

ESPIONAGE IN FRANCE.

HOW ONE IS MADE AWARE OF THE REIGN OF THE SPY SYSTEM.

Spies Found in Every Walk of Life in Every Portion of the Big City of Paris. How They Watch and Report the Motions and Words of a Stranger.

The third republic is no freer than were any previous French regimes from this deep taint of what the French call mouchardise. Never before at any period of France's history has the reign of spydom been so widespread and absolute in Paris as now. There has been latterly much discussion in the world's press of the extraordinary degree to which official espionage obtains in Russia, and very interesting details have been forthcoming on the subject. I am now in a position to affirm that in Paris—I do not say throughout the whole of France—the meshes of the detective net are woven even more closely round the entire population than has ever been the case in St. Petersburg. Evidence of this fact might easily be found in the secret history of the Boulangist conspiracy. From first to last every detail of this movement was known to the police, more than three-fourths of the Boulangists themselves being informers.

The instant you arrive at a Paris station you are in the midst of spies. You are driven to a hotel in a cab. In half an hour the cabman will furnish the police with any particulars he may have been able to gather concerning your position, destination, business, etc.

CHARACTER OF THE SPIES.
Arrived at your hotel you become the object of scrutiny, as close as it is secret, on the part of divers persons, who, though attached to the place in the capacity of manager or cashier, or even porter or "boots," are in reality enrolled soldiers of the great detective army. And here I may mention a special characteristic of the French detective system—its faculty of recruiting adherents in all classes of society. French spies for the most part are not simple spies and nothing more. They have a trade or occupation of their own, to which they seem wholly and solely devoted, while yet assiduously pursuing sub rosa their spying.

The unsuspecting stranger in Paris has dinner at his hotel served by a waiter, who, as a matter of course, is in the pay of the police and will subsequently report to them what conversation he overheard during the meal. He then sallies forth for an evening's amusement of the true Parisian sort.

First he repairs to one of the brilliant boulevard playhouses. A few stalls away from him sits a gentlemanly looking man with steady, observant eyes, who glances now and again at our friend in such a way as to make the latter think, "I wonder where I have seen that man before?" He never has seen him before, but it doesn't enter his head for a moment to suspect the man of being what he really is—a police spy.

SPIES EVERYWHERE.
The play over, there is just time for half an hour's stroll under the horse chestnuts in the Jardin de Paris. Here nine-tenths of the attendants are either spies or scamps, or may, indeed, be both at once, for French police authorities are not very squeamish in choosing their instruments, and seem to have a sort of preference for scoundrels over others. Their theory runs that the greater villain a man is the better spy he will make; moreover, the most efficacious means of keeping a man under spy surveillance is to have him become a spy himself, for spies spy upon each other quite as much as on the rest of mankind.

But our foreigner finishes up the evening by turning into the Cafe Americaine for supper, where he has for next door neighbor a young woman, with whom he enters into conversation. She has a sweet smile, which displays two rows of glittering teeth, and puts many questions to him concerning France and the French. Naturally enough, our visitor imagines this is all done out of that bright, easy Gallic politeness he admires so much, for how is he to know that every word he has said in reply will come to the ear of the police not later than the following afternoon?

If our friend be fond of sport he will soon be finding his way to the race courses near the capital, and into the baccarat clubs, with which Paris abounds, and here he will be hourly in contact with police spies in greater number than there are racers on the course or cards in the pack. And so the game goes on in every sphere of Paris life and society.—Philadelphia Times.

Frederic Harrison's Advice.
Frederic Harrison says in 'The Forum': "In matters literary, I have but one advice to give. Keep out of literature, at least till you feel ready to burst. Never write a line except out of a sense of duty, nor with any other object save that of getting it off your mind. About literature I have nothing to say. I have always felt myself more or less of an amateur. Nor do I remember to have wasted an hour in thinking about style or about conditions of literary success."

