

...in a bantering spirit, asked M. Grevy how he reconciled his acceptance of the Presidency with his strong and public opposition in 1848 to the creation of such a post. "I accepted the office," was the quick reply, "in order to prove how useless it is."

M. Grevy loves to flee to his country home when his official work allows him to quit the capital. He was born at the little town of Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the Jura, one of the departments bordering on Switzerland, full of mountains, forests and rivers—just the region to have produced such a man. There is his farm, and there he spends the summer months. In the country the President is an early riser. Between 6 and 7, says a journalist who has visited M. Grevy at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, he walks out in the simplest attire, and generally turns toward the mill, enters into familiar conversation with the miller, and examines carefully what is being done there. This morning stroll, which frequently lasts more than an hour, is taken alone. Later in the day he returns to the mill with visitors, points out to them the hydraulic apparatus that he has set up, and

ENJOYS THEIR ADMIRATION

of the improvements which he has made in the estate. M. Grevy generally receives his callers in the morning, toward 10 o'clock. The reception room, in fine weather, is a little terrace under the windows of the dining room. It is a charming spot. The thick foliage of some large trees shut out the sun, but not the view of the magnificent landscape. Sometimes beer is brought to the terrace, and the conversation becomes gayer. But within the last year or two these little revels are less frequent, for concern is felt for the President's health. Hunting and violent exercises are no longer indulged in at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. M. Grevy gratifies his love of sport only at Marly and Rambouillet, near Paris, where the fatigue is not so great and game more abundant. Such is a glance at the quiet existence of the ruler of one of the greatest States of Europe. How much it resembles the country life of our early Virginian Presidents!

There is a strong likeness between President Grevy and General Grant. The resemblance is seen not only in the intellectual and temperamental characteristics of the two men, but even in their external appearance. Several months ago M. Grevy visited, by invitation, the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. A number of gentlemen and ladies were assembled in the court yard of the foundry to greet the Presidential party. M. Grevy, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived in a plain coupe. He opened the door and got out first. A half-smoked cigar was firmly held in one corner of the mouth. As he alighted, partly obscured by the shadow of the carriage, I thought for a moment that General Grant was before me—the Grant of the days of triumph and happiness, not the Grant of financial trouble and the sick room.

In a few months more President Grevy's term of office will come to an end. Several candidates for the high position are already in the field. In some quarters it is stated that M. Grevy may stand again. But this is not probable, as his advanced age would be used to his disadvantage, for if M. Grevy were to be re-elected he would be nearly 80 years old before reaching the close of his second term. Among those often mentioned as M. Grevy's successor are Jules Ferry, the late Prime Minister; General Campenon, War-Minister in the present Cabinet; Leon Say, the celebrated political economist, and several other names not so well known on your side of the Atlantic. But whoever may be selected next January by the Chamber and Senate assembled in Congress—for the choice of the French President is left entirely in the hands of the two houses—he cannot make a better Chief Magistrate than the present incumbent, and the country will be fortunate indeed if he does not prove to be a worse one.

THEODORE STANTON.

COTTON MANUFACTURING.

Only Heavy Goods Turned Out in the South—The Business Overdone.

New York Interview.]

Ex-Governor Bullock, of Atlanta, who comes occasionally to New York, has made a business of cotton spinning since he went out of office. I was talking with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, when he said: "The cotton manufacturing business is, if anything, overdone. We manufacture at the South only heavy goods, and the situa-

The crocodile of the River Ganges, in India, of the Nile, in Africa, the "Cayman" of the Amazon, in South America, the "Jacars," in the tropical possessions of Spain, and the alligator of North America, although differing in name, all belong to one and the same order of reptiles differing in certain physical peculiarities. They are carnivorous, in some cases very ferocious and consequently dangerous to man. Owing to the peculiar arrangement of their teeth, they can only devour flesh far advanced in a state of decomposition. In India and Africa they attain a length of from 20 to 30 feet, the American species seldom growing more than 16 feet long, the average length being about twelve feet. One of the physical peculiarities is their bullet-proof armor. The upper parts of their slimy bodies are covered with a tough, bony series of oblong plates joined together by thick pliable skin. In the Asiatic species the plates form a long bony serrated ridge down the middle of the back, extending to the end of the tail. The American reptile has two ridges on his back merging into one at the root of the tail. With the expressive mouth gaping from "eye to eye," and switching his powerful tail as he gambols along the sandy shore, he is truly a most repulsive and formidable creature.

