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THE PARISIAN FLOWER GIRL.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record.—Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in midwinter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a lonely street, near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl (at least she appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp,) who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets which she offered for sale.

"Will Monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "and so I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will buy and assist me?" she said.

"Do you really need assistance, Mademoiselle?

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, Monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I would have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed, and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs."

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plenty."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite coin; "for though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up to me, and said—

"Good M[illegible] direct me to the house [illegible]

[redacted]

"Why did you not send for a physician at once?"

"We hoped she would be better soon, and as it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge," I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank Monsieur?" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once and moved off at a rapid pace down the street, toward the river Seine, in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, Monsieur; it is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led in among habitations which I never should have visited in the broad glare of day. A distant lamp served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same taking it and leading me forward.

I was quite tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and after one or two short turns, began to descend a pair of creaking, rotten stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abode in sepulchres!" I rejoined, with some asperity, being vexed with myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, a small, dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner of the room, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl, as she closed the door behind me. As there was no reply to this, she turned to me, saying, "Will Monsieur le Docteur please to be seated a minute? I think mother is asleep."

"I beg Mademoiselle to bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments with this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately," I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from that subterranean quarter as quick as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the bed, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull!

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl left was thrown open, and in marched, one after another, four quite tall human figures, in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried in money about my person some five hundred francs, but not a single weapon of any kind; resistance being, therefore, out the question, I felt that my only chance—if, indeed there were a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians, and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I cannot replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-handed manner, but they marched forword and surrounded me before either said a word.

"How much have you got with you, then?" inquired one, in a civil way, but a low gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money; "all of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if any of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I added.

"You said you had more, Monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have ten thousand francs in the Bank of France, and I will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks don't answer our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge my honor that I will to-morrow draw out five thousand francs, and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased from the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose?"

"No; on my honor, he shall depart unarmed and unquestioned, and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately drew out my pin, drew off my ring, drew ont my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse, and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make us a present of these, now?" he said."

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street above," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, indeed," was the response.

They then drew off together, scrutinizing the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a conversation that involved my life, and to speak the truth it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered; and it was with difficulty that I could stand.

At length, the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a cool, methodical manner, "Monseur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but, unfortunately, we are governed by a rule, which is a law to us, *that dead men tell no tales*, and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Monsieur's gentlemanly behaviour, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have then resolved to murder me?" gasped I.

"Monsieur uses a very hard term but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by this watch."

The villian then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my days were numbered, and secretly began to pray for the salvation of my soul, believing that I could not save my body.

A deathlike silence reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent down and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell, as it might be of putrid bones. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt to escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened on the stairway, and with a single bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the murderers seized me with murderous intent, and I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gens d'armes.—I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy, and two or three others concerned in that murderous den, were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them, and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had for some time been suspected, and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gens d'armes to the place The delay of the ruffians in in their murderous designs had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

Selected Poetry.

WOUNDED.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

All night like a coward I moaned,
I cried in my despair;
My burden of sorrow hath been made
Too great for me to bear!

Too great to bear unshared
Is the bitterness of my heart;
Yet I stand wirh my wretched soul alone,
I am struck from help apart!

But our hidden griefs are slow,
They torture long ere they kill;
And my aching heart has had its cry,
Had its cry and is still.

And I know for a wounded man
The bravest thing to be done
Is to hide it silently and fight
Till the victory is won.

There are sorrows sent to all,
That best are borne alone;
And the world's true heroes are of those
The world has never known.

Shall my comrades bear me off,
And break the ranks of the host,
When every man on the field of life
Is needed at his post!

And countless women and men,
Whom only their Father sees,
Live on with heavier griefs than mine,
And how am I better than these?

O men, with wounded souls,
O women, with broken hearts,
That have suffered since ever the world was made,
And nobly borne your parts;

Suffered and borne as well
As the martyrs whom we name,
That went rejoicing home, through flood,
Or singing through the flame;

Ye have had of Him reward
For your battles fought and won,
Who giveth His beloved rest
When the day of their work is done.

Ye have changed for perfect peace
The pain of the ways ye trod;
And laid your burdens softly down,
At the merciful feet of God!

Who Wouldn't be an Editor!

Editing a paper, says the Church Union, is a pleasant business.

If it contains too much reading matter the people won't take it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is too small the people won't read it.

If we publish telegraphic reports, people will say they are all lies.

If we omit them, people will say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, the people say we are a rattle-head.

If we omit them, they say we are old fossils.

If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, they say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have read in some other newspaper.

If we give a man a complimentary notice then they censure us for being partial.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we do not, they say we never attend to business.

If we publish poetry, we affect sentimentalism.

If we do not, we have no literary polish or taste.

Physical Effects of Music.

Music communicates to the body, shocks which agitate the members to their base. In churches, the flame of a candle oscillates to the quake of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles the surface. A learned traveler speaks of a bell which swings to and fro to the sound of Tivoli Falls. In Switzerland it excited, at will, in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and cataleptic crises, by playing on the minor key of E flat. The celebrated Dr. Bertier asserts that the sound of a drum gives him the colic. Certain medical men state that the sound of a trumpet quickened the pulse and induced a slight perspiration. The sound of the basson is cold; the notes of the harp are voluptuous. The flute played softly in the middle register, calms the nerves. The low notes of the piano frighten children.

