Listowel Standard.

VOL III.—NO. 28. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. AUGUST 6, 1880. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, Editor and Proprietor

SARA BERNHARDT.

Revelations of Her Inner Artistic Life —The American Trip—Novel Opinions Concerning Her Different Audiences.

LONDON, July 22.—There is, perhaps, no woman in the world as much written and talked about as Sara Bernhardt. I was curiously mystified to-day as she put on a pair of strange looking, huge, buttonless gloves, which encased her arms nearly up to her shoulders, and asked, "What sort of gloves are these, pray?" Her answer was characteristic: "*C'est mon invention—c'est le gant Sara Bernhardt.*" (This is my invention—this is the Sara Bernhardt glove). It has been said here that English society is not so eager this season to make her the social goddess it was last; but it would hardly be possible for a woman to be more thoroughly besieged than is Sara—that is the name by which people generally fondly call her. To see her is almost as difficult—I dare say for people disconnected with the artistic and dramatic world even more so—as to see the Queen. I was very fortunate in being introduced to her by an old and intimate friend of hers, the Count G——, and while we leisurely chatted in her drawing-room perhaps a dozen important personages, all of whom had come by appointment, had to wait patiently down stairs. Sara lives very comfortably—even luxuriously—in London. She has none of the miseries of hotel life to annoy her. She hired a splendid mansion, sumptuously furnished—No. 46 Prince's Gate—for the period of her stay in England, and there gives entertainments which rival those of another extravagantly hospitable member of the theatrical world in London, Mr. Henry Irving, whose famous supper at the Lyceum Theatre cost him £1,000. After I left her on the occasion of my first interview with her, which is now to be described, she went to breakfast with the Prince of Wales—"breakfast" at two p. m. is the ultra fashionable style here—at the studio of Mr. Augustus Lumley. It seems to me the only lack of attention that Sara could possibly complain of is that the Queen has not yet left her card, and that is a complaint she must share with many people.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

I never was more agreeably disappointed in the appearance of any person than when Sara smilingly and merrily tripped—I would almost have said danced—into the room, which, by the way, was so littered up with gigantic ships and crowns of flowers that it was quite a puzzle to know where to sit down without crushing them. She looked infinitely fresher, brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her on the stage. Her photographs are perfect caricatures—every one of them. They give no idea of those wonderfully clear, translucent, great blue eyes, with their now soft and melting and now keen and penetrating glance; of her fresh and fair complexion, which, on the stage, is hidden under a horrid mask of thick paint; of her beautiful light blonde hair, which lacks just a shade of being golden and is curled in the most graceful and artistic fashion; of her tender and sensitive mouth, the slightest motion of which is full of character and expression. I have never considered her pretty. I now, after a most careful and painstaking inspection, decidedly thought her so. She was charmingly dressed, too, and her thinness of person, which is so generally remarked, but which she ridicules herself, was most artistically disguised. The waves of lace and ruffle which fell about her neck appeared to hide a bust worthy of Diana herself. I wish I could describe her dress. "To know her is a liberal education," was once said of a famous woman. To describe her dress would mean a liberal education in every ramification of the science of dressmaking, which, alas! has been denied me.

HER TRIP TO AMERICA.

She gave me her hand with a cordial grip and the most amiable smile, and with that coquettish and rollicking playfulness which makes her such an amusing person to talk to. She clapped her hands, and said to one of her admirers who had followed her into the room, "Now go, go down stairs, we must be alone," upon which summary dismissal the disappointed *soupirant* disconsolately vanished. Then she sat down on a very low divan, and, while putting on those huge gloves above referred to and looking me with a half serious and a half comical expression straight in the face, she said in French (she does not speak English). "Well, here I am ready to go through the ordeal."

"You are going to America, madame," I said.

"Yes," she replied, with an expression of earnestness, which made her great blue eyes appear about double the size they had been before. "I have had ever such a long time such an ardent desire to visit America. They tell such lies about me. They say I am avaricious and have left the Comedie Francaise to go to America in order to amass riches. (In an appealing tone.) I go to America because I have always longed to see that great, magnificent country and because I like Americans so much—oh! they are simply adorable, those I have ever met—and because my present freedom from the Comedie Francaise gives me an opportunity I have sought for so long!"

HORSE-RACING IN ENGLAND.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

That horse-racing, largely fed by the gambling element, to which it is on all sides exposed, is increasing to an uncalled-for extent, becomes apparent from the statistics of 1869, although these are not in some respects so heavy as those of some preceding years, several of the more abject stake meetings have been abandoned. It appears, however, that from February to November inclusive, a meeting held in January being also taken into account, there were held 271 race meetings of all kinds. The number of stakes raced for was 2,920, and the meetings occupied in all 478 days of racing. The horses contending for the various prizes numbered 17,446, the same animal however taking part in many of the contests. In the two kinds of racing, flat racing and steeple-chasing, probably 2,500 different horses would run; one horse ran 30 times in the course of the season, and many of the competitors on from 5 to 16 occasions. The value of stakes raced for in h1879, including cups and plates, was not far short of a half a million sterling, the largest amount paid at any meeting being at Ascot, where the stakes in money reached the handsome sum of £26,617. The most valuable race of the year was the Derby, which exceeded by a trifling amount the sum of £7,000, consisting of the money paid by the namers or owners of the horses.

