

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE number of admissions to the Exhibition has fallen off daily from 100,000 to 69,000 in round numbers.

A GRAND Provençal fête is being organized in Paris on the occasion of the Exhibition. Farandoleurs are being actively enrolled at Arles in order to procure for the Parisians the spectacle, unknown to them, of the national farandole. The tambourine players of Aix and the provençal flutists are likewise expected in force.

M. GIFFORD'S fixed balloon has made a trial. The scene from the elevation of 700 yards, to which the cord stretches, is curious. On the first evening, which was favourable, Paris looked like a silk pocket handkerchief on a grass plot. The Exhibition resembled a small bun in the centre of the said handkerchief.

THE heat of the last few days has played some funny tricks with the statues in wax, stearine and soap which are to be found in various quarters of the Champ de Mars Palace. One of them very much surprised the visitors the other day by suddenly lowering its left arm. The statue of has now the attitude of a goddess scratching her knee; formerly she had a commanding air.

THE other day an English lady was walking in the Boulevard de Capucines, Paris, with a valuable King Charles dog. A young man approached as if to admire "the charming animal," but he suddenly seized it and fled. The lady made an alarm, upon which the young man called an empty cabriolet, which was passing, and leaping in gave the coachman an address. The Englishwoman, failing to catch the attention of the coachman, took another cab and followed the thief. A police-officer did the same, and there was a chase and a loud hue and cry along the boulevard. The thief, finding his pursuers gaining upon him, threw the King Charles into the street, and shortly afterwards he leaped out himself. In doing so he fell, and was arrested. Neither the thief nor the dog were injured, though the lady's feelings were.

ONE of the most pleasant episodes of the Exposition, recently, was an international picnic in the Forest of Meudon for the purpose of testing a newly-patented tree-felling machine, by Mr. Allan Ransome, of the Stanley Ironworks, Chelsea. The machine, though only a few inches high and a yard and a half long, is capable of laying low the king of the forest in a very few minutes. It is worked by a very tiny steam engine. The weight of the machine is said to be only 4 cwt., and is easily carried by four men. It is readily fixed at the root of any tree, and rapidly saws it through close to the ground level, thereby saving not only manual labour, but the waste of the chips made by the axe and the splintering, often extending to six feet of the best part of the timber. The experiment was a great success.

It has often been noticed that the Paris cabmen would seem to have been chosen for their total ignorance of the art of driving. A peculiar sight is to observe them dawdling along, listlessly dropping their hands beneath their knees, putting no restraint whatever upon their brutes, which take the greatest possible advantage of the latitude allowed them by shambling forward as slowly as they can. They generally adopt a zig-zag method of progression, by which they are in danger of a collision with every vehicle they meet. And yet carriage accidents are rare in Paris, probably because there is none of that hurry and rush in the streets of the French city which give such a busy aspect to most parts of London during business hours. If the dunder-headed French coachmen were allowed to hold the ribbons in the streets of London, they would wreak fearful havoc at every turn. They can accomplish any awkward feat with the whip and reins, but are constitutionally unable to drive a horse straight.

BURLESQUE.

TOO TRUE TO BE JOKED ABOUT.—They were in the parlour together. The light had gone out and they stood at the window in the radiance of the moon. He had his arm about her, and was looking dreamily at the queen of night. Softly he spoke:

"Darling, I am thinking how happy we will be in our home when we are married. It shall be a pretty home, and you shall be its dear little mistress. We will have a little parlour, and a little dining room, and a little kitchen for you to manage. We shall be there all by ourselves, and we shall be happy, my darling."

"Oh, Henry," she despondently uttered, "I thought we were going to board."

There were tears in her eyes for him to kiss away, but he let her remove them with what facilities she could command.

IT HAD GRASS IN IT.—Some years ago there lived in Trenton an editor whose paper had quite a circulation down in Jersey among the pines, and when his subscribers neglected to pay up promptly he would go off on a collecting tour. One summer day he stopped at a hotel kept by a countryman. It was situated near a cedar swamp and the bracing pine air felt good to the editor.

"Give me a mint julep," he said to the countryman as he entered the bar-room.

"A what?" asked the astonished greeny.

"A mint julep," said the editor, "don't you know what that is? If you don't I'll show you how to make one. Got any mint?"

"Y-a-as."

"Got any lemons?"

"Y-a-a-s."

"Got any ice?"

"What fool ever heard of ice in summer time," said the countryman.

"Oh, well I can get along without ice, then." And the countryman cut some mint in his garden, brought the lemons and sugar, and soon the editor, not forgetting the brandy, had made two juleps, one for himself and another for his host.

"By gosh, but that is good," said the latter, as he snatched his lips. "I'll make some more of that."

The editor left, and the countryman, who had never drank to excess before, now drank mint juleps by the dozen. About the same time the next year, the Trenton editor again stopped at the hotel, and before him he saw a very stout woman dressed in black.

"Where is the landlord?" he asked.

"Dead! Dead!" she exclaimed, and in another moment she had burst into tears.

