ORIGINAL DETECTIVE

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.]

Answers to Correspondents.

BED-ROOMS.—What is the best covering for bed-room floors? LUCIA, Vallejo.

Answer.—The Household is well aware that carpets are the most fashionable, and is equally aware that they are the most unhealthy. Matting or oilcloth is better. The latter is preferable. Use rugs at the bedside and in front of the dressing-case wardrobe and washstands.

CURTAINS.—Do you favor woolen curtains in living or sleeping rooms, and are they now the "thing?" ST. B., Santa Barbara.

Answer.—No; and they are not "the thing," except with those who cling to a merely fanciful custom. All sensible people now discard heavy stuffs as liable to hold dust odors and the germs of disease. Lambrequins of smooth-surfaced materials rule, and even they are abbreviated much. Stiff curtains are about as unhealthful as carpets, and against the latter we make open war.

DARKENED ROOMS.—Should the sleeping-room be darkened by curtains? Some remarks in the Household recently lead me to think you hold it to be right to darken the room. I think light and air are essential to sound sleep; i. e., such light as there is at night. MRS. JULIA B., Sacramento.

Answer.—You are right. We have always so held. Reason indorses it. Dr. Richardson is good authority, and he says: "There is much difference of opinion on the question of window curtains and window blinds in the bed-room. Some persons who have been unhealthily educated are unable to sleep except when the room is entirely dark, the faintest ray of light being sufficient to break their repose. Others can sleep when light enters into the room in the fullest degree. I have no doubt those are most healthy who can sleep without any window shade whatsoever, and I am sure that every one can be trained so as to sleep without blinds if the training do but commence early enough in life. Light purifies and invigorates; and children that sleep in darkness, by their blanched faces alone may be distinguished from those who sleep in a well lighted room. More than this, the admission of daylight early in the morning tends to create a habit of early rising, which is so conducive to health. He who hails the sun instead of letting the sun hail him is the wise man. Those who sleep like moles in a hole, though they may grow sleek and fat, are not sun-healthy; they are feeble, subject to headaches, excitable, pale and nervous. For these reasons I would, therefore, teach that the half-blind of muslin is all that is sufficient for the bed-room window, and that the roller-blind should only be used to prevent the actual glare of the sun, or to shut out the view into a room that is exposed to other houses that overlook it. Heavy curtains for bed-room windows, or curtains of any kind, are altogether out of place, except as mere ornamental appendages, and they, when present for appearance sake, should never be drawn except on emergency, in seasons of extreme cold or heat."

Care and Treatment of Hanging Baskets.

Hanging baskets add so much to the adornment of our homes during the summer that I am induced to give a few plain directions for their management. In the first place get them nicely filled with suitable plants, and, presuming such is the case, do not expose them all at once to the scorching sun and drying winds. Let an old newspaper, or piece of thin cloth be pinned around each, during the very hottest part of the day, removing it at night, which, after a few days shading, may be discontinued entirely. The watering of baskets is a most important point, and must be done effectually and as often as necessary. Be sure the water penetrates the whole, whether it is required once a day or once a week. This must be ascertained by the appearance of the plants, and as soon as there is the least sign of wilting let them be watered. Perhaps the best and surest way is to immerse the basket in a tub of water until the air bubbles cease to rise; as long as the bubbles continue there are some spots still dry. Immersion is not necessary at every watering, but certainly once or twice a week. Some fertilizing agent must be applied at least twice a week, and the easiest applied and one of the most effectual is guano, in proportion of one tablespoonful to three gallons of water; this can be used for alternate watering with the immersions, and I may say here, that for all liquid manuring of house plants there is nothing better than guano, used in proportion as given above. The plants in hanging baskets must be regulated and cared for—that is, the strongest growing ones must not be allowed to run over and choke the weaker ones. Take off the largest and those leaves showing and signs of decay. Pinch out the points of coleus, achyranthas and other plants that are inclined to destroy the symmetry, or even take out a whole branch; remove altogether such plants that have done flowering for the season and which impede the growth of others. Urns, vases and boxes, filled with plants, require nearly the same care and treatment, excepting that they cannot be dipped in water; but a sharp-pointed stick or thin rod of iron, thrust in the soil and reaching to the bottom in several places, by twisting round and withdrawing will leave spaces for water to percolate through the whole. M.

General Notes.

GRUEL.—Delicious oatmeal gruel may be made by stirring a cupful of oatmeal into a bowl of water, allowing it to stand for a few minutes until the coarsest particles have fallen to the bottom, pouring off the water, and repeating this once or twice. The water must then be boiled, stirring it constantly until it is sufficiently cooked.

