

would not be surprising if Verdi, who is bringing out his score of "Falstaff" for the Opera Comique, brought away with him the project of a treaty of commerce between Italy and France. The "new spirit" is abroad everywhere, and the union of the Latin race requires to be cracked up after that between the Slav and the Teuton has been cemented. M. Boulanger is working away, hammer and tongs, at his scheme of colonial organization. It is to be hoped he may succeed; if so, he will merit a statue, provided room can be found in the country for the pedestal. There are fifty-three statues now awaiting erection and inauguration. What hero worship! And the French are accused of not being worshippers.

Parisians have a long account outstanding to settle with the Omnibus Company; they can now feed fat their revenge. By paying six, instead of three sous, the passenger buys the right for a seat inside the bus, plus a ticket called a *correspondance*, entitling him to ride in another bus, following a route different from that taken by a vehicle just quitted. But the traveller must not budge from the bus office, where he waits till the other bus he needs arrives, under pain of forfeiting his ticket, and of course making a fresh payment necessary, if he wishes to complete the journey. The tickets are of three colours, and changed as many times per day, to check passengers from transacting any business in the vicinity of the office, before resuming the journey. Often the passenger may have to wait for several busses before obtaining a seat, and in the interim, the colored ticket may be changed, and so he forfeits the right to complete his ride, though a fixture at the bus office. Several citizens have resisted such sacrifice of their privilege by the company, and enter the bus, declining to pay a second fare, unless under protest and in presence of a policeman, and then sue the company for the six sous unlawfully levied. A police magistrate—a very Daniel come to judgment—has just decided that while the company has the right to issue *correspondance* tickets, nothing in their monopoly bond authorizes them to fix any time when during the day of issue the validity of the ticket lapses. Every citizen who now wishes to be up-to-date, and if not in the omnibus, at least to be *dans le train*, manages to take an action against the company to recover six sous, and one shilling damages, to be paid to the Drivers' Orphan Fund, that the shareholders will not aid.

The Pasteur Institute may be regarded as having a clean bill of health this year; upon 1,648 individuals bitten, but 4 died, and these were cases beyond the power of the anti-rabic means to save; the patients were too far gone; two actually went mad, when the first inoculation had hardly commenced. The most delicate cases to cure are bites about the head. Among the foreigners treated were 23 English, and 18 Egyptians; that explains why Egypt is now as dull as ditch water.

Some anti-Republican journals are raising a cry against the living in a Dutch cheese manner of the French civil servants, and of the iniquity of not making them pay an income tax. Were that iniquity consummated, nothing would be left the unfortunate officials to live upon. As a rule, they are worked like mules in a mill, and paid for their un-merry-go-round starvation wages. The crying evil is, that there are too many officials, and these nibble away

the revenue which ought to be paid to the working bees. Happily, the drones are not overpaid. In the financial department, which counts an army of 106,000 clerks and tax collectors, only 250 have salaries of 10,000 fr. and above. A French bishop has only an income of 5,000 fr. a year, about the total budget of the Twelve Apostles or the moiety of what his Grace of Canterbury or the Archbishop of Vienna pays to his cook. In the customs, only ten officials receive a salary of 10,000 fr. and above, and these two administrations are the "financial workshops" of the country. As a rule, French government officials are a body of intelligent, well educated, and studiously polite men: out of their pittance, the state deducts 5 per cent. for the pension fund, and these deductions amount to 24,000,000 fr. annually; it is on that data that the total expenditure of the civil estimates can be gauged, as the various departments frequently do not give details. It may be asked, why is the starvation situation so much sought after by patriots? Simply I believe for the pension it secures old age. One of the most accomplished scholars in France, the director of the National Library, has only a salary of 15,000 fr. a year. If he had a claim on the American Pension Fund, or was a noted man of letters in the London Post Office, he would be a comparative millionaire.

Amidst general indifference M. Emile Weyl continues his sober analysis of the French navy. His pictures are not bright and he deplores the slowness and want of method in the French dockyards, as compared with the rapidity and energetic organization existing in those of England. But since the latter is to keep her navy more than up to date, and Russia and Germany have become fast friends, rumors of war are no longer heard.

