

## A STAGE RUMPUS.

Donn Platt, writing in the *Capital* of a stage ride in New York, says:

Of late the stage companies, to escape the well-known robbery by drivers, have put the patent box in each stage. The drivers give change, but are not permitted to take the fare. We were seated, when a stout gentleman entered and crowded into a corner near the door, for the stage was crowded. The new-comer took from his vest pocket a ragged note and passed it along the line. The man nearest the box was a meek-eyed creature in the single-breasted coat upon which confiding pious females are so fond of casting their burdens and sometimes themselves, for he was evidently a clergyman. The humble follower of the Lord lifted the note and dropped it in the box.

"Halloo," cried the indignant adipose near the door, "what'd you do that for; it's a quarter."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," stammered the gospel expounder.

"Much good'll your sorrow do me," answered indignation, working his way to the hole through which the driver conversed with the passengers. He trod on several corns as he pulled at the strap. The stage came to a halt.

"I want my change," he shouted up through the hole.

"What change?" shouted down the driver.

"I put a quarter in the box."

"More fool you."

"I want none of your impudence."

"What do you want then?"

"I want my change."

"You can't fool me that way. How do I know you put a quarter in?" and the driver started. The clergyman sprang up and pulled the strap and shouted:

"I put the quarter in, my good man; it is all correct."

"Two of you," retorted the driver, driving on. Both adipose and piety hung to the strap.

"Damn your ornary souls, roared the driver, "do you want to pull my leg off? If you tech that strap again I'll come down and bay-window yer countenances." Again the stage rolled on.

"Permit me, sir," said the clergyman, pulling out a very thin pocket-book—a pocket-book that looked as if it had gone into a decline, a decline to pay anything—and presenting fifteen cents.

"I don't want your money," was the gruff response; "I want my own, and I am going to have it," and he seized the strap at the moment a hook-nosed old lady, who resembled a hawk in delicate health, seized it. The feminine hook-nose wanted to get out. The driver made no response. In an instant the fat man, the clergyman, and old lady were swinging on the strap. The strap suddenly gave way, as if it or the driver's leg were broken, and the three, tumbling over each other, fell to the bottom amid roars of laughter from all of us. The stage came to a halt, and we heard the driver shout, "P'lice! p'lice!" loud as he could bawl. A policeman responding, the driver informed him that there was "a riot" going on among the "lunatics" inside the stage, and "he'd better settle 'em before we had another car-hook murder." The policeman opened the door. The belligerents had subsided, save the old lady, who, attempting to get out, was promptly arrested. The fat man explained the case.

"How is this, driver?" asked the policeman. "This man says he put a quarter in your box and you won't give him his change."

"No; I'd think not," was the dry response; "the way for him to do is to file an affidavit with the surrogate. It'll only cost him a dollar."

There is but one course for a policeman to pursue, and that is to arrest somebody. If he cannot arrest any one he puts on a dignified air and marches away. In this case the conservator of the peace compromised. He arrested the old hook-nosed female party—the only innocent party among us, and held her in durance as far as the sidewalk, and we rolled on.

