SARAH'S CAPRICE.

THE STORY OF A FEARFUL CRIME IN FRANCE.

The Freak of a Pretty Woman—Pere Dillon's Banishment—Some Fashion Notes from Paris.

PARIS, April 24, 1880.

The exciting topic of the week has been the flight of Sarah Bernhardt from the Theatre Francais. She recently made her debut in a *reprise* of the "Aventuriere" by Emile Augier, and a dramatic critic permitting himself to comment on her manner of interpreting the role, which had been marvelously created by a Madame Plessy, she sent a short note to Mr. Perrin, the director of the Theatre Francais, stating that she had been forced by him to play when she was not prepared, that it was her first check in that theater and that it should be her last. She therefore begged him to accept her resignation, and added that when he should receive the note she would have left Paris. All the papers had been unanimous in praising her in this new role with the exception of one, but Mademoiselle Sarah has arrived at that stage when she can no longer endure the slightest criticism, hence her decampment at a sign of the least discontent among her humble subjects. Her sudden disappearance caused much surprise to the director, who, it has been proved, could not possibly be the cause, however innocent, of her conduct. Thinking it merely a *coup de tete* of a spoiled, pretty woman, he determined on not mentioning the circumstance of the letter until he should be forced to do so, when he would call a meeting of the *societaires*, and so give the impulsive Sarah time to repent, and, if desirous, time to return to her pedestal. It seems, however, that it was not a *coup de tete* on the part of the admired actress, but a *coup de theatre* which she had

COOLLY PREPARED

For her own benefit, for before Mr. Perrin had an opportunity of mentioning the letter, it appeared printed in all the different journals, to which Mademoiselle Sarah had sent it. Before taking any steps in the matter, Mr. Perrin desired to consult Sarah Bernhardt about her resignation, but on sending to her house it was found closed and deserted. She had, in fact, left Paris. Her sudden departure left the company of the Theatre Francais in great embarrassment, for the "Aventuriere" was advertised for the next evening, and no one else had learned the part; they were therefore obliged to change the programme with some considerable inconvenience. That was not the only unpleasant circumstance connected with the affair. The company were under contract with the author of "Aventuriere," Emile Augier, to play his piece a certain number of nights, and in case of failure to do so, were obliged to pay him an indemnity. Mr. Perrin wrote a letter to Mr. Augier, stating the circumstances and asking him to decide upon the amount the company were indebted to him. Mr. Augier answered by a letter such as only he can write, filled with esprit and delicacy, and containing little pins darted at Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt which cannot fail to irritate her. He refused to accept any indemnity whatever and took upon himself all blame in the matter, if blame there existed. He said that one of the actors in the piece who was as new in it as Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt, had not had more repetitions than she, but had not missed one, and had met with marked success. He insisted himself on her playing at the appointed time, for he felt sure she was as prepared as she ever would be, and he maintains that she played as well as she usually does, with the same faults and the same qualities wherein art has no part. He found her at the end of her representation in her dressing-room radiant in the midst of a bevy of adorers, and she promised to play even better the next time. The next day the press took the liberty of making some observations, that which Mademoiselle Sarah does not like, hence an expression of her discontent, which she considered very natural to vent on the director. Mr. Augier ends his letter by saying:

"LET US BE INDULGENT

Towards this freak of a pretty woman, who practices so many different arts with equal superiority, and let us keep our severity for those artists who are less universal and more serious." Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt has proved herself very indifferent in regard to her duty as *societaire* of the Theatre Francais, for it has since become known that instead of attending the rehearsals of the "Aventuriere" she was at that time rehearsing pieces she expects to play at London this summer. When at London last year in company with the rest of the members of the troupe, she failed on one occasion to make her appearance and play the principal part in a piece advertised for that evening. It seems she was off on a picnic, and enjoying herself too much to return to the city. The company were obliged to return the money to the audience, which vexed them exceedingly. On some observations being made in regard to her conduct Sarah Bernhardt sent in her resignation, but Mr. Perrin refused to accept it and succeeded in appeasing her. It was then reported that she had signed an engagement with a manager of a theater at New York and that she was soon to depart for America. Her friends succeeded in dissuading her from her design by exclamations of the financial failure of Rachel's visit to America, and Mr. Perrin having promised her a leave of absence of one year at the end of a year, she consented to return to Paris and endeavor to win back those admirers whom her conduct had estranged. All say that she was anxious to leave the Theater Francais and go elsewhere with the hope of making more money and so took this opportunity. But as she was to have her leave of absence almost immediately, why could she not wait? It seems that she sought to create a sensation by making herself the subject of conversation throughout Paris and thus render herself more valuable in the eyes of the New York managers. For she has learned that Rachel after all did bring a great deal of money from America, but that her parsimony caused her to report her trip as a failure, so as not to pay the poor artists who accompanied her. If Sarah Bernhardt does go to America I think our theater-going people

WILL BE DISAPPOINTED.

True she is a charming actress, for she has a very pleasing voice, which she herself with little modesty calls *voix d'or*. I have seen her in all her *repertoire*, and I have remarked that in those characters requiring gentleness and tenderness she never fails to excite admiration, but the register of her tones is very limited and the moment she expresses a force of passion and is obliged to raise her voice her lips emit words without sound, and the contortions produced by the effort are painful to behold. There is no character in which she appears to such advantage as in Zaire of Voltaire. Shedre she renders with a charm altogether personal. At the Theatre Francais she is surrounded by artists such as she will never meet in body anywhere in the world, and much of her success she owes to the manner in which she has been supported. Aware that the French classics can be appreciated only by those who make a special study of them, and that their unnatural language and want of action would render them tedious to those who are unacquainted with French, she proposes to play the different characters of Shakespeare translated in French, which will certainly be a mistake on her part, for those who will listen to her will be sure to make comparisons which cannot be to her advantage. As to Shakespeare, she has neither the patience to study him nor sufficient depth of feeling to comprehend him. Sarah Bernhardt

