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## CHAPTER XIII.

PEN-AND-INK PORTRAITS OF SARAH—A BUNDLE OF ANECDOTES—THE PRINCE OF WALES AND M<sup>lle</sup>. BERNHARDT—SARAH AND THE ARCHBISHOP—CHAM'S REVENGE—HARD ON A RUSSIAN—MYSTERIOUS MODELLING.

WITH the personal appearance of M<sup>lle</sup>. Bernhardt, in as far as an idea of her face and form can be conveyed to the observer through the medium of photograph or engraving, the world is already pretty well familiar. An enterprising New York photographer has paid a large sum for the privilege of a series of sittings from the fair lady, and it is to be hoped that he will prove more successful in the reproduction of her features than have his brothers of the camera of Paris and London. In vulgar parlance, Sarah does not "take well," so that the numbers of pictures of her that have appeared of late in the illustrated journals give but a faint idea of the nameless charm of expression that irradiates her by no means faultless features. Henri Tessier dashed off the accompanying word-picture of her charms :

" Des pieds de petit Chinois,  
La musique d'une voix  
Des mains dont on pourrait dire  
Qu'un baiser les ganterait !  
Trente-deux perles de lait  
Dans l'écrin d'un frais sourire !  
De l'esprit, de la gaité,  
Un talent fin, très goute,  
Telle est cette blonde actrice,  
Qui, pendant longtemps, pleura  
—Comme Calypso—l'ingrat  
Ulysse !"

And here is a couplet from the pen of another of her admirers :

" Les yeux noirs plus beaux,  
(Eyes of the blackest hue.)  
Mes amis ! Deux miroirs ! Deux rayons ! Deux flambeaux !  
(My friends ! Two mirrors ! Two rays of light ! Two burning torches !)

Sarah is of a restless, never-still-a-minute sort of disposition, and the subjoined graphic sketch of her manner of conducting herself among her friends happily hits off some of her eccentricities of demeanor.