In the matter of the larger stakes, the racing of 1879 gave to sixteen noblemen and gentlemen the chief profits, the total sum of their winnings being £166,463, or about a third part of the half-million sterling, which has been mentioned. The largest amount won by any one of these gentlemen—the result of twenty-nine races—was £26,366, the lowest amount being £5,092. No winning account of less than £5,000 is included in the above computation, although there were probably three hundred winners of sums varying from £5,000 to £50. As regards the highest of the above amounts, it has been exceeded, we may state, in some previous years; the largest winner in 1877-8, the same nobleman in both years, pocketed £34,378 and £37,378 respectively, whilst the value of the stakes won by him in 1879 was £23,528, and in the five years from 1875 to 1879 his total earnings amounted to £126,799. These sums represent the greater prizes of the turf. In thirty-five races in 1879 the stakes were over £1,000, in eleven the sums gained were over £2,000, and in three races over £6,000.

The number of horses engaged in flat racing only in 1879 was 2,113, each of which, as has been already stated, ran one or more times; the value of the stakes is represented at £380,699, being less than the amount previously given, which includes stakes for steeple chasing. It can also be ascertained from the Calendar that the produce of 2,995 brood mares in 1879 added 1,855 youngsters to the racing stock of the country. The number of races run on the flat during the last five years has been as follows: In 1875, 1 909; 1876, 1,907; 1877, 1,639; 1878, 1,699; 1879, 1,626, showing a considerable decrease since 1875.

No means exist by which the figures of turf-gambling can be ascertained with any approach to perfect accuracy, but guesses of the extent to which the "speculation" is carried on have been frequently hazarded. It has, for instance, been stated that a million sterling will change hands every year on the racecourse alone on half-a dozen of the classic races, including the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby Stakes, the Oaks and the St. Leger.

—A girl was married out West the other day and immediately sold her piano, bought a sewing machine and made her husband a suit of clothes and herself two calico dresses, and now fourteen young men are seeking the hand of her unmarried sister.

—A Kansas school trustee said that if sword was "scored" swill would be "sill," and when the school ma'm refused to be convinced he discharged her.

ABOUND THE WORLD.

—Mount Vesuvius is lit up by the electric light.

—The Belgian socialists are demanding universal suffrage.

—The Victoria, Australia, Irish Relief Fund amounted altogether to $158,370.

—All the Australian colonies show an increased revenue for the present year.

—In Southern Europe olive oil is now largely adulterated with the oil of cotton seed.

—The father of Mrs. Tom Thumb died lately, at Middleboro, Mass. He was of medium stature.

—Italy imported during the first six months of this year, 250,000 tons of cereals of all kinds.

—Enormous natural caverns, one 600 feet long have lately been found near Wells, Somerset, England.

—The number of French magistrates who have resigned rather than enforce the anti-Jesuit decrees is 110.

—The New Haven police quickly quelled a street fight by throwing water on the combatants with a fire engine.

—Philadelphia boys are fined $10 for tying a tin pan to a dog's tail, and the fun is not regarded as worth the cost.

—A Rome correspondent writes that the rumor that Italy is opposed to the cession of territory to Greece is totally unfounded.

—This year's yield of tea in India is estimated at 70,000,000 pounds, nearly double that of 1878. Ten years ago it was under 14,000,000.

—San Francisco is not yet done with women pedestrian matches. Race after race, with much the same party of contestants, draws crowds.

—The London Home Hospitals Association for paying patients has opened its first establishment. Every patient will be attended by his own doctor.

—It is claimed that a new Swedish gun (adopted by the Russian navy) is even more deadly than the Gatling. It can be carried up into the maintop if necessary.

—In an article on pompous business people, the Leeds (England) *Express* says that thousands of dealers in the world become bankrupt every year through incivility.

—A mine near Ancona, Italy, was last month exploded with so powerful a charge of powder that a small yacht two miles off was lifted out of the sea and capsized by the concussion.

—Of all European sovereigns King Humbert is the most addicted to spectacular shows. He never fails to attend horseraces, regattas, carnivals, military parades and grand theatrical performances.

—No members of the royal family, except the children of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, are entitled to be styled "royal highnesses," unless they have been specially created so by her Majesty.

—A Boston pastor proposed, according to the *Congregationalist*, to preach in his own church all summer, but abandoned his purpose on learning that the sexton's family would be the only one in town.

—The Berlin correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Bismarck, like Napoleon I., is a striking example of how difficult it is for autocratic natures to realize the defensive force of a spiritual power.

