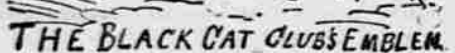


The Celebrated "Black Cat" Club of Paris—Visiting a Parisian Garden Where Acquaintance Ripens Into Matrimony.

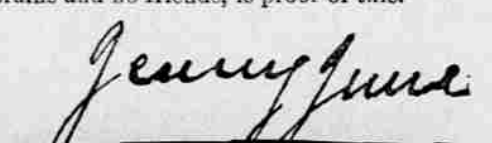
Special Correspondence.

The Black Cat in Paris is quite different from Barum's. It is a club house in the Rue Laval frequented by journalists and artists—dramatic and other—especially the younger members of the press. It is a place where, as an ordinary house, with an extraordinary window and a swing lamp in front of the door. Instead of the huge narrow windows usual in French houses this has one high wide window with a pane of glass in the middle and the lamp has also a red revolutionary aspect, pulled by a somewhat sickly display of gas. The steps to the doorway and the doorway itself are narrow, but they are guarded by a pair of men in individual—glaring—in nineteenth century costume, with helmet and sword. He is not half so formidable as he looks, in fact he is good-natured, and admitted us most politely. The ground floor is occupied as a sort of restaurant, at the tables of which both men and women were seated; some very nice, lady-like looking women, too. The regular "meeting" room, reading room, &c., if the club are up stairs, and we were invited to go up and make ourselves at home. The stairs were narrow, but the welcome was wide, and we made our way to the second floor, the president, who is also the proprietor of the building and the founder of the club, explaining some of the emblematic devices and exhibiting the Chat Noir under all sorts of aspects, as contributed by members, to the decoration of the walls. The reading room has a copy of Moliere's *Madame*, and the meeting room is adorned with portraits of the founder and his wife, the lady in full length and in a striking historic costume. The club issues a paper which is called *Chat Noir*, and which has for a frontispiece a black cat, with its back decidedly up.



dark and avenue is unpolice surveillance. Young women come there alone, and though this renders them liable to protection, and though this renders them responsible, no person has the right to claim and can secure protection, and be rewarded to her home, if she wishes. At the hour of the evening at which we entered (nine o'clock), the flowers and the women were in their festive appearance, and a very orderly one as well; the broad walks and avenues are outlined and traversed by rows of electric lights. The flowers and the women were fresh and bright as in a real garden. It was the same with the people of apparently the working class, but not differing from the artisan or small trading class anywhere, and there was a certain order and discipline in the throng, and belonced to an undoubtedly different circle. There was an entire absence at that hour of the rowdy element, which is so common in the night, and indeed, it was difficult to find a chance to express myself under the rigid police surveillance which compels every woman who enters to undergo scrutiny when he gives up his walking stick or umbrella. The dress was not at all gay, and the women were not at all stark and modest, even those who came alone or unattended. There was nothing to attract attention, and indeed many of those present were dressed in the most elegant and becoming costume to meet friends and participate in the enjoyment of the dance after the week's work, which so far as the bread winning is concerned is usually shared by the wife. "What beauty!" said my friend, and indeed, "they do not look bad or depraved." "What beauty!" said my friend. "Statistics show that a majority of them marry the men with whom they are acquainted, and that they are not so good as so that their society does not look down upon them; they do not lose their self-respect. Besides, it is not in order to be maintained; it is for society and companionship to preserve their independence; they support themselves; and women who are self-supporting do not feel degraded and will stand up for their position. It is not so with the dancers the position of French women better in some respects than that of the women of any other country. It is the only nation in the world where there are chambermaids and waitresses, and even cabdrivers, and women practically control the retail business."

to the lake and wearing the same things. In Paris that we wished to do that we had to resign, but we were determined to secure a trip to Fontainebleau, and so a "house party" was organized, and "our lady" volunteered to pack a hamper for the occasion. We were to have a picnic, and she had been on American "excursions" to the same place. Here, we made a picnic of it, and enjoyed it all amazingly. Fontainebleau and its forest are famous to my mind, and I saw some of the same things in the Bois de Boulogne, and I had to exclaim to the effect it would be Versailles that would have to go, but this is after seeing both. As it was we did, but had to decide between Versailles and Fontainebleau, and I chose Versailles, as the easiest to Paris, and some of its members thought Fontainebleau also several times. Fontainebleau has this in common with Versailles, that both derive their principal interest from the possibility of a picnic. The forest is so beautiful that the interest attached to the former is more varied and its fine forest is always there, while the artificial water-works of Versailles only play on Sundays. But Fontainebleau is more popular, and I think it is consequently by short-trip tourists, because it is a longer distance and a more expensive journey—the excursion takes a whole day and should either be made with a guide or a party in order to see it properly. Fontainebleau is about forty miles from Paris and takes nearly two hours by train to reach.



MILAN I.

The recent revolt in Roumelia is of great significance and promise to affect the other Balkan States. Servia, which has been the bone of contention between the great powers for many years, is directly affected thereby and King Milan favors the uprising and revolt. He has also announced himself as being in favor of the union of the smaller Balkan states thus forming a great Slavonic Power.

Are Elephants Dying out of the World?—Big, Bad and Dead Elephants—the Discipline Administered to Several Refractory Ones.