IS NOT A FINISHED ACTRESS,

For although she has very often very fine impulses, she displays no art, and does not study to perfect herself. Instead of dabbling in paints and plaster, she would do well to work to better develop her dramatic talents, for she is far behind the great tragediennes who have preceded her; but she cares nothing for compliments paid her as an actress, and values those only paid to her as a painter or sculptor, and is never so happy as when told she is a clever writer. It is not the first time such strange fancies have been discovered in talented women, for George Sand was never so pleased as when her admirers praised the jellies she had made. After several meetings of the company of the Theatre Francais, and much deliberation on their part, they have decided not to accept the resignation of Sarah Bernhardt but to bring suit against her and claim as damages from 100,000 to 150,000 francs. The impulsive actress says that if she loses she will sell her private hotel, her silver, etc., to pay it, but she intends to make a hard fight first. What is a hundred thousand francs with America before her and all its dollars! She has engaged one of the first lawyers of Paris, and the company of the Theatre Francais have engaged another equally celebrated, so that there will be enough theatrical gossip to last some time, and there is enough money in prospective to keep the lawyers in a good humor.

A MOST FEARFUL CRIME

Has been committed lately which has excited the indignation of all Paris. A poor woman, a Madam Den, the mother of seven children, whose father is ill at the hospital, one day last week missed her fifth child, Louise, just four years of age. It had rained during the entire time, and she knew the child could not have left the house. After inquiring after her at the different apartments of the *locataires*, she knocked at the door of the apartment of the family Monesclon, on the fifth story. Mr. Monesclon is employed in a *ministere*, and his wife works in the tobacco factory. They have one child, a son of twenty years of age, who has always been a source of great trouble to them—an idle and worthless lad. When Madam Den penetrated into the apartment the young man, Louis Monesclon, was in bed and assured the mother that he had seen nothing of the little Louise. The next day the excitement caused by the disappearance of the little girl decided the *commissaire de police* on making an inquest. It was remarked that Louis Monesclon, who was in the habit of going out of the house almost immediately after his parents had gone to their work, had not come down stairs at 10 o'clock. One of the women of the house went to his door to listen and heard a noise as though cutting with the blade of a knife, and then perceived an odor of something burning. It was then the police decided on visiting the young man and on making inquiries. He received them with much coolness, and said that the suspicions of those in the house were very unjust; that he had not seen the little girl, and that, besides, the apartment had already been visited. The agent cast a rapid glance around him, then raised the cover of the stove, in which there was a hot fire, and found in the oven the head of the child reduced to three-fourths of its size. Before this discovery Louis started back. He was led to make a confession of the crime. It seems he coaxed the child into the room by offering her a branch of lilac. He then strangled her to death and hid her body between his two mattresses where it was when the mother had come to ask after her little Louise. The next morning he waited until his parents had gone out to cut the body up. He had scattered the pieces in every direction—some were in bureau drawers, the arms were in his overcoat. The body had been divided into thirty-six pieces. When they represented to him the horror of his misdeed he seemed to be unconscious of it. As soon as the truth became known a great crowd collected around the door, and the police had much trouble in preventing a mob from seizing the murderer. Much sympathy was expressed by the public for the bereaved mother, and all the journals opened a subscription list for her benefit.

A MOST SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE

Occurred, and which would occur nowhere else but at Paris. At the moment a gentleman brought a sum of money to Madam Den, a nicely dressed lady called and said she wished to undertake the expense of dressing the children in mourning. Whilst Madam Den showed the gentleman to the door, at the same time expressing her gratitude, the lady suddenly disappeared, and it was found that a portion of the money had disappeared at the same time. The Mayor of the arrondissement in which dwell the bereaved family took entire charge of the funeral arrangements and defrayed all expenses. There followed in the procession seventeen young girls from 12 to 14 years of age dressed in black, with long white vails; each carried a bouquet of flowers, but according to the request of the poor mother no lilac branches were to be seen.

The *pere* Didon is a very eloquent Dominican. During the latter part of the winter all Paris flocked to hear him preach, particularly the fair sex, on whom the inspired words fell with a particular charm. He was instructed by his superior to preach against divorce, but he was so mild in his denunciation of that progressive institution that the order was soon countermanded. He at last excited the apprehensions of the entire priesthood, for instead of doing as they did, pass his time in the pulpit denouncing the Republic and all republican principles, he rather encouraged his hearers to obedience of the laws of their country. Suddenly *pere* Didon disappeared. He had been called to Rome, to undergo punishment, many said. They were not wrong, for he had but reached there when his trunk was packed for the savage and dreary island of Corsica. He was not permitted to see the Pope, whose conciliatory disposition might have saved him from

A BANISHMENT

So severe. As he said himself when questioned in regard to his departure: "Ah, there is discipline among us. You are ordered to do a thing and you have only to obey; when a colonel of a regiment must punish his inferior, there is nothing to do but submit. I believe that I could speak the language of the Bible; I believe that I could prove the great harmony of the teachings of Christ and the aspirations of the people. I wished to conciliate faith with silence, draw together the faithful and the unfaithful under the same radiant light of the spirit of God. It seems it was a too delicate subject, which should not be touched, and as they do not wish me to forget it, they send me to Corsica to give me the time to engrave it in my memory." Such passive obedience on the part of a man certainly far superior to those whom he is forced to obey cannot but surprise one. They say that a good Roman Catholic cannot be a Republican and above all a priest, which would certainly be a slander on a large portion of the population of America to whom liberty forms a part of religion, and even Bishop Allemany himself, who is a Dominican, would be astonished at the doctrine of those Europeans whose religion seems completely drowned in politics. Never before has

