

PARIS IS VERY, VERY GAY

SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A PORTLAND ENTHUSIAST.

Oregonians at the French Capital and the Oregon Display at the Exposition—Many Festivities.

PARIS, July 8.—Paris is a disappointment in daytime, but surpasses all expectations at night. How the French people manage to retain their good looks and health, living as they do, is a constant marvel to me. Their theaters do not begin until 9 o'clock, their balls at 12 o'clock and as for the cafes, I believe they must keep open all night. Business does not begin until 9 o'clock. But even with this respite, the French people get very little sleep. It is the general impression that Parisians are speedy people, but as far as my experience goes, whatever they may be in fields of pleasure, they are certainly slower than the slow in everything that goes to make up the daily routine of life. In London the streets are constantly alive with the activity and stress of business. You cannot be in the streets one day without being impressed with the bustle, the rushing of the crowds to and fro, each person intent upon his own affairs, till a stranger on pleasure bent feels that he has no business there, and is in constant fear of being swatished up in the whirlpool. In Paris, on the contrary, business is never obtrusive. The majority seem to regard that as a secondary consideration, which the necessary can be made to wait. Pleasure stands first and foremost.

Then there is a greater difference between the high and the low in Paris. In London you meet with courtesy and kindness on every hand; in Paris you are fortunate if nothing worse than indifference greets you. It reminds one of the old nursery rhyme, "And when the wind was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid." I asked a lady (I clerk in one of the stores where I could find a letter box, and she smiled and said, "I have never concluded my sentence with a 'Je ne sais pas.'"

"Beware of Paris."

And here I should like to warn every American who does not speak French fluently to beware of Paris. The Parisians have no patience with anyone who cannot speak their language, and the non-French linguist who innocently ventures into their midst will soon wish that he had never left home. This is especially the case when the trusting stranger finds himself in the clutches of the beguiling coachman. Paris is literally owned by these coaches and once got into an argument with them it is good to have peace forever. At first I used to suffer with palpitation of the heart every time I got up to leave the carriage, in dread of the never-failing fustian of the coachman, but now I've discovered a preventative. I calmly wait until I am out of the carriage, then without a question slip the money into his hand and make a beeline for the doorway. In London the police rule the streets and assist foot passengers at the crossings to evade the team. Here, although you do see a policeman occasionally, he seems to have no control over these coaches, and if he tries to stop a carriage the driver will forth a volley of invectives that would rival an artillery raid in time of war. I had the misfortune to be in a carriage once at such an encounter, and actually saw my coachman put his thumb to his nose and twirl his fingers in the policeman's face. And of such is gay Paris!

Hard to Find Things.

The exposition in itself is very beautiful, though the arrangement leaves much to be wished for. It is next to impossible to find anything you are looking for unless you happen to run across it by chance. On my first visit to the exposition I inquired for the display of needlework and was told there wasn't any such thing. I went from one building to another without finding what I wanted. Finally I met one of our commissioners, Mrs. B. Knowles, who took me to the textile department, where, under a glass case, reposed the work of about 10 women, among which the elaborate table cover and dollies of Miss Christine Oberg were most conspicuous. I saw many beautiful elastic combs upon the latter's work of art while I stood there, and under-stand from others that it has been much admired.

Hard to Find Things.

I was surprised while in the exposition to run across Mrs. J. N. Teal. She is spending a few weeks in Paris, and looks as though she were enjoying her trip to the utmost. I met her at many European people here at present; besides the two mentioned, Mrs. J. C. Card, Miss Ray Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ladd, Mrs. J. N. Delph, and Mrs. J. N. Delph's daughter, are the only ones registered, but they manage to be in with everything that is going on, so that one can at least meet them, few and scattered as they are.

