

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

The war furry has settled down to the conviction that the Monroe doctrine is a sure thing.

If Utah's claim that it is the most delightful State to live in is well founded it should change its name to Matrimony.

The best evidence that New York realizes it is no longer a rival of Chicago is that its newspapers are scolding St. Louis for wanting the Democratic convention.

Greater Boston will have about 1,000,000 inhabitants, it is estimated. But the town will not contain any more wisdom than it does now. That surely would be impossible.

It will pay every American citizen to reflect carefully upon how much more securely the United States could "bluff" England if the Nicaragua Canal were open for business and we were in control of it.

Cripple Creek should be exceeding careful in advertising its gold mines. If England finds out there is gold there it will be almost certain to send Larry Godkin with a regiment or two out there to take possession.

Great Britain concluded that it would be no fun to run up against Germany in South Africa. After thinking over the matter a while Great Britain may determine not to run up against the United States in South America.

Kaiser Wilhelm is bound to get worsted in his battle with the German press. He has already had several warnings that the people of his empire are angry at his vigorous attempts to suppress the free expression of opinion. The sentence of imprisonment imposed upon Herr Hofrichter, an editor who exposed the barbarous punishments used in the House of Correction at Braunweiler, has stirred Germany to the depths, and Wilhelm may soon feel his crown shaky about his ears unless he speedily learns prudence.

Another of the old war correspondents, Col. Thomas W. Knox, died at his rooms in the Lotus Club, New York, where for many years he has lived a pleasant bachelor's life. Col. Knox was one of the best and most accurate of the war corps of correspondents of the rebel war, and did admirable work for the New York press. After the war he turned his attention to literature, and became a great traveler. Scarcely a part of the world was left unvisited by him, and the result was a series of most charming books of travel and adventure for boys, the income from which enabled him to live in ease and without the necessity of doing continuous work. Personally he was a genial, refined, courteous gentleman with a heart as big as his massive body. He will be sadly missed, especially by the thousands of young readers to whom his books have been a delight.

Cecil Rhodes, the Premier and biggest man of Cape Colony, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted by Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor appointed by the Queen. The Hon. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the Colonial Treasurer, succeeds him by the Queen's appointment. Cecil Rhodes, the deposed Premier, was a man of great executive ability and towering ambition. It is as yet uncertain whether he was cognizant of the purpose of Jameson when he made his foolhardy invasion of the Transvaal with only 700 poorly armed followers, without rations or sufficient ammunition, to meet 2,000 or 3,000 well-equipped and well-fed Boers, every one of whom is an accomplished marksman. It has been stated that Jameson was only his tool and again that he knew nothing about the raid. However that may be the English Colonial Government seems to have made a scapegoat of him so that it may climb down and get out of a bad scrape all the easier.

The Governor of Virginia makes a sensible suggestion for the prevention of lynching. After advising laws for fixing counties in which lynchings occur, he suggests that the penalty for outrage on women be death in every case, and that an indictment for the offense have precedence in court of all other cases. The usual justification for the lynching that has been going on in the South, with such barbarities as burning and flogging, is that it is necessary to awe the negroes into leaving the white women alone. This may or may not be true, but it is easy to accomplish the same result by legal means. If the people are united in approving such summary punishments there could be no difficulty in passing laws to secure a short, sure and speedy punishment for the criminals. If the ordinary courts are insufficient it would be easy to set up a special tribunal whose decision should be beyond appeal and whose verdict should be carried out at once—in effect a court-martial as a part of the peace establishment. However objectionable such a tribunal may appear to the lawyers, it is much to be preferred to the lynching party that is usurping the functions of courts, and would avoid most of the dangers of getting the wrong man.

