



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.
The new Secretary to the President.

grade of the public school, a fact that troubles the mother of the young man and causes her frequently to remonstrate with him.

"My dear son," she said despairingly, the other day, "whatever in the world are you going to do? There is no profession or trade where it is not necessary to write well. If you don't improve I am sure I don't know how you will ever be able to earn your living."

"Now, don't you worry about me, mamma," said the lad, "when I grow up I'm goin' to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, that's what I'm goin' to be. They don't have to write so anybody can read it. Just look at Judge X's writings."

The recent visit here of Lieutenant Vladimir Bodisco, of the Russian Navy, brings to mind the pretty romance, dating back to the '40s, of which his mother was the heroine. In those days Georgetown, which is to-day a sleepy old suburb, was the centre of fashionable life. The wealthy families congregated there, nearly all of the officials lived within its precincts, and the foreign Ministers established themselves in its hospitable confines. The Russian Legation in Harrison's and Tyler's administrations was located in a spacious dwelling in Thirty-first-st., near the home of a family by the name of Williams, whose daughter, Harriet, a beautiful girl about sixteen, going by the Legation on her way to and from school, attracted the attention of the Russian Minister, Count Bodisco, a man forty-five years old, homely to look upon but possessed of agreeable manners and an indomitable will. It was a case of love at first sight, and the middle aged diplomat lost no time in making the young girl out. He wooed and won her and had no difficulty in gaining the consent of her parents to their marriage, which was the fashionable event of the day, participated in by all the great men of that period, including Daniel Webster, then at the head of the Department of State.

The Count showered his beautiful young bride with magnificent presents; they were met in all the fashionable salons, a dinner was given in her honor at the President's House, as it was called in those days, and so striking was the contrast between the almost heavenly beauty of the Countess Bodisco and the Satanic ugliness of the Count that they were universally called "Beauty and the Beast." In the first year of their marriage Count Bodisco took his bride to Europe, where she was presented to the Czar and where her loveliness and piquant manners astonished and charmed the Muscovite Court. Among other things it is told of the Countess Bodisco that on being presented to the Czar, instead of making the conventional courtesy, she grasped his hand and shook it cordially, which made a captive of that monarch, who has ever afterward her warm admirer. Countess Bodisco is also credited with peremptorily refusing an invitation from the Czarina to a reception because, she explained, in her country people did not think it right to go out on the Sabbath.

After some years passed in Russia Count and Countess Bodisco returned to this country, where Count Bodisco died and was buried in Park Hill Cemetery. His countess survived him until 1878, when, with two of her sons, she was in the ill fated Pomerania. Lieutenant Bodisco, who came to this country for the purpose of visiting his aunt, Mrs. Williams, a resident

of Louise Home, is the only survivor of the Bodisco family.

George Bruce Cortelyou, who has been appointed secretary to the President, to succeed John Addison Porter, has been connected with the Executive Mansion since November, 1895, when President Cleveland had him transferred from the Postoffice Department and appointed him stenographer to the President. His duties have been of an arduous nature, but he found time to study law, and has the degree of LL. B. from the Georgetown University Law School. Besides filling the duties of his office he has attended to Mrs. McKinley's large correspondence and has been her secretary, as well as secretary to the President for nearly a year.

LADYSMITH'S BILL OF FARE.

WHAT THE BESIEGED WERE REDUCED TO JUST BEFORE THE RELIEF.

Ladysmith correspondence of The London Standard.

Colonel Ward issues every day 20,947 rations, which are distributed thus: Europeans, 16,033; Kafirs, 2,440; Indians, 2,474. On February 9 the rations for officers and men were: Preserved meat, one-half pound, or fresh meat, horse or mule, one pound; biscuits or bread, one-half pound, or bread, one-quarter pound, and four ounces of mealie meal, an occasional horse sausage, one pint of chevril, or horse soup, one-sixth of an ounce of coffee or tea, one ounce of sugar, one-sixty-fourth of an ounce of pepper, one-twentieth of an ounce of mustard, and one-tenth of a gill of vinegar. Kafirs receive one pound of fresh meat, three-quarters of a pound of mealie meal and one-half ounce of salt. To Indians are given four ounces of atta, eight ounces of rice, nine ounces of mealie meal, one-half ounce of salt, one and one-quarter ounces of goor and one-quarter ounce of amchur.

