

JOHN McCULLOUGH AND J. WILKES
BOOTH.

John McCullough replied to some questions I addressed him here during last week, as follows: "I presume I have seen the entire band of men John Wilkes Booth was drilling for his scheme to kidnap President Lincoln, yet he never introduced me to any of them, but would turn aside when he might accidentally fall upon them at his room and say: 'John, you don't want to be bored with those flats. Come along!' I think the simplicity of my devotion to the stage and my desire to rise on it saved me from his confidence. He saw no political mettle in me. His own temptation sprang, perhaps, from not loving his art enough to be satisfied with it. Actors in all times have been very close to the spirits who make conspiracies. Shakespeare could have been in the gunpowder plot, as he was only 40 years old when it was discovered in that circle that frequented his theater. Booth once took me riding, much against my will, on horseback, to show me, he said, a good way to get out of town. Said I: 'John, I'm sore as a hard-boiled egg and want to leave by the train.' I found him once in boots, spurs and gauntlets, with a knife, pistol and map of Maryland before him, and he sprang upon me like a watch-dog. Another time he borrowed \$100 of me to come to New York and get some rebel friend out of prison; he was poor and so was I, and I had to rake to get the money and he to pay it back. I found his wardrobe in Canada and sent it to his mother; he had shipped it to Nassau and the vessel had been wrecked. I think he had little money, though he did make some in speculation. His mind was very intense; he always was a Southern man. When his name came out as the assassin, the scales fell from my eyes and I interpreted what I had seen.

THE DOCTORS UNMASKED.

But if the editors are unmasked to-night, what shall we say about the doctors? If you are finding out by his poor words and halting manner how little and unimportant the mysterious "we" of a big newspaper may be, what do you think of your own exhibition? There are, here present, at least a dozen of you from whom I myself have heard the most solemn and magisterial instructions as to how one should live. Avoid late dinners; avoid crowded rooms; eat simply; drink sparingly; don't smoke—three courses for your dinner and a single glass of wine; keep your dining room cool, avoid drafts, be sure to have the air pure and fresh, never sit over an hour at table! Ah, yes; those are the familiar formulas. Every one of you remembers them; every one of you has given them a thousand times, and taken a good fee for it every time. Now we've got you out from behind the screen. This must be what you meant by it. This is the way you live. This is where the fees go. The united skill of 200 doctors, concentrated upon the single problem of Hygiene, how to produce for themselves the best and most wholesome way of dining, has resulted in this. Well, well; it may be naughty, but it's nice; and we are more obliged than we can tell you, for being shown at last, so satisfactorily and on the highest medical authority, just what "Plain Living and High Thinking" mean.—(Whitclaw Reid at Holmes' Banquet.)

HOW PERFUME IS EXTRACTED.

One of the best methods of obtaining perfumes is by the use of grease. The process is called maceration. The best fat employed is marrow, which is melted in a water bath and strained. While it is still warm the flowers are thrown in and left to digest for several hours. They are then taken out and fresh ones are placed in the grease. This is continued for several days. The grease and perfume are then separated by the use of alcohol. Beef marrow is not the only substance used in extracting the odors from the flowers. Inodorous oils are also used, especially refined olive oil, which is more extensively employed in the south of Europe. The process used for delicate plants, such as jasmine, tuberose and cassia, which will not allow the use of heat, is on the principle of absorption. A layer of purified lard and such mixture is spread on the glass bottom of a square wooden box, and upon this freshly gathered flowers are spread every morning as long as the flower is in bloom. The boxes are kept shut, and the grease soon acquires a very strong odor. In saturating oil, instead of glass bottoms to the boxes wire ones are used, upon which cloths soaked in oil are laid, and the boxes or frames are piled upon each other to keep them close. After the oil soaked cloths are sufficiently charged with the perfume, they are placed in a press and the oil is squeezed out.—[New York Sun.]

BURNING AN ELEPHANT.