Americans have good reason to rejoice with the sturdy followers of "Ours First" in their denunciations and demands with which they stave the Jameson free-traders. They are, indeed, to be much congratulated, the first colonial people to resist independence by arms from

Great Britain since our own Revolutionary war. The similarity between them and the heroes of our struggle for independence is strong. They are a tough, deeply religious, pastoral people. They can fight and pray and keep their powder dry. They live simply, read their Bible piously and shoot accurately. They know how to mind their own business and how to teach their neighbors to remain at home. They love God, but they are not afraid of the devil. They go into battle crying "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and the hosts of the Midianites run like water before these leather soldier men. One result of their terrific defense of the republic has been the overthrow of Cecil John Rhodes. The rocket-like career of this man stunned the common sense and the conscience of the British people. Flown with riches and arrogance, there was nothing short of the conquest of Africa to the source of the Congo that seemed to satisfy his ambition. He was worshipped in London last week; this week he is a fallen star, with the murder of thousands of defenseless natives to answer for. Last week there were two great men in South Africa—Cecil John Rhodes and S. J. Paul Kruger. To-day there is but one.

GREAT LAWYER'S INFIRMITY.

He Generally Lost His Temper and Also His Case.

The late Chief Justice E. G. Ryan, of Wisconsin, was, in many respects, the most notably able man the State ever reckoned among its citizens. He had great learning, particularly in law. Among veteran lawyers who knew Judge Ryan there are few, if any, who do not concede that he was better versed in law than any other man in his profession in the State, but he was less fortunate in his practice than many of the first-class lawyers.

The late Matt H. Carpenter used to win most of his cases when Judge Ryan was the opposing attorney, but often lamented that he was not as good a lawyer as his unsuccessful opponent. Once Mr. Carpenter said: "Why, if I possessed E. G. Ryan's legal ability to go with my good nature and skill in controlling my temper, I would not be averse to meeting any lawyer in the world, no matter how important the case." Yet Carpenter seldom lost a case when the opposing attorney was Ryan.

"How is it, Matt, that you nearly always defeat Ryan, even when it is plain that you have a poor case and he a good one?" asked one of the great Senator's friends.

"By keeping my temper and helping Mr. Ryan to lose his," was Carpenter's prompt reply.

That was so. Carpenter knew that his brother attorney was always well prepared when he went into court—well loaded, cocked and primed—and he also knew that if Mr. Ryan did not lose his temper he would win his case, so he was careful to see that Mr. Ryan lost his temper, and fired off his perfect load so that it scattered and its effect was wasted.

Age took the rough edges from Judge Ryan's temper, so that when he became chief justice he filled the high station in as able and dignified a manner as it ever had been filled.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Matter-of-Fact.

A Philadelphia business man tells a story to one of the papers of his own city, which, he thinks, indicates a want of humor on the part of the people of Chicago. The Philadelphia man was in Chicago. He expected a money-order letter in a day or two, and to avoid trouble about identification, he went to the postoffice clerk, and said to him:

"I am expecting a money-order to the amount of — dollars, and my name is ——. Here are a lot of letters addressed to me from a good many places, with all the postmarks on them; so that you see if I am not the man I claim to be, I must have murdered that man and possessed myself of his letters, and am now personating him. As that is not likely, you must admit that I am the man."

He went away. In a few days the money-order came, and the Philadelphia man came around to get it cashed. He expected to find the clerk all ready for him, but at first the clerk did not recollect him. Presently the Philadelphia man succeeded in recalling himself to the clerk's memory.

"Oh, yes," he said, quite seriously; "you're the man that murdered the other one."

As he paid over the money, however, the Philadelphia man had no cause to complain.

Sure Proof.

It is said that the Hon. Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, was one of the plainest men ever known in the State. He told many stories relative to his own personal ugliness of face with great good-humor.

One which he often related with much relish was that of the remark made by the little daughter of a friend in another city with whom he was dining.

"Mamma," he heard the child say, in an awe-struck whisper, after a prolonged survey of the peculiar features of the guest, "that gentleman's mamma must have loved children mighty well."

"Why, so, dear?" inquired the unsmiling parent.

"Oh," returned the child in the same audible whisper, "cause she raised him!"

Getting Even with Worecoaster.

The story is told of Oliver Wendell Holmes that when one of his friends announced his intention of delivering a lecture in Worcester, Holmes cheerfully responded: "I'm awfully glad to hear it. I always did hate those Worcester people."

