word "chic," a word expressing the mixture of the two ideas, bright and stylish. Everything with him is "chic," from the latest novel to Alfred de Musset's poems, from his sweetheart to his new suit of clothes. A few Sundays ago he chanced to attend church. On his return, being asked how he liked the sermon, he replied in a perfectly serious way: "Oh! it was very chic." That word is to him the superlative of all earthly virtues; to attain the "chic" is the ideal to which all his powers are bent.

As a natural result of this desire for novelty and amusement, the Frenchman soon comes to use gaiety as a standard for the movement of all the good things of life. A few days ago an article appeared in a French newspaper lamenting the decay of French wit. The writer complained that France is fast losing her old time merriment and drifting into a state of sadness. "It is certain that we are becoming abominably sad," he cried. "We are becoming sad because we are becoming stupid. Our politics are stupid; religion is no longer gay. There is not a single political party which has a programme that is clear, sprightly, witty, French."

This peculiar method of criticism often breaks out in the most unexpected place. The other day I visited the catacombs. A large party of about a hundred descended the same day. Each was provided with a lighted candle, and we followed one another in solemn procession through those damp, winding corridors, where that world of mocking skeletons is arranged on each side of the path in the form of a huge woodpile with ornaments and friezes of skulls and cross-bones, and labelled with appropriate sentiments. Suddenly a young Frenchman ahead of me burst out with the apt and characteristic expression, "C'est joli; mais ce n'est pas gai." (It is pretty, but not amusing)

To one wishing to obtain a practical idea of the intense curiosity of the French, the experiment is a simple one. Simply stop with a friend or two before a shop window and gaze intently as if something especially attracted the attention, or look curiously up at a window in a house or down at a spot in the street—in three minutes there will be a crowd. Public opinion has made allowances for this curiosity, and popular etiquette allows one to stop as often as he pleases to gaze in the beautiful shop windows. The business thoroughfares are sometimes almost impassable on this account. So too street vendors drive a thriving trade, and in spite of the inconvenience to passers by.

I was told the other day of an experiment tried a few years ago in regard to French curiosity by an enterprising young man. He went one day to one of the most travelled bridges over the Seine, and tying a piece of lead to one end of a string, dropped the lead over into the water. He then said to a venerable old gentleman who passed, "Sir, I am making some measurements here for the Government in regard to the depth and swiftness of the current. My assistant has suddenly had to leave. Would you oblige me by holding this string out at arm's length for a few moments until I can come back and relieve you. But be very careful how you hold it, for a valuable measuring instrument is attached to the other end." The old gentleman puffed up with the thought of being asked to assist in so important a work, gladly consented; the young man quickly made for the other end of the bridge and took up a point of vantage from which to watch results. Soon a passer by, attracted by the sight of an old gentleman, vacantly holding on to the end of a string, stopped and asked him what it was for. He, conscious of his dignity, refused to answer. The passer by grew excited and stopped to watch, another passer by likewise grew curious, then another joined the anxious throng, another and another, till at last the bridge was blocked by a wildly excited mob, and the police had to be called in to clear the bridge and relieve the dignified old gentleman from his patient exercise of a bogus duty.

It is the same desire for novelty, this preference of form to reality, which has made the French naturally a people who look to the outward expression of things rather than to their inward meaning. And so they have become a race who wish everything to be systematized and arranged in a beautiful logical form, but rarely trouble themselves to examine whether or not their theories are consistent with the facts. The theory is beautiful and logical; that is enough; the practical side is of little importance.

This preference of form over the reality has been shown in every phase of French life. It has been exemplified in every page of their history. A nation of political philosophers, they have lived constantly in revolutions. This fondness for theories has led them for the last century in a wild race after abstract truths, up hill and down, rushing from one excess to another, building governments after their ideal form, without regard to practical facts, only to see them tumble down at the first rough wind and have the pleasure of building them up again.

It is this same fondness for form in the external order, without regard to the innate reason of things, which seems to have made the French woman at once the creator and creature of fashions. Each one of these charming creatures seems to think it her first duty to society and to civilization to dress exactly like the fashion plate, and an extremely ugly fashion plate it is at present.

This same reason makes the Frenchman "very sensitive to the idea of honor and less sensitive to the idea of duty;" this same adherence to mere formality causes the French gallants to still keep up the hollow mockery of duelling long after all real meaning (if it ever had any), at least all solemnity and danger, had departed from the custom. About a week ago I clipped from a morning paper the serious account of two childish exhibitions of sword play which had just been given under the name of duels. In one, at the third round, one of the principals was lightly wounded on the biceps with a wound of one and one-fifth inches in depth, "which, according to the advice of the two doctors present, rendered the continuation of the combat impossible." The other was a duel between a young viscount and a young marquis over a pair of black eyes, a terrible contest of rival, passionate lovers, which lasted "about five minutes," in which the marquis "was slightly wounded in the right arm, and the witnesses declared that the demands of honor were satisfied." Yet this was an "affair of honor," and proved them both to be men of courage.