BURNS.—Immediately cure a burn and stop all pain by applying to the burned surface bicarbonate of soda, in fine powder if it is a wet surface; but if it is a dry burn use a paste of bicarbonate of soda and water, or a strong solution of the bicarbonate of soda in water, and apply to the burned surface. This relieves sun-burns as well as burns from hot coals, melted sulphur, hot iron, steam, etc.

TO EXTERMINATE VERMIN.—To exterminate chicken lice, give the chicken-house a good cleaning; then whitewash it well on the inside, if not out; pour kerosene on the roosts and in the cracks, and sprinkle sulphur and lime in the nests. Then commence on the fowls: Mix some old lard and sulphur, and give each one a good daub on the breast and under the wings. If you have many fowls catch them as they want to sit.—[Country Girl.

LEMON PICKLE.—Wipe six lemons, cut each into eight pieces; put on them a pound of salt, six large cloves of garlic, two ounces of horseradish sliced thin, likewise of cloves, mace, nutmeg and cayenne, a quarter of an ounce each, and two ounces of flour of mustard; to these put two quarts of vinegar. Boil a quarter of an hour in a well-tinned saucepan; or, which is better, do it in a strong jar, in a kettle of boiling water; or set the jar on the hot hearth till done. Set the jar by, and stir it daily for six weeks; keep the jar close covered. Put it into small bottles.

WASHING SILK STOCKINGS.—Make a strong lather with boiling water and curd soap. Leave it to get almost cold, then divide it into two parts. Wash the stockings well in one of the lathers, pressing them up and down, but avoiding rubbing as much as possible. Squeeze out the wet, and then wash them in the second lather, in which a few drops of gin may be poured. Do not rinse in fresh water, but squeeze out the wet very carefully without wringing. Lay them out flat on a piece of fine linen, and roll them up tightly until almost dry, then rub them with a roll of flannel.

TASSELS.—The mode of making the tassels now so much used as bordering for mats, cushions, baskets, etc., is quite simple. Cut a piece of card the depth the tassel is required to be—about two inches is good length. Round this wind twenty-four times the wool (which is generally crewel) of which the tassel is to be made. Then with a worsted needle pass between the wool and the card at the top, and tie tightly with another piece of wool. Slip the card out and half an inch below tie the same piece of wool tightly round, pass the needle back to the top of the tassel and the end is ready to sew the basket, mat or anything else required; but before doing so with sharp scissors cut the loops in half at the lower end of the tassel, and comb the work with a coarse comb so that it is soft and fluffy.

