

## EUROPEAN TOPICS.

## Bulgarian Troubles—Prospects of Peace—Beethoven's (Burial)—Memories of Mozart—Current Gossip.

In this part of the world where kings and princes take such a large part of public attention, as was to be expected the journals would be occupied and still are mostly devoted to imperial matters at Berlin. The affairs of these principalities bordering on Austria and Russia have been suffered to drop for a moment into oblivion. The ministerial crisis in Bulgaria has scarcely been noticed, and yet it is liable at any moment to break out anew and shake to the foundations the not too firmly established throne of Ferdinand. Bismarck has just succeeded in preventing the marriage of Alexander of Blattenburg with the young princess Victoria. He doubtless hoped to stop all alliances that might give offense to the ruling powers.

But scarcely is this settled before trouble commences in another direction. Prince Ferdinand has felt himself compelled to make a journey to Philippopolis and virtually place himself under the direction of the Russian Bismarck, M. Stambuloff.

The feeling of the Bulgarian populace may be understood as well as the danger in which Ferdinand is placed, from the fact that at the very time Ferdinand was in council with the wily Russian, three Bulgarian army officers fired shots against the memorial chapel of the Czar Alexander.

These facts might not signify much in and of themselves, but when we remember that on June 22d the Hungarian Diet voted unanimously to increase the war expenses by a sum equal to twenty-nine million dollars, it is evident that in Anstro-Hungarian circles there is a feeling of ureat.

The *Freie Presse*, in protesting against the utterances of various Russian journals, remarks that however peaceful Russia's intentions may be, the concentration of troops in Poland is a fact of which Austria is obliged to take account.

Of all the thousands of pages that have been written concerning the late Emperor Frederick, the few lines by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore are among the best:

Now are his sufferings at an end,  
Why, if the soul can fling the dust aside,  
And bask on the air of heaven's ride,  
Were't not a sin—were't not a sin for him  
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

The policy of Germany is to maintain peace, and this the young Emperor has once more emphasized in his speech from the throne. The report of an intended meeting of the Czar with the Emperor, though much desired by some, is mere conjecture. Nobody believes that William the Second will succeed in bringing about a lasting friendship between Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg—an effort in which even his grandfather and Prince Bismarck failed.

As far as the relations of Germany with its Western neighbor are concerned, these depend almost wholly on France itself. Prince Bismarck wants nothing more from the republic than a tacit recognition of the treaty ratified seventeen years ago. The expulsion from Berlin of two French journalists, which has followed swiftly the commencement of the new reign, will, no doubt, be more quickly taken and more sharply resented. So long as France persists in hating Germany, with a fierce and deadly hatred, because of the defeat in 1870, and the price exacted for it; the demeanor of the victor to the vanquished must remain one of haughty defiance. The good wishes that have been exchanged between Germany's Emperor and the President of the French republic, should not be mistaken as anything more than a timely tribute or civil language at the time of a national calamity.

It is not improbable that the German government will select as the date for the coronation of the Emperor William and his consort the 18th of October, which is at once the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, the birthday of the deceased Emperor Frederick, and the Emperor King-William I. when he was crowned at Konigsberg in 1861.

Hitherto only two kings of Prussia have yet been crowned or rather have crowned themselves, namely Frederick I. and William I. The intervening monarchs, including the Great Frederick, have contented themselves with a solemn declaration of homage from the representatives of the realm. The old Kaiser who died this spring was desirous of emphasizing his victories by a royal coronation and accordingly was crowned. The young Emperor who looked upon his imperial grandfather as the ideal of a sovereign naturally wishes to be honored with a similar ceremony.

The admirers of Beethoven, and lovers of music generally, have shown their devotion to the great composer by erecting a magnificent tomb and memorial where may repose his ashes in the Central Cemetery of Vienna. The ceremony of transferring his remains took place on June 22nd. What Newton is to the man of science, what Shakespeare is to the poet, or Napoleon to the soldier such is Beethoven to the lover of music.