The fires were at a white heat and filled with long iron bars. Presently men in red shirts took the glowing irons from the fire. How the elephant roared when he saw their flaming points. He knew what was coming, and his struggles were awful when a hot hissing bar was thrust into his mouth. But his rage did him no good. The only thing he could do was to lie down and roar. Once, in his rage, the elephant wound his trunk around a sparkling bar, evidently to use it as a weapon of defense, but

when his beautiful trunk began to burn and fry his courage gave way and the poor beast fell upon his knees and uttered cries like a sick child. "That is good; now he is coming to his senses," said a pale keeper, as he prodded him around the mouth with a bar fresh from the forge. All seemed going well, when a new source of disturbance was discovered. Some tigers, which the men had neglected to wheel out of a distant part of the arena, discovered what was going on and joined the "circus" with terrific yells. The elephants replied; lions in an adjoining room opened their mouths, and in less than two minutes I had an idea of Central Africa that was enough to scare a man out of his skin.

The roar of the beasts and the sickening smell of boiling elephant flesh made me feel as if I were within ten minutes of perdition. The scene became so horrible that I left the building and tried to walk off the impression by tramping up the street under the bright morning stars. It was just daylight when I reached my hotel, but I could still smell the roasted trunk of the mad elephant.

MISCELLANY.

VERDI has put the last crotchet into *Iago*, and has fixed December as the date for its representation in Milan. Boito is the author, after Shakespeare, of the libretto.

It has been proposed to erect on the promenade at Brighton six double seats with screens of glass. Two dozen would be doing the thing handsomely.

THE French silk manufacturers are experimenting with great hope of success upon the labors of a certain spider which has just been discovered on the African coast. This spider weaves a thread of bright yellow, which is of great strength and perfectly elastic.

THE great-granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons was to have made her first appearance in London recently, in "The Ladies' Battle," at the Gaiety Theatre, but the date has been postponed on account of the death of her husband, Mr. Lobb. Miss Siddons is no novice, and has played in the provinces for some time.

TWO new species of marigolds are brought out this spring, one called calenda, and the other gold cloth, or cloth of gold. The former is a double flower of bright yellow, distinctly striped with bright orange. The latter is of French extraction, and has bright gold bars evenly marked on rich dark velvety petals.

VARIETY is the salt of life; the prettiest colors and most graceful shapes, if seen continually and in masses will weary the eye. The reason why fashions change so rapidly now is because they at once spread through every stratum of society, and become deteriorated and common. But even this ought not to goad us on in a wild race of senseless and sometimes ugly experiments.

THE Marquis de Saint-Aignan, so well known in Nice society by her charming and refined hospitality, has been recently very ill, and is now slowly progressing towards recovery. Her many friends in Paris as well as those at Nice will accord their full sympathy to this amiable and intellectual lady in her period of suffering. Her illness was caused by the unduly severe weather which has recently prevailed at Nice.

MR. MAPLESON is said to have been robbed of his travelling bag; the thief hoped to find all the renowned manager's dollars in it, but was, we are happy to hear, grievously disappointed. The haul was not worth the danger—some two or three hundred dollars at most. We are glad to hear that Mr. Mapleson has had a lucky time this winter; he will be in London in the course of the month.

It would be somewhat laborious to chronicle all the Wagner "In memoriam" concerts now being given on the Continent, but it may be noticed that those who have most violently opposed the theories of the great "musician of the future" during his lifetime, are now enthusiastically assisting at commemorations of him. This is rather ironical. Why so enthusiastic in recording his departure?

THE latest in pansies, which will also be a fashionable flower, is called the snow queen; it is quite different from the common white pansy, the flower being very large and of a satiny white; but as an oddity fruit blossoms will be all the rage, and a young girl with apple blossoms or a peach or cherry spray in her belt is not an unpleasant sight to think of, especially if she is very young and pretty.

A CERTAIN clerical journal in Rome, is endeavoring to increase its circulation by giving every annual subscriber the right to six hundred masses free of charge. But the Paris *Gaulois*, more carnal minded, proposes to insure its readers against worldly, instead of spiritual risks. Every annual subscriber has his life insured for a thousand dollars, with a smaller sum for injuries through accidents during the year; and the purchaser of even a single number is entitled to a proportionate amount if a copy of the paper be found on him at the time of injury or death.

We are, it seems, menaced by the invasion of colors as strange as they are new, and it is with profound astonishment that one hears propositions from the most renowned dressmakers to

make their costumes in shades of rouge homard, jaune safran, vert grenouille, ventre de biche sprinkled with radis or mandarines, gris crapaud, and caevette change-cante. Let us hope for the honor of the good taste of the Parisians of our time that these exaggerated materials will remain with the manufacturers, unless they are sent to adorn the fashionable ladies of Honolulu, which is where we should prefer them to go.