A MINER'S GARDEN.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: On recovering from a recent illness, to which one had been a stranger for more than twenty years, quinine, pepsin, etc., was dashed aside, and taking a large umbrella to shade from the warm sun, a ramble over the pine-clad Forbestown hill to its water-shed into the Feather, three miles from New York Flat, the place where missma had taken me down, the pure air, change of scenery, friendly faces and gladsome greetings met with here and there soon imparted freshness and vigor to my spirits. Calling to see a friend, whose garden of vegetables, fruits and flowers is kept in excellent order, a description of his place and its products, to show what the red soil of our foothills under proper cultivation and irrigation is capable of growing, may not be uninteresting to your readers. Surrounded by stately pines which break off the hard windstorms in winter and form a shade in summer, a vista here and there reveals the picturesque landscape of surrounding hills, Sacramento valley and Coast Range mountains in the distance. The hillside has a sharp declivity, growing abrupt toward the river, but a good depth of soil suitable for gardening is found in many places. Of vegetables, my friend has potatoes, corn, pumpkins, squashes (winter and summer varieties), beans and peas, cabbage, tomatoes, beets, turnips, carrots and parsnips, melons (both water and musk), cucumbers, etc., and of fruits he has different varieties of summer, fall and winter apples. Pears—Flemish Beauty, Duchess and Winter Nellis. Peaches—Early and late varieties, cling and free-stone of excellent flavor. Apricots, nectarines and figs. Plums—Red, blue and Imperial Gage. Cherries—Black Tartarian, Black Eagle, Bigarean, May Duke and Late Duke. Nut trees—Black walnut, butternut and chestnut. Grapes—Muscat, Mission, Flame, Tokay, white Riesling, Delaware, purple Damascus, Catawba, black Hamburg, Sweetwater, etc. Raspberries—Red Antwerp, Brinckles, Orange and Seneca black. Blackberries—Lawton, Wilson and Dorchester. For use and ornament—Horseradish, sage, mint, hemp, castor beans, patches of Kentucky bluegrass, red clover and alfalfa. Traversing the garden is a terraced walk, ten feet wide, on the margins of which a choice collection of flowers tastefully arranged gives an air of refinement well calculated to make home bright and happy. Among the many different kinds of flowers and some of their varities, which are growing here to great perfection, may be mentioned: Roses, dahlias, gladiolus, carnations, balsams, flowering peas, China astors and mignonette, petunias, portulacas, zinnias, deutzias, pansies, tuberose, phlox drummondii, convolvulus minor, candy-tuft, Japan cockscomb and verbenas, mourning bride, peonies, chrysanthemums, Chinese pinks, and English marigold. Busy honey-bees from a stand of hives in the center of the garden work in the flowers, and they are also visited by humming-birds, a variety of gay butterflies, etc., bringing pleasure on the wing. Delicious fruits and suculent vegetables picked early in the morning—cool and fresh—and cows, hogs and poultry supplying his larder, my friend is surrounded with luxuries at the cost of only a little expense in money, while his labor is rewarded with pleasure. Another miner living near is also very happily situated, but it is clearly seen that, no matter what the efforts may be in trying to beautify, in attractiveness celibacy cannot vie with the family. Lying twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level, the air is pure and bracing, the landscape is beautiful, while cool springs of good water may be found conveniently gushing from the hillside; and in scenic aspect, the gently rounded summits of the surrounding hills, with here and there a bald mountain, indicate that their mineral character is granite; but looking valley-ward, yon truncated mountain shows that the plutonic has given place to the volcanic basalt. A change of prospect by going a few hundred feet and looking up the chasms marked by the south branch of Feather river and its tributaries, affords a fine view of a vast region of mountains, their definite forms showing plainly that the volcanic, plutonic and metamorphic are in different places represented. From every standpoint the prospect is beautiful; cool breezes from the snow-capped Sierras sigh through the pines in sympathy as it were for all living things that may have a shade of suffering. But more especially interesting grows the landscape as the sun sinking in the west paints the hills in a flood of glory. Then as the day-god sets behind the coast mountains the horizon receives a warm glow, and any clouds which may appear become golden fringed, poetical sentiments are inspired, and the exclamation: "O, what a beautiful sunset view!" is often heard. In justice to Italy's azure sky, the grandeur of the Alps, and Albania's sunset views, let poets laud in their most glowing strains. But, O thou fair Pacific! Thy sights to see and charms to feel, soon turns the heart to sing of thee. MINER.

WHILE WE ARE VOTING FOR GARFIELD.

[Tune, "*Marching through Georgia.*"]

Let us join our voices, boys,
And sing an anthem grand,
Sing it with a spirit, boys,
That will rouse our valiant band;
Sing now as we used to sing, when
Lincoln ruled the land;
While we are voting for Garfield.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! The banner of the free!
Hurrah! hurrah! Garfield our watch-word be!
So ring out the chorus from the great lakes to the sea,
While we are voting for Garfield.

We must meet the foemen, boys,
We met in days of yore;
And we'll meet them with the spirit
That we've met them oft before;
Leave them as we left them when
Richmond was no more,
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

We will have no more bulldozing;
All voters shall be free;
And the flag we saved from traitors
Shall the freeman's safety be;
And we'll have no flat money,
But an honest currency,
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Let us rally round the soldier,
The patriot volunteer,
Who on Chickamauga's field
Would not bend the knee in fear;
And he'll never bend to Hancock—
Demmys, do you hear?
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Upward springing from the people,
A farmer's boy and plain;
Tow-path boatmen; struggling teacher;
Fortune's fairest honors gain;
Now his name the Nation's cheering,
And our President he'll reign,
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Glorious Garfield! splendid hero!
A statesman true and tried;
Worthy leader of the hosts that
Saved the Nation's life and pride;
Fit to wear the crown of glory
Lincoln left us when he died,
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Raise our brave old banner, boys,
Oh, wave the flag on high!
Sound the trembling cymbals, boys,
For our jubilee is nigh;
While a million voices ringing
Swell the joyful cry,
While we are voting for Garfield.
Cho.—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, Belgium, has addressed new instructions to his clergy, upholding the same principles which he previously promulgated. The public schools remain condemned, and the refusal of absolution to the parents of pupils and to the teachers is maintained.

FRANCE.

RETURN FROM WATERING-PLACES TO THE CITY.

Extortionate Charges at Sea-Shore Towns—How the President of the French Republic is Received.

PARIS, August 16, 1880.

