

CRISP PARIS GOSSIP.

A Week's Political Society and Social Doings in the Gay Capital.

ment Christy's last French-Popular
 Predicament of a Lady of Ville-
 Frisky Old Durbes Mackburns-
 Paris Merchants and Their Cur-
 rency.

ALEX. JENNY. The late
 Minister is the twenty-
 seventh, which has been
 burned and expelled
 from office by the
 adverse vote, in the
 twenty-two years that
 have elapsed since the
 fall of the Empire. For
 some ten or fifteen
 years there was always
 a show of statesmen in
 the Cabinet. Men
 were to be found with
 political training and

official life, of diplomatic experience, or in
 some way qualified for administration, but
 since has long come to be Paris. Thus
 the most unscrupulous parties,
 the loudest talker, the most virulent politician,

...with the result that the Academy is a
group of scoundrels headed by a mediocrity
when any chance of obtaining office is
presented. The Academy is the only
all the political experience of the country.
As to the Academy's scandal, it is to be
discovered, with all its party
of the Government of the Republic
will get to the bottom of it. But this is
already made pretty evident that a vast
proprietor, the small shopkeeper and
humble *rentier* went into the pockets of
poor journalists, small financiers and lead-
ing gentlemen, and that the Academy
or Peasas had the larger slice of the pie.

"CHANTAGE" A HIGH ART

Not a few of the Paris papers are making
by means of *chantage*, or blackmailing.
The most prosperous firms are demoralized
in cold blood "to keep out of scandal."
The "adventures" of madame, or even
inferior secondaries are the blackmailing
of monumental
blackmailing journals ferret out small

indiscretions of this or that individual who is known to possess money, writes them out, gets them set up in type, and armed with a "proof" of the defamatory matter, marches into the salon of the victim and menaces him or her with "your money or your ruin." The names of many of

these blackmailers are well known in Bohemian circles; one of them died only the other day, and he was accounted prince of blackguards. There is one Paris journal in particular which has a very bad name for this kind of swindling. No wonder it can afford to pay high prices to its contributors and to indulge in more swagger than its contemporaries.

This peculiar affair, attended by twenty or thirty-five guests, was given by the Comtesse de Christobel as a final feast, to which she had invited all her friends and acquaintances, and the invitations were issued by the reckless young host on yellow paper, deeply edged with black, bearing the following exhortation: "Monsieur.—You are hereby requested to attend the funeral of the Comtesse de Christobel, who has met with an accident in the marriage market. You will

Among the aristocrats who are just at this moment in Paris, the name of Comte de Montmorency is heard as the head of the list. He is enjoying the hospitality of his cousin, Prince de Mabilde. The Prince is a very distinguished man. Lucien Bocardate, brother to Napoleon the First and who is the offering of the Emperor, is the husband of Charlotte Bocardate, who held so prominent a position at the court of Napoleon the First. She lives and entertains in Rome, her salons being noted for their brilliancy and distinction.

CLOCK STOPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

"M. Papus is another wizard of the period who is being talked about. He can stop time. He has been doing it so many many times that he has been many yards away from him. All that he has to do is to think about the pendulum in the clock and he can stop it. He can lay upon it. He has taught other people the same trick, and they, too, can stop time. He has been doing it so many times that he has been many yards away from him. He has taught the poorest man might make a very pretty ponceau upon a rich enemy. If you can stop time, you can stop the world. Where now is the superstition of believing in the "evil eye"?"

A publication that deals with "occultism" tells the story of a servant girl who bewitched a bell, but without intending it. Her mistress had fallen into the excellent habit of retiring to bed early, in order to read there. One evening the bell belonging to her room rang, and the servant went to inquire the motive. The mistress declared that she had not rung the bell; but as soon as she gazed at the bell in the passage it began to dance again. When she looked her eyes away from it, it stopped. In consequence of this inconvenient relationship between herself and the bell, she had to seek another situation.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has once more taken up her residence in the Champs Elysees. She holds court. Though more than 70 years of age she is as gay and bright as a young girl. Her hobby is lawn tennis, and despite her portliness of figure she makes a point of playing every day. She usually invites as an expert to match her and the game comes off in the tennis ground to the east of the Bois de Boulogne. This is the origin of the Grand Duchesse's reputation, which has repeatedly helped it out of financial difficulties.

COUNTRESS CAUGHT IN THE MAINSTORM.

The following piquant anecdote occurred a few days ago to the Countess de Bayennont—a young married lady well-known in Parisian society:

The Countess was coming out of an exhibition of paintings in the Champs Elysees when Paris when a heavy rainstorm setting in rendered the Champs Elysees fields nothing but a muddy marsh. To add to her misfortune

ture her victoria—through the great crowd of carriages which were there—happened to be on the other side of the road. She hailed her coachman, who, in answer to her summons, turned round; consequently did not see her sign, nor could he hear her at the distance, and the pretty woman was obliged to give up her efforts in despair. Of a sudden she perceived a young man, who, in the midst of the crowd, was making a proposal. "Give me six sous madame, and I will carry you through the crowd."

The Countess turned round. To another young man dressed as a workman. After a moment's hesitation, the lady said bravely, "Be it so; take me to my carriage." And lifting up her skirt, alighted. The young man, who was dressed as a workman, lifted her up as a feather and gall commenced his expedition. All went well till they arrived about half way across the road close to a large pot of muddy water.

"*En bien, what's up now!*" asked the

Countess. "Ah, bien," resolutely replied he
"pony," "you must kiss me."
"Pleat-il?"
"Kiss me or I will put you down and
leave you!"
What was to be done? The situation
was a critical one, even a little ridiculous.
After all a kiss does not kill. It is so
over (also) on the theatre as well as in re-
life. This was the meditation of the
Countess and she gracefully bent down and
kissed her carrier.

The rest of the journey was satisfactorily performed and the Countess was placed comfortably in her carriage, where a little flushed and confused she took out her purse and brought forth a franc, which she offered to the maid. But he politely taking off his cap, bowed, saying—"Il ne mangierait pas de sa cello! Pour cela, je vous prie de m'excuser; je suis un pauvre diable, et je ne suis pas digne de recevoir de l'argent de vous." He then bowed and disappeared.



THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT

THIS IS A VERY POOR CONDITION