A very painful incident in connection with the removal of the remains from the Wahring cemetery was a quarrel between the authorities and certain persons who desired, for scientific purposes to make an examination of Beethoven's skull. This ultimately

was allowed; but in some as yet unexplained manner the skull was nearly broken in two, and two of the teeth—all of which were well preserved—disappeared, having no doubt been stolen.

Although Beethoven only died in 1827, this is the second time his remains have been disturbed by the zeal of his friends. While the Viennese deserve a certain amount of sympathy for their efforts to erect a fitting monument to the great composer, still to the far greater number of his friends who never knew him, there is a distressing element of fussiness in all this. It may be that the former tomb was not worthy of the illustrious dead, it was a stone with but one name upon it. No date of birth or death, no word of praise or regret. It contained but one word, "BEETHOVEN." There was a certain appropriateness in all this, to any one who realized that the greatest attribute of true art is its universality. Time and place were fittingly omitted in the case of that supreme genius. After all it is not the spot or the monument that can add dignity to man in a case like this.

Mozart, the king of German musicians, was carried to his grave in a blinding snow-storm, and was laid in a common grave. When next day his sorrowing friends sought for the spot in order that they might place a cross above it, there was no one who could point out where the dead was lying. Somewhere, unknown, clothed in the black dress of the Masonic brotherhood, he lies in the cemetery of Vienna. But what of that! The monument of his life-work will long outlive the celebrated statue tardily raised to his memory by posterity.

It is equally impossible to add anything more to the fame of Beethoven by the long deferred ceremonies just taken place in Vienna. The man as well as the musician has written an enduring record in the hearts of millions. At an early age he was smitten with deafness; but still continued to produce one masterpiece after another, to the delight and astonishment of every man who has music in his soul. What could have been more affecting than the spectacle of the deaf Beethoven bowing to the audience but hearing not one sound of the thunderous applause which greeted his compositions nor a single note of the music his inspired brain had produced.

Among other topics that receive the attention of the public here, may be mentioned the projected conference of the European powers with regard to the opening up of Morocco to European manufactures and colonists. The Emperor of Morocco, Muley Hassan, seems inclined to follow a Chinese policy of keeping his people unacquainted with Europeans and their merchandise.

The project of tunneling the Straits of Dover is again revived. Four years ago a majority of the House of Commons declared against the scheme, inasmuch as the highest naval and military authorities asserted that the successful execution of the tunnel would entail upon England incalculably greater dangers than any commercial advantages it might secure.

Sir Edward Watkin has never ceased to advocate the scheme, and now that the membership of the House of Commons is greatly changed from what it was in 1884, the project is again brought forward, and this time, it is said, Mr. Gladstone will advocate it. The shipping interests of European nations is ever a prominent topic for discussion. It is now conceded that the merchant vessels of Sweden, Holland, Italy, Spain and Austria are decreasing, while those of Russia, Germany, Denmark, Belgium and France have slightly increased. Norway has climbed to the second place among the merchantile nations of Europe. Her tonnage is now nearly half a million tons in advance of that of the German Empire. J. H. W.

## Routing Great Speakers.

Some of the most experienced orators have been disconcerted by very trivial circumstances. Daniel Webster, rising to speak at a poultry show, was unable to continue in rivalry with a giant Shanghai which began to air its lungs at the same moment, and had to resume his seat in confusion. Erskine was always extremely sensitive to a lack of interest by his audience. "Who can get on with that wet blanket of a face of yours before him?" he said once to Garrow, who was engaged with him in a cause. His first speech in the House of Lords was a humiliating failure, owing to the action of Chatham, who, as the speaker began, took up a pen and made a few notes as if with the intention of replying; but after listening a few moments he dashed pen and paper upon the floor with a contemptuous smile. This indifference, real or pretended, completely upset Erskine, whose "voice faltered," he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat "dispirited, and shorn of his fame." Burke was also extremely sensitive. Selwyn relates that he rose on one occasion to speak, holding a bundle of papers in his hand, when a rough-hewn country member started up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so suffocated with rage as to be incapable of speech and rushed out of the house. "Never before," says Selwyn, "did I see the fable realized of a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