We left Arromanches at the moment when there arrived at that place employes of the different Ministries, whether of War or of the Interior, accompanied by their families; their limited salaries force them to seek a retired spot, even though their tastes did not lead them to choose a tranquil retreat. There came also a number of judges, lawyers and notaries, whose vacations also occur during the month of August. The State employes are accorded twenty days—the lawyers and judges help themselves to the whole month. Even the most retired, insignificant and unattractive places along the sea coast are filled at that time in consequence, and so great is the demand for room that those persons renting houses for the months of July, August and September are obliged to pay an additional sum for the month of August. This last year must, on the whole, have been a prosperous one for France, for never before have all watering-places been so crowded to overflowing. A great many of the hotels have daily refused travelers, who forlornly wander around the country in search of a lodging. Yet never have the hotels at all the seaside towns been so dear; in fact, each year they grow dearer, until persons of limited means have scarcely been able to return to the same resort, but have been chased from one place to another, each time to a smaller town, until at present there seems to remain but the one alternative of

STAYING AT HOME.

I remember that five years ago when I was at Bourg d'Ault, near Treport, the board was six francs a day. The following year it was raised to seven francs, and it is now eight francs. The same with Dives, and all other places which were a few years ago five francs, are now eight francs. Gres, the little place near Fontainebleau of which I spoke in one of my letters, possesses the most comfortable little hotel for the price to be found anywhere in the neighborhood of Paris. The board is five francs per day, although each year there are threatening evidences of a probable increase in the price. It may be useful to our American artists who contemplate coming to France to know that there is a real family hotel where they can spend the summer months on the border of a river amidst beautiful scenery, in the neighborhood of the forest of Fontainebleau for the sum of five francs a day, and without any danger of coming in contact with French students and their objectionable mode of life, such as people Barbizon and all the neighboring towns. They will always there meet a number of compatriots as well as English artists, and as English is about the only language to be heard at the table, the feeling of home-sickness is rarely experienced. The hotel is called Hotel Beau-Sejour, and is reached by taking the train at the gare de Lyon and descending at Bourron, a station a short distance from Gres, which can easily be reached on foot, otherwise a carriage can be sent from Gres by first writing and sending the letter to Gres, par Nemours, Seine et Marne. As to sea-shore towns, there remains the coast of Brittainy, where in small places board may be had for five francs a day, but the distance is considerable and the journey so expensive that unless one intends to make a long stay there is no economy in going so far for

A SEA BREEZE.

Some of the Government employes leave Paris the evening of the 31st of July, so as to enjoy every moment of their time at the sea-shore, while others delay at Paris a few days longer so as to make preparations for that little voyage whose prospective qualities alone have brightened the dull hours of labor during a whole year. The omnibus which carried us from Arromanches to Bayeux employed two hours time on the journey, and conducted us directly to the depot, well aware that the little city offered slight attraction for the traveler. As we mounted the prettily shaded avenue leading to the gare we were surprised to perceive a great number of the citizens of Bayeux and peasants of the surrounding country following the same road as we; they carried no baggage whatever, and could not therefore be going far; and they presented quite a picturesque sight—the young peasant girls with their closely-fluted caps, and the old women with the border of their caps fluted and arranged much like a crown falling upon the face. On reaching the gare these people all ranged themselves in a circle on a large square in front of the building, and by their manner seemed on the very

TIP-TOE OF EXPECTATION.

On entering we found a partition of one of the visiting rooms taken down, and the room, which served as an entrance into the large hall, hung in red velvet curtains, bordered and fringed in gold and decorated with flags, evergreens and flowers. It was but 1 o'clock, and the sun shone most beautifully; yet the crowd looked as smiling and delighted as though shaded by tall trees. They were not only patient but good-natured, for a gendarme would arrive and one by one push them back, so as to render the circle larger, and he had scarcely finished when another personage of more importance commenced the same ceremony in a more wholesale manner—by sending back two at a time. But a moment had elapsed when another individual, in dress coat, high hat and white gloves, appeared on the scene, and accompanying the gendarmes, bade the people stand back and make a larger space. Next came a gentleman more handsomely dressed, with flowing side whiskers and great decorations on his breast, who stepped into the arena and supplicated the people to stand back. They were already on each other's toes at the extremity of the circle around an immense space, when the Mayor, with his tri-colored sash crossing one shoulder and fastened under his arm, and having written all over his fleshy, deep-lined face the word "politician," appeared at the window, and with a wave of his hand indicated to the crowd to

STAND FURTHER BACK.

