

HOW AN ACTOR LIVES.

Professor David Swing, writing to the Chicago *Alliance*, gives this picture of the home of Lawrence Barrett and its inmates:—Lawrence Barrett learned years ago that the sea could help him over his vacations and reconstruct his mind and body, and he bought a piece of its edge and built a beautiful cottage on its rocks. In infinite kindness the sea runs inland every few miles, to make places for homes and boats and fish nets and boat houses. The vast Atlantic fringes itself, and each tassel of this fringe becomes a summer resort. Mr. Barrett owns an acre or two of this sea-washed ground, and from a solid high wall, all his own, he steps down into his boat, or into the water, or takes in the life-making air. His house overlooks the watery scene from the rocks, which stand, perhaps, forty feet above the highest tide. The house has spacious porches, and is, indeed, all that taste and common sense can ask. It is large and inviting. The inmates so far surpass the house, or any house, that only an architect or a carpenter could study the porches and gables and forget the mortals within. I shall leave Cohasset without knowing how my room was frescoed and carpeted, and of what kind of wood my door was made, for the family monopolizes my thought and regard. Mr. Barrett is a star with four satellites—Mrs. Barrett and three daughters, and in all the universe no group moves in more perfect harmony. The eldest daughter is near twenty, the second about sixteen, the youngest about nine. Mrs. Barrett seems as young as her children. The affection that binds these five is so strong as to be beautiful to behold. The oldest daughter has already acquired quite a perfect acquaintance with the German and French languages, and with the literature of her own English. She has translated and written out the "Don Carlos" of Schiller, and is busy at all hours with books, music, or rambles. The popular Barrett does not make his home a stage. There are clergymen who seem always preaching, and so there are actors who always seem treading the boards, but Mr. Barrett packs his art away in vacation with his wardrobe. It was with difficulty that we could induce him to read aloud a few simple verses, a night or two since, and then he read with the modesty of the parlour, instead of with the enthusiasm of the stage. I find that the mind of such an actor, in its book relations, inclines to history and biography. The library in this cottage is rich with the records of the past. As the lawyer is partial to works on jurisprudence and philosophy, and as the naturalist delights in Buffon and Audubon, so, rationally, the true actor loves most that history in which parade the men and women whom he must recall to life. Mr. Barrett's shelves are laden with the best accounts of the world's yesterday, and from the men of Shakespeare to the men of Sophocles. All these volumes have been read, for the speech of the owner shows that he is not one of those mental beings who buy wooden books by the square foot. This fact I learned in the cool air of Cohasset: that the actor's profession compasses the preacher's calling in developing the memory. The many professions called learned can depend much upon notes and books of reference, but the actor must make his memory carry a heavy load. Such brains as Barrett's and Booth's are compelled to know by heart vast quantities of prose and verse.

PLEASANTRIES.

THEY were playing a military piece, full of petards and patriotism. The leading man, who had assumed the character of the commander-in-chief, is bravely leading his supers on to storm the foeman's citadel, when he slips and comes down heavily. With much presence of mind he feebly waves his sword and cries: "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded. Do not stop to aid me, but go where glory waits you. Upon the foe! Charge!! *Vive la France!*"

He is called before the curtain seventeen times.

THE lamented X. left a charming widow and a daughter who grew up to be even more charming. She grew up with fearful rapidity, too, especially from her mother's point of view.

"Why, Florence, what a big girl you are getting to be! How old are you?" said one day an old friend of the family.

"Fifteen and a half almost," replied the girl; "but don't let ma know."

"Well," said the infuriated domestic, tearing off his livery, "if you think you know how it ought to be done better'n I do, pay me my wages and let me leave your deuced old shanty."

"You should say, 'The deuced old shanty of my lady,'" said his courteous lady in a tone of mild reproof.

ON the 14th ultimo a tottering old man, who proclaimed himself a centenarian, was securing repeated treats from ardent Republicans by declaring that he had been a prisoner in the accursed Bastille, whose demolition they were celebrating.