## MRS. CLEVELAND.

## WASHINGTON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SET AGHAST AT HER INDEPENDENCE.

There is a section of Washington society, the sternly exclusive set, which affects to regard with disdain and aims to keep at a distance the new people whom the fortunes of political war are constantly sending to the front here. These severely select people assume the attitude toward the mixed official society of the capital which the *ville noblesse* in France assumed toward the second empire crowd. Some years ago I heard an old dame of the exclusive circles say that she would not receive Gen. Grant into her house.

When Mrs. Cleveland became the rage, however, the "selects" in due time thawed out and smiled upon her, and in consideration of her beauty and brightness and general refinement they consented to overlook her accident and newness and accept her as one of themselves. Of late, however, it is said, the "selects" have come to regret their generous treatment of the young woman, and it is probable will drop her. The trouble, it seems, arises from Mrs. Cleveland's continuing to receive as her guest and to treat as an intimate one, Miss Katherine Willard, a beautiful girl, who possesses a voice of wonderful sweetness, and who was a schoolmate of the mistress of the White House. When Miss Willard first came here last winter as the guest of Mrs. Cleveland she was received with wide opened arms by society of all grades, in consideration of her girlish beauty and her exquisite voice. Along towards spring society was shocked by the announcement that Miss Willard had accepted a position as instructress in a local young ladies' school. Of course, society people said they would be compelled to cease to know her, although it would cost them no little regret, as she was such a dear, sweet girl; and of course they thought Mrs. Cleveland would also cease to receive Miss Willard. But, to their surprise, Mrs. Cleveland continues to associate with Miss Willard just as if the latter were not a working girl, and actually has her now as a guest at Oak View.

It has been a fearfully trying ordeal for the exclusives, but it is said they have set their faces, as firmly as is consistent with good form, and resolved that they owe it to their sacred exclusiveness, come what may, to drop Mrs. Cleveland as well as her working-girl friend—*Waterbury American*.

## A LESSON IN LOVE.

At 18 I was betrothed to Ivan Grey; at 26 I was married to Roscoe Arnold. From the first I told my husband of my former girlish love affair, but said he was too glad to get me at any price at the time, and neither one of us said anything about the matter again.

I often felt that I did not love my husband as I should; that deep in my heart still bloomed the memory of my girlhood's passion, and many a time have I locked myself in my room to read over a packet of letters, the sweet records of the springtime of my life.

Even after my little boy was born I could not wholly blot out the face of Ivan Grey in my thoughts.

I was standing in my portico one June morning, while Melissa, the nurse, was leading little Lyle along the garden walls, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. By the time I touched the open half door a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly robed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you my brother Roscoe's wife?" she asked. "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I threw open the drawing-room door and she entered and dropped into a seat.

"Where is Roscoe? I—I have come to stay with you," she said, her face pale as ashes.

I took a vague alarm at her appearance, but I endeavored to speak as usual.

"You are tired—lie. Lay off your wraps and let me give you a glass of wine."

I went across the hall to the china-closet. When I came back she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Roscoe had gone out of town and did not return until evening. I had had Ora taken to a room next mine and put to bed. She was a mere delicate child when undressed, not more than 17 years old.

I sat up until 11 o'clock waiting for Roscoe. At length I heard his step in the hall. I hurried to meet him.

He looked astonished at my news. "Why, what does it mean?" he asked.

The next morning Ora was in a burning fever. She talked incoherently—she did not know me. She lay very ill for three weeks.

At last she could sit up and talk a little. And then she told Roscoe and me her story.

I will not repeat it here—human passions inflamed by liquor, of man's tyranny, of woman's weakness. Her husband was false to her and to his manhood. She clung to him pleading; he knocked her senseless at his feet. And before that she had borne—oh, pitiful heavens, so much!