FASHION

Indulged in such fanciful caprices as this spring has developed. The most fantastic designs, the most hazardous combinations of colors, which put to test the longest experience and most perfect taste, come to bewilder fashion's votaries. These gay foulards remind one of the Dolly-Varden dresses worn for a short time years ago, but this peculiar combination of colors is not to be found only in dresses, but in cloaks, mantillas and in the trimmings of hats as well. This material is stylish and if gracefully worn is elegant, but it is not embellishing, for it rather deadens the complexion. Besides, great caution is necessary in the choice of this goods, for on account of the gay colors they are mostly intended for carriages, and not for the street. That which may be seen in great profusion are the mantillas. The mantilla is a convenient and graceful article of wear, for it can be used to hide a badly-fitting dress or to add an elegance to the wearer. There are mantillas of grenadine embroidered with jet placed on the border of a veritable tippit of satin forming the collar and descending along the front. Then there is what is called the *visite*, made of satin, very short, fitted in to the waist, with large mandarin sleeves, and the satin of which disappears under a rich passamenterie of gold or electric pearls and waves of lace. Every kind of material is employed for this garment—gaze pepinee, velvet, silk, grenadines, brochees, Spanish lace, etc. Since in most parts of California it is seldom very warm, these visites and mantillas can be worn there nearly all the year round, whereas they are here a spring and summer garment only.

VAL.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME ADORNMENT AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY—ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

[Correspondents of this department will not be limited in their epistles, but conciseness is preferable, and but one side of a page must be written upon. Questions pertinent to this department will be answered in this column.]

The Use of Lemons.

The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in hight. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit, that is the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worm and skin complaints. The pippins, crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and taken as a drink. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. Let every one rub their gums daily with lemon juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally, the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and Nature is the best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice.—[Exchange.

Homes—Semi-Hospitals.

Too much cannot be written or printed to impress the conviction upon the minds of owners and tenants of houses that the preservation of their own and their children's health depends largely upon the manner of the construction and the appointments of their dwelling-places. There is no speculation in the statement that thousands of cases of sickness occur from defects in these connections. It is a well assured fact that if every building was subjected to an examination by a board of competent medical and scientific gentlemen, who would enter into the work and furnish a full statement of the sanitary conditions, as discovered by them, a very large number of buildings would be pronounced unhealthful, and many of them as mere disease-breeding habitations. Scores of families occupy places of residence which are good in appearanse, convenient in arrangement, and free from visibly bad surroundings; but, "somehow or other," some one or more of the members are always complaining, and the doctor's services nearly constantly in demand. Sometimes people remove from certain localities and denounce them as unhealthful, while in fact the conclusion reached may be entirely erroneous. It matters not how elevated and splendidly located a building may be, if the building itself is not properly constructed and its appointments of sewer, pipe and plumbing work perfect, healthfulness is out of the question.

Useful Information.

TO KEEP HAIR IN CURL.—I have no practical knowledge of this recipe, nature having curled my hair for me, but ladies who have tried it recommend it. Take a few quince seeds, boil them in water, and add perfumery if you like; wet the hair with this, and it will keep in curl some time. The seed can be bought at a drug store for a few cents an ounce. Gentlemen who wear out their patience trying to curl their whiskers and mustaches, will please cut this recipe out and paste it on their mirrors. D. V.

TO REMOVE OLD PAINT.—A writer to the *English Mechanic* says: "The cheapest and best solution that I know of I accidentally discovered, and it may be worth while to tell how, though very likely some may know of it. In trying experiments for press-copying some old letters, among others I used successfully a solution of one tablespoonful of vinegar and one ounce of washing soda to a half pint of water. A little of this was spilled on the painted window sill, and in wiping it up the paint came entirely off, leaving the bare board quite clean. Try it; a gallon will not cost fifty cents.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Scrape well, and unless fresh enough, soak it for four hours, then wrap in a coarse towel and place it in a kettle of cold water. Add a handful of clean timothy hay, a carrot, two celery roots, two medium-sized onions, two bay leaves, six cloves and a little parsley and thyme. If the kettle is of porcelain or granite, or even a bright tin one, put in a teacup of good cider vinegar, but do not use vinegar in an iron kettle. Bring the water to a boil and do not let it stop for three or four hours, according to the size of the ham. Leave it in the water until a little cool, then skin, trim and sift a thin layer of finely rolled crackers over it. Bake for two hours in a moderate oven. A poor ham cooked in this way is made passable, and a good one is rendered four-fold better than by simple boiling.

CARE OF THE EYES.—The care of the eyes is urged by Arthur Chevalier in a new French work. The use of the eyes, he says, should be regulated by their strength, and they should never be overtaxed. A habit of resting them during work is recommended. Thus, in reading or writing, stop from time to time, and allow the eyes to wander over surrounding objects. To persist in working after symptoms of fatigue appear is foolish. As soon as the eyes begin to itch, or grow red, or any pain is felt in the eyeballs, work should be discontinued and cold water applied. Do not pass suddenly from darkness into a bright light. All artificial lights are injurious. The author adds: "If a person cannot tear himself away from close work he can at least vary his occupation. Let him close his eyes from time to time, and take a turn around his room; or, what is better, take a walk in the fresh air; this, even if it be but for a few minutes only, will do him a great deal of good."

Receipts.

FROSTED FRUIT.—Select perfect fruit of any small variety, such as plums, cherries, grapes or small pears, leaving the stems on; dip them one by one in a beaten white of an egg or in solution of gum arabic, and from that into a cup of finely pulverized sugar; cover the bottom of the pan with a sheet of fine white paper, place the fruit in it, and set it in a stove or oven that is cooling. When the frosting on the fruit becomes firm, heap them on a dish and set it in a cool place.

PRESSED CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda and two cups of flour. To one-third of this mixture add one cupful of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of clove and one of nutmeg. Make two cakes white, with one of brown between. Put together with frosting.