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Farmers Should Beware of Sharpers—Diet of Pigs—Farming in Public Schools—A New Insecticide—Sunshine in the Hothouse.

Farmers Should Beware of Sharpers.
Shyster concerns that manufacture all sorts of materials and put their goods on the market in all sorts of conditions, in order to get some of the trade of old established and reliable firms, are as characteristic of the fertilizer trade as of other trades, says the Connecticut Farmer. Anyone who puts out a fertilizer can get it officially analyzed at the experiment stations, and it appears in their reports, but the farmer does not know whether the concern is reliable or not. The Connecticut station, in its annual report for 1895, just out, emphasizes the fact that in buying mixed fertilizers farmers must rely to a large extent on reliable dealers, and says: "The main security of purchasers of mixed fertilizers is in dealing with firms which have an established reputation, and in avoiding 'cheap' goods offered by irresponsible parties." The caution is certainly needed when more than one-third of the nitrogenous superphosphates sold in Connecticut do not furnish in all respects all the manufacturers' claim for them. Out of seventy-six brands, twenty-one are below the manufacturer's minimum guarantee in respect of one ingredient, five in respect of two, and one in respect of all three ingredients. It is the concern that has capital invested in plants that are most likely to remain in the business, and are the ones that in the long run are likely to look well to their reputation, for they have more at stake. Another point that strengthens this caution is that in most States the analysis of fertilizers is not made until after the spring trade is over.

The Care of Swine.
The pigs are very fond of boiled potatoes, and they fatten off them faster than any other single diet. Boil the potatoes thoroughly in a big kettle, adding a little cornmeal, and a few apples, if they are handy, says the Massachusetts Ploughman. Mix together thoroughly, and feed to the pigs either warm or cold. They will relish such a diet, and thrive nicely off it during the winter months. Where but one or two brood sows are kept upon a farm, they will probably fall heir to the swill or slops from the house. Such food is good for them, providing first that too large a proportion of it is not water, and, second, that it is fed warm in cold weather. When ice covers the swill barrels the food taken from it is in a very unfit condition for brood sows. The adjuncts to swill may include one or more of all the kinds of grain sown upon the farm, as, for instance, wheat, rye, barley, corn, millet, oats, peas, shorts and wheat bran. But of these, corn, rye and millet should be fed sparingly, and barley cautiously, as they are too highly carbonaceous.

Farming in Public Schools.
At one of the Ontario farmers' institutes John Darners said on the subject of introducing this topic into the schools: Nature should be the text book, the teacher should be merely the director and maintainer of the attention. It is true we have object lessons in our schools, but if these, as too often they do, end with a cataloguing of qualities, the result is chaff and not wheat. The observation faculties are not trained by merely observing, but by reasoning about what is observed. The eye sees the object held before it, but trained scientific observation sees more or less of the history of that object stretching away back into the past or attempts to measure its future possibilities. I should rather have my child reach ten scientific conclusions by his own efforts (observations) wisely directed than to acquire a thousand by remembering loose diktas of teacher or text-book.

For example, I propounded the question: "Whether is the dew heavier on calm or on windy nights?" After three observations the child said "on windy nights," giving her reasons. Even that result I thought much better than if she looked in a book and read the opposite statement. I sold her to continue watching and writing each morning what she noticed. The farmer needs to use his eyes and reach correct judgments from his observations; so does everybody else. Hence nature study should form an important part of every school curriculum from the first to the highest grade. Progress in this kind of education cannot be tested by the ordinary written examination upon a set of formal questions prepared for all the schools of a country or a province.

A New Insecticide.

Tree vermin will soon have no peace or comfort in the orchard or shrubbery of the progressive farmer or lover of nature. Kerosene emulsion, paris greens, pyrethrum and other insecticides have been most effectually used in the destruction of certain forms of insect pests, but a class of vermin consisting of borers and other sorts have baffled all attempts at their destruction. The New Jersey Experiment Station found the German lime remedy, "raupenpeim," effective, but expensive. Accordingly, the station officials set to work to produce a similar product within the reach of all farmers and others who would rid their premises of tree insects. "Dendrotoxin" is the product of the experiments, and has been found very effective. It weighs about like kerosene and is applied to trunks of trees with a brush. Being sticky, insects can neither crawl up nor down a trunk coated with it, or insects cannot bore through the trunk, or the adult insect tumbles from the tree trunk for its freedom. Applied to trees, it shows no

harmful effect. It has been found effective in destroying peach and pear borers, and will probably afford immunity from canker worm, scale insects, moths and caterpillars. Full particulars of this insecticide are printed in Bulletin 111 of the New Jersey Experiment Station at New Brunswick.