"He has killed my love for him," she said, white and shuddering. "I am afraid of him! I have a horror of him! I had rather die than live with him

again! Let me stay here! Here he will not find me! Oh, Roscoe—Constance, let me stay with you!"

So I found what I had never had—a sister—and I think we made her as happy as she could possibly be after the terrible blight upon her youth.

She sat with me sewing in my chamber one day. Roscoe had just sent out from town a package of new books I wished to see. We had looked over them, promised ourselves much enjoyment in the long winter evenings coming.

"What a splendid man Roscoe is!" Ora said, thoughtfully. "He is a companion; a friend; he is interested in everything you care for; he consults your wishes; ministers to your tastes. Now my husband never seemed to care for anything but to own me!"

She seldom or never referred to her husband. It seemed to make her physically ill to do so. I hurried away from the subject.

"I know I have a good husband, Ora. I respect him. I admire him. But yet," I added, "I should have been happier if I had married another man."

Then I told her the tale of my youth. Of my exceeding beauty—of the tourist who wandered to my mountain home—of his beauty, his charm, his power—my passion for him. Of my invalid mother, who prayed me not to leave her—of the choice I needn't make—of his departure—his subsequent desertion.

Ora listened with wide eyes, quickened breath; her work dropped upon her lap. When I had done, she said:

"What was his name, Constance? You have not spoken of it."

"Ivan Grey."

"Have you a picture of him?" she asked in a sharp, suppressed voice.

I unlocked the cabinet, found the photograph, and placed it in her hand.

She glanced—dropped it as if it had stung her.

"It is my husband, Constance?"

I could only stare at her.

"It surely is, Constance," she said, winding her arms about me. "When you first spoke of your girlhood's love in the Blue Mountains, I remembered to have seen some sketches my husband made there, bearing the date 1865. Ten years ago, Oh, Conny, what an escape you made that you did not marry him! To be the wife of Ivan Grey was reserved for my fate," she added, mournfully.

I was forced to accept the truth.

I rose, by and by, and put the letters and photograph in the fire. And that night I talked with my husband.

Through all eternity he will never doubt that I love him.

Ora is still with us. Roscoe has taken measures to procure her a divorce.

## JIM BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE.

## HOW HE CAME TO INVENT THE TERRIBLE BLADE—HIS DUEL.

The bowie-knife was the invention of Col. James Bowie, a famous frontiersman, who was born in Logan County, Ky., in 1796. In 1814 he settled on a small piece of land, where he lived by lumbering, fishing and hunting; soon afterwards made considerable money by speculating in negroes and in real estate; removed to Texas, and married the daughter of ex-Gov. Berrymenda. In 1829-30 he engaged actively in the revolution in that country, and closed his career in the bloody battle of the Alamo. His knife is said to have been invented while he was confined to his bed in the city of Natchez from the effects of a wound received in a border fray. He was a man of much mechanical ingenuity, and whittled from a piece of white pine the model of a hunting-knife, which he sent to two brothers named Blackman in the city of Natchez, and told them to spare no expense in making a duplicate of it in steel. This was the origin of the dreaded bowie-knife. It was made from a large sawmill file and its temper afterward improved upon by the Arkansas blacksmith. It is said by Durand in his "History of the Philadelphia Stage," that the knife which Edwin Forrest used in *Metamora* was the original bowie-knife, and he tells this story about it:

Very many years ago Bowie owned a plantation at Bayou Ferrebonne. A Spanish neighbor constantly annoyed the colonel with petty insults, until at last this conduct became so unbearable that Bowie challenged the haughty hidalgo. The latter accepted and named knives as the weapons to be used and also stipulated that the combatants were to be seated vis-a-vis aside of a trestle, as on a horse, the four legs of the trestle to be buried a foot in the earth so that it could not by any possibility be overturned. Each of the principals was permitted to use in the duel whatever kind of a knife he might select. Bowie had a short knife, with a broad blade, sharp at the point and with a razor's edge, made for himself. When the combatants met on the ground, Bowie's knife excited the ridicule of his adversary. The result proved, however, the superiority of the bowie-knife to the long Spanish couteau-de-chasse used by his antagonist. The men took their seats on the trestle, both naked to the waist. At the agreed-upon signal the Spaniard drew back his hand, which was armed with a long knife, to make a lunge. Bowie, however, thrust his knife straight forward into the body of his enemy and then, drawing it quickly across, disemboweled the Spaniard in the twinkling of an eye. Bowie presented the knife he used in the duel to Edwin Forrest during a visit the great tragedian made to the colonel at his plantation.—*American Notes and Queries*.