NAPLES BISCUIT.—The yolks of 12 eggs, a full half-pound of flour, and half a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the yolks very lightly, add the sugar to the yelks, then add the milk; add the baking powder to the flour; sift the flour into the batter very gently, add flavor. Bake in biscuit pan.

PASTRY.—Three cups of sifted flour, lump of lard size large as fist, and little salt, worked well with a knife; cup of cold water; when well mixed, roll out, flour, spread with a mixture of lard and butter, sprinkle with flour, double over and repeat two or three times, and you will have a nice flaky crust. Divide the pastry for upper and lower crust before spreading.

JELLY CAKE.—One and a half cups sugar, one-half cup of butter, half cup sweet milk, two and a half cups flour, three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and add two teaspoons baking powder. The Jelly—One cup of sugar, one egg, grate the rind and use the juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful of water, one teaspoonful of flour, put your dish in a kettle of boiling water, and let it come to a boil; have your cake ready and put it together.

HOLIDAY PUDDING.—Take two large lemons and grate off the peel of both. Use only the juice of one, unless you like quite a tart flavor. Add to the lemon half a pound of fine white sugar, the yolks of twelve and the whites of eight eggs well beaten; melt half a pound of butter in four or five tablespoons of cream. Stir all together, and set the mixture over the fire, stirring it until it begins to be pretty thick. Take it off, and when cold fill your dish a little more than half full, having previously lined its bottom with fine puff paste. Bake carefully.

INKY PINKY.—Slice down some boiled carrots, likewise the cold meat, adding a small onion or two, and pepper and salt to taste. Simmer all these in a gravy made from the bones and trimmings of the beef, thicken with a little flour, and serve with a border of nicely-mashed potatoes. The carrots should be put on in advance of the beef, which only requires to be thoroughly heated. Season with catsup if liked.

HAM ON TOAST.—An elegant and appetizing lunch or supper dish is made as follows: Chop very fine some baked or boiled ham, and to a large teaspoonful of it add an egg well beaten up, a small bit of butter and a little cream. Have ready some neatly cut pieces of bread, about the size of a dollar piece, but a little thicker, fried in good butter; spread the mixture on these, and serve them on a napkin.

DROP BISCUITS.—Warm your pan, then put in one pound of powdered loaf sugar and eight eggs; beat it with a whisk till it becomes lukewarm, then beat it till it is cold; stir in a pound and two ounces of fine sifted flour, with about half an ounce of carraway seeds; have a bladder and pipe to put your batter in; then drop it on wafer paper about the size of a nutmeg; sift sugar over them, and bake them in a quick oven.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

A correspondent of the *Churchman* objects to—

If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take,

And wants it changed thus:

If I should die and not awake.

The *Christian at Work* says: "Boston fully appreciates Dr. Duryea, and his ministry there is already proving eminently successful. Never before have such congregations crowded the Central Church on the Sabbath, or the pews and sittings been in such demand. At the recent sale of pews the first choice was sold for $3,500; six others brought $2,000 each, and three $1,800 each, and the premiums ranged from $350 to $5. For breadth of spirit, Christian courtesy and charity, commanding eloquence, wide scholarship and thorough biblical knowledge, Dr. Duryea will find few peers wherever he goes."

The *Christian Intelligencer* believes that the soul of Pope Pius IX. is still in purgatory, because a requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Pius IX. was celebrated on Sunday morning, February 8th, in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome. The Pope entered, attended by the whole pontifical body and his Swiss and Noble Guards; and all the members of the Sacred College, the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops now in Rome, with the whole of the diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See, were present, as well as many of the Roman nobility, and such strangers as were fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission.

The Anglican Bishop of Manchester, at a recent ordination service, spoke very plainly on the subject of ritualism. In Paul's time, he said, men were content to be experts in godliness, rather than in controversy; to be religious, rather than theological. He confessed that it was impossible for him to become interested in many questions which were agitating the church. It made no difference to him, strange to say, what the color or shape of a vestment was, whether the bread administered in communion was leavened or unleavened, whether the wine in the chalice was mixed or unmixed. None of these things seemed to him to concern the weighter matters of the Gospel.

The *Independent* says, concerning a revised creed for Congregational churches: "So far as we have noticed, the purpose of the agitators for the new creed has been to exclude from fellowship certain persons who regard themselves as evangelical, but whose belief in the nature of the atonement and in the condition of souls in the next world is not regarded as satisfactory. These agitators for a new creed are very sensitive, because some Presbyterians perhaps taunt them with the charge of a prevalence of heresy among Congregationalists, and they are anxious to repel the charge. It is not to make Congregationalism seem more reasonable to skeptics, but to make it seem more orthodox to Presbyterians, that they desire to have a creed formulated which shall authoritatively represent the belief of their churches."

The *Observer* says: The proceeds of Robert Ingersoll's lecture on Paine ($1,500) are to be applied to the erection of a monument to the memory of the author of the "Age of Reason." We submit the following as a just and appropriate epitaph: "To the memory of the man of whom John Adams, President of the United States, recorded this opinion: 'Worthless,' 'unprincipled,' 'profligate,' 'blackguard Paine;' the man who wrote a letter to George Washington, and thus addressed the Father of his Country: 'Treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor.' This cenotaph is erected to Thomas Paine by the munificent liberality of his friend and admirer, Colonel Robert Ingersoll."

