

A DISCERNING FRENCHMAN.

He 'M. With Great Accuracy, the Cause of His Servant's Tears. The following anecdote is related of the Marquis de La Tour Mauborg, the French Minister of War in 1820. He lost his leg in consequence of a musket ball in the thigh. He bore the amputation with much indifference, and when the operation was over he conversed jocosely with those around.

During the operation, it was remarked that he had his eye fixed on his own servant, who was in tears all the time at the sufferings of his beloved master. The only sound he (the Marquis) was heard to make was a muttered "Damned hypocrite!" now and then during his sufferings, and the utterance seemed to relieve him very much. When all was over he perceived the servant still in tears, on which he said to him:

"You infernal hypocrite, you are still shedding your crocodile tears, but you can not deceive me, I know you, you lousy vagabond. You are secretly rejoicing because in future you will have only one boot to clean, whereas formerly you had two. But I'll get a big brass ferule on my wooden leg that will give you as much trouble to polish as the boot."

The Hook of Gibraltar.

The rock is the most remarkable object at Gibraltar. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on the mind by the sight of those immense tunnels, crossing each other in all directions, bifurcating again and again, sometimes lit up, sometimes wrapped in the deepest darkness, forming an inextricable network of galleries and passages, a most confused labyrinth, the way out of which could be found by no one who did not possess the cue of Ariadne.

The slopes by which we ascended were smooth and wide, better than some highroads traversed all day long by passengers. Frequently we came upon enormous heaps of cannon balls stored in case of need, or we found an embrasure in the living rock through which a gun was pointed as though ready to begin work on the spot, surrounded by all the necessary ammunition.

Sometimes the darkness was so dense that I scarcely dared move my feet for fear of falling over one or other of those iron monsters, and on more than one occasion I was forced to strike a match to find my way through those gloomy caverns, while I found myself nearly always lagging behind my guide, who, knowing the way and being more active on his legs, kept ahead until he reached the next loophole, when he waited for me.

At last we reached a spot where the passage was barred by thick timbers, and where my guide told me we could go no farther, as this was the reserve part of the fortress where excavations are still being made to continue the enormous trench.

This place, he said, was closed to all outsiders; and even the officers of the English army not on duty at the works are scarcely allowed to see it. I had, therefore, to resign myself to forego the sight of the greatest part of that mysterious cavern, and approached the nearest loophole—the highest we had yet passed—to admire the delicious view and breathe the fresh air to which it gave access.

From the cursory examination which, considering the precautions necessary there, was all I was able to make of the immense fortress, I gathered that it was an impregnable position, which, bristling with cannon and pierced with loopholes looking toward every direction from which an enemy could conceivably come, makes it simply impossible for an army to take it by force. To get possession of Gibraltar, I have not the slightest doubt that it would first be necessary to annihilate it.

An Irresistible Appeal.

Men and women who understand the art of bending others to their will give due importance to the passion of vanity, and do not scruple to play upon it. A young French officer who was ordered to fire upon a French revolutionary mob, begged his general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw. "It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general. "Certainly," answered the officer; "and it is not for their reason, but for their vanity, I would appeal." The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire; for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The street was cleared at once; for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city. During the agrarian riots which disturbed England in 1832, a mob of rick-burners and machine-breakers appeared at the old mansion of two elderly maiden ladies. The walls of the hall were decorated with suits of armor and antique weapons—pikes, halberds, swords and battle axes. The mob clamored for the weapons and for drink. The ladies courageously refused their demands, and when the mob seemed ready to resort to violence, Miss Betty, the elder of the ladies, went up to the leader, a hideous-looking man, and said: "You, too, of all the people in the world! I'm not surprised at these poor misguided creatures. But that such a good looking, intelligent man as you should attack two defenseless women does astonish me! You are the man I should have looked to for protection. But you are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!" There was no standing up against that compliment. The man took off his hat, and said: "Come, old lady, we ain't so bad as all that! Only give us some beer. We would not harm a hair of your head!" "No; I know that," retorted Miss Betty. "You can't; I wear a wig!" The mob roared with laughter, and retired without another word. Womanly tact had won the day.

A gentleman is distinguished from a churl by the purity of sentiment he can reach in all these three passions—by his imaginative love as opposed to lust; his imaginative possession of wealth as opposed to avarice; his imaginative desire of honor as opposed to pride.—Ruskin.