## BON MARCHÉ.

A correspondent gives the following account of this wondrous Parisian bazaar. I addressed myself to a dignified, gray-haired *chef de rayon*, or manager of a division. I was American, and particularly pleased to hear of schemes for promoting the comfort of working people. Might I see the *Bon Marché* from top to bottom? Certainly. He would conduct me himself. Trouble? Pardon! It would be a pleasure. And calling some one to take his place, he led the way up stairs. First into the library. This pleasant retreat for weary shoppers is a large, well-lighted room, with book-cases, easy-chairs, and a long table on which lie all the leading periodicals—French, English, and German. There are fine engravings and photographs, a stereoscope, and a giant kaleidoscope for the amusement of little people. The library is seldom without occupants. Old ladies and gentlemen go there to read the papers while their younger companions pursue the business of the hour. Children and nurses find a quiet corner; tired ladies steal away to consult their purses and shopping lists. And just beyond is refreshment of another kind, for an open door reveals a tiny, tasteful restaurant, with a buffet and a white-spread table bearing plates of cakes and sponge-biscuit. Nothing could be prettier or more elegant than this little room and its appointments. The linen and china are of the finest. A superb screen of Japanese silk painted with birds and flowers cut off draughts. Always a hot-house plant in freshest bloom ornaments the table. A footman in blue livery brings your plate and glass of red wine or orange. You offer a gratuity; he shakes his head; it is not permitted, he tells you. All the shopping world can come at will and refresh themselves in this dainty bower, whose flagons fail not, and whose *madelaines* and tarts seem to renew themselves miraculously, like the widow's cruse of oil.

My guide leads up another stair to the third floor, a large part of which is occupied by a system of rooms and bureaus, intricate as those of a department of state, where goods for the provinces are packed. From thence we mount to the lodgings of the employés.

"How many persons do you employ in your establishment?" I asked.

"Nine hundred and sixty in all," replied my guide. "Two hundred and more sleep on the premises, and all are fed here. This is the side for women. There are sixty of them, and they have, as you see, a separate entrance and a staircase to themselves."

Beyond was the ladies' parlor, a charming apartment, with muslin-curtained windows, sofas and easy-chairs covered with chintz, a round table, a piano, a fire-place with fender of bright brass. Here the girls pass their evenings and their Sundays, and have their breakfast on the Sunday mornings. Their dining-room was equally pleasant. Three large windows stood open, letting in the soft air of May, and about the long table sat fifteen or twenty girls laughing and chatting. The men's dining-room, to which we next proceeded, is an immense place, capable of seating several hundred. The breakfast, or luncheon, for it was after eleven o'clock, consisted of *pot-au-feu*, a savory conglomerate of potatoes, meat, and gravy, red wine, bread and butter, and preserved fruit, great gallon jars of which stood here and there in process of being scooped out by dozens of hungry men. *Garçons* in white aprons were running in and out with fresh supplies of the steaming stew and fresh pots of jam.

Near the dining-room is the kitchen. Great baskets of fresh lettuces stood on the floor; the tables were full of straw trays, on which were ranged rows of plates and tumblers, "glistening clean." A man in a side pantry was filling dozens and dozens of bottles with *vin ordinaire*. Upon the walls hung coffee-pots and saucepans which shone like gold. Half a dozen white-aproned, white-capped cooks were preparing dinner on a monstrous range; an appetizing and savory steam rose like a halo and surrounded their heads.

Next we peep into the barbers' shop, where numbers of just-breakfasted clerks were having hair and beard brushed and trimmed; into the dining-rooms of the stable-men and the *garçons*; into the billiard-room, fitted with two fine tables for the daily amusement of gentlemen whose wives are shopping and the occasional amusement of clerks on holidays; lastly, into the music-room. Here, arranged on racks and shelves, was the equipment of a complete orchestra, brass instruments, wind, and string.

I inquired concerning salaries, and was told that each person in the establishment received a stated sum in addition to board (and in 200 cases lodging), besides which each has an interest in the sales, varying according to age, capacity, and position. The *chefs de rayons* make some of them, 25,000 francs a year; the head woman makes 12,000. There is thus every incentive to zeal, and yet the bodily wants of all are so comfortably provided for as to preclude the rapacious anxiety I have noticed in other shops, and which tells of the clerk's personal stake in the sales.

Last of all I was taken through a series of galleries and staircases to the stables, which are at a little distance from the shop. Eighty horses and thirty-five men are accommodated here, not to mention some forty of the little wagons with *Bon Marché* on their pannels which Paris streets know so well. Nothing could be more beautifully in order than those stables. The horses, large, sleek creatures, stood munching their hay in stalls and loose boxes, railed with varnished wood.