Sunshine in Henhouses.

It is a suggestive fact that the number of eggs laid rapidly decreases as the days grow shorter. The time of greatest scarcity and highest prices is during the shortest days of winter. To be sure, these are generally also the coldest days. But lack of sunlight encouraging the fowls to active life has something to do with it. In a dimly-lighted hen house fowls will stay on their roosts until 9 or 10 o'clock on a winter's morning. Every hen house should have at least one window in the east and another in the south. If these windows, especially the ones to the east, are made double and the sashes closely fitted, there will be little loss of heat through them. Unless windows are made double they will do little good in admitting light on the coldest days, for they will be obscured by an ice covering from freezing of the moisture in the breath of the fowls.

Care of Milk in Winter.

Milk should never be set in the kitchen, nor where potatoes or other vegetables are stored, as the odor of the vegetables will injure the flavor of the cream, and thus spoil the butter. Where a creamery is not in use the cans may be set in a wooden vat or chest. The box should be a little deeper than the cans and have a lid that can be locked, and a few auger holes bored in each end near the top for ventilation. Cover these holes with gauze wire to keep out mice. The box should be given two coats of white paint inside and out.

In the early fall it should set near the well in the pump-house, and be filled with water within one inch of the top of the cans. When the weather becomes cold set the box in a room that can be kept at a temperature of 55 to 60 degrees, and dispense with the water. Milk can be kept for several days sweet in such a box, and a first-class quality of butter can be made from the cream. A creamery for five cows will cost \$25, and a milk chest to hold the milk from the same number of cows can be made out of 1 1/2-inch white pine lumber in the best manner for \$10, which will answer every purpose. A cheap thermometer should be hung in the box so the right temperature can be had.—The American.

Feeding Sheep in Winter.

A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator thinks that it is foolish to talk of balanced rations for sheep. Corn and straw will suffice to fatten them, with some turnips if they can be obtained. Reading farther on we find that he limits his corn feeding to one-half pound of corn per day. But for a poor, thin sheep so much corn might be injurious. The advantage of the balanced ration is that it enables the feeder to give a greater amount of nutrition without injury to the digestion. By giving a little wheat bran and whole oats with a quarter of a pound of corn per day at first, and gradually increasing it to half a pound, the sheep will gain faster and will be little likely to get off their feed, as they might do where corn is the only ration. The greater variety of food a sheep has the less likely it is to be injured. Where corn is fed whole oats should always be added. The sheep chews its cud, and will digest whole grain better than any other stock excepting poultry.

Orchards in Grass.

Where orchards have been kept in grass a few years a large proportion of their feeding roots will be near the surface. To plow these orchards when in full leaf is very injurious, as the trees are growing then and the lessening of plant food gives them a check. Plowing while the buds are dormant does little harm, for though it destroys the feeding roots others will start lower in the soil from the main roots by the time the leaves are out. It is sometimes advisable to plow young thrifty orchards in summer to check excessive production of leaf and wood, and induce fruit bearing.

Grain for Young Animals.

The coarse grains are cheap this winter and hay is generally scarce if not dear. In most cases for their nutritive value the coarse grains like corn and oats are quite as cheap as hay or straw. They are much better for young stock, which needs to get its nutrition in a form that will not take it all to digest it. That is the trouble in feeding exclusively on straw and other coarse feed. The animal can do no more than sustain life, and after being stunted all winter its digestion is so injured that it never fully recovers. Keep the young stock growing, and it will be better for it during all its after life.

Feeding Beet Leaves.