If women would only allow common sense to govern them, they would feel that for the inch or two they diminish the circumference of their waists by tightening themselves in, they become unattractive in so many other ways; quite leaving on one side the hygienic part of the question, which alas! the vain and foolish will never consider. There are few indeed, who, like the clever and beautiful Maréchale de Soubise, Louis the Fourteenth's faithful friend, will make the sacrifice of giving up all meat except chicken, and never wearing stays, for fear of injuring their health or their complexion.

THE Belgian journalists are great observers of the 1st of April, and fill their productions with such a variety of what are called, for some unknown reason, *poissons*, that it is unsafe to believe anything read in a newspaper for at least a week after the "festival of fools." The credulous public are misled by various devices; but, perhaps, the most popular this year has been the announcement of the arrival of stars in the theatrical world and consequent performances, or fictitious Court news. Ordinarily startling events fresh from England or France are chronicled; but for the last few months murders and dynamite explosions have completely palled on the most inveterate lovers of sensationalism.

MR. HENRY IRVING, when on Thursday presiding at the Lyceum Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund festival, spoke of the difficulties against which managers had to struggle within the last few years! This is quite refreshing. Why, we all thought that their only difficulty was to know how to invest their money. Will Mr. Irving take a hundred thousand for the result of his struggles as a manager? He was really a little timid, and must have seen the procession of guarded police vans on its way to Bow-street, for he expressed alarm at the overflow of amateurs into the profession, yet he admitted that actors had all been amateurs once in their lives. Quite right, sir; and some of them have remained amateurs.

IN an onion, as in onion, there is strength, and it is a toothsome vegetable when fried and poured over a beefsteak. The very aroma arising from the combination is appetizing. It even creates an appetite in the passing stranger, who gathers a whiff of it as he goes by, for it perfumes, from the kitchen where it is being cooked, the entire neighborhood. Everybody living near by knows what you are going to have for dinner, and grows envious thereat, wishing that it were to be eaten at their table and not at yours. They never envy you, however, when they smell your corned beef and cabbage and turnips cooking, nor when they discover that you are going to have boiled salt codfish for dinner. And yet those old fashioned dishes are not to be treated lightly, notwithstanding the late Mr. Emerson's disapprobation of them.

PARISIAN journals are very severe in their criticism of one of the pieces recently produced in London. One witty writer rather aptly describes it as "an indigestible salmi of two good French plays," and complains that the author did not even do them the scanty justice afforded by correct quotation. If we cannot write plays without foreign assistance it is rather unfair that every French play rendered on the English stage, maimed and distorted by the ignorant "adaptor," should be described as an inferior production. The tone of French drama may not be high, but quick, clever dialogue is by no means the least art the audience of the feeble *réchauffés* might suppose. If English playwrights would imitate the dialogue, instead of the more dubious characteristics, they would do well. In titles, too, French writers are usually happy in their choice.

How burglaries are managed. At a West end establishment lately a burglar was caught red handed in the strong room opening a safe containing a fortune with a key as perfect as though it had been made originally for the lock. The man was convicted, and his prosecutors, out of curiosity, begged him to tell them how he got the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any gentleman got a key? Your manager produces his bunch, and my pal, he has was in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag. There's the secret for you." Moral: Don't be courteous to strangers in a railway carriage. Their palms may be waxed.

BARNUM is like a barnacle; he hangs on to anything and everything. He eloped with our elephant "Jumbo," and now he wants "Lady Jumbo"—a small pony which was exhibited at the Agricultural Hall during the Horse Show some two years ago. This diminutive specimen of the equine race is only twenty-eight inches in height, and was purchased in the first instance by Lady Burdett-Coutts, and subsequently sold to Lady Brooke. The tiny mare follows its mistress about like a dog, walks upstairs after her,

and no one but her ladyship can coax it into its stable. It accompanies Lady Brooke in her walks, and if she enters a house, stays outside till she has finished her call. No one but Lady Brooke dare touch it, and whenever she enters the stall the pony rears on its hind legs as a sign of delight at seeing its mistress. We trust that Barnum will on this occasion be beaten. To exchange the pleasure of Lady Brooke's society for that of the celebrated Vankee showman would be a hard fate—even for "Lady Jumbo."