Not long ago I read a complaint that this same intense formality is observed in all the Government service, and declaring that an immense amount of red tape has to be used, and the good white paper spoiled before anything can be accomplished in the simplest transaction. To such an extent is this carried on that even the public administration of charity is often most effectually clogged by useless formalities. A case was cited in which charity had been refused to a poor street waif cast upon the world alone as a child, because, forsooth, she could not produce a regular certificate of birth. Whereupon the writer most pertinently questioned whether "the act of living depends upon a certificate to that effect or upon the obvious fact of existence."

The same attention to outward signs may account for the eagerness shown by all Frenchmen to become members of the Legion of Honor and wear its red ribbon in the button-hole, although that honor has been extended to so many that it has become a veritable legion, and seems to have lost all real value. As I heard a friend remark the other day, men seem now to be most distinguished by not being admitted to it. The other afternoon, upon the Avenue de l'Opera, I noticed that of eight men who passed me in succession no less than five wore the red ribbons, and two of these had the buttons which signify that they were officers in the Legion.

The ruling passion is strong, even in death. The French funeral is perhaps one of those scenes which is the most typical of French character. I well remember one which I saw some days since. I was walking down a side street through a gently drizzling rain, when suddenly I saw a large crowd ahead of me blocking up the road. Upon hurrying quickly up I found that it was a funeral. Every one else had stopped to watch, so I stopped too. The waiting crowd was composed chiefly of humble folks, laborers with their long blue frocks, petty tradesmen with soiled clothes and sharp faces, housemaids with their tidy black dresses and jaunty white caps, contrasting so well with their black hair, here and there a well-dressed gentleman waiting with the rest. I whispered to a laborer standing near me, "Who is dead?" He whispered back, "I don't know, but it is some big man—a President of some academy, I believe." And it was evidently the funeral of a prominent person, for there was a company of soldiers drawn up before the house with the band playing a funeral dirge. Eight young men in solemn black were standing in front of the hearse ready to carry a large wreath of artificial black and purple flowers about four feet in diameter, bearing the legend "To Our Master," but looking so cold and artificial in spite of the. The door of the house was draped in a huge artificial portal of staring black and white, bearing the initial "D." The hearse was draped in the same way and bore the same letter.

Soon after I came up the procession began to move and the hearse passed by, with the huge wreath borne in front. The hearse was literally covered with wreaths, inside and out, but they were all artificial, all made on the same plan, and all large, as if affection could be measured by the amount of money spent in buying wreaths. They were of all colors, red and yellow predominating. On each corner of the hearse four great wreaths bore the titles of the dead man, stating how long he had been President of the Academy of Science and chevalier of the Legion of Honor, etc., etc. The coffin, too, was of a staring black and white, like the hearse, and was covered by a huge outspread robe of red, the robe of the academy to which the dead man had belonged. By the side of the hearse were eight hired attendants, four on each side, with solemn faces and black funeral costumes. In front came a hired attendant with a huge cane, behind another attendant with knee breeches. The coachman, too, with his suit of black and cocked hat, should have looked decorously serious, but just as he passed he winked to a friend standing in the crowd, which rather spoiled the effect.

Behind came a crowd of friends and the society members, all on foot, young and old, gray-beards and ladies, all of the men starting bareheaded upon their slow and reverent walk to the cemetery. After that came the long line of heavily draped mourning carriages, with the real mourners, sad and real in appearance.

I noticed, as the hearse passed us, that every man in the crowd took off his hat in token of respect to the dead, and many devout Catholics crossed themselves reverently.

Such is the general character of French funerals, ranging in detail according to the amount of money expended, from a gorgeous array of the characters just described to the simple little hearse with two hired attendants in modest clothes, and two or three mourners walking broken-heartedly behind. But they all present this contrast of conventionality and show, with real sympathy and mourning. And after all, as these false wreaths have a meaning for them and exhibit their pity and sorrow, and since sorrow and sincerity of mourning is the essential thing after all, why may not their way of testifying their grief be just as good as any?

In the year 1793, so runs the history, there stood in Paris upon the "Place de la Concorde" a restaurant bearing the sign "A la Guillotine," from the windows of which the daily executions upon the guillotine could be perfectly seen. Every day there were written upon the bill of fare of the restaurant the names of all the persons who were to be executed. After the 9th Therimdor, the restaurant changed its name and was called "Café de la Concorde."