The large varieties of beet have very few leaves in proportion to their size. These leaves make a valuable feed for cows and hogs, but must be used quickly, as they are very succulent, and decay quickly if left in heaps. The leaves are succulent rather than nutritious, and ought always to be fed with grain and other dry feed. They are as good as the beets to increase the milk flow while they last.

Seeds and Plants in Flower Pots.

It is better to plant in the open ground through the summer and transfer to a pot of rich earth in winter than to try to keep plants in pots through the hot weather. The vigorous growth of root in summer will prevent the plant from blooming very freely, and the check which the root will receive in transplanting to a pot will make it bloom freely at the time when blossoms are worth the most. But in proportion as the roots are cramped they must be supplied with other soil.



Material for Good Roads.

There is a way, however, in which this county can get good roads without much expense. Our Onondaga hills contain thousands of cubic feet of good stone. Our jail and penitentiary contain hundreds of idle men whom the taxpayers are supporting. Bring these idle men and some of these blocks of stone together. Let them pound out repentance for their misdeeds and a fair compensation for the expense they are causing the State. Now that convict labor of the usual kind is to be abolished by law, provision should be made for making every abandoned inmate of a penitentiary or jail pound stone for the public roads.—Syracuse Post.

An Awful Confession.

State Railroad Commissioner O'Donnell, of New York, said recently, in a public address, the following words: "We have the reputation of having the poorest roads of any State in the Union, notwithstanding our annual road tax, not including cities and villages, in 1894 was over \$3,000,000. Including villages, which properly are classified as part of the rural districts, the tax in round numbers is over \$4,500,000. Over one-half of this is paid in cash, and the balance in pretended highway work. If this large annual tax were all paid in tax, it would equal the entire State tax paid in 1894 for educational purposes, including common schools, academies, colleges and universities. It exceeds by over \$1,000,000 the annual tax for the support of asylums, hospitals, reformatories, soldiers' homes and State prisons. Assuming that the State has paid the same annual road tax every year since the building of the Erie canal, the total sum would have built the enlarged Erie canal and a steel track highway on every road in the State, and left a surplus in the treasury. For all this enormous outlay we have nothing to show, except the old mud and dirt roads of our ancestors, and not as good as they were twenty-five years ago."

Not a Barber.

When the professor came into the club yesterday afternoon his erudite countenance was ornamented at several points with sticking plaster, and there was a general inquiry among his friends as to what was the matter. "Razor," said the professor, briefly. "Great Caesar! where did you get shaved?" asked young Rounder, sympathetically.

"It's a strange thing," said the professor. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. I know of my own knowledge that he is an alumnus of one of the leading American colleges; that he studied in Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. I know, also, of my own knowledge, that he has contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social and scientific standing in Europe and America. And yet," soliloquized the professor, "he can't shave a man decently."

"By Jove!" exclaimed young Rounder, in astonishment. "What is he a barber for with all those accomplishments?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber," said the professor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."—New York Journal.

Entangled in His Overcoat.

He was such a very fat man that the entire audience turned around to look at him when he came into the theater in the middle of the first act and took his seat in an orchestra chair. He wore his last year's fall overcoat, which was tight for him. He had evidently taken on flesh during the year. He paid no attention to the interest his neighbors evinced in him, but sat down and at once became absorbed in the play. He grew warm, and with his eyes still glued to the stage, he arose and shed his overcoat. The people around him began to titter, and finally to laugh very audibly. The fat man realized at length that the people were laughing at him. Then he noticed, with great confusion, that he was in his shirt sleeves. His sack coat had come off with the other. He put them both on again, and tried to peel off the overcoat, but it wouldn't move a little bit. He gave a desperate tug and wriggled his fat shoulders, and the next moment he was in his shirt sleeves again. "Get out!" "Get out!" "Rip it off!" cried the people behind him, but the fat man tried again, and with the assistance of two men in the seats behind him he finally managed to shed his overcoat.—Philadelphia Record.

A Frightful Compound.