"Why," returned the newspaper man, "the landlord looked good and healthy when I was here before."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and so he was, but some dirty beast came along one day and taught him how to make a drink with grass in it, and he drank, and drank and drank, until it killed him."

For some reason or other the journalist left without presenting his bill.

A GRAND SCHEME.—We were returning from business last week, the evening being lovely. We remained on the stern deck of the steamer that we might enjoy the tranquillity of the scene. The sun had just set and twilight floated serenely in on viewless wings.

"Oh, this is divinely beautiful!" we soliloquized, as we puffed our cigarette indolently.

At that moment our attention was called by a man who approached us and opened a conversation with the remark—

"May I trouble you for a light?"

"Certainly," we replied, extending our cigarette.

"Ah, this is luxury," he continued, "but I am going to get up something that will just knock the spots out of a cigar!"

He was silent for a moment, and just as we were about to address him, he continued:

"Yes, I'm agoin' to revolutionize things generally. I'm getting up the biggest scheme ever heard of!"

We were on the point of asking him some questions about the plan which, if carried out, was to be of such especial benefit to mankind; but he anticipated our intentions, and exclaimed:

"You shall know all!"

Then, at his suggestion, we sauntered into the cabin and took a seat.

"You see," he commenced, "I want to accumulate a fortune, and I'm going to do it. After a while smoking is going to cost only, on an average, five cents a day. This is my plan: I'm going to have great furnaces in some central locality. The furnaces are to be kept going all the time, and the only fuel used will be tobacco."

"Each furnace is to burn a different brand, and tubes will be run to the residences of patrons, who, when they desire to smoke, will only be obliged to go over to the wall, take hold of the tube, turn on and smoke to their hearts' content."

"Over each tube will be marked the brand, whether it be 'Perique,' 'Durham,' or 'Caporal.' Just think of it, being able to have a smoke without being compelled to strike a match! Besides, nobody can borrow your tobacco. I tell you, it's the biggest thing ever heard of. You shall have a tube running to your house for nothing."

We paused for a moment and then continued:

"I had my pocket picked this afternoon and if you'll lend me enough to take me home, I'll—"

He didn't finish his sentence, for we rushed into the crowd and managed to escape.

HE WANTED AN EXPLANATION.—He came into the *Sentinel* office the other day and looked around somewhat indifferently, while it was evident he had something on his mind. We waited for him to unbosom himself and finally gave him an inquiring glance. Pulling a well-worn copy of the *Sentinel* out of his pocket, and pointing his finger along the column of "Brevities," he asked:

"What does this here mean—these letters O, Y, B, W, I?"

"That's a little dialogue between the *Rome Sentinel* and the *Rochester Express*. Don't you understand it?"

"No."

"You have heard people say O! before now, haven't you?"

"Say O?"

"Yes—when they have been suddenly surprised, for instance."

"O, yes."

"Well, the *Sentinel* said O, and the *Express* asked Y? The answer was B!—bee. Do you see?"

"No; b double e—let me see; I don't get that quite yet."

"Well, if a man were stung by a bee it would not be strange if he exclaimed O! would it?"

"No, I don't know's 'twould. That's it. I see now. Then, what does the W stand for?"

"Why, don't you see the interrogation point

after it? The *Express* asks, did it double you? And the answer is, I."

"Did it double you up to have the bee sting you—that's it, eh? Who represents I?"

"I stands for aye, and means yes. Do you see?"

"Yes—O, Y, B, W, I."

By this time several interested listeners had gathered around the desk. The inquirer folded up his paper, put it into his hip-pocket and went out of the door, with the remark—

"Well, by Jove, some folks will conjure their brains awfully to get off something smart."

For five minutes thereafter it would have been difficult to determine whether a swarm of bees had come to entertain our friends, or whether a theatrical rehearsal was going on. The floor around our desk was strewn with wriggling humanity, some bowed low with cramps, the reception chair was upset, the ink bottle was tipped over on a correspondence from Lee, and the air was filled with hideous howling. Hereafter when we explain a joke or a series of enigmatical puns to an inquirer we shall know enough to take him into the back room alone and fasten the doors.

A GREAT SHOCK.—A cross-eyed man in a long ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye) so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No, a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age?" said the woman; "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened, what—"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands, tell me the worst—he—"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle—warranted—"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

SPRINKLING THE STREETS.—Mr. Trevelyan, who lives on Court street, has had troubles already with his garden hose. Since the introduction of the Holly water system it has been the delight of Mr. Trevelyan to turn himself into a pipeman at sunset, and with his garden hose sprinkle the thirsty streets with the clear, cool waters of the mighty Mississippi. Miss Norah Donovan, a young lady who is connected with the culinary department of Mr. Trevelyan's house, and is also superintendent of dormitories and general overseer of carpets, had often watched, as her duties would permit, this process of cooling down the streets at eventide, and she had been heard to wish that this duty might be entrusted to her. She finally framed her wish in a direct petition, and last evening she entered upon the active duties of her new office.