—Crowds of excursionists go up nightly by the railway to see Vesuvius illuminated by electric light. The traffic at night is greater than in the day time, and there are not enough cars to meet the demand.

—A Methodist missionary, sent from Chicago to Virginia City, reports as follows: "I made a canvass of the town, and find everybody crazy for gold, but I was unable to find a Christian, though the saloons were numerous."

—The total number of paupers in London, exclusive of lunatics in the asylums and 886 vagrants, on the last day in the second week of June was 85,049, of whom 46,793 were in workhouses and 38,256 receiving out door relief.

—A sailor was tied to a stake and burned to death at Victoria, British Columbia. The tying was done to keep him a prisoner, as he was drunk and disorderly. The burning was from an accidental fire in the shed under which he was left.

—"If," says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "we can conceive Italy without Piedmont and Lombardy, or Austria without its German provinces, it would give some idea of what Afghanistan would be without the Province of Candahar."

—The effect of the expulsion of the Jesuits from France is likely to promote their influence, inasmuch as it will so widely distribute them. Scarcely a day passes but we read that a detachment of them have settled in some new field.

—The privates in the English army are clamoring for an increase of the meat ration. At present the *Army and Navy Gazette* maintains the want of sufficient meat drives the private to the canteen and to the public house to fill his stomach with beer to make up for the short supply of animal food.

—At the recent examinations of the University of Bologna, a young lady received her diploma of Doctress, surpassing the students of the other sex in anatomy, physiology and chemistry. At the University of Turin a fair girl graduate obtained a similar degree of success in law.

—Jose Maria Salazar saw a young girl in an Arizona mining camp, fell madly in love with her, and within three hours asked her to marry him. She declined, and he killed her on the spot. Retribution was as speedy as his courtship had been, for he was at once hanged by the miners.

—The English Parliamentary oath is no older than the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was instituted as a safeguard against Roman Catholic conspirators. The act by which the oath was made obligatory is entitled, "An Acte for the Assurance of the Queene's Maiesties Royal power over all States and subjects within her dominions."

—The House of Lords threw out the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill by 101 to 90. Several Whigs—Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Coleridge, who spoke at length—opposed such marriages, while several Tories voted for them. The Prince of Wales and Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught voted in favor of them.

—In 1869 London had thirteen gas companies, employing an aggregate capital of £7,828,844. Now there are but four companies, but their capital is £12,681,818. The gas sold per ton of coal carbonized was in 1870 8,438 cubic feet, but is now 9,431. Moreover, improved methods have also largely reduced the loss of gas.

—The famous brigand, C. Giordano, has reappeared at the head of a band in Calabria, of which province he was formerly the terror. Twenty years ago M. Giordano emigrated to the United States, but not being favorably impressed with the advanced stage of civilization in the New World, he returned to his first love in the Old. The royal carbineers are after him.

—Mr. Ralli, lately returned as member for Wallingford, England, is son of an original member of the celebrated Greek house of Ralli Brothers, which has interests and agents all over the world. Its headquarters are in London, and it has important branches here, at Calcutta, Marseilles and Smyrna. At one time it almost monopolized the grain trade of the Levant. Greeks make fortunes everywhere out of their own country.

—London *World*:—"Thirty years ago it was held preferable that a farce should consist of one act only, and should follow some more serious performance. Nowadays farce is promoted; it may be of any length, and is often the staple entertainment of the evening. To my thinking the short farces were best; and I have a notion, too, that both players and public can better sustain the high pressure of absurdity and comicality for forty minutes than for two or three hours."

—Instances have often been published illustrative of the wide scope which many persons attribute to the functions of the Post Office. Mayor Prince, of Boston, has lately found that the duties of Chief Civic Magistrate are believed in some quarters to be quite as comprehensive. A woman has written to him from Carrollton, Ill., enclosing a sample of silk to be matched, and requesting him to forward at the same time a pattern for the dress to be made therefrom.

—Henry Young, of Somerset, Ky., entertained the belief that watermelons could not be legal property. Acting on that theory, he did not confine his operations to the fields, but opened a loaded freight car and began to help himself. The train hands, when they went to stop the depredation, were met by a brandished knife and the assurance that they would be stabbed if they interfered. Young was fatally hurt before he would give up what he regarded as his right to take the melons.

—Mr. Sala says that forty years ago the Monks of St. Bruno, who had been ruined at the first French revolution, were miserably poor, and even so late as 1858 the editor of *Murray* considered the *Elixir da Chartreuz* so great a rarity that he mentioned the only place in London where it could be got. Now the fathers derive a large revenue from it. The perfection of the liqueur is said to be due to a herb which grows on the mountains of Grenoble. "G. A. S." deprecates any expulsion of the Brethren of St. Bruno.

—A young man in Dubuque, Iowa, has become partially deranged over a moustache which refuses to sprout. He was formerly happy and good-tempered. He is now morose, despondent and melancholy. One day he visited a prominent drug store and purchased all the different hair restoratives to be had. After completing the rounds he carried the bottles to his room and put them aside for future use. When he left the room his sister found over a hundred bottles in the bedtick, and all were warranted to cause hair to grow on the smoothest skin.