Fulminate of mercury, which is used by European anarchists in the manufacture of their bombs, is one of the most treacherous and powerful explosives known to science. Heretofore it has been employed in percussion caps and as a detonator for nitro-glycerine

preparations. It explodes when subjected to a slight shock or to heat, and a few expert chemists since its English inventor, Howard, have been seriously injured or killed while preparing it or experimenting with it.

In France some years ago the celebrated chemist, Barruel, was manipulating this dangerous product in a heavy agate mortar when his attention was suddenly distracted, and he let the pestle down with a little less care than ordinary. The explosion which followed almost literally blew the mortar into dust and it tore Barruel's hand from his wrist. Another distinguished chemist, Belot, was blinded and had both hands torn off while experimenting with fulminate of mercury. Justin Leroy, a French expert in the manufacture of explosives, was one day engaged in experimenting with this compound in a damp state, in which condition it was supposed to be harmless. It exploded with such force, however, that nothing of M. Leroy that was recognizable could afterward be found.

An English chemist named Hennell, while manufacturing a shell for military use, into the composition of which fulminate of mercury entered, was also blown literally to atoms, and the fragments of the building where he was conducting his experiments were scattered for hundreds of feet in every direction.—New York World.

What She Was Doing.

Did you ever hear the story of the best retort that Murat Halstead ever received? No one ever enjoyed telling the story more than he did, and it is good enough to print anywhere. The old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Hoadly & Johnson was one of Mr. Halstead's pet subjects for sarcasm, politeness and otherwise. He caught up a phrase which was attributed to the Junior partner of the firm, Mr. Johnson, and after calling him a "shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar," for some time, the brilliant Mr. Halstead went further and publicly dubbed Mr. Johnson "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." This phrase was so attractive to Mr. Halstead that he never hesitated to use it in every possible way. Halstead's day of reckoning came, however.

At an evening gathering Mr. Halstead, who was very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, saw a handsome woman in the crowd superbly dressed and with diamonds on her bosom and in her hair that would at once attract attention. He begged to be presented, and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did not present itself to Mr. Halstead's mind, perhaps a little less steady at the time than usual, who the lady might be. He was curious about her.

"Johnson, Johnson?" he repeated. "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mrs. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles; "I live in Cincinnati."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished. "May I inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?"

The smiles were more merry at this time.

"Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the 'brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Slight Mistake.

While there is undoubtedly great beauty to be found in the wonderful old tapestries to be seen in some of the European castles, their designs are not always clear to the untutored admirer. A party of young women going through an English castle, were shown a celebrated piece of tapestry, for which the castle is famed.

Their guide was an elderly spinster of grim aspect, who conducted them about the great house with much solemnity, making appropriate remarks on each of the treasures she exhibited. At last, pointing to several groups of figures on the tapestry, she said, addressing the eldest of the group of visitors, whom she had treated with somewhat more of graciousness than the others:

"These, miss, represent scenes in the life of Jacob."

"Oh, yes, how interesting!" said the young woman, looking doubtfully at one group where two figures in dingy raiment were represented in close proximity to each other. "Now, I suppose," she said, after some moments of careful inspection, smiling confidently at the stern show-woman, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel."

"No, miss," said the elderly female, with an air of mingled pity and contempt, "them be Jacob and the angel wrestling."

The World's Eighth Wonder.

The Scoural, the palace of the Spanish kings, is seventy feet from north to south, 560 feet from east to west, with square towers at each corner 200 feet high. Within are the palace proper, a cathedral, a monastery with 200 cells, two colleges, three chapels, three libraries and nearly 5,000 other rooms. It is lighted with 1,100 candelabra and 1,780 inner windows, and has been fitly termed the eighth wonder of the world.

Mozart's Memory.

Mozart had a memory for music and for nothing else. On attending the papal mass at theistine Chapel he was greatly impressed with the musical service, and asked for a copy, but was told none could be given him, as the music was not allowed to go out. He went to the next service, listened attentively, went away, and wrote down the whole from memory.

The De Courays.

Once upon a time the De Couray family was one of the richest and most powerful in France. The motto of their coat-of-arms was, "I am no King; I desire being a Duke; I am the Emperor." The last descendant died recently; he was one of the street-sweepers of Paris.