

A GREENBACK'S STORY.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* says:—"Since Douglas Jerrold wrote his pathetic 'Story of a Feather,' it has been the fashion to sketch the fortunes of the inanimate objects which circulate rapidly from hand to hand among men. Why is it that no one has yet written the story of a greenback? It would be full of interesting contrasts. Imagine the green paper pressed upon the engraved plates, and then quivering under the meteoric signature of General Spinner. The oblong product of rags and lamp-black is now—money. An almighty Congress has reduced the almighty dollar to this. The bit of paper goes into the Treasury vaults, that whisper to it of the time when they held gold. It is paid out, in a huge bundle of its fellows, to a contractor who has been furnishing shoddy to our army, then lying before Vicksburg. Plucked out of the bundle and placed in his pocket-book, it travels to the front, whither he goes to see a general who is his silent and sinful partner. A battle begins. Our troops are routed. The scared contractor waves his money in his fingers, offering it all for a chance to ride to safety. The Confederate cavalry dash down upon him. He is caught, stripped, and sent to the rear. The particular greenback is dropped on the battle-field. Here groans, robbers of the dead, and monotonous moral reflections on the horrors of war may be inserted in great profusion. A wounded man, clutching the ground in his last agony, unconsciously picks up the bill. His stiffened fingers close upon it at the moment of death. A prowler cuts it out of his dead hand. A doctor, searching for the wounded, detects the thief in the act and fines him the amount of the bill, which he appropriates to his own use. A few days afterwards a contagious disease attacks him in the hospital. He dies, bequeathing his effects to his betrothed. Here can come a sketch of a lovely heroine, Southern type of beauty, loved by stalwart slaves, who have sworn to stay by her in her loneliness, and defend 'young missus' from harm. They do so—until the Federal army is near enough to make flight safe. Lovely heroine receives effects of dead doctor; presses each article to her ruby (or coral) lips; kisses the greenback with especial fervour, reflecting that she can now buy a parasol; inhales infection from it and dies with as much pathos as Little Nell. The death must however, be rapid, in order that the bill may flutter to the floor and be at once picked up by Pompey, the faithful slave, who is thus rewarded for his single devotion to his young mistress. Pompey disappears ere morning with the greenback. After an interval of some years, during which the bill sees various phases of Southern life, runs the blockade, is captured at sea, and brought to the North, it reappears as a vote purchaser in the South Carolina Legislature. Once inured to this work it plays a prominent part in Washington. It attends the Credit Mobilier investigation, hid in the pocket of the 'statesman' it has bribed, and hears that ornament of our country declare that he is utterly innocent, and that the sudden swelling of his bank account at the time when Credit Mobilier dividends were declared was caused by generous donations from unknown but loving friends. He afterwards gives the bill to the temperance cause (the crusade being very strong in his district). It is paid out for crusade printing, and is next laid on a counter in payment for whisky. It falls into the hands of a Communist, who makes a wild speech on the tyranny of capital and the injustice of interest that night, and the next day lends the bill to a fellow working-man at 10 per cent. a month. It vibrates between hovels and palaces, between innocence and vice. It helps pay a salary-grabber. It is waved in the sacred atmosphere of the Senate Chamber by an eloquent orator, who descants upon its blood-sealed beauties, and calls for the issue of millions like unto it. It tells the story in 1950, and closes it by saying: 'In 1900 I was presented at the Treasury counter, but the clerk said that so many millions like me had been printed that the country never could pay them off, and that the wise men of the land had therefore decreed that gold should not be used, but that all the paper issued should be kept in circulation, and should be based on the faith of the nation. Then my owner said he had taken me some years before for a bad debt, and had been trying ever since to get rid of me, but nobody would give him the smallest thing for me. 'Well, yes,' said the clerk, 'the fact is that the bills have been—repudiated. Sad, very, but a necessity.' 'So my country has robbed me,' quoth my master. And that is the reason why my present possessor, who is a collector of worthless odds and ends, has a French assignat and a Confederate shinplaster and a Continental bill on the page of his album that holds me."