Bolivar, until Jumbo the biggest elephant in America, was brought by Mr. Forepaugh from the East Indies and via New York to Philadelphia. No sooner had Bolivar's special car been

Superstition About Comets.
From "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Professor Andrew D. White, in Popular Science Monthly.

eclipses there was little calculated to do harm by arousing that superstitious terror which is the worst breeding-bed of cruelty. Far otherwise was it with

crucity. Far otherwise was it with the beliefs regarding comets. During many centuries they brought terrors which developed the direst superstition and fanaticism; the ancient records of every continent are full of these. One great man, indeed, in the Roman Empire had the scientific distinct and prophetic inspiration to foresee that at some future time the course of comets would be found in accordance with natural law. But this thought of Seneca was soon forgotten; such an isolated utterance could not stand the mass of superstition which "signs and wonders" comets are "phenomena and warnings." The belief that every comet is a ball of fire, flung from the right hand of an angry God to warn the groveling dwellers of earth, was received into the early church, transmitted through the middle ages to the Reformation period, and in its transmission and reception was made all the more precious by supposed textual proofs from scripture. The great fathers of the church committed themselves unreservedly to this doctrine. Tertullian declared that "comets portend revolutions of kingdoms, pestilence, war, winds or heat." Origen insisted that they indicate "catastrophes and the downfall of empires and worlds." The Venerable Bede, so justly dear to the English church, made in the ninth century a similar declaration. St. Thomas Aquinas, the great light of the universal church in the thirteenth century, whose works the Pope now reigning commends as the center of all university instruction, accepted and handed down the same opinion. The sainted Albert the Great, the most noted genius of the mediæval church in natural science, received and developed this theory.

Another Anecdote of John Randolph.

"True," said the abbe, covering his evident annoyance at the rude tone with his usual calm smile. "True, the next time I visit Virginia I shall certainly go to Roanoke."

"Gentlemen," answered Randolph, emphasizing the word, "do not come to Roanoke unless they are invited!"

It was a cruel thrust, but the abbe took it in the same placid manner; and, lifting his gray head, paused for a moment to give due emphasis to his words, and then replied looking inquiringly at the other guests:—

"Said I not, messieurs, that I ~~was~~ disappointed in Virginia gentlemen?"

The evil effect of Chinese immigration is being felt more keenly than ever before among the white artisans and laborers of British Columbia. Meetings are being daily held to protest against the employment of Chinese labor in that Province to the exclusion of the white population. At one of these meetings held a few days since at Victoria the following resolution was unanimously carried:

It is shown on unmistakable authority that the government has encouraged Chinese immigration to enable them to carry on the work on the Canadian Pacific railway at a minimum figure. In this way thousands poured into the Province who otherwise would never have crossed the Pacific. The Chinese question will be the main point of issue in British Columbia at the next general election.

Prowess of New York Policemen.
New York policemen possess the

good quality of bravery, as a rule. The patrolman who outrageously clubs an inoffensive drunkard one minute will in the next respond so promptly to a call for daring that he commands forgiveness for his previous brutality. An Italian fruit-vender was beset by loafers the other morning and so exasperated that he drew an immense dirk and stuck it through the heart of his foremost tormentor. He fled into a cellar. The first officer to arrive, seeing that the stabbed man was dead, set out without the slightest hesitation to search for the murderer, alone, in the dark, underground hiding-place. Within five minutes he came up with the prisoner, whom he had disarmed and overpowered. The members of the force, though largely appointed through political influence, are required to be under 25 years of age on entering the service, and of perfectly sound and robust physique. This excellence of strength gives confidence; but besides that they are disciplined to act instantly and courageously. Their prowess is fully recognized by professional breakers. Wes Allen, a pickpocket, was accosted in the Grand Central depot recently by a big, burly officer from Syracuse, who showed a warrant for his arrest and tried to take him prisoner. The response was a blow that felled the Syracusan. "No country clump's going to copper me," Wes exclaimed contemptuously. Then a New York policeman of the smallest permissible size, and so much out of health that he had been assigned to indoor duty in the depot, coolly grabbed the thief by the collar and led him unresisting to the nearest station, while the visiting officer followed, admiring the easy feat.—Albany Journal.

When to Laugh.

"There is a man in this city," said a well-known Washington lawyer to the New York Telegram correspondent, "whose chief stock in trade is in knowing when to laugh. 'Yes,' he continued, "and that man is a southerner, and his profession is that of a lobbyist. He is a smooth talker and always has his hands full of business. One day last winter I was in his company, when he introduced me to a Jerseyman, who had come down to Washington to look after some matters before congress. In the course of the conversation the Jerseyman told joke—a veritable chestnut. My friend laughed immoderately, but as I had heard the so-called joke a thousand or more times I could not join in the merriment. The next day I met my lobbyist friend, who said: 'I was probably as much bored last night as you were; but the fact that I indulged my Jersey friend and laughed at his stale jokes has brought me debts.' Here is his check for \$1,000, which he gave me as a retainer to represent his claim before a committee of the house. Sam Ward," he continued, "made fame and fortune by knowing how to feed people. I make money because I know how and when to laugh."

A "Fattery"

"Stick a big scheme out West," said a traveling man to a Chicago Herald reporter. "At Gilmore, 16 miles south of Omaha, a company has started a cattle fattery, if that is a good word. They have expended \$75,000 in the erection of big stables. There are 3,750 stalls, and by winter they will have 5,200 stalls. In each stall they will place a critter, and they will all be fed with food placed before them through a system of pipes. This food is cooked in enormous steam vats having a capacity of 1,000 barrels of feed an hour. They will ship in cattle from the western Nebraska ranches, and fatten them in these stalls. They expect to put 300 pounds of meat on each of 15,000 critters in a year. That represents something like \$260,000 of new meat, not counting the increased value of the original animal, as it were, after he is transformed from a range steer into a fancy beef. Corn and hay are cheap out in that country, and it looks to me as if the cattle fattery—which I understand is the first of its kind in the country—will prove a gold mine for its owners."