Of all the harlequin shows that come and go yearly in Paris, the Hippic Exhibition is the most amusing. It is intended to be an association for the improvement of the breed of horses, and that is where the fun commences. It is a kind of equine kermesse, held in the Palace of Industry, where many attractive circus performances come off, and that ought to make M. Mollier's, the amateur Franconi's, mouth water. Gentlemen riders compete in flat and hurdle races, and this year ladies have been allowed also to compete in the bandbox steeplechases. It is a capital spot to have a glimpse at the fashions and to meet missing or parted friends. The Governmental breeding studs and regional horse shows take charge of the serious aims which the Hippic Exhibition overlooks.

Business is not brisk in Paris; forty per cent. of the guild of cooks are out of work, and many have nothing to cook for themselves; sixty-four per cent. of bakers are idle, due to the influx of provincials coming to Paris to make their fortune; thirty per cent. of the cabmen have no work to do, that is, it will not pay to hire a vehicle and a horse and trust to fares. Besides the tendency to cheese-pare incomes, many citizens, in consequence of the succession of recent cab strikes, had been forced to adopt "Irish tandem"—one leg before the other—and with the greatest benefit to their health. Another layer of citizens was compelled by the strikers to patronize the poor man's mail coach, the omnibus, and the habit has since become a second nature with them.

In the death of the eminent physiologist Dr. Brown-Sequard, France and Eng-

land—his father was British—loses another of their science sons. He was appointed successor to Claude Bernard in the College of France, and to Paul Bert as President of the Biological Society. He and Pasteur were professional chums. He was born in the Mauritius in 1817, but could not bear the idea that he was a British subject—he was "a colonial Frenchman." When twenty-one he came to Paris to complete his medical studies and had a hard struggle with poverty. Unable to purchase instruments and animals to experiment upon, he experimented upon himself. It is thus that he dropped, tied to the end of a string, a morsel of sponge into his stomach to discover the secrets of digestion. He borrowed guinea pigs to dissect alive, but returned the remains to the poulterer. He was left a small sum of money, sufficient to buy a dog and a dress suit; in a fit of hunger the dog destroyed the suit, and so Sequard could not call on the Minister, for whom he had an introduction. He was a specialist on nervous diseases, but his subcutaneous injections "of animal juices to reinvigorate man," caused him to be the butt of merciless sarcasms. His life was simplicity itself, but he never recovered from the loss of his wife about two years ago.

Good news for vegetarians: Dr. Verneuil, of Lausanne, concludes that the immediate cause of cancer is the consumption of pork. A *bas* Chicago and Cincinnati; the Jews never suffer from cancer; do the Mussulmans, who also decline Yorkshire ham and streaky bacon, suffer from the disease? The ancients held that pork caused leprosy. Where nothing is settled conjecture is unlimited.

Z.

## HEADS OR TAILS.

### CHAPTER I.

Murphy was a man of talent, of noble thought and disinterested purpose, with whom the world went contrary. He had passed through many calamities, and various vicissitudes; and, although he was often made a fool of, he never regretted that it had so happened, for it led to great things. A fool oftentimes, in the long run, proves to be the wisest of men, and so it was in Murphy's case.

But to begin at the very beginning—Murphy was born on the first of April. He was placed upon his feet and spoke on the first of the following April. He cut his front tooth on that day and fell down a flight of stairs, while his mother stood in the hall below screaming with fright, and, as she said afterwards, "so petrified with fear that she could not move from the spot upon which she stood to stop poor Murphy's downfall."

Upon the first of April he was made a fool of, because he was an Irishman; and the man who played the practical joke had a grudge against Irishmen.

Upon the first of April, a year from this coming April, Murphy is to be married to a woman he never intended to marry. But then, his life had always gone in contrary ways. Murphy had filled various positions of importance, and, two or three of trust; since he had come out from the old country; but at this time he was without money, position or friends; he was one of the unemployed.

A man who pretended to be his friend, gave him a note of recommendation, and sealed the envelope in case Murphy should