I once had a dog who would generally sleep on hearing music; but the moment I played on the minor key he barked piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer whom I knew, would moan bitterly, and give signs of violent suffering the moment his mistress chanted a chromatic gamut.

A certain chord produces on my own sense of hearing the same effect as the heliotrope on my sense of smelling, and the pine apple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice delighted the ear by its ring before one had time to seize what was said, or appreciate the purity of her diction.

We may affirm, then, that musical sound, rhythmical or not, agitates the whole physical frame, quickens the pulse, incites perspiration, and produces a pleasant momentary irritation of the nervous system.—*Exchange.*

The Fourteenth Amendment.

For the information of our readers, we republish the so-called "Fourteenth Amendment" to the Constitution. It is as follows:

ARTICEE XIV.—Section 1 All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be appointed among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for the President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State being twenty one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations or claims shall be held illegal and void.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

Colfax on Grant.

If the following sixteen reasons why Grant should not be the Republican candidate, were good seven months ago, then it seems to us they ought to be good now. Schuyler Colfax distributed this circular throughout his district under his Congressional frank then; will he gainsay its contents now?

WHY GRANT SHOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT IN 1868.

1. He has all he deserves at the hands of the American people.

2. He could not deliver an inaugural address.

3. Because no Democrat has succeeded for the past quarter of a century as President of the United States.

4. Because at this peculiar period in the history of our country we need an able and experienced statesman at the White House.

5. Because one hundred thousand graves and four millions freedmen demand a Republican President and Vice President.

6. He is now and always has been a Democrat, and has never endorsed the Republican party.

7. Because he has proved a failure in every capacity outside the military.

8. He claims to have no knowledge of politics or national affairs.

9. Because Democratic and Rebel papers endorse him.

10. He has followed our drunken Democratic Johnson in all his rebellious rows against Congress and our party.

11. Because he has insulted the Republican party by endorsing the removal of the Secretary of War, and accepting the position himself.

12. We have one hundred better men for President.

13. Because all parties claim him as belonging to their party

14. We have the power to elect a statesman, if we wish to.

15. Because the Democrats and rebels have no other available candidate.

16. Because Illinois gave us the immortal Lincoln, and Indiana offers our most available candidate.

AMERICAN REPUBLICANS.

ADVERTISING.—It is amusing at times to observe the stores of the merchants who don't advertise; to see the anxious proprietors looking into the streets and see the people go by, wondering why they don't come in, while the stores of their neighbors who do advertise are thronged with customers. Some people will learn by observation, others will not.—*Daily Palladium.*

☞ I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burgular, who was used as a State's witness against a "pal." He was no gentleman. I have known him when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's champagne, and go off with the silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining table. He brought discredit on the profession."

Gen. Frank Blair's Acceptance.

The following is a report of the speech made by Gen. Frank Blair at Tammany Hall, Faiday evening, 10th inst., signifying his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Vice Presidency.

I accept the platform of resolutions passed by the late Democratic Convention, and I accept their nomination with feelings of the most profound gratitude.—And, sir, I thank you for the very kind manner in which you have conveyed to me the decision of the Democratic Convention. I accept the nomination with the feeling that your nomination for the Presidency is one that will carry us to certain victory (applause) and because I believe that the nomination is the most appropriate nomination that could be made by the Democratic Convention. The contest which we wage is for the restoration of constitutional government (cheers) and it is appropriate that we should make this contest under the lead of one who has given his life to the maintenance of constitutional government. (Renewed cheers.) We make this contest for the restoration of those great principles of government which belong to our race. And, my fellow-citizens, it is most proper that we should select for our leader a man, not from military life, but one who has devoted himself to civil pursuits—one who has given himself to the study, to the understanding of our Constitution and its maintenance with all the force of reason and judgment. My fellow-citizens, I have said that the contest before us was one for the restoration of our race. (Loud cheers.) It is to prevent the people of one race from being exiled from their homes—exiled from the government which they formed and created for themselves and for their children, and to prevent them from being driven out in exile or trodden under foot by an inferior and a semi-barbarous race. (Applause.) In this contest we shall have the sympathy of every man who is worthy to belong to the white race.—What civilized people on earth would refuse to associate with themselves in all the rights and honors and dignities of their country such men as Lee and Johnston? (Voices, "None, none.") What civilized country on earth would fail to do honor to those who, fighting for an erroneous cause, yet distinguished themselves by a gallantry never surpassed. (Applause.) In that contest for which they are sought to be disfranchised and to be exiled from their homes—in that contest they proved themselves worthy to be our peers. My fellow-citizens, it is not my purpose to make any lengthened address, but simply to express my gratitude for the great and distinguished honor which has been conferred upon me; and now from my heart I reiterate the words of thanks that fell from my lips when I arose.

The Wonderful Clock at Strasbourg.