A few are met with in South Carolina, but as far south as New Orleans they lie torpid in the mud four months in the year, neither eating nor moving during this length of time. In spring, the hot sun brings them out in full force. Below Jacksonville, Florida, on the St. Johns river, which rises several hundred miles south, amid the waters of Lake Washington, the alligator is found in a climate exactly suited to his delicate constitution and habits. In these semitropical regions, he never retires for the winter, like his Northern cotemporary, but swims sluggishly about the swamps and rivers seeking carrion, or sunning himself upon a dead log or moss-covered rock. South of the small city of Sanford the river extends 200 miles, not far from the Atlantic coast, and almost into the dismal everglades. It is in this network of swamps and bayous, filled with rank grass and tall cypress and bay trees, that

ALLIGATOR HUNTING

is pursued with profit. The Florida native, a "cracker," as he is called, selects a dark, quiet night and entering his skiff or "dug-out," places a small iron grate or cage securely in the bow. Next he fills the cage with dry pine knots or "light-wood" and deposits a plentiful supply in the bottom of the boat. Then, with a companion to row him, he loads his rifle carefully, and seated in the bow of the boat right behind the jack-light gives the order to push off. Involuntarily one feels awed by the solemnity of the scene—the dark brown waters of the sluggish and narrow river, hemmed in by swamp grass ten feet high, with here and there a tree standing out like a grim sentinel in the waste of sand and water. Occasionally they pass a tributary stream, and into one of these small creeks turn their boat, gliding silently along in the quiet night, with the moon rising slowly over the tall grass. Now all is changed. They dart into a dense growth of palm trees and scrub palmetto. The lofty cabbage palm rears its straight trunk aloft, smooth and even as a marble shaft, crowned above by a glorious foliage, while more humbly the many other trees indigenous to this warm climate stand with the funeral looking Spanish moss hanging in filmy gray drapery almost to the water's edge, and the small patches of ground here and there visible, are covered with poisonous vines and lovely ferns. Here the "cracker" gives the order to cease rowing, and striking a match he lights up his cage of pine knots, illuminating the water many yards in advance. With his rifle cocked and in readiness they push silently ahead. Soon what appears to be the end of a log, appears a few rods in front. The boat drifts slowly forward until the little sharp eyes of a "gator" shine forth from the log-like head. He is immovable, transfixed as it were by the bright glare, and now is the time to shoot. Aiming carefully, either at an eye or behind the fore leg, he pulls the trigger, the deed is done, the huge reptile awakes from his lethargy. A gurgling roar like that of a bull, a violent plunge and powerful lashings of the long tail, indicate he has received his death wound. After this flurry, which lasts perhaps for half an hour, the body immediately sinks to the bottom. To prevent this he is secured by a rope and anchored safely.

were ten years ago, but the game laws are not likely to interfere in their behalf."

E. P. HODGES.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Remarkable Gift Possessed by an Allegheny Lady—How She Averted a Panic.

Down in the lower part of Allegheny there lives a pretty, modest young lady who possesses the wonderful gift of being able to tell every note struck on the piano without seeing the keyboard. This may not appear wonderful to those who do not understand music, but when the assertion is made that of the many brilliant pianists there is not more than four persons in the world who are known to positively have this faculty, the reader has some idea of the wonderfulness of it. The young lady referred to is Miss Clara M. Oehmler, daughter of R. C. Oehmler, of the Humboldt Insurance Company. In a recent conversation with her she said:

"I commenced to study music when but 6 years old. When I was 11 I played at Library Hall at a benefit given for the sufferers of the flood of 1874. I was too small to reach the pedals, and a musician sat beside the piano and did it for me. You want to know how I found I could read by sound? When I was 13 years old I went one day to take my lesson. I got there before time, so while another girl was finishing her lesson I took off my wraps and warmed myself at the fire. The professor asked the scholar what key the piece was in. She did not know, so he asked me. I answered without turning around. He simply said: 'That is correct,' and went on with the lesson. After it was over he called me to him, and said: 'Clara, how did you know what key that was in without seeing?' 'I cannot say,' I answered; 'I just knew.' So he sent me into an adjoining room and then he struck notes and chords, and I answered each correctly. He said he was astonished, and that is the first I knew what I could do.