The sympathizing crowd figured it out: "1785 from 1878—he was only eleven years old. O, the horrors of the *ancien régime*. *Holla, garçon, posez-le en haut encore.* (Hi, boy, set 'em up again.)"

They asked him, as he was wiping his mouth, how long he had rotted in that loathsome dungeon.

"Thirty years," he said, in a sepulchral voice.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the crowd. "At the age of eleven the unfortunate child had already been secluded thirty years from light and air. *A bas les tyrans!*"

THE colonel of the 999th regiment gave a grand banquet to his officers, among whom was X., a grizzled old captain, who, the soup being removed, thinking himself still at his by no means pretentious boarding-house, selected the largest of the glasses before him, breathed into it and carefully wiped it out. The colonel seeing this action from the head of the table, and imagining that a speck had been left in the glass, signed to the attentive servant, who instantly removed it and substituted another one, which the captain proceeded to examine and cleanse with equal care. Another signal to the servant was as promptly obeyed, when lo! the awful voice of the veteran is heard:

"Torpedoes and mitrailleuses, do you think I'm going to sit here and swab out all your tumblers ——— you, you ———" ???

DURING the Commune, Gustave Courbet got sick and tired of hearing the "Marseillaise" howled and shrieked all day long, so donning his red sash of office he went to an eminent composer of his acquaintance and said:

"See here, the 'Marseillaise' is getting to be a condemned nuisance. We want a real Republican march—something newer, more modern, more realistic, something unpretentious and easily remembered."

"That's all right," said his friend, "just you bring me the words and I'll furnish the music—nothing easier."

"The words?" said Courbet, who prided himself on his rhyming powers. "O, anything will do. For instance:

Zoom, zoom, zoom—
Clarions boom!

Rubadub, dub—
Drummers drub!

Citizens, with your melody advance!

Hurrah for the Republic and for France!"

"Well," said the stupefied composer, "that'll do for the first verse. Now for the second."

"The second verse?" cried Courbet; "there is no second verse. What in thunder do you want a second verse for? It's a march."

"Well, if it is ———"

"Why, being a march, and the singers being marching, it is heard by different people all the time. So you don't want any second verse."

BURLESQUE.

A WOMAN'S FALSE ARITHMETIC.—The other day, soon after a Congress street woman had decided to build a big strawberry short-cake for supper, she heard the musical voice of a peddler crying in the wilderness:

"Great big strawberries—8 cents a quart—three quarts for 25 cents."

"Nothing like taking the advantage of discount," said the woman as she ran for a dish, and in five minutes she had her three quarts of berries and the peddler had her silver quarter.

Time passed on. She sat in a rocking chair looking over the luscious fruit, when all of a sudden she turned pale and began breathing hard. It was not a case of heart disease or spinal meningitis, nor had a new wrinkle suddenly developed itself on her forehead. She had simply figured:

"Eight cents per quart—three quarts for twenty-five cents—three times eight is twenty-four."

Her son came in just as she had slipped a revolver into her pocket and tied her bonnet-strings into a square knot, and when he asked her where she was going she solemnly replied:

"Harry, I am going out to kill a strawberry peddler—a seven-story hypocrite and deceiver, who gave me wholesale rates on these berries! Tell your father to engage three lawyers and be at the Central Station in half-an-hour!"

But the strawberry man had passed on—had sought other shady and innocent neighbourhoods, and she returned to her darkened home with a toothache under her ear, and her heart beating at the rate of 115 degrees in the shade.