To the Sunday-school of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, the Rev. W. P. Paxson, the Superintendent of the Southwestern Department of the American Sunday-school Union, sends this summary report of his individual work for the year ending February 29th: Seventeen new schools organized, with 104 teachers and 745 scholars; 40 schools visited and aided, having 473 teachers and 4,115 scholars; publications distributed by grant and sale to the value of $513 53; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 284; miles traveled, 16,850; sermons and addresses delivered, 137. This work was done beside his superintendence of the missionaries in his great field. The following is a summary of work of his department: Two hundred and twenty-nine new schools organized, with 1,020 teachers and 9,914 scholars; 313 schools aided, having 1,866 teachers and 17,938 scholars; total schools reached, 542, having 2,886 teachers and 27,582 scholars; miles traveled, 46,787; sermons and addresses given, 750; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2,669; families visited, 1,811.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

LOW TIDE.

Across the fields I stray
Until I reach the bay,
Wide stretching out its arms the sea to greet.
Upon the shining sand
Which skirts the emerald land
I make a rugged mossy rock my seat.

Where are the wavelets gone
Which with soft soothing tone
Lapped ever and anon the pebbly strand?
Where is the tangled weed
Which would advance, recede
And warily evade my outstretched hand?

A dreary waste and dark
'Tis to low-water mark,
Where ebb the sullen wavelets eager for the flow.
See, from their mountain home
Flocks of wild sea birds come,
And feeding, wander blithely to and fro.

Then falls the calm twilight,
The vesper star beams bright
O'er the dark mountains standing 'gainst the sky.
Far on the windy hill
Soon all is dark and still,
Yet from the sands I hear the curlew's cry.
—(Alice Gray Cowan.

AN eccentric English lady, who imagined herself the destined bride of Christ, recently died, and the furniture of her residence, which was fitted up in accordance with her insane idea, is to be sold. In the drawing-room is a large and costly armchair, the judgment-seat. The room is divided by a curtain from the bridal bed-chamber intended for our Lord. The bed alone cost $1,000, and the furniture of the two rooms not less in all than $25,000.

Encouraging trade indications—The writing-masters are doing a flourishing business.

ARIZONA FEVER.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE TOMBSTONE DISTRICT.

Some Account of the New Camp—Its Surroundings and Its People.

TOMBSTONE (A. T.), May 17, 1880.

Whenever a new and a good mining camp is discovered—so goes the experience on the Pacific coast—before the mines can be well proven, a town or city will grow up near by to draw its support therefrom. All are not miners, mine operators or mine speculators, who rush to new camps upon the first news of rich ores being found. With a new mining camp invariably comes a new town, and in our case the town is overshadowing the camp. Tombstone has already become the great objective point of the large majority who are traveling toward this Territory. Of course, the town grows rapidly. It is but one short year ago since Tucson, an old Mexican pueblo, was the only known place in all this land. But now that passengers and freight for both Tombstone and Patagonia are landed at Pantano, and soon will be at Benson, a new town to be built on the San Pedro river where the Southern Pacific Railroad crosses, the word Tucson drops off and Tombstone becomes the substitute in every passenger's mouth. Tombstone has now more two-story buildings than Tucson, and many more are being erected. Town-building is being carried on with a rush, a boom. On every lot some one is putting up some kind of a structure in anticipation of the value it will obtain when this becomes *the* great city. Hopes and expectations are high, and there is no lack of confidence in the ultimate result. The population of Tombstone may now be put down at 2,000, and is very rapidly increasing, and beyond a doubt will within the space of a few months have more white residents than any place in Arizona. Besides the residents—the people actually living here—there are hundreds who daily find a temporary sojourning place within the city limits for lengths of time ranging from two days to two weeks. Of this class is the prospector, who comes in from his tour, camps at the town, has his "jamboree," lays in his supplies, and is then off for the mountains again. Every night in the week a crowd of men can be seen upon our streets, at the hotels, and gambling-houses, that forcibly remind one of the flush times of '49 to '53 in the gold camps of early California. All the concomitants of a rushing camp are now to be found in this place, save only the rows, the fights and homicides. The heavy outfitting stores, the long file of men at the Postoffice when mails arrive, the crowd of men that throng the large gambling houses, the number and variety of frail humanity, male and female, all to be daily and nightly seen, carrying one's thoughts back to other days, to other camps in other places. Speaking of the exceptions of homicides, we must claim much credit for our peaceable, orderly town, where the Police Court is unknown, and the Justice of the Peace is about as much interviewed as in sober New England or the rural Western States.

Our merchants already can sum up their trade to a million. All branches of business is fully represented, from a couple of wholesale jobbing-houses in all lines of goods, down to nearly a dozen Chinese wash-houses. Two daily lines of six-horse coaches run to the end of the railroad, besides a two-horse hack line, and lines of stages to Charleston, Patagonia and other places. Schools and churches are now being looked after, and a theater is talked of. The *Nugget* will issue its daily next week, which, with the *Epitaph*, will give us one daily and two weekly newspapers. Our hotels, now nearly completed, will be the most commodious and best furnished in the Territory. All these things have been accomplished in less than one year? What will the future be? Faith in the mines has done all this, and the beginning is but now. The great country for a hundred miles in each direction lies before us; an almost unexplored country, now being penetrated by the ubiquitous prospector, whose pick, shovel, hammer and drill, aided by that wonderful agent dynamite, will soon add untold millions to the already wonderful wealth of Arizona. Was not this dynamite the article meant, but once called faith, by the use of which it was said, a long time ago, that mountains could be moved? If there were mines beneath, the miner with his dynamite would move the mountain to get at them. A new feature, of great importance in this country, is the new