A CURIOUS CASE.

A curious patient is just now an inmate of Dr. Mesnet's ward at the Hôpital St. Antoine. His profession was that of a singer at the cafés-chantants. During the war of 1870-71 he was hit over the left ear by a musket bullet, which carried off about 2½ inches of the parietal bone, and laid bare the brain on the left side. This led to a temporary paralysis of the members on the opposite side, as is always the case; but he was eventually cured of this, while the tremendous wound on the skull began to heal, so that after a time he could resume his professional duties at the cafés to the satisfaction of the public. Suddenly, however, he was seized with nervous symptoms, lasting from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and of such an extraordinary nature that it was considered safe to take him to the hospital. His malady is easier to illustrate by examples than to define. When he is in his fit he has no sensitiveness of his own, and will bear physical pain without being aware of it; but his will may be influenced by contact with exterior objects. Set him on his feet, and, as soon as they touch the ground, they awaken in him the desire of walking; he then marches straight on quite steadily, with fixed eyes, without saying a word, or knowing what is going on about him. If he meets with an obstacle on his way he will touch it, and try to make out by feeling what it is, and then attempt to get out of its way. If several persons join hands and form a ring around him he will try to find an opening by repeatedly crossing over from one side to the other, and this without betraying the slightest consciousness or impatience. Put a pen into his hand, this will instantly awaken in him a desire of writing; he will fumble about for ink and paper, and, if these be placed before him, he will write a very sensible business letter; but when the fit is over, he will recollect nothing at all about it. Give him some cigarette paper, and he will instantly take out his tobacco-bag, roll a cigarette very cleverly, and light it with a match from his own box. P

them out one after another, he will try from first to last to get a light, and put up in the end with his ill success. But ignite a match yourself, and give it him, he will not use it, but let it burn between his fingers. Fill his tobacco-bag with anything, no matter what—shavings, cotton, lint, hay, &c., he will roll his cigarette just the same, light and smoke it without perceiving the hoax. But, better still, put a pair of gloves into his hand and he will put them on at once; this, reminding him of his profession, will make him look for his music. A roll of paper is then given to him, upon which he assumes the attitude of a singer before the public, and warbles some piece of his repertory. If you place yourself before him he will feel about on your person, and, meeting with your watch, he will transfer it from your pocket to his own; but, on the other hand, he will allow you, without any resistance or impatience whatever, to take it back again.

A GYPSY SORCERESS.

The Kingston *Freeman* says: "Some of the up-town chaps had their fortunes told by a handsome, brown-complexioned woman, who called herself a gypsy queen. Her name was Clara Stanley. She was tall, well-proportioned, with hair and eyes very black. In her hair she wore a silver comb, surmounted by a coronet of gold. Four gold chains were round her neck, from each of which depended one of the emblems of the zodiac. On her breast was suspended a large cross of Guinea gold. Her long, slender fingers were covered with fine gold rings given to her by the noblesse of England. Her feet were small and aristocratic. She was dressed in a habit of blue plaid, and she reigned over a tribe belonging to the Ninth Division of the Rommany. We cannot, of course, give the fortunes of all these young men, and must therefore confine ourselves to a description of an interview with a young legal gentleman. Said the queen, as she gently took his hand, 'I tell you character from your face, from the way you walk, from the haughty flash of your eyes, and the quick way you lift your head. But when I tell you past and your future, I look at the palms of your hands, and by the marks and wrinkles reads what you have been. Both you were born under Mars, under Venus, and under Jupiter, which means war, love, and fortune. There's a very strange mixture in your case. You are as full of contradictions as any man I have ever seen on this side of the water. You quick and high-spirited, and trusts yourself and then your friends. You never takes a love for any woman you can't take it off easy as you can put it on. Now you like a bee—you sip honey from many flowers, though you very choice. You haughty, you tender, you would go through fire and water for those you love, and smite those that offend thee.' Further than this she actually told the young man some facts that had taken place a number of years ago, which astonished him very much, for they were actually true. How she became acquainted with these matters, which were supposed to be locked up in his own breast and that of only one other person, who is many hundred miles away, is pretty hard to tell. Yet she did it, describing persons and giving their full names."