HAT FLIRTATION.—For the past two years there has been a pleasant rivalry among literary people to devise a mode of expressing the thoughts by certain signs and acts, so as to be understood and read by parties distant. To this end they first devised the handkerchief flirtation, then the fan, and now the glove, each in turn becoming more popular as they were invented. Among a certain class, however, there was still a vague, uncertain sort of deficiency, a kind of indescribable sort of lacking that failed to cover the ground. A few of the young men had no gloves, and others were without fans, and still a greater number were frequently unprepared to give a creditable handkerchief entertainment by reason of the great washerwoman monopoly, which is carried to such an extent in cities. To meet this long-felt want the *Champion* has designed a flirtation with the hat, which will be duly entered according to Act of Congress as soon as a feasible entrance to Congress can be effected.

In introducing a flirtation with the hat, it has been the experience of many of our most proficient flirts that it is better to raise the hat perpendicularly from the head a few inches than the object of your flirtation may be satisfied of

the absence of bricks or other cutaneous substances which are sometimes fatal to the success of your advances. The following are the different interpretations:

To wear the hat on the right eyebrow—Please step to one side—I'm bad.

To wear the hat on the left eyebrow—Are you there, Moriarty?

To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose—We are watched—by the police.

To wear the hat on the right ear—You will find my photograph on sale with all the principal newsdealers.

To wear the hat on the left ear—I love you, but livery terms and ice-cream are up, so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance.

To carry the hat in the hand—Your father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me. You need not hope.

To place the hat on the back of the head—I am yours; ask mother.

FOOT NOTES.

INTERVIEWING GUNGL.—From Hamburg, Rudolph Aronson writes to the Home Journal: My soul's desire here was to meet the veteran composer, Herr Josef Gungl. I called early in the forenoon at his hotel, Zur Alten Stadt London, and luckily found him at home. Having learnt that I was an American, he immediately began to relate about his sojourn in the United States. In 1848 he crossed the Atlantic with an orchestra of thirty-six men, and gave some concerts at the Astor Place Opera House, or theatre, and then visited several other cities, intending also to go to California with his orchestra, but was prevented from doing so by the abandonment of some eighteen or twenty of its members. He returned to Europe in 1849, and has ever since concurred, intending, however, to devote all of next winter to composition. A daughter of Herr Gungl whom he calls "Die Amerikanerin," was but six months old when she visited America with him; she is now a Madame Nannmann, and quite celebrated as a vocalist in Frankfurt and other German cities. Herr Gungl wrote two of his prettiest and most successful waltzes, "Traume auf den Ocean" and "Delaware Klänge," in America, a fact which he recalled with pleasure. After I informed him of my proposed popular concerts in New York, and of my intention to perform his music frequently, he said he would gladly compose a waltz especially for the occasion, to be termed "Erinnerung an Amerika." ("Reminiscences of America.") In the evening I attended his concert, and, by request, he played his celebrated "Oher-Landler," which was superbly performed. Herr Gungl, like Strauss, is a very amiable, good-natured man, and although advanced in years, does not think of retiring from his profession. He has composed almost one thousand pianoforte-pieces, nearly all of them arranged for orchestra.

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.—The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own. The Cypriote is not, I think, nearly so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall, and slightly formed; there is a high-souled meaning and expression, a seeming consciousness of gentle empire, that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own cestus around the slender waist; then the richly-abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head-dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids. Of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall like Julia's cashmere in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their majestic sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all the bright cities of the Aegean, and may still weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing "politics," *politike*, of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their winking ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one-half of that which the speakers would fain say. I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly struggling to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary "*Je ne sais quoi*."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF VENUS.—Some points of interest relating to the natural history and archaeology of Cyprus are illustrated by Professor Unger, a traveller in the island, in a lecture delivered at Gatz, in 1866. The myth according to which Venus, after her birth from the foam of the sea of Cythera, betook herself to Paphos, and thus acquired the domicile which in our day constitutes her a British subject, may, in Prof. Unger's opinion, be explained by the abundance and peculiar qualities of the sea foam upon the Paphian coast. In the early spring, it appears, a snowy mass is heaped up many feet above the water's edge, and carried inland in quantities by the gales. The professor had not an opportunity of witnessing this phenomenon at Paphos, (now Baffo), but he observed a corresponding one in