In the midst of the important officials collected in the decorated room appeared the Judge in a long black gown with red trimmings, and a great, tall, fanciful hat, and might easily have been taken for Punchinello escaped from his box. He did not deign to address the crowd, else they certainly would have finished by standing on each others' heads, as an expression of their reverence for authority. On making inquiry, we were informed that Mr. Jules Grevy, the President of the Republic, accompanied by the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Mr. Leon Say Mr. Louis Gambetta, had that morning left Paris en route for Cherbourg, and as the train would stop at Bayeux during four minutes, the dignitaries of the municipality had come forward to greet them, and as it was supposed, whispered and hoped that the President of the Republic would make a short speech, the people had been convened and arranged in proper order for the occasion. What a commotion and flurry these same dignitaries were in! Yet they did not forget the rules of etiquette, for Monsieur le Maire gave his hand to some, his fingers to others and a patronizing shake of the head to the rest, while those of less important positions strutted back and forth with a proud air and shook their mace at the very nose of their subordinates, so impressed were they with the solemnity of the occasion.

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Was kept constantly busy seeing to the arrangement of the flower pots in front of the door and to the erection of the different flag-staffs, which persisted in falling down as its next neighbor was seemingly firmly planted. The Mayor at last, after consulting with his colleagues and ascertaining from the telegraph operator just at what point the august body, then so anxiously expected, were to be found, with a most dignified wave of the hand ordered our train to leave the depot, and we were unfortunately whirled away from the exciting scene with a view in the distance only of another flower pot being added to the others in honor of the President of the Republic. The excitement, interest and curiosity of the good inhabitants of Bayeux may easily be understood when we remember that they may have seen a King and an Emperor, but never perhaps a live President. When we reached Norrey, the second station from Bayeux, we were detained some time, so as to permit the Presidential party to pass. The two trains stood side by side for about two minutes, when we perceived Mr. Grevy in a large room, as large as a narrow-gauge car will permit, with seats against the wall; he was seated between Mr. Gambetta and Mr. Leon Say, as a sort of frame-essential to his dignity and importance. Every one in that car looked extremely serious, but at the rear end of the car was a card-room inclosed in glass, where grey-haired men sat playing and smoking without paying the slightest attention to anything going on around them. There was no *mise en scene* at that station, only four gensdarmes in their magnificent clothes ranged in line, and no one in our car made the slightest demonstration until I involuntarily waved my handkerchief, when a feeble cry was raised of "Vive le President de la Republique," but in a half-frightened manner, as though they were not sure their lips would form the words of "Vive l'Empereur." At Lisieux we perceived a large temporary hall, with open sides

HUNG IN VELVET

Curtains, trimmed in gold, and decorated with flags. It was there the Presidential party had breakfasted at noon, when speeches were made and toasts were drank. The visit of the President to Cherbourg had been much talked about, and had almost failed of being put into execution, owing to the difficulty which took place between Vice-Admiral Ribourt, who is the Maritime Prefet, and the Mayor and other city authorities. Admiral Ribourt, who obtained his position through the Seize Mai party and is a violent reactionnaire, scorned the co-operation of the city authorities, who had the audacity to be good Republicans; at the fete of the 14th of July he intimated to the Mayor that he intended constructing a pavilion apart for himself and friends, to which the Mayor expressed himself as strenuously opposed. The conflict became so great that the Mayor and other authorities sent in their resignation to the President of the Republic, who sent for them to come to Paris. One of the crimes of Admiral Ribourt was his refusal on the day of the fete to salute the tribunal containing the city authorities, according to political etiquette. The consultation which took place between the President and the representatives of Cherbourg was kept secret. It was first Mr. Gambetta's intention of going to Cherbourg alone, but Mr. Grevy feared that the orator's popularity would become too extended for his own safety, and therefore determined on making an official visit. It was then reported that of course Mr. Gambetta, much to his chagrin, would have to

REMAIN AT HOME,

But Mr Leon Say became the compromising element, and the President, accompanied by both of the Presidents of the houses, started on the trip. Admiral Ribourt is anything but popular and is distrusted by all Republicans, for he is notorious for his cruelty to the pauvre Communists who were banished to Noumea. He was designated to conduct them there, and his cruelty to them has gained him the name of savage and tyrant; for a slight offense he had men exposed to the severe heat of a tropical sun, stark naked, and kept there for hours, until they fainted away and were taken with a fever from which they died. All Republican France supposed that Admiral Ribourt would be replaced by a more worthy commander, but some of the Generals of the army upheld him, and for almost unaccountable reasons he has been left in his position. The only vengeance wreaked upon him was the indifference with which he was treated by all parties during the President's visit; the President was received by the civil authorities and feted by them; to some of the dinners and entertainments the Admiral was not invited, and the crowd persecuted him by significant cries of "Vive la Republique!" The fete at Cherbourg was reported by even the most *reactionnaire* journals as a most complete success. It was grand, and the effect of the illuminations on the water and the fireworks sent off from the vessels was magnificent. The little American boat, Little Western, arrived at Cherbourg at that time, after a perilous voyage across the Atlantic, and proved one of the curiosities of the place. General Pittie took a little trip at night on the boat, and made the acquaintance of the hardy sailors belonging to it—Frederic Normans and Georges Thomas, who left Gloucester, Mass., the 12th of June and reached London the 8th of August. General Pittie congratulated them on their courage and complete success.