—Greece will acquire a considerable addition to her population by the readjustment of the boundary line between herself and Turkey, but not so large a one as she expected. According to the Greek line she would have had an accession in all of 614,365 inhabitants, while now she will have an accession of 499,865 inhabitants. As regards the extent of territory, according to the Greek proposal there would have been an accession of 24,337 square kilometres, while according to the line accepted, there is an accession of 22,075 kilometres.

—The people of Salem are taking vigorous measures to improve the sanitary condition of that city. It was stated that in one hotel no rooms at the rear can be used in summer on account of the odious stench. Dr. Sternburg, of the United States Army, who has made a specialty of filth diseases in New Orleans and Havana, exposed the fallacy of the popular notion that because a foul odor had existed for years there was no danger. "It is," he said, "a powder magazine into which the spark of cholera, diptheria, and malaria might fall at any time. The germ of typhoid was developed under such circumstances."

—The general staff at Berlin have lately been engaged in making a careful survey of the coast of Mecklenburg, with a view to ascertaining at what point a hostile force would find the least difficulty in landing and it has arrived at the conclusion that the point in question would be the mouth of Wisman This bay, which is very wide and deep, is one of the best of the German harbors in the Baltic, and large ships can come in close to the town. It is therefore proposed to erect batteries and iron-plated turrets, which in the event of a war could easily be armed with long range rifled guns, on a small island called the "Wallfisch," in the harbor.

—A recent report from the German Consul General at Moscow gives some information concerning the manufacturing industries of Russia. There are about 15,000 factories in the empire, producing goods to the value of 500,000,000 roubles ($325,000,000) a year. At Moscow the wholesale trade is almost entirely in the hands of Germans—that is, either Russian subjects of German origin, or subjects of the German empire. Among the manufacturers, on the other hand, the Russian element predominates. Imported goods, which formerly came chiefly from France, are now almost entirely of German production; year by year the French imports are diminishing, while the German imports are increasing.

—The recent steamboat disasters in the vicinity of New York have directed the attention of *The Echo* to the want of simple portable life-belts, which, occupying little room, will be always handy when wanted. It is thought that the Japanese air cushions may be utilized in this direction. These cushions are made of paper of extraordinary strength, and can be packed into a very small compass. They are used by the Japanese for pillows and cushions, and are so strong that a man of twelve stone can stand on one without bursting it; while, being free from odor, they are preferred to the India rubber goods. The paper is of so peculiar a nature that it is waterproof—or is, at least, capable of resisting the influence of water for some time.

—The projected tunneling of Mont Blanc is engaging the serious attention of French engineers, and contrary to common opinion, they characterize it as an easier undertaking than that of the Simplon route. The estimates of cost for executing such a work are in case of the Simplon, about $27,000,000, and in that of Mont Blanc only $15,000,000. Furthermore, it is claimed that the Mont Blanc tunnel will make the journey from Paris to Milan forty-four kilometers shorter than by the Simplon route. The location of the tunnel is a point which has given rise to various opinions, but that which meets with special favor from the advocates of the enterprise is from Chamounix to Courmayeur.

—A Roman Catholic priest was put on the stand in a California will case, to testify as an expert in insanity. It was argued that his education and experience had qualified him to judge of the mental condition of persons. The Judge ruled that he was not competent, but the Supreme Court has decided the other way, saying: "It was a part of his collegiate education, and it was especially a matter of daily practice with him for ten years to familiarize himself with the mental condition of persons upon whom he was called on to attend in his capacity as priest, and it does seem to us that, from his education and experience, he was peculiarly qualified to express an opinion as an expert on the question of mental disease."

—Dr. Cooper, in *Fraser's Magazine*, argues that only those eye-glasses that are made of the purest glass can be considered safe—specks, rays, globules, or other imperfections, are detrimental. Though more costly, pebbles possess two important advantages, namely: extreme hardness, rendering it difficult to scratch or break them, and clearness, never becoming dull from moisture; and they are also thought to be cooler than other glass. To be good and true the glasses should likewise be, in their parts, of an equal thickness in proportion to their convexity, as well as of an equal farm. Another and easily applied test of true glasses is that of holding them obliquely over print, all the letters of which will be found to preserve their true character if the glasses are correct.

—In support of Mr. Forster's Irish Disturbance bill Mr. James Wilson as an Irish landlord writes as follows to the *Daily News*:—1. "I am fully persuaded the great majority of the Irish landlords would not attempt to clear their estates at this time of distress in any way which would, to the saving of their own pockets, hurt or damage the tenants, and therefore the bill will not affect them. 2. It is the deep interest of the entire class that a few should not be allowed to act in such a way as to bring odium and disgrace upon all. 3. It is of the greatest importance at this time when legislation is about to take place with regard to the whole question of tenure, that Irish landlords should not, by opposing this temporary bill, give rise to false suspicions with regard to their intentions."