Origin of a Stylish Cravat.
At the battle of Steinkirk, which took place on the morning of Aug. 3, 1693, the French nobles were surprised in their sleep, and hastily rushing out of their tents, they arranged their lace cravats in the most careless manner. The French were victorious, and to commemorate their victory it became the fashion after this to wear the neckcloth in a negligé manner. Hence the origin of the Steinkirk cravat, as it was afterward called.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Microbes and Digestion.
A Russian physician has found that microbes are always present in great numbers in the fasting stomach of a healthy person. During the earlier part of digestion they are always quite numerous. The gastric juice, however, tends to destroy the microbes, though no effect on digestion appears to be exerted by them.—Arkansas Traveler.

A REMARKABLE DEATH SENTENCE.

Judge Benedict's Condemnation of a Murderer of the Queerest on Record.

One of the most eccentric and at the same time one of the ablest judges that ever sat upon the far western bench was Kirby Benedict, who for thirteen years was a justice of the supreme court of New Mexico, having been first appointed in 1853 by President Pierce and reappointed by President Buchanan, and appointed chief justice of the court by President Lincoln. He was a man of great ability and learning, strong in his prejudices, violent in his passions and relentless in his convictions.

There are many anecdotes told of Judge Benedict. But the crowning act of his judicial career was the sentence of death passed by him upon a prisoner convicted of murder, which sentence was as follows:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up. Jose Maria Martin you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasantness, and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin, apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the court has no doubt you have, and have expected to die a green old age; but you are about to be cut off in the consequence of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mesas and mountain sides; flowers will be blooming, birds singing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you there be kept safely and securely confined in the custody of the sheriff until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape, and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time; that you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday about two weeks from this time come?" "March 23, your honor." "Very well—until Friday, the 23rd day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county (that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county), and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul,' but the court will not assume the responsibility of asking an all wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul. However, if you have any religious belief, or are connected with any religious organization, it might be well enough for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well, such consolation as you can; but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."—Santa Fe Letter.

English Traveling Amusements.
There is now traveling on the line a one armed cornet player, and a capital tune he plays, too. He has an iron hook fixed in the wooden arm, and he attaches the cornet to this, holding it in position to the lips. With the other hand he fingers the trio of keys. Another well known railway musician is the proprietor of a mechanical dancing nigger. It may be said to be one of the most popular entertainments now before the traveling public.

The owner of the figure stands up in the carriage—usually by the door—and in the space in front of him he places a wooden pedestal, on which the little wooden nigger of some two feet in stature faultlessly "steps" to everything, be it a Scotch reel or an Irish breakdown. The proprietor himself introduces the necessary music on a violin. He always has a "full house," for the people crowd into the carriage in which the diminutive darkey is to dance.—London Tit-Bits.

Water Does Not Move with the Wave.
There is no necessary connection between the advance of a wave and the forward movement of the water composing it, as may be seen by running the fingers along the keys of a piano. An inverted wave travels along, but the keys merely move up and down. Similarly, a wave may often be observed running along the ripe ears of golden grain while the stalks are firmly rooted in the soil. The onward progress of a sea wave is easily perceptible, and by watching some light substance floating on the surface the fact is revealed that the water is not moving with the same velocity.—Chambers' Journal.

Recovering Tin from Dye Waters.
A prize has been given in France by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry for a process for recovering tin contained in the wash of water from silks which have been treated with bichloride of tin for the purpose of giving weight. By adding milk of lime to the water, and by properly agitating, the tin settles down in a few hours in the state of oxide, which can be readily collected and disposed of.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Since the Paris municipal council dismissed the Sisters of Charity from the city hospitals they have been replaced by nurses who cost 700 francs instead of 200 francs, and are generally "servants who cannot get places elsewhere." The spirit of sacrifice and devotion has all but gone.

BEFORE THE ELOPEMENT.

Too early yet!
The sun has hardly set,
My love!
In peace all earth reposes
And drinks the balmy dew.
But still eve's glowing roses
Are lingering on the blue.
Too early yet, my love!

Have faith in me!
When night sets in we flee,
My love!
The birds have ceased their twitter,
The breezes rest, and soon
The hosts of stars will glitter
Around the pale-faced moon.
Till then good-by, my love!