Paris has lately been very much excited over the expulsion from France of a person named

BARON HARDEN-HICKEY,

A native of the United States, born in California—so he states himself. He had edited for some time an illustrated paper called the *Triboulet*, in which he constantly attacked the Government officials and caricatured them in a manner any way but flattering. The Baron Harden-Hickey is very rich, and after paying fine after fine, with the means of paying many more, the Government became impatient and applied to him the existing law which expels from the French soil within twenty-four hours all strangers who menace the tranquillity of the Government. This act of the Government has been blamed by all liberal Republicans, and of course severely so by the *reactionnaires*, for the reason that the Baron Harden-Hickey is a Legitimist. The French have learned for the first time that we grow barons in America, and that those born on American soil may be more conservative than the most conservative of old Europe. The Baron Harden-Hickey has left for Brussels, where he will doubtlessly continue the publication of his paper, and the Government will have gained nothing in the end, unless it is the censure of the people. VAL.

TABLE SALT AN APERIENT.—Physicians have for a long time known that common table salt is an efficient aperient in ordinary cases of constipation. In a lecture on a case of nervous affection, Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, said that he had recommended the patient to take each morning on rising a tumblerful of water—cold, to prevent nauseating—in which was dissolved a teaspoonful of table salt. "This simple aperient," the doctor adds, "I frequently employ in cases of constipation, and generally find it efficient. There is great advantage in starting the bowels and in keeping them in a soluble condition, particularly in cases of nervous disorder in women, as it sometims clears up obscure points in the case, and at all events eliminates one source of error."

SARA BERNHARDT.

SHE LONGS TO SEE THIS GREAT, MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY.

Opinions Concerning Her Audiences—The Coffin Photographs, and Her Reason for Having Them Taken.

[London Cor. New York Herald.]

I never was more agreeably disappointed in the appearance of a 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 soft and melting and now keen and penetrating glance; or 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 had 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.

She gave me her hand with a cordial grip and the most amiable smile, and with that coquetish 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 *soupiron* disconsolately vanished. Then she sat down on a very low divan, and, while putting on those huge gloves above referred to and looking at 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 for 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 the 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."

"You have known many Americans, madame?"

"Yes, in Paris, a great many, and I have found them always so kind, so respectful, so adorable (she repeated the word). You know Americans seem to have so much more respect for women than they have in France. What villainous things they say about me in the French papers—abominable falsehoods—which no American editor, I am sure, be it only for the respect he owes to the sex, would ever print. Americans are often brusque, perhaps even a little rough, but behind this there is a fine delicacy, a tender regard for the feelings of women, which makes them to me a most lovable people."

"What aspersions or criticisms do you allude to, madame?"

You ought to have seen the flashes out of those great blue eyes and the scornful curl of those delicate, small lips. The playful manner which she had formerly exhibited to the *soupiron* had all vanished.

"It never pains me to see serious, honest criticism of my work," she replied, giving the glove a violent tug. "Let any one say that I have ever complained of such criticism—never! Let them say I am bad in this or that, I have this or that fault, I shall never grumble. But to go deliberately to work to tell lies about me, in order to injure me, is it not too bad? In that respect how much superior the English and American press are to the French!"

And now she turned round, and, relapsing into her old self, said with that arch, lively coquetry which seems to become her so well. "Let me interview you now. Do the people know French?"

"The majority of the educated public do," I replied.

"Will they understand me?" she asked again, still pulling away at those big gloves.

"Oh, yes; but will you allow me a little advice?"

"Delighted to receive it," she said with a gracious smile and a striking way—quite her own—of holding open her lips and showing a wonderfully perfect row of brilliantly white teeth; "what is it?"

"Many Americans who understand the language theoretically, but speak it imperfectly, would comprehend you better if you could speak just a little more slowly."

"Ah," she replied, "that is a very hard task. I know I speak very fast. I have often been told so, even in Paris. But, you know, the drama and the situation would lose terribly by such a change. My words would lose their point, their force, their effect, if I were to utter them with perceptible and painful slowness and distinctness. It would be sacrificing my art to greater chances of popular success, and that I never must do. I must interpret the author as God and my art have put it into my heart to do, and the rest must take care of itself." And moving up almost to my very face she fixed those blue orbs scrutinizingly at me and said, "Tell me, am I not right?"