—The claimants to English estates will be interested to learn that in the parish of Kelsale, in Suffolk, there is a property known as the "Kelsale House Estate," consisting of mansion, two farm houses, and 440 acres of land. On this estate there is no known owner, agent or occupier. No person is upon it, and no labor of any kind has been expended upon it for the last eight month. The houses are uninhabited, and the land a waste. The taxes are unpaid, and the tithe rent charge is not collected. There are 100 acres of pasture land, but so full of mole hills that the grass is worth little except for feeding purposes. The arable land is a picture to behold; it presents a scene perhaps never before witnessed, but often imagined, when thinking of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Thousands of wild flowers now in full beauty give an idea of fairyland.

—Speaking of Mr. Bright, Lord George Hamilton says he is liberal enough about land which he does not own and about a church to which he does not belong, but touch the question of trade, and particularly that branch of trade with which he is personally concerned, and it will be found that a more selfish obstructive never entered the House of Commons. Does Lord George mean, asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Mr. Bright ever wilfully obstructed the business of the Legislature in order to serve his own personal ends and those of a firm at Rochdale with which he is or was connected? Does he mean that Mr. Bright ever selfishly opposed the Treaty of Commerce with France, that he ever selfishly advocated the imposition of duties upon Australian wool or American cotton or the colors used in dyeing?

—A curious legal question of inheritance has arisen from a recent railway accident in Germany, which resulted in the death of several passengers. Among its victims were two Breslau gentlemen, Messrs. Koschel and Callinich, who had been close friends for many years, and were so strongly attached to one another that, some months previous to the journey which proved fatal to both of them, they had executed a deed, in virtue of which, on the demise of either, the survivor should become entitled to the whole property of the deceased. As both parties to this "Erbvhrtrag" or heritage agreement perished in the accident above alluded to, their bodies having been found among the ruins of the second-class carriage in which they had been travelling together, the questions arise which, if either of them, died last, thereby becoming his friends legal heir, and, assuming that their deaths took place simultaneously, what disposition can be made of their properties?

—Queen Marguerite of Italy, while driving in the environs of Naples, lost her way. A peasant was questioned by the Marquis of Monterono, who accompanied the Queen, and his answers being prompt and intelligent, her Majesty ordered a forty-franc piece to be presented to him in her name. The peasant, on hearing from whom the gold piece came, lost altogether the faculty of speech. Next day he presented himself at the royal palace, and was admitted to the garden where Marguerite was playing with her child, the Prince of Naples. He told her, in his queer dialect, that he had brought her back the gold piece, as he could in no way accept it from her, but that he would be perfectly satisfied if she would only consent to become godmother to his two motherless little girls at their approaching confirmation. The Queen not only assented, but promised to provide for their education. The two little girls were brought to her, and by her intrusted to the principal of one of the best schools in Naples. She calls them her daughters and they call her mamma.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" AND "PARADISE LOST."

* * * * * * * *

From Bedford Jail came "Pilgrim's Progress," and from a small house in an obscure London street came "Paradise Lost," the greatest of English epics. Puritanism was bitterly hostile to theatres, to amusements, to all the lighter and more pleasing elements of life. The Puritans rose to power by hard fighting, and during the conflict and after their ascendancy was assured they produced little or nothing in the way of literature. After their fall the world of fashion looked to the men for the literature relieved from the shackles of a hypocritical asceticism. But the Muse that came with Charles was, like most of his companions, male and female, a debauched creature at best, who smacked more of the intrigue and midnight revels than of aught else; and it was the great literature of the time emanated, full of imaginative fire and religious fervor. It was an uncongenial atmosphere for such work; but while the "Pilgrim's Progress" has passed the countless editions and is read wherever the English speech is known, and while "Paradise Lost" has kept on issuing from the press in new forms, and has attracted hosts of commentators and readers, the literature of the Restoration—the literature of Sedley and Sackville, of Congreve and Wycherly, of Killigrew and Rochester—has gradually slipped out of sight and is remembered only for a few clever lyrics, and read only by those who are curious in the matter of old plays. The works of Puritans, born in obscurity and shadowed by contempt and defeat, have thriven and grown from their birth, and struck their roots deep down into the hearts of all English-speaking people. The literature of the Restoration, brought forth in the sunshine of royal and court favor, has, with the exception of Dryden's poetry and Butler's "Hudibras," steadily waned. The cause is not far to seek. The work of the Puritans was the work of men who believed in a great cause; and earnest genius is not found among the supporters of such a monarch as Charles, who represented nothing but himself, was unutterably mean, and was identified with a policy of which the most conspicuous quality was falsehood. In a society with such a head and in such a court, there could be no great literature; no thoroughly fine genius could flourish or find an abiding place among such surroundings. Puritanism suppressed imaginative literature, but the Restoration had not the capacity to produce it. When Puritanism fell, the imaginative side of its character was no longer hidden and repressed, but found expression in the works of Milton and Bunyan.—*Henry Cabot Lodge, in International Review for August, 1880.*

A BLOODLESS TRAGEDY.