A volume could not sum up the worst side of the French character in all its volatile, restless, formal and excessive aspects, better than the few lines of this anecdote.

EDWARD T. SANFORD

Ticklers for Tailors.

The style of a man's coat varies with the occasion. For an elopement the cutaway is the proper thing.

"Trousers are getting wider" says a fashion note, but that's nothing new, for they always did get wider—at the knees.

All tailors are not expert card players, by any means, but there is one thing that they always do according to Hoyle. Whatever else a tailor may do he never fails to follow suit.

Large fortunes are often made off very trifling inventions. The tailor who first produces a bustle that will add a graceful carriage to a round-shouldered man will soon become a millionaire.

A DIRE PROPHECY.

According to Nostradamus the End of the World will Come This Year.

It is fortunate, says the London *Telegraph*, that in the decline of boldness in modern seers we still have left to us some of the venerable falsehoods of astrologers who lived hundreds of years ago—before scientific critics were born or thought of. Nostradamus was one of these gentry, and attention has recently been called to a prediction of his, to which, if correct, we can not pay too much heed. This is nothing less than the end of the world which seems to be coming, and during the present year, too. Fortunately the exact day is left uncertain, so that people need not begin to "get in their coal by the scuttle," like Dr. Cumming, or abstain from taking a whole year's lease of a house. For aught we know the general collapse of all things which Nostradamus prophesied may be deferred until the 31st of next December; but, on the other hand, it may possibly arrive at a much earlier period in the twelve-month. It is as well, in either case, to be prepared. In some lines of archaic French the Gallic seer foretold that when Easter should fall on St. Mark's Day, and Good Friday on St. George's Day, and, in addition to these coincidences, St. John's Day should be the day of Corpus Christi, then "the end of the world will arrive." Now, in this present year into which we have just been successfully launched all these days come at the exact time; and we await Nostradamus' conclusion with some awe. There are still, we are glad to say, one or two chances of our escaping the fate which he has predicted for us. In the first place, his prophecy is written in a sort of mysterious French doggerel, and people ingenious in exegesis may—supposing we get over this year all right—prove satisfactorily that Nostradamus' words have been wrongly interpreted, and that really he alluded to a time still a long way ahead. It is a pity that the French physician and astrologer of Provence is not now alive to be appealed to about his meaning, as the Browning Society are reported to be in the habit of consulting Mr. Browning himself when they are unable, after an evening's struggle, to make out what on earth one of his lines means. Very early in the sixteenth century Michael Nostradamus breathed his first, and he went on breathing for sixty-three years. He settled down at a little place not far from Avignon, in the south of France, as a medical man; but he found it apparently more profitable to get a reputation as a star-reader. He was summoned to Paris, and prophecied to Henry II. Charles IX. also patronized him, and Catherine de Medici did not disdain to cull knowledge from the lips of the seer. Each of his productions was couched in the form of a poetical quatrain; and, when he had written a hundred of these stanzas, he published them as a fresh astrological work. Extraordinary stories are told of his success in the predictive line; and it is obvious that a man who issued a hundred prophesies at a time would be pretty sure to appear correct in one or two. Intense meditation and solitude were the methods which Nostradamus employed to evolve his mystic utterances; and considering the number of his books that were printed, and the multitude of his interpreters, it is quite evident that he was much run after in his own day. To call him a fashionable quack would be to judge him too hardly, for in superstitious times men are apt to believe in all sorts of strange delusions—in their own prophetic powers, among others. And when he predicted in so many words that "the Senate of London will put the king to death," and that "Oliver will plant his foot on firm ground," he certainly was surprisingly near the truth about the fate of the "martyr" and the establishment of the commonwealth in England.

Postures in School and Their Influence on the Figure.

In a recent paper read by Mr. Noble Smith before the Medical Officers of Schools Association, some glaring defects in the present system of postures required in schools are portrayed. Stooping over the work, especially in writing, was most noticeable. Nearly all school-desks were too low and too far removed from the child's body. They all tended to produce round shoulders and curvature of the upper part of the spine to the right. Another writer had observed that 25 per cent. of girls at school had lateral curvature to a greater or less degree, he having had an unusually large experience with school girls. The writer states a remedy is to be sought in making the desk as high as the front angle of the elbow. It should slope twelve degrees, and should nearly touch the body; it is important that the seat should support the loins as well as the shoulders. In the ordinary posture assumed for writing, the right side being to the desk, the spine assumes the position of the commonest form of curvature—to the right in the dorsal region, lumbar to the left, and the whole spine twisted. Standing in classes long at a time, in a fixed position squarely on both feet, is another practice that is condemned. It should not be required for more than fifteen minutes at a time, and never in delicate girls or children who are rachitic. The prevention of the development of deformed figures is to be found in encouraging school girls to play games like tennis and croquet, which give free play to all the muscles.