I assented and explained: "I did not mean that you should speak more slowly in your great dramatic moments or your outbursts of passion—only in the general dialogue, where a little slowness and distinctness of speech will not mar the effect."

"Oh, yes," she smilingly replied, "that, I think, would not be so difficult, and would, probably, as you say, help a foreign audience to understand me more perfectly. I mean to study English, by the way, this summer by way of preparation for my trip to America next October. I understand and read the language very well, but unfortunately do not speak it."

"Speaking of audiences, do you not find great differences in them and their degrees of appreciation?"

Her eyes sparkled. I had evidently tumbled upon a point which especially interested her.

"You have referred to an experience of my artistic life," she replied, "than which none can be more varied. Audiences are like individuals—they seem to have an individual character and taste. What this one sees the other passes by unnoticed, what this one admires leaves the other quite unmoved. Not that I have anything to complain of as regards any of my audiences. I am but too kindly and indulgently received everywhere. But it is strange to notice how the applause shifts to different points on different nights. Here, for instance, is an audience thoroughly appreciative, but yet there are some fine points which are too subtle for it, and yet the audience to-morrow night will seize upon the very points and applaud them most enthusiastically, while the evening before they passed by apparently unnoticed."

"Which audiences are apt to be most enthusiastic?"

"Those consisting of young people," the actress replied, her whole face beaming with pleasure as she dilated upon a subject evidently very near her heart. "You ought to have been at my performances in Paris when the students from the colleges happened to be there in great numbers. Their ardor and enthusiasm was something quite wonderful, and it always had an electrical effect upon me, for appreciation, you know, is to artists what water is to the flowers."

"Do you take any nourishment between the scenes, madame?"

"None, except big lumps of fine *morceaux de glace*, which cool my mouth, fevered with the excitement of the play."

"How do you feel after a scene like that, for instance, of the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur? Do you easily recover from the painful illusion, madame?"

"The illusion? Ah! with me it is reality at the time. I am always ill after that death scene, and generally have to be assisted from the stage. In playing I lose my identity utterly, and for the time being I am no longer Sara—I am only the hapless woman I represent. My tears are not simulated—they are real, burning, hot tears that scald my cheeks!" And she folded her hands and lifted them up to me with an expression of intense earnestness which was most appealing in its effect. It was almost as fine a piece of dramatic representation as I had ever seen her enact on the stage. But as I looked at that delicate, thin woman I could but marvel how she could possibly retain sufficient health and strength for her intense labor while passing through such successive shocks to her entire nervous system.

"How can you keep your health in such tremendous excitement?" I asked.

"I do not keep it," she replied with a smile, and laying her hands with an air of cheerful resignation across her breast. "I'm consumptive (*poitrinaire*). I spit blood, and, being of a very nervous temperament, the slightest thing irritates me."

"Does that not somewhat affect your acting? Can you act equally well when you come upon the stage in an irritated frame of mind, madame?"

"I may truthfully say that never was there naturally a happier disposition than mine. I am never what you might call in a bad temper (*mauvaise humeur*), never. But, not to become irritated, I must not read anything disagreeable about me. I am not speaking of unfavorable criticisms, but of the thousand and one falsehoods which the French press have scattered about me. Keep this one source of irritation away from me, and I am the happiest and best-natured woman possible, though I say it myself."

"Why had you your photograph taken, madame, lying in your coffin?"

"After my death I shall be ugly, shall I not?" she responded with a pouting, coquetish smile."

"I think not," was my decisive reply.

"Well, I know they would take my photographs after my death, and they would pain my friends. I thought it better, therefore, to have them taken while I was still living and my face was pleasing to them—that is all!"

This with some other utterances of less interest, closed the interview, but I may add that it is Sara's fondest dream to master English sufficiently this summer to be able to present Ophelia in the great scene in "Hamlet," at Booth's Theater, in our own language.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

WOMAN'S CHOICE.

Woman's lot is all her chosing,
Many stars she's found refusing
For her lowly part.
She might hold the laurel o'er her,
She might drive bright fame before her,
But her loving heart

Leads her from historic story,
Leads her from the steps of glory
To a simpler path;
Leads her from the love of Muses—
Love that burns the soul it uses—
Better love she hath.

She might walk by great endeavor
Where the nine pale sisters gather,
Winning deathless name;
But her feet are seen most turning
Into ways that have no earning
Of the world's acclaim.

Turns she from the pen undying,
Turns she from the canvas—sighing—
Bay-crowned hights are cold;
Turns she with her modest graces,
Down through warm and sunny places,
To Love's waiting fold.