THE LITERARY WORLD.

"George Eliot" is reported to be engaged upon a new novel, for which she has been offered £10,000.

A new Turkish daily paper is about to appear in Pera with the title of *Medjmuai Maref* ("The Record of Knowledge").

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is engaged in writing a new romance for *Bow Bella*, which will commence running in September.

Lord Russell's volume of reminiscences of his political life is now in the hands of the printers, and will be published in about three months.

The *News-vendor* states that "An Illustrated and Verbatim Report of the Tichborne Trial," edited by Dr. Kenaly, Q.C., is projected. It would be by subscription, at 3d. a number.

The second volume of Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III.," which is to be published in the autumn, will contain an estimate of the character of his Majesty, written by Lord Lytton in a fly-leaf of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" in 1839.

M. Brugsch, the well-known Egyptologist, will attend the International Congress of Orientalists, to be shortly held in London, as the representative of the Khedive, and intends to deliver a lecture on the Exodus, which will be of deep Biblical interest.

The Senate of the University of London has adopted the following amendment, by seventeen votes to ten, on a proposal to obtain a new charter enabling the University to confer degrees on women: "That the Senate is desirous to extend the scope of the educational advantages now offered to women, but it is not prepared to apply for a new charter to admit women to its degrees."

A new romance has recently been published in Paris by Lacroix & Co., entitled "Souvenirs d'une Cosaque," which has already reached a second edition. The author is a lady, viz: Madame Olga de Janina, a pianoforte player of celebrity, but who adopts the nom de plume of Robert Franz. The principal personage, referred to under the letter X, is stated to be M. Liszt, of musical celebrity.

In 1824, the *Athenæum* says, there were published in the United Kingdom 266 papers in all, thus divided: London, 31; in the country, 135; in Ireland, 58; in Scotland, 33; in the British Islands, 9. In the present year the aggregate number is 1,585. Estimating the news sheets printed in 1824, we cannot place the number at more than thirty millions of sheets. At the present period we do not doubt that the issue is six hundred and fifty millions of sheets per annum.

Not only is the National Library of France, situated in the Rue Richelieu, entitled to a free copy of every book published in the country, but also to posters, programmes, and handbills; these latter, however, it does not exact. The number of printed volumes is over two millions, and occupy a length of shelves equal to forty miles. The very bad and very nasty books are stored apart under safe lock and key, forming a kind of secret museum called *Enfer*. It is gratifying to know that this collection of pomography comprises but 340 works, represented by 730 volumes, since the invention of printing, so that the filth of the mind is not so extensive as might be supposed. The costly, or rather priceless volumes, are preserved under lock and key in subterranean galleries; it is thus that the first book printed by Gutenberg is treasured.

ODDITIES.

Chicago is now called "Cremation City."

Receipt for a hot breakfast—Admire your landlady's new bonnet.

Injun probabilities; "Mebbe snow next week: mebbe heap damn hot."

To secure a scowl of perfect disgust from a woman, tell her that a caterpillar is crawling on the back of her dress.

Col. Egerton, in the House of Commons, said philanthropy is so energetic that "it requires a good deal of influence nowadays to get hanged."

"Is them the common dog sausage?" inquired a venerable looking lady, as she surveyed a bunch of bananas over her spectacles the other day.

The Schoolmen of the *Evening Star* thus sharpen an old saw: "The young-man-who-parts-his-hair-in-the-middle and his money are soon parted."

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased.

The president of a cremation club in Iowa has named his last baby "Cinderella." His next boy he intends to name after the great lawyer Coke, and the next daughter Char-lotte.