Fourth of July was a great day in Paris. There were so many functions on that day that one would have had to cut himself from the list of many people that day. To begin with there was the grand ceremonial attending the unveiling of the statue of La Fayette, presented to the French people by the children of the United States. The great ceremony took place in the great court of the Louvre. In the presence of nearly 50,000 people, most of whom were Americans, tiers of seats had been erected about the platform. In the center of which stood the statue of La Fayette, draped in the American flag, and these seats were occupied by official representatives of the two nations, and members of the press. Lines of soldiers guarded the approaches, and at the arrival of President Loubet trumpets sounded and Sousa's band struck up first the Marseillaise and then "The Star Spangled Banner," which was greeted with vociferous cheering.

Inspiring Spectacle.

What with the American flags displayed everywhere, the gay bunting, the brilliant costumes of the ladies, the soldiers, the patriotic music, and the vast crowds craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the speaker, it was a most inspiring scene, and there wasn't an American there on that day who did not feel his bosom swell with pride in the reflection of his country's achievement. One must be away from one's native land to appreciate all that it is to one, and to let patriotism have full sway.

Inspiring Spectacle.

General Porter, the American Ambassador, opened the ceremonies with an address of welcome. He spoke half in French, half in English, and was roundly cheered. The Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, Commissioner-General for the United States to the Paris Exposition, and Honorary President La Fayette Memorial Commission, followed with a presidential speech on behalf of the youth of the United States and the Memorial Commission.

son. It was a patriotic address, and called forth great enthusiasm, although much of it was drowned in the inspired singing of the spectators. Two pretty little boys, clad in white naval uniforms, then pulled the strings, and the flag tumbled down from the statue amidst loud cheering. Sousa's band played "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty," especially composed for this occasion. The acceptance of the monument in behalf of France fell to the lot of President Loubet, and as he rose to address the people, he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the General National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, came next. She looked very attractive in a dress of white crepe trimmed with orange. She wore a large white hat, covered with feathers and roses, and a broad blue ribbon covered her shoulders and breast. She spoke for fully 15 minutes, and was listened to with great attention. The other speakers were Robert J. Thompson, secretary of the commission;

and finally conducted to a can of salmon and told that that was Oregon.

But foreigners do love the Americans. I was very much amused the other day while in the Algerian Pavilion at being accosted by one of the natives who inquired, in very good English, if I were an American. At my reply in the affirmative he said: "That is good. I love Americans." The French—oh, no! Transvaal Afriganders—bum, bum; the English—"Here he made a movement as though to talk "bah!"

Busby Quarters.

The United States publishers have very fine quarters at the Exposition. Presses and type-writers are going here all day long, and it seems to be the busiest portion of the Fair. In the reading-room is a fair collection of American magazines and newspapers, and I was glad to find The Oregonian there on the Mr. Simms, who is the commissioner for this building, is the right man in the right place, always attentive and amiable, and

incur a deserved correction and, absenting himself, returns and makes a commotion.

Little Jim was the son of our faithful old Dinah, from whom he inherited his glass fishbowl always, to my mind, a far more becoming color than the sickly yellow of so many of his race.

At the close of the Civil War, when the majority of the colored folk left their masters, Dinah chose to stay with our family, where she was born and had reared her numerous progeny, of whom our favorite was little Jim.

At the time of this story, Jim was about 6 years old. He was very backward as to talking, but he was a deep thinker. He used to sit before the open fire, in silent meditation, by the hour.

"Jim, what are you thinking about?" we would ask, but not a word would he say—just keep on thinking.

Although so quiet, he often took embarrassing liberties with people. For example, he was discovered, one drowsy afternoon, fast asleep on the beautiful white bed of my maiden aunt, Miranda—her own soft feather bed, covered with a fine muslin spread, which she herself had quilted, with a running vine, intertwined with roses and sunflowers!

Jim Is Ousted.

It was an outrage not to be borne. Jim's little bare feet left dirty imprints behind, when he fed the room, at the end of my aunt Miranda's broom.

Poor Jim! He was no favorite of hers, and her prime favorites fared none too well at her hands. He would sometimes look up into a visitor's face, in his droil, inscrutable way, and, if pleased with what he saw there, would suddenly seat himself in her lap, and croon his enjoyment, after the heathenish manner of his forebears.