MR. MORRIS MOORE, in order to contribute as much as lay in his power to Raphael's centenary, kindly lent Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas" to the Campidoglio, in honour of the day. Few Italians had yet seen this exquisite work, and those who saw it for the first time at the Campidoglio remained in ecstasies before it. Among these were the King and Queen of Italy, who immediately desired to see its fortunate possessor, who was then presented to their Majesties by Duke Torlonia, the Syndic of Rome. Their Majesties talked at some length with Mr. Morris Moore, and were most affable. The Queen, with truly womanly feeling, spoke in English, which she speaks most charmingly. "She is a perfect gem!" says Mr. Moore, "as fascinating in manner as she is lovely in her person." The Queen was most interested in the history of this celebrated picture, and Duke Torlonia has written to say that Rome will feel ever grateful to Mr. Morris Moore for his courtesy in lending so valuable a work, of which he is, very naturally, most jealous.

A travelling-altar may certainly be counted among the most singular requisites; one such has, however, long been in use in the Imperial House of Austria. On all longer journeys the Emperor takes with him not only a Court chaplain, but also his travelling altar. To this latter attaches a history. It dates from the time of the Emperor Rudolph II.; at it prayed Ferdinand II.; it accompanied the Emperor Joseph II. in his Turkish campaigns, and in more recent days the Emperor's brother Ferdinand Max took it with him to Mexico. The altar consists of an oblong wooden box, strongly fastened with iron, on the inside of the cover of which, when opened, an ancient painting, representing the Holy Supper, may be seen. The two side pieces, hinged, are turned up to give more length; four wooden legs, nicely folding into the body of the box, can be let down to raise the altar to a proper height; the consecrated altar stone is taken from the box and placed on the *mensa*, and the three cloths put on together with the cross and candles. The Emperor Francis Joseph carried the altar with him to Palestine in 1869, also to the opening of the Suez Canal; the theol. Chaplain, Dr. Dudik, read mass on it at sea.

HOTELS ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—A New York hotel man, speaking of the European plan, said its results had been wonderful, and there was no likelihood of a change back to the American. His house, he added, fed five times as many persons as it supplied with apartments. Business men in the vicinity had no time to go home for lunch, and they came to the house to satisfy their appetites. He knew of several families who had given up their own table d'hôte to the excellence of the cuisine of the hotel, and were regular patrons of the house. The variety was large, and they could always get what they wanted. This was a feature of the hotel business that had become marked in a short time and promised to grow to great proportions. Taking meals in this way would be found less expensive to those who knew how to order. Large dishes were served. In most instances one order answered for two, except individual dishes. In no American city was the European plan so generally in vogue as in New York, but the hotels of the other large cities, the speaker said, would soon have to adopt it. Guests were better satisfied, and would demand it. There were hotels that still adhered to the American plan, but they enjoyed what might almost be termed exclusive classes of patronage and occupied positions peculiarly their own.

WRITTEN WITH VIOLET INK TO THE MUSIC OF A DISTANT HAND-ORGAN.—The flowering trees and the roses are the glory of the Southern springtime. The atmosphere is green, and golden, and pink, and roscate with the varying bloom mingling with the tracery of leaves. Veiled in gleaming white, trees stand like brides, trembling, expectant, beneath superabundant nuptial lace; through the tangled greenery there is a flush of pink from the thronging blossoms of the Judas tree; every stump and prostrate tree is clasped by the eager tendrils of the yellow jessamine, which springs to each convenient tree and enrobes it like a king in cloth of gold, crowns it with a golden crown, and hangs in lordly festoons among the gray Spanish moss, each flower passionately diffusing its exquisite, entrancing odor.

Your feet crush the large blue and white violets at every step, while far above the great white cups of the magnolia look out of their foliage casements like fair women upon lovers far below. Look anywhere, everywhere you see tinctured miracles of bloom, bewildering, enchanting by their profusion as well as their great beauty.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

A GERMAN went to a friend and said: "Tomorrow I owe you \$20,000. I am ruined. I cannot pay it, and I cannot sleep a wink." The creditor said: "You didn't you wait to tell me to-morrow? Now neither can I sleep a wink."