The difference in natures was well illustrated at the Boston depot. Two sisters met. "O my dear sister!" said one exhaustively, as they embraced. "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

At Fontanelle, Iowa, lately, a couple were married with the following brief service: "Join your right hands. Do you want one another?" Both replied "Yes." "Well, then, have one another."

Heroism is limited, after all. A girl who, the other day, jumped into Merrimac River and rescued a drowning child, fainted away when she saw her false curls floating down the stream.

Alluding to the fact that three steamers have been fatally weakened by additions to their length, the *Christian Register* says:—"Many fine sermons have been ruined in the same way."

It is reported that Brigham Young lately said, in an heroic moment, "If I thought it was really necessary, in order to the building up of the kingdom, I could bury every one of my wives without shedding a tear."

As to that paragraph about Esther Shaw of Davenport, Iowa, who worked thirteen years in a family without asking a cent, it becomes necessary to say that it was a very large family Esther worked in, and they boarded at the State Prison.

A benevolent physician in Laporte County, Indiana, gave a Fourth of July picnic to seven hundred children, not even such delicacies as cake, strawberries and ice cream, being omitted. He got back his outlay in colic, however, before the week was over.

A raw countryman, gazing at a garden in the vicinity of Boston, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scare-crows in this ten-foot patch, and any one of them would keep the crows from a five-acre lot!"

One of the Professors asked a student to give him an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out:—"When my tongue shall forget her cunning, and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."

The editor of the *Granby Gazette* tells some queer yarns. Here is the latest: "On these moonlight nights our rural and shady places are vocal with the plaintive cry of 'Now, you quit that; que-ut, I say!'"

The last euphuism out is that of a student, who remarked the other day of one in whose honesty he has no great abiding faith, that he will hereafter have opportunity "to examine the sulphur spectrum without building any special fire for the purpose."

The proverb that "God helps those who help themselves" was well paraphrased by a little fellow who tumbled into a fountain and was nearly drowned. Pale and dripping he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him, Young America answered, "I s'pose God did save me, but then I held on to the grass, too."

A man in an adjoining county died recently who had taken his county paper for twelve years without paying for it. Upon the day of his burial the kind-hearted, forgiving editor called to see him a last time and stuffed a linen duster and a couple of palm leaf hats into the coffin. He was prepared for a warmer climate.

A promising youth of nine summers, in western Massachusetts, at a school, recently relieved his over-burdened mind as follows:

"Lord of love, look down from above,
Upon us little scholars;
We have a fool to teach our school,
And pay her twenty dollars."

A Western philosopher discourses after the following wise: "Do you chew gum? The price of three pieces a week, at one cent apiece, amounts to \$1.56 a year, or in sixty-seven years to \$104.52. That sum will purchase a complete set of Appleton's Cyclopaedia, a marriage license, a black bombazine dress for your aunt, a German silver coffin plate, and a cheroot. Out this out, young man, and paste it on the back of your girl's photograph."

The editor of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye* has discovered a woman who will get up at six o'clock, kindle the fire, get breakfast, rout out the family, wash the dishes and six children, sew a button on the neck of her husband's shirt and hunt his hat, go to a mission Sunday-school and teach a class, attend church, rush home and have dinner over and the things cleared away in time for afternoon Sunday-school, read the Sunday-school papers to the children, go to church at night, and talk on her way home about Sunday as a "day of rest."

Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to Count D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence, had closed it with a wafer, and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and in a roomful of company thus addressed him—"Ha, ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose."

He was eighteen, and she sweet sixteen, and they lived in Leavenworth, Kansas. An inexorable parent forbade the banns. So he of the eighteen years succeeded in raising nine dollars, and with "sweet sixteen" took the cars for the friendly gens of Missouri. After paying fare for the round trip and \$2.50 to the parson, the twain, made one, landed in Leavenworth with the large fortune of \$1 in greenbacks. Repairing to a saloon, ice-cream and cake were called for, reducing the cash to two nickels. Nothing daunted, two glasses of soda were swallowed, and the newly married couple started to begin life's wedded dream without a copper. This is enterprise.