This was very startling to the favored one's nerves, and causing me to us. Poor, affectionate little Jim! It was out of the question to keep him in his own quarters. He had a perfect genius for squeezing himself through narrow spaces.

A small crack at window or door, and Jim was in our midst; he dropped down on us from a transom once. He could climb like a cat, this little black fellow.

One day he did the very funniest and naughtiest thing. It was only by tears and prayers that my brother Tom, sister Cicely and myself prevented my father from disposing of him for good.

Aunt Miranda was spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and we were not sure whether she would be home for tea. A chair was placed for her. "In case," as we Southerners say, "Jim, as we were all seated, Jim walked in, sedately, and seeing the vacant chair, seated himself in it, with a dignified air."

"How we all laughed! Even my father, who seldom laughed."

Self-Complacent Jim.

The little fellow looked around, self-complacently, as if considering what amused us. Jim, unlike most colored folks, was never known to laugh; the more we were amused, the more serious he looked.

My father sternly ordered him from the table. Instead of obeying, he climbed on to it and walked about, crying his dishes. "In that case," he said, "I'll waiter!"

"He must be crazy!" cried my father, who was no longer amused. He seized the culprit by the back of the neck and, cuffing him soundly, threw him, too violently, out into the hall.

There was a lofty pecan tree at the back of the garden, in the top of which Jim was wont to seclude himself, when in disgrace. At the risk of life and limb, he would climb to the very topmost bough, and there stay, until hunger brought him down. Even Tom, who was a skillful climber, never attempted to capture Jim on his lofty perch.

After tea, we were all sent out to the porch, expecting to find him there. He was nowhere to be seen. Two days passed, and no Jim. Sister Cicely felt very badly; indeed we all missed him, even my aunt Miranda, who now had nobody to complete about his antics.

My father directed Tom, at breakfast one morning, to go amongst the neighbors and hunt Jim up. "The trifling vagabond," said he, "deserves to be disgraced, if he does not put in the day gloriously, visiting the neighboring boys, and come home without Jim."

That night, toward morning, we were all startled out of deep sleep, by a frightful noise of banging and breaking.

"Burglar! Burglar!" shrieked my aunt Miranda in a most pleasurable state of horror. She had looked under her bed every night for 30 years without finding a man there, and here he was, at last, breaking in and smashing the best china! What excitement!

"We all rushed downstairs—that is, my father rushed, and the rest followed timidly in his rear, more afraid to stay than to go, and find out the worst. Tom seized a croquet mallet in one hand, and a stool in the other, and put a brave, but very pale face on the matter, as he kept pace with my father. We were all armed with whatever came to hand—with brooms, pokers and umbrellas.

The living rooms were quiet and deserted, but there came mysterious sounds from the pantry. My father boldly threw the door open, and called, loudly, "Who's there?"

Then he suddenly laughed. We all looked in the pantry, under or over his shoulders, and laughed, too. There was black Jim, crouched in the corner—a droll spectacle enough.

The little chip was particularly fond of cream, but now he had more than he could hold. He was literally drenched with the rich contents of a large jar which he had greedily pulled from an upper shelf. He was no longer a glossy, black, self-respecting lad; he was just a sticky, disreputable creature, of a nondescript color,

and with shame and humiliation impressed upon every outline of his trembling form; he was a disgusted little dandy.

And so Jim came back.

Fun for Hot Weather.

Springs and Delights at the Places of Summer Resort.

Agnes—Just look at Dolly's bathing-robe.

May—Loan me your marine glass, dear Philadelphia North American.

"Isn't this climate changeable?" asked the stranger in Gum Hollow.

"It is," answered the pessimistic pioneer, "until it turns good and disagreeable. Then it stays right settled."—Washington Star.

Bookkeeper—It's a little early in the season, but I feel as if I must have a rest.

Employer—Well, stop talking politics in the office.—Chicago Record.

Jack—They tell me you're the only man here who isn't spending your vacation. What a cinch.