When Miss Donovan took the nozzle from the hands of her master, it was pointed almost directly at the middle of the street, and Miss Donovan conscientiously retained it in this position, while her whole frame was convulsed with delight. Presently there came dashing down the street, in a light, open phaeton, two happy young people. In vain the male young person shouted, "Hi, there, I say; turn her off!" and in vain the female young person shrieked, and essayed to hide behind a parasol no larger than a water lily. Miss Donovan only stared at them and wondered if peradventure they might be crazy, and when they passed through the torrent they came out on the other side very sad, very silent and very damp, not to say limp. Then the gentleman who lives next

door, came out and called to her as he approached intending to instruct her how to shut off the deluging stream or turn it aside when any one approached. But Miss Donovan hearing him call her name, said, "Sorr?" and turned about and faced him with the nozzle doing its level best, wide open and a fire pressure on. He turned with the first shot and fled for his own door, the cooling stream following him every inch of the way, like an angel of mercy in disguise. But by the time he reached his own door he was so thoroughly drenched that his suspenders mildewed. Then a North Hill street-car came rattling down, an open, summer car, just crowded with people coming in from a picnic at Sunnyside, and when they heard the driver shout, and then dodge, and then swear, they saw their fate and Miss Donovan, and just howled and waved and screamed, and tried to get behind each other, and crept under the seats, and some of them even jumped off the car, and all of them by their frantic jestures, wild shrieks and singular behaviour, impressed Miss Donovan with the idea that they were dreadfully drunk. The street car passed on, and when it was beyond the line of Mr. Trevelyan's garden stream, the driest man in the car could have put out a conflagration by simply leaning against the house that was burning, and before the car reached the next corner there were four well-defined suits for damages fixed up against Mr. Trevelyan.

By this time Miss Donovan was pretty thoroughly convinced that the manipulation of a garden hose required that broad judgment and liberal education and shrewd insight into men and motives that belong only to the aristocratic classes, and she determined to resign her position forthwith. She went into the hall carrying the nozzle with her, and spreading desolation and dismay wherever she went. "Whist!" she shouted, as the torrent drenched the hat-rack. "Murder!" she howled when it knocked the globe off the hall-lamp. "Misther Trevelyan!" she shrieked, "where in the wide world is the shoptop?" And then she bent over the irrepressible nozzle and essayed to stop it with her finger. The howl of dismay that followed this attempt brought the startled family up into the hall, and in less than three minutes every seat in the house was taken, standing-room all gone, and the play declared a success.

LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN is studying German at Heidelberg.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE loves this trinity—Dante, Michael Angelo and Mazzini.

BRET HARTE has arrived at his Consulate at Crefeld, Rhineland. His munificent salary is five thousand dollars a year.

DR. SCHLIEMANN is about to return to Athens, with the intention of recommencing his excavations at Hissarlik or elsewhere.

WITHIN a hundred yards of the grave of Charles Mathews are the graves of three of his most intimate friends—Thackeray, Robert Bell, and John Leath.

GEORGE ELIOT appears almost an invalid in her delicate feebleness. She is very quiet and self-poised, but Lewes, slender and nervous, is almost boisterous in his cordiality.

THE works of that unhappy man but brilliant writer, Prevost-Paradol, who committed suicide when French Minister at Washington, will soon be published in an English translation.

AMONG the Communists proclaimed as coming within the recent amnesty declared in France, is M. Reclus, the eminent geographer, exiled for complicity in the outbreak of 1871.

MR. EMERSON has failed greatly in the last few years. When asked to take part in a conversation lately, he spoke of failing memory, and remarked that he did not trust himself to discuss a certain class of themes.

VICTOR HUGO can hardly be persuaded to leave Paris, so greatly does he love to reside there. After energetic urging, however, by his physician and friends, he has lately been induced to go to Guernsey for a change of air.

THE Old Testament revisers, who began their work on the 30th of June, 1870, have sat for 460 days for six hours each day, and have gone over the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of part of Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, and Daniel.

A "POETICAL" young lady obtained the other day the desire of her heart—she met the Poet Laureate at dinner; and the sympathetic hostess even arranged that she should be placed next to him. One remark, and one alone, did the poet address to the gushing maiden at his side, and it was this—"I like my mutton cut in wedges."

THE late Mr. MacGahan has left behind him, corrected for publication, as much of his experiences of Bulgaria and the Russo-Turkish war as will form a memorial volume. It will probably be issued under the supervision of his brother, who has come from the United States in order to take possession of his personal effects.

MR. JAMES MORTIMER, editor and proprietor of the London *Figaro*, has leased the Holborn Theatre, and produced a version of George Sand's "Petite Fadette," (the "Little Cricket"), with Miss Lydia Cowell as the heroine. The story is a beautiful idyl, and Miss Cowell's action is spoken of as the work of a consummate artist, with a girlish presence and a voice that is music itself.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that during the stay of our esteemed Governor-General in Canada, he has given to the various societies, religious institutions and educational establishments of the country upwards of five hundred beautiful medals in gold, silver and bronze. We have much pleasure in announcing that Mr. George Stewart Jr.'s great work "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," will contain a complete list of these medals with the names of the parties who have received them, the object for which they were given, and the various dates of issue. This will add largely to the interest of Mr. Stewart's book, which we learn is being eagerly subscribed for.

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