On paper the bill of fare for Europeans looks generous, if not choice, but on the table! Now and then the horse or mule is tender, or can be made into a watery soup; the sausage and chevril few people will venture to eat a second time; the bread is of mealie meal held together with starch, and has the appearance and consistency of baked sawdust. This bread was finally condemned by the doctors as unfit for human food, though not before some men had been carried to hospital writhing in the agonies of colic. Milk and eggs are for invalids, and stringent regulations are in force to insure their proper distribution. Many people are constrained to live on biscuits, of which two and one-half are issued daily in lieu of bread, mealies, or Indian corn, which make excellent porridge. Fruit was exhausted before it had time to ripen, and as neither vegetables nor jam is to be had, small doses of vinegar are swallowed to correct any tendency to scurvy.

Several ingenious luxuries have been invented out of most unpromising material. Violet powder, for example, makes admirable blanc mange—notwithstanding the flavor—and is in high favor among men who would be the first to denounce its deleterious qualities as a cosmetic. Starch, of which large quantities are used for the sick, has also attained a certain degree of popularity as an article of food, even though colored with indigo.

On Wednesday, the 21st, Sir George White increased the ration of bread or biscuit to one pound. This addition revived our energies and our hopes. We accepted it as a proof that deliverance was at hand, for the General is not the man to throw away any chance of avoiding a surrender that would be nothing short of an Imperial disaster. He felt justified in making this inroad on the stock of food by the message he had received from Sir Redvers Buller, "Will be in Ladysmith to-morrow." It is now the 27th—the anniversary of Majuba—and relief seems as far off as it was three months ago. The ration of bread or biscuit—the bread has been discontinued as unfit for food—has been reduced to half a pound.

The Boers began by cutting off our water sup-

ply from the storage reservoir, and compelled us to draw from the river at a point where it was impossible to avoid all danger of contamination. The muddy water, never very wholesome, was quickly tainted with the fetid dust and foulness of thousands of horses, mules, oxen and men. Even the floods brought down by heavy rains gave but temporary relief. From November 14 to December 10 a daily supply of five thousand gallons of river water was filtered after having been cleared with alum. On December 11 the alum was exhausted, and, owing to the muddy state of the river, only 2,500 gallons could be filtered in one day. This was supplemented with 1,500 gallons of condensed water from machinery constructed by the railway authorities, under the direction of Engineer Sheen, of the Naval Brigade. A second condenser was ready on December 24, when the supply was increased to 3,600 from filters and 3,500 from the condensers. On the first day of the new year a third condenser was at work, and the output from this source was raised to 6,200 gallons, making the full supply of pure water 9,800 gallons a day. The condensers were made out of corrugated iron mealie tanks, iron piping, which had to be bent by hand, and boilers from a fitting shop, an armored train—for which at last a safe and beneficial use had been found—and a locomotive. This filtered and condensed water was issued at the rate of three-quarters of a gallon a day a man, while each hospital in town received an additional 800 gallons daily. Lieutenant H. B. Abadie, of the 11th Hussars, was placed in charge of this important Public Works Department, to which he devoted great skill and energy.

THE POPULARITY OF GUIGNOL.

From The London News.

Guignol, the Paris Punch, is not to be turned out of the Champs Elysees after all. Not only the little ones but a good many of their elders will be delighted, for the entertainments given in the little theatres under the pleasant shade of the trees in the famous promenade of the French capital are of a very amusing character, ranging from little farcical sketches to grand spectacular dramas "in five acts and sixteen tableaux," and even little mystery plays, that are certainly a survival from very ancient times. A very distinguished French statesman is said to have been very fond of witnessing the puppet performances. One day a clerk in his department was brought before him to be reprimanded for being late. "I am very sorry," said the clerk, "but the fact is I stayed too long looking at Guignol, where I often go, on my way to business." "Dear me," said the amiable Minister, "I am surprised we should never have met there." The false alarm about a cherished Parisian institution was due to the fact that the City Surveyor went round recently to inspect the little theatres, which belong to the municipality, with a view to having them painted afresh before the opening of the Exposition.