A tragedy without bloodshed, but a terrible tragedy notwithstanding, has occurred in Brooklyn. Two children, both illegitimate, were brought up by their mother and their aunt under different names and upon the assumption that they were cousins. At their maturity they fell in love with each other, but the intimacy, being no more marked than it had always been, or under the circumstances, naturally would be, attracted no attention. Last summer their mother made a visit to Europe, and was absent four months. Going, on her return, to the house where her son lived, to her horror she found that her daughter, his own sister, was his wife. The mother tried for two hours to keep the dreadful, long-kept secret, a secret still; but it was impossible, and to the horror of her two children told them they were brother and sister. The marriage is to be annulled. The impossibility of providing against unforeseen contingencies, more terrible than the truth which it is desirable to conceal, is of itself a loud protest, not only against the commission of sin, but against the belief that one's sin will not, do what he may, find him out when he least expects it.

RECENT POINTS IN ETIQUETTE.

Say "good-bye," not "good morning."

Upon leaving a room, one bow should include all.

Never wait over fifteen minutes for a tardy guest.

Upon introduction, enter at once into conversation.

A note requires as prompt an answer as a spoken question.

Regrets in reply to invitations should contain a reason therefor.

Strangers arriving should notify friends by card or by their presence.

At a table you are required to thank the one who waits on you.

You should exchange calls with individuals before inviting them to your house.

Only letters to unmarried ladies and widows are addressed with their baptismal name.

To return a personal call with cards inclosed in an envelope signifies that visiting between the persons is ended.

Unless there is a great difference in age, a lady visiting should not rise, either on arrival or departure of other ladies.

—If it be true, as alleged, that there is one church in this country that never had a mortgage on it, why wasn't it brought to the Centennial and exhibited among the other wonderful curiosities.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE EX-KHEDIVE'S HAREM.

From the St. James's Gazette.

A lady living at Naples, who, shortly before the departure of Ismail Pasha's womankind for Constantinople, received an invitation to visit the Princess Tehechmi Afet, the Khedive's favorite, sends to the *Journal de Geneve* an account of her reception, and a description of some of the inmates of the ex-Khedive's Harem. She says:

"Arrived at the villa, my carriage passed through the principal entrance, and stopped before a large iron gate which gave access to a staircase. Two footboys were in attendance at the two sides of the gate. It was opened by a species of giant, who, after having admitted me, closed and locked the gate. He saluted me in oriental fashion, and without uttering a word led the way up the staircase. The women's quarters are on the second floor. Here I was delivered by my conductor to another great fat personage, who showed me into a gallery or corridor into which open the chambers of the women. On my entrance I was received by fifteen female slaves ranged in two rows, who bowed to the ground before me. Then one relieved me of my cloak, another took my muff, a third my veil; whereupon an extremely fair-like person, native of Switzerland, who acts as the Princess's interpreter, came forward and invited me to accompany her to the private apartments of her Highness, which are reached by a glass-covered corridor. The princess, who had at her side the Princess Faika, one of the Khedive's daughters, received me standing. Tehecmi Afet is a fine woman, of imposing presence, large and strong, and with the port of a Queen. The Princess does not speak French, although she understands all that you say in that language. Her salon is furnished with the greatest simplicity. Two large sofas, upholstered in gray stuff, two great cushions covered with white linen, and an immense round table enveloped in a Turkish cloth were the only things oriental to be seen in the room. A few indifferent lithographs on the walls, gray window curtains half faded, a beautiful carpet, an upright piano, a few chairs—this is the luxury and magnificence of which so many stories have been told. Tehechmi Afet appears to be the chief favorite. She alone receives visits, the other princesses never being seen nor their names mentioned. Her gown was a grenadine velvet by Worth, with an enormous train, the bust only being trimmed with lace. Diamond drops hung from her beautiful ears. Her hands are small and shapely. She wore neither rings nor bracelets, diamond ear-pendants being the only jewelry she cares for. Princess Faika wore a dress of green velvet, trimmed with satin of the same color, and so short that I could admire at my ease her fairy-like feet. She is a delicate, pretty creature, scarcely eighteen years old, with beautiful and abundant flaxen hair. She is very lively, speaks French fluently, smokes, and converses without *gene*. After we had talked about a quarter of an hour seven female slaves entered and placed themselves in military order near the door. One of them carried a large tray covered with a red velvet cloth, richly embroidered, and with golden fringe that swept the floor. The tray held little pots for coffee *a la Turque*. Another of the slaves carried a silver ewer, another a silver chafing dish, the others silver plates. The Princess was the first served, I the next, then the others. After the coffee some exquisite cigarettes were produced. Although we had to talk through an interpreter, the conversation was lively throughout and never once flagged. The Princess takes an interest in everything. I asked her if she did not weary of her secluded life; if she did not desire to see the city and the country; if her perpetual isolation did not make her melancholy. "Oh, no," she answered, "I am quite used to it. I could not act contrary to the customs of my country. The mere thought of going out unveiled is revolting to me, and if I were to go about with my face uncovered people would stare so." The young princes can visit the princesses without being announced. They alone are permitted to see the ladies of the harem unveiled. Before I took my leave Tehechmi Afet and Faika presented me with their photographs, signed with their names in French and Arabic. When I reached home I was overwhelmed with questions, and everybody seemed greatly surprised when I said that I had seen nothing extraordinary, that I simply had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two charming and distinguished ladies.