TOWN OF BENSON,

The location of which has been selected on the western side of the San Pedro river, at the point where the Southern Pacific Railroad will cross. The site is on a mesa or plateau of land, a beautiful location, giving a fine view up and down the river. From this point no less than three branch railroads are already projected to Tombstone, while one has Mexico for an objective point, and the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad will pass about twenty miles to the north of us. On one of these branch roads the grading has already commenced, and the other two have corps of engineers in the field. The one that proposes to strike into Old Mexico has a charter to the boundary line, and is now negotiating with the Mexican authorities for a like franchise to carry the road on to Guaymas, Mazatlan, or some other objective point. If the sister Republic should be like Barkis, possessed of a willing disposition, we may expect soon to see a railroad extended up the San Pedro into that benighted land, where no progress has been made in agriculture or commerce, save only by throwing aside shekels and cubits, and selling their whisky by the pound and their meat by the yard. From my own observations, having traveled over much of Northern Sonora, I think that this route is the most feasible for a railroad of any that has been suggested. It passes up the San Pedro to its head, all the way on wide bottom lands, thence down the Sonora river, with light grades, and through a rich mineral and agricultural country, to such point on the seaboard, or elsewhere, as they may wish to obtain. I am of the opinion that whenever a railroad is extended into Sonora from any point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, the route will be the one I have pointed out. But to return to Benson. It is not only given a "good send-off" as a

RAILROAD CENTER,

But from its central and favorable position, by a limited expenditure in repairing wagon roads, it can control the trade of the Globe country, and all of Apache county, and with proper efforts on the part of business men, can take from Tucson the trade and business of Patagonia, and of that great mining country, and of the Huachucos, San Jose and Mule Pass country, with a control of the Sonora trade; while the Dragoons, Yellowstone, Galineo, and all the camps and country as far to the northeast as Aravaypa and Pueblo Viejo valley will become directly tributary to it. Of course a combination of all these advantages will make it considerable of a town, and at once afford plenty of business to the town-builders. These town-builders are an enterprising race peculiar to the West, and are always happy and prosperous so long as there remain towns to build. Their "winter of discontent" sets in as soon as the towns they have built are completed, and ready to be fenced in. I am credibly informed that as soon as Benson is platted, and the auction day for the sale of lots is passed, a number of the heaviest merchants and business men of Tucson will erect commodious business houses and open large stock of goods at the new town. If this be so it will seriously damage Tucson, calm down the wild furor of Tombstone, and give us three chief cities in southeastern Arizona, viz: the ancient and honorable pueblo, the argentiferous cemetery, and the railroad center. So much for towns. Now let us return to a more interesting subject, one that gives more money to the country, viz: the mines. Since my last letter there has, in no instance, either in Tombstone proper or the surrounding country, been a decline in any property, but on the contrary, wherever work is being done, on mines or prospects, the showing of vein ore and values have steadily increased. In

THE SURROUNDINGS

Of this camp are some matters of too much importance to be omitted. About two miles east of here, in the foothills of the Dragoons, are some quartz veins that were discovered about three months ago. Work has been pushed on several of these quartz veins until at the depth of forty feet veins of sizes varying from two and a half to six feet in width, that are full of free gold, have been laid bare, and the ore across the veins have sampled as high as $132 per ton in gold, with a little silver. Many specimens from gold mines of Arizona have given assays in gold into the thousands at all depths. Before closing this letter I must add a word or two about the men who are buying mines in Arizona. They are Eastern men, most of them from New England and Pennsylvania. California is buying but little. Eastern people have shown superior judgment, business tact and shrewdness in their operations, while the "self-risers" have wasted their chances in plotting stock-jobbing operations. The Eastern capitalist came and paid his grand cash, and secured rare prizes. The "self-riser" stands looking on with one eye, while watching the Comstock quotations with the other. They do too much of their mining on Montgomery and California streets. New England is entitled to the credit of making this country. The Eastern people have secured nearly all the grand prizes in this camp. The Oil City men are now the Richmonds in the field and buying everything that shows value, while the California capitalist comes with his little game to take a deed of the mine, stock it, give the owner a part of the stock for his purchase money, then go East and sell the rest. The miners and mine-owners are "dropping" on this, and hence a real California millionaire is overlooked, while the Oil City gent receives all the attention.

SPICER.

SKAGIT.

A Letter from Two Sacramento Men Who Tried to Get There.

G. E. Bates and H. B. Ulman, who say they are from Elk Grove, in this county, write from Fort Hope, British Columbia, to the RECORD-UNION the following letter. Mr. Bates, in a private note, says the information he gives concerning the mines he has from authority which he believes to be reliable:

FORT HOPE (B. C.), May 6, 1880.

Leaving Fort Hope for Skagit, on the 18th of April, we started to sleigh to the mines, but the snow had commenced to break up and the trail was rough. Two weeks found us about thirty miles from Hope, having abandoned our sleighs about five miles before, and commenced to pack. This soon told on us, and we concluded to raft down the Skagit. We built a raft May 3d, the 4th we launched it at 9 A. M., and were soon sailing at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. We struck a jam in the river, and our raft (which was 25 feet long and 10 feet wide) was upset as if it had been a feather in the wind, and one of us (H. B. Ulman) was caught beneath it, and was being carried under the raft, when the other (G. E. Bates), seeing his danger, let everything go, and called for help from others. The raft was slowly but surely going beneath the jam just as F. Chadwick of San Jose returned to where we two were in our perilous situation, and by his help we were saved, but without food of any kind and 17 miles from the nearest place of habitation. Now 17 miles might seem short over some of our California roads in the valleys, but it was 28 hours of the hardest traveling we have ever traveled, and over most of the trail we were without a guide of any kind, as the snow had melted since we had passed over, leaving the crust without marks. At 10 the next day we arrived at Lake House with one bundle of blankets we had saved from the wreck. Here we partook of refreshments and rested three hours and started back for Fort Hope, a distance of 14 miles, over a road that was covered with brush and trash. The rain and snow which fell all day, added to the beauty (?) of the road, enabled us to arrive at Hope almost on a run. Dry clothes were procured, and we were as happy as sheep in a clover field. Skagit river has it head waters about twelve miles from Fort Hope. The river one must trail to the mines a distance of about sixty miles (to Ruby creek). Lightning creek is ten miles above Ruby, and Devil creek is between the two. The trail is now almost impassable, as the snow is melting and the streams are all high. There will be but little show to get to the mines before July. The mines, so far as I can learn, are fine. Mr. Robinson, the discoverer of them, is here now, and he says it will be fully August before they can be worked. The gold is fine on top and coarser as you go down, but as soon as you break through the surface the water runs through upon you and makes it almost impossible to mine. Three men came in to-day who say they have done well all winter there, and until the snow commenced to melt and run them out. While the snow remained firm the water was low. Indians will commence to pack over this trail as soon as it is opened at 5½ cents per pound from here to the mines. The route via Seattle we know but little of, and wish to know less, as you sail on steamer up to canoe travel, and then by canoes to the packing trail, which is 18 miles up a mountain side. About April 24th a party of twelve men started down Skagit river in a canoe from the mines. Six of the party were splendid swimmers and six could not swim. The boat was manned by a white man of considerable experience; but experience did not save them, as the canoe was capsized and the six good swimmers struck bravely for shore and were not seen again, while the six that could not swim clung to the canoe and were fortunately saved. This narrative we have from one of the party by the name of Thompson, who is now at New Westminster. He feels very sore over the loss of his comrades.