Women in the Methodist Pulpit.

The right of women to preach in the Methodist Church has never been generally recognized, though in several instances recently they have been allowed to occupy pulpits unchallenged. One instance has lately arisen in our own city, says the Detroit *Free Press*. Mrs. Lowrie came here with a license as a local preacher, and this license was a short time ago renewed by the Tabernacle Methodist Church. There being some doubt about the right to grant such a license, Rev. Mr. Hickey took pains to look the matter up, and made inquiries by letter of Rev. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*. As a result, he finds that the General Conference has decided several times that under Methodist law no woman can receive a license as a local preacher; that a preacher has no right to bring forward her name in the Quarterly Conference or print it as a local preacher on the Quarterly Conference list, nor has the Presiding Elder a right to allow any such vote, nor is the so-called license of any value after such a vote is cast.

Anti-Dress Coat Champion.

Attorney-General Garland has been forced to take conspicuous grounds as an anti-dress coat champion. He remained away from the President's state dinner, January 14th, rather than attire himself in regulation costume. A friend, while smilingly remonstrating with him the next day, said: "You ought not to take a stand like that. It exposes you to much badinage. You are left so alone in that position." "Alone!" exclaimed the Attorney-General. "Why, man, I've got the whole State of Arkansas at my back." "You don't mean that," protested the friend. "I do," insisted Mr. Garland; "I mean to say that if there is a dress coat in all my bailiwick I don't know of it, and that I should hate to be convinced there are any in hiding there."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Future Congressman.

A Lowell small boy who attended the old ladies' fair had been told a great deal about the chance he would have to "grab." This became the central thought in his mind, and he hadn't been long in the hall when he began to ask: "Mamma, when can I begin to steal something?"—*Lowell Courier.*

GIRLS IN TRAINING.

How Society Belles Get Ready for the Winter's Round of Gayety.

(New York Morning Journal.)

"We are most of us in training for the winter's campaign," said a well-known belle the other day. "No one has any idea of the strain upon one's constitution when so much dancing, late hours and afternoon receptions and teas make up one's life for five or six months," she continued. "Generally I rise about 10 o'clock and breakfast while my maid brushes my hair. Then at 1 o'clock I am off to a luncheon and only leave to attend three or four receptions. Home again at 5 30 o'clock to dress for a dinner party, and then to the opera, and frequently a ball after the opera. At 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning I am ready to go to bed, and this is the life I have led for the past two seasons.

"What do I mean by training? Well, you would call it training, I think, and every society girl has to go through the same regimen if she wants to keep her complexion and health. Now, all the girls I know are preparing for their first ball. They go to bed early, say at 9 or 10 o'clock, and sleep until 7 o'clock. Then they are given a bowl of beef tea before arising and after they are dressed they must take a walk, ride or drive in the open air. Coarse oatmeal forms their chief dish for breakfast, and after that meal they can go to the dressmakers', shopping or calling, but must lunch at exactly the same hour every day and wear a veil to protect their complexions from contact with the cold air.

"A low-neck dress is worn for a while every evening," continued the belle, with a sigh, "to accustom the arms and neck to it, because you know a person wearing a decollete bodice for the first time in a ball-room is apt to catch her death of cold, and then her arms generally get so pink, instead of white.

"Our greatest trials come after a dinner of bouillon, bread and butter and roast beef. Our maids spend two hours or so polishing our arms and necks with glycerine and rose water, and another hour brushing out hair.

"And when we really commence our balls and parties all our enjoyment is admiration.

"It's perfectly delightful, anyhow, with all its drawbacks," she said. "The flowers, the music, the dancing, the lovely dresses and the compliments are perfectly delightful. But I never could understand how the young men keep up so well. Why, do you know, after a ball at 3 o'clock in the morning, most of them go off to the club for an hour or two, and some of them don't go to bed at all."

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skilful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhœa, impotence and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalid's Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Herr Copp, Roman Catholic Bishop of Fulda, has been appointed by Emperor William a member of the Upper House of the Prussian Landtag.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person who has lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

The divorce cases in Lane County, Oregon, for 1885 outnumber the list of marriages twelve to one, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

—The appeals of Chicago people frost-bitten during the recent cold snap brought out numerous remedies for frozen ears, noses and toes. But there were not nearly enough remedies to go round. Here is one of them: Snow, of course, if applied right away and in proper manner, will prevent bad consequences to a great extent. But an application of