

he has ever been ranked as superior to Victor, though not markedly bright. It is the Princess who inherits all the brains of the family; she is a buxom and frisky young widow, who married her uncle, the Duc d'Aosta, brother of the King of Italy. She is said to read newspapers only, and of these the best from all countries. She can dash off a leading article at a moment's notice on anything, but what is proof of more marked ability—upon nothing at all. The French seem to be just now in a curious mood; it resembles the motto gauge of the building trade, *ne rien va*. If somebody were hanged, the pent-up feelings of suppressed all-round disaffection towards parties and dissatisfaction at things in general would produce a relief fever. It is true the weather is permanently foggy, beats that of London by several chalks; would kill the constitution of a Pomeranian and try the lungs even of a Siberian Cossack. The French maintain that the meteorological malady of fogs explain all the angularities in the English character, even to the legendary long teeth of British old maids, and the Saxon obtuseness of not clearing out of Egypt. No one speaks of the Russian alliance which is not of good augury for any Muscovy loan. Next to no allusion is made to the condemnation of the two French officers at Leipzig for indulging in "water-color drawings of German sea-forts and coast defences. Some months ago the French sent the American naval attache, Captain Borup, back to Washington for being too interested in war-ship drawings at the French Admiralty. In hiring an English yacht to sail around the German coast, and in passing themselves off as commercial travellers, and taking false names, etc., the officers were condemned in advance, if once apprehended—a feat the anything but heavy German in this case quickly accomplished. Many would perhaps have preferred the accused at once to admit their guilt, accept all the consequences individually of the sin of *trop de zèle*; that it was the "silly season," the period of all kinds of autumn "manœuvres," etc. But throwing themselves on the mercy of their judges—that's not Spartan or *crane*. The Baron Trenck kind of sentence inflicted will not prevent all nations whose "amicable relations" are as clear as noonday, continuing to obtain on the sly all the secrets obtainable on the naval and military situation of possible enemies to-morrow. Happy Switzerland and her sister republic of Andorra, that have no anxieties about iron-clads, torpedo boats, torpedo retrievers, etc.! If the municipality of Paris persists in its project, to tap Lake Geneva for a water supply for the capital, the Helvetic Republic may see itself forced to create a Swiss admiral at last.

The police have undoubtedly fluttered the doves of the anarchists by at once acting on the sumptuary powers given them by the new laws. They have discovered nests of anarchist documents that compromise many persons. The Reclus family, which consists of five brothers, all *savants*, seem to be communists or anarchists by heredity. One of their nephews, Paul Reclus, is "wanted" by the police, to explain his connection with the atrocious Vaillant, who tried to blow up the French Parliament, but only wounded seventy innocent spectators. Indeed, there are a great many foreign revolutionists making France a "shelter" for their opinions that would be better with the "blue bonnets o'er the border." All nations when united to "run in" these international Cains will make

anarchists soon as extinct as the dodo. The police paid a business visit to the office of a dynamite journal; it was situated beneath a courtyard, and the visitors had to descend 20 steps to reach the editorial *sanctum*. What will Stepniak think of that phase of "underground" France? The anarchists are cowed; save by blowing up M. Carnot—it is useless trying it on with President Dupuy of the Chamber, who is a "fixture"—the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, or the Pont Neuf, the dynamiters can do nothing more sensational. The insurance officers attest that their business, whether for lives or chattels, has not been increased; it is stationary, like the public funds and the price of explosives.

The situation of Italy has entered upon a new phase. The Cabinet now in office is not in the odour of sanctity with the French; Signor Premier Crispi was tarred and feathered long ago as a gallophobe—but this may not prevent him from being a good Italian. *En attendant* the prognosticated demolition of the triple alliance, France and Italy ought to work together to renew those commercial relations from which both nations alike suffer more than from bloated armaments.