## California Raisin Grape.

The raisin industry of California promises to become very important and fairly remunerative. The climate of the central and southern part of the state is most favorable for drying the fruit, and there is the center of this enterprise. The important factors in raisin making are a suitable variety of grape, and a dry climate—one not subject to dews, fogs or rains for weeks while the fruit is drying. Though the region of California mentioned is not exempt from fogs and rains, yet they are infrequent, and the necessity of protection to the drying fruit is not experienced often enough to make that feature of the work very burdensome.

The variety of grape from which the raisins are made is the Muscat of Alexandria, which is better known to most of our readers as the Malaga grape of the shops, which comes to us from Spain, packed in cork dust, in small casks. A white grape makes a raisin of better color than a red or dark one, though in Europe both red and black varieties are used to some extent. In Santa Clara county, Cal., where the temperature at the drying season is not so high nor the air so dry as more southern countries, the grape growers have resorted to the use of dryers or evaporators and with success, and the practice is extending; many tons of raisins were made there in that manner last year. The method is to expose to the sun for a few days and then remove to the evaporator and finish up with a slow heat.

## A Sleeping Man in Liverpool.

Dr. Caton has recently had a remarkable case of marceplepsy in the Liverpool Royal Infirmary. The patient was a man aged 37. He would fall asleep while standing, when selling articles in his shop, or even while walking in the streets. If he attempted to read or to sit in a chair he invariably fell asleep in a moment. During sleep a spasmodic closure of the glottis always took place, lasting nearly a minute. Violent contraction of the diaphragm and other respiratory muscles would come on, increasing in force, and the patient would get more and more cyanosed, until at length the violence of the inspiratory efforts partially roused him, and the spasm of the glottis yielded. Loud, noisy respiration would now come on and the cyanosis would disappear, to be followed by deep sleep and the same round of symptoms. This condition has existed for six years and constantly occurs by day and by night. When awake the patient is perfectly intelligent and there is no evidence of organic disease. Dr. Caton supposed that the symptoms were due to the formation of some narcotic alkaloid in the alimentary canal or the blood, and this view was strikingly confirmed by the results of treatment, most benefit being derived from a limitation of diet and the administration of charcoal and naphthalin three or four times daily. Under this treatment the drowsiness diminished considerably and the spasm of the glottis disappeared altogether; but when the treatment was suspended for some time the symptoms returned.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## The Funny Man Proposes.

He proposes as seriously as a humorous man could—and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled and said:

"That was a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise.

"Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That is no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship and marriage?"

"Well, er—er—yes, but—"

"I should never sult you. I write postscripts, step before the mirror, and show in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress and—"

"But my dear Angelina, I should never object!"

"You have shown that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would be a mother-in-law to you, and who would want to visit me; and—"

"Why, I—"

"And I have my animosities, and may look around in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the—"

"Those horrid Miss Sniffletons?"

"For a fact."

"And the stuck up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough! I am yours."—*Tid Bits*.

## TRUE CULTURE.—Young Lady—Will you please give me a small bottle of eyether?

"Of eyether, please."

"Eyether? eyether?" I do not think we have it in the store."

"Oh, yes; I'm sure you have. It's sometimes called ether by ignorant people."—*Omaha Herald*.

## Yuma, A. T., July 14.—Geo. Steyer

son, telegraph operator at Glamis, miles west of Yuma, was shot through the heart in his office this afternoon.

A Mexican was arrested a suspect and brought in by the trainmen. The particulars are not yet known.