"Would you like to try me?" she asked. Being answered in the affirmative, she left the room. Running over several scales, a chord was struck quickly, and without any hesitation or stopping to think, she named every note in the chord. This was tried many times and in various ways to confuse and catch her, but without success. Immediately a key was struck Miss Oehmler told what it was. Telling her she had passed the examination perfectly and could "go up head," she came into the room.

"How can or do you tell notes so well?" "I do not know how. I cannot say, but I know them. When I am up stairs and my sister is practicing, if she strikes a wrong note, I call to her what is wrong, or I tell her she is playing in the wrong key, telling her which is right. I do this when I am making beds or sewing, but how I do it is more than I can say. Asking how and why, reminds me of an incident. I played in Masonic Hall, Allegheny, in a concert given by the Pittsburgh Zither Club about five years ago. I had played one piece, and they encored me and presented me with a bouquet. I started off, but they applauded so much that the manager sent me back again. Just as I had commenced to play the lights went out and the entire hall was in darkness. I heard women scream, children cry and men yell, but I went on playing. Everything gradually got so quiet that one would have imagined, in the darkness, that a piano and an invisible musician were the only occupants. When I finished they applauded more than ever, and the manager came to hunt me with a candle. He caught me by the hand and said: 'If it had not been for you the people would have rushed for the doors, and many would have been trampled to death. Why did you continue?' 'I could not say. Many afterward asked: 'How could you and why did you keep on playing?' It was just like reading notes. I don't know how or why, but I just forgot everything but my music; light or darkness, it was all the same to me. The metre was water-clogged, and so we finished our concert with candles that night."

Miss Oehmler is very intelligent as well as a proficient pianist—inocent, unaffected and frank; what some say is hard to find of late years—a true woman. Blind Tom is one of the very few who possess the faculty enjoyed by Miss Oehmler.

NELLIE BLY.

IDEAL TEA.

How the Beverage Should be Brewed to Make it

Special Correspondence of

TEHRAN, PERSIA.

French pertinacity, English Persian gullibility, we argue. It is remarkable form in which news of public here, and the im it is received. Lately about Egypt and the S is here, Gordon was the of all the armies of E Ahmed, the Mahdi, the war against Queen Vict campaign the entire m Britain has been crush now marching on to I set up the standard of You hear such stories hand, here, by men o While Robed Mollahs street corners, and the of listeners shouts bac As a natural result, p against England in he and it is even said t about to negotiate the whole Indian Empire to

The fact that Alikha Russian commanders gives the public ground sia is largely a Mohan the report is diligently has embraced the one T an alliance with the con is to result in the sub and the conversion of medianism. France, it lieved is already a M since Ollivier Pain and men are leading El Ma French paper publish that faith. Indeed, a ple of credulity could that presented by the day; all of which is ce sia's favor in event of which now, however, s

A MISCHIEF-M

The French paper he ferred, is called *L'Ech of Persia*. It is owned of French-Jew bourse who are backing the Cairo. The latter pap the English much o Pain, who is with El M it news of his victo proclamations inat, w up the Mohammedans against the English ru is even worse. It op and circulates the at which I have mention cation with El Mahdi, Russian advance on the dently is doing much t for those foes of Brita

A few days ago the perately anti-English t ter, Sir Ronald Thomp Shah's Prime Minister pressed or compelled t also intimated that if forth published in Eng it would be most acce ment. The Prime Mi consider the case. He with the representative sia, and then announc ment of the Shah wou then the *Echo* has b England than ever.

It is said that Sir R opened consultation v London about it, and has the usual stubborn and will not give up a He is an experienced years old, and though ner is stern and inflex be. He lives in a fine himself, with finer gro dens, and he arrogate lege of keeping peaco to no one else in Per family. Naturally, hates him and the Pri of him.

DERV

Teheran, indeed a dervishes. This term to religious beggars. stood with propriety surely not here. It wishes profess to be re less so much that the