I hail thee,
Lovely and beautiful night!
Vell thee,
Moon of the silvery light!
Come, ye angels, attending on high
Close in slumber each vigilant eye.
Faint or hide you till morning draws high,
All ye glittering stars of the sky.

I hail thee,
Lovely and beautiful night!
Vell thee,
Moon of the silvery light!
Come, fear not, my own gentle bride,
Beautiful sweetheart, thy love be thy guide!
Come thou, my angel, my joy and my pride!
Come, love!

—John Volk in New York Sun.

Thackeray's Dress and Gold.
Thackeray composed and wrote his novels on long note paper in the most feminine handwriting. The manuscript he frequently took down to his publisher in the crown of his hat, stopping en route at the Garrick club to take lunch. His habit of composition was methodical. When writing "Philip on His Way Through the World" he told, with seriocomic earnestness, of the necessity he was under of spinning out more chapters because it was necessary to put another story on his house at Kensington Gardens, and Philip must do the job.

On that occasion he said, "Do you know that both Dickens and myself are imposing on the public, for we have worked out our own views very much, and dig out more dross than ore." Thackeray was too sensitive to make a good lecturer or take pleasure in appearing personally before the public, as Dickens did. He used to say: "Hang this lecturing; it is the most unsatisfactory thing to me you can imagine. If my audience does not applaud me I feel mortified because I have failed to interest them. If they applaud me, I feel like a successful mountebank; it is equally uncomfortable both ways."—Sheffield Telegraph.

Fruits in Japan.
"My wife and I have been in Yokohama seventeen years," said Thomas L. Boag, "and we are going back to England to live. Japan is a good enough place to live in."

"If you can't get away," put in Mrs. Boag.
"The climate is pleasant, but it's only a place to make money in. Old married people such as we are can get along, but it's lonely for a young man. It isn't like home."

"There's not a fruit there fit to eat except grapes," said Mrs. Boag, "and they're woolly."
"Yes, the grapes have a few hairs on them, and they taste queer," admitted Mr. Boag. "They have tried apples and pears up in the northern part of the island of Yeddo, and they are fine. But the nearest thing to an apple in Yokohama is 'nashi,' which has meat like a coarse pear and a flavor like nothing else I know of."—Chicago Tribune.

The Truth About the Unicorn.
In "Curious Creatures in Zoology," by John Ashton, the unicorn familiar to most people from the bottom of plates, where it is represented as conducting a perpetual clothes line fight with the lion, gets a good deal of notoriety, and travelers have sworn up hill and down dale that they have seen it, and that it looked something like a horse with a long twisted horn coming out of the middle of his forehead. The horn was a sure antidote to poison, and Queen Elizabeth had one that was valued at what would now be about \$150,000. Of course it was the horn of a narwal, and they got the story mixed with the rhinoceros, which, according to the old circus story, is an expensive animal, costing piles and piles of money.—Chicago Tribune.

Parasites of the Tiger.
In speaking of the minute parasites which are found in the hairy part of a tiger's foot, a scientist says: "They constitute one of the most wonderful curiosities I know of in the animal world. The parasites are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet each is a perfect counterpart of the tiger—head, ears, jaw, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there. You may think this is a big story, but look the subject up and see if it is not so."—New York Tribune.

Prepared Chalk for the Teeth.
In the care of the teeth as well as other things, the simplest thing is the best. Buy a little prepared chalk, such as women use on their faces, and a large soft brush. Dampen the brush, dip it in the chalk and use twice a day, rinsing afterward. If this is followed out for a week I will guarantee it will whiten the worst teeth and harden the gums.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Even Fliny.
Fliny the great could see things in front of his nose as well as afar off. "I notice that the women rub the washing in cold water," he wrote one day. "Let them heat the water, and the alkali in the soap will be freed and take far better effect." And only after that did women know how to wash.—Detroit Free Press.

Among historic rings is one said to be Shakespeare's signet. Upon the seal, entwined with a true lover's knot, are the initials W. S. It was lost before his death and found many years after by a laborer's wife near Stratford churchyard. This is the only authentic piece of his personal property known to be in existence.

The use of face powder originated in the fancy of a French mountebank, who dredged his head with flour in order to emphasize his idiocy.

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