To become wise is to find out how little you know.

LIFE SEEN BY A PASHA'S CHILD.

She and Other Women Do not Have Many Privileges. A visit to the harem considerably altered my preconceived opinions of Turkish life. The Pasha's daughter, a bright pretty little woman, took me in charge and after asking me a number of questions concerning my own way of living kindly answered those I asked in return. A Turkish "effendi," she said, rarely married more than one wife. He was not esteemed socially when he did so. But polygamy was allowed. It could not be gainsaid that the Sultan had several wives, but they did not count. Only one counted.

No! Turkish ladies were not so shut up as one supposed. They went out driving and shopping when they pleased. It was very amusing to spend a day at the bazaars. It was true wives in Turkey could not go out driving and walking with their husbands, or even be seen in their company. It was against Turkish etiquette; it would be "shocking," in fact.

Nor did they share a husband's meals, nor show themselves in the part of the house he inhabited, nor ever, by any chance, see or encounter any one of his friends, nor any gentleman whatsoever, nor go to the theater, nor spend the evening out, nor travel. It was against the law for a Turkish woman to leave the country; it would not be allowed.

Still, these trifling exceptions apart Turkish ladies had plenty of liberty. They could visit each other and shop when they chose. Their husbands were obliged to provide for them entirely, and to satisfy all their caprices. They could not be asked to do a hand's turn for themselves—not even to nurse their own babies. In short, I think the Pasha's daughter was of opinion that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, signifying as a matter of course the Ottoman world alone.

Colors and the Eye of Man.

Science gives us many interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The most ancient written documents attest that in times most remote only two colors were known, black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished. It is remarkable that in the most ancient languages the term used to designate yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the color faculty very highly developed, and yet authors of the highest repute tell us that in the time of Alexander the Great, the Greek painters knew but four colors, viz.: white, black, red and yellow. The ancients had no words to designate the colors of blue and violet, therefore they always referred to them as gray and black. It is thus that the colors of the rainbow were only distinguished gradually; the great Aristotle knowing only four of them. It is a well known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and the violet (in the spectrum) a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognize as a color. Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that as the color organ in the human species becomes more highly developed, and even before the eye becomes what the opticians would consider "perfect," this outside band will resolve into a color perfectly discernible. Only one speculation remains: When the educated eye of the year 2500 has discerned and named this now indistinct color, will another shadowy band appear to be classified among the colors 500 or 1000 years later on?

Value of a Passport.

Henry W. Wolf, a traveller, had been wandering about Metz, asking questions and seeing the sights, and he says,—

"On my return to the station I found a surprise awaiting me. The German police had found me out—not a difficult task, since I purposely went about quite openly. However, that, it appeared, made no difference. There, at the entrance of the station, stood a Prussian gendarme, all on the alert, and looking very ferocious. He was on the lookout for me, and stopped me at once.

"Have you a legitimization about you?" he asked gruffly.

"Yes, but do I want one? Am I not entitled to travel in Germany without a passport?"

He looked angry, and eyed with disgust my "Murray," which bore all too plainly upon its cover the title "France."

"I must see it. I hear you have been about the town looking at things and asking many questions."

"It is strictly true; that is what I am travelling for."

"I must see your passport."

"What! In defiance of the emperor's regulations?"

He drew himself up pompously.

"Do you not understand," said he, "that I must see your passport in order to be able to judge whether or not you are entitled to travel without one?"

Here was logic, but logic which, however feeble, must be heeded. I produced my passport and after having studied it for a tedious interval, he gravely announced that I was fitted to travel without one.

When New Zealand Stalks.

It was formerly, say fifty years ago, nothing uncommon for a new island to appear above or an old one to disappear beneath the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Such occurrences were sometimes noted as often as two or three times a year, and were so common as to hardly excite comment among navigators and scientists. Of late, however, the Pacific has been "pacific" indeed. It is about thirty-six years since the last island disappeared, and exactly a quarter of a century since the last new one popped up its head in the "greatest of oceans." But geologists argue that this a suspicious silence, an omen of some monstrous catastrophe; that Dame Nature is simply resting for a mighty effort. Sir Sidney Dell even goes so far as to predict that the whole of New Zealand and the greater part of Australia will be engulfed before the end of the year 1925.

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