Since England is on the alert in her naval preparations, and is resolved to count first upon herself, she is not being picadored by the *café* and Boulevard publicists. Frenchmen accept the resolution of England to shut up or cut off her enemies in the event of sea-wars; that in utilizing her *entente* with China respecting Siam and the buffer state and Pamir, she has thrown trump cards; that she will, in case of a continental out-break, at once occupy Tangiers and Samas while aiding Sweden in her *Irredentist* policy. There are lookers-on who believe that England is not adverse to guaranteeing the Egyptian national debt, as France did in the case of Tunisia, and so cut short the foreign intrigues in the Nile valley; that step would, in the opinion of competent judges be as profitable as her buying up Egypt's moiety of the shares in the Suez Canal, so profitable indeed, that she could double the tribute money of Egypt annually for the Sultan—presents make friends and draw closer the relations between the Porte and England. People ask, does the future reserve a position for England in the Caspian as well as in the Black Seas? Aided by and allied to Turkey and Afghanistan—Persia does not count—she could accomplish both free ideals for the commerce of all nations.

It appears that some people still remember Panama. The newest *canard* flown is to the effect that the liquidator of the Canal Co. has come into possession of some of Arton's—the man ever wanted by the police to keep out of their way—papers and offers to those named therein to compound for what they received in order to avoid exposure. The story is pretty, but not true, and is destined to console at this period of the year the shareholders with a little Dead Sea fruit.

It is said that in Chicago there are no garrets to the houses, as being twenty-one stories high, there is no room for cock-lofts in such habitations. There is one newspaper in the "White City" that has its office on "number twenty flat," and aims to soar higher, to save expense. That would have been nearly the natural residence for the Anarchist journal, *En Dehors*, that the Parisian police have just visited. The office of this latter sheet was twenty-one steps "under ground"—as Stepniak might

say. The police said, *En Dedans* would have been a more appropriate title for the paper. The office had the court-yard for roof and ceiling, and the cellar air hole guaranteed respiration and supplied specimens of light. The rooms were fitted up with next to all the comforts of the first story newspaper office. The members of the staff, when they had nothing else to do, passed their spare time in fencing. The most singular fact about the office was, that no numbers of the explosive paper were found; none having been filed for reference. Prince Kropotkin observed that the great advantage of a newspaper having its offices underground was, it trained the members of the staff for incarceration.

The journals give more attention to the contingent of the Salvation Army at Paris, than to the coming "boom" for the *En La Maréchale*, that if she wishes to "catch on" once more to the crowd, she must do something to subdue the hostility and rail-lery of the small boys who have exhausted all their wit and jokes of her soldiers of both sexes. She is recommended to alter the uniform of her army; that will draw a crowd, cause a row, and be the surest means to secure publicity. The several endowed churches are bound to pay at least once a week, for the safety of the executive and the parliament. Madame Booth-Clibborn, ought to announce a special series of services for dynamiters, with a note in plump type, "Anarchists are affectionately invited to attend," but to leave their baggage outside, as the Moslems do their slippers when entering the mosques. She would secure the presence of all the detectives, and might convert a few of them.

When a new play is brought out, or a type-drama revived, the occasion is improved to deliver a conference; this is perhaps the modern form of epilogue. It is often better than the representation of the play over which the curtain is about to rise, so the spectator has two strings to his bow. In a recent conference on "Farces," M. Fouquier drew attention to the actress Virginie Déjazet, who discovered Sardou. Virginie made her debut on the stage in 1806, and acted up to 1876, about 70 years before the foot-lights.

LOVE LIES DEAD BETWEEN US.

Why should I care when thou dost not,
That Love lies dead between us;
Yet as I look upon his face,
I cannot quite forget the grace
That fills in memory each place
His roguish eyes have seen us.

How merry was the laugh he gave;
And bright as summer weather;
When on his tiptoes, light as dew
On grass, he stole upon us two;
And found us there together.

He seemed as he had lately come
From some good man of stitches;
So gaily was the youngster dressed
In silken coat and figured vest,
Cap, buckles, ribbons of the best;
And satin cloth knee-breeches.

I never recognized the sprite
(Much to his own enjoyment)
But took him for a peasant lad,
Who served the king as page; or had
Some other royal employment.

Yet I recall—ah, yes, full well—
That when he passed between us,
Thy little hand stole into mine;
And fired my blood as if with wine;
The while I spent my lips on thine;
And wondered if he'd seen us.