"We have a park in the country also," said my conductor, taking a lump of sugar from his pocket and popping it into the mouth of a horse which was rubbing against his shoulder and whinnying expectantly; "a nice park with grass, where we send the horses who have been sick, to graze and get strong. Oh, we are all comfortable here, madame; of that I can assure you."

## LITERARY NOTES.

Paul Féval has a very charming novel, just fresh from the spit. It is called "Fontaine aux Perles."

Mr. S. Baring-Gould has in the press a work entitled "Yorkshire Oddities and Strange Events."

H. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, announce "The Confessions of a Minister," a romance bearing upon the Brooklyn scandal.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. are about to publish a narrative poem of considerable length by Dr. Holland, entitled "The Mistress of the Manse."

Mr. Froude, it is reported, has been accepted by Mr. Carlyle as his biographer, and has had all the materials in Mr. Carlyle's possession bearing on the work placed at his disposal.

Prof. Longfellow has given his friend Sidney Woollett the advance sheets of his forthcoming poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," so that he may recite it before lyceums during the coming lecture season.

The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* states that more than three thousand documents, partly in manuscript, partly in the print of the period, describing the rise and development of the various religious sects in Europe, were collected by Professor Schneider of Berlin in the course of nearly fifty years' book-hunting, and are now awaiting a purchaser in the shop of one or other of the European seats of learning.

A series of letters of Mendelssohn to Goethe, Beethoven, and Herr Heinrich von Meister, which have never before been published, will shortly appear in the *Chor* from week to week, to their possessor, Herr von Meister, having undertaken to place them in the editor's hands and to superintend their publication. Herr von Meister has in the press a volume of "Personal Recollections of Goethe, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn."

The *Monitor Republicano* of Mexico gives some curious particulars of Victor Hugo's novel "Ninety-three," of which a translation is being printed in that capital. Simultaneously with the Paris edition it was published in English at London, Boston, Philadelphia, and Calcutta; in Russian at St. Petersburg, in Portuguese at Lisbon, in Italian at Florence, in Spanish at Madrid, in Dutch at Amsterdam, and in Hungarian at Pesth. Before a single copy had been sold the booksellers of Paris had realized 80,000 francs for the right of translation.

The "International Railway and Steamboat Guide" for September (Chisholm's) has appeared. Travellers will do well to take a note.

## GROTESQUES.

The hardest thing to deal with—An old pack of cards.

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

If you see a policeman aim at a dog, try to get near the dog.

Barnum has written to Chicago for a newspaper man reported to have lost \$4,000. He would like to have him in a museum.

An uncle left eleven silver spoons to his nephew in his will, adding, "He knows the reason I have not left him the whole dozen."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what's the meaning of a book printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means that the book will be published in twelve months."

"I've got 'em," shouted a Mississippi boatman, recently, when first the comet broke upon his sight. "Snakes I've had before, and now the stars have got tails on 'em. I am a dead man!"

Progression is the watchword of the hour, but in Missouri mothers haul their disobedient children over the knee and strike on the same old spot that the Romans did three thousand years ago.

Small, ragged, barefooted boy to gallus coloured gent with a valise—"Say boss, shall I carry your satchel for you?" Coloured gent to small boy—"No, go way dare; I'se gittin' a quarter for carryin' dis down myself."

The N. Y. *Tribune* informs us that "little clams, roasted and peacefully reclining on their shells, have a tender and delicate grace calculated to inspire poetry and enthusiasm in the sternest souls." Good Heavings!

A Milwaukee writer is severe:—"Notes of the storm still come in. A visitor from Louisville was struck by the wind, and as he flew up Wisconsin street with his ears unfurled, a gentleman remarked, 'I knew that the wind would fetch the circus tent.'"

"My dear, where is my *Morning and Evening Devotion*?" asked Mr. Paul Partington, meaning a small book with that title, in which he sometimes read. "Here it is," said Mrs. Partington, producing from the closet a dark bottle with a clean glass—"Here it is, Paul."