the salt marshes near Larnaca, and satisfied himself that the abundance and peculiar density of the foam were principally owing to the slimy secretions of a kind of seaweed (*Palmella Ungeri*) which has not hitherto been found anywhere else. He further observed that the froth teemed with the spawn of a small species of crab (*Pilumnus hirtulus*) to the extent, as he calculated, of not fewer than a million ova to the cubic inch. With reference to the fertility of the Cyprian soil, Herr Unger observes that a chemical analysis shows the constituents of the alluvial deposits of the rivers to be almost identical with those of Nile mud, except that the former contain more calcareous and less alkaline matter. The locust, now so formidable an enemy to cultivation, was in ancient times almost unknown. It is not the common migratory species, but a much smaller though not less voracious one (*Stauronotus cruciatus*). It is permanently established in the eastern part of the island, whence it issues in the summer to make the circuit of the whole. It might probably be suppressed by European colonization.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN who is poor and generous has fewer friends than a man who is rich and stingy.

So live that when thy summons comes you won't fear the constable who serves it on you.

A DOCTOR enjoys bad health without ever having tried it, though he has the patience to do so.

THE three degrees in medical treatment: Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.

ANY man pays too much for his whistle when he has to wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

THOUSANDS of boys would go dirty all summer if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

THERE is a sort of constructive consolation in thinking that a great many people will freeze to death next winter.

WITH the exception of delinquent subscribers, everything is about a fortnight earlier than usual this year.

SEE how the little busy bee improves each shining minute; how gayly lights he on your nose and sticks his stinger in it.

AN audience cannot be too thankful when it hears a letter read from a statesman instead of listening to an expected speech.

WE are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for silence or pomposity for erudition.

THE heart of many a burned-out merchant has been hurt by thoughtless insurance companies inquiring into the cause of a fire.

AN Illinois lawyer, who charged a widow \$25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to \$3 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

"I NEVER knew a convict to put any energy into hymn singing, unless he was planning to escape," says an ex-convict from the Ohio penitentiary.

THE boy who will ride around all day on a velocipede considers himself terribly imposed upon if he has to wheel his baby sister two or three blocks.

A WOMAN may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

"DEAR me," said a good old lady who was unable to keep up with her work. "I shall be glad when I get into eternity, so as to have plenty of time for everything."

THE same backache which makes a boy howl when he's digging potatoes, wreaths his face in smiles when he slips off the back way to the picnic. Boys are curious insects.

"WHEN the squaller homeward flies" is usually when a good marksman lodges a blacking-brush on the starboard quarter of the high tenor of the *Felix* troupe in the backyard.

BRANDY has been made from sawdust. Ice is packed in sawdust, and that is why so many water-drinkers become intoxicated. It is the sawdust on the ice that makes the good man reel.

IT's all nonsense about church-goers avoiding the contribution box as it comes along. Those who don't feel like cashing small drafts on Heaven stay away from church until the evening service.

"THANK heaven," said a tormented passenger, "there are no newboys in heaven." "No," replied the newboy, "but what comfort do you find in that?" The man didn't say, and everybody else looked pleasant.

WHEN little Tommy stoops to toy with berries, jam and jelly cake, no art can soothe the chastened boy—no nostrums ease his stomachache. And if the gripping pains defy the medicines prescribed to foil, his parents had better try the limpid, liquid castor oil.

A MINISTER's life has frequent disappointments. During the great revival a stolid, matter-of-fact farmer went into the inquiry-room, and was at once taken in hand by anxious and zealous workers. He seemed to be visibly affected by the hymn that was sung, and after the prayer one or two tears were apparently discovered. When asked, "Brother, do you feel any change?" he made a rapid and instinctive movement of his hand in the direction of his vest pocket, and then settling back in his chair with a sigh, replied, "Not a cent, that's just what I'm after."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.