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A FRENCHMAN'S TRICK.

How he Reaps a Golden Harvest in New York City.

"Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur, s'il vous plait?" asked a figure that stepped out from the shadow of a tree into the middle of one of the walks in Madison square the other evening. The reporter said he did, a very little, and then looked inquiringly at his questioner.

The latter touched his battered cap in true military style, and then thanked all the saints in the calendar that he had found some one in this forlorn country who could understand him. He was a soldier, a veteran of Magenta and Solferino, of Sedan and Metz. As he said this he straightened his lean figure, twirled the long mustache under his aquiline nose, and drew the stiffly-waxed imperial through his fingers.

"But now," said he striking his breast, over which the shabby frock-coat was buttoned tightly up under the chin, "now, I am starving—without a sou! Would monsieur be merciful enough to help an unfortunate one who had been vainly looking for work ever since he came over from Paris, five weeks ago?"

The reporter gave him a quarter. The ex-soldier of Solferino saluted and marched down the path away from the electric light.

Ten minutes later the reporter was crossing the square again. As he stopped in the shadow of a tree to light a cigar he saw the figure of the veteran come up a narrow path and stop in front of a lady and gentleman who were approaching. The same question which had been asked before was again asked, this time with a bow in honor of the lady. The gentleman evidently answered in the affirmative, for the veteran launched forth in an impassioned appeal in French for a little money to keep him from starving. The gentleman put his hand into his pocket, then into the veteran's hand, and then passed on with his companion.

Hardly had they turned the corner of the path when a young man in a bob-tailed overcoat and very high collar with the ends turned over loomed up. The veteran met him as he had the others. The young man in answer to the question, "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?" stammered out an incoherent answer, whereat the veteran said in English that he was "very hungry," and then began to recite in French his pitiable condition. The young man listened as if he understood it all, and then giving him a half-dollar walked on with a self-satisfied smile on his smooth face.

"See here," said the reporter stepping out of the shadow, "if you'll tell me how long you have been playing this game, and how you do it, I'll give you half a dollar."

The veteran scowled, but as the half-dollar glittered in his questioner's hand he hesitated a moment and then laughed.

"Of course you aren't a Frenchman?" said the reporter.

"Oh, yes, surely, monsieur," said the beggar, earnestly; "but I am not exactly a veteran. I was a regimental cook once, but I have lived in America for five years. Business was dull last summer and I bethought myself how to make money. At last I had a little idea. Said I to myself, everybody admires being thought to speak French, and if I can make myself a flatterer to their vanity they will pay for it. So I came out one night and began, just as I asked you to-night, 'Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur, s'il vous plait!' It is certainly not every gentleman I meet who will stop, but the great number do. If they are with ladies they are more sure to stop a minute and let me tell them my story, for in that way they make an impression on the fair one with them. Many a one does not understand the language, and so he hesitates. Then I say in English that I am hungry, and then I go on in French. They know

then that I am asking for money, and they listen and pretend to understand. They almost all give me money, but the most liberal are the *pschittreux*, or dudes, as you call them, like the one with the cane and the overcoat that just went past. But, *voila*, it is a fair exchange. They think they impose on me by pretending to understand me, and I make them pay for thinking so. *Merci, monsieur; bon nuit.*" And with another salute he pocketed the silver and marched down the path toward Broadway, where among the hundreds of theatre-goers he resumed the carrying out of his little linguistic idea.—N. Y. Sun.

Tulips.

As in the case of hyacinths, the single varieties of these force earlier and better than the double ones. Tulips require the same soil and treatment as hyacinths, only that several roots should be potted together in one small pot in order to form a good group. Roman hyacinths are valuable on account of their earliness, as they can, if potted in September or August, be easily had in flower in November. They are useful for decorative purposes if potted or planted pretty thickly, but being scentless, and otherwise inferior to the common hyacinth, they are seldom grown after the latter comes in. Both snowdrops and crocuses force early and freely, and should be potted thickly in pots or pans in about four inches of sod, and forced very gently as soon as rooted, under the same treatment as hyacinths before potting. They make an effective display in a cool house between Christmas and April, during which period they may be had in flower by introducing batches from the cool frame every ten days or so.

The polyanthus narcissus of different sorts have always been favorites for forcing, but of late the daffodil section has become popular for this purpose, and very handsome pot plants they make; and the beautiful *N. bulbocodium*, or small hoop petticoat daffodil is one of the best. It does better in pots than out doors, as a rule, and stands a good while in perfection. There are no neater subjects for pot culture, and those who grow it once will grow it always. The small bulbs should be potted early in the autumn—say August or September—kept cool till rooted, and then forced into flower in gentle heat. The whole of the daffodils force in this way. *N. Horsfieldi* is one of the best large-flowered sorts for the purpose as it flowers very freely, does not grow tall, and is one of the very best of its class. The large-flowered single *N. maximus* is also good; so is the common double daffodil; and the little *N. nanus* makes almost as neat a specimen as *N. bulbocodium*. The larger kinds must have pots from six to eight inches in size, and the small varieties will succeed well in four to five-inch ones, and in any common soil that is light and sandy. All are extremely easy to force, and the bulbs are comparatively cheap.—London Field.

The Rest Thrown In.

"Darling," said a young department clerk to a pretty Georgetown girl, whose waist his arm encircled, "what do you think your dear papa would say if I were to ask him for your hand?" "I don't think he'd like it, Harry," she lisped. "No?" he said in dismay, for he thought he was very dense with the old gentleman. "No? Why not?" "Because, dear," she smiled, "he wouldn't want his only daughter mutilated in that manner. Ask for all of me, Harry, and I have a vague suspicion you'll get me mighty quick." Harry gave her a squeeze as big as a dime museum anaconda, and saw the father next day in a most successful manner.—Washington Critic.

A Philadelphia oysterman says that the bivalves should be thoroughly washed before being eaten.

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