A traveller who recently visited Strasbourg thus decribes the remarkale clock upon the cathedral of that city:

"This clock is the most remarkable curiosity connected with the cathedral; hundreds of people had gathered in front of it to witness its wondrous workings, all eyes turned towards the corner which contained it; it occupies, with its various arrangements, considerable space; precisely at fifteen minutes to 12 o'clock the movements of the figure begin; first the cock, surmounting the top, flaps his wings and crows; after a short interval the figure of a child appears, representing youth, then one representing manhood, and another old age; at 12 o'clock the cock again crows, when there appears in an open space a figure representing our Savoiour, which takes a position in the centre, when figures of the twelve Apostles advance one by one, and stop in front of the representation of our Saviour, which raises its hands as if in the act of blessing them, they then pass from off the platform, the cock crows for the third time, emblematical of the passage of Scripture referring to the betrayal of Christ. The clock is also a complete astronomical almanac, from which one can read the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and the various phenomena which they exhibit; it has three departments—the first astronomical, the second ecclesiastical, indicating the fasts and holy-days of the Roman Catholic Church, and the third office of the autumation is a moral and religious one; twelve figures in chariots represent the months, and revolve around as regularly as the month comes around; the day of the week and of the month is also indicated; it certainly is a most wonderful and intricate piece of mechanism, and I presume nothing in the world can eclipse it."

After the Funeral.

Of all the returnings, that one "after the funeral" is the saddest. Who will say it is not so, who has followed a beloved one to the grave? While he was sick we went in and out, anxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve, and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the apprehension of our own dissolution, in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us wild.

While he lay dead under the home roof, there was a hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends are sent for, neighbors are present, the funeral arrangements are discussed, the mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for; all is excitement; the loss is not yet perceived in all its greatness.

But "after the funeral," after the bustle has subsided and things begin to move on as usual, then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral though in the heart of the city; and though its threshold be trodden by friendly feet, it is as if empty. The apartments, how deserted! especially the room where he struggled and surrendered in the last conflict. There are his clothes, there his books, there his hat and cane, there his ever vacant seat at the family board. During his sickness we had not so much noticed these things, for we hoped ever that he might use or occupy them. But now we know it can never be, and we perceive the dreadful vacuity everywhere.

Oh how dark and cheerless the night shadows come down after the funeral. No moon or stars ever shone so dimly: no darkness ever seemed so utterly dark. The tickings of the clock resound like bell strokes all over the house. No footstep now on the stairs or overhead in the sick chamber; no nurse and watchers to come and say, "he is not so well and asks for you." No indeed, you may sleep on now and take your rest, if you can. Ah, poor heart! It will be long before the sweet rest you once knew will revisit your couch. Slumber will bring again the scenes through which you have just passed, and you will start from it but to find them all too real. God pity the mourner "after the funeral."

Swimming.

We all know that breast swimming is the style commonly adopted all over the world. Beginners commence on the breast and in nine instances out of ten, they continue to move through the water on their breast all through their lives. It is in the water what walking is on land. To the beginner it has the advantage of being the easiest to learn, and to the adept it has the attraction of having "last" about it. Long distances are mostly performed in this style, as being more steady, and consequently less fatiguing; so that here the breast frequently conquers its more dashing rival, the side. Also, when swimming for pleasure, rather than for glory, we instinctively take to the breast. The chief rules are:—1. Spread out your hands (fingers closed) widely, so as to describe as large a circle as you possibly can. If you watch good breast swimmers, you will at first be surprised to observe what a broad sweep they thus make. 2. The same rule holds good for the feet; you cannot describe too large a circle; therefore, send out your legs to their utmost length and breadth. 3. After you have described this circle, in order to complete the stroke, bring the heels together sharply and vigorously. Remember, it is this jerk and quick meeting of the heels which sends you forward. It is in this particular that Gurr especially excels, so that he can propel himself some five or six feet each stroke. A long stroke could not be made in any other way. The secret of the matter is this, that after the sharp contact of the heels, your body instantly floats along, or rather cuts through the water those five feet without any other effort on your part. The stroke made with the hands or arms is of small service, except to maintain your balance on the water.

Acts and their Consequences.

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act or a thought in the life of a human being, but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but to a certain extent, gives a color to our own life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or thought will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, nor evil on the other. There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in this world.

No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand years deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successors' shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

A DEEP WELL.—The artesian well being bored by the county of St. Louis, Mo., reached a depth of 3,147 feet on the 1st of July. This is the deepest artesian well in the world and no water yet. The work has been going on for 26 months.

How strong a hold all athletic powers takes upon the sentiments of Englishmen may be judged from the elaborate accounts of the funeral of Chambers, the "ex-champion of the Thames and Tyne," which between 50,000 and 60,000 people attended.

AN exchange says that a hen has a capacity of laying six hundred eggs and no more. As most of these are laid during the first four years of her life, it is thought to be economy to cut off her head when she is four years old and sell her to a boarding house keeper for a spring chicken.

GREELEY is intellectually exhausted. He says he "has no new thought to give the Senate."

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