A DISOBEDIENT SOLDIER.

"Now, lads, there's the battery; remember the Emperor himself is watching you, and carry it in true French style. The moment you get it make yourself fast against attack, and mind that any man who comes out again to pick up the wounded, even though I myself should be among them, shall be tried for disobedience as soon as the battle is over."

So spoke Colonel Lasalle to his French grenadiers just before the final charge that decided the battle of Wagram. Then he waved his sword and shouted, "*En avant.*"

Forward swept the grenadiers like a torrent, with the shout which the Austrians opposed to them already knew to their cost. Through the blinding smoke and pelting shot they rushed headlong on, with mouths parched, faces burning, and teeth set like a vise. Ever and anon a red flash rent the murky cloud around them, and the cannon shot came tearing through their ranks, mowing them down like grass. But not a man flinched, for the same thought was in every mind, that they were fighting under the eye of the "Little Corporal," as they affectionately called the terrible Napoleon.

Suddenly the smoke parted, and right in front of them appeared the dark muzzles of cannon, and the bright uniforms of Austrian soldiers. One last shout which rose high above all the roar of battle, the bayonets went glittering over the breastworks like the spray of a breaking wave, and the battery was won.

"Where's the Colonel?" cried a voice suddenly.

There was no answer. The handful of men that remained of the doomed band looked meaningly at each other, but no one spoke. Strict disciplinarian as he was, seldom passing a day without punishing some one, the old Colonel had nevertheless won many hearts completely by his reckless, daring courage in battle; and every man in the regiment would gladly have risked his life to save that of the "old growler," as they called him.

But if he was not with them where was he? Outside the battery the whole ground was scourged with flying jets of dust by a storm of bullets from the fight that was still raging on the left. In such a cross-fire it seemed as if nothing living could escape, and if he had fallen there, there was but little hope for him.

"I see him!" cried a tall grenadier. "He's lying out yonder, and alive, too, for I saw him wave his hand just now. I'll have him here in five minutes, boys, or be left there beside him."

"But you mustn't disobey orders, Dubois," said a young captain (now the oldest surviving officer, so terrible had been the havoc), hoping by this means to stop the reckless man from rushing upon certain death. "Remember what the Colonel told you—that even if he were left among the wounded, no one must go out and pick him up."

"I can't help that," answered the soldier, laying down his musket and tightening the straps of his cross-belts. "Captain, report private Dubois for insubordination and breach of discipline. I'm going out to bring in the Colonel."

And he stepped forth unflinchingly into the deadly space beyond.

They saw him approach the spot where the Colonel lay; they saw him bend over the fallen man, shielding him from the shot with his own body. Then he was seen to stagger suddenly, as if from a blow; but the next moment he had the Colonel in his arms and was struggling back over the shot-torn ground, through the dying and dead. Twice he stopped short, as if unable to go farther; but on he came again and had just laid his officer gently down inside the battery, when with his comrades' shout of welcome still ringing in his ears, he fell fainting to the earth, covered with blood.

By the next morning Colonel Lasalle had recovered sufficiently to amaze the whole regiment by putting under arrest the man who saved his life; but the moment it was done, the Colonel mounted his horse and rode off to headquarters at full gallop. In about an hour he was seen coming back, side by side with a square-built man in a gray coat and a cocked hat, at the sight of whom the soldiers burst into deafening cheers, for he was no other than the Emperor Napoleon.

"Let me see this fellow," said Napoleon sternly; and two grenadiers led forward Pierre Dubois, so weak from his wounds that he could hardly stand.

"So, fellow, thou hast dared to disobey orders, ha?" cried the Emperor in his hardest tones.

"I have, sir. And if it were to be done again, I'd do it."

"And what if we were to shoot thee for insubordination?"

"My life is your majesty's, now as always," answered the grenadier, boldly. "And if I must choose between dying myself and leaving my Colonel to die, the old regiment can better spare a common fellow like me than a brave officer like him."

A sudden spasm shook the Colonel's iron face as he listened, and even Napoleon's stern gray eyes softened as few men had ever seen them soften before.

"Thou'rt wrong there," said he, "for I would not give a common fellow of thy sort for twenty Colonels, were every one of them as good as my old Lasalle here. Take this, Sergeant Dubois,"—and he fastened his own cross of the Legion of Honor to Pierre's breast. "I warrant me thou'lt be a Colonel thyself one of these days."