Strays she through unheeded hours,
Plucking only myrtle flowers
Through the sunny day;
Heeding little of the morrow,
Patiently enduring sorrow,
If it cross her way.

Love with yearning arms enfolds her,
And through long-enduring holds her—
Dying, if she stray.
Vesta smiling comes to greet her,
Sweet-faced children spring to meet her,
On her happy way.

Some there are with lives embittered,
Mounting to a high place littered
With unvalued gain,
Winnings of unceasing toiling—
Soul and heart the labor soiling—
All in vain, in vain.

But the pure-souled, ideal woman,
Living out her instincts human,
Serving most her God,
Takes her plain, sweet way in meekness,
Asking only for her weakness
Blessed help of God.

—[E. E.
Walnut Creek, Contra Costa county, Cal.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

C. T. Kingzett scouts the idea that ozone is a natural disinfectant, and thinks that much of the credit given to ozone ought justly and more accurately to be ascribed to the peroxide of hydrogen.

M. A. Mouchot says he has been able, on a practical scale, to utilize solar heat directly in a number of chemical operations, such as the calcination of alum, the manufacture of benzoic acid, the distillation of sulphuric acid, the production of wood-charcoal in closed vessels, etc.

Teloscopic observation of celestial objects is making great progress in the streets of Paris. Prices vary from 2 to 10 cents a peep at such marvels as sun-spots and a close acquaintanceship with the topography of the moon. By the way, peripatetic owners of telescopes are deserving of a little more encouragement on this side of the Atlantic than they usually receive.

The Eira, which left Peterhead, Scotland, on June 19th, for a voyage of exploration in the Arctic regions, although provided with supplies for about two years, is expected back before that time. Some of the principal officers on board are men of experience in high latitudes, and fair accessions to boreal knowledge, if not great discoveries, may reasonably be looked for if no accident of a grave character takes place.

This short note in an account of the proceedings of the French Academy of Sciences may prove of service to those engaged in the microscopic analysis of water. M. Certes treats water with 1.5 per cent. solution of smic acid (1 cubic centimeter of this to 30 or 40 of water). The result is that the acid kills any organisms in the water without deforming them. They sink to the bottom of the vessel, and they can be taken thence for microscopical examination. If desired, coloring reagents in dilute glycerine may also be used.

The British patent laws certainly demand both revision and amendment when so cautious a man as Mr. Crooks, who has made not only notable advances in science and the arts himself, but has been the ready and honest exponent of what has been accomplished in both by others, is compelled thus to express himself: "We know of a certainty that there are men [in England] who refuse to tell their ideas to the public because they will obtain nothing in return, except some reply such as that they are not the true inventors, and proof is expensive."

General Grant has an only daughter, President Hayes has an only daughter, so has General Garfield, and so had General Hancock.

The legs of St. Louis policemen are so crooked that a revolver accidentally discharged in the hip pocket may wound each leg three times.

A QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

A very curious difficulty has arisen in the schools of Sacramento, Cal. In the late examination of candidates for admission to the high school, the pupils from the Sacramento school signally failed in arithmetic, and those from the Capital school as signally succeeded; so successful were the latter that the examiner, after adding up the credits, made an erasure of the sum on each paper, and replaced the mark by one ten per cent. lower. It is alleged that the Principal of the high school, whose duty it was to mark the papers, is a friend of the Principal of the Capital grammar school and an enemy of the Principal of the Sacramento grammar school, whom the said Principal of the high school is charged with attempting to break down. It further appears that the Principal of the Capital school had a hand in making thirty questions, from which the ten questions submitted were selected.

From these facts, it might appear that the questions were purposely made too hard for the pupils of the one school, and the pupils of the other school crammed on them; a charge which receives some support from the revision of the marking and the uniform reduction of the average of the alleged favored class. In view of the high character of the gentleman who did the marking, and his explanation that the reductions were made on account of the marking of answers too high upon which the latitude of judgment might be exercised, it seems improbable that the charge of partiality can be well founded. But aside from the personal feeling in the matter, which has run so high, affirming incompetency in the Principal of the school whose class failed, and dishonesty on the part and for the benefit of the Principal whose class succeeded, there is a principle involved which can only be illustrated by the question presented. The following are the questions:

1. Why does .12 divided by .008 equal 15? Five credits.

$\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{7\frac{1}{2}}{14\frac{1}{2}} + \frac{5 \cdot 4 \cdot 7}{7 \cdot 4 \cdot 5} \div 1\ 3 \cdot 7 + (1 \cdot 5 \text{ of } 5 \cdot 7 + \frac{1}{2} + 3 \cdot 2) \div \frac{5}{8