Fort Hope is situated on the Frazer river, about 175 miles from Victoria. It has a population of about 100 at present—a great many Indians, and the others consist of about forty miners bound to Skagit as soon as the trail is open. There are two hotels here, one of which is kept by C. Galloway, an old forty-niner of Sacramento county. We hope through the columns of the SACRAMENTO WEEKLY UNION to write to our people again and let them know of our whereabouts.

G. E. BATES,
H. B. ULMAN,
Of Elk Grove, Sacramento county.

TOMBSTONE.—An old Eastern Nevadan recently removed to Arizona, thus writes to the Silver Reef *Miner* in regard to Tombstone:

This camp is a Virginia City in embryo, and reminds one forcibly of early days on the Comstock. All is life and bustle, the saloons being crowded nightly by drinkers and players, who gamble away or gulp down their cash to the dulcet strains of banjo, harp and violin. Twenty-five cents is all it costs to "smile." Many large and costly buildings are in course of erection to be occupied as hotels, banks, stores, saloons, etc. We have an incorporated village, supplied with a full set of officers. The town is run on the high pressure principle, and in point of business and solid worth ranks second in the Territory. Games of all descriptions are running in full blast night and day, mostly confined to two or three houses, which do a land-office business. Land jumping has commenced and trouble may result. This is the quietest mining camp I ever saw, but I think it cannot last long, as the near approach of the railroad will fill the country with all classes of the rougher types of humanity. We are situated thirty miles from the Sonora line, and about forty miles southeast of the Southern Pacific Railroad at the crossing of the San Pedro. A branch railroad will be built almost immediately from the Southern Pacific Railroad to Tombstone via Contention and Charleston, and a telegraph line to tap the railroad is contemplated. Two stages ply daily between here and the end of the track, carrying full loads. We are away up here—something over 4,000 feet above the sea-level—and in range of the gulf breezes, which visit us daily. Four dollars a day is the rate of miners' wages, and there is plenty of work. The country is full of "tenderfeet," professing to be miners, who work about one shift and then get let out.

It is, perhaps, natural to conclude that Father Time is married, not because he is called father, but because he is so often taken by the forelock.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to May 15th.

682. All human virtue to its later breath,
Finds envy never conquered but by death.

683. Sonoma.

684.

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        D
      L E M
    P E L E G
  R E V I L E D
    R E V E L
      L E E
        R
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685. Open, Pace, Ecce, Need.

686. Boyne, Foyle, Nile, Orange, Amoor, Iser.

687. A long sigh for ease.

688. Canon.

689. Anra.

690. Plumas, Placer, Napa, San Berrardino, Merced, El Dorado, Butte, Amador, Alameda.

New Tangles.

699. A charade for Hattie H., from Rose:

A time of merry, thoughtless days,
My first, the happiest part of life;
'Ere we had known its weary ways,
Or mingled in its care and strife.

With my last we crown the fair young bride,
And tenderly scatter them over our dead;
Gaily they spring on the green hill-side,
"The stars of earth," a poet has said.

Up from their bed beneath the snows,
Where through the winter they slumbered,
In fragrance surpassing lily or rose,
My whole are springing unnumbered.

700. Dear Quiet Hour: I propose to introduce to the Quiet Hour students the Metamorem Tangles (I do not claim them as original), which may prove interesting to them. At any rate they will be able to learn the value of all Roman letters when used as numerals, and are not found in all dictionaries. Below I give the value of each letter as used by the Romans: A, 500; B, 300; C, 100; D, 500; E, 250; F, 40; G, 400; H, 200; I, 1; J, 1; K, 250; L, 50; M, 1000; N, 900; O, 0 or 11; P, 100; Q, 500; R, 80; S, 7; T, 160; V, 5; W, 55; X, 10; Y, 150; Z, 2000. As there were no J nor U nor W in the Roman alphabet, J must count the same as I=1, U must be incorporated with Q=500, W must be used as two Ys and equals 55.

Examples: S I B Y L
7 1 300 150 50=SIBYL.
Q U I E T
500 1 250 160=QUIET.

N. B.—The figures should all be of the same size, and no perceptible difference in the space between them—just a plain row of figures.

I send a few for solution by the tanglers, if they take kindly to them:

METAMOREMS.

1—2000250800.
2—900080160200.
3—500500150.
4—5001000150.
5—250250150.
6—200011250.

After the first introduction, you see, the metamorem will make a compact tangle. They will require care and patience on the part of printer as well as tangler. Hoping they will become popular with all, I remain,

TRINITY.