A literary man was asked in a letter the other day for some materials for his autobiography. The writer was very polite and considerate. He said:—"Heaven forbid that I should desire your death; but such things will occasionally occur, and it is best to be prepared for the worst."

The manner of search for Charlie Ross by the Philadelphia police is thus pithily described: Two officers pull the bell, and on the appearance of the maid or lady of the house say, "Is Charles Brewster Ross concealed in this house?" "He is not," is the answer. "Then we must search the premises." And the house is searched.

A goat is more inexpensive than agreeable, and will live on almost anything; but a capriciousness in Buffalo was an exception to the rule the other day in regard to expensiveness. It got into the house and had a regular blow out on a Panama hat, three linen shirt bosoms, a box of cigars, and a part of a partially constructed new bonnet.

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why," said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

A clergyman seeing a man come into church after the sermon had begun stopped his discourse, and remarked to him, "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." The man thus addressed, in presence of an astonished congregation, promptly responded: "Thank you; would you favour me with the text?"

"Revenge is sweet," said a wicked fellow who could not, or would not, pay his bills at a Pennsylvania summer hotel, and was thereupon ejected from the premises. He told the nurses there were two cases of whooping-cough in the house. The nurses told the mistresses, and in ten hours only fifty out of one hundred and fifty people remained.

A young lady of Camden put a piece of wedding cake under her pillow, and went to bed with the happy belief that she would dream of her future husband. That evening, however, she had eaten two plates of ice cream, about a pint of strawberries, several sweet cakes and two large pickles, and she now says she would rather remain single all her life than marry the man she saw in her dream.

Sunday morning there came over the Great Western road, on its way West, a trunk which made the hair of the baggage-smashers stand right up. It was thirty-four inches long, three feet wide, and was made of solid boiler iron, an eight of an inch thick. The handles were of iron, riveted on with great bolts, and the lid was fastened down with an immense padlock. On one end of the trunk was painted the words: "She can stand it!" and on the other, "More coming!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Young America, although usually wide awake, in due time becomes sleepy, as did little Dickey one evening. His grandmother put him to bed, and, as was her custom, read him a chapter in the Bible, remarking, "Now, Dickey, I have read you a whole chapter; you must go to sleep." "No, grandma, I ain't sleepy now; read me another." The old lady complied, and said, "Now, you must go to sleep; I have read you two chapters." "No, not yet; read one more—read 'the rubber,' grandma!" What else could the old woman do?

Widow Jones' husband died far away from home, and it took so long for his remains to reach her that the relic had quite recovered from her grief, and was giving a large lunch-party when the body finally arrived. A wagon drove up to the door, and a large box was handed out. Curiosity ran high among the ladies at the window, and with one accord they exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Jones, what can that be?" Up went Mrs. Jones' eyeglasses and after a glance she coolly said, "Well, it must be old Jones come home. Charley, run down and open the door for your father."

The other day, in Detroit, an individual from the rural districts having considerable money in his possession and being moderately drunk, was warned by a policeman to take care of himself. To which the self-confident bacchanal responded—"You bet I will! Why, mister, I'm chain lightning rolled up in a ball and stuck full of red-hot bowie knives. I'm a thunderbolt from the North—I'm a regular rip-up thunderbolt! Folks want to let me alone, they do!" Alas, that such a dream of invincibility should be dissipated! When the morning dawned, the drinker, where was he? Well, he was discovered by the same policeman in a coalshed. His eyes were mourning, and there was a non-natural hole in his head. Watch gone! Money gone! The policeman, arousing the slumberer with a touch of irony in his tone, inquired, "Aren't you the thunderbolt from the North?" Then the thunderbolt sat up, and slowly and sadly replied, "No, I ain't 'actly a thunderbolt, but I'm the darned fool who thought he was."