Joe—Cincli! Great Scott, man, this is the third time in a week I've had to come to town to borrow money to buy engage-

ment-rings with, and there are 19 more girls waiting to be asked.—New York World.

"How many boarders does Mrs. Prooms take in this Summer?" asked Skidds.

"All of them," replied Spudds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Aren't you going to give any entertainments of any kind this Summer?" asked the visitor.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "As a social rule we don't give. We merely receive."—Washington Star.

"Well, my wife's away."

"You miss her, don't you?"

"Miss her? I have to go home from business five times a day to empty the pan under the ice chest."—Chicago Record.

Friend—Are you going to have a sea serpent this Summer?

Proprietor of Summer hotel—No; I've arranged for a scandal in high society to take place here early in the season.—Exchange.

"What sort of a table do you set at your house?" asked the prospective boarder.

"Table of waits and measures," said Asbury Peppers, in reply. "It's a first long, and the latter short."—London Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Skinner—I'm glad to hear you say you have such a good appetite.

Mr. Newboarder—Lanidians generally fear a good appetite.

Mrs. Skinner—I don't. When a man has a good appetite, he can eat almost anything.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Regular annual visitor (at Northern Summer resort)—Your lake here seems to be dwindling.

Proprietor—Yes; a little. But there are two more breweries in the neighborhood than there were last year.—Chicago Tribune.

The guest was at the Summer hotel for his health, but he kicked just the same on the bill.

"Here, by love," he said, angrily, to the landlady; "your bill is simply outrageous."

"Hold on; hold on," protested the landlady. "You forget I am not at this hotel for the same reason you are."—San Francisco Examiner.

FUNNY LITTLE BLACK JIM

HIS MISADVENTURE WITH A JAR OF STOLEN CREAM.

Incur a deserved correction and, absenting himself, returns and makes a commotion.

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TITLE-FORGING FACTORY

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED SPIRITOUS NOBLES TURNED OUT.

Headquarters at Kulkais, in the Caucasus, Have Been Closed by the Russian Police.

The European nobility have just received a severe shock through the news which has reached them from Russia that there are 28 Princes and a legion of other noblemen now living who have absolutely no right to their titles.

An amusing story of fraud, corruption and forgery is told by the St. Petersburg authorities. The principal characters in it are the "Caucasian" Anochin, Gheblin, Burgawa and Dulalaker, and the minor dramatic personae are registers, recorders and other court officials. The Caucasians, it appears, realized some years ago the exact time when they began operations—these curious alterations in the ancient books—had at once, the problem was solved for a time.

He examined them more closely and discovered not only numerous erasures, but also unmistakable evidence that many documents had been inserted within a recent date, certainly long after Czar Solomon and David and Leo had ceased to hold sway over Mingrelia. Utterly perplexed, he was trying to account for these curious alterations in the ancient books, when he suddenly remembered that Czar Solomon had never set his seal to the paper, and thereupon he at once communicated with the police of St. Petersburg, telling them of his discovery, and suggesting that they take immediate steps to arrest and punish the guilty parties.

Half a dozen of the best detectives in Russia started for Kulkais at once, and within a few days they learned enough to satisfy them that a gigantic plot had been in progress for years, that many Government officials were involved in it, and that the arch conspirators had ceased four astute Caucasians—Anochin, Gheblin, Burgawa and Dulalaker. Promptly they pounced down on the unsuspecting quarry, and after a few days' investigation, they tied them off to the prison at Kulkais, where they now lie awaiting their trial on the charge of forgery.

He received a letter from the Herald's office, informing him that a well-known money-lender had purchased the title of prince, and desired to have the royal grant duly recorded in the archives at Kulkais. The forged document arrived by the next mail, and the Governor examined it. He speedily came to the conclusion that Czar Solomon had never set his seal to the paper, and thereupon he at once communicated with the police of St. Petersburg, telling them of his discovery, and suggesting that they take immediate steps to arrest and punish the guilty parties.

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