701. Charade (selected):

"Yankee Doodle came to town, upon a little pony;"
This was in ancient times before the days of telephony.
And so he rode ten miles to hear a patriot's oration
Delivered to commemorate the birthday of his nation.
B. Jonathan accosted him: "I see the first is handy.
Perhaps you'll take a cooling glass of water, toned with——."
He quickly took the hidden third, and "Thank you, no, not any,"
He said as he declined the draught, "the first has ruined many;
If one-half of the second were added to its name.
'Twould be relieved of all that serves to tarnish its fair fame;
Or, add instead the other half, though cruel it appears,
It gives its victims speedy death, not misery for years."
"I fear," B. Jonathan replied, "You'll not enjoy the whole
(A social entertainment that gourmands oft extol),
For the feast is not all reason, the flow not solely soul."

702. Charade dedicated to Hattie Heath, by Augusta Blake:

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight j in, and see
What is in my bosom's care for thee.

703. Arithmetical puzzle, by H. J. Richardson:

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 100, inclusive, in such a manner that each column, perpendicularly, horizontally, and the two diagonals will aggregate 505. Arrange in a square of 10 on a side.

704. Charade, by Casper:

My first will not forever last,
Though surely it has no ending;
Though small, it ties well and fast
Things for which some are contending.

Sorrowful is the soft tone
That from my next is heard,
And makes us think of some one
Gone; yes, "gone" is the word.

The whole in spring is often seen
In trees, in the meadow and field;
Although it can't be said to sing,
Its voice strange feelings to us yield.

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

F. M. S.—674, 675, 677, 678 679, (no), 682, 686, 688, 689, 690.

Rose—674, 675, 677, 678, 679, 683, 686, 688, 689, 690. "I think Ora and Carrie deserve a compliment for the ingenuity of this last, particularly the fourth and fifth counties."

Trinity—683, 686, 688, 689, 690, 694, 695, 697, 698 (nearly).

Ora and Carrie—662, 666 (good, but not right), 669 (in part).

HOT WEATHER DRINK.

During hot weather, and while engaged in harvest operations, a good deal of liquid is necessarily imbibed, for the pores are open and perspiration flows out. The question is, what is the best to drink? "On board steamers the firemen employed about the furnaces are sometimes greatly exhausted by heat. Their profuse perspiration renders a large quantity of water necessary to supply the waste. The ingestion of clear water under the circumstances appears to answer very imperfectly the wants of the system. It seems to pass through the circulation to the skin, percolates as through a sieve and flows over the surface of the body in streams. A large drink of cold, or even cool water, under these circumstances, on an empty stomach, is very dangerous, and liable to produce death with almost the suddenness of an electric shock. Great practical advantage has been obtained by mixing farinaceous substances, particularly oatmeal, with the water to be used by the men employed at this kind of labor. The oatmeal is mixed in proportions of three or four ounces to a gallon of water, and used according to inclination by the firemen and coal-heavers. It might be difficult to determine why oatmeal for this purpose should be better than cornmeal, or buckwheat, or rye, wheat, millet, etc., but the firemen themselves seem to think it has the effect of making them as strong as horses. We may safely allow something for this sort of prejudice, which we know to be very portent among the influences on health and disease. The peculiar aroma of the oats is probably associated with a pleasant degree of stimulation of the alimentary mucous surface in such a way as to promote its complete digestion. It seems to fill the blood-vessels without increasing the amount of cutaneous exhalations. The men occasionally try acid, saccharine or alcoholic drinks as substitutes for the oats, but always with unsatisfactory results, except that they find molasses and water better than clear water, and they who are disposed to insist on the excellence of rum and whisky under all circumstances petition for these, and experience after each ingestion a momentary relief, followed by additional profuseness of perspiration and exhaustion."

A FEW days since a well-dressed stranger coolly ascended some ladders, which still remained upon a new church in Seekonk, R. I., mounted to the very top of the steeple, surveyed for a few moments the landscape and those who were watching him in terrified groups, turned a somerset, gazed about a few moments more, descended to the ground, and walked out of town without uttering a word or manifesting any emotion but cold stolidity. He is thought to be an escaped lunatic.

AMUSEMENTS.

ORPHEUS

SECOND ANNUAL

PICNIC!

—AT—

RICHMOND GROVE, SUNDAY, MAY 30th.

Admission: Gentleman and ladies..........50 cents.

Disreputable characters will be strictly excluded from the grounds.
m26-4t

THE PICNIC

—OF THE—

German Lutheran Sunday School

TAKES PLACE AT

RICHMOND GROVE, TUESDAY, JUNE 1st. Amusements for old and young. A fine Band of Music has been engaged for the occasion. Refreshments to be had on the grounds. m25-6t

ST. ROSE CHURCH

ANNUAL PICNIC!

OWING TO THE LATE RAINS AND THE unfavorable condition of the grounds as first announced, the Committee of Arrangements has deemed it advisable not to hold the Annual Picnic at Comstock's Grove, and by the kindness of Mr. John Mackey has been granted the privileges of

ARCADE GROVE

For the occasion. The day has been set for

WEDNESDAY..........JUNE 2, 1880.

It is needless to say that the grounds are all that could be desired for picnic purposes, and a variety of Games will be arranged and valuable Prizes offered, a complete list of which will be published at a future day.

The cars will start at 8:30 sharp.

Tickets for the round trip, $1; children, 50 cents.

Persons driving to the grounds will have to provide themselves with tickets from the Committee, as they will not be permitted to enter without them.

Tickets issued for Comstock's Grove will be good for this occasion. m25-3ptd

MEDICAL LECTURES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF REGULAR COURSE Medical Department, University of California.

The Regular Course of Lectures will begin on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1880,

At 8 o'clock, at TOLAND HALL, San Francisco. All communications must be addressed to

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603 Merchant street, corner Montgomery,
m22-2p2w San Francisco.

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