THEY ALWAYS BELONG ELSEWHERE.

From The New-York Weekly.

Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children.

Binks—What's that?

Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.

ARCHDEACON BRADY will add materially to his reputation as a writer of stirring patriotic romances by his new work, "THE GRIP OF HONOR," the first large edition of which was exhausted before the book was published. The author is already well known as a novelist through his two earlier successes, "For Love of Country," now in its 6th edition, and "For the Freedom of the Sea," of which 30,000 copies have been sold. "The Grip of Honor" is an absorbing story, full of dramatic action and picturesque incidents. John Paul Jones's career in the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard* furnishes the background of the story, the hero of which is one of Jones's lieutenants; and the climax of the tale occurs in the scene in which love and duty come in conflict when he is tempted to betray his captain.

(With pictures by Gibbs. 12mo, \$1.50.)

Readers of Mrs. Edith Wharton's stories in her earlier volume, "The Greater Inclination," will be prepared to find her new novel, "THE TOUCHSTONE," what it is, a very unusual and brilliant story of a singular situation, the interest of which is tense. Critics everywhere pronounced "The Greater Inclination" to be one of the most remarkable books of short stories published for years, and Mrs. Wharton's new book, which is marked by the same searching accuracy and psychological detail which characterized her first work, is sure to advance her fame among lovers of literature as well as readers of fiction. (12mo, \$1.25.)

The East Side has a new portrayer in Mr. Robert Shackleton, who has just written a volume of stories called "TOOMEY AND OTHERS." Mr. Shackleton has himself lived among the people whom he has written about, and he describes with fidelity, pathos and humor the variegated life in New York's crowded districts. They are strong, clean stories, told simply and forcibly, and give an unexcelled portrayal of some of the most picturesque sides of New York.

(Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.25.)

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

SEARCHLIGHT MIRRORS.

A NEW AND ECONOMICAL METHOD OF MAKING THEM.

Both in war and peace the searchlight is finding increased usefulness year by year. Hitherto, however, the preparation of the parabolic mirror which projects the rays in a compact pencil has been a costly process—costly because difficult. In the first place, it was necessary to bring the glass surface to a true parabola and then to impart a reflecting surface. But an Englishman named Cowper Coles has suggested a new procedure which simplifies the task. He makes the reflector of metal, not glass. This idea is not new. Others have tried to make parabolic mirrors of metal, but have failed. Mr. Coles seems to have succeeded by a fresh application of an old system.

He begins with a mould of glass possessing a carefully prepared convex surface whose curves are parabolic. Upon this he deposits a layer of metallic silver, which is polished before further steps are taken. Then he immerses the mould in an electro-plating bath and coats the silver with copper. The latter metal forms the backing of the future mirror, and the silver the front. While the last mentioned operation is in progress Mr. Coles rotates the mirror slowly in the fluid. An average of fifteen turns to the minute is sufficient. The copper adheres firmly to the silver, but the latter can easily be separated from the glass mould. The incomplete mirror is first immersed in cold water. The temperature of the fluid is then raised gently to about 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Owing to the unequal expansion of glass and metal, the one pulls away from the other. The only remaining detail of importance is to deposit a thin film of paladium on the silver to prevent tarnishing.

A GREAT BUTTERFLY COLLECTION.

From The London Globe.

Entomologists went to Covent Garden from all parts of the country on Tuesday and yesterday, when the celebrated collection of butterflies and moths made by the late Samuel Stevens, F. L. S., F. E. S., was sold by his nephew, the well known auctioneer. Mr. Stevens had continued his work of collecting, breeding and buying for sixty years, and many specimens were already historic, having come from other noted collections. The prices established a record. The "large copper" butterfly, long since become extinct, always attracts bidders, but £8 given for an exceptionally fine male creates a record, and even for one of the females £6 5s. was bid. A specimen of the common "painted lady" also fetched £8, while another of the same species cost its buyer £6 10s. A handsome "red admiral," which is perhaps nearly as often seen as the "small tortoiseshell," was sold for £5 10s., while a "peacock" with twenty "eyes" on its wings went for £5.