And sure enough, five years later, Pierre Dubois was not only a Colonel but a General.

LEAD PENCILS, GRAPHITE AND DIAMONDS.

Probably there is nothing so universally familiar in use and also so utterly unknown to the users in its nature and origin as the common lead pencil; the consumption of it in this country alone being estimated by the most competent authority at 78,000,000 per year. Its very name, perpetuating the old when plummet was familiar among the boy's first pocket, is a misnomer and mistake, "black lead" having no more resemblance to lead than chalk has to cheese. Most people suppose the "lead" is melted and poured into the hole in the pencil wood; but it is ground to an almost impalpable powder, mixed to a paste with water, made into a long coil like wire by being forced through a small hole (just as water issues from a syringe), straightened, and cut in lengths and baked like pottery. "The "hardness" is due to an admixture of clay. The pencil made in two halves by machinery at a cheap and rapid rate, and the processes, which cannot be related here at length, are among the most interesting in our manufactures.

The material called "black lead" is as marvelous as india rubber, although less protean. It is simple carbon, and is an enigma and a bundle of inconsistencies. Its unlikeness to lead is suggested by saying that its weight is less than one fourth that of lead, and that while lead fuses at a low temperature graphite is not friable at any temperature known; on the contrary, no substance known surpasses it in resisting heat. Carbon in ordinary anthracite burns; carbon in graphite refuses to burn. A crucible of graphite, buried to the top in a mass of burning anthracite—carbon in carbon—not only refuses to burn but melts its metallic contents. The diamond, as is commonly known, is nearly pure carbon; but so is graphite. The latter is the softest substance dug from the earth; the diamond is the hardest substance known. Subject the diamond to sufficient heat, and it parts with a mysterious something. The purity of graphite is extraordinary. It is sometimes refined until less than one-twentieth of one per cent. of other matter than carbon is left merely a trace. Assuming that the diamond is perfectly pure carbon, this mere trace of impurity is all that separates the rare, hard, translucent, costly diamond from the common, excessively soft, dull, comparatively valueless graphite, scarcely one-half as heavy as the gem; and yet the two are closely alike and almost equal in resistance to fire. How these things are so is yet among the secrets of Nature's laboratory.

GAS AND WATER PIPES AS LIGHTNING RODS.

During this hot weather with its heavy thunder and lightning, it is unpleasant to note an article in the *Journal of Telegraphy* by so eminent an electrician as David Brooks, substantially to the effect that the common lightning rod is of little real value. The idea of the lightning rod is to provide a better conductor than the object we wish to protect, but the difficulty is in making a proper connection of the rod with the earth. In joining a copper wire with iron wire seven times as large and of equal connecting capacity, the end of the copper wire must be enlarged to the size of the other, and, consequently, Mr. Brooks holds that in making a joint with the earth the end of the lightning rod should be enlarged in as great proportion as the earth's specific conducting capacity is less." Therefore, with a half inch square rod, he holds that the ground plate must be 270 feet square, in order to expose a surface to make a joint of equal conducting capacity to a section of the rod. The faulty and insufficient connection of the rod with the earth, he thinks, is the reason of the failure of nearly all the lightning rods in common use.

In this article Mr. Brooks says that after thirty years' close observation of the effects of lightning upon buildings, he has never known of a case where the occupants were injured when the building was fitted with gas and water pipes. The buildings were sometimes fired from the electric fluid passing from the lifthtning rods or metallic roofs to the gas pipes, but there was no injury to persons in any part of the building below the higher points to which the pipes extended. From his observations, Mr. Brooks came to the conclusion that "gas and water pipes are the best lightning rods ever erected, because they are electrically in perfect connection with the earth. They should extend to the very top of the building, or be connected by a rod running to that elevation."

A CHILD IN A SNAKE'S COILS.

PITTSTON, Penn., July 24.—When Mr. Sarpain, of Yatesville, on the outskirts of this town, entered the room in which his child, one year old, had been left a few minutes previously yesterday afternoon, he was horrified to find a big black snake coiled around the little one's body. The glittering eyes of the serpent were glaring on those of the child, who appeared transfixed by the terrible glance, and the head of the monster swayed to and fro as if charming the little one, who appeared to be unable to move or make an outcry. The terrified father, on beholding the spectacle, gave an involuntary cry of pain which brought the other members of the family running to the room. It had also the effect of frightening the reptile, which speedily uncoiled itself, and, in the confusion and fright of the moment, succeeded in escaping. As soon as the terror subsided to some extent, the snake was followed, but it had secreted itself in the neighboring shrubbery, making discovery impossible, although a diligent search ensued. After its departure, the child cried piteously for more than an hour, and appeared terribly distressed. The little one has been in great agony ever since, but is expected to recover. Although under the influence of the reptile when the father came, there is no evidence of its having sustained